

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 286

Mark snickered. "Ashley, the main reason you hate Vivian is that Fabian still loves her, am I right?"

No one can hide anything from this cunning man.

"That's right," she admitted, "I am willing to do anything to make Vivian suffer!"

Mark was rather surprised at the turn of events. Initially, he thought it would not be an easy feat to get rid of Finnick when Vivian turned him down. However, now that Ashley volunteered to work with him, he would be able to turn the tide.

"Do you have any plans?" he asked. "As we all know, Finnick is a tough nut to crack."

Ashley flashed an evil smile and revealed her plans, "Finnick is indeed a tough nut, but Vivian is rather gullible. Don't you think so?"

"Oh?" Mark narrowed his eyes. Despite being a ruthless man, Finnick had a soft spot for Vivian.

He had to admit that Ashley was right; Vivian was indeed the only chink in Finnick's armor. Since Vivian was unwilling to work with him, he had no choice but to destroy her alongside her husband.

"So, what's your exact plan?" he asked.

Ashley replied with another question, "Mr. Norton, what do you think is the most important thing to Vivian and Finnick?"

Mark's curiosity was piqued, so he signaled Ashley to go on.

Seeing that Mark was starting to trust her, Ashley immediately revealed her scheme in detail.

His eyes lit up after hearing Ashley's plan.

He must admit that sometimes men and women do think differently. Unlike him, who thought from a business perspective, Ashley had approached the matter in a totally different way.

Although her plan seemed somewhat underhand and low-down to him, he had to give it credit as it could definitely hit Finnick and Vivian where they hurt. It would avail him in turning the tables if her plan could really work out.

Ashley's plan is surely a nasty one... But isn't it a little too risky? Mark remained silent as he was still hesitant about her plan.

Being observant as always, Ashlyn was quick to notice Mark's hesitation. She reassured him, "Mr. Norton, don't tell me that you are getting cold feet! Don't worry because I have it all planned out! Believe me. We will throw them off balance!"

Mark started to see Ashlyn in a new light. He gave her words some thought and finally nodded assent. "Your plan is not bad. Finnick will lose his most prized possession, and Vivian will no longer pose a threat to us. By that time, I would have achieved my goals while you could take your revenge on Vivian. Huh! We can kill two birds with one stone!"

"Does that mean you agree to work with me?" Ashley's eyes glinted with excitement.

With an unfathomable expression, he flashed a subtle smile and assured her, "Of course. I will lend you a helping hand in carrying out your plan."

Feeling pleased, Ashley rose to her feet and reminded Mark, "Mr. Norton, could you promise me that you won't let Fabian in on our plan?"

"Of course, you have my word! Fabian is too soft-hearted, so it's better to keep it from him," Mark gave his promise without hesitation.

Ashlyn was satisfied that she had Mark's word, but she regretted that she took so long to come to him, or else she could have long gotten rid of Vivian.

I shouldn't waste so much time... There's many a slip twixt cup and lip...

When she was back in the bedroom, the light was still brightly lit, but Fabian was already fast asleep with his handphone being cast aside.

She fixed her gaze on Fabian's sleeping face with eyes that were filled with fervent love. Fabian, I'm doing all this for you. I will let you see Vivian's true colors so that you could get over her! Don't blame me for being too cruel because everything I do is for love.

Meanwhile, Mark's personal assistant entered the study after Ashley had left. "Mr. Norton, do you think Ashley's plan will work?"

Mark let out a chuckle before saying, "It might not be a flawless plan, but it is more than sufficient to cause Finnick a significant loss. Besides, it wouldn't do me any harm even if her plan fails. If Grandpa casts the blame on me, I can excuse my deed by saying that it is not my intention of causing harm to Finnick. I am only helping my daughter-in-law, trying to matchmake her and Fabian. After all, I believe Grandpa will not blame her since she's pregnant with the Norton family's child."

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The personal assistant finally put his mind at ease upon hearing Mark's words. Mr. Norton surely is a guileful person. He always plans ahead while taking everything into consideration.

