

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1271

As they neared, they saw Helen standing very close to Jason. Helen was not a familiar face to them. Therefore, they were curious. Could it be that this was Jason's new girlfriend?

Helen wasn't at all concerned about the gazes that were fixed on her. Instead, she took a step forward and announced, "Hello everyone, please don't misunderstand. I am Helen, Fabian's sister-in-law."

These people seemed to be well-acquainted with Jason, who was quite close with Fabian. Therefore logically speaking, they should also know Fabian.

"Oh, I see. I thought you were Jason's girlfriend." One of them said with a laugh.

"I..."

Jason was about to say something, but he was instantly interrupted by Helen. She quickly clarified, "How could that be possible? If I were looking for a boyfriend, I wouldn't look for someone like him. He's terrible."

Upon hearing Helen's harsh comment, Jason's face soured considerably. It was obvious that he was quite offended.

I haven't even said anything, but you publicly express your disdain for me? No matter how you look at it, I have both brains and brawns. How am I not good enough for you?

"Hahaha, that's quite true," The youngsters teased and laughed heartily.

They found Jason's predicament funny.

"What's so funny? Just get inside, all of you! I'll wait for Fabian here. Stop bothering me!"

Jason retorted with impatience, clearly disgruntled.

The youngsters waved their hands and went away tactfully. They left Fabian and Helen standing awkwardly in their respective spots.

"What's the matter? You can't even let me speak the truth?"

Helen asked in a challenging tone after everybody had left.

"Hmph! Do you think what they said can be taken seriously? They don't even know you. They were just replying out of courtesy. And you lapped it all up!" Jason complained out of dissatisfaction.

"Tsk! Even if they were just being polite, I am more than happy to hear it. I am still way better than a certain someone, don't you think?"

Helen did not back down an inch. She mercilessly poked fun at Jason.

"What's the big deal? It was just a joke. No way I would be angry about it," said Jason, comforting himself.

Helen shook her head and ignored Jason. She stood to the side and quietly waited for the arrival of her sister and brother-in-law.

Soon, the two of them arrived. Helen went over to Hannah happily and clung to her arm. They then entered Bluebird with Fabian.

As a distinguished person, there was naturally some special arrangements for Fabian. There was also a private room for him. The auction had not yet started, but it was already crowded. Looking from afar, many heads were bobbing up and down. The whole place was congested with people.

Upon entering the private room, they saw that there were already a few people seated inside.

"Well, well, well, look who's here! I didn't expect you would suggest for us to meet up. Did you get a concussion or something?"

A husky voice could be heard the moment Fabian entered the private room.

"Say one more word, and I'll send you to a psychiatric hospital. You can spend a few days in there reflecting upon yourself," Fabian responded coolly.

"Ouch! That's cold. We only see each other once in a blue moon. Can't you be more friendly?"

The voice belonged to Fabian's childhood friend, Luther. He was an assistant director at a hospital.

Luther noticed Hannah and the others. He greeted her with a wide grin plastered on his face. "My oh my, this must be Mrs. Norton who is the talk of the town. I've heard many things about you. It is an honor to meet you!"

He walked towards Hannah with his hand outstretched.

Because of an operation, Luther had missed Fabian's birthday celebration. On top of that, Fabian and Hannah previously got married covertly. Therefore, Luther had never met Hannah.

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Looking at the enthusiastic Luther, Hannah couldn't help but feel amazed. I didn't think that Fabian would have a friend like this. But this is a good thing. I bet he's easy to get along with.

With a polite smile, she extended her right hand and said, "Nice to meet you! I am Hannah. Pleased to make your acquaintance."

Before they could shake hands as a friendly gesture, Fabian slapped away Luther's hand forcefully.

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Luther was shocked and jumped back on reflex. He gave Fabian a puzzled look and asked, "What the hell, man? What do you think you're doing?"

"You think you can just simply touch my wife's hand inappropriately?" Fabian challenged icily.

"What the heck? How could that be considered inappropriate touching? It was just a friendly handshake," Luther defended himself emphatically. "Aren't you being too petty?"

Hannah was speechless as well. I can't even shake hands with other people now? This is way too harsh! She couldn't help but worry for Luther, whose hand was awfully red.

"Hmm? So you really do want to go to a psychiatric hospital?" Fabian looked at Luther threateningly.

Luther shook his head in defeat. "You've only ever been good at bullying me since we were young. I am not talking to you anymore! Hmph!"

"Pfft!"

Helen who was standing behind Hannah couldn't help but let out a stifled laugh. Upon seeing her sister's murderous glare, she quickly apologized to Luther. "I'm so sorry. I... I... Hahaha! I just couldn't hold it in."

"Uh..." Her response made Luther feel even more awkward.

