

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 783

“Sure, sure.” That was the first time Finnick had ever heard someone promising to protect him, and it was his own son at that. All at once, joy bloomed within him.

“However, you’ve got to love me a lot. You must love me more than you love Mommy,” Larry blurted worriedly as something seemingly occurred to him out of the blue.

At that, Finnick thought that he was jealous of Vivian. Conversely, Vivian knew the true reason behind his request.

“Why?” Finnick couldn’t resist asking.

“Because you’ve already doted on Mommy so much in the past, yet you’ve never doted on me, Daddy. So, you’ve got to compensate me.”

Larry knew that he had misspoken earlier, but since the words were already out of his mouth, he didn’t change his tune. Instead, he bit the bullet and uttered it with laughter in his voice.

It sounded as though it was a joke, but Finnick finally realized that he wasn’t jealous but lacked fatherly love.

It’s because I wasn’t by his side ever since he’s young that he never had any fatherly love. And though he said it in a joking manner, it’s even more distressing than if he’d done so in a disappointed tone. What had he gone through that he’s even speaking of something unhappy with a smile?

At the thought of that, his heart twisted in agony time and again. He didn’t know what to say to console Larry.

At this precise moment, Vivian, who was sitting with Larry, spoke.

“I’m sorry, little pumpkin. It was me who deprived you of the five years you could’ve been with your daddy. If it wasn’t because of me, you wouldn’t be so unhappy now.”

She knew that she was at fault in this matter, but she had always thought that Larry wasn't bothered about his father, whose identity he didn't even know. Never had she expected him to have always been longing for his father.

Thus, this was quite a revelation to her.

"No, don't take all the blame on yourself. And don't worry, Larry. I'll never again abandon you in the future."

A bolt of anguish lanced through Finnick when he heard Vivian shouldering all the blame, so he spoke and gave Larry a promise.

"It's a promise, then. Mommy, Daddy, you must keep your word, okay?" Larry put on a cute expression after hearing that, making them both laugh.

Subsequently, Vivian and Finnick inadvertently met each other's eyes, both tickled pink.

Finnick reached out and took her hand, warmth filling him as he gazed at her.

Meanwhile, Larry docilely sit on Vivian's lap and did his best not to disrupt the two lovebirds when he saw the blissful expressions on their face.

About twenty minutes later, they arrived home.

From the look of things, Finnick reckoned that Benedict had reached a long time ago, and he was now drinking tea on the sofa.

Beside him was Noah, who said nary a word.

Strangely enough, ever since Noah admitted to his mistake back then, he had been increasingly taciturn.

Everyone had noticed this, but no one said anything. After all, perhaps he just had nothing much to say.

Vivian, on the other hand, felt that there was something amiss with him. Therefore, she planned to ask him about it when she was free.

“Didn’t you two take the same route as I did? Why are you only arriving now?” Benedict couldn’t help grousing as he had already drunk several cups of tea before he finally spotted the three of them.

“No, no, it’s because your car is good. Next time, gift us one, and you won’t have to wait for us,” Vivian quipped impishly.

Since he’s complaining that we’re slow, I’ll just ask him to give us a car! While there are already a lot of cars in the garage, I don’t mind having another one, especially if it’ll be at zero cost to boot!

“Hey, you’re always trying to take advantage of me! Ask your man to give you whatever you want.” Benedict wasn’t about to fall prey to her trick.

In reality, he didn’t mind buying her a car, but it would be extremely embarrassing if he were to truly do so after she had put it in such a manner.”

“Hehe.” Vivian merely gave an awkward bark of laughter in response to his retort.

“Have a look at the newspaper this morning. You two are the talk of the town now.” Benedict snagged the newspaper that had just been published that morning from the table and handed it to them so that they could see what had happened.

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Finnick knew without a hint of doubt that it was the doing of the group of reporters yesterday. Vivian, however, wanted to know what the reporters wrote about them.

As soon as she picked up the newspaper, a huge headline that was very conspicuous stared her right in the face.

“The Truth Is Revealed For The Kidnapping Case A Few Days Ago: The Culprit Turns Out To Be The Son!”

“The President Of Norton Corporation And His Wife Reconciles, Heartwarmingly Disposing Trash With Son!”

“The President Of Norton Corporation Domineeringly Declares That Ms. Vivian Morrison Is His Wife!”

Vivian read all the headlines aloud. She couldn't help but feel impressed at all these headlines.

She then moved on to the contents, only to find them rather similar, thus lost interest.

Consequently, she placed the newspaper down.

“It's okay. It's no big deal being the talk of the town.” Vivian didn't mind it since she was used to it in the past. It's just a reinstatement of my life five years ago.

“Yeah, it's nothing.” Finnick was all the more nonchalant about it.

Upon seeing that the two of them seemed to have settled in just fine, Benedict took his leave from them.

“Alright, I've driven your things here, so there's nothing much I can do further. You two unpack yourselves, okay? I'll be leaving, then.”

He was the president of a listed company, after all, so it was already an honor that he had lowered himself as a driver and helped them with moving house. Now, he had to go to the office to handle business.

Argh! I even feel as though I can already see a mountain of documents beckoning me!

“Okay. Drive safely, Ben.” Finnick inclined his head at Benedict and looked on as he left.

“No matter what you did in the past, I hope you'll do your job well,” Benedict said to Noah, who had come out to see him off.

Actually, Finnick froze for a moment when he was just about to ask Noah to see Benedict off earlier and said nothing in the end.

But perhaps Noah was aware of Finnick's intentions, for he came out to see Benedict off anyway.

That had Benedict sensing that something was amiss since Finnick had Noah helping him in everything in the past.

Now, however, he didn't even want to ask him to see a guest out. From that, Benedict reckoned that Noah must have done something so atrocious that he had lost trust in him.

"I will, Mr. Morrison." Noah wasn't at all surprised that Benedict could guess that something was off. After all, he had been in the corporate world for many years, and his company wouldn't have attained its scale today if he couldn't even perceive this much.

After saying that, Benedict spun around and left.

"Go and unpack in your own room, little pumpkin," Vivian ordered Larry to unpack himself when she saw the huge pile of things.

On the one hand, it would be good practice for him, and on the other, it would mean less work for her.

"I want to sleep with you and Daddy, Mommy!" A sliver of displeasure slithered into Larry when Vivian told him to sleep in a room by himself.

"No way!" Finnick wanted to enjoy time alone with Vivian, so if Larry were to sleep with them, there would be no hope for pleasurable days ahead.

"But why?" Larry inquired in bafflement as he stared at Finnick, whose reaction had been overly vehement.

"Because you've now grown up, so people will laugh at you if you still sleep with your parents." Finnick earnestly fabricated an excuse.

Aware of the true reason behind Finnick's objection, Vivian burst into giggles.

At that, Finnick shot her a fierce glare.

Feeling that she should say something or risk Finnick punishing her later, Vivian asserted, "You'll have your own room, but you can also sleep with us when you feel like doing so."

“Okay, I’ll listen to you both!” Larry conceded as he felt that they made sense.

“That’s a good boy!” Finnick then winked at Vivian when Larry agreed to sleep in a room by himself, seeming to say: Honey, look! Aren’t I incredible?

As Vivian stared at his flirtatious look, she rolled her eyes at him before leaving to unpack in their room.

She looked around as she walked. This place is still the same as before I left; nothing has changed. Even the shoes I’d worn five years ago are still there on the shoe rack!

When she arrived at the room, she opened the closet, only to see that everything was still the same with nothing out of place – half was Finnick’s clothes, and the other half was hers.