

## **Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1001**

Finnick could hardly contain his happiness upon seeing her nod. He was grateful that she had returned to him again.

He stepped forward and gave her a hug without a care for the others in the room. "Honey, I'll take good care of you. I won't make you cry. You'll be happy for the rest of your life, I promise."

He pleaded, "Don't be mad at me. I didn't mean it. Do you know how much I suffered when you lost your mind? I'd stare at your photos and sob, not daring to cry out loud lest you call me a sissy. I really miss the times where you yell at me. Honey, don't leave me. Will you forgive me? I really miss you. I really do."

Tears were rolling down his cheeks by now. Vivian felt a small patch of wetness on her shoulder as he spoke. She knew without looking that he was sobbing profusely. She shoved him away in disdain and turned to leave.

"Honey, don't leave. Please don't leave me!" Finnick took her arm in desperation. I can't let her leave me and spend the rest of my days staring at her photos longingly.

"Stop crying. This is embarrassing." It turns out, Vivian only wanted to get a napkin for Finnick. She was speechless at the man's reaction.

"Honey, you've forgiven me?" Finnick was overwhelmed with happiness. At the sight of the dumbstruck Finnick, Vivian shook her head in exasperation.

"You're crying in front of Ben and the doctor. Can I not forgive you?" Vivian answered with a grin. Back then, Finnick chose himself. There was nothing wrong with that, so Vivian pardoned him readily.

After coming back to her senses, Vivian realized she got angry at him for nothing. Hopefully, Finnick would forget I've ever done that. That was too embarrassing!

"Ben," she greeted Benedict suddenly, rendering the latter astonished. "Oh, are you greeting me? I thought you only have eyes for your husband."

Vivian broke out laughing upon hearing the jealousy in his voice. She turned to the doctor and gave him a grateful bow. "Thank you for saving me."

Indeed, Vivian was grateful for the doctor's help. She knew she might remain a lunatic forever if it wasn't for him. Vivian felt utterly blessed right now, for she still wanted to live on.

"You're welcome, Mrs. Norton. You should thank Finnick for making the right choice," replied the doctor as his lips curled up.

Finnick promised to express his gratitude to his friend another day. At the entrance of the hospital, Benedict and Finnick parted ways. Benedict had to go back to work while Finnick needed to bring Vivian home.

"Have a safe trip home!" With that, Benedict entered his car and drove away. Finnick placed his arm around Vivian protectively and led her home.

In the car, Vivian suddenly realized that they had forgotten about Rachel, who was still in the hospital.

When Vivian asked about her, Finnick shook his head. He had also forgotten about Rachel. Vivian's illness caught him off guard, so he hadn't had time to think about other people. Finnick was reminded of Rachel's existence after hearing Vivian's question.

"Let's visit her at the hospital tomorrow," said Vivian. I hope she's still there. She couldn't even afford to pay her hospital bills and buy meals. I wonder how she is coping now. Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1002

Vivian wanted to visit Rachel immediately to rid that niggling feeling in her heart, but Finnick refused to bring her there.

"You've just recovered. Let's have a good rest tonight and visit her tomorrow together," he replied.

Finnick thought she shouldn't be wasting her efforts on Rachel as the latter could betray her anytime.

However, as long as she didn't harm Vivian, he would allow them to meet up. The moment Rachel tried

to harm his wife, he would send her to hell so she could reunite with her daughter there.

After seeing Vivian descending into madness a couple of times, Finnick was terrified of losing her. He knew what it was like to lose a loved one and refused to experience it again.

“Aww, can’t you let me go?” Finnick’s words made sense, but Vivian’s sixth sense told her something was going to happen.

Feeling restless, Vivian tried to persuade Finnick to change his mind to no avail. Once he had decided, no one—including Vivian—could change his mind.

It was for Vivian’s best. Finnick nearly caved in as Vivian kept whining throughout the entire journey, so he speeded up and arrived home in no time.

