

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 893

The family had an uneventful reunion dinner together and everyone went to bed after that.

When they finally had some time together in their own room, Finnick unleashed the beast in him. He pushed Vivian against the wall and started kissing her unreservedly.

Unlike the kiss they shared earlier on at the company, his kiss was possessive and demanding, compelling Vivian to give in to him.

"Finnick, don't..." she called out weakly at his entreat, trying to push him away, but this only provoked him further.

He had endured a long time without her, and there was no use trying to push him away now.

Finnick stripped off her clothes slowly, cupping his hands on the tender bumps on her chest as he intensified his kiss.

He carried her over to the bed and let her down gently. His hands lingered on her skin in passionate strokes, not sparing any parts of her body.

He showered her with kisses and made sweet love to her through the night.

When morning broke, Vivian felt her legs were so feeble and numb she could not get out of bed.

"Morning," Finnick greeted her with a smile on his face as if he was making fun of her.

"Uh-huh."

Vivian looked at him from the corner of her eyes and stumbled out of bed.

She would have fallen if Finnick had not caught her in his arms.

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“Why don’t you just skip work today? You just need to tell the senior editor,” he suggested.

Vivian whipped her head around with her eyes wide open.

She had not turn out for work yesterday afternoon.

She could not just excuse herself today as well, not unless she wanted to lose her job.

Vivian shuddered at the thought of getting a good scolding from Ms. Jenson. She had a terrifying record of bringing people to tears.

Vivian could not imagine how embarrassed she would feel if she were to get scolded in front of everyone.

I’d better get to work. She shook her head and told herself she should get going.

“You’d better not go to work today if you don’t want people to start saying things about you,” Finnick reminded her with a sly smile on his face.

Vivian had gone missing right after she saw Finnick yesterday. She could not imagine what people would say when they found out she took leave today.

Her colleagues were a nosy lot. They would definitely start making things up in their heads.

Vivian could well defend herself and say she did not do anything fishy, but the truth was, something did happen between her and Finnick.

Besides, they would definitely think she slept with Finnick just to get a promotion.

She would not feel comfortable working under the scrutiny of those people at the office, so she decided to just skip work today.

She picked up her phone and waited for the senior editor to pick up anxiously.

“Yes?” a voice came from the other side.

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"Hi, Ms. Jenson, Vivian here. I'd like to apply for leave today," she said timidly, hoping not to get a scolding from her. She could not imagine the shame of getting a lecture from her superior in front of her husband.

"No way, Vivian. You're coming to work today." The senior editor was annoyed when Vivian did not turn out yesterday. Now that she was taking leave again, she was infuriated.

There was no way she was going to let her go just like this.

Vivian glared at Finnick, not knowing how else to answer her superior.

He went over and snatched the phone away. "Hi, Finnick here. Vivian's with me. She's my wife."

A furious frown carved on Vivian's brows when she heard his words.

But the senior editor reacted otherwise. "Oh, Mr. Norton." There was a fleeting element of surprise in her voice despite her calm response.

"I don't want to hear any nasty comments going around in the company," he added.

Since Vivian still wanted to keep her identity low profile, Finnick could only ask the senior editor to keep it a secret.

"Sure, Mr. Norton."

Vivian looked at him, bewildered.

It suddenly dawned upon her that Finnick must have acquired the company she was working at.

Else the senior editor would never listen to Finnick or even promise to keep their secret. That was the only possible explanation she could come up with.

"You bought our company?" Vivian asked.

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"Yeah." Finnick surveyed her expression for a trace of surprise, but he was disappointed. Vivian did not seem impressed at all. After all, Finnick was a wealthy man.

He was the president of Finner Group, so it was no surprise that he procured a small company like the one Vivian was working at.

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A feeling of displeasure rose in her heart when Vivian realized she had been working for Finnick all this while.

It was no fun earning her husband's money.

"I'm resigning," she said, pouting her mouth.

She wanted to work at a magazine company, not Finnick's company.

"No way," Finnick cut her short.

He could not bring himself to let her work for someone else.

Vivian knew she stood no chance before him, so she just stared at him without saying anything.

"What's the matter?"

"You're not going to work?" she asked. Finnick was expecting her to say something else, but she changed the topic.

"I don't feel like working today," Finnick said with an entitled tone.

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He was the boss of the company, so he could just do whatever he liked.

On second thought, Vivian thought it would be better to just be her own boss at home.

“Then what are you doing today?” Vivian felt like she really needed to take a rest, and the only way she could do that was to get Finnick away.

“I’m sending Larry to school and then coming home.”

He had already planned on sending Larry to school. It was just that he stayed back a little to chat with Vivian.

“Alright, off you go then.”

Larry was already in his second year of elementary school. Although the school bus would come to pick him up every day, Finnick still wanted to send him to school on his own.

Since Finnick had been away for some time, it would be good for the father and son to have some bonding time.

Larry was on cloud nine when he found out Finnick was sending him to school.

Yet despite his happiness, the boy remained silent throughout the drive, so Finnick asked him what was bugging him.

“I don’t want to go to this school anymore,” the boy said.

“Why?” To Finnick, there were only three reasons why kids refuse to go to school.

It was either they dislike studying, they were lazy, or they were bullied.

Finnick really hoped it was not the third reason, because he would make sure the culprits pay for whatever they did to his child.

“I already know most of the things taught at school.”

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Larry's reply took Finnick by surprise. How does a second-grader know more than what the school is teaching?

Did he learn it from elsewhere?

I don't think Vivian is teaching him anything beyond his curriculum though.

Finnick looked at him curiously, hoping the boy could give him an explanation, but Larry stammered and could not even come up with any good reason.

It was actually Samuel who taught him everything, but Larry was afraid that Finnick would be sad if he mentioned Samuel, so he lied and said he learned everything himself.

Finnick believed him and was impressed.

But he still felt he needed to discuss with Vivian before transferring him to another school. After all, Finnick just came back and he was not the most familiar with Larry's situation.

"Alright, Daddy. You can discuss with Mommy first," the boy said. Finnick patted his head lovingly before sending him into his classroom.

"Wow, he's so handsome."

"Is he Larry's dad?"

"Who else could he be? Of course he's Larry's dad."

The kids in the classroom suddenly became unsettled when they saw Finnick.

Instead of entertaining their gossips, Larry walked past his classmates and went straight to his seat.

This was not the first time this happened to him. Back when he was in kindergarten, his classmates also got excited when they saw Finnick. Things had not changed much even though he was now at elementary school.

In fact, these kids adored his father even more as they grew up.

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Larry sat down and shifted his gaze outside the window as he watched Finnick leaving.

When Finnick got home, he told Vivian about Larry.

After some discussion, the couple decided to raise this issue to the school principal and see if anything could be done.

Since this had to do with Larry's education, Vivian wanted to go over to his school right away.

"Are you sure? Can you go over now?" Finnick looked at her struggling to stand on her feet, his brows arched in a naughty curve.

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