

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1011

Hannah had a frown on her face as her mind was filled with all sorts of conflicting thoughts.

Bang! The loud noise snapped her out of it, and she realized she had crashed her car into the red Porsche in front of her.

Upon taking a closer look at the plate number, she recognized it as Yvette's car.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Yvette's assistant knocked angrily on her window, so she had no

choice but to get out of the car and work things out.

"Don't you watch where you're going? Of all the cars on the road, you just had to crash into this one, huh? Do you know how much the repairs are going to cost? You think you can

afford to pay for it?" the assistant bombarded her with a barrage of questions before she could even say anything.

Hannah had decided to take the van instead as she didn't want to draw attention to herself,

so it was understandable why Yvette's assistant would look down on her.

She took a deep breath and said as calmly as possible, "Sorry, I'll compensate you fully for the repairs."

The assistant sneered and jabbed a finger at Hannah as she shouted, "Do you even have any idea how much this car costs? You wouldn't be able to afford the repairs even if you sold your car over here!"

Hannah frowned as she felt her patience running out.

"What do you guys want from me, then?" she snapped back at the assistant with her hands on her hips.

On top of that, her height of five feet and seven inches combined with her three-inch heels made her seem all the more intimidating.

"What's going on here?" Yvette asked as she came out of the car.

She was wearing a short red dress and had a pair of matching red heels to go with it.

The assistant shot Hannah a contemptuous look as she said, "This woman has the audacity to talk back at us after crashing her car into yours!" Yvette gracefully took her sunglasses off and eyed Hannah from head to toe disdainfully before putting it back on.

"Just have her pay for the repairs, then. What's there to argue about?" she said casually with her arms folded across her chest.

Hannah walked up to Yvette and said with a sneer, "Ms. Tanner, I'll have you know that I did offer to compensate you two fully for the repairs. However, your assistant doesn't seem intelligent enough to understand such a basic concept. I suggest you get yourself a new one."

"What the hell did you just say?" The assistant got mad and stepped forward to hit her, but

Hannah was faster and stopped her by grabbing her wrist.

Yvette frowned slightly when she noticed a familiar scent in the air.

Wait... This smells like...

Fabian!

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A look of panic flashed past her eyes when it dawned on her who she was up against, and

she said with the friendliest smile she had, "In that case, there is no reason for us to be

arguing at all! We're at fault too, so let's just call it even, okay?"

Hannah was a little taken aback by her response. "We can't just let this slide! She's clearly in

the wrong here!" the assistant shouted angrily.

"Shut up! I said, we're calling it even!" Yvette cut her off.

Hannah leaned lazily against her van as she watched the drama unfold before her.

The assistant shot her a furious glare, but didn't dare say another word.

Yvette then shifted her gaze back towards Hannah and said with a smile, "I apologize for the

rude behavior of my ignorant assistant. Don't worry, we won't be seeking any legal recourse

for this incident."

“All right, then.” Hannah replied in a very cold tone..
Yvette simply nodded awkwardly in response and watched in silence as Hannah made her way back into her van.
Heh... She’s quite a charming one, I’ll give her that... I guess I can see why Fabian would fall for her... Hannah sneered as she thought to herself.

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The assistant waited till Hannah had driven off before asking Yvette in confusion, “That woman was clearly at fault! Why did you just let her go like that?”
The Yvette I know would never have reacted that way!
Yvette glanced at her through the corner of her eye. “Why do you think she dared stand up to me like that, huh? I noticed Fabian’s scent on her, okay? Also, I don’t need your opinion on the decisions I make!”
The assistant was shocked. “What?”
Yvette put her sunglasses back on and turned around. “Come on, let’s go! What are you waiting for? We’re going to be late!”
With that, the assistant got into the car and drove off while Yvette went into deep thought as she leaned against the back seat. Who on earth is that woman?
Yvette leaned back on the seat and there was a look of mixed emotions on her face.
Who is this woman actually?
Due to the unexpected encounter with Yvette, Hannah changed her course halfway through the journey and arrived at the office about half an hour later.
After placing her backpack and the bags of gifts on her desk, she reached out to boot up her computer. However, she accidentally knocked over a glass of milk with her elbow and spilled it all over her skirt.
She then grabbed some tissue and tried to wipe it off as she made her way to the bathroom, but she couldn’t get rid of the stains no matter what.
As she tossed the tissue at the sink out of frustration, she heard a sarcastic voice from

behind, "So you married a penniless bum even though you're a nobody yourself, eh? Oh, well... I guess you two do go well together!" Hannah frowned and turned around to face Regina who was staring at her disdainfully as she touched up her makeup. Regina had always been picking on her at every chance she had, but she was especially aggressive this time. "So what? It's still a lot better than being a homewrecker for the sake of money! I bet the entire office knows about your affair with Mr. Campbell!" Hannah raised an eyebrow at her and leaned against the sink with her arms crossed. Regina's face went livid with rage when she heard that, and their little exchange had even attracted the attention of several coworkers who were passing by. "What the hell are you looking at? Get back to work!" she shouted angrily at them, and they quickly returned to their respective desks. Hannah simply shrugged at Regina with a gleeful smile on her face. "Look, I won him over with my beauty and charm! No matter how you look at it, these diamond rings and designer handbags are a lot better than that worthless man of yours!" Regina said smugly while flaunting her diamond ring at her. Up until now, Fabian has yet to give me anything... Hannah thought to herself as she gently rubbed her empty ring finger. "In that case, I wish you all the best in replacing the existing Mrs. Campbell. That is, if Mr. Campbell is even serious about you. Who knows, he might see you as nothing but a toy that he'd discard when he gets bored someday!" Regina grabbed her by the collar and shouted in her face, "You sure talk big for a nobody! I'll have you know that nothing good ever comes out of opposing me!" "Yeah? Well, unfortunately for you, I'm not one to back down without a fight!" Hannah said

with a sneer as she brushed Regina's hands off and wiped the spot that she grabbed earlier.

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"Know your place, Hannah! Right now, I can crush you like a bug anytime I want!" Regina

threatened her with a vicious smile on her face.

"Oh? Is that so? Bring it on, then. I'd like to see how you and Mr. Campbell are going to crush me!" Hannah said casually.

"You..." Regina's eyes were filled with rage as she glared at her, but Hannah remained calm and indifferent no matter what.

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Realizing that she wasn't going to provoke a response out of Hannah, Regina turned around and stormed off angrily instead.

Hannah let out a sigh of relief as she fixed her makeup and left the bathroom.

Before she could even sit down at her desk, Bob came barging in angrily and threw a file onto her desk.

"My office, right this instant!"

Hannah shuddered a little and quickly followed behind him. Regina pulled a face at her when she passed her by and mouthed the words, "Serves you right!"

Hannah simply frowned at her in annoyance and quickened her pace. After closing the door to Bob's office, she stood before him with her hands clasped in front of her as she asked, "What is it, Mr. Dijon?"

Despite only being in his forties, Bob had a huge bald patch on the top of his head. At that moment, he pulled his hair with one and turned around on the same spot in his office.

"Hannah... You've been working here for a few years now, right?" he asked as patiently as he could while trying his best to suppress his anger.

"Yes, that's right," Hannah replied honestly.

"Look at the crap you've written! This is absolute garbage! Everyone's talking about the relationship

between Fabian and Yvette right now, and yet you give me this nonsense instead?" Bob raised his voice at her so suddenly that Hannah flinched in response. She clenched her fists, digging her nails into her palms as she replied with her head low, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dijon... It's my fault, but..."

How on earth was I supposed to write that article? This is my husband we're talking about!

"No buts! I'll give you one more chance, Hannah! Go talk to Fabian and see that you get that exclusive interview with him!" Bob raised his voice at her again.

"What? But... Everyone knows Fabian doesn't accept requests for interviews! I..." Hannah looked at him in disbelief.

"That's exactly why it'll sell! I don't care what you do, just make sure you get that interview!" Bob shouted before sitting down in his chair and sipping on some tea. Hannah bit down on her lip and stood there in silence for a quite a while. Eventually, she looked up and stared Bob in the eye as she said firmly, "Mr. Dijon, I think you should have someone else do this instead. I really can't manage it."

