

## **Never Late, Never Away Chapter 981**

She uttered frankly, "Actually, my parents have never taken health supplements before. I can't afford them with my financial ability."

Although Paris was Benedict's girlfriend, she never asked for a single penny from that man.

Hearing that, Vivian made her own decision and picked some that she had previously bought for Samuel.

Paris took a look at the price tag. A small bottle of supplements cost as much as her family's monthly living expenses. "Vivian, you don't need to buy these. They're too expensive!"

Vivian shot her a reassuring gaze. After making payment, they headed straight away to Paris' house. In

fact, Paris had constantly tried to persuade her parents over the past few days, yet her effort was in vain.

Since Benedict was busy, she was reluctant to trouble him. She would only tell him about it if she really couldn't solve it.

Since Paris' house was located rather far away from the city center, the whole journey took up quite some time. In the car, Vivian cast her eyes at Paris, who remained silent. She soon fell into deep thought.

Meanwhile, at the Finner Group, Finner had just finished reading the report. He was now looking at a deserted place on the map. According to the detective agency's findings, that was the place where Larry last appeared.

Also, according to the report, there was a possibility that Larry was still alive. The boy had appeared at that place after Evelyn died, though it was unsure whether there was anyone with him. However, if Larry was alone, the possibility of his survival was slim.

Finner thought that there was a high possibility Larry was still alive. It was impossible that a little boy could travel all the way to that deserted place on foot. Thus, there must be someone with him.

Finnick wanted to call Vivian to share the good news with her. Yet, he hesitated the moment he took out his phone. He was unsure whether Larry was still alive. If he gave Vivian hope and later destroyed it, like what he did last time, he was afraid that the overwhelming disappointment might cause her to break down. Finnick was in a dilemma. Should I tell her the good news now? Or should I wait until I find Larry?

Finnick still couldn't make up his mind by the time he arrived home. He sat on the couch while waiting for Vivian's return. I guess I'll know what to do when she comes back. Meanwhile, both Vivian and Paris had arrived at their destination. It was the first time Vivian visited Paris' house. She never thought Paris' family was living in poverty, to the extent that even the door was in poor maintenance. Yet, Vivian didn't show her surprise. She understood that different people had different ways of living. It would be unwise to judge people by their economic status. With a sheepish smile, Paris spoke up, "Vivian, our house is a little shabby. Sorry about that." "It's okay. Let go in." Vivian followed suit as Paris entered the house. Although it was small, it had a homely atmosphere. Vivian might have a huge house, yet it felt empty and cold. All she needed most was a homey and warm home. It felt nice to be in Paris' house. There, she met Paris' parents, Albert and Winnie. She greeted them and introduced herself, "Hi, Mr. Houston, Mrs. Houston, I'm Paris' colleague, Vivian." Both Albert and Winnie seemed to like Vivian a lot. The smiles never left their faces since they saw her. They made her sit on the couch and then brought her snacks and tea. Vivian was not used to such hospitality, yet it warmed her heart. It had been a long time since she felt so cozy and at home. With a heartfelt smile, she spoke up, "Actually, I noticed Paris looked a little upset in the office today, so I

decided to drive her home and pay you a visit. Do you mind telling me what happened to her?"

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To Paris' parents, Vivian looked like a prim and demure young lady. They were happy that she was a friend of their daughter. Without any hesitation, they told her about her daughter's love relationship and their worries about it.

Although it was the same story as what she heard from Paris, Vivian took every word from them

seriously. After that, she said understandingly, "I've seen Paris' boyfriend before. He's a handsome

young man, and he is very nice to Paris. Mr. Houston, Mrs. Houston, you're worried that people might

gossip about Paris marrying into a rich family, or she might be unhappy in her marriage, am I right?"

Vivian knew what was bothering them, so she was now to dispel their worries about it.

Seeing that Albert and Winnie nodded in response, she continued by saying, "Paris' boyfriend is very nice

to her. Actually, you don't need to care about what other people think.

Don't you want Paris to be happy?"

Their thoughts wavered as Vivian kept convincing them about Benjamin being a nice guy.

Finally, they agreed to give it some thought and reconsider the situation.

Vivian decided not to be so

pushy, so she ended the conversation.

