

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 961

Looking at Larry, who was held hostage by Evelyn and on the brink of death, Vivian's heart clenched and she was bleeding at the sight of how much Larry had suffered. At that moment, no one could come to their rescue. She was the only one who could rescue Larry.

"Ms. Morrison, I..." After hearing Vivian's words, Shane felt guilty and tried to explain to her that he was deceived by Evelyn and had no intention to harm them. He had nothing but regrets now.

"Don't talk to me!" Vivian stopped him.

"Don't worry! I'll keep my promise!" Evelyn interrupted them, as she wanted Vivian to kill herself immediately so that her wish could be fulfilled. Finally, I can get back together with Finnick after this woman is dead! Well, as for Larry, I'll dump him somewhere after his mother's death! When thinking about those and looking at Vivian, Evelyn's eyes sparkled with anticipation. Meanwhile, Vivian glanced at Larry and was relieved after ensuring that he had fainted.

Phew! I can't let little pumpkin see me lying in a pool of blood! He will be traumatized!

"Hurry up! Kill yourself! After this, our score will be settled!" Evelyn grew anxious as Vivian was dawdling.

Is she trying to buy time while waiting for Finnick to come and rescue her?

But, he didn't come this time. Something is off! Nevertheless, Evelyn stopped overthinking and watched Vivian raising her hand slowly.

Meanwhile, Finnick was almost there. In fact, he was just five minutes away.

Thinking about Vivian and Larry, panic surged through him and a deep sense of uneasiness held him

rigid. How's the situation over there?

At last, Vivian raised her hand and slashed her wrist. She then looked toward Evelyn.

“Look, can you let go of Larry now?” Even though Vivian was going to die soon, she was still worried about her son.

“Hahaha! I will!” Evelyn raised her head and burst out laughing.

Looking at the blood dripping from Vivian’s wrist, she felt everything was beautiful.

Much to her relief, the things that she had been looking forward to would be materialized soon. Shortly, Vivian’s blood covered the ground, and part of it was already dry. Her lips turned pale, and she was on the brink of death.

Upon seeing that, excitement swelled within Evelyn, whereas Shane felt a flash of terror and squeezed his eyes shut. It was his first time witnessing such a cruel scene. Eventually, he could not help but throw up.

Vivian’s wrist was still bleeding, and Shane wanted to pull Evelyn away. Suddenly, there was a car approaching the building. Evelyn guessed Finnick had arrived, so she quickly took Larry away.

At that moment, the dying Vivian realized Evelyn had fooled her. Immediately, she stretched her hand, trying to grab Evelyn, but she was too weak and collapsed.

The blood was still dripping from her wrist.

“Vivian! Vivian!” Finnick arrived in time. He was in a complete state of panic when he saw her wrist bleeding. Finnick had never seen Vivian lying in a pool of blood, and her lips had gone pale.

“Hurry up! Rescue little pumpkin!” Spending the last ounce of energy, Vivian pointed in the direction where Evelyn left. Then, she fainted.

“Vivian, wake up!” Finnick panicked.

Should I save Vivian or go after Evelyn and rescue Larry? But... Vivian is going to die if I don’t save her now!

Glancing in the direction where Larry had left, a trace of guilt flashed in his eyes. Finnick then carried Vivian and left.

Meanwhile, Evelyn brought Larry to somewhere safe and hid him there. Apart from providing him with

daily meals, she did not care about him and left him there alone. When Larry woke up and realized he was still held captive, he continued waiting for his mother to rescue him.

Mommy said she would rescue me!

After leaving that place, Finnick sent Vivian to the hospital immediately.

She was still in the emergency room and needed a blood transfusion urgently due to excessive blood loss. Fortunately, they got the blood that was compatible with her blood type in the hospital. While having the blood transfusion, the doctor performed surgery on her. Finnick waited outside of the emergency room for quite some time.

Meanwhile, he sent someone to look for Larry. He was left with endless waiting and anticipation...

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Still, there was no news of Larry after such a long time. It was until Vivian came out of the emergency room that Finnick stopped thinking about their son for the time being. For him, his wife was far more important than his son.

Vivian was still unconscious. While looking at her face, the feeling of hatred toward Evelyn grew inside Finnick. It's all Evelyn's fault! Of course, it was partly my fault too! I was too gullible and didn't sever our relationship tactfully and have a clean cut with her.

When thinking about that, Finnick immediately got a group of people to search for Evelyn and ordered them to capture her. He even approached the private investigator to look for her. I don't think she is so capable that she can escape from all of them! While having such a thought, Finnick walked toward the bed and sat next to Vivian, staring at her.

