

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 891

Although Paris was still feeling a little nervous, being a professional, she soon regained her composure.

It was ten past nine when they arrived at Finnor Group. They decided to wait in the waiting area at the lobby until the appointment time.

That was a habit of Vivian whenever she was to interview someone. During the waiting period, she would declutter her mind and organize her thoughts.

Just as they settled down at the waiting area, a staff approached her and asked, "Hi, are you Ms. Morrison?"

Vivian nodded. "Yes, I am."

Then, the staff asked them to come with her.

As they reached the president's office, the staff halted. "Our president said you could simply walk in."

Vivian nodded smilingly at the staff. "Alright. Thank you."

After knocking on the door, the voice of a man was heard from inside the office, "Come in."

Vivian asked the assistant to wait outside while she entered the president's office with Paris and the photographer.

In the office, a man was sitting in the desk chair, having his back to them. Regardless, Vivian nodded at him and introduced herself, "Hi, I'm Vivian. We are from the magazine company, and we're here to interview you."

"Mm. You can start the interview now."

It seemed like the president had no intention of turning around to face them. Vivian stuck her tongue out at the man's back view. This man was rude when I saw him two years ago. It seems like he hasn't changed at all.

She took out the document that Lesley gave her and started asking the questions on it.

Some of the questions looked weird or rather personal to her, yet she asked the man nevertheless as per Lesley's order. "How is your relationship with your wife?"

Just then, the man suddenly turned around.

"Great," he answered.

Vivian looked up from her document. She froze, and her mind went blank the moment her eyes met the man's face.

The next moment, her heart was overwhelmed with mixed emotions of surprise, joy, and exhilaration.

"What's wrong? Go on."

It turned out that the person Vivian was interviewing all the while was not Chase, as she thought, but Finnick!

The photographer gave Vivian a slight nudge and brought her back to her senses.

Seeing that, Finnick cast his icy gaze over the photographer, which sent a chill down the latter's spine.

"Oh... Well... Let's go on then." In her daze, Vivian continued with the interview. In fact, with her mind jumbled up, she had no idea what she was asking throughout the interview.

When she came across one of the questions on the document, she looked up at Finnick, with her eyes bore straight into his. "Two years ago, why did you suddenly disappear after the ownership transfer of Finnor Group?"

In fact, this question itself had revealed the identity of the interviewee. Vivian didn't notice it as she had only run her eyes over the document. Anyway, she wondered how Finnick was going to answer the question.

"Because I wanted to provide my wife and my child a better life." With that, Finnick stared intently at her, his eyes full of determination.

Meanwhile, the photographer was puzzled when the two fell into silence.

When the interview finally ended, Vivian asked the team members to head back to the office first.

After sending them off, she retraced her steps back to the president's office, led by the very staff whom she met earlier that morning.

Finnick knew Vivian would come back. Fixing his eyes on her, he asked, "Ms. Morrison, is there anything else?"

Without bothering to answer his question, Vivian leaped onto the man, wrapping her legs around his waist. The next moment, she mashed her lips against his.

For the past two years, her life was full of incessant waiting. There was not a day that passed without her missing Finnick. She wished so badly to meet him again.

Now that her wish finally came true, Vivian could hardly contain herself.

Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest, and her breathing grew heavier.

She kissed Finnick fiercely as if she was punishing him for her sufferings. Why didn't you find me when you were back? Why would you show up in this way?

Finnick let the woman vent her emotions.

He knew that was the only way to appease her.

Only then could he beg for her forgiveness.

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Vivian ran out of breath as their kiss prolonged.

She finally let go of him and gasped for air.

But Finnick pressed his lips back against hers and fondled her lips passionately.

"You feeling better?"

A playful smile curved on the corners of his mouth as he rubbed her puffy red lips.

Vivian dodged his hands and got off him.

"You owe me an explanation."

She was hoping for a satisfactory answer from Finnick to all the questions troubling her.

"I didn't come back earlier because I wanted to

wait till I have what it takes to give you the life you want. This is exactly how we met when we got married, don't you remember?"

The hint of impishness in his eyes from earlier on was nowhere to be seen.

Vivian met his resolute gaze and looked at him earnestly in the eyes before she finally went over and hugged him.

She had been waiting for this moment for two years, and her wait was not futile.

