

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 935 - 936

Paris led Larry into the car, but she then noticed that he merely sat obediently without saying a single word.

He's very similar to Finnick Norton, both taciturn and somber yet very much capable.

"Which friend's house are we going to, Larry?"

She actually wanted to ask Vivian this question earlier, but she decided against it since Finnick was right beside her.

Driven by her curiosity, she opted to ask Larry.

"No idea."

Larry knew that telling lies was bad, but he had no other choice.

After all, Vivian's whisper in his ear just now was still echoing in his mind. Don't tell Ms. Houston that it's your Uncle Benedict's house.

He really wanted to tell her that they were going to Benedict's house, but it was out of his hands since he couldn't go against his mother.

"Never mind, then. Rest for a while first, Larry. It's still early." Paris then glanced at the address in her hand.

It seems that the person must be rich to be living in such an area. As negative thoughts popped into her mind, she wondered if the person would despise her.

Meanwhile, the train Vivian and Finnick were on had already passed four stations, so they would be disembarking from the next station.

Vivian was rather excited since she had no idea where the train would lead them to.

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The destination didn't seem to be indicated on the train, and it was also her first time taking the train, so she wasn't familiar with it.

Finnick was all the more clueless.

"What do you hope the next place will be, Finnick?" Vivian inquired as she looked up at Finnick, who was calm and unruffled, with anticipation written all over her face.

At this, Finnick pecked her on the lips lightly and murmured lovingly, "Whatever you wish for."

Upon hearing this, Vivian felt as though she had melted into a puddle.

"Alright, let's alight."

As she stared at the desolate scenery outside, dread rose within her. When she noticed that she and Finnick were the only ones who disembarked at this stop, her puzzlement deepened.

Why didn't anyone else alight here? Don't tell me there's something bad here?

She then looked around before realizing that she had been here in the past.

Subsequently, they decided to ask for recommendations when they bumped into someone. However, there were now two paths before them, and they had to decide which path to take.

After Finnick asked Vivian to make a decision based on her intuition, they continue forging ahead.

Along the way, there were several other forks on the road, and they were all decided by Vivian based on her intuition.

But as they walked on, they unexpectedly found a place that resembled a utopia. Vivian gasped in amazement as she stared at the landscape ahead in a trance.

The front of it was all adorned with carved jade without a hint of modernity to be seen.

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Meanwhile, the people outside were walking along the streets with lanterns in their hands, and wooden items could be seen everywhere.

Vivian then went over to an amicable-looking middle-aged woman and inquired about the place, only to be told that it was a relatively renowned tourist destination.

Hearing this, relief suffused her.

Nonetheless, there was something special about this place. Generally speaking, people couldn't find the place without a guide to lead the way.

Thus, tourists usually came during the holidays. And this explained why those passengers earlier didn't alight from the train.

The only reason Vivian and Finnick were able to get here was all thanks to the former's intuition.

Sometimes, a woman's intuition was actually pretty accurate.

At this precise moment, Finnick threw Vivian a look of admiration, and she responded in turn with a wink.

After thanking the middle-aged woman, Vivian and Finnick looked for a place to stay.

They had been on the train for an entire night, and it was now noon, so both of them were hungry.

"Hello. May I know if this is an inn?"

Vivian could only see the two gigantic words above the building that read: Euphoric Redolence.

However, she wasn't sure whether it was a place that provided lodging.

"Hello, lass. This is indeed an inn," the innkeeper answered smilingly as she looked at Vivian and Finnick.

Even the manner in which she spoke was a complete reversion to the olden days.

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Upon hearing that, Vivian flashed her a smile and inquired, "This wee lassie has been braving the elements out here, so could I be so bold as to intrude on you for a few days?"

As she spoke in a medieval manner, Finnick looked on at the side with a smile tugging at his lips.

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When Finnick heard the words "wee lassie," he almost burst out laughing.

But in the end, he managed to suppress his laughter.

"Please come with me."

The innkeeper left after she had settled them in.

The moment she was gone, Finnick pinned Vivian down, taking her completely off guard.

"Uh... What's happening here?" Vivian was at a loss.

Shouldn't we go and have lunch now? We're both hungry, after all.

"Please repeat that again, wee lassie." Finnick smirked roguishly.

At this, Vivian rolled her eyes and glared at him.

"Ah, so that's it, huh?" After she had said that, she cleared her throat and murmured, "I'm in need of replenishment, dearest."

When her words fell, Finnick placed his mouth right beside her lips. Vivian naturally knew what he wanted, so she prepared to give him a token kiss.

However, Finnick had long since realized her intention, so he sucked her lips hard the moment they touched his and started savoring the sweetness of her mouth.

In truth, a fire had started blazing within him upon hearing her speak to him in such an antiquated tone.

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Out of the blue, a thought flashed across his mind. One day, we could even try role-playing!

Nonetheless, he didn't blurt it out but focused on savoring her taste.

Meanwhile, Paris was now lost in thought as she sprawled on the bed in her house, her face flushed for some reason.

Knock, knock, knock. Three knocks rang out in the air. Yesterday afternoon, after taking Larry to the address given by Vivian, she apprehensively knocked on the door.

The door was opened by a relatively old lady, who seemed to be the housemaid.

"Good afternoon. I'm directed here by Vivian Morrison." Paris didn't quite know what to say, so she mentioned Vivian's name. The housemaid warmly ushered them in before arranging a room for the two of them to have the tutoring session.

But when Paris came down to make her way home, she saw someone in the living room, and that person turned out to be Benedict!

At this turn of events, she abruptly realized that she had been tricked. Oh my God, this is a ploy concocted by Vivian!

"Why..." As Benedict stared at Paris, his mouth bulged since he was drinking tea.

However, for the sake of courtesy, he still did his best to swallow the mouthful of tea.

"Why are you here?" He knew that it was quite rude of him to be so blunt, but it seemed to be the only way to break the silence and awkwardness.

"Vivian asked me to come here, claiming that she entrusted Larry to a friend. I came to tutor Larry."

Paris truthfully told him everything that had happened.

After listening to her explanation, both of them were now aware of the machinations behind this matter.

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“Do come over here and have a seat.” Benedict urged Paris to sit down when he noticed that she was still rooted to the spot, seeming a tad embarrassed. Then, the two of them chatted for a while.

It was only when the night had deepened significantly did Benedict finally realize that it was rather late then.

Well, well... It seems that she’s quite special as she actually managed to make such a punctual person like me lose track of time.

“I’m really sorry that I lost track of time,” he said apologetically while looking at Paris. “Would you like to go home now? I’ll drive you.” He stared at her with plain sincerity on his face.

It was actually him who continued the conversation for such a long time. While she was also very eager to talk to him, his gentlemanly awareness did not allow him to do so since the hour had grown so late.

“Sure. Thank you,” Paris concurred. She knew that she could talk a bit longer with him if she allowed him to drive her home, and it so happened that she was feeling rather loath to have things come to an end here.

Besides, she never felt awkward when chatting with him since he could always diffuse any awkwardness.

And so, Benedict drove her home. After a short chat, they arrived at her house.

Having said their goodbyes, Paris then spun around and opened the door.

As she lay on the bed, reminiscing about everything that had happened yesterday, she felt that Vivian was truly a godsend for helping her a great deal.

Thinking of this, she wanted to give her a call to thank her.

On second thought, she’s most likely enjoying herself with her husband now, so I’d better not disturb her. I’ll wait for her to come back and thank her personally instead.

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