He finally realized how she felt when he was lying on the hospital bed last time.

She must be sad and hoping for the best.

Finnick stayed by Vivian's side every day while she remained unconscious.

At the same time, there was a lot of work to be handled by him in the company. In the end, he shifted his workstation to the hospital so that he could take care of her and be the first one to know when she awoke.

During that period, there were many occasions when Finnick worried that Vivian would not wake up.

Still, he stayed by her side.

“Mr. Norton!” After Noah knocked on the door, he looked at Finnick and seemed to have something to say.

“Yes?” Finnick blinked and rubbed his tired eyes. Then, he looked toward Noah.

“We’ve got some clues. I believe we will find her soon!” Noah tried to motivate Finnick as the latter had been feeling down recently.

“Alright, I got it!”

Though Noah had left Finnick, he wanted to help out for the couple’s sake while everyone was busy.

He had been helping to look for Evelyn and Larry. After being busy for such a long period, they finally got some clues. At least, all their hard work paid off. During that period, Benedict and Paris visited Vivian several times. However, she remained unconscious when they visited her.

Benedict remarked that there were so many hardships in Vivian’s life and she never had a peaceful life since birth.

He even said that she could only surrender to her fate. Upon hearing his remark, Finnick nodded in response and stared at Vivian affectionately.

One day, someone whispered, “Finnick!”

Having a sharp hearing, Finnick heard the soft voice.

Immediately, he rushed toward the bed and realized that Vivian had opened her eyes.

“I’m here. Vivian, you are finally awake!”

Finnick was so excited that tears welled up in his eyes and streamed down his cheek. That was the second time he shed tears before Vivian.

In fact, Finnick thought about giving up on her and even himself. But then, seeing that Vivian had awoken, he felt that all the waiting was worthwhile. At least, it was not a vain attempt.

Finally, no more waiting! Even the doctor had previously informed that it was difficult for Vivian to awake. Despite that, a miracle happened.

Thank goodness, she is awake!

“How long have I been unconscious?” Staring at Finnick who was bursting with excitement, Vivian caressed his cheek and wiped away his tears while affection gleamed in her eyes. Her voice became extremely hoarse after a long sleep.

Immediately, he poured her a glass of warm water and waited for her to empty it before he responded to her words.

Finnick took the glass from her and looked at her, wondering if he should tell her the truth.

She has just woken up. What if she couldn't take it?

Nevertheless, he answered, “Eight days.”

It had been eight days. Finnick stayed by her side every day and moistened her lips with water. He would feed her some soup with his mouth.

He even cleaned her body with a washcloth for fear that the body odor would disgust her when she

woke up. By doing so, he hoped she would have a pleasant mood then.

During that period, Finnick was so worn out that his cheeks had lost their volume. On the contrary,

Vivian had gained some weight.

“So... where is little pumpkin?” Suddenly, she recalled the situation when she fainted and thought of Larry.

Evelyn has taken him away at that time. Where is he now? If he is still held captive by Evelyn, the chances of him surviving will be very slim!

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Thinking about that, Vivian looked at Finnick with panic gleamed in her eyes, hoping that he would

answer her quickly. She was getting extremely anxious. Feeling guilty, he stared at her and was unsure of

how to reply to her.

“Tell me! Where is little pumpkin? Is he still held captive by Evelyn?” By looking at Finnick’s expression, Vivian knew he failed to rescue their son.

That must be it! Tears brimmed her eyes and streamed down her face. That day, Evelyn slapped little pumpkin. By now, she must have brutally tortured him! While thinking about Larry, Vivian glared at Finnick. “It’s all your fault! Why didn’t you go after Evelyn? How could you let her take our son away? Don’t you love him?”

She nearly had a nervous breakdown and would have collapsed if it had not been for Larry.

Finnick felt bad about causing her to get agitated right after she awoke. He had no choice but to look at

her and comfort her. “Vivian, don’t get angry! I already knew where Larry is. Give me three days and we

will pick him up and settle the score with Evelyn. I promise you!”

Eventually, his words calmed Vivian down and eased the restlessness in her. He then placed a pillow

behind her so that she could rest comfortably on it.

“Really? We will find little pumpkin?” Vivian looked at Finnick like a kid asking for candy.

After all, he was the only person whom she could trust at that moment. Vivian did not want to be fooled, and neither did she want her hope to turn into despair. She had

experienced the pain of losing hope after seeing one.

