

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 446

Vivian stubbornly refused to take no for an answer. She walked around to the other side of the bed to plead her case, but she saw that Rachel had clamped her eyes tightly shut. Despite this, tears continued to fall and wet the corners of her pillow.

Vivian was visibly upset by this. Perhaps her mother did have a valid reason why she could not say anything. The younger woman felt guilty and knew that it was wrong to have pushed her thus.

With that in mind, Vivian grabbed some tissue from the side table and squatted down to dry Rachel's tears. "I'm sorry, Mom. I won't ask anymore. I'm going to leave now, so rest well."

Rachel did not open her eyes or answer Vivian. Instead, she lay there in her bed and continued to cry. All Vivian could do was turn around and leave the ward.

Today's emotional display had left her with a bitter taste in her mouth. The trip back home was one taken in despair, and Vivian felt all of the mixed feelings she had well up near the surface.

Why didn't Mom even reached out to her child or even looked for her after all these years? The fact remained that she would rather die than seek help from her own child. Vivian could only surmise that there were more secrets to be uncovered behind this. Secrets that likely had to do with her own identity as well.

In the ward, she was so intent on discovering the whereabouts of Rachel's child just so that they could proceed with the operation. However, Vivian forgot to ask Rachel about herself – Where had she come from and who she was.

She was also so immersed in her thoughts that she had not realized that she'd wandered onto the sidewalk. Without looking, she decided to continue walking and did not even pay attention to the lights at the pedestrian crossing.

A loud horn and the sound of screeching brakes suddenly pulled Vivian back into reality. When she looked up, what she witnessed had given her quite the fright.

A car had swerved out of the way to avoid a collision with her. The angry driver leaned out from his window to yell at Vivian for her carelessness. "What the f*ck are you doing? Do you have a death wish?"

Vivian apologized profusely and hurried over to the other side of the road.

“How about you use your eyes next time?” yelled the driver at her again before he drove off.

Vivian let out the breath she had been holding and patted her chest, thankful for the fact that she was unharmed. It was then that Vivian suddenly remembered something as her face paled in fright.

I am with child! How can I forget something so important?

Holding her stomach, Vivian cursed inwardly. What if I really got hit and put this child in danger? I'm really not fit to be a parent.

After that, Vivian did not dare walk around on the street anymore. She quickly stopped a nearby taxi and told him her destination.

It was only when she reached home that the adrenaline wore off. Vivian suddenly felt mentally and physically exhausted. She collapsed onto the sofa and closed her eyes, recalling every single thing that had happened today. Despite calming down, she could sense that she was in a complete mess and panicked, not knowing what to do.

Vivian then muttered something along the lines of pulling herself together as she shook her head. When she opened her eyes, she noticed a familiar-looking briefcase near the armrest.

Vivian then turned around and also saw that Finnick's coat was already on the rack. Ah, so he's back already!

The thought of him being home made her feel a little more spirited. Immediately, Vivian got up and hurried upstairs towards the study.

The door of the study was slightly ajar. Vivian peeked inside and saw Finnick at his desk, poring over documents.

Without realizing it, her tears began to fall again. Too many things have happened today. Now that Finnick is here, I feel more at ease.

Finnick happened to look up and noticed Vivian standing by the door. He frowned when he saw her in tears again and hurriedly walked towards her. “What happened?”

Wordlessly, Vivian threw herself into Finnick's arms and started crying.

Finnick knew that Vivian went to the hospital today. However, her behavior now indicated that things were not looking up for Rachel at all. With soothing strokes to Vivian's head, Finnick asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen to your Mom?"

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Vivian nodded vigorously in Finnick's arms.

Very gently, Finnick pushed Vivian away and led her towards the sofa.

"Okay, take some deep breaths and talk to me slowly. Tell me everything." Finnick picked up some tissue from a nearby container and wiped away her tears tenderly.

Vivian took a few minutes to compose herself. "The doctor said that I'm incompatible as a donor."

As a matter of fact, Finnick had already anticipated this. When he first heard about Rachel's condition, the first thing he did was set out to look for suitable donors. However, he had not gotten a response yet.

