

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 471 - 475

"What I want is for you to go save your mother," Vivian stated her intentions plainly.

Evelyn was a little miffed as she regarded Vivian with wild eyes. "My mom's already dead, so what the hell are you even talking about?"

"No, she's still alive because you're not even from the Morrisons." And the bomb was dropped.

"What sort of joke is this!" Evelyn's expression was dour. "You'd better stop this nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense. My mother is your actual birth parent," Vivian said as she looked Evelyn straight in the eye.

Evelyn curled her lips and scoffed, "Even if you feel that you are not good enough for Finnick, you don't have to make up something as absurd as this just to spite me. What makes you think I'll believe you?"

Vivian guessed as much that Evelyn would not be easily convinced. She hastened to explain herself. "I'm not lying. Rachel William really is your mother. She has leukemia and you are her only blood relation. Only your bone marrow would most likely be a match for hers."

Not able to make any sense of this conversation, Evelyn thought Vivian might have lost all rationality after being agitated.

"You're insane." Evelyn rolled her eye at Vivian and left it at that before turned to head upstairs.

"Wait. You can't go!" Vivian stood herself in the way. "Have you been kidnapped as a new-born, and was rescued by my mother?"

"How did you come to know about this?" Evelyn asked warily.

"Benedict was the one who told me about this, and my mother has confirmed it. She said that the little girl she picked up wasn't you. When she learned later from the news that the Morrison family lost their daughter, she had her own daughter sent to them in the hope that

she would be able to have a better future. The Morrison's child was the one she kept and raised as her own."

Vivian related the truth of the past as concisely as she could to Evelyn.

Evelyn thought the whole thing rather laughable. "So, what you're insinuating is that you are a Morrison, and I the daughter of Rachel William?"

"Yes." Vivian nodded. "This is what my mother had told me herself. You have to believe me."

"And why should I?" Evelyn howled. "I've really underestimated you before, Vivian William. To think you could come up with a lie like that?"

"You can go to the hospital and verify this with my mother." She grew more distressed by the moment and started tugging at Evelyn's arm. "Come on, let's go right away!"

"She is, as you've put it, your mother. How am I to know whether the two of you aren't in on it together?" Evelyn knocked off Vivian's hand. "Don't you find yourself hysterical?"

"You don't have to believe what I say. A DNA paternity test at the hospital will put this argument to rest."

Vivian's anxiety did seem genuine and she appeared sure of herself. Evelyn was unnerved by the prospect that she might not actually be a Morrison.

She shook her head and tried to cast those thoughts aside. Having lived so many years with the Morrisons, how could it be that she was not one of them?

"Don't think for a minute that you got me there." Evelyn reverted to her previously overbearing tone as she lashed out at Vivian. "Why are you telling me this? What are you really after?"

Vivian staggered from the push and almost bowled over. But that was the least of her worries.

"I have no ulterior motive. Your own mother's sick and she needs a matching donor. You are her sole blood relation and the only person who could save her."

"Oh, so you're trying to trick me into saving your mother, is that it?" Evelyn seemed to have come to some sort of epiphany. She felt relieved, convinced of her own take on events.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 472

"I do want you to save my mother, but I wasn't lying!" Vivian racked her brains as to how to get Evelyn to believe her.

Of course, the birthmark! Vivian recalled that it was precisely that which led the Morrisons to believe that the baby Rachel brought to them was theirs.

"Do you have a butterfly-shaped birthmark on your waist?" Vivian asked.

"I don't suppose that this was something your mother told you as well," Evelyn sounded markedly calmer as she spoke with arms akimbo. "Now, it's about the birthmark, huh. Get to the point."

"Look." Vivian did not elaborate much as she lifted her own top to reveal the birthmark on her own hip.

"Why do you also have one?" Evelyn said in astonishment after she had a closer view of it.

"I had this from birth. The one you have was branded onto you by my mother. I think you ought to believe me now."

Evelyn was stunned. Everything could have been fabricated, but this birthmark was something else.

It was pointed out to her on one occasion when she was being bathed by her mother as a little girl. "This is my baby's lucky butterfly. I wouldn't have been able to get you back without it."

The sight of a similar birthmark on Vivian had her reconsidering the certainty in Vivian's demeanor. Evelyn began to buy into the possibility that she might really not be a Morrison.

The very notion of that made her furious with Vivian. Her eyes burned as she regarded her counterpart.

As if it was not enough that Vivian stole the love of her life from her, she was now going to rob her of brother and her identity as the young lady of the house from her as well.

No way was she going to let her get away with this. She was a Morrison, not the daughter of some housemaid. Vivian must be lying to me She must be.

Evelyn masked the panic she felt inside and hollered at Vivian. "Do you think you're going to fool me with that? Maybe the one you have on you is the fake."

That outburst proved to be cathartic for her. Right, that had to be. Rachel had seen her birthmark. Who was to say she could not have Vivian somehow create something similar on herself.

This deceitful mother and daughter pair must be in it for the Morrison's wealth. She was not going to let this detestable duo off easy.

