

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 711 - 715

Why does she keep giving me the side dishes? She should be getting Vivian to try the braised pork! If she doesn't do that, my plan will be ruined.

"Evelyn, thank you for saving my life. When you were donating your bone marrow, you... you must have suffered. Does it hurt a lot?" As Rachel spoke, her eyes reddened, and her voice began to tremble.

"It's fine." Evelyn hurriedly took a piece of tissue and handed it to Rachel. "It doesn't hurt at all. Moreover, I should save you. I'm glad that you're much better now."

"How can it not hurt?" Rachel muttered as she dabbed her tears away. "I've asked the doctor, and the doctor told me that the donor for bone marrow will have to rest well for a few months. However, you've been taking care of me this entire time. Are you tired?"

Beside them, a bitter smile emerged on Vivian's face as she listened to Rachel's words. Evelyn's been taking care of her this entire time? Other than pretending to be pitiful, what has she done during her visits? I've been the one to wipe her body, buy her meals, and get water for her. Why is Evelyn suddenly the one who did the most work?

Meanwhile, Rachel continued, "Stay with me for a few days, Evelyn. I want to make sure that you'll rest and recover well. You're still young, and you can't walk. It'll be terrible if you're in poor health."

"I understand. I'll pay attention to my body. You've just recovered, and you need someone to take care of you too. I'll only be trouble if I stay here," Evelyn said with a smile, but in her mind, she was scoffing in disdain. Staying with her? Disgusting.

"What are you talking about? How can you be trouble to me?" Rachel uttered gravely. "You mustn't think that way. I'm more than willing to take care of you. I—"

At Rachel's adamant demeanor, Evelyn hastily changed the topic. "Vivian, why are you just eating the pasta? Why aren't you having any of the side dishes? Ms. Rachel's cooking is great."

Upon hearing Evelyn's words, Rachel turned toward Vivian. Only when she saw the apparent upset on Vivian's face, then did Rachel realize she had neglected her.

"Vivian, it must have been difficult for you to take care of me in the hospital in the past few days. Look at you. You're all skinny now. I've made your favorite braised pork, so have a try," Rachel said as she gave some to Vivian.

When Vivian realized Rachel was finally focusing on her, she did not know if she should feel happy or sad. All she could do was lift her head and squeeze out a smile at Rachel. "Thank you."

"There's no need to thank me. Hurry on and eat," Rachel answered, her frown relaxing.

"Evelyn, you too." Knowing that the two young women liked braised pork, Rachel did not eat any. Instead, she kept putting more and more pieces into Evelyn's plate. "Try it. Is it the same as what you had when you were a kid? It took me a long time to prepare this."

"No need, but thank you, Ms. Rachel." Evelyn quickly stopped her. "Ms. Rachel, have you forgotten that I withdrew my bone marrow a while ago? The doctor had told me to eat less oily food."

"That's right! How could I have forgotten it? How careless of me," Rachel cried out in a remorseful tone. My daughter has suffered for me, but I don't even know how to take care of her. "Evelyn, have more of the vegetables then. I'll take note of it the next time I cook."

Turning around, Rachel put the piece of meat into Vivian's plate instead. With a smile, she voiced, "Vivian, eat more, then."

As Vivian took the piece of meat up, she wondered what words could describe what she was feeling at that moment.

Maybe to Rachel, I'll always be second to Evelyn. But that doesn't matter. I've decided not to visit Rachel anymore. It's good that the two of them can get along. At the very least, she'll have someone to take care of her in the future. Those were the only words Vivian could use to console herself.

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She gazed fixedly at the fork in Vivian's hand, her eyes flickering with glee. Come on, hurry up and eat it! As long as Vivian swallowed those few pieces of braised pork, Evelyn's plan would be halfway to completion.

Vivian's fork was practically hovering next to her mouth. As she watched morsel after morsel of braised pork disappeared down her throat, Evelyn got so excited that she had to fight to keep a straight face.

