

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 971

"What is it?" Finnick asked, uncertain what Vivian meant by her look. He thought she was feeling unwell somewhere, but her answer made him freeze. "Little pumpkin," she prompted.

Finnick was momentarily stumped. He looked at her and said as convincingly as he could, "Little pumpkin isn't here. As long as you're obedient, he'll come home."

Dr. Foster had told him to coax her like he would a child, even if she asked for something impossible. It was the only solution to keep her emotions calm and improve her mental state hopefully.

Finnick was left with no choice other than to heed the doctor's advice. His only wish was for Vivian to get herself together. While he took care of Vivian at home, he continued sending people to investigate Larry's whereabouts.

Although she communicated with Finnick with an intelligence of a child and often had to be coaxed by him, she was no longer having any breakdowns ever since she began taking her medications. It was half a month later when what Finnick feared most happened.

He had unintentionally allowed her to wander into a restricted place—Larry's room. I thought she'll get better after half a month of medications. It seems like it is only my wishful thinking.

"Vivian." Finnick reached out a hand to stop her, but the hem of her shirt slipped through his palm instead.

"Little pumpkin... little pumpkin is dead," she cried, laying on Larry's bed. "Little pumpkin, how could you leave me behind?"

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When she finally got up from the bed a long time later, her eyes were too swollen for her to keep them open. Finnick couldn't bear seeing her in that state. He attempted to carry her out of the room, only to be stopped by her cold utterance.

"Don't touch me." Finnick froze. It had been more than a month since she last spoke to him in that icy tone. If she's speaking to me this way again, does that mean she has recovered?

He studied her every move, hoping to find out if his speculation was right. However, what met his eyes was her frosty gaze instead.

"Can I help you?" Vivian asked.

Finnick shook his head, secretly feeling euphoric on the inside. It seems she's truly recovered! The medications worked! But at the thought of her leaving him again, he quickly followed behind her.

"Nothing," Finnick answered, facing the blatant hostility in her eyes. He was aware the Vivian standing before him was still mad. Hence, he didn't dare to say too much in case it would cause her to regress.

"Are you hungry? Should I make you something to eat?" he questioned. He had been feeding her meals while she was incapacitated. Since she had recovered, he wouldn't have to do that any longer.

Seeing as she had been awake since the early morning without having a single meal, he assumed she had to be hungry.

"There's no need. I'm leaving," Vivian said, taking a glance at Finnick. His goodwill reminded her of Larry, which made her very uncomfortable. That was also why she rejected him and planned to eat elsewhere instead.

Finnick reached out to grab her arm, looking at her worriedly. "Where are you going?" He feared that if she were to leave him again, he might not be able to find her for the second time. Therefore, he mustn't let her leave him.

"What does that have to do with you?" She shook off his grasp and turned around to leave.

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Watching her retreating figure, Finnick decided to follow behind her. Even if he couldn't be in close contact with her, seeing her from a distance would suffice.

However, she keenly felt his presence and turned around to say, "Don't follow me. I want to be alone. I'll come back."

Perhaps because Larry had lived in the house and his presence lingered in the air, Vivian couldn't abandon the house despite her refusal to be with Finnick.

She took a final glance at him before walking out the door.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 972

Hearing Vivian's words, Finnick felt weirdly reassured. He stopped following behind her and allowed her to leave, choosing to believe that if she said she would return, then she would.

He stared at her back view. Does she have enough money on her? He shook his head. Since she's left, how could she not bring enough money?

Reminding himself to stop overthinking, Finnick instructed the housemaid to prepare a meal and returned to the company as soon as he was done eating. It had been ages since he last went to work. Although he had been working from home religiously, he felt that it was better to pay a visit to the company since Vivian no longer required his around-the-clock care.

After all, he had been absent for such a long time. He could guess that his employees were probably speculating about it. If he were to remain absent, it would result in his staff feeling insecure.

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As soon as he walked into the company and met with the familiar office environment, he recalled Vivian and Larry had once been there. His heart clenched in pain at the memory. I'm a man. I can't collapse, he reminded himself.

"Mr. Norton," his assistant greeted, rushing up to him as soon as she saw him at the staircase.

She hadn't seen her boss in a long time. Although the work documents were delivered to his house, there were plenty of miscellaneous matters she had to handle in his absence. It had been a lot to shoulder on her own. It was no wonder she acted like she'd seen her life's savior when she saw Finnick return.

"Mm." Finnick nodded. "How are things in the company?" They began to discuss work matters as they entered his office. His assistant immediately filled him in on the important events to keep him up to speed.

On the other side, Vivian, who had left the house in the morning, went to have her breakfast alone before driving to Rachel's nursing home. She felt that it was her benevolence that cost her child.

Since the traffic was smooth, she managed to reach her destination in no time. The first thing that greeted her was the sight of Rachel and Shane sitting on a bench, chatting leisurely.

After Finnick wrecked Shane's main door, the latter moved into the nursing home with Rachel. On the surface, he claimed to stay there to care for Rachel. However, he was only using it as the perfect excuse to move into the facility.

When the pair noticed Vivian's arrival, the temperature in the room immediately felt a few degrees cooler.

"What are you here for?" Shane asked guardedly.

Since she was capable enough to shoot Evelyn dead, there's no telling what she could do to us.

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But Shane had gotten it completely wrong. Vivian wasn't the type of person who would dirty her own hands by taking someone's life. It was Finnick who could. Moreover, it was Evelyn who had reaped what she had sown. Even if she were dead, the police wouldn't have much to say about it either.

However, if Vivian were to go after Shane, she would undoubtedly have to face the law. It wouldn't be worth it to sacrifice her future for scums like them. Instead, she planned to use the cruelest method to torture both of them, for living in misery was a far better punishment than for them to die a quick death.

Vivian wanted them to know precisely what "an eye for an eye" meant. She was no longer a merciful person. Everything that they owed her, she was determined to make them pay her back.

"Why am I here? Why don't you ask yourself what you did? Otherwise, why would I be here?" Vivian raised a brow, feeling amused at their question.

Even though the two of you are staying here, I'm the one who's footing the bill! Excluding that small bed, everything from the nursing home to Rachel's medication is paid for by me. What rights do you have to interrogate me?

"We didn't do anything other than to uphold justice," Shane said egoistically, holding his head upright.

Vivian's expression swiftly turned from indifference into one of mockery. "Oh? Upholding justice? How noble of you." Looking at their faces, Vivian could no longer be bothered to speak glibly with them. For she knew, it was better to put words into action.

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