She tried drying the tears flowing down her cheeks, but this moment of fulfilled dream incited waves of emotions in her heart.

Having him by her side was all she needed.

Finnick wrapped his arms around her tightly. At that moment, he felt he could shed all the burdens he had carried for the past two years.

"I'm here. Don't cry," he comforted.

Looking at her clinging to him so desperately, Finnick felt everything he went through was all worth it.

He knew everything about her for the past two years—how she lived—and how she felt.

Finnick knew all about it since he had sent people to protect her without her knowing.

"You vanished out of thin air just like that and made me look for you for years. How could you do that?"

Vivian cocked her head and drilled her reproachful gaze into him.

She felt like punching him in his chest, but she could not bring herself to do it.

"I didn't disappear completely. Do you still remember the bouquet of roses at your doorstep on your birthday?"

Finnick looked at her with eyes full of expectation, waiting eagerly for her answer.

"Those flowers were from you?" Vivian asked.

She could still remember the bunch of flowers she received during her birthday, but it never crossed

her mind that they were from Finnick. She thought they were from Hunter since Finnick only gave her Blue Enchantress all this while. Little did she know, the roses were actually from him.

“So you’ve always been near me. It’s just that you didn’t show yourself?” Vivian already knew the answer, but she still needed to confirm.

Finnick nodded.

“Let’s go home,” he replied, “It’s already past working hours.”

By the time they went outside hand in hand, everyone had already left. It was already six o’clock.

When they reached home, Larry was already around. He was doing his homework in the living room when he saw the couple came in holding each other’s hands.

The pencil in his hand dropped in shock when he saw Finnick. He was not expecting to see him at all.

A smile played on Finnick’s lips when he saw the startled child staring at him, speechless. “What’s the matter? Have you forgotten Daddy?”

His voice knocked Larry back to reality and the kid leaped from his chair, running toward him.

“Daddy!” he cried out, throwing himself into Finnick’s embrace.

Finnick ruffled his hair fondly. His heart sunk when he realized the kid had grown to the height of his waist over the time he was gone.

“Did you take good care of Mommy, Larry?” Finnick bent down and looked at the boy who was becoming more like him as he grew.

“Yeah, I did.” The boy nodded his head surely without taking his eyes off his father.

“That’s my boy. You even know how to protect Mommy now.”

Finnick knew Larry was not the playful and clingy kid he used to be anymore. He had grown to be

more mature and understanding.

But what Finnick did not know was that Larry was actually still a child at heart. He was obedient and quiet not because he did not enjoy getting Vivian's attention, but because he saw how tired she was every day.

Vivian looked so exhausted that Larry felt he would only add to her burden if he did not take care of himself.

That was why he told himself to be a good kid and protect his mother.

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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.

“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.

“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.

"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 Finnor 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.

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."

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.

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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Vivian totally disregarded him and went ahead to go meet the school principal.

"Ms. Clark, what do you think about Larry skipping a grade?"

Vivian told the principal everything after she met her at her office, but the latter found her proposal absurd.

This was unprecedented in the school.

The school was a relatively new one and Vivian chose to send Larry to this school simply because it was near her workplace.

She did not expect Larry to know more than what his classes were teaching. In fact, even Larry himself was surprised he already knew everything taught in class.

"But if you insist, we can let him take a test for each grade. If he fails a particular grade's exam,

we'll put him in that grade. What do you think?" the principal suggested.

Although it would be time-consuming, Vivian thought that was a good idea, so she agreed to it. She asked that the school principal keep this a secret since she did not want other kids to see Larry differently.

Although other children might think Larry was super smart, they might also marginalize him for being different from them.

Vivian did not want her child to face this kind of discrimination from her friends.

Ms. Clark agreed and started making arrangements for Larry to take the examinations. When the principal summoned Larry to his office, the boy was taken aback to see his parents there. "Daddy? Mommy?" On second thought, he soon understood the reason for their presence.

Vivian shot him an assuring smile and took a quick look at the school principal.

"I talked with Ms. Clark just now. She said she'll let you take each grade's exam," she explained.

"Yeah, you just need to answer the questions on the papers," the principal added.

Larry nodded and went over to the office table.

There were a total of five test papers. If Larry were able to pass all these tests, he would be able to skip elementary school altogether.

