

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1081

At that moment, Fabian's expression was downright evil. His dark brown eyes shone with so much hostility that it looked like he was hunting for his prey from the dark. Its razor-sharp gaze zeroed in from the sky and was targeting Xavier.

"Xavier Jackson, do not touch my woman with your filthy hands and don't assume that I am too intimidated to go after you. If you cross the line, I won't show you any mercy even if he begs on your behalf," warned Fabian in his deep voice, which carried insurmountable power and aggression.

Hannah instantly turned into a lovesick puppy. She felt as if incidents like that would only happen in fairy tales, but it had actually happened to her. How could she not go starry-eyed under those circumstances?

Wow! He is so cool. What did he just say? I didn't mishear him, did I? He called me his woman. Is that how he really sees me? Or is he just saying that to help me out of a sticky situation?

Fabian didn't care about how Hannah would react, and he definitely wasn't interested in learning it. As far as he was concerned, Xavier only saw Hannah as a plaything. I know exactly what kind of a man Xavier is. After saying his piece, Fabian grabbed Hannah's wrist and left immediately for the car that was parked only a short distance away. He shoved her in it.

Vroom! The engine started soon after. Fabian and Hannah zipped down the road in the car while Xavier was left standing at the same spot.

Xavier looked terrible at that moment. Any guy would be infuriated if another man got in his way while he was flirting with a beautiful woman. For spoiled, rich men like Xavier, who had grown up with a silver spoon, it was even more difficult to endure.

Xavier narrowed his eyes and spat through gritted teeth, "You didn't even need to throw the first punch. I would've already attacked you if it wasn't for your connection to him."

Xavier's fury quickly turned into a cunning grin when he added, "Your woman, huh? So Hannah is yours? Looks like I will have to spend more effort on her."

Fabian looked grouchy in the luxurious car he was in. He had the box of rose tea that Xavier had just given Hannah and was glaring intently at Hannah. He didn't need to be angry to intimidate anyone, and his glare got Hannah to tremble internally. "Aren't you going to explain yourself?" demanded the guy.

Explain myself? Why would I need to explain myself? All I did was head over to conduct an interview. What is there to explain? Hannah was a little upset. Fabian could be a little controlling sometimes, and she was unhappy with it. However, she didn't dare to fight back, so she had been holding it in.

"Why did you turn quiet? I saw how the two of you were chatting happily and smiling just seconds ago. What? You can't talk now that you're with me? What is the meaning of this?" demanded Fabian. He no longer cared what Hannah was thinking and was interrogating her endlessly.

Hannah remained quiet. The truth was that she honestly had no idea what was there to say. Moreover, she thought that Fabian was being unreasonable.

Fabian opened the wrap containing the tea and got a beautiful wooden box out of it. A faint, refreshing scent exuded.

"A delicate rose tea for a delicate woman. How romantic. If I remember correctly, I am the one who taught you the benefit of drinking tea, am I not? Hah! This is so funny. He's using the very thing I taught you to mock me! Don't forget that we are legally married, Hannah

Young. Do you think it's appropriate for a married woman to accept gifts like that?"

Fabian was downright infuriated. His love and heart were slowly but surely moving toward

Hannah, but her nonchalance was the thanks he received. This woman is too much!

Hannah was getting angry as well. Nothing ever happened between her and Xavier, and

Fabian's words were too insulting.

The anger that Hannah had long suppressed finally got ignited by Fabian.

Like an erupting

volcano, her words spewed uncontrollably.

"What gives you the right to say that, Fabian? My senior editor sent me over to interview

him, and he gave me a box of tea after the interview. What is wrong with that? What was I

supposed to do? Refuse to accept it? I am not you. I am not the

president of Phoenix Group,

and I need a job. The senior editor threatened to fire me if I mess this up.

Do you even know

what it means to be fired? No, of course not. How could you know? You are a spoilt brat

who grew up with a silver spoon. How could you understand the frustration that we

common folks have to endure?"

Hannah's emotions were running wild, and her tears swirled around her eyes as she added,

"Also, please don't insult my value and honor. I have never done anything to hurt you after

we got married. I, Hannah Young, am guilt-free!"

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Fabian calmed down after hearing those words. His emotions clouded his judgment earlier.

If he actually thought things through, he would see that there was nothing off about how

the two interacted.

"You, on the other hand, are not. Do you not know that we are married?

What have you

done since? Have you shown me even a shred of respect? Aren't you crossing the line a little

even though we didn't get married out of love? You got close to Yvette right in front of me and ignored me completely. Now, I finally see that the two of you are into each other. Fine, rather than us being unhappy together, why don't we just get a divorce? It's what you want, isn't it? That way, you can run off into the sunset with your precious Yvette."

Hannah's voice turned thick with tears toward the end of her sentence. Burning tears rolled down her cheeks slowly until they reached the side of her lips and slipped into her mouth.

My tears are as bitter as my life...

Turned out, she still cared. Fabian deliberately flirted with Yvette to see if Hannah would get

jealous. He wanted to see if Hannah still cared about him, but she suppressed her emotions

and never spoke to him about it. That got Fabian to misread the situation and assumed that

Hannah didn't care about him at all. That, in turn, prompted Fabian to pay less attention to

Hannah because he didn't want to embarrass himself.

Hearing all those words and learning that Hannah's distant behavior was just an act... Fabian

couldn't help feeling rather pleased. Like Xavier, Fabian had countless women throwing

themselves at him, but he admired Hannah's honest and straightforward style. She was

youthful and smart, but she was not calculating.

Hannah was crying so much that it was as if she was made of tears.

Regret and guilt rose

within Fabian, but he didn't know how to comfort her at that moment.

Hence, he had no

choice but to tilt toward Hannah and open his arms to pull her into a warm hug.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault for breaking your heart," said Fabian. Hannah was resisting and

pushing him away, but he whispered those words into her ears, anyway.

Hannah felt even worse after hearing what he said, but she held him in her arms and bawled

her eyes out.

“Fabian Norton, you are a blo*dy jerk! You’re so mean. Can’t you just be a little nicer to me?”

I am a woman, after all. How can you bully me like that?” complained Hannah between sobs.

Fabian gently stroked her and said, “I was wrong, but I promise that you are the only one in my heart now.”

He was being honest. After an entire year of hanging out together, Fabian had developed

inexplicable feelings for Hannah. He didn’t know when he started feeling that way, but the emotions he felt were overwhelming and passionate.

Hannah lay in Fabian’s arms and cried endlessly. It took her a while before she slowly calmed down.

Soon after, the car reached the entrance of their home. Fabian softly tapped Hannah’s

cheeks, which were full of tears, and tried to dry them for her. “Hey, we’re home now,” said

Fabian.

He had Hannah’s soft hand in his muscular hand, so she could feel just how warm his hand was.

At that moment, Hannah’s heart was brimming with conflicting emotions. She didn’t know if

she was happy or sad. Why must Fabian turn over a new leaf and nurture this love just when

I am about to give up all hope? Can’t he just let that hope dissipate entirely? At least then I

won’t be heartbroken over this again.

Hannah never said a word. Her expression was blank, and she suspected the validity of

Fabian’s earlier words. She walked stiffly like a robot and followed Fabian into the house.

Fabian stopped short the second he opened the door. He didn’t utter a word when he

looked ahead in surprise. His voice carried a hint of disbelief when he called out, “Mom?”

The woman standing in the house turned around and saw the two adults. She replied

calmly, "You're both home."

Hannah tilted her head up suddenly. She was at a loss for words, and her eyes bulged in

disbelief as she looked at that woman.

Fabian's mom? What is she doing here? Why didn't Fabian tell me beforehand? Or did she

spring her visit on him as well?

Fabian was stunned. He sounded stiff when he asked, "Mom, what brought you here?"

"What? Am I not allowed to visit my son's place?"

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Fabian's mom, Heather, had always been upset about how Fabian married Hannah. She

thought that Hannah was not worthy of her incredible son, who was in a noble family. She

wasn't actually a mean person, but her way of thinking was more traditional, so she believed

that only people of the same social status should get married. To her, Hannah was nothing

but a lowly journalist.

Hannah was aware of all that as well. She knew that Fabian was out of her league, but she

was forced to marry him, too. That got her to sigh internally. The never-ending soap opera

of a rich family.

"Um, of course not. Sit, please," said Fabian as he forced a smile onto his face. He was

secretly displeased with his mom's attitude, but what could he do? The person standing in

front of him wasn't some business tycoon or political leader. That was his mom!

Heather walked to the sofa and sat down, but her expression remained hostile and

brimming with discrimination.

Hannah looked a little off as well. She knew that Heather's grouchy expression and hostility

were directed at her, but she refused to butter Heather up. She felt like doing all that would

just make herself seem even smaller.

Fabian nudged Hannah and signaled her with his eyes.

