

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 883-887

Chapter 883

Vivian and Larry took their seat at the dining table. Looking at the dishes before her, Vivian found herself having no appetite at all.

Seeing his mother's impassive expression, Larry, too, had lost his appetite.

Vivian forced down some food and flashed Larry a reassuring smile. Then, she filled the boy's bowl with some food before she continued eating.

Soon, Larry started to dig in.

Since the two had not had a proper meal for the past three days, they greatly enjoyed their meals.

Everything would be perfect if they weren't eating the food in a bad mood.

After breakfast, Vivian had Larry stay at home with the housemaid while she headed out to search for Finnick.

Although she had resigned herself to live without that man in the future, still, she couldn't help but continue searching for him.

It would be best if she managed to find Finnick. If not, perhaps this was the only way to make herself give up after countless futile searches.

With that in mind, she drove off and soon started her search.

Vivian drove at a snail's pace along the road, afraid that the movie scene where a couple missed each other by a hair's breadth would happen to her and Finnick.

She was constantly looking outside the window while driving. One could imagine how slow she was going.

Growing impatient, those driving behind her started honking, signaling her to speed up.

Yet, Vivian ignored the honks. At this moment, all she had in mind was to search for Finnick. She wouldn't let anyone get in the way, and she couldn't care less about what other people might think of her.

Feeling frustrated, the other drivers cut her off. They cursed loudly as their cars overtook hers.

Regardless, Vivian continued with her pace while keeping her eyes on the roadside.

To her disappointment, her search was futile. She then drove onto the highway and gradually sped up.

Vivian's first stop was the garden where Finnick and her usually visited – the very place where Finnick proposed to her.

She got out of the car and entered the garden. Everything in it looked the same, with the peonies in full blossom and the willow trees rustling near the lake.

She walked along the cobblestone path that led her to a green space. There, visitors were afforded a better view of the man-made lake.

Vivian remembered Finnick loved hanging around there, especially during spring. The two of them would sit on the bench with their eyes closed. As the gentle wind blew, it brought along the fragrance of flowers. That was a real serene and leisure moment.

Unfortunately, it was summer now. The blazing sun was at its highest point, shining onto the earth. Unwilling to linger outdoor in the hot weather, the passersby were seen hurrying their way out of the park and would soon head home.

Vivian was the only one making her way into the depth of the garden.

Soon, she reached a pavilion. It was relatively cooler inside since the roof provided a shield against direct exposure to the sun's rays. On a sultry hot summer day, the pavilion was still stuffy like an oven as the hot summer wind blew.

Vivian suddenly recalled when she and Finnick saw a couple quarreling at this place. Although it was the young lady's fault, in the end, the young man was the first to apologize.

Seeing that, she told Finnick that she favored men who voluntarily admitted their mistakes. The latter started questioning her childishly if she liked him or that young man.

Inexplicably, she felt a tinge of happiness in her heart seeing Finnick being jealous. "I like you," was her reply.

Vivian continued to walk around the garden. Every part of it seemed to be full of memories.

Yet, now she was the only one reminiscing about their lovely and sweet moments in the garden. Finnick, the man who created those memories with her, was missing in the picture.

She felt lonely and depressed. Just as she was overwhelmed by mixed emotions in her heart, the elderly on the other side of the lake caught her attention. They were doing breathing exercises, yelling at the lake to increase lung capacity.

Since it seemed to be an enjoyable thing to do, Vivian was tempted to do the same. She crouched down, rolled her sleeves, and then cupped her hands around her mouth. After taking a deep breath, she screamed at the top of her lungs at the lake.

Instantly, she felt like a huge weight was being lifted off her chest.

Thinking that this might be a good way of venting out her negative emotions, she continued screaming her head off.

It was already noon when she finally felt better. The sun was scorching hot, yet she didn't seem to be leaving anytime soon.

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Beads of sweat were seen covering her face. Still, Vivian was determined to travel across every part of the garden.

It was already three when she finally walked out of the garden.

She had told the housemaid not to prepare her lunch when she left home. Thus, she went to a restaurant frequented by her and Finnick to have her lunch.

It was a high-end restaurant; its dishes cost at least a thousand each. Yet, it was a price that she was willing to pay as that place reignited memories of Finnick and her dining together.

After lunch, Vivian decided to head to the company. Although Chase Neville had taken over the company, she believed they would still let her enter the company building and look around.

There, Vivian spotted someone familiar to her. It was not her acquaintance but Larry's friend, Joey Neville.

