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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1027

Hannah snorted, "Isn't that better than being someone else's mistress?"

That irked Regina to no end and had others looking on in anticipation of the ensuing drama. Hannah kept her head down and turned her attention back to her phone. Regina did not want to get snapped and featured on Twitter for all the wrong reasons, so she could only restrain herself and gnash her teeth at Hannah.

When they arrived at their stop, Hannah was the first one to exit the train. Regina, who was hampered by her damned platform heels, struggled to make her way out. She also got groped and her bag tugged at by opportunists in the process for her troubles.

Regina's eyes were reddened in anger and humiliation but managed to leave the train. The hair which she spent so much time styling was ruined as well. Ultimately, she blamed it all on Hannah.

Hannah minded her own business and shut out all the noise which surrounded her. Owing to her promotion, she had the privilege of moving to a bigger office where she could focus herself on gathering news on Fabian.

Hannah put down her pen. Having been an entertainment reporter for some time, she was adept at the usage of language. She got down to typing, determined to get back at Fabian.

For instance, she portrayed Fabian as a serial skirt-chaser or exaggerated things between him and certain celebrities.

In the end, she got called into the office after the review of her noontime submission.

The balding senior editor wanted her to do something about this negative portrayal of Fabian. "Readers are seriously going to lampoon this bad writing of yours!"

There was no way Hannah could refuse to comply as Bob's point were well reasoned. She had only intended to punk Fabian so she had no choice but to get it reedited.

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Hannah switched up a few things, deleted some, and inserted a few lines here and there before bringing it over to her boss, who was surprisingly happy with the changes and had the edited copy sent out to print. Hannah was not expecting to be able to be off the hook long before the day was done.

Bob was in fact effusive with his praise for Hannah, which left the eavesdropping Regina feeling a little sour outside the doors.

The entire editorial department was a complete contrast to its usual rowdy atmosphere. No one spoke a word since Hannah stepped out of the office.

However, Regina was not around. While Hannah neared the pantry, she heard a shrill voice made several mentions of her name, sandwiched in-between some very unflattering words.

She quickly figured out what was going on and left her mug in the pantry before she walked into the inner section. There, she saw Regina speaking animatedly to another girl.

“Don’t you know that the reason why Hannah was able to get promoted and secure the interviews was because she slept with more than one guy? Fabian’s driver, his assistant and Fabian himself. They’ve all had their turns with her.”

“But the man’s just toying with her.”

“To think she still dared to show off. I bet the senior editor most likely gave her a promotion because of her connections to Fabian.”

“What do we have here? There seems to be quite a bit of tongue wagging and barking going around. The hilarious thing is, is there a point to saddling me with these unfounded accusations?” Hannah sneered. She was not mad and behaved as though Regina was referring to someone else.

She paused before she calmly shook her head. “On the other hand, there’s someone who willingly became someone else’s mistress just so she could lead a life of excess. Pity. I really do feel sorry for such people.”

She then leaned in toward the girl next to her with a curious expression on her face. “Do you think anyone who hangs out with this sort for too long might someday get into trouble?”

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That girl was clearly astonished to have Hannah walk in on them, and jumped onto her feet. "Umm... I've got what I came for so I think I should get back to it."

The girl scooted off before either of the two other had time to react.

Inside the room, Regina's eyes were bloodshot and her face purple with rage.

"Don't think that nobody knows what you did. With your level of capability, or should I say lack thereof, there was no way you could have gotten exclusives with Fabian if you have not offered anyone sexual favors. Truly, I sympathize with your husband for your promiscuity!"

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Regina intentionally spoke loudly so that everyone in the office could hear her scathing words through the door.

What followed was a flurry of voices engaging in discussion.

"I think Regina has a point. Many people have interviewed Fabian before. How is it that only she was able to be so successful at it?"

"Right. I would think so too. Fabian never did exclusives before. If she didn't do anything, how could she have secured this benefactor?"

"Yeah. I don't know who her husband is, but I wonder if he was aware that she's this sort of woman."

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The displeasure was apparent on Hannah's expression in response to the commotion outside. "Not everyone is as shameless as you are, Regina. I've done nothing that you've

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been making up time and again, whereas you're petty and unreasonable. Do you think I'm afraid of you just because I chose to overlook your lack of manners?"

Regina had no retort for Hannah's pointed barbs, and could only rage on about her own suspicions surrounding the exclusive with Fabian. "Me making things up? Then, explain how only you managed to clinch the interviews with him?"

"I..." Hannah was dumbstruck by that question and did not have a good answer for it.

Did Fabian agree to the interview because I am his legal spouse?

No, it can't be, as all there is to us is a piece of paper. He was so cold to me and he has the vampish Yvette. There's no way he would have considered my position.

But what other explanation is there that could account for this fact? Is it my exceeding talent? Heh. I need to stop kidding myself.

Seeing Hannah rendered speechless filled Regina's heart with glee. She raised her head as much pride as a crowing rooster and taunted, "What else have you to say for yourself? Did I just hit the nail on the head? A woman should be chaste. You say that I'm a mistress and all that, but turns out that underneath that folksy demeanor of yours lies the biggest slut of all!"

Hannah snapped out of it. She felt it laughable that a kept woman should be talking to her about chasteness. The sheer irony of it all!

"I'd still say the same thing. I did none of those things that you've been accusing me of. Stop spreading rumors and besmirching my reputation, or I'd take you up for slander. My conscience is clear so you could go on and investigate all you like."

She did not want to waste her breath against a conniving woman who would do anything for money, so she left it at that and walked away.

All the skeptical eyes in the office regarded her with such intensity that it was almost like they could pierce through her. Hannah maintained her composure and walked on unhurriedly. After she stepped back into her own office, she plopped herself down on her chair and used her delicate digits to massage her own temples.

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Regina gave her a headache. She was not afraid of that woman but found her quarrelsome nature extremely irritating.

Fabian sat at his desk, seemingly distracted and lost in his own thoughts. He picked up the letter from the table and casually looked it over before he nodded and smiled meaningfully. He appeared to be brimming with confidence.

He snapped his fingers before picking up the phone. "Help order a bouquet of roses, and have a car ready for me."

Fabian then stood up and checked his attire. He then put on his tailored suit and went downstairs.

Hannah checked the time and exhaled. She rubbed her slightly empty stomach before she stood up.

She was knocking off and wondered if Fabian would be home.

Sigh... I guess he could be canoodling with Yvette.

When she got out from the elevator, she was puzzled to see a crowd gathered near the front entrance.

What's happening here?

What are these people doing?

Hannah used her lithe body to wade through the masses until she emerged from the other side.

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