

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 356

Benedict, that's right! With his identity and status, he would surely know someone from the hospital.

Although Vivian did not want to bother Benedict, she had no choice given the current circumstance.

"Hello, Vivian. What happened that you're calling so late at night?" Benedict's voice gave her some comfort and made her feel safe.

As she felt slightly relieved, she burst out crying. "Benedict, my mom... she fell down and accidentally knocked herself on the head. She's losing a lot of blood. Can you help me to contact the hospital..."

She wept and wept.

When Benedict learned what happened, he jumped up from his bed, put on his clothes hastily and sped off. "Don't be too anxious. Where are you now? I'll go over right away."

Without further delay, Vivian reported her location, "We're on our way to the Pinnacle Hospital. We're almost there."

"All right, don't panic. Take good care of your mother. I'm going to call the hospital now and make the necessary arrangements." Benedict rushed to his garage.

"Thank you, Benedict." She hung up after expressing her gratitude.

Holding on to Rachel's hand, Vivian prayed hard. Mom, please be okay.

When they arrived at the hospital, there were doctors waiting at the entrance. Subsequently, Rachel was sent to the emergency ward. Not long after, Benedict showed up.

"How... how's your mother?" Benedict panted for breath.

Shaking her head, Vivian could not control herself and started crying. "I don't know, I..."

“Rest assured that everything will be fine,” Benedict comforted her and patted her back.

She nodded.

The indicator at the operating room remained lit. Vivian felt so restless as she stared at the tightly shut door.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open and a nurse walked out in a haste. Urgently, she asked, “Who’s related to the patient?”

“Me! I’m her daughter!” Vivian presented herself.

“The patient’s condition is quite critical and she needs a blood transfusion. Unfortunately, we don’t have sufficient quantity in the blood bank. Which of you has the same blood type as the patient?”

“You can use mine! I’m her daughter.” Vivian rolled up her sleeve.

“Do you know what’s your blood type?”

“I don’t…” Vivian had never hated herself so much at that point for not knowing her own blood type.

“Okay, please follow me to get yourself prepared.” The nurse quickened her footsteps and led Vivian to the lab. Benedict followed suit.

To her dismay, she was told that her type was A whereas Rachel’s was O. Their blood types were not compatible to each other’s and therefore, Vivian could not donate hers.

She was stupefied. How could this be? Why am I type A? I remember both Mom and Dad were type O? Why then, is mine A?

There was no time for her to pick on these details. She thought maybe she remembered it wrongly.

“What else can I do?” She was troubled by the newly learned fact and lost her objectivity.

“I’m a Type O”. Benedict was delighted to find out that his blood type matched Rachel’s. “I can donate to her.”

A genuine smile appeared on Vivian's face. She looked at him thankfully. "Oh really? That's great. Thank you so much, Benedict."

He patted her shoulders and then followed the nurse to get ready for the blood transfusion process.

After two unbearable hours, the indicator on the operating room was finally switched off. As soon as the doors flung open, Vivian ran to the doctor and asked about Rachel's condition.

Looking quite tired, the doctor removed his surgical mask and informed Vivian, "The operation was very successful. The patient is fine now and will be out soon."

"Thanks doctor. Thank you so much..." she could not stop thanking the doctor. At last, Vivian felt relieved.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 357

Rachel woke up the next morning.

"Mom, you finally woke up." Vivian was happy and worried at the same time. "How are you feeling? Does the wound still hurt?"

"I'm fine. Sorry for causing you so much worry." The feeble Rachel sounded very breathy.

She felt bad at the sight of Vivian's concerned face and struggled with all her might to pat her hand. I've never contributed much to her life but keep on troubling her and making her feel so unsettled to the extent of sacrificing her blissful marriage.

Actually, Rachel could see through Vivian. Although Vivian did not mention Finnick, she always brushed the topic off whenever Rachel brought it up. The way she changed the subject immediately gave her away. Rachel suspected she had fought with Finnick.

As she thought about the reason behind Vivian and Finnick's marriage, Rachel felt that she had owed her daughter too much.

Vivian stayed back at the hospital to take care of her mother for the next couple of days.

Rachel realized that Vivian was not being herself ever since she regained consciousness after the surgery. Whenever Rachel inquired, Vivian would answer that nothing was bothering her. It made Rachel even more ill at ease.

