

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 756

“Don’t fret, Vivian. I’ll come back right away. Larry could have just gone out to play. You should wait at home. In case he comes back, at least you are around,” said Benedict.

“Alright, I know what to do. Come back quickly, Ben,” said Vivian chokily.

“I will,” he said. Right after hanging up, Benedict rang up his friend who was a detective and grabbed his car keys simultaneously. He left his office and headed straight home.

He reached soon and saw Finnick standing at his gate. Anger immediately boiled up in his heart. He walked over with big strides and questioned loudly, “Why have you come to the Morrison residence?”

Finnick did not seem to mind his hostile attitude and went on to explain, “Vivian was with me just now. She looked really bothered about something. I thought I’d wait here to see if I could help...”

A heavy punch landed on his face before he could finish speaking. “You heartless scoundrel! It was you who cruelly tossed aside Vivian five years ago. How dare you act all kind and caring right now?”

The impact from the punch almost made Finnick fall to the ground. He raised a hand to wipe a corner of his mouth but did not make any move to fight back. He understood that Benedict was aggrieved by the hardships that Vivian had suffered. Hence, he took the blow that was inflicted on him wordlessly. Nonetheless, Benedict did not seem to be moved at all by his tolerance.

Enduring the pain on his face, Finnick spoke, “Vivian looked really agitated. I think you had better go check on her. Just tell me if you need any help.” He diverted his gaze to the house with concern.

“Stop pretending to be helpful!” Benedict’s hostility towards Finnick did not diminish at all upon hearing his worry. He wanted very badly to teach this a**hole a lesson on behalf of Vivian.

However, he had more pressing matters to attend to at the moment. Larry was still missing so he had no time to waste on this b*stard. He pointed at Finnick viciously and bellowed, "I'll deal with you later!"

And with that, he stomped into his house leaving Finnick outside. Finnick laughed bitterly to himself. Looks like I'll have to go through big brother Benedict before I can truly get back together with Vivian.

As he entered the living room, Benedict saw Vivian seated rigidly on the sofa. She was crying silently while clutching her phone tightly in her hands.

"Hey, is there any news of Larry yet?" he marched over apprehensively to check on Vivian.

"Ben," Vivian hastily stood up and wiped away her tears upon seeing her brother. Worry and fear were evident on her haggard-looking face. "Ben, do you think something bad has happened to Larry?"

"He should be fine," Ben comforted, "stop riling yourself up with blind guesses." He patted her shoulder to comfort her. He was panic-stricken as well, but he had to force himself to remain calm.

Benedict turned his head over to Ms. Booker and asked sternly, "Just what on earth happened? How did Larry go missing? You must tell me everything clearly and thoroughly. Don't miss out any details."

Ms. Booker repeated what she had said to Vivian once more. "And that was what happened. I didn't hear anything while I was in the kitchen, neither did I see anyone enter the house."

After listening to Ms. Booker, Benedict was deep in thought. In his mind, he was picturing anything that could have gone amiss. By his side, Vivian began to cry even harder.

"Ben, could it be that somebody has kidnapped Larry? Why isn't he back yet by now?" Her heart sank as she considered this possibility. Larry had always been well-mannered and obedient. If he went out on his own, he would not be this inconsiderate and make everyone else worry. If something happened to him... What should she do?

"That's not possible. Larry is smart. He will not be taken away without making a sound. Don't scare yourself," Benedict tried his best to soothe Vivian. "Maybe he was just being

playful and didn't tell Ms. Booker that he was going out. Think carefully. Where does he like to go usually? We'll start looking from there."

Vivian desperately recalled the conversations that she had with her little pumpkin over the past few days. Suddenly, she remembered something, and her eyes shone with newfound hope. She frantically grabbed onto Benedict's arm and said, "Larry asked me to take him to the ice skating rink in the south district two days ago. I was too busy and did not agree to his request. Could he have gone there by himself?"