

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 645

Rachel shoved Vivian's arm away before the latter could say a word. "Don't stop me! It's raining so heavily outside. Evelyn's unable to walk! Who knows if she's drenched? I must get to my pitiful daughter right away!"

At that point, Vivian was no longer bothered about Rachel's prejudiced behavior. She tugged at Rachel once again and said quickly, "Your body's unwell. Even if you get there, you might not be able to take her back. Tell me where she is. I'll go."

Recalling that Evelyn said she was outside the Norton family's villa, she relented. After all, Vivian had once lived there and would certainly be more familiar with the area than she would. She grabbed Vivian's hand and cried, "Evelyn said she's outside the Norton family's villa. Vivian, you know the place better than I do. You must promise me to bring her back!"

"I know, I know," Vivian answered anxiously. "Stop crying. I promise you. I'll bring her back in one piece."

"Ignore me. Just hurry up and go!" Rachel pushed Vivian out of the ward as she spoke. "Go pick her up quickly! The longer you take, the more she'll have to suffer."

"All right, I got it. Stay in the hospital and don't go anywhere," Vivian instructed worriedly. She left hurriedly as soon as she took her bag from the ward.

"Vivian! You must bring Evelyn back safely!" Hearing Rachel's guttural yell from behind, she tolerated the bitterness and never turned around.

As she drove to Finnick's villa, she tried to process what she heard earlier. Why would Evelyn be chased out by Finnick? Did he find out that she tried to assassinate me? If that's the case, then the trap I designed for Evelyn seems to have begun working.

Vivian sped up the car, unwilling to think any further. She had never once wanted to see Evelyn as eager as she did then.

Her heart welled up with mixed feelings when she neared Finnick's villa and recognized the scenery she was once so familiar with. Her mind couldn't help but flash with images of the times she used to live there.

Shaking her head, she told herself that it wasn't the time to be reminiscing and focused solely on searching for Evelyn.

There! After driving in circles for a while, she finally spotted Evelyn—who seemed to have fainted—in a pavilion.

She quickly found a spot nearby to park her car and ran in the rain toward the pavilion. There, she was greeted by the sight of a fully drenched, unconscious Evelyn. She looked to be in terrible shape.

Vivian smirked, her heart feeling ironically carefree. She must have never expected to end up in such a pathetic state back when she was scheming against me. It's never too late for revenge. The pain you caused me, I'll be sure to give them back to you!

Vivian had to exert quite a bit of effort to carry the unconscious Evelyn to her car. She took her to one of the Morrisons' smaller condominiums and called for Ms. Booker, a housemaid she trusted, to take care of her.

"Get her changed," she instructed Ms. Booker before heading toward the bathroom for a shower. Her sweat had mixed with the rain earlier, causing her to feel exceptionally uncomfortable.

When she came out of the shower, Evelyn had already been changed. Seeing Vivian, Ms. Booker asked respectfully, "Miss, is there anything else you need?"

"Make some soup."

"Yes," the housemaid said before she left the room.

Vivian clutched her own hands tightly. She was coldly scrutinizing Evelyn as the latter lay on the bed. Did she think she was cruel? No, not at all. She was merely treating Evelyn the way she was once treated. To show compassion to one's enemy was the worst mistake anyone could make. Vivian had understood the meaning behind those words a long time ago.

This is her karma! I must never be sympathetic to her!

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Perhaps due to Vivian's cold gaze, Evelyn slowly fluttered her eyes open. She was momentarily puzzled, having no clue where she was.

Did Rachel bring me here? She recalled making a call to Rachel before she fell unconscious. Thinking about that, she sat up and scoped around for Rachel's presence. To her surprise, the person in the room turned out to be Vivian instead.

Evelyn broke down in an instant when all her memories returned at once. She screamed at Vivian, "What are you doing here! Where is this place!"

"This is one of the Morrisons' condominiums. I brought you here," Vivian composed herself and said in a calm voice. It was not the time for her to fall out with Evelyn yet.

To implement her plan successfully, she had to make Evelyn believe she was still the gullible, naive Vivian William she used to be.

"I doubt you'd be so benevolent! If it weren't for you, would I have ended up in such a state? What exactly do you want?"

The memory of Finnick throwing her out replayed continuously in her head. The mere realization of that drove her insane. How could she remember that she was supposed to act like a good person in front of Vivian?

"It's your mother who wanted me to pick you up from Finnick's villa," Vivian explained patiently. "She asked me to take good care of you."

Hearing that, Evelyn began to calm down, but her gaze remained suspicious as she stared at Vivian. "It's Rachel William who made you come?"

Did she not orchestrate the events at the opera house? If it weren't her, then it was truly way too coincidental.

"Mm," Vivian hummed in response with her head lowered. "Didn't you once say we're friends? Even if Mom didn't ask that of me, I wouldn't turn my back on you either." Despite speaking against her will, her face maintained a sincere expression.

