

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1191

Of course, Wesley didn't get hired by Jackson Group for nothing. Being one of the top few companies in the country, Jackson Group set a very high bar for its entry requirements. Wesley was only able to make it in because he single-handedly drew a perfect circle during his interview.

Wesley was about to leave when he heard a familiar voice call out to him, "Wesley, can I have a minute with you?"

That voice... It's Mr. Jackson's assistant...

Despite feeling extremely unhappy, Wesley forced a smile on his face as he turned around anyway. "Yes?"

"Mr. Jackson wants you over at his office."

"Huh? Mr. Jackson wants to see me?" Wesley was confused.

"Well? Go on then!" Xavier's assistant said impatiently, still feeling upset about not getting anything for his hard work.

Wesley felt uneasy as he made his way towards the president's office. Is Mr. Jackson going to fire me because he thinks I'm incompetent for not coming up with any pick-up lines? That shouldn't be the case. I'm only in charge of advertising and marketing, so coming up with pick-up lines isn't in my job description at all! Wesley saw Xavier leaning against his chair and going through his pink notebook when he entered his office. Wesley cleared his throat and asked, "Ahem... You want to see me, Mr. Jackson?"

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Mhmm... These are all very good... I bet Hannah would love them! Should I put a diamond ring in the notebook as well to make it more romantic? Hmm... Nah, she might find it a little too abrupt... Xavier kept nodding and shaking his head as he thought about that.

He was so focused on going through the contents of the notebook that he didn't even notice Wesley standing there and staring at him with a confused look on his face. What's Mr. Jackson going on about? Why is he nodding and shaking his head like that?

Wesley gave it some thought and began explaining himself, "Mr. Jackson, you see... I'm from the Planning Department, and I've been performing pretty well so far, but literature really isn't my thing..."

"I hear you're an art major, is that correct?" Xavier interrupted him with a smile.

Wesley felt a shiver down his spine when he heard that and saw the smile on Xavier's face.

"Yes, Mr. Jackson... I am indeed an art major..."

Xavier's eyes lit up, and he smiled even brighter as he said, "Great! I want you to draw a Cupid on this piece of paper over here."

He then pushed the paper on his desk towards Wesley who stared wide-eyed at him in confusion and disbelief.

"Huh?"

I can't even tell if Mr. Jackson is joking... Did he seriously ask to see me just so he could have me draw him a

Cupid? C-Could it be that Mr. Jackson is actually gay?

Was the whole pick-up line thing just a cover-up? Has he been setting his sights on me the whole time?

Wesley began freaking out as he came up with all sorts of theories.

"You don't know how to draw a Cupid?" Xavier narrowed his eyes at him.

"I...I do! I do!" Wesley stammered as he fumbled for the pen and began drawing on the paper.

"It's done, Mr. Jackson! Here, have a look!" Wesley said as he handed Xavier the drawing, still feeling a little creeped out inside.

"All right, let me see..." Xavier mumbled as he took the drawing over and began examining it closely.

"Hmm... Very well done!" He then handed Wesley the notebook filled with pick-up lines, causing the latter to back away in shock.

Holy sh*t! I was right about him being into me?

Wesley swallowed nervously at the thought of that. "Mr. Jackson, I have a wife and kid..."

"That's no big deal! I don't mind it at all!" Xavier said with a chuckle.

Well, I do, Mr. Jackson! I thought I can't believe I made

it into a great company, only for things to end up like this! I...I don't think my virgin ass can withstand the abuse...

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"Mr. Jackson, will you please spare me in view of my contribution and hard work towards the company? I'm sure you can find someone else a lot better than I am!"

Wesley was close to tears at that point.

"Well, my assistant tells me you're the best, so would you please stop refusing?" Xavier was perplexed. It's just a drawing, damn it! You did pretty well on the paper earlier, so why are you chickening out now? It's not like I'd fire you if it doesn't turn out well!

Wesley was petrified. I knew that assistant of his was up to no good! I was wondering why he was able to keep his job for so long despite being so useless, but now it's clear as day... He knew what Mr. Jackson is into, and has been hooking up with him! Still, why bring me into all this? No, this won't do... I would rather lose my job than stay here and get violated!

With that in mind, Wesley turned around and made a run for the door, only to have it open before he was able to reach the handle.

