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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1086

Hannah walked over slowly. Everything felt a little familiar to her because she had seen it in the movies before. This is how the rich deal with things. First, they smile and ask the female lead to leave on her own accord. If the female lead refuses to do so, the story will progress with her being thrown into a series of temptations and/or threats.

Perhaps it was because Hannah watched too much tv and that got her accustomed to everything, but she felt nothing at all. She was strangely calm and even had a polite grin on her face.

Heather was very satisfied with Hannah's performance. The former acted distantly and ignored her when they first met. However, Hannah responded with a grin, regardless of how Heather behaved. She seems genuine as well.

"Hannah, you and Fabian are married, so you are a member of the Norton family now. Build a good life with Fabian and try your best not to get into any arguments. Remember that there is nothing that a married couple can't overcome together," advised Heather.

She was talking as someone who had been through it all. As she spoke, she reached out slowly and held Hannah's slender hand. Heather caressed Hannah's hand and chuckled before complimenting, "Hmm, your hands are so soft and smooth. They much better than mine when I was younger."

Hannah never expected any of that. She had considered the possibility that Fabian might be able to change Heather's mind, but she assumed that Heather would still be reluctant to accept her. However, Heather showed no signs of distaste or reluctance. She definitely has no intention of demanding that Fabian and I get a divorce.

Perhaps it was because Heather had complimented her, but Hannah felt her face burning red a little. Hannah's smile became so big that her eyes curved a little. She replied, "Mom, you have flattered me with your compliments. You're making me blush."

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At that moment, Heather seemed sweet and kind as she smiled back. She looked at Fabian before she reverted her attention back to Hannah. She squeezed Hannah's hand a little before letting go.

Heather took off the bracelet she had on before she reached out for Hannah again. However, she went for Hannah's wrist instead of her hand. Heather never gave Hannah a chance to say anything before putting the bracelet on Hannah. The former looked genuinely happy, but her tone seemed a little serious.

"Hannah, you're the daughter-in-law of the Norton family, so this should be handed to you. My mother-in-law gave it to me, and now, I am handing it to you. It's not an expensive item, but it had been with the Norton family for generations."

Hannah could still feel the warmth Heather left on the bracelet, and that confirmed that Hannah wasn't dreaming. This is actually happening!

What is going on? Does this reaffirm my status as the daughter-in-law of the Norton family? Is everything really that dramatic? Shouldn't things like these only happen in movies? Why is it happening to me?

Hannah's jaw dropped. Tons of questions kept swirling in her mind, and she couldn't believe anything that was happening right in front of her.

"T-this is too valuable. I can't keep it," replied Hannah stiffly because she didn't have much time to consider the situation. Fabian and I only got married due to some sudden incidents. I can't possibly accept this bracelet which carried a lot of sentimental value.

"What? Are you unwilling to be a part of the Norton family?" demanded Heather while feigning fury.

"I-I..." Hannah was at a loss for words after Heather ambushed her like that. It was as if her mind had short-circuited, and she didn't know what to say.

Fabian signaled Hannah from the side to get her to keep the gift.

Hannah frowned deeply after receiving his signal. She sighed internally and thought, Gah, we're already stuck in this situation. Looks like we'll have to go with the flow.

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In the end, Hannah decided to stop refusing the offer. She simply explained her previous behavior by saying, "Mom, I meant that I feel bad for keeping the bracelet because it is too valuable. I didn't mean that I don't want to be a part of the family."

"I'm glad to hear that. It doesn't matter if it is expensive or not. It is fated to be yours eventually," informed Heather with a bright smile on her face. The former was rather pleased with the latter. Fabian is right. She may not be from a rich family, but she is not scheming at all.

All Hannah could do was grin politely. Her wrist, however, felt ever so heavy. This bracelet feels heavier than a mountain. Will Heather pass out from anger if she discovers the real reason Fabian and I got married?

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"Alright then, Hannah. I have some other things to tend to, so I won't be joining you and Fabian for a meal," informed Heather. She was truly taking a liking to Hannah, so her tone was much nicer.

"Huh? You're leaving? I made some soup just for you."

Looks like that pot of soup is wasted. Still, that is probably for the best. Things might get awkward if we have a meal together.

Hannah could sense the immense change in Heather, but she still worried. There is no saying how Fabian and I will end up. It would be so awkward if we end up getting a divorce and I bump into Heather after that... Hence, Hannah thought that it was better if there was less interaction between the two.

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Fabian and Hannah later walked Heather to the door. When they went back into the house and the door was closed, Hannah immediately took off the bracelet that Heather gave her.

