

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 897

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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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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