He took a few steps back in surprise when he saw that it was Xavier's assistant.

"Hmm? Are you two finished here?" The assistant asked with a smile when he saw that Wesley was about to leave.

"No, he seems to be a little nervous." Xavier shook his head helplessly.

The assistant rolled his eyes and gave Wesley a pat on the shoulder as he said, "What's there to be nervous about? It's obvious that you're the right man for the job! I would've done it myself if I wasn't so bad at it!"

He then leaned in closer to Wesley and whispered, "I went straight for you the moment Mr. Jackson gave me the word, you know? Trust me, you don't want to miss out on such a great opportunity!"

Are you sure this is even great at all? I'm disgusted just thinking about it, and you're here talking about it so

casually... I don't think running is possible now that it's come to this... Even so, I won't submit myself to them! In the worst-case scenario, I'll go to the police!

"Seeing that you're the more experienced one here, I think you should do it instead! I don't think I can manage!" Wesley said while waving his hands nervously.

"What are you saying? I don't know how to draw a Cupid! I wouldn't need you to do so if I did!" the assistant snapped back at him impatiently. You fool! What can't you just do as you are told? I don't want to get another slap from our boss.

"That's okay. I can teach you! In fact, I can teach you right now!" Wesley replied.

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"Are you crazy? We don't have time for that! Damn it, I wouldn't have asked you for help if I knew you are this unreliable! Look, you can either draw the damn Cupid or pack your stuff and get the hell out of this company!" The assistant almost lost his temper. I thought this guy seemed pretty reliable, yet why is he acting like this at such a critical moment?

Me? Crazy? You guys are the crazy ones calling me unreliable for not being into that stuff! I...

Realizing he might have gotten the wrong idea, Wesley asked, "Wait... What did you say? What was it you wanted me to draw?"

"A Cupid, duh! Didn't Mr. Jackson tell you?" the assistant retorted angrily.

"Hey, can you do it or not? If you can't, I'll get someone else who can!" Xavier had lost his patience and shouted at the two of them who were whispering by the door.

"Of course, I can!" Wesley was quick to respond. He then turned towards the assistant and apologized awkwardly, "I'm sorry I got the wrong idea earlier!"

With that, Wesley returned to the desk and began drawing in the notebook.

"What does he mean by the wrong idea?" the assistant mumbled to himself in confusion as he walked up to Wesley and watched him draw.

Hmm... Not bad, not bad at all... Mr. Jackson should be

satisfied with this, I suppose.

Wesley put down the pen a few minutes later and showed Xavier what he had drawn in the notebook.

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“Well done! You’re really great at drawing, though your confidence could use some work! All right, you may be dismissed now. I’ll give you two thousand as a reward, so remember to collect the money from Finance tomorrow!”

Xavier said with a chuckle when he saw that the drawing in the notebook was a lot better than the one on the paper. It’s as if I’m looking at the actual Cupid!

Wesley was on the verge of crying at that point. Damn it, Mr. Jackson! Why didn’t you just say that from the start? You scared the hell out of me!

The dark sky slowly brightened up, and Hannah opened her eyes slowly as a ray of sunshine came in through the window. The first thing that she saw was Fabian sitting beside her with a smile on his face.

“What are you doing?” she asked as she went wide-eyed and bolted upright instantly.

Fabian didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at her reaction. Why is she so nervous?

He then brought over a wet towel and began wiping her face down.

Hannah had thought of telling him she could manage it on her own as she had rested enough, but held her tongue and decided to enjoy his tender loving care a little while longer.

I bet no one would believe me if I told them that the president of Phoenix Group was wiping me down like this! This will blow their mind off.

The thought of that made Hannah really happy and put a huge smile on her face.

Helen too, had gotten out of bed at the same time.

Feeling excited, she gave Xavier a call right away, “Hello, Mr. Jackson! Do you have everything prepared like I told you to? I’ll be looking after Hannah today, so I could give you a hand if you need it!”

“Oh? That’s really nice of you, Ms. Young! Yes, all the preparations are complete, and I’ll be heading over in a

bit. Thank you for so much for your help.”

“Please, there’s no need to thank me! Anyway, I’ll go pack my stuff now. See you there!” Helen let out a chuckle at how everything was going according to plan. She then quickly packed up and rushed towards the hospital.

