

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 631

After giving it some thought, Vivian finally agreed. "Fine. I'll call you tomorrow then."

"Alright." Hunter replied with a smile.

"Anyway, let's continue with the interview. I still have a few more questions for you." Vivian picked up the materials she brought with her.

After asking a few more questions, the interview came to an end. Vivian heaved a sigh of relief as the interview had come to a successful conclusion.

"Let me send you home," Hunter offered.

"It's alright. I can go back by myself, there's no need to trouble you," Vivian declined with a smile.

"Vivian, it's basic manners for a man to escort a lady home. Are you even going to deny me that opportunity?"

When Hunter put it that way, Vivian had no excuse to reject him. Given how direct he was, she would be making an unnecessary fuss by declining further.

"Fine then, sorry for the trouble." Vivian saw that the sky had begun to darken outside.

"There's no need to be a stranger with me," Hunter replied with a smile.

After waving to the waiter to get the bill, Hunter drove Vivian back to the Morrison residence.

As both of them chatted away in the car, Vivian was still on edge as she was worried Hunter would declare his feelings for her again.

However, when he didn't bring the matter up, it reinforced her belief that his earlier confession was likely made in jest.

"Thanks for sending me home," Vivian thanked him as she unbuckled her safety belt and prepared to alight.

"Wait," Hunter called out to her and brought out the roses and gift box. "Vivian, I have painstakingly chosen these and they represent my feelings toward you. So, please keep them."

"They're too expensive," Vivian declined at once. "I won't accept anything I don't deserve."

Well aware of how stubborn she can be, Hunter didn't push the matter further.

"I understand if you can't accept the necklace due to how expensive it is. But, I'm sure you have no excuse not to accept the flowers. If you don't like the beautiful flowers, I'll have no choice but to bin them.

"I..." Vivian felt conflicted by Hunter's words and had no excuse to turn down the flowers.

"Alright." She accepted them from Hunter with a smile. "Thank you."

"I already told you that you don't have to stand on ceremony with me."

After smiling politely, Vivian alighted while bidding farewell, "I'm going in. You should head back and be careful along the way."

Nodding in acknowledgment, Hunter turned the car around and left.

Looking at the bouquet of roses in her hand, Vivian sighed and felt as if she had a headache.

"Mommy, you're home!" The moment she entered, she saw Larry rushing over and throwing himself at her.

Kneeling to pick him up, Vivian kissed his face affectionately. "Did you finish the homework your teacher gave you?"

"I've finished them a long time ago," Larry replied as he looked at the bunch of roses Vivian was holding curiously. "Mommy, those flowers are beautiful. Did someone else give them to you?"

Wise beyond his age, Larry was well aware of what the roses meant and wondered if someone was pursuing his mommy. If that's true, what's going to happen to Daddy?

"You cheeky little pumpkin," Vivian couldn't help but smile while tapping on Larry's head. She then put the roses by the table without intending to answer his question.

After all, it was awkward to discuss such matters with her son.

"Wow, what did Ms. Booker cook today that smells so delicious? Let's wash our hands and get ready for dinner." Changing the subject, Vivian held Larry's hand as she led him to the dining table.

However, it wasn't going to be easy to throw him off. As he held onto Vivian's arm, he asked anxiously, "Mommy, tell me. Who gave you the flowers?"

"What flowers?" Benedict, who had just came out from the study, heard what Larry said as he descended the stairs.

After letting Vivian's arm go, Larry went to the table to pick up the flowers.

The big bouquet covered his entire face from view. Behind him, one could hear his excited yet anxious voice. "Uncle Benedict, look! Someone gave Mommy a bunch of roses."

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Quickening his pace, Benedict stared at the flowers in front of him. His gaze was filled with both delight and concern.

Delighted because Vivian had finally decided to open herself up emotionally given that she was willing to accept someone else's flowers. After all, it was considered a good start. However, he was worried that she might meet someone wrong and be hurt all over again.

"Vivian, who gave you the flowers?" Benedict asked the same question Larry did.

Shaking her head, Vivian explained, "I only accepted it because there was no way to decline. Ben, don't make too much out of it."

Despite what she said, it was the first time he saw her bringing back a bouquet of flowers after so many years. Hence, it was understandable for him to be concerned given how much he cares about his sister.