You're dead this time, Vivian! I'll make sure no one will be able to rescue you!

After dinner, Vivian stood up and went to bid farewell to Rachel. At that moment, however, the loud ring of the doorbell pierced through the air. Is Finnick here? Vivian sucked in an anxious breath. Why had he arrived so early?

She walked over and opened the front door, feeling rather perplexed. To her surprise, however, it was Hunter who was standing by the doorway.

What the hell is he doing here?

"Hunter, what brings you here?" Vivian asked with an expression of shock on her face. How did he manage to find out Rachel's address? I don't recall ever telling him about it.

Noticing the commotion at the door, Evelyn wheeled herself over in her wheelchair. When she saw that it was Hunter, a pleasantly surprised smile appeared on her face. "Hunter, you're here!"

"Vivian, I was the one who told Hunter to come over. He was supposed to have dinner with us, but he didn't make it on time." Evelyn turned to look sweetly at Hunter. "You missed out on a great meal! We just cleared everything away. Didn't I tell you to come earlier?"

Seeing Evelyn's desperate attempts to seem chummy with him, Hunter's face clouded over ominously. He gazed at her without saying a word.

He finally tore his eyes away from her and turned to look at Vivian with concern. He scanned her up and down, looking slightly afraid that something might have happened to her.

Vivian seemed a little confused. "What's going on, Hunter? Why are you looking at me like that?"

“Nothing’s wrong.” Upon realizing that Vivian seemed perfectly alright, Hunter let out a quiet sigh of relief. “Have you eaten yet? Why don’t I send you home?”

Since she had already made plans with Finnick, however, Vivian waved his suggestion off. “That’s alright. I’ll make my way back by myself later. Do you want to come in for a bite?”

Before Hunter could reply, Evelyn jumped in and said, “Vivian, why don’t you let Hunter send you home? It isn’t safe for a girl to be out and about alone. Who knows what sort of trouble you might meet on the road?”

With that, Evelyn wheeled around in her wheelchair and went to fetch Vivian’s handbag from the living room. She returned to the door and practically shoved the bag into Vivian’s hands. “Don’t worry, Vivian, I’ll do my best to help Ms. Rachel. You should return home with Hunter first.”

Vivian didn’t sense anything wrong with Evelyn’s overwhelming enthusiasm. She thought Evelyn was only trying to make a match of her and Hunter again like she always did.

She didn’t feel like arguing with Evelyn. Besides, Vivian wanted to leave anyway. Hence, she took her handbag from Evelyn and turned to Hunter. “Wait here for a bit. Let’s go back together.”

Hunter nodded silently, and Vivian left for the kitchen to say goodbye to Rachel. After all, this could be the last time they ever saw each other.

She stood in the doorway of the kitchen, hesitatingly slightly. In the end, Vivian finally mustered up the courage to address Rachel by a title she hadn’t called her in a long time. “Mom,” she said, “a friend is here to pick me up. I’ll get going first.”

Hearing that, Rachel turned around and wiped her hands on her apron. She walked over to Vivian, her face full of worry. Vivian had a distinct feeling that Rachel had something to say to her.

“What’s wrong?” The look in Rachel’s eyes seemed familiar—it was the same look Hunter had in his eyes when he looked at her just now. Vivian felt a little perplexed. Why was everyone behaving so suspiciously around me today?

Rachel opened her mouth as though to say something but closed it again in the end. “It’s nothing,” she muttered. After a pause, she added, “Be careful on the way home.”

Now, Vivian knew for certain that Rachel was hiding something from her. Since the older woman seemed reluctant to tell her, however, Vivian didn't see a point in pressing her for details. "Take care of your health, then. I'll... I'll get going first."

Vivian choked up slightly while speaking. Unable to hold herself back, she threw herself forward and enveloped Rachel in a big hug.

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Farewell, Mom.

As she watched Vivian walk into the kitchen, Evelyn shot Hunter a dark and meaningful look across the doorway.

