

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1061

Her long, black silky hair flowed naturally, ending at the small of her back; her hourglass figure was perfectly wrapped in a bodycon dress. Wearing a pair of pearly white heels, her slender legs looked exceptionally appealing. Shielded by a pair of stylish shades, her delicate face exuded a dazzling and mysterious charm.

“Look at the couple over there with stunning good looks! They are really a match made in heaven!” A couple gaped at them and commented enviously.

Yvette was on cloud nine while hearing that, so she tightened her grip on Fabian’s hand. Nevertheless, Fabian did not bother about how others commented on them. He could barely wait any longer to indulge himself in a steamy session with her.

At the sight of Fabian’s urgency while he was checking in at the reception counter, Yvette’s smile widened as she mocked Hannah in her heart. Hannah Young, all men are the same. You would have to be able to lure them, get it? Just look at how quickly Fabian falls into my grasp. Do you think he will still think of you at this moment? Hah! At the end of the day, skills still matter as it’s not something that you can master at once. You silly girl, there’s still a lot for you to catch up on! In Yvette’s eyes, Hannah could not compete with her at all. She was pretty sure that Hannah would never be able to win Fabian’s heart as long as she was alongside the man. Once they were in the hotel room, Fabian pinned her roughly on the bed and planted kisses constantly on her neck. She instinctively stopped him, “Not there. The hickeys will be too obvious.”

On the instant, Fabian paused with a glint of displeasure in his eyes and snapped, “You know that I dislike others to go against my will, don’t you?”

Yvette pacified him by apologizing immediately, “Fabian, I’m sorry. Forget about what I’ve just mentioned.”

Fearing of enraging the hot-tempered man again, she could only suppress her own displeasure. After all, she knew well about his temperament. He was not just treating her like that. Such a domineering man like Fabian would never be considerate of anyone. After a steamy intimate session, Yvette sprawled coyly on Fabian's chest. Meanwhile, Fabian was scrolling the social media page aimlessly on his phone. His finger stiffened momentarily as something caught his eye. It was a post by Hannah, saying that she was feeling lonely and bored. He sat up from the bed at once after reading it. Taken aback by Fabian's abrupt movement, Yvette asked in bewilderment, "Fabian, what's the matter? You gave me a scare!"

"It's nothing actually. I just suddenly recall that I have to attend to some urgent matters. You must be hungry, right? Go down and get something to eat before you leave. I need to make a move first," Fabian replied casually as he started to put on his clothes. "Alright," Yvette answered disappointedly. As something came into her mind, a glint of profound coldness flashed across her eyes. What is so urgent that he has to leave hastily at this hour! It's midnight now! I'm sure it's related to that slut again! Hannah Young, it looks like I have underestimated you! After getting dressed, Fabian gestured to Yvette and left at once. As soon as he left, Yvette called her assistant and instructed coldly, "I want you to investigate Hannah Young, the journalist who had an exclusive interview with Fabian recently. Don't forget to find out everything that happened between the two of them for the past two days." When Fabian was back at the hospital, he found that the door of the ward was locked. He then asked the nurse to unlock it with the spare key. The light in the room was still on. He knew that Hannah did not have the courage to sleep in the dark at night. Hence, she had the habit of leaving the lights on the whole night. Tiptoeing into the room, Fabian

tried his best not to make any sounds so as not to wake her up. He stopped in front of her bed and looked intently at the woman who was lying on her side on the bed. She looked so demure in her fancy thin pajamas. Right then, he could even smell the faint fragrance of the shampoo she used earlier. Squinting his eyes, he noticed a tiny bulge popping up in between her chest due to the crease of her pajamas. Pressing it lightly with his fingertip, the section of the pajamas caved in instantaneously. Since she did not react at all, it indicated that she was sleeping soundly. Pulling over a chair, Fabian sat on it and continued to look at her silently. "Fabian Norton, you're really a jerk! I want you to drink the chicken soup too! You're not allowed to sleep unless you have swallowed every single drop from the pot!" Fabian's brows furrowed as Hannah yelled abruptly. Nonetheless, the crease in his forehead was smoothed when he discovered that Hannah was still lying motionless on the bed with her eyes tightly shut. This woman is apparently sleep talking. Hannah, Hannah... I'd never expected that you'll loath me that much for asking you to drink some chicken soup. You're even complaining non-stop in your sleep just because of that?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1062

He did not how traumatized Hannah was when she finished the whole jar of chicken soup. Thus, she ended up hating it. That was why she could not resist grumbling about it. A jerk? That's how you think of me all this while! How sad! I have stood up for you and put so much effort into taking vengeance on behalf of you. Yet it means nothing to you? Looks like I'm just wasting my effort and precious time!

