

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 508

"Is this dress appropriate?" Vivian whispered to Benedict while keeping her eyes directly to the front.

"It's very beautiful," Benedict said confidently with a slight smile. To be honest, he was overwhelmed when Vivian emerged from the fitting room dressed in that. When he regained his senses, he realized that Vivian William was merely a faded memory now. Vivian Morrison was a completely new person.

Vivian William was beautiful, yes, but she was insecure; it took a long time of being around her to realize the beauty within her that she had trouble expressing. But now, she was able to grab and hold the attention of an entire crowd with the way she held herself. The pain that she had endured all this time had been turned to her advantage after all. It was now the strength that bore her confidence, and that confidence made her shine like a star.

"So this is the true Ms. Morrison. My God, she is beautiful." The men in the crowd were transfixed.

"Yes. Look at the way she carries herself. Wow"

"Mrs. Litt, I think that she's a good match for your son," the woman who was flattering Mrs. Litt said. "If they ended up together, it would be a match made in heaven."

Mrs. Litt looked on and nodded in approval.

There was another attendee, a young lady, who stood studying Vivian's silhouette with doubt in her heart. This Ms. Morrison looks awfully familiar. Where have I seen her before? But that was impossible. She was sure that she had never met Ms. Morrison before today.

The longer she stared, the more she felt certain that she had seen her before. She searched hard in her memory. Got it! "I remember now!" the girl yelled.

The crowd had their attention fully fixed on Vivian. At the sound of her voice, everybody jumped and turned to look at her accusatorily. What if Ms. Morrison gets offended at the interruption?

At the realization of her volume and the disturbance she had caused, the girl frantically apologized to those who stood nearest to her. However, she was still excited as she said, "I know where I've seen Ms. Morrison before. Wasn't she Finnick Norton's wife, Vivian William?"

Though she had never met Vivian William, but she had seen photos of her on Twitter. As she was infatuated with Finnick at that time, she paid special attention to what his wife looked like. She thought that Finnick had poor taste in women, that he had selected such a plain-looking woman to be his wife.

But as she gazed at the woman standing in front of her, she had to admit that her features had not changed much. Why is she breathtakingly beautiful today to be able to capture the attention of an entire hall?

At her declaration, the crowd turned to stare at Vivian in surprise.

"Finnick Norton's wife? How is it possible that she is the Morrison girl?"

"I don't know. What's going on?"

"I heard that she had divorced Finnick five years ago, and then vanished. How did she suddenly become Ms. Morrison?"

"What an unexpected plot twist. She switched identities with Evelyn Morrison," someone in the crowd said as they scoffed.

"What do you mean?" The people around the speaker turned to look at him.

"You mean you don't know?" The man looked surprised, then excited when he realized that he had gossip that no one was aware of. "I'll tell you. I had a friend who knew Finnick. Turns out that Evelyn is currently living with him. What do you think their relationship is?" He looked around smugly as if to say 'if you know what I mean'.

"Are they married?"

“Not as far as I know of, but they’ve been living together for several years. The wedding should happen any time now.”

“I see.”

The crowd looked astonished. They glanced over at Vivian again. Though they were still captivated by her beauty, they had the malicious glint of gossip in their eyes.

Vivian and Benedict listened to all that had transpired. He tugged lightly at Vivian’s arm. “Vivian,” he whispered. “Don’t take this personally.”

“It’s nothing, Ben,” she replied as she turned to return his smile. Since she was already here, it meant that she had made the preparations to endure the gossip about her past. If she was not capable of handling even this, then she wouldn’t even have considered returning.

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Turns out, they were living together for a long time and were just only considering marriage.

With a supreme effort to push her doubts aside, she straightened up, raised her head, and walked forwards. She had promised herself once before. She will never back off again!

The guests have mostly arrived. The auction was due to begin shortly.

As everybody was settling down, a voice said, “Isn’t that the president of Finnor Group, Finnick Norton? Why is he here?”

Vivian’s heart clenched. She betrayed a look of terror. It doesn’t take long to run into him!

Benedict felt his sister’s grip on his arm tighten. Patting her arm encouragingly, he said, “Vivian, I’m here with you. Don’t be nervous.”

"Hmm." She nodded and regained some calmness. She was not afraid, but this happened much earlier than she had expected. Well, it's not a big deal.

Vivian took two deep breaths and entered the exhibition hall.

Finnick wore a plain black suit. As always, it looked superb in both the quality and the cutting. It was obvious that it was tailored for his frame.

Though she had seen him on screen at the airport, she was forced to admit that after seeing him in person, his charm had only increased over these years.

Finnick's features were as sharp as ever. His broad frame combined with his cold demeanor had commanded respect from the crowd so naturally.

He was also different from his on-screen appearance. There, he smiled easily and navigated the reporter's tricky questions with ease. Here, however, she shuddered at the glum and intimidating air that seemed to follow him around, infecting all who came in contact with him.