You should've just kept quiet instead of blurting that out! Luther sighed internally.

Hannah frowned and hastily said, "I apologize on behalf of my sister. She can be quite clueless sometimes. Please don't mind her."

"It's okay. The youngling had no idea that Fabian and I always joke around. Don't worry, I will not hold a grudge against her."

With a casual wave of his hand, Luther magnanimously put a stop to the awkward situation.

"That's enough, don't just stand there. Come and sit down. Fabian, introduce your lovely wife to us. I didn't really get to see her up close during the wedding." Another person who was in the private room chimed in.

Fabian nodded and took Hannah's hand to lead her into the room.

Meanwhile...

"Remember everything I said to you. If you want to become famous, do as I say."

Yvette dragged a girl along with her. They headed into a private room in a nightclub.

"Don't worry," said the girl, nodding her head obediently. "I'll listen to everything you say."

"Good, then let's go in."

She opened the door of the private room and entered.

A middle-aged man with slicked-back hair was seated on the sofa in the private room. Specks of white were poking through the sides of his hair. He seemed to be worried about something.

However, when he saw Yvette and the girl behind her, his eyes shone with anticipation. A satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"Good to see you, Mr. Dane," said Yvette.

She extended her arm toward the middle-aged man.

The man was none other than Jaxon Dane, the chief of the Baykeep National Supervisory Commission. He had the authority to report any official. Hence, he called the shots in B City. Even the mayor would have to be wary of him.

"Ms. Tanner, pleasure to see you."

Jaxon smiled pleasantly. Since Yvette was an actress, she was kind of acquainted with him. However, they were not familiar with each other.

"Hi, this is a new actress who just joined our company. She's quite talented, and she's under my wing right now. I hope you can take good care of her." Yvette introduced the girl next to her.

Jaxon turned to look at the girl. He was as happy as a lark while scrutinizing her. This girl is gorgeous! Compared to those run-off-the-mill glamorous women out there, she has a refreshing quality. If she were a virgin, then it would be perfect!

"Since she's a new actress under your tutelage, I will naturally make sure she's taken care of," replied Jaxon, nodding his head.

Jaxon was a lecherous man, and Yvette was very much aware of this fact. Although she did not have the misfortune to end up in his bed, the same could not be said for many of the starlets in her company.

"Mr. Dane, I asked you out to let you get to know her better."

Yvette sat down with the girl and said, "Come on, quickly introduce yourself."

Right after she had finished introducing herself, Yvette stood up and informed Jaxon that she had to leave. "It's really unfortunate, but I have to leave for a while to take care of an errand. I hope both of you can take your time to get acquainted. If you feel tired, you can rest in the presidential suite next door. I have already booked the room for you."

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With that, Yvette placed the key card onto the desk and continued, "It's nothing. You can go ahead first, don't worry about us."

Jaxon knew exactly what Yvette meant, and excitement sprung within him.

In the Bluebird nightclub's private room, Hannah mingled with Fabian's friends and exchanged conversations here and there. She realized that not only are they outstanding individuals, but they are also tender-hearted souls that seem easy to get along with.

Then, Luther received a message about the event's start time. He read it and announced to the others, "Alright guys, we'll come back here in a bit. For now, let's head over to the auction since it's starting soon."

Everyone stood up as told, then promptly shuffled towards their reserved table.

The auction hall was neatly divided into several sections, and the table that Fabian had reserved for them was placed smack in the center. Their table wasn't too far in front where it would seem conspicuous, nor was it too discreetly blended into the back.

Hannah sat beside her sister, Helen, who bubbled with anticipation as she looked at the empty stage. "I wonder what splendid items we'll see later."

Deep down, Hannah was equally as excited since this was her first time participating in an auction.

Then a woman in a revealing sequin dress walked onto the stage. She picked up the microphone, glanced at everyone in the audience, then parted her ruby-red lips. "Thank you all for being here today. I'm Blue Enchantress, your auctioneer. Today's event is Bluebird's

bi-monthly auction, and things are more exceptional this time around as we've got some impressive goodies for you."

"Goodies? Really?"

"Quit babbling and get to it!"

"Damn, did you see that smoking hot auctioneer?"

...

Enthusiastic murmurs erupted from the audience.

"I'm sure you're all eager to lay your eyes on those items, so without further ado, it's my pleasure to announce that the Bluebird's auction event has officially begun!" The enchanting auctioneer declared.

Cheers burst from the audience like powerful waves crashing onto the stage. Many people clutched firmly onto signs that displayed their table numbers, ready to make their bids.

"Let me know if you see anything you like. I'll get it for you," Jason said to Helen.

Helen's eyes rounded in surprise. When did he start been so kind to me? It must be a miracle.

