

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 752

Finnick disentangled himself from Hunter's clutches and ran after Vivian. "I have something to tell you, Vivian. Can I send you home?"

"We shall talk some other time. I'll grab a cab." In a red rage, Vivian swept past him and stomped ahead.

"Vivian!" Finnick stood in her way once again and repeated, "I'll take you home."

"Can you stop?" Vivian kept her fury in check. "I'm not a child. I can find my way home."

Sensing Vivian's anger, Finnick swept her up in his arms without hesitation and dashed to his car.

"Finnick! Let me down!" Vivian struggled and demanded. They were in public, so she dared not yell to avoid unwanted attraction.

Finnick ignored her pleas and strode ahead confidently. As passers-by were already staring, Vivian slowly quietened down.

"Put me down. I'll go with you and you can give me a ride home."

A grin flitted across Finnick's face upon hearing her words. He came to a stop and put her down.

Vivian shot him a furious glare and stomped her way to his car. She plonked her butt into the passenger's seat and slammed the door shut.

Finnick was amused by her reluctance but he kept the smile and got into the car soon.

Meanwhile, Hunter's fists balled up as a vein popped out on his neck. He dared not treat Vivian this impudently, but Finnick dared to do so. Vivian doesn't seem to despise his advances. Can I really win over her heart?

Throughout the journey home, Vivian kept her gaze fixed out of the window and refused to talk to Finnick. Finnick kept stealing glances at her, but he didn't know how to break the silence.

They were talking amiably in the hospital earlier, so he was confused as to why Vivian returned to her cold self. It took me a lot of effort to ease the tension between us. Are we back to square one?

After a long hesitation, he asked a question that had been haunting him all the while. "Vivian, I have a question about our divorce. Can you please tell me the truth?"

Five years had gone by, but Finnick still couldn't understand why Vivian demanded for a divorce even though he agreed to let her keep the child.

Indeed, he had no idea that child was his, so he agreed to it quite reluctantly. Yet, it didn't explain why she refused to see him and went ahead to send him the divorce agreement using Benedict's name.

Vivian's heart jumped to her throat at his question. Are we finally going to talk about that incident? What will Finnick say? Will he admit that he sent Noah to force me to abort our child? Or was everything a misunderstanding?

"What is it?" She exhaled shakily as she could feel her heart in her throat.

On the other hand, as both Benedict and Vivian weren't at home, Larry was having fun painting in his room.

Ms. Booker, who was taking care of him, couldn't stop herself from lavishing the little boy with praises. "Wow, Mr. Larry. You are really good at this. That's a beautiful painting!"

Indeed, Ms. Booker wasn't exaggerating or lying to the child. Three months ago, Vivian enrolled Larry in art classes so he'd stay put and perhaps stop being so naughty.

Larry was the youngest student in class, but that didn't stop him from becoming the top student there. Every time Vivian picked him up from class, the teacher would always tell her how talented Larry was and that his talent shouldn't be wasted.