Joey Neville... Chase Neville... Both of them happen to share the same surname... So, Joey is actually Chase's daughter!

Vivian was surprised upon the realization, yet she couldn't care less about it now.

The identity of Joey's parents had nothing to do with her. However, now that it turned out Joey was the daughter of the man who acquired Finnor Group, Vivian would no longer let her son make friends with that little girl.

At that instant, Vivian made up her mind to transfer Larry to another kindergarten.

While she was deep in her thought, Joey came up to her and greeted, "Hi, Ms. Morrison. It's a surprise to see you here."

Vivian was not in the mood to talk to the little girl, so she nodded in response and decided to leave.

As soon as she turned around, Chase's voice rang out, "Mrs. Norton, you just arrived. Why are you leaving in such a hurry?"

The man's voice was so loud, making it impossible for her to pretend that she didn't hear it.

She uttered coldly, "Hi, Mr. Neville. I'm simply looking around, and I'm leaving now."

Actually, Vivian was a cold person. She would only let her guard down when she was around her close friends and families.

To outsiders, Vivian was aloof and unapproachable.

“Well, aren’t you going to come in? Perhaps have a cup of tea?” Chase was discreetly eyeing Vivian up and down as he invited her in.

He couldn’t seem to figure out why Finnick would have his eyes on such an average-looking woman. What’s so special about this woman?

Every man would be interested in finding out about the secret of a mysterious woman, let alone Chase, a ladies man.

Chase had a daughter with his wife, yet this man also had numerous illegitimate children.

In fact, he had so many lovers that he couldn’t possibly count them on the fingers of both hands.

Back then, he only married his wife for money and power. His wife was not the kind of woman he imagined he would marry anyway.

Now that he had all he wanted, he no longer bothered to hide his affairs from his wife.

Since then, his wife devoted herself to religion and spent all her time diving deep into Bible to seek refuge from heartbreak. Chase loathed her even more because of that.

“No thanks. If there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving now.” Vivian cast a glance at Chase and gave him a polite nod. With that, she turned and left before he could say anything.

Vivian didn’t mean to be impolite. It was just that she didn’t feel like dealing with Chase.

So, she had no choice but to brush him off. She believed that Chase, the president of a huge company, wouldn’t degrade himself in forcing her to stay.

In fact, what surprised her most was to see Chase at the company. I thought eagles don’t catch flies. It’s just the second day of him taking over the Finnor Group... Why is he so eager to come to the company?

Is there something hidden in the company that I don't know about and that Chase thought is important to him?

Knowing she was overthinking again, Vivian shook the thoughts off her mind.

The sky was turning dark as the sun went below the horizon. She decided to end her search for the day and headed home.

It was late when Vivian finally arrived home. Larry had already fallen asleep.

Vivian went to her son's bedroom to check on him. Looking affectionately at the sleeping Larry, she bent over to press a kiss on his cheek before leaving.

Sitting alone at the dining table, she had some food for dinner.

The house felt cold and empty without Finnick's presence. Since he went missing, Vivian had lost her spirit to do anything.

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Vivian looked around the house as she walked up the stairs and along the corridor.

She knew Finnick couldn't come back to her for some reason. Even if he was to come back, that was unlikely to happen in the near future.

Vivian pushed open the door of the bedroom she shared with Finnick. It was the one place in the house where they had created many unforgettable memories together.

She was reluctant to indulge in reminiscence. Now, she needed to get used to life without Finnick.

Only then could she stay strong and move on with life while waiting for his return.

Meanwhile, a figure in his agitated state was seen walking on the road in the pitch-dark night. No one knew of his identity and where he was heading.

The next morning, Vivian and Larry visited a kindergarten located somewhere near the magazine company.

For various reasons, she didn't agree with her son attending the same kindergarten as Joey.

"Mommy, why am I transferring school?"

Larry hadn't been to kindergarten for a while now. His mother had applied for a leave of absence from school for him. The little boy couldn't help feeling confused after learning that Vivian was transferring him to another kindergarten.

"Well, the new kindergarten is nearer to my workplace. Don't you want to stay closer to me?"

Although Vivian's heart was suffering from unbearable pain after having lost Finnick in her life, she had always tried to put up a good front and hide her sadness from her son.

Yet, her forced smile carried with it a tinge of bitterness in Larry's eyes.

"Of course I do!" Larry was aware that Finnick was gone, and his mother was left alone at home.

He was willing to do anything to make her happy. Not only that, he would try his best to protect his mother when Finnick was not around.

Looking at the considerate Larry, Vivian suddenly recalled how Finnick used to piss her off in the past.