Jason noticed her odd stares and quickly clarified, "Don't take it the wrong way. I'm only helping you because I know you're tight on cash."

"Shut up, can't you see that it's starting?" Helen reprimanded.

Jason's lips curled over his teeth. "What the hell? This is what I get for being kind."

Seething with anger, he turned his attention back onto the stage.

A renowned historical painting was currently being auctioned. Its appreciation value was so high that many people had raised their signs, engaging in a vicious bidding round.

Some sought after these high-value items for their personal collection, whereas others obtained such items with the purpose of gifting them away. There were still people who bid for lower-valued objects, but those people were far and few in between. This was because the majority of the audience was comprised of the wealthy and privileged, who never saw money as a concern.

However, those at Fabian's table weren't interested in collecting such things, so none of them raised their signs.

In the end, the painting had racked up a whopping six million and was bought by an elderly collector. The Young sisters couldn't help but gawk at this. Helen suppressed an appalled squeal, thinking that it was far too much to spend that on a decorative painting. Who would feel safe hanging a painting worth six million on their walls and risk it being torn or stained?

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The next items still weren't remarkable enough to capture Fabian's interest. While Fabian never made a bid, Luther snagged an artisan teapot for three million and proudly boasted, "There are days I'm either too busy or too idle in the office. So this will be convenient when I need a cup of tea or two."

Helen choked on her saliva after hearing his words, alarmed that the amount he spent on a teapot. "Aren't you afraid of accidentally dropping it?"

Helen had always been a generous and cheerful person. Hence, she could get along really well with the brazen Luther as well as with Jason. They naturally complemented each other like instruments in a choir when they chatted away earlier in the private room.

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"So what if I'm reckless? I can do whatever I please," Luther grinned. He spoke without a trace of bashfulness that it made Helen speechless.

"Easy for him to say when Fabian is the one who's actually paying for it," Jason spoke straightforwardly. "He clearly doesn't care for the teapot, so he'll probably resell it once he grows tired of it. After all, this is the mindset he used to prosper his fortune."

Hearing this, Helen now frowned at Luther. All that big talk of yours... and you've just been using my brother-in-law's money?



Luther's ears burned a bright red from embarrassment. He chuckled dryly and explained, "It's beyond my control. Your brother-in-law is so prideful that he insists on paying for every auction, even I can't convince him otherwise."

His voice squeaked softly for fear that Fabian was listening to what he said.

Helen pursed her lips, wanting to call out Luther's pathetic excuse. However, the auctioneer's following words seized her complete attention, and she couldn't help but look over to the stage.

"Alright, this next item is rare. There are only a few of them in this world, so you can even say it's the pinnacle of tonight's event. Want to know what it is? Please wait for it," the auctioneer teased the audience with a playful smile.

She gently patted the black cloth that draped over the mystery item, building the audience's interest in it.

"I wonder what could it be? That's a really vague intro though."

"Let me guess. It's some limited-edition item?"

"Oh, hurry up with the answers! You're killing us with the suspension."

...

Fabian glanced at the covered object on the stage, thinking that it seemed small. Then he turned to face Hannah and asked, "Can you guess what it is?"

"Guess? How can I guess if there's a black cloth over it? They didn't even give a single clue."

Hannah felt an oncoming headache just from considering the possibilities of what the item was. Giving up, she figured that Fabian was probably joking with her.

"Would you believe that it's a necklace?" Fabian asked confidently after pondering at the item's enlarged image on the display screens.

"You can tell just from that? I don't believe you."

Hannah shook her head. She had scrutinized every inch of the screen and still couldn't figure out what the mystery item was, so she refused to believe that Fabian could tell it was a necklace. Unless he has X-ray vision, he must've been blindly guessing.

"Let's make a bet," Fabian suggested as his lips curled into a sly grin.

"Alright, let's do it. It's not like I'm afraid of you," Hannah retaliated.

I'm gonna win this bet for sure. Most things can be auctioned, so there's no telling what the mystery item is. Thus, the chances of him guessing correctly is one in millions, and I don't believe he's that lucky.

"Aren't you going to ask what the stakes are?" Fabian chuckled amusedly at her.

"You decide," Hannah replied without hesitation.

He's playing a losing game because I'll win regardless. My situation is so favorable that it won't matter what the stakes are.

"Good. This will be the condition of our bet; the loser must agree to anything the winner wants. They must complete the winner's request, no matter what it is." Fabian's eyes gleamed with a mischievous glint as he stated the condition.

Although this initially unnerved Hannah, she still felt certain that she would win the bet and avoid this penalty altogether. Better yet, she would use the condition to stop Fabian from forcing himself onto her.

So she agreed to his condition, "Alright then, whatever you say."

"Hey, can you count me in?" Jason hurriedly spoke up after overhearing their bet.

