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Since the life-threatening situation was dissolved, the people in the hall had nothing left to be afraid of. They were all looking at the robber with scornful looks on their faces, wanting to tear him to pieces.

At the moment, the robber was tied up and gagged with some tablecloth, so the only noise he could make was some unrecognizable murmurs. However, his eyes were still burning with resentment.

Not long after, the police arrived and recorded how everything went down before they took the robber away. With that, the crowd eventually dispersed.

As soon as Finnick took down the robber, he had been by Vivian's side, softly stroking her back to calm her down. His heart ached as he looked at Vivian who was sitting on the floor.

She must be terrified just now. If I were any later, I might not get to see her ever again. How could she be so stupid? Was it really worth it?

Even though he had that thought in mind, Finnick was still touched by Vivian's gesture. So he took her into his arms and comforted her, "It's fine now. There's nothing to be scared of anymore. It's all over."

Indeed, Vivian was still dumbfounded as she leaned on Finnick's chest, unable to come to her senses.

The two of them stayed like that for quite a long while before Vivian was finally able to calm down. As soon as she did, she realized that Finnick was the one hugging her. Vivian's face flushed, and she immediately broke free.

"Are you okay?" Finnick inquired as he looked at her. He felt disappointed when she broke out of his arms. Is she still not coming back to me?

Vivian stood up and shook her head. "I'm fine."

Having said that, her legs were numb because she stayed in that position for too long. Hence, she almost fell back onto the floor. Nevertheless, Finnick was quick to react and caught her before the fall.

Vivian felt awkward in his arms yet again, but she realized that she would fall if she let go of him. So, the only thing she could do at that moment was to use Finnick as a temporary support.

Finnick, on the other hand, was indulging in that rare instance of intimacy between them. How long has it been since Vivian last stayed quiet like this in my arms? We've been getting into arguments every time we met since she came back.

Finnick felt like there were some misunderstandings between them, but Vivian would either give him the cold shoulders or get really riled up whenever he tried to find out. She never bothered giving him the chance to talk things out about what happened that year.

Thinking that a rare chance had presented itself, Finnick wanted to get to the bottom of what happened that year. The reason why Vivian insisted on getting a divorce and left the country without even telling him. So, he spoke, "Vivian, why did you... "

"Is what he said real?" Vivian asked at the same time before giving him an apologetic gaze.

"What did he say?" Finnick pushed his question aside and asked with a hint of confusion in his voice.

"Did you release Finnor Group's client data to the public because of me?"

Finnick nodded after a brief moment of hesitation. He had kept this fact a secret for fear that it might burden Vivian with guilt. But in the end, she still found out about it in an unexpected situation.

"When Mark kidnapped you back then, he used you to blackmail me into publicizing the client data. I didn't have any other choices, so I accepted his offer because I was anxious."

"For me? Was it actually worth it?" Vivian felt moved. Having spent quite some time with Benedict, Vivian could understand how devastating Finnick's action was to the company.

"I can give up anything for you, Vivian. Nothing's more important than you." Finnick held her hand. "This was, still is, and will always be the case." He took a brief pause.

“Vivian, what you did for me just now must have meant that you still have feelings for me, right? Can’t we get back together and live like how we used to live?”

Finnick was staring right into her eyes as he asked that question sincerely.

Under his unwavering affection, Vivian was swayed. Can we do that? Can we really go back to how it used to be?

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“Vivian, are you okay?” A voice from the entrance interrupted Vivian’s thoughts, and she turned around to find Hunter running towards her.

She realized that the position she and Finnick could easily be misinterpreted, so she instinctively pushed him away.

Hunter, however, did not notice anything. All he could think about was whether Vivian was hurt as he held on to her shoulders and inspected. He let out a sigh of relief when he confirmed that there were no injuries on Vivian.

“Did you know how worried I was? Never let yourself be in danger like that ever again!”

Vivian felt a little awkward with how intimate Hunter sounded, but she understood that he was sincerely concerned about her well-being. So she answered him in a calm manner, “I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

Beside her, Finnick’s expression had darkened into something cold and rather terrifying. This man again. What’s their relationship? Why is he touching her like this!

His terrifying aura was so strong that even Hunter felt it. Thus, Hunter let go of Vivian, straightened up, and stared down at Finnick with an indescribable sense of envy from within.

