

## **Never Late, Never Away Chapter 881**

Vivian had not seen a dead person when she was only five years old. "Be good, little pumpkin. Don't cry." Looking at the state Larry was in, Vivian was broken-hearted.

Only Vivian knew how much she had endured during this period of time. Although she was not the person who was directly affected, they were all her loved ones. She had seen how much pain they were in and did not have it easy either.

Often, a person would be more distressed by watching others in pain. As she comforted Larry, Vivian stroked his back in hopes that her son would be able to forget this terrible memory. If Larry could not forget that scene, it would become his childhood trauma.

Vivian did not want Larry to have to deal with a childhood that he would always be afraid to remember.

She wanted him to grow up well and in peace.

As she consoled Larry, Vivian slowly fell asleep beside her son. Whatever happened that day was too much for her to handle. She had been cooking for Finnick when she received the phone call in the middle of it and had to rush over. Like Larry, she had seen the corpses littering the floor. She had also seen Samuel lying on the ground. Although she was devastated, she could not cry then. Only when Larry finally fell asleep did she let her tears fall.

As she stroked Larry's back, Vivian cried and comforted herself at the same time.

As they fell asleep, Finnick was still up on the hill, kneeling in front of Samuel's grave.

He simply kneeled there motionless.

The next morning, Vivian made Larry some breakfast and noticed that Finnick was not yet home. After waiting a while longer, she went back up the hill with Larry to see Finnick.

As it was still early in the morning, the paths on the hill were tough to walk on. Some plants along the way still had morning dew on them.

The scenery atop the hill was beautiful, but Vivian was in no mood to appreciate it. She was very worried about Finnick.

As they walked up the hill, Vivian was getting nervous the closer they got to the peak.

However, she did not know what she was nervous about either.

All she wanted then was to reach the peak as soon as possible so that she could find out what happened to Finnick and see if he was okay.

Yet, since Larry was still young, they could not walk too fast.

Larry still exerted as much effort as he could, eventually allowing them to ascend the hill in only a short amount of time.

Vivian was suddenly panicked the minute they reached the peak.

She did not see Finnick. The area no longer had any traces of his visit. She searched around the area, but to no avail. It was as if he had just disappeared from the face of the earth.

He was nowhere to be found.

He must have gone home, probably using another route.

Vivian then decided to head home for a look and hurried down the hill. She rushed home with Larry, but Finnick was still nowhere to be seen. She searched around the house thoroughly, leaving no stone unturned. She searched the kitchen, bedroom, study, and even the bathroom.

But there was nothing.

Realizing that Finnick had left, Vivian walked off in silence, heading to a place where no one would find her.

She was upset but did not know how to comfort herself.

During this period of time, she had spent all her effort trying to comfort Finnick. Yet, he had disappeared.

Vivian knew that in this lifetime, she was the only person who could comfort Finnick.

She also knew that Finnick did not simply disappear. He had chosen to leave her.

Although she wanted to be sad, Vivian realized that there was nothing for her to be upset about. After all, Finnick had left to protect them.

She was clear of this in her heart but simply did not want to admit it. Vivian slumped onto the ground spiritlessly, staring blankly into space. She seemed to notice a silhouette of Finnick walking past, but when she moved to take a closer look, it was gone.

Looking at Vivian acting this way, Larry knew what had happened. His Mommy could not find Daddy, but she did not know the reason for his disappearance.

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Although Larry wanted to ask, he could tell that it was not the right time. Vivian was upset. If Larry asked her about it now, he was undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire.

Vivian was saddened as she looked at Larry standing quietly at one side. She pulled him into her arms and cried.

“Little pumpkin, you’re all Mommy has now.” As she hugged Larry, Vivian was thinking over possible places where Finnick could have gone to. She was not about to give up searching for him.

“Mommy, don’t cry. I’m always here with you.” Just like how Vivian had comforted him previously, Larry stroked her back, hoping that she would not cry any longer.

Looking at how helpless his mother was, Larry felt helpless, for he could not protect his own mother well.

“Your daddy’s gone, little pumpkin. He left in order to protect us.”

Vivian was worried; Finnick had not been in a good state last night.

Furthermore, he had left just like that in the morning, without taking anything with him.

Where would he stay at night? What would he eat? How would he support himself?

Vivian had many questions in her head, but she did not dare to think too much about them. She knew that the more she thought about it, the more worried she would feel. She understood that Finnick was currently in a difficult situation. He had left out of fear that the enemy would come for them.

