

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 521

Evelyn nearly lost it the moment she saw Vivian. She wished she could pounce on her and scratch the face that she used to beguile Finnick.

Suppressing her agitation, Evelyn inwardly told herself, It's not the time yet. I can't fall out with Vivian yet. After some time, I'll definitely make her life as miserable as it was five years ago! I'll make her pay for the grievances I've suffered!

When she stopped her wheelchair in front of Vivian, she put on a guilty expression. "Vivian, I've been waiting for you here for a long time. I have something to say to you today." Then, she reached out to grab Vivian's hand.

Raising her hand, Vivian purposely made it clear that she wanted to avoid her touch. "Just say what you want to say."

Do you think I wanna touch you, b*tch? Feeling awkward, Evelyn silently cursed at Vivian deep down while putting on a flummoxed expression, acting as if the latter was bullying her.

Coupled with her seemingly innocent face and pitiful wheelchair-bound condition, several people who passed by the hotel lobby shot Vivian unpleasant glances that spoke of warning and disapproval.

Vivian mentally sneered. She's indeed never changed. Like five years ago, she knows how to win the sympathy of others, which is something I'll never be better at than she is.

"Vivian, I know you're mad at me. What happened five years ago is my fault. I apologize." Evelyn sounded sincere. "I'm sorry, Vivian. I'm so sorry. I was too ignorant five years ago. It's my fault. Can you forgive me?"

Vivian was confused that Evelyn was actually apologizing to her. She thought the latter was going to warn her and tell her not to steal Finnick from her. After all, Evelyn was the kind of person who would do so. But what is she up to now?

"Evelyn, just drop the pretense and get straight to the point," Vivian said with a cold look on her face without beating about the bush.

"Vivian, I know that you might not believe me for saying this, but I really know that I was wrong." At this point, Evelyn actually whipped up some tears.

"As you can see, I'm a cripple now, so God has already given me the punishment that I deserve. Can you please forgive me?"

"Have you really learned your lesson?" Vivian gave her a suspicious look.

"Yeah." Evelyn hurriedly nodded. "Vivian, I really know I was wrong back then. I've been wanting to apologize to you face to face for five years, but I have no chance. Now that you're finally back, I can finally get it off my chest."

Seeing the sincerity in Evelyn's eyes, Vivian almost believed what she said. But having been set up by Evelyn too many times before, she would not believe her so easily.

Staring at her, Vivian said nothing as she wanted to see what exactly she wanted to say.

Evelyn went up to her again and grabbed her hand, weeping while saying, "Vivian, after my legs are maimed, I've been reflecting on what I've done previously. The more I think about it, the more I regret it. You really thought of me as a friend back then. I shouldn't have done things like that to you. Perhaps God made me a cripple because he can't stand my arrogance anymore. Vivian, I've really realized my mistake. Can you give me a chance to compensate you? Now, when I think of the days when we were friends, I realize that it's really good to have you as my friend. I shouldn't have abandoned friendship because of a man. Vivian, I want to be friends with you again. Let's go shopping and eat together like we did before, okay? I promise I'll treat you with sincerity this time. Will you give me a chance?"

After speaking, Evelyn looked at Vivian with tears in her eyes, as if a "no" from the latter would amount to a wicked crime.

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She wants to be friends with me again? Vivian snorted coldly in her head as she resisted the urge to fling her hand away.

This was exactly what she did five years ago. She first made friends with Vivian and then set up one trap after another, waiting for the latter to walk right into them. Vivian knew that she was pulling the same trick again. Does she think I'm so stupid that I'll be fooled again? Isn't it just acting? Well, I can act too.

"Do you really want to be friends with me again?" Vivian pretended to fall for it.

"Yes." Giving a firm nod, Evelyn was secretly happy, but she still had on a guilty look. "Vivian, please forgive me, alright? Time will prove that I've learned my lesson."

"All right," Vivian said, hesitant, "I forgive you."

"Really?" There was a genuine look of astonishment in Evelyn's eyes this time. "Vivian, are you really willing to forgive me? Are you really still willing to treat me as your friend?"

Evelyn could not believe that she could actually talk Vivian into forgiving her so easily.

"Yes, I forgive you," Vivian said with a smile, "As you said, your legs are already maimed. I believe you have learned your lesson from it, and you won't do those things again."

"Thank you, Vivian," Evelyn replied gratefully, "Thank you for forgiving me."

