

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 797

"Morning, Joshua." Evelyn needed more money, so she could only suck up to Joshua and shamelessly cling to him like she was his woman.

Only then could she achieve her ultimate goal.

"Mm." Joshua felt slightly irritated by Evelyn's intimate way of calling him.

Despite that, he responded to her greeting.

"We should get up now." Joshua rolled out of bed for fear that his brother might find out that he had slept with Evelyn. If that happened, he would never hear the end of it.

To his consternation, his fears came true.

Just when Evelyn was about to insist on staying, Henry's voice reached her ears.

"Please, don't trouble yourself with getting up. You had the guts to do this, yet, you're too scared to let me know about it?" Henry barged into the room and glared at his younger brother.

"Henry." Joshua was nonplussed as to how his brother found out about his shenanigans during the previous night.

Although he was curious, the most important thing at the moment was to disassociate himself from the matter altogether.

"It wasn't me, Henry. She was the one who seduced me." All of Joshua's pocket money was given by Henry, and the former would be left with nothing if his brother decided to cut him off.

Hence, worried that Henry would get mad, he blamed everything on Evelyn instead.

But Evelyn was no pushover; she would never stand by and allow Joshua to slander her like this.

“No, Henry. I didn’t seduce him,” Evelyn contradicted.

Unfortunately, she failed to remember her place and the familial relationship between these two men.

Henry would never smear his brother’s reputation for the sake of an outsider.

Thus, he wrote Evelyn a cheque and told her to leave, but not before warning her against disclosing this incident.

Otherwise, he would make sure she couldn’t continue staying in Thymion.

Powerless against his threat, Evelyn took the cheque and wheeled herself out in a defeated manner.

At present, she didn’t have a penny on her. If she didn’t accept the cheque, she wouldn’t be able to survive in the days to follow.

The humiliation she suffered right then was for a future filled with riches.

All in all, it was better than watching Vivian show off her perfect life in the future.

With that thought fueling her, Evelyn packed her suitcase and left the place she had stayed for only a week.

Out on the streets, Evelyn was surrounded by Thymions and unfamiliar faces. All of a sudden, she felt the urge to cry in her wheelchair.

She was engulfed by a wave of homesickness. Back in her hometown, no place felt foreign to her, whether or not she had been there.

But since coming to Thymion, she felt as though she was going to lose her way at any moment.

She did not have a single friend in here, so no one could relate to how helpless she felt.

Her heart was in pain and there was no other way to describe her feelings.

She thought of returning to the city she knew like the back of her hand, but she dismissed that thought when looked down at her clothes.

They were the same ones she wore when she first came here. She did not have the confidence to show up in front of Vivian with a bare face and a shabby appearance.

Moreover, she did not have much money. Buying cosmetics would cost her a few months' worth of daily expenses.

"Miss, would you like to come inside and have a look?" Just when Evelyn was caught in a bind, she heard a voice calling out to her in her mother tongue.

Evelyn raised her head and glanced at the sign which read "Intoxicated".

The classical sign was a refreshing sight and the alphabets on it seemed to send a tingling sensation through her body.

Soon, she found herself nodding, expressing her willingness to go in.

Ironically, she didn't even know what place this was, only that there was a voice in her head that kept whispering for her to go in.

As though in a trance, Evelyn allowed the woman to push her into the place, who then called over a few girls with light makeup on their faces.

The fragrance of cosmetics drifted into Evelyn's nostrils, which she found solace in.

"Listen up, everyone. This is a newcomer. Who would like to get her acquainted?" The woman swept her gaze over the girls, planning to let one of them show Evelyn around.

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After a few seconds, it seemed like no one was willing to bring this random stranger around. They felt that Evelyn could become a potential hindrance to them in the future because even though she was in a wheelchair, her beauty outshined theirs. Women were jealous of those prettier than them; it just couldn't be helped.

"Look at the lot of you. Are you all really that lazy?" chided the woman. In the end, she decided to personally tour Evelyn around.

The group of girls cast one last glance at Evelyn before going back to work.

Evelyn soon got to know that this was a restaurant specially for customers from powerful backgrounds to entertain their guests.

But there was no open area here, only private rooms. The money the customers paid determined how pretty the servers assigned to them were.

Of course, if the restaurant wished to surpass those dishonest establishments, merely serving food wasn't going to cut it.

Evelyn did not intend to stay here any longer, but once she entered this place, there was no turning back.

Just like that, she was stuck in this restaurant.

But on second thought, she did not find it so bad. If she was lucky, she could rub elbows with some wealthy and influential figures.

Most importantly, both the restaurant owner and customers spoke her mother tongue.

Evelyn did not care about anything else as long as she had enough money and food.

What delighted her the most was that she could use the cosmetics as she pleased. After she was informed about this, she happily went through the products and applied them to her face which had stayed bare for too long.

After she was done with her makeup, she came out in her wheelchair and enthralled all the other girls with her beauty.

Even though she was wheelchair-bound, it did nothing to diminish her charm. In fact, she was the most alluring one among them all, and of course, the most expensive one as well. Customers had to pay a lump sum of money if they wanted Evelyn to personally serve them the food.

A wheelchair-bound beauty serving food had become Intoxicated's specialty.

After three months, Evelyn was crowned Top Server in Intoxicated.

Very soon, she established a foothold here. Some customers even offered her a high price to visit their homes for a chat.

Evelyn had her own plans.

The first step she planned to take was to heal her legs.

Although her legs were previously said to be untreatable, recently, she realized that she was gradually regaining sensation in both legs.

When she visited the hospital, the doctor declared that a full recovery for her legs was possible.

She never thought that in the midst of her despair, a sliver of hope would abruptly appear.

But the doctor also told her that for her legs to recover, the medical fees would come up to at least half a million.

If it was in the past, half a million would be but a drop in a bucket. However, that amount currently seemed like an entire ocean to her.

Hence, she needed to earn more money to heal her legs and make a grand comeback.

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Meanwhile, Vivian seemed to be in a jolly mood every day ever since moving in with Finnick.

Apart from going to work at the magazine company every day, she tidied up the house whenever she was free and also played with Larry.

She was living a carefree life. Still, her thoughts would occasionally stray to Evelyn, wondering where she was and how she was doing.

Even so, those were random thoughts. After all, she wasn't really all that interested in knowing where Evelyn was at that moment.

Sometimes, she wondered if Evelyn ever left the country at all, but these were only harmless thoughts that emerged when she was too idle.

At times when her mind wandered too far, she would stop thinking about it altogether. There was no point in wondering about Evelyn, after all, so there was no reason to waste her time.

After Vivian came to terms with this, she rarely thought about Evelyn again.

"Vivian, what are you doing?" It was already evening, but Finnick had only just gotten home from work.

Standing beside Vivian, he watched her use her finger to draw patterns on the water in the pond.

Wondering what was on her mind, Finnick hugged her from behind and buried his face into the crook of her neck to breathe in her pleasant scent.

Vivian's neck felt slightly ticklish, but she allowed him to have his way.

"Nothing. I'm just bored." Vivian's gaze remained fixed on the pond even as she answered Finnick.