

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1051

Instantly, Hannah saw a ray of light at the end of the tunnel, and she almost fell to her knees in gratitude.

Well? Answer the phone! Hurry up and take the call! She had already figured out a superb plan – The moment he takes the call, I'll leap up and sprint out, asking the nurse to examine me. Then, I'll be able to escape him!

As Fabian answered the phone unhurriedly, his voice was tinged with a trace of ire though his face remained devoid of expression. "You'd better give me a reasonable explanation for your call. Otherwise, don't blame me for showing you no mercy."

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Although his voice was mild, it gave his assistant tremendous pressure. After all, the phone call was from none other than his assistant.

"Mr. Norton... it's Wesley Xenakis' wife. She said she has an appointment with you and wishes to bring it forward. The time is rather rushed, so I called you right away," the assistant on the other end answered timidly while a touch bewildered.

Inwardly, he lamented, Who on earth provoked him that I'm now dragged into the mess as well?

Seizing the opportunity while Fabian was on the phone, Hannah hastily retracted her petite hands. Then, she swiftly flipped over and crawled toward the edge of the bed.

Fabian ignored Hannah, who was making her escape, despite staring at her intently. His voice wintry, he demanded, "What time does she want to meet?"

At his question, his assistant hurriedly replied, afraid that he would blow his top, "Two o'clock in the afternoon."

Meanwhile, Hannah had crawled down the bed and was making a mad dash toward the door.

"Inform her that I'll be there at two o'clock in the afternoon." After hanging up, Fabian turned around and searched for Hannah. In an instant, he spotted her creeping forward with her eyes fixed on her bra on the ground.

I've done it! I'm just a step away from success! At the

sight of her bra a near distance away, jubilation flooded her. But just when she was about to reach out and snag it, she abruptly glimpsed a pair of male feet right before her.

As she slowly shifted her gaze up, she was greeted by a smiling Fabian. All at once, hope deserted her. I'm done for. I still didn't manage to make my escape, so ravishment is unavoidable now that I've fallen into the hands of this brute!

She hung her head in resignation before acting unaffected in the next moment, seemingly saying, Well? Come on, then. Just do your worst!

Unaware that he had already lost all interest because of that phone call, she implored him like a child who had done something wrong, pleading, "Uh... please be gentle with me."

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As Fabian gazed at her flushed face, he suppressed his mirth even as a glint of deviousness flickered across his eyes. "I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself, but it all depends on your willingness to do what I ask of you."

Upon hearing that she still had another choice, elation inundated Hannah. She was so ecstatic that even her voice brimmed with enthusiasm. "Okay, just tell me what you want me to do, and I'll definitely do it!"

"In that case, come over here and kiss me. Then, say, 'Please have mercy on me, Hubby.' After doing so, I'll let you off this time." The smile on Fabian's face deepened, but it was stained with a trace of wickedness.

At this, Hannah gritted her molars. However, she then comforted herself, lamenting, This is far better than the other choice, no? Steeling her resolve, she took two strides forward and closed the distance between them. As she pinned her gaze on Fabian, who was much taller than her and was seemingly putting her in an awkward position on purpose, she had no intention of admitting defeat. Resentfully lifting herself on tiptoes, she pecked his thin lips before dipping her head in abashment and muttering in a mere whisper, "Please have mercy on me, Hubby. Okay?"

Fabian, on the other hand, luxuriated in her pleading. After a while, he then proclaimed in a high-handed manner, "Alright. Since you begged me, I'll let you off this time."

The moment his words fell, Hannah breathed a sigh of relief even as she touched her burning cheeks. I can't believe I actually said that!

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Subsequently, Fabian leaned down and picked her bra up from the ground before handing it to her.

When Hannah noticed him handing the bra to her, her face flamed an even brighter shade of red. Not daring to look him in the eye, she hastily snatched it out of his hand and raced to the washroom before slamming the door shut with a thud.

Conversely, Fabian wasn't at all bothered. Rather, he inwardly scoffed, Why the extreme reaction when I've already seen you in your birthday suit? Thereafter, he went over to the bathroom and spoke in a voice that would penetrate through the door, saying, "Later, go down and have a stroll by yourself. I've got something to do, so I'll be leaving first."

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After saying that, Fabian spun around and left without even waiting for Hannah's reply.

As soon as Hannah heard the door clicking shut, she stalked out of the bathroom while lambasting in stark fury, "You're a liar! You're an incorrigible liar! You've got business to attend to, yet you took advantage of me and forced me to utter such a mortifying remark! Argh! I'm your lawfully wedded wife! Is there a man who would dupe his wife like this..."

Disregarding the fact that he couldn't hear her, she continued her tirade until she seemingly grew a tad tired. She poured herself a glass of water and guzzled it down in a single go. Then, she snapped angrily, "You want me to take a stroll, huh? Well, I'm just not going to do so! Instead, I'll stay in my room and watch television! Hmph!"

Meanwhile, as the car zoomed along the road, the air

outside the window kept whizzing past. At this time, Fabian was holding a stack of documents that contained everything on Regina in his hands.

“We’re here, Mr. Norton,” the driver prompted cautiously since he noticed that Fabian seemed to be contemplating something.

Nodding at his reminder, Fabian asked, “Which room is it?”