However, did he ever stop to think about what would happen to them if the enemy just showed up one day after he left?

Vivian thought of whatever Finnick had failed to consider. When Finnick left, he had thought that Vivian would only be able to live a safe life after he left.

He loved her, so he did not want anything to happen to her. It was the type of love where he could disregard his own life for his loved one.

The more Vivian pondered over this matter, the more upset she got. They had only just reconciled but were now separated once again. Is our life doomed to have so many ups and downs?

When Larry saw his mother cry even harder, he walked over to the sofa to get some tissues, then stuffed them in Vivian's hands for her to wipe her tears with.

However, she was crying so badly that her tears could not simply be dried using tissues.

Vivian did not move to wipe her tears. She let them run down her face as she felt the pain in her heart.

Both of them had been overwhelmed by the various events in life that happened recently and had no time to catch their breaths.

Since Finnick had chosen to leave, she would let herself cry for a while. After that, Vivian would have to carry on with her life.

She would not waste his efforts and disappoint him. Instead, she would raise Larry well while waiting for his return.

When the time came, they would be able to live the best quality of life together.

As she thought about it, Vivian stopped crying. She looked at Larry's face, which resembled that of Finnick's, and made up her mind.

She then brought Larry back to their home, the one that she had lived with Finnick in for seven years.

It felt empty. No one had lived there the past three days, so it lacked warmth.

Fortunately, the two housemaids had helped to keep the house clean. Resultantly, the house did not look too dirty.

“Mrs. Norton, did Mr. Norton not come back with you?” asked the housemaid when she saw that Vivian came back alone.

The moment she heard that question, Vivian, who had been unbuttoning Larry’s coat, froze.

“He won’t be back these few years. You should just focus on doing your job well.” Vivian only provided a brief explanation before reminding her to focus on her job.

“Sorry, I spoke too much.” Judging by Vivian’s expression, Molly knew that she had said too much.

She immediately hit herself lightly on the mouth and looked at Vivian apologetically.

“Would you like to have some breakfast?” It was eight in the morning, which happened to be Vivian’s usual breakfast time.

“Yeah.” Both Vivian had Larry had not eaten much when they woke that morning. Now that Molly mentioned it, they were both indeed a little hungry.

As soon as she heard Vivian answer, Molly hurried into the kitchen and started to make breakfast.

Since it was breakfast, Molly kept it simple and made them English breakfast with some sandwiches.

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Vivian and Larry took their seat at the dining table. Looking at the dishes before her, Vivian found herself having no appetite at all.

Seeing his mother’s impassive expression, Larry, too, had lost his appetite.

Vivian forced down some food and flashed Larry a reassuring smile. Then, she filled the boy’s bowl with some food before she continued eating.

Soon, Larry started to dig in.

Since the two had not had a proper meal for the past three days, they greatly enjoyed their meals.

Everything would be perfect if they weren't eating the food in a bad mood.

After breakfast, Vivian had Larry stay at home with the housemaid while she headed out to search for Finnick.

Although she had resigned herself to live without that man in the future, still, she couldn't help but continue searching for him.

It would be best if she managed to find Finnick. If not, perhaps this was the only way to make herself give up after countless futile searches.

With that in mind, she drove off and soon started her search.

Vivian drove at a snail's pace along the road, afraid that the movie scene where a couple missed each other by a hair's breadth would happen to her and Finnick.

She was constantly looking outside the window while driving. One could imagine how slow she was going.

Growing impatient, those driving behind her started honking, signaling her to speed up.

Yet, Vivian ignored the honks. At this moment, all she had in mind was to search for Finnick. She wouldn't let anyone get in the way, and she couldn't care less about what other people might think of her.

Feeling frustrated, the other drivers cut her off. They cursed loudly as their cars overtook hers.

Regardless, Vivian continued with her pace while keeping her eyes on the roadside.

To her disappointment, her search was futile. She then drove onto the highway and gradually sped up.

Vivian's first stop was the garden where Finnick and her usually visited – the very place where Finnick proposed to her.

She got out of the car and entered the garden. Everything in it looked the same, with the peonies in full blossom and the willow trees rustling near the lake.

She walked along the cobblestone path that led her to a green space. There, visitors were afforded a

better view of the man-made lake.

Vivian remembered Finnick loved hanging around there, especially during spring. The two of them would sit on the bench with their eyes closed. As the gentle wind blew, it brought along the fragrance of flowers. That was a real serene and leisure moment.