It was already dark outside by the time Vivian left their house. Albert and Winnie were kind to ask their daughter to walk Vivian to the door.

On their way out, Paris expressed her gratitude for Vivian, "Vivian, you're awesome! Since my parents

have agreed to reconsider it, I believe they will eventually give their consent to me marrying Benedict."

Vivian was glad that she could be of help. "Well, I'm happy for you. I should be going now. Goodbye!" It's

already late at night. In fact, Vivian was impressed that she could rattle on for such a long time, just like Ben.

Meanwhile, Finnick was starving when Vivian finally arrived home. Vivian, on the other hand, was not hungry at all. She had treated herself with snacks and tea at Paris' house.

Finnick looked at her with a pitiful expression on his face. "Honey, I'm going to starve to death if you come home a little later." He then took a seat at the dining table, waiting for Vivian to join him for dinner.

Seeing that, Vivian felt a little awkward. "Actually, I've had dinner at Paris' house."

Then, she told him the reason for her visiting Paris' parents.

The man looked dazed and confused. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" "Well, I've sent you a message."

Hearing that, Finnick grabbed his phone. He immediately saw the message.

It turned out that Vivian had already sent him the message while he was waiting expectantly for her return.

Feeling sorry for the poor guy, Vivian relented, "Fine. I'll eat with you."

With that, she took a seat and had a second dinner with Finnick.

Since there was not much room for food, she only ate a little.

After dinner, Finnick asked her if she had successfully persuaded Paris' parents. She answered, "They told me they are going to reconsider it."

"You're good at counseling others and giving advice, but why didn't you try counseling yourself?" As

soon as Finnick said that, Vivian's expression changed.

At that moment, he made up his mind not to tell her about the detective agency's findings. He thought she couldn't handle any more stress and disappointment. He would only tell her when he found Larry.

After doing the dishes, the two went to bed.

Yet, lying on the bed, Vivian couldn't seem to sleep. She was still bothered by Finnick's words. Larry has

always been a taboo topic between us ever since he got kidnapped. Why did he suddenly bring it up?

Was he trying to say something? Or was it just a slip of the tongue?

Eventually, she fell asleep without having it figured out.

The next morning, Paris showed up at the office in a better mood than the other day.

Seeing that, Vivian asked if her parents had agreed to her marrying Benedict. The latter nodded in

affirmation while looking at her in admiration. "Vivian, you're awesome!

I can't believe you could

successfully persuade my parents!"

Hearing that, Vivian felt shy to claim credit for the events.

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In actual fact, Vivian did nothing except share her opinion with Paris' parents.

Back then, Finnick was willing to marry her even when she had no citizenship. Thus, love was what

brought a couple together. Likewise, no one could separate them as long as they loved each other.

When Vivian told Paris about it, the latter only smiled at her. In her heart, Paris couldn't be more grateful

to Vivian. The two ended the conversation and soon dove into work.

When the chief editor arrived at work, she called Vivian and Paris into her office. The atmosphere in the

room was depressing as she kept staring at the two, not saying a word.

Just as Vivian thought the chief editor was going to stare at them forever, the latter finally broke the

silence, "So, tell me, why did you skip work yesterday?"

Although she saw Vivian's message yesterday, she was still angry at them.

After working for so many years, it was the first time she saw employees flagrantly skipping work. Even

though Vivian was the president's wife, that should not be a justified reason for her violation of the

company's rules.

Vivian kept her head down at the chief editor's question. After a while, she looked up at the latter and

admitted their mistakes, "Actually, we had an emergency yesterday. We're sorry for violating the company's regulations, and we'll accept punishment for skipping work."

"Fine then. I want both of you to send me a ten thousand words self-reflection report." With that, the chief editor threw them out of her office. That was when Paris finally came back to her senses. It was an intimidating experience to be scolded by the chief editor. "Vivian, I'm sorry. It was all my fault. I..."

Vivian stopped her from apologizing, "No. I should be responsible as well. Now, let's start working on our reports."

With that, she started writing her report. As for Paris, she would work on it later since she still had other work at hand.

The two were required to complete the reports before they were allowed to leave the office. If they failed to do so, their salary would be deducted. To the chief editor, it was an awful offense to skip work.

