

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 841 - 842

After listening to his father's reply, Larry started to parse through the huge pile of documents.

After about forty minutes, Finnick heard a knock on his door.

Vivian jolted awake and noticed that Larry appeared to have read through all the documents as she spotted the boy had already dozed off on the sofa aside.

"Mr. Norton. This is all the review on the company's performance. All the documents that have been organized are here." Noah had stolen a few glances before submitting it to Finnick.

The man was befuddled by how far some people would go to have a shot at promotion and increment, as he had spotted a few even pointing fingers at Finnick for the problems faced by the company.

However, on second thought, Noah thought those people were not actually taking much risk anyway. After all, the company had fallen into disrepute, and might even go bankrupt soon. The worst-case scenario for the employees who blamed Finnick would be to get terminated. In short, it wouldn't affect them much.

Larry went over to Finnick and Vivian's side as he was trying to read the report that Noah had just submitted. Since the boy couldn't read most of the words, Finnick decided to just read it aloud so that his son could understand better.

However, Finnick and his family were bemused by some of the comments from the staff.

"I do not like it that I cannot call my boyfriend at work. I do not like it when I cannot fetch my parcel during work. I do not like it that I am forbidden from shopping online while I'm at work. I do not like it when I cannot go to the toilet for just a longer time. I do not like it that the president is too handsome, causing the female staff to gossip about him all the time. I do not like it that the president has married someone, causing me to lose focus at work."

Finnick was rendered speechless by the pointless feedback from the employees.

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Besides, he was not the one who came up with all the rules—the respective heads of departments did.

Moreover, I don't think they should be whining about these sound rules.

Finnick lowered his head and continued to browse through the feedback, most of it were pointless.

Just when the man was about to give it up, the corner of his eyes caught onto a document that had more things written on it.

“Firstly, there is no unity among the employees as the bullying and badmouthing other people are a norm around here. Next, the company does not seem to care about the welfare of the staff, driving people into frustration, and eventually, we just give up on the company.”

Finnick reflected upon himself after reading the particular feedback. I have not shown much care for my employees. That is true.

However, as for the first part of the feedback, how would he as the top management know about the norm?

He continued reading and realized that the words stung, but were irrevocably true.

“Let's start investigating the matter,” said Vivian as she looked at the page of A4 paper which was fully written. She thought the feedback would be an excellent starting point for them.

“Daddy, which department is this employee from?” Larry asked.

“The Marketing Department,” replied Finnick before he turned to look at his son.

Larry then searched the pile of documents on the sofa.

The man is from the Marketing Department as well. He looked like an honest man but did not appear like he was from a well-to-do family.

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“Daddy, do you think this could be the person who was always bullied by the others?” Larry made his guess but he still had his doubts, and the boy cast a glance at his father.

The boy felt the need to seek validation from his father as the man was more experienced.

Finnick looked at the profile before him. It was of a man named Peter Zborowski.

He had never heard of the man’s name. It was not unusual considering the number of people who work for him.

“Well, then let’s go to the Marketing Department.” Finnick planned to bring Larry along.

In the meantime, Vivian stayed in his office and waited for them.

After all, Larry was the one who discovered the link anyway. Finnick had long thought of his son as his little assistant.

Finnick was not relying on the boy because he was desperate. On the contrary, the man thought Larry really had the potential to achieve greater strides.

“Attention, please. I’d like to ask for your opinion on someone.” Finnick headed toward the Marketing Department and requested for everyone’s attention.

Every staff was thrilled by Finnick’s presence at the Marketing Department, especially the female employees.

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Some had already started to speculate who the boy beside Finnick was. Unfortunately, he was unfamiliar to all of them. Their guess was that he must be Finnick’s son.

“What does everyone think about Peter Zborowski?” Finnick made sure to scrutinize their expressions as he did not want anything to elude him.

“About Peter...” It would seem that no one was really keen to talk about that man.

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Nobody really liked him when he was around previously, so they wondered why Finnick was asking when they were finally rid of him.

That was what was bothering them, yet no one saw enough of it to speak up.

They were reluctant to speculate what might be on the president's mind, as even if the company was not doing too great at the moment, he was still a fearsome character.

"Do speak freely," Finnick added, as he was well aware of their hesitancy.

"Relax. I won't make things difficult for you." That left everyone quite surprised.

Whatever did he mean by that? In other words, they may be in for a torrid time should they choose to remain silent.

After they weighed up their options, they variously voiced their opinions.

"Peter's a menace to the Marketing Department."

"I don't like to socialize with him because his family's poor."

"He's little kooky."

Finnick listened intently as they spoke.

It occurred to Finnick that Peter was generally not viewed in a positive light by his colleagues.

With that, Finnick departed from the Marketing Department. He concluded that there was nothing suspicious about Peter.

It was all about the money. The company's financial situation was not able to meet their needs, hence they packed up and left.

Though the company may be dealing with some problems at present, salaries were still being paid out in a timely fashion. To leave now would be tantamount to forsaking a concrete source of income.

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For him to be so bold as to saunter off so unreservedly and without even tendering his resignation to Human Resource Department suggested that he might have some backing.

“Go and find out more about Peter,” Finnick instructed Noah the moment he stepped into the office.

“Right away,” Noah replied, and left immediately.

“How did it go?” Vivian asked to see if Finnick had discovered any new leads at the Marketing Department.

“We suspect Peter may have played a part in it. Once we figure him out, we should be able to get to the bottom of things.”

Finnick could scarcely believe that the key to uncovering the truth behind the current state of affairs hinged upon such an unremarkable employee.

“Nothing else we can do now except await word from Noah. Let’s go home.”

Finnick glanced at the hue of the sky. It was almost six in the evening. Vivian must have been tired for quite some time already. He took her and Larry by the hand and led them outside.

They were free to exit through the main entrance since the stockholders downstairs have dispersed.

However, the reporters were still there.

Finnick drove up without delay for Vivian and Larry to get in so that they may make a quick exit.

It was not that Finnick was afraid of the press. He was more concerned about getting Vivian some rest so he had no desire to deal with their queries.

“Actually, you should have spoken to them. I don’t know what they’ll write about you after you skipped out like that.” Vivian knew well what her contemporaries were like.

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“Don’t worry about it. It’s more important for us to get some rest at home.”

Finnick had placed all his staff on compulsory leave. Even if meant incurring a loss, it should prevent it from escalating out of hand.

Thinking this way came to him as sort of a relief.

All he could think about was for Vivian, Larry, and himself to get a good night’s sleep. When Noah came back with his report, they should be able to establish the root of the problem and work toward a resolution for this crisis.

Finnick wanted to reach home and lay his head down as soon as possible. The car accelerated as his sense of urgency grew.

Even though Vivian had been accompanying him around, she understood his decisions as the pressure he had to endure was much greater than hers.

Once at home, Mrs. Filder prepped some simple fare for the trio. After they had their fill, they returned to their respective rooms.

“How was it? Do you like the outcome?”

A man and a woman were chatting inside the prison. They sounded like they were gloating.

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