I was supposed to rescue little pumpkin, but I failed to do so when he was just in front of me! I could only

watch as he was being taken away while I barely had any strength to fight back.

Those images popped up in Vivian’s mind. At last, she buried her face against his chest and started

bawling. A great pang gripped her heart, and the pain in her chest was suffocating her.

Looking at her, Finnick felt a great wrench of sadness, but he could not let out a wail like her. Instead, he

pulled her into a tight embrace.

It’s so comfortable to hug someone you love in your arms!

After crying for a while, Vivian was exhausted and fell asleep. Finnick gently put her to bed and covered her with a quilt.

He then glanced at the clock and presumed that she would wake up after a short sleep. After that, Finnick went out to buy some food. The doctor administered an intravenous drip to Vivian for the past eight days. However, the drip could only guarantee that she would not be starved to death, it could not satisfy her hunger.

Since she has regained consciousness, she will definitely be hungry later at night. I shall get the food now so that she can have it when she wakes up later.

When Finnick returned to the hospital, he saw a nurse packing up stuff at Vivian's bedside. He was so worried that he rushed forward to take a look.

Recently, he had been taking care of Vivian personally as he did not trust anyone else. For Finnick, she was the most precious person in his life.

Upon approaching the bedside, he realized that was Noah's girlfriend, Ivana. She met Finnick's eyes, and they nodded to greet each other. Then, Ivana explained, "Noah told me that Mrs. Norton had woken up.

You went out just now, so I came over to check on her, in case anything happened."

He nodded in acknowledgment and appreciated her thoughtful act.

Finnick then shifted his gaze toward Vivian.

"See you later!" Ivana packed up quickly and walked out, leaving the two alone in the room.

"Vivian, do you want something to eat?" While looking at Vivian, Finnick raised his hand and showed her the food. Oh Gosh, her face is so pale! Maybe she didn't get enough food recently.

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Finnick purposely chose the food that supported healing after surgery for Vivian.

Indeed, she was hungry. Looking at the food in his hand, she nodded in response and tried to sit up.

Finnick immediately stepped forward to support her. After Vivian sat up, he pulled the over-bed table toward her and served the food. Then, he handed her a fork.

“Have you eaten?” Vivian knew Finnick had not been eating properly, as he had been busy taking care of her.

Of course not! I only thought of you, Honey!

Finnick looked hesitant, so Vivian knew he had not eaten. She asked him to sit face to face and brought the food to his mouth, signaling him to open his mouth. Vivian fed him, and they shared the food.

Finnick smiled happily. Soon, his cheerful smile turned into a melancholy one.

We used to feed each other when Larry was around. Now, it’s just the two of us! I hate this feeling! But what else can I do?

I hope we can find Larry soon so that Vivian can recover quickly and we can live happily together!

After three days, Finnick called to check the progress. Unfortunately, there was no good news. What am I supposed to do now? I’ve promised her to get Larry by today!

On the contrary, Vivian did not urge him. Knowing that he was tired, she did not want to pressure him further. Let everything go with the flow! I just hope that little pumpkin is safe!

Suddenly, Vivian felt the prediction given by a fortune-teller during their trip had come true somehow.

She could not recall the prediction but vaguely remembered the fortune teller said that she would not have a child.

Her heart was flooded with sadness, and she let out a bitter laugh. Since I’ve been blessed with a son, I must protect him at all costs. After this incident, I swear I won’t let anything happen to little pumpkin!

“Vivian! Vivian!” Finnick’s tone was filled with excitement and joy.

Vivian stared at him with a puzzled look on her face. Could it be that they found Evelyn?

He said, “We found Evelyn!”

Wait a minute. Did I hear it wrong? After a while, she realized it was true. His words set off a ripple of excitement in her. Immediately, she responded, "Hurry up! I want to discharge. Let's find little pumpkin!"

Vivian knew she had not fully recovered yet, but she could continue to recuperate at home after they rescued Larry.

She had been depressed and despondent recently. Finally, Vivian had something to look forward to, and it cheered her soul. Finnick did not want to let her down, so he nodded his head in agreement. He then helped Vivian to put on her shoes. When he was about to pack up their belongings, she said, "Leave it to me! You take care of the discharge process. Let me pack up the things!" They divided the tasks among themselves and finished the packing soon. Finnick hailed a cab and ordered the driver to send their belongings home. After that, they brought along four bodyguards and went to the location provided by the detective. He glanced at the address and informed the driver of the location. It was a remote place. They assumed Evelyn stayed at such a place to hide from Finnick.

