

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1241

Yvette stated her price. "Ten million. As long as you arranged for a car accident, no one will suspect you."

Ten million! I could never earn that much money in this lifetime! The money is surely enough for me and my children!

His gaze turned greedy, but he was still hesitating because of Fabian's power.

Catching the flash of greed in his gaze, Yvette added, "Fifteen million! You can arrange for a thug to fill his car with petrol before crashing into the wedding car and caused it to explode.

No one will survive, so you can escape with the money easily."

Yvette stood up and went to the man. "Even if you pay five million for that thug to keep it a secret, you still have ten million for you to survive abroad."

Deep down, the man was calculating the cost of hiring a thug, which would be around one million. He would only need to show himself to that thug who would die after the accident. Fabian won't know it's me. I will be on the plane by then.

"No matter you succeed for not, we shall never meet. You don't have to worry about being exposed." Yvette patted his shoulder to persuade him.

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"Alright, deal. But show me the money first!" The man took a deep breath and agreed.

"Here is five million as a deposit. I'll transfer the rest into this card after the accident takes place tomorrow." Yvette took out a card from her bag and gave it to the man.

After accepting the card, the man's breathing quickened. He had never owned this much

money in his life as he was just a lowly thug. Five million alone was an astronomical amount for him.

“Here you go. Someone will call and inform you regarding Fabian’s usual route.” Yvette handed him a box with a smartphone inside. Clearly, she came here well-prepared so Fabian wouldn’t discover it was her behind the scheme. When the man was about to leave, Yvette suddenly spoke. “We have to prepare for the worst. Send your family overseas by tonight. I’ll fake their deaths. Even if you get caught, don’t reveal my name. Otherwise, your family...” She trailed off, knowing the man would understand her underlying meaning.

Fabian brought Hannah back to their villa before he headed to their wedding venue alone for the last inspection. Everything was ready, so he went back to his office as he had been neglecting work for the past few days.

Hannah was puzzled. Didn’t he say he’ll accompany me to try on my wedding dress? Why did he leave without me?

Fabian sat in his office and dealt with work efficiently. When he was done, instead of leaving, he propped his arm up and wondered, Something seems amiss. I think I missed out on something, but I can’t figure out what it is.

“This one? No. That’s ready, too.”

Fabian tapped his finger on the desk lightly and went through everything in his mind.

He was engrossed in his thoughts when his phone rang. It was a call from his uncle, Finnick.

As Fabian misunderstood Vivian, she ended up marrying Finnick. It was too late when he discovered the truth.

“Hello?”

He massaged his temples and answered the call.

“Fabian, since you’re getting married tomorrow, I have something to tell you,” came

Finnick’s reply at the other end of the line calmly.

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“Go ahead,” said Fabian coolly.

Finnick was his uncle, so he also sent him an invitation to his wedding.

“You need to be careful during your wedding. I believe you know many women would die to

marry into our family. Be on your guard lest someone try to harm your bride and ruin your

wedding,” stated Finnick sternly.

Fabian listened to his words attentively before responding, “What do you mean?”

Is he warning me because someone is trying to harm Hannah?

Fabian wondered.

“It’s nothing much. I just want to remind you to be careful. After all, I’m your uncle.” Finnick

paused before adding, “Well, that’s all I have to say. Bye!”

After Finnick hung up, it took Fabian some time to ponder about the matter. Clearly, Finnick

made that call as a reminder to him.

Narrowing his gaze, Fabian muttered, “Does he mean someone is going to harm Hannah at

our wedding?”

At once, he shook his head to refute that idea. His plan was very intricate and covered every

aspect of the wedding, including Hannah’s safety. He deliberated for some time before

reaching for his phone to call someone.

Hannah was currently lazing on the couch while pondering about their wedding.

Hmm, since Fabian is the president of Phoenix Group, it must be a grand affair. Will they

spread rumors saying I seduced him on purpose to get my hands on his wealth?

Ha! I'm not afraid cos I've never spent his money. My conscience is clear!

"Hello? Are the custom-made wedding dresses ready?" After making sure everything was in place, Fabian called his assistant.

"Mr. Norton, they are ready. When should I deliver the dresses?"

"Mm, deliver them to my house now."

Fabian then left to head home so he could watch Hannah trying on the wedding dresses.

I shall be the first to see her in a wedding dress!

"I need to ask about the donation. It feels strange, like I was the one who took two hundred million from him," mused Hannah.

They were a family, but Hannah felt like they should make things clear, especially when it comes to money.

Many wealthy families ended up in tatters because of money. She refused to follow in their footsteps by allowing money to ruin their relationship.

She knew Fabian couldn't care less, but that didn't mean the others were fine with it. After all, the Norton family was huge.

Of course, she couldn't afford to pay two hundred million back at once. She could try the lottery, but she would need to hit the jackpot continuously for over one month to repay the debt.

I need to tell Fabian that the money isn't from me.

She was busy figuring out how to tell Fabian when the door was unlocked.

"Oh, you're back."

Hannah turned and immediately spotted Fabian's grinning face. He then nodded and stepped away from the door.

A few ladies in uniforms came into the house in pairs and displayed the wedding dresses in their hands.

“What is this?” Seeing the resplendent wedding dresses, Hannah gasped in shock.

Inwardly, she thought Fabian asked the staff to show up with the gowns as he didn’t want to accompany her to the wedding dress shop.

She rolled her eyes and mumbled, “I won’t force you to go. Why are you doing this? Helen will accompany me there to try out the gowns willingly.”

“Hmm?”

Fabian couldn’t hear what she was saying, but judging from her expression, she was clearly complaining about him again.

He arched his brows in displeasure. I prepared several custom-made wedding gowns for her but ended up being at the receiving end of her grievances.

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Ah, forget it. I’m in a good mood today to pick on you.

“Try them on.”

Fabian pointed at the gowns and gave instructions to Hannah. She pouted in response but stood up obediently and led the ladies to her dressing room.

There, she scrutinized the wedding gowns which Fabian had prepared for her.

“Wow, they are really pretty!”

Her eyes widened in pleasant surprise.

When she was in college, she once saw a wedding dress on display in a photography studio.

Feeling envious, she decided that her future husband would have to buy her a wedding dress for their wedding.

As the wedding gowns were prettier than the one she saw back then, she could barely conceal her delight.

“Are these from different bridal shops?”

Hmm, Fabian’s quite thoughtful. He must’ve picked the gowns carefully.

“We’re from the same bridal shop,” one girl replied.

In fact, her gaze was full of envy.

“Oh,” came Hannah’s disappointed reply. “I thought he picked them out for me.”

The girl was originally confused by Hannah’s expression, but she quickly realized that

Hannah had gotten it wrong.

“Miss, you’ve misunderstood your husband... No, your fiancé.”

“Huh?” Hannah’s confused gaze landed on her. Did I misunderstand Fabian?

“Our bridal shop provides custom-made wedding dresses only.

Your fiancé paid for the top

designer, Bertel from Beskary, to design your dresses. They are unique pieces,” she

explained.

Hannah was pleasantly surprised. Oh, Fabian cares about me. No, he clearly adores me.

She lowered her gaze shyly and took the wedding dress from the shop assistant before

heading into the changing room.

I can’t believe I misunderstood Fabian. He’s innocent. Why did I overthink things and

embarrass myself?

She closed the door and berated herself silently.

Anyway, he often bullies me. I can misunderstand him this once, right?

Hannah took off her clothes and held the wedding gown in front of her body. This is quite

pretty.

“Where is she?”

Fabian walked into the dressing room and asked the shop assistants.

“She’s changing inside the room.”

“Oh?” Fabian flashed a devilishly handsome grin. “Alright. Leave the dresses here. You can leave now.”

The shop assistants were confused, but they put the dresses down and filed out obediently.

After they left, Fabian muttered to himself, “I, her husband, should be the one giving her opinions.”

He pushed the door to the changing room open. Hannah was too engrossed with her own reflection in the mirror to realize he had entered. She only had her undies on.

“Mm, nice view. Hannah, you’re gorgeous,” she praised herself as she posed seductively in front of the mirror.

Suddenly, a pair of leather shoes appeared in her sight. They didn’t belong to her. Stunned, she turned at her shoulder and saw Fabian chuckling evilly. His gaze was fixated on her private part.

Hannah instinctively grabbed a cloth from the rack and covered herself up hastily.

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Her reaction amused Fabian greatly. “I’m your husband. Why are you so afraid of me? Plus, it took a while for you to react. Well, well.

“Why are you here?” yelled Hannah, her voice trembling.

She was still in shock at Fabian’s sudden appearance. A flush crept up her face as Fabian sized her up brazenly.

“Me?” Fabian chuckled. “I’m here to provide my opinion. If you can’t make up your mind, I’ll be here for you.”

Pfft! I know you better than that! You’re here to peek at me. There’s no way you came just to provide an opinion!

“Oh, I’m not done yet,” she replied. “Why don’t you go out first? I’ll come out when I’m done changing.”

“Sure.”

Fabian nodded and turned to leave without hesitation.

Hannah watched him leave dubiously. Huh? Why did he leave so quickly? This isn’t like him.

She trailed behind him so she could lock the door the minute he left the changing room. By doing that, he wouldn’t be able to peek when she was changing. Suddenly, Fabian came to a stop.

Before Hannah could react in time, he reached out and tugged the cloth away to reveal her naked body.

She went wide-eyed and yelled furiously, “Hey! What are you doing?”

Hannah jumped up like a panicked rabbit and moved away from him as she felt a sense of foreboding.

Fabian wasn’t sure if he should laugh or feel exasperated at Hannah’s reaction.

He had always enjoyed seeing Hannah being shy, but he also wished she could accept his advances and go along with him.

“Remember, we are husband and wife,” a calm Fabian reminded Hannah as he gazed at her adoringly.

Reaching out, he pulled a retreating Hannah into his arms and held her tightly, leaving no room for her to back out.

We are husband and wife?

I know that. But how much of that is true?

Hannah struggled to free herself. She didn’t even know why she was doing that, as her heart already belonged to Fabian.

Fabian wrapped his muscular arm around her neck and gazed at her as though he could see through her thoughts.

“Be good and play along. You gave me your word, and I’m just helping you to fulfill your promise,” he uttered.

After saying that, he lowered his head and devoured Hannah’s lips.

Immediately, Hannah shivered from the electrifying sensation that ran through her body.

Fabian’s kiss melted her heart as she closed her eyes slowly.

Fabian’s hands wandered down her back in a fleeting caress.

By now, Hannah’s tongue had gone numb by his dizzying kisses. Her mind was in a daze.

Fabian never stopped kissing her as he slid an arm under her knees and picked her up, striding toward his bedroom.

Once he reached the bedroom, he tossed her onto the bed before pouncing on her greedily.

Gradually, darkness took over. The streetlights lit up one by one, guiding the milling crowd outside.

Meanwhile, Hannah laid in Fabian’s arms. She couldn’t stop staring at him. Every now and then, she would lower her head shyly.

Fabian had a mischievous grin on his lips as he lifted her chin nonchalantly. “You taste nice,” he remarked.

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Hearing his words, Hannah’s cheeks turned pink. She looked up and shot Fabian an accusing look.

“What’s wrong? Are you shy? You were a different woman earlier. Remember how eager you were?” Fabian chuckled and pinched her cheek.

Hannah grabbed his hand hastily and glared at him. "I-I... You..." She was so mad that she couldn't come out with a complete sentence.

Slowly, Fabian retracted his hand from her grip. He held her hands with his and placed them on his chest. "Your hands are chilly," he commented, seemingly concerned.

That almost brought tears to Hannah's eyes. She felt touched by his heartwarming action.

"Looks like I'll have to suffer after we get married," lamented Fabian.

He sighed loudly.

Huh? Hannah was confused. Why will you be the one who suffers? You're lucky to get to marry me! Why would you suffer?

Seeing the curiosity in her gaze, Fabian merely shrugged and said, "I'll have to warm your hands up."

Hannah rolled her eyes and punched him lightly.

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Taking her tiny hands, Fabian pressed them against his chest while pulling her into his embrace with his other hand.

Hannah hesitated for a moment before asking, "Uh, about the donation. What is it about?"

"What about that?"

Fabian knew what she meant, but he pretended to be clueless and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Well, that two hundred million," she added.

"Two hundred million? What are you talking about?"

"Uh, the donation for the poor," Hannah plucked up her courage and blurted out.

"Oh!" Fabian nodded thoughtfully.

Hannah gazed at him expectantly and waited for his explanation.

“Sure, it’s a good thing indeed. You can have it,” came Fabian’s strange reply.

“Huh? What do you mean? I’m talking about that two hundred million.”

Hannah was at a loss for words. Did I fail to explain clearly? Or did Fabian fail to understand me?

“You want two hundred million to donate to charity, right?”

Fabian gazed at her in surprise.

“Ah? When? I know nothing of it!”

Hannah looked up in shock. Did I tell Fabian to donate two hundred million? But I don’t remember asking him to do so! Was I drunk? Or did I lose my memory?

“Just now,” replied Fabian innocently.

“I…” Hannah scowled at once.