Vivian reluctantly got off the car. Having gotten what he wanted, Finnick smirked.

“What’s wrong? Won’t you go in?” Seeing Vivian coming to a stop at the door and glancing around, Finnick came to her and put an arm around her. Did she change her mind?

“Well, it has been ages since I’ve been home. I’ve just realized how much I miss it,” came Vivian’s calm reply. She glanced at Finnick briefly before heading for the door.

This was her forever home with Finnick and Larry.

Vivian stood in front of the door for a while before pushing the door open. When the living room came into sight, she realized she must’ve caused a mess recently. The housemaid had cleaned up after her, but the stench remained.

“Finnick, you must’ve suffered a lot.” She went up to Finnick and flung her arms around him tightly, burying her face in his chest.

Her warm hug managed to calm Finnick down. Finnick gazed at the woman in his arms. After she regained her sanity, she seemed to have blossomed into an elegant lady. He found this amusing. After all, Vivian was his wife. Nothing in the world could change that fact. Right now, Vivian was a sorry sight.

He ruffled her hair and chuckled. "My little fool. As long as you're safe and sound, nothing else matters."

Vivian looked up as they stared at each other for a long while.

As far as Vivian could remember, it had been ages since she last scrutinized Finnick. She realized he had lost a lot of weight.

Indeed, Vivian's condition had drained Finnick's energy, but luckily he didn't give up hope. If he lost all hope, everything else would be futile.

"Alright. Let's eat and go to bed." Finnick had informed the housemaid, Greta, about Vivian's recovery so she could prepare a light meal for them that suited Vivian's tastebuds. Greta was delighted to hear about her recovery and couldn't stop grinning. When she saw Vivian walking in normally with her own eyes, her grin widened.

I was still lamenting about her illness this morning. Look, she has recovered now! Greta had never been this thrilled to prepare a meal in this household.

As she had prepared the meal in a jovial mood, it turned out to be a delicious spread. Vivian couldn't help but smile at how yummy the food was. She gobbled down the food and glanced at the housemaid standing aside.

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"Greta, your cooking has improved a lot!" she praised with a warm grin. Greta could barely conceal her delight. As far as she remembered, Vivian had never praised her before.

"No, no. I'm really happy that you have recovered," she replied enthusiastically. Vivian gave her another smile and resumed eating her food.

They used to eat together as a family of three, but Larry wasn't with them now. Vivian found that upsetting, but she had to consider Finnick's feelings. She was no longer hung up over Larry after what had happened.

Little pumpkin will always be my son even though he's dead. I won't forget him, ever.

Actually, Finnick wanted to tell her Larry was still alive, but he decided it would be better to inform her after he found Larry. It would be a bad idea to give her hope, only to end up disappointing her again.

The next morning, Vivian woke up before the sun rose. Her mind was too preoccupied for her to sleep well. As Finnick was still asleep, she snuck out of bed and headed to the washroom to wash herself up.

When she walked out, Finnick was not in bed. Vivian rubbed her eyes in disbelief. Am I seeing things? He was sleeping there a moment ago. Where is he now?

Soon, however, her question was answered. Finnick appeared behind her and gave her a morning hug.

Vivian jumped in fright at his sudden appearance.

“Honey, why did you wake up this early? Are you seriously considering abandoning me?” Finnick queried, seemingly distressed. Vivian rolled her eyes and turned to look at him.

“Then what should I do?”

“Bring me along.”

Vivian knew what he was planning. I can bring him along. After all, if Rachel is missing, he can help me find her.

“Let’s go,” she answered. They proceeded to make up their bed swiftly. As they had woken up too early, the housemaid hadn’t prepared breakfast yet. Hence, they had to take their breakfast outside.

Their breakfast was the usual French toast and milk.

As long as they were together, anything and everything would be delightful. In fact, even though they were having breakfast at a worn-down cafe, both of them were beaming merrily.