Amidst her own mental contortions, Evelyn finally found a way to rationalize her self-delusion.

"Your birth mother is waiting for you to save her life, Evelyn. You can't possibly ignore this!" Vivian shouted in exasperation upon seeing that Evelyn could not be persuaded.

"Ridiculous. My mother has already passed on." Evelyn then hustled Vivian toward the door. "Shut up and leave before I have someone kick you out!"

"Listen to me, Evelyn. Your mother's condition is dire, you have to..." Vivian put up a struggle as she was determined to have Evelyn brought to the hospital.

"Out! Get out!" Evelyn would have none of it. The ferocity of her bellows was matched by that of her adrenaline-fueled strength. It took only a few shoves before Vivian was out of the door.

"Please, Evelyn..."

The door slammed resoundingly shut in Vivian's face and cut her off.

"Open up, Evelyn." Vivian thumped upon the door. "Please hear me out. Your mother is really very sick. You can't refuse to help."

Vivian kept at the buzzer even when no one responded. She must bring Evelyn around somehow as that was the only way by which she could save Rachel.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 473

"Come with me to get tested, Evelyn. Everything will be made clear once you see the results. Please come out..."

Evelyn was seated on her bed in her own room. The ceaseless buzzing, coupled with Vivian's shrieking, irked her to no end.

Her mood was severe when she summoned the helper. "Get rid of the woman outside. If I still hear her later, you can start looking for a new job!"

"Yes, Miss," The helper replied before she hurried downstairs.

"Open up, Evelyn. I want to talk to you." Vivian was still shouting from the other side when the door suddenly swung open.

She tried to squeeze through but was blocked by the helper. "Stop this, Miss. It would be best if you just leave."

"Please, Ma'am. You have to let me in. I've an important matter which I must discuss with Evelyn," Vivian remonstrated.

"Miss has already stated that I would be fired if you continue to linger here. Please do not make things difficult for me. I beg of you. Leave, or I'll have no choice but to call for security."

The helper's sorrowful expression put Vivian in a dilemma, as she did not want to cause someone else to lose her livelihood. She slowly backed away from the door before she reluctantly turned to leave.

Evelyn watched this from the windows. Her nails dug into her own palms as she glared.

Why must you always be in my way, Vivian? Now you even have the gall to say that I am not a Morrison? I'll never let you off for this!

Deep down, Evelyn was already convinced of what Vivian told her. That was precisely what made her abhor Vivian even more. If not for her, this would forever be kept secret, and she would always be scion of the Morrisons.

She now understood why Rachel treated her so well since young. Even if she were to regard Rachel coldly, Rachel would not cower and fear approaching her as the rest of the helpers would. Conversely, she continued to treat her kindly in return.

That only made her dislike the woman more. Who did she think she was to behave so intimately towards her? Rachel William was nothing more than another helper to her. In Evelyn's esteem, the only reason Rachel was treated well by the Morrison family was because she had once saved her. Evelyn thought Rachel should be grateful to her for that instead.

When Evelyn found out that Rachel was her biological mother, her dislike turned into hatred. She thought that since Rachel wanted a good life for her, she should have taken her secret to the grave. She was upset at Rachel for revealing it to Vivian.

Leukemia? Hmph! Evelyn recalled what Vivian said.

"No way am I going to save you. Better that you die, and the truth dies with you." Evelyn gripped the corner of the curtain and swore under her breath with viciousness in her eyes. "And Vivian too. This time, I shall show her no mercy!"

No one knew what wicked scheme she hatched next as Evelyn's lips curled into a smirk. She picked up her cell phone and dialed a number.

The call got through in no time at all. "I need you to take care of someone for me..."

After she left the Morrison residence, Vivian wandered on the streets, at a loss for where to go.

The only mother she knew had told her that they were not related by blood. Then, Benedict, a brother who she was not able to acknowledge as yet. Without sufficient evidence, she was afraid that even Benedict himself would not believe what she said. And Finnick too. With the tenuous state of their relationship at present, the future of their marriage was up in the air.

The thought of these wrenched at her heart. Tears fell uncontrollably from her eyes. She felt isolated, without anyone to lean on nor pour her heart out to.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 474

Vivian steeled herself as she touched her own abdomen. The baby which grew inside her was the only thing that could keep her going. She was determined to do everything she could to protect him from harm.

Even though she did not want to see Finnick right now, Vivian had no choice but to return to the home which was once a source of warmth and comfort for her.

When she stepped inside the villa, she saw that Finnick was already off work. He was on the couch in the living room with a vacant look on his face, seemingly lost in thought.

She found it peculiar, as having lived together for so long, he was rarely seen lacking in vigor. However, she was in no mood to speculate what may be on his mind.

Finnick snapped out of it when movement at the door drew his attention. He turned in its direction to see Vivian there. He jumped onto his feet and looked at Vivian, seemingly unsure of himself.

After Vivian left, Finnick had gradually regained his composure. He regretted the tone with which he spoke to her earlier.

Too self-conscious to take the initiative to call her, he got back in early instead. He did not expect that she would return this late.

