

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1041

Fabian and Hannah exchanged looks and chose not to reply Regina.

As the awkward silence persisted, Regina began to feel impatient. What? Why is this damned couple so arrogant? One day, I'll be stepping on you two, and you guys would be at my mercy and at my disposal!

Although that was what Regina had in her mind, she still maintained her stiff smile because she knew that she had to get her job back. "Hey, I've really been reflecting on my actions. My job..."

Hmph! I knew it! Regina's shameless behavior was making Hannah scoff in her head.

Fabian also smirked without even looking at Regina.

Before either of them could decline her request, Regina began wailing like an unbearable toddler.

"Hannah, I know that you don't think highly of me. I know that you think that I'm just another girl with a sugar daddy. But you know what, I don't come from a wealthy family, and I needed to do it so that the people at the company would see me as an equal! I slandered you because I'm jealous of what you have. You have no idea how hard life is living in the countryside! I just hope that you can forgive me!"

Regina broke out in tears as if she was the one who had been wronged. A passerby would surely see her in that miserable state and think she was getting bullied or something.

Hannah was a kind-hearted girl, and Regina's tactics really worked on her. However, she knew that she could not help out much as an average employee since Fabian was the one who reported Regina to the Chief Editor. "How about you talk to Ms. Morrison again? I think the incident is pretty much resolved, and she seems to have learned her lesson," she whispered in Fabian's ear.

Shaking his head firmly, he said, "As the saying goes, a leopard cannot change its spots. I doubt she would change for the better."

If not for Hannah, Fabian would have ignored Regina and strode off. Talking to a woman like Regina was a complete disgrace for him.

"I promise! I promise that I'll turn over a new leaf. Please believe

me!” Regina gushed with an earnest look.

Hah... Fabian felt rather entertained by her act. He vaguely remembered that Regina had said something really similar to that to him just a day ago.

“So what if you make a promise? You’ve messed with the wrong people, and now you have to pay for what you did,” Fabian growled. Turning to Hannah, he said, “Alright. Let’s get going.”

Hannah was still feeling a little bothered by Regina’s cries and the fact that she made someone lose her job. “I... I think...”

Before she could even finish her sentence, a blood-curdling scream resonated in the hallway. “Fabian Norton! You heartless bast*rd! I’ve given you two enough respect by apologizing, yet you choose to ignore me like this? I won’t let you off so easily!” Hannah raised her eyebrows, and her mouth was still agape. She could feel her cheeks heating up. Oh, I’m such a fool.

Why did I even feel sorry for her? She was just putting up an act and had no intentions of turning over a new leaf whatsoever. And what’s with that? She’s still mad at us?

Squinting his eyes, a vicious aura radiated from Fabian. Staring daggers at Regina, he said, “You won’t let me off so easily? Hah! Please look at yourself. Do you actually think you can threaten me in any way? With that old, crippled grandpa you’re clinging onto? Or are you going to get a rich suitor to stir up some trouble? Fancy you talking about revenge? Just stop dreaming, you dirty woman. No matter how beautiful you think you are, you’re no more than a toy in our eyes.”

Every word Fabian hurled at Regina was like a deadly arrow that seemed to hit her spot on. Regina was well aware that she had been living a toxic lifestyle but she could never bring herself to admit to it.

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Regina’s lips trembled, and her face was a ghastly white. She was speechless. Fabian was completely right about her. She was merely a plaything clinging onto her sugar daddy.

However, there was no way in hell that Regina would accept reality. She took Fabian’s harsh words as a tactic he used to belittle her. I’m going to take revenge on you!

Blinded by hatred and vengeance, Regina charged forward and grabbed Hannah’s hair violently with her claw-like fingers.

Fortunately, Fabian’s reflexes kicked in, and he caught Regina’s

wrists, restraining her hands with force. Regina ultimately let go of Hannah's hair from the pain. As she bent down, Fabian vigorously flung her hands away, causing her to fall to the ground.

Upon seeing the agony on Hannah's face, Fabian hurried over and gently caressed her head. "Does it hurt here?" he asked gently. Hannah could barely speak and simply nodded.

Massaging her head carefully, Fabian's looked extremely concerned.

Hannah whispered weakly, "Don't rub it, it hurts."

"It's okay. You'll be fine. I'm taking you to the hospital."

As he said those words, he bent down and carried Hannah in a princess hug. As they went past Regina, he glared spitefully at her with his eerily cold eyes. "You've done well. You've angered me in every way possible." With that, he stepped over her body and left.

As the stinging pain persisted, muffling her senses, Hannah looked at Fabian. He looked a little anxious and was glancing at her every other second.

