

### **Never Late, Never Away Chapter 931**

Upon seeing such an expression on Paris' face, Vivian instinctively knew that something must have happened.

"Tell me the truth, and I'll let you off. But if you don't confess, you're going to get it from me," Vivian threatened while pointing the tip of a pen, which she had snagged from the table, at Paris.

"Hey, hey, calm down. I'll talk, I'll talk."

Paris was rather unnerved when she saw Vivian's stance.

Thus, she could only relent and tell her the entire story.

When Paris and Benedict met at the wedding banquet last night, they merely exchanged a few words without anything special happening then.

It was only when the wedding banquet drew to an end that Benedict offered to drive Paris home. Paris had feelings for Benedict, so she accepted the offer.

Hence, the two of them got into the car together.

"Is this your house?" Benedict was a tad uncertain when he saw the dilapidated state of Paris' house.

His gentlemanly nature didn't allow him to utter such a question, but in the end, he still blurted it out of concern.

Surprisingly, Paris didn't appear to feel inferior at all.

Instead, she even nodded in gratification. Upon seeing this, Benedict commended her inwardly. She's quite an admirable girl; cheerful, sensible, and humble.

"Wow! That's great!"

Vivian patted Paris' arm in delight after listening to her narration of the events. She makes a good match with Ben. While Ben isn't a homebody, she is. And he spends lavishly, yet she is the exact opposite. There are many aspects in which they complement each other, but also plenty in which they're alike. In this case, it'll be perfect for them to get together!

As she mused, her mind automatically supplied her with images of Paris and Benedict living together after the two of them had gotten married.

Ah, just the thought of it feels sweet and romantic!

"Paris, let me ask you a serious question. Do you like Benedict?"

If she does, I'll ask Ben what he thinks about her. I don't

mind being the matchmaker if they like each other. Well, I just hope they don't forget me when they tie the knot. It was the first time Paris had ever seen Vivian asking her something so seriously, and she unwittingly turned solemn as well.

"Yes."

That single word was coupled with a sincere gaze, proving that Paris was indeed speaking the truth. Moreover, Paris was a great person, so Charlotte didn't want to see Ben missing out on her.

"Haha, that's great, then! Don't worry. I'll help you."

Vivian never expected her brother to be capable of attracting such a wonderful girl. For the first time, she felt that he wasn't completely hopeless when it came to relationships.

"How are you going to help me, Vivian?" A bolt of panic assailed Paris the moment she heard that.

What is she planning to do? How does she want to help me?

All those questions lingered in her mind, and she simply felt restless without voicing them out.

"Of course I'm going to pair the two of you off!" Vivian threw Paris a look. Then, she started on her work.

Although she arrived early today, she had chatted for a while, so it was already fifteen minutes past the time she should have started work.

While no one would dare utter a single word since she was the president's wife, it was still better not to invite criticism.

Seeing that Vivian wasn't planning to continue speaking about her plan, she shook her head and buried herself in work.

The morning went past in the blink of an eye. Vivian then texted Benedict and invited him to lunch.

She actually wanted to bring Paris along, but she didn't know how Benedict felt about her, so she decided to ask him about it before planning her next move.

She texted: Let's have lunch together, Ben. I sent you the location.

Just a few moments after she had sent it out, Benedict

promptly replied with a single word: Okay.

Vivian then packed her things and headed to the agreed-upon restaurant.

Before she left, she even bid Paris farewell. This had a feeling of dread welling within Paris.

However, she reckoned she was overthinking, so she didn't say anything, merely waving at Vivian with a smile.

The restaurant at which Vivian made a reservation was right below her office. After all, it was convenient for her since she didn't have to drive there and rush back later.

Exasperated flooded Benedict upon seeing the choice of venue, but she was his sister at the end of the day, so he had no choice but to indulge her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 932

When Vivian went down, Benedict had already arrived.

Knowing that she was about to be lectured again, she rolled her eyes before heading in Benedict's direction.

As expected, Benedict started criticizing her. And once he began his tirade, it took a long time before he finally stopped.

Although he was an aloof president at the office, he became a nag when he was with someone close to him.

Vivian, in particular, had experienced this side of him time and again.

"Look at your attitude. We're meeting right below your office, yet you still kept me waiting. And look, you even chose a restaurant in your office building to have lunch with me. Is there no other restaurant in this city? Also, why are you already asking me out to grouse when you only got married yesterday?"

And it went on and on.

At long last, Vivian placed her hand over her mouth and coughed lightly to put a stop to his lecture.

"What's wrong? Do you have a sore throat?"

Benedict stopped short when he heard her coughing. He wanted to beckon a server over, but Vivian cut him off, griping, "Argh! Ben, I get a headache every time I meet you."