When Benedict came to the ward for a visit, he noticed that Rachel would take a peek at him from time to time. Her eyes conveyed grief and sadness. She looked as if she wanted to say something but faltered each time she opened her mouth.

Bemused by her expressions, he took the initiative to test waters. "Ms. Rachel, you... have something you want to tell me?"

Faced with the unexpected question, Rachel kept quiet. She took a glance at Vivian, doubting her decision to speak.

Vivian sensed Rachel's strange gaze. What's wrong with Mom? Does she want to say something to Benedict but felt awkward because I'm around?

After much contemplation and struggle, Rachel got it out of her chest. "Eve... Evelyn's death anniversary is approaching, right?"

Benedict lowered his eyes. "Yes, it's the day after tomorrow."

There was nothing on his face but misery.

"I'd like to visit her. May I?" Rachel asked carefully in a very meek tone.

Vivian was stunned. Why does Mom remember Evelyn's death anniversary? Oh right, she's served as a helper at the Morrisons. Perhaps she used to take care of Evelyn.

Benedict was moved when he heard Rachel's request. "Of course, you may, Ms. Rachel. Evelyn would be delighted if she knew you wanted to visit her."

It seems like there's another person in the world who misses Evelyn besides myself.

Then, he recalled she had just undergone a surgery. "Ms. Rachel, can your body cope considering you're still recuperating from the operation? Don't strain yourself."

"No problem, I can make it." Rachel replied instantly in fear that Benedict would reject her wish.

Cough... cough... cough..

She spoke too fast and choked herself, which triggered a series of coughs. Vivian quickly patted her back to soothe her.

Seeing that her coughs persisted, Vivian advised, "Mom, you haven't fully recovered. Shall we cancel the plan? In case..."

Rachel interrupted her before she could finish her sentence, "I'm really fine! Hack... hack... hack..." Her throat was irritated and her cough turned severe.

Vivian dared not say anything further, with the hopes that her mother would stop coughing and not affect her wound.

Vivian's heart wrenched after seeing how Rachel was so eager to attend Evelyn's death anniversary albeit her current health condition. That explains why Mom has been dazing off so much lately.

Mom didn't visit me when I was hospitalized after being kidnapped by Ashley, even though I did I tell her not to trouble herself. Vivian was rather jealous and felt a surge of emotional imbalance that her mother was more concerned for Evelyn.

If anyone who has just taken care of Evelyn would like the girl so much, one can imagine what a pleasant girl she was.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 358

At that moment, an image surfaced in Vivian's mind. It was a scene she had seen from a video; a grinning Evelyn closing her eyes and making a wish.

Indeed, who wouldn't like such an angelic girl? What more for the guy who grew up with her, Finnick. He probably will never forget her...

Vivian felt bitter that Rachel insisted on going to the grave, but she caved into her anyway. "All right, I'll go with you. I can't leave you to go on your own."

"Don't worry, I'll arrange for a doctor to go along." Benedict was surprised that Rachel cared so much for Evelyn.

Hearing that they both agreed to her request, a smile appeared on Rachel's face. Vivian urged her to rest more.

Two days later, Vivian accompanied her mother to Evelyn's grave. Benedict picked them up from the hospital early in the morning and set off together.

Nestled in lushes of green where birds' chirping was heard all day long, the cemetery was nothing but a tranquil place. Yet, it did not make the undead feel relaxed, but heavy hearted.

Evelyn's grave was at the very end of the cemetery. The group walked for quite a bit before arriving at hers.

Vivian placed the white roses on in front of the tombstone. A beautiful photo of Evelyn caught her attention.

Stepping backward, she found Rachel sobbing non-stop.

She attempted to wipe Rachel's tears with a handkerchief. Within a split second, it was soaking wet.

Looking at the weeping Rachel, Vivian had no idea how to console her. She could only stand by her side and accompany her.

When Vivian was in a daze looking at Evelyn's photo, a group of reporters came from nowhere and surrounded her. Each of them pointed a long microphone at her.

"Mrs. Norton, why are you here at Evelyn Morrison's grave? Does Mr. Norton know that you're here?"

“Please tell us if the viral video has affected the relationship between you and your husband.”