One could imagine how disastrous it could be if an interviewer suddenly disappeared when interviewing a prominent figure.

Hence, the chief editor would not tolerate anyone who dared skip work. Such a bad attitude deserved severe punishment.

When Benedict arrived to fetch Paris from work, he saw the two young ladies busy working on their self-reflection reports.

He was amused seeing Paris sprawling over the table, writing her report with a pitiful expression on her face.

He made his way to Vivian's cubicle and poked on her shoulder. Vivian spun around when somebody touched her, her face full of disgust.

When she saw it was Benedict, the coldness in her eyes disappeared, and her expression softened.

Upon receiving Benjamin's gaze signal, Vivian lowered her voice as she asked, "Ben, why are you here?"

Benjamin then led his sister to the pantry as not to disturb Paris.

“What happened to Paris?” Benedict once again recalled Paris’ pitiful look. Inexplicably, he found her all the more adorable.

Vivian whispered, “The chief editor scolded us for skipping work yesterday.”

She felt a little embarrassed talking about it, especially when there were other people in the pantry.

“Why did you and Paris skip work?” Benjamin asked.

Vivian was at a loss for words, not knowing how to respond.

She knew Paris didn’t want Benedict to know about her conflict with her parents. Although everything was solved now, she was unsure whether she should tell Benedict about it.

Seeing Vivian’s reaction, Benedict knew the ladies were hiding something from him. Vivian’s eyes darted from side to side.

Finally, she came up with an excuse, “Ben, it’s time to get off work. I gotta go now!” With that, she scurried off and left the office with other colleagues.

In the past, Vivian would have joked around with Benedict to put him off. Yet, after having been through so much, she was no longer the sprightly and cheeky Vivian.

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Benedict shook his head in resignation. Then, he made a call. “Hey, your employee is squeezing my girlfriend dry. Can you do something about it?”

He ended the call after receiving a satisfying reply. He then cast a glance at Paris before walking out of the office.

A moment later, the chief editor called Paris into her room. Paris stood meekly before the chief editor.

She thought the latter was going to berate her since she hadn’t hand in the report.

As she braced herself, she heard the chief editor saying, “You can go home now. Hand in the report tomorrow.”

At that instant, her eyes widened in disbelief. Is this person in front of me a fake? I never thought I would

hear something like that from the chief editor.

“That’s it. You can leave now.” With that, the chief editor continued with her work. Paris was still

confused when she walked out of the chief editor’s office. What

happened to her? What made her

suddenly change her mind to let me off early?

Feeling doubtful, she kept casting her gaze at the chief editor’s office while cleaning off her desk before

leaving the office.

It turned out that Benedict had called Finnick just now. Or else, it was impossible that the chief editor

would let Paris off easily. In fact, the chief editor was as confused as

Paris about the latter’s identity. She

was surprised when she received the call from Finnick, asking her to go easy on Paris.

Even so, she only agreed to extend the deadline for the report until tomorrow.

Nevertheless, Paris was more than satisfied with the chief editor’s leniency.

“Paris, over here! Get in!” As soon as she walked out of the company building, she was surprised to see

Benedict waiting for her in the car. Today is indeed a magical day! Not only did the chief editor show

mercy on me, rather, I also get to meet my boyfriend after work.

“Hi,” she greeted. In her daze, she watched as Benedict got out of the car to open the car door for her.

In the car, Paris promptly told Benedict about her day at work.

The latter responded with a smile after hearing her “adventurous” day.

The two had dinner together and

took a walk along the tree-lined road. Later that night, Benedict drove Paris home.

Before that, Paris was shy around Benedict. Now that the two had become a couple for quite a long

time, Paris felt free to tease that man, “See you tomorrow, cutie pie.”

Benedict’s gaze followed the young lady as she entered her house. A smile appeared on his face when he

recalled her teasing. Soon, he drove off, heading back home.

Meanwhile, Vivian arrived home to find Finnick sitting on the couch.

“Honey,” the man called out.



He was happy that Vivian went home straight away instead of eating out like yesterday.

“Mm,” Vivian impassively uttered a response. She must admit that finding out that Finnick was crying yesterday had had an impact on her.