Vivian felt a surge of anxiety when they approached that place. She failed to rescue Larry last time and was afraid that it would be another vain attempt.

Finnick could sense her uneasiness. Immediately, he held her hand, trying to calm her down and let her know he was by her side. Staring at him, Vivian determined to rescue Larry. Finnick is here! Why should I be afraid?

Thinking of that, Vivian encouraged herself to stay strong. She then looked at the road in front of her, observing the scenes and things along the way, in case of emergency. Meanwhile, Finnick kept holding her hand.

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Vivian had just been discharged from the hospital. Her overall physical condition was unclear, so Finnick hoped that she would not push herself too hard.

Time passed, and they soon arrived at their intended location. Finnick carefully helped Vivian out of the car, under the watchful eye of the four bodyguards. They stood by, on high alert as they waited for both of them to sort themselves out.

The pair first observed their surroundings and noticed that the area was not too different from the address they were at previously. It was quite remote and desolate, with overgrown weeds strewn about.

Vivian tried to avoid stepping on too many of the weeds and promptly dragged Finnick in.

Evelyn sat in a chair on the top floor of a very tall building. She held her head between her hands to shield her eyes from the light. Occasionally, her hands would reach over to the fruit platter in front of her as she popped grapes into her mouth one by one. It was a very comfortable existence. She did not sense that there was danger coming for her at all.

In her hubris, she assumed that this location was untraceable. However, arrogant people would not always run out of luck in the long run.

Vivian and Finnick tried their best to sneak around to avoid rousing anyone's attention. In due time, they made their way up and found the person they had been searching for. At last! They finally found Evelyn.

It should have come as no surprise since Vivian and Finnick had put in so much effort to look for her.

Vivian was feeling agitated but did her best to remain calm. However, she still saw no sign of Larry. All she wanted to do then was rush forth and question Evelyn.

A moment's deliberation later, Vivian called out Evelyn's name. The woman was caught completely off guard. Evelyn's first instinct was to run but was stopped by a bodyguard who aimed a gun directly against her head.

She thought of running in the opposite direction but realized that she was cornered. Evelyn was in a panic. She had not expected them to find her, let alone come prepared.

Even with the guns pointed at her, Evelyn looked at Vivian head-on. Her eyes were ablaze with anger, which did little to conceal with hatred Evelyn felt. Evelyn hated Vivian with all her heart. Why is she not dead yet?

At the time, Evelyn saw Vivian cut her wrist right before her eyes. But now, Vivian was standing before her in the flesh, as if nothing had happened. Evelyn sorely wished that she could just march forward and end Vivian's life but could not.

She knew that any rash movements from her would spell her death. Hatred would mark the end of her life, of all things. The same hatred had also completely marred Evelyn's face. She no longer resembled the person that she was before.

'Vivian Morrison! Why are you not dead? Why won't you just die?' Tears of rage and loathing poured from Evelyn's eyes. She hated Vivian's luck and serendipity. Evelyn regretted not being able to see Vivian dead before her own life ended.

"Sorry to disappoint. Where is little pumpkin? Be quick about it."

Vivian looked at Evelyn's state and believed that she could save Larry. Such was the confidence she had.

What she was not expecting, however, was the answer Evelyn gave her. "Larry is dead."

Vivian paused briefly upon hearing these words but broke into a smile.

"Do you take me for a fool? If

little pumpkin is dead, why are you not showing off? Where is the anxiousness coming from?"

Vivian's retort stunned Evelyn into silence, who did not know how to answer her. It took a while for Evelyn to compose herself again.

"Well, there's nothing I can do if you don't believe me. Watching little pumpkin slit his wrist, the blood trickling down afterwards... It was infinitely more comforting to watch than seeing you gut yourself like a pig." Evelyn watched as Vivian's facial expression slowly changed before she finished with a frantic flourish.

The imagery made Vivian go cold. She had gone into a shocked silence. Finnick, who was holding Vivian, felt her anxiety. Immediately, he pulled her behind him and looked at Evelyn.

“Evelyn, don’t make this any harder on yourself. Tell us where Larry is, and I’ll grant you a merciful death.” Evelyn had to die for sure. But if she was willing to cooperate, then Finnick was not going to behave like a savage.

“I’ve told you that already. Larry is dead. Come on over, Vivian. Why don’t I tell you where the body is?”

Evelyn beckoned at Vivian eagerly with an anxious giggle.

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This seemed like a fair offer. She had to see some sort of proof, after all. Vivian could not possibly just let Larry die like that. She then decided to walk over and listen to what Evelyn had to say.

