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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1075 - 1076

Arriving home to a pitch-black living room, Hannah felt a lingering sadness in her clenched jaw. She couldn't help but wonder what kind of life she would lead if she had never met Fabian. Will I be living happily ever after with someone who loves me, or will I struggle to make ends meet in a rented apartment until I shrivel up and die?

Who knows? But even if I live a difficult life alone, wouldn't it still be better than my life now where I live alone and uncared for in a luxurious and spacious home?

At least in a poorer life, I wouldn't be harrowed by the helpless sorrow of having to watch my husband messing around with other women.

Hannah frustratingly banged her fists onto the countertop and shouted at herself, "He's not even a real husband! Our marriage was all a lie, a silly act to deceive others. You're just stupid enough to think that whatever we had was real."

After switching on the light in the living room, she tossed her shopping bags onto the couch before making some dinner to feed her empty stomach. Then, she showered after that.

Hannah then slid into a lavishly pink, silk pajama set and lounged on the sofa to binge-watch a romantic drama.

The scene showed a home-wrecker who was sabotaging the heroine. She couldn't help but shed tears near the plot's climax as she felt a gut-wrenching pity for the heroine.

But a tiny voice inside her sarcastically sounded, how is that heroine pitiful? Aren't you pitiful too?

Hannah froze as countless visions of Fabian and Yvette being intimate flashed in her mind. Her face burned treacherously red at the idea of Fabian spoon-feeding Yvette meals and both of them hugging each other and kissing in bed...

Hannah shook her head furiously, scattering those repulsive visions along with droplets of water from her wet hair onto the floor. Sweat beaded on her forehead, prompting her to go back into the bathroom to rinse her face in hopes that she would snap out of such thoughts.

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Hannah then dried her hair and returned to her bedroom. She began trying on the clothes that she had bought earlier to pass the time. It also gave her an excuse to wait for Fabian to get home.

As she stared straight at her reflection, Hannah noticed how haggardly pale she looked. Am I really that much of an emotional wreck? I'm that easily influenced by Fabian? "He's not even important! He's just some womanizer who doesn't feel anything for you at all! Why do you put yourself through this? Men like him are not worthy of your love, absolutely not!" The words vented out of her like thunder.

Hannah felt lighter and more refreshed after shouting those words from the top of her lungs. Next, she plopped onto her bed. He's literally chatting away with Yvette right now. Why are you still waiting up? Just go to bed!

So Hannah tucked herself into the fluffy duvet. Not long after shutting her eyes, she felt herself sink into a deep slumber.

The sound of a car pulling up interrupted the harmonious silence of the night. Glaring headlights beamed into the small courtyard of their home—Fabian finally returned.

He hadn't intended to return so late. He initially planned to get home after dinner, but then he bumped into a few of his business partners who insisted on going to a bar. Unable to decline their kind gestures, he joined them then waited till everyone left the bar before getting home.

Fabian opened the bedroom door and saw Hannah, who was sound asleep. This caused dissatisfaction to violently bubble in his chest.

You really are something, Hannah. How could you sleep like a log while your own husband is out and about with some other woman? How generously trusting of you! Or you just don't care?

Fabian paced over to the bedside with an urge to yank Hannah out of her slumber, but he suppressed it in the end. He stared hazily at her sleeping face and slurred drunkenly, "I'll make you fall in love with me, Hannah. Don't believe me? Let's make a bet..."

Then, he washed up before climbing into bed, settling down next to Hannah, and falling asleep.

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Early the next morning, Hannah's eyes cracked open to the faint smell of alcohol. Huh? Why does it reek of alcohol? Did Fabian come by last night? At this moment, Fabian had already got up and left for work.

Hannah shook her head, reminding herself that it didn't matter even if he did show up last night. He couldn't care less about me anyway.

So Hannah got dressed and commuted to her company. Upon arrival, the senior editor gave her a mouthful for the poorly executed work from yesterday.