Having approached her, Benedict solemnly reminded, "Vivian, if you have really met someone, don't hold yourself back. Remember to seize the opportunity to find happiness. I'll be behind you in whatever you do."

"Mmm-hmm." Vivian nodded as she was touched by his words. "I know, Ben."

"Does the person who gave you the flowers really not have a chance?" Benedict probed. "Can you tell me who it is? After all, it's my duty as your brother to look out for you."

Vivian couldn't help but smile at Benedict's question. "Ben, I promise you that if I really meet someone suitable, I will give it a chance. However," she looked at the flowers Larry was holding and shook her head before adding, "this man doesn't stand a chance. Hence, there's no need to introduce him to you."

As it was now obvious she didn't fancy the person who gave her the flowers, Benedict felt disappointed. Nevertheless, he still maintained his gentle smile. "Since it's not a possibility, let's stop talking about it. Come, it's time for dinner."

Although he had hoped that Vivian would meet someone new, forget the bitter memories from her time with Finnick, and find her own happiness, he knew it wasn't something that could be rushed. Most importantly, she had to have feelings for that person.

After grunting in acknowledgment, Vivian was both moved and relieved.

She had a good idea of what Benedict was thinking about. However, she knew he would never force her to do something that she wasn't willing to do. He really cares a lot about me.

"Little pumpkin, put down the flowers. Let's go wash your hands," Vivian instructed as she turned to look at Larry.

"Okay." Putting the flowers back where he took them, Larry let out a long sigh with his back facing Vivian. Luckily, Mommy doesn't like the man who gave her the flowers. Or else, what's going to happen to Daddy?

As he ambled to Vivian's side, he obediently followed her to wash his hands. However, his expression was still filled with concern.

Although Mommy doesn't like the man who gave her the flowers, she is still very pretty and would definitely have other suitors sooner or later. If Mommy falls for someone else, wouldn't I then have a step-dad?

With that thought in mind, Larry shook his head vehemently. That can never happen! He didn't want a step-dad. Instead, he just wanted Daddy. Daddy is so awesome and only he is compatible with Mommy.

"What's wrong?" Vivian asked when she saw Larry shaking his head all of a sudden. Placing her hand on his forehead to check, she realized it wasn't hot. "Little pumpkin, are you feeling alright?"

"It's nothing. My neck was just itchy just now." Larry replied with a random excuse as his heart raced nervously.

Vivian suspected nothing as she gently slapped his neck. "Is it still itchy?"

"Not anymore." Larry answered.

"Let's go have dinner then." Vivian helped Larry dry his hands.

As Vivian carry him to the dining table, Larry resolved in his heart to find out the true reason Daddy and Mommy split up.

However, how am I going to go about doing it? He fell into another dilemma.

The next day, Vivian went to the office after dropping Larry off at school. Her appointment with Evelyn to watch the opera together was in the afternoon.

After leaving work at noon, she gave Hunter a call. She agreed to meet him in front of her office so that they could go to the opera house together.

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“Vivian, let’s go in my car.” Hunter arrived in less than half an hour and stopped Vivian from going toward her car.

When he saw Vivian hesitating, Hunter added, “If we drive our own cars, I’m afraid Evelyn won’t believe that we are going out with each other.”

After giving his words some thought, Vivian nodded and joined him in his car.

On the way to the opera house, Vivian looked out the window in a daze.

When Hunter saw her spacing out, he wondered if he should make some small talk but decided against it for fear that it would get on her nerves.

When they arrived at the opera house, Vivian’s gaze darkened at the sight of Evelyn who was waiting by the entrance.

No matter the reason for the invitation, she wasn’t going to allow Evelyn to get what she wanted.

When Evelyn saw Vivian and Hunter together, she couldn’t help but let out a triumphant smile. It seems Hunter has made good progress as Vivian seems to be into him. Hmph! She really is a fool.

“Vivian, Hunter, you’re here.” Evelyn greeted them with a smile.

“I hope I’m not imposing by coming uninvited,” Hunter responded with a smile while Vivian didn’t say a word.

“Of course not,” Evelyn replied with a grin. “I can understand when new couples just can’t have enough of each other. In fact, am I being the third wheel here by invading your privacy?”

Hunter only responded with a smile while Vivian didn’t respond at all. After all, the reason she came here with Hunter was to trick Evelyn into thinking that they were both an item.

When Vivian didn't reply, Evelyn assumed that she had implicitly agreed with what she said. Hence, she was further delighted that Vivian was playing into her hands.