Honestly speaking, Ms. Clark did not have high hopes for Larry. She did not think any kid would be able to go from second grade to junior high school. But she got it all wrong.

Larry only took about ten minutes to finish each of the test papers.

Ms. Clark was utterly shocked.

She had never seen a student so smart.

Vivian and Finnick checked through his answers and were equally amazed to see no faults.

Finnick himself was not a performing student when he was young. He was known for being an unruly

kid who loved fighting with others.

As for Vivian, despite being a studious child, she was never one of those prodigies at school.

None of them would expect their kid to be so clever.

Larry was done with all the tests in about an hour.

Ms. Clark was shaken to the core when she saw his answers.

She could not believe her eyes. Larry actually passed the sixth-grade examination with flying colors.

Even Finnick almost lost his composure.

No parents would stand unfazed when their second-grade child managed to pass a sixth-grade exam.

They had never seen anything like this.

A cheeky smile played on Larry's lips when he saw their expressions.

Larry actually wrote down some wrong answers in the paper because he knew they were going to be flabbergasted, but of course, he did not tell them that was what he actually did.

Ms. Clark's hands quivered as she scanned through the tests, slowly turning to look at Larry.

She went over and reached for the kid's hand in disbelief, but Larry's brows furrowed and he moved away instinctively.

He did not like strangers touching him—not even the school principal.

But Ms. Clark was too overwhelmed to realize any of this.

“Larry, you're a genius!” she exclaimed in excitement.

But the kid looked at her calmly as if she was talking about someone else.

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A flicker of pride lighted in Finnick's heart. That's my kid! Calm and unperturbed.

Vivian was astounded at the beginning, but she quickly accepted the reality.

Larry had never failed to surprise her ever since he was a kid. Nonetheless, Vivian had to admit this time Larry outdid himself.

“Does this mean Larry can graduate now, Ms. Clark?” Vivian asked.

There was no point letting him study here anymore. It would only be a waste of time.

“Sure thing. I’ll get the documents ready,” the principal said readily. She penned a graduation certificate and gave it to Larry’s parents.

Just as Finnick and Vivian were about to leave with Larry, the principal called out to them. “Hold on a second.”

“Anything else, Ms. Clark?”

“Well, do you think it’s possible if we ask Larry to do a little promotion for our school?” the principal asked.

Although she knew the chances were slim, she still wanted to give it a try.

After all, it would take the community by storm if there was such an impressive kid at their school.

“We’re sorry, Ms. Clark. We don’t want too much exposure for Larry,” Vivian rejected.

The principal respected their decision and saw the three of them out.

“Daddy, Mommy, where will I be studying now?”

Vivian and Finnick had not thought about this yet.

From what they remembered, Larry had never spent more than three years in any school in the past.

They could not help but feel disheartened and wondered if it was because of them, or was it simply because Larry was a smart boy.

But they quickly dismissed this thought. What mattered now was which school should their kid attend.

“What about we do home schooling for Larry?”

Vivian thought it would not be wise for a seven-year-old to go to junior high.

People would start talking about his age. Larry

knew he would not be affected by what other people thought of him, but studying from home was not a bad idea. He could just study, sleep and do everything at home, so Larry agreed.

Since Larry also liked the idea, Vivian left the task of searching for suitable tutors to Finnick and then went to work herself.

“Hi, Vivian,” Paris greeted her sweetly the moment she saw Vivian at the office.

Ever since she went for the interview with Vivian at Finnor Group, Paris had started to like the serious but yet gentle woman.

When she saw her coming into the company, Paris quickly went over to greet her.

“Good afternoon,” Vivian replied.

It was already one o’clock in the afternoon. Most of the people were off for lunch and the place was exceptionally quiet.

Vivian put down her bag and started going through the whole neat pile of documents on her work table.

Although she had gotten the green light from the senior editor to take leave today, Vivian still felt bad.

She knew the senior editor only agreed because Finnick spoke to her, so she figured it would still be best to come to the office and finish off her work. There was actually not much to be done. She just needed to sort out some of the things Finnick said back then at the interview.

She replayed the recording and a glimmer of warmth budded in her heart hearing his voice.

But since she was working, she told herself not to get distracted.

Vivian dived into work and got everything done just two minutes before Ms. Jenson came back to the office.