“Don’t go, Vivian.” Finnick sensed that this was a ruse and cautioned her against it.

However, Vivian shook off Finnick, who was about to hold her closer to him. She stepped forward, absolutely resolute.

Evelyn looked at Vivian who was slowly approaching, step by step. She was ready to make a move.

Finnick immediately issued orders for the bodyguards to shoot on sight at the slightest hint of trouble.

The four bodyguards mouthed their understanding.

Vivian was now walking at an elevated pace, anxious to know the whereabouts of Larry. She broke into a

near sprint and eventually reached Evelyn. “I’m here. Speak.”

“Well, little pumpkin’s corpse...” Vivian found herself unable to focus as she tried her best not to cry. She

was not even asking for much. All she wanted to know was her son’s whereabouts and sincerely hoped that Evelyn would not deceive her.

Just as Vivian leaned in, Evelyn quickly spun her around and pressed a small knife to Vivian’s neck.

Finnick immediately raised his gun and pointed it at Evelyn, staring at both of them in shock.

“Evelyn, just what do you think you’re doing?” Finnick looked at Vivian, who stood there shaking like a

leaf. One wrong move from him could spell the end of Vivian. The four bodyguards also followed

Finnick’s previous instructions, staring at Evelyn intently.

“You’re asking me, Finnick? I should be the one asking you that. We were happy together, weren’t we?

Why did you end up choosing this b*tch in the end? Why? Where did I go wrong?”

Evelyn’s words were unpleasant, but there were no tears in her eyes.

Perhaps she couldn’t bring herself to cry anymore.

The only thing that fuelled her now was revenge. She had long since given up on her love for Finnick.

“Do you remember how you walked away from me? How you framed me? This was all your own doing,”

retorted Finnick. His gaze remained fixed on Evelyn’s hands.

“You want me to take the blame? This is somehow my fault? So be it then! I’ll die with Vivian today.”

Finnick had, in fact, repeatedly expressed that it was her fault, but Evelyn never heeded his words.

Now that Evelyn had expressed her intent, she decided to act on it.

Seeing that the knife was about to

slash Vivian’s neck open, Finnick immediately went on high alert. He was stopped by Vivian who shook

her head at him slowly in a silent plea to not be hasty.

Because if Evelyn died, it would be even more difficult to find their son.

Finnick definitely noticed the expression on Vivian’s face. No matter what the danger was, Vivian’s life

was still a priority.

Without warning, the sound of a gunshot pierced the air. Before Vivian could react, Evelyn had already

fallen to the ground, motionless and bleeding. His eyes were wide open.

Her final thoughts were that of

betrayal. Evelyn could not believe that Finnick would kill her so easily.

Even till her last moments, she maintained the same, righteous thought that Finnick still loved her.

It would seem that she dwelled on past sentiments a little too much. Finnick no longer cared for her, that was certain. Vivian was all he cared about, and Vivian was the one who caused this.

Evelyn felt her body bleed out slowly, and her vision began to blur. She could feel someone prop her up and ask her gently, "Where is little pumpkin?"

Evelyn smiled, said two words, and her eyes closed. She was gone. "He's...dead." Upon hearing those words, Vivian slumped onto the ground, not caring how bloody it was.

Her eyes were blank. She then curled up into a tight ball and began to weep.

Her son is dead. Truly dead. Why? Why are the heavens so cruel? The more she thought about it, the more she reminisced about the days she spent with Larry. Her little pumpkin. The tears that she shed refused to stop.

Finnick hurried over and looked at the weeping woman on the ground. All he could do was hold her.

It did not take long for Vivian to collapse from exhaustion. Fortunately, Finnick had gotten there on time.

His quick reflexes prevented any injuries to her head when she fell.

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Vivian?" Finnick called out to her but she did not respond.

Finnick could tell that she had fainted when she did not open her eyes.

After all, she had just been

discharged from the hospital. She was only starting to recover.

He also did not manage to catch wind of what Evelyn said to Vivian just now. However, what else could

agitate Vivian and make her cry that way? Was Larry dead after all?

Finnick had drawn a quick conclusion but set that aside. He then quickly rushed Vivian to the hospital.

Two bodyguards were left behind to inform the police and provide statements and eyewitness accounts.

Evelyn wanted to kill Vivian, so she was shot out of self-defense.

After the two bodyguards nodded, they watched as Finnick left with Vivian and the remaining party.