Finnick wiped off the breadcrumbs on her lips before paying for their meal. Instantly, Vivian wondered if Rachel had had her breakfast today.

“Finnick, should we buy some breakfast for her?” Finnick knew she was talking about Rachel, so he thought about it and responded, “She might not be in the hospital now. Plus, this is too heavy for her. If she’s in her ward, we’ll buy her something else.”

Vivian nodded approvingly. Sounds like a great idea. They entered his car and headed to the hospital.

It was past seven in the morning by now, so the street grew increasingly crowded. Vivian couldn't help

but sigh at the wonderful morning view and fresh air.

Her mood improved considerably as an exuberant vigor filled her entire being.

When they arrived at Rachel's previous ward, the label still showed her name. That means Rachel was

still here. After glancing at Finnick, Vivian knocked on the door and entered.

They saw Rachel lying on the bed with her eyes closed. When she heard the door opening, she opened

her eyes abruptly. Clearly, their arrival startled her immensely as her eyes widened in disbelief.

"Vivian! I-I thought you wouldn't come anymore," she uttered. Vivian found her reaction funny. Why?

Am I that untrustworthy in her heart?

When Vivian asked that out loud, Rachel froze and stuttered helplessly.

She then glanced at Finnick, seemingly hesitant to reveal her thoughts.

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Oh, she is hesitant because Finnick's here. Realization dawned on Vivian.

"Why don't you buy us some food? I need to talk to her in private," she told Finnick.

Finnick shot Rachel a warning look, signaling her to not try any funny tricks. Otherwise, he would

definitely make her regret whatever she did.

Vivian gave him a reassuring nod to tell him she'd put her guard up.

After Finnick walked out, Vivian sat on the couch and glanced at Rachel quizzically.

"Well, Finnick's gone. What is it?"

She knew Rachel wanted to speak to her in private and sent Finnick out to buy breakfast. Rachel hadn't

had breakfast yet, so she must be starving. Why not make use of this opportunity to get her food while

also talk with her?

“Since you stopped showing up, the hospital was about to kick me out when Noah stepped in. He told me about your condition. I thought you hadn’t recovered,” revealed Rachel honestly.

She thought Vivian was still ill, so Vivian’s arrival caught her by surprise. I can’t believe Vivian recovered so quickly.

Rachel initially suspected Noah had lied to her, but Vivian nodded in agreement. She fell silent and waited for Vivian’s explanation.

“I wasn’t doing well previously because of Larry’s death until a doctor successfully treated me.” Vivian provided a summary of the recent events.

Her voice was light, but Rachel could understand her anguish as she had a similar experience. Did Vivian really go crazy because of Larry’s death?

Consumed with guilt, Rachel wondered if it was too late to reveal everything now. A heavy silence hung in the air. When Finnick came in, he placed the breakfast he bought for Rachel on the table and went to sit beside Vivian.

After Rachel finished her breakfast, they cleared up the mess. It was time to leave. Finnick didn’t have much time to spare as he was busy at work. Thus, he needed to return to his company.

There was no way he would allow Vivian to stay here alone with Rachel. The latter might be sick, but one couldn’t be too careful. After rising to his feet, Finnick cast a look at Vivian.

They gazed at each other silently for a few minutes in silent communication before Vivian stood up.

“Well, I’ll get going now. You can call me if anything comes up. I’m still using the same number,” Vivian reminded Rachel, who gave her a nod blankly.

When Vivian was about to leave, determination flitted across Rachel’s face.

“Vivian.”

“Is there anything else you need?”

Vivian slipped her hand into Finnick’s and turned at her shoulder. Immediately, she noticed Rachel

seemed grim. Does she feel unwell? She panicked and came to Rachel at once. Seeing Vivian's reaction, tears trickled down Rachel's cheeks.

Vivian's anxiety heightened. Is the pain that unbearable? She hurriedly told Finnick to summon the doctor, but Rachel interrupted their conversation.