"Alright, the opera is about to start. Let's go inside." Just as she spoke, Evelyn wheeled herself into the building while Vivian and Hunter followed behind.

Just when the three of them were about to enter, a man dashed out of nowhere and thrust a knife in Vivian's direction.

"Vivian!" When Hunter saw the man, his first reaction was to hug Vivian and use his body as a shield to protect her.

"Ah!" the crowd around them was shocked as screams began to ring out through the building. "My God! what's going on?" "Call the police!" "Run!"...

When the assassin realized he had stabbed the wrong person, he began to panic. Dropping his knife, he blended into the crowd and fled. Everyone was terrified by how vicious he was and no one dared to stop him. All they could do was watch as he disappeared from sight.

When she felt Hunter's head slumped on her shoulders and his body beginning to collapse, Vivian panicked. How did things turn out this way?

"Hunter, are you alright?" Vivian carefully supported him.

As Hunter's body began to weigh on her, she carefully lay him down onto the floor while letting his head rest on her shoulder, just when she was trembling all over.

When she saw the knife sticking out of Hunter's back and blood gushing out non-stop, Vivian was seized with fear. By God's grace, I hope that he is alright. Or else I will regret this for the rest of my life.

"Vivian, I..." A cold sweat broke out on Hunter's forehead as he tried to console Vivian, telling her not to worry nor be afraid.

The moment he spoke, he could feel the excruciating pain overwhelm him, forcing him to grit his teeth to endure the pain.

"Don't say another word. I'll call for an ambulance at once. Hang in there. You'll be alright." Just as she reassured him, she made the call with her trembling hands.

After reporting her location to the medical officer on duty, Vivian frantically watched as she saw Hunter losing consciousness. “Hunter, hang in there. The ambulance is coming. You have to stay with me. If anything happens to you, I will...”

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While she was speaking, tears were streaming down her cheeks.

“What will you do?” Hunter was dying to ask her. This was the first time since they met that he saw her so worried about him.

However, the pain radiating through his body prevented him from doing so. Nevertheless, he couldn’t help but feel a warm sensation envelope him. Given how worried she is, does it indicate that I mean something to her?

Holding that thought in mind, Hunter lost consciousness as he couldn’t endure the waves of pain emanating throughout his body. Just when everything was about to go dark, he could still faintly hear Vivian calling out his name.

Why am I filled with happiness in such a moment? That was the last thought he had before he fainted.

...

The moment he regained his consciousness, Hunter furrowed his eyebrows. The sharp pain in his back caused the memories of what had just happened to flood back into his mind. Am I in the hospital?

After struggling to open his eyes, he realized that he was indeed there. In that case, where’s Vivian? She must be terrified. She seemed to be choking before I lost consciousness. Was she crying?

Due to the location of his wound, he was lying face down on the bed. Hence, he was unable to see what was going on in the ward. He gently pushed himself to his side so that he could look around his surroundings.

"You're awake!" The moment he moved, he heard Vivian's delighted tone from behind. The next moment, she appeared before him looking all worried.

"How do you feel? Does it still hurt?" Vivian asked anxiously.

The doctor said that the wound wasn't deep and that he could be discharged after half a month's rest. Nevertheless, she was still concerned about him. Is he really alright after losing so much blood?

Shaking his head, Hunter tried his best to squeeze out a weak smile. "I... I'm fine."

When she heard Hunter's hoarse voice, she quickly dabbed a cotton bud with some water and applied it on his lips to moisten them.

"The doctor said that you can't drink for the time being. Hence, you have to supplement yourself with liquid this way." Vivian explained as she continued to feed him water. "He also said that you will be fine after resting for half a month. By then, your wound would have closed. Hence, there's no need for you to worry."

"All that matters is that you're safe," Hunter uttered softly as he watched Vivian meticulously wetting his lips. At that moment, his heart was filled with joy, to the extent that it even distracted him from the pain he felt.

Having heard Hunter's words, Vivian was stunned for a moment as her eyes flashed with complex emotions.

Putting down the cup and cotton bud, she asked Hunter, "Why did you shield me from the attack? Didn't you know how dangerous it was? If the wound was any deeper, your life would have been in danger."

"I wanted to protect you," Hunter replied in earnest. "Vivian, I won't ever allow you to come to any harm in front of me. As I said, I like you."

