

Bye

Chapter 561 Vivian Is Dead

Vivian's POV:

On the beach, a tall figure of a man was slowly approaching me. When he got close enough, I was able to see who he was.

My stomach was in knots when I saw him, but I pretended to be calm. "It's you, Justin," I uttered as calmly as I could.

At this moment, Justin was standing only two steps away from me. "Your mother ordered me to take your life," he said in a cold tone that sent shivers down my back.

I just smiled in response. In all honesty, I had anticipated that this day would come. How could that woman let me go?

However, I did not expect that it would be this soon.

"Her days are numbered, and yet she wants me to die with her," I scoffed in disdain.

"Oh, she won't die."

Justin's eyes were cold and emotionless. It was as if he was looking at a corpse.

Without a hint of fear on my face, I raised my head and looked into his eyes. "You know she doesn't love you even though she sleeps with you, and she is only using you. Why do you risk your life working for her?"

I must admit, Justin's loyalty was impressive. He never said no to my mother, no matter what she had asked him to do.

"You and your mother are just the same. You're dying, and yet you're still stubborn. But unlike you, she has me. What about you? Spencer can't protect you now." Justin slowly made his way to me as he spoke.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him reach furtively for something.

The item glinted under the moonlight. It was a dagger.

Although I was scared shitless, I forced myself to be calm and composed. I slowly

took a step back, trying to buy time. "You're right. We're indeed the same. Like mother, like daughter, don't you think? She wanted my life, and I wanted hers. I admit I didn't expect she'd take action first."

Had I known this would happen, I would not have been so indecisive. Not only that, but I would also make sure not to get caught in this predicament.

Sadly, it was too late for regrets.

"Hmm. It's kind of her to keep you alive this long." Justin tightened his grip on the dagger, and malice flashed across his face.

"Oh, really? Are you saying I should thank her?" I crossed my arms over my chest and glanced over his shoulder. At last, my tense nerves gradually relaxed.

"Long time no see, Justin."

Justin's face froze. Without a word, he turned around and looked behind him.

Richard had brought his men to rescue me.

"How... how did you find me?" Justin stared at Richard and his men warily and

took a step back. He was outnumbered with no escape.

Seeing that he was distracted, I seized the opportunity to run towards Richard.

But after a few steps, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my back.

I lowered my head and found that the dagger had pierced through my body. Blood oozed out from my wound and dripped onto the sand.

It was excruciating that even breathing was painful and difficult. I could also taste and smell blood in my mouth.

The sea breeze blew past me, and its sound became farther by the second. Suddenly, my knees buckled, and I fell to the ground with a thud. I saw Spencer with a crutch, rushing toward me and calling my name. Although my strength was leaving me, I tried my best to keep my eyes open, wanting to see him for the last time.

My mind began to be hazy that I was not sure if I was still alive.

If I lived another day, I vowed to find a doctor to cure Spencer's leg, throw his crutch away, and watch him run like before.

Spencer's POV:

"Vivian!"

I jolted awake, beads of sweat trickling down my face. I sat up on the bed and grabbed the wrist of the person sitting beside me. ¹

"It's me, your mother," my mother complained discontentedly. Her face was dark and gloomy, most probably because of being mistaken for someone she did not like.

When I got ahold of myself, I loosed my grip and anxiously asked, "Where's Vivian?"

"She's dead." My mother threw the handkerchief aside and glared at me. "You only care about your wife. What about me, your mother?"

All of a sudden, my chest tightened, and I could not breathe. I did not hear what my mother was grumbling about as the word

"dead" kept echoing in my mind.

She was dead?

How come?

My heart felt as if someone stabbed it with a knife and rubbed salt into the wound.

I curled up on the bed in despair.

My mother suddenly stood up, held both of my shoulders, and said, "Snap out of it. She's fine."

I seemed to have woken in a trance. I pulled her hand and held it tightly. "Where is she now? If she's fine, why are you with me, not her?"

"I'm your mother. What's wrong with me taking care of you? She... she's taking care of your son," my mother assured me. For some reason, she sounded a little nervous.

I did not believe her, so I shook her hand off and looked around the room for my crutch.

My mother screamed and forcefully made me lie back down on the bed. "I told you she's fine. Lie down. I'll go out and find

her for you right away."

Without waiting for my response, she left the ward.

I lay on the bed, agitated and anxious.

I saw with my own eyes how Vivian fell in front of me. And at the time, I was unable to catch her because of my damn legs.

Would she be okay? Of course, she would be. The doctors would save her.

While I was lost in thought, two nurses came into my room to change my dressing.

"Have you heard that the patient who was rushed here last night is dying?" one of the nurses asked her colleague.

"Poor girl. She's still so young. She's dying, but nobody's there for her," the other remarked. ¹

"I also heard that she's an orphan."

"An orphan? Now she's even more pitiful."

The nurses were whispering to each other, but their voices were loud enough for me to hear.

Suddenly, I felt my blood rush to my head.

I felt dizzy and was on the verge of losing consciousness. I did not even notice when the two nurses had left.

With trembling hands, I pulled out the needle that the nurse had inserted, lifted the quilt, and struggled to get out of bed.

But because I was weak, my body hit the cold floor. I felt a sharp, stabbing pain in my shank, making me gasp and wince.

However, the pain in my leg meant nothing compared to the pain in my heart. Right now, I only had one thought in my mind and that was to find Vivian.

Where was she?

I wanted to see her.

Vivian was not an orphan. How could she be? She was my wife!

As the crutch was nowhere to be found, I could only drag my body with extreme difficulty.

A few moments later, I heard quick and heavy footsteps from outside.

"The patient in the ICU is coding. Hurry up!"

I stopped, lay on the floor, and thumped the floor with clenched fists. Tears also welled up in my eyes in grief.

"Vivian..."

The nurses exiting the opposite ward happened to see me, so they rushed to my aid and helped me up.

"Why were you on the floor? Don't you have any family who's taking care of you?" one of the nurses asked.

I grabbed her arm and asked in a trembling voice, "Did-did someone die just now?"

I was weak and in pain. And when I spoke, my voice cracked.

"Yes. It was so sad. The doctor couldn't save her." The two nurses shook their heads with regret and helped me walk to the bed.

My head was buzzing, and I could not think straight. It was not until I heard one of the nurses' voice that I came to my senses.

"Hey! You can stand by yourself now?"

I realized that the nurse had loosened her grip, but I was standing on my own. Although my legs were numb, I could feel them a little.

But what was the point? Vivian was dead. If she could see this scene, she would be overjoyed. After all, she said that it was her greatest wish to see me recover and stand up unaided.

"Spencer, you..."

At the same time, David and Charles walked into my ward, too excited to speak. The moment I saw their familiar faces, I broke into sobs. "Did... did something happen to Vivian?"

With a smile, David walked over to me and informed me, "Her operation was successful, but she's still in the ICU. Caroline just texted Charles that Vivian has woken up and will be transferred to the general ward once she passes the critical period." 2

"What? Can you repeat that?"

My mind went blank for a moment. And

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when I returned to my senses, I looked at the two nurses incredulously.

The face of one of the nurses lit up, and she hurriedly explained, "Oh! The person who died was not your wife but a little girl. She was rushed here last night as well." ²