Vivian looked at the pile of documents on her table and let out a satisfied smile.

Bravo, Vivian. Sometimes you just need to give

yourself a push and you'll get everything done in the nick of time no matter how much you want to run away. This is how you get better and better.

"What about a cup of water?" Paris offered when she saw Vivian was finally done with work.

Because of her outstanding performance last time, Paris was assigned a new place in the office and she now sat beside Vivian.

The company had a policy of assigning seats according to work performance. Given Vivian's seniority and work performance, she was given the best place at the office.

Vivian took a sip of the water Paris passed her, but she instantly choked.

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It was the senior editor. She was back.

"Vivian, over at my office," she called out.

Vivian quickly wiped off the water on her mouth and picked up the document on her table. She shot Paris an assuring glance before running into the office.

"This is the report, Ms. Jenson," Vivian said, putting the document on the table politely as her careful gaze darted at the senior editor.

Although her husband was the owner of the company, Vivian was still afraid of her.

Just when Vivian was wondering why the senior editor refused to speak after asking her to come into the office, she finally spoke.

"You're not getting any bonus this month."

Vivian felt a burden lifted off her chest when she heard this.

She was worried that the senior editor would give her special treatment because she knew who Vivian was, but she did not.

Vivian was actually relieved to have a superior who drew a clear line between work and personal affairs.

The long pause earlier on was because the senior editor was contemplating if she should cut Vivian's

bonus.

On one hand, it would not make a difference even if she deducted Vivian's bonus since this company belonged to her husband. Besides, she could also get on Mr. Norton's good side if she gave Vivian her bonus.

But on the other hand, it was her working principle to keep things professional. She would reward and punish her employees according to their performance.

"Is there a problem? Do you want to know why I'm withholding your bonus?" she asked, looking at Vivian.

"Is it because I left yesterday afternoon?"

"Spot on."

Paris came over nervously when she saw Vivian coming out of the office happily.

"You're not getting your bonus?"

Paris could not understand how someone could who just got her bonus revoked be in a good mood.

She's really one of a kind.

Paris went back to her place and buried herself in work.

She came from a humble family, and she was not particularly bright when it came to working. She felt really fortunate to have Vivian guiding her.

Paris always tried to solve the problems she faced on her own before turning to Vivian for help.

Vivian was shocked when she saw a few strangers at her house when she got home after work.

There was a long line of men and women at her place, and they all turned and looked at her when she came in.

"What's happening?" she asked when she saw Finnick.

She was wondering why all these strangers were standing instead of sitting on the couch.

Are we getting a new housemaid?

"Oh, I'm trying to find suitable tutors for every

subject Larry is taking,” he answered, bending down to help Vivian change into a pair of indoor slippers.

He stood back up again and carried her bag to another side.

Vivian was taking a cursory glance at the tutors when she spotted a familiar face.

“Paris?” She suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

She felt as if Paris and her were really meant to be. Things could not be any more coincidental.

“This is your house?” Paris asked.

She actually saw Vivian earlier on, but when she saw her being so intimate with Finnick, she figured it would be best to be sparing with her questions. Now that Vivian had seen her, she decided to just ask away.

“Yeah, this is my house,” Vivian replied with a nod. There was no use denying it, but at least Paris did not know Vivian was the wife of the president.

“What a coincidence,” Paris said with her face lit in happiness.

She took a glance at Finnick and could not help but admire the couple.

Not only was Vivian a beautiful woman herself, but her husband was also a dashing man. She’s a lucky soul.

Paris could not help but think of her own unimpressive life, but she quickly brushed it off.

“Which subject are you teaching?” Vivian asked.

Although Paris was already working, tutoring only took up one hour.

She knew she would be able to juggle both if she managed her time well.

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Since Finnick had chosen her as one of Larry’s tutors, Vivian was sure Paris must be the best candidate.

“I’m teaching languages,” she replied.

Languages were Paris’ forte. It was just that she

never had a chance to showcase her talent at work.

Vivian nodded in approval. She took a sweeping look at the other tutors and then at Finnick.

"I think they're all fine," she said to him.

"Alright then. Y'all need to work out a schedule and work around it. I'll see y'all tomorrow. Don't be late," Finnick said to the group.

The reason why he asked them to stay was that he wanted Vivian to have a look at them.

"Paris, let me send you home?"

