

Never Late, Never Away Chapter

1301

The delighted Fabian was surprised because Helen and Jason had exceeded his expectation for once.

He showed them the way into his office and said, "I have a few contracts to sign, but once I'm done, let's head out for a meal."

The duo was on cloud nine. Jason's joy was written all over his face. He asked, "See? Fabian, I told you I would never let you down! Have I proven myself worthy yet?"
Download here:

Helen cast a contemptuous gaze at Jason and remarked sarcastically, "Stop making it sound as though you have devised the plan! I'm pretty sure it's going to take at least a decade for you to come up with such an effective plan."

Irked by Helen's statements, Jason rebutted, "Helen, can you mind your words and manners?

Stop getting full of yourself when you have merely come up with the plan a few minutes earlier than me! How dare you take credit for the plan? If it weren't because of the call I made using the connection of Goldstein Group, do you think they would take you seriously? If someone deserves the full credit, it's me!"

Unwilling to give in just yet, she rebuked, "Seriously? Have you no shame for trying to take all the credit when the call is your only contribution? Do you think they'll take you seriously without the information I have gathered?"

As the duo started bickering again, Fabian stated with a genuine smile, "Both of you did a great job, okay? I'm glad both of you have gotten the job done, or else I'll be having a hard time dealing with them. Once I'm done with my work, let's head over and pick Hannah up to join us for a meal."

After he finished his sentence, he instructed his secretary to show the duo the way to the

lounge while he returned to his office.
Meanwhile, Yvette, who had no idea of the things that were about to come, started ridiculing Hannah in her mind. See? I told you there wasn't anything you could do to get rid of me!
What if I was the mastermind behind the accident? I'm still standing here! In fact, tomorrow I'll be free again! There's nothing you can do to stop me! Hahahaha! You're lucky for once, but do you think you're able to get away twice? Let's assume you're able to get away unscathed, how many attempts do you think it's going to take to end you?
You can't run away from me for your entire life, can you?
Yvette was determined to bring upon Hannah's demise. The first thing after she regained freedom was to pay Hannah's company a visit and caused her colleagues to boycott her. It would take more than Hannah's death to please her because she wanted her to live a miserable life to satisfy her needs for revenge.
On the other hand, after Lyna acquired the news of the two high-ranking officials being taken into custody, she felt anxious and thought Fabian might be the one behind it.
She was startled because he had retaliated sooner than she expected. Perhaps she couldn't get to save Yvette anymore. Immediately, she called Jaxon. "Hello, Mr. Dane."
As she had previously kept her identity confidential, Jaxon wasn't aware Lyna was the one on the other end of the call.
Jaxon asked deadpanned his reply, "Hello? May I know who this is?"
Lyna asked in a sarcastic manner, "Mr. Dane, how can you forget about me? I'm pretty sure you haven't forgotten the video clip, have you?"
Download here:
"It's you..." After he heard her, he knew the reason she had called. Thus, he asked, "What do you want from me again?"
Lyna asked in a contemptuous manner, "What do I want from you? Mr. Dane, aren't you aware

your most trusted aides have been taken into custody?”
Since Jaxon had reached an agreement with Fabian, he wasn’t afraid at all. He replied nonchalantly, “If you’re talking about Mr. Alder and Mr. Hobbs, it’s not a big deal. I have gotten in touch with the higher-ups. Soon, they’ll regain freedom.” It wasn’t a lie because the two high-ranking officials’ freedom was part of the plan they had devised.

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“Such wonderful news, Mr. Dane! Nothing less than I expected from a veteran official!”

Lyna chuckled and added, “Allow me to give you a heads-up—Fabian has been alarmed. You need to be careful because I believe he’s the whistleblower. Allow me to be frank, but I won’t hold back against you if you can’t get Yvette out of jail.”

Immediately after she hung up the call, Jaxon summoned his trusted aide and instructed,

“Gather every information associated with this phone number and see if there’s anything suspicious.”

He could vividly recall Lyna’s look after meeting her in person, yet he had a hard time locating her. It felt as if she had disappeared into thin air. Little did she know Lyna had disguised herself through extreme methods to get her revenge. Therefore, not even her mother could recognize her, let alone Jaxon.

After Lyna hung up the call, she muttered to herself, “Jaxon, I hope you won’t let me down.

Otherwise, I’ll expose you even if it means forsaking Yvette.”

She had a bad feeling about it and thought there was something fishy going on behind the scenes.

