

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 744

Romance / By [Online Novel Book](#)

With that, Vivian spun on her heels and left. Tears welled up in her eyes. She wanted to give Larry a family, but it was really difficult to let go of the past.

Noah stood there silently as Vivian stalked away. He could sense her anguish.

Silently, he chided himself. Mrs. Norton has never blamed me for that incident. But I'm a coward for not telling her the truth. Mr. and Mrs. Norton led separate lives for years even though they still love each other because of me. This won't do!

Guilt consumed his entire being. As his hands clenched into fists, Noah decided to reveal the truth this time.

Vivian plopped down onto a bench in exhaustion. Noah's sudden appearance reminded her of the terrible past. She couldn't help but reconsider her current relationship with Finnick.

She had already decided to accept Finnick to give Larry the perfect family. After all, Larry obviously wanted a father, and Finnick was courting her again. There was no need to dwell on the past.

However, the moment she bumped into Noah, she realized she had overestimated herself. The past incident had left a thorn in her heart. On normal days, she could ignore it, but once something triggered it, the excruciating pain would attack her once again. It was too unbearable.

If I end up with Finnick again, can I forget everything and live happily after going back and living with him? She questioned herself.

However, she wasn't sure of it as there was no guarantee. Besides, if they split up in the future, it would bring more harm to Larry.

Vivian took a deep breath and exhaled sharply. Her mind was in a muddle.

Forget it. She shook her head. There's no need to ponder over it. Nothing will come out of it, anyway. I should talk to Finnick to sort things out before coming up with a decision.

Rising to her feet, she went to the ward to see if Evelyn had regained consciousness. At the door, she heard Evelyn's voice rang out. Hmm? Is she talking to someone else?

Curious, Vivian stopped outside and saw Finnick standing in front of Evelyn's bed with his back to her. Evelyn was wailing and begging for his forgiveness.

"I'm really sorry for what I did back then, Finnick. Please forgive me this once, alright? Please! I promise I'll never repeat my mistake again," pleaded Evelyn as she tugged on his sleeves pitifully.

Finnick shoved her away as disdain flashed across his face. "Evelyn, I never expected you to be involved in my kidnapping. Do you really think I can forgive you? Hell, no! If you weren't hurt, I would've sent you to jail!"

"No! How could you do this to me?" Evelyn gripped the railing on her bed and howled. "I know I was wrong. I acted rashly back then. But, I did it for my family! I couldn't stand aside and do nothing as my family collapse, could I?"

"So you did nothing and watch as me descending into hell?" Finnick burst out angrily. The hatred in his voice was evident.

He felt like a fool when he found out the truth after so many years. Back then, he thought Evelyn's death was all his fault. If he hadn't brought her to the countryside to let some steam off, his beloved wouldn't have lost her life at a young age.

Finnick was wrecked with guilt and despair. The incident tormented him so badly to the point he couldn't sleep at night. When he closed his eyes, the picture of Evelyn's figure, struggling and yelling in the fire, would haunt his dreams. During the sleepless nights, he'd hug his pillow tight, sobbing and muttering his apology sorrowfully. He felt so remorseful for not being able to protect her. After all, he thought he had caused her death.