Hannah read the social cue and took a deep breath before she spoke politely and sweetly,

“Mom, you’re here.”

Heather rolled her eyes at Hannah. She didn’t like her, but the social rules dictated that she

needed to be polite. Hence, she responded with a half-hearted “Hmm.”

Hannah didn’t really know what to do after greeting Heather, so the situation turned

awkward. Fabian tried to keep both sides happy.

“Mom, this is Hannah. I told you earlier about her. Sorry, I’ve been busy at work lately, so I

didn’t go and visit you.”

They were forced to get married, so Hannah and Fabian simply signed their names on the

paper without having a reception. Fabian didn’t want his mother to butt into his love life.

Hence, he had been dragging his feet, and that was actually the first time Hannah and

Heather met.

Heather secretly examined her own son. Naturally, she knew all about what her son had

been doing lately, but Hannah was present, so Heather didn’t feel right talking about it. She

simply complained bitterly, “Yes, you have been busy. So busy that you don’t even take the

time to visit your own mother.”

Fabian started sweating upon hearing those words. His mother had been spoiling him since

he was a kid, and he frequently visited her even when he was busy at work. That was no

longer the case after he married Hannah. He felt guilty about his marriage with Hannah and

was worried about his mom interrogating him because he wouldn’t know how to answer her

questions.

He could get away with dismissing her questions once or twice, but if he kept doing that, his

mother would undoubtedly become suspicious. Hence, Fabian stopped going home

altogether to prevent any unwanted issues from arising.

Fabian honestly didn't know if he wanted to laugh or cry at his mother's childish stance. He

understood that his mom needed someone to soothe her at that moment, so he cleared his

throat and spoke up.

"Mom, we were just about to go visit you. See what Hannah is holding?

That's rose tea. She

knows about the health benefits of tea and went out of her way to get it for you. You know

that she is a journalist and that she doesn't have much free time. She had been feeling

guilty about not visiting you earlier, so she asked for some time off from her senior editor

just to go visit you."

Fabian was making things up because he didn't want Hannah to feel awkward.

Hannah couldn't help finding everything funny. The way Fabian lowered his stance... Haha,

who would've thought that the renowned Mr. Norton has a side this cute? He can tackle

economic storms and squash competitors. Yet, he turns into a sweet house pet that butters

its master up when faced with a harmless, elderly lady.

Fabian signaled to Hannah once more to get her to hand the tea over. To his surprise,

Hannah stood there without responding. She had a silly grin on her, and that got Fabian

irritated. Seriously, woman. You are so dumb that you should be hospitalized. Can you not

get distracted at a crucial moment like this?

Hannah suddenly felt a sting on her foot. She instinctively shifted her gaze down because

she felt like heavy lead had suddenly landed on her foot. It didn't matter how hard she tried.

She simply couldn't lift it.

Soon, Hannah realized that Fabian's foot was right on top of hers. She turned to Fabian

fearfully. Turned out, she was better off not turning to him, because what she saw was his murderous gaze. Hannah had completely rendered Fabian speechless. I am trying to get you back to reality, woman. Why are you having a battle of strength against me?

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Hannah instinctively shied away when she was facing that terrifying glare. Feeling guilty, she placed the tea on the coffee table in front of the sofa without saying a word.

Hannah was exasperated as well. She honestly didn't know what to say. She was not good at

buttering others up, and she would blush whenever she lied. It didn't even matter if it was a

white lie. Fabian had set everything up to make her look nicer, so she couldn't go against

that. Moreover, Fabian's mother didn't like Hannah in the first place and she would dislike

Hannah even more if she figured out that someone else bought the tea.

Fabian sighed internally when he saw Hannah standing there stiffly.

You've always been very

smart to read a situation, so why is your acting off in front of my mom?

Gah, nevermind. I'll

do it myself.

"Hannah, mom came all the way here. Why don't you go and make some tea?"

Hearing those words seemed to have zapped Hannah's mind. She immediately replied,

"Okay, I'll go and do that now." After that, Hannah ran away quickly.

Fabian sat on the sofa once Hannah left the room. He asked again,

"Mom, why did you

come over all of a sudden?"

Heather sounded annoyed when she demanded, "Am I not allowed to visit? You've been

married for almost a year, but I have never met my daughter-in-law before. Didn't you say

that you would take her to come to visit us?"

Heather shot a look at Hannah, who was still making tea. The former said, "Follow me into

the study. I have something to talk to you about.”

She got up and headed to the study once she finished talking.

Fabian shook his head. He seemed a little irritated. He knew what his mother wanted to talk

to him about, so he stood up and looked at Hannah’s back before heading into the study as well.

The second Fabian stepped into the study, Heather complained openly, “Are you sure that

the two of you are right for each other? She looks somewhat beautiful, but do you really

think she can become a member of the Norton family?”

Fabian grinned bitterly. Looks like it is inevitable, after all. He took a deep breath before speaking up.

“Mom, it’s the twenty-first century. Please stop binding me with those outdated values. So

what if she is not from a powerful family? I can make up for it, can’t I? Phoenix Group is

doing well under my management, and we don’t need a political marriage to strengthen my

position in the company. Growing up, I’ve always obeyed your words. Will you go with my

decision just this once?”

Fabian’s mother had always been soft-hearted. That was why Fabian stepped closer and

held his mother’s hand as he spoke from his heart.

His method was extremely effective because Heather softened her stance almost

immediately. Still, she pointed out, “I’m just voicing out my concern for your sake. Besides,

even if I am okay with it, how will the others take it? Would the other members of the

Norton family accept her as one of our own? I’m not trying to make things difficult for you,

but you have to think about these things, don’t you?”

Fabian was glad to see his mother softening. He knew that it wouldn’t actually be that

difficult to solve the issue. All he needed was for his mom to like Hannah.

“Mom, I’m not marrying the other members of the Norton family, and it’s not like I’m going to spend the rest of my life with them. Who cares about them? I am happy with Hannah, and you’ve always wanted me to be happy, right? My life with Hannah is great, and I’m sure you won’t want us to get a divorce.”

Fabian could see that his mom was swaying, so he decided to strike while the iron was hot.

He added, “Mom, as you see, Hannah might not be from a rich family, but her aura is just as regal. To top it off, she is kind and innocent. That makes her much better than the rich girls who are always scheming. You don’t want your son to spend the rest of his life being on guard and fending off schemes, do you? If that is what you truly desire, though, then I have no choice.”

Heather had always been a rich socialite, but she was not an unreasonable person. She also loathed the internal drama and schemes in rich families

Fabian put on a sorrowful look and sighed. He shook his head in disappointment and acted as if he was heartbroken over something that had already been set in stone.

Heather knew that her son was just putting on an act, but he had also made his decision. As his mother, she couldn’t get too involved in the matter. All she could do was sigh internally.

Every parent is a pitiful creature. No mother would ever wish unhappiness upon her own son.

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“I thought you were just making things up when you first told me that you’re married. I never thought that it was true. Oh well, since you’ve already signed the papers, then I can’t actually do anything or demand that you two get divorced,” said Heather in a somewhat exasperated tone.

“You are so understanding, Mom. I am the luckiest guy to be blessed with a mother like you,” said Fabian upon hearing those words. His heart finally relaxed as he secretly sighed a breath of relief. That prompted him to butter his mom up a little. Heather rolled her eyes at Fabian before she scolded, “Also, I’ve got to talk to you about something. You’re already married, so you should behave the way all married men of the Norton family do. Be nice to your wife and stop hanging out in places like pubs and clubs. Seriously, you hit the headlines so often. Do you think that’s appropriate?”

Fabian turned speechless immediately. What the hell? She just accepted Hannah a second ago, and now she’s siding her and going against me? Isn’t the change a little too drastic?

After that, Heather nagged Fabian a little more. She mostly reminded him to be wary of his actions and words.

“Oh, by the way, the two of you have been married for so long. Set a time to invite her parents out for a meal or something. It’s about time the in-laws from both sides meet each other,” said Heather. She had actually talked about the matter a few times, but all Fabian did was offer empty promises. He never actually made any arrangement, and that delayed the meeting endlessly.

“If you keep dragging your feet like that, I will personally extend that invitation to them. It’s been a year, but the two families had never even met. How can you not be worried about it? If this matter is exposed, everyone will see us as a joke,” complained Heather.

“Okay, I will talk to Hannah about it later. You must be hungry by now. Come, let’s eat. It’s been a while since we ate together,” said Fabian quickly to change the topic. He worried that his mom would nag endlessly until the night fell.

“No. You and Hannah eat on your own. The main reason I came here was to meet up with your aunts. They invited me over for some tea, and I happen to travel past this area. Thus, I simply thought that I’d take a short detour to meet my mysterious daughter-in-law.”

After saying her piece, Heather shook her head and glared at Fabian in distaste before scolding, “Seriously, boy. Do you take yourself as the ancient emperor who hid his lover in a house of gold?”