If Finnick was considered cold and kept others hesitant from approaching him five years ago, his current persona struck fear in them to the point that it kept them completely at bay.

Finnick scanned the crowd and spotted Vivian and froze as soon as he recognized her.

Finnick ignored her beautiful dress, her exquisitely applied makeup, and even the man whose arm she was clutching. The truth was, he did not even notice the person next to her.

All Finnick saw were Vivian's eyes. The sight that had haunted him in his dreams for five years.

They were still beautiful. Bright and misty, just like the first time they met, without any impurities. He saw right through her eyes into her soul. Vivian stood rigid and observed Finnick too. There was no escaping it; fear was not an option today. She was all calm.

No, calmness was merely for show. Beneath its tranquil overcoat, there was something else...

It was hatred.

Deep-set hatred and patience to hold back the hatred that made Finnick feel deeply uneasy.

They just stared at each other like no one else mattered. It was as if they were the only two people left on earth.

The crowd stayed quiet, glancing at both of them in turn. They could hardly believe that the subjects of their gossip had now turned up in front of their very eyes.

After a long silence, they began whispering again. Soon after that, the regular hubbub of chatter filled the hall once more.

“What is going on? The way they’re looking at each other, do they still have the flame?”

“Hey, you tell us.” Somebody shoved the man who gossiped about Evelyn earlier. “Didn’t you say that Evelyn is now living with Finnick? What’s going on then?”

“I’m not sure,” he replied, puzzled. “I heard it from a friend. He said that Evelyn is paralyzed in both legs. All these years, it was Finnick who cared for her, but he never intended on marrying her. I’ve always thought that he cared for her health, and would marry her in two years. Turns out he might still miss his ex-wife?”

“I think, from the way he’s looking into Ms. Morrison’s eyes, he is able to read her inside out *

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“This isn’t right too. Even if he was willing to care for Evelyn, it shows that she has a place in his heart. But why would he look at your ex-wife like that? If he really cared for her, why would he divorce her?”

The crowd stood in uncomfortable silence following his words. Then, one after another, they shook their heads. “Who knows, maybe Finnick loves both of them?”

Vivian couldn’t hear much over the commotion. She only managed to catch snatches of Evelyn being disabled, and Finnick caring for her.

She was surprised to hear of Evelyn's disability. That thought was followed by a dilemma in her heart. Turns out that Finnick loves Evelyn this much. He still cares for her for so many years even after she became a cripple.

Vivian thought of that year when he ordered Noah to take her for an abortion. She sighed sadly to herself. To Finnick, one of them was the one that got away, the other was now his ball and chain. They were a world of difference.

Vivian dropped her gaze first. She turned and marched off to the auction with Benedict on her arm, without sparing Finnick another glance.

Finnick however kept his eyes on Vivian's back. As he watched her back sway with the motion of her stride, he was suddenly aware of her change. She wouldn't be wearing something as sexy as this in the past.

He received the news today that Benedict was back in the country, and that the Morrison family was going to organize an auction, of which Ms. Morrison would also be in attendance.

When Finnick heard that, he became aware that his heart that had quelled for five years had begun beating wildly again. Five years ago, Benedict said that Vivian William was his sister. Could the long-awaited Ms. Morrison actually be Vivian William?

After pulling several strings, he managed to secure an invitation for himself and made his way over to the hotel. She's finally back!

His heart that was beating wildly suddenly stopped at the very moment when he set eyes on her. It's been five years. I have finally seen her again, but...

Finnick recalled the way she looked at him earlier and felt anxious. It was as though he couldn't see his reflection in her eyes anymore. Did she learn to shield her emotions, or did he cease to exist in her heart now?

Hands balled into fists, Finnick's eyes gleamed with determination. Now that she's back again, I won't let her go again!

Finnick followed the Morrisons into the auction venue. The crowd dispersed after the subjects of their gossip left. One after another, they made their way into the auction hall.

As soon as everybody was seated, the host announced that the auction was about to begin.

The first item was a set of very common porcelain. The only bidders for those were some amateur collectors, most likely for practice. They cost between thirty to a hundred thousand.

The bidders after the big-ticket items remained silent because they understood that the valuables would be saved for later.

At this point, the auctioneer pointed at a newly delivered item and said, "Alright, next up is the most interesting item of the day. Does anyone care to venture a guess?"

The auctioneer let slip a mysterious smile. "I think none of you would be able to deduce what it is."

The crowd was hanging on to every word the auctioneer said. Their eyes were mad with curiosity. An antique auction like this would usually showcase porcelain and art by various historical figures. What else could be described as "interesting"?

The crowd started gossiping among themselves as to what the red box contained. Some of the bidders were visibly irritated by the antics of the auctioneer's and made no effort to hide their impatience.

As a man who employed theatrics modestly, he knew when he had captured the absolute attention of his audience. Without tormenting them any longer, he announced, "This very special item is a ring."

At his words, the crowd started hissing. What's so special about this ring? It has no origin story. They don't even know which time period it came from.