"Vivian, I've been keeping something from you," Rachel wiped her tears away and announced solemnly.

For the past few days, Rachel had been deep in thought. Vivian took care of her meticulously and spent far more time with her than her so-called daughter, so she felt really guilty.

I need to make things clear right now. Otherwise, if I die out of a sudden, there is no room for regrets.

Rachel firmly met Vivian's anxious gaze.

"Actually, before Evelyn died, she entrusted Larry to me. She ordered me to kill Larry."

Hearing her words, Vivian squeezed her hands. Did she feel guilty for killing my little pumpkin because I was nice to her?

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Instead of bombarding her with questions, Vivian opened her eyes wide and waited for Rachel's explanation.

"Larry has visited me a couple of times, after all. I couldn't bring myself to kill him," Rachel added. Vivian

perked up at her words. Does that mean my little pumpkin isn't dead? Is she going to tell me where he is?

She pricked up her ears so she wouldn't miss any information. Finnick felt his heart thumping as he waited for Rachel's confession. He didn't forget to observe if Rachel was lying. For now, he didn't pick up any clues that she was lying.

"I left Larry with a friend of mine in the countryside. I've written the address down for you. You can find him there," she concluded and presented a piece of crumpled note to Vivian.



After that, Vivian didn't know how she made her way out of the hospital. Her emotions were a complex mixture. Previously, she was given hope, which ended in utter disappointment. Can I believe Rachel's words?

She stood outside the hospital in a daze. Finnick came to her and ruffled her hair. "Actually, I've investigated about Larry. He's still alive."

Vivian's eyes went wide in shock. What did he just say? My little pumpkin is still alive? So he had never meant to say that as a means to placate me?

Finnick nodded firmly. "When you saw that body, I told you that information, but you refused to trust me. I was planning to locate our son before telling you everything."

After Vivian heard his explanation, she went forward and flung her arms around him as tears welled up in her eyes.

She had been waiting for this exact moment for her whole life. Thinking that Larry had died, she had struggled for a long time before finally letting go. Now that she found out her son was still alive, the pent-up feelings in her heart faded away.

"Finnick, our little pumpkin isn't dead. He's still alive! He's not dead," uttered Vivian as tears of joy rolled down her cheeks. Finnick's collars turned wet in no time, but she was too thrilled to notice it.

Finnick wiped his tears away secretly and closed his eyes while returning her hug. Finally, we can be reunited. I no longer need to bear the burdening guilt.

They embraced each other for a long time while sobbing and laughing uncontrollably. Even the passersby on the streets could not help but sneak a few looks at this strange couple before walking away curiously.

Both of them ignored the strange looks as they were bursting with joy.

A few moments later, Finnick realized Vivian had fallen asleep in his arms. He picked her up gently and returned to his vehicle. He brushed her fringe away from her eyes as she slept peacefully.

She must be dying to see Larry now. Why don't I drive there now? That way, when she wakes up, she'll

get to see Larry immediately. It will be a surprise for her. With that thought in mind, Finnick started the engine and sped away. When Vivian's eyes snapped open, she saw a pair of chubby hands touching her carefully. The little boy realized she was awake and straightened his back. "Mommy!" he greeted her sweetly. The familiar voice caused Vivian's heart to skip a beat. Is my little pumpkin back? I don't remember picking him up. Why is he here, in front of me? "Little pumpkin?" Vivian asked incredulously. She pinched her own arm in disbelief. This is real! I'm not dreaming! She wrapped her arms around Larry excitedly and told herself not to cry. She had finally reunited with her son, so it wasn't a good idea to cry her heart out now. Larry lay in her arms obediently. "Mommy, I'm back. I've been a good boy waiting for you to pick me up. I wasn't naughty at all. I also didn't cry." Vivian broke into a wide grin. She knew her son must've suffered a lot, but he was consoling her in return. She patted her head proudly. "You're the best!" Finnick watched the exchange happily. After that, they went to thank Rachel's friend for her help and left some money for her before leaving with Larry. Finally, Larry was back home. Their family of three was together again, so it was a happy ending. "Mommy, why is Daddy not at home again?"