Naturally, Fabian knew about the story of how an emperor kept his lover in a house of gold to keep her safe. He compared himself with the emperor and found that they were nothing alike. The emperor hid the woman away out of love. Fabian, on the other hand, kept Hannah a secret out of guilt.

Hannah sat on the sofa in the living room, all on her own. Her heart was beating nervously as she stared at the study. They’ve been inside for some time now. I wonder what they’re talking about.

Heather must think that I am not good enough for Fabian. Hannah kept massaging her own hand nervously and was gradually increasing her strength without noticing it. Will she demand that Fabian and I get a divorce so he can marry someone of the same social status?

I wonder how Fabian would react. Given his usual style, will he spring up and protest against his mom? Maybe he’ll scream, “No, I want to spend the rest of my life with Hannah, and no one, not even you, can stop me!”

Thinking about that got Hannah to grin happily. Unfortunately, that happiness quickly dissipated. Her beautiful image was shattered because she recalled how Fabian acted earlier when he was standing in front of Heather. He was nothing like the powerful tycoon he was.

Instead, he was as tame as a fluffy sheep.

Hannah had her head down. Her gaze turned blank, and her lips slowly curved downward.

Given his earlier behavior, it's likely that he would just say, "Sure thing, Mom. I'll divorce her.

Whatever you say goes."

Dozens of different scenarios ran past Hannah's mind, and there were countless possibilities

as far as she was concerned. Most of what she came up with was bad. A sense of uneasiness

and anger swelled up within her. What gives? Why can't people of different social statuses

have love? Are we to give up our happiness because it upsets society?

How ridiculous!

Click! The door to the study opened slowly. Hannah knew that meant that their discussion

had come to a solution. She took a deep breath and waited quietly for the verdict.

"Hannah, come here," requested Heather. No one could tell if Heather was happy or not, but

her tone had turned much warmer.

"Mom," greeted Hannah after deliberating the situation.

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Hannah walked over slowly. Everything felt a little familiar to her because she had seen it in

the movies before. This is how the rich deal with things. First, they smile and ask the female

lead to leave on her own accord. If the female lead refuses to do so, the story will progress

with her being thrown into a series of temptations and/or threats.

Perhaps it was because Hannah watched too much tv and that got her accustomed to

everything, but she felt nothing at all. She was strangely calm and even had a polite grin on

her face.

Heather was very satisfied with Hannah's performance. The former acted distantly and

ignored her when they first met. However, Hannah responded with a grin, regardless of how

Heather behaved. She seems genuine as well.

“Hannah, you and Fabian are married, so you are a member of the Norton family now. Build a good life with Fabian and try your best not to get into any arguments. Remember that there is nothing that a married couple can’t overcome together,” advised Heather.

She was talking as someone who had been through it all. As she spoke, she reached out slowly and held Hannah’s slender hand. Heather caressed Hannah’s hand and chuckled before complimenting, “Hmm, your hands are so soft and smooth. They much better than mine when I was younger.”

Hannah never expected any of that. She had considered the possibility that Fabian might be able to change Heather’s mind, but she assumed that Heather would still be reluctant to accept her. However, Heather showed no signs of distaste or reluctance. She definitely has no intention of demanding that Fabian and I get a divorce. Perhaps it was because Heather had complimented her, but Hannah felt her face burning red a little. Hannah’s smile became so big that her eyes curved a little. She replied, “Mom, you have flattered me with your compliments. You’re making me blush.”

At that moment, Heather seemed sweet and kind as she smiled back. She looked at Fabian before she reverted her attention back to Hannah. She squeezed Hannah’s hand a little before letting go.

Heather took off the bracelet she had on before she reached out for Hannah again. However, she went for Hannah’s wrist instead of her hand. Heather never gave Hannah a chance to say anything before putting the bracelet on Hannah. The former looked genuinely happy, but her tone seemed a little serious.

“Hannah, you’re the daughter-in-law of the Norton family, so this should be handed to you.

My mother-in-law gave it to me, and now, I am handing it to you. It's not an expensive item, but it had been with the Norton family for generations." Hannah could still feel the warmth Heather left on the bracelet, and that confirmed that Hannah wasn't dreaming. This is actually happening! What is going on? Does this reaffirm my status as the daughter-in-law of the Norton family? Is everything really that dramatic? Shouldn't things like these only happen in movies? Why is it happening to me? Hannah's jaw dropped. Tons of questions kept swirling in her mind, and she couldn't believe anything that was happening right in front of her. "T-this is too valuable. I can't keep it," replied Hannah stiffly because she didn't have much time to consider the situation. Fabian and I only got married due to some sudden incidents. I can't possibly accept this bracelet which carried a lot of sentimental value. "What? Are you unwilling to be a part of the Norton family?" demanded Heather while feigning fury. "I-I..." Hannah was at a loss for words after Heather ambushed her like that. It was as if her mind had short-circuited, and she didn't know what to say. Fabian signaled Hannah from the side to get her to keep the gift. Hannah frowned deeply after receiving his signal. She sighed internally and thought, Gah, we're already stuck in this situation. Looks like we'll have to go with the flow. In the end, Hannah decided to stop refusing the offer. She simply explained her previous behavior by saying, "Mom, I meant that I feel bad for keeping the bracelet because it is too valuable. I didn't mean that I don't want to be a part of the family." "I'm glad to hear that. It doesn't matter if it is expensive or not. It is fated to be yours eventually," informed Heather with a bright smile on her face. The former was rather pleased

with the latter. Fabian is right. She may not be from a rich family, but she is not scheming at all.

All Hannah could do was grin politely. Her wrist, however, felt ever so heavy. This bracelet feels heavier than a mountain. Will Heather pass out from anger if she discovers the real reason Fabian and I got married?

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“Alright then, Hannah. I have some other things to tend to, so I won’t be joining you and Fabian for a meal,” informed Heather. She was truly taking a liking to Hannah, so her tone was much nicer.

“Huh? You’re leaving? I made some soup just for you.”

Looks like that pot of soup is wasted. Still, that is probably for the best. Things might get awkward if we have a meal together.

Hannah could sense the immense change in Heather, but she still worried. There is no saying how Fabian and I will end up. It would be so awkward if we end up getting a divorce and I bump into Heather after that... Hence, Hannah thought that it was better if there was less interaction between the two.

Fabian and Hannah later walked Heather to the door. When they went back into the house and the door was closed, Hannah immediately took off the bracelet that Heather gave her.

Hannah put the bracelet in front of Fabian and parted her cute cherry lips to say, “Here you go.”

Fabian blurted a surprised response. A faint grin that carried a lot of meaning soon made its way to his lips. He replied, “Why are you giving it to me? My mom gave it to you. She didn’t give it to me.”

Hearing Fabian’s strange words got Hannah speechless. Your mom gave it to me, but what

if we get a divorce in the future? Are you going to ask me to give it back then? Things

would be so bad, and it's better if I just give it back to you now.

"I can't keep something like this. What if it got scratched or broken? I won't be able to bear

with the consequences," refuted Hannah. What if your mom asks for it back after I

accidentally broke it and we ended up getting a divorce? I won't be able to get it for her.

She would skin me alive then.

"I don't care. If you insist on handing it to me, I will give it right back to my mom and tell her

that you don't want it," replied Fabian shamelessly. A devious grin revealed itself. It's as if he

was openly taunting her. Yep, I'm being unreasonable and shameless.

What are you going

to do about that? Bite me?

Hannah saw right through Fabian's expression and his words. Isn't this a little too much?

Hannah pouted and complained, "Fabian, you shameless oaf!"

Fabian didn't mind her diss. He simply strode to the study while commenting nonchalantly,

"Didn't you say that you have made soup? My mom left, so I'll have some instead. I'll head

over to the study for now. Come get me once it's ready."

Hannah suddenly recalled that she hadn't turned the stove off. She yelped, "Ah, the soup!"

She rushed into the kitchen immediately after.

Fabian couldn't help chuckling after hearing that. This woman is just as clueless and as silly

as she has always been. That's fine, though. It makes the place much livelier.

Fortunately, Hannah didn't keep the fire high. If she had, the soup would've already been

burnt.

She made a few more dishes and placed them on the table before shouting out unwillingly,

"It's ready. Come eat."

She complained internally, Seriously, dude. You didn't hire a maid. Instead, you married a

woman. Why do I have to take care of you every day? It's not like you're a cripple. Why can't you cook for yourself?

Hannah was only complaining because she was still angry with what Fabian said earlier. She wasn't actually mad about the cooking.

Hearing Hannah's words, Fabian got up and walked over slowly. "Huh? Where is your bracelet?" demanded Fabian when he realized that the item that marked her as his woman was gone.

Dude, I am a journalist. Are you sure you want me to run around with that on my wrist?

What if I accidentally break it? Besides, I have tons to do on a daily basis. Unlike you rich folks, I can't just sit around in the house all day. I have to work!

