

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 803

As if reading her mind, Finnick said, "I have an idea." Vivian's eyes lit up, but quickly dimmed when she heard his next words.

"Find Larry a wife. All problems will be solved then." Finnick himself was living proof that it was an effective plan.

Hence, he proposed it to Vivian without much thought.

Vivian felt the urge to give him a good beating for suggesting something like this.

Larry's only a child, for goodness sake. Find him a wife? He's teasing me, right?

Just when Vivian wanted to voice her complaints, Larry emerged from the classroom.

He threw himself into Vivian's arms and held Finnick's hand. The smile on his face was especially bright.

"Mommy, Daddy, what are you doing here?" Larry tilted his head in confusion. Noah's usually the one who picks me up. How come it's Mommy and Daddy today?

And it's only lunchtime now. We aren't allowed to go home before class is over.

"Did you forget? We're going to your great-grandpa's house today," Vivian cooed and reached out to stroke his hair with a soft smile, glowing with maternal love.

"Oh, I almost forgot about that." Larry scratched his head with a sheepish smile.

"Hey, look! Are they Larry's parents?"

"I don't know."

"His daddy is so handsome. And his mommy is so pretty too!"

Afraid to approach the family of three, the group of children could only discuss from afar. Despite the distance, Vivian and Finnick still caught their words.

As the children studied the good-looking couple, they couldn't help but feel envious.

At the same time, they began to complain about their own parents not being as attractive.

"Maybe this is fate," came a girl's clear and loud voice.

Vivian was tickled pink by her words and a laugh escaped her lips.

This child sounds mature for her age. And she even believes in fate?

Vivian directed her gaze toward the source of the voice.

She didn't see this girl in Larry's classroom earlier, which meant that she wasn't Larry's classmate, but Vivian noticed how pretty she was.

The girl noticed Vivian's gaze on her, so she stepped forward and greeted, "Good morning, sir, ma'am."

"Good morning." Vivian offered the girl a smile while Finnick only nodded in response.

He wasn't interested in communicating with children. Of course, Larry was the only exception.

"Ma'am, are you here to pick Larry up?" the little girl asked.

"That's right."

"You must have somewhere to be. I won't hold you up, then. Have a safe drive," the girl said sensibly. Her mature personality resembled Larry's in a way.

"Alright. Goodbye now."

With that, Vivian led Larry and Finnick away. After getting into the car, she asked Larry about the girl out of curiosity.

The girl was a student in the class next door to Larry's. Her name was Joey Neville and she came from an impressive family background as well.

That was why she was so mature for her age.

Vivian also got to know from Larry that Joey's family had a unique upbringing and was very religious.

That was why she had said those surprising words earlier.

"How do you know about all this, little pumpkin?" Vivian found it strange. Children don't really go around talking about these things, do they? So how does Larry know?

"From my own observations, of course." Larry gave her a look that seemed to say that she had just asked a stupid question.

Vivian looked at Larry with fond exasperation, not knowing how to respond.

It's probably better if kids weren't that smart. Look at how he's starting to insult my IQ level.

Finnick chuckled lowly but did not come to Vivian's aid.

"Little pumpkin, I saw a lot of girls crowding around you in class. What are your thoughts on this?"

Vivian felt that she had to address this problem as soon as possible, lest her son started dating too early in his years.

"Nothing. They said they like me, so I guess that's why they're always by my side." It was as simple as that to Larry and he didn't see anything wrong with them staying by his side.

Hearing Larry's innocent answer, Vivian did not know how to proceed, so she looked to Finnick for help.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 804

Vivian hoped that Finnick could say a few educational words to Larry.

“Larry, did you know? When a boy plays too much with a girl, he’ll start acting like her too. As in, he might not grow up to be a real man.”

Finnick looked at Larry with a solemn expression. Indeed, what he said wasn’t wrong. Some boys who played too much with girls ended up become slightly feminine.

However, the main reason Finnick had said that was to warn Larry away from those girls.

“But I didn’t go looking for them. They were the ones who came to me.” Larry gazed at his father with an aggrieved look after hearing what he said.

Daddy has misunderstood me.

Larry cared about his mother the most. If he didn’t grow up to be a real man, he wouldn’t be able to protect her.

Hence, he was slightly disheartened.

“Alright, we’ll take it as a misunderstanding on your daddy’s part. Since you didn’t go looking for them, then you shouldn’t play too much with them either, okay?” Vivian chimed in.

She knew that it wasn’t very appropriate to forbid her son from playing with those girls, but it was better than allowing him to go down the wrong path and getting into a relationship at such a young age.

“I’ve never talked to them.”

Larry was speaking the truth. Indeed, he ignored those girls on a frequent basis. Moreover, although those girls approached him, they never spoke to him.

In fact, they were afraid to do so because of his impassive expression.

“Mm. Be a good boy in school, okay, little pumpkin?” Vivian didn’t think she needed to say anymore.

“Okay,” Larry answered her very quickly.

Vivian felt at ease because she knew her son would be a good boy without her needing to tell him.

Finnick’s mouth arched into a smile while listening to their conversation.

Because Larry’s school was quite far from the Norton residence, the car ride was rather long.

By the time they arrived, it was already half-past eleven.

Vivian carried Larry down the car and spotted someone waiting for them at the door.

“Mr. and Mrs. Norton.” The housemaid had been waiting here for a long time.

Because she didn’t know who the little boy between them was, she didn’t address him.

“Mm. Where’s Grandpa?” Finnick queried.

“He’s inside,” the housemaid replied and showed them the way.

The Norton residence was huge. As soon as they entered the house, Vivian found that it gave off a completely different vibe from their own house.

Their house was warm and cozy, while the Norton residence was somber and intense.

This was probably the difference in taste between the younger and older generation.

As Vivian speculated in silence, she scanned her surroundings at the same time, but there was no sign of her grandfather-in-law.

“Where’s Grandpa?” Vivian cast a questioning gaze at Finnick.

Unlike Finnick, she wasn't very familiar with Samuel's habits and daily routines.

"He's in the garden." Then, he tugged Vivian toward the garden with confidence.

There were only three places his grandfather could be at home – the study, his bedroom, or the garden.

At this hour, the chances that he was in the garden were the highest.

Hence, Finnick made a beeline toward the garden.

Once there, he immediately caught sight of his grandfather sitting on the rocking chair.

At seventy years old, Samuel had a head of white hair and prominent wrinkles around his eyes.

His eyes were closed as he took a nap and no one dared to disturb him when he was submerged in his own world.

This place had become his personal paradise for him to live out the days of his carefree life.

"You're here." Just when Vivian wanted to continue surveying the place, Samuel's voice pierced through the silence.

"Mm," Finnick responded curtly.

"Grandpa," Vivian greeted him respectfully, then nudged Larry. "Quick. Say hi to your great-grandpa."

Samuel's eyes widened in surprise at Vivian's words. Since when did I have a great-grandson? Why didn't I know anything about this?

He glanced at Finnick, as though asking for an explanation.

"Great-grandpa," Larry called out with a broad grin, instantly taking a liking to this kind-looking elderly man.

Samuel hummed in approval, developing a fondness for this great-grandson at first glance.