"It's okay." Vivian patted her on the hand and comforted her, "Now that you need to travel in a wheelchair, you must take good care of yourself. Don't be so apologetic from now on. Let's just assume those things had never happened before, okay?"

"Okay. Those things are already behind us. We won't mention them again." Evelyn happily agreed.

Looking at the watch on her wrist, Vivian pretended to be in a rush. "I have something to attend to later, so I may not be able to accompany you. Be careful when you head home."

"It's okay. Take care of your stuff first. I'm fine on my own," Evelyn urged Vivian to leave, looking like they were best friends.

"Okay then. I'll see you again." Vivian pretended to be apologetic while glancing at Evelyn before she left.

In fact, she could not continue to play along anymore as she was not as good at it as Evelyn, and that was already her limit.

Seeing that Vivian was walking further, Evelyn finally assumed her true self. With a look full of contempt, she mocked in a low voice, "Vivian, it seems that you're still as foolish as you were. You actually believed me so easily. This time, I'll make you regret your decision to come back."

After leaving the hotel, Vivian saw Benedict waiting for her in his car not far away. Vivian trotted over, feeling sorry for making him wait for so long.

As soon as she opened the door and got into the car, she saw Benedict looking at her with a worried expression on his face.

"What's wrong, Ben?" Vivian asked, "Did something happen to the company?"

"No, the company's fine. Don't worry. I think I saw you talking to Evelyn. Are you okay?" Benedict was the person who knew Evelyn best, so he was worried that Vivian would be hurt by her.

Vivian's heart filled with warmth after knowing that Benedict was worried about her. I think only my brother will be truly concerned about me in this world. Oh, and my little pumpkin too.

The thought of her son filled her heart with happiness.

"Don't worry, Ben. I'm no longer the same foolish woman that I was back then. I won't fall into Evelyn's trap again. I'll protect myself," Vivian assured Benedict with a serious look on her face that she would be careful as she did not want him to be worried about her other than being swamped with work at the company.

“Just be careful.” It was impossible for Benedict to not be worried as he knew full well that Vivian was no match for Evelyn when it came to framing others. But he was slightly relieved to know that Vivian was keeping her guard up.

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“I got it, Ben. Let’s go home quickly. I miss my little pumpkin already.” Speaking of her son, Vivian was all smiles. It was clear from the look in her eyes that she could not wait to see him.

Although she hadn’t seen him for merely several hours, she missed him a lot.

Hearing that, the gloom on Benedict’s face vanished as well, and he no longer felt worried as he could not wait to hear Larry call him “Uncle Benedict”.

Soon, they reached home.

“You’re back, Mommy, Uncle Benedict!” As soon as they reached home, Larry threw himself into Benedict’s arms. Looking at his flushed cheeks, Benedict couldn’t help but plant a kiss on them.

“Little pumpkin, do you only like Uncle Benedict and not Mommy?” Vivian asked, pretending to be sad.

As a matter of fact, she was happy to see that Larry was close with Benedict. As Larry grew up without a father, Benedict had played the role of father and taught him a lot of things in life.

But she enjoyed teasing her son.

“No. I like Mommy too.” Then, Larry spread his arms and wanted her to carry him. After getting into Vivian’s arms, he wrapped his arms around her neck and gave her a kiss.

In actual fact, however, he was thinking, Mommy is so childish and actually gets jealous of Uncle Benedict despite being a grown-up. Alas, I feel sorry for myself that I have to learn not to neglect either of them despite being so young.

If Vivian could hear his thought, she would have been proud that he could express his feelings in his mother tongue so fluently with the use of precise words even though he grew up in A Nation.

Benedict watched their interaction with a smile tugging at his eyes. The scene before him was the warm stuff of life to him over the past five years and was also what he had vowed to do his best to protect.

"Vivian, I need to deal with something, so I'm going to the study. I'll talk to you later." After informing Vivian, Benedict went to the study upstairs, leaving Vivian and Larry in the living room.

"Have you been a good boy today, my little pumpkin? Tell me what you've done, okay?" Vivian could not help but pinch his cheeks. How could I have given birth to such a cute son?

Secretly pouting, Larry told her what he had done during the day in detail. He knew that she was concerned about him, so he could not let her worry.

After listening to his account of his day, Vivian stroked his head affectionately. "What a good boy."