"I-I took it off," replied Hannah in a somewhat guilty tone.

Fabian looked unbothered as he ate something. He later said, "Oh, you took it off. I actually don't mind it that much."

Hannah couldn't help sighing a breath of relief after hearing that. She hadn't even finished breathing out before she heard Fabian's voice continued speaking.

"But, as you know, I am terrible at keeping secrets, so you can't blame me if I let slip with my mom and tell her that you haven't been wearing it," added Fabian calmly as he put on an innocent grin.

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What the f*ck? You? Terrible at keeping secrets? This is obviously a threat!

Fury burned within Hannah. Seeing Fabian's devilish grin, she felt like he was in extreme need of a good punching. Unfortunately, she wouldn't be able to beat him.

Every time something similar happened, Hannah would comfort herself and think something along the lines of Hmph, I will let you go this one time. Naturally, she would do the same again.

There actually was nothing she could do about Fabian's threat. If he actually told his mom

about it, and things spiraled out of control, Hannah would be the one who had to pay the price.

She was truly curious, though. What did he tell his mom to change her stance so drastically?

“What did you tell your mom? How did you get her to change so drastically?”

“What do you mean when you say „your mom“? Is she not your mom too?” said Fabian

through gritted teeth without answering her actual question.

“Okay, fine. Our mom. Does that sound better?” asked Hannah while rolling her eyes. Are

you a kid? Why are you bothered by every tiny thing?

“My mom is actually a pretty decent person. You simply don’t know her that well,” answered

Fabian. He had put his cutlery down and was looking at Hannah as he spoke.

What the hell? So you’re allowed to call her your mom, but I can’t?

Hannah was so angry

that she wanted to refute, but when she saw how serious Fabian looked, she became at a

loss for words. In the end, all she could do was reply calmly, “Okay, maybe I misunderstood her.”

Fabian nodded. He looked like he was about to deliver a speech when he said, “The truth is...”

Hannah noticed Fabian’s stance, so she quickly stood up and interrupted, “I’m done, too.

Let’s put everything away and rest up. We’ll have to work later.”

It’s better if I know less about the drama behind a rich family’s closed doors.

Fabian grinned. He didn’t say much. He simply got up and exchanged some pleasantries

with Hannah before he headed out to the company.

He didn’t specify anything, but Hannah had a feeling that he had to work overtime because of her.

She recalled what Fabian told her that day, and a sense of warmth engulfed her heart.

She couldn't be sure about whether everything was real, or if she had imagined it all to comfort herself.

Hannah shook her head and picked up her notebook before heading into the study.

Fabian had banned her from working in the bedroom and told her to use his study instead.

She didn't understand why, but she obeyed his instructions, anyway.

Hannah had just placed her notebook on the table when she saw a book resting peacefully on the side.

It was obvious that Fabian had read it. No wonder he is so rich. The effort he put into his career is more than anyone can imagine.

Hannah picked up the book and flipped through it a little.

A photograph slipped out of the book and landed on the floor.

Hannah bent down to pick the photo back up. She wanted to put it back into the book

directly, but she couldn't contain her curiosity, so she snuck a peek.

All she saw was a blurry photo of a woman's figure. There was no way of saying who that

woman was, but Hannah was certain that it wasn't her. She felt like she knew the woman in

the photo, but she didn't know why she felt that way. Perhaps it was a woman's intuition.

Hannah tried to search through her memories, but she could not recall who it was. She later

gave up and slipped the photo back into the book before she started working on her job.

It was almost time to clock in for work when she was finally done. She pursed her lips and

whispered to herself, "Looks like I am not destined to have a proper afternoon break."

She went into the washroom to get ready before she headed to the office.

A familiar figure suddenly showed up in front of her. The woman with long silky hair was

walking confidently toward the sunlight. The silhouette was naturally regal and as beautiful

as a blooming rose.

When that figure moved past her, Hannah became stunned in place. She forgot all about keeping her cool or putting on a poker face and stood there like a statue. When she finally came around, she chased after the woman.

Who is that woman? Why does Fabian have her photograph hidden in his book? Did he used to have a thing for her?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1089

Hannah ran. She saw the woman slipping into the elevator. The elevator doors closed when the woman finally turned around, so Hannah couldn't see who the mysterious woman was.

Hannah sighed. She was so close to her answer, but it was still out of her reach.

With an inexplicably heavy heart, Hannah walked into the senior editor's office and handed the documents over. "This is the information I gathered after I interviewed Xavier Jackson," reported Hannah, "Please take a look and inform me if there is a need to edit it."

The senior editor nodded and murmured a reply before accepting the folder and reading carefully.

Hannah couldn't help feeling nervous when she saw how serious her senior editor was being. That interview would determine whether or not she'd keep her job. After witnessing the incident that morning, she didn't dare to mess the interview with Xavier up.

Hannah prayed silently. Please, let everything be fine.

Soon, the senior editor finished reading everything and shifted his gaze to Hannah. No one could read his expression, so no one could tell if he was happy or angry. He simply sat there without saying a word.

Hannah felt like she was standing at the edge of a mountain and sweat kept rolling down her forehead.

Please say something, even if you want to fire me. Why punish me with that expression and the silence? Hannah was extremely nervous at that moment. The senior editor suddenly laughed aloud, and that surprised Hannah. He said, "You did well, Hannah. I'm very happy with your work." Hannah tapped her chest trying to calm herself down. She turned to her senior editor and couldn't help but complain a little, "You had an unreadable expression on and didn't say a word. That really frightened me." The senior editor's smile only became brighter after hearing Hannah's complaint. The former said, "I was just thinking about how you are like a lucky totem. I think I should write a report about you and send it to my boss. I'll put in a request to make you as a role model for the company and promote you to head reporter. Naturally, your salary and bonus will increase accordingly." Hannah got confused upon hearing that. How did I become a lucky totem? What is going on? Even if I have done well with this interview, it is not enough for the senior editor to act this way. Did the senior editor take the wrong pill or something? Why else would I be rewarded that handsomely? "Uh... Can I ask a strange question? What happened?" asked Hannah somewhat awkwardly. "Here's the thing. Mr. Jackson called this afternoon and praised you endlessly. He even said that he wants to do all future interviews with you," said the senior editor before he paused. He then continued, "As you know, interviewing a company's president is never an easy feat, and that is especially true for presidents of big corporations like Norton Corporation and Jackson Group. Yet, you have accomplished both and did well. Our readers care more about

these heads of corporations than they do about celebrities. Hence, you have truly boosted our team's performance. If you're not a lucky totem, then I don't know what is. I also plan to send a request to the higher-ups and ask them to make you interview company presidents exclusively. You won't have to interview celebrities anymore." Hearing that explanation got Hannah's heart to beat nervously. Xavier wants me to be the only one who interviews him from now on? What the hell is going on? He and Fabian seem like they are enemies. Will Fabian get angry if I interview Xavier again? Also, interviewing company presidents exclusively? Handling Fabian alone is giving me a headache. If I have to deal with a few more company presidents, I will die of frustration.

Even though had promised to increase Hannah's salary, she couldn't get herself to be happy about it. The mere thought of Fabian's furious expression got Hannah to tremble uncontrollably.

"Can I...?"

"Nope!"

"What if...?"

"Not a chance!"

Sweat dripped down Hannah's forehead. Can you at least let me finish my sentence before you refuse my request?

Hannah was infuriated and anxious, but there was nothing she could do or tell her boss.

Fine, I'll endure it!

"Don't reject this offer. I am helping you realize your full potential and giving you a chance to shine within the company. This is for your own good," informed the senior editor with a straight face on.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1090

Hah! Don't take me as a fool. I know why you're doing this. I can't believe you have the audacity to say that you're doing it for me.

The senior editor might've felt a little awkward after being stared at like that. He cleared her throat a little before instructing awkwardly, "Uhm, alright then. You may leave. I will assign you a new task when I hear back from the others."

Hannah pacified herself internally. I am not defeated by evil or power but bidding my time.

That's right. I am bidding my time. I can only change the world when I am in a position of power.

Hannah went back to her office and tapped on her desk. There was no rhythm, and she was just making noise as she tapped on the desk. The voice in her heart and mind, however, her thought was in such a mess that it was a match for that noise.

Who is that mysterious woman? She works in the same building as I do, so could she be my coworker? Or my boss?

Did Fabian marry me just because the mysterious woman and I have the same job and look alike? Am I just a substitute?

What caused the conflict between Fabian and Xavier? They are both powerful figures, so it's understandable that they'd know each other. Maybe they got into some arguments in the past, but is it really so bad that they had to get into a fight as soon as they see each other?

I have no choice and will have to interact with Xavier in the future. Will Fabian be mad about it? What do I do if he really gets upset? Do I resign from my current position?