"You can't, huh?" He hurled the file angrily at her, almost spilling the tea on her in the process.

"Then, get lost! This company doesn't have room for useless trash like you! You can either get that interview by today or resign and get the hell out of here! The choice is yours!"

Hannah frowned and was about to say something in response, but decided not to when she saw how angry he looked.

"Okay, I'll try..." she said with a helpless nod.

"Don't just try! Make it happen!" Bob shouted angrily. Hannah simply pursed her lips and kept quiet.

Bob sat back down in his chair and waved at her as he said, "All right, you're dismissed. Go do what you have to do."

"Yes, Mr. Dijon." Hannah nodded and walked out of his office. There's no way Fabian would agree to this...

She thought to herself as she stood outside Norton Corporation. After taking a deep breath, Hannah made her way into the main lobby.

“How may I help you, Miss?” The receptionist at the front desk stopped her the moment she came in.

Hannah quickly pulled out her identification and said softly, “I’m Hannah Young, a journalist from

Weekly Entertainment. I would like to interview Mr. Norton, please.”

“A journalist?” The receptionist frowned impatiently at her. “I’m sorry, Mr. Norton doesn’t do interviews. Please leave.”

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“But...”

“I told you, he doesn’t do interviews. If you don’t leave now, I’ll have security escort you out of here!” The receptionist’s horrible attitude formed a huge contrast with her delicate features.

Hannah looked at the VIP lane on the side and let out a helpless sigh as she put her badge away.

I knew it would only result in failure...

She stole a few glances at the elevator as she began walking out of the building, hoping for a miracle which was unlikely to happen.

“Ms. Young!” The receptionist’s voice came from behind her.

Hannah was startled and quickly turned around. “Yes?”

“Mr. Norton said to send you upstairs. Please head to the president’s office on the twelfth floor,” the receptionist said reluctantly.

“All right, thanks!” Hannah replied with a smile.

As if I need her to tell me where his office is!

She then took the elevator up with a few of the staff members, but they had all gotten off

by the time she arrived at the twelfth floor.

Hannah felt her heart racing as she stared at the floor number on the display.

Ding! The elevator came to a halt.

She tidied her hair and her dress before walking towards Fabian’s office with a faint smile on

her face.

“You’re Hannah Young, right?” A woman in a black business attire appeared before her.

Hannah nodded and replied softly, “Yes, that’s right.”

“I’m Mr. Norton’s assistant. This way, please,” the assistant said while bowing slightly at her.

Hannah followed closely behind, and the two arrived outside Fabian’s office shortly after.

Knock! Knock! Knock! The assistant knocked on the door.

“Come in!” Fabian’s cold voice came from inside.

The assistant opened the door, and Hannah saw Fabian with his head low as he continued

reading some documents at his desk. He looked so charming that she found herself a little

distracted, but she also noticed something missing in her heart which made her feel

extremely terrible.

“Ms. Young is here to see you, Mr. Norton,” the assistant said politely.

Fabian looked up and shot Hannah a cold glare. “All right, please get back to work.”

“Yes, Mr. Norton.” The assistant nodded and walked out of his office, leaving the door open

for Hannah who was standing right next to it.

Hannah was so distracted that she didn’t even realize Fabian was wearing her favorite royal

blue dress shirt with dark red cufflinks.

“You want to talk with the door open?” Fabian asked playfully, snapping her out of her train

of thought.

Hannah quickly closed the door and introduced herself as she walked up to him, “I’m

Hannah Young from Weekly Entertainment. Would you have time for an interview, Mr.

Norton?”

“Do we even need introductions?” he asked in a hoarse voice while tossing his pen aside

and crossing his fingers in front of him.

Hannah’s mind went blank for a moment, and she forgot what she had wanted to say.

After taking some time to reorganize her thoughts, she put on her most professional smile

ever as she said, "Are you free at the moment, Mr. Norton?"

"I never do interviews, and you should know that better than anyone," Fabian replied calmly.

Of course I do! It's just that...

"This is my job, Mr. Norton. I seek your kind understanding on this matter." She tried her

best to make herself sound as polite and gentle as possible.

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow at her in response.

"May we begin the interview now, Mr. Norton?" Hannah cut straight to the chase.

Fabian walked up to her with his hands in his pockets and a devilish grin on his face. "Why

don't you answer that question for me instead?" he whispered into her ear while taking a

sniff of her hair.

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Hannah clenched her teeth and took a few steps back before replying coldly, "It's my job to

interview you, Mr. Norton. I assure you, it won't take long."

Fabian frowned as he stared briefly at the stubborn look on her face before letting out a

chuckle. "You sure are cold towards me."

Hannah felt a sudden pressure on her wrist, and found herself being pulled into his embrace

before she knew what was going on.

"Please let go, Mr. Norton!" she exclaimed angrily while putting some distance between

them with her elbow.

"And what if I don't?" he asked with a teasing smile as he shoved her onto the couch and

got on top of her.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Hannah grumbled softly while struggling with all her

might.

Fabian broke into a huge grin as he gently ran his finger over her rosy lips. "You said it

yourself that it's your job to interview me, so I'm doing this for your interview!"

“Please behave yourself, Mr. Norton!” Hannah shouted while glaring at him, her eyes were filled with embarrassment and anger.

“Behave myself? Only an impotent man would behave himself in front of his woman!

Besides, I’m sure you know just how ‘potent’ I am...” Fabian said as he gave her breasts a squeeze.

Her face was burning bright red, but her eyes were filled with rage.

“F*ck you!”

Hannah attempted to knee him in the crotch, but Fabian was faster and blocked her attack in time.

“Looks like I’ll have to punish you a little...” he whispered with a smirk and slowly moved closer towards her face.

Hannah closed her eyes and looked to the side to avoid his kiss.

“Heh...”

She opened her eyes when she heard his chuckle in her ear, meeting his burning hot gaze just inches away from her.

“What are you expecting, hmm?”

“Let go of me!” Hannah shouted angrily through clenched teeth.

Fabian rested his chin on her shoulder and ran his finger gently across her collarbone. “That

attitude of yours won’t work if you’re begging me, you know?”

“You...” Hannah was infuriated, but could only let out a helpless sigh as she asked, “What do

I have to do to have you accept this interview?”

“Be a good girl, and I’ll give you what you want. Nobody defies me, Hannah. Not even you.”

Hannah went pale and felt a shiver down her spine when she heard that.

W-What’s Fabian playing at?

“And what if I refuse?” she asked defiantly.

“Then you can forget about this interview,” Fabian said while leaning lazily against the sofa.

An awkward pause ensued as Hannah gripped the edge of the sofa so tightly that her nails almost tore through the leather.

She frowned as both Bob's warning and Regina's insults echoed in her head.

Eventually, she took a deep breath and helplessly let go of the sofa as she said, "Fine, but

you must promise me that you'll do the interview after this..."

"Of course." Fabian agreed to it gleefully without any hesitation.

He ran his hand gently along the side of her face before kissing her passionately all of a

sudden.

Hannah tensed up instinctively, but Fabian interlocked his fingers with hers and kissed her

on the ear lobe while whispering, "Relax..."

As if enchanted by his words, Hannah found herself loosening up a little.

It wasn't until he

moved on to her collarbone that she came back to her senses again.

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She tightened her grip on him, digging her nails deep into the back of his hands.

Fabian frowned slightly in response, but he didn't let that stop him from reaching out to

unbutton her blouse.

Hannah instinctively tried to fight him off in response, but pulled her hand back after a brief

moment of hesitation.

Fabian let out a wry chuckle in annoyance. "Do you dislike me that much, Hannah?"

Hannah arched an eyebrow at him and said calmly, "I don't think this has anything to do

with our interview, Mr. Norton."

Fabian pursed his lips and stared at her for quite a while before breaking into a slight grin.

"Then, let's do something that does!"

He then grabbed her by the chin and forced his tongue into her mouth, intertwining it with

hers.

