

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 641

As she was his ex, he couldn't bring himself to do something as cruel as that. Hence, he decided to let stay in a moment of weakness.

But now, he realized that he had shown her too much mercy. A vicious woman such as Evelyn didn't deserve his pity at all.

The moment he entered, Finnick could hear Evelyn scolding Mrs. Filder.

"Didn't I tell you that I prefer my food to be less salty? Why did you add in so much salt still? Are you trying to kill me? Do you even want to keep your job?"

Mrs. Filder hung her head in silence. This wasn't the first time it happened and Mrs. Filder was well aware that it had nothing to do with the food. It was just Evelyn venting her frustrations due to her bad mood.

Her experience told her that if she talked back, she would end up with an even worse reprimand. As long as she stayed silent and let Evelyn say her piece, the matter would just blow over quickly.

"She was hired by me, so it's not up to you to decide." Just went Mrs. Filder was almost in tears, a male voice rang out to her rescue.

"Mr. Norton, you're back!" Mrs. Filder exclaimed in joy the moment she looked up.

When Finnick was still living there, Evelyn would still treat the maids with respect just to maintain her facade. However, ever since he moved away, Evelyn suddenly turned into a different person. She would always nitpick and vent her frustrations on them.

At the rate it was going, she wasn't willing to continue working there no matter how much Finnick paid her.

"Why don't you head down first," Finnick instructed Mrs. Filder as he tried hard to suppress his anger.

"Right away." As if she had been pardoned, Mrs. Filder left quickly.

She hoped that Finnick would move back into the house. Or else, she was seriously considering quitting.

"Finnick, you're back!" Unconcerned with what had just happened, Evelyn wheeled herself happily toward Finnick.

Grabbing his hand, tears flowed down her cheeks while her voice sounded pitiful.

"Finnick, please don't leave me again. You have no idea how lonely it is to stay in such a huge house alone. I don't even have anyone to talk to. I have repented over my mistake, so can you forgive me?"

"Repented?" Finnick sneered at Evelyn's words. "Have you really repented?"

"Yes, I have." Evelyn nodded at once and raised her hand to swear, "I swear that I'll never do it again. So, why don't you move back in with me?"

Finnick looked at her swearing hand with contempt. She really isn't afraid of divine punishment.

"Fine, I promise you that I won't leave," Finnick gritted his teeth as he uttered every word. Staring at Evelyn, his eyes were filled with disdain.

However, Evelyn wasn't sensitive to his words. Instead, she asked in delight, "Really? You're really staying?"

"Of course, I'll be staying." As rage filled his eyes, he pushed Evelyn's hand away forcefully and raised his voice. "This time, you're the one who will be leaving!"

Pushed by Finnick, Evelyn collapsed to the ground together with her wheelchair. After struggling to gather herself, she looked at Finnick in disbelief, "You're chasing me out?"

"Evelyn, when will you stop with your charade? Do you think no one knows what you did?" Finnick questioned her angrily.

What did I do? Did he find out about me and Noah forcing Vivian to have an abortion? Evelyn panicked at once. Who told him that? Noah? That traitor!

“Finnick, don’t listen to Noah. He is just making wild accusations. I didn’t do any such thing!”

As Evelyn desperately defended herself, she crawled forward and grabbed onto Finnick. However, he pushed her away again.

“Why would Noah frame you for no reason?” Finnick roared. “Evelyn, I’ve warned you before not to harm Vivian, or else I will never forgive you. However, I never expected you to hire someone to assassinate her. Since you ignored my warning, I will not show you any mercy!”

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What assassination? Evelyn was confused by Finnick’s words. Despite his fury, it isn’t even about me forcing Vivian to get an abortion?

“Finnick, what are you talking about? I don’t understand.”

When he saw that she refused to admit it, Finnick’s anger was further inflamed. “Until now, you still think that I’m a fool! Tell me, was it you who hired someone to kill Vivian at the opera house?”

When she realized what it was about, Evelyn was suddenly filled with courage as she wasn’t responsible for it.

“It wasn’t me. Finnick, you can get someone to investigate. It really wasn’t my doing!” Evelyn retorted as the fear she previously had was gone.

As she was innocent, she wasn’t worried about Finnick investigating the matter.

“Do you still think that I’ll believe you? Who else can it be other than you?” Finnick wasn’t going to believe her anymore. “I had previously planned to let you go. But given how unrepentant you are, don’t blame me for being cruel.”

“I don’t know who it did either but I am definitely not involved.” For the first time, Evelyn felt as if whatever she said would fall on deaf ears.

"Finnick, have you gotten anyone to investigate the matter? Perhaps, that wench, Vivian, has offended someone else and they are retaliating against her? There's a possibility she did it just so that she could frame me, and make you think that I was responsible. That way, she can sow discord between the two of us. Finnick, you must get someone to find out the truth. This really has got nothing to do with me..."