Yet, she could’ve forgiven anyone but Finnick. He was the man she loved, and that was all the more reason she couldn’t forgive him.

Perhaps people were usually harder on their loved ones than when treating outsiders.

“Let’s have dinner!” Finnick intended to carry Vivian to the dining hall like always, but the latter shunned away from him.

Vivian cast an indifferent glance at him. “I’ll go by myself.” Then, she made her way toward the dining hall.

Finnick let out a bitter smile at her cold attitude.

He actually thought Vivian would’ve forgiven him by now.

Downhearted, he sighed. Regardless, he would patiently wait for Vivian to forgive him and take him back again.

However, misfortunes never came alone. Vivian received the news that Rachel’s health deteriorated, and that was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

Since she kicked Rachel out of the nursing home, she had hired a bodyguard to keep an eye on her. On

the one hand, she was hoping she could find Larry’s whereabouts by following Rachel. On the other

hand, she wanted to ensure Rachel’s health and safety.

Unfortunately, her worries had come true.

The news had really knocked Vivian sideways. Looking at the message from the bodyguard, she thought she’d better go and check on Rachel.

Soon, she made a call to the chief editor to take the day off tomorrow.

Then, she called the bodyguard to get their location.

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Although Rachel’s health condition had worsened, the bodyguard did nothing but watched Rachel lying on the ground since he received no order from Vivian.

There were a lot of people surrounding the place by the time Vivian arrived. They all wished to help, yet they were afraid that might stir up trouble for themselves.

Besides, the place was not a silk-stocking district, and the people in the neighborhood were not rich either. They were not philanthropists who would help any stranger they saw on the road.

Standing amongst them, Vivian watched Rachel lying on her back, her body convulsing in pain.

The woman was sweating profusely in pain. Soon the ground was dampened by her sweat.

With her brows knitted, Vivian fell into deep thoughts. Rachel was rolling around in pain. Suddenly, she caught sight of Vivian, who was standing amongst the crowd. She knew this would be the end of her the moment her eyes met Vivian's icy gaze. With her current health condition, death would be her only outcome if she didn't receive treatment.

When their eyes met, Vivian knew she couldn't bring herself to leave Rachel for dead. Eventually, she asked the bodyguard to carry Rachel into her car. She then sat in the backseat next to Rachel. Seeing the woman's slovenly appearance, Vivian knew she must have been through a rough time lately. Perhaps to Rachel, her nightmare was near its end. Yet, to Vivian, it was just the beginning of her sufferings.

No one could truly understand the pain of her losing her child. It was such unbearable pain, as if someone was cutting her flesh. When Larry went missing, it felt like a part of her was gone.

Her heart ached whenever she thought Larry might be suffering alone in an unknown place. Every breath she took would cause a sharp pain in her chest. Whenever that happened, she must hold her breath and try to calm herself down, for every breath she took felt like a whiff of poison that was slowly killing her.

Meanwhile, Rachel was experiencing enormous pain. Having difficulty speaking, she asked in a barely

audible voice, "V-Vivian, why... why would you save me?"

Vivian's eyes bore straight into Rachel's as she spoke, "Are you afraid that I am saving your life so that I can torture after that?" She knew what Rachel was worrying merely by looking at the latter's eyes.

As expected, Rachel fell into silence upon hearing her words.

For a moment, Vivian wanted to vent her hatred and make that woman suffer. Yet, she eventually swallowed her spiteful words and said, "Stop talking now. We'll arrive at the hospital soon."

Oh, Vivian, you can't even be mean. Vivian curled her lips into a self-deprecating smile. Well, at least Evelyn has never cared about Rachel. That alone is enough to make her suffer.

Meanwhile, Rachel remained silent.

After hearing Vivian's words, she knew she would be fine.

She was the one who raised Vivian, and she knew that young lady well. Vivian wouldn't let me die. She will send me to the hospital as she said.

With that in mind, she slowly closed her eyes.

At that instant, Vivian was frightened. She asked the bodyguard to speed up.

Then, she brought her finger to Rachel's nose to feel for the latter's breath. Luckily, she was still breathing.