It was obvious to Hunter that Vivian had feelings for the man in front of him since she was even willing to risk her life for him, and he realized that there would be a lot more obstacles between him and Vivian because of it.

Although Hunter had to admit that Finnick was remarkable in many aspects, he himself was just as impressive, so there was no way he would back down in the pursuit of Vivian's affection.

On top of that, Finnick failed to hold on to her. This meant that there were some inherent flaws in their relationship since they would not have separated otherwise. Hunter was not someone who believed that a broken mirror was ever fixable.

At that moment, both men could see the determination in each other's eyes, and no one wanted to be the first to look away as that was an indication of backing down to them. Neither of them would back down when it came to Vivian.

Meanwhile, Vivian had roughly figured out what was going on between the two men, and she was thinking to herself in a somewhat self-deprecating manner. Never in my life would I had thought that two men would be fighting over me like that.

In the end, Vivian was the one that broke the silence. "Hunter, you were looking for me?" She could not actually let those two faced off like that to no end. Even she was starting to feel the chills as if the hall was getting cold.

Having heard what Vivian said, Hunter finally pulled his stare away and turned towards her. "I've just settled him down, so I came to make sure you were okay."

Vivian had informed him a few days ago that Finnick did not know of Larry's existence, so she wanted him to keep it a secret. That was why Hunter did not mention any names.

Naturally, Vivian knew who he was referring to. "Is he okay?" She asked anxiously.

"He's fine." Hunter shook his head. "But I think it's better if you were there with him."

"Okay." Vivian nodded immediately. "Let's go back!"

She felt guilty for forgetting that Larry was waiting for her. Larry must be terrified from what just happened. I need to go to him immediately and let him know everything is okay now.

"Who are you two talking about?" Finnick grabbed Vivian's arm and asked, seeing that she was about to leave. He felt like an outsider because he could not understand who they were talking about, and he despised that sort of feeling.

Right then, Finnick's question reminded Vivian of the time he forced her into the abortion.

"It has nothing to do with you," Vivian answered with a cold expression as she flicked his hand off her. After that, she turned around and left the hall. This man has no right to talk about Larry, nor does he have the right to be his father!

Vivian was a forgiving person, but that was something she would never let go of. She had vowed to never forgive Finnick for what he did, no matter what.

Finnick shot Hunter a piercing gaze when he realized Vivian had gone back into her cold self, even after seeing her clearly swayed by his proposal. Does she really like this man? Why is she distancing herself from me as soon as he shows up?

Hunter, on the other hand, greatly contrasted the murderous presence Finnick was exuding. His mood was much better as he looked at Finnick with a grin before leaving behind Vivian.

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Finnick was alone, fuming with unadulterated rage as he kicked a nearby stool and sent it flying.

Hunter smiled when he heard the loud bang behind him.

After the incident, no one had any spirit left to continue having fun. Thus, the cruise ship turned around ahead of schedule.

Later on, Vivian was back at the Morrison family with Larry, but Benedict was nowhere to be seen. She then found out from one of the maids that Benedict went to pick them up, so she quickly called him, thinking that they had missed each other on the way back.

"Vivian, where are you now?" Benedict sounded concerned through the phone.

"I'm already home, Ben. Come back."

"You're home!" Benedict was ecstatic for a brief moment before resuming his concerned tone. "Are you and Larry both okay?"

"We're fine," Vivian answered. She was surprised that Benedict already knew about what happened.

"Alright, that's all that matters. I'll go back now. Wait for me." Benedict ended the call and immediately swerved the car around towards home.

Within ten minutes, Benedict reached the house.

"Uncle Benedict!" Larry smiled and dived onto Benedict the moment he saw him. Benedict, however, did not reciprocate the child's smile. There was only worry on his face. He proceeded to inspect Larry closely, repeatedly asking whether the kid was injured or felt uncomfortable in any way.

"Ben, I told you, we're fine. Stop worrying," Vivian assured her brother once again.

It was by then that Benedict finally unfurrowed his eyebrows and expressed his relief. Seeing that made Vivian feel awful for always making her brother worry about her throughout the years.

After spending a few days at home, Larry had forgotten about the fright that he experienced. He went back to being the cute and lively kid he always had been. With that, Vivian could finally relax since she was afraid that Larry might be traumatized by the horrific experience.