He let out a sigh in disappointment and got up again.

When he was about to step out of the ward, Hannah yelled again, "Fabian, don't go! Don't leave me alone here. I'm really scared!"

Fabian turned to look at Hannah again. Shaking his head, he walked toward her bed and mumbled,

“You’re the one who begged me not to leave. I hope you don’t forget about this tomorrow and blame me for that.”

Without hesitation, he took off his clothes and lay next to Hannah in the bed.

He leaned closer to Hannah and whispered next to her ear, “This is the first time you’ve requested me to stay the night with you.”

Hannah’s shoulder shuddered instinctively as she sensed his hot breath against her sensitive ear.

Grumbling impulsively, she turned to face Fabian and continued to sleep soundly.

Gazing lovingly at Hannah, Fabian found that she looked exceptionally charming when she was sleeping.

It was as if she was Sleeping Beauty, who happened to be shrouded by a mysterious veil of soft glow.

Stretching out his hand, his long fingers stroked her delicate cheeks gently as he whispered casually, “I

just realize that you have the most flawless and smooth skin.”

As he continued to gaze at her silently, he was gradually overcome by a sense of sleepiness and had drifted off to sleep.

Both of them ended up spending a peaceful night on the same bed in the ward.

The next morning, Hannah came to her senses when the warm sun shone onto her through the window

of the ward. Stretching her body instinctively, she was startled to find that she was unable to lift her left

arm. She turned and was stupefied to see a man’s naked chest pressed against it. Pulling her arm away at

once, she jumped down the bed and yelled, “Help! A pervert! There’s a pervert in my room!”

She covered Fabian’s head with the blanket and bashed him hard with the pillow.

Hannah’s high-pitched volume woke Fabian up at once. A sudden, uncontrollable fury rose in him. As he

was about to lash out in anger, he realized that his head was wrapped by the blanket. Hence, he yanked

the blanket and tossed it away furiously. His eyes widened the moment Hannah continued hitting him with the pillow. Grabbing it swiftly, he growled at her, "What's the matter with you? Have you gone nuts?"

"I-I thought you're a pervert," Hannah stammered guiltily the moment she discovered that the man turned out to be Fabian.

Keeping her fingers crossed, she hoped that the arrogant man would not be further angered.

With a grim look, Fabian replied scornfully, "If I were a pervert, do you think you can still stand here unharmed?"

Hannah realized something and asked him, "If you're not a pervert, then why are you sleeping beside me?" She looked at Fabian disdainfully.

How dare he tried to harass me when I was asleep!

"I knew that you would say so. If you hadn't begged me to stay last night, I would've left long ago."

Fabian's rage was gradually eased as he was feeling amused with the sudden change in Hannah's expression.

Hmph! I begged you? Liar! Don't you know that I had a good sleep when you were not around?

Lifting her head, Hannah glared at Fabian with her lips pouted and snorted at him.

Knowing what was playing in her mind, Fabian could not help feeling amused with Hannah's body language. This woman is undoubtedly overconfident. She never fails to think that I'm looking for opportunities to take advantage of her!

Anyway, he was pretty sure that sooner or later Hannah would fall for him, just like how all the other women were attracted to him.

Hannah headed straight for the washroom and had a quick wash. She had made the decision to be back

to work at once, as she could not stay at the hospital any longer.

After a while, Fabian took his turn to have a quick wash as well and called for breakfast to be delivered to

them. Heaving a satisfying sigh, Hannah was thankful that she could have milk instead of that dreadful chicken soup.

While Fabian was savoring his eggs, Hannah looked at him and said warily, "It seems that I have recovered, so I feel like getting back to work today."

With her fists tightly clenched, she bent her arms to convince Fabian that she was fit to be back to work.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1063

Fabian chuckled lightly as he observed Hannah's silly antics. What is she thinking?

"You can go if you want to."

Hannah couldn't believe her ears. In her opinion, Fabian was always making her do things against her will.

"Ok." Hannah was elated. Even though she would be overwhelmed with work at times, she found fulfillment at work.

She felt like she was turning into Regina, who would spend her days doing nothing and had to rely on her husband for money, after resting at home for two days.

Hannah finished up her breakfast and was about to head out when Fabian spoke up. "How about I get someone to send you to work?"

Hearing that, Hannah shook her head. A lot of her colleagues had been gossiping about her relationship with Fabian ever since the incident. Hence, she had no desire to become a hot topic even though she didn't mind the nasty rumors.

She shuddered at the thought of being regarded with outright hostility from millions of fangirls. "I'll just take a cab."