"Don't forget about me," Helen chimed in too.

Luther stiffened in his seat. He wanted to join in but was uneasy about losing the bet, especially since Fabian had never once suffered a loss. He also considered betting on Fabian to win. However, he didn't quite believe that Fabian actually knew what the mystery item was. Annoyance prickled inside his mind as he thought, What a dumb game. How can anyone guess what the item is if it's concealed?

"Count me in!" Luther caved in and spoke through gritted teeth at Fabian.

"..." Hannah held her breath. She was dumbstruck that everyone took so much of an interest in the bet.

Almost instantly after he asked to join, Luther interjected whilst facing Fabian, "Forget it, I'm not betting..."

It wasn't because he didn't want to anymore, but because he was startled by Fabian's eyes that looked like dark pools of animosity.

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"Jason, you and Helen should stay out of it for now since this bet is between Hannah and me," Fabian advised.

Helen then grumbled unwillingly, "Okay."

Then an idea flashed in Jason's eyes. "Wanna make a bet with me?"

Helen instantly perked up at this suggestion. She cautiously leaned closer to Jason and asked, "I'm down, but what are we betting on? Do you intend to play the same guessing game?"

"Pfft, I'm not as skilled a guesser as Fabian. Let's bet on who will win instead—Fabian or Hannah, what do you say?" Jason proposed.

His beady-eyed gaze locked on Helen, who responded with, "Sound's good."

At this moment, Fabian dialed a number on his phone and instructed in a low voice, "Tell the auctioneer to put the event on hold. I'm at table 15, come over. I have something to discuss."

The auctioneer waved to command the audience's attention. Right when she was about to reveal what the mystery item was, Bluebird's general manager approached the stage and muttered, "The boss wants to see you backstage."

"My apologies, everyone please give us a moment." The auctioneer bowed politely before turning to leave.

"What the devil is going on? Why did she leave?"

"Yeah! Even if they're trying to pique our curiosity, there's no need to leave us high and dry like that."

"They're really going all out in building suspense."

...

The room was in a state of chaos as the audience complained from every corner of the room.

In the meantime, the boss of Bluebird's establishment stood before Fabian's table and bowed. "What can I do for you, Mr. Norton?"

The boss was not typically such a lily-livered man. However, it was only natural for him to tread cautiously around a powerful man like Fabian.

His blood ran cold just from looking at Fabian. Being the nightclub's boss, it was needless to say that he knew all about the influential figures in Baykeep city. Apart from the two women at Fabian's table, everyone in the room came from notable and distinguished backgrounds.

Fabian briefly stated his request in a lowered voice, and the boss immediately understood.

Although the boss didn't fully understand Fabian's motive for making that request, he still hurriedly obeyed.

Of course, Fabian was not one to abuse his superiority. So he slid out a card from his wallet and gave it to the Bluebird's boss.

The boss gaped at the sleek sheen of the premium black card, knowing all too well that the card held at least a million.

Fabian spoke up after seeing the boss' hesitation, "Take it. Consider it as compensation for troubling you."

The boss thanked him graciously before accepting the black card and scurrying backstage.

Hannah instantly regretted betting against Fabian. She assumed that they would wait for the auctioneer to reveal the mystery item, but Fabian had unexpectedly spent a million and took their bet to a whole other level.

Not long after, the auctioneer returned to the stage once more. She blushed profusely at the outraged audience. "I'm sorry to keep everyone waiting."

Truth be told, she didn't know how to proceed. Normally, it would be acceptable for her to interrupt auctions as her fluent improvisation skills could easily reignite the audience's enthusiasm. However, this time...

Her boss informed her that the mystery item would undergo a special auction procedure. The item would remain unrevealed until it is handed over to the highest bidder. She had worked in the auctioneering industry for quite some time, but this special procedure was a first for her.

At the same time, she couldn't help but brim with curiosity. This item's market value is extremely high, and he's just going to auction it without showing the audience what it is? Isn't he afraid of sustaining losses if no one bids for it?

Little did the auctioneer know, Fabian had promised to purchase the item for a hundred and five percent of its market price, should his bid not meet the market price.

The boss considered that he would profit regardless of whoever bids for the item, so he decided it was better to sell the item to Fabian as a favor.

Meanwhile, the auctioneer hesitated for some time before sheepishly announcing, "Because of the item's special significance, we've decided to do a blind bidding."

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"What? What's a blind bidding?"

"Special significance? What the hell does that mean?"

"Blind auction? Does that mean the item is illegal?"

...

Tumultuous questions broke out from the displeased audience.

The auctioneer nervously clarified, "This means that the item will not be revealed throughout the bidding process up until it arrives in the hands of the highest bidder. The starting price will be determined by you, bidders. Whether you gain or lose from this item will entirely be in your hands."