“Ah! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...” Helen was so distracted by her excitement that she bumped into someone along the way, only to realize that it was Jason before she even finished her apology.

The look on her face changed instantly, and she shot him a disdainful sneer as she said, “Oh, my! Since when does the playboy wake up so early in the morning?”

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Jason pouted in response to her sarcastic remarks and shot back at her, “Hmph! How unlucky of me, starting the day by running into a foul-mouthed witch like you! I’ll have you know that I came over from Uncle Hendrick’s place first thing in the morning! In fact, Uncle Hendrick has been really nice to me!”

Jason had sent Hendrick home yesterday, and Gillian seemed to have taken a liking to him. With both of them on his side, he had nothing to fear even with Helen and Fabian around.

“You... How shameless of you!” Helen clenched her teeth in anger. I can’t believe my parents would trust this glib brat!

Jason flashed her a smug grin when he saw how angry she looked. What are you going to do about it, huh? I thought you were pretty tough threatening me with Fabian yesterday! Where does all that toughness go now? This brat... He was already acting all smug when Hannah defended him yesterday, and now with Mom and Dad on his side. Looks like I’ll just have to teach him a lesson myself! With that in mind, Helen stomped on his foot as hard as she could before letting out a surprised yelp.

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“Oh, dear! I’m sorry I stepped on your foot by accident, Jason! You wouldn’t be so petty as to hold it against a poor defenseless girl like me, would you?”

She then giggled gleefully before running towards Hannah's ward as quickly as she could.

What a witch! How dare you do this to me! I won't forgive you! I... Wait... No, if I go after her, it will just make me seem petty like she said, and that simply won't do! I'm the future successor of Goldstein Group, and I can't afford to have people know that I'll do such a thing! Hmph, fine! I'll let you off the hook this once, but you'd better not mess with me again! Jason thought to himself as he followed behind her.

"Hey, Hannah! Are you awake? I'm coming in!" Helen shouted while knocking on the door.

"Yeah, come on in!" Hannah called out to her in response.

Helen then opened the door and went inside with Jason.

"Good morning, Hannah and Fabian! Oh, Jason too..."

Helen greeted them and even made sure to place extra emphasis on Jason's name just to spite him.

Jason snorted at her and greeted them as well, "Hello, Hannah and Fabian!"

He then turned towards Winson who had just finished brushing his teeth in the bathroom and said, "Hey, Winson! Aren't you going to greet us?"

Winson was an obedient kid and always did as Jason asked. "Hi, Jason! Helen too!"

Jason nodded at him in satisfaction before turning towards Helen. "Hear that? He addressed me first! That's how unimportant you are!"

Helen rolled her eyes at him in response. "Are you seriously using a child like this? How much more shameless can you get?"

"That's none of your business! Oh, by the way, Aunt Gillian said you should address me like you would your own brother! I suggest you do so or she might need to have a word with you! Don't say I didn't warn you!"

Jason said nonchalantly with his head held high, acting as if he had won the battle.

Helen was about to say something in response, but Hannah cut her off instead, "That's enough, you two. Did you sleep well, Helen?" Watching this two bicker sure

gives me a headache!

“It was good! How could I not sleep well when the villa that Fabian provided me with was practically customized to my preferences? Everything, including the bedsheets and pillows, were specifically replaced with the ones I like! I slept like a log!” Helen boasted while smirking at Jason who stared at Fabian in disbelief.

Is that true? You’ve never treated me this well even after all these years I’ve been around you!

“Pfft... I’ve been staying in a villa for so long now, and it’s not as great as you make it sound!” Jason said with a shrug in an attempt to spite her back. Heh! Trying to spite me, are you? It’s not going to be that easy!

Helen tilted her head and acted like she was in deep thought as she said, “Hmm... That probably means Fabian doesn’t like you enough to customize everything to your liking, so it doesn’t feel as great for you!”

Seeing as Jason had nothing to say in response, Helen stuck her tongue out at him before scurrying over towards Fabian.

“Come with me, Fabian! I have something to tell you!”

“Hmm? Me?” Fabian was a little surprised. What could Helen possibly want to tell me?

Helen dragged Fabian aside, glancing around cautiously as if she was afraid that someone would overhear their conversation.

Oh, please! I’m not the slightest bit interested in what you have to tell Fabian! You’re probably just asking him to buy you some fancy handbag or dress anyway! I know you all too well, Helen!