"Don't worry. I've already started making inquiries. It won't be long until we find someone."

Vivian nodded and looked at Finnick gratefully. "But there's something else." Vivian suddenly recalled the results of the DNA test, and tears welled up in her eyes. "The doctor said that my... DNA is completely inconsistent with that of my mother's. I'm not her biological daughter."

Finnick was stunned to hear this from Vivian. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't believe it either. So I decided to ask her in person." Vivian then let out a loud wail. "Finnick, that was not a mistake. I am not her daughter."

Finnick hurriedly moved over to hold Vivian but could not find the words to comfort her. He was at a loss.

"I did a paternity test some time ago, and the test results confirmed that I am not Harvey's daughter. And today, I found out that I'm not even my mother's own child. Finnick, I have no relatives. I have no one! What should I do?"

"What do you mean?" Finnick caressed Vivian's back in an attempt to comfort her. "You still have me. I am your husband, and we are a family. I'll be with you until the day I die."

"Really?" Vivian raised her head, looking at Finnick with tear-stained cheeks. "Do you promise?"

Finnick looked at Vivian affectionately. "Of course. I love you, and I will always be with you."

The sincerity in Finnick's eyes took Vivian's breath away. She was so moved that she could not respond.

Very gently, Finnick planted a soft kiss on Vivian's forehead before he embraced her again. "Don't dwell on it. I promise I'll never leave your side."

Finnick's reassurances brought great comfort to Vivian, who finally managed to calm down. Leaning against his arms, Vivian found strength and warmth returning to her. Deep down, she knew he was right. She was not alone because she had him.

Vivian suddenly recalled that their family was about to become a lot bigger with their latest addition – a baby.

Joyfully, Vivian raised her head to look at Finnick. "There is some good news that came out of this after all."

"Huh?" Finnick was a little puzzled by Vivian's sudden change in demeanor. Wasn't she crying just a few minutes before?

"I'm pregnant!" finished Vivian happily. "Finnick, we're going to have a baby!"

Vivian looked at Finnick expectantly, thinking that he would be just as excited as he was before.

However, she had not prepared herself for the sudden chill in his expression. He became stoic, and his eyes were a mix of emotions that she could not comprehend.

“What’s the matter?” Finnick’s reaction puzzled and displeased Vivian in equal measure. “Aren’t you happy to have children?”

Finnick opened his mouth and wanted to explain but could not find the right words. Was this child truly conceived by us both?

In the end, Finnick looked at Vivian vaguely and asked, “How far along are you?”

“The doctor said it has been a month,” replied Vivian gently, as she absentmindedly stroked her belly.

The child had been inside her for a month? Why hadn’t she felt anything before?

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“A month?” Finnick’s face darkened as he counted the number of days in his heart. A month ago was the exact date that Vivian got kidnapped. With that, it was unlikely for the child to be biologically related to him.

“Yes.” Vivian nodded her head without noticing the change in Finnick’s expression. “To be exact, I might’ve gotten pregnant with the child the night before I got kidnapped.”

Finnick recalled that they had indeed gotten intimate on that night before she got kidnapped. Could it really be that coincidental, though... They had always wanted a kid, but even so, Vivian was still not pregnant. So how is it possible that out of all those times, she was only impregnated that night?

Thus, Finnick felt dubious regarding that. If his guess was right, it meant that the child could be a result of the gang rape.

As his thoughts drifted in that direction, the image of the four men ripping Vivian’s clothes off ignited the anger within him.

He clenched his fists hard and muttered, "Mark Norton, one day I'll make you pay for that."

Feeling the anger that Finnick possessed, Vivian looked at him helplessly. She wondered why Finnick did not show any delight after the news of her pregnancy.

"Finnick, are you okay?" Vivian questioned in an annoyed tone. "Didn't you hope for a child all along? Why do you seem unhappy about it now?"

"N-no, Vivian. I..." Finnick was unsure of how to articulate his thoughts to Vivian. He had a strong urge to hunt for the four guys and skin them alive as he got reminded that Vivian was pregnant with the child of another guy.

The fact that Vivian broke the news of her pregnancy in excitement shattered his heart further.