Unfortunately, it was summer now. The blazing sun was at its highest point, shining onto the earth.

Unwilling to linger outdoor in the hot weather, the passersby were seen hurrying their way out of the park and would soon head home.

Vivian was the only one making her way into the depth of the garden.

Soon, she reached a pavilion. It was relatively cooler inside since the roof provided a shield against direct exposure to the sun's rays. On a sultry hot summer day, the pavilion was still stuffy like an oven as the hot summer wind blew.

Vivian suddenly recalled when she and Finnick saw a couple quarreling at this place. Although it was the young lady's fault, in the end, the young man was the first to apologize. Seeing that, she told Finnick that she favored men who voluntarily admitted their mistakes. The latter started questioning her childishly if she liked him or that young man. Inexplicably, she felt a tinge of happiness in her heart seeing Finnick being jealous. "I like you," was her reply.

Vivian continued to walk around the garden. Every part of it seemed to be full of memories.

Yet, now she was the only one reminiscing about their lovely and sweet moments in the garden. Finnick, the man who created those memories with her, was missing in the picture.

She felt lonely and depressed. Just as she was overwhelmed by mixed emotions in her heart, the elderly on the other side of the lake caught her attention. They were doing breathing exercises, yelling at the lake to increase lung capacity.

Since it seemed to be an enjoyable thing to do, Vivian was tempted to do the same. She crouched down, rolled her sleeves, and then cupped her hands around her mouth. After taking a deep breath, she screamed at the top of her lungs at the lake.

Instantly, she felt like a huge weight was being lifted off her chest. Thinking that this might be a good way of venting out her negative emotions, she continued screaming her head off.

It was already noon when she finally felt better. The sun was scorching hot, yet she didn't seem to be leaving anytime soon.

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Beads of sweat were seen covering her face. Still, Vivian was determined to travel across every part of the garden.

It was already three when she finally walked out of the garden. She had told the housemaid not to prepare her lunch when she left home. Thus, she went to a restaurant frequented by her and Finnick to have her lunch. It was a high-end restaurant; its dishes cost at least a thousand each. Yet, it was a price that she was willing to pay as that place reignited memories of Finnick and her dining together.

After lunch, Vivian decided to head to the company. Although Chase Neville had taken over the company, she believed they would still let her enter the company building and look around.

There, Vivian spotted someone familiar to her. It was not her acquaintance but Larry's friend, Joey Neville.

Joey Neville... Chase Neville... Both of them happen to share the same surname... So, Joey is actually Chase's daughter!

Vivian was surprised upon the realization, yet she couldn't care less about it now.

The identity of Joey's parents had nothing to do with her. However, now that it turned out Joey was the

daughter of the man who acquired Finnor Group, Vivian would no longer let her son make friends with that little girl.

At that instant, Vivian made up her mind to transfer Larry to another kindergarten.

While she was deep in her thought, Joey came up to her and greeted, "Hi, Ms. Morrison. It's a surprise to see you here."

Vivian was not in the mood to talk to the little girl, so she nodded in response and decided to leave.

As soon as she turned around, Chase's voice rang out, "Mrs. Norton, you just arrived. Why are you leaving in such a hurry?"

The man's voice was so loud, making it impossible for her to pretend that she didn't hear it.

She uttered coldly, "Hi, Mr. Neville. I'm simply looking around, and I'm leaving now."

Actually, Vivian was a cold person. She would only let her guard down when she was around her close friends and families.

To outsiders, Vivian was aloof and unapproachable.

"Well, aren't you going to come in? Perhaps have a cup of tea?" Chase was discreetly eyeing Vivian up and down as he invited her in.

He couldn't seem to figure out why Finnick would have his eyes on such an average-looking woman.

What's so special about this woman?

Every man would be interested in finding out about the secret of a mysterious woman, let alone Chase, a ladies man.

Chase had a daughter with his wife, yet this man also had numerous illegitimate children.

In fact, he had so many lovers that he couldn't possibly count them on the fingers of both hands.

Back then, he only married his wife for money and power. His wife was not the kind of woman he imagined he would marry anyway.

Now that he had all he wanted, he no longer bothered to hide his affairs from his wife.

Since then, his wife devoted herself to religion and spent all her time diving deep into Bible to seek refuge from heartbreak. Chase loathed her even more because of that. “No thanks. If there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving now.” Vivian cast a glance at Chase and gave him a polite nod. With that, she turned and left before he could say anything. Vivian didn’t mean to be impolite. It was just that she didn’t feel like dealing with Chase.