Hannah put the bracelet in front of Fabian and parted her cute cherry lips to say, "Here you go."

Fabian blurted a surprised response. A faint grin that carried a lot of meaning soon made its way to his lips. He replied, "Why are you giving it to me? My mom gave it to you. She didn't give it to me."

Hearing Fabian's strange words got Hannah speechless. Your mom gave it to me, but what if we get a divorce in the future? Are you going to ask me to give it back then? Things would be so bad, and it's better if I just give it back to you now.

"I can't keep something like this. What if it got scratched or broken? I won't be able to bear with the consequences," refuted Hannah. What if your mom asks for it back after I accidentally broke it and we ended up getting a divorce? I won't be able to get it for her. She would skin me alive then.

"I don't care. If you insist on handing it to me, I will give it right back to my mom and tell her that you don't want it," replied Fabian shamelessly. A devious grin revealed itself. It's as if he was openly taunting her. Yep, I'm being unreasonable and shameless. What are you going to do about that? Bite me?

Hannah saw right through Fabian's expression and his words. Isn't this a little too much?

Hannah pouted and complained, "Fabian, you shameless oaf!"

Fabian didn't mind her diss. He simply strode to the study while commenting nonchalantly, "Didn't you say that you have made soup? My mom left, so I'll have some instead. I'll head over to the study for now. Come get me once it's ready."

Hannah suddenly recalled that she hadn't turned the stove off. She yelped, "Ah, the soup!" She rushed into the kitchen immediately after.

Fabian couldn't help chuckling after hearing that. This woman is just as clueless and as silly as she has always been. That's fine, though. It makes the place much livelier.

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Fortunately, Hannah didn't keep the fire high. If she had, the soup would've already been burnt.

She made a few more dishes and placed them on the table before shouting out unwillingly, "It's ready. Come eat."

She complained internally, Seriously, dude. You didn't hire a maid. Instead, you married a woman. Why do I have to take care of you every day? It's not like you're a cripple. Why can't you cook for yourself?

Hannah was only complaining because she was still angry with what Fabian said earlier. She wasn't actually mad about the cooking.

Hearing Hannah's words, Fabian got up and walked over slowly.

"Huh? Where is your bracelet?" demanded Fabian when he realized that the item that marked her as his woman was gone.

Dude, I am a journalist. Are you sure you want me to run around with that on my wrist? What if I accidentally break it? Besides, I have tons to do on a daily basis. Unlike you rich folks, I can't just sit around in the house all day. I have to work!

"I-I took it off," replied Hannah in a somewhat guilty tone.

Fabian looked unbothered as he ate something. He later said, "Oh, you took it off. I actually don't mind it that much."

Hannah couldn't help sighing a breath of relief after hearing that. She hadn't even finished breathing out before she heard Fabian's voice continued speaking.

"But, as you know, I am terrible at keeping secrets, so you can't blame me if I let slip with my mom and tell her that you haven't been wearing it," added Fabian calmly as he put on an innocent grin.

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What the f\*ck? You? Terrible at keeping secrets? This is obviously a threat!

Fury burned within Hannah. Seeing Fabian's devilish grin, she felt like he was in extreme need of a good punching. Unfortunately, she wouldn't be able to beat him.

Every time something similar happened, Hannah would comfort herself and think something along the lines of Hmph, I will let you go this one time.

Naturally, she would do the same again.

There actually was nothing she could do about Fabian's threat. If he actually told his mom about it, and things spiraled out of control, Hannah would be the one who had to pay the price.

She was truly curious, though. What did he tell his mom to change her stance so drastically?

"What did you tell your mom? How did you get her to change so drastically?"

"What do you mean when you say 'your mom'? Is she not your mom too?" said Fabian through gritted teeth without answering her actual question.

"Okay, fine. Our mom. Does that sound better?" asked Hannah while rolling her eyes. Are you a kid? Why are you bothered by every tiny thing?

"My mom is actually a pretty decent person. You simply don't know her that well," answered Fabian. He had put his cutlery down and was looking at Hannah as he spoke.

What the hell? So you're allowed to call her your mom, but I can't? Hannah was so angry that she wanted to refute, but when she saw how serious Fabian looked, she became at a loss for words. In the end, all she could do was reply calmly, "Okay, maybe I misunderstood her."

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Fabian nodded. He looked like he was about to deliver a speech when he said, "The truth is..."

Hannah noticed Fabian's stance, so she quickly stood up and interrupted, "I'm done, too. Let's put everything away and rest up. We'll have to work later."

It's better if I know less about the drama behind a rich family's closed doors.

Fabian grinned. He didn't say much. He simply got up and exchanged some pleasantries with Hannah before he headed out to the company.