Hannah subconsciously placed her hands on his shoulders for a few seconds before pulling

them back again.

Fabian's eyes lit up as he increased the intensity of his kiss and interlocked fingers with her.

After what seemed like an eternity, Fabian let go of her and gently caressed her forehead with an affectionate look in his eyes. "There's a good girl." Hannah shoved him off angrily and tidied herself up as she asked coldly, "Can we have that interview now, Mr. Norton?" Fabian flashed her a mischievous grin and leaned closer towards her while pointing at his cheek. Fabian sure is an annoying one! She pouted at him in response. "What's the matter? You don't want your job anymore?" he taunted her when he saw no response from her. "You..." Hannah took a deep breath to quickly calm herself down before giving him a quick peck on the cheek. Fabian leaned back lazily against the sofa with a satisfied grin and motioned at her to carry on as he said, "You may begin the interview." Hannah rolled her eyes before sitting down in front of him, only to become completely dumbfounded when she took a look at the file she had. These questions... Why are they so different from the ones I had before? "What's wrong?" Fabian asked impatiently while checking the time. Hannah shook her head and said with a smile, "It's nothing. May I know if you have any plans on marrying Ms. Tanner?" Fabian smiled slyly when he noticed the grim look on her face. "That depends on her decision, really." Hannah bit down on her lip and anxiously shifted her gaze back towards her file, but the next question was worse than the previous one. "Is there more to your sudden announcement of your relationship with Ms. Tanner?" She shuddered a little as she asked that, but forced herself to maintain eye contact anyway. "Of course not," he replied with a shrug. "When did you two start seeing each other?" Hannah found herself asking that question

before she could stop herself and let out a wry smile. Given everything that has happened...

Does knowing that even matter anymore?

“That question wasn’t from your senior editor, was it?” Fabian asked while pointing at the file that was sliding off her lap.

She quickly caught it with an awkward smile on her face. “Sorry...”

“That’s all right. Carry on,” he replied coldly while adjusting his posture. Hannah recollected her thoughts and successfully completed the interview according to the questions on the file.

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She stood up and breathed a huge sigh of relief. “Thank you very much for your time, Mr.

Norton. I will have someone send you a copy of the next issue when it is published.”

“Sure.” Fabian took another glance at the time and continued, “Would you like to join me for lunch?”

“No, I need to get back to work now,” Hannah replied without any hesitation and ran off quickly.

The smile on Fabian’s face faded as he watched her disappear into the distance before returning to his desk.

His assistant knocked on his door and sounded a little anxious as she said, “Everyone’s waiting for you in the meeting room, Mr. Norton...”

“Got it.” His tone was as cold as ice.

I missed out on an important meeting just so I could let her have this exclusive interview...

Hannah saw Fabian walking towards the meeting room as she entered the elevator.

He had a serious look on his face and seemed like a completely different person from earlier.

“Damn, that guy’s practically a wolf in sheep’s clothing!” she muttered under her breath as she stood inside the empty elevator.

I never knew Fabian had such a shameless side to him... The way he looked so casual when he said it depends on Yvette's decision... Hannah kept her head low and stared at her feet as she got lost in thought.

"Excuse me! Excuse me!" She snapped out of it when she felt someone bump into her on their way out and realized she had arrived at the bottom floor. Hannah quickly stepped out of the elevator before it went back up again, only to see Yvette the moment she got to the main lobby. She was wearing a black miniskirt and a matching pair of black stiletto heels which made a loud clacking noise with every step she took. Yvette looked as proud as a peacock as she strutted through the lobby with a pair of sunglasses on her face and her head held high. Hannah glanced at her watch, took a deep breath, and walked straight ahead. Yvette's assistant tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Hey, isn't that the woman from before?"

"You're right, she is!" Yvette adjusted her sunglasses and shot Hannah a provocative smile which was met with a fearless stare in response. Yvette grabbed her by the arm as the two of them passed by each other. "Hmph... I can't believe you'd be bold enough to come all the way here for a scoop!" she said while staring at the camera in Hannah's hand. Hannah brushed her arm off with an annoyed frown. "You seem to have gotten the wrong idea here, Ms. Tanner."

Yvette crossed her arms. "You're the one who crashed into my car, aren't you? I should've known you were one of the paparazzi!" Hannah could feel the look of disdain from behind those sunglasses of hers.

"Still trying to lie your way out of this, huh? In case you haven't realized, this company

belongs to the Norton family, and Yvette's going to be the lady of the house!" the assistant said gleefully.

Lady of the house, huh? Good luck with that.

Hannah felt a sudden burst of anger within her, and she retaliated by saying, "You overestimate yourself if you think you're worthy of me tailing you for a scoop!"

"Why, you..." Feeling infuriated, Yvette reached out to snatch her camera from her. "Prove it, then! Show me what's on your camera!"

Hannah quickly took a step back and held her camera behind her, causing Yvette to nearly trip over had she not grabbed onto her assistant in time.

The commotion drew the attention of those around them, and people started pointing their cameras at Yvette who tried to play it off by tossing her hair.

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Hannah let out a chuckle and shot her a condescending look as she said, "How inappropriate of you, demanding to go through my stuff like that."

"Funny hearing that from a member of the paparazzi! I bet you're just feeling guilty because I exposed you!" Yvette shouted back at her.

"That's enough talking! Take this, you b*tch!" The assistant rolled up her sleeves and prepared herself to snatch the camera as well.

"Looks like the saying is true, after all. Birds of a feather really do flock together!" Hannah replied calmly despite being on the verge of losing her patience.

Had it not been for these heels and this camera, I would've kicked her a** right here and now!

The assistant went livid with rage and tried to slap her across the face, but Hannah was faster and caught her by the wrist. "What do you think you are doing?"

"You..." The assistant turned towards Yvette for help.

Yvette had a gloomy look on her face as she shouted at the receptionist at the front desk,

“What the hell are you waiting for? Get this damned paparazzi out of here!”

The receptionist stopped smiling and looked around to make sure Yvette was addressing her before stepping forward.

“Where are all the security guards, huh? What the f*ck am I paying you all for?” Yvette continued shouting angrily while Hannah simply sneered at her out of pity and disdain.

“Ms. Tanner, she really isn’t a paparazzi,” the receptionist explained with a helpless look on her face.

“What the hell are you saying? There’s no way I’d be wrong about her!” Yvette questioned her angrily.

The receptionist then leaned closer to Yvette and whispered in her ear, “Mr. Norton was the one who invited her upstairs to do an exclusive interview.”

“An exclusive interview?” Yvette was surprised. Fabian never does interviews, and yet he’s personally invited her over for one? Something isn’t right here...

“That’s right, Ms. Tanner. This really is a misunderstanding.” The receptionist observed her facial expressions and let out a sigh of relief when she saw that Yvette had calmed down.

Yvette seemed to realize something as she recalled the scent she detected on Hannah the other day and stormed off without saying a word.

“This woman sure is more than what meets the eyes!” the assistant exclaimed.

“Why are you stating the obvious!” Yvette took out her anger on her assistant instead. “Not a word about this incident in front of Fabian, you hear?”

The assistant nodded. “Got it...”

Hannah had a troubled look in her eyes as she watched Yvette disappear into the elevator before walking out of the building.

“The show’s over, people! Get back to work!” the receptionist called out to the crowd around the front desk.

Realizing that it was raining when she got outside, Hannah took shelter in a café across the street while Fabian watched her from his window upstairs.

The rain had stopped by the time Hannah finished her coffee, so she quickly grabbed her stuff and hailed a cab home.

While staring blankly at the scenery outside the car, Hannah went into deep thought.

I wonder what are Fabian and Yvette doing right now? I could almost imagine him

embracing her and whispering all sorts of steamy stuff into her ear...

Heck, he even kissed

her not long ago!

The more she thought about it, the deeper her frown became.

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“We’re here, miss!” the driver called out to her, snapping her out of her train of thoughts.

Hannah nodded, paid the fare, and got out of the cab.

