

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 845 - 846

As dawn broke over the horizon, a man was seen still seated by the window. It was Finnick.

Yes, he had not slept a wink all night.

He spent the entire time sorting out his work, albeit fruitlessly.

"It's been a long night. You ought to go get some rest.," Vivian said as she passed a glass of warm milk along.

"Why are you up so early?" Finnick turned to regard her affectionately. His weariness seemingly dissipated in an instant.

The sight of the people one wanted to see the most tend to have that psychological effect, no matter how rough a time one was going through.

"I got up because I couldn't sleep."

Vivian's heart ached at the sight of the puffiness and dark rings under Finnick's eyes.

Why must they be made to undergo this ordeal right after life has started to become a little more settled for them?

Vivian had no answer for that and did not hope for an explanation either. All she knew was that she needed to be rid of these problems so that they may have some days of solace.

Regardless, there were pressing issues that had to be addressed first.

"Go on and get some sleep. I'm going to get some groceries."

Vivian wanted to make sure Finnick was properly nourished.

Spending long nights like these would surely take its toll on his body otherwise.

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“Okay, be careful out there,” Finnick said gently as he held her hand.

Vivian acknowledged that under her breath as she watched Finnick settle himself into the bed. She then drove out in the car.

Not to the market, but to the Morrison residence.

In her esteem, the only recourse for a comeback was by recompensing the losses the company incurred.

With their own money close to being depleted, she could only approach Benedict behind his husband’s back.

She would also like to see if her brother would be willing to aid them covertly. That might offer them some hope of saving the company.

With this in mind, Vivian stepped on the gas and headed for the Morrisons.

“Miss, you’ve returned,” said the helper who met her at the door.

“Yes. Is Ben around?” Vivian went straight to the point as time was of the essence.

Finnick was at home and might come to at any moment.

She had to secure the money and have the meal prepared before then.

“I’m sure you’ve heard about the company’s situation,” Vivian said as she approached Ben when he was coming down from the opposite direction.

“Yeah. I know.” He frowned when he saw his younger sister looking a little worse for wear.

With the state the company was in, Finnick could not really be faulted for his inability to take care of her.

“Since you know, Ben, do lend us some money.” Vivian looked to her brother as he was the only one who would be able to help right now.

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"I've no problems extending a loan, but there's not much else I could do beyond that as there are many companies eyeing a takeover of Finnor Group. We might be capable, but there are simply too many for us to fend off."

Vivian understood the difficulties cited by Benedict on the part of Morrison Group.

That was why she needed only a small loan from him.

"I'm so sorry that I couldn't do more to help, Vivian."

He had a pained expression on his face as he regarded Vivian.

There was no way he could be happy seeing the hardship his sister had to contend with. Nonetheless, he could not risk having Morrison Group fail on his watch.

"It's okay, Ben. I understand," Vivian said as she eked out a smile.

"Silly girl." Benedict ruffled Vivian's hair before he went upstairs and came back down with a check for her.

Vivian was stunned to see the numbers written on it.

"Why is there so much?" Vivian looked at her brother in disbelief.

She knew that he would help, but did not expect that he would offer this amount.

"This was what I've set aside all this time as a wedding gift for you. Looks like it might come in handy now."

Vivian felt awful as she recollected Benedict's expression while she sat in the car.

What was meant as a wedding gift for her had to be used on the company instead.

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How could he feel good when his original plans were laid to waste, just like that?

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Vivian had only intended to borrow a little but she ended up taking the entire sum tabled as Benedict could not be persuaded otherwise.

She was determined to return the money she borrowed someday.

Vivian held the check tightly in her hands. After she purchased her groceries, she hurried on home and got busy.

Anything too complicated was beyond her, but she could manage a simple leek soup well enough.

Before she was done, she felt a hand slid in from behind and wrapped itself around her waist. She giggled and leaned her head into Finnick's chest.

"Alright, alright. It's almost ready. Go wash up and prepare to eat." When she turned, she saw that he seemed to be in better spirits than earlier.

That was a huge weight off her chest.

"Okay. Thank you, Honey." Finnick let his hand run teasingly off her before he departed.

Vivian chuckled before she turned her attention back to the pot.

The soup needed to be cooked at low heat over an extended period of time. Vivian was not sure how to control the temperature well so she dared not leave the kitchen.

She was worried the contents of the pot might burn if she did.

As it was not a demanding recipe, the soup was brought before Finnick in short order.

Finnick got a serving for himself and helped himself to it.

The result confounded Vivian's expectations and turned out rather decent.

After hearing Finnick's praise, she too got herself a bowl and sampled it very carefully.

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He was not humoring her. Though not comparable to that prepared by professional chefs, it really was quite savory.

“It’s good. And filled to the brim with my wife’s love.”

Finnick looked Vivian in the eye as he said this before he proceeded to tuck in.

With breakfast settled promptly, Finnick went right back to work.

“Alright, you go ahead. I’ll go check on him.”

“Hey little pumpkin, it’s time for school.”

The boy was nowhere in sight when Vivian pushed open the door. That got her worried.

Where could Larry have gone this early in the day?

When Vivian walked into the washroom, there he was, brushing his teeth on his own.

“You’ve given Mommy a real scare, little pumpkin.”

She was able to relax upon seeing him.

“What did I do to scare you, Mommy?”

Had he not been in there brushing his teeth all this time? What was she panicky about?

“It’s nothing. I was worried that you might have gone missing.”

Vivian was aware that she had been a little on edge lately.

She had been quite jittery ever since things started to go sideways at Finnick’s company.

“Alright. Come out for breakfast after you’re done.” Vivian had also some soup set aside for Larry in the dining room.

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“Okay.” The boy took one glance at the comparatively more tired Vivian and nodded with his head bowed.

Larry could guess as much that the troubles at the company mostly came down to sabotage.

But so what if they knew this? The loophole already existed. Apart from patching it, there was nothing else that could be done.

Only money could offer them the quickest fix to this.

Larry sped up his brushing motion. Once he had himself cleaned up, he saw that Finnick was still going through documents in the living room.

“Good morning, Daddy.”

Larry approached to greet his father but did not intend to wait around for a response.

“Morning, Larry.”

It was different this time. Not only did Finnick return his greeting, he did so with a tender smile.

No matter how bad things were, Finnick was making a point to not let the problems at work affect his family.

Larry smiled broadly before he sat down at the dining table to eat on his own.

The boy had always enjoyed Vivian’s cooking, so he had quite the appetite this morning.

When Noah was about to send Larry off to school, Vivian summoned the former to the room.

“Hang on to this check, and use it for Finnick’s expenditures should the need arises,” Vivian said as she regarded him in bated breath.

“Mrs. Norton, this...” The man appeared unsure.

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Even if it was a good thing that Vivian was trying to help, it put Noah in a tenuous position, sandwiched between Finnick and herself.

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