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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 964 - 966

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

Indeed, she was hungry. Looking at the food in his hand, she nodded in response and tried to sit up. Finnick immediately stepped forward to support her. After Vivian sat up, he pulled the over-bed table toward her and served the food. Then, he handed her a fork.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, Vivian felt the prediction given by a fortune-teller during their trip had come true somehow. She could not recall the prediction but vaguely remembered the fortune teller said that she would not have a child.

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

"Vivian! Vivian!" Finnick's tone was filled with excitement and joy.

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

He said, "We found Evelyn!"

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

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

She had been depressed and despondent recently. Finally, Vivian had something to look forward to, and it cheered her soul. Finnick did not want to let her down, so he nodded his head in agreement. He then helped Vivian to put on her shoes. When he was about to pack up their belongings, she said, "Leave it to me! You take care of the discharge process. Let me pack up the things!"

They divided the tasks among themselves and finished the packing soon.

Finnick hailed a cab and ordered the driver to send their belongings home. After that, they brought along four bodyguards and went to the location provided by the detective.

He glanced at the address and informed the driver of the location. It was a remote place. They assumed Evelyn stayed at such a place to hide from Finnick.

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

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

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

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

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

The pair first observed their surroundings and noticed that the area was not too different from the address they were at previously. It was quite remote and desolate, with overgrown weeds strewn about. Vivian tried to avoid stepping on too many of the weeds and promptly dragged Finnick in.

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

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

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

At last! They finally found Evelyn.

It should have come as no surprise since Vivian and Finnick had put in so much effort to look for her. Vivian was feeling agitated but did her best to remain calm. However, she still saw no sign of Larry. All she wanted to do then was rush forth and question Evelyn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vivian paused briefly upon hearing these words but broke into a smile. "Do you take me for a fool? If little pumpkin is dead, why are you not showing off? Where is the anxiousness coming from?"

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

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

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

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

“I’ve told you that already. Larry is dead. Come on over, Vivian. Why don’t I tell you where the body is?” Evelyn beckoned at Vivian eagerly with an anxious giggle.

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

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

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

Evelyn looked at Vivian who was slowly approaching, step by step. She was ready to make a move. Finnick immediately issued orders for the bodyguards to shoot on sight at the slightest hint of trouble. The four bodyguards mouthed their understanding.

Vivian was now walking at an elevated pace, anxious to know the whereabouts of Larry. She broke into a near sprint and eventually reached Evelyn. “I’m here. Speak.”

“Well, little pumpkin’s corpse...” Vivian found herself unable to focus as she tried her best not to cry. She was not even asking for much. All she wanted to know was her son’s whereabouts and sincerely hoped that Evelyn would not deceive her.

Just as Vivian leaned in, Evelyn quickly spun her around and pressed a small knife to Vivian’s neck. Finnick immediately raised his gun and pointed it at Evelyn, staring at both of them in shock.

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“Evelyn, just what do you think you’re doing?” Finnick looked at Vivian, who stood there shaking like a leaf. One wrong move from him could spell the end of Vivian. The four bodyguards also followed Finnick’s previous instructions, staring at Evelyn intently.

“You’re asking me, Finnick? I should be the one asking you that. We were happy together, weren’t we? Why did you end up choosing this b\*tch in the end? Why? Where did I go wrong?”

Evelyn’s words were unpleasant, but there were no tears in her eyes. Perhaps she couldn’t bring herself to cry anymore.

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

“Do you remember how you walked away from me? How you framed me? This was all your own doing,” retorted Finnick. His gaze remained fixed on Evelyn’s hands.

“You want me to take the blame? This is somehow my fault? So be it then! I’ll die with Vivian today.” Finnick had, in fact, repeatedly expressed that it was her fault, but Evelyn never heeded his words.

Now that Evelyn had expressed her intent, she decided to act on it. Seeing that the knife was about to slash Vivian’s neck open, Finnick immediately went on high alert. He was stopped by Vivian who shook her head at him slowly in a silent plea to not be hasty.

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

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

Without warning, the sound of a gunshot pierced the air. Before Vivian could react, Evelyn had already fallen to the ground, motionless and bleeding. His eyes were wide open. Her final thoughts were that of betrayal. Evelyn could not believe that Finnick would kill her so easily.

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

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

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

Evelyn smiled, said two words, and her eyes closed. She was gone.

"He's...dead." Upon hearing those words, Vivian slumped onto the ground, not caring how bloody it was. Her eyes were blank. She then curled up into a tight ball and began to weep.

Her son is dead. Truly dead. Why? Why are the heavens so cruel?

The more she thought about it, the more she reminisced about the days she spent with Larry. Her little pumpkin. The tears that she shed refused to stop.

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

It did not take long for Vivian to collapse from exhaustion. Fortunately, Finnick had gotten there on time. His quick reflexes prevented any injuries to her head when she fell.

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