This was the best excuse that she came up with at backstage earlier. She didn't know how else to explain to the audience, except by marketing the item as a gamble of fate.

"The hell is this? Who carries out such auction procedures?"

"I think the Bluebird's staff came up with this scheme to trick us into bidding high prices."

"Yeah, I think so too. Only an idiot would fall for their scheme."

...

The auctioneer avoided looking directly at anyone from the turbulent audience. She just wanted to get this over and done with immediately, even if it meant causing the item to be passed. "Okay, let's not waste each other's precious time. This item is officially open for bidding. The bidding price starts at five million, so if anyone is interested, please raise your sign. Every increasing bid hereafter must be at a minimum of two hundred thousand."

"Pfft, pass the item already! Clearly, this is a scam by the nightclub. No one's dumb enough to fall for it!" someone from the front tables shouted at the auctioneer.

Pity swelled in the auctioneer's chest after seeing that no one made a move. What a waste! At this rate, I don't even know how much my commission will amount to. Honestly! What the hell is the boss thinking?

Just as the auctioneer's shoulders slumped in disappointment, Fabian made his move.

At Fabian's signal, Jason raised his sign and offered, "Six million."

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Oh my god. I'm saved! Even though it's nowhere near market value, at least someone's still willing to participate in this blind bidding. The auctioneer let out a huge breath and smiled with relief at Fabian.

"Okay, six million from the sir in the middle. Does anyone wish to go higher?"

The auctioneer cast a grateful look at Jason, who held up his sign. Because if it weren't for him, she wouldn't have earned even a dime's worth of commission from this item.

Everyone's gazes followed after the auctioneer's, wanting to know which idiot had fallen into the nightclub's trap. When they realized that it was Fabian, everyone's lips pursed as they silently eyed him.

No one was bold enough to criticize Fabian for doing what he did. After all, Fabian was favored by lady Fortune herself; he was so wealthy and powerful that they couldn't risk crossing him.

Yet, there were also people in the room who didn't know that Fabian was the president of Phoenix Group. One of them scorned, "Why'd he bid? That guy doesn't look dumb enough to do fall for a scam— did no one from his table stop him?"

The people around shifted their seats away from this person. They couldn't care less if their actions seemed humiliating because it was better than being associated with that imprudent person.

"Are there no more bids?" the auctioneer asked again.

However, the room's pin-drop silence made it clear that her question was painfully unnecessary. She then raised her gavel to resume with the bidding.

"Six million going once."

Bang!

"Six million going twice."

Bang!

Right as she raised her gavel to make the final call, a woman spoke confidently.

"Seven million."

The auctioneer couldn't help but beam with joy at the sound of this. Unbelievable! People are still bidding under the crazy circumstance—that's great! This is going greatly!

Everyone's heads flung towards the source of the woman's voice, wanting to know what was happening.

Fabian did as well; he turned his head slightly and looked across the room.

The voice came from an inconspicuously placed table in the auction hall.

Two people sat at that table; the first was a woman drenched in smoky makeup and a skimpy dress. She was the one who had made the bid. Next to her was an enigmatic woman in a mask whose eyes looked directly at Fabian.

The masked woman was, in fact, Lyna. She had found some random woman to raise her sign and shout out the bid on her behalf. All of this was to ensure that her identity would remain securely hidden.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1277

"Why the mask? Is she pretending to be some big shot?" Jason clenched his jaw in dissatisfaction towards her higher bid.

Fabian felt curious too, but nothing about the woman seemed familiar, so he signaled for Jason to increase their bid.

"Eight million."

This didn't surprise Lyna, whose goal was to lure him into recklessly spending his money.

Lyna raised a finger and nodded at the skimpily dressed woman.

A gleam flashed in the skimpy woman's eyes as she immediately shouted, "Ten million."

"Okay, we now have ten million from the lady in the back. Does anyone wish to go higher?" the auctioneer uttered in disbelief as zealous thoughts shot inside her mind. Yes! The pace is finally picking up. Please don't stop bidding now!

"Fifteen million."



At this point, Jason blew up with rage at the masked woman whose eyes were still pinned onto Fabian. She's not even looking at the screen! It's obvious that she's not bidding for the item; she's here to wreck our plans.

Fabian figured that too, but he was more focused on finding out who that masked woman was. Why is she going against me? Fabian mused.

On the other hand, the Young sisters were oblivious to this. They were more concerned with the risk of bidding more than fifteen million on an unknown item. They advised, "Let's give up. We'll stop pursuing the item if that person raises their bid, alright?"

A wicked smile crept onto Lyna's face. Things were going accordingly; she wanted Fabian to keep increasing his bid and spend way more than necessary over some petty little item.