One day morning, Vivian brought up something with Benedict during breakfast. "I want to go see my mother, Ben."

She was curious about how Rachel was doing as she had never gone and visit since she came back to the country.

"Sure. Do you need me to go with you?" Benedict figured Vivian would feel uneasy if she visited Rachel alone.

Vivian thought about it, but she remembered that Benedict was swamped with work for the past few days.

"It's okay. I can go alone. You have a lot of things to do at the company." She decided to not take up her brother's valuable time.

After breakfast, Benedict went off to work, and Vivian went to visit the hospital.

Even though she was not in the country, Vivian had still asked Benedict to hire some people to take care of Rachel William. She heard that Rachel's health was deteriorating year after year, and there was still no suitable bone marrow donor so the surgery had been delayed for a long time.

With that in mind, Vivian felt guilty for not being a good daughter. She had never visited her mother after all those years.

In fact, she dared not come back since Finnick and Evelyn were here. She was perturbed by the thought of seeing them again, worrying that the old wounds she had might open up again. The pain was too unbearable for her to experience a second time.

In front of Rachel's ward door, Vivian was in a dilemma about whether she should go in as a part of her was scared to open the door.

The hospital, the ward, the familiar scenery, and the joyous moments Vivian shared with Rachel. She could remember everything as though it was just the day before. Despite that, it had been five years since the two last saw each other, so Vivian felt a sense of unfamiliarity being there.

Eventually, she decided to knock on the door and not go in like how she usually did.

"Come in. The door's not locked," said an old yet friendly voice.

Hearing that made Vivian instantly tear up as her nose felt stuffy along with her throat. Even her heart ached.

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Even though Vivian knew how serious Rachel's condition was, she was still stunned when she entered the room. Her tears flowed down her cheeks and all the mental preparation she made crumbled into nothing.

She covered her mouth as the beads of tear shattered on the floor, afraid that she might break down from what she was seeing.

The woman on the bed in front of her was nigh unrecognizable. Vivian could not even tell if she was actually her mother.

Currently, Rachel was on the drip. Veins could be seen all over her scrawny hand, so thin that it looked like she had only skin and bones left. On top of that, there was a huge concentration of needle marks.

As Vivian shifted her gaze upward along Rachel's arm, it was clear that not only was her arm scrawny, Rachel's whole body was far thinner than anything she would have ever imagined. Vivian could even see the outline of her bone structure through her skin.

Rachel's cheeks were caved inwards with a hint of green on them, the cheekbones protruding noticeably.

And then, their eyes met. The initial warm and lively gaze that Rachel had was gone, leaving her with an empty gaze.

However, those lifeless eyes lit up as soon as Vivian was in sight. Vivian could even see the excitement and longingness Rachel was feeling just by looking into her eyes.

"Vivian? You're back? Am I dreaming?"

"Yes, Mum. I'm back. I'm so sorry..." When she heard Rachel's hoarse voice, Vivian could no longer hold it in. She dived towards the sickbed and cried while she spoke.

Vivian knew she should have visited, but it was too late. The loving and gentle smile Rachel once had, was no longer there. It was replaced by a pale and haggard look on her face.

"Vivian! It's really you! You really came back!" Rachel smiled as her hand brushed along Vivian's hair. "Don't cry. Come, show me how beautiful of a woman you've grown into. It's been so long."

Vivian sniffled and raised her head. She wanted to smile at Rachel like how she practiced before coming in, but it was impossible. Her tears could not stop leaking out of her eyes.

"Come on. Please stop crying." Rachel wiped away the tears on Vivian's cheeks with her hand. However, that only made it worse as Vivian's heart ached even more from feeling the touch of Rachel's dry and bony hand.

Vivian planted her face onto the bed beside Rachel and cried even louder. Even she herself was shocked to see the amount of tear she was producing. It felt like Vivian had opened up

a dam, and water was flooding out nonstop. At the same time, Rachel was out of options. She had no idea how she could calm Vivian down, so she only stroked her back.

Eventually, Vivian raised her head towards Rachel after she toned down the crying and calmed down.

“Vivian, how have you been?” Rachel asked gently. Her eyes were filled with lament. She was the reason why Vivian took so long to get back into her own life.