Vivian was familiar with her brother's temperament, so she dared to speak so impudently. After all, she knew

that he wouldn't be offended.

"Fine, fine. I'll stop nagging you. Well? Why did you ask me out?"

Benedict looked at her affectionately as he sat there and awaited her answer.

However, Vivian ordered some food and had him doing the same before she started speaking.

"I've got a question for you, Ben. You must answer me seriously, okay?"

She was afraid that he would reply in a joking manner, so she made it clear that it was a serious question in advance.

"Okay." Benedict became serious as well.

"Do you like Paris?" Vivian stared him right in the eye while waiting for his answer.

"Paris Houston?" Benedict was a tad stupefied. Why is she bringing up Paris Houston?

Vivian nodded as she continued staring at him.

"How should I put this? I can't say I have a crush on her, but I think she's really a nice girl. If possible, we could try going out on a date."

In truth, Benedict had always been waiting for someone like Paris.

While his wait had finally borne fruit, they had only met twice, so it was neither here nor there. Thus, he would only be able to give a definite answer when they had both interacted for some time.

He wasn't the kind of person who would easily give a promise when it came to relationships, so he could only say that he wasn't averse to taking the relationship further.

Nonetheless, Vivian was ecstatic upon hearing his answer. She had thought that he would say no, but to her surprise, he had actually admitted that he wouldn't mind dating her, so things were looking very promising. After obtaining this answer, Vivian was in an exceedingly good mood throughout the entire meal.

It's good that I can play matchmaker for my own brother!

"What happened? Why did you suddenly ask this?"

Benedict questioned after they had finished lunch. After all, both Vivian and Benedict were the kind of people who adhered to the rule of “no talking while eating.”

To them, it was basic manners to keep quiet while eating. “Because Paris likes you. So, I’m planning to play matchmaker!” Vivian replied truthfully because she knew that her brother would be able to tell even if she hadn’t said anything considering his intelligence and shrewdness.

“I see. So this is why you asked me out today, huh?”

As soon as Benedict heard her answer, he instantly knew her main intention of meeting with him today.

“Hehe, I’ll be leaving first, Ben.” Glancing at the watch on her wrist, Vivian saw that it was almost time to get back to work.

Hence, she had to hurry back to the office now.

“Slow down,” Benedict urged, reminding her to be careful upon seeing her sprinting away.

It’ll be bad if she falls down.

“Okay!” Vivian hollered. In the next moment, she had already vanished from his sight.

Just when Benedict was planning to leave, he realized that no one had footed the bill yet.

Only then did he realize that Vivian had a twofold reason for asking him out today—to ask him that question earlier and to get a free meal out of him.

Ultimately, such a little scheme was a piece of cake for him to discern.

After paying, he left the restaurant.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 933

When Vivian arrived back at the office, she plopped onto her chair and stared at Paris, who was still working. She said nothing as she contemplated how she should pair them off.

Sensing her gaze, Paris lifted her head, only to see that Vivian was staring at her intently as though trying to see through her.

“What are you doing, Vivian?” Paris called her out in a tactful remonstrance, signaling her not to stare at her in

such a manner.

“Nothing. I had lunch with my brother today.”

Puzzlement swamped Vivian when she didn't notice any reaction from Paris after having said that.

Shouldn't she be jealous if she really likes him? Why is she so calm and unruffled?

She then blurted out those questions, but unexpectedly, Paris simply countered by saying, “Why should I be jealous when you're his sister?”

Hearing this, Vivian was left with no retort. After pondering for a moment, she asked, “Aren't you curious about what my brother and I talked about?”

“That's your private life.”

Fine, then. You win!

A sense of exasperation welled up within her at Paris' response. It's tough to talk to a naive person.

She scratched her head, still trying to figure out how to pair Benedict and Paris off.

Shortly after, an excellent idea occurred to her.

However, she felt that the idea had a flaw, so she tried coming up with another idea.

Throughout the entire afternoon, Vivian's mind whirred like lightning as she racked her brains for a solution.

Nevertheless, she simply couldn't think of any good ideas.

It was only when she went home at night and told Finnick about this matter did he give her a marvelous idea.

“We haven't gone on a honeymoon yet, no? Although we've been together for a long time, a honeymoon is still imperative. We can leave little pumpkin with Ben, and Paris is his tutor, so...”

Finnick didn't explain the entirety of his suggestion, trailing off halfway. Despite that, Vivian already understood most of what followed, and she couldn't help lauding his idea.

We can go out and have fun without worrying, and at the same time, help to pair a couple off! There's nothing better than this! Beaming in delight, she then leaned forward and planted a kiss on him.

When it comes to scheming and plotting, I willingly

concede defeat to him.

However, since the plan was to leave Larry with Benedict, Larry's agreement was indispensable.

