

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 907

“Rumor has it that Mr. Norton adores his wife greatly. Looks like it’s true,” said Chase as he let out another chuckle.

Vivian didn’t really like Chase, but she flashed a smile and nodded nonetheless.

Both companies had formed an alliance, so no matter what she felt about Chase, it was important not to show it in public.

Finnick’s smile remained on his lips as he checked the time. The main event was about to begin.

Right then, the hosts— both managers from their respective companies, went onstage, signaling the start of the event. Obviously, both companies took this seriously.

“Thank you for taking your time to attend our party to celebrate Finnor Group and Neville Group’s alliance.”

The hosts made the usual pleasantries and began their speeches.

Everyone seemed excited, but Vivian remained unfazed. She couldn’t find anything appealing about the party.

Finnick released his grip on her and gestured for her to stay here.

Feeling bored, Vivian left the crowd and went to her brother.

“What’s wrong? Why are you here instead of being with your husband?”

Benedict smirked at the sight of his little sister approaching him. My little sister was indeed beautiful.

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"Ben!" Vivian whined.

Right now, she let down her guard and became a cheeky child in front of her brother.

Benedict was pleased as it meant she considered him as family.

"Hey, why did Finnor Group suddenly decided to joint venture with Neville Group?" Benedict asked. He had been curious all along but couldn't bring himself to ask Finnick that question.

Hence, he threw the question to Vivian to see what her opinion was.

"Mm, I have no idea either." Vivian had never asked Finnick that very question.

After all, she knew he had a reason for doing so. Even if she posed that question to him, she wouldn't have understood his explanation.

Hence, there was no point asking. It was enough as long as Finnick provided for her.

Benedict knew she was going to say that, so he said nothing and watched as Finnick and Chase went on stage.

They both began by praising each other's companies before stating their promises solemnly.

Vivian had never liked the complicated procedures, but she watched on without a word.

Finally, Finnick and Chase announced, "Finnor Group and Neville Group's alliance is official!" before they got off the stage.

It was then time for everyone to enjoy themselves, so the crowd started milling around again.

Most of the guests were from the corporate world. Some had even brought their daughters along.

Right now, there were more men than women in the venue.

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The ladies were observing the men, trying to seek out the most handsome one here.

There were also a few bigshots here as well. Naturally, they started to talk business.

Everyone was preoccupied with their own businesses. Meanwhile, Vivian sat aside alone. Her husband and brother were conversing with others, and she was too shy to interrupt or join them.

Luckily, Finnick came to her soon. "Are you hungry? Do you want some fruits?"

It was getting late, and they didn't have lunch, so Finnick figured Vivian should be starving by now.

"Not really."

Vivian thought it would be rude to eat something here. Everyone else was deep in discussion, so it wasn't a good idea for her to start eating out of nowhere.

Inclining her head slightly, Vivian stared at Finnick, who seemed especially stern today.

It was a strange sight that made her slightly uncomfortable as Finnick had never ever shown this side of him to her.

Vivian could understand why, though. This was a business event, so he had no choice but to put up a stern front.

Deep down, Vivian told herself to be an understanding partner.

"Alright. Stay here. I'll be back soon."

Finnick left to talk to someone else and left Vivian alone again.

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"If you're bored, you can stroll around the venue," he told her before leaving.

There was no one else that Vivian could talk to here.

"Sure."

Vivian rose to her feet obediently. After that, they both went their separate ways.

Vivian was unfamiliar with the surroundings, but she strode ahead anyway.

Suddenly, she spotted a box. Her curiosity was piqued as she made her way toward the box.

There were rubies encrusted all over the box. The rubies weren't real, but it seemed to insinuate that the box was something important.

Vivian was about to open it when a woman's voice rang out. "Turns out Vivian Morrison is a thief."

It was an unknown voice, so Vivian turned at her shoulder to see who it was.

The woman who appeared in her sight was dressed in a fiery red dress. The thick makeup on her face covered her flaws. She was currently gazing at Vivian menacingly.

Frowning, Vivian wondered why she was exuding an air of hostility. Have I ever offended her? Why is she glaring at me?

As Vivian didn't remember seeing this woman anywhere, she concluded she hadn't offended her before.

Hmm, it seems like she dislikes me without any reason.

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“Excuse me, but you are?” Since the woman was being rude, Vivian didn’t bother with the pleasantries.

Still, she remained polite and formal.

“How ignorant of you not to know who I am. I’m Lexi Jackson, a popular celebrity.”

Lexi flipped her perfect curls back flippantly and glanced at Vivian.

The disdain in her gaze was evident.

Seriously? Did I kill her entire family or what? I’ve never heard of Lexi Jackson, though.

“I’m sorry. I don’t really pay attention to showbiz,” Vivian replied. It was true. She was more used to reading finance and current news.

Therefore, she had no idea who Lexi was.

“Hey!”

Lexi thought Vivian would gaze at her enviously after she revealed she was a celebrity.

Alas, Vivian didn’t even know who she was.

“What’s wrong? Are you stuttering, Ms. Jackson?”

As Lexi was at a loss for words, Vivian couldn’t help but feel exasperated.

“Damn it! Do you know who my dad is?” Lexi declared angrily.

“No.”

Vivian rolled her eyes. Why does everyone like to throw their dad’s name out when they are in a fight?

She stared at Lexi quietly.

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“My dad is the president of Neville Group!”

Oh, she’s Chase Neville’s daughter. Wait, something seems amiss.

“Why are you a Jackson instead of a Neville, then?”

Lexi felt her pride shattering into pieces at her question. She raised her hand to give Vivian a slap when Chase and Finnick’s voices rang out.

“What are you doing?” Chase roared.

Finnick knitted his eyebrows at the scene.

“Dad!” Lexi immediately put on a pitiful expression as though it was Vivian who bullied her.

“What happened?” Chase demanded. I shouldn’t have brought her here. This is embarrassing.

“Vivian tried to steal my box which I left here. I caught her in the act, but she refused to admit to her crime,” claimed Lexi furiously.

She didn’t forget to glare at Vivian, too.

“Oh? Are you sure?” Vivian’s gaze was getting colder by the minute. She didn’t even bother giving an explanation.

Seeing her reaction, Finnick spoke. “Forget it. Mr. Neville, sorry for troubling you.”

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