Never Late, Never Away Chapter 983

In actual fact, Vivian did nothing except share her opinion with Paris' parents.

Back then, Finnick was willing to marry her even when she had no citizenship. Thus, love was what brought a couple together. Likewise, no one could separate them as long as they loved each other.

When Vivian told Paris about it, the latter only smiled at her. In her heart, Paris couldn't be more grateful to Vivian. The two ended the conversation and soon dove into work.

When the chief editor arrived at work, she called Vivian and Paris into her office. The atmosphere in the room was depressing as she kept staring at the two, not saying a word.

Just as Vivian thought the chief editor was going to stare at them forever, the latter finally broke the silence, "So, tell me, why did you skip work yesterday?"

Although she saw Vivian's message yesterday, she was still angry at them.

After working for so many years, it was the first time she saw employees flagrantly skipping work. Even though Vivian was the president's wife, that should not be a justified reason for her violation of the company's rules.

Vivian kept her head down at the chief editor's question. After a while, she looked up at the latter and admitted their mistakes, "Actually, we had an emergency yesterday. We're sorry for violating the company's regulations, and we'll accept punishment for skipping work."

"Fine then. I want both of you to send me a ten thousand words self-reflection report." With that, the chief editor threw them out of her office. That was when Paris finally came back to her senses. It was an intimidating experience to be scolded by the chief editor. "Vivian, I'm sorry. It was all my fault. I..."

Vivian stopped her from apologizing, "No. I should be responsible as well. Now, let's start working on our reports."

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With that, she started writing her report. As for Paris, she would work on it later since she still had other work at hand.

The two were required to complete the reports before they were allowed to leave the office. If they failed to do so, their salary would be deducted. To the chief editor, it was an awful offense to skip work.

One could imagine how disastrous it could be if an interviewer suddenly disappeared when interviewing a prominent figure.

Hence, the chief editor would not tolerate anyone who dared skip work. Such a bad attitude deserved severe punishment.

When Benedict arrived to fetch Paris from work, he saw the two young ladies busy working on their self-reflection reports.

He was amused seeing Paris sprawling over the table, writing her report with a pitiful expression on her face.

He made his way to Vivian's cubicle and poked on her shoulder.

Vivian spun around when somebody touched her, her face full of disgust.

When she saw it was Benedict, the coldness in her eyes disappeared, and her expression softened.

Upon receiving Benjamin's gaze signal, Vivian lowered her voice as she asked, "Ben, why are you here?"

Benjamin then led his sister to the pantry as not to disturb Paris.

"What happened to Paris?" Benedict once again recalled Paris' pitiful look. Inexplicably, he found her all the more adorable.

Vivian whispered, "The chief editor scolded us for skipping work yesterday."

She felt a little embarrassed talking about it, especially when there were other people in the pantry.

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"Why did you and Paris skip work?" Benjamin asked.

Vivian was at a loss for words, not knowing how to respond.

She knew Paris didn't want Benedict to know about her conflict with her parents. Although everything was solved now, she was unsure whether she should tell Benedict about it.

Seeing Vivian's reaction, Benedict knew the ladies were hiding something from him. Vivian's eyes darted from side to side.

Finally, she came up with an excuse, "Ben, it's time to get off work. I gotta go now!" With that, she scurried off and left the office with other colleagues.

In the past, Vivian would have joked around with Benedict to put him off. Yet, after having been through so much, she was no longer the sprightly and cheeky Vivian.

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Benedict shook his head in resignation. Then, he made a call. "Hey, your employee is squeezing my girlfriend dry. Can you do something about it?"

He ended the call after receiving a satisfying reply. He then cast a glance at Paris before walking out of the office.

A moment later, the chief editor called Paris into her room. Paris stood meekly before the chief editor. She thought the latter was going to berate her since she hadn't hand in the report.

As she braced herself, she heard the chief editor saying, "You can go home now. Hand in the report tomorrow."

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At that instant, her eyes widened in disbelief. Is this person in front of me a fake? I never thought I would hear something like that from the chief editor.

"That's it. You can leave now." With that, the chief editor continued with her work. Paris was still confused when she walked out of the chief editor's office. What happened to her? What made her suddenly change her mind to let me off early?

Feeling doubtful, she kept casting her gaze at the chief editor's office while cleaning off her desk before leaving the office.

It turned out that Benedict had called Finnick just now. Or else, it was impossible that the chief editor would let Paris off easily. In fact, the chief editor was as confused as Paris about the latter's identity. She was surprised when she received the call from Finnick, asking her to go easy on Paris.

Even so, she only agreed to extend the deadline for the report until tomorrow.

Nevertheless, Paris was more than satisfied with the chief editor's leniency.

"Paris, over here! Get in!" As soon as she walked out of the company building, she was surprised to see Benedict waiting for her in the car. Today is indeed a magical day! Not only did the chief editor show mercy on me, rather, I also get to meet my boyfriend after work.

"Hi," she greeted. In her daze, she watched as Benedict got out of the car to open the car door for her.

In the car, Paris promptly told Benedict about her day at work.

The latter responded with a smile after hearing her "adventurous" day. The two had dinner together and took a walk along the tree-lined road. Later that night, Benedict drove Paris home.

Before that, Paris was shy around Benedict. Now that the two had become a couple for quite a long time, Paris felt free to tease that man, "See you tomorrow, cutie pie."

Benedict's gaze followed the young lady as she entered her house. A smile appeared on his face when he recalled her teasing. Soon, he drove off, heading back home.

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Meanwhile, Vivian arrived home to find Finnick sitting on the couch. "Honey," the man called out.

He was happy that Vivian went home straight away instead of eating out like yesterday.

"Mm," Vivian impassively uttered a response. She must admit that finding out that Finnick was crying yesterday had had an impact on her.

Yet, she could've forgiven anyone but Finnick. He was the man she loved, and that was all the more reason she couldn't forgive him.

Perhaps people were usually harder on their loved ones than when treating outsiders.

"Let's have dinner!" Finnick intended to carry Vivian to the dining hall like always, but the latter shunned away from him.

Vivian cast an indifferent glance at him. "I'll go by myself." Then, she made her way toward the dining hall.

Finnick let out a bitter smile at her cold attitude.

He actually thought Vivian would've forgiven him by now.

Downhearted, he sighed. Regardless, he would patiently wait for Vivian to forgive him and take him back again.

However, misfortunes never came alone. Vivian received the news that Rachel's health deteriorated, and that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Since she kicked Rachel out of the nursing home, she had hired a bodyguard to keep an eye on her. On the one hand, she was hoping she could find Larry's whereabouts by following Rachel. On the other hand, she wanted to ensure Rachel's health and safety.

Unfortunately, her worries had come true.

The news had really knocked Vivian sideways. Looking at the message from the bodyguard, she thought she'd better go and check on Rachel.

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Soon, she made a call to the chief editor to take the day off tomorrow. Then, she called the bodyguard to get their location.