So, she had no choice but to brush him off. She believed that Chase, the president of a huge company, wouldn’t degrade himself in forcing her to stay.

In fact, what surprised her most was to see Chase at the company. I thought eagles don’t catch flies. It’s just the second day of him taking over the Finnor Group... Why is he so eager to come to the company?

Is there something hidden in the company that I don’t know about and that Chase thought is important to him?

Knowing she was overthinking again, Vivian shook the thoughts off her mind.

The sky was turning dark as the sun went below the horizon. She decided to end her search for the day and headed home.

It was late when Vivian finally arrived home. Larry had already fallen asleep.

Vivian went to her son’s bedroom to check on him. Looking affectionately at the sleeping Larry, she bent over to press a kiss on his cheek before leaving.

Sitting alone at the dining table, she had some food for dinner. The house felt cold and empty without Finnick’s presence. Since he went missing, Vivian had lost her spirit to do anything.

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Vivian looked around the house as she walked up the stairs and along the corridor.

She knew Finnick couldn’t come back to her for some reason. Even if he was to come back, that was

unlikely to happen in the near future.

Vivian pushed open the door of the bedroom she shared with Finnick. It was the one place in the house where they had created many unforgettable memories together.

She was reluctant to indulge in reminiscence. Now, she needed to get used to life without Finnick.

Only then could she stay strong and move on with life while waiting for his return.

Meanwhile, a figure in his agitated state was seen walking on the road in the pitch-dark night. No one knew of his identity and where he was heading.

The next morning, Vivian and Larry visited a kindergarten located somewhere near the magazine company.

For various reasons, she didn't agree with her son attending the same kindergarten as Joey.

"Mommy, why am I transferring school?"

Larry hadn't been to kindergarten for a while now. His mother had applied for a leave of absence from school for him. The little boy couldn't help feeling confused after learning that Vivian was transferring him to another kindergarten.

"Well, the new kindergarten is nearer to my workplace. Don't you want to stay closer to me?"

Although Vivian's heart was suffering from unbearable pain after having lost Finnick in her life, she had always tried to put up a good front and hide her sadness from her son. Yet, her forced smile carried with it a tinge of bitterness in Larry's eyes. "Of course I do!" Larry was aware that Finnick was gone, and his mother was left alone at home.

He was willing to do anything to make her happy. Not only that, he would try his best to protect his mother when Finnick was not around.

Looking at the considerate Larry, Vivian suddenly recalled how Finnick used to piss her off in the past.

The father and son had totally different characters, yet they were both equally important to her.

Vivian was glad when she saw Larry started getting used to the new environment.

Just as she was about to leave the kindergarten, she received a call from Benedict.

She heard Benedict's voice over the phone, "Come home if you have the time. There's something I need to tell you."

Benedict ended the call after receiving a reply from her.

Initially, Vivian planned to go to work today, yet Benedict's phone call had thrown her plan astray.

Having no choice, she called the magazine company and told her colleague that she was not coming to the office for the day.

Vivian couldn't help but let out a wry smile. She then hailed a cab, heading to the Morrison residence.

She knew Benedict was going to talk to her about Finnick.

Even though she was not in the mood to talk about it, she couldn't possibly reject Benedict.

That man was her brother, and he cared a lot about her.

Listening to the music from the radio, she reclined in the backseat and closed her eyes to get some rest.

Benedict's house was located quite far away from the city center. He said that the place was quiet and secluded.

Soon the car came to a halt. "Miss, you've arrived at your destination," the driver reminded.

Vivian opened her eyes to find that they were in front of the Morrison residence. She nodded

apologetically at the driver. Then, she paid the cab fare before getting out of the cab.

The Morrison residence had always looked the same since her last visit. Vivian took a deep breath in an attempt to brace herself before walking into the house.

"Ben," she greeted smilingly at the man sitting on the couch in the living room, waiting for her arrival.

"Oh, Vivian, I prefer you crying than forcing a sad smile." Benedict approached her, giving her a warm hug. "How are you doing? Have you not found him yet?"

He knew everything that had happened to Vivian. Initially, he planned to ask her over when he first learned about it. Yet, he waited until now, thinking she might need some time alone.

Gazing at Benedict, Vivian uttered a response, "Mm." Then, she tossed her purse aside and threw herself onto the couch.

She could feel her whole body aching after a tiring day. If Finnick were here, he would let her lay on his lap and give her a massage.