“What’s wrong?” Fabian seemed concerned, but inwardly, he was grinning with glee at her reaction.

“It’s fine,” said Hannah as she shook her head. Deep down, she was muttering to herself, I didn’t get drunk. He’s the drunk one.

Fabian grinned and said nothing else. He switched off the lights so they could sleep. His beloved had tried on the wedding dress and was currently slumbering by his side. He could hardly contain his happiness as he pressed a kiss on her forehead before closing his eyes to sleep.

Fabian. Oh, Fabian. Hannah mused silently.

Is he seriously asleep?

I can’t believe how fast he fell asleep.

Our wedding is going to be held tomorrow. I still can’t believe it.

Fabian, do you really love me? You’re going to marry me, but women will still throw

themselves at you. You surely can’t resist their temptations.

Should I loosen the reins? Just like what I've done before?
Should we lead separate lives like
before?

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Ugh, I still can't fall asleep. What time is it now?

Fabian's heartless. How can he remain calm when our wedding is
going to be held
tomorrow?

No, I need to teach him a lesson.

Hannah flicked his forehead and snickered silently. Ha! Serves
you right!

It was a long night for Hannah. When the sun peeked over the
horizon, her eyes finally
fluttered shut.

Sometime later, Fabian opened his eyes and stretched
instinctively. Hannah, who was
resting on his shoulder, promptly jolted awake.

"What time is it?" she asked with her eyes still closed.

Fabian caressed her cheek and replied softly, "It's still early. Get
some sleep."

In reply, he heard Hannah's even breathing.

Shaking his head, he pecked her forehead and got up.

"Mr. Jackson? Are you sure you want to attend the wedding?"

Xavier's assistant queried in
bewilderment.

"I admit defeat. No matter what, Hannah is a great woman who
deserves my blessing. I need
to attend her wedding," answered Xavier calmly. "Get prepared.
We shall be there earlier as I
have something to tell them."

Meanwhile, Leo was admiring his reflection in the mirror in
delight. He kept smoothing out
his shirt while buzzing with happiness.

Today, it was Hannah's and Fabian's wedding. As he was
Hannah's biological father, he

couldn't help but feel happy for them. Of course, he was mostly elated because of Fabian.

When the Norton family rejected Lyna, he felt humiliated, but he only wanted his daughter

to marry into the Norton family to help with his business.

Lyna was his first choice, but he was alright with Hannah marrying Fabian, too.

Right now, Lyna was sitting on the couch with her gaze narrowed.

A cunning grin flitted

across her lips. Hannah Young, you're done for.

"Mm, not bad. I look more stunning than Hannah," Yvette praised herself, nodding in

satisfaction at her reflection in the mirror.

At the thought of Hannah, her gaze turned savage. "I can't believe that brat managed to

seduce Fabian and convinced him to marry her."

Yvette's fists balled up in anger. If Hannah were standing in front of her right now, she

would've given her a punch.

Resentment festered in her whenever she thought about Fabian and Hannah getting

married.

The past scenes flashed across her eyes. Back then, Fabian admitted they were dating each

other. He didn't even forbid the media when they addressed her as "Mrs. Norton."

If it weren't for Hannah, I would be Fabian's bride today.

"Ha! You might be full of schemes, but you will no longer have the chance to fight against

me. I will replace you as Fabian's bride!" Yvette began laughing arrogantly.

Hannah's eyes snapped open suddenly. Sensing the sunlight shining through the window,

she realized it was quite late and got off the bed hastily.

It was her wedding day, so she needed to dress up prettily. It would take at least half an

hour for her to wash her hair, let alone put on makeup and other stuff.

She washed herself up and sat in front of her dressing table to start her makeup routine

when Fabian showed up with three people behind him.

Puzzled, she wondered what Fabian was doing. Is he friends with those people?

The three were clad in casual T-shirts, ripped jeans, and black canvas sneakers.

Their outfits weren't really astonishing because Hannah had those in her wardrobe, too.

However, their hairstyles...

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The three of them had more than three earring holes. Besides, they had their hair dyed in

every imaginable color, and their hairstyles were weird. None of them looked ordinary.

Upon seeing that, Hannah laughed awkwardly and looked at Fabian quizzically as she

queried, "What?"

Actually, her whole sentence was „What the hell are you doing!“.

"They are the make-up artists from a make-up company under Phoenix Group," Fabian

explained.

Before Hannah could get a chance to refuse, he signaled for the artists to move forward. At

that, they immediately approached Hannah.

To the make-up artists and stylists, the first step was to identify the client's face shape and

temperament. After that, they would do a make-up application tailored to the client's

features.

Hence, the three of them surrounded Hannah and sized her up.

Seeing that, immense shock gripped Hannah. These people look at me as though I'm a

baboon! Why? Is there something on my face?

Not long after, the artists started putting on make-up on Hannah. After they had done, Hannah looked at herself in the mirror and widened her eyes in surprise. Is this really me? She was at a loss for words at that time. Oh my god! The make-up is on point! The eyeshadow makes me look so alluring. I think I will definitely look pretty in photos without using a beauty filter now. Hannah pondered to herself.

“Mr. Norton, the make-up is done. Next, we need to go to the hair salon to style Ms. Young’s hair,” One of the make-up artists said. Fabian turned toward Hannah and scrutinized her carefully. At that time, the latter looked prettier and more feminine than usual with make-up on. Upon seeing that, Fabian nodded with satisfaction and instructed gently, “Follow them to the hair salon. I’ll send someone to drive you to the villa that I’ve arranged for your family after you’ve done.”

“Okay,” answered Hannah.

Meanwhile, Helen was putting on make-up at the villa that Fabian arranged for her to stay in with a bright smile on her face. She was glad that Hannah and Fabian found each other and formed a family together. At that time, she was looking forward to seeing their marital home. She was curious how Fabian, who was known for his extravagant spending styles, would decorate their new house.

On the other hand, her parents were sitting on the sofa and kept drinking water. There were constant smiles on their faces. Obviously, Hannah’s marriage got them nervous and excited

at the same time.

Fabian arranged the ceremony at the villa that he prepared for Helen while the wedding banquet was set at Glory Hotel.

Everything was going on as planned.

In his bedroom, Fabian changed into the groom's suit and tied a ribbon on his neck. Then, he put on a broad smile and murmured, "Hmm... this silly girl looked different with heavy make-up."

Meanwhile, the entrance of Glory Hotel was decorated with red buntings and hot air balloons which fluttered along with the wind.

"Congratulations on your wedding day, Fabian and Hannah."

"May today mark the first of the rest of your life, filled with love and fellowship."

"May your love grow stronger with each and every passing year."

At that time, the various luxury cars that were parked at the parking lot of Glory Hotel were sufficient to form an auto show. There were Maybach, Rolls Royce, Bentley, Lamborghini, Porsche, and many more.

In the meantime, at the hotel's lobby, Heather, who had arrived early on, was socializing with the guests.

The guests were all the rich and powerful. The elites from different industries and even the officials of Baykeep had attended the wedding too.

"Go pick your sister-in-law up from the hair salon and send her to the villa. Then, come back here and accompany me to fetch her from the villa," Fabian instructed Jason.

Hearing that, Jason nodded petulantly. He didn't understand why Fabian wanted to make things difficult, but he dared not to question the latter and could just follow the order.

At that time, a few colleagues who acted as bridesmaids at Hannah's wedding had arrived at the villa. They chatted happily with each other and congratulated Hannah sincerely.

"Is everything ready?" Fabian picked up his phone and queried softly.

After receiving responses from the other side, he stood up and walked out of the room.

Then, he got into a white Rolls Royce and ordered in a calm tone, "Head out."

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In an instant, the time seemed to have frozen. The sound of engines roaring filled the entrance of Fabian's villa.

Then, the wedding convoy left the villa. From the convoy, everyone could tell that Fabian

was a rich and powerful person. At that time, all roads leading to the destination were

sealed off. With the police car clearing the path, the Ferrari led the convoy, followed by

Porsches, the Bentleys escorted the black Rolls Royces on both sides while the Hummers

escorted it in front and at the back. In the middle of the black Rolls Royces was Fabian's

white Rolls Royce. It was a grand sight indeed!

Upon seeing that, the passers-by were stunned. Some people even stopped their cars to

watch the ostentatious convoy and to take a selfie.

The paparazzi also whipped out their camera immediately to capture the majestic scene.

"Hahaha! It's finally time for our magazine company to shine.

Hannah is our team member. I

am sure that our magazine sales will definitely reach a new high and surpass other teams

this time."

On the way to Glory Hotel, Bob witnessed the convoy. He couldn't stop himself from chuckling aloud upon seeing those people who kept taking photos with the wedding convoy.

"Heh. Go ahead and take pictures. I don't believe you can get any special and exclusive photos or news," Bob mumbled to himself delightfully. Obviously, he already knew that a few of his team members were Hannah's bridesmaids. With the sirens of the police car, the convoy had arrived at the destination.

Helen thought something serious had happened when she heard that. Hence, she rushed to the window to see what was going on. In the next second, she was greeted by an unexpected sight. A fleet of luxurious cars stopped in front of the villa. Then, she saw Fabian got out of the car. The latter was clad in a custom-made black suit which made him look handsome.

"Woah! What a grand sight!" Helen gulped and exclaimed in surprise.

Despite having prepared herself for an ostentatious wedding convoy, Hannah still hadn't expected the convoy to be that spectacular.

Upon stepping out of the car, Fabian straightened his cuffs. He lifted his head to look at the villa and exclaimed secretly. Finally, I can openly marry you! Then, he instructed indifferently, "Let's go."

As Fabian's loyal subordinate, Jason stood in front to lead the men and walked toward the entrance of the villa. His pocket looked bulging because he had stuffed a stack of cash money inside it.

Helen knew Jason would definitely come and join in the ceremony. Thus, she offered to guard the door in the living room.

"Quick, open the door, missy. Fabian is here to pick up his bride,"

Jason knocked on the

door and said in excitement.

"Why are you so thrilled? This isn't even your wedding," said

Helen as she saw Jason stood

in front and closest to the door via the peephole.

"Tsk! It's not yours either. Why do you have to block the door?

Open the door," Jason

twitched his lips and replied coldly.

"Cut the crap! You have to bribe us for us to open the door!

Otherwise, we won't let you in."

Since Helen was in the villa at that time, she dared to make things difficult for Jason.

"Fine, I give it to you now. Open the door, please."

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Jason knew the more important thing right now was to clear the entrance for Fabian. Hence,

he followed the former's instructions.

He put the money into the red envelopes, arranged them into the shape of an open fan and

showed the envelopes in front of the peephole, and said, "I have

put the money into the

envelopes. Open the door, and I will give it to you now. How am I

going to give it to you if

you don't open the door, Helen?"

After pondering for a short while, Helen realized what Jason said made sense. However, she

didn't open the door immediately because she knew that the latter wouldn't give her the

money once he had gained entrance.

Therefore, she inserted the chain knob into the slide plate before opening the door.

Hearing the sound of the door unlocked, Jason exerted a slight force with his hands, trying to push the door open.

“Hmph! I knew it. Luckily I’m smart. Quick, give me the red envelopes,” said Helen with a proud expression on her face.

Jason didn’t mind that. He took out a few envelopes, passed them to her through the gap of the door, and queried, “Can you open the door now?”

Helen reached her hand out to take over the envelopes. Then, she raised her middle finger at the former.

“Hmph! That’s not enough! Quick, give me all the envelopes. Don’t you dare play games with me or I won’t open the door. Fabian will hold you responsible if you waste his time.”

You! Hmph! This damned lass tricks me again!

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Phew!

Reluctantly, Jason handed Helen all the envelopes because he didn’t want to waste Fabian’s time. He couldn’t afford to offend the latter.

After getting a thick stack of envelopes, Helen stuffed a few of them into other people’s

hands and said aloud, “Give me a moment. Open the door after I enter Hannah’s bedroom.”

With that, she trotted all the way to Hannah’s bedroom. As soon as she entered the room, she threw the envelopes in the air and said excitedly, “Here’s the money! Catch, everyone!”

Meanwhile, Jason rushed into the villa when he saw the door opened. However, he realized

that Helen had already entered Hannah’s room at that time.

Upon seeing that, Fabian let out a soft laugh and shook his head.

“Hannah, Fabian is here. Please open the door. Can you bear to let him wait outside?”

Jason knew that Hannah was soft-hearted, so he tried to appeal to the latter with emotions.

Before Hannah could answer, Helen said, "Tsk! Don't play such a trick. It doesn't work. If you want me to open the door, be a little more sincere."

What? We weren't sincere enough? What should we do to prove our sincerity then?

"We are here to fetch Hannah. Of course, we are sincere. Open the door, please, Helen."

"Hannah, I'm here to pick you up. Open the door, please. Don't waste our time," Fabian stepped forward and said.

Upon hearing that, Hannah stretched out her hand and signaled for Helen to open the door.

"Fabian, don't be affected by Jason. He is not a good person."

Of course, Helen wouldn't let Fabian and his men enter the room that easily.

"I-I... What makes you think I'm not a good person? Did I offend you or anything?"