“Room 5, Mr. Norton.”

Click! Fabian swung open the car door and walked away.

Since he was a regular patron of the café, many of the servers recognized him. As such, a server amicably greeted him the moment he stepped in and inquired, “Do have a reservation, sir?”

“Room 5. A friend of mine made the reservation,” Fabian answered mildly.

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Giving him a slight bow, the server politely murmured, “In that case, please follow me, sir.”

Thus, he led Fabian to Room 5. After knocking on the door, he then left.

In the next moment, Fabian pushed open the door and entered without considering whether the person inside responded. After all, he wasn’t willing to stand there and wait outside.

As soon as he walked in, he caught sight of a middle-aged woman sitting before him. While the woman was slightly plump, her skin was fair. She held a woman’s cigar that was flickering between her fingers, and wisps of cigar smoke wafted out between her teeth from time to time.

When the middle-aged woman saw Fabian, she blinked her eyelashes that were caked with heavy mascara. In a voice colored with curiosity, she then queried, “You’re Mr. Norton, right? Do have a seat.”

Inwardly, Fabian sighed even as he mused, No wonder Wesley Xenakis has a mistress outside. This woman’s looks are so ‘wonderful’ that I don’t even know what to say. Nevertheless, he quickly snapped back to reality and answered placidly, “Nice to meet you. I’m Fabian

Norton.”

A gleam of something then flashed across the woman’s eyes. Having been in the corporate world for many years, she could discern his extraordinary status in a single glance. The top-notch suit on him is definitely tailor-made, and the watch on his wrist is from the renowned brand, Patek Philippe!

After having taken his measure, she snubbed out the cigar in her hand and asked with a trace of gusto, “May I know what kind of business you’d like to discuss that you asked me to meet you here this time, Mr. Norton?”

As Fabian crossed his legs, the corners of his mouth curved into a mysterious smile. “This time, I didn’t ask you to meet me here to discuss business in the corporate sense, Mrs. Xenakis.”

“Oh? What would you like to discuss if not business?” A vestige of puzzlement manifested on the woman’s face that was caked with makeup. As the rolls of fat on her face moved, it made her countenance appear a smidge contorted.

At this sight, Fabian inhaled deeply as he inwardly asserted. Hannah Young, you’ve got to compensate me when I go back this time! For your sake, I’m actually sitting down across from her and talking to her! Do you know how much patience this is costing me?

Suppressing the emotions that were roiling within him, Fabian forced himself to calm down before stating nonchalantly, “I’ve got some information here that is of no use to me. However, it’s quite some value to you.”

He then paused briefly before continuing, “My main purpose in asking you here this time is to do you a favor in hopes that you’ll look out for me when we collaborate in the future, Mrs. Xenakis.”

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At this, Mrs. Xenakis’ enormous mouth dropped open, making Fabian shudder. “What kind of information are you referring to, Mr. Norton?”

“I wonder if your relationship with Mr. Xenakis is currently doing well?” Fabian inquired without replying to her question, his query seemingly laden with meaning.

“Why are you asking me this? This is a personal matter and has nothing to do with you!” Disgruntlement was written all over Mrs. Xenakis’ face, and she refused to answer him.

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Fabian clocked Mrs. Xenakis’ expression clear as day. A refusal to answer proves that she definitely has something to hide. But well, that’s only natural. Your man’s relationship with you can’t be good when he has a mistress out there. Plus, your looks... Ah, I pity Wesley Xenakis!

He wasn’t at all enraged at her response. Sliding the stack of documents over to her, he murmured calmly, “Aren’t you interested in knowing the kind of information I have, Mrs. Xenakis? Well, you can just take a look at it yourself.”

At this, Mrs. Xenakis threw him a chagrined look, making it glaringly obvious that she was peeved because of the incident earlier. Nonetheless, she still picked up the documents and flipped through them.

As Fabian observed the plump woman’s countenance, a wave of nausea assaulted him, and he inwardly vowed to seek compensation from Hannah.

Holding the documents, Mrs. Xenakis scanned the information line by line. While doing so, the eyebrows on her forehead sharpened into blades that mirrored each other even as her face twisted. The impatience within her grew, and she scanned it increasingly faster as though wanting to rid herself of it as soon as possible.

When she was done reading, she lifted her pudgy arms and flung the documents onto the table. Her face was a mask of rage as she snarled, “How shameless!”

Her face turned as black as charcoal, and she again thumped her pudgy palm onto the tabletop. She was so incensed that she had steam coming out of her ears. “Ah, Wesley Xenakis! How much have I helped you throughout the years? Yet, you actually have a mistress out there? How could you betray me like this? Aren’t you at all ashamed to lavish my money on another woman?”

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For a moment, Fabian felt bad for the table. Fortunately, the table is solid enough. If it were another one that's of bad quality, it might have split down the middle at all the banging she's doing.

Nevertheless, he was exceedingly satisfied with the reaction of Wesley's wife. After all, he would be at a loss if she were to remain calm and unruffled.

At this time, he feigned concern and urged, "Don't get too worked up, Mrs. Xenakis. To tell you the truth, I was also very much surprised after looking at the documents, but I then felt that it isn't worth losing sleep over."