To her surprise, she found Fabian lounging on the sofa when she entered the house. He was

dressed in a loose-fitting casual outfit, but it did nothing to hide his amazing figure.

There were even drops of water falling off the ends of his bangs, indicating that he had just

come out of the shower.

Hannah was dumbfounded by what she saw and checked the living room to see if Yvette

was around, but she was nowhere to be found.

What on earth did they do in his office?

She frowned deeply as she couldn’t wrap her head around it.

“How long do you plan on standing there?” Fabian asked all of a sudden.

Having regained her composure, Hannah quickly turned around and shut the door behind

her.

“Have you taken dinner yet?” he asked while casually sipping on his coffee.

Hannah placed her shoes neatly on the rack and changed into her home slippers. “No, I

didn’t have the appetite for it.”

“Okay.” Fabian placed his cup down on the coffee table and began making his way towards the kitchen.

“Don’t bother, we need to talk,” Hannah called out to him. Fabian stopped in his tracks and flashed her a mischievous grin. “Oh? What would you like to talk to me about?”

“Yvette,” Hannah replied coldly.

Fabian frowned when he saw the cold gaze which encompassed exhaustion and disgust in her eyes and motioned at her to sit down beside him.

Hannah hesitated a little, but did as told anyway.

He then reached out to put an arm around her shoulder, only to have Hannah move herself away from him to maintain her distance.

Feeling a little awkward, Fabian pulled his hand back and simply stared at her from the side.

“I can see that Yvette really likes you, and I know you have some feelings for her as well...”

“Really? You could tell all that?” Fabian interrupted her.

Hannah rolled her eyes at him in annoyance. This guy... Would it kill him to stop messing with me for once?

“You know what I mean, Fabian! If Yvette is the one you love, then you shouldn’t be messing around with me anymore. I’m not that kind of woman and I am sure you know that?”

Fabian wiped the smile off his face when he saw her getting angry. He looked her in the eyes and asked, “What kind of woman are you, then?”

Hannah stared at him in silence for a while before letting out a huge sigh.

“If you plan on marrying Yvette, then you shouldn’t keep me hanging between the two of you. Let’s get divorced, Fabian.”

Her tone was very firm when she said that, much to his surprise.

Fabian pursed his lips and curled up his fingers that had gone white at the knuckles.

He then let out a chuckle as he grabbed her by the chin and whispered into her ear, “It’s

easy to marry me, but leaving me? Heh..."

Hannah refused to back down and clenched her teeth while glaring back at him defiantly.

"I've had enough."

Noticing how tired she sounded, Fabian gave her a sympathetic look.

Then, he put on an

ambiguous smile and leaned back against the sofa. "You'll have to please me if you want to leave."

The look in Hannah's eyes turned hollow as she stared at him in disbelief.

Is that it? Pleasing him is all it takes to end a marriage?

"Did Yvette please you as well?" she asked instinctively, wondering if she should reconsider

her decision, but Fabian's reply made that impossible.

"Well... She's a lot more obedient than you are, that's for sure."

Hannah's fists were so tightly clenched that her nails were almost cutting into her palm, but

she maintained a faint smile on her face as she said, "Looks like a divorce really is the best choice, after all."

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Fabian simply shrugged in response.

Hannah found herself getting angry at how shameless he was. She bit her lower lip hard and

her face was flushed. Fabian was not bothered. "Fabian, why are you doing this?"

Now that I think about the questions he's answered earlier in the day, everything just seems

to be dripping with irony...

"Because I hold the power to make that decision." he replied casually and made his way into

the kitchen before she could respond.

She curled up her legs and placed them on the sofa. When her toes could still feel the

warmth when they landed on the patch that he sat on earlier. She didn't hesitate but pull

back her legs.

Hannah was really tired after having a long day and fell asleep on the sofa before Fabian

was done making dinner.

Fabian smiled wryly when he saw her sleeping soundly when he served up the food. There

was a glint of sadness on his face.

Then, he walked up to her and carefully carried her upstairs.

Hannah woke up on the way to the bedroom. She was greeted with

Fabian's burning gaze

and jolted awake in the next second and she jumped out of his arms. "I

can walk on my own

now."

There was a hint of bitterness in Fabian's smile as he put his hands into his pockets and kept

quiet.

Hannah bit down on her lip and stared at him for a while before turning around and

running off.

Fabian then returned to the sofa in the living room and continued

sipping on his coffee

while staring at the food on the dining table.

Damn, why does coffee taste a lot more bitter after it's gone cold? Also, I can't believe I

made all her favorite dishes, only to have them go to waste like this...

Fabian was gone by the time Hannah woke up the next day. After going through her

morning routine, she had a quick breakfast and left for work.

"Congratulations, Hannah!" one of her colleagues shouted the moment she arrived at the

office.

Although confused, she responded politely anyway, "Thanks."

"Hmph, don't get all cocky just because you got an exclusive interview!"

Regina tugged on

the strap of her Louis Vuitton handbag while glaring disdainfully at

Hannah's white canvas

backpack.

"You do know that this is Fabian's first ever exclusive interview, right?"

Hannah responded in

kind as she sat down at her desk.

"Just you wait, Hannah, I'll wipe that smug look off your face!" Regina

could be heard

shouting through clenched teeth from behind.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Hannah looked up when she heard a knocking on her desk and saw Bob smiling at her.

“Come to my office, Hannah.”

“Yes, Mr. Dijon!” She nodded and quickly followed behind.

After entering his office, Hannah closed the door behind her and eyed Bob’s facial

expression nervously.

“Your exclusive interview has been very well-received, so we’re planning on making a

second issue! Seeing that you’re in charge of the first one, I’ll have you take care of the

second one as well!” Bob narrowed his eyes into a smile as he said that.

“What? Mr. Dijon, I can’t do that!” she exclaimed in surprise.

“Why not? You did just fine during your exclusive interview, didn’t you? You know how

important Fabian is to our company, so you should know that you’re the only one who can

do this!”

Hannah pursed her rosy lips and refused to accept that task.

Bob let out a sigh and was about to say something when he was interrupted by an incoming

phone call.

“Hello, Mr. Norton! Why’d you call us up in person? Is there something about the article that

you’re not happy with?” he asked with a bright smile on his face.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1021

Hannah’s expression grew increasingly somber as she regarded the smiling senior editor.

She was not sure what Fabian said on the other end that had Bob nodding repeatedly in

acknowledgment. This went on for a while before he hung up.

The senior editor reverted to his poker face before he regarded Hannah.

“Fabian has

initiated a follow up interview, and specially asked for you.”

Hannah looked up and met his stern gaze but was cut off before she could voice her

protestations. “Get yourself there if you want to continue at this company!”

She furrowed. The tone by which this order was issued left her in no doubt that she must abide. "I understand."

The man's expression then softened alongside his inflection, "The fate of the magazine company's in your hands now, Hannah."

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The woman was oddly vexed as she nodded. She then made her way outside to pick up her backpack and camera before she departed. Never could she had anticipated what was to come next.

"Are you Ms. Young? Mr. Norton's in the middle of a meeting and will be with you shortly,"

Fabian's assistant said cordially as he held her at the door.

"I can wait." Hannah returned the smile and went on to make herself comfortable at the rest area.

From where she was at, the entirety of Fabian's office was visible through the window.

As Fabian was not fond of vibrant colors, the interior was furnished in shades of simple monochrome, and also obsessively clean.

"Please have some water, Ms. Young," said the assistant.

Hannah promptly withdrew her gaze and nodded. "Thank you."

"Relax, the meeting should be over soon."

"Okay," she replied staidly.

She was not worried though, as she had seen worse from Fabian.

The assistant bowed slightly before he recused himself to attend to his own affairs.

Hannah thought she might as well took the opportunity to review the questions she needed to ask later in order to prevent a repeat the same hiccup from last time round.

"Whew..." She exhaled deeply after closing up the document, but there was no notable activity outside.

A quick glance at her wrist told her that half an hour had already lapsed. Out of boredom, she walked up to the French window to take in the sights beyond which

helped improve her mood.