They departed in the same car they arrived in. The driver was going too slowly, so Finnick requested that

a bodyguard with better driving skills rush them there instead. It did not take them long to arrive at the hospital since they were driving at breakneck speed. Finnick called for the doctor who had been attending to Vivian. The man took a look at the bloodstains on her body but did his duty without asking any questions. The doctor examined Vivian and noted that the wound she sustained was not infected or reopened. Since everything was fine, he was relieved. "Mrs. Norton has suffered a deep shock. She'll be fine as long as she rests properly." After a briefing of her overall condition, the doctor nodded at Finnick and left. Vivian was placed on an IV drip again as Finnick kept an eye on her. It was as if time had reversed and they were back to square one. Finnick smiled bitterly to himself. He acknowledged that this happened because of his incompetence. There's no point in regretting now. I can only hope that she'll wake up soon. In the meantime, maybe I'll have some people look for Larry. Initially, he thought that finding Evelyn would eventually lead them to Larry, but he may have miscalculated. Evelyn may have said that Larry was dead, but he did not believe a word. Finnick knew that a son raised by him would not perish so easily. Larry said he wanted to be as capable as his father. How could he then leave his father behind without doing that first? Finnick soothed himself with a faint flicker of hope and continued to watch over Vivian. When the death notice was delivered to Rachel, she sat on the ground in a daze. Wasn't my daughter well? Didn't she just come over recently? How can she be dead? Rachel refused to believe it, at first. But having seen Evelyn's body, she had no choice. Her eyes darted back and forth, studying the features that she came to know were her daughter's. Evelyn's pale face and lips, her small face, her nose... Rachel knew it was her daughter at a first glance. This was too much for Rachel. Immediately, she broke down and cried. Shane, who had been observing

Rachel, did not know how to react. This was the same woman who had professed her love to him and expressed the desire to live a happy life with him. How did she end up here? In this state? He knew that Evelyn was lying to him at the time. That was definitely wishful thinking on his part. Shane had been smitten by her the first time they met. So what if she lied?

Having seen Evelyn's body lying here now, Shane didn't know if he should have laughed or cried. Am I to weep over my beloved? Laugh at how she would never lose her temper at me again?

However, this was not what he felt. Now, he barely had the strength or emotion left in him to cry. Shane merely stood there, in front of Evelyn's corpse. He stroked her face with a gentle tenderness.

"Rest easy, Eve. I'll avenge you." Shane already knew who had killed Evelyn. He vowed to never let Vivian go.

Shane turned away and helped a distraught Rachel out of the mortuary. He led her to a chair to comfort her. Rachel may not have been his mother, but he would take care of her for Evelyn's sake.

"Don't worry, Rachel. I will avenge Evelyn." Shane said this not only for the sake of Rachel, but he felt the need to vocalize it and remind himself. He knew that while he was not that capable, he still had a few tricks up his sleeves.

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Shane pondered over the truth of what Evelyn said. Vivian was truly as ruthless as she claimed. He felt a strong urge to take revenge to purge society of such a hateful person.

"You mean, Vivian had Evelyn killed?" asked Rachel, who seemed to have caught on to the meaning of Shane's words. But why? What would the connection be?

Shane could tell that Rachel was still reeling over the thought. He took his time to break down the situation and make her understand. Shane detailed everything Vivian had done to Evelyn. Regardless of

how the situation panned out, Vivian seemed to be the most likely culprit.

Rachel heard his arguments and reflected on them for some time. Soon after, she felt that the logic was sound enough. Her eyes burned with hatred and determination. She was going to avenge her daughter.

Rachel was no longer going to be swayed by Vivian.

These thoughts were enough to cause their anger to spike. Silently, they encouraged and steeled themselves for the fight to come. The two have now turned into Evelyn's avenging angels.

Finnick stayed by Vivian's side the whole time. Since she was not in any real danger, it took her about a day to awaken. Vivian was confused at the scene in front of her. She scanned her surroundings and realized that she had slept in this very room, on the same bed as before. Panic filled her as she frantically looked around.

She then noticed that Finnick was standing next to her. Without waiting for him to say anything, she grabbed onto his arm. "Finnick? Where is little pumpkin? Is he alright?" No sooner had she uttered this when Finnick's expression became very uncomfortable.

Finnick had been looking into Larry's whereabouts, but to no avail. Now that Vivian had broached the subject, he did not know how to answer. What if he said the wrong thing and caused her to faint again?

Vivian noticed his silence and the change in his expression. Dissatisfied, she shook his arm again and motioned for him to speak.

