

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1019

"We're here, miss!" the driver called out to her, snapping her out of her train of thoughts.

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

To her surprise, she found Fabian lounging on the sofa when she entered the house. He was dressed in a loose-fitting casual outfit, but it did nothing to hide his amazing figure.

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

Hannah was dumbfounded by what she saw and checked the living room to see if Yvette was around, but she was nowhere to be found.

What on earth did they do in his office?

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

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

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

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

Hannah placed her shoes neatly on the rack and changed into her home slippers. "No, I didn't have the appetite for it."

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

"Don't bother, we need to talk," Hannah called out to him.

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Fabian stopped in his tracks and flashed her a mischievous grin. "Oh? What would you like to talk to me about?"

"Yvette," Hannah replied coldly.

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

Hannah hesitated a little, but did as told anyway.

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

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

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

"Really? You could tell all that?" Fabian interrupted her.

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

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

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

Hannah stared at him in silence for a while before letting out a huge sigh. "If you plan on marrying Yvette, then you shouldn't keep me hanging between the two of you. Let's get divorced, Fabian."

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

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

He then let out a chuckle as he grabbed her by the chin and whispered into her ear, "It's easy to marry me, but leaving me? Heh..."

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Hannah refused to back down and clenched her teeth while glaring back at him defiantly. "I've had enough."

Noticing how tired she sounded, Fabian gave her a sympathetic look. Then, he put on an ambiguous smile and leaned back against the sofa. "You'll have to please me if you want to leave."

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

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

"Did Yvette please you as well?" she asked instinctively, wondering if she should reconsider her decision, but Fabian's reply made that impossible.

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

Hannah's fists were so tightly clenched that her nails were almost cutting into her palm, but she maintained a faint smile on her face as she said, "Looks like a divorce really is the best choice, after all."

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Fabian simply shrugged in response.

Hannah found herself getting angry at how shameless he was. She bit her lower lip hard and her face was flushed. Fabian was not bothered. "Fabian, why are you doing this?"

Now that I think about the questions he's answered earlier in the day, everything just seems to be dripping with irony...

"Because I hold the power to make that decision." he replied casually and made his way into the kitchen before she could respond.

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She curled up her legs and placed them on the sofa. When her toes could still feel the warmth when they landed on the patch that he sat on earlier. She didn't hesitate but pull back her legs.

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

Fabian smiled wryly when he saw her sleeping soundly when he served up the food. There was a glint of sadness on his face.

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

Hannah woke up on the way to the bedroom. She was greeted with Fabian's burning gaze and jolted awake in the next second and she jumped out of his arms. "I can walk on my own now."

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

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

Fabian then returned to the sofa in the living room and continued sipping on his coffee while staring at the food on the dining table.

Damn, why does coffee taste a lot more bitter after it's gone cold? Also, I can't believe I made all her favorite dishes, only to have them go to waste like this...

Fabian was gone by the time Hannah woke up the next day. After going through her morning routine, she had a quick breakfast and left for work.

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

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

"Hmph, don't get all cocky just because you got an exclusive interview!" Regina tugged on the strap of her Louis Vuitton handbag while glaring disdainfully at Hannah's white canvas backpack.

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"You do know that this is Fabian's first ever exclusive interview, right?" Hannah responded in kind as she sat down at her desk.

"Just you wait, Hannah, I'll wipe that smug look off your face!" Regina could be heard shouting through clenched teeth from behind.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Hannah looked up when she heard a knocking on her desk and saw Bob smiling at her. "Come to my office, Hannah."

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

After entering his office, Hannah closed the door behind her and eyed Bob's facial expression nervously.

"Your exclusive interview has been very well-received, so we're planning on making a second issue! Seeing that you're in charge of the first one, I'll have you take care of the second one as well!" Bob narrowed his eyes into a smile as he said that.

"What? Mr. Dijon, I can't do that!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Why not? You did just fine during your exclusive interview, didn't you? You know how important Fabian is to our company, so you should know that you're the only one who can do this!"

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

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

"Hello, Mr. Norton! Why'd you call us up in person? Is there something about the article that you're not happy with?" he asked with a bright smile on his face.