Having not taken his earlier confession seriously, Vivian finally realized that he was sincere in his feelings for her.

As her eyes begin to burn, Vivian felt an inexplicable sadness in her heart. Somehow, she didn't know how to face Hunter who was lying on the hospital bed.

Having been through so much, she realized more than anyone else how difficult it was to find someone true. However, it was fated for her to disappoint him.

Blinking her eyes, Vivian stood up and said, "Let's not talk about this. Instead, you should get some rest. I'll go check with the doctor to see if there's anything we should be mindful of."

"Mmm-hmm," Hunter responded with his eyes filled with disappointment. It seems she is avoiding the topic despite my confession.

After tucking Hunter in, Vivian left the ward. Hunter then closed his eyes as the few words he spoke just now had taken everything out of him. At that moment, the excruciating pain from his wound began to emanate throughout his body.

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After some time, Hunter suddenly opened his eyes. He was fully vigilant as he had heard the whirring of a wheelchair.

What is Evelyn doing here?

The moment she entered, her gaze met with Hunter's. She greeted him with an indifferent tone, "You're awake."

"Mmm-hmm," Hunter snorted in reply. When he noticed the probing look in her eyes, he knew that she was likely responsible for the assassination.

"Why did you take that blow for her?" Evelyn got straight to the point without an ounce of concern for Hunter's condition.

"Didn't you tell me to get close to her and gain her trust?" Hunter lied to Evelyn. So far, he hadn't gotten Evelyn to trust him enough to share with him her plans.

“Although I am a lot closer to Vivian now, she still doesn’t trust me fully. Now that I have taken a knife for her, she will no longer doubt my feelings for her.”

Having spoken too much, Hunter aggravated his wound, causing him to grimace in pain.

“But, aren’t you making too big a sacrifice for it? Is it even worth it?” Evelyn probed as she didn’t believe in Hunter’s words. She was even worried that he had fallen for Vivian.

“Sacrifices will always be needed in the pursuit of women. I have never failed to pursue anyone who I fancy. Vivian will also not be an exception.”

Just as he spoke, Hunter faked a melodramatic look at Evelyn.

“Furthermore, as you have given me this task, I will definitely complete it by hook or by crook. Getting a little injury in the process is no big deal.”

Having heard what Hunter said, Evelyn put her suspicions to rest. After all, the Hunter she knew was relentless in his pursuit of women.

Wheeling herself in front of Hunter, she looked at him coyly. “As long as you help me ruin Vivian, there might be a possibility that things work out between us.”

“Make sure you keep your word?” Hunter’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“Of course.” Evelyn smiled smugly to herself. Given the extreme lengths Hunter was willing to go to for her sake, she felt that her charm had not diminished one bit over the years.

When he saw that Evelyn could barely hide the smugness in her expression, he believed that she was taken in by his words.

Sprawling back down, Hunter’s face couldn’t help but grimace as the pain from the wound was indeed debilitating.

When she saw the suffering look on his face, Evelyn asked out of concern, “Are you alright? Does the wound hurt? Do you want me to get the doctor?”

This time, the concern she showed was sincere. After getting to know his thoughts, he had started to grow on her. This man really has good taste.

Between Vivian and me, any sane person would choose me, isn't it? But why of all people Finnick chose Vivian? What's so good about that wench? How can she even compare herself to me?

Holding that thought, Evelyn's eyes were filled with jealousy. That was the reason why she wanted Vivian to be disposed of as Vivian was a reminder of her failure.

At that moment, Hunter didn't notice the furious expression Evelyn had. Instead, he casually asked, "Did you plan Vivian's assassination today?"

Just as he spoke, he looked at Evelyn and tried to observe her every reaction.

Evelyn replied with a smirk, "It wasn't me."

Furrowing his eyebrows slightly, Hunter naturally didn't believe her. Other than her, who else hates Vivian to the extent of wanting to kill her?

"Who do you think is behind it?" Hunter probed as he continued to watch her.

"I don't know." Evelyn shook her head slightly before snorting, "Since she loves being the third party in the marriages of others, someone may be looking to exact revenge on her. Hmph! She should consider herself lucky that you saved her this time. Next time, I'm afraid that she wouldn't be so lucky."

As his eyes filled with resentment, Hunter regarded his own taste with disdain. The time he spent pursuing Evelyn during his university days was now considered a black mark on his life.