Fifteen minutes later, the car pulled up in front of the hospital. Vivian once again waited outside the emergency room. She and the emergency room had some history, and they went way back. In fact, this was the sixth time of her waiting outside an emergency room ever since she met Finnick.

Instead of feeling nervous like all the previous times, this time, Vivian was calm as she sat on the bench while waiting.

It was not because the person inside the emergency room was Rachel. Rather, she couldn't care less about others anymore, for she had already lost the person she cared most.

Ever since Larry was gone, she had become a cold and unfeeling woman.

Since Vivian was not agitated, she felt that she hadn't waited for long when Rachel was wheeled out. She went over to ask about Rachel's condition. The nurse removed her mask before she replied, "The patient is alright now, but she needs a bone marrow transplant as soon as possible, or her chance of survival will be slim."

Vivian nodded at the nurse. Soon after, a mocking smile appeared on her face. That woman couldn't find a bone marrow match when her biological daughter was still alive. Now that Evelyn is dead, it seems like it's her fate to die from leukemia.

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For a brief moment, Vivian's heart was overwhelmed with mixed feelings when she heard Rachel was going to die soon.

Yet, those feelings soon faded away, leaving no trace at all.

When Vivian entered the ward, Rachel had regained consciousness. It seemed like the latter had become more resistant to the effect of anesthesia since she could wake up within such a short time.

Vivian made her way toward the woman. "Are you hungry? Do you want to eat?" she asked.

Gazing at Rachel coldly, Vivian knew she must be hungry right now. Rachel nodded meekly under her cold stare. Seeing that, Vivian turned and left the ward. As for Rachel, she was lying on the bed, deep in her thoughts.

Vivian was back in no time, and her speed floored Rachel.

Rachel knew where the canteen was located. She never thought Vivian would be back with the food so quickly.

Is she worried that I might be hungry? Still, she doubted if Vivian would really be that kind to her. All the while, she kept staring at Vivian, not saying a word.

Meanwhile, Vivian had adjusted the overbed table. She helped Rachel up and put a pillow behind her back so she could sit up comfortably. Then, she handed her the disposable fork.

Rachel couldn't help feeling warmth in her heart seeing Vivian taking care of her.

In fact, even Evelyn had never treated her with such care before.

"What, are you scared that I would poison you?" Vivian thought Rachel was suspecting her when the latter kept staring at her, so she grabbed another fork and tasted all the food to prove that they were safe for consumption.

Seeing that, Rachel quickly explained, "No. I don't mean that."

With that, she started digging in.

It was the best meal she had ever had over the past fifteen days.

As she gorged herself on the food, she choked and started coughing violently. Vivian immediately

handed her a glass of water and then patted her back. When she finally stopped coughing, Vivian took the glass from her, placing it on the table.

Rachel said earnestly, "Thank you." Vivian nodded before she went to sit on the couch opposite the bed.

She couldn't bring herself to dump Rachel alone in the hospital. So, she had no choice but to take care of her.

"Aren't you going to eat?" Rachel noticed Vivian hadn't eaten anything since she started taking care of her.

She saw Vivian shook her head in reply.

Vivian stayed in the hospital taking care of Rachel until eight at night.

"I'll be going now. Press the call bell if you need anything. The nurse will attend to you." With that, she turned and made her way toward the exit.

Just then, she heard Rachel's voice from behind, "Why are you so nice to me? Why did you save me after abandoning me?" Her voice was hoarse since she hadn't talked for a long time, which sounded sorrowful to Vivian.

"Because you raised me," was Vivian's reply before she left.

Vivian had no idea what she would say if the conversation continued.

Also, she was reluctant to hear Rachel's mushy words.

So far, she had no intention of forgiving Rachel.

The only reason she took care of Rachel was that she couldn't bring herself to see her die.

It was late at night when she arrived home. Having needed to take care of Rachel, she had only eaten breakfast all day long.

As expected, she saw Finnick looking at her with resentment. "Where did you go?" he asked.

At that moment, Vivian felt as if she was a husband coming home late while Finnick, as her wife, was sulking.

"Rachel's health condition has worsened, and I took care of her today," she answered seriously.

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Vivian realized she didn't know how to bring herself to face Rachel and Finnick.

They both used to be important to her but disappointed her greatly because of what they did.

