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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 887 - 889

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.

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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.

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“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.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 888

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 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.

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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.

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