Even though she was in pain, Hannah still felt happy about the fact that Fabian still cared about her. She pursed her lips into a subtle smile.

After carrying Hannah into the car, they soon arrived at the hospital. In the ER, Fabian spoke to a doctor. "Dr. Sanchez, her scalp or hair might have been damaged. Please find the best doctors in this area so that she doesn't get any scars."

The man whom he addressed as Dr. Sanchez replied, "Don't you worry. I have arranged for the best doctors in the country to attend to her."

"Thanks, I trust you. There's no need for me to say anything else, is there?" Fabian said.

"Yeah. You can go finish whatever work you have or something. I'll get a nurse to take care of her."

"Well, there's no need for that. I'll be staying here to look after her." Fabian took a deep breath.

"That works too. I have something to do in the hospital, so I'm heading off first," Dr. Sanchez replied. It seems like this woman is really important to him. Maybe she's the future Mrs. Norton.

"Okay, please get on with your work."

After Dr. Sanchez left, Fabian lit a cigarette and took a long puff

but choked on it. It had been a long time since he found the need to smoke. However, his mood was at an all-time low.

Eventually, he snubbed it in the ashtray and whipped out his phone. "It's me. Help me investigate someone. Her name is Regina York. I want you to dig up everything shady and ugly about her!"

As Fabian stood by the bed Hannah was sleeping on, crossing his arms and staring at her with butterflies in his stomach, he came to the realization that he had begun to have genuine feelings for her.

Even as Hannah slept, there was a trace of distress lingering on her face, and her body would twitch slightly from time to time. Her sense of insecurity was unmistakable.

Upon seeing that, Fabian walked toward her and carefully reached for Hannah's slender hand, wrapping his hand around hers. Slowly, he stroked the back of her hand.

A bitter feeling also crept into his mind as he watched her sleep. Then, he said to himself, "Do you lack the sense of security being with me?"

Holding up Hannah's hand, he gently kissed it. "You need not worry. I'll give you what you need."

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Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Just then, Fabian's phone began vibrating. He muted his phone, nimbly placed Hannah's hand back under the sheets, and made sure that she was comfortable before leaving the room.

His voice was cold as he answered the call. "Speak."

"I've done as per your instructions. The woman grew up in a small town and first found a sugar daddy when she was still in college. After graduation, she began working at a magazine company. For some unknown reason, she got fired this morning and is currently unemployed. Wesley Xenakis of Hatchworks Enterprise has been her sugar daddy since two years ago..."

The mysterious voice from the other end continued to report every single detail about Regina's life to Fabian. Having gone to lengths to dig up Regina's dirty past in college, he seemed to be a rather efficient and capable informant.

Fabian smirked, a spark of disdain gleaming in his eyes. Hah... Once a bi*ch, always a bi*ch. Her college life must have been very colorful.

From his conversation with the mysterious informant, he found out that Regina's current sugar daddy, Wesley of Hatchworks Enterprise, had projects with his company. Initially, he considered using their partnership as a tool for him to retaliate, but the idea was quickly dismissed as it would also result in losses on his part. As a man with a competitive and aggressive nature, he never liked the idea of sacrificing his pawns in battle just to make his enemies surrender.

Soon, Fabian came up with a plan that he was satisfied with. Based on the information he obtained, Wesley rose to power mainly because of his wife.

Regina, oh, Regina. It seems that birds of a feather do flock together. You two are simply a match made in hell!

Wesley Xenakis, it's not a crime to use another woman's money for your immoral sex life. You're just unlucky that your sugar baby offended someone she should never mess around with.

Fabian's gaze had turned icy-cold. With the perfect plan in mind, he returned to the room to watch over Hannah.

Meanwhile, Regina was bawling her eyes out yet again. "Wesley! Are you going to help me or what? I've been hit, and yet you seemed so unbothered!"

The middle-aged man sitting beside her gave her a troubled look. "Regina, it's not that I'm unbothered, but there's nothing I can do in this situation. Fabian is known to be a cold-blooded businessman. I don't want to lose everything just because of this."

"Wesley! Think about it. He knows about our relationship, yet he still hit me. He did it to provoke you, so why are you backing down? What are people going to take you for if you don't fight back? They'll just take advantage of you!"

Regina was rather annoyed at Wesley's cautious attitude. What a bloody coward! However, he was the only one who could back her up at this point, so it would not be wise to display her displeasure. Otherwise, she'll be completely helpless and alone.

"What? You're saying that I'm scared of him? What a joke! I'm just trying to ensure that my company doesn't suffer from any losses because of this." Wesley could not stand being humiliated by Regina, and his expression instantly darkened.

Wesley was all heated up, and Regina simply could not wait to stir up the flames even more. "If you're not scared, then confront

him! If he's provoking you like this now, who would know what other outrageous things he would do in the future?"