Her mind was in a whirl as she tried to process those thoughts.

Coming to the dining table, she glanced at Finnick and hinted. "I'm starving. If you're not joining me, I'll go ahead without you."

Instantly, Finnick understood her and joined her at the table. When Larry was here, he would be sitting across from them. Now that he wasn't here, the house felt empty. "How is it going now?" Finnick asked. Vivian was initially confused by Finnick's question, but she soon realized it was about Rachel.

Vivian relayed the nurse's words to Finnick and returned to being focused on her meal.

As she had starved for the entire day, Finnick said nothing so that she could enjoy her meal.

Vivian had taken her dinner too late, so she couldn't go to bed yet.

Otherwise, it would be bad for her digestive system. She sat on the couch in the living room and turned on the TV.

Previously, she was too preoccupied with work and Larry to watch any dramas. She was either working hard in her office or taking care of her child at home.

Now that Larry wasn't around, she felt lonely. A romantic scene appeared on screen immediately. Frowning, Vivian switched channels. Finnick found her reaction amusing, but he said nothing. Vivian scrolled through every channel available, but she couldn't find any interesting drama to watch. Well, I guess the producers don't really care about the content they produce. Vivian raised her brows at the thought and went upstairs to wash herself up before going to bed. Finnick trailed behind her and washed up alongside her. Back then, they agreed to install two sinks and mirrors in the bathroom, so they could wash up together. Vivian couldn't help but roll her eyes at how Finnick followed her actions. He had already squeezed the toothpaste out, though, so she couldn't kick him out of the bathroom. The next day, Vivian arrived at work and greeted Paris. Seeing Paris trying to tamp her excitement down, she asked her what had happened. Paris promptly told her about yesterday's events. Vivian had left earlier than usual yesterday. At noon, Paris bought some stuff and went to visit her parents. Her parents were pleased with the elegant-looking Benedict. Delighted, they started urging for the couple to get married soon. When Paris explained how Vivian and Benedict were related, her parents were both stunned, but they soon realized it made sense. After all, they adored Vivian. Naturally, it was normal for her to have a gentlemanly brother such as Benedict. When Benedict met them, he didn't show off his wealth. Instead, he started chatting with them warmly. He showed no signs of looking down on them. Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Houston were pleased with their future son-in-law. When Benedict was about to leave, they even told him to come to visit them often. As Paris explained everything, she herself found it unbelievable. Meanwhile, Vivian wasn't surprised at all. When she talked to Paris' parents, she found them welcoming.

Of course, they would be delighted at Paris' boyfriend. Ben has met her parents. Does that mean they are getting married soon? When Vivian posed that question to Paris, the latter gave her a vague answer.

"Er, I'm not sure. We'll see when the time comes," was her answer.

Vivian nodded silently. It was none of her business, anyway.

No matter what, she was glad to see the couple, which she had brought together, progressing ahead steadily.

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After the brief exchange, Vivian and Paris threw themselves into work.

When it was time to get off work, instead of heading home, Vivian went to visit Rachel.

The moment she pushed the door to Rachel's ward open, she saw Rachel looking up in surprise.

Suspicion grew in Vivian's heart. Is there something on my face? Why is Vivian surprised at seeing me?

"I thought you wouldn't be here." Rachel's words cleared Vivian's doubts immediately.

Sometimes, Vivian does resemble me.

Rachel had that thought in mind when Vivian asked, "Have you eaten? How did you fare last night?"

Warmth engulfed Rachel's heart when she heard Vivian's concern.

Should I tell her where Larry is? Look at her dark eye circles and haggard figure. She must be terribly upset at Larry's passing, right?

Previously, Evelyn had instructed Rachel to kill Larry. However, as Larry had come to visit Rachel a few

times, she wasn't as ruthless as Evelyn to kill the little boy. She ended up hiding him somewhere secluded.

She wasn't planning on informing Vivian, but right now, she couldn't help but second-guess herself upon seeing Vivian's reaction.

"What's wrong?" Vivian asked upon sensing Rachel's silence.

Did something bad happen last night? Or is she keeping something from me?