Seeing the shady smile on her face, Hunter had an ominous feeling in his heart. "What do you mean by calling me over here?" he hissed, sounding very wary indeed.

Evelyn shrugged, looking rather nonplussed. She wheeled herself back to the living room and replied blandly, "I called you here to pick Vivian up, of course. You have a crush on her, don't you? Since we've been friends for so many years, I decided to lend you a hand and create an opportunity for the two of you to get together. No need to thank me!"

Hearing that, Hunter felt even more suspicious. There was no way Evelyn could be so kind-hearted. He stalked towards her, intending to ask more questions, but Vivian chose to come out of the kitchen at that very moment.

"Hunter, let's go," she said. She didn't seem to notice the tense atmosphere that was hanging over the two of them.

Hunter shot one last look of consternation at Evelyn before he turned and left with Vivian without another word.

As she watched them leave, Evelyn's eyes were dancing with amusement. Hunter, you'll have to thank me this time! I've delivered the most amazing present right to your doorstep.

As they got into Hunter's car, Vivian suddenly realized that Finnick might come over later and find that she was gone. Hence, she sent him a text message and told him to wait for her at the Morrison residence.

She put her phone away and turned to Hunter. In a curious voice, she asked, "Hunter, did Evelyn really call you over to have lunch with us today?" She couldn't help but feel that Hunter was hiding something from her.

"Yes," Hunter said, nodding. "She sent me the address just now, told me that she was having lunch with you, and asked if I wanted to join. But you know how we got into that horrible fight the other day, right? I wanted to ignore her, but I was afraid that she might have done something horrible to you. I was so worried that I decided to drop by in the end."

Then, he shot a look of concern at Vivian. "You're feeling alright, aren't you? Did she do anything to you?"

Hearing that, Vivian felt a little warier. However, as she thought back on the events of the evening, she couldn't find anything suspicious about it.

"I'm alright. Honestly, Evelyn seemed pretty normal today. She's probably just persisting in trying to make a couple out of us again," Vivian said.

"Who cares what her motive is? It's enough that she hasn't done anything to you." Seeing that Vivian was fine, Hunter let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Vivian looked gratefully at Hunter. At the same time, she couldn't help but feel a little sorry towards him. He was truly concerned for her well-being, but she couldn't find it in herself to reciprocate his feelings.

"Thanks, Hunter," Vivian said in a very serious voice. "I'm very grateful that you're so concerned about me, but I'm afraid that I..."

"Well, you can at least see me as your friend, can't you?" Knowing what Vivian was about to say, Hunter cut her off immediately. He glanced at her and smiled. "Vivian, can't we stay friends, at least?"

"Oh, of course!" Vivian exclaimed immediately, feeling a little harried. "It's my honor to have you as my good friend."

"Then there's no need to say anything else. I already understand your intentions." A bittersweet smile appeared on Hunter's face—Vivian didn't reciprocate his romantic feelings, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He turned his head to concentrate on the road again. Vivian didn't know what to say to fill the awkward silence, so the atmosphere in the car became a little tense again.

As they sped along the road, Vivian suddenly felt her entire body heating up. Her throat felt a little parched, as though she hadn't drunk any water the entire day. At first, she didn't think much of it—perhaps the interior of the car was just a little stuffy, that's all.

As time passed, however, her body temperature soared to alarming degrees. She felt as though she had been placed in a slow-cooker.

Unable to bear it anymore, Vivian tugged irritably at her collar and frowned. What is going on? Had my past two days of exhaustion culminated in a fever?

Back at Rachel's house, Evelyn felt that there was no point in her staying anymore since Vivian had left.

She took out her phone and gave a call to her housemaid, ordering her to come to fetch her home this very minute.

Hearing that Vivian was going to go home soon, Rachel felt a little sorry. "Evelyn, you've been in poor health recently. Why don't you stay at my place for some time? I feel a little worried when I think about you living in that house alone."