Subsequently, he paused for a while before continuing in a voice stained with feigned resentment, "The only reason I'm giving you this information is that I feel that we're both in the same boat. For the sake of that b*tch, Regina York, Wesley Xenakis colluded with Terry Ziegler and had an exorbitant contract drawn up. Luckily, I'm smarter! Not only wasn't I taken in back by him, but I have even gotten back at him instead!"

He deliberately revealed this information to the woman, for his motive wasn't as simple as wanting Wesley and his wife to have a row. Rather, his ultimate goal was to have him ruined before being imprisoned in the end. Naturally, Wesley's wife grasped the crux of the matter—an exorbitant contract and Fabian having gotten him back. Her mind started whirring rapidly. Considering Fabian Norton's ruthless methods, that idiot, Wesley Xenakis, is sure to have been played for a fool! But since you betrayed me in the first place, then don't blame me for disregarding our past affections!

Gritting her teeth, she forced a smile as she looked at Fabian and declared, "I've got to thank you for the timely information today, Mr. Norton. Otherwise, I would've still been kept in the dark. In the future, just say the word if you need any help from me."

However, Fabian merely flashed her a faint smile. To accentuate the notion of divorcing Wesley in this woman before him, he deliberately called attention to it by remarking, "Don't worry about it. I just felt that someone like Wesley Xenakis is just too repulsive, so I didn't want

to see you dragged down with him.”

Upon hearing this, a gleam of something glinted in the eyes of Wesley’s wife as she inwardly hatched a plot.

Then, she blurted, “If there’s nothing else, please excuse me, Mr. Norton. I’ve still got something to handle.”

Huh? Is she truly this impatient to go and deal with Wesley Xenakis? Ah well, husband and wife are supposed to stick together through thick and thin like birds sharing a grove, yet when impending disaster strikes, both fly away to save their own lives! Anyway, you’re not at fault in this matter. If I were in your shoes, I would also choose to divorce Wesley Xenakis. After all, he betrayed his marriage vows by taking Regina as his mistress!

“Sure. Go ahead if you’re busy. There’s no need to entertain me.”

“In that case, please excuse me.” After saying that, she hastily left, leaving Fabian sitting in the private room alone.

Fabian then lifted his cup of coffee and took a tiny sip before shaking his head. I hope you don’t blame me, Wesley Xenakis. If you want to assign blame, go and blame it on Regina for she shouldn’t have offended my wife!

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As soon as Wesley’s wife stepped out of the café, she phoned the president of Hatchworks Enterprise. “Hello. Luka, I want to divorce Wesley Xenakis!”

“Huh? What happened, Ysobel? Calm down and tell me all about it slowly,” the person on the other end of the phone urged in concern.

The president of Hatchworks Enterprise, Luka Warren, was the brother of Ysobel Warren, Wesley’s wife. Their parents passed away when they were young, so they had to live on the streets. Later, Luka, who had an extraordinary vision, established Hatchworks Enterprise after making his first bucket of gold. And today, Hatchworks Enterprise was doing very well. While it wasn’t comparable with Fabian’s company, it still had quite a presence here in the city.

“Luka, Wesley Xenakis actually has a mistress out there,

and he's spending our money on another woman!" Ysobel snarled resentfully.

"Calm down first. How did you know that? And is there solid evidence?" Luka was also feeling extremely chagrined. He had felt that Wesley was mediocre in the first place, so if it weren't for his sister, he wouldn't have given him the position of vice president. And he has actually betrayed Ysobel now? Then, what right does he have to continue staying at Hatchworks Enterprise?

"Luka, someone has given me the address of the villa he secretly bought and even photos of him with his mistress! How could it possibly be fake?" Even at this very moment, Ysobel felt humiliated. Despite living as a wealthy woman now, her mentality and principles were still very much conservative, so she could never accept her husband having a mistress.

"Someone? Who gave you the information?" Suspicion slithered through Luka. Could it be that someone is deliberately making trouble and sowing discord in their relationship?

"Fabian Norton!"

"What? Are you referring to Fabian Norton, the president of Phoenix Group?" Incredulity swamped Luka. Fabian Norton actually told Ysobel about such a thing? What could his motive be?

"Yes, that's exactly who I meant. Oh yes, hurry up and dismiss Wesley Xenakis. He seems to have been set up by Fabian. I don't know the specifics, but he might cause the company significant losses," Ysobel swiftly urged him as she abruptly recalled Fabian's final remark earlier.

Upon hearing this, Luka froze at once. After all, everyone in the industry had heard of Fabian Norton's reputation. How the hell has Wesley offended him that he went as far as setting him up? Since he has acted, the consequences would definitely be disastrous! A while later, he stated indifferently, "He didn't come to the office today. He's probably at the villa you mentioned, so send me the location, and we'll go over to catch him red-handed."

Fury had long since been blazing within Ysobel, so she readily agreed to his suggestion. "Alright, I'll send it to

you right away.”

Meanwhile, Fabian went back to the hospital to visit Hannah after he was done with Ysobel.

When Hannah noticed the glee on his face, she couldn't resist asking, “What happened? Why are you so happy?” However, Fabian deliberately kept her in suspense and refused to tell her anything. He merely parted his lips a fraction and murmured with a smile, “Let's go. I'll treat you to a show.”