Her thoughts then wandered to that of the relationship between Yvette and Fabian, and

what the future might hold for Fabian and herself.

She did not even realize that the man was coming behind her.

“A penny for your thoughts?” His deep and husky voice rang up behind her unannounced.

Hannah was slightly taken aback but promptly regained her composure.

She used the same

tone in the reply. “You could have scared people half to death sneaking up on them like

that, Mr. Norton. Are you ready for me now?”

Fabian scoffed as he loosened a button before he strode toward the office.

Hannah set the camera in position and took her seat opposite him.

The woman cleared her throat and asked gently, “Were you willing to accept our interview

on the account of Ms. Tanner?”

Fabian’s eyes lit up before he shrugged, “In part, yes.”

Hannah looked at his face vacuously. It seemed that she had spaced out.

She was mired with her own thoughts about him and Yvette.

“Hannah Young!” There was a certain severity in his tone.

Hannah was made aware of her own lack of professionalism but her brain bailed on her,

unable to recall what she was supposed to ask next.

She hastened to refer back to the set of document placed on her lap, but only managed to

fumble them all over the floor.

There was a cold furrow between Fabian’s eyes as he narrowed them.

“I’m so sorry,” the woman apologized as she tried to sort out the papers in her hands. She

then went on to clumsily knock over the glass on the coffee table as she got to her feet.

Some of its contents were spilled upon the hem of the man’s trousers.

The annoyance was apparent in Fabian’s eyes. “You should not have come if you aren’t

going to take this seriously!”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1022

“I’m really sorry about this. Let’s start again.” She took a deep breath and rapidly switched

into working mode.

Fabian was fully aware of her emotional fluctuations but made no comment.

“We’re interested to know how you and Ms. Tanner met and what remarkable circumstances brought the two of you together.” She appeared calm and collected, but her fingers could not be more tightly wound around the microphone.

Fabian adjusted his own sitting posture and nonchalantly tapped away on his knee cap with his fingertips. “I believe any man could appreciate a fine looking woman like Yvette. And her demure and undemanding nature suits me just fine.”

He observed her face intently for her reaction as these words were purposefully meant for her ears.

A sliver of displeasure glinted in and passing across her eyes, but it only took a slight dip of her head for her to recover the subtle smile on her lips.

She mostly kept to the script and refrained from asking anything intrusive, which pleasantly concluded this round of interview. Hannah kept her head bowed as she leisurely went about organizing her notes.

When she glanced up, her eyes ran head along into Fabian’s burning gaze.

Her brows perked up slightly. “Is there a problem, Mr. Norton?”

“You’re truly a competent journalist, to be able to maintain such dignity throughout!” It almost seemed like he was mocking her.

Hannah’s heart skipped a beat as she averted her gaze. “You are teasing me, Mr. Norton.

Since our interview has been completed, I shall not continue to hold you up.”

She proceeded to pick up her backpack but was prevented from doing so by Fabian’s strong hand.

He leaned himself in so close until they were mere centimeters apart.

“Know your place,

Hannah. Remember that you are still legally my wife!”

Mrs. Norton. Such sweet irony.

She eked out a bitter smile. "Then, tell me, who's Yvette to you?"

Fabian's movements visibly stiffened. The look in his eyes was indecipherable to her.

He lowered his head as though he was contemplating.

Hannah quickly got the hint. "I'm leaving. Thank you for your time, Mr. Norton."

With that, she bowed respectfully and then strode out of his office.

Fabian's eyes were transfixed upon Hannah's silhouette as she departed.

Even though she

had her head held high, she was nonetheless fearful of hearing his answer.

But why did he decline to say it?

Bob was quite pleased after reviewing the work done upon Hannah's return to the office.

"Your editing skills seemed to have taken a little step back, and it seems as though you have been constantly lacking focus at work." To which Hannah merely nodded profusely without reply.

"I would like you to handle all reports pertaining Mr. Norton moving forward."

"Uh what? I..." Her first impulse was to refuse.

"Don't even think about trying to get out of this one!" The senior editor stood up and drove his palms forcefully upon the table. His sparse strands of hair fell out of place as he did.

"I've consulted the Chief Editor and we're going to give you a promotion and a pay raise.

From now on, you'll be a correspondent for anything related to Mr. Norton. Got it?" The

man said as he patted down his receding patch.

It took a lot for Hannah to keep herself from bursting out in laughter.

She could only say

yes.

The senior editor allowed her to go on leave after the completion of her second exclusive so

that she may make preparations ahead of the next one.

Hannah returned to her post and buried her head in her work. Regina strutted over in her

platform heels and leaned against the former's desk. She then calmly regarded the seated woman with arms across her own chest.

The expressionless Hannah stood up and looked the other woman straight in the eye.

"What's the matter? Has being the other woman caused you to lose your spine?"

"Hmph. So what if you clinched interviews with the CEO of Phoenix Group in two

consecutive issues? There's nothing to be cocky about!" Regina's meticulously made up face was permeated with scorn.

Hannah stepped back warily from that woman who was clearly gunning for her again.

Regina cleared her throat and continued, "Don't think that I don't know you've been busy

making a cuckold of your pitiable pauper of a husband with the boss of Phoenix Group!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1023

The entire office fell silent and all eyes fell upon Hannah and Regina, not wanting to miss

out on the juicy tidbits that the latter spoke of.

"Huh. You really do seem quite fond of going around snapping at people at random. Old

habits die hard, don't they," Hannah prodded as she thought how beautiful veneers often

belied an unspeakable heinousness.

She wondered how Regina's lover even put up with her.

"Goodness me, Hannah. Who doesn't know you've hooked up with Fabian Norton, and slept

with him, his driver and his assistant as well? To think your poor husband has the misfortune

of marrying a whore like you," Regina retorted, not willing to back down.

Hannah heaved, clearly incensed. "If you can't respect the journalistic profession, you'll

eventually pay the price." Hannah stormed up and jabbed at Regina's shoulder, sending the

latter stumbling away from the desk.

Regina's face contorted as she looked to charge at Hannah. The smirking Hannah deftly

dodged backwards. Regina, who was too harried on striking, got her own feet entangled

and her bum winded up on the floor.

“I’ll get you for this, Hannah Young!” Regina howled. Everyone stared at the pathetic state

she was in without coming forth to offer help.

“Oh, and how do you intend to do that?” Hannah looked askance at her counterpart.

Regina shuddered. “Just you wait. Someone like you who pulled strings for advancement

won’t get to stick around for too long!”

“Speak for yourself!” Hannah was already packed up and ready to head home.

As she passed, Hannah stopped to loom over Regina. Regina raised her own head to stare

back in defiance. Hannah let out a sneer before she departed.

It went without question that this encounter deeply infuriated Regina.

Her eyes burned in

Hannah’s direction before she clambered onto her feet.

Likewise, Hannah had a pair of platform heels on as well. However, she was not as dimwitted

as Regina. If not for the backing of her lover, Regina would not dare be so arrogant.

Besides, if Regina really tried to strike her, Hannah would be sure to remove her heels first

time and whack that woman with them.

But that was just a thought. She was going to restrain herself no matter what Regina said

because it really was not a big deal.

Ding! The elevator door opened.

Hannah was about to enter when someone shoved at her. She just about managed to stay

on her feet by putting her hands to the wall.

“You. I have never expected that I’d run into you even here!” It was

Yvette’s assistant whose

sharp eyes enabled her to spot Hannah the moment the elevators door opened.

