

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 767

Vivian used all the energy she had left to choke out, "My stomach hurts..."

"Your stomach? Why does your stomach hurt? Was it the piece of paper?" Completely clueless, Finnick desperately looked around for the possible cause of her sudden illness, checking the paper to see if there had been any hidden tricks on it.

But there was nothing.

"What's wrong, Mommy?" Just as Finnick was starting to panic, a small figure swung open the door and ran inside.

"You..." Finnick stared at Larry in disbelief.

What did he just call her? Why is he here?

He couldn't get a single word out of his mouth, holding his breath as he watched to see how Vivian would react.

"I'm okay." She instantly reverted back to normal, regaining her composure as if nothing had happened.

Finnick's brain short-circuited.

Didn't she say that her stomach hurts? Why is she completely fine all of a sudden?

"Larry." Vivian narrowed her eyes at her son, waiting for him to explain the situation to her.

The little boy kept his eyes on the floor, too scared to meet her gaze. "Um..."

She lifted his chin with one hand, making him look right at her as she asked, "What's going on here? Why did you kidnap yourself?"

Larry's mouth fell open in surprise. "How did you know, Mommy?"

“You tried to change your handwriting on purpose, but every time you write the letter ‘S’, you add an extra curve in it.”

Vivian had recognized his handwriting as soon as she saw the piece of crumpled paper and instantly got the idea to pretend to be sick to lure him out.

Larry listened to his mommy intently, getting frustrated at himself for not remembering to change his writing habits.

Awkwardly scratching his head, he braced himself for Vivian’s scolding as he internally swore to improve his handwriting so that no one else would ever be able to recognize his habits.

Vivian was entirely clueless as to how Larry could have come up with the plan to get himself kidnapped, but asking him now wouldn’t help matters. She would make sure to settle this at home.

But Finnick, standing off at one side as he observed Vivian and Larry’s interactions, seemed to have a sudden revelation as he grabbed ahold of Larry’s arm.

“What did you just call her?” he demanded. The little boy’s face looked eerily similar to him, further fueling his suspicions.

If this child is really my own son...

“I called her ‘Mommy’,” Larry replied, tilting his head to one side in confusion.

Behind them, Vivian lifted a hand to massage one side of her temples.

She had been so focused on pretending to be sick to draw Larry out of hiding that she’d completely forgotten that Finnick was here with her.

This was the worst possible scenario to be stuck in, but there was no way she could get herself out of it now.

“Um... little pumpkin...” Vivian was about to say something when Finnick abruptly hugged the boy into his arms.

Finnick had actually noted how alike he and Larry looked since the first time he met him, but he was too busy wooing Vivian to think too much about it back then. Besides, there was no way that he could have a child.

But now, after hearing Larry call Vivian “Mommy”, he was absolutely positive that Larry was his son.

Excitement and guilt crashed down upon him like a tsunami.

So, the baby that Vivian was pregnant with was really mine. Why didn't I believe her?

Something was wrong. He had to investigate the incident from several years ago much more thoroughly.

Larry was a bit taken aback by how carefully Finnick held him. The foreign feeling of being loved and protected by a father for the first time in his life felt wonderful to the little boy, and he burst out in tears.

“Daddy, why did you only re-appear after so long? Why did you get into a fight with Mommy?” Larry was still young and had no idea of what had happened before he was born, but even he could tell that there were cracks in his parents' relationship.

Otherwise, there was no way that they wouldn't get back together.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 768

“I'm here. It's Daddy's fault.”

When Finnick heard Larry call him “Daddy”, he had a sudden rush of emotions.

He had initially been ready to hold on a little longer before being able to get Vivian back.

However, the minute he heard Larry calling him “Daddy”, Finnick knew that he had made the right choice. He would never have known that he had such an adorable son otherwise.

He could have wasted the rest of his life away—living alone miserably till old age.

At least now he could keep his beloved by his side and was able to protect his own child.

Finnick had not felt this contented and secure in a long time.

Ever since he lost Vivian, Finnick often had flashbacks of their memories together whenever he closed his eyes.

He had also woken up startled from his dreams many times, only to find that his pillow had been wet by his tears.

He did not know how he had managed to survive these past few years. Now, it was as if all his sacrifice was finally rewarded.

Regardless of the outcome, he did have a child with Vivian. Since the son was now on his side, his mother would soon be too.

Finnick turned to Vivian with a smile.

As soon as she saw the look on his face, Vivian could guess what he was thinking. She suddenly felt as though she had fallen into a trap.

A huge trap, planned out by her very own son.

“Daddy, where were you all these years? Why didn’t you come back? Was it because Larry was naughty so you didn’t like me?”

Since young, Larry had always hoped for a father to protect him. Now that he finally had his father back, he began to swamp Finnick with questions.

“I’ve been quietly watching you grow up these few years. It’s not that Daddy doesn’t like Larry, it’s because someone else doesn’t like Daddy.”

He then gave Vivian a meaningful look.

“Daddy has to talk to Mommy in private now. Play in the room for a little while first, okay?”

Finnick had so many questions for her.

“Vivian, what’s going on?” he asked as soon as Larry walked a safe distance away. He could no longer contain his emotions.

Vivian knew that no matter what she tried to hide, Finnick would still be able to find out about it some way or another. Thus, she was better off being blunt.

“What do you mean? Are you asking me if he’s your son? Or are you trying to ask how that’s even possible?” Vivian’s temper started to rise as she recalled what had happened back then.

“I wanted to know why you didn’t tell me that I have a son for all these years?” Finnick understood that Vivian was upset with him but was still determined to get an answer.

“So you’re asking how I managed to raise him for so long without your knowledge?” Vivian interpreted his question and threw the question back at him.

Although the question sounded normal on the surface, only Vivian knew how much sarcasm it actually contained.

Finnick could sense Vivian’s sarcasm but did not find it inappropriate. He simply nodded, waiting for her answer.

“Why don’t you ask yourself? If you hadn’t tried to kill my child back then, would I have kept this from you for so long?”

She paused before continuing, “I was just trying to protect my child. Is that wrong?”

She then glared at Finnick. If looks could kill, Finnick would have been dead by now.

“I’d agreed to have the child back then. When did I ask you to abort it?” Finnick asked as he thought back to the events of the past.

He had wanted Vivian to abort the child back then, but since she refused to do it, he had to compromise and gave in to her wish.

The situation was nothing like what Vivian described. Finnick was not such a cruel person.

"It's already been so long. No matter what you say now, no one will believe your nonsense," Vivian scoffed. Instead of simply being unremorseful, Finnick was not even admitting to his wrongdoings.

"Why don't you believe me? I'm speaking the truth." Finnick was confused. Were they not talking about the same thing?