Finnick could not face Vivian because it would only hurt his heart seeing her exuberant joy when she spoke about the child.

On the other hand, he knew clearly that it was not Vivian's fault as she was the victim. He could only blame himself for not protecting her well enough.

After he had pondered for a while, his facial expression turned solemn as he looked at Vivian and spoke earnestly, "Vivian, I think we should abort this child." He could never allow Vivian to give birth to the child of another man.

Ultimately, Finnick could not bring himself to face the child if the child was born. He might even resent the child.

"What are you talking about?" Vivian asserted as she shot up from the sofa. She looked at Finnick in disbelief and yelled in anger, "How could you say that? This is our child!"

"Vivian, listen to me." Finnick stood up, held her shoulders, and said in a serious tone, "We cannot have this child."

"Why not?" Vivian asked while staring into Finnick's eyes – she could not accept those words coming out of her husband's mouth.

"Vivian, please calm down." Finnick tried to console her. "This is not the right time for us to have a child. If you really want one, let's wait a while more, okay?"

"But I'm already pregnant. Why do we need more time?" Vivian could not figure out what Finnick meant.

What did he mean by that? For the longest time, that child was what both of us had hoped for, so how could he get me to abort it?

"Vivian, please just listen to me." Finnick was getting impatient. "We definitely cannot have this kid," he emphasized.

Upon hearing Finnick's words, Vivian shrugged his hands off her shoulder, took two steps back, and stared at him with her eyes filled with hurt and sadness.

She recalled how elated Finnick used to get when he knew of her pregnancy the last time. However, he seemed like a totally different person this time around. Is he still the same Finnick that I know?

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"Why?" Vivian asked while she was choking on her tears. "What's the reason for not wanting the child?" Vivian probed as she looked at Finnick coldly.

Finnick looked away because he could not bear to look straight into Vivian's teary eyes and stated, "Now is just not the right time."

Hearing that, Vivian was utterly disappointed in him for the lack of proper explanation.

As she wiped her tears, Vivian looked sternly at Finnick and declared, "I would never abort this child." After that, Vivian left the study without care for Finnick's reaction.

Watching Vivian leave, Finnick tightened his fist in anger. Should I... tell her? Could Vivian handle the truth? She might change her decision if she knew. But...

No... No, I can't... She would be devastated. When Finnick thought of the amount of pain the news could bring to Vivian, he decided not to reveal the truth to her.

But in that case, how should I convince her to get an abortion? At that moment, Finnick could not come up with any other solution.

Meanwhile, after reaching the room, Vivian was on her bed, crying her heart out. All she did was share the exciting news with Finnick, but his response was too unexpected – that he did not want the child at all.

Perhaps Finnick did not want to get intimate with her the past few days because he wanted to avoid impregnating her. But why would he do that? Vivian could not understand the sudden change in Finnick's mind.

She then tried to recall when Finnick had become a different person. However, the more she dwelled on it, the more upset she felt. The change in his attitude towards her seemed to have happened after Evelyn's appearance.

In the past, Finnick would never lose his temper in front of Vivian and would always trust her. Yet now, he even considered aborting their child.

Did he still have feelings for Evelyn, possibly wanting a divorce so he could get back with her? Maybe that was why he wanted the abortion. Was he afraid that I would use the child as an excuse to cling to him?

As she thought of the possibility of Finnick wanting to leave her, her heart ached more intensely. But earlier, he said that he would always stay by my side. Was it all just a lie? A lie to soothe my emotions temporarily?

Vivian shook her head hard as she did not wish to dwell upon what she had assumed. However, she could not control her tears.

Regardless of what Finnick said, she was determined to give birth to the child.

She was determined to protect the child at all costs as it was still her child after all.

With a thousand thoughts in mind, Vivian cried herself to sleep. When she woke up the next day, she realized that she had a blanket over her; she guessed that it was probably Finnick's doing.

However, the man was not in the room. Nonetheless, Vivian was fine with it as she was not prepared to face him.

After washing up, she headed down for breakfast. Initially, Vivian thought that Finnick had left for work, so she did not expect to see him at the dining table.