Then, he heard Mark's comment in an almost inaudible voice. "It seems like I have underestimated my future daughter-in-law."

The next day, Vivian and Finnick left the Norton Residence early in the morning.

Before they departed, the elder Mr. Norton reminded them to take all the supplements with them for the umpteenth time. He even said he would ask someone to send them to Finnick's house if they didn't return to the Norton Residence once a month to get new supplements.

It was the first time Vivian felt pressured because of the elder's high hopes for her to get pregnant.

The housemaid started preparing the herbal remedy for Vivian as soon as she arrived home.

“Are you really going to listen to your grandpa and let me take all those supplements? Do you really think I need them?” asked Vivian.

Finnick replied in his usual tone, “Just do as I say. It won’t do you any harm.”

He has obviously resumed his usual indifference. As she looked at the stern and domineering man sitting in front of her, Vivian started to miss the cute Finnick at the amusement park that night.

He already returned to his old self though only one night had passed.

It didn’t take long for the housemaid to bring her the bowl of herbal medicine and urge her to finish it before it turned cold.

Vivian pouted while looking at the bowl that was still steaming hot. Since she was little, she had always hated taking medicine. The supplements and herbal remedies were no exception because they tasted just like medicine.

“Drink it,” Finnick urged.

For a moment, Vivian felt as if she was a warrior going to the battlefield to face her biggest enemy, and Finnick was the ruthless commander ordering her to charge forward.

Finnick looked at her in confusion when he saw her picking up the bowl hesitantly just to put it down once again.

Vivian pouted in reluctance. “I know it tastes horrible from the smell of it!”

Finnick couldn’t help smiling because it was rare for her to behave like a child.

However, he was determined not to let her have her way this time because it would be wasteful to throw the expensive herbal medicine away. With that, he took the spoon and gently brought the medicine close to her lips. “Let me feed you.”

Vivian’s eyes widened as she had never expected him to treat her with such patience. Without a choice, she took a sip of it.

To her surprise, it didn’t taste bad at all as there was a tinge of sweetness in it.

"How does it taste?" asked Finnick.

Vivian feigned a reluctant face and answered, "Not bad."

Vivian enjoyed herself as Finnick fed her the herbal medicine. When he saw her finishing the medicine, the latter nodded approvingly.

Finnick allowed the housemaid to leave earlier and told her to return the next morning since she was done with the house chores and they could manage themselves.

As soon as the housemaid left the house, Vivian couldn't help stealing glances at Finnick. Her mind was running a little wild. I know this man too well. He must be up to something whenever he sends the housemaid away. Could it be...

She knew her guess was right when Finnick got up from his wheelchair and picked her up in a bridal carry.

Feeling shy, she wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face in his chest. Then, she asked in a muffled voice, "Finnick, what are you doing?"

"Since you just drank the herbal medicine, why don't we..." Finnick's voice grew hoarse. "We should do it now to obtain the best medicinal effect, don't you think so?"

"Finnick..."

Finnick carried Vivian all the way to the master bedroom and put her down gently on the bed.

Vivian closed her eyes to avoid making eye contact with him. At the same time, she could feel her cheeks burning.

Finnick's body ached for her because it had been days since the last time they were intimate with each other.

Her lips were always an allurements to him, seducing him to have a taste of it.

She was just like a glass of refined wine, waiting for an oenophile to savor her. As the best connoisseur of wine, Finnick surely knew how to indulge himself in the mouthfeel of the wine.

His lips lingered on her silky skin that resembled the smooth texture of the wine. Soon, the sweet aroma of her body made him feel tipsy.

Whereas to Vivian, Finnick was like hard liquor. Its fine taste gave a burning sensation as the liquor trickled down her throat, just like how his fingers set fire to her body, and she was turned on after taking another taste of it. Every inch of her was craving for the hard liquor because none other can bring her such ecstasy; it was the greatest pleasure in life.