Turning silent, Wesley sank into deep thought.

His hesitation made Regina feel displeased and uneasy.

Her displeasure stemmed from the fact that he did not choose to stand up for her when she clearly told him that she got hit. At the same time, she was worried that Wesley would ultimately choose to keep quiet about the incident, meaning that she would have lost her job for nothing.

"Are you not even willing to help me with something this small?"

Regina leaned on Wesley's body, held his hands, and stared at him with tears welling up in her eyes. As she raised her trembling hands to wipe her tears, she looked like a damsel in distress.

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Gritting his teeth and frowning a little, Wesley's expression turned rather sinister. "Fabian, oh, Fabian. You asked for it. An eye for an eye!"

Regina was absolutely delighted to hear those words. Sliding her hand down onto his crotch, she said, "I know that you still love me."

Back in the hospital, Hannah had just woken up. As she opened her eyes, she felt a distinct numbness in her arm. Just as she was about to get up, she noticed Fabian sleeping soundly beside her.

Her eye widened. Huh? Has he been here all this while?

Hannah stole a stealthy look at Fabian. Even from his side profile, one could tell that he was undoubtedly suave. However, she soon recognized a sense of concern spelled all over his face.

Is he worried about me?

For the past few days, Fabian's attitude toward her seemed to have taken a hundred and eighty degree turn. Though she could not figure out the reason behind it, she was still overjoyed and simply could not stop blushing.

All of a sudden, Fabian's phone rang. Hannah instinctively closed her eyes.

Fabian was woken up by the ringtone. After glancing at Hannah, he picked up the call.

"Hello?"

Hannah opened her eyes just a little to "spy" on Fabian.

A female voice replied, "Mr. Norton."

Hannah almost sighed out loud. Biting her lips, she began to feel

bitter.

Oh, Hannah. You shouldn't have overthought the whole thing. You shouldn't have even dreamed of him having feelings for you. You're just living in your own fantasy.

However, things quickly took a turn. "I have organized all the information regarding our projects with Hatchworks Enterprise. The name of the person in charge there is Wesley Zenakis. He's the vice president of Hatchworks Enterprise," the woman on the other end continued.

Hannah turned a little red. So, it's just his assistant reporting to him about work. Am I too sensitive about this?

She could not remember when or how it started, but every little thing that Fabian would do had begun to stir her feeling bit by bit, and she could not even help but be a little over-sensitive toward him.

"Okay. Just place those documents on my desk."

With that, Fabian ended the call, curling his lips into a sly smile.

"What a coincidence, Wesley. It looks like God is on my side, huh?" He mumbled to himself.

Just then, Hannah moaned softly, shifted her arms a little, and opened her eyes as if she had just woken up.

"You're awake?" Fabian's voice was incredibly soft and gentle.

"Huh?" Hannah pretended to be surprised that Fabian was still by her side.

"The doctor said that you should be fine now. The only thing to watch out about is that you shouldn't wash your hair for the next two days." A few moments ago, Fabian was angrily demanding that the doctors treat Hannah's hair with the best products. He made it seem like a job that had to be completed well, or they would all lose their jobs.

"Huh? I can't wash my hair? Then, how am I supposed to even leave the house?" As a woman, Hannah was very self-conscious about her appearance. She felt that she would get a mental breakdown if she were to stop washing her hair for two days.

"Of course, if you really insist on it, I won't stop you," Fabian replied, smiling at her.

Hannah heaved a sigh of relief. That's great news indeed.

Upon seeing Hannah's sheepish look of relief, Fabian's grin widened. "You can go ahead and wash your hair if you want to turn bald."

Realizing that Fabian was messing around with her, Hannah raised her eyebrows and pouted her lips. With a discontented look on her face, she said, "Hmph. Alright. I won't do it then. It's no big deal!"

No matter how unwilling she was on the inside, she had no intentions of turning bald. Ever since a young age, she had always dreamed of growing up to be a beautiful lady with cascading locks. There's no way that I'm turning bald!

As Fabian silently observed her cute little expressions, he felt his affection for her swell up in his heart.

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Running his hands gently through Hannah's hair, his expression suddenly turned stiff and stern. "Don't you worry. I'll avenge you. You won't be suffering through this alone."

"I..." Hannah wanted to calm him down a little, but Fabian seemed very determined, and she could tell by then that Regina was not a good person.

Slowly, Fabian stood up and leaned toward Hannah.

Staring at him curiously, she asked, "What are you doing?"

Fabian simply responded with a firm kiss on her lips.

"I've contacted your company to get you a day off. You should rest here for today. If you feel bored, you can just take a stroll downstairs. I'll be off to work now, so please take care of yourself," he said gently.

