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“Also.” The private investigator continued, “To ensure the results were accurate, I snuck into Ms. Rachel’s hospital room to swipe a few of her hairs and sent those to the lab as well. The result showed that Ms. Rachel and Ms. Evelyn had 99.9% match of being mother-and-daughter.”

Benedict was stunned by the result. He finally understood the reason Vivian came to speak with Evelyn privately. The former must have known about the truth as well.

So the reason she came to the Morrison residence that day was to tell Evelyn about it. However, he didn’t hear anything from Evelyn about it.

“Alright, I understood. You may leave now. I’ll contact you if there’s anything else,” said Benedict.

“Sure.” The private investigator turned and left.

Benedict kept thinking about it even after the private investigator had left. He could understand Evelyn not telling him the truth, but why didn’t Vivian? Benedict couldn’t understand Vivian’s reason. But there was another matter which worries him.

Even when Vivian wasn’t in Evelyn’s way, the latter could orchestrate the kidnapping and assault of Vivian. Now that she knew Vivian had threatened her position of being part of the Morrison family, who knew what she would do to Vivian.

Benedict had watched Evelyn grow up. Even though he spoiled her but he knew her better than anyone else. She definitely won’t just let Vivian go easily.

On that thought, he immediately gave Evelyn a call. Previously, he didn’t know Vivian was his sister, so he helped Evelyn hide her involvement in Vivian’s kidnapping. Once he knew about it, he wouldn’t allow Evelyn to harm Vivian anymore.

However, Evelyn didn’t pick up her phone. Benedict was anxious that Evelyn had implemented her plan to harm Vivian.

At that moment, he remembered the tracking device he planted on Evelyn's phone to locate her whereabouts so that he could stop her from causing another incident like the kidnapping. When he planted the tracking device, he didn't expect to have to use it so quickly.

Benedict urgently launched the tracking application on his phone and located Evelyn's whereabouts. As he expected, Evelyn was around Finnick's house.

Worried that Vivian would be harmed, Benedict drove like a madman to Finnick's and Vivian's house.

Just as he reached the entrance, he saw Evelyn leaving. It seemed that both Finnick and Vivian were not at home, so what was Evelyn doing there?

"Ben, what are you saying?" Evelyn felt a sense of guilt as she never thought that Benedict would be suspicious of her identity. Despite not having done any DNA testing, she was sure that she was not Benedict's sister.

But how did Benedict know about it? Evelyn was really curious. She suspected that Vivian went behind her back and told Benedict. Evelyn hated Vivian even more as her thoughts went wild.

Evelyn tried to mask her expression so as not to let Benedict know about her plan. She tugged on Benedict's arm and said, "Don't listen to the nonsense Vivian sprouted. Everything she said was to instigate a fight between us. How in the world am I not your sister?"

As he heard Evelyn mentioning Vivian, Benedict was certain that Evelyn had known about it beforehand.

"You knew that you're not my sister?" asked Benedict.

Evelyn's heart raced, her eyes started to dart about, avoiding eye contact with him. Despite being nervous, she forced calmness into her tone. "Ben, how could you suspect me? I grew up with you, so how could I not be your sister?"

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Benedict noticed her guilty tells, so he knew that she was lying.

"Evelyn, you said so yourself that you grew up under my watch, so do you think that I wouldn't know when you're lying to me. Even though you're a good liar, I can still see through them. Never mind that, tell me what you're doing here?"

"I..." Evelyn wanted to explain, but she saw someone in the corner of her eyes, and a flash of panic showed on her face. She thought about what bad timing that she returned at that moment.

Curious about Evelyn's change, Benedict followed her line of sight and saw a middle-aged woman standing hesitantly not far away. She was apprehensive about approaching them.

Benedict recognized that it was Mrs. Filder. Why would she hesitate to enter the house? Also, why is Evelyn nervous about her showing up? His instinct told him that there was something fishy about the both of them. And so he approached Mrs. Filder.

"Ben, listen to me..." Evelyn wanted to stop Benedict, but he pushed her away.

Seeing her reaction, he was certain of his suspicion. Evelyn had definitely bribed Mrs. Filder to harm Vivian!