The father and son had totally different characters, yet they were both equally important to her.

Vivian was glad when she saw Larry started getting used to the new environment.

Just as she was about to leave the kindergarten, she received a call from Benedict.

She heard Benedict's voice over the phone, "Come home if you have the time. There's something I need to tell you."

Benedict ended the call after receiving a reply from her.

Initially, Vivian planned to go to work today, yet Benedict's phone call had thrown her plan astray. Having no choice, she called the magazine company and told her colleague that she was not coming to the office for the day.

Vivian couldn't help but let out a wry smile. She then hailed a cab, heading to the Morrison residence.

She knew Benedict was going to talk to her about Finnick.

Even though she was not in the mood to talk about it, she couldn't possibly reject Benedict.

That man was her brother, and he cared a lot about her.

Listening to the music from the radio, she reclined in the backseat and closed her eyes to get some rest.

Benedict's house was located quite far away from the city center. He said that the place was quiet and secluded.

Soon the car came to a halt. "Miss, you've arrived at your destination," the driver reminded.

Vivian opened her eyes to find that they were in front of the Morrison residence. She nodded apologetically at the driver. Then, she paid the cab fare before getting out of the cab.

The Morrison residence had always looked the same since her last visit.

Vivian took a deep breath in an attempt to brace herself before walking into the house.

“Ben,” she greeted smilingly at the man sitting on the couch in the living room, waiting for her arrival.

“Oh, Vivian, I prefer you crying than forcing a sad smile.” Benedict approached her, giving her a warm hug. “How are you doing? Have you not found him yet?”

He knew everything that had happened to Vivian. Initially, he planned to ask her over when he first learned about it. Yet, he waited until now, thinking she might need some time alone.

Gazing at Benedict, Vivian uttered a response, “Mm.” Then, she tossed her purse aside and threw herself onto the couch.

She could feel her whole body aching after a tiring day. If Finnick were here, he would let her lay on his lap and give her a massage.

Benedict couldn't care less about her being unladylike. He handed her a glass of water and asked, “Why don't you come back and live here?”

He wished Vivian could live with him since it was unsafe for a young lady to live outside.

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However, Vivian had been through a lot in life, and she had long learned to stand on her feet.

Flashing Benedict a smile, she rejected, "There is no need. little pumpkin and I are fine staying at home."

"Alright then. I'll respect your decision."

Benedict didn't insist since he knew his sister was a strong-willed young lady. She would hardly change her mind after making a decision.

"Tell me if you need anything. Do you have enough money? I can..."

Soon, Benedict started to encourage her to stay strong and take good care of herself and Larry. He even taught her a hundred and one ways to protect herself against perverts and bad guys.

An hour had passed when Vivian finally had enough of Benedict's incessant talking.

"Ben, I suddenly recalled there's something I need to take care of. I gotta go now."

With that, she grabbed her purse and scurried her way out of the house.

Benedict had had that heart-to-heart chat with Vivian to give her some emotional support besides cheering her up.

It seems like my effort didn't go to waste. Vivian has indeed become livelier, judging from the way she fled the house. Benedict let out a chuckle.

Looking in the direction where Vivian left, he soon fell into deep thought.

Phew! Finally, Vivian managed to escape from Benedict's house.

She took a deep breath and instantly felt refreshed.

After checking the time, she immediately hailed a cab, heading to the magazine company.

The senior editor had only granted her a half-day leave, yet it was already half-past twelve now.

She needed to hurry, or she would be late at the office and get an earful from the senior editor.

The hectic life had allowed Vivian to temporarily forget about the pain of losing Finnick. Nevertheless, once in a while, she would still think of Finnick in the middle of the night.

In spite of working, she would spend the rest of her time with Larry.

Gradually, her life got back on track. It had been a long time since she last cried because of Finnick.

In fact, she had tried to search for Finnick through the magazine company's connections, yet her efforts were fruitless.

Nevertheless, she was still clinging to the hope that she would one day find that man.

Without giving up, she resorted to putting up an advertisement, which occupied a tiny corner of the magazine to search for the missing Finnick.

Even though the missing person's notice was barely noticeable in the magazine, the news of Finnick's missing spread like wildfire since he was a big name in the city.

Now, everyone in the city knew Finnick was missing, abandoning his wife and child.

Although the public had misunderstood Finnick, Vivian didn't bother to explain to them, for she knew Finnick cared little about what other people think of him.

The magazine had a wide reach as well as readership. She would try every possible method to find Finnick.