At this, bafflement infused Hannah, and she was stumped. Why are we suddenly watching a show out of the blue? I'm not in my golden years, so I haven't got the interest to do such a thing!

“Hah, I'm not interested! I'm not as boring as you.

Besides, I don't have the mental capacity to understand shows, so it's far better for me to watch my romantic dramas here!” Disdain was written all over her face. How ridiculous! Shouldn't he be handling company matters when he's the president instead of watching opera shows that are more suited for old people?

Fabian knew that she must have misunderstood him, but he didn't mind it the slightest bit. Anyway, I did all that because of her! At this thought, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and started striding out.

Inwardly, Hannah grouched. What on earth is going on throughout this whole day? Isn't this simply too forceful of him? In the morning, he forced me to drink chicken soup, and now, he's dragging me to a show! What gives? Does he enjoy coercing people so much?

“Haven't you heard of the saying, 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' that has always been touted about?” Hannah huffily snapped. At the mere thought that she would have to watch people with heavy makeup singing and prancing about the stage, a wave of boredom assailed her.

“Nope!” Fabian denied concisely. Then, he threatened coldly, “You know I abhor others defying me, and I don't think I need to tell you the consequences of that.”

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When Hannah heard that, she promptly clapped a hand

over her mouth and dared not say a single word further. Of course, I know the consequences of defying you! After all, I've been punished for this reason more than once! Fabian smirked as he looked at Hannah, who had gone silent, seemingly gloating over his victory in this battle. After that, he said nothing at all.

After getting into the car, he said to the driver, "Head to Wesley Xenakis' villa."

Hannah had no idea that Regina was Wesley's mistress, so she merely assumed that Wesley Xenakis was a friend of his. Inwardly, she mused. Hmm? Do all wealthy people have mature aesthetics that they all love watching shows?

Nonetheless, she didn't make a single sound in the car, merely waiting silently for them to arrive at their destination. As she gazed at the scenery outside the window that kept changing to paint different pictures, her thoughts inexorably drifted.

Fabian has been really good to me recently. Could it be that he has fallen in love with me? In the next moment, she sighed softly and surmised. Perhaps that's it!

After everything that had happened in these two days, she realized that she had grown to love him. However, she felt that they weren't suited for each other though she couldn't quite pinpoint the specific reason.

Screech! The screech of tires pierced the air, snapping Hannah back to reality as the car came to a stop. She stared at the exquisite villa in front of her. Then, she made to open the car door even as she inquired, "We're here?"

"Yup," Fabian replied nonchalantly with his gaze fixed outside the window.

Click! Hannah swung open the car door. Just when she was about to climb out, Fabian grabbed her. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going out to watch the show! Didn't you say you're bringing me here to show a show?" Skepticism showed on Hannah's face. It was him who forcibly dragged me here, so why is he denying it now that we're here?

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“We’ll be watching it in the car.” Fabian held her slender hand tightly, refusing to relinquish his hold on her. Yet, neither did he explain things further.

“How are we going to watch it in the car? Are you playing me for a fool?” Hannah seethed in a fit of pique, feeling as though she had been tricked.

At this precise moment, another two ear-piercing screeches split the air, and two Land Cruisers came to an abrupt stop. A formidable woman climbed out of the car, the rolls of fat at her stomach visibly jiggling with her movements. This was then followed by a burly and pudgy man climbing out of the other car. These two people were no other than Ysobel and Luka Warren.

Out of the blue, a flicker of mirth flashed across Fabian’s face, and he inclined his head toward the sight beyond the window. “The show is just about to begin.”

After rolling her eyes at him, Hannah shifted her gaze out the window, only to be greeted by the sight of several strapping men climbing out of the car with sledgehammers in their hands. Then, they marched up to the gate of the villa. Bang! They smashed the sledgehammers against the gate without an ounce of hesitation.

Upon seeing this, Hannah’s jaw dropped open in shock. At the same time, understanding instantly dawned that the show Fabian mentioned wasn’t an opera at all.

With her eyes bulging, she stared out the window. As the huge sledgehammers rained down again and again, the gate of the villa was smashed in a matter of mere minutes. Right after that, the two people in the lead rushed in with the few strapping men.

Fear struck Hannah, and she couldn’t help turning to look at Fabian. Strangely enough, Fabian was calm and unruffled as though he hadn’t seen everything that had transpired just now.

“Why are you not doing anything, Fabian? Quick, lodge a police report! Didn’t you see that the group of people earlier had charged in? Or have you expected this and brought me here to watch this?”

In response, Fabian shook his head and answered in

exasperation, “Believe me or not, but the greatest fear of those people inside is to have someone witnessed this and lodged a police report.”

“Huh? Why?” Hannah questioned, her curiosity piqued.

“Just continue watching, and you’ll know.” Fabian naturally didn’t deign to explain anything to her. Just keep your eyes peeled since I said I’m bringing you here to watch a show. It won’t be interesting anymore if I were to reveal the plot!

Although Hannah misunderstood his remarks at times, she still trusted him implicitly since he had always been a serious person. As she soundlessly kept her gaze out the window, she actually began anticipating the show that was about to unfold.

However, five minutes then went past without any movement outside. Instead, the only thing out there were scraps of metals scattered all over the ground.