Before Hannah could even reply to him, Fabian had already walked out of the room.

As Hannah watched him leave, she could not help but space out a little. What's with the extreme flip-flopping of his attitude? Did he just say those cheesy words to me? Even though he's the most stuck-up man ever?

Hannah sat up, her heart palpitating faster than ever. With a delighted look on her face, she said to herself, "Why did I not see this gentle side of you before?"

She then massaged her temples before getting off the bed and washing up in the ensuite washroom of her VIP ward. She wanted to go for a walk downstairs.

After being bullied at work by Regina for two whole days, she was feeling extremely irritable. A day off work would be a great chance for her to regain a healthy mental state.

Meanwhile, in the living room of a small villa, Wesley and Regina

had just finished their umpteenth round of sex. Putting their clothes back on, Regina began to talk about the “brilliant” plan she had come up with.

“Wesley, how about this? You invite Mr. Ziegler for a meal and convince him to raise the price for the plot of land sold in the Horington Land Development Project. After that, you simply follow suit.” She turned to look at Wesley.

“Once Fabian signs the deal with Mr. Ziegler, you can just leave the partnership with the excuse that you don’t have sufficient funds to pay for the plot of land. That way, Fabian wouldn’t be able to bad-mouth you. Most importantly, we would make him lose a ton of money. How’s that? Isn’t that a perfect plan?”

Wesley, who was sitting beside her, nodded subtly and replied, “Yeah. This plan sounds good. We’ll go with this. Hah! Fabian, I’m not going easy on you.”

While Wesley was drawing up a plan to sabotage Fabian with Regina, Fabian was also wracking his brain to think of a plan to sabotage Wesley.

Leaning back on his chair, Fabian was focused on the document in his hands. It was a document regarding Wesley’s wife.

Fabian knew that if he were to expose Wesley’s relationship with Regina to his wife, neither of the two immoral, sexed-up animals would get away unscathed.

Smiling wickedly, Fabian snapped his fingers and whipped out his phone once more to contact the mysterious informant. “Hello, help me book an appointment with Wesley Xenakis’ wife. Yes. I’ll meet her at four in the afternoon at the café opposite my company. Yeah, tell her that I’m Fabian and that I wish to talk to her about business.”

Moments after hanging up his call, his phone started vibrating again. Fabian raised an eyebrow at the name displayed on the screen. Terry Ziegler. Why is he calling me?

Fabian felt a little perplexed about why Terry contacted him. Even though they had partnered up in some projects in the past, he had not stayed in contact with Terry in ages.

“Hi? Terry? How very nice of you to call me today? You always seem too busy to contact me.” Fabian answered the call, bombarding Terry with patronizing words.

The raspy voice of an old man rang from the other end. “Mr. Norton, you must be joking. There’s a need for me to attend to all

the official duties I have, unlike you. As the president of a company, all you have to do is take care of the overall direction of the projects at hand and sign a few papers.”

One could tell that Terry was a veteran government official from the way he spoke alone.

Fabian chuckled lightly. Before he could even respond, Terry began talking once more. “I’m calling you to talk about something serious today. I want to ask if you’ve gotten into a conflict with Wesley of Hatchworks Enterprise or something like that.”

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Huh? How does he know? “Terry, what’s going on? Please be straightforward and tell me all about it,” Fabian said calmly.

“Wesley just called me. He wants to raise the price of the land you’re partnering up with him to buy so that he can swindle some of your money. He even talked about splitting it in half with me. I disagreed. I’d rather not ruin our relationship like this.”

Hah! You just can’t wait to get wrecked, can you? Since you’re asking for it, then I’d better grant you your wishes.

Grinning, Fabian said, “Terry, why would you reject such a great offer?”

Terry was rather baffled by what he had just heard. “Huh?”

“Terry, call him back. Tell him you want eighty percent of the money. And then...”

After listening to Fabian’s plan in full, Terry could not help but chuckle a little. “Okay, okay. I’ll do as you’ve instructed. Mr. Norton, it can be really devastating to go against someone as smart as you. Fortunately, I do have the wisdom to be your friend.”

“Terry, your involvement in this is much appreciated.”

The two proceeded to engage in some small talk with each other and eventually ended the call.

Hours later, Wesley found himself narrowing his eyes at his phone. “Hmph. This Mr. Ziegler guy is greedier than I have expected. It turns out that he rejected me the first time simply because he wasn’t offered enough money,” he said to himself.

Upon hearing that, Regina turned to look at him eagerly. “So, he agreed to our plan?”

Nodding with a somewhat discontent expression, Wesley replied, “He did agree... but he wants to get eighty percent of the money.”