He didn't specify anything, but Hannah had a feeling that he had to work overtime because of her.

She recalled what Fabian told her that day, and a sense of warmth engulfed her heart.

She couldn't be sure about whether everything was real, or if she had imagined it all to comfort herself.

Hannah shook her head and picked up her notebook before heading into the study.

Fabian had banned her from working in the bedroom and told her to use his study instead. She didn't understand why, but she obeyed his instructions, anyway.

Hannah had just placed her notebook on the table when she saw a book resting peacefully on the side.

It was obvious that Fabian had read it. No wonder he is so rich. The effort he put into his career is more than anyone can imagine.

Hannah picked up the book and flipped through it a little.

A photograph slipped out of the book and landed on the floor.

Hannah bent down to pick the photo back up. She wanted to put it back into the book directly, but she couldn't contain her curiosity, so she snuck a peek.

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All she saw was a blurry photo of a woman's figure. There was no way of saying who that woman was, but Hannah was certain that it wasn't her. She felt like she knew the woman in the photo, but she didn't know why she felt that way. Perhaps it was a woman's intuition.

Hannah tried to search through her memories, but she could not recall who it was. She later gave up and slipped the photo back into the book before she started working on her job.

It was almost time to clock in for work when she was finally done. She pursed her lips and whispered to herself, "Looks like I am not destined to have a proper afternoon break."

She went into the washroom to get ready before she headed to the office.

A familiar figure suddenly showed up in front of her. The woman with long silky hair was walking confidently toward the sunlight. The silhouette was naturally regal and as beautiful as a blooming rose.

When that figure moved past her, Hannah became stunned in place. She forgot all about keeping her cool or putting on a poker face and stood there like a statue. When she finally came around, she chased after the woman.

Who is that woman? Why does Fabian have her photograph hidden in his book? Did he used to have a thing for her?

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Hannah ran. She saw the woman slipping into the elevator. The elevator doors closed when the woman finally turned around, so Hannah couldn't see who the mysterious woman was.

Hannah sighed. She was so close to her answer, but it was still out of her reach.

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With an inexplicably heavy heart, Hannah walked into the senior editor's office and handed the documents over. "This is the information I gathered after I interviewed Xavier Jackson," reported Hannah, "Please take a look and inform me if there is a need to edit it."

The senior editor nodded and murmured a reply before accepting the folder and reading carefully.

Hannah couldn't help feeling nervous when she saw how serious her senior editor was being. That interview would determine whether or not she'd keep her job. After witnessing the incident that morning, she didn't dare to mess the interview with Xavier up.

Hannah prayed silently. Please, let everything be fine.

Soon, the senior editor finished reading everything and shifted his gaze to Hannah. No one could read his expression, so no one could tell if he was happy or angry. He simply sat there without saying a word.

Hannah felt like she was standing at the edge of a mountain and sweat kept rolling down her forehead.

Please say something, even if you want to fire me. Why punish me with that expression and the silence? Hannah was extremely nervous at that moment.

The senior editor suddenly laughed aloud, and that surprised Hannah. He said, "You did well, Hannah. I'm very happy with your work."

Hannah tapped her chest trying to calm herself down. She turned to her senior editor and couldn't help but complain a little, "You had an unreadable expression on and didn't say a word. That really frightened me."

The senior editor's smile only became brighter after hearing Hannah's complaint. The former said, "I was just thinking about how you are like a lucky totem. I think I should write a report about you and send it to my boss. I'll put in a request to make you as a role model for the company and promote you to head reporter. Naturally, your salary and bonus will increase accordingly."

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Hannah got confused upon hearing that. How did I become a lucky totem? What is going on? Even if I have done well with this interview, it is not enough for the senior editor to act this way. Did the senior editor take the wrong pill or something? Why else would I be rewarded that handsomely?

“Uh... Can I ask a strange question? What happened?” asked Hannah somewhat awkwardly.

“Here’s the thing. Mr. Jackson called this afternoon and praised you endlessly. He even said that he wants to do all future interviews with you,” said the senior editor before he paused.

He then continued, “As you know, interviewing a company’s president is never an easy feat, and that is especially true for presidents of big corporations like Norton Corporation and Jackson Group. Yet, you have accomplished both and did well. Our readers care more about these heads of corporations than they do about celebrities. Hence, you have truly boosted our team’s performance. If you’re not a lucky totem, then I don’t know what is. I also plan to send a request to the higher-ups and ask them to make you interview company presidents exclusively. You won’t have to interview celebrities anymore.”

