

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 811

Am I supposed to tell him that we divorced once and have reunited now?

Just when Vivian was about to answer, Finnick beat her to it.

“Yes.” Just a simple word caused her heart to pound rapidly against her chest.

Finnick clapped twice and a man wheeled over a cart that had a cloth covering it.

Vivian was intrigued. What’s with all the mystery?

“Let’s open it together, Vivian.” Finnick took her hand and grabbed the corner of the cloth together.

Thinking that it was a gift from him, Vivian opened it up with curiosity.

The swishing sound of the cloth being lifted could be heard, but the crowd’s collective gasps drowned it out.

It wasn’t a gift, but a wedding gown that was exclusively designed by an international designer. And there was the only one of it in the entire world.

Vivian gaped at the pure white wedding gown in front of her, taking in its vintage design and the intricate embroidery all over the skirt.

Every stitch and thread showed how much dedication the designer poured into this wedding gown.

The workmanship was excellent and it was as though the designer sewed his or her love into the very gown.

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Vivian had received too many surprises since walking into the park. As she looked at the wedding gown in front of her, her mind went blank.

She, who had always been an eloquent speaker, was truly lost for words. All she could do was stare at Finnick.

Finnick initially thought that she was going to say something, but when she kept silent after a long time, he realized that she couldn't find the right words to say.

He tucked her hair behind her ear and said affectionately, "You don't need to say anything. Just marry me."

When Vivian nodded dumbly in response, a deep laugh rumbled from his chest.

Then, he urged her to put on the gown so that they could go home together.

But Vivian giggled in amusement when she heard his suggestion. "I've never seen anyone going home in a wedding gown."

"Well, then. You'll be the first."

With no way to refute, Vivian went behind a curtain to slip on the wedding gown and walked out after quite some time.

This was the first time Finnick saw her in a wedding gown, and it was also her first time in one.

It was a shame that there was no mirror to show her how she looked.

She could only look at herself through Finnick's eyes as she waited for his reaction.

Meanwhile, there was only one word in Finnick's mind – beautiful.

The audience seemed to have stopped breathing as they stared at Vivian.

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Of course, everyone had imagined how she would look in the gown, but their imaginations didn't do her justice.

"How do I look?" Vivian's movements were slightly restricted because of the gown. She could only stand still and ask Finnick for his opinion.

"Beautiful." Finnick stared at her as if caught in a trance.

At that moment, Vivian looked like a queen before him, completely subduing his usual dominant self.

Vivian giggled shyly under his gaze.

It seems like the little girl from yesterday made quite an impact on him. That's probably why he bought me a wedding dress.

Unbeknownst to her, this wedding gown was something Finnick had been planning in secret for a long time, but just so happened to be completed the previous night.

It had nothing to do with the little girl.

But there was nothing wrong with Vivian's speculation either.

Finnick scooped her into his arms and strode toward the car.

He wanted to carry the woman he loved so dearly into the car, then into the place they called home.

Vivian snaked her arms around his neck, feeling like the happiest woman in the world.

She was carried all the way into their home, bridal-style. Their housemaids' eyes glittered with happiness as they watched the couple's loving interaction.

One thing subordinates like them could ever hope for was their employers' happiness because it would reflect greatly on their own lives.

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When employers were unhappy, they would usually vent it out on their subordinates.

Although Vivian would never do this, the house would still lose its warmth if the family was a broken one. As a result, their housemaids wouldn't be able to work comfortably.

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"Finnick, put me down." Vivian squirmed slightly.

They had already arrived home, but he was still carrying her. Hence, she felt slightly flustered.

"Why? Are you shy? You're my wife. Why can't I carry you?"

Finnick shot her a wicked grin, as though his evil plan had been successfully carried out.

"I didn't mean it that way, but we're already home. When are you planning to put me down?" Vivian explained to clear up the misunderstanding.

"Alright, alright." Finnick smiled at her before reluctantly placing her on her feet.

"Mommy, Daddy, our teacher said that marriage comes after a proposal, so when are you going to get married?" Larry blinked innocently at his parents.

"Very soon," Finnick answered gleefully.

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In fact, he had long since made the wedding preparations and was only waiting for Vivian to agree to marry him before setting the date and location.