Jason felt embarrassed that he wished the ground could open up and swallow him when he

heard Helen's words because there were many people standing beside him at that time,

including people from prominent families who had befriended the Goldstein family.

Slander! This is pure slander! How am I going to face the world after this?

"Fabian, I'll open the door, but..." Helen played hard to get.

Looking at her mischievous sister, Hannah didn't know what Helen was plotting in her mind,

so she stared at the former curiously.

"Finish your sentence! Stop dilly-dallying. Hurry up!"

Jason got increasingly impatient. He planned to bully Helen later on when she opened the door.

“Ahem!” Helen cleared her throat and continued, “But on one condition. Fabian, you have to sing a song for us.”

The moment those words left her lips, silence descended upon the villa. Everyone turned to look at Fabian.

To be frank, they had never heard Fabian sing before. Usually, when they went for a gathering, he sat at the corner quietly while others were singing. “Hmm... Baa Baa Black Sheep. Sing Baa Baa Black Sheep,” Helen didn’t realize anything wrong at all and continued to request Fabian to sing a nursery rhyme.

Hannah was rendered speechless when she heard that. Oh my god! My sis is crazy. Even I never heard Fabian sing a song before. How dare you ask him to sing a nursery rhyme.

On the other hand, everyone in the bedroom was dumbfounded by Helen’s words. But at the same time, delighted smiles appeared on their faces. After a momentary daze, they took out recording pens and pointed them at the door.

If Fabian really did as Helen said, the news headline would be: President of Phoenix Group sings nursery rhyme to gain entrance to the bride’s room on his wedding day.

“Cough, cough! Baa Baa Black Sheep? Fabian, I can’t help you with this,” Jason took a glance at Fabian and said with much regret on his face.

Suddenly, the atmosphere became awkward. A heavy silence so intense filled the space that the sounds of their breathing could be heard clearly.

At that moment, Hannah wanted to say something, but she couldn’t bring herself to break the silence. To be honest, she was slightly excited and looking forward to hearing Fabian

sing.

She could barely imagine how Fabian looked like when he sang a nursery rhyme.

“Fabian, how is it? I’ve told you the task that you have to complete to gain entrance. To sing or not to sing, the decision is in your hands.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1250

Hannah could make out Helen’s impatience in the way she gave out orders. She scanned the room, observing her colleagues who were each holding a recorder in their hands, and sighed inwardly.

She thought Helen might have overdone it. She had been in a committed relationship with Fabian for so long, she knew his character in and out. Usually, he seemed cold and indifferent. He barely spoke even when he was expressing care and concern for her.

“Helen, I think...”

Hannah had barely opened her mouth to speak when she was interrupted by a voice coming from outside.

“Come on, please don’t make me sing Baa Baa Black Sheep. Can I sing a different song?”

Fabian suggested.

Everyone in the vicinity was shocked to hear him say that. Does this mean we’ll really get to hear Fabian sing today?

“Um... That’s fine, I guess. But if it’s no good I’m not letting you in.” After a moment’s consideration, Hannah agreed.

Jason grimaced. He turned to whisper to Fabian, “Are you sure about this, Fabian? I think we should just kick down the door.”

Clearly, he had little confidence in Fabian’s ability to deliver a song. He had been working

under Fabian for so many years and he had never seen or heard Fabian sing. Not once. The man might make a fool of himself later.

“Um, I think Jason has a point. Let’s bring down the door and save all of us some trouble,”

said another one of Fabian’s wealthy acquaintances.

“Right, I was thinking that too. It just so happens that we have all the tools we need.”

Another person even took out a military shovel. It seemed that he had gotten himself prepared before coming to call.

Fabian surveyed those around him and shook his head. Everyone was looking for ways to resolve his awkwardness, which was ironic because it meant they had little confidence in him.

“Fine, I’ll have a go.”

Fabian paced around his spot, gradually opened his icy-cold lips, and broke into song.

“Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendour. Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender. Turn your face away from the garish light of day. Turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling light. And listen to the music of the night.”

Hannah stared off into space as she listened intently to Fabian’s love song. Happiness shone brightly on her face, as though Fabian was dedicating the serenade to her and her alone.

As the love song drew to an end, Hannah was still immersed in her dream world. She

imagined Fabian getting down on one knee, holding an engagement ring. He stared deeply and affectionately into her eyes as he sang. Slowly, he held her hand and slipped the ring ever so gently onto her ring finger.

“Ahem. Fabian, when did you learn to sing like that?” Jason asked, somewhat awkwardly.

If he had known that Fabian could sing so well, he would not have spoken out of turn.

Clack! The door opened. Helen emerged from behind the door and nodded in satisfaction.

She commended Fabian, “Oh, Fabian, that was unexpected! You sang so wonderfully, no wonder my sister’s infatuated with you.”

Hannah promptly regained her senses, her face a furious red. This was the first time she heard Fabian sing.

“Although we’ve let you in, we still have to follow the rules. Look at the crowd gathered here,” Helen continued.

For Fabian, who was known for his generosity, parting with some of his riches should not be a problem.

“Let’s go.”

Fabian said softly as he stepped forward and held Hannah’s hand.

Outside, waiting for Fabian, a middle-aged man gripped the steering wheel tightly with both hands. He stared straight ahead, waiting for Fabian to exit the house with his bride. Beads of sweat poured over his forehead.

“Why isn’t he out yet? Hey, do you think there’s anything fishy going on?”

Next to him, a younger man peered out of the window.

“I’ve informed my family before I agreed to this gig. Just looked at that fleet. I’m guessing we aren’t likely to make it out of this alive. But it’s better to take the chance than to live in poverty for a lifetime,” the middle-aged man said bitterly.

“Oh, come on. No need to get so down. We’ve received half a million, haven’t we? We’re

basically set for life! We finish this, get the other half a million, and then we can leave this place with our family.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1251

Another man smoked a cigarette in his hand. He said, “Don’t say that. I believe in you. We can all get out of this alive. Look, the fleet is here. I’ll meet you over there.”

With that said, the smaller one got out of the car and climbed into another one some distance away.

Hannah sat in the white Rolls-Royce. Quietly, she leaned against her seat, her head slightly turned sideways as she watched the crowd coming and going on the streets. Among the cars in the city, hers was the most eye-catching. The passers-by were casting envious glances at her. She could feel it. They were also excited at the chance to witness such a luxurious wedding.

Her face was filled with happiness. She and Fabian had tied the knot. This day had finally come after all. Once upon a time, she had assumed that Fabian was just using her to brush off his family’s nagging him to get married, but at that moment she could feel the man’s unspoken and intense love for her.

She also knew very well what her marriage to Fabian would mean. It indicated that she would be facing many more setbacks. Among them, the members of the Norton family might make things difficult for her, or that Fabian’s other potential suitors would plot against her. Yet, she was not afraid. In her opinion, since she had accepted Fabian’s love, she would not take a step back.

The more she thought about it, the more she clenched her fists. Next to her, Fabian looked on and proceeded to place her hand in his.

“What’s wrong?”

“Oh, nothing. I just—Ah!”

Hannah let out a scream before she could finish her sentence.

The next moment, she found herself falling onto Fabian’s lap.

She turned sideways and was just about to sigh at Fabian when the black spot she was looking at grew bigger and bigger.

The cars in the fleet followed closely behind one another. While the car in front had barely moved, the car at the back had already closed in.

Hannah began to panic. She knew that there were people who were reluctant to see her get

married to Fabian, and this could be them executing their vengeance. If it had been a coincidence, why had that car hit this white Rolls Royce in particular, and not the other cars at the back or front? Obviously, this was some part of a deliberate plot.

Come on, hit me with all you’ve got! I’m marrying Fabian if it’s the last thing I do! I’m not afraid of anything!

Fabian held Hannah in a tight embrace. Although Hannah’s wrist hurt a little from the force, she felt warm and safe in his arms.

Upon seeing this, the driver of the car hurriedly swerved to the other side, directly crashing through all the guard rails on his side of the road. However, right at that moment, an army-green pickup truck emerged from the other side and was charging towards them at a speed comparable to that of a sports car!

After the driver hit the railing, he slammed his feet on the gas pedal, turned around so that

he was driving in the opposite direction of the lane, and sped through.

Screams erupted from the passers-by on the sidewalk. Those in the vicinity got away as fast as they could, their pupils enlarged as they witnessed a tragedy about to happen.

“Ah! Run!”

A woman less than ten meters away from the pickup truck gave a loud shriek as she tried her hardest to run away. She could clearly see a large tank chained to the trunk of the pickup truck. It was oily outside, and there was a pungent smell in the air.

Needless to say, she could guess what that thing was. In the event of an explosion, the result would be devastating.

In a twinkling of an eye, the driver of the white Rolls-Royce carrying Fabian and Hannah hit the gas with all his might. The engine hummed loudly, while the pickup truck gained on them like a tiger chasing its prey.

Crash!

The pickup truck drove by and crashed against the white Rolls Royce, knocking off a part of its trunk.

What happened next was a loud bang as the pickup truck collided with another car.

Boom! Thump!

The oil tank on the pickup truck exploded, resulting in a raging fire.

There was a hiss and, soon after, the glass windows of the white Rolls Royce shattered into pieces.

Hannah tugged at Fabian’s collar tightly. She was shivering.

A white spark rushed out of the fiery red mass.

Fabian slowly rose from the seat. He swept away the glass shards on his back and stroked Hannah's flustered cheeks. "Don't be scared. I'm here," he said, comforting her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1252

Hannah grabbed hold of Fabian and burst into tears.

The car came to a stop after it had driven a short distance away.

They were lucky that the driver reacted quickly, and that the Rolls-Royce was a fast car.

Without either one, Fabian and Hannah could not have lived to tell the tale.

"Hey... rest in peace."

The aid was shaking all over as he choked. Then, he started the car again and drove away from the chaotic scene.

The car behind Fabian had quickly backed away when the intruding car approached, but its windows had shattered because of the explosion. Many passengers in the car suffered from minor injuries and were taken to the hospital.

"Mr. Norton, it seems that you have been right to worry." The speaker was the person

Fabian had purposefully called some time ago. The man was a retired serviceman of the

Chanaean special force. Fabian had the man deliberately transferred to their location upon receiving the news.

"Alright. We're safe. Let's get into a different car."

Fabian took Hannah's hand and opened the car door.

Jason sprinted over to them. After he confirmed with his own eyes that Fabian and Hannah were safe and sound, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Fabian, that was a close call. We must find out the culprit behind all this. I'll kill them!"

"Alright, let's put this behind us. We have a wedding to see through. We can deal with the

rest later.”

Fabian shrugged.

“Hello? Okay. Understood. Remember, I want you to deal with the rest. Leave no evidence behind. Or I’ll deal with you!”

Lyna sat in a corner on the first floor of Glory Hotel. Her face turned grim after she got off the phone.

“Ho! Fortune favors the bold, Hannah. You’re lucky to escape death.”

Lyna raised the glass of wine in her hand and gulped it down. Her lips curled into a sly grin.

“But this is getting much more interesting. I didn’t think there’d be other parties who dared to join in on this venture. They’re just as bold as I am, if not more. Maybe, just maybe, I can seek them out and work together to get rid of Hannah once and for all. Let’s see if that woman can survive the storm.”

At the same time, Yvette had also gotten wind that the plan had failed. Compared to Lyna, she was far more nervous. Her face turned deadly pale for fear that Fabian would find out that she was the one behind the attack.

It was naturally easy for Fabian to invest in her. The reason for her achievements to date was largely due to Fabian’s support.

Similarly, it would be just as easy for Fabian to kill off her career. It would be tantamount to squashing an ant.

She downed a few more glasses before leaving the reception hall in a haste.

Over the years, Fabian had seen his fair share of tragedies and had braved through countless obstacles in life. What just happened was practically a piece of cake to him.

Although infuriated, he set his rage aside for now. In his mind, his marriage to Hannah was of top priority.

Fabian had been holding his bride's hand, and that made Hannah a lot calmer. The interlocking of their fingers gave her a great sense of security. The pair had finally arrived at the entrance of Glory Hotel. As soon as they got out of the car, the crowd rushed over and surrounded them. Among the crowd were several reporters, their cameras flashing.

The crowd escorted them into the hall.

Heather approached the couple when they finally showed up.

"Fabian, what took you so long? The guests have been waiting! Quick, get up there and make a speech so that we may begin the ceremony!"

Fabian nodded. He did not even consider mentioning the accident to his mother because he did not want her to worry. Furthermore, he was confident that he could resolve the matter privately.

"Today, I am pleased to have all of you here to attend my wedding. I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Fabian stepped onto the stage, took over the microphone, and addressed the audience.

"Without further ado, I hope you all can have a good time today."

Fabian finished his speech and passed the microphone back to the host. During the whole process, he never let go of Hannah's hand, while his eyes actively scanned the crowd, looking for suspects. He believed that the culprit who had attempted to kill him and his wife was most likely among the guests.

“Okay, that was a simple speech from Mr. Norton himself. The auspicious hour is upon us, so let’s get to the main event.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1253

“Cheers!”