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I may have Uncle Hendrick and Aunt Gillian on my side, but they’re not around often enough to help me out! This won’t do... I’ll have to get Hannah on my side if I am to shut that smug witch up! Jason thought to himself angrily as he shot her a disdainful glare.

He then stepped forward and held Hannah’s hand as he asked, “How was your sleep, Hannah? Shall I arrange for you to have a bigger bed as well?”

Hannah was so caught off guard that she pulled her hand

back immediately. "Oh, uh... That won't be necessary! I slept very well last night!"

"I see..." Jason lowered his gaze as he racked his brain for an idea. Hmm... There has to be something else I can do for her... Aha! I've got it!

"Hannah, you've gotten really pale after the surgery, and we can't have that now. I heard that one of our companies has recently launched a new cosmetic product that works wonders! I'll bring you two sets tomorrow, okay? I'm sure Fabian would love how you look after using it!"

What has gotten into Jason today? Why is he suddenly offering to change my bed and give me cosmetic products? I bet he must be up to something! Hannah couldn't help but feel that something was off about his behavior and decided to decline his offer. "Thanks, but I've still got plenty of those at home, so I'll just have Amelia bring some over for me."

"But that's so troublesome! Our company produces this stuff anyway, so it'd be a lot easier if I just have someone deliver them to you!" Jason tried his best to persuade her.

Please accept this gift, Hannah! I don't know what else I can do to gain your favor!

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"I..." Hannah couldn't understand his logic at all. How is it more troublesome to bring some over from my own house?

Jason then pulled out his phone and called up one of his contacts. "Hey, Paul! I need you to bring two sets of our latest cosmetic product over right now! Yes, I'll send you the location!"

He's really getting someone to bring it over? What is with him?

"There, I've made the call, Hannah! He'll bring it over in a bit!" Jason said while breathing a sigh of relief. Ha!

There's no way she'll decline my offer now!

"Um... Did you get yourself into some kind of trouble?"

Hannah asked after giving it some thought. I bet he must've offended Fabian or something and wants me to

defend him! That's why he's trying to bribe me with gifts!
"What? No way! I'm just trying to do my part in caring for your well-being, Hannah! Besides, I'm a good boy! There's no way I'd get myself in trouble!" Jason replied.
"Are you sure? I might be able to help you out if you tell me the truth..." Hannah said in disbelief. God knows what trouble this daredevil has gotten himself into... The sooner he tells me about it, the easier it is for me to help him out!

"How could you say that about me, Hannah? I genuinely care about you, and this is what you think of me? How hurtful is that..."

"All right, all right! I believe you, okay?" Hannah cut him off before he could go any further.

"That's more like it! I care about you a lot, Hannah!"

"Hmm... It's almost time, so he should be here any minute..." Helen said while looking at her watch.

Fabian chuckled. "Good thing we're on the same side, huh? Otherwise, I'd be the one getting humiliated."

The two of them then exchanged glances before bursting into laughter. Sensing a piercing gaze from behind, Helen turned around and saw Jason staring at them from afar.

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What the hell did she say to Fabian to make him so happy? Hannah may have accepted my cosmetic products, but she thinks I'm just trying to bribe her or something! We're both trying to please them, so why are the results so different? Fabian, you're an elite businessman for goodness' sake! Even Hannah could tell that something was off, and yet here you are, laughing with Helen like a fool...

Jason was not amused. At the same time, he sulked at how differently Fabian was treating them. It was a world apart.

How could you do this to me?

"Why are you staring at me like that? Is it because I'm pretty?" Helen asked.

"Nonsense! Man, how is it that you're so different from your sister? She's so gentle and kind, while you're all feisty and annoying! You should learn a thing or two from

Hannah or you might become a spinster for the rest of your life!” Jason said, killing two birds with one stone by praising Hannah and insulting Helen at the same time.

“Well, I am happy to remain single and it’s none of your business! Why are you sucking up to my sister anyway, huh? Are you trying to get her on your side? Fat chance! She’s my sister, so she’ll definitely take my side!” Helen snapped back at him.

She then turned towards Hannah and continued, “You’d better be careful of this guy, Hannah! For all we know, he might just betray you anytime!”