When Vivian saw right past him and head straight for the bedroom upstairs, he immediately caught up with her. "You probably haven't had dinner yet. I'll have Mrs. Filder warm up some soup for you."

Since Finnick took the initiative to extend the olive branch, Vivian could not possibly continue to ignore him. She nodded and said, "Okay."

Her responsiveness prompted a smile from him. "Wait at the dining table first. I'll go get you a bowl." With that, he disappeared into the kitchen.

Once she settled herself down, Vivian made up her mind to thrash things out with him regarding the child by the end of the day.

Finnick returned shortly with a bowl of soup cupped carefully between his palms. He had it placed down in front of Vivian before he sat down across from her. "Help yourself to it. Mrs. Filder said that the soup will be very comforting for your digestive tract."

"Hmm." She nodded slightly, appearing a little nonchalant as she was distracted by thoughts about the baby.

As she lowered her head and ate quietly, Finnick felt a little disconcerted and broke the silence. "Where did you go today? Why were you back so late?"

"Nowhere in particular. Just to the hospital to accompany Mom." It was probably not a good time for her to share with him the truth behind Evelyn and her own parentage as she felt he may end up thinking that she was gunning for Evelyn.

"How's Mom?"

"She's doing okay."

He nodded. It was hard to keep the conversation going as he was never one for small talk. The atmosphere in the room fell back into stillness.

It was only after she finished her soup that she found the courage to lift her head to regard Finnick. "I've something to tell you."

"What is it?" He was keen to hear her out as she appeared quite serious.

Vivian took a deep breath. "I want to keep the child inside me. If you were to insist that I should opt for an abortion, then we should divorce."

Finnick's temper flared when he heard that and his tone reflected as much. "Can't you listen to me this once? You can't keep this child!"

"Why not?" Vivian similarly became upset. "I've told you this morning that I've not been violated by anyone. Surely you're not saying that you want to get rid of our child?"

When Finnick saw how insistent she was, he had no idea how to convince her to face up to reality.

If he could, he would rather have her continue to believe that. Devoid of that memory, she would probably not become scarred by it.

However, she cannot keep this child. If she could not recall that incident, he was afraid that she would never agree to an abortion.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 475

Since it came down to this, Finnick had to harden himself. "But the doctor had it checked, the results have indeed confirmed that..."

"I don't care what the doctor said." She was emotional when she cut him off. "I want to keep this child. We'll divorce if we cannot agree on this."

Through the row they had in the morning, attempting to explain things to him would be an act of futility.

In his heart, he had already concluded that the child was not theirs. She had to dig in as she was determined to protect her child no matter what.

"Listen to me, Vivian..." As he made another attempt to persuade her, he was interrupted once more.

"That's enough. I've made it clear that if you are not with me on this issue, I'll be raising this child on my own."

There was nothing Finnick could say in response to the resolve he saw in her eyes.

"Alright. You can keep this baby." It took some time before he relented.

"Really?" Vivian grabbed hold of his arm with both hands, still in relative disbelief.

She did not expect that he would be willing to spare the child despite him believing that it belonged to someone else, as she was mentally prepared to divorce from him if it came down to it.

Finnick nodded, solemnly and silently. He spoke no more. That answer took every ounce of energy out of him. He had no wish to repeat that for the rest of his life.

He had never thought that he might one day give in this much to any woman. What choice did he have, unless he really meant to divorce from Vivian?

Just hearing that suggestion from her left him feeling unbearable. When he imagined a life without Vivian, he was swallowed by trepidation.

He feared not being able to wake up to her everyday; Feared that she would be out of his life; Feared that she would treat him as though he was a stranger; Feared that he might never be able to find another excuse to touch her... hence he had no choice but to agree.

Forget it. He thought. Even if the unborn baby was not his, it was still hers. All he could do was to try and love the child as best as he could, and pretend that nothing ever happened.

As he loved Vivian, this was what he must come to terms with.

When Vivian received affirmation, she was so touched that she hugged the man tightly. "Thank you, Finnick. Thank you..."

All the anger and resentment she harbored toward him before dissipated in that instant. She had never thought that for her sake, he could be tolerant to this extent.

Finnick truly loved her. Once more, the doubts that she had for herself were proven unwarranted. He would not have been able to give in this much otherwise.

With tears welling, her voice was filled with gratitude, "You have to believe me, Finnick. The baby that I'm carrying is ours. You'll not come to regret this decision in time."

Vivian swore to herself that she would find proof of Evelyn's slander. When she did, Finnick would be convinced of her innocence and the baby's parentage.

Even if she could not, she could persuade him to go for paternity test. With the facts laid bare, he should be able to set his mind at ease.

Finnick could only eke out a bitter smile. He was no longer concerned about whether the child was theirs, only that he must keep his promise to Vivian. Though he could not be sure whether he would ultimately be able to treat the child as his own, he would not seek to mistreat it. That was the best he could do.

Finnick withdrew his arm to wrap her snugly in his embrace. He then whispered in her ear, "Let's not ever discuss divorce again."