A gentle breeze blew on Hannah's face as she rode in the cab with the window slightly open, her bangs fluttering in the wind. She stared fixedly out of the window.

She didn't know whether to consider herself lucky that Fabian became the president of Phoenix Group at such a young age and made a name for himself in the industry or not.

More importantly, his ethereal look made him the dream man of many women out there. With a wave of his hand, girls would flock to his side. And yet, he married her.

Does he really love me?

I don't think so. At least not when they were getting registered for marriage. Fabian didn't love her. As for now, she didn't know what his answer would be.

She soon arrived at her office building. Hannah looked up at the building and exclaimed excitedly, "I'm back!"

Then, she checked the time and saw that there were five minutes left to clock in.

I should be able to make it today and get paid.

Even though she was married to Fabian and would receive some pocket money from him every month, she had never spent a single cent of it. Her reason being she didn't need a man to take care of her since she was capable of earning a living.

Hannah quickly strode towards the elevator and reached out just as the elevator doors were closing because missing this elevator would mean missing her pay for today. The moment the door opened, she breathed a sigh of relief, happy that she had made it just in time.

She then bowed in apology to everyone in the elevator before getting in. After pressing the elevator button for her office's floor, she stood by the door, planning to dash out the moment she reached her floor to clock in.

Nevertheless, the reality was often disappointing. She bumped into someone when she rushed out of the elevator. "I'm sorry," she apologized.

However, the other party was a little angry as she ignored Hannah's apology and spoke in a mean tone.

"Hey, watch where you're going!"

Hannah's head snapped up when she heard the familiar voice and saw that it was Yvette.

At the same time, Yvette looked up and frowned when she saw that it was Hannah. Her assistant said in frustration, "You again! What a jinx. Nothing good ever happens around you."

Hannah found the female assistant funny and shrugged nonchalantly. "I feel the same way about you too."

Upon that, the assistant flew into a rage. "W-What did you say?" Hannah rolled her eyes at the female assistant and was about to leave. "Wait." Hannah paused and checked her wristwatch. Two minutes left before I bid goodbye to my pay for today!

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1064

It was Yvette. She gave Hannah a solemn look, instructed her assistant to wait for her downstairs, and narrowed her eyes. "We need to talk."

Talk? We have nothing to talk about. I don't have so much time to spend. I still want to get paid today.

Hannah thought to herself.

"Sorry, but I need to work. We can talk next time when I'm free."

Hannah rejected Yvette politely. She was about to turn around and leave when she felt a sharp pain in her wrist. Yvette had grabbed hold of her.

"Hannah, you don't want me to do this the hard way. I've already treated you with due respect, so what else do you want?" Yvette frowned and said coldly.

Hannah thought Yvette was being downright unreasonable at that moment. How dare you? Do you think everyone else has as much free time as you do? I guess I won't hold back since you're so rude to me.

At that, Hannah flung Yvette's arm away fiercely. "Hah, what do you want?"

Yvette's eyes were full of hatred towards Hannah as if she had done her wrong. "Hmph. Don't you know what you've done?"

Are you crazy? What did I ever do to you? Hannah felt that Yvette was trying to pick a fight.

She tried to control her temper as much as she could and replied with a smile. "Ok, Ms. Tanner. I'm in a rush right now. We can talk about whatever is concerning you after work, ok?"

However, Yvette thought that Hannah was just trying to shy away from the situation, so she wouldn't let the latter go. She puffed up her chest and spoke haughtily. "Why? Are you in a hurry to escape after being exposed? Have you ever thought of the consequences when you did it?"

Beep beep beep. Hannah looked in the direction of the sound and saw a colleague walking past the punch card machine dejectedly. Argh... Sh*t! Guess I won't be able to clock in anymore today.

At once, Hannah flew into a rage, turned around, glared at Yvette, and bellowed, "Yvette, what exactly do you want? Can you please get straight to the point, and stop beating around the bush? Don't you think that's annoying?"

Yvette's lips quivered in rage. Who does Hannah think she is? How dare she speak to me that way?

"Hannah, I was about to ask you the same question myself. I know what you've done. You're not worthy of Fabian."

Fabian? Fabian? So that's why Yvette looks so jealous when she saw me. It's all because of him.

"I have nothing to do with Fabian. I'm just a journalist who did an exclusive interview with him. You have nothing to worry about even though you're not as pretty as me."

Yvette sent someone over to investigate after Fabian left yesterday. She was furious when she found out what had happened between the two. Fabian wasn't busy with work for the past two days, he was simply spending time with Hannah.

She found Hannah to be a threat since she thought herself to be Fabian's rightful wife and naturally hated her.

