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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1729

In all honesty, Joan didn't blame Larry as she understood him. However, she couldn't speak on behalf of Finnick and Vivian since they had poured their blood, sweat, and tears into the company. Now that it had ended up in such a sorry state, even she herself wasn't certain whether Finnick would condemn Larry.

"You're here, Ms. Joan?" The housemaid wiped her hands on her apron. Then, she spotted Leslie in Joan's arms. "Oh, you even brought Leslie along!"

Joan flashed her a polite smile. "Is Vivian and Finnick home?"

Smiling at her in return, the housemaid then hollered in the direction of the house, "Mr. Norton and Mrs. Norton, Ms. Joan and Leslie are here!"

The moment Vivian saw Joan and Leslie, she hurried forward and carried him from Joan's arms. It had been a while since she last saw the baby. She hadn't visited them out of worry that she would be a bother. She initially thought that they would bring him back for a visit in a few days, but it turned out that they actually dragged their feet until now.

Having not laid eyes on him for a long time, Vivian truly missed her grandchild greatly. She cradled Leslie in the crook of her arms and rocked him gently, but it seemed that he had had enough sleep. Surprisingly, he didn't throw a tantrum but pointed at them while giggling with his petite mouth open.

By then, Finnick had also walked over, and he looked as though he wanted to snatch the child from Vivian. At that moment, the two elderly people whose hair was threaded with gray resembled two immature children vying for their beloved toy.

At the sight of them both showering their affection on Leslie, Joan breathed a sigh of relief. Phew! With Leslie diverting their attention, they most likely won't pressure Larry no matter how angry they are!

Before she could even say anything, Finnick had already seen through her and smilingly remarked, "Well? Are you here to entrust Leslie's care to us?"

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Huh? I initially brought Leslie over so that I'll gain the upper hand, but why am I now on the passive end? As her intentions were suddenly exposed, she chuckled awkwardly. "Ah well, I was worried that you two would miss Leslie."

In the next moment, it was Vivian who exposed her, saying, "Okay, okay, that's enough. If you were truly worried that we were missing Leslie, you would've brought him over ages ago. You wouldn't have left this elderly couple languishing in loneliness until now."

Ah, why didn't Larry inherit Vivian's humor? What a shame! Joan lamented inwardly. Sure enough, her worry had been proven to be warranted, for it was always difficult to fool the elderly.

"Well? Aren't you going to say anything? Have we hit the nail on the head, then?" Finnick deliberately taunted. When he saw her terrified expression at his words, he then gave a soft cough. In the blink of an eye, he turned serious and solemnly patted her on the shoulder. "It's fine. I've known about the situation at the company. My stance remains the same—everything will work itself out in the end."

"What if things fall apart?" Joan blurted out of the blue.

Amused by their daughter-in-law's instinctive riposte, Finnick and Vivian doubled over in laughter. After a long while, Finnick finally stifled his laughter and said to her with feigned authoritativeness, "Fall apart? Even if they fall apart, there'll still be debris left. When it comes to money, it'll be yours if it's meant to be. But if otherwise, it'll be of no use no matter how hard you work."

"Furthermore, it's not like the Norton family can't survive without the company," Vivian added.

Hmm? This doesn't seem right... It's completely different from the script I'd imagined! Shouldn't they be wearing forbidding expressions and asking me what Larry is doing at the office all day that he has ruined their decades of hard work?

How could it be this scene before me instead? They actually busted a gut laughing, then went to the side to discuss what brand of crib and milk to purchase for Leslie? Are there parents who could care less about their son than them?

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Shellshocked, she stood rooted to the spot. In the end, it was the housemaid who snapped her back to reality, urging, "Don't just stand there, Ms. Joan. Please have a seat." Only then did she compose herself and sat on the sofa.

When Vivian noticed that she still seemed restless, she smiled. "Are you still worried about Larry?"

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