Fabian’s capabilities are beyond our imaginations! How did Jaxon manage to save his trusted aides? Has Jaxon turned his back against me and struck a deal with Fabian instead? Is this part

of their plan to lure me out?

No matter what, it is better to be on my guard against them.

After she gathered her thoughts, she removed the SIM card and shattered it into pieces

before throwing it away.

Once she installed another SIM card and booked a flight ticket to travel abroad on Yvette's

behalf, she called someone from the black market and acquired his help to get another

woman who resembled Yvette over.

Download here:

"Fabian, perhaps I'm not a match for you in the corporate world, but you're not a match for

me when it comes to being street smart! I'm pretty sure you'll be shocked by the surprise I

have in store for you!"

Lyna guffawed out of the blue.

Meanwhile, as soon as Fabian signed the contracts that would require immediate attention

and packed his things, he brought himself up and walked downstairs.

"Idiot!"

"Says you?"

"No! You!"

"You!"

...

After Fabian got downstairs, he noticed the duo started bickering again.

He found the duo's interaction hilarious as they showed no signs of stopping at all. Halfway

down the stairs, he paused and started observing them in silence.

"Fabian!"

Helen saw a man on the stairs through the corner of her eyes. Upon a glance, she noticed

Fabian not far away.

Her brother-in-law nodded, but before he could greet her in return,

Jason said, "Stop lying! I

won't be deceived by you again!"

Fabian was at a loss for words because Jason, who was an adult, wouldn't stop behaving like

an arrogant brat.

"Please suit yourself while Fabian and I head out for a meal!"

Helen walked in the direction of Fabian after she finished her sentence. When Helen was a few steps away from Fabian, Jason finally turned around. "Oh! Fabian! I

thought she had been lying again!"

Fabian was nonplussed; he knew he wasn't supposed to take sides.

Helen rolled her eyes and rebuked, "Stop defaming me! Do you think I'm you? I have never

lied to others, okay?"

"I—"

As Fabian knew they would start another round of bickering again, he broke the silence and

suggested, "Shall we get going and pick Hannah up?"

If they were to carry on, perhaps they would miss dinner because they had yet to depart.

Shortly, the trio departed and headed over to Hannah's company.

"Sir, we can't gather any information because this contact number isn't even registered. On

top of that, the phone has been switched off."

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Slouching against the chair, Jaxon beckoned his assistant to leave him alone because he

hadn't gotten his hopes high either.

Lyna wouldn't be much of a threat as long as he had Fabian's support.

On the other hand, Hannah, who was in her office, was in the middle of a break after a hectic

session with the newly established team.

Actually, the things she had taught them were pretty common for a journalist. Nonetheless,

since it was an instruction from her senior editor, she had no choice but to show them the

proper way to do things.

Serving herself a glass of water, Hannah muttered to herself, "I need to get Mr. Dijon to send

someone else to conduct the interview with Xavier. Otherwise, it's going to be so awkward."

Suddenly, she picked up her phone because she noticed she had an incoming call.

Download here:

Fabian? Isn't he supposed to be in the middle of work? Why is he calling me when he should be dealing with all sorts of things?

Immediately after Hannah picked up the call, she asked jokingly, "Hello? Why are you calling me amidst the hectic schedule of yours? Are you afraid I'm having an affair with another man?"

When he heard her question, he chuckled and asked in return, "How do you know? I can't allow my awesome wife to run away with another man, can I?"

"You need to stop flattering me and tell me what brings you to call me." After Hannah took a peek at her watch, she added, "There are about five minutes left until I'm allowed to leave the office."

Smiling, Fabian asked in a gentle tone, "I have parked outside your office. Jason and Helen are here with me. Care to join us for dinner?"

"Hmm..."

She kept silent for a few seconds before answering, "Since I'm in a great mood, I guess I'll allow you to have the pleasure to dine with me for once! Hold on for a second! I'll be there in a few minutes!"

After Hannah got up from her seat, she tidied her crumpled shirts before walking down the stairs, humming because she was thrilled.

It feels great to be promoted because I have the authority to leave when I have finished my tasks!

Soon, she reached the entrance and saw the trio that was across the street. When they saw her, Fabian beckoned her over with a smile.

As Hannah sprinted over, she noticed Jason and Helen seemed to be bickering again.

She found them hilarious because they wouldn't stop picking on one another despite the circumstances. To be precise, she was impressed by their willpower to pick on one another.