Mrs. Filder felt her legs trembling as she saw Benedict walking towards her. She didn't know who he was. Would he tell Mr. Norton about what she and Evelyn had done?

"What have you and Evelyn done? If you remain silent, I'll tell Finnicks immediately!" Benedict interrogated.

Fear filled Mrs. Filder as she realized Benedict was about to reveal the truth to Finnicks.

"Mister, I don't have anything to do with it! Ms. Morrison was the one who had instructed me to do everything. Please don't tell Mr. Norton about it."

Anger poured through Benedict once he knew that Evelyn had done something evil. "Tell me! What have you done!"

Unable to withstand Benedict's interrogation, Mrs. Filder revealed everything that Evelyn had done.

Benedict turned to look at Evelyn with a look of disbelief after hearing everything from Mrs. Filder. This person was the sister that he had protected all his life. Unable to believe that she didn't learn her lesson from the previous incident but had gotten worse.

Evelyn guiltily hung her head, avoiding eye contact with Benedict. "Ben, you can't blame me for this entirely. Vivian, she..."

"Shut up!" Benedict cut Evelyn off with a yell. "I don't have a sister like you. I've already run a DNA test, and it showed that you're not my sister!"

"What?" Evelyn stared at Benedict in shock. She never thought that he would suspect her identity, so for him to have done a DNA test behind her back was a shocking revelation to her.

Benedict felt immense heartache and disappointment looking at Evelyn. "Initially, I thought it's fine even if we had no blood relation since we were siblings for years. But now I've realized that I'm wrong. An evil woman like you doesn't deserve to be my sister. You don't deserve to be a part of the Morrison family!"

Benedict turned and left. As he was deeply disappointed by Evelyn, he didn't want to look at her anymore. It pained him to see the person he treated with love for so many years grew up to be so evil.

Evelyn didn't chase after Benedict as he left. She was rooted in place after being stunned by Benedict's words.

Ben doesn't want me anymore? That's impossible! This couldn't happen! Ben spoiled me the most since I was young, so how could he not want me anymore? No way! This can't be!

As she shook her head in disbelief, tears welled up in her eyes and fell along her face. She was about to chase Vivian away from Finnick's side permanently. But how did things turned out like this? How did she lose her dear brother, Ben?

More importantly, without her status of being a part of the Morrison family, how was she going to live? Was she supposed to dress and eat like those poor people? No! I don't want that kind of life!

Vivian William! Evelyn gritted her teeth in anger! This was all because of you! It's your fault! I will never forgive you!

After Benedict left the Norton family villa, he called Vivian urgently, afraid that something would happen to her. But Vivian's phone was turned off.

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No matter how antsy Benedict felt, he knew that there was nothing he could do. So, he resorted to driving in the area around Norton Residence in endless circles.

If what the housemaid said about Vivian having left on foot was true, then she couldn't have gone very far. God, please help me find her.

He had failed his little sister by not taking care of her for years, and he had even helped Evelyn to frame her recently.

Benedict felt more and more guilt building up inside him as he lost himself in his thoughts. When I find Vivian, I'll take good care of her. I'll spoil her rotten to make up for all the years of absence. I'm never letting anyone harm her. She is the only family I have now.

At that same moment, Vivian was absentmindedly walking by the roadside. She had been so determined to live by herself, but the realization that she had nowhere else to go hit her only after she left the house.

She couldn't go back to the Norton family residence. She couldn't stay at her mom's place; her mom was already sick, and Vivian didn't want to burden her further.

What about the Morrison family? Could I turn to Benedict? Could she tell her brother about everything that had happened? But what if Benedict chooses to believe Evelyn instead of me, just like Finnick had? What then?

While mulling over her options, she noticed that a car had stopped right next to her. Before she could react, the car doors opened, several bodyguards rushing out and grabbing ahold of her arms.

Vivian nearly jumped out of her skin, digging her heels into the ground and refusing to budge an inch. Who are these people? Is this a kidnapping or a robbery? But then someone else exited the car, and her eyes widened as alarm bells went off in her mind.

Noah Lotte was walking towards her. And she was almost certain that he was here to take her to the hospital as per Finnick's orders.

But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't shake off the bodyguards' vice grips on her arms.

Struggling against them, she yelled at Noah, "What do you want? Make them let go of me, Noah!"