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After the series of events took place, from the unraveling of Vivian's past and Ashley's plot being uncovered to Finnick successfully finding his savior, it seemed like everyone was sick of experiencing any more vicissitudes.

Vivian's life finally returned to normal, traveling back and forth between her house and her workplace every day.

Half a month passed by uneventfully.

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If only they could be like this forever, living a simple but meaningful life.

The thought of being able to be with Finnick every single day appealed to Vivian. The only downside to it was that he had an incredibly large sexual appetite and she was hard-pressed to satisfy him. It seemed like the elder Mr. Norton had been wise to gift her all those supplements.

At this, she suddenly realized that her period was late.

Her period had always been very punctual, yet this time it was late by more than two weeks.

Just what's going on? Don't tell me the elder Mr. Norton hit the nail on the head! Could I be pregnant? Am I really that lucky?

Since she could not be sure that she was right, she decided to go to the hospital for a check-up. She did not tell anyone about her plans, not wanting to give them false hope. After all, if she were wrong, it would be absolutely embarrassing!

Arriving at the hospital, it was crammed full of people.

She made an appointment with the gynecology clinics and sat down to wait for her turn. All around her were pregnant women, some with large bellies that showed they were in their late trimester of pregnancy while others with barely a bump. Every single one of them had a male accompanying them.

Vivian fantasized about the envious stares she would get from other women if she were really pregnant and Finnick came with her. No matter where he went, he would always be the most attractive man in sight.

A couple was talking to each other nearby and Vivian tilted her head slightly to eavesdrop.

The wife said, "I'm seven months along so we'll be able to tell the gender of the baby by now. I like the idea of having a baby girl."

Her husband questioned, "You think it's a girl?"

"The baby came to me in a dream last night. She said she's a girl."

"As long as the baby is healthy, I couldn't care less. I get so nervous every time we come to the hospital!"

Vivian mentally chuckled. With how anxious he seems, one would have thought he's the one to give birth to the baby! I really hope I'm pregnant. Finnick would be ecstatic, wouldn't he?

She could already imagine how Finnick would dote on her during her pregnancy. Then, a scene of him pushing a stroller as they meandered down a street played out in her mind. The ground would be littered with fallen leaves, painting such a perfect picture...

Are we really going to welcome a new life? A small being that has our blood running in its veins, the fruit born of our love. It would carry on a part of us forever, be our legacy. Pregnancy really is a miraculous thing!

A long while later, it was finally her turn. Most of the other women were already gone.

Heart pounding, she pushed open the door to the clinic and entered.

The doctor asked her a series of simple questions before sending her off to get her blood drawn.

According to the doctor's calculations, it was highly probable that Vivian was pregnant. However, since there were no obvious signs of pregnancy yet, he recommended that she get a blood test.

After that, there was nothing to do but wait. She fidgeted in her seat anxiously.

Recalling what the doctor had said, excitement and joy thrummed through her.

She stroked her still flat abdomen lovingly. Despite there being no outward changes, she thought she could feel the presence of life in there.

Am I really going to be a mother?

At last, her blood test results were out.

Abnormal changes in blood detected.

She was pregnant!

She really was pregnant!

There was no way to describe the scope of her emotions right then!

How should I tell Finnick this wonderful news? I wonder how he will react?

Meanwhile, in the president's office at Finner Group.

Finnick was listening as Noah gave his report. When the assistant was done, he abruptly remembered something and said, "Mr. Norton, I saw Mrs. Norton heading to the hospital alone. I'm worried there's something wrong with her so I thought I should let you know."

Finnick froze upon hearing that.

The hospital? Vivian's sick?

Without a moment's hesitation, he instructed his secretary to cancel all his meetings and interviews. "Noah, let's go to the hospital now."

Noah's eyes widened in disbelief.

Mr. Norton, the workaholic, is actually postponing his meetings because Mrs. Norton went to the hospital?

Despite his shock, he still hurried after his boss.