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Now that Vivian and Finnick weren't here anymore, Evelyn felt that it was time to drop her affectionate act with Rachel. With an impatient look on her face, she snapped, "I'll take care of my health by myself, thanks. Stop hovering over me like a fly all the time."

"Evelyn, how could you say that?" Hearing Evelyn's scathing words, Rachel felt rather shocked. Just a few moments ago, Evelyn had been addressing her as Ms. Rachel in such an affectionate way. Why had her attitude towards her changed so suddenly?

Seeing the shocked expression on Rachel's face, a contemptuous smile appeared on Evelyn's face. Did this woman really think of herself as my mother? What a joke! Who does she think she is?

“Alright, that’s enough. I have something on later, so I’m going to leave now.” Evelyn was tired of looking at this annoying old hag. After spitting out that sentence cold, she wheeled herself around and tried to leave.

However, Rachel stuck out a hand to stop her. She walked in front of Evelyn and faced her with an apprehensive look on her face. She opened her mouth as though to say something, but she seemed to not know how to begin. The expression on her face looked rather uneasy.

“What do you want?” Evelyn asked impatiently, throwing a dirty look at her. Why does this woman have so many problems?

After hesitating for a long while, Rachel asked in a shaky voice, “Evelyn, what—what have you done to Vivian?”

She had kept an eye on Evelyn at the dinner table just now. When Vivian was eating the braised pork, Evelyn’s eyes had been shining with glee and self-satisfaction. Afterward, she had seemed more cheerful as well.

But why would she be so happy over Vivian eating a few slices of braised pork? Rachel couldn’t help but suspect that there was more to the matter than met the eye.

Besides, Evelyn had volunteered to help her make dinner that evening. An ominous feeling swept over Rachel. She prayed fervently that her worst fears wouldn’t come true.

Hearing that, Evelyn felt a little stunned. She hadn’t expected the woman to be so observant. Evelyn had done everything she could to make sure nobody would find out about her plan, but Rachel had uncovered her schemes in the end.

Evelyn fought to keep a straight face and said, “What the hell are you talking about? We were just having a nice meal together. How could you accuse me of doing something to her?”

“When Vivian was eating the braised pork, why did you look at her like that?” Rachel squatted down before Evelyn’s wheelchair and said urgently, “Evelyn, tell me the truth, please. Did you drug Vivian’s food? What are you trying to do to her?”

So that was when Rachel had begun suspecting me! Evelyn’s eyes narrowed with rancor as she gave up all pretense at once. “Yes, I did! I drugged her food. What, do you feel bad for that precious daughter of yours? Are you going to expose me because of her? Of course,

you would—you raised her since she was a child! You're still biased towards her even now, aren't you? Are you going to harm me because of her?"

Hearing Evelyn's confirmation, Rachel felt as though her heart had been ripped into shreds. How could Evelyn do something like this to Vivian again? "Evelyn, how could you say that? You're my biological daughter. How could I harm you?"

"Shut up! You aren't my mother at all!" Evelyn screamed, feeling even more agitated now. "If it wasn't because of you, do you think I would be like this today? Since you already decided to give me away to another person, why did you have to tell Vivian about it? Couldn't you have taken that secret to your grave, you stupid woman?"

Hearing Evelyn's harsh words, Rachel collapsed immediately. Tears rolled down her cheeks like a string of broken pearls.

"Evelyn, everything was my fault, alright? If you think it was unfair, you can take out your anger on me. But Vivian did nothing wrong. She's just a pitiful child like you—you can't take out your anger on her!"

"You still think she's faultless, don't you? She stole my beloved brother Ben away from me, not to mention Finnick, and the title of Ms. Morrison! She took everything from me, and I hate her for it! I hate her, do you understand me?" Evelyn screamed. "I want to take revenge on her. I want her to pay for what she did all those years ago. I want to let her know what happens to b*tches who steal from me!"