“That’s fine. What’s important is that he agrees with our plan. We are turning a profit anyways. How about you try to raise the price of the land even higher?”

Wesley replied, “Yeah, I’ll try my best to make the price as steep as they can get.”

Meanwhile, Fabian was staring at the clock in his office. Seems about time. He dialed for Wesley. With a saddened and distressed tone, he said, “Hi? Are you the person in charge of the Horington Land Development Project from Hatchworks Enterprise? I’m Fabian... Yes... Mr. Ziegler suddenly raised the prices of that plot of land really high. I need to discuss this with you. Okay... Yes, get Mr. Ziegler to come too, and we shall meet at the Glory Hotel.”

Fabian hang up the call with a look of disdain. From his short conversation with Wesley, he could sense just how delighted Wesley was. Hmph. You’re just a fool who can’t even do as much as to conceal your emotions. I don’t see how you could have ever survived in this industry without your wife. And yet, you are just playing around with your sugar baby and don’t seem grateful to your wife at all.

“Hah... I like idiots like you... You’ll count the money for me after I sell you off, won’t you?” Fabian said with an amused expression. Chuckling, he made another call using the telephone on his desk. “Reserve a private room for me at the Glory Hotel and prepare a car downstairs. I’ll be leaving now.”

Before long, Fabian arrived at the designated venue for their rendezvous. In the distance, Wesley and Terry had just emerged from the same car and seemed to be chatting merrily. Fabian walked up to them with a smile, he extended his right hand in a somewhat patronizing way. “Mr. Ziegler, this way, please.”

Terry also extended his right hand to shake hands with Fabian. He could not help but lament to himself in his head. Oh, gosh. What has Wesley done to you? I can’t believe that he’s going to such lengths just to dupe Wesley. Does he even care about his image at this point?

His image was indeed the last thing on Fabian’s mind at the moment. Putting on an act to get his darling Hannah her sweet revenge and even getting paid for his acting sounded like an amazing deal to him.

“Mr. Ziegler, Mr. Xenakis, this is the private room I’ve reserved

for you.”

In the private room, they made their orders and began chatting casually. After most of the dishes had been served, Fabian took a sip of his wine and put on his best impression of a businessman in distress. Smiling awkwardly, he said, “Mr. Ziegler, I do remember discussing the price with you two days ago. Why did you suddenly raise it by so much?”

Terry furrowed his brows slightly and replied, “Oh, Fabian. I don’t have a choice. The higher-ups were the ones who made the decision. I want to help you, but there’s nothing I can do about it.”

As he said those words, he took out a document from his briefcase. “Look, I’m not lying to you. This is the contract printed as per the instructions of my higher-ups. The price is being doubled. I’ve tried to negotiate with them for your sake but was reprimanded instead. They said that they have no intentions of lowering the prices. There’re many competitors wanting to purchase the plot of land, and you can either take it or leave it.”

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When Wesley, who was at the side heard that, he inwardly snickered. Hah! Your acting is quite convincing, you old fox! If I hadn’t known the truth beforehand, even I would’ve probably been taken in by you!

As Fabian took the contract from Terry, he saw the clause indicated by Terry’s index finger: In the event that Party A is unable to make payment, the guarantor will bear the responsibility of paying it in full. This clause was concealed at an exceedingly inconspicuous spot amidst the few pages of the contract, thus very much difficult to spot.

After glancing through the contract, Fabian murmured with a worried expression, “As you know, Mr. Ziegler, I’m collaborating with Mr. Xenakis’ company on this project, so I’m afraid that I can’t make an arbitrary decision.”

Grasping the meaning of his words, Terry passed Wesley another copy of the contract. He deliberately tapped on the price with his index finger before winking at Wesley. Then, he exclaimed, “Look, Mr. Xenakis. Although the price is exorbitant, this place is a gem and has immense appreciation potential. I’m sure you’re well aware of this, so why don’t you make a decision?”

As Wesley gazed in the direction of his finger, he was greeted by

a shocking figure. He then inwardly counted, Ones, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions! Two hundred and fifty millions! He actually doubled the price of the land! Wesley's eyes blazed as utter delight swamped him. Haha, this is simply amazing! While he's really ruthless to jack it up this much, I'll be making a tidy sum as well. Since Fabian Norton has agreed to give me money for nothing, why should I decline? Nonetheless, he intentionally feigned a dour expression as he replied, "The price is rather high, Mr. Norton. However, as mentioned by Mr. Ziegler, the appreciation potential is self-evident, so I think it's still workable."