Thus, Vivian went to his room and knocked on the door.

They both came home rather early today, so Larry hadn't gone to bed yet.

After entering the room, Vivian told him about this matter. Larry was glad that they would be able to enjoy their honeymoon, so he agreed.

"Okay. Go and have fun with Daddy, Mommy! I'll be good at Uncle Benedict's house and wait for you two to pick me up."

Upon hearing this, Vivian stepped forward and hugged him.

"Good night."

After bidding him good night, Vivian turned off the lights in his room so that he could have a restful sleep.

Thereafter, she discussed the details with Finnick for a bit before they both went to bed.

Early the next morning, Finnick told the company's executive management about his getaway and left them some instructions. Then, he took off.

Likewise, Vivian gave the senior editor a call to inform her about the matter.

Subsequently, she phoned Benedict, but there was an unexpected snag.

"What's the matter, Vivian?" Benedict was swamped with work, so it was truly rare that he could spare the time to take her call.

"Are you at home? I'll go over with Finnick now," Vivian blurted the moment she heard his voice after casting Finnick a glance.

"Nope. I'm at the office."

"Never mind, then. I'll send Larry over to your place this afternoon. We're going on a vacation, so help us take care of him for a few days, okay?"

Benedict knew that Vivian must be looking to ask him for a favor as soon as he heard her sounding all sweet. Now that she came clean about her intention, realization instantly dawned upon him.

Hah! It turns out that she called me just to ask for my help in taking care of Larry. At this, Benedict nodded in assent. They're now finally together after experiencing so many tribulations, so it makes sense to take a break and let their hair down.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 934

Furthermore, a vacation will also help to strengthen their relationship and bring them closer.

Having obtained Benedict's assent, Vivian confirmed it time and again with him before the matter was decided. The plan was basically in place right now. The only thing left was to have Paris take Larry over to Benedict's house in the afternoon.

Of course, they had to keep Paris in the dark about the location being Benedict's house.

After lunch, Vivian gave Larry some last-minute instructions. Then, she packed her luggage with Finnick as they planned to leave that very night.

Actually, she was afraid that her brother would come looking for her after learning of her ulterior motive.

I should leave as soon as possible. By doing so, I won't be in the city anymore when he realizes what I've done.

As she thought about this plan of hers, she giggled happily before turning to look at Finnick.

"Where are we going?"

Ironically, they had come up with an extensive plan for other people but hadn't planned their own vacation at the end of the day.

"Where do you want to go?" Finnick had always gone along with Vivian, so he didn't mind going wherever she wanted to go.

"Hmm... How about this? We'll take the train and think of a figure each. Then, we subtract the two figures and take the exact number of stops according to the answer."

Vivian abhorred making choices since she had slight decidophobia.

This is the best way to decide on the destination.

Besides, it will help to spice things up too.

"Sure." Finnick nodded with a smile.

As he stared into Vivian's bright eyes, utter bliss flooded



him. With that, they started playing that game.

After thinking of a figure, they both blurted it out.

In the end, the answer turned out to be five.

And so, they planned to take the train for five stops and disembark from wherever they ended up.

After making the decision, they waited for Paris to come and pick Larry up.

Meanwhile, Paris rushed over after getting off work.

“Vivian? Mr. Norton? What’s going on here?” Shock gripped Paris when she saw the luggage on the floor.

What on earth are they doing?

She didn’t see Vivian at work today, so she came over to inquire about it, but such was the picture that greeted her instead.

“We’re going on a vacation, so please take Larry to my friend’s house. You can tutor him there.”

Vivian noticed that Paris was wearing a floral dress today, and she radiated a sense of innocence with every step she took.

“Huh? Oh, okay.”

Paris was at a total loss in the beginning, but she later got the gist of it. So what I’ve got to do now is to bring Larry to Vivian’s friend’s house and tutor him there.

“Come back earlier, Mommy and Daddy. I’ll miss you.”

Reluctance was etched on Larry’s face as he gazed at Vivian and Finnick while holding Paris’ hand.

Despite his high intelligence, his emotional needs were still that of a child’s. For that reason, it wasn’t surprising that he was now feeling reluctant to part with them both.

“Okay. We’ll come back quickly so that we get to see you, little pumpkin!” Finnick promised though he seldom comforted him like this.

This time, he was truly feeling a smidge reluctant to part with his son.

“Okay!” Larry nodded. After Paris had bid Finnick and Vivian farewell, the two of them took a cab to the train station.

It was already half-past five in the afternoon, but there was still a crowd at the train station.

Finnick was initially planning to take a flight this time, but

since Vivian wanted to take the train, he obliged her. To him, the mode of transport made no difference as long as she was happy, for that was more important than anything else.

“Finnick, do you think my brother will be angry and bombard me with phone calls?” Vivian felt a bit uneasy as she stared at the cell phone in her hand.