Benedict couldn't care less about her being unladylike. He handed her a glass of water and asked, "Why don't you come back and live here?"

He wished Vivian could live with him since it was unsafe for a young lady to live outside.

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However, Vivian had been through a lot in life, and she had long learned to stand on her feet.

Flashing Benedict a smile, she rejected, "There is no need. little pumpkin and I are fine staying at home."

"Alright then. I'll respect your decision."

Benedict didn't insist since he knew his sister was a strong-willed young lady. She would hardly change her mind after making a decision.

"Tell me if you need anything. Do you have enough money? I can..."

Soon, Benedict started to encourage her to stay strong and take good care of herself and Larry. He even taught her a hundred and one ways to protect herself against perverts and bad guys.

An hour had passed when Vivian finally had enough of Benedict's incessant talking.

"Ben, I suddenly recalled there's something I need to take care of. I gotta go now."

With that, she grabbed her purse and scurried her way out of the house. Benedict had had that heart-to-heart chat with Vivian to give her some emotional support besides cheering her up.

It seems like my effort didn't go to waste. Vivian has indeed become livelier, judging from the way she fled the house. Benedict let out a chuckle.

Looking in the direction where Vivian left, he soon fell into deep thought.

Phew! Finally, Vivian managed to escape from Benedict's house. She took a deep breath and instantly felt refreshed.

After checking the time, she immediately hailed a cab, heading to the magazine company.

The senior editor had only granted her a half-day leave, yet it was already half-past twelve now.

She needed to hurry, or she would be late at the office and get an earful from the senior editor.

The hectic life had allowed Vivian to temporarily forget about the pain of losing Finnick. Nevertheless, once in a while, she would still think of Finnick in the middle of the night. In spite of working, she would spend the rest of her time with Larry. Gradually, her life got back on track. It had been a long time since she last cried because of Finnick.

In fact, she had tried to search for Finnick through the magazine company's connections, yet her efforts were fruitless.

Nevertheless, she was still clinging to the hope that she would one day find that man.

Without giving up, she resorted to putting up an advertisement, which occupied a tiny corner of the magazine to search for the missing Finnick.

Even though the missing person's notice was barely noticeable in the magazine, the news of Finnick's missing spread like wildfire since he was a big name in the city.

Now, everyone in the city knew Finnick was missing, abandoning his wife and child.

Although the public had misunderstood Finnick, Vivian didn't bother to explain to them, for she knew Finnick cared little about what other people think of him.

The magazine had a wide reach as well as readership. She would try every possible method to find Finnick.

To Vivian's disappointment, she didn't receive any news though a month had passed.

She knew if Finnick wanted to hide from her, he would never let anyone find him.

In fact, Vivian had also hired a private investigator to look for Finnick's whereabouts. However, in the end, she received the same disappointing results.

It was as if that man had vanished into thin air.

Vivian's life went on. Every day passed with her waiting for Finnick's return while taking care of Larry.

One day, seeing her reflection in the mirror, she suddenly noticed crow's feet forming at the corner of her eyes. That was when it hit her that as Larry grew up, she was also aging.

Finnick is gone for a year now. Why is he still not coming back?

Larry had asked her the same questions as well. Although she had no

answer to them, she would

reassure the boy that his father had gone to a place far away from them and that he would come back

soon.

Soon Larry stopped asking her as he knew he would always get the same answer.

The two of them continued with their life with the incessant waiting.

... "Vivian, are you going to participate in the company's

tenth-anniversary celebration tonight?" the

female colleague sitting next to her asked.

Hearing that, Vivian put down her pen. After thinking for a while, she nodded.

It had been a long time since she last attended a banquet two years ago with Finnick.

Vivian thought she could take this opportunity to have fun and relax.

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Besides, all employees were required to attend the celebration.

After seeing Vivian's response, another female colleague chimed in, "We'll go together!"

The two female colleagues had never hung out with Vivian before. Now that they finally got the opportunity, they couldn't help feeling excited.

They only joined the company a few years after Vivian. Thus, Vivian was considered their senior.

"I'm sorry. I need to fetch my child, so I can't go with you guys," Vivian said apologetically.

She needed to make sure that her son arrived home safe and sound before she could attend the banquet at night.

It wouldn't be much of a problem leaving Larry at home since the housemaid was there to take care of him. Besides, Larry was a good boy. She had confidence in him that he would behave well at home.

"Alright then." The two colleagues were a little disappointed.