Upon hearing this, Fabian couldn't help sneering inwardly. Hah! Do you think you've gotten a free lunch? You think I'm an idiot, huh? Don't come crying to me if something happens later! He hesitated for a while before concurring, "Since Mr. Xenakis thinks it's okay, it's decided then."

Meanwhile, as Terry looked at Fabian's tortured expression, he inwardly groused. You're truly vicious and greedy. It's you who told me to jack up the price this much, yet you're still acting as though you've suffered a great loss!

Giving a light cough, he then threw Wesley a look. "In that case, let's sign the contract now to save trouble further down the road," he suggested mildly. "It'll be bad if the price were to go up again."

At this, Wesley promptly seconded him, blurting, "Yes, Mr. Norton! We'll both have one less thing to worry about after the contract is signed!"

Still, Fabian feigned a conflicted expression. Heaving a long sigh, he then assented, "Okay. In that case, let's sign the contract." As he said that, he signed all three copies of the contract before handing them to Terry. Subsequently, Terry took out a red stamp and stamped the Bureau of Land Management's seal on the contract. Then, he handed the contract to Wesley and placidly remarked, "Mr. Xenakis, please also sign as a witness since this is such a huge contract."

When Wesley heard that, puzzlement flooded him. Huh? I've got to stand witness? Thus, he made a soft sound of inquiry. "Hmm?" Noticing his hesitance, Terry explained, "This is a particular measure taken by the higher-ups to prevent officials from

practicing nepotism. As long as a contract exceeds a billion, a witness' signature is required."

After saying that, he leaned over with an expression of concern and muttered in a low voice, "Hurry up and sign it before he changes his mind. If he goes back on his decision, we won't be getting a single cent."

Hearing that, Wesley felt that it indeed made sense. Plus, he assumed that Terry was on his side, so he picked up the pen and signed the contract without the slightest bit of suspicion.

The moment Terry saw him signing the contract, he immediately breathed a sigh of relief. With undisguised jubilation, he then gushed, "Great, great! It's a load off all of us since the contract has finally been signed. Now, keep the contract properly and ensure that neither of you loses it. This is a crucial document, so make sure you keep it safe."

As Wesley stared at Terry, who was grinning from ear to ear, a trace of envy slithered into him. You're making tens of millions just by signing this contract, yet when the problem occurs later, Fabian Norton is going to shove all the blame on me!

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However, Wesley had no other choice, for he must go through Terry if he wanted to dupe Fabian. But at the thought that he himself had also made more than twenty million, the resentment within him eased slightly. Anyway, it's worth it this time! Thus, he then lifted his wine glass and merrily said to the two of them, "Here, let's celebrate the successful signing of the contract. Also, here's to wishing us a fruitful collaboration!"

What? Is he this elated because he thinks that the money is now his? Ah, he's been tripped by his own ingenuity! Unbidden, a flicker of sympathy welled within Terry at the sight of the euphoria written all over Wesley's face. This poor guy probably doesn't know it yet, huh? In truth, he has already lost two point five billion, and that money is all from his pocket...

It's not you who has tricked Fabian Norton, but the other way around. Why are you so foolish that you chose to make an enemy of him? Say, even if he were to give you a ninety-meter start in a one-hundred-meter race, you might not necessarily be his match! "Don't worry, Mr. Xenakis. Our collaboration is sure to be a fruitful one," Fabian asserted meaningfully even as an odd smile played on his lips.

Wesley paid it no mind, but at the side, Terry shivered at the sight of the smile. Goodness, he's really terrifying! The expression on his face stiffened, and his voice turned a touch weak as he lifted his wine glass to conceal the terror brewing within him. "Here, here."

After the meal, Wesley was exceedingly eager to drive Terry home. To him, Terry was already tantamount to the God of Wealth since he had made him over twenty million in just a flash. Thus, he couldn't help being all deferential and reverent toward him.

Fabian, on the other hand, merely stared at both their backs. At this time, he felt that Wesley was acting very much like a bootlicker as he fawned all over Terry. In the next moment, he shrugged. Hah! What a ridiculous man! I wonder if you'll still be all smiles like today when something happens.

Thereafter, he made a call and had someone cook some food and boil some soup for Hannah. Then, he personally delivered them to her.

At this time, Hannah was languidly watching television in her hospital room even as her tinkling giggles floated into the air occasionally. Out of the blue, a click sounded, and the door of the hospital room swung open. As she shifted her gaze to the door, Fabian entered her line of sight.

Fabian was holding a thermal food container in his left hand and a few containers in his right as he walked into the room leisurely. Suddenly, Hannah's face inexplicably turned bright red as she stared at him, and her body shook.

At this, Fabian's brows creased, and he inexorably hastened his steps. But before he had reached her, a splutter of laughter escaped Hannah, followed by a whole bout of it.