Jason was seething with anger as he glared at Helen, but Hannah spoke up before he could say anything, “Helen, how could you say that to Jason? Apologize to him!”

Ha! I was right to give her the cosmetic products!

Jason thought Hannah was defending him because he gave her those cosmetic products, but she was actually just saying that because she felt Helen had gone overboard.

Jason puffed up his chest as he prepared himself to receive Helen’s apology, but all he heard was Fabian’s charming voice, “Jason, could you go buy Hannah breakfast? She hasn’t eaten anything this morning.”

Jason frowned reluctantly as he protested, “Can’t we just have someone bring the food over? Why do I have to go buy it myself?”

“It’s better for her to have something light for breakfast, so there’s no need to have someone else do it.” Noticing the unhappy look on his face, Fabian continued after a brief pause, “Come on, I’ll go with you.”

Fabian then turned around and left, and Jason had no choice but to follow suit.

“Whose side are you on, Fabian? Mine or Helen’s? Why are you always caring about her? I can’t stand her at all!”

Jason ranted the moment they stepped out of the ward.

“She’s your sister too, you know? Can’t you be a little nicer to her?” Fabian lectured him.

Sh*t, I am done for. She’s brainwashed Fabian so much that he’s completely on her side now. Jason rolled his eyes and shrugged in frustration. “Fine, I’ll shut up then.”

Aw, what's the matter? Is he throwing a tantrum with me now? Fabian smiled as he pulled something out of his pocket and fiddled with it before handing it over to Jason. Jason's eyes lit up instantly when he saw it, and he broke into a huge grin as he said, "I knew you'd take my side! Are you giving me this to cheer me up?"

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He then snatched it over from Fabian and smiled even brighter as he continued, "Thank you so much, Fabian!" I guess being insulted by Helen does have its perks, after all!

Fabian simply shook his head in response. That's all it took to satisfy him? Heh, what a kid...

What Jason took was the key to a sports car that Fabian had bought a few days ago after a lot of consideration. Although he personally found it too fancy and impractical for his liking, he knew how much Hannah liked it and had planned on giving it to her when she got discharged. However, he changed his mind and decided to give it to Jason instead when he saw how depressed he looked. "This is the latest Camaro! How did you get your hands on one so soon? Wait a minute... You never liked sports cars, so why did you buy one? Did you perhaps have a change of heart and find them cool now?" Jason asked jokingly when he felt something was amiss.

Fabian wasn't in the mood for jokes and asked coldly, "Do you want it?"

"Of course, I do! Who wouldn't want a brand new Camaro? Besides, I only earned this after suffering a great deal, so it only makes sense that I keep it!" Jason said as he quickly put the keys into his pocket.

"What were you and Fabian talking about earlier?"

Hannah asked curiously as she couldn't figure out what he was laughing about.

"Oh, about that? Mmm, it's a secret!" Helen said with the brightest smile she could put on. There's no way I would tell her the truth! She'd kill me for sure if she found out! Naturally, Hannah wasn't about to let it go that easily.

"Tell me the truth, Helen! I'm not joking with you here!" She even went as far as attempting a carrot-and-stick

approach, but Helen refused to spill the beans no matter what. Having run out of tricks, Hannah could only let out a sigh in exasperation.

Meanwhile, Xavier sported a Patek Philippe watch as he gracefully ran his hand through his hair while making his way towards Hannah's ward, glancing at the pink notebook in his hand every now and then.

The black and white sports attire he put on gave him the look that was full of vigor and vitality as opposed to his usual cold and serious look.

He arrived outside Hannah's ward shortly after and fixed his perfectly styled hair before knocking on the door with a confident smile on his face.

"Come on in!" Hannah called out casually, thinking Fabian had returned from buying her breakfast.

The door was opened, and Xavier slowly came into view.

"Back already? That was fast, Fabian!" Helen was busy helping Hannah trim her nails that she didn't know it was Xavier.

Hannah broke out in a cold sweat when she saw him. What's he doing here? Is he here to pick a fight with Fabian again? Helen, you idiot! Why would you call out to him without even checking first? "Please don't get the wrong idea, Mr. Jackson! Helen doesn't know what she's saying!"

Mr. Jackson? So it isn't Fabian that came in? Helen quickly turned around, and let out a sigh of relief when she saw the pink notebook in his hand.