Although he’s always been very indulgent with me, I can’t say for sure when I’ve made such an arbitrary decision this time.

“I don’t know. Is your brother that kind of person?” Finnick’s relationship with Benedict was limited to a handful of exchanges, so he didn’t quite understand him yet.

“Hmm... Then, I’ll just blacklist his number first and explain things to him when we come back.” Vivian came up with this solution after racking her brains for a while. This was indeed a splendid idea, but unbeknownst to her, Benedict did not call her at all while they were away.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 935

Paris led Larry into the car, but she then noticed that he merely sat obediently without saying a single word.

He’s very similar to Finnick Norton, both taciturn and somber yet very much capable.

“Which friend’s house are we going to, Larry?”

She actually wanted to ask Vivian this question earlier, but she decided against it since Finnick was right beside her.

Driven by her curiosity, she opted to ask Larry.

“No idea.”

Larry knew that telling lies was bad, but he had no other choice.

After all, Vivian’s whisper in his ear just now was still echoing in his mind. Don’t tell Ms. Houston that it’s your Uncle Benedict’s house.

He really wanted to tell her that they were going to Benedict’s house, but it was out of his hands since he couldn’t go against his mother.

“Never mind, then. Rest for a while first, Larry. It’s still early.” Paris then glanced at the address in her hand.

It seems that the person must be rich to be living in such an area. As negative thoughts popped into her mind, she wondered if the person would despise her.

Meanwhile, the train Vivian and Finnick were on had already passed four stations, so they would be disembarking from the next station.

Vivian was rather excited since she had no idea where the train would lead them to.

The destination didn't seem to be indicated on the train, and it was also her first time taking the train, so she wasn't familiar with it.

Finnick was all the more clueless.

"What do you hope the next place will be, Finnick?"

Vivian inquired as she looked up at Finnick, who was calm and unruffled, with anticipation written all over her face.

At this, Finnick pecked her on the lips lightly and murmured lovingly, "Whatever you wish for."

Upon hearing this, Vivian felt as though she had melted into a puddle.

"Alright, let's alight."

As she stared at the desolate scenery outside, dread rose within her. When she noticed that she and Finnick were the only ones who disembarked at this stop, her puzzlement deepened.

Why didn't anyone else alight here? Don't tell me there's something bad here?

She then looked around before realizing that she had been here in the past.

Subsequently, they decided to ask for recommendations when they bumped into someone. However, there were now two paths before them, and they had to decide which path to take.

After Finnick asked Vivian to make a decision based on her intuition, they continue forging ahead.

Along the way, there were several other forks on the road, and they were all decided by Vivian based on her intuition.

But as they walked on, they unexpectedly found a place that resembled a utopia. Vivian gasped in amazement as

she stared at the landscape ahead in a trance.

The front of it was all adorned with carved jade without a hint of modernity to be seen.

Meanwhile, the people outside were walking along the streets with lanterns in their hands, and wooden items could be seen everywhere.

Vivian then went over to an amicable-looking middle-aged woman and inquired about the place, only to be told that it was a relatively renowned tourist destination.

Hearing this, relief suffused her.

Nonetheless, there was something special about this place. Generally speaking, people couldn't find the place without a guide to lead the way.

Thus, tourists usually came during the holidays. And this explained why those passengers earlier didn't alight from the train.

The only reason Vivian and Finnick were able to get here was all thanks to the former's intuition.

Sometimes, a woman's intuition was actually pretty accurate.

At this precise moment, Finnick threw Vivian a look of admiration, and she responded in turn with a wink.

After thanking the middle-aged woman, Vivian and Finnick looked for a place to stay.

They had been on the train for an entire night, and it was now noon, so both of them were hungry.

"Hello. May I know if this is an inn?"

Vivian could only see the two gigantic words above the building that read: Euphoric Redolence.

However, she wasn't sure whether it was a place that provided lodging.

"Hello, lass. This is indeed an inn," the innkeeper answered smilingly as she looked at Vivian and Finnick.

Even the manner in which she spoke was a complete reversion to the olden days.

Upon hearing that, Vivian flashed her a smile and inquired, "This wee lassie has been braving the elements out here, so could I be so bold as to intrude on you for a few days?"

As she spoke in a medieval manner, Finnick looked on at

the side with a smile tugging at his lips.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 936

When Finnick heard the words “wee lassie,” he almost burst out laughing.

But in the end, he managed to suppress his laughter.

“Please come with me.”

The innkeeper left after she had settled them in.

The moment she was gone, Finnick pinned Vivian down, taking her completely off guard.

“Uh... What’s happening here?” Vivian was at a loss.

Shouldn’t we go and have lunch now? We’re both hungry, after all.

