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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 967 - 970

"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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 hearbroken. 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?

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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."

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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.

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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

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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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