They were actually a little envious of Vivian when they heard from other seniors that her husband was the famous Finnick Norton – the president of Finnor Group before it changed hands.

Nevertheless, it was not the time to be jealous as they were not yet done with their job.

Soon they returned to their work at hand.

After leaving the office, Vivian picked Larry up at the kindergarten and brought him back home.

Since there was ample time before the banquet began, she ate some noodles with Larry and had a little chat with him. Then, she left the little boy in the hands of the housemaid before leaving.

On her way to the banquet, she felt something was off as restlessness crept onto her heart.

In the end, she thought it was her feeling nervous about attending a banquet for the first time after two years.

Vivian wore a black dress and exquisite makeup. She looked like a goddess, aloof and distant.

A lot of the new employees were stunned by her appearance. It was the first time they saw her dressing up.

Being in the center of attention, Vivian didn't feel shy or out of place. Instead, she graciously smiled at the crowd.

Some male employees even invited her for a dance though she rejected them.

She should discipline herself in case Finnick would be jealous when he came back and learned about her dancing with another man.

At the long table, Vivian grabbed herself a glass of orange juice. Just then, someone greeted her, "Hi, Vivian."

She turned around to find that it was one of her colleagues though they barely knew each other.

Vivian returned her greeting, "Hi." She was usually courteous toward those who took the initiative to talk to her.

The young lady introduced herself, "Vivian, I'm Paris." While doing so, she couldn't help casting her eyes at Vivian's beautiful dress.

Vivian simply nodded and waited for her to continue.

"Vivian, I've heard that there will be a lucky draw tonight. The winner gets to make a wish. With its power and connections, the company will definitely make the winner's wish come true. Do you want to try your luck?"

The participation was entirely voluntary. Those who wished to participate needed only to inform their employee ID.

Paris already took part in the lucky draw, and she was here to ask if Vivian would like to take part as well.

Although she was new to the company, she got a good impression of Vivian – the cold yet experienced journalist.

Seeing Vivian standing alone, she decided to come and talk to her.

"Sure." Vivian never thought of winning the lucky draw. She participated in it, hoping to get some good luck from the festive event.

Since she was now at the banquet, she should relax and have fun.

After Paris led Vivian to put her employee ID into the lucky draw box, the two took a walk in the garden at the back of the hall.

They headed back to the hall when there were only five minutes left before the event began.

The host started the event by welcoming the guests with warm greetings. Vivian was sick of the same old customary opening remarks, yet the employees were not allowed to leave the hall.

Having no choice, she could only chat with Paris to pass the time.

Fortunately, the host was considerate enough to end the boring opening remarks real quick. Following up was the lucky draw session.

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All the employers held their breath as the host reached his hand into the lucky draw box.

Everyone was excited, except Vivian and Paris.

The former was unperturbed as she didn't believe she would be the winner; the latter was simply unconcerned about the prize.

The host drew a number tag from the box and announced the employer ID, "1220."

The sound of people sighing ensued.

Seeing that no one came forward, the host asked, "Who has the employer ID 1220?"

Hearing that, Vivian curled her lips into a smile. Lucky me.

She made her way onto the stage under the crowd's envious stare.

Although she didn't believe that the company was capable of granting her wish, she placated a pleasant smile nevertheless.

The way she behaved on the stage in front of her colleagues and superiors represented her attitude toward the company.

"Please be quiet, everyone." The host raised his hand to get the hall to quiet down. "Now, it's time for Vivian, our lucky winner, to make a wish."

The next moment, the crowds cheered Vivian on.

Vivian had indeed stood out that night by making a grand appearance in that beautiful dress and becoming the winner of the lucky draw.

As the crowd went wild, the host once again called out, “Silence, everyone.”

The banquet just got started, and there were still a lot of activities to come. If the guests got too excited right now, they might be too tired to join the upcoming events. Anyway, the host was just worrying over nothing.

The host gave Vivian a signal and said, “Come, make your wish.” Vivian nodded. Standing before the lit-up candles, she murmured a few words under her breath with her eyes closed and her hands clasped.

After that, she left the stage.

Regardless of whether the wish would come true, Vivian would always be hopeful.

Soon it was the cake-cutting session.

The crowd fell into silence as Lesley walked onto the stage. They knew the senior editor was not someone they should mess with.

It was a good thing to have a senior editor who had a deterrent effect on the employees.

While exuding an overbearing aura, Lesley grabbed the serrated knife and cut the cake smoothly.