The hall rumbled with excitement.

When the wedding was about to begin, there was thunderous applause from the audience.

Everyone cheered, as though they were the ones who were getting married. For so long,

Fabian had led a low-key life, but he was very efficient in his work.

Coupled with the fact

that he came from an industrious family with a large business, his network of friends and

acquaintances stretched far and wide, with a few bootlickers among them.

In the reception hall, Leo could not be prouder. He told everybody who would listen that

Hannah was his daughter and that soon she would take Fabian’s last name. On top of that,

Fabian also had some business to negotiate with him.

Not far away, Winson glanced at the couple with a silly smile on his face. Among those in

the Blackwood family, he might possibly be the only one to wish the couple a happy

marriage with all sincerity.

At that point, Helen turned to Jason, her brows beetled. “Aren’t you supposed to be good at

this? Why aren’t you doing anything? How useless. And you call yourself a man?”

“What do you mean „useless“? How am I not a man? Fabian said we’re to put everything on

hold for now, at least until after the wedding,” Jason replied confidently.

“Hmph! They’re the ones getting married, not you! You should hurry up and get to the

bottom of this. We don't want any trouble at the reception," Helen added.

"I... You..." Annoyed, Jason's lips trembled as he stuttered, unable to formulate a proper sentence. He turned his head in the other direction, ignoring Helen. It was then that he inadvertently noticed someone eyeing viciously at the couple on the stage.

"Look! I knew that woman was suspicious! I suspect she's the one behind all this," Jason told Helen in all seriousness.

But Helen would not have it. She did not even glance at him. Her eyes were glued to the stage.

Tsk! Ignoring me, are you? Fine! I don't want to be bothered with your tomboyish ways anyway!

The pastor was standing between the couple, holding a thick Bible in his hand. "Do you, Fabian Norton, take Hannah Young to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Fabian gazed deeply into Hannah's eyes, and replied to the pastor, "I do!"

The pastor asked Fabian again, "Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor her family as your own, to live together in matrimony, to keep her for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, to be faithful only to her, for as long as you both shall live? Are you willing to make this promise in front of all eyes present?"

Fabian took a deep breath and stepped forward. "I do."

Next, after a pause, he addressed the audience below. "I, Fabian Norton, in the eyes of God and everyone present here as my witnesses, take Hannah Young to be my lawfully wedded

wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, comfort her, honor her, cherish her, be faithful only to her, for as long as I shall live.”

Hannah was slightly shaking as she listened to Fabian say his vows. She could clearly feel the true love he had for her wrapped up in his every word. Tears began to well up in her eyes.

The guests that day were also touched by Fabian’s vows. Although he was not particularly loud, no one doubted the credibility of his speech. The promises laid bare, spoken by a man of his stature, were wonderful indeed!

“Way to go, Fabian!”

Helen sighed as she unconsciously waved her fist at the couple. Then, she looked at the man next to her and said, “See that, Jason? Learn from him, can you? That’s what I call a good man.”

Aggrieved, Jason wondered, why is someone else’s good fortune somehow my fault too?

No compare, no despair! Besides, I’m not so bad myself!

The pastor then turned towards Hannah with the same set of questions. “Do you, Hannah

Young, take Fabian Norton to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

Tears ran down Hannah’s cheeks, but she managed a sweet smile and replied loud and clear, “I do!”

The pastor continued, “Are you willing to marry him, as you come of age, to be his gentle and dignified wife, to love him, to respect him, to help him, to live together in matrimony, to honor his family as your own, to perform your duty as his wife, for as long as you both shall live? Are you willing to make this promise in front of all eyes present?”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1254

Holding the microphone in her hands, Hannah knew she was choking up. She parted her bright red lips to say something but stopped. Then she took some time to gather her thoughts. When she was ready, she looked at the crowd and proclaimed affectionately, "I do. I, Hannah Young, am willing to marry Fabian Norton as I come of age, and live together in matrimony with him as my husband."

She did not stop there. In fact, she had more to say, "Whatever happens, we'll face it together, till death do us part."

Phew!

Hannah let out a long sigh. She knew that many people present that day would think she had hit the jackpot by marrying into the Norton family, and that that meant she had successfully sought connections with the rich and affluent. What they did not know was how long she had waited and how much she had sacrificed for that day to become a reality.

Perhaps there would be many more obstacles waiting for her in the future, but she had little to fear, because she had Fabian by her side, and that was enough for her!

Helen felt her eyes water when she heard her sister's serious and romantic speech. In fact, she knew deep down that Hannah was actually talking to the many naysayers out there who frowned upon their relationship.

"You may exchange the wedding rings."

As soon as the pastor announced the next step, the ring bearer and the flower girl walked towards the aisle, holding the rings.

Fabian bent down to take the ring from the children. Then he held Hannah's hand in his,

before slowly slipping the wedding ring onto her ring finger. Next, it was Hannah's turn. She took the second ring and put it on Fabian's ring finger as well. After that, they embraced each other, and a thunderous applause erupted among the audience.

However, there was one person in the crowd who did not conform to the majority. She did not put her hands together, but instead muttered sinisterly to herself, "What's this? Lovers and their happily ever after? What a joke! Fabian! Hannah! Just you wait. I'll make sure nothing ends well for you."

She was none other than Lyna. Not only had she failed to marry into the Norton family as she wished, but witnessing the newlyweds showing their love for each other on stage left a bad taste in her mouth. She felt nothing but hatred towards them.

"Fabian, why didn't you choose me? Why have you chosen this woman? She has neither charm nor a good background. Why? Tell me why! How am I not comparable to her? How am I inferior to her?"

As Lyna stormed away from the ceremony, she mumbled to herself, "Fabian, since you have sealed your fate, then don't blame me for being cruel. I want your Phoenix Group to fall.

Mark my words, you forced me to do this. It's all on you!"

"And you, Hannah! I'll never forgive you! Isn't beauty what every woman wants? Do you think you're so smug now? Wait till I ruin that pretty face of yours! We'll see if Fabian still wants you!"

Fabian approached his bride and gently wiped the tears away from her face. He whispered

to Hannah, "Silly girl, why are you crying. Does marrying me make you so unhappy?"

In a sweet, romantic gesture, Fabian gently stroked the tip of Hannah's nose as he spoke.

Blushing, Hannah chided him, "Oh my gosh, why have you become so shameless?"

After that, the wedding proceeded in an orderly manner. No other accidents occurred.

Fabian and Hannah went from table to table to greet their guests and performed toast after

toast. Soon, Hannah, who was a lightweight, to begin with, got a little drunk.

Fabian got someone to send Hannah to their marital home. Helen volunteered.

"Hannah, who do you think attacked you on the way here?"

Helen accompanied her sister back to her marital home. She popped the question after she

got Hannah to sit down.

Hannah might be a little dazed but her mind was still clear. She gave it some thought, then

shook her head and asked Helen in return, "What? Do you know who did it?"

Helen had something to say on the tip of her tongue, but she held back. Instead, she merely

shook her head.

"Oh, that's what I thought. How could you possibly know? If you do know, you would have

told me sooner, wouldn't you?" Hannah fell back on her seat and shut her eyes.

"I... Jason... he..."

Helen kept stammering, and for a long time, she could not produce a complete sentence.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and belted out, "Argh! Jason says he suspects Lyna."

"Lyna? Of the Blackwoods? How can it possibly be her? She's so nice to me. She took such

good care of me when I was in the hospital. It most certainly can't be her," Hannah replied with a smile.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1255

"I don't think it is, but that's what Jason says," Helen stated as she squeezed her fingers, feeling awkward.

Hannah shook her head, not quite believing it. She was more inclined to believe that Lyna had been genuine towards herself and that the woman had not been pretending.

"Mr. Norton."

On the other hand, Fabian had finished performing the toast for every table. He had retreated to one of the private rooms at Glory Hotel. Standing in front of him was a middle-aged man dressed in a tunic.

Fabian sat with his legs crossed as he lit himself a cigarette. He took a puff, raised his head, and released a circle of smoke into the air. Usually, he would not smoke, but now there was one between his fingertips, which meant that he was somewhat troubled.

"How's the investigation going? Did you find out who the culprit was?" Fabian's tone was icy cold and unnerving but, then again, someone had dared to attack his woman on his turf. He had every right to be furious.

"Mr. Norton, we caught an accomplice, but..." the middle-aged man did not continue, for fear of provoking Fabian.

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"But what?" Fabian uncrossed his legs, put out the cigarette butt in the ashtray, and asked flatly.

"But... we've used every trick in the book. He just wouldn't fess up. I think he really doesn't

know anything about the case,” the middle-aged man reported to Fabian while wiping the sweat off his forehead.

“Oh? Is that the only explanation you’ve got for me?” Fabian promptly rose from his seat and glared at the man, who got so frightened that he shuddered. The man was a prominent underworld figure in Baykeep, but he was still no match against Fabian. He might have dominated the mafia in the city he came from, but he was a local bully at most, while Fabian was a powerful contender. My wife has been targeted today, on my territory! Even I almost... Gah! Talk about bad luck!

The man gulped. He tried to explain, “Mr. Norton, let’s not rush things. I’ll definitely get to the bottom of this. I’ve found some clues, you see, and I can confirm that the car accident was not the work of a single person.”

Fabian nodded, motioning the middle-aged man to go on.

“One gang drove the Volkswagen while another gang drove the pickup truck. The ones in the Volkswagen were clearly professional killers hired from the black market. We found a pistol hidden in the car, perhaps they had planned to...” Fabian understood before the man even finished the sentence.

The man paused and continued, “We caught one of the fellows on the pickup truck. He was supposed to be the aid, but the driver set the gasoline on fire.

“The man we caught is most likely a farmer from a remote village who doesn’t seem to have any idea what’s going on. Nevertheless, we have also delved into the black market for information. I believe there will be news soon. So, Mr. Norton, I hope you can give me some more time. I’ll definitely find out the truth for you.”

“You’re off the case,” Fabian turned his head slightly and said to the middle-aged man.

“Mr. Norton! I...” The middle-aged man paled with fright when he heard that. If he’s taking me off the case, that means I’m...

He did not dare to think what would happen. With trembling legs, he implored Fabian, “Mr.

Norton, I beg of you, please give me another chance. Let me make it up to you, I...”

“Alright! Shut it! You should be thankful there were no casualties this time, or else ten of your heads would not even be enough to compensate. In the future, keep your eyes open.

Report to me in advance if you see anything suspicious. Now, get out!” Fabian said in disappointment, his eyes dimmed.

Relieved to hear that, the man nodded and bowed to Fabian as a token of apology. “Thank you, Mr. Norton! Thank you very much!” The way he said that it was as if Fabian had saved his entire family.

After the middle-aged man left, Fabian sank into his thoughts.

The reason why he

discontinued that man’s investigation was, firstly, because he had his own connections,

which could be more efficient than that single man, and would gather more accurate

information too. Secondly, Finnick’s name came to mind.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1256

Finnick had called Fabian the day before his wedding to remind him of something. If it had

not been for him, Fabian would not have recruited someone else to be his driver. In other

words, Finnick technically saved their lives.

Since Finnick had reminded Fabian to make certain changes, his saying so was definitely not

unfounded. He must have received plenty of inside information.

After pondering over it,

Fabian got out his phone and dialed Finnick's number.

"Hello? Is that you, Fabian? What's up? I heard the wedding vows that you had prepared for

your wife at the wedding ceremony today. It was so surreal. I envy you. Please accept my

hearty congratulations."

When Finnick realized the phone call was from Fabian, he took the call enthusiastically.

Because of the incident with Vivian, Finnick had always felt guilty towards Fabian, so he had

been helping out Fabian a lot behind the scenes.

"Thanks." Fabian took a deep breath and, after a short pause, went straight to the point, "I

believe you've gotten wind of the news. I was involved in a car accident after picking up

Hannah."

Once his phone rang and Finnick realized it was Fabian on the other line, he basically

figured out why his nephew was calling him. And he was right.

"Yes, I've heard about it."

"What I want to know is... who's behind it?" Fabian asked.

Finnick was not one for banter. He quickly provided what he

knew. "I can't say for sure who's

behind it, but I've received news through my connections that someone was offering ten

million on the black market to anyone who could hurt your wife.

It's highly likely that the

culprit is from the Blackwood family or anyone who wants to marry into the Norton family."

After hearing that, Fabian nodded briefly and even joked in

response, "Wow! I didn't expect

that my wife and I are only worth ten million on the black market.

Okay, that's all I want to

ask. Sorry for the intrusion."