“I’m doing alright. You?” Vivian wiped off her tears.

“I’m alright too. Your brother had gotten some people to take care of me all these years.”

“Oh, I... “ Vivian wanted to say something, but her mind went blank.

It dawned on her that, between her and Rachel was five years of absence from each other’s lives, so it felt like they were strangers. The crying she just did was more like a farewell to the past.

“Did Benedict come back with you?” Rachel asked instead.

“Yes.” Vivian nodded in response. “Can I ask how your body is doing?”

She wanted to call Rachel her mother, but then she remembered that Evelyn was her daughter, not her. Moreover, Vivian also recalled that Rachel cared about Evelyn much more, making her feel unusually distant and awkward.

She would have address Rachel as Mum if she did not think about that. Now that she did, Vivian’s tone changed and was more respectable and reserved.

Rachel noticed the change and felt distraught, but there was nothing she could say nor do.

Indeed, she was not Vivian’s mother, so it was good enough for Rachel if Vivian did not blame her for swapping her identity.

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"My body's still hanging in there. I'll have to bear with it and see how long it lasts," Rachel calmly answered Vivian. She had already lost hope during the years of waiting.

Vivian was perturbed when she heard what Rachel said. It was unhealthy of Rachel to be facing her illness in such a pessimistic manner.

"Did Evelyn ever come to visit you? Did she test the compatibility of her bone marrow? You need to get this surgery done as soon as possible!"

Vivian's word left Rachel speechless. Her disappointment was clearly visible from her eyes. Noticing that, Vivian had a realization.

"Don't tell me. Did Evelyn refuse to donate her bone marrow?" She asked with a hint of rage on her expression. Would she really leave her own birth mother to die like this?

"No. It's not like that," Rachel frantically waved her hands as she denied. "Evelyn has been really busy. It's not that she doesn't want to. She merely did not have the time. Please don't misunderstand."

Rachel's panicked reaction had affirmed Vivian of her speculation, and she sneered. Busy? She had time to even go on a cruise! How can she not have time to save her mother, who's currently at death's door!

Even though Vivian had already witnessed the cruelty Evelyn possessed, but this was a new low, even for her standards. Never had Vivian ever met someone who could be so ruthless with their blood relatives. Her brows knitted as she looked at the frail Rachel right in front of her.

She's not going to last any longer if she doesn't get that transplant soon. Do I really need to look for Evelyn?

The thought of that selfish and sinister woman made Vivian rethink everything.

And while she was facing that difficult decision, her phone rang. Vivian's face immediately darkened as she read the caller's indication. It was none other than Evelyn.

"It's Evelyn! Quick, Vivian. Pick up the call!" Rachel urged when she saw Evelyn's name on Vivian's phone screen. Her eyes sparkled with care and longing as she formed a smile on her face.

This reaction pained Vivian inside. No matter how Evelyn treated Rachel, Rachel would never blame her simply because she gave birth to Evelyn. She would even find excuses to defend her and get really excited whenever there was news about her.

“Quick, Vivian! What if she hangs up?” Rachel was getting anxious, seeing that Vivian was only staring at the phone. This time, there was a hint of admonishment in her voice.

Vivian’s heartache worsened from hearing that. She could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. This is the difference between a birth child and someone else’s, I suppose? Does she really have to be so angsty just because I am not picking up immediately? Would she still act the same if it was me calling Evelyn?

She realized how stupid it was of her to feel so much concern for Rachel a moment ago. After all, Vivian was not Rachel’s kin, and Rachel would never treat her like she was. Vivian knew that she could never overthrow Evelyn’s importance in Rachel’s heart.

Even though a lot was going on in her head, Vivian eventually picked up the phone. She could not simply end the call in front of Rachel anyway.

“Vivian, are you free right now?” Evelyn sounded really pleasant and polite. Nevertheless, Vivian knew better. She was immediately on high alert, thinking that Evelyn was plotting something against her once again. It had become a conditioned reflex at this point after the numerous occasions where Evelyn set her up.

“What can I do for you?” Vivian tried to be as polite as possible since Rachel was right in front of her. In her head, she would have screamed at Evelyn if she was anywhere else.

“Let’s talk. If you’re free right now, I’ll send you the location, okay?”

Vivian instinctively wanted to refuse, but she did not.