Everything was ready. All that was left was the bride's consent.

"Mm... I have something to tell you." Vivian peeked at Finnick, slightly embarrassed.

"What's wrong?" Finnick's brows furrowed in confusion.

Then, he gently led her to the sofa, where they sat down to have a family discussion.

He was, in fact, worried that Vivian's feet would hurt from standing too long in heels.

Vivian's heart warmed at Finnick's attentiveness. She shifted closer to him and began, "Actually, I haven't gotten my household register delivered back to me. It's still in A Nation."

Vivian looked slightly abashed when she explained that she had brought along her household register for legal reasons when she moved to A Nation back then.

She only remembered that her household register wasn't with her when Finnick mentioned marriage.

On the other hand, when Vivian brought this to light, Finnick felt that it was a mistake on his part.

He was so caught up in preparing the surprise that he failed to check if she had all the required documents for marriage.

For example, to register their marriage, they would need their household register among other legal documents.

Finnick gave Vivian a helpless look.

Indeed, it was an important detail he had missed and she wasn't to be blamed.

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“It’s okay. We’ll wait for the documents to be sent back. We can register our marriage later on.”

Finnick didn’t see a problem in having the wedding first and registering their marriage later. After all, he already considered the woman in front of him his wife.

They had everything. All that was left was to obtain a legal marriage certificate and doing it later wouldn’t make much of a difference.

Finnick voiced his opinion to Vivian, but the latter rejected it.

Both of them disagreed with each other in this regard.

In the past, their marriage was an impulsive decision and there was no love involved, so the process didn’t really matter.

But at present, since they were truly in love and fulfilled all conditions except some documents, what was wrong with waiting just a little longer?

What was the rush?

Faced with her firm refusal, Finnick could only acquiesce in her decision and wait until her birth certificate arrived to register their marriage.

After coming to an agreement, they got Noah to send Larry back to school.

Finnick initially didn’t plan on bringing Larry over, but to guarantee a successful marriage proposal, he decided to play it safe by bringing him.

He made this decision not because he lacked confidence, but he believed Larry’s presence could create a better effect and he turned out to be right.

Needless to say, he was satisfied with his wife’s response earlier.

Even though it caused Larry to miss an entire morning of class, according to his son’s intellect, he would be able to catch up very quickly.

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Noah obeyed his orders and drove Larry to school.

Only Finnick, Vivian, and two of their housemaids were left at home.

With so much free time on their hands, they decided to go out for a movie after Vivian had a change of clothes.

Time flew by the fastest when one was happy. Before Vivian knew it, a week passed by since the marriage proposal.

A week later, she was home alone. Bored, she thought of going out for a walk when her phone rang.

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Vivian glanced at the caller ID on her phone screen and knew that it was time to resolve this matter.

With that, she answered the call. "Hello?" She waited for the person on the other end of the line to respond.

"Vivian, let's meet." The caller's voice sounded slightly uncertain.

"Send me the address. I'll be there in a bit." After the other person agreed, Vivian swiftly hung up the call.

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Finally having something to do, Vivian felt more energized than before.

Sometimes coincidence was a good thing.

Just when you thought you would be bored out of your mind, something would crop up and you wouldn't be able to avoid it even if you wanted to.

After getting ready, Vivian went to the garage and drove a car out.

Finnick wasn't home that day or he would have given her a series of reminders before allowing her to go out.

Vivian was in good spirits as she listened to her favorite song in the car, deciding that she would come out for a drive whenever she was feeling bored at home.

The more she thought about it, the more appealing this idea seemed. Feeling content, she focused on driving and let her mind drift to the meeting later.

She racked her brain for a more appropriate way to speak and handle the issues she might be posed with.

Suddenly, her gaze was drawn to a dog lying on the road, drenched in blood.

Unease crept into her heart. Could this be some kind of bad omen?

Death is always associated with bad news.

Vivian silently prayed that nothing bad would happen, lest her good mood be affected.

After some time, Vivian arrived at the meeting location.

She parked her car and scanned her surroundings first before walking in search of the person she was supposed to meet with.

It was her first time here, so she slowed her steps to observe the scenery.

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She was at the foot of a mountain where all kinds of flowers were in their full bloom.

It was a soothing sight, especially for women.