In the blink of an eye, her crazed giggles reverberated around the entire room. Meanwhile, Fabian looked at her wordlessly like a child staring at an animal in the zoo.

Upon seeing his expressionless face, Hannah felt that the atmosphere was rather awkward, so she forced herself to stop laughing. Then, she gazed at him docilely like a kid who had done something wrong.

"What did you find so funny?" Fabian inquired, curious.

"N-Nothing," Hannah stuttered in reply to his question.

Placing the food on the table, Fabian turned around and

threatened, "Spit it out, or you won't be getting any food."

"How could you starve me when I'm sick?" Hannah stuck out her cherry lips even as she rolled her eyes in aggrievement.

"Hmm? So, you think I'm joking, huh?" Fabian drawled in a questioning tone as he took two steps forward.

When Hannah clocked his solemn expression that carried no hint of humor, she sheepishly stammered, "N-No. I just felt that you looked very different when carrying those food containers."

"Why don't you expound on that?" Fabian pressed.

"Well... Well, you looked a bit like a househusband," Hannah muttered in a flustered voice while shrugging, appearing resigned to her fate. She initially wanted to lie, but she was afraid that he would be able to see through her.

Well, well... She has a really rich imagination!

"A househusband?" Fabian repeated with a chuckle.

Grimacing, Hannah surreptitiously stole a peek at him. When she saw that he was opening the containers, she finally breathed easier.

"Well? Why are you still in bed? Don't tell me you're hoping to be intimate with me on a hospital bed?" Fabian smirked roguishly as though he was going to devour her right then and there.

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As soon as Hannah heard this, fear manifested and showed on her face. Hastily jumping out of bed, she frantically slipped on her shoes and ran over.

At this, a hint of craftiness flashed across Fabian's eyes. "What's wrong? Am I that scary?" he griped in slight displeasure.

Instinctively nodding, Hannah muttered to herself, "Of course! Do you not know that? You're the devil himself. You always pick on me whenever you feel like it, but then throw me aside at other times. Didn't you realize that? Hmph! What a fiend!"

At this precise moment, a chill struck her. She instantly snapped her head up, only to see him staring at her with eyes radiating icy coldness.

Oh my God! I actually blurted that out when I meant to just grouse inwardly, and he even heard me! What should I do? What on earth should I do? I just hope he doesn't take offense at me.

"No, no. That's not it. You're not at all scary. You're very gentle and you take good care of me. I like it a lot!" she frantically elucidated.

Naturally, Fabian knew full well that she was placating him. Nevertheless, he was still glad. No matter what, she's still trying to please me! But for some reason, words eluded him for a moment. Subsequently, he ordered coldly, "Come over here and eat."

Feeling as though a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, Hannah quickly dashed over, afraid that he would again be chagrined if she tarried for even a second. However, the moment she drew close to him, the stench of alcohol assailed her. "Y-You drank earlier?" she asked cautiously as she looked at him.

Nonetheless, Fabian didn't answer her. All the containers on the table had been opened by now, and he filled a small bowl with chicken soup. After putting the spoon in, he placed it in front of her. "Drink it."

As Hannah stared at the chicken soup in the thermal food jar, she queried, "You must have asked someone to boil this chicken soup, yes?"

His face a mask of disdain, Fabian retorted huffily, "Just concentrate on eating instead of yakking."

At this, Hannah shot him an indignant glare. Why must you be so fierce? You're obviously concerned about me, yet you're feigning nonchalance. Why are you still such a hypocrite when you're a grown-up! Ugh! You're simply infuriating!

However, she didn't dare give voice to it, merely muttering inwardly. After all, she didn't know how he would react, so she didn't dare take such a huge risk.

She ate a lot under Fabian's watchful gaze, but in the end, she truly couldn't stomach another bite. "I really can't eat anymore," she whined in a beseeching voice.

Despite knowing that he was doing this for her good, she couldn't help grumbling inwardly. What gives? Why does he keep forcing me to eat? Does he think I'm a glutton that he can shove however much food he wants down my throat?

As Fabian looked at the chicken soup and food that was almost all gone, he nodded his head in satisfaction. "This is more like it! You're such a good girl!" he declared as though coaxing a child. When his words fell, Hannah rolled her eyes at him in contempt while inwardly huffing. Hmph! Good girl? Do you think I'm a three-year-old kid? You make me feel like heaving at the mere sight of chicken soup! Just you wait. When you fall sick one day,

I'll force you to eat with a forbidding expression. Oh yes, I'll also force you to finish an entire container of chicken soup! As she thought about this, a beautiful picture formed in her mind—Fabian with an imploring expression and a forced smile that appeared exceedingly strained as he begged her fervently. Plus, she could even seemingly hear him pleading, Please don't compel me to drink anymore. I beg you. I can't take it anymore. Meanwhile, she had her hands on her hips as she shot daggers at him like an ogre and bellowed. No way! Finish it right this instance! The picture was simply too wonderful that snickers escaped her.