Noah's head was lowered, too scared to meet Vivian's stare as he mumbled, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Norton. I have no choice."

"Noah, please, I'm begging you," Vivian sobbed. She couldn't go to the hospital; she needed to protect her child. "Let me go, please?"

Vivian's sincere, desperate pleas tugged at Noah's heartstrings, the usually unyielding and firm man almost moved to tears. But when he remembered his own parents, he regained his composure and waved a hand, signaling to the bodyguards to take her away.

They nodded and shoved Vivian into the car.

"Let go of me!" Vivian screamed, trying to twist her way out of the bodyguards' clutches. Unfortunately, a woman's strength was no match for several burly, well-built men.

Then, one bodyguard sat on each side of her, holding her in place as the car headed for the hospital.

Upon arrival, they proceeded to drag her out of the car.

"No! I'm not going! Noah, please... I'm begging you, I can't lose my baby, please let me go..." Vivian screamed out, her throat hoarse as she held onto the armrest for dear life.

The sight made Noah want to punch himself in the face. Glancing away from Vivian, Noah forced out the words, "Get her out."

Upon hearing that, the bodyguards pried Vivian's hands away from the armrest, viciously pulling her out of the car.

"No... I don't want to go..." Vivian tried to resist as much as possible, a shoe dropping off of her foot. One of her exposed heels was blistered and bloody as her feet scraped against the pavement.

She vaguely registered a flash of pain coming from her feet, but she was too busy trying to escape to care. She had sworn to herself that she would protect this child. She had already lost her husband; she couldn't afford to lose her baby too.

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"Mrs. Norton, please don't try to put up a fight. Let us bring you to the hospital, alright?" Noah advised ruefully.

"Noah, please call Finnick and let me talk to him! There's no way that he could be this cruel!" Vivian shouted through her tears. "Noah, please! Noah!"

Upon hearing her plea, Noah turned a sickly shade of green.

Vivian was right. Finnick loved her so much that he was willing to give up his career and future for her. He isn't this heartless—but Evelyn is!

Rage flared up within Noah at the thought of Evelyn, his hands clenching into fists. But he had no choice other than becoming Evelyn's partner-in-crime.

Fighting back tears, Noah's voice was hoarse as he ordered the bodyguards, "Take Mrs. Norton in." He turned around as soon as the words left his mouth.

There was no doubt that if he continued to watch Vivian cry and beg, he would give in to her plea. But he couldn't. Not when his parents were still at Evelyn's mercy.

Thus, Vivian was strapped onto a gurney and instantly wheeled into an operating room where a team of surgeons was already waiting for her.

Her eyes were full of fear and agony as she helplessly watched the surgeons prepare their medical instruments. The sight drained her of all emotion, leaving her with no more tears left to cry.

A surgeon walked towards her, holding a speculum that glinted in the light. For some reason, the image of Finnick and Evelyn fooling around in their bedroom suddenly surfaced in her mind.

Why? How could Finnick disregard all the memories and love that we shared? How could he be so cruel?

Thinking of how Finnick was probably having fun with another woman as she lay here about to lose her first child, resentment sprouted within Vivian's heart.

From now on, however much I love you I have for you will be equal to the hatred I have for you.

She could nearly feel the coldness emanating off of the speculum as the surgeon prepared to insert it into her body. Hopelessly, she closed her eyes, she wished for nothing more than to die right there and then.

I'm so useless. I can't even protect my own child. Is there any meaning to life anymore? Just let me die alongside my baby...

Just as Vivian had given up on all hope, a loud "bang" echoed throughout the operating room. Everyone turned to look for the source of the noise, and Vivian's eyes widened.

She was clearly mistaken when she'd thought that she was incapable of crying anymore, because she instantly burst into tears when she saw who the intruder was.

It's Benedict! Benedict was here to save her, just like the time she was kidnapped by Evelyn!

"Don't touch her!" Benedict shoved the surgeons out of his way, kicking away the various bodyguards that were holding Vivian down. In the blink of an eye, he had pulled Vivian up and onto her feet, standing protectively in front of her.

"Everyone, leave!" His eyes were bloodshot as he shouted, his mind clouded with fear and worry for his sister.