The person she was to meet seemed to have spent quite a lot of effort in choosing their meeting location.

Vivian walked down the slabbed pathway but still didn't find who she was looking for. Hence, she took out her phone and made a call.

"Hello, where are you?" With her phone against her ear, she cast her gaze around.

"Stay right there. I can already see you. Give me two minutes."

Vivian hummed a response and looked for a place to sit as she waited.

Unless it was a formal occasion, she didn't see the need to continue standing.

Thus, she found a suitable spot to sit and waited patiently for the other person to arrive.

As promised, she only needed to wait for two minutes.

A familiar figure in a white shirt and casual hairstyle approached her with a warm smile.

Perhaps he was the perfect definition of a gentleman in the hearts of many girls.

But no matter how outstanding he was, she only had eyes for Finnick.

"Vivian, sorry for being late."

Hunter looked at her apologetically.

After a long time of not seeing her, he found her to be even more beautiful than before.

Although she had put on some weight, it did nothing to diminish her beauty.

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Recently, all Vivian did at home was to eat and sleep. It would be odd if she didn't gain some weight.

Unaware of Hunter's train of thoughts, she offered him a friendly smile.

"It's fine. I only waited for a short while."

Vivian noticed the beads of sweat on Hunter's forehead and surmised that he must have rushed here.

On the contrary, she had left the house earlier because she was bored at home, so it really wasn't Hunter's fault.

"I've actually never been here before either, but I heard that it's beautiful."

Hunter did not usually have time to spare for sightseeing. Hence, this place was, of course, recommended by a friend.

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"It really is beautiful."

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Vivian couldn't deny that the air here was fresh and the environment serene, which served to amplify the connection to Mother Nature.

Most importantly, there were no signs of pollution, maintaining nature's innocence.

"Then, shall we take a walk?" Hunter felt a trace of awkwardness hovering over them, so he suggested taking a walk to dissolve that barrier between them.

"Sure." Vivian did not oppose.

After all, she had to face this sooner or later; it was only a matter of when.

Thus, it was better to make things clear between them as soon as possible, so that she could give Finnick an explanation and also stop feeling as though she owed Hunter.

When Vivian thought about it from this angle, she didn't feel as nervous as Hunter.

Hunter cleared his throat. Not knowing where to start, he made small talk. "So, how have you been recently?"

Hunter wasn't the kind of person who liked cutting things straight to the chase. Instead, he always started with some casual chit-chat and slowly steered the conversation toward the main topic.

"Not bad, I guess. I'm living a worry-free life whereby I'm spoon-fed in every way possible."

Although she was blunt with her words, it was indeed an accurate portrayal of her life lately.

It was basically, eat, sleep and repeat for her.

She didn't need to lift a single finger at home.

Her life was no different from the lives of those spoiled rich wives.

For some reason, Hunter felt depressed to hear that Vivian was living a happy life.

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He fell silent as he searched for the words to express how he was feeling.

Before he came to a decision, Vivian glimpsed a pair of goldfish in the pond nearby.

Upon closer inspection, she noticed that there was a third fish beside them. Oddly, it resembled her own situation.

This fish liked one of the other two, so it kept following behind them.

Seeing as Hunter was keeping silent, Vivian leisurely watched the fish in the pond.

When the third fish swam up to one of the two fish, the other one sped forward to attack it.

This was the consequence of being a third party.

Vivian speculated that if she did not cut ties with Hunter once and for all, he would continue butting into her life.

If that happened, on top of issuing a warning, Finnick might even take action against Hunter.

No matter who it was for, this matter had to be resolved.

Before Vivian could speak, Hunter's voice reached her ears.

"I heard that you're back together with Finnick." Hunter looked into Vivian's eyes, wanting to catch every little expression she made.

Vivian, however, had no intention to hide. Instead, she gave him a firm reply. "Yes, I am."

People said that when a woman was asked about another man by the man she liked, she would avert her gaze.

The fact that Vivian boldly met Hunter's eyes proved that she had no feelings for him.

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He had known it all along, but still couldn't bring himself to accept the truth simply because he was deeply in love with her.

Little did he know that sometimes, loving meant letting go.

"Vivian, why didn't you choose me? Is Finnick better than me in some way?"