“Right. I think there’ll be more trouble ahead after what happened today. Stay alert, Fabian,”
Finnick voiced his concern over the phone.
After Fabian hung up the phone, he thought over carefully what Finnick had just told him. Who is it that wants to harm Hannah? The Blackwood family? Someone who wants to marry into the Norton family?
Fabian considered the number of women he had associations with, and eventually shook his head. It had been fine to cast them in movies. It had been fine to sleep with them. But this?
He had to draw the line. He would bet that they had not the guts to do so.
Fabian felt hurt just thinking about it. Who could it be? Hannah is married to me now. She cares little for the Blackwood family fortune, so the Blackwood family doesn’t have a motive.
Besides, it doesn’t seem right to get on my bad side for the inheritance, does it? Won’t that be too risky? They can’t be that foolish, can they?
Suddenly, an image of another person appeared in his mind. Fabian gave it some thought, his eyes narrowed involuntarily as he put together the series of events that he had been through, only to become increasingly certain of his hunch.
Thud, thud.
Someone was knocking on the door.
Fabian shouted at his visitor, his eyebrows creased, “Come in.”
“Mr. Norton, I’ve just received news from the black market. The identity of your attacker has been confirmed,” the visitor told Fabian.
“Oh, is that so?” The corner of Fabian’s lips curled up. I wonder if it’s who I think it is.
The visitor handed a document to Fabian, who gave it a quick look-through.

“It’s you! The audacity! I have certainly underestimated you!”
Fabian’s eyes grew cold when he saw the name on the document. He threw the papers heavily onto the floor and spoke to the visitor, “That’s all for now. You may go.”
Fabian rose from his seat, ready to head back to his marital home. His darling wife was still waiting for him after all. He might be mad at what happened, but he had a wife to care for now, hadn’t he?
Fabian swayed back and forth as he walked. He had drunk more than his fair share. Not that he was unable to hold his own liquor, but today was his big day after all. There were several hiccups along the way, but those would not affect his mood. “What? Another gang? Who are they? Have you checked?”
In another part of the city, Lyna twisted her brows together. She, too, had started her own investigation. She wanted to know who else besides herself would dare to pull a stunt like that.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1257

“Ms. Blackwood, I’ve also found the answers you seek. The other party is led by Yvette, a popular celebrity in film and entertainment,” the informant reported.

“Yvette? That woman who’s rather close to Fabian?” Lyna snorted. “Who would have guessed that a foolish woman like her had the gall to do something like this. If I can find her, surely Fabian can do the same. Oh, a miserable fate awaits her. Hahaha!”

Lyna had pegged Yvette as nothing but Fabian’s plaything. She held the greatest contempt for the star actress. Both of them might have practically committed the same crime but, to

Lyna, she had done it for a much nobler cause. Once she had Hannah eliminated from the equation, then she would be the Norton family's rightful daughter-in-law. As for Yvette? She was nothing more than one of Fabian's filthy rags. "Alright, that's all. You can go now," Lyna gave the informant a wave, motioning him to leave.

But that person had no intention of leaving. He just stood there in front of Lyna, and she was getting irritated.

"What are you still standing there for? I told you to go. Do you understand me?" Lyna was already quite furious. Her own plans failed time and time again, and she had to watch Fabian and Hannah show their affection in public that day. Even a subordinate was going against her. Fed up, she lashed out at the informant, pouring out her dissatisfaction, and even went as far as to pick up a teacup on the table and smash it onto the floor.

The man quickly turned sideways when he noticed Lyna's fury. He hesitated whether he should bring up the issue on his mind. Eventually, he spoke, "Miss, about the payment..."

He did not go on. He just looked at Lyna as he waited for her answer.

Lyna only got angrier at his request. You've done such a shabby job, and I don't even know if Fabian would find out about me, yet here you are asking me about payment? Are you incredibly bold or incredibly foolish?

Those were her thoughts, but she kept them to herself, because she knew she would need more help later. If she had revealed what had been on her mind, she would surely be

blacklisted in the black market, and by then she would have nothing to gain.

“What’s the rush? I’m the successor of the Blackwood Group, do you think I’ll withhold your money? You may leave now. I’ll transfer the money to your account in a few days,” Lyna muttered impatiently and showed the man out the door.

At Fabian and Hannah’s marital home.

“Fabian, come here.” As soon as Fabian opened the door to the house, he heard Hannah calling his name, albeit vaguely. She was obviously drunk, her speech reduced to incoherent slurs.

Fabian resisted a giggle, and for a moment he thought Hannah should probably build up her tolerance to alcohol. But then he changed his mind.

Hannah’s my wife now, why does she need to do that? I suppose this is fine too.

With that in mind, Fabian strode towards the master bedroom.

“Fabian, listen to me carefully. Right here is a bucket of chicken soup. I want you to drink it all! To the very last drop! Do it, otherwise...”

Fabian had just arrived at the doorway when he heard Hannah’s demands. He grimaced. The door of the bedroom was left open. Fabian stepped in and surveyed the room.

In Hannah’s hand was a bottle of wine. She was holding it in front of Helen, with one hand on her hips. She slowly pronounced her next few words, “Otherwise... Ho! Ho!”

Fabian froze, suddenly at a loss for words at the sight of Hannah’s comical posture and inarticulate ramblings. Silly woman. Emboldened by liquid courage, haven’t you? Looks like you should refrain from drinking alcohol in the future.

Fabian strolled towards them and snatched the wine bottle away from Hannah's hand. He said to her, "Alright, you've had too much to drink. You should take a rest."

Exactly as Fabian had predicted, Hannah was hammered. But would drunk Hannah behave similarly to normal Hannah? Yeah, right! Before drinking, she belonged to the Earth. After drinking, everything on Earth belonged to her. "I... I... I'm not drunk! Don't touch me!" Hannah exclaimed when Fabian snatched the wine bottle away from her. She pointed a finger at Fabian, wobbling unsteadily.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1258

"Fabian, um..." Helen found herself in an awkward position. This was the couple's wedding night in their marital home, so what in the world was she doing there?

"Fabian, it's great that you're back! If you'll excuse me, I should probably get going. I'll leave my sister to you!" Not waiting for Fabian's reply, Helen took off. "Phew, thank god for my quick thinking." Helen patted her chest and rejoiced once she exited the house. At first, she wanted to eavesdrop. She really did. She thought it would be fun to know what Hannah's drunk personality would end up doing.

But then it occurred to her that Hannah and Fabian might have plans for intimacy that night.

That would never do, so she shook her head and left in a hurry.

"Fabian, come on! It's your turn to serve me! I want to change my clothes and get ready for bed!" Hannah shambled towards Fabian and placed a hand on his shoulder. She tilted her head at him and said in a commanding tone, like an emperor ordering his eunuch.

Hannah felt as though her body was drifting. Everything seemed to be happening in a dream. She and her sister had been calling for Fabian to serve them, and somehow Fabian actually turned up.

Thank you, God, for granting me such a wonderful dream. I promise I'll pay you my due respect when I wake up.

Hannah gently lifted Fabian's chin with her dainty hand and turned his head both ways, while her other hand moved to pinch his cheeks again and again. "Wow, it's almost like the real deal. Interesting, very interesting indeed!" Hannah pursed her lips, deep in thought, and then, in her drunken state, peered drowsily at Fabian.

Having had his cheeks fondled by Hannah like that, Fabian grimaced even more.

What do you mean „like the real deal“? This is the real deal! Fabian grabbed Hannah by the wrist and shot her an angry look. He was about to go ballistic but stopped at the sight of her adorable, bashful face. He could not bring himself to do it.

He let out a deep sigh. He softened his tone but not his words.

"Do you know who's standing in front of you?"

"Tsk! Don't try to scare me. You're Fabian, aren't you? The president of Phoenix Group,"

Hannah said angrily as she mustered enough strength to fling his arm away.

"But! You should know, you're on my turf. I don't care if you own ten thousand Phoenix Groups. That doesn't work. In my dream, I'm the boss, and you have to listen to me!"

Hannah boasted with her hands on her hips as she stared at Fabian with her head held high.

To put it simply, she meant, what are you going to do about it?
You don't like it? Hit me
then! I dare you!

Fabian was sure Hannah had been way past drunk. She even
thought she was
dreaming. Silly woman, he thought, you think you're in a dream,
don't you? But how dare
you treat me like this in your dream? It sounds like you bear a
deep grudge against me. I'll
forgive you this time since it's our wedding day. Next time
though, I won't let you go so
easily...

Reluctantly, Fabian put aside the wine bottle, carried Hannah in
his arms, and, in a whirl,
tossed her onto their bed.

"Argh, damn it! How dare you do this to me! I can make you
disappear, do you hear me?"

Hannah did not feel any pain at all, because the bed provided a
soft landing, but that only
reinforced her theory that everything was happening in her
dream.

Ho! Fabian! You're finally where I want you to be. I would be
going against my own
principles if I don't seize this chance to torture you. You should
know, you can be quite
domineering. So if you ever force yourself on me, I'll be sure to
return the favor in my
dreams!

Hannah sat up abruptly when she noticed that Fabian's eyes
bore a hint of dissatisfaction.

"Geez, man. How can you be so arrogant even in my dream? Oh,
you're really in for it!"

Hannah mumbled to herself.

Alluringly, she beckoned Fabian with a hooked finger, "You, take
off my wedding dress.

Sure, it's nice and romantic when I wear it, but I'm getting hot under all these layers."

Fabian watched as a capricious Hannah bossed him around. It only served to fan the flames he had been trying to contain.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1259

A sly smile appeared on Fabian's face as he approached Hannah. Hannah nodded, satisfied. She was going to have so much fun, between drinking wine, bullying Fabian, and having her fantasies.

Seeing how obedient Fabian was, Hannah turned her back towards him and motioned for him to unzip her dress.

The sound that Hannah heard roused her suspicions. Was that ripping? She reached behind and felt around her back. Her dress was torn!

Fabian had ripped Hannah's wedding dress wide open. With a grin, he said, "Okay, you can take it off now!"

"F*ck! You actually tore my wedding dress? Alright, I've got a bone to pick, mister." Hannah rushed towards Fabian in a huff.

But before reaching Fabian, Hannah stopped.

Wait, this is a dream, right? It's no big deal. So what if it's torn? Everything will be back to normal when I wake up anyway.

"Fine, I'll let it slide. But if you misbehave, you're done for!"

Hannah had an imperious air about her, almost as if her forgiveness was doing him a big favor. Without stopping to see Fabian's reaction, she slipped out of her wedding dress. Hannah had been feeling uncomfortable and had wanted to remove her dress during the wedding.

However, Fabian's arrival had sent her mind into a flurry, and her momentary discomfort was forgotten.

“Honestly, you’re incorrigible. You’re still so domineering and rude even in my dreams.”

This silly girl is interesting.

Fabian looked at Hannah, who seemed to assume that she was still dreaming. He then decided to see what other shenanigans she would engage in if left to her own devices.

Hannah moved about the room clumsily, struggling to remove her wedding dress. She managed to wrestle the sleeves off before finally collapsing on the bed to shimmy out of her dress slowly.

Fabian held his breath, as heat pooled in his lower belly. Just then, Hannah was laid out over the bed in her lingerie. His eyes raked over her smooth, white skin, tracing over the hills and valleys that made up her figure. She was also drunk, and the alcohol lent a light pink blush to her face. She looked as ethereal as a fairy who had just emerged from the woods.

“You pervert. What are you staring at? Do you think you can force yourself on me? That’s not going to happen.”

A perfunctory glance at Hannah showed her reclining on the bed. Her head was propped up by one arm as she lay there like a Greek goddess. His eyes shone as he let his gaze wander over her long, slender legs. If he was not that curious about what Hannah would do, Fabian would have likely thrown himself onto her by now.

So, do I wait for you to finish, or do I put an end to this myself?

Fabian smiled, his gaze was dark.

“Well, off to the kitchen with you and finish that bowl of chicken soup. I want that bowl

empty!” Hannah drawled lazily and gestured at Fabian with a finger.

Fabian was rendered speechless by this and remembered something that he had done to her involving chicken soup. He never thought she would bring this up now.

Download Here:

“You were sick, and I wanted you to drink that so you could replenish your strength!” Fabian had decided to explain himself and placate her so that she would not mention it again.

“I. KNOW!” yelled Hannah. She then pursed her lips and continued. “I still want you to have it.”

Fabian wanted to retort but he was silenced by Hannah mimicking his usual tone. “Hmm?”

He shook his head. This silly girl is as silly as she gets. Do you think that mocking someone else’s speech is polite behavior?

Hannah could not care less. Rather, she seemed to be quite happy to mock Fabian since it brought her a smug sense of satisfaction.

“Fine, I’ll drink it.” Fabian shrugged, turned on his heel, and left.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1260

When Fabian made his way to the kitchen, he was surprised to see that there was in fact, chicken soup waiting for him on the table.

Again, Fabian was stunned by this. He initially thought that Hannah was drunkenly spewing nonsense. So you actually did make chicken soup? Not bad, Hannah. Not bad at all.

However, isn’t this a bit excessive? Fabian assumed that it was just a bowl of soup or even a flask of it. He was definitely not expecting a large vat full of soup. It was enough to last a person for days!

Fabian stared at the vat when a sense of familiarity suddenly hit him. He peered closer to a good look when he realized exactly what she used. It wasn't just any vat! This was the basin that he bought for her to soak her feet in!

Hannah Young!

"You cruel little sh*t. Did you actually cook this in the basin?"

Fabian had no intention of drinking any of it. He picked up the basin, marched straight into the bathroom, and chucked the contents down the toilet. After flushing, he walked towards the bedroom, basin in hand.