The sky was already dark, and Vivian did not want her to go home on her own.

Gloom settled over Finnick's face when she heard Vivian and he glared at Paris begrudgingly.

He had waited for his wife for the whole day at home.

He clearly did not want her to go out again.

"Nah, it's fine. It's totally fine," Paris quickly rejected and left.

She could feel Finnick's angry glare drilling through her when Vivian offered to send her home. She knew she should just make herself scarce before she offended him.

"What's with that face?" Vivian finally understood why Paris scrambled off when she saw Finnick's face.

"It's already dark. It's not safe for her to go home on her own. Besides, she's not even driving. That makes it more dangerous," Vivian said.

"You need to stop worrying so much."

Finnick pulled her into his arms and looked at her with a suggestive smile on his face.

"What is it?" Vivian felt something was off from his expression.

Finnick was all serious back then when the tutors were around. Vivian really had no idea what had gotten into him. His face was all red.

She touched his face and was shocked to feel the heat on his body.

“Are you okay, Finnick?” she asked anxiously. Vivian suddenly remembered someone bumped into her when she was on the way home. The person even shoved something into her bag. She left Finnick on the couch and went over to check her bag. She opened it to see a few condoms.

It turned out the salesman had put a few condoms in her bag when she ran into him while she was on the way home after work.

Vivian was speechless. He was sure Finnick must have eaten something earlier on, else he would not be in this state.

But with him being like this, there was nothing else she could do but to send him to get a cold shower. Although she felt bad for doing this to him, she really did not want to see him like this.

There was obviously another solution, but Vivian felt reluctant.

Before she could make up her mind, Finnick hugged her from behind. She felt something hard pressing against her.

“Finnick, not here.” Although Larry was already asleep, Vivian still did not feel safe doing it in the living room.

It would be better to continue it in their own room. “Vivian...” Finnick lowered his head and kept calling her name.

Vivian knew he must have taken quite a high dosage to be this desperate.

“I’m here,” she coaxed helplessly as he called her again.

Finnick’s arms tightened and enveloped her in his embrace, planting kisses on her neck.

It was another sleepless night.

When Vivian woke up again the next morning, she was already in her bed, naked.

Likewise, the man lying beside her was also shirtless. She instantly knew what happened yesterday.

“Morning, Honey.” Finnick flashed her his brightest smile when she turned her head toward him.

Vivian felt like giving him a punch in the face.

I swear he must have used some medication. Else he would’ve given me a break yesterday.

Vivian had no idea how she was supposed to go to work with all the hickeys on her neck.

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Finnick knew what she was thinking in her mind.

“Just don’t go today,” he said, pulling her into his embrace before falling back asleep.

Vivian looked at him in resignation and continued sleeping.

She could vaguely hear some voices from downstairs. It must be the tutors.

It’s okay, Mrs. Filder will take care of them.

Finnick actually heard them coming into the house earlier on, but he decided to just sleep in.

Vivian finally got out of bed by afternoon. Although she was spent from yesterday, she felt like she had had enough rest.

Besides, she would not be able to sleep at night if she continued to stay in bed.

Vivian knew this was exactly what Finnick wanted.

He wanted her to stay up at night so he could do whatever he wanted with her.

She could read him like an open book, but she decided not to call him out.

“Come on, it’s time to wake up,” she said, pulling his blanket aside. Her hand froze in the air for a moment when she saw him all naked.

“What is it? It’s not like you’ve never seen it before?” Finnick teased, looking at her.

Vivian rolled her eyes and tossed out of bed. After putting on some clothes, she went to wash up.

It was already recess time for Larry when they both went down. The boy was sitting on the couch, looking at them when they walked down the staircase.

“Why did you guys wake up so late?” Larry asked

directly.

From what he remembered, Vivian was never late for work.

Why did she sleep in till the afternoon today?

His forthright question made Vivian fidgety. She darted her gaze at Finnick, hinting him to answer.

“Oh, we were busy doing something yesterday night, so we slept late,” Finnick said, looking at his son in the eyes.

Vivian shot him a death glare the moment she heard his reply.

Are you serious? He’s just a boy!

Finnick took a quick glance at her and went right into the dining area with a smile on his face.

Vivian felt embarrassed staying in the living room, so she went into the dining area after Finnick.