Yvette’s shades shielded almost half of her face from view. Even though Hannah could not

see her expression, seeing her assistant behaving so haughtily on someone else's turf was more than she could take. Apparently, Yvette's assistant was not done yet. "Are you still thinking about laying hands on our Yvette when you haven't provided compensation for knocking into her the last time? Do you think you can even afford to pay for the damage?" Hannah was almost knocked over herself. When she heard the assistant's words, she responded frostily. "Aren't you going to rein your assistant in, Ms. Tanner? Beware that her attitude might get you into trouble someday." The assistant looked to raise a hand against Hannah when she was held back by her employer. Yvette lips curled. "Allow me to apologize to you." Hannah simmered down and nodded at Yvette before she passed them and into the elevator. The assistant would not let up until the door closed. "How could you allow her to get away with it? And apologize to her, at that?" The assistant shook Yvette, quite confounded. "This person has connections with Fabian so we should best leave alone. Nothing good can come of it otherwise." Yvette looked at her assistant who nodded profusely. The latter genuinely did not realize how her thuggish behavior might sully Yvette's reputation. Hannah breathed a sigh of relief as she exited the building. Everything to do with Fabian was more than troublesome for her. So far, no one else on the streets recognized her, nor tried to make her feel uncomfortable.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1024

The occasional jet plane streaked across the backdrop of the clear blue sky. Several birds were perched upon the tree in front of the office building. Hannah let out a rare laugh as she enjoyed the sensation of the wind in her hair. Barely two minutes passed before Hannah received a text from Fabian.

Reading its content brought her back to earth. She walked mechanically toward the station and hailed a ride home like an automaton, completing the entire process without emotion.

His message said: Wait for me at home, Hannah. I'll give you what you want.

She wondered why it those words stabbed at her heart the way they did. Hannah towed her own weary body into the house. The cleaner had already left. Owing to Fabian, they did not have a housemaid in their employ either.

She had the entire sizeable house to herself. After she poured herself a glass of water, she fell slump into the softness of the couch.

Fabian was probably unaware that she had left work early. For all she knew, he might be pretty preoccupied himself right now.

For this brief moment, Hannah rediscovered the simple pleasures in life. After she finished her drink, she went upstairs to take a leak and a warm shower. Then, she applied a facial mask and fell fast asleep.

The house was dark by the time Fabian got back. The hour-hand on his wrist watch pointed at eight.

A frown appeared on his face before he went upstairs.

Fabian pushed open the door and sighed in relief to see Hannah sleeping soundly. He involuntarily walked over and sat by the side of the bed to check on her.

Her cheeks were delectably rosy in her sleep, which tempted him to chow down so that he might get a taste of it.

She let out a moan and appeared to be stirring, which gave startled Fabian. He jolted to his feet, only see that she was merely adjusting her position before she resumed her slumber.

He puffed out. His mental state was affected by her as he approached to pinch her cheeks lightly.

"I'm going to order some take-out. Come on down and eat later!"

Satisfied that she acknowledged

him under her breath, he turned around to head back downstairs.

The woman in bed flipped herself around and ran a palm over the spot where Fabian sat. Fortunately,

a slight warmth still lingered. She smiled as though a great burden was lifted off her.

The first thing Fabian did when he came down was to call Caleb and get him to look into what

happened with Hannah over the past two days.

Next, he placed an order for four dishes and a soup with the hotel just outside of the villa. He went

back up to find that Hannah was still snoozing.

He became more mindful of his previously assertive movements and tread lightly to Hannah's

bedside.

The man was oblivious to this minute detail, but the woman who pretended to be sleeping did.

Hannah already knew that when he came up the stairs. She thought Fabian would be bothered by the

fact that she did not pay any attention to him and turn to leave. To her surprise, he sat by and watched

over her.

The ensuing blush which appeared on her face eluded him. He stayed there for a while until the door

bell brought him away. Hannah then sat up, red to the ear like an apple.

This was the most amount of

time he had spent looking at her since they were married.

Hannah leaned against the door to listen for Fabian's activities downstairs. She could hear him

conversing with the delivery man, and then talk over the phone. Was her name brought up? Was I

mentioned? Who is he talking to about me?

Is it Yvette?

She had no idea. As Fabian was calling, she jumped up and got herself downstairs. The table had

already been laid and Fabian did not need her help at all. Hannah was astonished that a president

would see to something like that for himself.

The look in her eyes told Fabian everything he needed to know. His lips curled into a smile as he

reached out and ruffled her disheveled hair, leaving her completely bamboozled. He then nudged her

along to the front of the dining table and pulled out the chair for her.

The impeccable service

rendered caught her quite off guard.

Is this Fabian?

The man ate a few mouthfuls before he realized that Hannah had the cutlery between her teeth while she left the food untouched. He was quite amused when he poked at her head. "Tuck in, we still have something important to discuss after dinner."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1025

"Something important? What might that be?"

It did not occur to her that they had anything of particular importance to discuss, apart from the interviews. Does that have something to do with the phone call he made just now?

Fabian smiled broadly and his teeth showed. The exquisite face of his was in bloom and indescribably enchanting. That markedly raised Hannah's expectations as she sat herself upright and ate.

The man's smile widened still when he helped put some fodder into her plate. Hannah was overwhelmed by this display of affection that would really enhance their marital relations.

Indeed, the family that eats together stays together. Therefore, it could only be a good thing for them to do so more often.

Hannah was grinning from ear to ear and wondered what motivated Fabian to do this. He

was the one who dictated terms for them right from the beginning.

After the meal, Hannah got up first to begin clearing the table. Fabian did not sound too

pleased behind her. "I won't fight with you over that."

Hannah was not going to be calculative with him about this, as she considered preparing

meals and taking care of the chores part of her responsibilities as a wife. Not only did he not

wake her up when she pretended to sleep, he made sure that she had food to eat and

gently reminded her when she became distracted from the task at hand.

This Fabian was a

completely different person from the one at the office.

If only the interviews went as swimmingly as this. She hoped that he would not continue to make things hard for her going forward.

When Hannah returned to the couch, Fabian was already there waiting for her. His slender legs were crossed and his smile was perfect. It was difficult to read what was on his mind.

"How's work these past two days? Were you pleased with your interview with me?" He then frowned. He had not meant to be so direct in asking, as he did not want her to catch on.

Hannah's eyes widened. That was not the question she was expecting to hear. "It went pretty well. My boss gave me a promotion and raise after the interview. I couldn't be happier!" Hannah sounded more excited than she realized.

Fabian asked purely out of concern, but Hannah was under the impression that he was using the interview as a prelude to broaching another subject, again.

Hannah had not forgotten how Regina had leveled some unfounded slander at her. All because she managed to secure the interview with Fabian.

"I have to ask, seeing that you went to bed quite early," Fabian said. His eyelids twitched as he tried to explain.

"I'm okay," she replied. Fabian had no idea how troubling his womanizing ways had been for her.

Yvette?

That name popped up in her mind. Hannah looked expectantly at Fabian and wondered why he had not spoken about what she most wanted to hear.

Fabian felt his chin when he saw her eyes fixated upon him. "Did I get something on my face?" He then leaned in closer.

Hannah, who was angled forward before, backed off when he tried to close the gap. Fabian was relentless and sat himself down right next to her. Hannah was exasperated and at a loss

as to how she ought to react.

The seasoned Casanova Fabian kept at it, pressing in and laying her down expertly. The cold sweat against her back did not trouble him as he caressed her over her top.

The overwhelmed Hannah was dumbstruck and did not know where she ought to place her

hands. His pretty eyes hovered and magnified right in her face.

Hannah thought she might as well shut her own lids.

Fabian chuckled briefly and Hannah reopened her eyes to regard him, baffled as to why he

was laughing when she was already nervous to bits.

“What were you looking forward to?” Fabian asked as he beheld her cheeks. How could his

little woman be so impossibly adorable?

He absolutely loved this aspect of her personality.

Hannah was profoundly embarrassed. The man roundly thwarted every attempt of hers to

push her way up. He laid his weight upon her when she started to struggle. She thought

that he was messing with her and was about to kiss her today.

Fabian laughed heartily as Hannah’s bashfulness grew. She finally gave up on her futile

resistance and ended up leaning against him in exhaustion.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1026

Her panting prompted a reaction from him. With his thighs upon the lower half of her body,

she soon felt him too. She was scared stiff. Her face was flushed like a lobster, as was her

body as it shrunk from him.

The man smiled in gratification at the woman who felt so delicate in his arms. He pressed

his hip against the reticent woman who only buried her head deeper into his shoulder. She

thought it was her squirming that brought about this biological response, and had no idea

that Fabian was feeling desirous.