“Please repeat that again, wee lassie.” Finnick smirked roguishly.

At this, Vivian rolled her eyes and glared at him.

“Ah, so that’s it, huh?” After she had said that, she cleared her throat and murmured, “I’m in need of replenishment, dearest.”

When her words fell, Finnick placed his mouth right beside her lips. Vivian naturally knew what he wanted, so she prepared to give him a token kiss.

However, Finnick had long since realized her intention, so he sucked her lips hard the moment they touched his and started savoring the sweetness of her mouth.

In truth, a fire had started blazing within him upon hearing her speak to him in such an antiquated tone.

Out of the blue, a thought flashed across his mind. One day, we could even try role-playing!

Nonetheless, he didn’t blurt it out but focused on savoring her taste.

Meanwhile, Paris was now lost in thought as she sprawled on the bed in her house, her face flushed for some reason.

Knock, knock, knock. Three knocks rang out in the air.

Yesterday afternoon, after taking Larry to the address given by Vivian, she apprehensively knocked on the door.

The door was opened by a relatively old lady, who seemed to be the housemaid.

“Good afternoon. I’m directed here by Vivian Morrison.”

Paris didn’t quite know what to say, so she mentioned

Vivian's name. The housemaid warmly ushered them in before arranging a room for the two of them to have the tutoring session.

But when Paris came down to make her way home, she saw someone in the living room, and that person turned out to be Benedict!

At this turn of events, she abruptly realized that she had been tricked. Oh my God, this is a ploy concocted by Vivian!

"Why..." As Benedict stared at Paris, his mouth bulged since he was drinking tea.

However, for the sake of courtesy, he still did his best to swallow the mouthful of tea.

"Why are you here?" He knew that it was quite rude of him to be so blunt, but it seemed to be the only way to break the silence and awkwardness.

"Vivian asked me to come here, claiming that she entrusted Larry to a friend. I came to tutor Larry."

Paris truthfully told him everything that had happened.

After listening to her explanation, both of them were now aware of the machinations behind this matter.

"Do come over here and have a seat." Benedict urged Paris to sit down when he noticed that she was still rooted to the spot, seeming a tad embarrassed. Then, the two of them chatted for a while.

It was only when the night had deepened significantly did Benedict finally realize that it was rather late then.

Well, well... It seems that she's quite special as she actually managed to make such a punctual person like me lose track of time.

"I'm really sorry that I lost track of time," he said apologetically while looking at Paris. "Would you like to go home now? I'll drive you." He stared at her with plain sincerity on his face.

It was actually him who continued the conversation for such a long time. While she was also very eager to talk to him, his gentlemanly awareness did not allow him to do so since the hour had grown so late.

"Sure. Thank you," Paris concurred. She knew that she could talk a bit longer with him if she allowed him to

drive her home, and it so happened that she was feeling rather loath to have things come to an end here.

Besides, she never felt awkward when chatting with him since he could always diffuse any awkwardness.

And so, Benedict drove her home. After a short chat, they arrived at her house.

Having said their goodbyes, Paris then spun around and opened the door.

As she lay on the bed, reminiscing about everything that had happened yesterday, she felt that Vivian was truly a godsend for helping her a great deal.

Thinking of this, she wanted to give her a call to thank her.

On second thought, she's most likely enjoying herself with her husband now, so I'd better not disturb her. I'll wait for her to come back and thank her personally instead.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 937

That would also appear more sincere.

Meanwhile, Vivian and Finnick were indeed having a whale of a time.

It was their first day here, and they went to a place that resembled a temple. Over there, they met a fortune-teller.

Usually, Vivian wouldn't pay fortune-tellers by the street any mind, but this one was indeed special.

There were a few sizeable words written on the stall above him that read: On my word of honor, no payment is needed if my fortune-telling isn't accurate.

The second part of the utterance was cliché, but the first half sounded rather severe.

As her curiosity peaked, Vivian wanted to go and get her fortune told.

Finnick, however, was averse to such superstition. He only believed in hard work and resolve in the attainment of success. Thus, he wanted to pull Vivian away. But upon noticing her brimming curiosity, he relented.

Vivian stepped forward so that the fortune-teller could take a look at her hand, while Finnick kept a close eye on them at the side. The fortune-teller was a middle-aged man, and Finnick refused to allow him to touch Vivian's

hand, so he could only look at her palm and countenance before giving his verdict.

After listening to him, the two of them nodded and paid him. Then, they decided to return to the inn.

They had come out at noon, and it was now evening after they had seen the sights. Nevertheless, they didn't plan to stay out late since they were unfamiliar with this place.

"What should we do tomorrow, Finnick?" Vivian was a tad drowsy now, so her eyes felt rather heavy as she gazed at Finnick.

