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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1096

After a few spins, Hannah got used to maneuvering it, and she picked up speed. Under Xavier's guidance, they arrived at a barbeque restaurant.

"What's the point of summer if we don't eat to our hearts' content at an open-air barbeque place?"

It was obvious that Xavier frequented this sort of eatery, which Hannah found strange. Why does a man born with a silver spoon eat at a regular eatery like any Tom, Dick, and Harry? Shouldn't it be like how they portray it in the dramas, with the rich and famous commenting on how this kind of food can cause cancer? Why does he eat it?

The luxurious sports car stood out like a sore thumb. All the customers gawked like how Hannah did when she first saw it. Immediately, both of them were thrust into the limelight.

Wearing an iconic smile on his face, Xavier walked around casually. On the contrary, Hannah felt rather uneasy at first. But soon, his calm composure rubbed off on her, and she felt more at ease.

He placed the orders adeptly and even included beer. "Pairing barbeque with a glass of icy cold beer is epic, an ultimate enjoyment!"

They had a lovely time eating and chatting. His humor often made her laugh in a boisterous manner.

She began to like his personality and found him amusing. Though rich, his interests are similar to mine.

Time flew by when they were having a jolly good time. Hannah took a glance at her watch and realized it was getting late. She fished for her phone, worried that Fabian might be looking for her.

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Oh my, twenty-eight missed calls! Two were from the senior editor while the rest were from Fabian. Mr. Dijon was probably calling because Fabian asked about me.

Sh*t! I'm dead this time.

Hannah had ants in her pants, albeit appearing to be paying attention to the animated Xavier who was telling his stories. He's not going to stop any time soon, is he? I wonder what time it will be when we finish eating.

Droplets of sweat rolled down from Hannah's forehead to her temple. Out of concern, Xavier asked, "Are you feeling all right?"

I'm not unwell, I'm just scared! Oh, you'll never understand this.

Suddenly, a lightbulb moment occurred to Hannah, and she decided to use the opportunity to her advantage by admitting that she was not feeling well. With this, I should be able to leave early and go back to Fabian.

"Yes, Mr. Jackson, I'm feeling a bit sick. Shall we call it a night?" She pretended to be frail and feeble.

"All right. I shall drive you home first." Xavier handed a few napkins to her. He then cleaned himself and got up to leave.

"There's no need for that. I live nearby, so I can go back on my own," said Hannah with a guilty conscience.

I won't risk having Fabian see Xavier sending me home. Who knows what will happen then!

Xavier had met with countless women, so naturally, he knew when to press on or otherwise. Although he was worried for Hannah, he also feared leaving a bad impression on her. Hence, he obliged.

"In that case, please be extra careful on the road." He passed a gift box to Hannah.

"This is a book that I've been reading recently. I think it's a good one, so I want you to have it." His assistant had prepared a meaningful present on his behalf; one that was sophisticated and classy but not flashy.

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“Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Jackson. Sorry about taking an early leave. Let’s meet up again when you’re free.” Hannah could not come up with an excuse to decline the gift. I can’t say that I dislike reading, can I?

“No worries. Till the next time.” Is she rejecting me because of Fabian?

It was already late in the evening when Hannah arrived home. Fabian was waiting for her patiently in the living room.

As soon as she entered, she was greeted by Fabian’s dark brown eyes, which were as deep as an abyss. With his fingers interlocked, he threw a question at her domineeringly, “What were you up to?”

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Biting her lips, Hannah was like a terrified little rabbit. Her heartbeat raced rapidly as her breathing quickened. How should I answer him? Do I tell him the truth? What if that angers him more? But won’t it be worse if I get caught for telling lies?

“I conducted an interview and then attended a social event.” Hannah was hoping that her ambiguous answer could satisfy him.

“With who?” Fabian more or less knew what happened as he had called Hannah’s senior editor. However, he wanted to hear what she would say.

Inhaling a deep breath, she decided to come clean with him. I didn’t do anything wrong anyway.

