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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 881 - 883

Vivian had not seen a dead person when she was only five years old.

“Be good, little pumpkin. Don’t cry.” Looking at the state Larry was in, Vivian was broken-hearted.

Only Vivian knew how much she had endured during this period of time. Although she was not the person who was directly affected, they were all her loved ones.

She had seen how much pain they were in and did not have it easy either.

Often, a person would be more distressed by watching others in pain.

As she comforted Larry, Vivian stroked his back in hopes that her son would be able to forget this terrible memory. If Larry could not forget that scene, it would become his childhood trauma.

Vivian did not want Larry to have to deal with a childhood that he would always be afraid to remember. She wanted him to grow up well and in peace.

As she consoled Larry, Vivian slowly fell asleep beside her son.

Whatever happened that day was too much for her to handle.

She had been cooking for Finnick when she received the phone call in the middle of it and had to rush over. Like Larry, she had seen the corpses littering the floor.

She had also seen Samuel lying on the ground. Although she was devastated, she could not cry then.

Only when Larry finally fell asleep did she let her tears fall.

As she stroked Larry’s back, Vivian cried and comforted herself at the same time.

As they fell asleep, Finnick was still up on the hill, kneeling in front of Samuel’s grave.

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He simply kneeled there motionless.

The next morning, Vivian made Larry some breakfast and noticed that Finnick was not yet home. After waiting a while longer, she went back up the hill with Larry to see Finnick.

As it was still early in the morning, the paths on the hill were tough to walk on. Some plants along the way still had morning dew on them.

The scenery atop the hill was beautiful, but Vivian was in no mood to appreciate it. She was very worried about Finnick.

As they walked up the hill, Vivian was getting nervous the closer they got to the peak.

However, she did not know what she was nervous about either.

All she wanted then was to reach the peak as soon as possible so that she could find out what happened to Finnick and see if he was okay.

Yet, since Larry was still young, they could not walk too fast.

Larry still exerted as much effort as he could, eventually allowing them to ascend the hill in only a short amount of time.

Vivian was suddenly panicked the minute they reached the peak.

She did not see Finnick. The area no longer had any traces of his visit.

She searched around the area, but to no avail. It was as if he had just disappeared from the face of the earth.

He was nowhere to be found.

He must have gone home, probably using another route.

Vivian then decided to head home for a look and hurried down the hill.

She rushed home with Larry, but Finnick was still nowhere to be seen.

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She searched around the house thoroughly, leaving no stone unturned. She searched the kitchen, bedroom, study, and even the bathroom.

But there was nothing.

Realizing that Finnick had left, Vivian walked off in silence, heading to a place where no one would find her.

She was upset but did not know how to comfort herself.

During this period of time, she had spent all her effort trying to comfort Finnick. Yet, he had disappeared.

Vivian knew that in this lifetime, she was the only person who could comfort Finnick.

She also knew that Finnick did not simply disappear. He had chosen to leave her.

Although she wanted to be sad, Vivian realized that there was nothing for her to be upset about. After all, Finnick had left to protect them.

She was clear of this in her heart but simply did not want to admit it.

Vivian slumped onto the ground spiritlessly, staring blankly into space.

She seemed to notice a silhouette of Finnick walking past, but when she moved to take a closer look, it was gone.

Looking at Vivian acting this way, Larry knew what had happened.

His Mommy could not find Daddy, but she did not know the reason for his disappearance.

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Although Larry wanted to ask, he could tell that it was not the right time.

Vivian was upset. If Larry asked her about it now, he was undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire.

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Vivian was saddened as she looked at Larry standing quietly at one side. She pulled him into her arms and cried.

“Little pumpkin, you’re all Mommy has now.” As she hugged Larry, Vivian was thinking over possible places where Finnick could have gone to. She was not about to give up searching for him.

“Mommy, don’t cry. I’m always here with you.” Just like how Vivian had comforted him previously, Larry stroked her back, hoping that she would not cry any longer.

Looking at how helpless his mother was, Larry felt helpless, for he could not protect his own mother well.

“Your daddy’s gone, little pumpkin. He left in order to protect us.”

Vivian was worried; Finnick had not been in a good state last night. Furthermore, he had left just like that in the morning, without taking anything with him.

Where would he stay at night? What would he eat? How would he support himself?

Vivian had many questions in her head, but she did not dare to think too much about them. She knew that the more she thought about it, the more worried she would feel.

She understood that Finnick was currently in a difficult situation. He had left out of fear that the enemy would come for them.

However, did he ever stop to think about what would happen to them if the enemy just showed up one day after he left?

Vivian thought of whatever Finnick had failed to consider.

When Finnick left, he had thought that Vivian would only be able to live a safe life after he left.

He loved her, so he did not want anything to happen to her. It was the type of love where he could disregard his own life for his loved one.

The more Vivian pondered over this matter, the more upset she got.

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They had only just reconciled but were now separated once again. Is our life doomed to have so many ups and downs?

When Larry saw his mother cry even harder, he walked over to the sofa to get some tissues, then stuffed them in Vivian's hands for her to wipe her tears with.

However, she was crying so badly that her tears could not simply be dried using tissues.

Vivian did not move to wipe her tears. She let them run down her face as she felt the pain in her heart.

Both of them had been overwhelmed by the various events in life that happened recently and had no time to catch their breaths.

Since Finnick had chosen to leave, she would let herself cry for a while. After that, Vivian would have to carry on with her life.

She would not waste his efforts and disappoint him. Instead, she would raise Larry well while waiting for his return.

When the time came, they would be able to live the best quality of life together.

As she thought about it, Vivian stopped crying. She looked at Larry's face, which resembled that of Finnick's, and made up her mind.

She then brought Larry back to their home, the one that she had lived with Finnick in for seven years.

It felt empty. No one had lived there the past three days, so it lacked warmth.

Fortunately, the two housemaids had helped to keep the house clean. Resultantly, the house did not look too dirty.

"Mrs. Norton, did Mr. Norton not come back with you?" asked the housemaid when she saw that Vivian came back alone.

The moment she heard that question, Vivian, who had been unbuttoning Larry's coat, froze.

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“He won’t be back these few years. You should just focus on doing your job well.” Vivian only provided a brief explanation before reminding her to focus on her job.

“Sorry, I spoke too much.” Judging by Vivian’s expression, Molly knew that she had said too much.

She immediately hit herself lightly on the mouth and looked at Vivian apologetically.

“Would you like to have some breakfast?” It was eight in the morning, which happened to be Vivian’s usual breakfast time.

“Yeah.” Both Vivian and Larry had not eaten much when they woke that morning. Now that Molly mentioned it, they were both indeed a little hungry.

As soon as she heard Vivian answer, Molly hurried into the kitchen and started to make breakfast.

Since it was breakfast, Molly kept it simple and made them English breakfast with some sandwiches.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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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