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As she sat in her familiar surroundings with her ex-lover expressing his concern about her, Vivian started to feel like she had returned to her college days when Fabian used to be her confidant.

The memories seemed to affect Vivian more than she thought as she suddenly felt the unfamiliar urge of wanting to rely on someone.

"I got pregnant five years ago but Finnick suspected that the child didn't belong to him. He forced me to get an abortion, but I didn't want to. He sent people after me."

Vivian told Fabian about how Finnick had sent people after her and forced her to get an abortion. Reliving old memories brought on the same pain she had felt all those years ago, causing her to tear up.

Fabian couldn't help but frown at the sound of Vivian's sorrow. He knew he was at risk of making Vivian feel worse, but he couldn't help but ask, "Why did Finnick think the baby wasn't his?"

Vivian remembered that Mark was involved in her kidnapping as well, so Vivian cut things short. "Evelyn kidnapped me and even tried to get someone to rape me, but Benedict arrived just in time and saved me from that. I don't know what she said to Finnick, but he ended up believing that the child wasn't his and refused to let me keep it."

"That doesn't mean he should force you to get an abortion. He went too far!" Fabian said angrily. Why did Vivian have to face something like that? She didn't even do anything wrong!

Vivian felt even more detached from Finnick at the sound of Fabian's rage on her behalf. Even Fabian could understand how she felt, how could Finnick, of all people have done that to her? She still couldn't forgive him.

"W-what happened to the kid?" Fabian asked carefully, afraid of adding salt to Vivian's wounds.

"Well..." Vivian hesitated. She decided not to tell Fabian the truth. The less people who knew about Larry, the better.

“Benedict rushed me to the hospital in time so I didn’t suffer too much, but there was no way we could keep the baby after something like that.”

Vivian choked up slightly. She may have been lying about what happened, but her sorrow was in no way a farce.

“I’m sorry, Vivian, I didn’t mean to make you cry,” Fabian said tenderly at the sight of Vivian’s tears.

He wanted to help her dry her tears, but he was afraid that Vivian would think he was crossing his boundaries so he remained unmoving.

“It’s alright. It had nothing to do with you.” Vivian dried her tears with the back of her hand and tried her best to give him a smile.

At the sight of Vivian’s pained smile, Fabian started wishing she would just cry it out instead.

All he felt in the moment was his heart aching for Vivian. He had no idea what he could say to take her pain away. He settled on patting her on the shoulder softly, hoping it could give her some comfort.

The more he thought about what Vivian had told him, the weirder Fabian felt about everything.

He looked at Vivian who seemed to have calmed herself down. “Vivian, do you really think things are that simple?”

Fabian had never been on good terms with Finnick, but he knew his own nephew well enough. While Finnick could be quite an arrogant elitist, he wasn’t a bad person. Forcing someone to get an abortion didn’t sound like the kind of thing that he would do.

At the same time, he was a man after all. He more-or-less knew how forgiving another man could be for the woman he loved.

When Vivian got kidnapped by Ashley, Finnick had been willing to put his life on the line to save her. That clearly showed how important Vivian was to Finnick.

Why would Finnick force Vivian to get an abortion if that was the case? Besides, even if he didn't look that closely at everything, he still felt like there was something off about what had happened.

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Vivian was surprised by what Fabian said. "What do you mean?"

Mark was Fabian's father after all. Could it be he knew something I don't?

"I'm not exactly sure, but I do know that Finnick isn't someone who would do that," Fabian said seriously. "Besides, think about it. Evelyn purposely took that video at the café to frame you. Could it be that Evelyn is secretly pulling some tricks so you and Finnick would misunderstand each other?"

He wasn't exactly willing to speak up for Finnick, but since he had completely given up on getting together with Vivian again, he'd prefer for her to be happy rather than hold a grudge forever.

Vivian lowered her head as she thought about what Fabian said. Could it be that everything truly is Evelyn's doing and that it has nothing to do with Finnick after all?