When they were in the car, Finnick had Noah call the hospital to find out what was wrong with his wife. He could not wait a moment longer.

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The answer Noah got was a huge surprise.

Hanging up, a wide grin spread across Noah's face. "Congratulations, Mr. Norton! I asked the hospital staff and they told me she had gone to the gynecology clinics. She's confirmed to be pregnant!"

Silence greeted his words, the only sound being the roaring of the vehicles passing outside the windows. Worried, he twisted around to look at Finnick. "Mr. Norton – "

When he caught sight of Finnick, he was stunned.

The boss was sitting in his wheelchair limply as a myriad of emotions played across his face. They were all emotions Noah had never seen on him before.

First, it was shock, then a little bit of helplessness. Finally, surprise and elation shone in those dark orbs.

Vivian and I are having a baby? I'm going to be a father!

Noah had been working as Finnick's personal assistant for a lot of years. This was the first time he had seen his boss losing hold of emotions. He queried, "Mr. Norton, should we still go to the hospital? Mrs. Norton seems to have returned home."

Finnick snapped out of his stupor and replied, "Then let's go home."

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Back at home, Vivian was still mulling over how she would break the news to Finnick. In the end, she decided she would tell him later when he got home from work. It would be a pleasant surprise for him!

She bustled around in the kitchen, preparing dinner as she waited for him to come back. Much sooner than she had expected, he was home.

Glancing at the clock, she noted he was very early today.

She rushed to his side, exclaiming, "Finnick, I have some great news to tell you – "

Before she could finish, he tugged her closer to him before wrapping her in a tight hug.

He placed his mouth by her ear and whispered, "Vivian William, this is the best present I've ever gotten."

Finnick's seemingly random and nonsensical words puzzled Vivian.

Chuckling lowly, he added, "Looks like those supplements really worked!"

Understanding dawned on Vivian. "You already know?"

He nodded.

She searched his expression, taking in the delight on his face. Her heart warmed in bliss.

The two of them sat down by the dining table. Vivian had sent the housemaid away earlier today so she could share this news with Finnick. Thus, they were alone now.

He stared at the veritable feast on the table and frowned slightly. "You made all this?"

“Yeah!”

“You’re pregnant now and shouldn’t be doing all this.” Taking her hand, he murmured, “You should rest more.”

Vivian merely smiled in amusement. She thought he was making a fuss over nothing.

After dinner was finished, she stood up to wash the dishes. To her surprise, he stopped her with a hand on her arm. “Let me do it. You can take a break.”

With that said, he actually stood up from his wheelchair and brought the dirty dishes into the kitchen.

Vivian watched him go with wide eyes.

Woah, his reaction is a little dramatic, isn’t it?

At first, she was going to tell him she could wash the dishes herself. Then she saw how serious and earnest he was and the words refused to leave her lips. So she sat there, listening to the clinking coming from the kitchen.

When he was done, she stood up to head upstairs. Once again, Finnick stopped her. He swept her up into his arms and walked up the stairs. “Careful. I’ll carry you.”

At this point, Vivian was beginning to get the slightest bit exasperated at his overprotectiveness.

“Finnick, I’m pregnant, not deathly ill. You don’t have to do all this.”

“I want to.” He answered stubbornly.

Seeing the determined expression on his face, she knew there was nothing she could say to change his mind. Besides, his pampering made her feel fuzzy inside.

In the bedroom, she moved to take a shower and he followed her inside the bathroom. “I’ll help you.”

“This too? Oh my god!” She was utterly dumbfounded at his actions.

Ignoring her protests, he guided her to sit down in the bathtub and grabbed a towel. Then, he started to scrub her back for her.

Touched, she assured him softly, "Finnick, you don't have to treat me like glass. I'll be fine."

"No."

He persisted, focusing all his attention on gently scrubbing her back.

A short while later, it was obvious Finnick was not used to taking care of someone else. It did not take long for his white shirt to be completely drenched while he helped her wash up.

