

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 316

Finnick's words rendered the others speechless.

He spoke nothing but the truth. There was nothing they could say to refute his argument.

If only Finnick was as easy to manipulate as Mark... The board members sighed deeply in their hearts.

With Finnick's exceptional intelligence, there was no doubt that Norton Corporation would achieve greater heights.

Alas, he acted for the Finner Group. Unfortunately, that connoted the two companies would have to coexist as rivals.

When Finnick left, everyone held their breath. No one dared to utter a word. They were overwhelmed by Finnick's overpowering aura.

Of course, some rejoiced while others were worried.

After the board meeting concluded, Mark returned to his office.

Upon seeing the desk full of documents waiting to be signed, he began boiling with rage.

With a swing of his hand, all the items on the desk went flying and landed on the floor. His secretary, who heard the noise, could only tremble in fear.

At that moment, Ashley showed up.

She had nowhere to go after she was released, so she took shelter temporarily at Fabian's place.

When she caught wind that Finnick went to Norton Corporation, she grew anxious and rushed over.

“What are you doing here?” Mark huffed.

“I’m here to see if anything happened.”

“Of course there is!” Mark bellowed, “It’s all thanks to you and your foolish plans. That’s why Finnick was able to barge in on our board meeting! If it weren’t for the child in your womb, I wouldn’t have to give up my company shares. You’re an incompetent idiot! How dare you come to see me?”

All those scolding only made her detest Vivian more.

All of a sudden, a new plan came to mind.

“Calm down,” said Ashley as she attempted to appease Mark. “I’ve thought of a new plan. I’m confident this will deal a heavy blow to Vivian and Finnick. Listen...”

Ashley leaned over to whisper in Mark’s ear and revealed her new plan.

Mark’s expression softened. Reluctantly, he agreed to her scheme. “I’ll trust you one last time. This time, there would better be no mishaps.”

On the other side, Finnick arrived at his new office in Norton Corporation. It was well-furnished and looked as though Finnick had already settled in long ago.

Xavier walked in and casually plopped himself onto the sofa, then turned to look at Finnick, who was seated on the chair.

“Look at your smug attitude earlier on. You’re not afraid Mark would devise a scheme seeking vengeance?”

“Xavier, how long do you think I’ve been hiding?” Finnick abruptly questioned, staring at him earnestly.

Xavier thought hard about it and answered, “It’s been close to a decade.”

“Yeah. It’s been almost ten years,” Finnick sighed. “It’s time for me to do something.”

His response stunned Xavier.

As he studied Finnick's expression, he began to wonder to himself. Mark's done for this time...

...

On the other end, Vivian was feeling much better.

She felt it was time for her to return. So, she informed Finnick, then rescinded the leave she took from Fabian earlier.

The next day, Finnick instructed Noah to drive Vivian to the magazine company. After he left, Vivian took the elevator up on her own.

"Morning, Vivian. Are you here to report to work?" The receptionist Jeanette hurriedly greeted her, albeit in shock.

"Yes. Since I'm almost fully recovered, I thought it better to resume work. So, I'm back."

Vivian flashed Jeanette a small smile and entered the premises.

"Vivian!" exclaimed Sarah, who was the first to notice her arrival.

Her shrill voice alerted everyone to Vivian's presence. They paused the work on hand and diverted their attention to the entrance.

The scrutiny made Vivian instantly feel like she was an animal trapped in an enclosure. With all eyes on her, she endured the awkwardness and said, "Hi everyone, I'm back."

However, they only shot her a glance before they returned to their work.

The only reply came from Shannon, who was eager to insult her.

"Wow! The esteemed wife of the Finnor Group's president is here to report to work. How kind of you to grace our humble magazine company with your presence. Why didn't you just remain at home and revel in your extravagant lifestyle?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 317

“At least I love my work and I yearn to return,” Vivian snapped back without hesitation.

“Whoa, you almost had me there! If you were really that capable, why don’t you secure this interview?” Shannon challenged.

She had faith that the latest interview assignment would be hers.

Just then, Vivian noticed that everyone was working unexpectedly hard.

It is not the season for interviews and there are no major headlines of late. Why is everyone so occupied?

As she pondered about it, she turned to find out more from Sarah.

“What have you guys been busy with?”

