

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 889

"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.

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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."

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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.

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

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 890

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."

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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.

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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 Finner 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 play 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.

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“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.

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