"We'll stay in bed for the entire day tomorrow."

"What?"

Vivian stood there in a trance after hearing that, then followed him in.

When they returned to the inn, they went to the dining room to eat. However, a wave of helplessness inundated Vivian at the sight of the food available in the dining room.

The selection before her was very simple. There wasn't any fish or meat. Instead, vegetables made up the entire fare.

Hence, she was rather hesitant as to whether they should be eating here. But on second thought, she was too lazy to wander around anymore, so she decided to just make do.

Surprisingly, when the food was later served, the taste far exceeded her expectations. Even the food that was usually served in restaurants paled in comparison to this. Thus, she ate a lot due to her liking of it. Finnick, on the other hand, maintained his usual consumption, neither eating more nor less.

"Let's go up now that we're done eating."

After Finnick paid for their meal, he looked at Vivian expectantly since he wanted to go back to their room.

"Sure." Vivian nodded, and they both went upstairs to their room.

Having washed up for a bit, they then plopped down onto the bed and started making out.

Here, they could make out as much as they wanted



without fear of being disrupted by Larry. Conversely, there was an outsider at Benedict's house, and that person was none other than Paris.

Paris had initially planned to go home after tutoring Larry, but it started raining. Hence, Benedict asked her to stay since he had a guest room in the house.

He initially found it rather inappropriate, but he assumed she understood the kind of person he was after chatting with him for the past two days.

And it was for this same reason that Paris' mind didn't go into the gutter. Rather, she instinctively nodded in assent.

With that, she stayed overnight at Benedict's house.

That night, when she came out after taking a shower, she bumped into Benedict.

There was no attached bathroom in the guest room since it usually remained unoccupied. In fact, the room had always been for show.

It was only when Paris stayed over today did Benedict realize the flaw in his guest room. Nevertheless, it was now too late to do anything about it.

As he saw Paris standing in front of him with just a towel wrapped around her body, he found her very much seductive with water from her wet hair dripping down her neck.

At this very moment, both of them were dumbstruck.

Likewise, Paris hadn't expected to bump into Benedict when she came out. Her face instantly flamed bright red, and she didn't quite know what to do.

She had always been a conservative person due to her family background, so she was naturally nervous to be standing in front of a man in such a state for the first time in her entire life.

Nonetheless, she didn't dare to move either, afraid that the towel covering her would slip off if she were to make any excessive movements.

If that happens, I'll be mortified to death!

A flame of desire started blazing within Benedict, triggering a physical reaction from him. A moment later, he looked at Paris and murmured, "I'm sorry."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 938

Feeling awkward, Benedict returned to his room. In his haste, he nearly fell down.

Paris remained standing in the corridor. Worried that something might crop up again, she returned to her room at once.

The reason she agreed to meet the man was because she wanted to spend more time with him. However, she did not expect that things would turn awkward.

At that moment, Paris felt that she would no longer be able to face Benedict the next day.

After Benedict returned to his room and recalled the earlier events, his hand started moving faster below his waist.

No wonder Paris would mistake him for a player.

The man had never been a model pupil during his schooling days. He had even bullied girls often when he was young. However, he had never come across a woman like Paris.

Besides, he was already fond of her. It was hard for him to not feel anything while interacting with the woman of his dreams.

While being in their own thoughts, both of them fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Vivian and Finnick had fallen asleep in each other's arms. Finding comfort in each other, they had a restful sleep.

"Ahh!" Vivian suddenly screamed, breaking the peaceful morning silence.

"What's up?" Finnick cocked his brow and looked at the woman.

"What... What on Earth are these?" Vivian asked while pointing at the costumes on the bed. She had a bad feeling about it and even felt slightly fearful.

Judging by the look on the man's face, she knew that it could not be anything good.

"Why did you buy these... costumes for?" Vivian pointed at the traditional-looking costumes and asked. However, they were actually a little too revealing to be considered traditional costumes.

She knew that it was possible to buy these costumes here as there were specialized shops that sell those in the area.

“It’s for cosplay, silly. I want you to wear those for me,” Finnick looked at her and replied cheekily with a big grin on his face.

That was the look he had whenever he wanted something from Vivian.

“Nope, not possible. I refuse.” Vivian had already guessed it. She hugged the blanket tightly and stared at the man.

She had never been into that sort of thing and would never be.

Finnick knew that he shouldn’t force Vivian, seeing how unreceptive she was toward the idea. He wanted her to do it willingly.

As such, he started devising ways in his head to convince her to participate out of her own accord.

While Finnick was deep in thought, Vivian had already gone to the bathroom and finished washing up. After that, she dragged Finnick by the corner of his shirt out of the room.

“What are you doing?” Finnick asked, feeling confused.

“Weren’t you into cosplay? Let’s do it then... just kidding!”