The skimpy woman's bright red lips parted in shock. Those guys upped their bid to fifteen million, so are we still increasing our bid or not?

She turned her head and gasped, seeing that Lyna raised two fingers at her.

Pride swelled in her chest as this was the most honorable moment she felt among all of the jobs she had engaged in. With all eyes on her, adrenaline kicked in as she proudly raised her chin and proclaimed, "Twenty-five million!"

At this, the auctioneer felt an exciting thrill crawl down her back. These two are really gunning for it. Moreover, I was informed backstage that the item's market price is twenty-five million, and the current bidding price has soared to exactly that. This means we won't sustain any losses for this item anymore!

"Okay, I've got twenty-five million from the same woman at the back. Are there any more bids?" the auctioneer eagerly raised her gavel and shouted in Fabian's direction.

Jason gritted his teeth. He grabbed the sign and was ready to raise his offer. Screw it. I don't believe you have that much money on you.

Before Jason could lift the sign, an arm reached out to suppress his. His gaze trailed up the arm and saw whom it belonged to—Fabian!

Sensing that Fabian was going to give up the bet, Jason urged, "Fabian, what's going on? Aren't you going to beat her offer?"

"That's all that matters to you, huh? You and your mulishness. What if we end up with massive losses?" Helen snapped with a fire.

Jason glared daggers at Hannah. Disregarding her presence, he turned to look at Fabian and waited for his response.

"Play hesitant. Hold back until the second auction chant before increasing our offer," Fabian instructed whilst casually tapping his fingers against the tabletop.

Jason instantly understood. He knew Fabian like the back of his hands since they had known each other for quite some years. He could tell Fabian's counter. She's deliberately raising her offer to target us; To retort, we're going to pretend like we've given up on the item, then shock her by making the last winning bid.

However, Jason still felt unresolved anger towards the masked woman. How humiliating! People will assume that we can't afford the item, even though we clearly can. Just any one of our credit cards will have at least ten million credit, so is acting really necessary?

Nevertheless, Jason kept his mouth tightly shut and obeyed Fabian's plan.

Bang!

"Twenty-five million going once. Any higher bids?"

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The auctioneer forcefully struck her gavel against the sound block. It was as if she gave a stern reminder to Fabian, urging that the mystery item would be snatched away if he didn't make another bid now.

Bang!

"Twenty-five million going twice!"

The gavel struck again, sending a loud call to everyone's attention.

At that moment, a frown of worry crossed Lyna's face. Why isn't Fabian bidding anymore? Has he run out of money? That's not possible! How could the largest consortium in the country run out of money? If he doesn't have money, then we'd all be broke and penniless.

Unless... he gave up the bid because he no longer thinks the item is worth it?

Hannah. It must be Hannah's doing.

Given Fabian's character, Lyna felt it was impossible that he would give up so easily. Her temper sparked, thinking that Hannah must have persuaded him to stop bidding.

"That Hannah... ugh! She repulses me!" Lyna vented.

Her lips trembled with panicked rage as she had just spent twenty-five million on a worthless item.

"Miss, it looks like they've surrendered," the skimpy woman rejoiced. She assumed that Lyna really wanted the mystery item and boasted proudly, "We're going to win the bid soon."

"I..." Lyna faltered.

Lyna's fists coiled tightly as she glowered at the skimpy woman. You unknowing wretch, how could you be so pleased that I spent all my money on a wrong cause?

The auctioneer gave a long exhale before announcing loudly, "Great! So that's twenty-five million to..."

"Thirty million," Jason's voice rumbled once more.

"Someone else has offered a higher bid at thirty million," the auctioneer said to Lyna. "Miss, would you like to bid up?"

The auctioneer got a tad more excited at how she managed to sell the mystery item for thirty million despite how chaotic the situation was. To top it all off, the item was sold for five million more than its market price.

Our boss is a genius for devising this whole blind bidding procedure! We might not have sold it for this much if we revealed what the mystery item was.

"Hah! Jason, Jason," Lyna tutted. "Some friend you are for shoving Fabian right into my trap. Oh, my! This is great!"

Lyna threw her head back and let out a burst of loud, triumphant laughter.

She believed that Jason had made the bid out of impulsive arrogance; nevertheless, his impulsiveness had saved her from tragedy. She would have gotten into a pickle if she really won the bid and had to cough up twenty-five million because she didn't have that kind of wealth.

Blackwood Group was technically still Leo's; plus, Lyna had previously spent a large expense on orchestrating that car accident, so there was no way she had thirty million to spend on some silly bidding.

Lyna sighed gratefully that Leo hadn't attended with her. If he did, things would surely be catastrophic; not only would her identity be known, but Leo might lecture her for her behavior, and she might end up getting lesser shares to Blackwood Group as a result.