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Larry woke up early the next morning, but Finnick was still nowhere to be seen. Daddy hasn't been around for days now...

"Daddy is busy with work, so he might not be home for quite some time. You can call him if you miss him, little pumpkin," Vivian said while patting Larry on the head.

She knew what Finnick was up to, but Larry didn't, and she wasn't planning on telling him about it. As such, she could only come up with excuses like that whenever he asked. Larry simply nodded at Vivian in response.

Meanwhile, Finnick was preparing a surprise for Larry to help him feel better after the traumatizing incident. Larry may be too old to forget the incident, but it's still possible to make him feel better...

Larry and Vivian spent the next few days at home waiting for Finnick to return, watching TV on the sofa every night with bored looks on their faces. As Larry had just returned home not long ago, Vivian decided it was okay for him to take a short break from his studies since he was a much faster learner than most other children anyway.

Regardless, learning is an ongoing process and he should still go to school.

"Aren't you going to sleep yet, little pumpkin?" Vivian asked while looking at Larry. He usually goes to bed pretty early, so why is he staying up so late tonight? Has he gotten used to sleeping late?

Unbeknownst to her, Larry didn't receive the kind of pampering he usually did while he was at the farming village. He had an endless amount of work to do on a daily basis, and wasn't allowed to sleep unless he completed them.

as a result, Larry got used to staying up late, he found it difficult to go to bed at nine.

He shook his head at Vivian, but she had him go to bed anyway out of concern for his health. Larry did as told when she broke the news to him that Finnick would come home the next day. After switching off the TV, Vivian lay in bed as she wondered what surprise Finnick had in store for Larry.

She eventually fell asleep at some point, and was woken up by a pleasant aroma the next morning.

Vivian opened her eyes and saw Finnick holding a cookie next to her nose.

"Finnick? You're back?" she asked while hugging him tightly.

Vivian had been missing him quite a bit after a few days of not seeing him.

"Yeah, I am. Is little pumpkin still asleep?" Finnick ran his hand through her hair and wrapped an arm

around her waist.

Vivian got out of bed and took a bite out of the cookie he made. It was really amazing and tasted a lot different from the ones available in most stores due to its unique aroma and flavor.

Larry walked up to them after coming down the stairs, and his eyes lit up with joy when he saw the huge cake and cookies on the dining table.

It was his birthday today.

Finnick had been away from home throughout the past few days so he could prepare those gifts for

Larry. Larry was so happy that he could celebrate his birthday with Finnick that he just stood there, unsure of what to do.

He couldn't remember when the last time was he celebrated his birthday. On top of that, he could celebrate it with Finnick. He was overjoyed and didn't know what to do. Vivian then led Larry over to the table, and the three of them sang him a birthday song before he blew out the candles. They were all very happy. The smoke from the candles took the shape of Larry's name before disappearing into thin air, which Vivian found to be extremely pretty.

Finnick then had Larry try the cookies he made, feeling fully confident that they would taste great.

Larry took a piece of the cookie and was surprised to see it was made in the shape of his favorite cartoon character, Doraemon. However, the unforgettably heavenly taste was what really blew his mind.

Finnick shoved one into Vivian's mouth as well before it was time to carry on with the cake.

After slicing up the cake, Vivian smeared some of the cream on Larry's face and burst into laughter at how funny he looked.

Larry did the same to her, and laughed at her with Finnick. Vivian shot Larry an angry look and began chasing him around as she chuckled, "How dare you... Come back here, little pumpkin!"

This is pure happiness, and no one will ever take this away from me again...

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It was extremely crowded at Gryphone Airport in Baykeep. Despite the gentle breeze blowing in the background, Hannah Young was drenched in sweat from the heat as she stood outside the airport entrance.