"Don't think I'm not aware of your schemes. You're planning to marry into a wealthy family and climb the social ladder. I'm telling you, this is just your wishful thinking. I suggest that you know your place as a journalist and stop seducing Fabian."

Hannah thought Yvette was being unreasonable and compared her to a crazy woman. The pleasant

demeanor she displayed on-screen was nowhere to be found.
“Ms. Tanner, don’t you think you’re making a joke out of yourself as a public figure? I think you should be the one to know your place. You have nothing to do with Mr. Norton. Don’t you feel embarrassed calling Mr. Norton by his name? Moreover, I’ve already mentioned that I have nothing to do with Mr. Norton. And even if I do, it has nothing to do with you. I hope you will leave me alone in the future.”
Hannah then ignored Yvette’s screams, turned around, and head to her office.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1065

Seeing that Hannah had left, Yvette stomped her foot, cursed, and left. Meanwhile, Hannah ran into Ms. Jenson the moment she walked into the office. Ms. Jenson was delighted to see her. “You’re back. Are you feeling okay?”

Hannah nodded and replied with a smile, “Yes, I’m feeling much better now.”

“You came just at the right moment. I was stressing over the interview since the interviewee specifically asked for you. I’ll leave it to you then.”

Ms. Jenson paused and said, “But you’re really our group’s lucky totem. Our magazines became best sellers all thanks to you. Not only did you manage to land an interview with the president of Phoenix Group, but also brought some side benefits along with the interview.”

Hannah felt much better after receiving compliments from Ms. Jenson. However, she was puzzled as to

who had specifically asked for her for the interview. Is it Fabian?

“Happy to help, Ms. Jenson. Who will I be interviewing?”

“Oh, speaking of that, you’ve earned it. After your interview with Fabian, Yvette, the female celebrity

who’s close to him, specifically came over and provided us an opportunity to do an exclusive interview

with her. I will send you the details in a bit. You can take a look later.”

Ms. Jenson was all smiles as she explained the interview to Hannah.

Hannah's face fell when she heard that it was Yvette. However, she was placed in a tight spot because she knew Ms. Jenson wouldn't take no for an answer, just like the exclusive interview she did with Fabian the last time.

Ms. Jenson had also noticed something was amiss with Hannah, but simply thought she was still feeling unwell.

"You don't look too good. How about this? You can go home and get some good rest for the rest of the afternoon and head to Yvette's new drama's press conference tomorrow."

Hannah smiled bitterly and nodded.

She then returned to her office, leaned back in her chair, and started to look through the questions she will be asking Yvette tomorrow. However, she couldn't focus no matter what. She put the document

away after two minutes and started to spin her pen carelessly.

You're quite impressive, Fabian. Yvette came over and made a scene all because of you, but I still need to do an exclusive interview with her. What is the meaning of this? What do you think I should do? Ugh...

honestly, she can have you for all I care. You treat her better than me anyway.

Hannah suddenly recalled she once asked Fabian if he was planning to marry Yvette during the exclusive interview. He answered that it was up to Yvette to decide.

Now that Yvette had made herself very clear; she wanted to marry into the Norton family and become

Mrs. Norton. So Fabian, are you really going to divorce me and marry her instead?

Hannah suddenly felt like a sore thumb. For a moment there, she felt it best to back out of the relationship.

However, she quickly shook her head. Hmph! Why should I back down? You'll forever be his mistress if I

don't back down. Hannah's confidence grew upon the thought.

She came back to her senses and sighed, "Don't overthink things!"

On the other hand, Fabian was reading the newspaper as he sipped on his coffee. He smiled in delight

after reading the news.

Vice president of Hatchworks Enterprise's private life a mess. He abused his power and signed a contract involving huge sums of money, but justice always prevails. Mr. Xenakis will be spending the rest of his life in prison. These words were written in big red letters on the news headline.

Hah. I told you not to mess with me. How dare you try to dupe me, you fool... But I wonder what happens to Regina.

Fabian dialed a number on his phone.

"Hello, I saw the news about Wesley. He will be sentenced for life, but what happens to Regina?" Regina was the one who messed around with Hannah. She mustn't be left unpunished for Hannah's sake."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1066

Regina? She received a 20-year sentence for encouraging Wesley in his crime. I understand what you're saying, I've already spread the word. No one will dare drag her into the matter anymore after this. I guarantee it."

Fabian smiled sinisterly. "They should have known better than to mess with my wife."

In the meantime, Hannah was massaging her temples at her office, feeling lethargic. She thought she would freshen herself up in the washroom. Just as she walked out of her office, she saw a few people sitting around in small groups deep in discussion.

Hannah was used to it by now. After all, their magazine company relied heavily on gossip for business.