"Vivian, have you talked to Finnick about this after coming back? There might really be a misunderstanding going on here," Fabian asked.

Vivian started doubting the situation even more after Fabian's speculations.

After returning to the country, she couldn't remember properly having a conversation with Finnick about what happened that year. Every time he tried to talk about it with her, she couldn't hold her anger back and they never ended on good terms. She had never properly listened to what he had to say.

Could it really be because of Evelyn? Now that she thought about it, she had been assuming that everything was Finnick's fault all along. She had never properly asked him about it.

But Noah had been the one who dragged her to get the abortion. If Finnick wasn't behind it, then why would Noah do something like that? Noah was Finnick's right-hand man after all. She could imagine anyone but Noah betraying Finnick.

She felt more confused than ever. Vivian was starting to get a headache. What exactly happened that year? It seemed like she would really have to talk things out with Finnick after all. If it was really nothing more than just a huge misunderstanding, she couldn't bear to imagine what she had missed out on all these years.

"I got it. I'll find time to talk to him. Thank you, Fabian," Vivian thanked Fabian sincerely. She could tell that Fabian was different from Mark. He actually cared for Vivian's wellbeing and was genuinely looking out for her.

"There's no need to thank me," Fabian said with a smile. Suddenly, his smile disappeared and was replaced by a solemn look. "Vivian, there's something that I think I should let you know."

"What is it?" Vivian asked in surprise. Is there something I actually don't know about?

Fabian thought it over and weighed the pros and cons of telling her. It had to do with his own father after all, but Vivian had all the right to know.

He gritted his teeth before saying, "Five years ago, just before you left the country, I caught my dad on a call with someone. It seemed suspicious and he brought up your name too. I wasn't paying attention, so I didn't think of telling you. Now that I thought about it, it does match up with the time that your situation took place. Could my father be in cahoots with Evelyn and tried to destroy your relationship with Finnick?"

He wasn't willing to think of his father that way. Mark was his father, but that was also the reason why Fabian knew him better than anyone.

Mark was completely capable of doing something like that. He had worked together with Ashley to hurt Vivian before, so it wasn't impossible for him to work together with Evelyn this time.

Vivian's expression darkened at Fabian's speculations and she stayed silent.

She didn't doubt him of course. Since Mark could work with Evelyn to kidnap her, it was highly likely that he was willing to do other things to hurt her. She just couldn't understand why they wanted to hurt her so badly. She had never even done anything wrong to them.

"Vivian, if this really has something to do with my father, I'd like to apologize on his behalf. I'm sorry for what he did," Fabian said, extremely embarrassed.

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Vivian cut him off before he could finish. "Fabian, you don't have to apologize. It's not your fault. Your dad and you are two separate entities. Our friendship has nothing to do with all that. Also, I want to thank you for telling me all this."

Vivian looked at him in gratitude. Fabian must genuinely care about her for him to willingly spill all this dirt about his own father.

"Fabian, if I remember correctly, you've never been on the best terms with Finnick. Why are you suddenly helping him?" Vivian asked curiously.

"I'm not helping him, I'm trying to help you," Fabian said sincerely. "I just want you to be happy."

That was enough to touch Vivian's heart. She knew there was no way anything would happen between her and Fabian again, but she was glad she hadn't given her heart to the wrong person all those years ago.

At least her first love had been someone decent.

The two of them sat in silence that was no longer awkward. Vivian could almost sense the warmth that encompassed them.

Being able to go back to being friends with someone you once loved and hated is probably for the best.

What happened to her and Finnick was probably the worst-case scenario: once lovers, now enemies.

The sky had begun to darken for a while now and the two of them decided to return to the hotel so they could join dinner with everyone else.

Vivian didn't expect to see an extremely familiar car parked in front of the hotel entrance when they returned.

At the sight of that dreadfully familiar car, Vivian felt as if all the blood in her body had turned to ice. She stopped in her tracks.