Vivian teased as she led the man toward a restaurant.

Ah, she’s hungry... So here we are, looking for food.

Finnick seemed to have understood what the woman was doing and watched as she chose her food.

He knew that Vivian would only agree to cosplay if she had a favor to ask of him.

However, it didn’t seem like there would be anything she needed from him at the moment. As such, Finnick had no choice but to drop that idea for the time being.

They could always do it when the opportunity arose and he was sure that they would have a lot of fun.

Vivian shot a glance at Finnick, who was already having naughty thoughts early in the morning, and kept quiet.

Sometimes she wondered how his brain worked. How is it possible that he could always come up with such ridiculous ideas? What Vivian didn’t know was that

Finnick already had that idea in mind since the day he heard her speaking to the innkeeper in an archaic manner.

Because of that, he started fantasizing about how Vivian would look like if she were a woman in medieval times and how attractive she would be. However, it was a pity that the woman was not willing to cooperate. Finnick let out a helpless sigh and continued looking at Vivian.

After their meal, Vivian felt better after noticing that the man seemed to have dropped the idea.

As she was really not into cosplay, she felt rather helpless when Finnick suggested it earlier on. Since the both of them seemed to have already gotten over it, they could carry on with the day happily.

As Vivian thought of the interesting sights which they were going to see that day, as well as her potential purchases from the unique shops along the streets, her mood instantly lifted. She dragged Finnick into every store they walked past and almost bought everything she saw in those stores. As for Finnick, he was just busy paying for his wife's purchases as well as carrying her bags. Finally, when Vivian was tired from all the walking, she turned around and looked at Finnick. It was only after she saw the numerous bags the man had in his hands that she realized how much she had already bought.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 939

Vivian burst out laughing when she saw Finnick.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You look like my porter."

To Vivian's surprise, Finnick did not get angry at her comment, neither did he refute. He merely kept quiet and looked at her before nodding his head.

Vivian was almost done with her shopping and intended to return to the inn. However, she suddenly passed by a restaurant, which seemed to sell really delicious food.

Seeing that it was almost lunchtime, she went in with Finnick.

When they entered the shop, Vivian noticed that the food items on display looked rather strange. As such, she

asked the owner of the shop, "Can we have lunch here?" "Ah, no. These are just replicas of food from medieval times," the owner replied, shaking his head. Hearing that, the couple left after browsing the items for a while. Initially, they had wanted to walk around for a while more, but Finnick suddenly received a call from Noah and frowned.

Why is he calling knowing that we're on a holiday? Nonetheless, he still picked up as it might be something urgent.

"Mr. Norton, where are you? Rachel is critically ill. Would Mrs. Norton want to go see her?" There was a sense of urgency in Noah's voice.

"Ok, got it."

"What's the matter?" Vivian asked, noticing the change in Finnick's expression. She was hoping that it wasn't anything serious. Please don't tell me it's a repeat of what happened during the previous vacation...

If that was the case, she would definitely breakdown.

"Rachel is critically ill," Noah replied while fixing his gaze on Vivian, trying to observe her reaction.

If she didn't seem to care, they would carry on with their vacation and not bother to deal with trivial matters.

However, if she was concerned and affected by the news, they could only end their vacation and head back. In the end, Vivian was still unable to ignore her mother. As such, the couple packed their belongings and prepared for their return.

"Finnick, she was the one who raised me after all," Vivian explained to Finnick.

Since Rachel had indeed brought up Vivian, Vivian felt that she was obligated to visit the woman, even if it was out of courtesy.

"I understand," Finnick replied and held Vivian's hand tightly to comfort her. On the way back, none of them spoke.

When they reached home, they headed to the hospital immediately without picking Larry up as Benedict was taking care of the boy.

When the couple arrived at the hospital, Rachel was

already in the emergency room.

Vivian couldn't help but feel anxious and worry while waiting outside.

She hated the feeling of waiting for updates outside the emergency room. That feeling of helplessness was pure torture to her.

"Is Rachel William's family around?"

When Vivian and Finnick heard the nurse's voice, they turned around simultaneously.

"Yes. I'm here," Vivian answered. She was feeling extremely nervous at the moment as she had no idea if Rachel managed to survive.

"Why are you here? Rachel is not in the emergency room anymore. She's now in stable condition and is resting in her ward."

The nurse, who happened to see Vivian, was not sure why Rachel's family members were waiting outside the emergency room when she was already back at the ward.

"Oh, thanks for letting us know," Vivian thanked the nurse before heading to the ward with Finnick.

When both of them reached the ward, Finnick went ahead to pay the hospital bills and left Vivian alone to spend some time with her mother.

Rachel did not have enough money for the hospital bills at first. Luckily, because Noah was around, the nurses did not make things difficult for her.