"I've finished it." He lifted the basin so Hannah could take a closer look.

Hannah eyed the now-empty basin and nodded satisfactorily.

Hmph! Now you know how

drinking goddamn chicken soup is like? Let's see if you have the audacity to force that on me again.

Hannah pondered over something quietly and paused before finally addressing Fabian

again. "Here, I bought you something new to wear."

She lifted the wedding dress she had just removed and pushed it into Fabian's arms as she said this. Hannah couldn't care less if he wanted the garment or not.

Fabian could not help the sting that he felt in his heart. He thought that her gesture was perfunctory, if not careless. She should have at least given him something or used one of his garments to pretend. Using the dress that he had so painstakingly chosen for her was completely unnecessary.

"Aren't you a good boy?" Hannah did not seem to notice or care about Fabian's

unhappiness. She only patted his face lightly and spoke to him as if she were praising an obedient child.

Just then, Hannah slid off the bed and rushed towards Fabian in a drunken stupor. Her lids were lowered, but she ran straight for him with her arms wide open and wrapped them around him. With a mighty shove, she spun Fabian around and pinned him underneath her.

Fabian let out a shaky breath. The abruptness of Hannah's behavior had caught him off guard. What on earth was she doing?

Did you underestimate how potent the alcohol would be? Did you do it to make yourself

brave? Fabian shuddered at the thought. How could this be?

After all, she was the type to

start blushing the moment she spoke too much. Could she really take the initiative this way?

What Hannah said next pushed all doubts out of his mind.

"Fabian, you're always forcing me

to be with you. Today, I'll do the opposite and force you to be with me instead!"

The admission did not make Fabian worry any less, however.

Has she gone insane? Hannah, if this is the case, then you should drink more in the future.

Hannah's hand had snaked up his chest as if to calm his frantically beating heart.

Her lips fluttered by his earlobes teasingly, like she meant to give him a kiss.

Fabian could feel the warmth of her breath tickling him as her lips swept across cheeks and neck.

Fabian could no longer contain the lust he tried very hard to suppress. He felt agitated, like a volcano about to erupt.

Fabian tightened his grip on her as his breathing began to quicken.

"Huh?" Hannah stopped suddenly, muttering aloud.

"Something's not right. Why do I feel like something isn't right?"

"Why do I feel like I'm at the losing end despite taking the initiative? Why should I even force him?" She then realized that something was wrong with what she was about to do.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1261

Just as she was about to sort things out, Hannah suddenly had an idea. Why didn't she just wait until they'd already started foreplay? If she denied him what he wanted at the moment of climax, wouldn't that be the harshest punishment? Isn't this also doing me some justice?

Hannah wondered, as her movements became more suggestive. Fabian had never seen Hannah take the initiative before, and his lust for her grew even more.

You are so proactive, how can I just not cooperate then? Fabian mused and inclined his head to kiss Hannah on the lips.

His kiss was initially gentle, exerting very little force. He parted her lips with his tongue and then sought hers out.

Hannah also kissed him back, hard.

Fabian was overjoyed to feel her reciprocate. Usually, his kisses would receive no response from her, but this was different. This time, she was actually kissing him back, and he could not help but deepen the kiss.

Hannah's hands were tightly clasped behind Fabian's back as she felt her body tremble. Her intentions still lingered, but she could not fathom why she could not stop.

Fabian's moved abruptly as he prepared to go further with what they had started.

Sensing that Fabian had stopped for a brief moment, Hannah suppressed the excitement

she felt and pinned him with a glare. "Piss off, Fabian."

Fabian was quite confused by Hannah's sudden change in demeanor. Did she just ask me to

piss off?

Without dwelling on it, Fabian decided to go in for the kill.

"Ah! I told you...to...piss off!" Hannah was suddenly more acutely aware of Fabian's

ministrations, from his movements to the temperature of his body, which took her breath

away.

Fabian ignored her protests and did not stop.

Hannah, on the other hand, found it even harder to push him away.

It was not long until the pair had reached the peak, and a sated bliss overcame them both.

When Fabian finally stopped, Hannah was already dozing off. Her tiredness and intoxication

were of no help to her, after all. She lay there cuddled against his chest and fell fast asleep.

Fabian gently stroked Hannah's hair, his eyes filled with affection.

He tightened his grip on

her at the same time, feeling a protective tightness in his chest.

As he watched Hannah sleep in his arms, Fabian kept replaying the day's events. All of this

was his fault. If not for him, nobody would have marked Hannah as a target.

His gaze darkened considerably as he made a vow. Anyone who would harm a single hair

on his woman's head would have hell to pay.

"Hello? Who's on the line?"

Yvette had received a phone call from an unfamiliar number. She answered it without

thinking.

“Ms. Yvette? It doesn’t matter who I am. The important thing is that I know you are going to kill Hannah.”

On the other end of the line, Lyna’s eyes flashed with a full grin. She planned to seek out Yvette, collaborate with her, then finally put all the blame on her. “Huh? What bullsh*t are you on right now? If you’re going to be talking crap, I’m hanging up.”

Yvette lashed out because she did feel some guilt, having not expected to be exposed so quickly. She sensed that Lyna was testing her too.

“Whether or not it’s bullshit, you know better. However, I know that you sought out a car to hit Hannah’s bridal entourage en-route to the wedding. You and I both know that Fabian is perfectly capable of finding out the truth. I dare not think of what he’ll do to you then.”

Lyna was saying this deliberately to get a rise out of Yvette. If she felt scared, then she was definitely more likely to team up with Lyna.

“What are you trying to pull here?”

The panic in Yvette’s voice was apparent. Lyna could sense it in the way her voice shook.

“It’s not about what I want, but what you’re going to do. Tell you what, we’ll meet in the teahouse. I’ll let you know which booth to wait in.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1262

Lyna hung up immediately after she spoke, looking like the cat who ate the canary. Now that Yvette is panicked and likely frightened half to death, won’t she have to do exactly as I ask?

She laughed and rubbed her hands gleefully. “Don’t think you can escape my clutches this

time, Hannah. I have an extra layer to my plan this time, but you don't. You're not getting away."

Lyna's expression turned even more vicious. Apart from plotting against Hannah, she had factored in how to deal with Fabian as well. Fabian may have been powerful, but he could not prevent everything. Lyna knew exactly what needed to be done.

"Oh Fabian, there's nobody to blame but yourself for this. It's your fault that you're not thorough enough. It's your fault for wanting to marry that b*tch, Hannah. Rest in peace in the afterlife, then."

Lyna looked out the window with a sly smile, narrowed her eyes, and then made her way downstairs.

"Mr. Jackson, don't you have to give something to Ms. Young?" Xavier's assistant asked him tentatively as he slowly drove the man away.

"Heh, do you think this is still necessary?"

Xavier had always regarded his assistant as his closest confidante. He trusted the man and did not hide anything from him.

"Well..."

The assistant trailed off, embarrassed. Of course, Xavier was right. It was unnecessary, given how Hannah and Fabian were already so close to each other. Xavier couldn't possibly barge in and be a third wheel.

"What's done is done."

Xavier shook his head bitterly in the back seat, slowly lowered the window, then lifted the present beside him and threw it out the window.

"I guess it's no surprise that someone like her was snatched up by Fabian."

Xavier sighed. He was very unwilling to give up, but he knew that he did not stand a chance.

Hannah was out of bounds.

“And you are?”

Following Lyna’s instructions, Yvette entered the private room for their meeting. She sized up Lyna curiously, seemingly enchanted by the other woman’s appearance.

“I am Lyna, the successor to the Blackwood Group.”

Lyna leaned back and casually introduced herself to Yvette.

Having said that she was the successor to the Blackwood Group, Lyna then had to be

confident enough in her capabilities. She knew that the position would be hers soon

enough, anyway. It was also to ensure that Yvette would be emboldened by someone

powerful backing her.

“The Blackwood Group?”

Yvette looked at Lyna doubtfully. Being an entertainer, she was naturally unfamiliar with the

companies in the business circles. Apart from the people whose interactions had intersected

with her line of work, she was only familiar with the five bigshots in the country.

“Please, have a seat. No need to be so hostile. I’ll have you know that I’m here to help you.”

Lyna smiled and made a friendly gesture, motioning for Yvette to sit down and chat.

“Why help me? Tell me what you’re after.”

Yvette was in the entertainment industry long enough to understand that help did not come

for free. She refused to believe that Lyna would be so eager to help her, given how they

barely knew each other at all.

Lyna tried to break the silence with some awkward laughter.

Instead, she busied herself with

the freshly brewed tea and poured Yvette a cup. "You're so refreshingly direct, Ms. Tanner.

"I'll go straight to the point then."

She then straightened her back and looked directly at Yvette.

"I'm not going to lie. Hannah

and I are half-sisters. Just a few days ago, my brother needed a bone marrow transplant

because he has leukemia. My father reached out to her, and she has since returned to the

family."

Suddenly, Lyna turned resentful. Her tone of voice had changed, as she sounded very angry.

"Unexpectedly, since her return, she has done nothing but speaks ill of me in front of my

father. She is also competing with me for the assets that my father was going to will to me."

"And on top of that, she has married Fabian Norton. Hannah has been using him to threaten

my father, claiming that she will use Fabian to wreak havoc on the company if he didn't give

her any of the shares. I was furious, of course, but there was nothing I could do but watch

her take away what belongs to me."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1263

Upon hearing that, Yvette couldn't help but feel sorry for Lyna.

Looking at Lyna who was so

deeply aggrieved that teardrops could even be seen dangling at the corner of her eyes, she

nodded lightly as she thought about the car crash plotted by her.

It looks like I've done

something right. A cheap tart like her deserves to die. Even if it doesn't work this time,

there'll be other chances.

"I didn't expect that she's such a despicable woman. But it's not surprising though. How

could she have snatch Fabian away from me if she wasn't unscrupulous?"

Yvette continued to run on how it would have been the wedding of Fabian and her if it wasn't because of Hannah. If I had married Fabian, I wouldn't need to earn a living by acting anymore. The wealth owned by the Norton family was more than enough even for a few generations to spend.

"I wanted to seek revenge on her, but I didn't dare to because of Fabian, and I could only bear with it. Then, when I heard what you did this time, I couldn't help getting excited.

Meanwhile, I told myself that I can't go on being a coward anymore. I had to retaliate against her and I need to fight back to get back what was once mine."

Seeing Yvette's palpable aggression toward Hannah, Lyna smiled within herself. It seems like she has taken the bait. Immediately, like a woman forced to a dead end, she started in a piteous tone, "That's exactly the reason that I've come to you—to discuss and work out a perfect plan to deal with her."

Lyna had finally pointed out the main subject of their discussion as she turned to Yvette.

Listening to Lyna's words, along with her first-class acting skills, Yvette took everything she said as the whole truth and treated her as her own comrade right away.

"Do you have any good idea?"

Yvette was no longer suspicious about Lyna at that moment. But little did she know that

Lyna was only treating her as her cat's paw.

"Well, let's do it this way..."

Then, Lyna approached Yvette and both of them started talking about their plan in whispers.

In the meantime, Hannah was lying on a huge rosewood bed.

Moving her fingers, she could

feel the numbness on them, and then, she opened her doozy eyes.

As soon as she did that, she saw Fabian sleeping next to her and he was even hugging her

tightly.

What in the world! How did I... What is happening?

Hannah tried to recall what had happened before that.

I was drunk, and I dreamt about Fabian. And then... And then, I forced him, and...

Argh!

Suddenly, Hannah remembered that Fabian and she were even doing „the wild thing“ in her

dream.

Thinking of that, Hannah hurriedly lifted the blanket on her side.

I...

Upon that, Hannah saw her own porcelain skin and couldn't stop breaking into a cold sweat.

Does that mean that it wasn't a dream but the reality? How can this be?

Hannah's eyes widened in shock and she turned to the other side in disbelief.

That... Is that the wedding gown being ripped?

Hannah's mind went utterly blank. The torn wedding gown was the sole evidence that those

images running in her mind were not dreams after all, but hard truth.

I...

How did that happen? Does that mean that... I've forced myself on Fabian?

Bah! Forced?! It was me who was throwing myself at him! And in the end, wasn't it still

Fabian who gained an advantage?

I was such an idiot! How could I think that it was only a dream? Hannah's face was flushed red at that instant and she almost cried as she thought about how dumb she was.

She then turned to look at Fabian.

Good. He's still sleeping.

She lifted the blanket and got down from the bed quietly. Not bothered to even wear the slippers, she ran out on tiptoe.

"Phew! What did I do? I was such an idiot! Drinking is a bad thing to do. I shouldn't drink anymore in the future."

Getting out of the bedroom, Hannah let out a breath of relief and knocked lightly on her woozy head, blaming herself.

Then, she paced toward the bathroom directly and took a shower.

Only after that did she come out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

"Oh! Y-you're awake?"

Just as Hannah walked out of the bathroom, she saw Fabian sitting on the sofa in the living room. That gave her a severe jolt.

And with that jerk, the towel fell off from her body to the ground.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1264

Fabian turned his head around when he heard her, and then he saw Hannah standing naked

in front of him. A gleam flashed across Fabian's eyes, and he started placidly, "Um, are you trying to seduce me?"