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Vivian knitted her brows. "Finnick, you really don't have to do this for me. You should – "

She suddenly gasped while her whole body tensed. Finnick's hand had just drifted past the insides of her thighs.

He stared at her blushing face and chuckled. "Hmm? Vivian, just what are you thinking about?"

Hearing that, her face flushed even redder.

Gritting her teeth, she tried to change the subject. "Nothing. I was just thinking about how uncomfortable it must be for you, with your clothes sticking to your body like that."

"Oh?" He raised a perfectly sculpted brow at her. There was a wicked look on his face now, a far cry from his normally indifferent expression. "So you're hoping I would take my shirt off, is that it? You want me to bathe with you?"

"N-no!" Vivian could have bitten her own tongue off. No matter what she said, Finnick would always find a way to twist her words. If that was the case, she might as well keep quiet and accept his care for her.

The minutes ticked by as she watched him clean every inch of her. At last, she could not hold back anymore and blurted, "Finnick, do you really like kids so much?"

He shot her a quick glance, replying, "I only like it because it's yours."

Her heart skipped a beat and she could not help the smile that spread across her lips.

She placed her hand down on her abdomen, contentment filling her.

How wonderful it is to have life growing in me! From now onward, I'll have one more person to love me; One more person to call kin other than Mom and Finnick; Someone who will rely on me for everything and whom I'll gladly give everything in return.

Whenever a woman was pregnant, she would inevitably think about how difficult it must have been for her own mother to give birth to her.

That was why the next afternoon, Vivian went off to visit her mother. She wanted to tell Rachel the good news in person.

Ever since young, Rachel had been telling Vivian, "You'll understand when you have your own children." Now that she really was pregnant, she could understand what her mother meant. She was finally coming to realize just what it meant to be a mother. How proud one could feel and the sacrifices they were willing to make for their child's sake.

On her way to Rachel's, she went past a maternal and infant supply store. Unbidden, her footsteps slowed before stopping. She gazed at the small articles of clothing and the little booties on display, finding them absolutely adorable.

She firmly believed that her and Finnick's baby would be either incredibly beautiful or handsome. No matter the gender, it would definitely be more attractive than either one of them.

The radiant smile on her face remained all the way to the door of Rachel's apartment.

She had only just taken out her keys when the door swung open.

An unexpected visitor exited the apartment.

It was Benedict Morrison, the heir of the Morrison family and the older brother of Evelyn.

Rachel was doing a lot better now and was able to actually leave the confines of her bed. Presently, she was escorting Benedict to the door with a wide smile on her face.

Benedict was visibly surprised to see Vivian there but regained his composure soon enough. He greeted her politely, "Hello, Vivian."

"Why are you here, Benedict?" Vivian was barely able to squeeze out any word. She was taken aback to see the man here.

Why would Benedict come to our house? Does he know Mom?

Rachel was also astonished. "Vivian, you two know each other?"

Before Vivian could explain, Benedict spoke up, "Ms. Rachel, I'll be sure to come to visit you again. Please take care."

Rachel's gaze was fond as she laughed. "Thank you for coming over, Benny. You're so sweet! If it had been anyone else, they would've treated me as a stranger after so many years!"

"Don't worry, Ms. Rachel. I most definitely won't do that." Throwing a glance at Vivian, he continued, "I won't hold you up any longer as I see you have a guest. Bye."

"Alright. You're welcome to visit anytime, Benny. I'll whip up something delicious for you next time!"

What's going on? Mom seems to be very close to Benedict! Vivian was flabbergasted at what she was seeing.

Benedict bid Vivian a courteous goodbye before he left.

After he left, she stepped into the house.

She noticed that Rachel had brought out their best tea leaves to serve Benedict. Thinking on it further, she decided that was not surprising. Even if Rachel were not close with Benedict, she would still serve him their best tea due to his status alone.

Turning to her mother, she asked, "Mom, how did you get to know Benedict? You two seem very familiar with each other."

Rachel brought over some snacks before sitting down.