In the end, Hannah’s patience reached the end of its rope. “When is the show going to start? I’m getting sleepy from all the waiting,” she snarked dubiously.

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Meanwhile, Fabian’s eyes remained pinned on the gate that had been smashed open, afraid that he would miss something. At Hannah’s question, he lifted his hand and placed his finger against his lips. “Shh. The show is going to commence very soon.”

After all, he timed it for a bit, and judging from the Warrens’ impatient nature, they would definitely throw Regina out the moment they found her.

Before Fabian had even finished speaking, Hannah spotted someone being thrown out. In the next moment, she was entirely dumbfounded. What’s happening here? Isn’t that Regina? Why is she here?

Subsequently, Ysobel stepped forward, her face twisted into a mask of rage. Her body swayed like an octopus with all its tentacles shooting outward even as she pointed a finger at Regina, who had fallen on her butt on the ground, and cursed her out.

“You b*tch! You could have done anything at all, yet you just had to be a mistress! Did you not know what kind of

person Wesley Xenakis is? Did you not know where his money comes from? Say, you're truly shameless! How could you still spend that money with peace of mind?" As Ysobel spoke, she even kicked Regina twice with her plump legs. Such an intense bolt of pain lanced through Regina that she howled while wailing that she was sorry and apologizing fervently in hopes of assuaging Ysobel's towering rage.

At this time, a portly middle-aged man stumbled over. It was none other than Wesley, and behind him were Luka and the other men, making it apparent that they had shoved him out.

The moment Regina, who was on the ground, caught sight of Wesley, a pleading look lit her eyes. And while there were traces of anguish in Wesley's eyes, he said nary a word. He himself was in great trouble now, so he had no way of helping Regina.

"What's the matter? You're hoping that he'll plead for mercy on your behalf? Do you think he'll dare do that?" As Ysobel stared at Regina, who appeared pitiful, the fury within her blazed all the hotter. She simply couldn't shake off the feeling that such a beautiful woman like Regina could only win a man's favor by acting all coquettish.

Thus, she again kicked her petite body twice, the excruciating pain making Regina's entire body twitch with agony. In turn, this rendered her increasingly pitiful.

At the side, Wesley timidly murmured, "Look, Ysobel, you've already hit her and condemned her, so why don't you just let this matter go?"

"Hmm? Why so? Are you feeling sorry for her? Why didn't you feel such a way when you kept a mistress outside? Why didn't you feel sorry for me when you lavished my money on another woman?"

Upon hearing Wesley speaking up for Regina, Ysobel became increasingly enraged, especially when she noticed the branded clothes on her and the little villa she was currently occupying. Ah, what a luxurious life she's been living! Never had Wesley Xenakis been this good to me! As this thought occurred to her, she stepped forward

and gave her another two swift kicks to vent the resentment within her.

As Hannah gazed at Regina, who was moaning in pain on the ground, a sliver of sympathy rose within her. She then tugged on the hem of Fabian's shirt and muttered softly, "Isn't this too much?"

The moment she saw the few people coming out, she had already pieced the puzzle together. When Ysobel started raining kicks on Regina, she grew all the more certain of her assumption.

This plump woman is likely the lawful wife, while the middle-aged man is the one who's keeping Regina as his mistress. Hmm... I remember Fabian saying that his name is Wesley Xenakis. As for the rest, they're probably the help she brought along.

All of a sudden, she recalled Fabian saying that he would be bringing her here to watch a show.

So, had he known about this from the very beginning? Or was he the one who incited this whole incident? When he told the driver to head to Wesley Xenakis' house, the driver knew the way clearly. Plus, a dramatic scene instantly played out. For that reason, I can say for sure that this matter has much to do with him!

As Regina continuing wailing on the ground, Hannah couldn't help shuddering in pity. After all, it was abundantly clear that Ysobel wasn't pulling her punches when she kicked her.

Looking at Fabian, who appeared and apathetic and unbothered at the side, she wanted to speak yet hesitated time and again. In the end, she could not hold back the words and blurted, "How about we go out and put a stop to it?"

Inwardly, she contemplated, Even if he's not involved in this matter, they'll still give him quarter considering his reputation in the industry.

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However, how could Fabian possibly put an end to the show when it was him who had planned it meticulously? Without entertaining the thought of helping, Fabian glacially retorted, "Why should we poke our noses into

this when it's someone else's family affair? Besides, why should I help Regina York? She isn't all that good to you, is she?"

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At Fabian's remark, Hannah was left with no retort. He's right. I'm just poking my nose into someone else's affair. Regina is always picking on me in the office, and she's so vicious that she even wanted to set me up shamelessly. If it weren't for him, I can't even imagine what I would be facing right now.

Upon seeing that her expression seemed rather grim, Fabian lifted his arm and pulled her into his embrace. "It's fine. This is just karma since she's such a ruthless person," he consoled gently.

Meanwhile, Luka patted Ysobel on the shoulder and whispered, "Don't take it so far. I've still got something to ask Wesley Xenakis."

Ysobel again cursed Regina out, only stopping when sweat dripped down her forehead.

"Hmph! A b*tch like you should just walk the streets! How is this act of yours any different from prostituting yourself?"