"Shut up!" Finnick interrupted her as he could no longer stand her protests. The veins by his temples were already throbbing. "Until now, you insist on blaming Vivian still. There's no hope for you. Mrs. Filder!"

Finnick called for the maid.

She was in her room observing what was going on outside. Now that she heard her name being called, she walked out immediately.

"Mr. Norton, what is it?" Mrs. Filder asked in a trembling voice when she saw how furious Finnick was.

"Gather the others and kick Evelyn out of the house!" Finnick pointed at Evelyn.

"Huh?" Mrs. Filder looked up in shock. Over the years, they had always treated Evelyn as the lady of the house. And now, they were surprised that Finnick wanted her to be kicked out.

"Finnick, how can you do this to me? I don't even have any family. Where do you want me to go?" Before Mrs. Filder could react, Evelyn collapsed in tears and bawled miserably.

"I swear... I swear that this has nothing to do with me. If I'm lying, may God then punish me."

Just as Evelyn spoke, a thundering rumble was heard outside. The previously clear sky was suddenly raining heavily.

As lightning streaked across the sky, it illuminated Evelyn's ashen face. All she could do was curse at the timing of the thunderstorm.

"Evelyn, even God is peeved with you. What else do you have to say for yourself?" Finnick didn't really believe in divine punishment, but he couldn't ignore the momentary coincidence.

As he had run out of patience with Evelyn, Finnick stormed out of the house and ordered, "Mrs. Filder, if I still see Evelyn at home when I return, you will have to leave together with her."

After working there for such a long time, Mrs. Filder had never seen Finnick this angry before. Hence, she understood the gravity of his words.

Filled with thoughts of how Evelyn mistreated her, Mrs. Filder steeled her heart. She walked toward Evelyn and pushed her out of the house in her wheelchair.

"You stupid maid! How dare you do this to me!" Evelyn shrieked. However, due to her pampered lifestyle, there was no way she could struggle against Mrs. Filder who was a lot stronger from the years of hard chores.

Ignoring Evelyn's tirade, Mrs. Filder locked the door behind her after leaving Evelyn outside. Realizing that she no longer needed to serve Evelyn, Mrs. Filder was filled with a sense of inexplicable smugness.

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Evelyn was fully drenched in no time under the pouring rain. Right when she was about to knock on the door, she noticed Finnick's car driving past her.

"Finnick, I have no involvement in this matter! You must believe me! It really wasn't me!" Evelyn yelled at the top of her voice.

Noticing that she was soaked to the bones, Noah slowed down the car and glanced at Finnick through the rearview mirror in hesitance. "Mr. Norton, do we ignore her?"

"Just drive," Finnick said with his head lowered, unperturbed.

Hearing that, Noah heaved a sigh of relief. He accelerated the car, determined to make a clean break with the woman. She only has herself to blame!

Evelyn felt thoroughly hopeless as she watched the car speed away.

What do I do? Finnick truly doesn't want me anymore. Without the Morrisons, Finnick, and my legs, I have nothing left. How am I supposed to live?

Sitting in the middle of the downpour, Evelyn had no idea where she could go to seek refuge.

How did things get to this point? I'd schemed for so many years. How could I end up in such a pathetic state with nowhere to turn to? Where did it go wrong?

Hurriedly searching through her brains for anyone she could turn to, Evelyn's eyes eventually lit up with a sliver of hope. That's right! There's still Rachel William. She'll definitely help me!

She wheeled herself around in her wheelchair and found a pavilion in the neighborhood to seek temporary shelter from the rain. Wiping the raindrops from her face, she pulled out her phone from her pocket. Fortunately, the device managed to remain dry and functional.

She scrolled through her list of saved contacts and found Rachel William, immediately dialing it. For the first time, she hoped desperately that the person she used to despise so much would pick up her call.

At the same moment, Vivian happened to be in Rachel's ward. She had gone to see Hunter Yates earlier and decided to visit Rachel when she passed by the hospital on the way.

"How's the preparation for the surgery? When is it scheduled for?" Vivian asked in concern about Rachel's condition.

Rachel patted the back of Vivian's hand with a comforting smile. "The check-ups are more or less done. Don't worry. The doctor said I should be ready for surgery at the end of the month."

All these years, she had lived with the mentality of living one day at a time. Now that a hope to live was within her grasp—one that was given to her by her daughter—she was naturally exhilarated.

"It's great that Evelyn has agreed to save you." Vivian felt much better seeing Rachel's smile.

No matter what, it was still a piece of good news. Rachel had raised her since birth. She naturally wished for her to be able to live as long as possible.

