

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 931 - 932

Upon seeing such an expression on Paris' face, Vivian instinctively knew that something must have happened.

"Tell me the truth, and I'll let you off. But if you don't confess, you're going to get it from me," Vivian threatened while pointing the tip of a pen, which she had snagged from the table, at Paris.

"Hey, hey, calm down. I'll talk, I'll talk."

Paris was rather unnerved when she saw Vivian's stance. Thus, she could only relent and tell her the entire story.

When Paris and Benedict met at the wedding banquet last night, they merely exchanged a few words without anything special happening then.

It was only when the wedding banquet drew to an end that Benedict offered to drive Paris home. Paris had feelings for Benedict, so she accepted the offer.

Hence, the two of them got into the car together.

"Is this your house?" Benedict was a tad uncertain when he saw the dilapidated state of Paris' house.

His gentlemanly nature didn't allow him to utter such a question, but in the end, he still blurted it out of concern. Surprisingly, Paris didn't appear to feel inferior at all. Instead, she even nodded in gratification. Upon seeing this, Benedict commended her inwardly. She's quite an admirable girl; cheerful, sensible, and humble.

"Wow! That's great!"

Vivian patted Paris' arm in delight after listening to her narration of the events. She makes a good match with Ben. While Ben isn't a homebody, she is. And he spends lavishly, yet she is the exact opposite. There are many aspects in which they complement each other, but also plenty in which they're alike. In this case, it'll be perfect for them to get together!

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As she mused, her mind automatically supplied her with images of Paris and Benedict living together after the two of them had gotten married.

Ah, just the thought of it feels sweet and romantic!

“Paris, let me ask you a serious question. Do you like Benedict?”

If she does, I’ll ask Ben what he thinks about her. I don’t mind being the matchmaker if they like each other. Well, I just hope they don’t forget me when they tie the knot.

It was the first time Paris had ever seen Vivian asking her something so seriously, and she unwittingly turned solemn as well.

“Yes.”

That single word was coupled with a sincere gaze, proving that Paris was indeed speaking the truth. Moreover, Paris was a great person, so Charlotte didn’t want to see Ben missing out on her.

“Haha, that’s great, then! Don’t worry. I’ll help you.”

Vivian never expected her brother to be capable of attracting such a wonderful girl. For the first time, she felt that he wasn’t completely hopeless when it came to relationships.

“How are you going to help me, Vivian?” A bolt of panic assailed Paris the moment she heard that.

What is she planning to do? How does she want to help me?

All those questions lingered in her mind, and she simply felt restless without voicing them out.

“Of course I’m going to pair the two of you off!” Vivian threw Paris a look. Then, she started on her work.

Although she arrived early today, she had chatted for a while, so it was already fifteen minutes past the time she should have started work.

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While no one would dare utter a single word since she was the president's wife, it was still better not to invite criticism.

Seeing that Vivian wasn't planning to continue speaking about her plan, she shook her head and buried herself in work.

The morning went past in the blink of an eye. Vivian then texted Benedict and invited him to lunch.

She actually wanted to bring Paris along, but she didn't know how Benedict felt about her, so she decided to ask him about it before planning her next move.

She texted: Let's have lunch together, Ben. I sent you the location.

Just a few moments after she had sent it out, Benedict promptly replied with a single word: Okay.

Vivian then packed her things and headed to the agreed-upon restaurant.

Before she left, she even bid Paris farewell. This had a feeling of dread welling within Paris.

However, she reckoned she was overthinking, so she didn't say anything, merely waving at Vivian with a smile.

The restaurant at which Vivian made a reservation was right below her office. After all, it was convenient for her since she didn't have to drive there and rush back later.

Exasperated flooded Benedict upon seeing the choice of venue, but she was his sister at the end of the day, so he had no choice but to indulge her.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 932

When Vivian went down, Benedict had already arrived. Knowing that she was about to be lectured again, she rolled her eyes before heading in Benedict's direction.

As expected, Benedict started criticizing her. And once he began his tirade, it took a long time before he finally stopped.

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Although he was an aloof president at the office, he became a nag when he was with someone close to him. Vivian, in particular, had experienced this side of him time and again.

“Look at your attitude. We’re meeting right below your office, yet you still kept me waiting. And look, you even chose a restaurant in your office building to have lunch with me. Is there no other restaurant in this city? Also, why are you already asking me out to grouse when you only got married yesterday?”

And it went on and on.

At long last, Vivian placed her hand over her mouth and coughed lightly to put a stop to his lecture.

“What’s wrong? Do you have a sore throat?”

Benedict stopped short when he heard her coughing. He wanted to beckon a server over, but Vivian cut him off, griping, “Argh! Ben, I get a headache every time I meet you.”

Vivian was familiar with her brother’s temperament, so she dared to speak so impudently. After all, she knew that he wouldn’t be offended.

“Fine, fine. I’ll stop nagging you. Well? Why did you ask me out?”

Benedict looked at her affectionately as he sat there and awaited her answer.

However, Vivian ordered some food and had him doing the same before she started speaking.

“I’ve got a question for you, Ben. You must answer me seriously, okay?”

She was afraid that he would reply in a joking manner, so she made it clear that it was a serious question in advance.

“Okay.” Benedict became serious as well.

“Do you like Paris?” Vivian stared him right in the eye while waiting for his answer.

“Paris Houston?” Benedict was a tad stupefied. Why is she bringing up Paris Houston?

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Vivian nodded as she continued staring at him.

“How should I put this? I can’t say I have a crush on her, but I think she’s really a nice girl. If possible, we could try going out on a date.”

In truth, Benedict had always been waiting for someone like Paris.

While his wait had finally borne fruit, they had only met twice, so it was neither here nor there. Thus, he would only be able to give a definite answer when they had both interacted for some time.

He wasn’t the kind of person who would easily give a promise when it came to relationships, so he could only say that he wasn’t averse to taking the relationship further.

Nonetheless, Vivian was ecstatic upon hearing his answer. She had thought that he would say no, but to her surprise, he had actually admitted that he wouldn’t mind dating her, so things were looking very promising.

After obtaining this answer, Vivian was in an exceedingly good mood throughout the entire meal.

It’s good that I can play matchmaker for my own brother!

“What happened? Why did you suddenly ask this?” Benedict questioned after they had finished lunch.

After all, both Vivian and Benedict were the kind of people who adhered to the rule of “no talking while eating.”

To them, it was basic manners to keep quiet while eating.

“Because Paris likes you. So, I’m planning to play matchmaker!” Vivian replied truthfully because she knew that her brother would be able to tell even if she hadn’t said anything considering his intelligence and shrewdness.

“I see. So this is why you asked me out today, huh?”

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As soon as Benedict heard her answer, he instantly knew her main intention of meeting with him today.

“Hehe, I’ll be leaving first, Ben.” Glancing at the watch on her wrist, Vivian saw that it was almost time to get back to work.

Hence, she had to hurry back to the office now.

“Slow down,” Benedict urged, reminding her to be careful upon seeing her sprinting away.

It’ll be bad if she falls down.

“Okay!” Vivian hollered. In the next moment, she had already vanished from his sight.

Just when Benedict was planning to leave, he realized that no one had footed the bill yet.

Only then did he realize that Vivian had a twofold reason for asking him out today—to ask him that question earlier and to get a free meal out of him.

Ultimately, such a little scheme was a piece of cake for him to discern.

After paying, he left the restaurant

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