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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1003

"Greta, your cooking has improved a lot!" she praised with a warm grin.

Greta could barely conceal her delight. As far as she remembered, Vivian had never praised her before.

"No, no. I'm really happy that you have recovered," she replied enthusiastically. Vivian gave her another smile and resumed eating her food.

They used to eat together as a family of three, but Larry wasn't with them now. Vivian found that upsetting, but she had to consider Finnick's feelings. She was no longer hung up over Larry after what had happened.

Little pumpkin will always be my son even though he's dead. I won't forget him, ever.

Actually, Finnick wanted to tell her Larry was still alive, but he decided it would be better to inform her after he found Larry. It would be a bad idea to give her hope, only to end up disappointing her again.

The next morning, Vivian woke up before the sun rose. Her mind was too preoccupied for her to sleep well. As Finnick was still asleep, she snuck out of bed and headed to the washroom to wash herself up.

When she walked out, Finnick was not in bed. Vivian rubbed her eyes in disbelief. Am I seeing things? He was sleeping there a moment ago. Where is he now?

Soon, however, her question was answered. Finnick appeared behind her and gave her a morning hug. Vivian jumped in fright at his sudden appearance.

"Honey, why did you wake up this early? Are you seriously considering abandoning me?" Finnick queried, seemingly distressed. Vivian rolled her eyes and turned to look at him.

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“Then what should I do?”

“Bring me along.”

Vivian knew what he was planning. I can bring him along. After all, if Rachel is missing, he can help me find her.

“Let’s go,” she answered. They proceeded to make up their bed swiftly. As they had woken up too early, the housemaid hadn’t prepared breakfast yet. Hence, they had to take their breakfast outside.

Their breakfast was the usual French toast and milk.

As long as they were together, anything and everything would be delightful. In fact, even though they were having breakfast at a worn-down cafe, both of them were beaming merrily.

Finnick wiped off the breadcrumbs on her lips before paying for their meal. Instantly, Vivian wondered if Rachel had had her breakfast today.

“Finnick, should we buy some breakfast for her?” Finnick knew she was talking about Rachel, so he thought about it and responded, “She might not be in the hospital now. Plus, this is too heavy for her. If she’s in her ward, we’ll buy her something else.”

Vivian nodded approvingly. Sounds like a great idea. They entered his car and headed to the hospital.

It was past seven in the morning by now, so the street grew increasingly crowded. Vivian couldn’t help but sigh at the wonderful morning view and fresh air.

Her mood improved considerably as an exuberant vigor filled her entire being.

When they arrived at Rachel’s previous ward, the label still showed her name. That means Rachel was still here. After glancing at Finnick, Vivian knocked on the door and entered.

They saw Rachel lying on the bed with her eyes closed. When she heard the door opening, she opened her eyes abruptly. Clearly, their arrival startled her immensely as her eyes widened in disbelief.

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“Vivian! I-I thought you wouldn’t come anymore,” she uttered. Vivian found her reaction funny. Why? Am I that untrustworthy in her heart?

When Vivian asked that out loud, Rachel froze and stuttered helplessly. She then glanced at Finnick, seemingly hesitant to reveal her thoughts.

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Oh, she is hesitant because Finnick’s here. Realization dawned on Vivian. “Why don’t you buy us some food? I need to talk to her in private,” she told Finnick.

Finnick shot Rachel a warning look, signaling her to not try any funny tricks. Otherwise, he would definitely make her regret whatever she did.

Vivian gave him a reassuring nod to tell him she’d put her guard up. After Finnick walked out, Vivian sat on the couch and glanced at Rachel quizzically.

“Well, Finnick’s gone. What is it?”

She knew Rachel wanted to speak to her in private and sent Finnick out to buy breakfast. Rachel hadn’t had breakfast yet, so she must be starving. Why not make use of this opportunity to get her food while also talk with her?

“Since you stopped showing up, the hospital was about to kick me out when Noah stepped in. He told me about your condition. I thought you hadn’t recovered,” revealed Rachel honestly.

She thought Vivian was still ill, so Vivian’s arrival caught her by surprise.

I can’t believe Vivian recovered so quickly.

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Rachel initially suspected Noah had lied to her, but Vivian nodded in agreement. She fell silent and waited for Vivian's explanation.

"I wasn't doing well previously because of Larry's death until a doctor successfully treated me." Vivian provided a summary of the recent events.

Her voice was light, but Rachel could understand her anguish as she had a similar experience. Did Vivian really go crazy because of Larry's death?

Consumed with guilt, Rachel wondered if it was too late to reveal everything now. A heavy silence hung in the air. When Finnick came in, he placed the breakfast he bought for Rachel on the table and went to sit beside Vivian.

After Rachel finished her breakfast, they cleared up the mess. It was time to leave. Finnick didn't have much time to spare as he was busy at work. Thus, he needed to return to his company.

There was no way he would allow Vivian to stay here alone with Rachel. The latter might be sick, but one couldn't be too careful. After rising to his feet, Finnick cast a look at Vivian.

They gazed at each other silently for a few minutes in silent communication before Vivian stood up.

"Well, I'll get going now. You can call me if anything comes up. I'm still using the same number," Vivian reminded Rachel, who gave her a nod blankly.

When Vivian was about to leave, determination flitted across Rachel's face.

"Vivian."

"Is there anything else you need?"

Vivian slipped her hand into Finnick's and turned at her shoulder. Immediately, she noticed Rachel seemed grim. Does she feel unwell? She panicked and came to Rachel at once. Seeing Vivian's reaction, tears trickled down Rachel's cheeks.

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Vivian's anxiety heightened. Is the pain that unbearable? She hurriedly told Finnick to summon the doctor, but Rachel interrupted their conversation.

"Vivian, I've been keeping something from you," Rachel wiped her tears away and announced solemnly.

For the past few days, Rachel had been deep in thought. Vivian took care of her meticulously and spent far more time with her than her so-called daughter, so she felt really guilty.

I need to make things clear right now. Otherwise, if I die out of a sudden, there is no room for regrets. Rachel firmly met Vivian's anxious gaze.

"Actually, before Evelyn died, she entrusted Larry to me. She ordered me to kill Larry."

Hearing her words, Vivian squeezed her hands. Did she feel guilty for killing my little pumpkin because I was nice to her?

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