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Xavier thought she was trying to help him because of his charms and broke into a wide grin. "That's okay, Ms. Helen can call me whatever she likes!"

Anything I like? Please, I wasn't even calling out to you! What are you getting so happy about? Helen thought to herself as she flashed Xavier an awkward smile, but he simply stared at her like he wanted her to say it again.

"Oh, my! It's a little stuffy in here! I'm going out to get some fresh air, so you two please carry on!" Helen blurted when she recalled what he was here for and began walking towards the door.

"I've done what I can to help you out, Mr. Jackson. Everything else is up to you now. Just make sure you don't expose me, okay?" she whispered at Xavier as she passed him by.

Xavier shot her a reassuring glance in response that said, "Don't worry, I've got this! Just leave it to me!"

Helen then left the ward as quickly as her legs could carry her before Hannah noticed anything suspicious. Hannah cleared her throat trying to get her to stay, but Helen ignored her and ran off anyway. Damn it, Helen! Why are you running away when I'm not even mad at you? Now I'm stuck here with this guy. Oh boy, this is so awkward.

She was under the assumption that Helen left because she felt embarrassed for mistaking Xavier for Fabian. Little did she know, Helen had done it on purpose so Xavier could have some time alone with her.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Jackson," Hannah said feeling odd. Then, she realized that Fabian was most likely on his way back from buying breakfast.

Oh, no... If he comes back and sees Xavier in here while Helen is gone, he'll think I sent her off on purpose! Nothing I say will be able to clear my name then! Hannah began sweating nervously at the thought of that.

"Hannah, please, drop the formalities! We're friends, remember? You can just call me Xavier!" Xavier was feeling extremely confident because he had Helen's help as well as twenty years of experience in flirting with women.

Hannah nearly choked when she heard what he said. Hannah? Xavier? Isn't that how close friends address each other? Wasn't he still calling me „Ms. Young“ yesterday? Since when did we start addressing each other with our given name? We don't even know each other that well. Does he know he'll get me in deep trouble by addressing me like this?

"M-Mr. Jackson... I think you should just stick to calling me „Ms. Young“... I'm more comfortable with that form of address..." she suggested sheepishly. Damn it, why do I feel like we're having an affair or something?

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"I see... My apologies for being a little too brusque, Ms. Young..." Xavier quickly went back to being more formal when he saw how uncomfortable she was. It's only a matter of time before I'll be calling her by her given name anyway, so I don't mind waiting a little while longer!

"How are you doing? Are you feeling any better?" He was so concerned.

"Yeah, I'm a lot better now. In fact, I should be able to get out of bed soon," Hannah replied honestly.

Helen was wandering around the corridor when she bumped into Fabian and Jason on their way back from buying breakfast.

With an excited smile on her face, she ran up to them and whispered into Fabian's ear, "Mr. Jackson is here!" Jason spoke up before Fabian could even say anything in response, "Mr. Jackson? What's so great about him showing up? Don't you know that he's Fabian's rival? Why are you so happy that he's here?"

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He even made sure to insult Helen by adding, "See? What did I tell you, Fabian? She's unreliable! Your rival is here, and she's just there smiling happily like she's enjoying a show!"

Jason had brought Xavier into Hannah's ward once and received a cold glare from Fabian as a result, so he had a burning hatred for Xavier.

Helen shot him a disdainful glare. "Shut up! You don't know anything!"

"Hey, I bet you're just feeling guilty because I exposed you! Don't worry, Fabian! Unlike her, I will kick his butt if he dares try anything funny! That ought to teach him to stay away from you and Hannah!" Jason said while waving his fist in the air.

"At this point, I can't even tell if you're actually an idiot or just pretending to be one! Are you sure you're not working for Mr. Jackson as his spy or something?" Helen rolled her eyes as she snapped back at him.

"You've gone too far, Helen! How dare you try and drive

a wedge between us? I've been chilling with Fabian ever since I was a kid, and he has always been my idol! How could I possibly be spying on him for Mr. Jackson?"

Helen was so baffled by Jason's stupidity that she couldn't even be bothered to explain the situation and simply turned towards Fabian instead. "So, do you want to head on inside?"

Fabian narrowed his eyes and broke into a devilish grin. "Of course, I do! This is a perfect opportunity to make him know his place and give up on Hannah for good. While I am confident in taking him on myself, he has such thick skin and that makes him a tough nut to crack."