"Hmm? Why are you sniggering?" Fabian questioned in mystification.

Lost in her thoughts, Hannah ignored him, merely smiling idiotically as she sat before the table.

"Hannah Young!" Fabian roared with a frown.

"Huh? What happened?" Hannah inquired with a dazed expression, oblivious to everything that had happened. At this time, a smile was still tugging at her lips.

All at once, Fabian stretched out his right hand and placed it against her forehead. As though having encountered an inexplicable problem, he muttered to himself, "She's not running a fever. So, why was she grinning mysteriously?"

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Thereafter, Fabian retracted his right hand and propped it under his chin in bafflement instead. Don't tell me she's having mental problems?

Only now did Hannah realize that she had actually laughed aloud.

She scratched her head in embarrassment as she looked at his bewildered expression. "Something occurred to me earlier, so..."

After listening to her explanation, Fabian questioned dubiously, "Are you certain you're not sick?"

All at once, Hannah was rendered speechless. Why is he saying that I'm sick?

"Uh... I'm certain."

Still, Fabian cast her a dubious glance. "I'll observe you for another two days. If there's really a problem, I'll get a psychologist to take a look at you."

What the hell? I merely fell into a trance for a moment! Does he need to make such a huge deal out of it? But on second thought,

he's merely concerned about me... Hmm... Alright, I'll just put up with it since you appear quite sincere.

At this time, Fabian had already put her behavior earlier at the back of his mind, so he nonchalantly ordered, "Go and wash your hands. I'll bring you downstairs for a stroll.

Upon hearing this, immense shock gripped Hannah. What? Did I hear him wrongly? This busy man is actually offering to take a stroll with me? Is he serious?

Rubbing her ears incredulously, she asked in disbelief, "What did you just say? Repeat it, please."

Alas, this had Fabian's relaxed brows scrunching together once more. He sauntered toward her languidly even as a flash of something gleamed in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Hannah couldn't help but back away. This gaze is very familiar! Every time he wants to take advantage of me, such is the look in his eyes. Don't tell me... he's planning to do it here? In a flash, she retreated to the side of the bed. As she stared at Fabian, who wore a determined expression, she blurted in a panic, "No, you can't do this! We're in the hospital, so this isn't appropriate!"

Ignoring her protests, Fabian continued approaching. Only when he came toe-to-toe with her did he finally stop.

At this moment, Hannah appeared like a panicked rabbit. As her unease grew, she became all the more certain of her perception. He must be thinking of doing it right here!

"Women never speak the truth. Rather, they always say the opposite of what they mean. Thus, the more they refuse something, the greater their desire for it."

Exasperation engulfed Hannah at his absurd logic. Hey, mister, I really don't want it! Can you not apply this warped notion to every single woman?

"Really, we always say the opposite of what we mean? Okay, then. In that case, I do want it." The moment she said that, regret swamped her. Dang! Why on earth did I say such a thing? This is all his fault!

Stricken, she collapsed onto the bed and turned her face away, not daring to look at him in the eye.

Fabian, on the other hand, was like a ravenous wolf. In a trice, he pounced on her and pinned her underneath him. Hannah then immediately stretched out her hands and shoved at him hard to

push him away, only to have them restrained tightly with both of his and rendered immobile.

Predictably, Fabian turned a deaf ear to her at this time. He merely drawled coldly, "You're begging me now? As you're the one who sparked the fire, you're naturally responsible for putting it out."

When Hannah heard this, she couldn't help lambasting inwardly, You're truly an utter scoundrel! How could you be so shameless? You're the one who wants it, yet you're brazenly pushing the blame onto me!

Subsequently, Fabian gently parted her lips with his moist tongue. He initially planned to thrust right into her mouth, but to his surprise, Hannah had anticipated it and gritted her teeth hard to guard against his invasion. At this, Fabian inwardly sneered, Hmm? Did you think that I'll give up if you do that? Ah, isn't that too simple?

In the end, Hannah was kissed to point that her mind went blank and her eyes turned glassy. She then stuck out her tongue and started responding to the kiss.

When she did so, Fabian inwardly smirked. Yup, this is more like it! Good girl! I love it when you're a good girl! He sucked on her moist tongue incessantly even as his hands started traveling upward. With a flip, he reversed their positions even as he continued kissing her mindlessly.

Just when he was about to take things to the next level, the ringing of his cell phone split the air.

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