As she spoke, her face turned chilly. In the next instance, she snapped her head around to bark at Wesley, who was wearing a penitent expression, "Go into the villa! My brother has something to say to you!"

After saying that, she again shot Regina, who was slumped on the ground, another glare. Then, she spun around and stalked toward the villa.

When Wesley saw that they had all left, he quickly darted forward and helped Regina up. "I'm sorry about that, Regina," he mumbled in embarrassment.

Wesley had been rather good to Regina in the past few years she had been his mistress. He had no feelings for Ysobel, perchance due to her rigidity and stern temperament besides her unsightly looks. Plus, he had only married her because of Luka.

When he met Regina, it was as though he had found his chance at love. His interaction with her resembled that of a dating couple, giving her the best of everything and

even accompanying her shopping from time to time. Despite Regina's cruel streak, she still had a shred of conscience, so she burst into tears at his words.

"Luka wants to see me, and I have a feeling that he wants to fire me. I might become a pauper in the future and can't support you anymore," Wesley admitted dejectedly.

This struck Regina like a bolt of lightning. No more money? How am I to continue living the life I want? Who'll be buying me branded handbags and giving me a credit card to swipe at will?

But in the next moment, her eyes lit up as though having received a stay of execution. "Wesley, have you forgotten that we've duped Fabian Norton? It's your signature on the document, so nobody can take it away from you. We still have money! There's still hope!"

Her exclamation jolted Wesley out of his stupor. That's right! I duped Fabian Norton out of tens of millions, so it's enough for me to live comfortably for the rest of my life!

At this exact moment, a sharp voice rang out from the door of the villa. "Why are you not getting in here yet, Wesley Xenakis? Are you waiting for me to go and escort you in?"

As the terrifying voice drifted into Regina's ears, she shuddered in fear, making it obvious that she was traumatized by the beating earlier.

When Wesley saw this, he gently comforted her, promising, "Don't worry, Regina. I'll divorce her. We'll leave for someplace far away with the money. Call 911 first, and I'll look for you later."

Regina let out a sigh as relief suffused her. All these years I've spent with Wesley Xenakis is finally bearing fruit!

"Ah well, we won't be getting to watch the show any further, so let's go." A languid voice echoed in the car, and the speaker was none other than Fabian.

At this, Hannah cast a final, pity-filled glance at Regina before heaving a sigh.

Subsequently, Fabian drove Hannah back to the hospital,

while he went to look for Terry.

A while later, two people sat in a private room in a teahouse. "I think it's about time, Terry. You can tighten the net now. Just phone Luka Warren and ask for the money. If he fires Wesley Xenakis, just ask Wesley for the money. If he can't afford to pay... well, just take him to court and have him sentenced to life imprisonment," Fabian drawled nonchalantly as he fiddled with the teacup in his hand.

As Terry stared at the faint smile playing on Fabian's lips, he was abruptly drenched in a cold sweat. So, he wants to doom him? At the same time, a question flashed across his mind. What exactly did Wesley Xenakis do to offend him? Ah well, never mind. After all, knowing too much won't do me any good!

In the next moment, he calmed himself down and replied, "Okay, I'll have someone settle this in a while, so don't worry."

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Fabian nodded in acknowledgment. "Alright, I'll have to trouble you on this."

After having some small talk, he left and headed straight for the company while instructing the Department of Finance to make some adjustments on the corporate funds.

Hannah looked intently at her own reflection in the mirror. The woman who stared back at her had rosy cheeks and healthy pink lips. Nobody would have guessed that she was still a patient. Stroking her silky hair effortlessly, she did not feel the least bit of pain on her arm. It seemed that she had fully recovered.

I guess I'm fit to go back to work tomorrow. All of a sudden, Fabian's figure popped up in front of her with intimidating hostility on his face. He yelled at her domineeringly, "No way! You should continue to stay here and get ample rest!"

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Hannah refuted in frustration, "You can't stop me! I want to get back to work. I've recovered, and there's nothing that I can do here. If I continue to stay here, I will really

fall ill again because of extreme boredom.”

Sensing something awry, she stiffened abruptly. Wait a minute! Fabian had gone to the office, hadn't he? Then it doesn't make sense for him to appear in front of me now. Taking a closer look at the mirror, she noticed that there was only her own reflection. Fabian was nowhere in sight. Massaging her temples, her cheeks were flushed red in embarrassment. Pouting her lips, she grumbled to herself, “Fabian, you're really something. Why do you keep appearing in my mind?”

Snippets of the dramatic moments which Fabian dragged her to witness a while ago flashed across her mind. Her instinct told her that Fabian was actually the one manipulating everything behind. She could not believe that it was merely a coincidence for the affair between Wesley and Regina to be unveiled right after her scuffle with Regina previously.

He actually intended to avenge me by setting them up? In that case, I had indirectly become the culprit who caused Regina to be in the soup!

She was overcome by a sense of guilt momentarily before she shook her head again. Why do I need to be feeling guilty? I didn't do anything wrong. Regina only has herself to blame as she has to pay the price for what she has done.

The next moment, she took out her phone and tapped on a photo from the photo gallery. After zooming in, she flicked the phone screen lightly as she gazed at the photo.