That night, Hannah was carried to bed by Fabian. Even though they did not do anything, she

slept more soundly than when she did alone. This was why she got married.

Though many things happened over the course of the day, she felt secure with Fabian beside her. Fabian had a wet dream in which he had Hannah underneath him and...

When the rays of the sun came streaming in the next morning, Hannah was already up. The first thing she did was look at Fabian. His serene expression as he slept felt less guarded. It must be that his reluctance to open up to anyone that led to her getting hurt. His sleeping posture clearly indicated someone who want to be protected. Hannah wanted to take a photo of him while he slept but his eyes opened and regarded her, as though he had sensed her intentions. "Why aren't you preparing to go to work?"

Would you like me to send you there?"

She was caught out red-handed and appeared sheepish.

Hannah pulled the blanket over him. "It's fine. I can make my own way there." She then quickly averted his gaze.

She was going to take the subway to work today. While waiting, she turned her head to

Yvette's advertisement board forcing itself into her consciousness. It did not make her feel

very good so she decided to move to another part of the platform.

There were few people around as it was earlier than usual. Hannah was seated at the front

of the train and unexpectedly ran into an acquaintance.

Regina! Had she noticed Hannah's presence, she would surely approach.

Regina's platform

heels provided sufficiently elevation that she was able to hold on to the safety bar with

tremendous ease. Hannah was able to recognize her right away.

However, Hannah had no intention to relocate herself. Evasion was the way of cowards.

She pulled out her cellphone to browse the news. As more passengers filed in, she thought

she would finally be free from that eyesore.

Many passengers came and went when the train pulled into a major stop. Hannah did not pay too much attention to whoever was seated next to her. Regina did not think that way. She took the opportunity of others alighting to seek out a seat quickly as her feet were killing her. When her lover did not show up last night, she was unable to hitch a ride in the morning and had to settle for public transportation.

What a small world it was for her to bump into the one she most disdained. Regina gnashed her teeth when she walked over and took the spot next to Hannah. She took care to make sure her slightly messy hair was tended to. She glared at Hannah for a long time without yielding a response from the woman who remained oblivious to her.

The clutch in Regina's hand was the newest model released this year, and her feet was clad in leather heels made in Italy. She was decked out from head to toe with the latest offerings from major fashion labels which turned more than a few heads when she boarded the train.

These were apparel that Hannah was well acquainted with in her line of work as an entertainment reporter, stuff which she would be able to recognize at a glance. However, Hannah paid them nor Regina no heed till the latter's eyes became strained from staring.

Regina was having none of it and reached over to obstruct Hannah's view of her screen.

"Hannah Young."

Hannah showed displeasure as she just chanced upon a tabloid report about Fabian

lunching and doing what-not with another celebrity. She was mentally prepared to read on before she was rudely interrupted.

She shook her head and exhaled when she saw that it was Regina. "Oh, it's you. Shouldn't your lover be sending you to work today?"

Hannah's rather loud voice drew the scowls of those around them, and that made Regina a little uncomfortable. "Don't be arrogant, Hannah. Do you seriously think Fabian's still interested in you after you've seen all these reports on him? He's only toying with you!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1027

Hannah snorted, "Isn't that better than being someone else's mistress?" That irked Regina to no end and had others looking on in anticipation of the ensuing

drama. Hannah kept her head down and turned her attention back to her phone. Regina did

not want to get snapped and featured on Twitter for all the wrong reasons, so she could

only restrain herself and gnash her teeth at Hannah.

When they arrived at their stop, Hannah was the first one to exit the train. Regina, who was

hampered by her damned platform heels, struggled to make her way out. She also got

groped and her bag tugged at by opportunists in the process for her troubles.

Regina's eyes were reddened in anger and humiliation but managed to leave the train. The

hair which she spent so much time styling was ruined as well. Ultimately, she blamed it all

on Hannah.

Hannah minded her own business and shut out all the noise which surrounded her. Owing

to her promotion, she had the privilege of moving to a bigger office where she could focus

herself on gathering news on Fabian.

Hannah put down her pen. Having been an entertainment reporter for some time, she was

adept at the usage of language. She got down to typing, determined to get back at Fabian.

For instance, she portrayed Fabian as a serial skirt-chaser or exaggerated things between

him and certain celebrities.

In the end, she got called into the office after the review of her noontime submission.

The balding senior editor wanted her to do something about this negative portrayal of Fabian. "Readers are seriously going to lampoon this bad writing of yours!"

There was no way Hannah could refuse to comply as Bob's point were well reasoned. She had only intended to punk Fabian so she had no choice but to get it reedited.

Hannah switched up a few things, deleted some, and inserted a few lines here and there before bringing it over to her boss, who was surprisingly happy with the changes and had the edited copy sent out to print. Hannah was not expecting to be able to be off the hook long before the day was done.

Bob was in fact effusive with his praise for Hannah, which left the eavesdropping Regina feeling a little sour outside the doors.

The entire editorial department was a complete contrast to its usual rowdy atmosphere. No one spoke a word since Hannah stepped out of the office.

However, Regina was not around. While Hannah neared the pantry, she heard a shrill voice made several mentions of her name, sandwiched in-between some very unflattering words.

She quickly figured out what was going on and left her mug in the pantry before she walked into the inner section. There, she saw Regina speaking animatedly to another girl.

"Don't you know that the reason why Hannah was able to get promoted and secure the interviews was because she slept with more than one guy? Fabian's driver, his assistant and Fabian himself. They've all had their turns with her."

"But the man's just toying with her."

"To think she still dared to show off. I bet the senior editor most likely gave her a promotion because of her connections to Fabian."

"What do we have here? There seems to be quite a bit of tongue wagging and barking

going around. The hilarious thing is, is there a point to saddling me with these unfounded accusations?" Hannah sneered. She was not mad and behaved as though Regina was referring to someone else.

She paused before she calmly shook her head. "On the other hand, there's someone who willingly became someone else's mistress just so she could lead a life of excess. Pity. I really do feel sorry for such people."

She then leaned in toward the girl next to her with a curious expression on her face. "Do you think anyone who hangs out with this sort for too long might someday get into trouble?"

That girl was clearly astonished to have Hannah walk in on them, and jumped onto her feet.

"Umm... I've got what I came for so I think I should get back to it."

The girl scooted off before either of the two other had time to react. Inside the room, Regina's eyes were bloodshot and her face purple with rage.

"Don't think that nobody knows what you did. With your level of capability, or should I say lack thereof, there was no way you could have gotten exclusives with Fabian if you have not offered anyone sexual favors. Truly, I sympathize with your husband for your promiscuity!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1028

Regina intentionally spoke loudly so that everyone in the office could hear her scathing words through the door.

What followed was a flurry of voices engaging in discussion.

"I think Regina has a point. Many people have interviewed Fabian before. How is it that only she was able to be so successful at it?"

"Right. I would think so too. Fabian never did exclusives before. If she didn't do anything, how could she have secured this benefactor?"

"Yeah. I don't know who her husband is, but I wonder if he was aware that she's this sort of woman."

.....

The displeasure was apparent on Hannah's expression in response to the commotion

outside. "Not everyone is as shameless as you are, Regina. I've done nothing that you've been making up time and again, whereas you're petty and unreasonable. Do you think I'm

afraid of you just because I chose to overlook your lack of manners?"

Regina had no retort for Hannah's pointed barbs, and could only rage on about her own

suspensions surrounding the exclusive with Fabian. "Me making things up? Then, explain how

only you managed to clinch the interviews with him?"

"I..." Hannah was dumbstruck by that question and did not have a good answer for it.

Did Fabian agree to the interview because I am his legal spouse?

No, it can't be, as all there is to us is a piece of paper. He was so cold to me and he has the

vampish Yvette. There's no way he would have considered my position.

But what other explanation is there that could account for this fact? Is it my exceeding

talent? Heh. I need to stop kidding myself.