"Mr. Norton." When Finnick found Noah, Noah greeted him with a serious expression on his face.

Even though Noah was no longer serving the Norton family, his respect for Finnick would never change.

Finnick nodded in acknowledgment before passing a check to Noah to cover Rachel's hospital bills.

Finnick had always been a generous man and he would never take advantage of others, especially when it came to money. It was no different this time.

Noah took a quick glance at the amount on the check and kept it, knowing that Finnick never liked to be indebted to anyone.

After that, Finnick and Noah found a spot to sit down. They started chatting about Noah's love life.

Finnick was happy to know that Noah was in a blissful relationship and everything was going well for him. Apart from that, the two men did not talk much and they sat in silence most of the time.

Inside the ward, Vivian stared at Rachel, who was lying on the bed. She noticed that her mother was just skin and bones. Even her lips were colorless.

Vivian couldn't help but recall her past memories and struggled to hold back her tears.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 940

Vivian remembered how much Rachel doted on her in the past. As such, she had been trying her best to treat her mother's illness.

However, Vivian was aware that there was still a limit to Rachel's affections for her since she was not her biological daughter.

Vivian looked up at the ceiling and let out a bitter smile. She knew that there was no point thinking about it as it was all in the past, but she just couldn't help it.

With her gaze fixed on Rachel, Vivian walked closer toward her, wanting to see how much the woman had changed.

When she thought about it, Rachel had not actually done anything that harmed her. What she did was merely what a mother would do.

She did not do anything wrong. So why did I send her to a nursing home?

Vivian shook her head a few times to clear her mind of such thoughts. She needed to move on from the past. Her current priority was to take good care of Rachel and ensure that she could enjoy her twilight years.

"Vivian, you're here?"

Just when Vivian was still lost in her thoughts, Rachel had woken up and was looking at her.

The look in her eyes was a mixture of anticipation and helplessness.

Rachel had not seen Vivian in a long while. However, her face fell suddenly and the sparkle in her eyes dimmed as she looked at her daughter.

"Yeah, I'm here," Vivian replied with a nod and helped

Rachel up so that she could lean against the headboard and sit comfortably.

After that, Vivian sat down on the sofa beside the bed, not knowing what to say.

Because of their previous conflict, there was an awkward tension between the two women.

Given the situation, all Vivian could do was to look down at her thighs and keep quiet.

In the end, Rachel was the one who broke the silence.

“Vivian, did you marry him?” she asked.

The “him” was, of course, referring to Finnick. “Yep,” Vivian answered with a nod.

She was aware that Rachel used to object to her dating Finnick.

As such, even though her mother was the one who brought it up first, Vivian did not offer any additional details.

Vivian took a glance at the clock and realized that it was already afternoon.

“Um... A-Are you hungry? Should I get you something to eat?” Vivian stuttered as she did not know how she should address Rachel.

“Sure, I’ll have to trouble you then,” Rachel nodded and replied. With that, Vivian left the room.

“Why are you sitting here?” Vivian was just wondering what was taking Finnick so long since he had only gone to pay the hospital bills. She didn’t expect to find him sitting right outside the door.

“So that you could have some time alone with her,” Finnick replied as he looked up at Vivian.

“Are you hungry? Shall we get something to eat?” Vivian was just slightly hungry, but she did not mind having some food.

Even though she didn’t have much appetite, she knew that she still needed to eat.

Since it was already way past lunchtime, she reckoned that Finnick must be hungry too. As such, she asked him along.

There was not much choice of food at the hospital canteen. After taking a quick bite with Finnick, Vivian



bought some food for Rachel and hurried back to her ward.

“Here you go. I’m not sure what you’d like to eat, so I just bought something simple.”

Seeing that Rachel was still lying on the bed, Vivian carried a small table over and placed it in front of Rachel so that it was easier for her to eat.

“No worries. I can eat anything.” Rachel took the cutleries from Vivian and started eating.

The circumstances of Rachel’s illness were rather suspicious as there was no apparent cause for it.

Vivian inquired with the doctor but the doctor simply told her that it wasn’t anything serious and that Rachel was ready to be discharged the next day.

However, the hospital director sounded extremely worried when he informed her about Rachel’s condition. Could they have exaggerated the circumstances because they were worried that the worst might happen?

Even though Vivian was still feeling perplexed, she was glad that Rachel was well.

As it was getting late, Vivian and Finnick returned home. Feeling exhausted from the events of the past few days, the couple was not in the mood to chat. Before long, Vivian fell asleep comfortably in Finnick’s arms.

That night, she dreamt of Evelyn setting off the bomb. Even in her dreams, it felt absolutely horrifying.

Vivian did not know why things would turn out this way.

All she ever wanted was to have a carefree life but it seemed like unfortunate events kept happening to her.

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