“Alright, can both of you give us a break? It feels like I have brought along a freaking portable speaker with me!” Hannah yelled and stopped the duo.

Download here:

After they exchanged glances, they glared at Hannah, indicating she should stop poking her nose into their businesses.

Hannah felt uncomfortable because of the way they looked at her. She looked at Fabian and

suggested, “I believe we should get going. It has been a long day. Let’s hurry up and finish our meal, so we can call it a day as soon as possible.”

Fabian wasn’t aware Hannah was in the middle of a conversation with him because he had his eyes glued to something in the direction ahead of him.

“I...”

She was irked by his response because they were the ones who had invited her to join them for a meal, yet they didn’t even appreciate her presence.

“It’s time to go.”

After Fabian snapped out of confusion, he grasped Hannah’s hand and marched their way back to the car. Helen and Jason were right behind them.

The moment they boarded the car, Hannah asked, “Is something bothering you?”

He shook his head and answered, “It’s nothing.”

Due to his serious expression, she pouted her lips in irritation and replied in a petulant

manner, “Hmph! Forget about it because I have no intention to poke my nose into your business as well.”

Soon, she grasped Helen’s hand and started engaging in a conversation with Jason and her sister.

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Fabian didn’t bother to explain himself either. After he retrieved his phone and drafted the text to one of his close acquaintances, his tensed look finally eased up a little.

Grinning, Helen asked her sister, "Hannah, I have great news and bad news for you! Which one do you prefer to know first?"

Hannah had a hard time figuring out the things Helen was up to. After considering for a few seconds, she stated, "The great news."

"If that's the case, I need to tell you the bad news first."

Her sister was at a loss for words because it wasn't necessary for her to make the choice in the first place. "What is it about?"

Helen leaned over and whispered, "Yvette has acquired the aid of some influential figures to get her out of jail."

"Huh? Are you serious?"

Download here:

When Hannah heard the news, she was baffled and looked at Fabian with her eyes widened in disbelief.

As Fabian nodded, she found out her sister hadn't been making things up.

"What? How is that possible when she has tried to murder me?"

Hannah's face puckered in frustration. Although she found Yvette pitiable, she wanted her to bear the consequences of her actions. Thus, she had stopped Fabian from interfering with Yvette's jurisdiction in return for a fair trial.

"Haven't I told you to let Fabian deal with it? You should have listened to me! How does it feel to have the murderer getting off the hook?" Helen remarked sarcastically to express her irritation.

"I didn't see that coming!"

As Yvette almost killed her, Hannah regretted her decision. Despite the failed attempt, it would be unfair if Yvette could get herself acquitted on all counts just because she was related to some bigshots.

Afraid her sister would go berserk soon, Helen announced, "You don't have to get overly worked up. Have you forgotten the great news?"

“What is it?”

Hannah deadpanned her reply because she couldn't be bothered by the great news at all.

Helen sat upright and cleared her throat before announcing in an ostentatious manner, “Your exceptional and brilliant sister has taken care of the issue on your behalf! In short, you don't have to be worried anymore!”

She looked elsewhere and replied, “Oh...”

Seconds after she returned to her senses, she got pumped up and asked, “What did you just say? You had gotten rid of the issue on my behalf? How?”

Helen was pleased by her response. She held her chest high and was about to share her

brilliant plan with her sister, but Jason interrupted her and said, “It's all thanks to me! If it

weren't because of me, she couldn't possibly deal with them!”

As he went on, he ruffled his hair and added, “It's a long story, but here goes...”

“Shut up! How dare you get full of yourself in front of me?”

Helen interrupted Jason again and thought he was way too arrogant.

“What? Have I said anything wrong? Do you think you could execute the plan without me?”

Jason rebutted to defend himself.

“Oh? Do you really think you're that capable?”

“Enough!”

Hannah yelled as the duo was about to go berserk again when they were in the middle of something serious.

“Why don't you tell me about it?” Hannah looked at Fabian and asked in a calm and collected manner.

Fabian nodded and started summarizing the entire incident again.

After Hannah figured out the truth, she started praising the duo for a job well done.

“Unbelievable, it turns out both of you are able to be of aid to Fabian already, huh?”

Hannah's words worked like a charm because Helen and Jason were overwhelmed by a sense of achievement.

Download here:

"I have been wondering the reason behind the meal. It turns out they're the highlight of the day, and you have just dropped by and picked me up on the way to the restaurant, huh?"

Hannah pulled Fabian's leg.