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Fabian, I know that you're actually very concerned about me and are just pretending to treat me indifferently. I really don't understand why you're acting cool like that. Don't you think that it's better to be your true self in front of me?

The man in the photo was Fabian. He had forced Hannah to take this photo of him earlier when they had only known each other for quite a short while. Apart from that, he requested her to set it as her phone wallpaper. Intimidated by his domineeringness at that time, she did

not dare to reject him. Later, when she noticed that Fabian had forgotten about that himself, she secretly changed it to another wallpaper. But somehow, she did not delete the photo from her phone.

She gazed at the man in the photo, then switched to look at her own reflection in the mirror and mumbled, "We look just like a perfect match for each other. Don't you think so?"

Knitting her brows, she twitched her lips and flicked on Fabian's forehead in the photo. Mimicking his tone, she raised her voice and asked, "Why are you silent? Don't you know that nobody dares to go against my will? Do you think you can challenge me?"

Putting her hands on her hips, she glared at the man in the photo. After a while, she could not hold back any longer and covered her mouth as she started to giggle.

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In the meantime, Fabian was scribbling something on a copy of the document attentively. At that very moment, he was totally different from his frivolous self when spending time with Hannah. Not long after that, he put down his pencil for a short break and took a sip of coffee. Then, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Someone knocked lightly on the door. Fabian raised his head slightly and replied, "Come in." His voice was not really loud, yet it was audible by the person outside the door.

"Mr. Norton, Ms. Tanner has waited for you outside for more than half an hour. Do you think you can spare some time to meet her?" his assistant asked tactfully, fearing that she would be fired instantly if Fabian was infuriated again.

Fabian nodded and replied as his mouth curved into a smile, "Alright. Tell her that I will go down in a while." He was immersed in going through the documents a while ago and had unintentionally forgotten about Yvette. Unexpectedly, she was still waiting for him.

As Fabian's assistant approached Yvette, she asked hastily, "How is it? How long will it take for Mr. Norton to come down?"

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“Mr. Norton asked me to inform you that he’s coming down in a while.”

Yvette massaged her waist, which started to feel sore after remaining seated for quite some time, and let out a deep breath. Finally, he’s coming down to see me! It’s worth the wait. She turned to look at her assistant seated beside her and said, “Just wait here for Mr. Norton to come down. I need to touch up my makeup in the washroom.”

She then strutted toward the washroom in her high heels without hesitation. Later, when putting on some mascara, she heard two women gossiping about Fabian. Out of curiosity, she stopped and pricked up her ears to eavesdrop on their conversation.

“Do you know there’s a rumor about Mr. Norton being really close with a woman called Hannah Young at the moment?”

“Huh? I’ve no idea about that. I only know that everyone is excited about Mr. Norton being in a relationship with the artiste, Yvette Tanner. We expect that they will tie the knot soon!”

Yvette was over the moon when she heard the woman’s comment. All of a sudden, it felt like nothing – not even that Hannah – would spoil her day.

“Do you think it’s possible? It is undeniable that Yvette is a gorgeous woman, yet she is just an actress. I don’t think a prestigious family like the Nortons will easily accept an actress as the spouse of their young heir. Hence, chances of her becoming a member of the Nortons are very slim.”

“How about the one you mentioned earlier? Is Hannah Young an heiress from any of the prestigious family?”

“She’s not from a prominent family. I heard she is just a journalist. If I’m not mistaken, Mr. Norton had accepted her exclusive interview previously. He not only spared time to fetch her from her office that day but also gave her a big bouquet of roses. I notice that Mr. Norton has never treated any other women so caringly all this while. Therefore, I feel that there’s a bigger possibility for both

of them to get married.”

Yvette’s face turned grim instantly as she enunciated Hannah’s name with gritted teeth. In a split second, a look of abhorrence appeared in her eyes.

Hannah Young, you really are a shameless b*tch! How dare you seduce my man. All this while, Fabian was always known as a playboy in showbiz, but he seems to have better self-control lately because of me. Everyone knows we are a perfect match for each other. Yet you have to come and mess things up!

Anyway, I would not follow in that foolish Regina’s footsteps by having a dispute with you right away. If I do so, my image would be tarnished!

Yvette managed to cool her head off in a while and gave herself a confident smile. Just wait and see! I’ll never be defeated by you, Hannah Young!

The moment she stepped out of the washroom, Fabian was already waiting for her with his assistant at the entrance.

Quickening her pace, Yvette said cloyingly, “Fabian, you’re here!”

Fabian turned and smiled at her. “Yeah. I was going through some documents just now. Sorry to keep you waiting.”

Shaking her head, Yvette replied coyly, “It doesn’t matter. As long as you’re willing to see me, I don’t mind to keep waiting for you.”

Fabian chuckled dryly and asked, “Anyway, why are you here? Do you have something to discuss with me?”

“I kinda miss you, so I thought of asking you out for a meal,” Yvette said coquettishly as she held onto Fabian’s arm.

After pondering for a while, Fabian decided not to turn her down. He replied immediately, “Let’s go. What do you feel like having?”

Batting her eyelashes, she replied sweetly, “As long as I’m with you, anything is fine for me.”

Upon hearing her words, Fabian could not help letting out a silent sigh. Hannah, how nice if you are as understanding and obedient as Yvette!