Hence, it made sense for the employees to be well-informed on recent happenings. She used to gossip around with her colleagues all the time in the past as well.

Walking out, Hannah smiled politely when she passed them by. But they immediately quietened down when they saw Hannah.

Startled by their response, Hannah was rendered speechless. The entire office became so quiet one

could even hear a pin drop just because she came over. Am I that scary?
Or did I do something wrong?

Hannah walked into the washroom, looked at herself in the mirror, but couldn't come up with anything.

She washed her face, dried it with a paper towel, and listened in secret to the conversation outside.

"Is it true what you said just now?"

"Of course. I heard it from an insider. Wesley Xenakis will be sentenced for life while Regina York will be facing a 20-year sentence."

"I'm not talking about that. I mean, are you sure Hannah's the one behind all this? She doesn't look the type. How could she be so cruel?"

"Oh no, I never said it was Hannah. She wouldn't have the capabilities to do it even if she wanted to. I

heard it's all Fabian's doing, but I feel like Hannah has everything to do with it. Just think about it – why

would the president of Phoenix Group get Wesley and Regina into trouble if not for Hannah?"

Immense shock gripped Hannah. Sentenced for life? Twenty years? She had a feeling it was all Fabian's

doing. Although he did it for her sake, it was too cruel.

Hannah panted for breath in the washroom, trying to calm herself down.

No wonder everyone

quietened down when they saw her. They must be afraid of her.

She wasn't in the mood to look through the interview questions with Yvette anymore for the rest of the morning.

After work, Hannah dialed Fabian's number to confirm if he was the one behind all this. However, he told

her he wouldn't be coming home for lunch and asked her to take good care of herself before hanging up hastily.

Back home, Hannah lay on the sofa and watched some series half-heartedly after lunch.

Meanwhile, Fabian worked till late at night. He checked his phone and saw a few missed calls from

Yvette. Well, well, Hannah. Shouldn't you at least give your husband a call?

Fabian returned Yvette's call on the way back. "What's up?"
"Fabian, why didn't you pick up when I called? Were you busy? You should take good care of your body no matter what." Yvette's voice was laced with concern.
Fabian shook his head bitterly and sighed. It would be great if the concern came from Hannah. But it was never going to happen, not even if she cared.
"I'm fine. What's up? Please go straight to the point."
Yvette felt a little bit upset upon hearing his words. "Oh, nothing much. I just wanted to remind you that my new drama's press conference will be tomorrow. As an investor, you should attend."
"Ok, got it. I'll be there tomorrow." Fabian was wondering if Hannah was waiting for him to return for dinner.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1067

"Ok, take good care of yourself then." Yvette could feel Fabian's impatience towards her. Thus, she figured something was probably bothering him and hung up the call. Fabian soon reached home and found Hannah sleeping on the sofa. He couldn't help but frown. Why is she sleeping here? Could it be that she's waiting for me to come home?

With a sigh, Fabian brushed his hand over Hannah's body, carried her up bridal style to the bedroom, and placed her on the bed. "Have you been eating too much recently? You feel a lot heavier than before."

You're the one who ate too much! Hannah cursed silently. Your body must be growing weak from hanging out all the time. How dare you call me fat?
As a matter of fact, Hannah was already awake the moment Fabian carried her up. She just pretended to be asleep.

After some time, Hannah walked out of the room barefoot to check on Fabian since he didn't come back in.

She realized that Fabian was having dinner elegantly at the dinner table.

"You're back?" Hannah asked.

Fabian gave her a look and continued eating. Duh. Do I look like a ghost to you?

Hannah realized it was a dumb question and scratched her head awkwardly. "Um... when did you come back?"

Upon that, Fabian rolled his eyes and placed his fork down. "Can't you ask better questions? Like, are we doing it tonight? Don't you see that I'm still having dinner? It's obvious I just came home, right?"

Hannah's face turned crimson upon Fabian's words. She was at a loss for words.

Fabian sighed in despair when he saw Hannah rooted to the ground. Why did I marry this idiot in the first place?

"What are you standing around for? Go take a bath if you have nothing better to do so you can serve me in bed later."

With that, Hannah replied instinctively, "Ok."

She quickly realized what she had agreed to and waved her hands. "You never said I need to serve you in bed."

Fabian smiled wickedly. "You never said you wouldn't."

Hannah opened her mouth in rage and stuttered, "I-I'm n-not going to do it."

Immediately, Fabian stood up and said in a provocative tone. "Why? Are you sure you want me to do it by force?"

Hannah was rendered speechless by his response. I'm the one who has to bear all the consequences whenever he forces me into something.