“Mrs. Norton, could you share with us your impression of Evelyn?”

“Mrs. Norton, how do you feel right now? Are you jealous that Finnick and Evelyn were a couple?”

“May I ask...”

They continued to bombard her with a list of questions while shining bright lights at her face. Not knowing what to do, Vivian felt so helpless. Why are there so many paparazzi here today?

“I...” She had no idea what to say. Although she had always been interviewing people, it was her first time being ambushed by the reporters. Her mind went blank and her heart raced rapidly; her body even trembled a little.

The reporters had no intention to let her go, seeing that she remained silent.

They knew it was Evelyn’s death anniversary and had been scouting at the cemetery since morning. At first, they only wanted to take a few photos of the tombstone to satisfy the curious netizens who were still following on the news about the viral video. In a way, that could help boost the sales of their magazines.

Unexpectedly, they got what they bargained for when Vivian showed up! With news and photos of Vivian, the sales of their magazines would definitely increase multiple folds.

Consequently, these reporters would receive credits in terms of a promotion or a raise.

In fact, they had already come up with various catchy headlines!

What’s Finnick’s Wife Ulterior Motive For Visiting His Former Girlfriend’s Grave?

A Love Battle Between The Living And The Dead.

Finnick Misses Ex-girlfriend. Wife Sends A Challenge At The Grave!

The stories continued..

In conclusion, it was all marketing gimmicks to attract readers' attention. Whether Vivian said anything, regardless of what she said, and even if she merely opened her mouth, the reporters had their means to create a selling point and lead the readers on.

"Mrs. Norton, could you respond to our questions please?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 359

"Say something, Mrs. Norton. Everyone is so curious."

"That's right. Mrs. Norton, what are your comments on the video which went viral?"

The reporters approached her closer and closer, causing Vivian to take a wrong step and lost her balance. The people continued to squeeze in and pushed her around, resulting in her dishevelled look. Vivian's nicely tied up hair turned messy and she lost one side of her heels. Her feet were stepped on umpteen times...

"Move aside!" Benedict yelled as he pushed the crowd away and got himself next to Vivian.

Protecting her in his arms, Benedict shot an angry stare at the paparazzi. "Today's Evelyn's death anniversary. Vivian is here for a visit with no other agenda. I've agreed to her visit."

"Mr. Morrison, why would you agree to allow your sister's former boyfriend's wife to visit her grave?" Benedict's response piqued the interest of a reporter and he directed a microphone in front of Benedict with much excitement. "Don't you think that Ms. Morrison would be upset since they are rivals?"

The rest of the reporters followed and moved their microphones to Benedict, waiting patiently for his answer.

"Which magazine company are you from?" Benedict turned hostile. "Should I pay your company a visit too?"

Catching the hint, the noisy group gradually quiet down and stopped asking any more provocative questions.

Though the Morrisons were no longer as influential as they were in the past, they were still more than capable to destroy a small magazine company.

“Today is my sister’s death anniversary.” In an infuriating voice, Benedict scanned the people’s faces from left to right. “I don’t want her to be disturbed. Please leave this place immediately.”

Although they did not achieve their sole objective, the reporters did not want to bring troubles upon themselves either. As much as they were reluctant to give up the golden opportunity to create juicy news in exchange of attractive rewards, they would rather leave than to lose their jobs.

“Are you all right?” Benedict was concerned about Vivian.

The woman standing in front of him looked rather pitiful. Her hair was tousled whereas her clothes were so crumpled. Her bare foot was trampled on and bleeding slightly. There were black footprints mixed with blood and dust...

She shook her head and plastered a smile on her face. “Thank you.”

Right when both of them heaved a sigh of relief, a reporter on his way to the exit shouted, “It’s Finnick Norton!”

Vivian lifted her head and look toward the direction where the familiar name was uttered. She could hardly believe whom she saw. The welled-up tears in her eyes started to roll down her cheeks.

Afar stood a slender yet upright figure who was dressed in a full grey suit and a black trench coat. Although he looked tired, the prominent facial features were still as captivating as ever. His presence demanded everyone’s attention. He was none other than Finnick.

Seeing him from afar, Vivian felt her a tinge of heartache and an urge to cry out loud.