Before Fabian could reply, Helen said, "Don't you think you should be grateful? If it weren't because of me, you might not get to join us!"

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Everyone in the car burst into laughter when they heard Helen's reply.

"What's next?" Hannah asked.

Fabian answered, "I'll help Mr. Dane retrieve the video clip before throwing Yvette and the one threatening her behind bars."

"Mmm..." Hannah nodded because that seemed to be the best option available.

Soon, they reached their destination. Fabian had brought them there because Helen said she wanted to have seafood for dinner.

After Fabian alighted from the car, he surveyed the surroundings with his eyes narrowed to a slit. He instructed Hannah, "Go ahead and place the order without me. I'll join the rest of you after I return from the washroom."

Fabian walked in the other direction after he finished his sentence.

Hannah was confused by

the things he was up to because the washroom was in the restaurant.

What's wrong with

him? Why is he heading toward the opposite direction?

Hannah brought Helen and Jason into the restaurant with him. It had a lavishly decorated

interior with different types of aquaculture products nearby the entrance.

Upon a simple glimpse, Helen catapulted in the direction of the livestock and cast her dignity aside.

"Oh, God! Jason, look! It's such a gigantic lobster! Shall we have this for dinner? I'm pretty

sure it's going to give me foodgasm!"

Helen had never seen such a gigantic lobster throughout her entire life.

Thus, she couldn't

hold back her excitement and started drooling as she imagined savoring the lobster.

Jason scowled at her and asked with a contemptuous look, "What's

wrong with you? Is it

necessary to get so excited over a shrimp you have never seen? Stop

behaving like a country

bumpkin!"

"So what if I'm a country bumpkin? At least I'm not a good-for-nothing

loafer like you!"

Irked by his response, after shooting daggers at him, she returned to her sister's side.

Fabian tapped on the shoulder of a man in a set of formal wear and

asked with a smirk,

"What's wrong? They've gone inside, shall we go in and join them?"

The man responded the moment he sensed Fabian's presence. He

grasped Fabian in return.

When he was about to render Fabian incapable of motion, someone

from Fabian's side

clasped his hands around the man's neck and took him into custody.

Fabian shook his head and asked in a provoking manner, "Are you trying

to capture me? This

is getting interesting!"

Meanwhile, the rest of the man's party had their eyes glued to the man

under custody,

behaving as though they needed his instructions to carry on with their

mission.

Fabian knew the man he had taken into custody was none other than

the party's leader.

Although Fabian's party was greatly outnumbered, he wasn't afraid at all.

The other party

might not have the upper hands because the ones by Fabian's side were

headhunted from the

special forces.

Download here:

"I believe all of you are aware of the things that are awaiting you as a

fellow martial art

practitioner. Why don't you stop retaliating?" Fabian asked.

The person, who had been taken into custody, stared at him for a few minutes before

explaining, "We mean no harm."

Fabian beckoned his subordinate to release the man and asked, "I'm well aware of that.

Otherwise, you would have been long taken out."

He hadn't exaggerated his words because it would merely take a few minutes for his

bodyguards to take them out.

Shortly, Fabian put on a stern front and asked in a serious tone, "Who sent you? What are you

after?"

The leader of the other party frowned and told Fabian, "We're from the black market. That's

the most we can tell because we need to abide by our rules as well."

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"Oh? The black market? Interesting!"

After he paced back and forth around them, he asked with a

contemptuous smirk, "Do you

think those from the black market can intimidate me? I can't believe you have the audacity to

bring up the rules of the black market in front of me! Are you not aware of my identity?"

Without a second thought, the man replied, "Fabian Norton."

Those from the black market had their own ways of doing things to prevent them from being

wiped out of existence. There were a selected few who would never be the target of the

hitmen from the black market.

Should anyone from the black market try to accept the task to assassinate those on the list,

they would have to face the wrath of the elites of the black market.

Needless to say, the hitmen were conscious of Fabian's identity of being one of the selected

few in the lists, because they had been warned to stay away from him prior to their

recruitment.

"Since you're aware, why don't you let the cat out of the bag already?"

Although your party is

from the black market, it isn't tough to get to the bottom of this and find out who has hired you."

Fabian continued asking with a smile in an attempt to figure out their actual identity.

Otherwise, it would take him some time and effort to get to the bottom of it.

The man leading the party wasn't convinced at all. He insisted, "My apologies, but we have to abide by the rules of the black market."