That was Finnick's car.

What a coincidence, Vivian couldn't help but marvel inwardly. I can't believe we're bumping into each other even at my classmates' gathering. What sort of twisted fate is this?

Vivian was planning on just walking off and pretending like she hadn't seen anything, but she remembered what Fabian said. What if we really did misunderstand each other?

There's no time like the present. She decided to confront Finnick today and ask him once and for all if he was the one who made Noah take her to the hospital for the abortion.

No matter what the answer was, she was willing to hear it personally from Finnick himself. Besides, she was already completely prepared for whatever he might say.

She stayed where she was. She knew that if the car had just reached, then Finnick would still be inside. He would be able to see her the moment he got off the car.

What's the truth? Did I actually misunderstand him? She would know the answer soon enough.

Vivian suddenly felt slightly nervous.

Fabian also recognized Finnick's car and stopped walking when he saw Vivian stopped in her tracks.

The door opened and Finnick saw Vivian standing right in front of him. A smile immediately appeared but froze halfway once he saw the person who was standing next to Vivian.

Fabian!

Why is she with Fabian? What are they doing in front of a hotel?

When Finnick saw how Vivian was standing still rather than turning to leave like she had before, he felt even angrier.

If Vivian was the only person in front of him, he would have been overjoyed. But now that he saw Fabian with her, he started wondering what her true intentions were.

Is Vivian trying to show me that she's still getting the attention she deserves? First Hunter, now Fabian. Who's next? How many men is she involved with?

If it was before, Finnick would immediately trust Vivian. But after having gone through so many years without seeing her, his possessiveness seemed to take a turn for the worse.

He couldn't control his rage and started walking toward Vivian. She's mine. I won't let any other man stand close to her!

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Vivian's heart started beating faster when Finnick started walking toward her. She was terrified about the fact that they really had misunderstood each other. She was afraid of being unprepared to meet him and that she wouldn't be able to handle the truth.

But no matter how afraid she was, Vivian stayed where she was and watched Finnick approach her rapidly.

"I have something to ask-" she started in a rare, gentle voice.

She hadn't even finished her sentence when she felt a tight grip around her wrist that pulled her a couple of steps away.

Vivian hadn't realized what was going on, but Fabian automatically reached out and grabbed her other wrist as if he was trying to 'save' her from Finnick.

Vivian felt like a paper doll being tugged from both sides, about to rip in half.

"Let go of her!" Finnick warned in a cold voice that contrasted against the fiery rage in his eyes. Is Fabian trying to win her back or something after so long? As if! Is Vivian really okay with dating any men as long as they aren't me?

"You're the one who should let her go!" Fabian said just as firmly. He was starting to regret speaking up for Finnick just now. Why'd I bothered to help at all when he's treating Vivian this violently?

The two men stayed put, neither willing to let go. It was as if they forgot they were holding onto Vivian.

“Let go of me, both of you!” Vivian yelled. Her wrists were starting to become numb from their strong grasp. “Let go! It hurts!”

Fabian quickly let go of Vivian’s wrist. Finnick, on the other hand, only relaxed his grip slightly.

Vivian immediately swung Finnick’s hand away. “What the hell? What’s your problem?”

“What’s my problem? Why are you and Fabian at a hotel alone?” Finnick asked Vivian angrily, no longer able to hold back.

Fabian quickly tried to explain to Finnick, “Finnick, it’s not what it looks like. Vivian and I-”

“Shut up!” Finnick glared at Fabian frostily. “Have you forgotten that I’m your uncle? How could you do such things to your own aunt?”

Fabian’s expression darkened at Finnick’s words and he was about to explain further when Vivian’s frustrated, embarrassed voice drowned him out.

“Finnick, what are you talking about? Also, I’m not his aunt anymore! The two of us are divorced, remember?”

“Are you that desperate to cut ties with me?” Finnick scoffed coldly. “I guess you really have changed. First Hunter and now Fabian. You’ve grown much better at seducing other men.”