Fortunately for Vivian, he had been driving around the area when he spotted her getting dragged into the hospital. He didn't want to imagine what horrors she might have suffered if he had arrived even a minute later.

The bodyguards and surgeons were stunned at Benedict's sudden appearance, unsure if they should try to proceed with the operation or leave the room.

Seeing red, Benedict picked up a bench near him and threw it in their direction before dashing forward to beat up as many people as he could.

The surgeons and bodyguards, intimidated by Benedict's hostility, decided to not engage with him and fled the scene. Benedict was about to chase after them and make them pay for what they did to Vivian when her voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Benedict!" Vivian had called out his name in a panic upon seeing that he was about to leave her alone in the room. Still suffering from shock, she felt safer with Benedict by her side and wanted him to stay with her.

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Benedict instantly whipped around to look at Vivian.

Her hair spilled messily over her shoulders, and there were dried tear tracks on her face. Her gaze was full of fear and uncertainty. Her clothes were rumpled and he spotted bruises all over her body, she looked worse than when she was kidnapped the last time.

The pitiful sight made Benedict's heart clench painfully within his chest. It felt as if someone was ripping his heart and it hurt so much to the point that he could not breathe.

He rushed forward to envelop her in his embrace, holding back his own tears as he patted her back in a reassuring manner. "I'm so sorry that I am late, Vivian... I'm so sorry that you had to go through that..." he muttered, voice full of guilt and regret.

Within Benedict's hug, Vivian finally felt safe and relieved. As soon as she let her guard down, the dam of emotions she had been trying to hold back burst wide open.

Clutching onto Benedict's clothes, she sobbed uncontrollably. If he had arrived a minute later, she might have already lost her child by now.

Benedict only felt worse listening to his sister's heart-breaking cries, choking up as he told her, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault... I failed to protect you..."

That jolted Vivian from her misery. She raised her head and looked at him. Eyes still watery, she stuttered out, "Have you... you found out?"

"Yes, I have. I know that you're my biological sister now." Benedict wiped away her tears, looking down at her sympathetically. "Why didn't you tell me the truth before?"

"I was afraid that you wouldn't believe me," Vivian sniffled. "I was scared that... you would prefer Evelyn over me... and that you would refuse to recognize me as your sister."

"You idiot." Benedict pulled her back into his arms. "You're the only living family I have left. How could I ever abandon you?"

It was as if a burden was lifted off of her shoulders when she clearly sensed the affection and adoration in Benedict's tone. Benedict didn't hate her. He didn't not want her as a sister. She finally had a family member that she could rely on.

With that, Vivian hugged Benedict tighter.

After a long while of crying, a question came to her mind. Staring up at him in confusion, she asked, "How did you find out that we're related?"

With one hand stroking Vivian's hair, Benedict started to explain everything to her.

"When you invited me to the café last time and tried to indirectly ask about Evelyn's kidnapping, I sensed that something was off. You were acting really weird. You didn't seem curious, but it felt more like you were testing something.

"Then, I grew even more suspicious when you called to ask about Evelyn's birthmark. So I had someone investigate, and not only did they discover that Rachel have leukemia, but they also found out that you're not her biological daughter.

"At that point, I was already questioning both yours and Evelyn's true identities, and I had someone use Rachel and Evelyn's hair to undergo a DNA test. As I'd expected, the results proved that Evelyn is Rachel's biological daughter, and thus has no familial relation to me."

"I see... So you'd had doubts since the very beginning." Vivian was regretting her decision for having hidden her identity from Benedict all along. If she had told him the truth earlier, then all these unfortunate occurrences wouldn't have happened.

"Don't worry, Vivian. I'll protect you from now on. No one will ever harm you or your baby as long as I'm around. I'm never letting anything like this happen again."

Benedict's stare was steely with determination. This was not just a promise that he was making to Vivian, but it was also a promise that he was making to himself.

Vivian's eyes welled with tears again, and she buried her face into Benedict's chest to sob. I'm not alone anymore. This is what it feels like to be loved and protected by a family member.

Although Rachel loved her as well, she obviously preferred Evelyn because she was her biological daughter. As a result, there were countless times when Rachel forgot to care about Vivian's feelings.