"Hurry up and take your shower," Fabian bellowed.

Hannah was so terrified that she ran hastily in the direction of the washroom. Fabian, you big bully!

After she left, Fabian lost his appetite, but he was almost full anyway. He then walked to the living room, sat himself down on the sofa, and took up a document he saw lying around on the coffee table.

Oh? So you will be interviewing Yvette tomorrow? I wonder how you will react when you see me there as well.

Fabian drummed his fingers on the coffee table and chuckled to himself sinisterly. I'll see how it goes tonight. I'll let you off easy tomorrow if I'm happy with your performance tonight. Or else...

Soon, Hannah walked out dressed in her silk pajamas. Water dripped from her damp hair onto her fair skin from time to time, looking deadly gorgeous as she walked towards Fabian.

Fabian's breath hitched upon the sight. He even got hard as he lusted for her.

It would be great if this idiot will cooperate like Yvette.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1068

Seeing Fabian's lustful gaze upon herself, Hannah lowered her head as she felt the heat creeping up her neck. In huge strides, she hurried to her bedroom with a loud bang as she slammed the door.

Hah! Trying to hide? We'll see how long you can keep that up.

Fabian smirked, deciding to let Hannah off the hook for the moment as he entered the bathroom for a shower.

Before long, Fabian emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a bathrobe. He headed straight for Hannah's bedroom. Twisting the doorknob, Fabian realized that the door had been locked from within. Nevertheless, it did not faze him.

"Resisting isn't gonna help you, Hannah, much less a locked door. I'll let you know that I have a spare key," declared Fabian to the woman in the room in a sing-song voice. Hannah, however, completely ignored Fabian from behind the door. She pulled the covers higher up her body, tucking herself tighter in bed.

Seeing the door not opening, Fabian pursed his lips into a thin line. You have been a bad girl tonight, Hannah Young. Guess I'll have to punish you. Fabian turned and walked away to get the spare key he had kept in his room, as if he had predicted something like this to happen. Click! The door unlocked and opened without a hitch. Fabian entered Hannah's room with an evil sneer

on his face, "I gave you a chance to cooperate, too bad you didn't take it. And so, you shall suffer tonight."

Terrified, Hannah raised the covers above her head and hugged them tighter to her body, shivering underneath. Rolling his eyes at the measly attempt of stopping him, Fabian yanked off the blanket in a second, exposing Hannah to thin air. Sensing the danger in the air, Hannah instinctively rolled off her bed to make a run for it. Before she could, a pair of strong hands caught her and held her firmly, causing her to squirm.

Oh, so now you're resisting my touch? I'm you're freaking husband! "What, still hoping to get away? You've aroused my wrath, so now you're gonna have to pay for it." A chill ran down Hannah's spine as she registered the chill in Fabian's voice, fully aware that she had messed up.

Hannah turned to face Fabian with pleading eyes, only to be awestruck by his disheveled but attractive appearance after his shower.

His features looked as though they were carved by the gods, sharp and defined. His hair wild and unruly; his face reckless and nonchalant; his gaze cold and dominant. Lowering her eyes, Hannah caught sight of his chest, rising and falling to his breath. Water droplets dripped down to his abs, enhancing each of the clear lines. Hovering above her on the bed, Hannah thought Fabian looked very much like a powerful king seated on his throne.

And I'm his queen!

"Did you think you can get away with it by staying silent?" Fabian's voice showed displeasure as his lips twisted.

In reality, seeing Hannah ogling at him so intently, Fabian's anger had diminished by a half, replaced by an overwhelming need and desire.

Snapping back to reality, Hannah blushed furiously at her embarrassing fantasies, wishing the ground

would open up and swallow her up whole.

Without warning, Fabian lunged forward, pinning Hannah onto the bed and kissing her passionately, savoring the sweetness of her lips.

Caught by surprise, Hannah froze. Regaining her senses, Hannah registered that her own lips were being caught in Fabian's. Panic rose to her chest as she hit Fabian's back in retardation.

Fabian halted and pulled away. Frowning at the interruption, Fabian narrowed his eyes and gave a piercing glare at Hannah.

"Best not to resist, hun. You're well aware of my temper. You'll be the one that'll suffer in the end."

Speechless, Hannah stopped struggling, knowing full well that Fabian was right. Even so, she pursed her lips, thinking to herself how brusque Fabian's actions were, but there was nothing she could do except to comply.

Noticing Hannah had stopped resisting, Fabian soften his tone. "That's more like it," he cooed. "I love obedient women more."

At those words, an image of Yvette Tanner flashed across Hannah's mind, causing her to feel upset. Are you talking about her? Is she more obedient? Is that why you considered marrying her?

