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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 995

“Finnick, look. Our son is very obedient, right?” Vivian gazed at him and waited for his answer earnestly. Finnick gave her a nod and ruffled her hair affectionately.

He hadn’t seen her smile this joyfully since Larry’s disappearance. Sometimes, he wished Vivian would stay this way forever.

But soon, something shocking occurred—Vivian nearly fell to her death off the escalator!

She had dashed out without warning and was already on the ground before Finnick could react. It wasn’t because he wasn’t paying attention. It was because Vivian was too swift for him to react in time.

“Vivian, are you alright?” He immediately rushed to her and helped her up before glaring at the lady who had just shoved Vivian away rudely. Everyone who had hurt Vivian deserved to be punished.

“S-She took my little pumpkin away!” Vivian pointed at the lady angrily. Finnick followed her gaze and realized the lady was holding a plushy in her arms.

Instantly, he stopped in his tracks awkwardly. That lady had bought a plushy for her son, but Vivian thought it was Larry.

At once, Finnick apologized to the lady, who snorted and spun on her heels to leave.

The matter should be over by now, but Vivian broke down completely when she saw the lady leaving with the plushy. Sprinting ahead, she grabbed the plushy from the lady like a madwoman.

“Are you crazy? What the heck are you doing?” the lady scowled and demanded furiously. Finnick strode forward and came to a stop in between them. He whipped out one hundred from his wallet and gave it to the lady.

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"I've apologized earlier. Here is one hundred for that plushy. You can get another one easily." Finnick's voice showed no room for negotiation. The lady had bought the plushy at a cheap price, so she was delighted upon receiving the hundred bill.

She promptly forgot about the previous unhappy incident and rushed home, afraid Finnick would change his mind.

After she left, Finnick took Vivian's arm and helped her up. "Look, our son is back. Are you happy now?"

He tidied her fringe as she stared at him quietly.

Bending down, he pressed a kiss on her lips. Shortly after, they both returned home. Each had a plushy in their arms.

It was now late after they spent the day strolling around in the mall. To Finnick's shock, Vivian puked her guts out before she entered the car, which worried him immensely, so he immediately brought her to the hospital.

At the hospital, the doctor told him Vivian had vomited because of her fall earlier. He reminded her to get a good rest and didn't prescribe any medicine.

It was too minor an illness to take any medicine. Vivian could recover on her own. It wasn't too good to over-rely on drugs, after all.

Finnick nodded in acknowledgment and brought her back home. They had just entered the house when an elderly man's voice rang out. "Finnick, you're back?"

It took Finnick a while to recognize the voice. The elderly man was Palmer Lochlan, an old friend of Samuel Norton's. Palmer used to adore him a lot in the past.

Why is he here? Finnick wondered.

He pulled Vivian along and they both sat on the couch across from Palmer. After greeting the old man briefly, he turned to see Vivian sitting with her hands folded in her lap.

"Finnick, your wife..." Palmer trailed off, waiting for his explanation. Finnick then proceeded to explain the entire situation to him.

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As a matter of fact, Palmer knew exactly what had happened, but he wanted to hear what Finnick had to say. He also wanted to know if Finnick had changed his mind.

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After hearing what Finnick had to say, he touched his beard jovially. Something occurred to him as he declared, "Since your wife is in this state, you should find another one."

Finnick was still young, so it must be exhausting for him to take care of his ill wife. It would also affect Finnick's company and career.

Finnick understood this better than anyone. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to leave Vivian alone.

He loved her dearly to give her up just because of a minor illness. There was no way he'd find himself another woman.

Vivian was his one and only wife.

"Mr. Lochlan, I won't do that," he refuted without hesitation.

If I marry another wife, what will happen to Vivian? I can't do that.

"Finnick, I know you love her dearly. I feel sorry for her, but there's no other choice. Don't tell me you're not going to bear another child to be your successor?" He continued, "Your grandpa has passed, so it's up to me to give you a piece of advice. I don't want to feel guilty when I eventually meet with your grandpa after my passing."

"Mr. Lochlan, that's enough. I will apologize to him personally in the future. I won't be marrying another woman." Upon recalling his grandfather, Finnick shut his eyes in anguish.

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“Mr. Litt’s daughter is a pleasant girl. She has just returned from abroad. I told her about you. If you change your mind, you can marry her,” said Palmer. “I’m too old to interfere in your matters any longer.” With that, he rose to his feet.

Finnick stood up and led Vivian to see Palmer out. When Palmer’s figure was no longer in sight, Vivian spoke. “Finnick, who was that? He’s so scary.”

She fiddled with the plushy in her hands and added, “Look how afraid little pumpkin is.”

Finnick didn’t say a word. Instead, he ruffled her hair adoringly.

“That was Grandpa’s friend. Don’t be scared. You’re fine now,” comforted Finnick gently.

Palmer’s words made sense, but he wouldn’t betray Vivian as long as he loved her.

He said I can decide for myself, but he had already taken action before I had time to prepare myself.

Finnick smiled bitterly. Forget it. Let him be.

Shortly after Palmer left, the doorbell chimed. Finnick furrowed his brows and answered the door.

As soon as the door was opened, a pungent scent of perfume wafted in. At once, Finnick’s frown deepened.

“Hello, I’m Paige Litt. My father is...” Before Paige could finish her introduction, Finnick had already turned and strode away. Upon hearing her last name and relating it to how she appeared right after Palmer left, Finnick immediately knew who she was.

“Don’t you want to know who my father is?” This was the first time Paige had ever been ignored in her life. Her temper sparked as she glowered at Finnick.

From what she remembered, Finnick preferred adorable girls. Hence, she was acting cute now.

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"I'm not interested," came Finnick's reply. He didn't even spare Paige another look as he fed Vivian her medications. In the beginning, Vivian refused to cooperate and even broke the glass in Finnick's hands.

Seeing her action, Paige immediately knelt and cleared the mess. She pretended to be hurt by the glass shards, but Finnick only glimpsed at her before turning away.

"There are napkins on the table. You can leave after cleaning your wound." Having said his piece, Finnick brought Vivian along to the dining room to get another glass of water. He successfully persuaded her to take her medication there.

Paige knew Finnick no longer went for adorable girls, so she changed her attitude at once.

She grew up overseas and was smart enough to improvise, adapting according to circumstances. It could be said that she was like a chameleon who changed her behavior according to the situation.

"Since you don't like me, I'll leave for now. I'll be back another day," she uttered sadly and spun on her heels to leave.

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