Apparently, having dealt with Evelyn for so long had helped cultivated her acting skills.

“You may stay here for the time being. It’s inconvenient for you to move around, so I’ve found a housemaid to take care of you. As for Finnick, don’t worry, I’ll put in a good word for you.

Seeing how well Vivian was taking care of her, Evelyn couldn’t help but be dubious of her intention. Is she truly doing this with no other motives? Logically speaking, she has no reason to be this kind to me.

Knowing it wouldn’t be so easy for Evelyn to believe her, she added, “The bone marrow transplant can be done at the end of the month. You must take care of yourself in the meantime.”

So it’s because of that. Evelyn sneered on the inside. No wonder Rachel sounded so anxious on the phone. Turns out, it wasn’t because she was worried for me, but her life! I knew that vile woman wasn’t this kind-hearted. But since they’re the ones who need something from me right now, I might as well make use of this opportunity. There’s nowhere for me to go anyway. Since they want to help, I’ll take advantage of it then.

Noticing Evelyn visibly relaxing, Vivian was aware the former had dropped her guard toward her. It seemed her analysis was spot on. To convince someone like Evelyn, one had to adjust themselves to their way of thinking.

Having figured out why Vivian would help her, Evelyn couldn’t help but think she was still as stupid as she was five years ago. Rachel William is merely her adopted mother. Is there a need to come to such an extent?

Although she thought that way, she didn’t dare to say them. After all, she still needed to depend on Vivian.

“Thank you for treating me as a friend, Vivian. Thank you for being there when I needed you. I’m sorry for everything in the past. I was immature. It was all my fault. I’m truly sorry,” Evelyn choked out. Her eyes even managed to squeeze out several drops of tears. “Vivian, I’m really sorry. Will you give me a chance to make it up to you?”

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How versatile she was. It took no time for her to interchange between screaming at me like a shrew to pleading for forgiveness. Vivian sneered in her heart but continued to put up the pretense with her on the surface. "It's all in the past. Let's pretend that none of it ever happened and never mention them again."

"All right. I won't bring it up again." Evelyn pretended to wipe her tears. "Vivian, will you really help me talk to Finnick?"

"What conflict were the both of you having? Finnick—" Vivian deliberately glanced at Evelyn as if she was in a dilemma. "Why did he chase you out? You have to tell me in detail so I can help you."

"Finnick assumed I was the one behind the incident at the opera house," Evelyn said aggrievedly. She only dared to say it because it truly had nothing to do with her.

"How could it be?" Vivian pretended to be shocked.

"Vivian, you have to believe me. It wasn't me! Please don't misunderstand me as Finnick did. You can get someone to investigate it," Evelyn explained, anxiously clutching onto Vivian's hands.

"I believe you." Vivian nodded after a glance at Evelyn. "Don't fret. I'll go explain to Finnick that it has nothing to do with you."

Evelyn was stunned. She believed me so easily? What an idiot. But it didn't seem so wrong when she thought about it again. After all, it was true that she had nothing to do with the matter.

"I have something on. Hence, I won't stay any longer. I thought you'd be hungry after you wake up, so I've already told Ms. Booker to make you some soup. Remember to drink some so you'll feel better." Vivian sounded entirely like how a best friend should.

Seeing Vivian that way, Evelyn only despised her even more. A simple-minded person like her can never succeed in life!

"All right. You can leave if you have to. I'll drink the soup later," Evelyn said, pretending to sound moved. "Vivian, I'm truly grateful toward you."

"Don't be. Rest well. I'll be on my way." Vivian smiled and waved in farewell before turning around to leave the room. As soon as the door closed with a soft click, her face instantly turned cold.

She walked to the kitchen and saw Ms. Booker focused on making soup. Despite the fragrant smell permeating her nose, her mood failed to take a better turn.

Noticing Vivian, the housemaid hurriedly wiped her hands on her apron and respectfully approached her. "Miss, do you have any instructions?" she asked.

"Please keep watch of Evelyn from now on. Report her every move to me," Vivian ordered, her tone as cold as ice.

To prevent Evelyn from harming Larry or herself, she needed to keep Evelyn in the palms of her hands. Moreover, Rachel would be undergoing surgery soon. She had to make sure Evelyn wouldn't pull out last minute or else, everything would be in vain.

Therefore, it was best to place Evelyn in an area where she had control and have her under her surveillance.

"Yes," Ms. Booker said. She had been with the Morrison family for several years and understood that it wasn't her place to question things.

"Take the soup to her when it's ready. You have to be careful. Don't let her find out anything," Vivian said worriedly.

"I understand, Miss," the housemaid answered seriously.

"Thank you for your hard work." Having said that, Vivian left the condominium.

She gave Rachel a call immediately after and informed her of Evelyn's whereabouts.

"Is Evelyn all right? Was she injured?" Rachel questioned anxiously.

With an expressionless face, Vivian said in a mild voice, "She's all right. She's resting now."

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