“Jerk! Stop slandering me!” Vivian’s face was bright red from anger or embarrassment.

“You know better. Why are you and Fabian at a hotel alone?”

“That’s none of your business!” Vivian no longer felt like explaining. She was already furious enough to blurt out whatever she was thinking. “I’m not your wife anymore. I can go wherever I want with whoever I want. Who are you to judge?”

She couldn’t believe that she was willing to give Finnick the benefit of the doubt just now. She had even waited for him so she could ask about what happened that year, but now all of that seemed unnecessary.

Vivian couldn't help but slap herself inwardly. Did I actually feel a glimmer of hope when I saw him just now? What a joke. What did I expect? He already showed his true colors five years ago.

If he's willing to slander me at the mere sight of Fabian standing next to me, then it's entirely plausible that he was willing to go to that extreme to get rid of a child that he thought wasn't his own!

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"Finnick, this is my last warning. I'm not your wife anymore so mind your own business!" After yelling at Finnick, Vivian turned to walk into the hotel.

Fabian followed Vivian into the hotel. He wasn't feeling very good either. After all, Finnick had just yelled at him for no reason.

Finnick felt his heart ache at the sight of Vivian walking away from him.

Her words had struck him hard. So I'm just a complete stranger to her now, huh? She was even willing to argue with me in public for Fabian's sake!

Fine. Very well! Finnick's rage grew with each passing moment.

Not far behind, Noah was watching Finnick and Vivian's quarrel with regretful eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton had been so in love with each other that Noah had never gotten the chance to see them argue this way.

Everything is my fault, he thought. If I didn't do what I did all those years ago, they wouldn't have become practically enemies and fight whenever they met.

Noah felt like his heart was being chewed up and stepped on. He knew that if only he spoke up, the two of them might get back together like before. But he didn't have the guts to tell Finnick the truth about what happened then.

It was as if Evelyn's words had been branded into his mind with a red-hot iron. His job, his future, his reputation, and his parents were all among the reasons stopping him from telling them the truth.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. He apologized over and over inwardly. That was all he could do. Deep down, he knew no one would ever forgive him. After all, he couldn't even forgive himself.

Vivian no longer felt like interacting with anyone after the squabble she had with Finnick. Once she walked in, she immediately told Peggy and Fabian that she wanted to call it a night and go home early.

"Why are you going home so early? The party's just started," Peggy said with a pout.

After all, Peggy had bent over backward to convince Vivian to show up. She hadn't even managed to talk to Vivian that much and yet Vivian was already leaving?

"Peggy, to be honest, I feel terrible right now. Let's meet up another day, alright?"

"What happened? You were fine just now before going outside with Fabian." Peggy's eyes betrayed her anxiousness. "Did Fabian say something to you? If he dared to mess with you, he's going to have to deal with me!"

"No, this has nothing to do with him." Vivian quickly held Peggy back, who was already walking toward Fabian. "I don't feel like talking about it right now, so please stop asking, alright?"

Peggy felt her heart ache for her friend when she saw the pain on Vivian's face. "Okay, I'll stop asking."

Vivian nodded gratefully and rushed back to the Morrison residence.

Larry was already asleep by now. She collapsed on her bed the moment she stepped into her room. Her memories of her argument with Finnick only served to hurt her further.

You've grown much better at seducing other men. Vivian scoffed coldly. So that was all she was to Finnick now: a desperate, flirtatious harlequin.

Right as she was wallowing in her sorrow, someone knocked on her door. "Vivian, is that you? I want to talk to you about something."

It was Benedict's voice. Vivian quickly dabbed at her eyes and opened the door.

"What's up, Ben? I thought you were at work," Vivian said.

"You've been crying. What happened?" Benedict asked slightly angrily, having noticed Vivian's reddened eyes immediately.

"Nothing. I was just looking through Larry's old pictures and old memories kind of washed over me. I'm fine, Ben."