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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1021

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

She was not sure what Fabian said on the other end that had Bob nodding repeatedly in acknowledgment. This went on for a while before he hung up.

The senior editor reverted to his poker face before he regarded Hannah. "Fabian has initiated a follow up interview, and specially asked for you."

Hannah looked up and met his stern gaze but was cut off before she could voice her protestations. "Get yourself there if you want to continue at this company!"

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

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

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

"Are you Ms. Young? Mr. Norton's in the middle of a meeting and will be with you shortly," Fabian's assistant said cordially as he held her at the door.

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

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

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

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

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

"Relax, the meeting should be over soon."

"Okay," she replied staidly.

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

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

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

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

A quick glance at her wrist told her that half an hour had already lapsed.

Out of boredom, she walked up to the French window to take in the sights beyond which helped improve her mood.

Her thoughts then wandered to that of the relationship between Yvette and Fabian, and what the future might hold for Fabian and herself.

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

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

Hannah was slightly taken aback but promptly regained her composure. She used the same tone in the reply. "You could have scared people half to death sneaking up on them like that, Mr. Norton. Are you ready for me now?"

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

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

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The woman cleared her throat and asked gently, "Were you willing to accept our interview on the account of Ms. Tanner?"

Fabian's eyes lit up before he shrugged, "In part, yes."

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

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

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

Hannah was made aware of her own lack of professionalism but her brain bailed on her, unable to recall what she was supposed to ask next.

She hastened to refer back to the set of document placed on her lap, but only managed to fumble them all over the floor.

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

"I'm so sorry," the woman apologized as she tried to sort out the papers in her hands. She then went on to clumsily knock over the glass on the coffee table as she got to her feet. Some of its contents were spilled upon the hem of the man's trousers.

The annoyance was apparent in Fabian's eyes. "You should not have come if you aren't going to take this seriously!"

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1022

"I'm really sorry about this. Let's start again." She took a deep breath and rapidly switched into working mode.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Hannah's heart skipped a beat as she averted her gaze. "You are teasing me, Mr. Norton. Since our interview has been completed, I shall not continue to hold you up."

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

He leaned himself in so close until they were mere centimeters apart. "Know your place, Hannah. Remember that you are still legally my wife!"

Mrs. Norton. Such sweet irony.

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

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

He lowered his head as though he was contemplating.

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

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

Fabian's eyes were transfixed upon Hannah's silhouette as she departed. Even though she had her head held high, she was nonetheless fearful of hearing his answer.

But why did he decline to say it?

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

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

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

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

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

"I've consulted the Chief Editor and we're going to give you a promotion and a pay raise. From now on, you'll be a correspondent for anything related to Mr. Norton. Got it?" The man said as he patted down his receding patch.

It took a lot for Hannah to keep herself from bursting out in laughter. She could only say yes.

The senior editor allowed her to go on leave after the completion of her second exclusive so that she may make preparations ahead of the next one.

Hannah returned to her post and buried her head in her work. Regina strutted over in her platform heels and leaned against the former's desk. She then calmly regarded the seated woman with arms across her own chest.

The expressionless Hannah stood up and looked the other woman straight in the eye. "What's the matter? Has being the other woman caused you to lose your spine?"

"Hmph. So what if you clinched interviews with the CEO of Phoenix Group in two consecutive issues? There's nothing to be cocky about!" Regina's meticulously made up face was permeated with scorn.

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

Regina cleared her throat and continued, "Don't think that I don't know you've been busy making a cuckold of your pitiable pauper of a husband with the boss of Phoenix Group!"

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