

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 505

Vivian forced a smile. "Little pumpkin, you are young and he is old. How do you look like him?"

Actually, Larry's features resembled hers, but the expressions he displayed reminded Vivian of Finnick sometimes. They were father and son after all.

"I don't know," replied Larry, frustrated. "It feels like I've met him somewhere before, but I can't remember."

Larry looked as though he was trying to extract information on Finnick from the depths of his memory, but this was of course impossible.

Feels like? Vivian was amused yet nervous at her son's remark. This is Larry's first encounter with Finnick through the television, and he could feel the connection. If he met his father one day... Or if his father met him one day, would he feel that same kind of connection toward his son?

Vivian clutched her son's hand tightly at that thought, suddenly feeling afraid. Not in a million years, Larry is mine!

"Mom, it hurts." Larry frowned in pain and tried to wrench his hand away.

"Huh?" Vivian regained her senses and loosened her grip. "I'm sorry my darling, I was too rough with you, wasn't I? Let me make it all better." Vivian knelt before him and blew gently on his hand.

Larry secretly rolled his eyes. Mom still treats me like a child.

"Mom, do you think that man on the TV looks like me?" Larry persisted.

"Does he?" Vivian looked on with a solemn expression. "I don't see any resemblance."

She massaged his hands a little more, then stood up and led him out of the airport. "Alright, Larry. Uncle Benedict is still waiting for us at home. Didn't you say you miss him? Let's get home, shall we?"

"Okay!" At the mention of his favorite uncle, Larry forgot about his question and ran joyfully towards the gate. "Mom, hurry up! We're going to Uncle Benedict!"

"Coming!" Vivian felt better after seeing how happy her son was. "Slow down and watch out for traffic, will you?"

Soon after, they pulled up at the Morrison residence.

"Uncle!" Larry broke free of his mother's grip and ran towards Benedict as quickly as his short legs could carry him.

Benedict was startled but knelt down with his arms opened wide as he missed his nephew as well. Larry leaped into his arms joyfully.

In Benedict's embrace, Larry rubbed his face against his chest. Looking up at his uncle with tears in his eyes, he whispered, "I miss you, Uncle Benedict."

Aside from his mother, the person who loved Larry the most in this world was his uncle. He hadn't been away from Benedict for this long before, so he missed him dearly.

Benedict's heart wrenched as he heard the little fellow telling him that he missed him. "Well, I miss you too. Have you been a good boy and listen to your mother?"

Larry was feeling warm and fuzzy with his uncle until he said that. Larry pursed his lips with indignation. Why is everybody treating me like a child today? I am a big boy now!

Larry looked up from Benedict's chest and surveyed the house. "Uncle, is this our other house?"

"That's right." Benedict tousled Larry's hair. "Do you like it? I'll send someone to show you your room, okay? If there's anything you don't like, we can have it replaced for you."

"Okay!" Larry said, running out of Benedict's arms. "Uncle, where is my room?" He took his room as his private sanctuary, so he was rather particular about the place.

Benedict shook his head in amusement at the child who went from secretly shedding tears in his arms to being excited at the prospect of having his own bedroom. Kids being kids.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 506

Benedict instructed a servant to show Larry his room, and reminded her to care for his safety.

"You really spoil him." Vivian watched the servant lead Larry up the stairs carefully, then turned and looked at Benedict helplessly.

"Don't worry, I won't go too far. I definitely won't spoil your precious son," Benedict said jokingly as he grabbed Vivian's purse and hung it on a rack for her.

Vivian just shook her head. She sat down on the couch with Benedict across from her.

"Why didn't you let me know that you're coming back?" asked Benedict. "I could have picked you up from the airport. Didn't you say that you were going to come back a few days later?"

"Yes, I did but Larry was very insistent about seeing his uncle again, so I have no choice but to return earlier," she said, laughing. "I was afraid that you'd be busy, so I didn't want to disturb you."

"I would always make time for my sister and nephew, no matter how busy I get." Benedict looked at her sternly. "Do you think of me as your brother?"

"Okay, okay," Vivian said, waving a hand. After all these years, she still felt awful whenever he said something like that. "Ben, we're a family. There's no need to be so gracious all the time. Besides, Larry and I got here safely, don't we? You're not going to pull a long face with us as soon as we're here, are you?"

Finally, Benedict's expression softened and he smiled. Vivian was getting better and better at being coy with him. How could I remain angry after she said that?

With Vivian full of smiles before him, a hint of worry arose in his eyes. Is this the right decision to make?

"What's wrong, Ben?" Vivian asked, as she noticed the change in his gaze.

Benedict became stern again. "How does it feel to be back? If you do not wish to remain here, I can arrange for both of you to be sent back."

"It's nothing," Vivian replied casually. She looked at him seriously and said, "Ben, I didn't do anything wrong back then. There's nothing to run away from anyway. What's more, I don't want to have to escape like I did five years ago. This time, I want to face everything head-on."

Benedict observed the determination and seriousness in his sister's eyes. He knew in his heart that Vivian intended to get some closure on that chapter of her life.

