

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 943

This way, Ben won't say that I trick him.

Unexpectedly, when Vivian rang the doorbell, it was Benedict who answered the door.

"Hehe, Ben," Vivian greeted him with a cheeky grin, thinking that he would not get mad at her.

After all, there was the saying 'an angry fist does not hit a smiling face'.

However, the reality went against Vivian's wish. As soon as Benedict saw her, he lashed out at her.

"Why would I have a sister like you? Is that how you treat your brother? It's fine to help you babysit, but how could you do this to me?"

Looking straight into her eyes, he gave her a piece of his mind.

While he was still lecturing her, Vivian walked to the sofa and took her seat.

Benedict trailed behind her and followed suit.

Considering the chronological events that had happened, Benedict showed no intention to stop scolding Vivian. The latter could only take it all in patiently.

"You went overboard, do you know that? It made us so awkward."

After struggling through a long berating, Vivian only remembered the last sentence and ignored the rest.

"That's enough. Don't reprimand Vivian anymore. She did it for our own good."

Right when Vivian wanted to respond, a voice was heard from upstairs. It was her colleague, Paris.

“Ben, you two...” Vivian was completely baffled at what was going on.

Are they an item now? Seriously? Just within three days?

Vivian found it unbelievable.

Paris nodded as she smiled sweetly at Benedict.

Vivian watched her walking down the stairs and strode toward Benedict’s side.

Vivian was still stunned at how they interlocked fingers. She had qualms that they were pulling a prank on her.

“We have you to thank for this, Vivian. Although Ben scolded you, he meant no harm.”

Paris took a glance at him, then held Vivian’s hand as she explained.

“That means you guys are together?” Vivian was still in shock.

I thought it would take a while for Ben to get it right. Who would have known the story has developed this fast.

“Yes, we’re together.” Upon seeing Vivian’s surprised face, Benedict patted her head.

She’s so brilliant when manipulating me. Yet, acting like a blur case when her trick pulls off?

“Oh... I see.”

Finally, Vivian cleared her doubts and was able to accept it swiftly. The two of them look really good together.

They started off as strangers, went through a lot of anxieties, grew closer, and eventually, all’s well ends well.

Seeing how happy they were holding each other's hands, Vivian felt that she had done something right by matchmaking them.

"Come, tell me the juicy details." Vivian wanted to find out how Paris captured Benedict's heart within three days.

Paris promptly told her about what happened over the past few days.

Since the day Benedict saw how Paris looked like after taking a shower, he spent the entire night sorting out his feelings for her.

After thinking things through thoroughly, he realized that he really liked Paris. Otherwise, he would not have allowed her to stay in his house.

It was the weekend the following day and they did not have to attend classes.

When they were resting on the sofa after having breakfast, Benedict threw a serious question at Paris, "Paris, what do you like about me?"

The question stumped Paris.

Is it so obvious that I like him? Did he find out? Is he going to shoo me away?

Panicked, she stared at Benedict. She could not bring herself to tell a lie, so she answered honestly.

"Yes, I like."

That moment was the most serious the two had ever been thus far. They had nothing else but each other in their eyes.

"I like you too. If that's the case, let's date."

Paris almost jumped out of her skin. Dating?

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Even though Paris had always loved Benedict, she never dared to dream of him confessing to her, let alone asking for a date.

Her brief pause made Benedict think that she was declining him.

“Rest assured that I’ll treat you well.” When he added this line, Paris could no longer contain her excitement and fell into his embrace.

She had been waiting her whole life for his confession.

She had an inferiority complex due to her average family background. Hence, she hid her feelings. The more she tried to suppress it, the more it developed.

Since Benedict had professed his love, she gladly accepted it.

Love birds should flock together.

“That’s it?” Vivian felt that their development was exceptionally speedy.

“Yes.” Paris nodded. She continued staring at Vivian, anticipating some comments.

“Now that you’re an item, cherish each other.” Thankfully, Ben realized his true feelings, otherwise, Paris might have to endure an unrequited love for a long time.

Things would have been very different for the both of them if Benedict did not come to his senses about his feelings for Paris.

“All in all, thank you,” Benedict said lovingly to his sister. His eyes were filled with gratitude and affection.

"You're most welcome. Next, let's talk about my reward." Vivian put on a straight face. Deep down, she was excited to set her brother up and attain whatever benefits she could get out of this.

"All right, that's it in. Let's go upstairs, Paris, little pumpkin is finishing his lessons soon." Benedict and Paris walked away hand in hand, leaving Vivian behind.

He's so petty.

In a way, Benedict implied that he had returned Vivian a favor by helping her to take care of Larry.

While waiting for little pumpkin, Vivian killed time by playing on her phone.

Upon seeing Larry, she put her phone aside and gave him a bear hug.

"Did you miss me?" He must have been quite well-fed these few days as he seems to have put on some weight.

"Of course!" Little pumpkin kissed Vivian on the cheek and grinned from ear to ear.

He had waited to see his mother for three long days.

He finally believed that Benedict was not bluffing him when he said Vivian would visit very soon.

"Okay, okay. Your Daddy and I miss you so so much!"

Hugging each other, their faces glowed with a blissful smile.

"Shall we go home?"

"Yes!" Larry had been looking forward to this day.

As much as he loved being around Benedict, he longed to be at home with Finnick and Vivian.

No child would want to part ways with their parents. Vivian understood that perfectly well.

Vivian went upstairs and knocked at Benedict's door.

It's best I knock before accidentally walking into a couple in the midst of their lovey-dovey moment. That would be super embarrassing.

Vivian learnt that the hard way.

Paris answered the door promptly.

"Ben, Paris, you two take care. I'm heading home now with little pumpkin," Vivian said with Larry in her arms after scanning that they were both decently dressed.

"Okay, go ahead." Benedict had expected her prior to her departure.

"Little pumpkin, wave your Uncle Benedict and Ms. Houston goodbye," Vivian reminded Larry of his manners.

"See you, Uncle Benedict and Ms. Houston."

"Why Uncle Benedict and Ms. Houston? Shouldn't it be Uncle Benedict and Aunt Paris?" Benedict protested. The difference in salutations made me sound so old. I'm not that old, all right?

"Hahaha..."

It was already in the afternoon when Vivian arrived home with Larry. After a brief playtime, she informed the teachers of the change in their homeschooling address.

Shortly after, Finnick came home.

"Daddy, you're back! I missed you!"

Before he had a chance to change into indoor slippers, Larry hurried over to hug him.