Following that, both of them stepped out of the building together. Yvette also sent her assistant off, as she would like to spend some private time with Fabian.

There was pin-drop silence in the car. Fabian was staring out of the window in silence as his mind sank into contemplation. Yvette was seated aside, feeling bored and shy at the same time. After a while, she broke the silence by asking softly, "Fabian, what are you busy with recently? I went to look for you a few times, yet you were not at the office."

"I'm occupied with the business operations these two days," Fabian recollected himself and replied placidly.

"I see." At the sight of Fabian's indifference, Yvette was disappointed and felt dejected like a deflated balloon.

At the same time, Fabian's phone buzzed, and he took it out slowly. The moment he saw the name blinking on the screen, his eyes lit up.

"Hello?" Fabian's lips curved into a smile.

Upon seeing Fabian's face lit up, Yvette furrowed her brows as she realized that the caller must be no ordinary person to him. Instantly, she felt threatened as the caller had triggered an alarm within her. Perking up her ears, she tried to catch what they were talking about.

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She could only hear faint sounds from the other side of the phone. Apparently, it was a woman grumbling about her food.

The smile on Fabian's face widened as he listened.

He was wondering why Hannah called him out of a sudden. Ah... Is she purposely calling me just to grumble about the chicken soup? Looks like I have been too lenient with her lately to the point that she is much more daring now! Hmm... I guess it's time to be stricter on her. Pretending to be stern, he warned, "Hannah Young, if you dare say anything further, I'll force you to drink chicken soup every day!"

The moment Yvette heard Hannah's name, her frown deepened into a scowl. I knew it! This thick-skinned slut even dares to seduce my man at this hour and with me right beside him! Ugh... the nerve! Hannah Young, you

think too highly of yourself! What makes you think that you are worthy enough to be with Fabian?

On the other side of the phone, Hannah's smile froze. As a wave of fury surged within her, she almost bellowed and reprimanded Fabian. However, she did not dare and could only try to hold back. Trembling in anger, she yelled, "Fabian, don't you dare bully me!"

"Huh? It sounds to me like you do love chicken soup," Patting his knee rhythmically, Fabian said mockingly at her.

At the thought of forcing herself to swallow chicken soup every day, Hannah softened at once and wailed, "Mr. Norton, I'm sorry. Please let me off!"

"You'd better spare some time to think of how to please me. I might just let you off if you manage to cheer me up." Fabian hung up straight away and stopped his rhythmic patting on his knee as well.

Hannah was trying to persuade Fabian to change his mind, yet she was stunned that he had actually hung up on her. Rolling her eyes, she grimaced and rebuked Fabian, "Hmph! Aside from forcing me to swallow the disgusting chicken soup, you're asking me to butter you up again. I'm an assertive modern woman and won't easily give in to everything!"

Needless to say, Hannah was just grumbling to unleash her own frustration. Deep in her heart, she understood that she must not inflame Fabian. My goodness! He sounded a bit enraged just now. How am I supposed to appease him? No way! I'm not going to drink that every day! I must think of a way to please him by all means! I don't think he was joking earlier either. He seemed to really mean it.

On the other hand, Yvette was scheming about how she could let Fabian fall head over heels for her.

Leaning closer to Fabian gradually, she wrapped her hands around Fabian's neck and said coquettishly, "Fabian, we have not met each other for such a long time. Don't you miss me?"

Being a womanizer, Fabian never pushed away any chances to flirt with women who approached him.

Grabbing hold of Yvette's waist spontaneously, he caressed and pinched her sensitive spots lightly. "I told you that I was busy these two days, didn't I?"

Putting aside her usual elegance as an artiste, Yvette was behaving exactly like a woman with no sense of shame at that moment. She deliberately let out hot breath from her luscious red lips against his neck. Putting on a promiscuous look, she moaned seductively by his ear in order to arouse him.

"I really miss you so much these two days till I have sleepless nights and lose my appetite. You bad, bad man. You shouldn't forget about me even when you're occupied."

Fabian scoffed silently in his heart. Sleepless nights and losing your appetite? Isn't this a bit much? Are you sure you still have the energy to put on such a saccharine show if you haven't eaten for two days? Nonetheless, he instinctively coaxed her, "I'm terribly sorry for that. I shouldn't have neglected you for these few days."

Leaning in closer to Yvette, he kissed her hard on those lustrous lips. Totally different from Hannah, Yvette was more than willing to kiss him back passionately and luring him in with her great techniques. Download Here: <https://ebookscat.com/never-late-never-away-pdf?download/>

Fabian recalled how he was feeling discouraged by Hannah's reluctance and resistance whenever he kissed her. As a result, Yvette's passionate kiss and seductive body language had easily triggered his desire to go further.

Yvette stiffened and looked at Fabian quizzically when he stopped kissing her all of a sudden.

"Head straight to the hotel."

Upon hearing his words, Yvette's eyes glistened with delight. Her face flushed red as she gazed at him affectionately.

Hannah Young, who? Excuse me, my great charm and skills are irresistible to Fabian. You can never beat me! Looking at Fabian's blazing eyes with desire, Yvette was even more confident in herself. Indeed, no man can resist my great charm!

The moment Fabian stepped into the hotel with Yvette,
her captivating look stole the limelight at once.

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