

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 843 - 844

They were Mark and Evelyn.

"I hope that Finnick's company shuts down soon so that I can show myself," Evelyn said as she primped the hair she had done up the very same day. She was reasonably satisfied with the situation at present.

"Glad to hear that. Remember to let me know the second it's proven successful." Mark smiled as a devious glint flashed across his eyes.

"Naturally," Evelyn replied smugly. "I'll figure out a way to free you after Finnick and I get together."

Mark has proved to be a tremendous asset to her even while behind bars.

There was no way she could have been able to come up with such a brilliant scheme by herself if not for him.

Evelyn was one who knew to pay her dues.

"Please accept my thanks in advance."

Finnick was able to recover after a night's rest.

Seeing that Vivian had not stirred, he got up quietly to get dressed and washed up.

By the time he stepped out, Noah was already waiting for him on the couch downstairs.

When Finnick came down the steps, he motioned for Noah to remain seated.

Finnick then regarded the man intently, ready to hear about his findings.

"I've got something, Mr. Norton," Noah said, looking quite emotional.

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There was not much about Peter's squeaky clean background to dig into, and that conveniently made the investigation process much smoother.

"Go ahead. Speak." Finnick made himself comfortable and looked to his personal assistant in keen anticipation.

"Peter met up with Evelyn a week ago."

"Where?"

"At the office."

With that, Finnick had some inkling as to how things suddenly went downhill for them.

So Evelyn was the one who instigated all this.

Finnick massaged his forehead to soothe his own vexation. He would be able to fix this himself if it was the result of an oversight on the part of the company.

However, if it was the consequences of foul play, the perpetrators must have gotten their hands on something which they had no intention of relinquishing.

That would make things significantly more challenging.

The only way forward was to make restitution toward the losses incurred by the company, replace the team and resume operation.

This would require an enormous operating capital.

Even with Finnick's wealth, after taking out the money that would go toward servicing the debt first, he would not have enough left over to keep the company going.

Finnick reviewed the accounts before him. The numbers reflected were caused by the hemorrhaging suffered by the company. Money was still needed for repayment to his partners.

He would not have the additional funds needed to plug the hole in the sinking ship that was his company and get it sea-worthy again.

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Finnick stared blankly at the books, at a loss as to where he should go from here.

“So what if we fail? There will always be a way out,” Vivian said as she came down.

She had actually been listening in on their conversation for quite a while and witnessed the shifts in their mood throughout, so she more or less understood their worries.

“Vivian.” Finnick reached for her hand as he led her to sit with him.

“We could take up a bank loan, Finnick. So long as you do it right, we’d be able to start over.”

Vivian held his hand in sincerity, but good intentions are not enough.

Without money, how was he to qualify for a loan to kick-start anything?

In addition, with the circumstances surrounding the company at present, there would not likely be many paying customers.

Everyone was aware by now that Finnor Group was a failed company.

Once a company failed, it would be extremely difficult to build it back up.

It would be an impossible undertaking in the absence of strong financial backing.

“I’ve some money here,” Vivian said.

“Where did you get the money? From your work at the newspaper?”

Vivian had not been working recently, and her previous job was her sole source of income.

“No. I could ask my brother for it.” Vivian knew Benedict would surely help them.

“I can’t let you do that,” Finnick stated.

“Why not?” Vivian looked at him, quite perplexed. Why was he still resistant given the company’s present predicament?

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She could not understand this at all.

“It’s a matter of principle. I’ve promised Ben that I’ll take care of you, so it wouldn’t be right for me to have you ask him for money.”

He did not wait for her to respond. “Let’s drop the idea and try to think of something else.”

There was nothing else Vivian could have said to that. It was a good thing too that they were not yet at their wit’s end so she need not be insistent on seeking Benedict’s help.

Vivian and Noah quickly got back to helping to brainstorm for alternatives. Meanwhile, Evelyn was leisurely enjoying her afternoon tea.

“Now that Finnick’s company has collapsed, the rest will be up to you,” Evelyn said as she regarded Hunter enthusiastically.

“Yes. But how do you know that they won’t be able to turn this around?” Hunter replied as he took another sip of tea.

“For someone like you who holds the position of president in the business world, I’m sure you should be able to tell whether that’s plausible.” Evelyn left it for Hunter to assess for himself.

“Hmph. Indeed.”

The man did not question her assertions. The Finnor Group was doubtlessly in dire straits and it would be hard-pressed for Finnick to be able to wriggle his way out of this one.

What Hunter needed to do was to continue to pound away from all angles until Finnor Group was down for the count. Then, he would go to Vivian.

Only by doing that could he become certain of making Vivian his.

Just thinking about this prospect had Hunter’s lips curled into an unfathomable smile. He had everything planned out inside his head, waiting to be put into motion.

Evelyn was wondering if she might run into that woman she met at this shop previously.

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The one who resembled Rachel William and who she has inquired about during her last visit to the nursing home.

She asked if the woman could be Rachel's younger or older sibling.

Rachel did not give her a straight answer.

"I was very young back then so I'm not in the know about a lot of things. But there seems to be someone who looks like me, or so I've heard."

After hearing Rachel's reply, Evelyn wanted nothing more than to meet that woman again, and ask if she had a sister.

She hoped to be able to gain the strength of kinship.

It would be good to have some stable support, seeing that she was already working toward approaching Finnick.

With that in place, it would surely put her in good stead to win Finnick over.

Unfortunately, things did not pan out as she hoped. She stayed on at the shop long after Hunter left, but without chancing upon that assumed relative of hers.

She continued to wait on, but to no avail. The sun set on her before she resignedly returned to the nursing home.

"You're back." Rachel appeared pleased when she saw her daughter walk in.

"Do you have a twin, Mom? I really want to reunite you with family," Evelyn looked at Rachel as she tried to get her mother to divulge more.

"I'm really not sure, but I don't need any relatives. I'm happy just to have you." Rachel was heartened at Evelyn's consideration for her.

"But I'm not. Can't I do something for you?" Evelyn howled.

Rachel was taken aback by this sudden outburst. The Evelyn she remembered was not like this at all.

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She chose to keep her opinions to herself, and could only look at Evelyn helplessly.

"I have no idea whether I have a twin, Evelyn. I've never met her as an adult," Rachel replied in earnest.

"I see. Don't mind me, Mom. I got a little carried away there."

Without waiting for Rachel to respond, Evelyn made her way inside the house to rest.

Evelyn was restless as she lay on the bed. She badly needed a strong backer at this juncture.

She decided that she must make another trip down to that coffee shop, hopefully with better luck this time.

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