“Xavier Jackson.” She continued, “Mr. Dijon requested me to send him the article I wrote. Then, Xavier wanted to treat me to dinner. I did try to reject him, but to no avail, so I went out

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with him. When I saw your missed calls, I came back right away without even finishing the food.”

Hmm... Good, very honest. You should be thankful that you didn't lie to me. Otherwise, you would face harsh consequences. Did you clear the air so that I won't misunderstand you?

“Would you like to have some more to eat?” Fabian smirked.

Hannah was confused by his expression. Was he being sarcastic or did he mean it literally?

“I'm good. I don't want to consume too much food at night.” Regardless of his intention, the best solution right now is to say no.

“If you say so. Let's have a chat then.” Fabian gestured her to sit beside him.

Chat? What is there to talk about? The last time he wanted to have a chat, we broke into a fight. What will happen this time?

As much as Hannah was reluctant, she still strode over to the sofa and took a seat. “What is it that you want to talk about? Go ahead.”

“You do know that my mom asked to see me in the study this morning...” he paused, creating suspense to check her reaction.

Hannah had a bad feeling about this. Automatically, she shut her eyes in trepidation. Is he going to divorce me? But I don't think so because Heather just presented me with the family heirloom, a jade bracelet. So what did they talk about?

A satisfied smug appeared on his face. This silly girl does care, doesn't she?

“My mom doesn't know about our relationship. Hence, she wants to meet your parents and get to know them better.”

“What? Meet my parents?” Hannah's heart skipped a beat.

What should I do? Back then, I made the impulsive decision to register my marriage with Fabian because of the pressure from my family, and I haven't even told them that. So how should I explain to them now that Fabian and I have been married for a year?

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"I know this is too sudden, but I don't have an alternative."

"The thing is... my parents aren't aware that we're married! How do I explain everything to them?" Hannah felt so helpless. Had I known this earlier, I would have informed my parents of our marriage. That would save me a load of trouble, and I won't need to spin more lies to cover up for the previous ones.

"That's your problem. It's got nothing to do with me." Fabian shrugged and washed his hands clean of the matter as if he deliberately wanted to see her distressed.

She gritted her teeth at the sight of his haughty expression.

"What is that supposed to mean? It's your mom who wants to meet up, not mine. It's fine if you have no intention to help me out, but you're even making fun of me. Why don't you think of a solution, my better half?" Hannah refuted confidently.

"Should you not want to become the daughter-in-law of the Norton family, you can return the heirloom to my mom. But then again, I think it's quite challenging to have her accept it back."

Seeing a mischievous grin on his face, Hannah almost wanted to throw a few punches at him. But obviously, she didn't have the guts to do it.

"Hmph! What kind of a man are you? How could you not contribute any solutions to help your distressed wife out?" she tried to convince him to come up with a plan for her.

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However, Fabian remained unperturbed. He even exposed her dirty trick, "Don't you try to con me. You can try, but eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end."

Eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end.

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Eventually, you'll still be the one on the losing end.

The threatening words kept replaying in Hannah's mind like a broken record.

Every time a similar sentence as such came out from Fabian's mouth, Hannah would get goosebumps and tremble like she had some kind of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Seeing her looking aggrieved with her head hung low and her limbs slumped on the sofa, Fabian changed the topic, "Actually, it's not impossible for me to think of an alternative to settle this for you if..."

His words lifted her spirit. As long as Fabian is willing to put on his thinking cap, the problem can definitely be resolved amicably.

Immediately, she propped herself up and asked, "If what?"

"If you give me some excellent room service tonight. When I feel good, I can come up with a brilliant plan for you," he teased her.

What a shameless guy! All he can think of is to take advantage of me. Where is his conscience? He's such a nuisance.

She clenched her fists and swung them in the air, looking like she was ready to pick a fight with him. "I'm more than happy to teach perverts like you a lesson to remember for life!"

"It's up to you. Choose wisely." Fabian got up and darted into her room.

She felt so frustrated. Did he just walk out on me? Oh, does he think I'll compromise? No way. I'll just sleep in the living room tonight and binge on my romantic drama.