"What?"

Hannah couldn't seem to understand what he was saying but she noticed Fabian was staring straight at her, making her feel uneasy.

What's there to see? Isn't it just a pink towel? If you like it so much, I can buy one for you tomorrow.

Well, I better make a run now as I'm only covered with this towel.
If this guy gets all aroused
again, it'll be unthinkable.

Just when Hannah raised her foot, prepared to escape from the
scene...

Wait a minute...

Hannah felt something soft under her foot, so she looked down
unwittingly. There on the
ground was her pink towel.

Hannah took a look at her own body. There was nothing left on it.
"Ahh! Pervert! What are you looking at!"

Hannah grabbed the towel hurriedly and wrapped herself up
again very swiftly.

"It wasn't me who took it off. Besides, I thought it was you taking
your towel off on purpose
to seduce me."

Hearing that, Fabian curled his lips into a devious smile and
teased Hannah.

"I seduce you? Oh please, it's you taking advantage of me."

In response to Fabian's shameless reply, Hannah stared at him
and countered.

"Wasn't that what you did? Tell me then. Who was the one
taking off her clothes and kissing
me so eagerly? That was such an enticing moment!"

"You—I..."

Hannah's face glowed in red at that remark and she ran off in a
tick.

"This silly woman. We've had a wedding already. Why is she still
behaving like that?"

Looking at Hannah's figure as she left, Fabian shook his head,
stood up, and headed toward
the washroom.

"Anyhow, I like that," Fabian murmured to himself as he walked.
Returning to her room and locking the door, Hannah panted as
she leaned against the door.

Argh! How embarrassing was that! Why am I such an idiot!

Hannah couldn't stop beating herself up for her own lack of intelligence, but she was also rather helpless as it was inborn, and she couldn't help it either. However, very soon, she realized a serious issue. I don't have any clothes here!

It was their marital home that had been specifically prepared by Fabian for Hannah. It was Hannah's first time being there, so naturally, she didn't bring any of her clothes over.

When she opened the wardrobe, she was instantly baffled. It's empty!

She thought Fabian must have done it on purpose.

What should I do now? I don't have anything to wear. The wedding gown? Who am I kidding? It has been ripped apart by Fabian.

Just as she was at a loss for ideas, her phone chimed and she took a gander. It was Helen.

Ah, it's still my own sister whom I can actually rely on. I can ask her to bring me a set of clothing.

"Hello? Helen?" Hannah picked up the call and uttered excitedly. Over the phone, however, Helen sounded a little awkward. "Hello, Hannah, umm... are you busy right now?"

Helen was thinking to herself that Hannah and Fabian might be getting busy around that time.

"Eh? I'm not busy. Why?"

In fact, Hannah was trying to imply something else. I'm not busy. Come find me and bring me some clothes now.

"Ah, I see. It's good then. Jason just called and told me that he had found out who was trying to get you killed and asked me not to relay it to you. He said he would tell you himself after avenging you."

“What? Who is that? Forget it. You know what? Why don’t you come find me directly and we’ll talk about it then? Let me give Jason a call first. I can’t let him mess around.”

Hannah was astounded by that news. Jason actually found out the person who tried to kill me and wants to avenge me. What has gotten into him? With his temper, it’s really unimaginable what sort of trouble he’ll be stirring up.

“Oh, yeah, bring me a set of clothing when you come. It’s a new house and I didn’t prepare any,” Hannah told her sister.

In the meantime, she remembered all at once that her undergarments had also been torn by Fabian, so she started rather bashfully again, “Umm... Help me buy some undergarments, too. I spilled some alcohol on mine accidentally.”

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With that, Hannah quickly hung up the call as she was afraid that Helen would ask her about it.

“Undergarments?”

Helen was clearly perplexed. How would one spill her drinks on the undergarments? Did she drink without her clothes on?

Then, a wicked smile crept up on Helen’s face. She uttered to herself, “Oh, I guess I know why now.”

“Hello, something’s up. I’ll see you at the usual place!” Jason was talking on the phone.

That was not the first call he made. He was in the midst of gathering all his buddies to devise a plan to avenge Hannah. As with the “usual place” he mentioned, it was the most exclusive nightclub in the city—Paradise.

Not long after that, the private room where Jason was in was filled with people, both males, and females, who were around the age of Jason. All of them were dressed in an exceptionally lavish style which showed their manifest identity as the heirs and heiresses of affluent families.

“Someone bullied my sister. What do you think I should do about it?”

Jason lay back on the sofa and asked them in a straightforward manner.

“Bullied your sister? F*ck that b*tch!” Said one of the short-tempered youngsters.

“F*ck, all you know is f*ck. But what happens after that? I say we use our brains and deal with her step by step, leaving her with no chance to rise ever again,” uttered another young man who seemed mild-mannered and gentle.

“No, wait a minute. When did you have a sister?” Asked a woman who dressed in very manly attire.

As soon as the question was asked, the entire private room went silent and all of those who were present had their eyes fixated on Jason. Evidently, all of them were inquisitive about it.

Seeing as such, Jason uncrossed his legs, and after a momentary pause, he explained,

“Actually, she’s kind of like a sister-in-law to me as she’s married to Fabian. All of you must have known that it was Fabian’s wedding day today, but someone had plotted a car crash and it happened right in front of my eyes!”

Jason described what had happened very truthfully. These people in the room sitting together with him had been his friends since middle school and high school. Hence, he

could rely on them.

“You’re talking about Fabian’s wife?”

“It can’t be. How could anyone dare to touch his woman?”

“Why are we still discussing here? Let’s find a car and cripple that jerk first.”

...

Listening to the jabber ringing across the room as everyone tried to voice their opinions,

Jason waved his hand to subdue them and said, “Alright, let’s pipe down. I’ve already

thought about it. I can’t let this person off the hook so easily.

Listen to my instructions...”

As they heard Jason speaking again, everyone fell silent and came closer to him.

As Jason was busy making arrangements, he received a call from Hannah. “Hello, Hannah?”

“Jason, where are you? Come over to my house now. Fabian is looking for you.”

“What? Fabian is looking for me?” Gazing around his buddies in the room, he answered

shortly after, “Wait for me. I’ll be there soon.”

“Alright, you guys proceed with our plan. There’s something going on and I got to go now,”

Jason told his friends as he hung up the phone.

Then, he left for the marital home of Fabian and Hannah.

In the car, Jason was contemplating something. He received news that it was Yvette who

instructed someone else to induce the accident, but in his mind, he was still very suspicious

of Lyna. What really happened? Can it really be that this matter has nothing to do with Lyna

and that I’ve actually misunderstood her?

But it can’t be. Jason didn’t think that the matter was as simple as it seemed. He kept

replaying the scenes when the accident happened in his mind.

He was in the car in front of Fabian's car, and when he realized what had happened, Fabian's car had already skewed toward one side.

There were two cars at the scene and if both cars shot at Fabian's car at the same time, Fabian wouldn't have escaped. One of the cars must have been slower.

Wait a minute. There could have been two different groups of people behind those two cars. Ah, one group was instructed by Yvette, and another by Lyna.

That's right! It becomes much more reasonable now if that's the case.

Jason nodded his head lightly in the car and thought he could analyze it together with Fabian when he reached there. Sure enough, the amount of information he got could never come close to that of what Fabian received. Maybe Fabian has already found out about the two groups of people behind the car crash.

Very soon, Jason reached Fabian's place. As soon as he got off the car, he saw a cab stopping in front of him, and Helen came out of the cab soon after.

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"Why are you here?"

As soon as Helen pushed the car door open, she saw Jason who was about to go in, so she asked in surprise.

"Why can't I come, huh? So you're allowed to come to visit your sister and I'm not allowed to visit Fabian? Also, it's Hannah who called me over this time!"

Rather displeased, Jason replied.

"Well, of course you're allowed to. Let's go in."

With that, Helen strode forward to the villa and couldn't help taking larger and quicker steps.

She had a guilty conscience as she knew exactly why Hannah called him over. It must have been because Hannah was afraid that he would stir up troubles. "Tsk. Why is she in such a hurry?"

Looking at Helen walking at such a hurried pace, Jason couldn't help twitching his lips.

Helen knocked on the door, and it was Fabian who opened the door for her. Hannah must be embarrassed to leave the room because she has no clothes to wear. Thinking of that, Helen laughed softly and asked Fabian, "Fabian, where's Hannah?"

"Oh, Hannah's in the bedroom."

Fabian pointed at the room which Hannah was in as he answered and was about to close the door.

"Fabian, hold on. There's still me."

Jason called out quickly, but he couldn't refrain from complaining within his mind. Hey, why does he only see her? Hello? I'm right behind her.

"Why are you here, too?"

Fabian wasn't very surprised to see Helen, and when he saw the bag Helen was carrying, he knew Helen had come to bring Hannah some clothes for change. But what is Jason here for?

"I... I was called upon by Hannah."

Jason was a little irritated. Why? Can't I just come for a visit? Must there be some issues going on then only I'm allowed here? What an ingrate of a man. He forgot about me as soon as he got himself a wife.

"Hannah asked you to come, huh? Well, come on in then."

Fabian was a little curious as to why Hannah had asked Jason to come.

When Helen got to Hannah's room, she noticed that it was locked, so she called out softly,

"Hannah?"

Upon hearing that, Hannah got off the bed, wrapping herself in the towel, and opened the door.

"Hannah, why do you have to lock the door?" Helen couldn't help but ask.

"Err, I... I'm used to living by myself. It's a habit. It's just a habit," Hannah explained in embarrassment. At the same time, she took the bag from Helen and led her to the bedside.

"I see. Alright then." Helen didn't say anything else.

Download Here:

"You said that Jason had found the person who tried to kill me. Are you sure? Who's that?"

Hannah took out the undergarment Helen had prepared for her, pulled the towel off, and started putting it on.

They had been sharing a bedroom since young, so naturally, Hannah had no qualms changing in front of her sister.

"Oh, it was Jason who received the information, but judging from his tone, it should be

accurate. Anyway, I'm not too sure, but I do know who it was.

It's the celebrity who always

stars in period dramas— Yvette!" Helen told Hannah.

"What? It's her!"

At that moment, Hannah had already put on the undergarment and was taking other

clothes out of the bag, but as she heard that, her hand paused mid-air for a while.

However, she came round it very soon and continued to dress herself up. She wasn't very

surprised by the fact that Yvette was trying to harm her. That woman and her assistant have been making all sorts of bitter remarks in front of me every time they see me, and they've always sounded crude and harsh. Besides, she was so complacent when she was together with Fabian and acted as though she was his wife.

"Hannah, I really don't understand what that woman has to do with you. She's an actor.

What was she coming against you for? Why didn't she just get herself together and play her role in the drama?"

Helen knew nothing about the matter so it was understandable that she would feel strange about it.

"It's all because of Fabian!" Hannah couldn't help but grumble. She could still remember carrying the camera under the scorching sun and watched the two of them being so intimate with one another.

"Fabian? What do you mean?"

Helen was more confused. What does this have to do with Fabian?

"Oh, nothing. It's nothing."

Hannah quickly glossed over it, and it was only then did she realized she let it slip. She didn't want Helen to have a bad impression of Fabian.

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"Was it because Fabian was actually the rumored boyfriend of Yvette, and so she plotted the car crash out of jealousy?" In a flash, Helen got her head around it and asked Hannah.

"Err, no. Don't simply guess." Hannah denied it very quickly. But then, she realized that a simple search on the internet would reveal everything to Helen. I'll be screwed if she finds out about it.

“Well, what actually happened was that Yvette has close ties with one of Fabian’s clients, and that client asked Fabian to help boost the popularity and fame of Yvette. It’s nothing like what you said.” An idea occurred to Hannah all of a sudden, so she explained it to Helen.

Oh God, please forgive me. It’s a white lie, and I don’t mean to deceive her. Please don’t punish me.

“Then why was Yvette plotting against you? She even went to the extent of killing you,”

Helen asked again.

“Erm, Fabian had no problem with that, but Yvette was so into it she couldn’t help falling for Fabian.” Hannah tried to exculpate Fabian again.

Sigh. Fabian, I’ve told so many lies because of you. I hope, for my sake, you’ll cut down on making the headlines. Otherwise, I’ll run out of ideas to absolve you of it.

Thinking of how frequently Fabian appeared on the headlines, Hannah couldn’t help feeling frustrated. How am I supposed to explain to my family if they ask about it?

Hannah let out a sigh at that. Well, we’ll see when the time comes.

“Ah, so that’s what happened. I can’t believe Yvette is this sort of person. I’ll stop watching her dramas from now on. Also, why did you summon Jason over? You should have let Jason teach her a lesson.”

Helen was exceedingly irritated and wanted to knock the daylights out of Yvette so badly to get back at her for Hannah.

To Helen, no one is allowed to hurt Hannah, not even Fabian. On the previous day, Helen said to Hannah in private, “After you’re married to Fabian, if he

bullies you, please don't tell me at once unless it's something serious."