Fabian was slightly disappointed. As he couldn't gather any useful intel from the bunch in front of him, he beckoned his bodyguards to teach them a lesson.

Download here:

What kind of joke is this? Since you have the guts to pick on my wife, I'll have to let you know I'm not an easy target!

After his bodyguards took note of his instruction, he stepped forward.

Grasping the arm of the man leading the party, Fabian's bodyguard was about to break it, but a man stopped them in the nick of time.

"Hold on a second, Mr. Norton!"

When Fabian was about to leave, he heard someone stopping him. Thus, he bought himself to a halt and turned around with a smirk.

"Isn't this Mr. Jackson?"

Fabian narrowed his eyes because he finally linked part of the missing pieces of puzzles together.

The man leading the party closed his eyes in anticipation of the misery that was about to

befall him. When he heard Xavier's voice, he felt a sense of relief because his arm would be

broken for real should Xavier fail to show up in time.

However, the moment he heaved a sigh of relief, a loud crack was heard.

As a result of the

man's piercing shriek, the customers of the restaurant looked in the direction of the conflicting parties.

Xavier's face puckered in irritation. He gritted his teeth and said, "Fabian!"

Fabian guffawed and looked at the frustrated Xavier with a contemptuous look, asking in a provoking manner, "What's wrong, Mr. Jackson? They have been following my wife and me for quite some time. Don't you think I'm supposed to teach them a lesson? They weren't by any chance been sent by you, were they?"

He directed a rhetorical question at Xavier and stepped forward, remarking sarcastically, "Could it be one of your attempts to get your hands on our company's intel? Are you still trying to get ahead of us?"

Glaring at Fabian in the eyes, Xavier enunciated his reply, "Mr. Norton, I'm sorry to let you down, but I'm not such a despicable man!"

Standing in front of Xavier, Fabian took advantage of his height and peered at him while asking, "Oh? Does that mean you admit they have been sent by you?" "Indeed, I have sent them!"

Although Xavier was infuriated, he had no intention to lie. Soon, he beckoned the hitmen he had hired to leave.

Similarly, Fabian's bodyguards knew it was about time for them to leave the duo alone.

"Mr. Jackson, since you have sent someone to follow us, don't you think you should explain yourself?" Fabian queried.

Although he was aware they had been sent by Xavier, he couldn't figure out the rationale behind it.

He had merely brought up the part of gathering intel to provoke and insult Xavier. Since the five prominent families were closely affiliated, he was conscious Xavier would never resort to such petty tricks to achieve his goals.

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“Did you think that Hannah is now safe just because you’ve apprehended Yvette?” Xavier asked Fabian a question of his own instead of answering his. “So, you sent them here to protect her?” Fabian questioned coldly while staring at him even as his gaze darkened upon hearing his remark. Naturally, Xavier could sense the hostility in his eyes, yet he wasn’t at all bothered. “Of course,” he replied without much care. “Hah! Does my woman require your protection? What a joke! Look at those few withered men you brought over. If something truly happens, I’m afraid that they’ll only be cannon fodder!” All at once, vexation seized Fabian. Hannah and I are already married, yet he’s still having designs on her now? What an obstinate fool! “Don’t be too sure of that, Mr. Norton. If you can protect Hannah well, I naturally wouldn’t be worried,” Xavier murmured placidly. “Hah! What do you mean by that, Mr. Jackson? Am I, the president of Phoenix Group, not comparable to you, Mr. Jackson Jr. of the Jackson Group?” Of course, Fabian knew that he was implying that it was his inadequate consideration that led to the car crash during the wedding. Thus, he hit him where it hurt. In truth, Xavier had only become the president of Jackson Group last year. Before that, his father felt that he wasn’t capable of shouldering the responsibility yet, so he had always been dubbed as Mr. Jackson Jr. by others. At that, Xavier was also incensed, and he panted in fury. Then, he harrumphed and snarled, “Hmph! You naturally know what I mean, Mr. Norton. Fine, I’ll bring my men back. However, consider this my warning to you—if anything happens to Hannah, don’t blame me for stealing her from you!” After saying that, he left without a backward glance. Meanwhile, Fabian merely stood there as a light breeze ruffled the hair on his temples. As he

gazed at Xavier's retreating back, a meaningful smile manifested on his face, and he muttered,

"Hah! So you want to steal my woman? How overly confident of you!"

Subsequently, he spun around and strode toward the restaurant.

"Are you guys going to order? If you can't afford the food here, then don't come here to eat.