Fabian once again pressed his lips against Hannah's without hesitation, the kiss full of passion and desire.

Hannah felt her tongue getting numb as Fabian twisted his tongue against hers.

His hands caressed her entire body up and down hungrily, not at all slowed down by the intense kiss.

Heat flared between the two bodies as they gasped for air. Breathing heavily, Fabian removed his bathrobe and ripped off Hannah's nightgown. Startled, Hannah let out a low moan, panting heavily. The two continued to be entangled with each other, leading to a passionate night.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1069

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Lost to the concept of time, Fabian finally stopped after who knows how long, sweat dripping all over his body. Hannah, on the other hand, lay on the bed, breathing greedily for air as her body went limp, not yet recovered from the passionate night they had. "Not bad. Quite cooperative just now, weren't you?" The scratches left by Hannah on his back was beginning to feel tender, yet Fabian was not at all upset. In fact, he felt pleased.

Hannah widened her eyes in disbelief of her own actions. What happened to me? How could I be so... so lustful?

Desire sparked through Fabian's eyes once more, burning like a raging forest fire. His lips curled into a beguiling smile, "Well, well, well Hannah... you look like you enjoyed it more than I did. Are you up for another round?"

Annoyed, Hannah turned her face away from Fabian. "Shameless," she scolded softly, scoffing.

The word travelled into Fabian's ears. He shrugged reluctantly, but decided to stop pursuing the matter.

At least she had cooperated with me once.

Seeing Fabian no longer pushing her on the subject, Hannah sat up slowly. "The incident with Regina, were you the one..."

Perhaps Fabian had been a little too rough on her just now. Hannah's soft voice chocked and cracked as she spoke, sounding pitiful.

"Yes. That was my doing. No one is allowed to mess with my woman," admitted Fabian confidently.

With a swift motion, he pulled Hannah towards himself, nesting her head on his chest. "If you need a sense of security, I will give it to you!" whispered Fabian softly, stroking her hair.

The light of dawn torn apart the veil of night, shining on Fabian's forehead and waking him up from his slumber. Stretching with his eyes still closed, Fabian moved his hands towards the other side of the bed,

expecting to feel the silly woman beneath his fingers. However, much to his surprise, no one else was there but him. It was only then did he remember that Hannah had an interview that day, so she must have gotten up early to get ready. Fabian removed the covers groggily and rolled over to the side, enjoying the sunshine. He had slept soundly with no dreams nor nightmare, probably because of the intense night he had with Hannah the night before.

After a few lazy minutes, Fabian got up to brush himself up. Upon entering the bathroom, he noticed water droplets still on the mirror, indicating that Hannah had only left not long ago. From Hannah's documents he had read last night, Fabian knew Hannah would be going to Yvette Tanner's launch event for a new drama series. After the pleasant night he had with her, Fabian decided to give Hannah a surprise as a reward. He dialed her number. "Hello? Where are you?" His raspy yet magnetic voice rang on the other end as Hannah picked up. "Oh, you're awake? I'm at the hairdresser's," answered Hannah after a second of bewilderment. Why's he asking me this? Every girl longs to be beautiful, including Hannah. Moreover, she would be attending a launch event organized by her love rival, of course she would want to outshine Yvette Tanner. "Send me the address." Fabian didn't even bother asking. "Ah? Why?" asked Hannah, but all she heard from the other end was beeping. Fabian had hung up just like that. Has he lost his mind? Hannah grumbled softly to herself in annoyance, but still sent Fabian the address of the salon in the end. She had learnt her lesson not to rebel against Fabian's orders. At the house, Fabian dialed another number. "Ask someone to drive a minivan to this address and pick

up Hannah Young and get her makeup done. As for the clothes... pick out a close-fitting evening gown with a halter neckline, preferably with elegant embroidery," ordered Fabian to a makeup artist from one of his subsidiary companies.

Hannah was currently wearing a lilac knee-length cocktail dress. Her delicate feet were in a pair of black lace-up high heels. Looking in the mirror with her hair done, Hannah nodded in approval of her appearance. Hmpf, I shall not lose out to you tonight.

Hannah had recently started comparing herself to Yvette. If she had won, her mood would be undeniably better for the rest of the day, if she didn't, her morale would plummet to the ground. Hannah was confused with this new sense of jealousy. She was never one to compare herself with someone else.

The second she stepped foot out of the hair salon, a young man blocked her in her path. "Excuse me, madam. Are you Hannah Young?" he asked in a polite manner.