Thus, she stopped and hesitated if she should turn to walk away or sit down to have breakfast with him.

“Vivian, you’re awake.” Finnick spotted Vivian and spoke with an awkward expression, “Come and have your breakfast.”

Vivian had no choice but to sit down at the dining table. Despite that, she did not sit beside or across Finnick as usual. Instead, she chose the furthest seat and sat down.

Finnick knew that Vivian was still angry at him. Last night when he went back to their room, Vivian was already asleep. He adjusted her position and covered her with a blanket. After that, he thought of lying down right next to her. However, he could not bring himself to do so as he recalled the disagreement they had earlier. Thus, he went to the guest room.

While Vivian was fast asleep, Finnick stayed up the whole night trying to come up with ways to convince her to abort the child but to no avail.

How could he convince her to abort the child when she held the thought that she was pregnant with his child? It was the first time Finnick had wrecked his brains that hard trying to come up with a solution for something.

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After a moment of thought, Finnick looked at Vivian, who was having her breakfast with her head lowered, and spoke, “Vivian, regarding what we were discussing last night...”

Vivian tightened her hold on the fork in her hands in reaction to Finnick’s persistence on that issue. Did he really want me to abort the child so badly?

After a few moments of hesitation, Finnick continued, "Vivian, please stop being stubborn and listen to me. We really cannot have this child."

"Me being stubborn?" Vivian could no longer hold in her anger. "Finnick, this is our child. Even if you disagree, it's still a precious life. How could you be so heartless and ask me to abort it?" Vivian exploded in anger.

Upon hearing Vivian's words, Finnick's face darkened. "Do you mean to say that you'd still want the child even if the child is not mine?"

"What do you mean by that?" Vivian was confused at what Finnick said. "Why wouldn't it be? What are you trying to say?"

Finnick went silent with his lips tightly pressed shut.

Vivian shrugged that thought off and assumed that Finnick had only said that out of anger. "Finnick, this is my child, and I would never let anyone harm it."

The dining room turned silent as Finnick did not respond. There was so much tension between them as neither were willing to budge.

"You have to abort the child." Finnick declared a few moments later, got up, and left the house.

There was no point in insisting further as Vivian showed no signs of willingness to budge. Hence, it was best for them to both cool down while he came up with other solutions.

Clang!

Vivian slammed a plate on the floor while tears rolled down her face.

Thinking back on what Finnick said, Vivian's heart turned cold. She could not believe that Finnick chose to resort to such a cruel method to reconcile with Evelyn.

After venting out her frustration, Vivian slowly sat back down and calmed herself.

Will I be able to give birth to the child smoothly if Finnick insists on the abortion?

Vivan recalled the method Finnick used to punish Ashley and felt chills down her spine – it felt impossible for her to stop him. Hence, she needed to come up with an idea to stop Finnick from wanting her to abort the child.

Vivian racked her brains to think of people who could help her, and Mr. Norton came to her mind instantly.

Mr. Norton wanted a grandchild for the longest time, so he would definitely help stop Finnick from insisting on the abortion.

Vivian finally saw a glimpse of hope. Not bothering about the mess on the floor, she grabbed her bag and immediately left the house.

At the Norton Residence, Mr. Norton was taking a walk in the garden after breakfast.

“Vivian, it’s been a long time since you’ve visited!” Mr. Norton teased as he spotted Vivian.

Mr. Norton looked at her with concern in his eyes as he was reminded of the many unfortunate events that had happened to Vivian. After all, the Norton family was at fault.

“Grandpa.” Vivian rushed forward and tugged on Mr. Norton’s sleeve. “I have something to talk to you about,” Vivian said shakily.

Judging by how anxious Vivian looked, Mr. Norton’s face turned serious. “Alright, let’s talk inside.”

“Okay.” Vivian followed Mr. Norton to his study.

“Alright, tell me, Vivian. What’s wrong?” Mr. Norton asked after the door was closed.

“Grandpa, I’m pregnant, b-but...” Tears rolled down Vivian’s face while she continued, “But Finnick doesn’t want to keep the child.”