Thanks to Jason's impulsive bidding, all of that was averted, so it pleased Lyna greatly.

"Miss? Miss, should we raise our bid?" the skimpy woman asked.

The skimpy woman couldn't tell whether Lyna's smile was one of confident laughter or dumbfounded anger.

Lyna's lips curved at the skimpy woman, then she turned and left without so much as a word.

To this, the skimpy woman assumed that Lyna probably stormed off in a foul mood because she ran out of money for the bidding.

An unbothered chuckle escaped the skimpy woman's lips as she dropped the bidding sign and skipped out of the hall. Her heart raced with gratification, knowing that the spotlight was on her while she stole the show at today's auction. It didn't bother her that they failed to bid for the mystery item. After all, that had nothing to do with her; It's not like the item was hers to keep if they have won the bid anyway.

"Fabian, those two have left!" Jason informed with his eyes still glued onto the faraway Lyna.

Fabian nodded silently. He knew that his plan had succeeded, and the mystery item was finally in his grasp.

Bang!

"Thirty thousand going once!"

Bang!

"Thirty thousand going twice!"

The auctioneer scanned the room, confirming that no more bids would be made. Then she struck her gavel again and shouted, "Last chance! And... sold to the gentleman over there. Congratulations, sir!"

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"Hmph! Who were those women? I'll give them a piece of my mind once I track them down..."

Jason fumed lividly. He was upset that he and Fabian relied on a strategy to win the bid when they could have easily bid a large sum at once and obtain the item instantly. The whole thing wounded his pride greatly. Needless to say, he wanted nothing more than to bite the women's heads off for messing with their bid.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1279

"I really wonder what the market price for the item is that you're bidding," heaving a sigh, Hannah said with her head lowered.

It was indeed the point which she was really concerned with at the moment. Be it a price that was a lot lower or one which was a lot higher than the market price, Fabian would still sustain a great loss.

A sense of guilt crept into her heart as she thought about the bet with Fabian earlier. It's really my fault! If I didn't make a bet with Fabian, he would not have bid for the mystery item and spent so much!

Nevertheless, Fabian was not the least bit worried about sustaining a great loss as he was confident of his own judgment. I'm sure the mystery item must be a necklace of high quality. If not, the auctioneer would not have introduced it in that way.

Other people figured that the auctioneer had exaggerated about the mystery item in order to pique their interests to bid for it. Little did they know that Fabian was the one manipulating the unusual bidding of the mystery item.

It was actually a win-win situation for him and the auctioneer. Apart from having Hannah touched by bidding her a unique item, his heart leaped with joy at the thought of Hannah fulfilling his wish upon winning the bet with her.

"How's everything? Did you manage to get it done with Mr. Dane?" Yvette asked the woman desperately.

The woman had called Yvette earlier right after Jaxon left. Yvette had also rushed to the place without hesitation.

"Yvette, the mission is accomplished. He was apparently having a great time in bed just now!" the woman giggled and replied confidently.

Yvette nodded in satisfaction and hinted, "Do you know that he's no ordinary man? He's the chief of the National Supervisory Commission and liaises directly with the higher-ups. If you are able to butter him up, I'm sure you would have an outstanding career advancement in the future."

The woman's face lit up upon hearing Yvette's words. She replied jubilantly, "Yvette, really thanks for giving me this golden opportunity. You can rely on me as I won't let you down. I'll surely repay your kindness in the future!"

Yvette's lips curved into a smile as she said, "Alright, I'm glad that you said so. I just hope that you won't forget about me when you are at the peak of success later."

"It's impossible! I would never forget how you have helped me this round!" the woman emphasized sincerely.

"Alright, you may go out first if there's nothing else. I need to make a call." Yvette said casually and gestured to her.

"Alright, Yvette. Just feel free to contact me if there's anything. I'll make a move first." the woman nodded at her and left.

After ensuring that she had left, Yvette strode toward the TV cabinet. She crouched to take out a laptop, flipped the lid, and turned it on instantly.

Next, she clicked a specific folder to play a video clip.

"Hmm..." The moment the video clip was played, there was the sound of a woman panting and moaning seductively.

Smiling meaningfully, Yvette plugged in a USB drive to make a duplicate of the video clip. Lyna, the first step of our plan is done and turns out to be a success!

Jaxon Dane, looks like you have no choice but to comply with all our requests. If not, you'll have your image tarnished within seconds!

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Holding the USB drive tightly, Yvette smiled slyly with a glint of ferocity in her eyes.

In the meantime, the auction was about to come to an end. Hannah did not choose to bid for anything as she was not in the mood. Furthermore, she did not intend to let Fabian spend any more for her. Meanwhile, Jason had bid Helen a Patek Philippe watch.