Why are you acting like wealthy people when you're obviously country bumpkins?" the server chided rudely.

From the time Hannah and the others entered the restaurant, the server had noticed them.

And the moment she glimpsed Helen's expression, she categorized all three of them as

country bumpkins who were acting rich.

Jason had always led a pampered life with people fawning over him everywhere he went, so

he had never been humiliated in such a manner. Hence, when he heard that, he immediately

snatched the teacup from the table and smashed it right at her feet.

"Do you not know how to talk nicely? We're the customers here, yet this is the way you're

speaking to us? Buzz off! I don't want to see you in this restaurant anymore!"

That action of his instantly attracted the attention of the other diners around them, and they

all stopped eating. Before they had even placed their cutlery down, they started pointing and

talking about the three of them.

Helen was initially livid as well, but upon seeing Jason's reaction, she calmed down. He may be

a tad rash, but he didn't do anything wrong. Thus, she merely sat there quietly without saying

anything.

However, the server went ballistic in the blink of an eye. Why couldn't I snub them when they

have no money? Worse still, they're actually making a fool out of me in public!

"Why are you acting like a king? As soon as you came in, the lot of you acted like fish out of

the water, gawking and gaping. At one glance, I could tell that you all came from the country.

Let me tell you, this is not a place the likes of you can afford. You'd better apologize to me and leave right away. Otherwise..."

As the server was still speaking, Jason stepped forward and slapped her hard across the face.

Then, he demanded provocatively, "What are going to do? Your boss will have to call me Mr.

Goldstein if he's here, yet you want to snub me when you're a mere server? What a joke!"

Hannah, however, was taken aback by his action. "Apologize to her, Jason!" she hastily blurted.

At the same time, Helen was also extremely panicked at the turn of events. Although the server's words were truly insulting, we're in the wrong now that Jason has made the first

move. Plus, this isn't our territory, what if he loses?

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At that thought, Helen dashed up and grabbed hold of Jason to prevent him from further doing anything extreme.

"H-How dare you hit me? An apology won't help you now! Just you wait to be beaten up!" the server snapped viciously as she glowered at Jason with bulging eyes and pure malice on her face.

"What's wrong? What happened here?"

Due to the commotion, the other servers and security rushed over.

"What happened?" a security officer asked the server who had been slapped.

"Mr. Jordan, he hit me! Look, my face is all swollen!" the server exclaimed aggrievedly as she touched her face.

When the chief security officer heard that, his brows creased. Looking at Jason, he murmured,

"Excuse me, sir, but no matter what the reason may be, you have to apologize if you hit someone."

He was exceedingly polite in his speech since he had no inkling of Jason's identity. What if

he's an official or a wealthy businessman's son considering his domineering attitude? I'll just

be shooting myself in the foot if I were to be rude to him!

"Apologize to her? What a joke! When have I, Jason Goldstein, ever apologized to anyone?"

Say, are you all blind? Didn't you see that server's rotten attitude? If I were your boss, I

would've fired her ages ago. She will just ruin the business if you allow her to stay!"

Rage blazed within Jason upon hearing that the chief security officer wanted him to apologize

to the server. Why should I apologize when I didn't do anything wrong?

Download here:

"Uh..."

At that moment, the chief security officer was caught in a dilemma as he instantly understood

what had happened the moment he heard that. The server in question had always looked

down on others, so he was naturally aware of that.

"We'll naturally deal with the situation you mentioned earlier behind closed doors, but you

must apologize for having hit her. Otherwise..." the chief security officer asserted with a frown

even as his gaze remained fixed on Jason.

How am I going to garner any respect here in the restaurant if I don't side with the employees

as the chief security officer?

"What the hell? What did you just say? Do repeat it. You actually dared to threaten me? Who

do you think you are?" Jason roared as he pointed at the chief security officer, the reins on his

emotions snapping when he heard him issuing a threat.

"Jason!"

Just when Jason was about to charge forward and teach the chief security officer a lesson on

manners, an imposing voice rang out.

The person who spoke was none other than Fabian. As soon as he entered the restaurant, he

caught sight of Jason's aggressive behavior.

On the other hand, Jason instinctively stilled upon hearing Fabian's voice.

Turning to look at

Fabian, he then wilted even as he greeted, "Hi, Fabian."

Hannah was relieved at the sight of Fabian, for she truly didn't know

what to do if Jason got

into a brawl. "You are finally back."