A series of troubling questions were annoying Hannah. They were like irritating flies that buzz endlessly and refused to leave. That got Hannah utterly irritated. The internal turmoil within Hannah prompted her to toss the documents on her desk right into the bin beside her. This is all your fault, Xavier Jackson. Nothing good ever comes when you show up.

The more Hannah thought about it, the more she saw Xavier as a harbinger of misfortune.

The first time she met him, someone splashed wine all over her and got her disheveled.

Their second meeting got Fabian to misread their relationship and argued with her.

Xavier was giving his assistant some instructions when he suddenly sneezed twice. He

rubbed his own nose and cursed, "Huh? Who dares to complain about me behind my back?"

"No one would dare to complain about you behind your back, my dear Mr. Jackson. I bet

you just spent too much effort with a random celebrity last night and that weakened your

immune system," said the assistant, who didn't hold back when teasing him.

Xavier's expression changed for the worse. He slapped the back of the assistant's head

before warning, "You are getting more and more annoying, you punk. Looks like I will have

to reassign you to Paul and have him teach you some manners. He can also train you to be a better assistant."

The assistant kept massaging the back of his own head after being slapped like that. He said

fearfully, "I've learned my mistake, Mr. Jackson. Please don't reassign me to Paul."

The assistant had heard all about the horror stories surrounding Paul. Even if I somehow

survive through his training, I would go insane.

"Put your hand down," requested Xavier calmly.

The assistant was still a little scared after being slapped. He shook his head and asked,

"Huh? Why?"

"So I can check and see if you're fine!"

"Oh, it's nothing. It just stings a little..."

The assistant hadn't even finished speaking before Xavier lifted his palm and smacked the back of his assistant's head again.

“Go do as I instructed now if you don’t want to be reassigned to Paul.”

The assistant yelped in pain. Unfortunately, he was terrified of Paul, so he quickly replied, “I

will go work on it right away, Mr. Jackson.”

Xavier grinned a strange grin. No one knew what he was thinking, but his eyes glowed evilly.

Hannah was in a daze when someone knocked on the door to her office.

“Come in,” said Hannah, after she quickly got herself together.

The door was opened soon after and a colleague entered to say, “The senior editor asked

you to compile all the information surrounding the interview with Jackson Group’s

president. After that, he wants you to go to his office.”

“Okay, got it,” replied Hannah. She shook her head and thought to herself, Why are you

overthinking everything? The most important thing right now is to get your job done.

After her colleague left, Hannah retrieved the documents from the dustbin and complained,

“Xavier Jackson, you are just like a haunting nightmare!”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1091

After what seemed like forever, Hannah pushed the files aside and did some stretching. She

muttered, “I’m finally done with this. It’s quite a challenge to write an article about the

president. It’s got to be juicy enough to capture the readers’ attention, yet I can’t reveal too

much information in order to keep everyone in suspense.”

Hannah was delighted. Thank God I’m experienced in this. Otherwise, I might tread on some

people’s toes.

She brought along the finalized article to Bob’s office in trepidation. This room is the origin

of all problems. Every time I step foot into the office, I’ll walk out with a series of issues.

“Mr. Dijon, this is my edited document. For your perusal.”

After reading it, Bob nodded to acknowledge Hannah’s good work.

“Please personally send

this to Mr. Jackson’s company for him to go through.”

Huh? Why is there a need to make a trip to his office? Can't this be done via a phone call?

Hannah mumbled to herself, "So troublesome."

Bob seemed to have heard her remark and emphasized, "You don't need to return to the office once the article is confirmed. Leave a copy here. Just call if there's anything to amend further. All right, you may go now."

This gesture is too small to be counted as bribery. I won't fall for that. "Noted," Hannah responded briefly and left.

As she walked back to the common area, she was astonished to see a familiar back profile appearing before her eyes. She had been dying to discover who that person was.

Out of instinct, she yelled out immediately, "Hey, hold on!"

Everyone shot bewildered stares at her. It was only then that she realized what she had done.

Since she had drawn unwanted attention to herself, she could only bite the bullet and continued with the next step.

Whose enchanting back profile could this be? I can already feel her extraordinary aura exuding from afar. She's definitely a gorgeous lady. Hannah was looking forward to finding out the identity of the special person.

She braved the doubtful gaze of the crowd and asked, "Why are you here?"

Her main intention was to make the woman turn around so that she could see her face. Her back looks so familiar. I'm pretty sure we either know each other or have at least met somewhere. I guess it wasn't too awkward for me to call out to her like this, right? It's better than directly requesting her to show her face.

Upon hearing Hannah's voice, the woman stopped in her tracks. Slowly, she turned around.

Hannah widened her eyes and stared at her face intensely.

Vivian Morrison, the big boss! How could this be? The discovery was a bolt from the blue.

Oh my goodness, I even asked her to wait for me and questioned her presence here.

She finally realized why everyone's gaze was fixated on her. Anyone who dares to address the Chief Editor like I did in public would automatically enjoy this unique treatment.

The crowd started chattering and discussing.

"What do you think you're doing, Hannah? How dare you call upon the Chief Editor in this manner?"

"Hannah thinks that she's received a permanent immunity to all workplace courtesy since she's completed exclusive interviews with two presidents. She even made the Chief Editor wait for her and has the cheek to initiate a small talk like nothing happened."

"She's got some nerve but clearly doesn't know who she's dealing with. Do you think Fabian can save her this time?"

Tittle-tattles were heard all over the office.

Hannah was deemed as a clown for being rude to the Chief Editor. All the staff assumed that she was so full of herself because she had the backing of Fabian. They were anticipating a strict rebuke from the Chief Editor. She's one of the higher-ups. If others follow in Hannah's footsteps and talk to her without showing any respect, what does that say about her leadership?

Frowning, Vivian did not look too happy. She cast a look at Hannah, and it made her feel very uncomfortable.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1092

Hannah could sense Vivian's displeasure and panicked. "I'm sorry, Ms. Morrison. I... I didn't know it was you. I... I mistook you for someone else I know."

Crap! How unlucky could I get? The Chief Editor only comes over to our office once in a blue moon. Yet, this awkward episode has to happen. How could I have mistaken her as the mysterious lady?

Curiosity kills the cat. Hannah Young, oh Hannah Young, why did you act rashly? I could have just followed her to find out if she was the mysterious lady. Instead, I chose to yell at her in front of so many people. That's it. I'm doomed.

Ms. Morrison, please forgive me this once. Hannah pleaded in her heart. Upon hearing Hannah's explanation, Vivian's expression softened. "Come with me."

Bowing her head, Hannah trailed behind Vivian and exited the place. As they strode out, inaudible murmurs began to fill the office. They came to a hallway. Fidgeting her fingers behind her back, Hannah tried to explain herself again, "Ms. Morrison, I'm really sorry. I..."

Turning around, Vivian interrupted her, "I understand. You don't have to explain further, Hannah. It's not uncommon to mistake someone for another person." With a face full of gratitude, Hannah quickly responded, "Ms. Morrison, you... you're truly magnanimous."

Vivian shook her head. "I've been through what you're experiencing now. You've just started your career and might not be able to handle some matters well. It takes a while to get used to it. Don't be bothered by gossips. Just focus on your work."

Vivian had always been a nice boss toward her subordinates. In her current position, she held her staff to high expectations and would criticize them objectively when they made a mistake. That was her management style.

Hannah looked at Vivian in disbelief. The notorious Chief Editor is giving me advice instead of a piece of her mind? Am I dreaming? Even if it's a dream, it's an unrealistic one.

Vivian could see through Hannah's qualms. Smiling, she said to her, "All right, don't overthink things. Go ahead and carry on with your work."

"Oh, okay, Ms. Morrison. I'll get back to my work now," Hannah replied softly.

Vivian nodded before leaving.

Standing rooted to the spot, Hannah sank into deep thoughts. The impression Vivian left on Hannah made the latter fonder of her. It looks like she isn't that scary after all. Not only is she a beautiful and understanding boss, but she's also quite encouraging. She's truly a rare gem.

Hannah then recalled seeing Vivian's photo in Fabian's book and felt that it wasn't a coincidence. Then, the scene of Fabian addressing Vivian by her first name flashed across her mind. Their relationship is definitely more than just colleagues. Does he like her?

Otherwise, why would he address her that way? If that's the case, what should I do?

Hannah's mind was in disarray.

Stomping her feet, she shook her head fiercely and said to herself, "This is so annoying! I'm not going to think about it anymore."

"Mr. Jackson, this is all the information on Hannah Young." Xavier's assistant presented the document to him with the assumption that he was interested in the girl. Xavier skimmed through the document and shot a glance at his assistant. "Since when did you see me reading up information before picking up girls?"

"Noted." The assistant hurriedly retrieved the document.

Lowering his head, Xavier ran his finger across his forehead, seemingly engaged in a deep reflection. Suddenly, he raised his head, and a twinkle appeared in his eye. "Please help me select a gift."