Seeing Hannah rendered speechless filled Regina's heart with glee. She raised her head as

much pride as a crowing rooster and taunted, "What else have you to say for yourself? Did I

just hit the nail on the head? A woman should be chaste. You say that I'm a mistress and all

that, but turns out that underneath that folksy demeanor of yours lies the biggest slut of

all!"

Hannah snapped out of it. She felt it laughable that a kept woman should be talking to her

about chasteness. The sheer irony of it all!

"I'd still say the same thing. I did none of those things that you've been accusing me of.

Stop spreading rumors and besmirching my reputation, or I'd take you up for slander. My

conscience is clear so you could go on and investigate all you like."

She did not want to waste her breath against a conniving woman who would do anything for money, so she left it at that and walked away. All the skeptical eyes in the office regarded her with such intensity that it was almost like they could pierce through her. Hannah maintained her composure and walked on unhurriedly. After she stepped back into her own office, she plopped herself down on her chair and used her delicate digits to massage her own temples. Regina gave her a headache. She was not afraid of that woman but found her quarrelsome nature extremely irritating. Fabian sat at his desk, seemingly distracted and lost in his own thoughts. He picked up the letter from the table and casually looked it over before he nodded and smiled meaningfully. He appeared to be brimming with confidence. He snapped his fingers before picking up the phone. "Help order a bouquet of roses, and have a car ready for me." Fabian then stood up and checked his attire. He then put on his tailored suit and went downstairs. Hannah checked the time and exhaled. She rubbed her slightly empty stomach before she stood up. She was knocking off and wondered if Fabian would be home. Sigh... I guess he could be canoodling with Yvette. When she got out from the elevator, she was puzzled to see a crowd gathered near the front entrance. What's happening here? What are these people doing? Hannah used her lithe body to wade through the masses until she emerged from the other side.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1029

There were a number of luxury cars parked right in front of the entrance to the building

where her company was based out of. The black Rolls Royce between the white Lincolns was especially eye-catching.

To the front of the Rolls Royce stood two uniform rows of five men with arms akimbo, all dressed in black suits and shades. Between them were two individuals in a similar getup, one of whom was closer to the fore. The difference with this one was the exceptional make of his suit which accentuated his frame perfectly. The pair of shades added an air of mystery about him. Underneath it was a chiseled face which evoked an unfathomable charisma.

The one right behind him who had a large bouquet of fresh red roses in hand yet appeared oddly out of place.

Hannah was positively smitten. Her jaw hit the floor before she swallowed hard. Is this some profession of love? Cause if that is, it is way too awesome!

When she thought about her own predicament, she could only lament. Never mind this sort of confession, I should be thanking my lucky stars if that aloof man does not try to boss me around.

Hannah shrugged. She took a quick glance toward the man as she shifted to the side and prepared to leave.

Huh? Why did that smile resembled Fabian's? Hannah shook her head vigorously, and wondered what had gotten into herself recently. She wondered why she kept compulsively thinking about him.

"Hannah!"

"Huh?" She turned back and replied instinctively upon hearing her own name called.

Hmm? She started looking around. It did not seem like anyone was calling her. Have I misheard?

"Over here."

A voice seemed within earshot. This time she lifted her head in the direction of its source.

Hannah's eyes widened. The one calling her was none other than the mysterious man who was at the center of everyone's attention. And that man was none other than Fabian. How could this not had taken Hannah by surprise.

Her lips parted in abject disbelief.

Does Fabian stage this for me?

She had to pinch herself on the arm to make sure she was not dreaming. Ouch. That hurts. Instead of frowning, Hannah's face was filled with excitement. That feeling, however, dissipated instantaneously when she saw the people around her.

She reverted to her usual sedateness.

At this moment, Fabian had received the roses from his assistant and was making his way over.

The onlookers looked on in bated breath, and strained their ears to pick up on whatever was being said.

Fabian's well-crafted dress shoes tapped crisply upon the ground with an almost melodic quality.

"Thank you for accepting my interview the last time, Mr. Norton."

Hannah tried very hard to suppress her own delight. She smiled courteously and pretended to not know Fabian well.

"You're welcome, Ms. Young. It was something I wanted to do myself as well." Fabian smiled slyly. He read her thoughts so instead of exposing her, followed up fittingly.

If this is how you want to roll, I'll play along.

Fabian looked over to the eyes in the crowd which were transfixed upon them and laughed.

He had not really taken care of her too well so he considered this a form of reparation.

The man suddenly took to one knee, with back straightened and head tilted up. His

expression evoked a certain elegance and his eyes burned with passion as they gazed intently upon Hannah.

“I’ve fallen for you from the very first time we’ve met, Ms. Young.

Through the process of our interviews, I’ve only grown more certain of my feelings and after much deliberation, I’ve decided to confess my affections for you. Ms. Young, I hope that you could give me a chance to date you.”

Fabian finished his declaration with sincerity before he extended the roses forward, his eyes locked imploringly upon Hannah as he waited patiently for her answer. “Come one! Say yes!” Someone in the crowd cheered and the others started to chorus after him.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1030

“Say yes!”

“Say yes!”

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Amidst the ruckus, a sharp voice shouted, “Marry him!” That made Hannah sweat it.

Fabian was beaming.

What has gotten into him, acting out of character today.

Hannah was over the moon, yet some doubt lingered. Why was the aloof Mr. Norton

suddenly so nice to her today?

What should I do? Should I agree? Would other people think that I’m too easy? If she

refused, Fabian would be embarrassed, and there would be hell to pay when she got back.

After some thought, Hannah still accepted the roses from Fabian. “I... I’m quite overwhelmed.”

Fabian was all smiles. He got to his feet fluidly and dusted off around his knee. “I hope I wasn’t being too abrupt, Ms. Young. We could start out as friends if you like.”

Hannah acted a little assured and avoided being overtly emotional.

“Alright, let’s do that,

and see what happens.”

Fabian chuckled inside at the woman’s gift for words.

With that, he took a step forward and positioned himself right in front of Hannah. “How was that? Did it make you happy?”

Hannah rolled her eye. Before she could speak, Fabian held her by the shoulders. Her face

flushed red as she chided him coquettishly, “What are you trying to do, Fabian?”

“Okay, show’s over. Let’s go for dinner. What would you like to have?”

Fabian asked as he

looked straight into her eyes.

Being held in full view of a live audience made Hannah squirm uncomfortably as she sought to get free.

That only made Fabian strengthen his grip and put an arm over her shoulders. “Better play

ball if you don’t want to be embarrassed in front of so many.”

Shameless! Hannah could only cuss in silence and follow his lead.

“The hero gets the girl, as it should be.”

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“Right on. Just look at what a lovely looking couple they make.”

“I didn’t think Mr. Norton fancies that type. Looks like I’m shit out of luck.”

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The fervent discussions reached their ears. Some were of praise, and others were of teenage girls’ lovelorn lamentations. None of which bothered Fabian, who could not stop smiling.

Hannah to the side was thoughtful when she stole a glance at him.

Am I really compatible with him like the others said? But I thought Fabian does not really care for me.

The duo strolled up to the black sedan and prepared to get in.

The crowd was uproarious before they too prepared to disperse. Just then, a discontented voice rang out and stunned all present.

“Are you sure you want to pursue a married woman, Mr. Norton?” An alluring woman

decked out in designer goods and a branded clutch took center-stage out of the blue.

That put a frown on Hannah's brow, yet she remained undaunted. Don't you know that I'm

wedded to Fabian? This Regina's so annoying, I'm shocked that she hasn't grown sick and tired of herself yet.

Fabian's eyes darkened as he narrowed them. He let go of Hannah and turned around in

search of the woman who spoke. "Is that so? Kindly elaborate."

Regina thought her instigation took effect when Fabian relinquished his hold on Hannah.

Pitting yourself against me, Hannah Young? Hmph! Now watch how I'll ruin you.

She then strode forward smugly. "To the best of my understanding, Hannah's already

married but avoided mentioning her husband so that she may continue to fool around with

men outside. What a loser this man must be to not only marry a loose woman like her but

also let her do whatever she wants. Do not be bewitched by this slut, Mr. Norton."

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