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"Evelyn, even if you have any grievances, please take them out on me! Please let Vivian go, she hasn't done anything wrong." Rachel grabbed hold of Evelyn's hand and begged her fervently.

"Let her off? Fat chance!" Evelyn gave Rachel a hard push, sending her sprawling onto the ground. Her eyes were glazed over with madness. "You can expose me for this if you want. I will never see you again in this life."

After shooting one last look of rancor at Rachel, she opened the door and left.

Rachel had just undergone an operation, and her body was still very weak. How could she recover from that shove by Evelyn? She lay sprawled on the ground, watching helplessly as Evelyn left.

“Oh, it’s my fault, it’s all my fault! God, I was the one who made those mistakes all those years ago. Why did you have to do this to the two children? You should’ve punished me instead!” As she watched Evelyn’s figure recede into the distance, Rachel cried on the ground.

As she cried, Rachel suddenly remembered something important. Vivian! I have to get to Vivian before something bad happened! Quickly, she sat up from the ground painfully and inched her way towards the telephone.

What sort of drugs had Evelyn put into Vivian’s food? Is she alright now? Rachel couldn’t help but blame herself—she should have told Vivian about her suspicions before she even stepped out of the front door.

She quickly found Vivian’s number and gave her a call, waiting anxiously for her to pick up. This child should’ve enjoyed a life of wealth and privilege, but Rachel had swapped her with Evelyn at birth. Vivian had suffered an impoverished childhood at Rachel’s side instead. If something had happened to her, Rachel would never be able to forgive herself.

“Pick up the phone, come on!” However, she only heard the deep hum of static followed by, “The number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please try again later.”

Vivian wasn’t picking up the phone at all. Had something really happened to her?

Here, Rachel was so anxious that she dissolved into another fit of tears. Hugging the telephone, she cried, “I’m sorry, Vivian, it’s all my fault! I brought all of this upon you. Nothing must happen to you, alright? I’m sorry, this is my fault, this is payback for my horrible sin all those years ago!”

In the car, Vivian continued to tug at her collar. Eventually, Hunter realized that something was wrong. “Vivian, is something wrong? Do you feel very hot?”

“Yes, I do.” Vivian nodded her head, her mind feeling a little foggy. The burning sensation within her was getting worse and clouding her judgment bit by bit. “I think I have a fever. My body is heating up quite alarmingly.”

Hearing that, Hunter, who was going to turn up the air-conditioner, stopped himself immediately. If Vivian was having a fever, she couldn't be in an air-conditioned environment.

With one hand on the steering wheel, Hunter stretched out another hand towards Vivian's forehead. Feeling the heat on her forehead, he felt a little shocked.

"Vivian, you're burning up. Try and endure it for a while more, okay? I'll find you a doctor immediately." With that, Hunter stepped down on the accelerator and sped off towards the Morrison residence.

When Hunter rested his hand on her forehead, Vivian felt a rush of coolness where he had touched her skin. The horrible sensation in her body practically vanished, and she felt so relieved that she nearly moaned. She wanted him to continue touching her and take away that uncomfortable feeling in her body.

Realizing how insane her thoughts were, Vivian held herself back immediately. No, I can't do that! How can I even think about something like that?

She tried to shake Hunter's hand off her forehead, but she discovered to her horror that there was no energy left in her body. Thankfully, Hunter removed his hand almost immediately.

However, as the cooling feeling disappeared from her body, the burning sensation returned with renewed vigor. She wanted to... Well, she didn't know what she wanted exactly, but she knew that she was feeling extremely uncomfortable. She wanted to let out a moan and wrap her arms around something... Anything...

She was hanging on to her sanity by a thread now. Biting down hard on her lips, she tried to prevent herself from making a single sound. Hunter was still around—she couldn't lose her composure around him. But what exactly is happening to me? I don't recall feeling like this the last time I had a fever.

The car finally screeched to a halt in front of the Morrison residence. Hunter let out a sigh of relief. "Vivian, we're home. I'll get a doctor for you immediately."