He wasn’t here when I was feeling aggrieved and jealous. I had to hide under the sheets and cry myself to sleep. He wasn’t here too when I heard that Evelyn might still be alive and

needed someone to discuss the matter. Neither was he here when Mom hurt herself and was hospitalized. He wasn't present when I felt so helpless.

Now, the travel-worn Finnick rushed back on the day of Evelyn's death anniversary. This goes to show who's his priority.

Vivian mocked herself. Is there anything that I could compete with Evelyn?

Finnick almost blew a fuse when he saw the hand on Vivian's waist. He clenched his fist and cast a furious look at both Benedict and Vivian.

Considering the injury on Vivian's foot and how she was harshly pushed around by the reporters, Benedict wanted to protect her. So, he remained his position which appeared to be hugging Vivian sideways, with his hand resting on her waist.

Anger rose in Benedict's heart instantly the moment he saw Finnick.

How dare he steps foot onto Evelyn's grave! She wouldn't have lost her precious life in her prime years if it wasn't for Finnick.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 360

Although the reporters witnessed the two men staring down at each other, no one dared to step forward and raise a question. If they did, it would have fetched them a ton of juicy tabloids.

In addition to his icy and intimidating appearance, his identity as a young Norton, coupled with the title President of Finnov Group would make anyone avoid him like the plague.

Unlike Benedict who was barely maintaining the status of the Morrison family, Finnick was a class above all. Even if they had the courage, they would choose to revere him instead.

The men had their eyes blazing with anger; Vivian was biting her lips while looking at Finnick with glistened eyes. On the other side, none of the reporters had mulled up any courage to

step forward. Time stood still as the entire place sank into a tensed and awkward atmosphere.

Suddenly, a lady appeared in front of everyone.

“Oh my heart!” All those who saw her could not help but gasped with amazement.

Her knee-length white tulle dress perfectly completed her curvy figure. Pairing it with a pair of pink heels, a small segment of her exposed calf looked very attractive. She held a silver palm-sized clutch in her hand. Her short and silky hair brushed through both sides of her cheeks.

She was wearing a thin diamond necklace, which was so dazzling. It enhanced the beauty of her neck and made her look exceptionally elegant.

Her features were so well-defined as if they were perfectly chiseled by hand. Even without any make-up on, her brows looked nicely embroidered and her lips were crimson red. It was a face that no one would ever forget.

Some reporters started photographing her beauty to record each of her action and smile.

More joined in and suddenly the place was filled with camera flashes flickering continuously as if a famous celebrity was present on site.

The lady remained composed and continued to walk forward with a steady smile on her face.

Vivian removed her gaze from Finnick after noticing that the reporters were sent into a frenzy again. She wanted to see what was going on.

Elaine? Why is she here? Vivian was perplexed. Also, Vivian realized that Elaine looked completely different from any other day.

Usually, she's always dressed in professional attire, complemented by an exquisite make-up and a sleek hairstyle, giving the impression of a capable working lady.

Today, Elaine is carrying a teenage girl look. It was very similar to the clothes she has picked out for me at the mall. In addition, she's only put on very light make-up and portraying herself as an adolescent.

Vivian could hardly recognize her!

Even in two different looks, one can't deny Elaine's charm and beauty. Vivian felt that her new look suited her more, depicting a simple and clean personality.

Vivian looked at Elaine who was walking toward her. She had a deja vu and felt that Elaine gave her a familiar feeling, but she could not tell who did Elaine look like.

As Benedict released her hand behind Vivian's back, she felt a bit unsteady and lost her balance. In order not to fall, she quickly exerted force onto the injured foot to stabilize herself.

"Ouch!" A streak of pain coursed through her veins as she inhaled sharply.

She turned to Benedict, only to find him looking blankly at Elaine with his jaw dropped. He was downright stunned with a mixed expression settling on his face.

She then turned to Finnick and noticed that he too, had his eyes widened and staring at Elaine with disbelief. The indifferent expression which he usually wore on his face was replaced with a rare shocking look.

Rachel rubbed her swollen eyes as she mumbled to herself. Faintly, Vivian could hear her say phrases like 'that's impossible' and 'how could it be'.

Vivian was totally mystified by their expressions and reactions. Elaine is indeed gorgeous but why are their responses so weird?