Hearing that explanation got Hannah’s heart to beat nervously. Xavier wants me to be the only one who interviews him from now on? What the hell is going on? He and Fabian seem like they are enemies. Will Fabian get angry if I interview Xavier again?

Also, interviewing company presidents exclusively? Handling Fabian alone is giving me a headache. If I have to deal with a few more company presidents, I will die of frustration.

Even though had promised to increase Hannah’s salary, she couldn’t get herself to be happy about it. The mere thought of Fabian’s furious expression got Hannah to tremble uncontrollably.

“Can I...?”

“Nope!”

“What if...?”

“Not a chance!”

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Sweat dripped down Hannah's forehead. Can you at least let me finish my sentence before you refuse my request?

Hannah was infuriated and anxious, but there was nothing she could do or tell her boss. Fine, I'll endure it!

"Don't reject this offer. I am helping you realize your full potential and giving you a chance to shine within the company. This is for your own good," informed the senior editor with a straight face on.

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Hah! Don't take me as a fool. I know why you're doing this. I can't believe you have the audacity to say that you're doing it for me.

The senior editor might've felt a little awkward after being stared at like that. He cleared her throat a little before instructing awkwardly, "Uhm, alright then. You may leave. I will assign you a new task when I hear back from the others."

Hannah pacified herself internally. I am not defeated by evil or power but bidding my time. That's right. I am bidding my time. I can only change the world when I am in a position of power.

Hannah went back to her office and tapped on her desk. There was no rhythm, and she was just making noise as she tapped on the desk. The voice in her heart and mind, however, her thought was in such a mess that it was a match for that noise.

Who is that mysterious woman? She works in the same building as I do, so could she be my coworker? Or my boss?

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Did Fabian marry me just because the mysterious woman and I have the same job and look alike? Am I just a substitute?

What caused the conflict between Fabian and Xavier? They are both powerful figures, so it's understandable that they'd know each other. Maybe they got into some arguments in the past, but is it really so bad that they had to get into a fight as soon as they see each other?

I have no choice and will have to interact with Xavier in the future. Will Fabian be mad about it? What do I do if he really gets upset? Do I resign from my current position?

A series of troubling questions were annoying Hannah. They were like irritating flies that buzz endlessly and refused to leave. That got Hannah utterly irritated.

The internal turmoil within Hannah prompted her to toss the documents on her desk right into the bin beside her. This is all your fault, Xavier Jackson. Nothing good ever comes when you show up.

The more Hannah thought about it, the more she saw Xavier as a harbinger of misfortune. The first time she met him, someone splashed wine all over her and got her disheveled. Their second meeting got Fabian to misread their relationship and argued with her.

Xavier was giving his assistant some instructions when he suddenly sneezed twice. He rubbed his own nose and cursed, "Huh? Who dares to complain about me behind my back?"

"No one would dare to complain about you behind your back, my dear Mr. Jackson. I bet you just spent too much effort with a random celebrity last night and that weakened your immune system," said the assistant, who didn't hold back when teasing him.

Xavier's expression changed for the worse. He slapped the back of the assistant's head before warning, "You are getting more and more annoying, you punk. Looks like I will have to reassign you to Paul and have him teach you some manners. He can also train you to be a better assistant."

The assistant kept massaging the back of his own head after being slapped like that. He said fearfully, "I've learned my mistake, Mr. Jackson. Please don't reassign me to Paul."

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The assistant had heard all about the horror stories surrounding Paul. Even if I somehow survive through his training, I would go insane.

“Put your hand down,” requested Xavier calmly.

The assistant was still a little scared after being slapped. He shook his head and asked, “Huh? Why?”

“So I can check and see if you’re fine!”

“Oh, it’s nothing. It just stings a little...”

The assistant hadn’t even finished speaking before Xavier lifted his palm and smacked the back of his assistant’s head again.

“Go do as I instructed now if you don’t want to be reassigned to Paul.”

The assistant yelped in pain. Unfortunately, he was terrified of Paul, so he quickly replied, “I will go work on it right away, Mr. Jackson.”

Xavier grinned a strange grin. No one knew what he was thinking, but his eyes glowed evilly.

Hannah was in a daze when someone knocked on the door to her office.

“Come in,” said Hannah, after she quickly got herself together.

The door was opened soon after and a colleague entered to say, “The senior editor asked you to compile all the information surrounding the interview with Jackson Group’s president. After that, he wants you to go to his office.”

“Okay, got it,” replied Hannah. She shook her head and thought to herself, Why are you overthinking everything? The most important thing right now is to get your job done.

After her colleague left, Hannah retrieved the documents from the dustbin and complained, “Xavier Jackson, you are just like a haunting nightmare!”

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