"Hannah, look at the rubbish you've shot. Who's going to be interested in this? Look at the publicized shots from the other magazine companies; they're clearly on a whole other level. I specifically told you to capture some good shots yesterday, yet you return with this mess! Ugh, do you not want your job anymore? Or are you just torturing me on purpose?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1076

Hannah knew that her behavior yesterday was uncalled for. She was an emotional wreck and didn't capture any of the important events during the launch event. She lowered her head and apologized to the senior editor, "I didn't mean to. Well, I'll accept any punishment you decide on."

Hannah was currently in charge of Fabian's interview. So if she got fired now, then all her previous efforts would be for naught. The senior editor sighed and spoke helplessly, "Alright. I'll give you another chance. You'll interview one of Sunshine city's top families, the Jackson family's only heir—Xavier Jackson."

"Xavier Jackson?" The name sounded awfully familiar to Hannah. She thought long and hard, trying to put a face to that name. Eventually, a man's face surfaced in her mind.

Once Hannah figured it out, her jaw dropped. She couldn't utter a single word as waves of questions crashed in her mind.

That frivolous man? No, it can't be that coincidental. Hannah's brows scrunched tautly. What if he intentionally requested for me to do the interview? No, that can't be since we have only met briefly. Unless... this was what fate wanted?

The senior editor's eyebrows raised at Hannah's wide-mouthed expression.

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Then, he questioned loudly, "What are you gawking at, Hannah? Do you not want the task? Don't assume you're all that just because you did Fabian's interview. I'll sack you if you mess this up again."

Hannah didn't dare to reject the senior editor's request after hearing his threat. Hannah nodded without hesitation and said, "You can count on me. I'll do my very best in this interview."

At this, the senior editor's features loosened from its initial frown. He spoke in a friendlier tone, "Good, consider that as redemption for your previous hiccup. I also heard that Mr. Jackson is fairly easy to get along with, so this interview cannot fail under any circumstances. I'll have someone send you his details in a bit. Please read through it thoroughly, then get on with the interview immediately. The early bird gets the worm, after all."

Relief washed over Hannah. It's just an interview, what's the big deal? She then returned to her office and scanned through Xavier's information before heading to his company.

"Do you have an appointment?" The receptionist asked coldly and shot a cautious look at the camera in Hannah's hands.

Huh? Are all receptionists in the world clones of the same person? They literally only ask that one question. Hannah scoffed to herself.

"Err, no. I'm a journalist from a magazine company, and I was hoping to get an interview with Mr. Jackson today," Hannah explained courteously.

This reason wasn't well-received by the receptionist, who glared daggers and snorted with disgust at Hannah. A journalist? Well, I suppose you are easy on the eyes; your boss certainly knows how to cater to Mr. Jackson's tastes.

Regardless, the receptionist responded as she usually would to any visitors who walked in without an appointment. "Mr. Jackson won't see you without an appointment, so you'll have to wait until his schedule frees up before you can go to him."

Great, Hannah mentally complained. Today's interview is pretty much going down the drain. Hannah sighed pronouncedly after being denied entry. Despite how upset she felt, she still

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had to complete the interview task assigned by her company, so she had no choice but to wait.

Suddenly, an idea flashed in Hannah's mind. She gnawed on her bottom lip and boldly approached the receptionist again. Her eyes gleamed with hope while she stated in a low and resentful tone, "Mr. Jackson and I are acquaintances. Tell him that Hannah is here to see him."

The receptionist eyed her doubtfully. After pondering about it for a second, she dialed Xavier's office. "Mr. Jackson, there's a reporter named 'Hannah' who claims to be your acquaintance and wants to see you now. What would you like me to do?"

Hannah's heart pounded with tension. The palm of her hands joined while she muttered silent prayers. Please let me in.

I'll be kicked out of my job if this interview doesn't happen, so I have to get it done at all costs. Hannah had firmly settled on this and had even devised a plan to wait outside the company all day if he refused to see her.

"A-alright, Mr. Jackson. I understand," the receptionist answered. Sensing that the call was ending, Hannah's gaze snapped towards the receptionist's facial expression, examining it for clues on whether she was finally allowed in.

"Ms. Young, Mr. Jackson will see you now." Although the receptionist had a much friendlier tone, Hannah still felt inexplicably odd and uneasy about the receptionist's way of speaking.

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