"I know, right? Let's all go in there together!" Jason exclaimed angrily. After what happened back then, I'll make sure I teach him a lesson he won't forget!

"What business do you have to go in there?" Helen snapped at him. Letting a completely clueless airhead like him in there will just ruin everything!

"To help Fabian out, of course! If things get physical, he'll have a formidable fighter like me to back him up!" Jason had gotten into tons of fights back when he was in high school. To him, violence was the best method to settle disputes between men.

Seriously? A fight? What do you take them for, a couple of three year-olds? In the eyes of geniuses like them, you're nothing but cannon fodder at best! Now I see why your dad only entrusted you with the smaller companies for practice! Had he handed you Goldstein Group right away, it'd go bankrupt in the blink of an eye! Helen didn't know what else to say when she heard Jason's words.

"You will both remain outside. I'm going in there alone," Fabian spoke up all of a sudden, shutting them up instantly.

Helen nodded. "I wasn't planning on going in there to begin with."

"Are you sure about this, Fabian?" Jason asked worriedly. He was genuinely concerned about Fabian, albeit having an odd and childish way of expressing his concern.

"Of course, I am. Jason, I want you to wait here with

Helen for a bit. Oh, and stop bullying her,” Fabian said as he began walking towards Hannah’s ward.

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He then made his way to the room, leaving Jason and Helen staring at each other in the corridor outside.

“Hmph! Why would I even want to waste my time and energy bullying her? All I ask is that she stay out of my way!” Jason muttered under his breath.

Helen got mad when she heard what he said and glared angrily at him. Jason was very annoyed with that.

“What are you looking at? Have you never seen a handsome guy like me before? Jason was really infuriated by the glances she had been casting him. First, she looks at me like I’m an idiot, and now she’s staring at me like she wants to pick a fight with me? Just who the hell does she think she is!

“Hmph!” Helen snorted and looked the other way without saying a word.

“I heard you like pink, Ms. Young. That’s a very unique color!” Xavier said with a chuckle. Hannah had been brushing off his questions hastily in hopes that he would leave as soon as possible, preferably before Fabian returned.

Of course, Xavier could see what she was doing, but he wasn’t nervous as he thought this was the perfect time for him to strike.

Looks like it’s time to make my move! I’m coming for you, Hannah! There’s no way you’ll be able to resist my love for you, so just let it blossom and grow in this pink notebook of mine! He tightened his grip on the pink notebook.

“Y-Yeah, exactly! I like it for how unique it is!” Hannah blurted out in a state of panic as she imagined Fabian getting closer to the door of her ward.

“Well, I’ve prepared a little gift for you. It’s pink, so I believe you’ll like it very much.” Xavier said with a smile. Yes! I can feel victory within my grasp!

“Huh? Um... I...” Hannah hesitated over whether or not she should accept his gift.

Fabian would definitely grow suspicious if I were to

accept it, but... I don't know if he'll even leave if I don't! Either way, I'll still be the one to suffer in the end! Screw it, I'll just accept his gift and hide it somewhere for now!

"Hannah, this gift represents my feelings for you..."

Xavier said as he handed her the pink notebook. According to her sister, my chances of success will increase tremendously as long as she accepts this gift!

"All right, I'll accept your gift." Hannah mumbled while taking the notebook over from him.

For some reason, Hannah found herself spacing out for a moment when her fingers came in contact with the notebook. Memories of high school flashed past in her head, causing her fingers to tremble slightly.

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Xavier was extremely satisfied with her reaction as he thought she was moved by his gift. Oh, Helen. You really are the best form of support I can ever have! I'll win your sister over in no time!

Hannah on the other hand, was reminded of a painful memory that she wished she had forgotten many years ago.

Why a notebook? And why does it have to be pink? Don't you know that I hate pink the most? Don't you know that I've ripped up every notebook I came across ever since? Are you doing this on purpose?

She was quite shocked and looked up at Xavier, hoping to get an answer out of him. However, the gleeful expression on his face suggested that he knew nothing at all.

At that moment, the door was opened, and Hannah shifted her gaze towards it instantly.

"Hey, Hannah! I'm back with breakfast!" Fabian said while entering the ward in an attempt to assert his status as Hannah's man.

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