When the auction was over, Helen grabbed Jason's arm and grumbled at him, "I didn't ask you to bid me anything, did I? I'll give this watch back to you."

"Pfft! Don't give it back to me. You're the owner now. After all, you still have the vibe that can match such a luxury watch!" Jason said coolly.

Helen was speechless and at a loss for words.

If the sentence was blurted out of another person's mouth, Helen would surely give that person a slap on the face, thinking that she was being mocked at. Nevertheless, she knew that Jason was being sincere by saying so.

After getting along with Jason for quite some time, she knew well about his temperament. Even though he was blunt at times and bickered a lot with her, he was actually a generous and kind-hearted person. During the auction a while ago, his instinctive act of bidding the Patek Philippe watch truly reflected his generosity and kindness.

When Fabian went backstage to retrieve the bid items, all of his buddies were back to their private room again, except Luther. Aside from collecting his artisan teapot, he was keen on knowing if Fabian had made a right guess for the mystery item.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1280

Needless to say, both Helen and Jason also tagged along with them. Both of them had made a bet among themselves as well, other than collecting the Patek Philippe watch.

"I'm sure Fabian has made the right guess this round!"

Jason was really confident with Fabian as Fabian had been his idol since young. In his eyes, Fabian was as mighty as the creator of mankind, and there was not even once whereby he was defeated. Hence, Jason truly believed that it would not be an exception for him this round as well.

Nevertheless, Helen really doubted Jason's great confidence. For her, it was impossible for Fabian to have a right guess for the mystery item in the box unless he possessed the ability to see through things.

Shaking her head, she trailed behind them. She only believed in science, and fairy tale was just fiction for her. Therefore, she opted to be in the same stance as Hannah.

After a while, the auctioneer approached Fabian with the bill. "Mr. Norton, this is your bill. Three million for Mr. Luther and thirty million for you making up the grand total of thirty-three million. Please place your signature here as acknowledgment."

"You don't need Fabian to pay for you?"

Helen was stunned. Fabian is even footing the bill for Luther. I don't understand why he's not paying for Jason.

"Do you think that I'm as stingy as a certain someone?"

Jason asked mockingly and threw a glance at Luther who was just next to him.

"Cough! Cough! I'm not stingy! I'm just spending wisely. Do you get what I mean?" Luther refuted in embarrassment.



"Pfft! My instinct is right. You're really a typical freeloader who takes advantage of others!" Helen said disdainfully. She could not hold back her words any longer upon seeing Luther acting pretty thick skin.

Coincidentally, someone brought in a delicate black box containing the item bid by Fabian a while ago.

Jason leaned closer and said excitedly, "Helen, do you see that? Such a big box! What kind of jewelry needs to be packed in such a big box other than a necklace?"

"Pfft! How do you know it's really a necklace? There are so many other possibilities, such as diamond, ring, and other types of jewelry."

At the sight of the rectangular box, Helen still did not think that the mysterious item would be a necklace.

"This is for you. Bear in mind that you owe me a promise," Fabian turned to look at Hannah and reminded her after signing his name on the bill. The next moment, he strode out without sparing a glance at the box.

Hannah was dumbfounded and could barely squeeze any words out of her mouth.

Jason gulped as Fabian strode away and his figure vanished from his view. He's really confident and cool!

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He thought of telling Helen the same thing, then strode off at once like Fabian. However, he was curious to know what was inside the black box. He was confident that the item was a necklace as he believed in Fabian.

Taking over the black box from the staff, a wave of anxiety surged within Hannah. Is it really a necklace? Why is Fabian so sure about it?

"Hannah, just open the box!"

Luther huddled up excitedly with the others, holding his box of artisan teapot in his hands.

Taking a deep breath, Hannah pried open the cover of the box carefully.

Jason, Helen, and Luther also craned their necks to witness the important moment.

"Ah! This is really incredible!" Helen yelled out first.

"Haha! I knew it! Fabian is always right. He'll forever be my mighty idol who is undefeatable by anyone!" Jason was overjoyed and laughed heartily, ignoring how the other audience turned to gape at him.

"As expected of Fabian Norton," holding his own delicate box, Luther mumbled admiringly.

As for Hannah, she was holding the black box and could not utter any words. At the same time, all types of questions were floating in her mind. Does Fabian really have the ability to see through something?

"Very impressive!" After inspecting the black box from different perspectives, Luther smacked his lips and commented.

"Huh?" Hannah was baffled. He's actually referring to Fabian or the necklace?

If he is referring to Fabian, his ability is really beyond description. He can be a fortune teller with his X-ray eyes! Or he could be referring to the necklace, which cost an arm or a leg.

Sigh! I'm in regrets having make a bet with him. Thirty million! I'm debt-ridden now!

"This thirty million is really worth it!"