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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 975

“What are you looking at?” Finnick flipped and rolled above her in one swift move, staring down at her. He had been awake for quite some time and had felt her piercing gaze.

Although he knew the delicate woman in his embrace had been feeling aggrieved partially because of him, he was happy to be in that position with her once again.

Hardship was part and parcel of life. It was unavoidable.

“Nothing.” Vivian shook her head. Finnick watched as she got up from bed and began to get dressed. It’s time to go back to work, she thought. Perhaps if I keep myself busy enough, I won’t have the time to be drowning in my grief.

That was something she had personally experienced when she had left Finnick back then.

“Vivian, don’t go to work. Rest at home.” Finnick knew she was planning to go to work, but he didn’t want her to give herself unnecessary pressure.

His heart ached, knowing that was her way of keeping herself functioning. Although he wished she wouldn’t try to suppress her feelings, he knew that there was no way he could change her mind once she had a goal in sight.

Therefore, he stopped persuading her and silently hoped she could learn to be stronger. Even though it was equally difficult for him to forget about Larry, they needed to learn to move on with their lives.

After breakfast, Vivian intended to drive herself to work. When she walked to the front door, she saw a car parked before her; the window rolling down to reveal Finnick’s face.

It was then she understood why he skipped breakfast. Finnick stared at the unmoving Vivian and honked the car, signaling for her to get in.

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Despite her refusal to be driven by him, her heart softened when she was reminded that he had skipped his meal for her sake. She sighed, walking up to the passenger side, and took the front seat.

“How was breakfast?” he asked to make small talk. He had deliberately woken up earlier to prepare it for her. Seeing as she had licked her plate clean, he was on cloud nine.

She merely took a glance at him and nodded in response. Even though he didn’t mention it, she could tell the breakfast was made by him. However, seeing that he hadn’t taken a bite of it, she couldn’t help but feel guilty.

Finnick didn’t bring it up either. Perhaps, she’ll start feeling sorry for me, and I’ll be able to appear in her mind more frequently from now onward! Then as time goes by, I may even be able to find my way back into her heart. The mere thought about that made him grin as he stared at Vivian.

The latter, having no idea what was on his mind, could only remain silent.

Lately, whenever she didn’t feel like speaking, silence was her best answer. However, it was also one of the reasons two people often grow apart.

It’s all right. I’ll always be waiting for her to come back to me. No matter how cold she is, how long it’s been, or how tired I am—I’ll keep waiting.

“I’ve reached. You’d better get going,” Vivian said as soon as she saw the company’s entrance coming into view. She took an inquisitive glance at Finnick and left without waiting for his reply.

Was she checking whether I was fine without eating breakfast? Skipping breakfast was a bad habit. She had always been concerned ever since she found out he had developed stomach troubles in those years he spent carving out his career.

Realizing that she hadn’t stopped worrying for him, he was elated. He drove to a nearby restaurant and ate his meal alone, staring at a photograph of her on his phone.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 976

But Vivian's mood immediately soured the moment she entered the company. She saw someone who made her feel incredibly disgusted—a painful reminder of her grief. That person was Shane Teslar, who had been made homeless after meeting with her the night before.

With nowhere to turn to, he had spent the night at an internet café before making his way to the company in the morning.

No matter how arrogant you are, you're merely an insignificant employee. So what if you're my mentor? He directed a silly face at Vivian as she walked past him. Vivian smirked, seeing the pompous look on his face. Most people in the magazine company knew Finnick was their boss. How Shane was ignorant of that fact, she truly had no clue. Maybe because he's new? She ignored him, heading directly to the Chief Editor's office, and knocked on the door.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist, knowing the Chief Editor would've arrived at work at that hour. It was the perfect time to look for her. When she pushed the door open, the cold gaze in her eyes immediately made the Chief Editor flinch.

"What happened, Vivian?" the Chief Editor asked, glancing at her warily. Vivian was typically gentle and considerate. But ever since she stopped going to the company, it seemed as if she had transformed into another person.

"Fire Shane Teslar. Right now!" Vivian commanded. Having said that, she turned around to leave, adding, "Call me once he's gone."

Shane happened to be hovering nearby and heard her words clearly. He glared scornfully at Vivian.

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"Who do you think you are? Are you dreaming? Do you think you can order the Chief Editor around?" Shane yelled. I can forget about you chasing me out of the nursing home since you paid for it. But who do you think you are to come for my job?

"Shane Teslar, come in," the Chief Editor ordered before he could shoot his mouth off.

Shane froze for a moment. How could the Chief Editor possibly know who I am? He entered the office perplexedly.

"You're fired; effective immediately," the Chief Editor announced. "Go to the Human Resource Department to handle the related matters." It was the first time Vivian used her authority as the lady boss of the company. Even though she was usually compliant at work, she still had her rights when it came to who she wanted to hire.

"What? Why?" Shane was in disbelief. "All because of that bitch?"

The Chief Editor shook her head. She finally understood why Vivian ordered her to do so. How can anyone speak with such a lack of class? "Is the President's wife someone you can scold?" She stared coldly at him. She truly admired Vivian and the President from the bottom of her heart. Hence, whenever she heard someone badmouthing Vivian, she couldn't help but feel indignant and stand up for her.

"President's wife?" Shane froze. No wonder she dared to behave as if everyone owes her a living. It's all because she's the president's wife! Shane was still dumbfounded even as he walked toward the company's entrance.

"Vivian, Shane Teslar has been fired. You can return any time now," the Chief Editor informed. Although she didn't speak in a fawning tone, it was comparably gentler than how she usually spoke.

"All right. Thank you, Chief Editor." Vivian hung up the phone and went upstairs. She had been spending her time at the café below the office, confident that the Chief Editor would handle the matter expeditiously.

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However, it was a small world. They bumped into each other right as Vivian was on her way back. Pretending as if he didn't exist, she straightened her back and walked past him, but heard him muttering, "Vivian, I've underestimated you."

She merely raised a brow, making no comments, as she headed upstairs. When she returned, everyone was looking at her with scrutinizing eyes. But she wasn't one to cower at that. She made sure to stare every one of them right back in the eye until they looked away.

It was only until she sat back at her desk that she realized the amount of time she had wasted. Right as she was about to begin her work, Paris' voice sounded.

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