

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 903

Paris quickly held out her trembling hand and shook his hand.

Benedict.

That's a nice name.

The hot flush on her cheeks intensified at the thought.

"Alright, let's go shopping!"

Vivian interjected the awkward conversation.

"Ben, do you want to go buy some clothes together?"

Vivian knew he must be here to buy something. After all, they bumped into each other at a mall.

"Sure," he said, following after the ladies.

"By the way, did you change your car?" Benedict asked. He would have recognized her earlier if she were driving her old car.

"You're not the only one who can change to a new car," she replied, rolling her eyes.

"Finnick has to stop pampering you," he said, patting his sister's head.

He knew Finnick was back. Benedict was relieved Finnick even made a successful comeback in his career.

As Vivian's brother, her happiness was the only thing he hoped for.

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“Did you just hit me?” Vivian rubbed her head and hit him back.

Their short interaction accidentally revealed a secret.

“Finnick?” Paris repeated the name, confused.

She recalled the interview with Finner Group’s President. Although she was not entirely sure about the president’s name, the name definitely rang a bell.

Vivian instantly realized they just gave the secret away.

She glared at Benedict, who in turn stared right into her eyes unapologetically as if he thought she deserved it.

“Finnick Norton! That’s our president!” Paris snapped her finger and exclaimed after thinking for a bit.

But on a quick second thought, the thrill in her eyes disappeared and she stared at Vivian in astonishment.

“Wait... Does that mean you’re Mrs. Norton?”

She eyed Vivian from the top to the toe in disbelief.

“Yeah, that’s me. Can we proceed with shopping now?”

Vivian tugged her hand and walked faster, trying to change the topic.

Behind them, Benedict looked at the two women with a smile on his face. Paris let Vivian dragged her along, but she would occasionally turn back to look at Benedict.

After making sure Paris would keep her identity a secret, Vivian could finally shop for clothes in peace.

Although it would not make any difference, since everyone would know who Vivian was at the dinner, Vivian still wanted to keep it a secret for another day.

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What she needed to do now was to pick a dress that would fit the event.

It so happened that Benedict was also there to look for an outfit for the dinner.

It only went to show that the siblings thought alike.

Vivian and Benedict each had their picks real quick once they went into the mall.

Both of their choice outfits were blue. Vivian got herself a dress, while Benedict chose a tailcoat.

Their shopping adventure ended quickly and they all went their separate ways.

Before Benedict left, he bid Paris goodbye and that sent butterflies flying in her stomach.

Paris knew she had fallen head over heels for this man.

“Vivian...” Paris wanted to know more about Benedict.

“His full name is Benedict Morrison. He’s twenty-eight and he’s Morrison Group’s president. He’s the only sibling I have.” Before Paris could say any further, Vivian saw through her and told her everything about her brother.

Vivian stole a glance at her mischievously as they hopped in the car.

By the time they reached, Finnick was still not home yet. Paris went upstairs for her tutoring session with Larry while Vivian grabbed a packet of snacks and sat crossed-legged in front of the TV.

Vivian could not care less when she was at home. She did not see the need to be so restricted, as she usually was at work.

Paris caught a glimpse of her sitting lackadaisically on the couch as she went upstairs, but she did not say anything.

She understood that everybody had to unwind at home. A place would not be home anymore if people were not able to just be themselves and cast off restraint.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 904

After Paris was done with tutoring, Vivian invited her to stay back for dinner and asked the driver to send her home.

Ever since Vivian offered to send Paris home last time, Finnick hired a chauffeur just to make sure Vivian could stay home more, so Vivian decided to just go along with his arrangement.

When Paris left, Vivian went over and stuffed a piece of paper in her band. She winked at Paris before closing the door behind her.

"Mommy, why is Daddy still not home?" Larry asked, sitting down beside Vivian in the exact same posture.

A smile broke out on Vivian's face as she spotted her son's gesture.

"He has some work to do at the company, so he's gonna be late."

Vivian knew he must be busy preparing for the dinner, but despite how much work he had to do, Vivian still thought he should come home.

"Let me call him."

She scrolled through her contacts on her phone and pressed on "Hubby".

When she got a busy signal for her call, Vivian ended the call right away.

Finnick was probably busy attending to work. Vivian looked at the clock and realized it was already bedtime for Larry.

"Why not you go to sleep first, Larry? I'll wait for Daddy."

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After tucking the boy in, Vivian came back downstairs to wait for Finnick while watching the TV. She soon fell into slumber as the night went on.

When she woke up, it was already the next day.

Vivian opened her heavy eyelids and looked around in confusion before realizing she was in her bedroom, not the living room.

Finnick must have carried me upstairs.

When she went to wash up, she saw Finnick had squeezed some toothpaste on her toothbrush.

Her lips curved in a blissful smile as she washed her face.

Finnick was already having breakfast downstairs when she went down.

"Morning, Honey," he greeted when he saw her.

"Morning."

"Come over and have breakfast."

Seeing Finnick finishing his food so quickly, Vivian knew he must be heading out again.

"Slow down. You'll choke," she said.

Although Finnick's manner was still polished despite him eating faster than usual, Vivian was still worried.

"I'm fine, don't worry." He shot her a smile as he pulled out a piece of napkin from the box on the table.

He got up and put on his clothes after wiping his mouth.

"I'll get going first, Honey."

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He waited for a nod from Vivian before leaving the house.

After sending him off, Vivian went upstairs to wake Larry up.

“Rise and shine, my little pumpkin. Did you sleep well?”

There was a hint of guilt in her exceptionally tender tone. Vivian felt she had not been the best mother for Larry over the past two years.

She knew what the boy needed most was her time, attention, and love, but she had not given him all these.

All she could think about for the past years was earning enough money to make ends meet.

That aside, she was not really sure how she could express her care and love for him.

“I slept well, Mommy,” the boy replied, retracting his gaze after looking at his mother in the eyes.

“Can I go to the amusement park today?”

Although Larry was already seven, he was still a kid. Children of his age were still highly attached to their mothers, but Larry was already well-advanced in studies and was rather independent.

Yet despite this, he was still a child at heart. He also longed to have fun just like his peers. Vivian caught the anticipation in his eyes and agreed readily.

“Sure. Why not we call off your classes today and go to the amusement park?”

“Yay!”

Larry was exhilarated when Vivian granted him the green light to play today. He was stressed out recently with all his studies. Now that he knew he could have a day off, he was over the moon.

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