The young man had a light and smooth voice, allowing the listener to take a liking to him instantly. Even so, Hannah was curious. I've never met this man before, so how does he know my name?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1070

Hannah observed the person standing in front of her. He looked about twenty-five or twenty-six, his hair reaching the nape of his neck, fringes almost reaching his eyes and was wearing a printed T-shirt and ripped black jeans. The way he effortlessly pulled off the outfit outshone the entire street, but his most prominent feature was his long, slender fingers, almost as delicate as a queen's hand, but large.

"Yes, I'm Hannah Young, but who are you?" Hannah was certain that they never crossed path with each other. How does the guy know my name?

"I am the chief makeup artist from Aimee Group, Franchot Dunn. You can call me Franchot," introduced the young man.

Upon seeing the confusion written on Hannah's face, Franchot quickly explained, "Oh, Mr. Norton sent me. He asked me to give you a makeover."

What? Did he say Aimee Group? The luxury salon frequented by the rich and famous including most celebrities? That Aimee Group? And did he say he is the chief makeup artist?

Hannah's jaw dropped as she was stunned. She was never the type who would pay for such premium services as she was never bothered. If it wasn't for the fact that she would be attending Yvette's launch event later, she wouldn't even have gotten her hair done. Normally, Hannah would rarely put on makeup whenever she went out, and even if she did, she'd just do her makeup on her own.

Not only that, Hannah was secretly terrified of the bill attached to the service being offered right now.

Not only was she getting her makeup done by the most prestigious salon in town but by the chief makeup artist too. Hannah could feel the hole burning in her pocket just thinking of that. Even though Fabian was the one who footed the bill, she never wanted to spend his money.

She had been giving Fabian half of her paycheck every month to pay off all the outfits and jewelry he had given her. However, at the rate she was going, she would still have to pay for another two to three years in order to clear off the debt.

"Thank you for the offer, Mr. Dunn, but I'm kind of in a hurry right now. Sorry for wasting your time..."

How 'bout this? Once I'm done with work, I'll treat you a meal as compensation..." hesitated Hannah, fidgeting awkwardly. She had no idea how bad a temper Franchot had, but she had heard many stories about the upper-class society being smug and emotional, especially those with remarkable talent.

"That won't be an issue, madam. Mr. Norton had requested us to come in a minivan. I believe he had taken into account that you're pressed for time."

Fabian, why must you always make decisions for me without checking with me first? Is it that hard to ask me? Hannah complained and sighed inwardly but ultimately answered with a smile, "Alright. In that case, let's go ahead."

The pair entered a minivan. Hannah took a seat as the driver took off. Franchot, on the other hand, busied himself with Hannah's makeover. He did her brows and applied foundation, contour, blush...

Each stroke of the brush was done with immense concentration from Franchot. His eyes gleamed with attentiveness as he leaned forward, carefully outlining Hannah's features. Different shades of foundation and powder were tested on the back of his own hand before he applied the perfect shade on Hannah.

Every once in a while, Franchot would shift the position of his feet for a better angle in order for perfection.

After the makeup was done, Franchot helped Hannah pick out a dress that suited her figure and skin complexion best, not forgetting Fabian's request for a close-fitting evening gown with a halter neckline.

He even changed her black lace-up heels for something daintier.

Satisfied with Hannah's final look, Franchot smiled proudly and snapped his fingers. "All done, Ms.

Young. I hope you like your makeover."

Hannah peered out of the car window and noticed they were about to pull up to her destination. Phew, I am just in time.

Hannah stood up from her seat for a better view of the full-body mirror in the minivan. Upon seeing her reflection, Hannah's hand flew up to her mouth, gasping in awe. Her hair was curled up in the most elegant way possible. The brown smoky eye enhanced her dark eyes, making them look rather mesmerizing. Her lips were tinted in a darker shade of red, making Hannah look sexy and bold. She was dressed in a navy blue, body hugging evening gown with a side split and halter neckline, laced with

delicate silver embroidery and matching perfectly with the pair of heels Franchot had chosen for her. The dress accentuated her figure and she looked marvelous. Hannah was astounded by Franchot's skills. No wonder he was the chief makeup artist of the company. His hands worked miracles. She finally understood why so many famous celebrities would specifically ask for the service provided by Aimee Group. When she compared it with her own makeup skills, Hannah blushed sheepishly and felt like a kid with a crayon in comparison to an artist's canvas. However, it wasn't long before reality dawned on her. With such an amazing makeover, it's surely gonna cost me an arm and a leg. "Um... How much would all this be?" Hannah asked with a wry smile. "Oh, don't worry about it, Ms. Young." smiled Franchot with a dismissive wave. "It's free of charge as Aimee Group is a subsidiary of Phoenix Group, and it was Mr. Norton who requested the service."