"Mommy, c-can I ask you a question?" asked Larry while giving her a cautious look, void of the usual playfulness.

"What's it? Why are you so secretive?" Vivian found his expression amusing as she tidied up his outfits. "Go ahead and ask. I'll surely answer you as long as it's something I know."

"Really?" Larry got excited. "So, can you tell me where my daddy is, Mommy?"

Hearing his question, Vivian froze and recalled the moment when she met Finnick earlier today.

"Mommy, Mommy?" Larry waved his hand in front of her eyes after seeing that she was not moving.

"Why do you suddenly ask me this question?" Vivian, who came back to her senses, asked while she continued to tidy up his outfit, but she no longer looked as relaxed as earlier.

"Mommy, just tell me. You said it yourself that you'll answer me as long as it's something you know," Larry urged.

"I told you before that your father died before you were born, so don't ask this question anymore," Vivian told Larry with a rare stern expression on her face.

Seeing her face, Larry knew that pressing her for an answer would only make her unhappy. "Okay, Mommy. I won't ask about this again. Don't get mad."

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"Okay, my little pumpkin." Vivian held him in her arms, regretting being angry at him. It's my fault for not giving him a complete family, so I don't have the right to be mad at him.

Vivian felt a lump in her throat, but she did not want to cry in front of her son, so she held back the tears and said with a smile, "I'll go make you dinner now, so you'll play by yourself here, okay?"

"Okay."

At that, Vivian felt better as she stroked his head and turned for the kitchen.

Seeing her leave, Larry blinked, and a smug smile appeared on his face. Then, he took the bag that Vivian had put on the table and fished out her phone.

Launching the web browser, he did a search by entering "Finnick Norton" into the search bar. Mommy, do you really think I don't know who my daddy is? Since you don't want to tell me, I have no choice but to check it myself.

Vivian and Benedict were busy the next day, so Larry was taken care of by the nanny, Ms. Booker.

Upon seeing that Vivian and Benedict had left the house, Larry began to pester Ms. Booker to take him out to play. As Larry insisted, Ms. Booker had no choice but to take him to the fried chicken restaurant that he wanted to go to.

Larry had already found out that he could go to where Finnick was by walking two blocks from the restaurant and taking a left turn. I wonder if I can see him today?

Thinking of that, Larry was secretly excited.

After reaching the restaurant, he quickly ran out of the restaurant while Ms. Booker was ordering food at the counter. Then, he ran to his destination.

Standing before a building, he reckoned that he had reached as the building and the words on its signboard—which read “Finnor Group”—looked the same as what he saw in the picture.

Taking a deep breath, he walked into the building while feeling a little nervous deep down.

Meanwhile, Finnick was going through the documents at his desk when a knock came at the door.

“Come in.” His voice was void of emotions, but it still made the new secretary, who had just knocked on the door, blush.

Trying to remain calm, the secretary assumed a professional attitude as she reported, “Mr. Norton, someone from Norton Corporation called and wanted you to attend a board meeting now.”

“Okay. Tell Noah to get the car ready.”

“Yes, Mr. Norton.”

After leaving the office, the secretary patted herself on her flushed cheeks. Even though I’ve been here for two weeks, I still can’t resist the charm of the president. He’s so perfect! What if I... No, no, no!

The secretary immediately dismissed her thoughts. She heard that the previous two secretaries were fired by the president's girlfriend because they thought about things they shouldn't. Therefore, she thought that she should focus on keeping her job instead of thinking too much.

With that thought in mind, she hurriedly informed Noah to get ready.

As soon as Finnick walked downstairs to the company entrance, he was stopped by someone.

"Are you Finnick Norton?" Looking at the cute child with an adorable voice blocking his path, Finnick somehow felt his heart melt.

"Yes, I am." Finnick squatted down to be at eye level with the boy. "What's the matter? Can I help you?"

For some reason, he felt an inexplicable sense of closeness to the little boy in front of him. He found the latter familiar, as though he had met him somewhere.

Hearing his question, Larry racked his brain for an answer. Got it!

"I'm lost, and now I can't find my mommy. I saw you on TV, so I know that your name is Finnick Norton. Can you help me find my mommy?" Larry deliberately made himself sound pitiful. In order to make it more believable, he even tried hard to whip up some tears.

Seeing the boy's pitiful and tearful look, Finnick found himself feeling distressed.