At the mention of Evelyn, Rachel was full of joy. The smile on her face deepened. "Yeah. That child, Evelyn, still regards me as her mother in her heart. She wouldn't let me suffer."

Vivian couldn't help feeling dejected when she heard Rachel speaking in a pampering tone. She forced a smile in response and lowered her head. In the eyes of Rachel, Evelyn would always be the best.

"I'll pour you a glass of water." Vivian turned to walk toward the water dispenser. Taking the opportunity, she discreetly wiped at her eyes. Even though she'd long accepted that fact, her heart would still feel sour regardless.

As Rachel stared at Vivian's back view, she abruptly recalled something. "Vivian, I saw the news yesterday. You ran into a thug at the entrance of the opera house and even got injured. What exactly happened?"

Hearing that, Vivian's movements paused. An uninhibited thought surfaced in her head. She wanted to know if she could still measure up to Evelyn in Rachel's heart.

Passing the glass of water to Rachel, Vivian took a seat and said, "That afternoon, Evelyn invited me to the opera house to watch opera. I agreed, but I never expected something like that to happen to me. Thankfully, a friend of mine blocked the knife for me. Otherwise, I would be the one lying in the hospital bed right now."

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Rachel's face turned frigid after listening to Vivian's words. "Do you mean to say it was all planned by Evelyn?"

"It was her who invited me to the opera house. Other than her, there's no one else I can think of," Vivian answered straightforwardly.

"That's impossible. Evelyn is a kind-hearted person. How could she possibly orchestrate such a thing?" Rachel raised her voice and said, "Vivian, did you misunderstand something?"

You can't unjustly accuse Evelyn without proof. I firmly believe she wouldn't do something like that."

"How am I unjust?" Vivian's gaze turned agitated. "It's not the first time she's done something like that. Five years ago, she kidnapped me and arranged for others to humiliate me. She had already confessed to doing so!"

Rachel's face fell. "But you can't blame it on Evelyn simply because she'd made a mistake in the past. It's been a long time. You didn't suffer much anyway. You shouldn't hold a grudge to it anymore."

Vivian couldn't conceal her disappointment as she stared at Rachel stiffly. Is our bond of over two decades this unworthy that she felt nothing for my plight?

Noticing Vivian's sorrowful gaze, Rachel knew what she said was unfair. "Vivian," she said in a coaxing voice, holding onto Vivian's hand, "Evelyn was insensible back then. What she did was indeed somewhat out of line. I'll apologize on her behalf. Will you forgive her this once and stop holding her accountable for it?"

Vivian let out a bitter chuckle. Somewhat out of line? Not only did Evelyn orchestrate her kidnapping, but she also caused her to divorce Finnick and fled abroad for five years while she was pregnant. Larry had to grow up without a father. These were all unforgivable matters in her heart, yet Rachel made it sound like they weren't even worth mentioning.

"I got it," Vivian said in a low voice. She refused to say anything else, for she knew it was meaningless.

Hearing Vivian's response, Rachel grinned in contentment. "That's right. You and Evelyn are both my daughters. It's only right to love and care for each other. Vivian, Evelyn has a mind of a child and is handicapped. You should give in to her a little. Don't fuss over minor matters with her."

Vivian hummed, too emotionally drained to even feel upset about it.

She had already made up her mind. As soon as Rachel got better, she would have returned the favor of her upbringing. She was prepared to let their two decades of kinship come to an end by then and stop visiting her in the future.

"Furthermore, Evelyn—" Before she could exhort Vivian to show more concern for Evelyn, her phone rang, interrupting her.

She whipped out her phone and saw the display flashing Evelyn's name. She took no time to accept the call, smiling from the bottom of her eyes.

Vivian smiled bitterly on the inside. Witnessing how blissful Rachel was from a mere phone call from Evelyn. Her years of concern for her felt ludicrous.

Unexpectedly, Rachel's expression turned sullen in a blink of an eye. Her voice became anxious as she said, "Don't cry, Evelyn. Tell me, what happened?"

Vivian couldn't hear what Evelyn was saying through the phone. All she could see was Rachel's tears dripping like tap water, her gaze filled with distress.

"Evelyn, stay there! I'll go pick you up right now. Wait for me!"

Having hung up the call, Rachel hurriedly got off the bed in an attempt to get to the door. To her dismay, she hadn't balanced herself well and immediately fell to the floor.

Vivian rushed up to help her up. "What's the matter with Evelyn?"

"Evelyn said she was chased out by Finnick with nowhere to go. I have to go pick her up," Rachel cried. She pulled herself up onto her feet with the sole goal of getting to Evelyn.

It was raining cats and dogs out there, and Rachel was in a fragile state. She was supposed to undergo surgery soon. How could Vivian possibly let her leave?