

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 525

“Sure. Can you tell me what your mother’s name is? Where did you get separated from her?”

“My mommy’s name is...” Larry did a quick mental search of a girl’s name. “My mommy’s name is Alice Morrison. We got separated nearby. When I went to see the fish, she’s gone.”

Hearing the child’s vague description, Finnick could not think of a way to help him find his mother. “How about this? I’ll get someone to look for your mommy while you’ll follow me to a meeting. When we return, I’ll send you to your mommy. Is that okay?”

“Okay!” Larry nodded repeatedly, happy that he could spend some time alone with his father.

Holding the boy’s hand, Finnick walked out of the company.

Noah, who had been waiting outside, was puzzled when he saw Finnick come over with a child. “Mr. Norton, who’s this child?”

“He’s lost and can’t find his mother,” Finnick briefly explained to Noah. “He said that his mother’s name is Alice Morrison. They got separated nearby. You’ll help him look for his mother. I’ll drive to Norton Corporation by myself.”

“Okay.” Noah nodded in realization as he was determined to help the cute boy find his mother. “Mr. Norton, do you want to let him follow me?”

Finnick looked at Larry, who then shook his head slightly, saying, “I only know you. I wanna go with you. I’m afraid he’s a bad guy.”

Larry pretended to be afraid. This is ridiculous! I’ve finally found my Daddy and only spent such a short time with him. Of course, I won’t go with others.

At his reply, Noah was speechless, whereas Finnick shook his head in amusement. “Okay then, you’ll come with me. I’ll take you to your mommy later.”

After telling Noah to look for her, Finnick got into the car with the boy and drove to Norton Corporation.

“Dad—Mr. Norton, you still don’t know my name, do you?” Larry broke out in a cold sweat when he nearly called Finnick by mistake. He secretly breathed a sigh of relief after seeing no response from Finnick.

Finnick really did not notice that Larry made a slip of the tongue as he was focused on driving. As there was now a child in the car, he drove even more carefully.

“No, I don’t.” Without looking at Larry, he paid attention to the road as he asked, “What’s your name?”

“My name is Larry Morrison, and my nickname is little pumpkin,” Larry replied with zest, “You must remember my name, and don’t ever forget it.”

“Got it.” Hearing his words, Finnick found it amusing. But Larry Morrison is quite a special name. I wonder why his parents give him this name. What a coincidence that both his parents have the same surname.

“So I’ll call you little pumpkin from now on, okay?”

“Yay! Sure!” Larry clapped his hands in excitement. “I like it when you call me little pumpkin!”

Seeing the adorable smile on Larry’s face, Finnick felt his heart melted for the first time.

As they chatted all the way, they soon arrived at Norton Corporation.

After the time they spent in the car, Finnick found himself growing fond of Larry. He could not help but find his nickname fitting for his adorable personality. Besides, he was smart and likable. Finnick was even reluctant to return this boy to his mother.

Surprised by the thought he had, Finnick found it funny. That would make me a human trafficker, wouldn’t it?

“Alright, little pumpkin. We’re here. Let’s get off the car.” After parking the car, Finnick carried Larry out of the car while the latter wrapped his arms around his neck.

Initially, Finnick wanted to put him down and walked hand in hand with him. Yet, after feeling the weight of Larry's head on his shoulder and his arms around his neck, he was suddenly reluctant to put him down, so he walked into Norton Corporation with Larry in his arms.

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Meanwhile, there were tears in Larry's eyes. My daddy is holding me. Not Uncle Benedict. It's my daddy.

Larry blinked back his tears as he did not want to cry in front of his own father.

While walking to his office with Larry in his arms, Finnick teased the boy from time to time, causing him to laugh while also leaving others stunned.

Seeing Finnick go into the elevator with a kid, the employees downstairs started gossiping among themselves.

"I'm not seeing things, am I? Is the man, who was holding a kid, Mr. Norton? That poker-faced man?"

"Whose kid is that? Could it be Mr. Norton's?"

"What nonsense are you spouting? It's possible if Mr. Norton hasn't divorced. But he has, so how can he have a kid that old? Unless..."

"Are you saying that this kid is his illegitimate son?"

"I think so. Otherwise, why would Mr. Norton, who has always been known for his indifference, be so kind to a strange kid? It's the first time I saw him smile!"

"That's true."

As Finnick was now at his office with Larry, he did not know what those employees were talking about.

“Little pumpkin, can you wait for me here? I’m having a meeting. If you need anything, just go to the lady—my secretary—whom I’ve just shown you,” Finnick reminded Larry as he was a little worried to leave him alone in his office.

He also didn’t expect that he would have so much concern for a kid whom he had just known.

“Okay, I got it. Don’t you worry, Mr. Norton. I’ll be good,” promised Larry as he squared his shoulders.

Looking at the serious expression on Larry’s cute face, Finnick could not help but chuckle. “Alright, then I’ll go for my meeting. Be good.”