"What happened here?" Fabian queried as he pinned his glacial eyes on

the chief security

officer.

While his voice was a mere whisper, it sounded like a peal of thunder in

the ears of the chief

security officer. Meeting Fabian's cold gaze, he stammeringly replied,

"Mr. Norton, I think

there's been a misunderstanding here."

Although he didn't know who exactly Fabian was, he had seen the

restaurant owner smiling

ingratiatingly at him and addressing him as Mr. Norton while scraping

and bowing. Therefore,

he was certain that Fabian was a prominent figure.

"Well, what happened? Spit it out!" Fabian growled as he continued

staring at him with

displeasure written all over his face.

"The thing is, Mr. Norton, our server offended this gentleman here

because of her attitude. So,

he slapped her. When I had rushed over, I requested that he apologize

as we'll deal with the

server later, but he wasn't happy with that. Then, you saw what

happened thereafter."

Inwardly, the chief security officer lamented, Why do I have such shitty

luck? The thing I feared

most has truly come to pass—I've really bumped into someone I can't

afford to offend!

Casting a glance at the server, who was standing at the side, Fabian

declared coldly, "She's

fired."

Cough, cough...

Helen couldn't help giving a few light coughs upon hearing that. Oh wow,

Fabian is really

domineering!

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At that, Jason threw the chief security officer a smug look though he said nothing. Fabian

doesn't like my impulsiveness, so it'll be bad if he pursues the matter and tells Dad about this, he mused.

"Hmm? Is there a problem?" Fabian questioned as he stared at the chief security officer who remained rooted to the spot.

"N-No, everything will be done as per your orders," the chief security officer hastily reassured.

"Then, snap out of it and prepare a private room for us.

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After saying that, Fabian strode away on his long and slender legs, heading toward the private rooms on the second floor while holding Hannah's hand.

"Mr. Jordan, I..."

The server was all regretful, but it was of no use since she had offended someone she shouldn't have messed with.

"Take her away and tell the manager about the matter. Have him handle this," the chief security officer ordered the two men behind him while shaking his head helplessly.

"Fabian, I wasn't acting rashly at all. I was just peeved by someone like her who looks down on other people. Besides, what's wrong with being poor? Even poor people have better manners than that stupid woman. Don't you think so?" Jason instantly explained as soon as they entered the private room, afraid that Fabian would tell his father about that incident.

Fabian naturally saw through him. Deliberately scaring him, he drawled, "Why, are you afraid now? Where was your fear when you got physical earlier? Just because she had no manners, you stooped to her level? Just you wait and see if I don't tell your father about this."

"N-No... Please don't, Fabian."

Upon seeing that, Jason scurried over to him with an ingratiating expression on his face, pouring him tea and serving him.

“This doesn’t work on me,” Fabian proclaimed solemnly as he took a seat and twisted his head away.

“Hannah, help! Please put in a good word for me.”

Jason hastily turned to Hannah at the side for help when he saw Fabian’s firm stance. He knew that she was soft-hearted and would definitely intercede for him. Sure enough, Hannah nodded as she smiled and said, “Jason was indeed a tad too rash, but that server’s words were truly insulting, so why don’t you let him off this time?”

When Fabian heard that, he tilted his head a fraction yet remained mum. At that, Hannah shrugged to wordlessly inform Jason that she had done her best. Thus, Jason then hurriedly swung his gaze at Helen with a pleading expression on his face.

When Helen saw that, she was rather surprised. It turns out that there are also times when he implores me!

However, she truly felt that he hadn’t done anything wrong, so she chimed in, “Fabian, that’s absolutely true. You weren’t there just now, so you didn’t hear how nasty the server’s words were. Hannah merely chastised her, but she then lambasted Hannah. Even I felt like hitting her. And that was also why Jason stepped forward and slapped her,” she narrated with much exaggeration upon realizing that Fabian was most concerned about Hannah.

She had been sharp-witted since young, so her mind worked at warp speed.

The moment Jason heard this, he couldn’t help but praise her for her quick thinking. Then, he cast her an approving glance for her lauded idea, and blurted, “That’s right, Fabian. Just keep this from my father’s knowledge since I was protecting Hannah this time.”

Fabian looked at the two of them before glancing at Hannah who had her head hung low and said nary a word. Discerning that it was merely a story they made up to deceive him, mirth flooded Fabian. "I never knew that you two would show such a united front when dealing with an outsider despite your usual bickering." Knowing that he had seen through her lie, Helen embarrassingly ducked her head. Then, she looked at him and countered, "That's not true, Fabian. You're not an outsider. Besides, that server's words were truly insulting, so you would've definitely gotten physical as well if you were there."