Vivian’s question unleashed Sarah’s inner chatterbox as she began to prattle on about the latest assignment.

“Vivian, your return could not be more timely. You’ve heard of Elaine—the renowned designer who just got back from abroad, right?”

With all her time and energy fixed on dealing with Ashley, Vivian hadn’t had the mood to care about all these.

She racked her brains for an answer to no avail. Despondently, she replied, “Um... I haven’t been keeping up with the news... I don’t know much.”

“It’s ok,” said Sarah with a smile. She was in a cheery mood despite Vivian’s unenthusiastic response. “Let me tell you all about this Elaine person. Even though she was born and bred locally, she overcame all sorts of hurdles and went on to clinch top prizes in many international competitions. She truly has a flair for design!”

When it came to gossip, Sarah could ramble on for days.

“Unfortunately, she’s always been hiding in the shadows. To date, no media company has ever secured an interview with her or even taken her picture! However, she recently announced that she is open for an exclusive interview. One magazine company of her choice will stand to win a chance at obtaining this special scoop! This is an opportunity of a lifetime that all our industry rivals are fighting for. Look, even the Chief Editor is working hard to get hold of this interview.”

Sarah muttered as she pointed in the direction of Fabian’s office.

Just as the entire office was buzzing with anticipation, Fabian stepped out.

“Everyone, please be quiet. I have some good news.”

The Chief Editor’s order stopped everyone in their tracks. Silence filled the air as everyone turned to look at him, their eyes glistening with hope.

He coughed lightly and began to speak, “The good news is that Elaine has agreed to accept an interview by our magazine company.”

Everyone cheered upon hearing his announcement.

Then, they began speculating who was the lucky interviewer.

Shannon haughtily lifted her chin to look at Fabian while imagining how bright her future would be after the interview.

“The person who will be in charge of Elaine’s interview this time...” Fabian’s voice began to trail as he surveyed the office. Next, he looked straight into Vivian’s eyes and announced, “Is Vivian.”

His words were like a slap in the face for Shannon. She felt mortified by his declaration.

That interview was already in the bag! Why? Why did this great honor go to Vivian the moment she returns? Ugh!

“Chief Editor, I object!” Shannon cried out snobbishly. The whole office turned to glance at her.

“There’s nothing to object about. This is an order and the final arrangement. Unless you want the whole magazine company to go downhill because of your discontent, I suggest you keep your emotions in check,” Fabian chided.

That silenced Shannon. She bit hard on her lower lips and glowered at Vivian. Her eyes were filled with resentment and indignation.

Vivian felt a pair of eyes glaring at her and turned to look, but Shannon had already regained her composure.

When everybody heard the news, they all heaved a sigh. The atmosphere grew tense as the staff members looked bemused.

Why is Vivian chosen for the interview?

If it is based on qualifications and experiences, she is definitely unqualified.

Could it be because of her notable identity as Mrs. Norton of the Finner Group?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 318

At the thought of that, everybody began to look at Vivian with jealousy and disdain.

Yet, due to her being Mrs. Norton, everyone felt compelled to congratulate her. “Wow, that’s wonderful. We’re counting on you, Vivian.”

“Congrats, Vivian!” exclaimed Sarah as she beamed from the bottom of her heart.

To her, Vivian was a much better choice as compared to those colleagues who were absolute hypocrites.

“Thanks,” Vivian murmured in response. However, all she could think about was the abrupt announcement.

What is Fabian scheming? Why would he give me this opportunity?

“What’s the reason you did that?”

Vivian followed Fabian into his office. With a frown, she questioned, “Fabian, are you pulling my leg?”

She didn’t mean to think ill of him, but her recent assignments had proven that Fabian always had an ulterior motive when it came to her tasks.

“What?” Fabian was perplexed by her sudden interrogation, only realizing what she meant when he saw her defensive expression.

He found the situation comical.

Has it come to a point where everything I do or say is going to warrant suspicion? Am I no longer worthy of her trust? I suppose I only have myself to blame for the regression in our relationship. I hurt her far too deep...

However, an explanation was still necessary.

“You’ve misunderstood me,” Fabian chuckled bitterly as he explained, “Elaine was the one who specifically asked for you.”

Afraid his words were not going to be enough to prove it, he fished out his phone and showed Vivian the text messages between Elaine and himself.

