

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 365

Witnessing how gentle Finnick was when he was dealing with Vivian's wounds and the way he carried Vivian away without casting a gaze on others, Evelyn's expression changed. She pinched her palm with her nails.

"Evelyn..." Benedict caught the resentment and indignation shown in her eyes. He reminded her, "Finnick is married."

She smirked slightly upon hearing that.

"I miss you, Ben." Turning around, Evelyn hugged her brother tightly just like old times.

When they reached home, Finnick put Vivian down on the sofa. He then went to the room to fetch the first-aid kit.

Dabbing a piece of cotton bud with alcohol, he carefully sanitized Vivian's wound.

"Ouch!" Feeling the burning sensation triggered by the alcohol, Vivian flinched.

Finnick exerted some force while holding on to her ankle. He looked up and said, "Bear with it for a little bit more. The antiseptic is needed to prevent any possible infection." His reply was filled with gentleness, love, and care.

His sweet action reminded her of how he hugged Evelyn and protected her when they were at the cemetery. For a moment, Vivian did not know if she should feel happy or sad.

After bandaging the wound, Finnick placed the first-aid kit on the coffee table and then sat beside Vivian.

"Let's talk it out, Vivian." He stared at her with a serious face. "I need to clear the air about..."

"I'm thirsty. I want to drink some water," she interrupted him abruptly and then tried to get up and walk to the kitchen.

"I'll get it for you. Stay here." He signaled her to sit down and went to get her a glass of warm water.

Vivian accepted the glass. Bowing her head, she took a sip.

"Vivian, we..." Finnick spoke as soon as she finished her water.

However, she cut him off again. "Finnick, I want to take a shower first. I feel so uncomfortable and sweaty after being surrounded by the reporters just now."

He looked at her suspiciously and answered, "Sure, I'll help you since you're injured."

"It's alright!" she rejected immediately. "I... I'll be careful. Don't worry, nothing will happen."

"Let's go." He ignored her request. Bending down, he wanted to carry her.

"It's really fine." She moved his outstretched arm aside and said firmly, "I can do this myself."

"I'll carry you to the bathroom door." Finnick caved in.

"Okay."

Once he carried her to the bathroom, he pulled a wooden stool over for her to sit on it. "Are you sure you'll be fine on your own?" Finnick checked again as he was really worried for her.

"Yes," she replied. He adjusted the water temperature for her before leaving the bathroom.

As soon as the door was shut, Vivian heaved a sigh of relief and relaxed her tensed up body. She stood still and stared blankly at her wounded foot for a while.

Similarly, Finnick fixed his gaze on the door and fell in a daze.

Both of them sank into deep thoughts individually, separated by a door.

After shower, Vivian realized that she did not have any change of clothes. Left with no choice, she came out in a towel.

She changed into her pajamas. To her surprise, Finnick was standing behind her when she turned around to close the cupboard door.

Her heart skipped a beat. She looked away and avoided eye contact with him.

What had to come would come eventually.

“Vivian, listen to me...”

“Finnick, I’m sleepy. Shall we go to bed?” She walked around him and headed to bed. She knew exactly what he wanted to tell her but she was not ready to listen, especially if it concerned that particular matter.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 366

He grabbed her arm gently and pinned her on the cupboard door. Stroking her cheeks, he asked helplessly, “Vivian William, what is it that you’re so scared about?”

What am I afraid of? Vivian asked herself the same question.

The way Finnick protected Evelyn; how he was stunned when he saw me wearing the same clothes as Evelyn; his cold face when he told me he didn’t like Blue Enchantress and wanted me to throw it away; his smile when he wished her happy birthday... Multiple upsetting images flashed across her mind.

How could all of these memories revolving around Evelyn not make me fearful at all?

He can’t seem to forget Evelyn. She has such an impact on him when she was dead, what more now when she’s not?

Thinking about all these, Vivian’s was so broken-hearted that her tears slid down uncontrollably. How long can our relationship sustain? What would be the last straw, the reason for us to split?

Keeping quiet, she continued to lower her head. Within moments, pockets of tears plopped onto the ground.

Finnick lifted her head, only to find streams of tears running down her face from her swollen, red eyes.

He sighed while attempting to use his thumb to wipe away the tears. "Is it because of Evelyn?"

Vivian did not know how to respond to his direct questioning.

Yes, I'm very bothered by Evelyn's presence in our lives because you've loved her so much. Not a day has gone by with you forgetting about her in the last ten years. Her necklace, ball pen... each item left behind by Evelyn was treated so preciously. Now that she's back, how could I not care nor think about her?

Can I tell Finnick all these? What will he think of me if I told her that I don't want Evelyn in our lives? Surely, he'll think of me as a wicked woman. Who would possess such vicious thoughts about a person who has escaped death?

She shook her head slightly and wept even more. She found it hard to deceive herself and Finnick.

She nodded her head with all her might. Sobbing intermittently, she asked, "Will... will you leave... me... for... Evelyn?"

"Silly girl." Finnick embraced her lovingly. "Don't you worry. Evelyn's presence will never affect our relationship one bit. Our chapter has ended. To me, it's all in the past."

"Then... you said you wanted to talk it out. What's it that... that you wanted to talk about? Wasn't it about Evelyn?" She could not believe her ears and stammered between sobs.

"No. I wanted to talk about our last argument." He felt sorry to see her dissolving into tears and yet found her inexplicably cute.

Obviously, Vivian was outrightly jealous of Evelyn and realizing that made Finnick over the moon.

"Our last argument?" Vivian was confused. Is he still crossed?

"Yes. At that time, I agreed to leave the country for a meeting because I wanted to give both of us some time to cool down. However, I regretted my decision the moment I boarded the plane. How could I leave you alone at home and go off like that?"

"I should have comforted you. Vivian, I admit that it does remind me of Evelyn when I see you wearing those clothes. That's the main reason I told you I didn't like them and that the style doesn't suit you at all.

"I've buried everything about Evelyn in the past. I don't want her in our lives, not even a trace of her shadows. I like you for who you are and not because you remind me of her. Vivian, can you understand what I'm saying?"

Hearing his explanation, Vivian was moved to tears. She hated herself for not choosing to believe in him. Why did I lose faith in him and doubted his feelings for me just because of some tittle-tattles?