This time, the crowd dared not to cheer. Lesley cast her eyes impassively over the whole lot before she walked down the stage.

She was not a supercilious person, nor was she belittling the employees. It was just that she had a cold personality.

Thus, the employees nicknamed her “Maleficent” though they dared only call that behind her back.

Soon, the atmosphere turned upbeat when the host said cheerfully, “Now, it’s time for us to have fun!

Let the party begin!”

All of the employees, including the host himself, got excited when they could finally have fun after a tiring day at work.

They gathered around and engaged themselves in party games.

Later, they headed to the karaoke for an after party.

Vivian sat on the couch while she quietly watched the other colleagues singing.

She would occasionally respond to Paris when the latter talked to her. After a while, Vivian's phone vibrated. She exited the karaoke booth to answer the call.

"Little pumpkin?" She was curious about the reason for Larry calling.  
"Mommy, it's late now. Why are you not home yet? You still need to work tomorrow!" Larry spoke disapprovingly like a little adult over the phone.

Vivian was at a loss for words. Eventually, she promised her son that she would go home right away.

Back in the karaoke booth, she took leave from Paris before excusing herself to the senior director, "Ms.

Jenson, I need to go home now. My son is still waiting for me."

Hearing that, Lesley nodded her approval.

After leaving the karaoke, Vivian hurriedly got into her car and drove home.

She needed to arrive home as soon as possible, or her son would definitely nag at her.

It wasn't long after the first call when she received a second call from Larry.

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"Mommy, where are you now?" Larry had waited for fifteen minutes, yet his mother was still not home yet.

Vivian knew she was near the neighborhood when the familiar row of shops came into sight. "I'm almost home now."

She soon arrived home and was changing into slippers in the doorway. It startled her when she suddenly heard Larry's voice from behind, "Mommy."

She spun around to see Larry looking at her, his gaze shining with awe. The next moment, the little boy furrowed his brows and said, "Mommy, don't forget about Daddy."

With that, he turned and left for his bedroom.

The little boy waited up for his mother so that she would come home early. Now that his mission was accomplished, he could finally cast his worries away and go to bed. Meanwhile, Vivian was amused by her son's remark. Is he worried that I might find him a stepfather?

As she entered the washroom, she noticed Larry had helped squeeze toothpaste on her toothbrush and

had the towel prepared for her. At that instant, she felt warmth in her heart.

With a heartfelt smile, she murmured, "Little pumpkin, you're starting to look like your father."

In no time, she brushed her teeth and removed her makeup.

In her bedroom, she saw a note with neat handwriting on the nightstand, which wrote: Goodnight,

Mommy.

The heartwarming words brought a smile onto her face. Soon she fell into a deep slumber.

Life went on as usual. Every day, Vivian would recharge herself by spending some family time with Larry after a tiring day at work. The little boy had always shown his care and concern for her.

She realized that Larry started to look increasingly like his father.

Sometimes, she would find some of his facial expressions and behavior similar to Finnick's. He was just like a miniature version of that man.

Yet, the two had different characters and personalities. Finnick was a warm person, while Larry was a bit overbearing and dominant.

As his mother, Vivian would accept Larry for who he was. What was more, Larry was the crystallization of the love between Finnick and her.

She couldn't ask for more as long as the boy was always there with her. One morning, when Vivian arrived at the office, she noticed the others were all talking about her. Some even regarded her with an envious gaze.

After settling down at her desk, she asked her colleague sitting next to her, "What happened?"

Her colleague seemed hesitant as she spoke, "You haven't heard about it? You're going to interview the president of a large company."

Vivian couldn't help feeling confused.

Soon, Lesley was there to clear her doubts. "Vivian, come with me."

Lesley had received the news when she arrived at the office. Seeing Vivian at her cubicle, she called her into her office to talk to her about it.

"Oh... Okay." Vivian's had a bad feeling about it, yet she had no choice but to comply with the senior editor's order.

In her office, Lesley asked Vivian to take a seat and then handed a document to her.

Vivian's eyes widened as she skimmed through it. I'm going to interview Finnor Group's president?

She was shocked to learn that she was being entrusted with the duty to interview Chase Neville, the man who took over Finnick's company.

Although she was reluctant to interview that man, she must comply with her superior's order. Yet, it was a bitter pill for her to swallow.

She tried to negotiate with the senior editor, "Um... Ms. Jenson, could I not do this interview?"

