

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 707

Is Ben back? With that thought, Vivian changed and went downstairs. To her surprise, the one cooking was not Benedict but her son, Larry.

“Little pumpkin, what are you doing?” When Vivian walked to the kitchen doorway, she could see the boy standing on the stool, stirring the soup with Ms. Booker’s help.

“Mommy, you’re up!” Upon noticing his mother by the doorway, Larry jumped off the stool. “Mommy, did you have a good sleep? Where have you been these few days?”

With a smile, she lifted him into her arms and poked his cheek. “A lady was sick, so I’ve been taking care of her in the hospital. How have you been?”

From their return to the country until now, Vivian had yet to bring Larry to visit Rachel. Partially, she was afraid of Finnick realizing they had a child. Another reason was that every time she thought about how Rachel only had Evelyn in her heart, she felt disinterested in letting her know about Larry.

“Then, is that lady all okay now?” Larry asked with wide eyes.

“Yes.” Vivian smiled as she tapped his forehead. “She’s fine now. Can you tell me what you are making?”

“I’m making corn soup for you, Mommy.” Jumping off Rachel’s arms, Larry ran back to the stove and looked into the pot. “Ms. Booker told me that this soup is good for you. I was sure that you’ll be hungry after you wake, Mommy, so I asked Ms. Booker to teach me how to make this for you.”

I see. Vivian’s heart melted at how her dear son was so concerned with her; all of her upset earlier was now washed away by how sweet her son was.

Walking to him, Vivian lifted the pot lid and said, “It looks like I can drink the soup now. Little pumpkin, why don’t you take two bowls for me? I want to have a taste of the soup that my little pumpkin made for me.”

“Of course!” Larry exclaimed before sprinting toward the cabinet with his short legs.

After turning off the stove, Ms. Booker politely informed Vivian, “Miss, please wait at the dining table with Mr. Larry. I’ll serve the soup to you.”

“No need,” Vivian chuckled. “I can do it myself.”

After all, this was the first time her precious son was cooking for her. How could she not serve the soup herself?

“As you wish,” Ms. Booker replied with a faint smile before leaving. Mr. Larry’s a sweet boy. He’s already better than most kids just with how nice he is to his mother.

“Here you go, Mommy.” Soon, Larry brought the spoon and bowl to Vivian.

“Be a dear and wait for me at the dining table, will you? It’ll be bad if you scald yourself, little pumpkin,” Vivian instructed as she scooped the soup.

“Okay.” Nodding obediently, Larry ran toward the dining table and sat down.

At her son’s obedience, Vivian smiled. Fate is still good to me to have given me such a caring child.

“Mommy, is it good?” Larry nervously asked when he saw Vivian put the spoon into her mouth.

“Wow!” Vivian exclaimed dramatically. “It’s so good! Is my darling a cooking genius? How can his first cooking be so delicious?”

“Really?” Hearing her words, a bright smile crept upon Larry’s round face, and he promptly tried the soup.

Even the boy himself felt that the soup was good, and he urged, “It really is good! Mommy, drink more of it!”

Vivian patted his head endearingly before returning to her soup. Is it too hot? Why does it feel like my eyes are watering from the steam?

“Mommy, can I ask you a question?” Larry carefully queried, having sensed that his mother was in a good mood today.

“Of course,” Vivian replied with a smile. “What does my little pumpkin want to ask me?”

“Mommy, how are you with Daddy? Can I... Can I meet Daddy?” On Larry’s face was a nervous look.