"I haven't found him yet." Finnick sighed and answered her petulantly, like an errant child. Slowly, Vivian returned to her senses, as if the answer had shook her out of her stupor. "You're a liar, Finnick. You said you could find little pumpkin in three days, so where is he? Why didn't you go after him? Don't you know how much faith he has in me? I can't betray his trust like that!"

A now-sober Vivian collapsed back onto the bed with a thud, unsure of what to do next. Without Larry

there, she felt as if her life had lost all meaning.
All she could do now was rely on Finnick for solace and comfort.
However, deep down, Vivian knew that
this was not going to bring her little pumpkin back to her.
What am I supposed to live for? My little pumpkin is dead.
“Vivian, your wrist did not stop bleeding at the time. To save you, I could
not pursue Larry. I know it’s my
fault, but your life was at stake too.”
Finnick lowered his voice into a whisper. Seeing how agitated Vivian was,
he did not know what to say.
“It’s not like you don’t know that I care about little pumpkin! How am I
going to live without him? You
may have saved my life, but you have killed my soul!”
Suddenly, Vivian stopped her lamentations and pinned Finnick with a
cold glare.
Finnick returned her gaze, but it made him hitch his breath. It was as if
he did not know Vivian. How did
she become this way? Finnick was rendered speechless, not knowing
what to say.
Vivian decided to continue. “From today onwards, you go your way, and
I’ll go mine. I will find my son.
This is the end of the road for us.”
Having said that, Vivian pulled out the needle from the IV drip, put on
her shoes, and left.
Finnick wanted to run after her, but there were still things that needed
to be packed away. He decided to
ignore them all. He then ran in the direction Vivian went. In the end, she
was nowhere to be found.
Frantically, Finnick walked towards the entrance of the hospital, still
hunting for her. His eyes scanned
the sea of pedestrians coming and going, but he saw no sign of her.
Where is she? Finnick was
heartbroken. He squatted down in a corner dejectedly and massaged his
sore temples to calm himself
down.
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Finnick felt utterly complicated. He had done everything for Vivian’s sake,
yet she felt that he was wrong.
Was I really wrong? he asked himself. If time could rewind, I would still
choose Vivian. There’s still hope

to look for little pumpkin as long as he's alive. But if Vivian had died due to excessive blood loss that day, then I would've lost my wife forever.

After thinking about it, he returned to the hospital to pack his things. He had thought up a plan to sit Vivian down at home and have a heart-to-heart talk with her. We're a married couple. It'll be fine. We can talk things through.

Impatient, he sped through the road in his car to get home as soon as possible. However, what greeted him was a chilling breeze that stopped him in his tracks as soon as he pulled up in the driveway. It's scorching summer. How can it be this cold? He immediately entered the house and searched through it from room to room. Yet, there was no sight of Vivian. A loud ringing sounded in his head. Did she leave me because I didn't save little pumpkin in time?

His heart jolted at the thought. He swiftly turned around and ran out toward his car, pulling the car door open. But when he sat on the driver's seat and started the engine, that was the moment it hit him.

Where could she have gone? He slapped against the steering wheel furiously. Think! Where could she be?

In a blink of an eye, the skies had turned dark as he walked the streets aimlessly, but Vivian still hadn't been found. He sighed. I shouldn't have bothered about the things on the bed earlier. Otherwise, I could've caught up to her a long time ago.

At the same moment, Vivian was admiring the aesthetically pleasing sight of the flashing neon lights while she wandered around aimlessly. Little pumpkin and I have been here before, she thought to herself, feeling slightly comforted being in a place that consisted of her memories with Larry. My little pumpkin isn't dead. He's merely hidden in a place where I can't find him.

As she comforted herself with that thought, she began to notice a back view of a little boy that closely resembled Larry. She sprinted over and turned the boy around in excitement, calling out, "Little pumpkin!"

But when the boy turned around, she froze.

It's not little pumpkin! They merely look alike from behind...

The boy's mother was staring at Vivian with contempt in her eyes.

"Lunatic," she muttered, tugging her

child away from Vivian. Hearing that, Vivian laughed. "Lunatic?" She laughed so hard tears were rolling

down her cheeks. "You've never experienced the agony of losing your child! How could you possibly

understand the pain I'm going through?" she yelled, uncaring of where she was. "Why don't you put

yourself in my shoes? Would you still be walking so leisurely if you were the one who lost your child?"

The crowd could only remain silent at her words, for they knew there was truth in what she said.

Everyone would experience different things in life. Nobody would know how it felt only until they had experienced it for themselves.

It was then that Finnick drove past and noticed a large crowd by the road. Upon closer observation, he

realized the person being surrounded resembled Vivian. He immediately pulled over and elbowed his way through the crowd.