“I’m alright. I’ve taken my meal on time.” After pondering about it, Rachel thought she should wait for a little. Vivian might be showing her concern to trick her into revealing Larry’s current location.

Vivian scrutinized Rachel, who seemed to be faring better than yesterday.

The doctor said that she still had to remain in the hospital for a few days as Rachel could easily get a relapse.

Vivian would bring supplements along to visit Rachel often. She hoped Rachel would recover soon so she wouldn’t have to worry that much.

For the past few days, Rachel had observed Vivian quietly. Vivian’s caring actions caused her to panic

silently. Should I listen to my daughter and avenge her? Or should I tell Vivian the truth?

Rachel didn’t have an answer to that, so she decided to wait and see. I’ll tell Vivian the truth when the time comes.

Vivian didn’t sense Rachel’s discomfort and continued visiting the latter every day.

One day, Noah called out Vivian’s name. As Rachel was asleep in her bed, Vivian walked out of her ward.

She guessed Noah had something to tell her and waited patiently for the man to speak.

“Mrs. Norton, why are you still taking care of Rachel? Don’t you know what Evelyn had done? Did you forget how she nearly destroyed your family using the bomb? And that you nearly got a divorce?”

Noah found out that Vivian was taking care of Rachel through his girlfriend, Ivana. Rage took over him, so he blurted his thought out without hesitation. Having said his piece, he belatedly realized it was too harsh.

“Mrs. Norton, I’m sorry for acting impulsively.” Vivian was no longer his employer, but he still thought of her as so.

Vivian knew he was furious, so she shook her head to show that she wasn’t bothered.

“No matter what her daughter did to me, she raised me,” explained Vivian. “I can’t forget that.”

Seeing Vivian’s resoluteness, Noah fell silent.

Clearly, she valued her relationship with Rachel. Noah nodded reluctantly. He chatted with her briefly before he left. When Vivian returned to Rachel’s room, the latter was wide awake.

She stared at Rachel silently. It was so quiet that they could hear the sound of each other breathing.

Rachel was the one who finally broke the suffocating silence.

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“Tell me what Evelyn did to harm you,” Rachel stated calmly. Hearing that, Vivian immediately realized

Rachel had overheard her conversation with Noah just now.

Since Rachel had said it out loud, there was no need for her to keep Evelyn’s doings a secret anymore.

Initially, Vivian thought Rachel knew about her daughter’s evildoings, but evidently, Evelyn had tricked her.

At once, Vivian revealed everything that Evelyn had ever done to her.

Rachel was stunned into silence. I

can’t believe Evelyn lied to me! I even helped her to do something despicable!

For a very long while, she was unable to calm down. Turns out I was wrong all the while. Vivian is the victim, not Evelyn.

Right now, Rachel wanted to hug Vivian and tell her, “You must’ve suffered a lot, child.”

Alas, she knew the moment she trusted Evelyn, she no longer had the right to comfort Vivian.

Rachel’s emotions were a complex mixture. She had no clue how to console Vivian. She also knew Vivian did not need her comfort at all.

Seeing Rachel’s reaction, something occurred to Vivian. Evelyn must’ve lied to her and twisted the truth.

Well, well. Evelyn is indeed capable. She must’ve lied to Shane, too.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have gone down the wrong path.

Vivian let out a bitter laugh. It's too late to dwell on the past now. "Vivian," called out Rachel. She wanted to apologize for the harm that she caused Vivian. All the while, she had always favored Evelyn and refused to trust Vivian. However, nothing came out of her mouth.

I've loved my daughter dearly and gave her everything she had ever wanted, but she used me and nearly caused my death.

She slumped back in her bed, defeated. Vivian passed her a napkin and went out.

Vivian knew it must be hard for Rachel to accept the truth, so she gave the latter some time alone to come to her senses and vent her frustrations out if needed. It would be difficult for Rachel to do so if she remained there by her side.

Meanwhile, Rachel was grateful that Vivian had left her alone. At least she wouldn't be reminded of how pathetic her life had been. Vivian strolled around the hospital and arrived at a shop.

Rachel must be parched after she cries her heart out. I'll buy some milk for her. Vivian did just that.

An hour had passed, so she thought that Rachel must've calmed down by now.