She tightened her grip on her camera as she glanced anxiously at the flow of people inside the airport. The paparazzi around her too, had anxious frowns on their faces as they waited with their cameras in hand.

I've been waiting here for three hours now... The editor will kill me if I don't bring back pictures of Yvette Tanner!

Hannah was especially patient when it came to her job, and it paid off as a commotion occurred in the airport about half an hour later.

A tall woman wearing a red lace dress appeared at the airport gate. Her rosy lips looked especially sexy, and she had on a pair of large sunglasses which highlighted her exquisite face.

Hannah's eyes lit up instantly when she saw that, and she quickly got into a hiding spot as she prepared to snap away.

Yvette was a new starlet that had gotten famous recently after starring in a historical drama, and

Hannah's job was to get pictures of her arriving at the airport.

Yvette had three bodyguards dressed in black to escort her like a queen as she made her way through the airport.

"People sure become arrogant when they're successful!" Hannah mumbled to herself.

Another commotion occurred behind her right after she said that, and the journalists began snapping away at the black Lamborghini that had just arrived.

Hannah tensed up when she recognized the familiar-looking plate number when she was about to hit the shutter button.

Is that really him?

The journalists surrounded the Lamborghini the moment it stopped outside the airport entrance and hammered on the car door as they shouted, “Mr. Norton! Mr. Norton!” “Please come out, Mr. Norton!”

The man in the back seat was dressed in a grey suit and kept his head low as he continued typing away on his laptop.

The clacking of the keyboard was the only sound inside the car. Caleb glanced at Fabian through the rear-view mirror and asked, “Mr. Norton, what do we do about the journalists outside?”

He even made sure to keep his voice as low as possible when he said that.

Fabian smiled after quite a while and crossed his fingers gleefully as he stared at Phoenix Group’s stocks on the screen.

Good... It’s gradually going up...

“Very good!” His voice was loud and clear with hints of hoarseness.

“What did you say, Mr. Norton?” Caleb asked in confusion.

Fabian closed the laptop with a loud smack and crossed his legs lazily as he leaned against the seat.

These journalists sure came at the right time... He thought to himself as he raised an eyebrow at the crowd surrounding his car.

“Come on, we’re getting out of the car!” Fabian said coldly.

Caleb nodded after a brief pause and swallowed nervously at the sight of the journalists outside.

If there’s anything I fear in this world, it’s journalists... They’re like a bunch of vultures who would devour even your bones if given the opportunity! However, I suppose there are times when they do become useful...

Fabian was immediately swarmed by the journalists who snapped away crazily the moment he stepped out of his car.

Hannah was staring at him in such disbelief that she went pale and couldn’t even lift her camera.

It’s him! It really is him!

Fabian Norton was the CEO of Phoenix Group and a genius when it came to finance, which earned him a

spot at the top of the food chain in the corporate world. However, what people didn't know was the fact that he had been married to Hannah for a year.

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He had a polite yet cold smile on his face as he adjusted his white shirt and scanned the crowd around him.

Hannah took a few steps back nervously for fear of being spotted. He looked so cold.

She was about to leave the scene when she noticed Yvette running towards Fabian and throwing herself at him.

With the sunglasses off, Yvette's beautiful eyes and fair skin looked especially stunning in the sun.

Hannah stood rooted to the spot as she watched her husband hugging another woman with a bright smile on his face.

I've never seen him smile throughout our one year of marriage. I thought he was just naturally cold towards people in general, but it looks like I was wrong... He was only being cold towards me. For the first time ever, I feel like I don't know him at all...

Hannah took a deep breath and clenched her fists at the thought of that. She was about to leave when she got knocked down by a journalist from behind.

"Ouch..." Hannah groaned in pain as the delicate skin on her palm was cut open from the fall.

That caught the attention of the people around her, including that of Fabian's.