Though she appeared to be happy living abroad all those years, Benedict couldn't help but notice that she sometimes got lost in thought when she looked at Larry with grief in her eyes. Almost as though she looked through him and saw someone else. Benedict understood perfectly. That incident was like a knot in her heart. Otherwise, she wouldn't have shut herself out of any relationship in the past five years.

The only person to resolve this would be the person who had caused it in the first place. It's a good thing that she decided to come back after all. Only by getting closure will she be able to get a fresh start in life.

"Since you've decided, I will always be by your side to support you."

"Thanks, Ben." Vivian felt very touched. For the past five years, Benedict had always had her back in every decision she made. He was the source of all her strength and determination.

He patted Vivian's shoulder lightly. "There's an auction for antique tomorrow," Benedict said. "We are the organizer, so I would like you to attend it."

"Hmm, is it appropriate for me to do that?" Vivian looked doubtful.

“Of course,” Benedict replied matter-of-factly. “Everybody is curious to meet the infamous Ms. Morrison. It’s time for them to learn the truth about your identity.”

“Alright then.” Vivian nodded cautiously. She must present herself at her absolute best, so as to not embarrass Benedict and Morrison Group.

After five years, this was the first time that Morrison Group had organized an auction in Sunshine City. It was a highly anticipated event.

The auction was set to take place in one of the well-known hotels in Sunshine City. At this moment, there was cautious tape all around the hotel’s perimeter. Admission for the general public was not permitted, which meant that the only people allowed in were the elites of Sunshine City.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 507

On the second floor of the hotel, the banquet hall had been transformed into an exhibition hall. Shelves made of glass proudly displayed antiques of various eras in history. As the light shone from the top four corners of the shelves, the exhibits shimmered in extravagance.

Though the auction had not officially begun, the guests were already crowding the hall. At this moment, their conversational topics only revolved around exhibits they had their eye on, estimation of the prices, and the unveiling of the infamous Ms. Morrison.

They have met Evelyn, of course. She was a stunner of fair and bright complexion, but also a rose with very sharp thorns. Evelyn had rejected more than her fair share of eligible suitors back in the day.

However, the Morrison family revealed some startling news around five years ago. Evelyn was not actually a Morrison but somebody else.

Though the Morrison family was not what it once was, their influence was still strong within the fabric of society. They were a large clan within their homestead of Sunshine City, with many sharp eyes scrutinizing each and every move they made. As soon as the news of the return of the real Ms. Morrison was leaked, the media promptly circulated it and caused a frenzy within the city.

Many wanted a glimpse of this famous young woman given her status and the mystery behind her identity. However, the Morrison family did not make any official announcement on her then. After all these years, the matter almost vanished from public memory but was once again jolted back by the news that Ms. Morrison would be attending the auction.

That was why aside from the ones who were truly interested in the auction, there were a lot of attendees who were just there to get a glimpse of Ms. Morrison. Especially those rich old ladies who were looking for a wife for their sons.

“Tell me, what does this Ms. Morrison look like? Evelyn Morrison was not bad looking, but it was her attitude that I couldn’t stand.”

This tasteful comment was passed by Mrs. Litt of Dash Technologies. She once intended to be in-laws with the Morrisons through her son. But Evelyn rudely left her aside without even completing two sentences of conversation.

The lady next to her scoffed inwardly. Not a good enough match for you? You were the one who went up to her and tried to gain favors, and she ignored you. Now the tables have turned when you heard that Evelyn isn’t a Morrison,!

Though she had these thoughts, she kept them to herself. Instead, she smiled and said, “Yes, according to my observations, this young lady wouldn’t be too bad looking too. We’ve met Benedict Morrison, haven’t we? This girl is his sibling; she would share his good looks too. If she’s to your satisfaction, she would be a good match for your son.”

She didn’t intend to contradict herself in this manner, but her husband had reminded her repeatedly to be on Mrs. Litt’s good side before she came to the auction. He was hoping to secure better opportunities to do business with Dash Technologies through her connection.

“We shall wait and see,” Mrs. Litt said. These words have struck a chord in her. She still has not gotten over the slight by Evelyn. It ate her up for days. Even worse, she wasn’t able to confide to anyone about it.

As these two ladies were predicting what the new Ms. Morrison would be like, the entrance to the exhibition hall swung open with a commotion. The attendees turned to look towards the door.

Amidst stupefied stares, a young lady emerged and walked slowly into the hall.

A long skirt of pearl gray adorned her waist. There was a deep V design that flaunted her slender arms and exquisite collarbones. From the waist down to her heels, the dress flowed like liquid mercury. The back of her attire was bare, which partially exposed her pale back with every step she took and the rhythmic sway of her hip.

Vivian's outfit was elegant, and it brought out the best in her as she had hoped.

Vivian clutched Benedict's arm tightly as they walked. Her heart was thumping wildly with all eyes fixed on her.

She had come prepared, but she could not suppress the mild shiver that came involuntarily. After all, her identity was made public knowledge. After today, perhaps her old friends would have gotten the news of her return. What would they think if they saw her in the present?