

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 361

Thinking that she was most familiar with Elaine compared to the rest who were present on site, Vivian felt obliged to greet her.

She endured the pain and forcefully fit her swollen foot into the pink high heel. Limping, she approached Elaine slowly.

“Why are you here, Elaine?” Does she know Evelyn? Is she here to visit her grave?

Ironically, Elaine who had always been very welcoming and enthusiastic when interacting with Vivian, ignored her presence. Elaine walked around Vivian and did not even cast a gaze at her.

As much as Vivian wanted to call out to Elaine again, she was too embarrassed to move a muscle. Her face turned red, wishing for a spot to bury her head in the sand.

Right when Vivian was still puzzled with Elaine’s change of attitude, she heard a statement which stiffened her body instantly.

“My big brother Ben and Finnick, sorry for making you wait for a decade,” Elaine uttered softly in front of the two men.

Big brother Ben?

Vivian’s breath became rapid the moment she heard how Elaine addressed Benedict.

Who is she? Why does she refer to Benedict as her big brother?

“Evelyn...” Benedict fixed his eyes on the lady standing before him. Gradually, his murky eyes started to beam with joy. He strode toward her and stretched out his arms wanting to hold her shoulders. Yet, he left them hanging in mid-air as doubts crept up on him. Moments later when reality sank in, he put his arms down and tears welled up in his eyes.

“You... Are you really Evelyn?” Excitement could be heard in his shaky voice.

"Is that you, Evelyn? You're still alive?" Benedict asked repeatedly with the hopes she could allay his fear and doubts. Yet, he was afraid to know the truth.

"Ben, I'm sorry, I..." Elaine's eyes gleamed. She found it hard to find the right words to speak.

Hearing how she called him by his nickname, Benedict went ahead and hugged her.

"Evelyn!" Thrilled, he scrutinized her face again. "Is it you? It's you! Evelyn..."

"Sorry, Ben, I'm so sorry for making you worry for ten long years!" Tears streamed down her pretty face.

"It's okay as long as you're back. Everything's fine now..." Benedict could not be bothered about the minute details for he only cared for the fact that his sister was not dead and had now returned.

It was her! Truth be told that Grandpa's speculation is correct. Evelyn is still alive. Vivian was shocked beyond belief.

She turned to Finnick and realized that his gaze was locked on Elaine since the moment she appeared. He was still looking at her. In fact, a delighted expression showed up on his face when he learned that Evelyn was alive.

Finnick must be very happy at the sight of a living Evelyn. Vivian's hands shook involuntarily. She squeezed them firmly and pressed her nails against her palm but did not seem to feel the pain.

The surrounding reporters reacted by rushing toward the direction of Evelyn. Every dog has its day, this must be our lucky day to discover this explosive news!

Casting away their fear for both the Morrison and Norton families, they bombarded Evelyn with a list of questions. Only a fool would give up on such a rare opportunity to interview a person who appears to have resurrected!

"Are you the real Ms. Evelyn Morrison?"

"Ms. Morrison, what happened to the kidnapping case back then? How did you escape the fire?"

“Since you’re alive and kicking, why didn’t you appear even once within the last decade? Why did you mislead everyone that you’ve passed away?”

“May I know where you have been all these years...”

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The reporters created a ruckus and it developed into a chaotic commotion.

Finnick had already blocked in front of Evelyn long before the crazy paparazzi made their way to approach her. Both Benedict and Finnick were eager to protect Evelyn from being injured by the crowd.

Seeing how the concerned Finnick pushed the reporters away with one arm while lovingly holding Evelyn with the other, a fearful feeling arose in Vivian’s heart. She bit her lips to stop herself from trembling.

When the reporters realized that they could never get an interview with Evelyn under such circumstances, they changed plans and gathered in front of Vivian instead.

“Mrs. Norton, do you know that Ms. Morrison was still alive?”

“Why didn’t you arrive with your husband, Mrs. Norton?”

“Did you know that Finnick would be here today too? Does this mean you two aren’t on speaking terms...”

The questioning did not stop.

The number of reporters who surrounded Vivian kept increasing. As they interrogated her, they also forced her to move toward Finnick, hoping to capture a photograph of the four together. The image would be the best consolation to replace an unsuccessful interview which could still entice the readers to buy their magazines.

Soon, Vivian, Finnick, Benedict and Evelyn were besieged by the reporters.

The tumult of shouting and screaming that broke out alerted the few men whom Benedict had brought along to decorate the grave.

They removed their gaze from Evelyn and formed a circle to protect the four individuals. Slowly but steadily, they moved toward the direction of the car.

“Mr. and Ms. Morrison, you go ahead quickly and leave the rest to us.” After sending them into the car safely, the men stood in line and got ready to block the reporters from rushing to the car.

Alas, they were outnumbered by the gang of reporters who caught up with them and skirted around the car. Some even knocked on the windows to get their attention. There was no way the car could move an inch.

“Mr. Morrison, what should we do?” The panicked driver asked Benedict for help.

He could not think of a solution. It will only make matters worse if we speed off and knock someone down.

Looking at the fanatics through the window, Finnick had an idea. He signaled the driver to move aside and took over the wheels himself.

From the rearview mirror, he noticed that there were fewer people at the back of the car. Without any hesitation, Finnick reversed the car and then seamlessly changed gear and stepped on the accelerator. The car moved forward swiftly.

The horror-stricken reporters ran for their lives as they did not expect the car to manoeuvre backward out of the blue. Getting hold of juicy news is indeed important and can bring them good prospects in their careers, but only if they live long enough to realize it.

Comparing to their earlier excessive zeal, Finnick smirked and scoffed at the reporters' terrified faces as the car drove off and disappeared from everyone's sight.

The four of them sat quietly in the living room at the Morrison residence.

After serving them tea, the helper went off without disturbing them.

There were so many things that Benedict wanted to know. Where have you been all these years, Evelyn? Why didn't you look for your own brother? However, he did not know where to start. After all, they had not seen each other for a decade!

"Evelyn, what happened back then? How come I didn't see you when I woke up?" Finnick set the ball rolling after accepting the shocking news.

"I..." Evelyn struggled for words. She might have been affected by Finnick's hostility. Finding it hard to explain herself, she lowered her head and hid her expression.

"Tell us what happened, Evelyn." Benedict grew anxious. He was determined to know the series of events which took place ten years ago. "Where have you been all these years? Why didn't you come back and look for me?"

Evelyn did not answer Benedict's question but lifted her head to look at Finnick. With anticipation, she asked, "Finnick, do you believe me?"