Vivian reached out to take his phone and started to scroll down the conversation. When she realized she misjudged him, she awkwardly uttered, “I’m truly sorry for the mistake.”

“It’s fine. To be honest, even I’m clueless as to why she specifically asked for you. She asked if you were from our magazine company. When I confirmed it, she instantly consented to the interview. I found it odd but I couldn’t find a reason why. So, just be careful.”

In all honesty, Fabian himself was unaware of why Elaine did all that.

But the magazine company had been in a slump for a while. Elaine’s interview was their best bet at resurgence, so they had to take it seriously.

No matter the reason, it was a must for Vivian to attend the interview.

Should they offend Elaine, the future of the magazine company would be even bleaker.

“Fine,” Vivian replied. She understood the significance of the interview and her role in it.

However, she remained puzzled. I don’t even know this Elaine person. Why did she even ask for me?

Even though Fabian didn’t publicize Elaine’s preference, the news still traveled. By the end of lunch, the whole office was in the loop.

That confounded everybody further. They couldn’t comprehend what it was about Vivian that the mysterious and elusive Elaine had to designate her as the interviewer.

Several colleagues still attempted to flatter Vivian.

“Wow, you truly live up to your title as Mrs. Norton. What special connections you have...”

Another person chimed in, “Yeah! Run-of-the-mill folks like us could never have achieved that.”

Despite having reservations about Elaine’s intentions, Vivian still felt the need to fulfill her duties and attend the interview.

So she decided to put in the effort to prepare for it.

To ensure she was well-prepared for the interview, Vivian specially searched the Internet about her.

Sarah’s disclosure was accurate. Elaine was indeed very secretive.

There were no photographs of her, neither was her real name reported. The only information that she could find was the many pages detailing her exceptional work.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 319

She hailed from a prestigious alma mater and possessed an honorable degree. Elaine is practically flawless!

Not only that, after her graduation, she went on to win numerous accolades in her field.

According to rumors, Elaine was young and beautiful.

Such ambiguous details made Elaine all the more enigmatic. It piqued Vivian's interest further as she pondered about Elaine's choice.

She grew even more excited about the interview set to take place in three days.

When she returned home after work, she noticed "Back to the Past" was still chatting with her.

Vivian: You're still here?

Back to the Past: Yep.

Vivian: Hey, can't you just divulge your identity?

Back to the Past: Nope.

Vivian: But why?

Back to the Past: The time is not ripe.

Vivian: Since you know who I am, I must know who you are as well. Why can't you just tell me?

Back to the Past: You'll find out soon enough. I'm going offline now. Remember, cherish all that you have at present.

Vivian: What does that mean?

Back to the Past: Nothing, I just think you're very blessed right now.

Vivian: So...?

There was no response.

In the days that followed, their conversations were largely the same.

What bewildered Vivian greatly was the reply that "Back to the Past" gave every single time she asked a question: You'll find out soon enough.

It was like being given candy. She was told there would be a surprise, yet there were no details on what it was going to be like.

She felt the words "Back to the Past" said were always bizarre and unfathomable.

This "Back to the Past" user on Twitter seems to be someone living around me. It's as though they have eyes on me at all times. They know everything about me like the back of their hand...

She gathered that it was probably someone she knew personally. Despite racking her brains hard, she couldn't think of anyone.

While she was bemused, she had an unsettling feeling that something terrible was going to happen sooner or later.

It was as though something of significant importance to her was going to be robbed from her. Regardless of how much she struggled to salvage it, it still slipped out from her hands.

"Who is this person?" Vivian mumbled to herself.

Just then, the entrance lit up. Finnick removed his shoes and placed them in the cabinet before changing to slippers.

"Finnick, you're back!" Vivian stuck her head out from the kitchen and patted her hands dry on her apron.

She placed a dish on the table and instructed, "Go wash your hands. Dinner will be ready soon."

There were only the two of them at home, so there was no need to prepare so much food. Without Mrs. Filder around, Vivian casually whipped up two dishes.

Although Finnick wasn't picky about food, Vivian tried her best to avoid serving him leftovers.

After dinner, Vivian proceeded to do the dishes. She thought of "Back to the Past" again.

I wonder if Finnick knows the person?