To Vivian's disappointment, she didn't receive any news though a month had passed.

She knew if Finnick wanted to hide from her, he would never let anyone find him.

In fact, Vivian had also hired a private investigator to look for Finnick's whereabouts. However, in the end, she received the same disappointing results.

It was as if that man had vanished into thin air.

Vivian's life went on. Every day passed with her waiting for Finnick's return while taking care of Larry.

One day, seeing her reflection in the mirror, she suddenly noticed crow's feet forming at the corner of her eyes. That was when it hit her that as Larry grew up, she was also aging.

Finnick is gone for a year now. Why is he still not coming back?

Larry had asked her the same questions as well. Although she had no answer to them, she would reassure the boy that his father had gone to a place far away from them and that he would come back soon.

Soon Larry stopped asking her as he knew he would always get the same answer.

The two of them continued with their life with the incessant waiting.

... “Vivian, are you going to participate in the company’s tenth-anniversary celebration tonight?” the female colleague sitting next to her asked.

Hearing that, Vivian put down her pen. After thinking for a while, she nodded.

It had been a long time since she last attended a banquet two years ago with Finnick.

Vivian thought she could take this opportunity to have fun and relax.

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Besides, all employees were required to attend the celebration.

After seeing Vivian’s response, another female colleague chimed in, “We’ll go together!”

The two female colleagues had never hung out with Vivian before. Now that they finally got the opportunity, they couldn’t help feeling excited.

They only joined the company a few years after Vivian. Thus, Vivian was considered their senior.

“I’m sorry. I need to fetch my child, so I can’t go with you guys,” Vivian said apologetically.

She needed to make sure that her son arrived home safe and sound before she could attend the banquet at night.

It wouldn't be much of a problem leaving Larry at home since the housemaid was there to take care of him. Besides, Larry was a good boy. She had confidence in him that he would behave well at home.

"Alright then." The two colleagues were a little disappointed.

They were actually a little envious of Vivian when they heard from other seniors that her husband was the famous Finnick Norton – the president of Finnor Group before it changed hands.

Nevertheless, it was not the time to be jealous as they were not yet done with their job.

Soon they returned to their work at hand.

After leaving the office, Vivian picked Larry up at the kindergarten and brought him back home.

Since there was ample time before the banquet began, she ate some noodles with Larry and had a little chat with him. Then, she left the little boy in the hands of the housemaid before leaving.

On her way to the banquet, she felt something was off as restlessness crept onto her heart.

In the end, she thought it was her feeling nervous about attending a banquet for the first time after two years.

Vivian wore a black dress and exquisite makeup. She looked like a goddess, aloof and distant.

A lot of the new employees were stunned by her appearance. It was the first time they saw her dressing up.

Being in the center of attention, Vivian didn't feel shy or out of place. Instead, she graciously smiled at the crowd.

Some male employees even invited her for a dance though she rejected them.

She should discipline herself in case Finnick would be jealous when he came back and learned about her dancing with another man.

At the long table, Vivian grabbed herself a glass of orange juice. Just then, someone greeted her, "Hi, Vivian."

She turned around to find that it was one of her colleagues though they barely knew each other.

Vivian returned her greeting, "Hi." She was usually courteous toward those who took the initiative to talk to her.

The young lady introduced herself, "Vivian, I'm Paris." While doing so, she couldn't help casting her eyes at Vivian's beautiful dress.

Vivian simply nodded and waited for her to continue.

"Vivian, I've heard that there will be a lucky draw tonight. The winner gets to make a wish. With its power and connections, the company will definitely make the winner's wish come true. Do you want to try your luck?"

The participation was entirely voluntary. Those who wished to participate needed only to inform their employee ID.

Paris already took part in the lucky draw, and she was here to ask if Vivian would like to take part as well.

Although she was new to the company, she got a good impression of Vivian – the cold yet experienced journalist.

Seeing Vivian standing alone, she decided to come and talk to her.

“Sure.” Vivian never thought of winning the lucky draw. She participated in it, hoping to get some good luck from the festive event.

Since she was now at the banquet, she should relax and have fun.

After Paris led Vivian to put her employee ID into the lucky draw box, the two took a walk in the garden at the back of the hall.

They headed back to the hall when there were only five minutes left before the event began.

The host started the event by welcoming the guests with warm greetings. Vivian was sick of the same old customary opening remarks, yet the employees were not allowed to leave the hall.

Having no choice, she could only chat with Paris to pass the time.

Fortunately, the host was considerate enough to end the boring opening remarks real quick. Following up was the lucky draw session.