"Exactly! I was merely taking up the cudgels on your behalf, Fabian. Without you there, I was naturally duty-bound to stand out as the only man among them. Don't you agree?"

Of course not! What a load of bullshit! Just admit it if you couldn't control yourself instead of acting all self-righteous! Why are you faking it instead of stopping while you're ahead?

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"Okay, fine. I'll let you off this time, but make sure that it doesn't happen again. Otherwise, you'll have to go back and work for your father," Fabian murmured as he shook his head.

"Thank you, Fabian! I'll definitely commit that to memory!" Jason quickly promised upon hearing that.

Meanwhile, at Blackwood Residence, Lyna was relentlessly applying makeup on her face to

make herself look tanner without diminishing her beauty.

As she stared at herself in the mirror, she nodded in satisfaction. My countenance now is

entirely different from my usual look. It's as though I've changed my face!

And although I'm a

bit tanned, I still look very stunning!

She was about to head to the jail to visit Yvette, so she had no choice but to alter her

appearance so as to avoid suspicion. "I don't believe anyone can still recognize me now."

She had always been cautious, so she even put on sunglasses before leaving. Driving alone,

she drove to a bustling area before alighting from her car. Then, she hailed a cab and headed

to the jail where Yvette was being detained.

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"Please wait for me here. I'll be right out after visiting someone."

As Lyna said that, she took out a few bills in the hundred denomination and handed them to

the driver.

The moment the driver saw them, he grinned from ear to ear. Oh wow, this is about the

amount I make fetching passengers for two or three days! Thus, he naturally agreed without

an ounce of hesitation. "No problem! Just go and take your time. I'll be waiting for you here."

Subsequently, Lyna climbed out of the cab and headed toward the place where Yvette was

detained.

"Please take me to Mr. Lennox. I've notified him of my visit beforehand,"

Lyna said to the

guard as she handed him an envelope.

The guard darted his gaze around before stuffing the envelope into his pocket. Then, he

ordered, "Follow me."

In no time, Lyna was led into an office, and she met Blake Lennox.

"I'm Yvette Tanner's cousin. I'd like to see her for a while and say a few words."

She already had someone bribe him in advance, so she naturally didn't face any problem in

doing that.

A while later, Yvette was escorted out. She stared at the visitor suspiciously, not recognizing

Lyna since she was wearing sunglasses.

Who is this? This isn't the attorney Lyna got me. What's more, it's a woman.

Lyna drummed her fingers on the table before she picked up the phone and greeted, "Have you forgotten me so quickly, my dear sister?"

As soon as Yvette heard her voice, she immediately recognized her.

"Why are you here?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

Curiosity gripped her. She's always been cautious, so why did she take such a huge risk and come here in person?

Slipping off her sunglasses, Lyna glanced at the corner of the room. Sure enough, she spotted a camera.

Lyna smiled and remarked calmly, "You'll most likely be released tomorrow, so I'll come and pick you up. We'll go to A Nation together, never to return again."

"What? Are you kidding me?"

Yvette's eyes went wide in shock. She had been racking her brains in jail and finally hatched a plan to eliminate Hannah, so she was inevitably astounded when Lyna suddenly broke that plan to her.

"Alright, don't argue! Just do as I say! We'll be taking the flight from Zippendale Airport at nine o'clock tomorrow. At that time, I'll have someone come and drive you over in a red Porsche," Lyna barked sternly even as she glared at Yvette upon seeing her reluctant expression.

In the next moment, she then hung up the phone before getting up to leave. That had Yvette at a total loss. What's the meaning of this? Did something happen? Why do I have to go to A

Nation for no reason, and never to come back after that?

No more than a second after Lyna had stepped out of the jail where Yvette was being

detained, Blake picked up the phone on his table and made a call to Jaxon. "Mr. Dane,

someone just came to visit Yvette. As per your instructions, I allowed her entry. I've also sent you the surveillance footage and voice recording."

“Great! Keep a close eye on things over there. When this matter is settled, I’ll put in a request to the higher-ups for you to be promoted to be chief somewhere else,” Jaxon promised on the other end of the phone. Immediately after, he hung up the phone and logged in to his email. As he stared at Lyna in the surveillance footage, he gritted his teeth hard.