It's her! I've finally found her!

He hurried over to Vivian while shooing the passersby off at the same time. Wrapping an arm around

Vivian's shoulder, he said gently, "Vivian, shall we go home? Come home with me."

He felt distressed seeing how dispirited and listless she was. Neither of them was in a good mental mind

after the loss of their son. At that moment, all he wanted was to take Vivian home.

He knew Rachel would certainly be out for revenge since he had killed Evelyn. It wasn't safe for Vivian to

be wandering around the streets in the middle of the night alone.

“Don’t touch me!” Vivian shoved Finnick away from her. “You’re the reason why little pumpkin is missing!” However, as she had exerted too little strength, she fell backward instead. Finnick hurriedly reached out to steady her before she fell back against the tree. “Be good. Come home with me,” Finnick coaxed. “We’ll talk about it once we’re home.”

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Vivian was thoroughly drained. The sight of Finnick’s face reminded her of Larry. She couldn’t help but reach out a hand to hug him, muttering Larry’s name repeatedly under her breath.

“Little pumpkin, you’re finally back! Do you have any idea how much I have missed you?”

Finnick felt a small patch of wetness on his shoulder as she spoke. He knew without looking that they were from her tears. It was a true portrayal of a mother losing her child. As soon as she saw someone who had the slightest resemblance, she would delude herself into thinking it was her child. It was an instinctive process of the human brain to use such a method to make up for the grief they felt. However, if it developed into an advanced stage, the same condition would be diagnosed as a mental illness.

With no alternative, Finnick could only impersonate Larry and asked in a cajoling tone, “Then, shall we go home?”

Vivian nodded, allowing him to lead her to his car.

When they arrived back at the house, she had already fallen into a deep slumber. Both of them had spent the entire day walking and searching respectively. They were exhausted. One peaceful night was all they could ask for.

The next morning, it was Vivian who broke the silence with her sorrowful cry. “My little pumpkin!”

Finnick instantly jolted awake, looking at Vivian in concern. “What happened?” he asked. He had already

expected she would wake up feeling dejected. But seeing her condition, he was at a complete loss.

“Finnick! My son... My son, he’s dead!” Vivian’s eyes widened as she stared at him before she hopped out of bed rapidly.

Finnick felt truly powerless witnessing her in that way. Although it was evident that she had suffered a great blow to her mental state, he had no idea how to assist her in dealing with her trauma.

Too many things had happened at once. It was a once-in-a-blue-moon opportunity for them to travel.

Yet, Rachel coincidentally fell ill at the same time. After caring for her for a while, Larry then became missing. Although there had been hopes to rescue him initially, the same mistakes kept repeating again and again. No matter how emotionally strong a person was, they would bound to collapse when faced with the same situation.

Moreover, Vivian was accustomed to shouldering everything on her own. She never reached out for help. Her heart had long experienced more than she could handle.

The final straw that broke her was Larry’s death. Finnick knew he was majorly responsible for that matter. Hence, he made up his mind to take her to a psychiatrist.

“Vivian, let’s go. I’ll take you to see Larry,” Finnick lied. He had originally wanted to bring up the hospital, but he feared she would be uncooperative and refuse to go if she knew. At the mention of Larry’s name, she immediately nodded obediently and went along wherever he led.

She sat quietly in the car in anticipation at the thought of reuniting with her son.

However, when they arrived at the hospital, her demeanor changed.

Finnick naturally felt her resistance but paid no mind to it. The hospital was her only recourse. He took her hand and led her into the building.

As Finnick was acquainted with one of the renowned psychiatrists in the hospital, they managed to skip the lengthy registration process and went directly for a consultation. He knocked twice on the door. As

soon as he heard an affirmation to enter, he pushed the door open. "Finnick, this—" The doctor was slightly flustered when he caught sight of the erratic-looking Vivian. Did something happen to Mrs. Norton? Is she here for treatment? Finnick nodded to his silent conjecture. Dr. Foster immediately regained his composure and sat down to begin his assessment. Unfortunately, Vivian failed to meet his gaze whenever he questioned her. It made it harder for him to give an accurate diagnosis. At last, it was determined her condition was the same as Finnick had guessed. Their next step was to try to alleviate her condition. Fearing that there would be side effects, Finnick instructed Dr. Foster to prescribe Vivian's medication in smaller dosages. They then sat down and discussed a few things to note in regards to her condition. It was only after Finnick was certain he had everything memorized in his heart that they left. At the door, Vivian immediately turned to look expectantly at him.

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