Vivian came to a stop outside the room and pressed her ear to the door. There was no sound inside, so she knocked on the door and entered.

Indeed, Rachel was calm once again, her face showing no sign of tears.

Vivian went to her and gave her the milk she bought at the shop earlier. She then sat down on the couch. It was already close to five in the afternoon, and Rachel was about to be discharged from the hospital, so

Vivian decided to take the day off to take care of her. If Rachel suffered from a relapse again, her previous efforts would be in vain.

As Rachel was staring at the milk blankly, Vivian didn't urge her. She'll drink it when she feels like it. I don't have to remind her.

Vivian relaxed on the couch and toyed with her phone while Vivian lay in her bed silently. None of them spoke for a long while.

Finally, Rachel decided to tell Vivian where Larry was. "Vivian," she uttered, but Vivian's phone started ringing.

"What is it?" Vivian returned. She wanted to listen to what Rachel had to say before answering her phone.

However, Rachel waved her hand and gestured for her to answer the call. It didn't seem to be urgent, so

Vivian headed outside to pick up the call. The call was from Finnick. Something must've happened.

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"What's wrong?" Vivian answered the call and spoke. Immediately, Finnick's anxious voice rang out, causing her heart to sink. "Vivian, they've found Larry's body. We need to identify it."

"Stay in the hospital," he told her. "I'll come and pick you up." Yet, Vivian was already at a loss for words.

Little pumpkin's body? It looks like we aren't fated to be mother and son. He has already left me. I'm not fit to be a mother.

Vivian let out a self-deprecating chuckle as her body slid down the wall slowly. She held her head and began sobbing.

I've always thought Evelyn was lying about my little pumpkin being dead. It turns out she really did the deed.

At that thought, Vivian shook her head profusely and told herself, "No, it can't be."

Looking up, she saw Finnick walking toward her. She rose to her feet promptly and rushed to him.

Shaking him in desperation, she demanded, "Why did Larry die? He shouldn't have died. Am I right, Finnick?" Tears blurred her vision.

Finnick's here. As long as he's here, I will find a way out. At that thought, she started questioning him.

After all, everything had happened because of Finnick.

Nevertheless, there was no time to blame him right now. She had to identify the body and see if it was

indeed Larry. There might be a possibility that the police had gotten it wrong.

Holding on to that last string of hope, Vivian allowed Finnick to lead her out of the hospital and into the car. Meanwhile, Finnick's brows furrowed up when he saw how worn out Vivian was.

Previously, he was wondering if he should inform Vivian. In the end, he decided on telling her everything.

Larry was also her son, so she had the right to be informed.

Yet, he couldn't help but regret his decision upon seeing how upset

Vivian was. What if Vivian breaks

down and history repeats itself? Well, it's too late now. Let's just hope the police had gotten it wrong.

While Finnick was driving, Vivian kept urging him to speed up. However, Finnick couldn't exceed the

speed limit, though he wished he could.

Finally, they arrived at the destination after Vivian's incessant urging.

There, Vivian realized why they were asked to identify Larry's body. That was the last place he was seen

alive.

The police didn't know Larry had appeared elsewhere, so they concluded that the body was Larry's

corpse based on the little evidence they had.

"Hello. Are you Mr. Norton?" asked the police officer.

Finnick nodded, so the police officer brought them to the corpse.

As Finnick was worried about Vivian's reaction, he kept holding her.

Vivian's attention was focused on

Larry, so she didn't notice her surroundings.

The moment the body appeared in her sight, she froze on the spot.

The corpse was severely burnt and charred. There was also sulfuric acid all over it. Most people wouldn't

dare to lay a finger on the corpse.

Finnick's instincts told him this wasn't Larry. He wanted to run a DNA test at the hospital, but the body

was drenched in sulfuric acid. It might bring trouble to the doctor if they were careless.

After careful deliberation, he decided not to run a DNA test.

The detective agency claimed to have seen Larry earlier, so there was no way this would be his son. He

would wait for their news.

Finnick had made up his mind. He was clear-headed, but Vivian panicked instantly. She collapsed on the ground and broke into tears.

Finnick was at a loss seeing Vivian's emotional breakdown. He had already told Vivian this wasn't Larry, but she thought he was lying to her.

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