The two of them made brief eye contact, but Fabian's gaze was so cold and distant that it seemed like he was staring at a complete stranger.

Yvette wrapped her arms around his neck as she said, "Fab, I'm aching all over after the long flight... I want to get some rest..."

Fabian shifted his gaze back towards her and gave her hand a gentle squeeze as he said, "I've had someone arrange for your hotel stay. Come on, let's go."

Yvette held her hand over her mouth and giggled happily in response, much to Hannah's chagrin as she witnessed their intimacy from afar.

Hannah felt her heart ache as she bit down on her lip that had gone pale.

Why is this happening? I don't understand Fabian at all, but there's no way he'd take a liking to someone like Yvette!

Despite being calm and collected usually, Hannah found herself losing her cool as she began walking towards them to confront Fabian.

She stopped in her tracks when she heard one of the journalists ask, "Mr. Norton, is Ms. Tanner your new girlfriend? How long have you two been seeing each other?"

Hannah held her breath in anticipation and looked straight at Fabian as she waited for his response.

What does he say to that?

Everyone else went silent and kept their cameras pointed at Fabian. "I hereby announce that Ms. Tanner here is my girlfriend!" he said out loud while flashing Hannah a cold glare, leaving her dumbfounded and bewildered.

Yvette wrapped her arms around Fabian's and pressed her chest against his shoulder as she smiled gleefully at Hannah.

Hannah responded by lifting her chin and looking Yvette straight in the eye, which seemed to irritate her greatly.

"Fab, I'm tired, and my feet are hurting too... Could you carry me, please?" she said in the most coquettish tone possible while tugging at his arm.

Hannah glared wide-eyed at Fabian in hopes of him rejecting her request, only to see him scoop Yvette into his arms without any hesitation whatsoever.

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Yvette even made sure to rub it in by flashing her a triumphant smile when Fabian turned around.

The journalists were all snapping away like crazy, but Hannah couldn't even bring herself to hold up her camera.



It wasn't until the car had completely disappeared from sight that she was able to breathe a sigh of relief and began walking away. One of the journalists exclaimed, "I heard Fabian is already married, and yet Yvette managed to win him over... She really is something..."

To make matters worse, a hole tore open in Hannah's shoes, rendering them completely unusable.

With a frown on her face, Hannah tossed them into the trash can in the corner and decided to go barefoot instead.

Every step she took on the burning hot ground felt like torture as she made her way home.

She arrived home about an hour later and changed into a white nightgown after taking a shower.

Hannah glanced at the clock and saw that it was already 11:00 p.m., but Fabian had yet to return.

He's probably in bed with Yvette right now, huh...

A wry smile spread across her face at the thought of that. She was biting down on her lip so hard that it had gone pale, but she didn't seem to feel the pain at all.

Fabian and I have been married for a year now, and yet I have never understood him in the slightest...

Perhaps our marriage never did hold any meaning to begin with...

The sound of the door opening snapped her out of her train of thoughts, and Hannah instinctively got up

to welcome him as usual. However, she sat back down on the bed after taking a glance at his silhouette outside the window.

Fabian switched on the lights in the pitch black room when he came in, and Hannah responded by instinctively shielding her eyes with her hands.

"Why didn't you turn on the lights?" he asked in a calm and indifferent tone.

"I just got up for a glass of water, so I couldn't be bothered," she replied in a similar tone as she reached

for the glass on the coffee table. "You must be tired after having such a long day. Why don't you go

ahead and get some rest?"

Fabian broke into a grin as he stared at her slim figure from behind.

Is she jealous?

"You won't even pour me a glass of water?" he asked playfully while draping his suit jacket on the sofa.

Hannah froze for a brief moment before setting her glass down to get him another one, only to have him

pick up her glass and drink from it instead.

He then shot her a gleeful smile as if to assert his dominance over her.

Hannah rolled her eyes at him. "Now that you've had your drink, I'll be heading back to bed."

