

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 909

With that, he led her out.

Chase glowered at Lexi, warning her to stay put.

Lexi cowered back in fear and nodded obediently.

Meanwhile, Vivian felt a flicker of irritation as Finnick led her away.

It wasn't my fault. Why did he act like I was the one who took the box without permission?

"What are you doing?" she pried free from his grip and demanded.

Vivian felt wronged as she seethed with anger.

"You know what you did. Go home on your own."

With that said, Finnick spun on his heels and left.

As he walked away from her, Vivian's heart sink.

Doesn't Finnick believe me?

Does he seriously think I'm a thief? Why is he acting this way?

As the questions whirled around in her mind, Vivian walked out of the building.

Finnick had driven her here earlier. She had to walk home alone since he told her to head home on her own.

On the way out, Vivian couldn't help but wonder. Today's a happy occasion. Why did Finnick treat me that way?

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Did I do something to make him angry? If so, why didn't he say it out loud?

Suddenly, she heard a familiar voice. When she turned back, she spotted Larry standing at a distance away.

Vivian's lips parted in shock. Is that Larry? Why is he here? Shouldn't he be at home? Curious, she went to Larry and questioned her son.

"I was bored at home, so I followed you secretly," came Larry's reply.

After they departed earlier, Larry dashed upstairs to take some money and hailed a cab to follow them.

Finnick wasn't driving quickly, so he caught up with his parents in no time.

"No more next time! What if something happens to you?"

Vivian patted her chest in fear. Luckily, I came out in time. Otherwise, something might happen to Larry.

"I'm fine, Mommy. I never lost sight of you," replied Larry as he swung Vivian's hand sweetly.

"You saw everything?" Vivian was surprised when she heard his words.

"Yes. Lexi is a bad woman!" Larry huffed.

He was about to help Vivian, but Finnick and Chase showed up before he could do so.

Upon seeing the men, he retreated back to his hiding place.

"Lexi Jackson likes Daddy. That was why she did that to you."

Larry's statement served as a wake-up call for Vivian.

She couldn't understand why Lexi hated her so much, but now everything made sense.

"How did you know?"

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“She kept stealing glances at Daddy in the party.”

Oh, I see.

Still, Vivian couldn't help but blame Finnick for not helping her. Even Larry could see it wasn't her fault.

Larry knew his mommy was feeling miserable. He parted his lips to comfort her. “Mommy, look. I'm here for you!”

He winked cheekily, causing Vivian to burst out laughing.

Right. Even if Finnick doesn't believe me, I still have Larry.

I only wanted to touch the box, but Lexi accused me of being a thief.

Yes, that box was pretty, but I'm a well-mannered person. There's no way I'll steal something which belongs to others just because I like it.

Vivian took Larry's hand. Let's see what Finnick will say when he gets back home. I'll ignore him until he gives me an explanation.

They hailed a cab and went back home.

Vivian originally wanted to walk back home, but after bumping into Larry, she didn't want to tire him out.

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Taking a cab home was their best choice.

Back at home, Vivian ushered Larry into his room as his teacher was here.

Previously, after Larry told them about his teachers' shortcomings, Vivian fired them all except for Paris.

She wouldn't let the disqualified tutors teach her little pumpkin.

Vivian went back to her room. Hiding under the covers, she started munching on snacks.

She had never eaten in bed, but this time, she was too angry to think straight. Also, she was too lazy to go to the dining room.

As she was in a foul mood, she allowed herself to act capriciously this once.

Vivian chomped on her chips and soon dozed off.

When Finnick came home, he was greeted by the sight of a messy bed with chips scattered everywhere. There were even chips on Vivian's face.

Finnick retrieved the chip packaging and slowly picked up the scattered chips.

When he picked up the last chip, Vivian's eyes fluttered open.

Finnick jolted in shock, but he quickly collected himself and flashed a grin.

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“Are you hungry?” he queried. “Get up. It’s time for dinner.”

Actually, it was one hour past their usual dinnertime, but it wasn’t too late to have dinner now.

Finnick refused to let Vivian sleep on an empty stomach. It isn’t good for her health.

Vivian spared him a glance and rolled over. She shut her eyes firmly. Ha! Serves you right for getting mad at me earlier.

Seeing her reaction, Finnick joined her in bed and wrapped his arms around her.

“Honey, listen. I had no choice back there. You are my wife, so I know you’ll understand my decision. I do trust you, but that was Chase Neville’s daughter. If I attack her, our partnership will come to an end.”

After hearing Finnick’s explanation, Vivian felt her heart soften.

She had spent a long time reflecting on herself. By doing so, her fury had faded away.

She was acting indifferent so Finnick would provide an explanation.

“Also, you need to leave to be with our son.”

Finnick knew she was no longer angry, so he tightened his arms around her.

“You knew our son had followed us there?”

Vivian turned and gazed at him curiously.

“I realized it the moment he got into a cab to tail after us.”

Vivian’s fury faded into thin air. Finnick knew Vivian was doing this for Larry, so he smiled.

“You’re not mad anymore?”

He brushed a finger softly down her nose.

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"Mm," came Vivian's exasperated reply.

She was still upset at what he did today. Understanding his intention was one thing, and throwing a tantrum was another.

No one said she couldn't throw a tantrum after she found out why he did so, right?

"Alright. I prepared dinner to make it up to you. Shall we eat together?"

Before entering their bedroom, Finnick had already prepared a spread for her.

Vivian's stomach was grumbling in hunger. She got off the bed and washed up before following him downstairs.

Larry was seated at the table. When he saw them holding hands, he immediately knew they had made up.

The little boy ran his fingers through his hair and waited patiently as Finnick served them.

Finnick's cooking skills had improved gradually. If he worked hard, he'd end up being a better cook than Vivian herself.

No matter how good his culinary skills were, Finnick still preferred Vivian's cooking.

He could feel how much she loved him through the food she prepared for him.

"Is it delicious?" Finnick asked.

Vivian gave him a nod and continued eating.

Finnick knew Vivian didn't like to talk when she was eating, so he didn't press on.

The three of them enjoyed their dinner silently.

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