The assistant hesitated but regained his senses very quickly as he understood Xavier's intention.

The car gradually slowed down and finally stopped in front of the Jackson Group office building. Hannah unlocked the car door and got out of it.

"Please come with me, Ms. Young." The receptionist welcomed Hannah warmly as per the orders given by Xavier in advance.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1093

When they arrived at the president's office, the receptionist knocked on the door before leaving.

"Come in." A deep voice rang in her ear.

I wonder if Xavier has learned broadcasting before. Otherwise, why does he sound so

professional in his pronunciation? His speech is so pleasing to the ears.

At that moment, Xavier was leaning against his chair, reading a document with his head

lowered. His expression was indifferent, but his lofty presence exuded a noble aura.

Even as Hannah observed Xavier, the conscientious man did not notice her arrival.

Hannah sighed. Right now, he looks totally different from the fun-loving and frivolous side

of him that I've seen. I shouldn't have judged a book by its cover.

She coughed lightly to inform him of her presence. "Mr. Jackson, I'm here to deliver the

magazine. Please have a look and see if you're happy with the outcome.

Thereafter, I'll notify

our company, and the article will be published this evening."

Xavier lifted his head. When he realized it was Hannah, his face beamed with joy. "I'm sorry. I

was busy working and didn't know that you're already here."

"It's all right," Hannah replied politely. She then handed over the article to him. "Please take

a look, Mr. Jackson."

Xavier pretended to be upset and snapped at her, "Aren't we friends?

Why do you still

address me as Mr. Jackson? Did you regret befriending me?"

Hannah found it strange when he became furious all of a sudden.

However, she felt relieved

as soon as he explained why. "Oh, of course not. I'm just too used to addressing you

formally, that's why."

With a grin, Xavier took the document from her and said casually, "It's my honor to have

such an attractive and interesting lady like you as my friend."

After studying the document, Xavier nodded and acknowledged Hannah's good work. Her writing was very fluent, with all the key points clearly and coherently elaborated.

"You wrote this article?"

Furrowing her brows, Hannah looked at Xavier in astonishment. Is there something wrong?

It doesn't make sense. I've edited it umpteen times, and Mr. Dijon checked it too. How could there be a problem?

"Yes. Why? Is there anything you're not satisfied with? Feel free to let me know, and I'll make amendments."

"No. I was surprised to see such skillful writing on a piece of interview. You are meant to do greater things. It makes me want to steal talent from your boss," Xavier affirmed Hannah's capability.

Hannah was overjoyed to be showered with praises.

"Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Jackson. I did my best. I'm sure there's still room for improvement."

"You're very humble. By the way, how's the tea I sent you the last time? Was it good? I have more if you like it."

She felt embarrassed to talk about the tea because she only managed to make a cup for

Heather before Fabian discarded the rest.

"Oh, it's fine. I haven't finished it. There is still a lot left," she said sheepishly while avoiding his gaze.

He simply thought that she was just being shy without dwelling on the matter.

"Oh, okay, I'll arrange for someone to deliver it to your company next time."

Before Hannah could say anything, Xavier continued, "Thanks for making a trip here. Let me treat you to a good meal."

With that, he rose to his feet, grabbed his jacket, and was ready to stride across the room.

However, Hannah declined, "Thanks but no thanks. I'm not used to eating at high-class restaurants."

He rolled his eyes at her. "Who said we're heading to a high-class restaurant?"

"Huh? Then where are we going?" she asked.

"You'll know when we get there." He deliberately kept her in suspense.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1094

Initially, Hannah wanted to come up with an excuse to reject his offer, and she thought that

a man of his status would only eat at certain high-end places. However, his response took

her by surprise, and she could not find another reason to say no.

Following behind Xavier, Hannah sent a text message to Fabian and informed him that she

would not be eating at home. After hesitating, she switched her phone to silent mode.

Xavier quickened his pace. When approaching the entrance, he shot a glance at his assistant

and asked, "Is everything ready?"

"Don't you worry, Mr. Jackson. The big surprise is going to make her go wow!" he said

excitedly and waited for Xavier to compliment him.

To his dismay, Xavier neglected him and lifted his head to see whether Hannah had caught

up with him.

Like a gentleman, Xavier held the door open for her and then leaned over to signal her to

exit first. Hannah smiled at his sweet gesture.

From a menial matter like this, Hannah could tell that Xavier took care of her really well, and

she became fonder of him. Like he said, it's nice to have a friend like that.

Right when she stepped out of the company entrance and was about to go down the steps,

a ray of light shone into her eyes. Covering her eyes with her hands, she tried to see ahead

from different angles.

As she looked into the distance, her pupils immediately widened as a result of being

stimulated by what she saw. At that instance, she felt as if a blazing fire was burning within her while its raging flames enveloped her entire body, making her blood pump with excitement.

A metallic silver sports car had arrived at the entrance of Jackson Group. Under the bright sunlight, its automatic door flung open, looking like an angel flipping its wing. Hannah stared at the car admiringly before dashing toward it.

Who's so flashy? Oh well, who cares? Since the Porsche GT is parked here, I'm going over to snap a picture. Here I come, baby!

Xavier frowned slightly. Isn't this the car I bought last month? Why is it here?

"Did you get someone to drive it here?" he asked his assistant.

Nodding, the assistant explained, "Yes, I did, Mr. Jackson. I studied the information that you

didn't bother to read and discovered something interesting. Hannah is very passionate

about sports cars. Take a look at her expression now. Oh, I think she loves it. I'm sure she's

going to marry you right away when she finds out it's your gift to her."

His assistant became thrilled as he spoke. He squinted his eyes at Xavier.

"What do you

think of my idea, Mr. Jackson? You don't have to reward me, but I know it's very

uncharacteristic of you not to reward your staff. So, how about granting me two days of

leave..."

He stopped and held back the rest of his words when he saw that

Xavier's expression

darkened. There was a hint of anger flashing across Xavier's eyes, which felt like daggers

shooting at him, sending a cold chill down his spine.

Looking dismal, Xavier landed a slap on the back of his assistant's head.

"You prepared the Porsche FT as a gift for Hannah? You're stupid beyond words!" Xavier

went ballistic.

Boss, could you hit a different part next time, please? I feel that the back of my head is

going to have a weird concave shape soon. Sorry, Hannah, but it looks like you're not good

enough for a sports car, after all.

He justified, "Mr. Jackson, I thought you've fallen head over heels for Hannah, so I thought

this would be the best gift for her. Sorry, I'll prepare a cheaper present."

His response made Xavier's blood boil. When did he become such a pain in the neck? He's

usually very quick-witted. Why doesn't he get me recently?

Xavier gave him a kick. "You're worse than a fool. Use your brain and think about it. Hannah

and I are merely friends right now. Knowing her, do you think she will accept such an

expensive gift from me?"

The assistant exclaimed as he finally realized his mistake, "Oh no! Why didn't I think of this?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1095

"Gosh, what on earth do you know? Go prepare another present now!"

Xavier pretended to kick his assistant, which made the latter jump out of his skin. "Give me

ten minutes, Mr. Jackson. I'll bring you a new present."

Xavier huffed. Obviously, his incompetent assistant had enraged him.

After calming himself down, he turned around and noticed that Hannah was still taking

photos with his sports car. Smiling gleefully, she was striking different poses in order to find

the best angle.

Do you really like the car that much? It seems like you're obsessed with it.

Aren't you Fabian's girl? Did he not present you with one?

Tsk! What kind of a man is he? But it's fine that he didn't gift you one.

At least you won't

feel guilty toward him. When the time is right, I'll make you the owner of a luxury car.

Xavier approached her. "You caught me by surprise. I didn't know you love sports cars so much."

The assistant's unintentional mistake ended up giving them a common topic to chat about.

"I do! Do you like it too? Come over and take a few pictures with it before the car owner comes back." Her gaze was still locked on the car even when she was talking to Xavier.

What's so special about this car that it could win Hannah over just like that? Never in a million years had I thought that a ladies' man like me would lose to a car.

When Hannah did not get a response, it dawned on her that she just asked Xavier a silly question. He's one of the presidents of the top four corporations in the nation, so it's only natural that he's not as impressed by a mere vehicle as me.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson. I was too exhilarated that I thought it was my BFF standing beside me. When we were in university, we always took photos with sports cars when we saw one. That's why..." Hannah tried to explain her mania for automobiles.

Although she was married to Fabian, she was never willing to spend his money, to the extent that she paid for her own car by installments. Fabian did not fancy sports cars and drove only Rolls-Royce and Lincoln. Therefore, Hannah was electrified when she saw one on the road.

"It's fine. Don't worry about it. Why don't you get in and experience sitting in one?"

"Won't it be inappropriate? I'd be so embarrassed when the owner finds out about it." She had no idea that the car belonged to Xavier.