In response, Hannah jokingly asked, "Why? Didn't you say that you'll side me and help me get back at him? You're getting cold feet when it really happens, huh?"

However, Helen answered in a solemn manner, "It's not that I'm afraid. It's just that it's common for young couples to have conflicts and quarrels, but you'll reconcile eventually and everything will be alright. Nevertheless, the same might not apply to me. You'll be fine after your fight, but I'll still hold grudges against him."

That almost brought tears to Hannah's eyes. She was very touched listening to Helen.

"Why did Hannah ask you to come?" Fabian lay back on the sofa and asked Jason.

"I don't know either. I was occupied with something important and I got a call from Hannah.

I'm also wondering now," Shaking his head, Jason answered.

"What important business can you have?" Fabian asked placidly and pondered about it.

Why did Hannah ask him to come here?

"Why can't I have anything important? Look at the way you said that. I'm..." Jason countered him unhappily.

However, just as he was about to reveal his arrangement, he was afraid that Fabian would worry about him and stop him from executing his plan so he snapped his mouth shut abruptly. Immediately after that, he changed the subject and asked, "Fabian, have you found out who tried to harm Hannah?"

"Yeah. I've got some information now," Fabian nodded as he answered.

"Is it Yvette?" Jason was desperate to know the answer.

It was in that instant that Fabian realized all at once why Hannah had called Jason over.

Looking at Jason, Fabian couldn't help but smile. This guy actually investigated this matter.

He's indeed thoughtful.

"Fabian, answer me. Is it her?" Seeing that Fabian did not answer him, Jason pressed on.

"Yes!" Fabian replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, right, you were saying that Jason is here?"

After changing into the clothes that Helen brought her, Hannah suddenly remembered that

Helen had mentioned Jason's arrival.

"Yes. Jason reached at the same time as me. He's outside now," Helen replied.

"Alright. Let's go out now. We should discuss this matter as well. You better don't talk

nonsense when we get out later. We should focus on persuading Jason to not cause

trouble," Hannah told Helen.

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Rolling her eyes, Helen had other plans in her mind. Since Yvette had crossed the line and

tried to kill her sister, Helen had no problem at all with whatever Jason wanted to do to her.

"I'll fully support Jason when the time comes. How dare Yvette go against my sister!

After that, Helen left the room with Hannah.

"Jason, here you are." As soon as Hannah came out of the room, she called out to Jason.

"Yes, Hannah. What's the matter? Why did you ask me to come?" In response, Jason asked

Hannah.

Helen was a little awkward at that moment. If she knew that Yvette was so execrable, she

wouldn't have told Hannah about it. She thought it was a sticky situation, so at that

moment, when she saw Jason, she had a guilty conscience. Thinking of that, Helen sat right next to Fabian and smiled at him as she called out to him,

“Fabian.”

There was another half of the sentence which she didn’t articulate. If anything happens later, please help me.

Fabian nodded as he understood instantly when he saw Helen looking at him with her pleading eyes.

“I heard that... You’ve found out the culprit behind the car crash?”

Hannah sat beside Jason and asked.

Jason didn’t answer. Instead, he eyed Helen with a disdainful and exasperated expression. I

trusted you with my plan and told you not to tell Hannah about it.

And what a traitor you

are. You just turned your back on me and sold me out.

Looking at the piercing glint in Jason’s eyes and the expression on his face which suggested

that he would eat her alive, Helen couldn’t help but draw herself closer to Fabian.

“Jason, have you found out about it?” Fabian also questioned him.

“I... I did.”

All of a sudden, Jason felt like someone had rained on his parade.

Great. All my efforts will

be going to waste again. Just look at how Hannah reacted. She even called me over

purposely just for this. I’m sure she’s going to stop me from doing things.

Jason prayed internally that his best friends would speed up and get their plan executed

before Hannah started being frank about that matter and held him back.

“Oh? Who was it?” Hannah feigned surprise as she asked Jason.

“Who? Didn’t she already tell you everything?” Jason glared at Helen and asked displeasably.

“Ah, you mean Yvette? Are you sure about this?”

Hannah coughed dryly in embarrassment. She then proceeded with asking the question in a solemn manner. There must be no mistake made in this matter. If we do anything wrong, it will cause huge trouble.

“I’m sure it’s her,” Jason sounded very certain. At the same time, he cast his eyes at Fabian.

Seeing that Hannah also turned to look at him with a questioning gaze, Fabian nodded and said, “It’s her indeed.”

So Fabian has also found out about this, but he kept it from me. He must be planning to deal with Yvette secretly on his own.

Hannah paused for a brief moment and looked at the two men as she continued, “I think we should hand it over to the police directly and let them handle it.”

Seeing as such, Jason was the first to stand up and object to it.

“No way. I disagree. If we let the police deal with it, the punishment would be lenient. Besides, the person involved is dead. With Yvette’s net worth, she would definitely be able to conceal the matter with money.”

“I disagree, too. Jason is right. That would be too light a punishment for Yvette.” At that moment, Helen also voiced out against it and stated her stance. Listening to that, Jason took a gander at her. I can’t believe this little girl is having the same stance as me.

However, Hannah was a little disgruntled, and the way she looked at Helen was with a trace

of reproach. Didn't I just tell you to help me persuade Jason? You're really something. Not only did you not help, but you're even messing around together with him.

"Well, same here." Even Fabian agreed with Jason and Helen in that instance.

Seeing that even Fabian supported them, Jason and Helen couldn't help getting excited. With Fabian's support, we're halfway there.

"Hannah, since she has done that and tried to kill you, why are you still speaking up for her?" Helen took the initiative to persuade her sister.

"That's right, Hannah. I know that you're kind, but acting this way isn't really kind to yourself.

You're basically telling others that we're some punching bag. There'll only be more people

putting the screws on you in the future. If we allow this sort of thing to happen a few more times, we'll be doomed someday," Jason took the chance to express his opinion.

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"I-I really don't want that. I think that's too hard on Yvette," Hannah countered.

"Well, she should have realized what she was signing up for from the moment she tried to

bully my woman," Fabian answered placidly as he toyed with his own fingers.

"That's right. She deserves it. I don't think it's harsh at all," Helen added after Fabian.

"Helen, stop it! Even though she was way over the line, is there any difference between us and her if we deal with her in the same way? Remember what happened with Regina last time? Now, in the company, other than a few colleagues who are close with me, everyone

else is afraid of me! Plus, that incident is a burden that is weighing down on me until this day! I'm still having the same nightmare every now and then!" Hannah exclaimed in an agitated tone.

In fact, she was rather soft-hearted at that time, but she knew all too well that Yvette would experience something worse than death if she let Fabian handle it. It had already happened once before, and she didn't want it to happen again. That was something she didn't want to see.

Right then, listening to what Hannah said, the other three persons fell silent. None of them knew what to say.

Fabian recalled the times when Hannah was having a nightmare. Her face paled in fear, and cold sweat trickled down her forehead. His heart ached every time he saw her in such agony.

And for this reason, he even made some donations in particular. It took some time for Hannah to finally ease up.

"I've always listened to you in the past. Will you listen to me this time?"

Hannah knew very well that once she succeeded in persuading Fabian, Jason would naturally terminate his plan.

After moments of deliberation, Fabian started, "Alright. I give you my word."

Hannah let out a breath of relief upon hearing that, and just as she was about to say something, Fabian cut her off. "But you have to promise me one thing, otherwise, we can forget about this."

"Sure. What is it?"

“If anything like this ever happens again in the future, you have to listen to me.”

“Okay, I promise you,” Hannah agreed swiftly.

Fabian is convinced at last.

“Fabian!” Jason called out to Fabian. Apparently, he was still rather reluctant to accept that.

“Alright, enough said. You have to take Hannah’s perspective into consideration as well.”

Fabian’s tone turned solemn as he spoke to Jason.

“I... Sigh!”

Jason heaved a sigh and slammed his fist hard. He then took out his phone and called his buddy. “Hello, you don’t have to carry on with our plan anymore. Go have some fun!”

Everyone at the scene understood the implication of Jason’s words. Feeling a little guilty, Hannah said to him, “Jason, just treat it as a favor you’ve done me by calling it off. Thank you for that.”

Helen was also a little bothered at that instant. She was all about avenging her sister but she failed to take care of Hannah’s inner feelings. Hence, she said to Hannah, “Hannah, I’m sorry for being impulsive just now.”

“It’s alright. It’s okay now. Let’s not talk about it anymore. It’s time to eat now. Why don’t we go for a meal together?” Fabian tried to ease the atmosphere and helped Helen out as well.

“How’s it? Do you understand what I said?” In the private room of a tea house, Lyna asked Yvette.

“Yes, I understood now. But who’s the right fit for that thing you mentioned?” Yvette

nodded, but then quickly shook her head again and asked. What? That’s such a simple thing, and yet you have to ask me about it?

“Just simply find someone attractive. When the time comes, tell her that she’ll become the leading actress as long as she’s willing to do it,” Lyna was a little impatient as she answered.

“Alright, I got it. Thank you.”

Yvette was sincere when she expressed her gratitude toward Lyna. If it wasn’t for her, she would never be fully prepared.

“We’ll be in the same boat from now on, so you don’t have to say that.”

Lyna was also very satisfied with Yvette. What she did was under the considerations that

Yvette would continue to serve her. Otherwise, if Yvette was arrested, she wouldn’t be able to cooperate with her anymore.

“Oh, right, you better take action tonight. I have a feeling that Fabian would act soon, perhaps tomorrow,” Lyna reminded her.

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“Sure. If there’s nothing else, I shall leave first to get the things done.”

As Yvette thought about it, she was a little frightened. That was because without proper preparations, with Fabian’s power, she might have to suffer, or worse...

“Okay, get going.”

After Yvette left the private room, Lyna couldn’t help but start to laugh. “What a foolish

woman. She’s actually pleased when in fact, she has been taken advantage of by me. That’s

not the Yvette I heard about. She must have been awfully terrified by Fabian.”

Lyna was fully prepared. She had been very meticulous all along and up till then, Fabian had

no clue that she was related to all those matters. Now that there was an additional line of

defense for her, she could set off to do other things with peace of mind.

“Fabian, you’re indeed a formidable opponent. There really aren’t many people who dare to challenge you in Chanaea. But since you’ve treated me in such a way, it doesn’t matter even if I have to risk my life to contend you.” Lyna grimaced all of a sudden.

She hated Fabian to the core. If it wasn’t for him, there wouldn’t be anyone fighting over the inheritance with her then, and she, too, wouldn’t have to listen to her father mentioning „Hannah“ every now and then.

“Hannah, let’s see if you would be able to escape again without Fabian to protect you this time.”

With that, Lyna threw the bracelet she was fiddling with forcefully to the ground. She then stood up and paced outside.

After their meal, for the very first time, Fabian decided to take Hannah and the others to the nightclub. His reason was to introduce Hannah to his social circle. Upon hearing that, Hannah was a little embarrassed, but at the same time, she was also excited. She felt very conflicted within herself as she wanted to know more about Fabian and integrate into his life, but she was also a little bashful.

On the contrary, Helen was audacious and lively. As soon as she heard that Fabian was going to bring them to the nightclub, she was thrilled. Whoa, I’ve never been to such a place before.

“Fabian, since we’re going to the nightclub, let’s go to Bluebird. I heard there’s an auction there tonight. I was prepared to join in the fun as well,” Jason suggested.

“Sure, why not?” Fabian nodded.

Listening to what Jason said, Fabian was reminded that ever since he got married to

Hannah, he had yet to gift her anything. Hence, he might as well take the opportunity at the

auction to bid for something meaningful to present to her.

Then, Fabian made a call to his best friend and asked him to contact some people from his circle.

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Fabian asked Jason to depart with Helen first while he and Hannah went home to change.

Earlier that day, Helen had brought her own clothes for Hannah. She was clad in a casual t-shirt, ripped jeans, and a pair of black canvas sneakers. How could Fabian let her dress in such a way to see his friends?

“Err... Well, are all your friends some business moguls?” Hannah asked hesitantly.

She didn’t lack self-confidence, but instead, it was because Fabian had a very special place

in her heart, and she was afraid of making him embarrassed.

“Not every one of them,” Fabian replied in a placid tone.

Phew! It’s better still that there are one or two ordinary people among them. Otherwise, I

would really have nothing to talk to them about.

“Some are from the hospital or government sectors,” added Fabian.

Hannah coughed abruptly upon hearing that.

Hannah was abashed for a moment. She thought that there might be some of them who

were just ordinary white-collar workers like herself. Hence, she couldn’t help feeling

awkward as she heard Fabian’s reply. What freaking common topic can I have with these

people?

“Why don’t you wear this?” Fabian didn’t think much and pointed at a satin gown as he turned to Hannah and said.

“Okay.” Hannah nodded in amazement.

Fabian is actually helping me to pick an outfit? Has the Earth shifted on its axis?

With that, she looked out of the window, trying to figure out if it was really the case.

“Hey, over here!”

As soon as Jason reached the entrance of Bluebird nightclub, he shouted at a few youngsters.

“Oh, Jason has arrived. Let’s go over.”

With that, the few youngsters walked over to Jason.

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