Hunter felt that it was time he got some answers.

Furthermore, he could clearly sense that Vivian was treating their current meeting as their last one.

Hence, if he didn't ask her now, he might not get another chance.

"It's not about who's better than who. Even if he's not an outstanding man, since he's the one I love, I'd wholeheartedly accept all of his flaws," Vivian explained with a solemn expression when she realized that Hunter still didn't get it.

She was choosing based on a person's heart, which was vastly different from choosing objects based on their qualities and benefits.

This was a person whom she would spend the rest of her life with, while objects were materialistic possessions that didn't last long.

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He was never going to give her what she wanted or spend the rest of their life together.

This time, Vivian wanted to let Hunter know that he was not really her type. Besides, they didn't share the same values.

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A relationship with different values would never work out.

“What about me? Am I not good enough for you?” Hunter spoke with a hoarse voice. He felt as though his heart had been broken into pieces when he heard Vivian saying how much she loved Finnick.

In spite of that, he thought he should man up and ask whatever he had to ask.

“Finnick is the man that I will spend the rest of my life with. As for you, I’m really sorry.”

As soon as Vivian finished speaking, she saw the lights in Hunter’s eyes dimmed instantly.

It was her first time seeing the light in someone’s eyes could turn dark in a split second. It seemed that Vivian’s words was quite a blow to Hunter.

For everyone’s sake, Vivian would rather go with a relatively brutal way.

“Vivian, if I confess my love to you now, would you be with me?”

Hunter finally screwed up the courage to ask her that question.

Deep down, he knew that Vivian would definitely not choose him. But he just had to say out what was on his mind.

What if Vivian changed her mind suddenly to be with me? Perhaps, there will be miracles in the world?

While his mind began to wander, he heard Vivian’s indifferent tone of voice. “I won’t. You might not know this yet. I’ve already accepted Finnick’s proposal. So, we are going to get married soon.”

Initially, Vivian didn’t want to tell him about that. Since Hunter was not willing to give up, she had no choice but let him know the truth.

“I’ve said all that needed to be said. I’ve nothing more to say, so I hope everything goes well.”

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Vivian left right after she finished her words.

Why? How does Finnick win Vivian's heart? Why am I not the one?

Hunter kicked the rock next to him with indignation. The rock remained motionless while his legs hurt.

Hunter paid no attention to his legs because he couldn't stop staring at Vivian's back as she left.

"Finnick, I will win Vivian back. Just you wait and see!"

Hunter was doing fine until he saw Vivian leaving. He even lost control of his emotions just by looking at her back.

He was so in love with Vivian. He couldn't understand why she chose Finnick over him in the end.

Why?

He refused to accept that!

Hunter had almost given up on himself. Right at that moment, he heard the sound of high heels tapping.

Hunter looked up, then immediately lowered his head again to look at the ground.

Hunter had never felt so lost before. He didn't know what to do at all. The only way to make him feel better was to wallow in self-pity.

But that was not going to help him to win Vivian over.

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself. You've got to pull yourself together and get her back." That person said with a cap pushed low over her face.

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Soon, the sky was getting darker. Hunter went back home. In fact, he didn't even know how he managed to get home.

All he could think of was the frustration and disdain towards Finnick.

All in all, he felt emotionally drained after having a conversation with Vivian earlier.

At night, Finnick came home. He saw Vivian sitting on the sofa, watching TV while eating chips.

He walked towards Vivian and bit the chips in her mouth. Then, he stared at her.

"What's wrong?" The way Finnick stared at her made her feel uncomfortable. Thus, she immediately asked him.

"Today, you..." Finnick didn't finish his sentence. Instead, he was waiting for Vivian to say it herself.

Vivian's eyes darted around. Then, she asked, "What happened to me?"

"Tell me, what happened to you today?" Vivian knew exactly what Finnick was saying but she didn't want to tell. It was quite annoying to Finnick.

"I didn't do anything today." Vivian carried on her mind games with Finnick.

"Fine. What were you doing with Hunter today?" Finnick had no choice but to ask Vivian himself.

If he didn't ask, Vivian would definitely be dilly-dallied for quite a while before telling him.

But, Finnick was desperate to know everything. Hence, he could only compromise and ask her.

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