"Actually, I wanted to tell you that I'm the owner of this Porsche GT."

"Huh? It's yours?" Hannah was stunned. I've been taking an insane load of photos with his car and even invited him to join me. Was I mad?

Her face turned crimson red.

"You sure you don't want to go for a ride in it?" Fortunately, Xavier did not take her previous

antics to heart.

"Of course I want to!" Hannah answered without a doubt. Nothing else mattered to her at that moment.

Xavier chuckled while he opened the car door for her. "It's my honor to be your chauffeur."

She looked at him with a hint of hesitation in her eyes. Then, she shifted her gaze to the shiny sports car and took a deep breath as though she made a life-changing decision.

"Um... Mr. Jackson, can I test drive it?" she asked him tentatively in a soft voice.

"Absolutely! I'd gladly oblige if you insist on being my driver," Xavier joked while walking toward the passenger's side.

Hannah was so happy that she put her hands up and drew an arch in the air. "The pleasure is all mine."

With that, she wriggled into the driver's seat comfortably. With both hands on the wheel that had a GT logo engraved on it, she felt so nervous and thrilled at the same time. It was her first time driving a sports car, so the view and feel were all very new to her. She was afraid that she would leave scratches on it or knock something down. I can't afford the repair cost even if I give up an arm and a leg for it.

Here we go, baby!

With a rumble, the engine was ignited, and the car revved to life. A resounding echo could be heard as the car crawled along.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1096

After a few spins, Hannah got used to maneuvering it, and she picked up speed. Under

Xavier's guidance, they arrived at a barbeque restaurant.

"What's the point of summer if we don't eat to our hearts' content at an open-air barbeque place?"

It was obvious that Xavier frequented this sort of eatery, which Hannah found strange. Why

does a man born with a silver spoon eat at a regular eatery like any Tom, Dick, and Harry?

Shouldn't it be like how they portray it in the dramas, with the rich and famous commenting

on how this kind of food can cause cancer? Why does he eat it?

The luxurious sports car stood out like a sore thumb. All the customers gawked like how

Hannah did when she first saw it. Immediately, both of them were thrust into the limelight.

Wearing an iconic smile on his face, Xavier walked around casually. On the contrary, Hannah

felt rather uneasy at first. But soon, his calm composure rubbed off on her, and she felt

more at ease.

He placed the orders adeptly and even included beer. "Pairing barbeque with a glass of icy

cold beer is epic, an ultimate enjoyment!"

They had a lovely time eating and chatting. His humor often made her laugh in a boisterous

manner.

She began to like his personality and found him amusing. Though rich, his interests are

similar to mine.

Time flew by when they were having a jolly good time. Hannah took a glance at her watch

and realized it was getting late. She fished for her phone, worried that Fabian might be

looking for her.

Oh my, twenty-eight missed calls! Two were from the senior editor while the rest were from

Fabian. Mr. Dijon was probably calling because Fabian asked about me.

Sh*t! I'm dead this time.

Hannah had ants in her pants, albeit appearing to be paying attention to the animated

Xavier who was telling his stories. He's not going to stop any time soon, is he? I wonder

what time it will be when we finish eating.

Droplets of sweat rolled down from Hannah's forehead to her temple.

Out of concern,

Xavier asked, "Are you feeling all right?"

I'm not unwell, I'm just scared! Oh, you'll never understand this. Suddenly, a lightbulb moment occurred to Hannah, and she decided to use the opportunity to her advantage by admitting that she was not feeling well. With this, I should be able to leave early and go back to Fabian.

"Yes, Mr. Jackson, I'm feeling a bit sick. Shall we call it a night?" She pretended to be frail and feeble.

"All right. I shall drive you home first." Xavier handed a few napkins to her. He then cleaned himself and got up to leave.

"There's no need for that. I live nearby, so I can go back on my own," said Hannah with a guilty conscience.

I won't risk having Fabian see Xavier sending me home. Who knows what will happen then!

Xavier had met with countless women, so naturally, he knew when to press on or otherwise.

Although he was worried for Hannah, he also feared leaving a bad impression on her.

Hence, he obliged.

"In that case, please be extra careful on the road." He passed a gift box to Hannah.

"This is a book that I've been reading recently. I think it's a good one, so I want you to have it." His assistant had prepared a meaningful present on his behalf; one that was sophisticated and classy but not flashy.

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Jackson. Sorry about taking an early leave.

Let's meet up again when you're free." Hannah could not come up with an excuse to decline the gift. I can't say that I dislike reading, can I?

"No worries. Till the next time." Is she rejecting me because of Fabian? It was already late in the evening when Hannah arrived home. Fabian was waiting for her patiently in the living room.

As soon as she entered, she was greeted by Fabian's dark brown eyes, which were as deep

as an abyss. With his fingers interlocked, he threw a question at her domineeringly, "What were you up to?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1097

Biting her lips, Hannah was like a terrified little rabbit. Her heartbeat raced rapidly as her breathing quickened. How should I answer him? Do I tell him the truth? What if that angers him more? But won't it be worse if I get caught for telling lies? "I conducted an interview and then attended a social event." Hannah was hoping that her ambiguous answer could satisfy him.

"With who?" Fabian more or less knew what happened as he had called Hannah's senior editor. However, he wanted to hear what she would say. Inhaling a deep breath, she decided to come clean with him. I didn't do anything wrong anyway.

"Xavier Jackson." She continued, "Mr. Dijon requested me to send him the article I wrote.

Then, Xavier wanted to treat me to dinner. I did try to reject him, but to no avail, so I went out with him. When I saw your missed calls, I came back right away without even finishing the food."

Hmm... Good, very honest. You should be thankful that you didn't lie to me. Otherwise, you would face harsh consequences. Did you clear the air so that I won't misunderstand you?

"Would you like to have some more to eat?" Fabian smirked.

Hannah was confused by his expression. Was he being sarcastic or did he mean it literally?

"I'm good. I don't want to consume too much food at night."

Regardless of his intention, the best solution right now is to say no.

"If you say so. Let's have a chat then." Fabian gestured her to sit beside him.

Chat? What is there to talk about? The last time he wanted to have a chat, we broke into a fight. What will happen this time?

As much as Hannah was reluctant, she still strode over to the sofa and took a seat. "What is it that you want to talk about? Go ahead."

"You do know that my mom asked to see me in the study this morning..." he paused, creating suspense to check her reaction.

Hannah had a bad feeling about this. Automatically, she shut her eyes in trepidation. Is he

going to divorce me? But I don't think so because Heather just presented me with the family

heirloom, a jade bracelet. So what did they talk about?

A satisfied smug appeared on his face. This silly girl does care, doesn't she?

"My mom doesn't know about our relationship. Hence, she wants to meet your parents and get to know them better."

"What? Meet my parents?" Hannah's heart skipped a beat.

What should I do? Back then, I made the impulsive decision to register my marriage with

Fabian because of the pressure from my family, and I haven't even told them that. So how

should I explain to them now that Fabian and I have been married for a year?

"I know this is too sudden, but I don't have an alternative."

"The thing is... my parents aren't aware that we're married! How do I explain everything to

them?" Hannah felt so helpless. Had I known this earlier, I would have informed my parents

of our marriage. That would save me a load of trouble, and I won't need to spin more lies to

cover up for the previous ones.

"That's your problem. It's got nothing to do with me." Fabian shrugged and washed his

hands clean of the matter as if he deliberately wanted to see her distressed.

She gritted her teeth at the sight of his haughty expression.

"What is that supposed to mean? It's your mom who wants to meet up, not mine. It's fine if

you have no intention to help me out, but you're even making fun of me. Why don't you

think of a solution, my better half?" Hannah refuted confidently. "Should you not want to become the daughter-in-law of the Norton family, you can return the heirloom to my mom. But then again, I think it's quite challenging to have her accept it back."

Seeing a mischievous grin on his face, Hannah almost wanted to throw a few punches at him. But obviously, she didn't have the guts to do it.

"Hmph! What kind of a man are you? How could you not contribute any solutions to help your distressed wife out?" she tried to convince him to come up with a plan for her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1098

However, Fabian remained unperturbed. He even exposed her dirty trick, "Don't you try to con me. You can try, but eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end."

Eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end.

Eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end.

The threatening words kept replaying in Hannah's mind like a broken record.

Every time a similar sentence as such came out from Fabian's mouth, Hannah would get goosebumps and tremble like she had some kind of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Seeing her looking aggrieved with her head hung low and her limbs slumped on the sofa,

Fabian changed the topic, "Actually, it's not impossible for me to think of an alternative to settle this for you if..."

His words lifted her spirit. As long as Fabian is willing to put on his thinking cap, the problem can definitely be resolved amicably.

Immediately, she propped herself up and asked, "If what?"

"If you give me some excellent room service tonight. When I feel good, I can come up with a brilliant plan for you," he teased her.