After speaking, Finnick pinched Larry’s face, then stood up and walked out of the office. He reminded the secretary outside his office again before he headed to the meeting room.

As there was now only Larry in the office, he walked away and explored the office. Is this where Daddy works? It’s so huge and grand! He must be very capable, seeing that he has such a huge office.

That thought made Larry proud as he had such a capable man as his father. However, sadness crept up on him.

Why doesn’t Daddy want me and Mommy? Why does Mommy say that Daddy is dead? Did they have a fight? But it’s okay!

Larry clenched his fists to cheer himself up as he made up his mind to find a way to get his parents back together. Then, he would be able to have a mother and a father like other kids did.

While he was thinking of a way to reconcile his parents, he saw an elderly man walk into the office. It was none other than Samuel Norton.

He was here to discuss something with Finnick, only to see an adorable kid inside his office.

He was stunned for a moment, then he began to imagine Finnick's relationship with this kid. Could he be a son Finnick had behind my back? But it's impossible that I'm in the dark about it.

"Hi, Sir."

The soft voice snapped Samuel out of his thoughts. He began to scrutinize the kid and asked, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"My name's little pumpkin. Mr. Norton brought me here," Larry replied obediently as Vivian taught him to be polite toward the elderly.

"I got separated from my mommy, so Mr. Norton promised to help me find her and brought me here."

So that's what happened. I've overthought things. Samuel nodded in realization. But this kid seems to be very polite and well-mannered. His parents must have taught him well.

"Little pumpkin is such a nice name. How old are you?" This was probably the first time Samuel was so patient toward a kid.

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"I'm five years old, Sir."

Larry stood upright in front of Samuel while keeping his eyes on the latter. Like other children, he exuded innocence, but at the same time, he also had an air of maturity that was beyond his years.

Samuel had an even better impression of this child. Moreover, he found the child familiar as he looked similar to Finnick when he was a kid.

Out of so many people, Finnick is the one who runs into this lost kid. It seems that fate has brought them together.

Smiling, Samuel beckoned to Larry. "Come over here, little pumpkin. Let's play."

This man doesn't seem like a bad guy. Besides, he knows Daddy, so he may be Daddy's relative, which means he could be my relative too. With this thought in mind, Larry walked over to Samuel.

Looking at Larry up close, Samuel became even more fond of him, so he carried him to sit on his lap and chatted away on the sofa.

Larry's lively personality made Samuel laugh. Afterward, the latter found himself become increasingly reluctant to let the kid leave.

When Finnick returned to the office after the meeting, he was surprised to see that Samuel was smiling happily with Larry on his lap.

For as long as he could remember, his grandfather had been a stern man who was notoriously cold-hearted, especially toward people he didn't know. Although he was raised by Samuel, he barely saw the latter smile.

Unexpectedly, Grandpa actually laughs heartily with a child whom he has just known. It seems that this little pumpkin is indeed very likable.

"Grandpa." Finnick entered the office with a smile. "Why are you here?"

"You're back." Samuel sounded like he was in a good mood. "I'm here to discuss something with you. Whose child is this? He's so adorable!"

Then, he looked at Larry and ruffled his hair with adoration.

Sitting on the sofa across from them, Finnick had on a smile.

"Little pumpkin got separated from his mom, but I've already asked Noah to look for his mom. I think he'll find her soon."

"Okay." Nodding, Samuel looked at Larry and comforted, "Don't be scared little pumpkin. He and I will definitely find your mom."

“Okay. Thank you, Sir,” Larry replied in a sweet voice. I was right. This man is indeed Daddy’s relative. Since Daddy calls him Grandpa, he’s my great-grandpa then. It’s great that I not only found my daddy but my great-grandpa as well, and it seems that they all like me a lot too.

Larry leaned closer into Samuel’s arms.

Seeing that, Samuel was even more delighted as he continued to tease and play with Larry.

Watching their heartwarming interaction, Finnick could not help but feel melancholic. If Vivian and I hadn’t divorced five years ago, our kid should have been this old. I wonder if he will be as adorable as little pumpkin.

Meanwhile, Vivian was attending a daily meeting of Morrison Group with Benedict, who wanted her to take over part of the company affairs as soon as possible.

While listening to the report of every head of the department, Vivian noticed that her phone lit up. It was a call from Ms. Booker.

Feeling worried that something had happened to Larry, she took her phone and motioned to Benedict before she quietly left the meeting room.

“Ms. Morrison, something happened!” Ms. Booker cried into the phone as soon as her call was picked up.

“What’s wrong?” Vivian’s heart skipped a beat as she asked anxiously, “Did something happen to little pumpkin?”

“Mr. Larry insisted on going out to eat fried chicken today. He went missing after I returned from ordering at the counter. I’ve looked everywhere, but I couldn’t find him.” Ms. Booker was still clear-headed, so she briefly explained the whole incident to Vivian. “What should we do now, Ms. Morrison? Should we call the police?”