"Okay," Fabian replied as he took another sip from the glass.

Hannah tightened her grip on the hem of her nightgown as she made her way towards the bed, her

movement extremely slow due to the pain on her feet.

Fabian frowned when he noticed that and quickly pulled her into his arms as he asked, "What happened

to your feet?"

"Nothing..." she replied.

What am I supposed to say? That I walked home all by myself like an idiot after watching my husband

leave with another woman?

Hannah thought to herself as she tried to push him off, but Fabian simply tightened his grip on her even

further. "Hold still! I'll get your wounds treated!"

"That won't be necessary. I've already taken care of it myself earlier.

Besides, I think I should get used to

looking after myself anyway." Her tone sounded extremely cold when she said that.

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Fabian froze upon hearing that. Seizing this opportunity, Hannah broke free of his embrace and headed

upstairs.

She was hoping to hear him explain himself the whole time, but heard nothing from him even after

reaching the bedroom door.

Hannah let out a sigh and climbed back into bed, but she was unable to fall asleep no matter how hard she tried.

Suddenly, she felt a warm sensation from behind, followed by the fragrant scent of his shampoo and the tickling touch of his hair on her cheek.

“You asleep?” he asked while blowing gently into her ear. Hannah tensed up instantly, but she kept her eyes shut as she pretended to be asleep.

Fabian let out a chuckle as he slowly moved his hand from her shoulder to her waist and hugged her tightly.

Hannah found his sudden act of intimacy disgusting and tensed up even more.

These hands are the same ones he held Yvette with...

With that thought, she tensed up further.

Fabian kept breathing heavily as if he was trying to suppress his urges.

After quite a while, he let out a

sigh and whispered softly into her ear, “Nothing happened between Yvette and I. What you saw during

the day was merely an act. As you know, scandals are the best way for actors and actresses to boost their popularity.”

Heh, right... And I suppose my husband is the one who has to pay the price for her popularity, eh?

Hannah sneered at the thought of that, but remained silent and kept her lips pursed.

The silence increased the awkward tension between them. Fabian moved closer towards her and gently

rubbed his face against the back of her neck, but she instinctively moved out of the way and shifted

herself a little more towards her side of the bed.

Fabian let out an awkward sigh as he pulled his arm back and gave her some space by returning to his side of the bed.

Hannah bit down on her lip and tightened her grip on the corner of her pillow.

Why do I feel so empty inside? Since when did Fabian and I end up like this?

She was woken up by the sunlight shining on her face the next morning. After sleepily rubbing her eyes,

Hannah realized that Fabian was hugging her with his arms wrapped around her waist.

She stared at his face and felt tempted to touch his long eyelashes, but held herself back in the end. She

then carefully got out of bed and took a shower before leaving the villa.

Fabian opened his eyes when he reached out and felt nothing but the cold bedsheets next to him.

With a frown on his face, he put on his slippers and went looking for Hannah downstairs.

He saw her coming through the front door with huge bags in her hands as he came down the stairs.

“Where have you been?”

“I went shopping for some gifts to bring for Mom and Dad when I go visit them. It’s been a long time

since my last visit, after all. Are you coming?” Hannah said as she placed the bags down on the floor.

Fabian narrowed his eyes at her before sitting down on the sofa. “Maybe some other day. Something has come up at work.”

“Okay,” Hannah replied with a nod.

Fabian turned around to steal a glance at her expression, but she was already busy making breakfast in the kitchen.

Hannah’s cooking usually tasted great, but every dish she made that morning tasted off for some reason.

With no appetite to enjoy the food, Fabian simply took a few mouthfuls of it before getting dressed for work.

“Shall I have the driver send you there?” he asked casually while standing at the door.

Hannah shook her head. “No, I can head over there myself.”

“Okay, drive safely.”

She waited till he had disappeared from sight before packing her things into the car and driving towards the Norton Residence.

Little did she know, she was about to get into a car accident with a certain someone.

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