What a shameless guy! All he can think of is to take advantage of me. Where is his

conscience? He's such a nuisance.

She clenched her fists and swung them in the air, looking like she was ready to pick a fight

with him. "I'm more than happy to teach perverts like you a lesson to remember for life!"

"It's up to you. Choose wisely." Fabian got up and darted into her room. She felt so frustrated. Did he just walk out on me? Oh, does he think I'll compromise? No

way. I'll just sleep in the living room tonight and binge on my romantic drama.

Hannah shot an indignant glare at her own room as if it could penetrate the door and reach

Fabian.

"Whatever. I'm going to take a shower and then enjoy a date with the handsome drama male lead," she said triumphantly.

Moments later, Hannah came out of the shower in a pink nightdress and sat in front of the television.

Flipping through the channels, she was slightly disappointed that there was no eye candy in

the drama. To make matters worse, there was no big and comfy bed for her to sleep in

either. She was fighting the urge to return to her bedroom.

But if I enter the room now, it would mean I'm admitting defeat. That won't do. I must persist.

Switching off the television, she covered herself with a blanket.

Just go to sleep... Tomorrow is a brand new day.

Hannah was turning and tossing around on the sofa. As soon as she shut her eyes, she was

haunted by the image of her parents interrogating her about her secret marriage, and she had difficulty falling asleep.

Annoyed, she chucked the blanket away and complained, "The sofa is not comfortable at all!

Why should I sleep here while you have the whole bedroom to yourself? Hmph!"

She had compromised unknowingly. It was just that she refused to admit it because of her

pride.

She tiptoed to her bedroom door and gently opened it. Why must I act like a ninja to enter my own bedroom?

Scanning the room through the aperture, she saw a motionless Fabian on the bed and

assumed that he had fallen asleep.

Click! She shut the door behind her.

Pressing her lips into a thin line, she did her best not to let out a sound and even controlled

her breathing. Carefully, she strode toward her bed with pin-drop silence.

But as soon as she landed herself on her bed, she was gripped by immense shock when

Fabian turned to her.

“Ahh...”

Why isn’t he asleep yet? Did I wake him up?

“Why are you shouting?” he asked disapprovingly.

Why not? You scared the living daylights out of me.

“I... I... Nothing.” She could only grumble in her heart because she still needed his help to

come up with a plan for her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1099

“You agreed?” a devilish smile settled upon his face as he asked with great interest.

There’s no way I’ll agree to that ridiculous request! I’m only here for the bed.

He did not get any response from her. Smiling, he threatened her,

“You’d better take more

initiative to please me. I’m your last resort. If I change my mind, you’re done for.”

But his actions betrayed him. Although he commanded her to take the lead, his hands had

already wrapped themselves around her waist.

Hannah tried to wriggle out of his embrace but to no avail, for his strong arms had locked

her in position.

“Be good.” Fabian rolled over and pinned her below him. Then, he began his amorous

advances.

After what seemed like forever, Hannah was left panting softly. Fabian leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek before he planted another kiss on her lips. "Good job."

He praised her like a teacher praising a kindergartener. Her whole body was sore with hickeys and bite marks after an intense and passionate love-making session with Fabian.

"Can you tell me the solution now?" she asked in a feeble voice, yet to recover her strength after their steamy lovey-dovey session.

"You don't have to worry about that. I'll see to it." He ran his arm across her body and hugged her to sleep.

Hannah felt that she had been deceived. He probably would have done the same even if she did not enter the room in the first place. At that thought, she pushed his hand away and

bordered herself with the duvet while casting a disgusted look at him. He smirked. "It seems like someone had an amazing time just now." He turned around and

pulled her into his embrace. "Your moans gave you away."

"Fabian, you're a shameless and nasty scumbag!" Blushing, she got worked up and started fidgeting in his arms.

He tightened his hug. "It was just a joke. You don't need to get so flustered."

Finally, she quietened down and curled up in a fetal position. Perhaps she was exhausted, or maybe she knew that she could never escape his vice-like grip.

He lifted her chin and stared straight into her bleary eyes. "I won't interfere with your work matters again."

She widened her eyes in disbelief. Did... did he just compromise? Having said that, Fabian caressed her head.

Wow, Fabian is actually willing to do that for me. I can't believe I changed his mind.

It took her a while to regain her senses. It seems that I'm quite important to him. There's indeed a place for me in his heart. But what will happen to the conflict between him and

Xavier?

She wanted to ask him but later decided against it. Maybe I should ask Xavier instead. It's not wise to enrage Fabian now. I can't afford to make another mistake. "All right, it's getting late. Go to bed," he uttered lovingly while tapping his fingers on her back, following a certain rhythmic tempo.

At that moment, Hannah felt that Fabian's embrace was exceptionally warm. It enveloped

her perfectly, making her feel safe. Gradually, she dozed off.

After some time, both of them drifted into deep sleep.

The next morning, Hannah noticed that her colleagues were all throwing weird gazes at her.

What's going on?

She had a nagging feeling that something unpleasant was going to happen. As luck had it,

the moment she stepped foot into the office, Winona called out to her, "Hannah, Mr. Dijon

wants to see you in his office."

Frowning, she asked under her breath, "Do you know why he's looking for me?"

With a pair of smiley eyes, Winona murmured, "Rumor has it that he's going to promote

you. It comes with a pay raise too. Don't forget to treat me, Hannah."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1100

Upon hearing that, she relaxed her brows. However, she did not feel delighted. As long as

Mr. Dijon doesn't pick on me, I'm fine even if there's no chance of a promotion or a pay raise.

Let's get this done and over with, regardless of whether it's good or bad.

With a glum look, she walked into Bob's office.

Her sudden appearance startled him, so the latter gave her a sharp gaze that made her feel

nervous.

Must he look at me this way? While Hannah was complaining in her heart, she noticed that

there was another man in the office.

The man had his back to Hannah, so she could not see his face. That man must be a very important guest. Otherwise, Mr. Dijon wouldn't have glared at me like that.

Why am I always in trouble when I enter his office?

Hannah bowed to apologize, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dijon, I didn't know you have a guest with you.

I'll leave the room immediately."

Right when she was about to scurry for cover, the man spoke in a rather upset tone, "Mr.

Dijon, I don't think there's a need for that, right?"

Bob plastered a smile on his face and tried to butter up his guest, "Of course, Mr. Jackson."

Then, he turned to Hannah. "Hannah, why should you leave? You're our star employee. I

can't even thank you enough for the work you've done. Quick, come over here and have a

seat. I've got something to discuss with you."

The cloying side of Bob gave Hannah goosebumps. Her gaze fell on the special guest.

Mr. Jackson? That voice sounds so familiar but so distant. Is that really him?

The mysterious man slowly turned his chair around to face her.

Xavier Jackson! Why is he here at our company? Is he visiting? Obviously not. Why would he

do so?

"Ms. Young, we meet again," he greeted her gently with his signature smile.

"Good day, Mr. Jackson," Hannah responded politely. She then turned to Mr. Dijon, who was

behaving deferentially toward Xavier.

Hannah did not expect that. Mr. Dijon has the highest authority within our team, and he has

always been very strict with us. But now, he is boot-licking Xavier. Tsk...

However, as Hannah put herself in Bob's shoes, she could understand why he acted

differently in front of Xavier. Faced with a more powerful influence, he has no choice but to

stoop lower. Xavier is the president of one of the four major corporations in the nation. That

identity alone would attract sycophants.

Mr. Dijon had guessed what Hannah was perceiving from the brief interaction they had. Hannah must be finding it weird to see me flattering and fawning others. Well, this is the reality. She'll understand it eventually.

"Um... Hannah, I have good news for you." Bob disregarded Hannah's view of him. He only wanted Hannah to work hard and create significant value for the company.

"Yesterday, I've updated the top management about your work performance thus far. The Chief Editor is outrightly pleased with it and has decided to promote you. Henceforth, you're the second-in-command of our team."

Hannah had mixed emotions about this. A glint of happiness flashed across her eyes, which also contained a hint of sorrow. I've been working extremely hard, completing all tasks within my remit for two years, but my effort was never acknowledged by the top management, and this time, I'm promoted because I managed to score interviews with Fabian and Xavier. So what does that say about my previous hard work? Is backing necessary in order to be promoted? Is that how things work nowadays? Anyhow, I'm finally reaping what I sowed.

"Oh yes, Hannah, the top management plans to allocate two assistants to help you conduct exclusive interviews with experts in the business circle. The memo has been sent out, and we'll announce it officially in a meeting later. You can select anyone in our team as your assistants. Whoever they are, I'll transfer them over to assist you," Bob informed her.

Huh? Is this for real? Hannah was taken aback by the good news relayed to her. Mr. Dijon did mention something like this beforehand, but I thought he was just trying to encourage

me to work harder. Who would have known that they've actually issued a memo?

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