It didn't hurt to try. After she was done with the dishes, she took out her phone and showed Finnick the Twitter page of "Back to the Past."

"Um... Finnick, do you know this person?" Vivian enquired with hesitation.

He took her phone and carefully scrutinized the profile before shaking his head.

"Nope, I don't know him," Finnick answered and patted Vivian's shoulder gently.

"Back to the Past" didn't post much on Twitter, so it was understandable that Finnick would not have much clue.

Based on the picture and biography section alone, there was no way they could discern the identity of "Back To The Past". As someone who had been chatting with the person for a long time, Vivian hadn't even come close to uncovering his identity.

At night, when she was bathing, Vivian accidentally dropped her phone into the water.

She hurriedly wiped her phone dry and attempted to reboot it to no avail.

"Finnick!" she called out.

"Yes? What's the matter?" Finnick responded from the other side of the door. He thought it unusual that she suddenly asked for him while bathing.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 320

Vivian turned the tap off and speedily slipped into her clothes. Then she walked out with her broken phone.

As she dried her wet hair, she handed the phone to Finnick and mumbled, "It fell into the water and I can't switch it on anymore. Can you fix it?"

Finnick pulled her onto his lap and replied, "How clumsy of you."

He inspected the phone and shook his head. "I can't."

Since Finnick usually ferried her to work, Vivian didn't see the need to fix her phone immediately. So she decided she was going to the repair shop after work the next day.

Unfortunately, Murphy's Law befell her that very day.

The next day, the moment she stepped into the office, she could feel something was off.

"Morning, everyone."

Vivian greeted everyone as usual, but no one gave her any response.

She then realized that everyone was looking at her with an inscrutable emotion.

Sarah rushed over and examined her peculiarly. Then, she comforted her by saying, "Vivian, don't be too upset. After all, love is more important than a child."

"What...?"

It was baffling that Sarah was saying all these.

A period of time had passed since Vivian discovered the loss of her child.

It's been so long. Why is everyone consoling me all of a sudden?

Just then, Shannon appeared beside her. With a disparaging smile on her face, she began to mock Vivian, "My, my. The audacity of you... Hats off to you, really. Whose child was that? The Chief Editor's? Or some other man's? Or do you yourself not know who the father of the child was?"

Vivian gaped at her in disbelief. There was no enmity between them. Who gave Shannon the right to talk to her like that?

Meanwhile, Fabian walked out upon hearing the commotion.

"It's still office hours. Enough with all the gossips and get back to work!"

Finnick's stern warning prompted everyone to move, but their eyes never left Vivian.

There was a hushed murmuring as they chattered amongst themselves. Vivian could make out their tones, but she couldn't hear what they were saying.

"I can't believe she has the nerve to show up for work. If it were me, I would lie low after being humiliated so badly."

"Look at her all haggard... Maybe it's all a ploy to win Mr. Norton back... Tsk..."

"A pitiful person is always detestable in some way."

"When we first got to know her, I've always thought she was a kind person. Who'd know she's like that..."

"I know, right? Looks can be deceiving."

"Hope she learns from her mistakes and changes for the better..."

Fabian noticed that Vivian was being ambushed by everybody's harsh remarks. Out of goodwill, he decided to come to her rescue. Letting out a light cough, he said, "Vivian, please come to my office."

"Alright." Desperate to figure out what was going on, Vivian followed behind him. He's probably the only one who can tell me the truth right now.

Fabian summoned her to the Chief Editor's office and took one look at her careworn visage. He instantly assumed it was due to the incident that morning.

Worried for her, he glanced at her tenderly and inquired, "Vivian, are you alright? I didn't expect things to turn out that way. I didn't think Uncle Finnick would..."

He hesitated before continuing. "I mean, of course, I believe you. Still, they're not wrong. Some matters must be hard to explain... Be that as it may, the child's already gone. Just let the past remain as it is. I'm sure Uncle Finnick will understand. He'll definitely forgive you..."

Fabian paused for a moment before continuing, "Also, I apologize if Ashley has created more trouble for you during this period. Please accept my apology on her behalf. At the end of the day, she's still your sister. Don't take it to heart."

"Fabian, what exactly are you talking about?"

His words were baffling to her.

"Fabian, tell me what exactly you mean by all that."