Since Finnick was back, Vivian thought they might as well go get their marriage certificate.

“When are we getting our marriage license?”

Finnick’s hand paused slightly as he held out his cutlery to get some food. “Give me some time. I’m a little busy lately.”

“Why? It’s not like getting the certificate is gonna take a long time,” Vivian asked, a frown settling on her brows.

She did not understand why there was a change in attitude on his side when she mentioned their wedding certificate. Although Finnick was pretty much still the same, Vivian could feel the subtle change in his character, but she did not point it out.

She wanted to give him a chance to explain himself.

“Don’t worry. I promise to give you a home. It’s just that I’m a little busy lately. I want to give you an unforgettable wedding. I’m literally unprepared right now,” he assured her sincerely.

Vivian could not help but feel guilty.

She thought he was not keen on getting their marriage certificate, but it turned out, he just

wanted to give her a wedding she would remember.

Although she was touched, she still did not want to let him off the hook that easily.

"I'm gonna wait to see what kind of wedding I'm getting."

"Sure," he said shortly with a smile.

Despite her spiteful reply, Finnick knew her heart had softened.

"I'm going to the company to look into some matters later. Are you going to work or are you staying at home?" Finnick asked.

"Well... I'll just stay at home today," Vivian said, looking at the clock. It was almost time for people to get off work at her company.

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"Alright then, I'll get going first."

Speaking, he got up and ruffled her neatly-combed hair until they became messy before leaving with a satisfied smile on his face.

Vivian mumbled some words and rolled her eyes at him as Finnick walked away.

Since she was spending the day at home, Vivian decided to just leave her hair be and plunged herself in bed with a book in her hand.

With only the housemaid, Larry, and his tutor at home, there was no better time to indulge in a good read.

Vivian was so caught up in the book she did not even realize Finnick was already home.

"Vivian," he beckoned, looking at her thoughtfully.

"What is it?" she looked up at him and caught his thoughtful gaze.

"I miss you." Finnick went ahead and gave the surprised woman a hug.

His sudden gesture elicited a smile on Vivian's face. "Go take a shower. We'll have dinner after that."

The housemaid knew the usual time Finnick got off work, so she already had dinner ready.

But since Finnick was home a little earlier today, the maid had just finished preparing dinner. She came up and called Vivian, Larry, and Finnick down for dinner when everything was ready. Larry had just finished his first day of class and his tutor was about to leave.

“How are studies today, Larry?” Vivian asked.

She originally wanted to get an update from the tutor, but since it was dinner time, she thought it would be better to not hold up the tutor.

Besides, she wanted to talk to her son.

“The teachers are fine,” Larry answered.

He was not fussy about the teachers he got as long as he was able to learn something from them.

“Which grade are you at now?” she asked.

Back when Larry was taking the exam, they only tested him till sixth grade, so Vivian and Finnick could not tell exactly which grade Larry could continue his studies in.

“Eighth grade,” the boy replied calmly.

The two parents were once again shocked by their son’s answer.

They would need some time before they get used to surprises like this.

Vivian and Finnick exchanged looks and smiled as they dug in.

“Who is your favorite teacher?” Vivian asked.

She figured her son would like the best teacher, so she thought it would be nice to give the teacher a little bonus.

“I like the one that teaches languages the best.”

He felt she was the only tutor who taught him like a real teacher instead of treating him like her employer.

She was the only one who would pick on his mistakes unreservedly and did not walk on eggshells around him.

These were the reasons why Larry liked her the most.

“Oh, Paris?” Vivian only knew she taught

languages. She was surprised Paris turned out to be Larry's favorite teacher.

"Yeah, that's her name," Larry confirmed as he recalled her name.

"She's your mom's colleague," Finnick explained when he spotted the confusion on his son's face. Finnick also noticed her when she applied for the job. He knew her because she was close to Vivian. In order to gain the upper hand against his enemies and protect his family, Finnick made a thorough check on all the people around Vivian and Larry.

When he found out that Paris had applied for the opening, and that she was genuinely nice toward Vivian, he immediately hired her.

Things seemed to be working really well now that she turned out to be Larry's favorite.

A proud smile curved on Vivian's lips as she thought about Paris. She knew Paris had what it took to do a good job. She must be really capable to be able to work at the magazine company if she did not have a family backing her up.

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