"Either you do the interview or quit your job," was the ruthless Lesley's reply.

What a fool I am to pin my hope on the Lesley to show mercy. In the end, Vivian gave in. "I'll do it."

She listened to Lesley when the latter told her about the things she needed to be mindful of during the interview.

Downhearted, she came out of the senior editor's office with her feet shuffling and her shoulders slouching. I've been trying hard to stay away from everything that reminds me of the past. Why must they ask me to interview that man?

Vivian knew she couldn't run away this time.

For the past few years, she had always refused to buy any of the Finnor Group's products as they would remind her that the company had changed ownership.

She had even transferred her son to a new kindergarten to prevent him from going to the same school as Joey.

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Yet, it seemed like there was no escaping from the inevitable.

Vivian couldn't possibly make the senior editor change her mind, so she braced herself for the interview.

It's no big deal at all! I'll treat the interview as having a casual conversation with him. Chase won't bite; there's no need to fret.

Since the interview was a great opportunity to gain experience, Vivian was required to bring a junior journalist with her. Lesley told her that the junior journalist would turn up at her desk, yet she didn't mention the specific time.

After waiting for a long time, the junior journalist was still nowhere to be seen. Vivian then went to the pantry to pour herself a cup of water.

A familiar voice rang out, "Vivian." She turned around to find that it was Paris.

Vivian nodded smilingly at the young lady and then continued drinking her water.

She thought Paris was just passing by the pantry.

To her surprise, it turned out that Paris was the junior journalist who would be joining her to interview Chase. It's Paris! What a coincidence!

She told Paris, "Come to the meeting room after you finish your coffee. We need to discuss the interview."

Since tomorrow was the interview, they needed to come up with the questions and discuss the details.

After all, the subject of their interview was Chase, the president of a conglomerate. They couldn't afford to let anything go wrong during the interview.

That day, Vivian and the team worked two hours overtime and only got off work at seven in the evening.

Since they missed lunch, Vivian decided to treat the team to dinner. The team members included a photographer, an assistant, and Paris. All of them were delighted when Vivian told them she was treating them to dinner. They quickly grabbed their coat and soon arrived at a restaurant.

"Vivian, I heard you've interviewed Finnor Group's president before. Is that true?"

After working together for an entire day, the team members realized that Vivian was not as unapproachable as rumor had it. Thus, they felt free to ask her questions.

Vivian answered frankly, "I did interview Finnor Group's president before, but not the current president."

She still remembered her interviewing Finnick on the day they got married.

Although it happened seven years ago, that day's memory remained vivid in her mind.

"Huh?" The team members were clueless. Before they could ask for further clarification, the server had brought them their food.

As their curiosity succumbed to the temptation of the delicious food, they ended the conversation and started digging in.

They greatly enjoyed themselves. Yet, if they hadn't asked Vivian that question, perhaps she would find the meal more enjoyable.

After making payment, Vivian bade them goodbye and drove home.

Larry was already asleep by the time she arrived home. Lying on the bed, she started recalling her past with Finnick.

Soon, she fell asleep with bittersweet feelings in her heart.

The next morning, the team members were already waiting at the office when she arrived.

"Morning, Vivian," they greeted her.

After returning their greetings, she asked them to prepare to leave for Finnor Group.

The interview was scheduled at nine-thirty, and they still had an hour's time to travel there.

Although the journey would only take about fifteen minutes, Vivian thought it would be better for them to arrive ahead of time.

Before leaving, Lesley called her to her office and handed her a document. "I've prepared some

questions for the interview. You can pick a few of them and ask during the interview.”

The only way a magazine company could gain a strong foothold in the industry was by digging into scandals and publishing first-hand news.

Vivian was rendered speechless as she flipped through the document. There were three pages of them!

Since it was near the departing time, she decided to bring the document with her and played it by ear during the interview.

After all, as a senior journalist, she had acquired the ability to think on her feet over the years.

“Let’s go!” Vivian took the lead getting into the car that the company assigned to them.

Amongst the team members, the photographer was more experienced and knowledgeable with the interviewing procedure. As for the assistant, she needed only to wait for them and provide assistance when asked to.

Thus, Paris was the most nervous one amongst them.

“Don’t be nervous. During the interview, you can imagine him as a...”

Vivian was trying to come up with something.

The witty assistant suggested, “A cabbage!”

“Yes! We’ll treat him as a cabbage.” Vivian shot the assistant an approving look. Feeling amused, Paris broke into laughter.

Next chapter upload.