Hannah shot an indignant glare at her own room as if it could penetrate the door and reach Fabian.

"Whatever. I'm going to take a shower and then enjoy a date with the handsome drama male lead," she said triumphantly.

Moments later, Hannah came out of the shower in a pink nightdress and sat in front of the television.

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Flipping through the channels, she was slightly disappointed that there was no eye candy in the drama. To make matters worse, there was no big and comfy bed for her to sleep in either. She was fighting the urge to return to her bedroom.

But if I enter the room now, it would mean I'm admitting defeat. That won't do. I must persist.

Switching off the television, she covered herself with a blanket.

Just go to sleep... Tomorrow is a brand new day.

Hannah was turning and tossing around on the sofa. As soon as she shut her eyes, she was haunted by the image of her parents interrogating her about her secret marriage, and she had difficulty falling asleep.

Annoyed, she chucked the blanket away and complained, "The sofa is not comfortable at all! Why should I sleep here while you have the whole bedroom to yourself? Hmph!"

She had compromised unknowingly. It was just that she refused to admit it because of her pride.

She tiptoed to her bedroom door and gently opened it. Why must I act like a ninja to enter my own bedroom?

Scanning the room through the aperture, she saw a motionless Fabian on the bed and assumed that he had fallen asleep.

Click! She shut the door behind her.

Pressing her lips into a thin line, she did her best not to let out a sound and even controlled her breathing. Carefully, she strode toward her bed with pin-drop silence.

But as soon as she landed herself on her bed, she was gripped by immense shock when Fabian turned to her.

"Ahh..."

Why isn't he asleep yet? Did I wake him up?

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"Why are you shouting?" he asked disapprovingly.

Why not? You scared the living daylights out of me.

"I... I... Nothing." She could only grumble in her heart because she still needed his help to come up with a plan for her.

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"You agreed?" a devilish smile settled upon his face as he asked with great interest.

There's no way I'll agree to that ridiculous request! I'm only here for the bed.

He did not get any response from her. Smiling, he threatened her, "You'd better take more initiative to please me. I'm your last resort. If I change my mind, you're done for."

But his actions betrayed him. Although he commanded her to take the lead, his hands had already wrapped themselves around her waist.

Hannah tried to wriggle out of his embrace but to no avail, for his strong arms had locked her in position.

"Be good." Fabian rolled over and pinned her below him. Then, he began his amorous advances.

After what seemed like forever, Hannah was left panting softly. Fabian leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek before he planted another kiss on her lips. "Good job."

He praised her like a teacher praising a kindergartener.

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Her whole body was sore with hickeys and bite marks after an intense and passionate love-making session with Fabian.

“Can you tell me the solution now?” she asked in a feeble voice, yet to recover her strength after their steamy lovey-dovey session.

“You don’t have to worry about that. I’ll see to it.” He ran his arm across her body and hugged her to sleep.

Hannah felt that she had been deceived. He probably would have done the same even if she did not enter the room in the first place. At that thought, she pushed his hand away and bordered herself with the duvet while casting a disgusted look at him.

He smirked. “It seems like someone had an amazing time just now.” He turned around and pulled her into his embrace. “Your moans gave you away.”

“Fabian, you’re a shameless and nasty scumbag!” Blushing, she got worked up and started fidgeting in his arms.

He tightened his hug. “It was just a joke. You don’t need to get so flustered.”

Finally, she quietened down and curled up in a fetal position. Perhaps she was exhausted, or maybe she knew that she could never escape his vice-like grip.

He lifted her chin and stared straight into her bleary eyes. “I won’t interfere with your work matters again.”

She widened her eyes in disbelief. Did... did he just compromise?

Having said that, Fabian caressed her head.

Wow, Fabian is actually willing to do that for me. I can’t believe I changed his mind.

It took her a while to regain her senses. It seems that I’m quite important to him. There’s indeed a place for me in his heart. But what will happen to the conflict between him and Xavier?

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She wanted to ask him but later decided against it. Maybe I should ask Xavier instead. It's not wise to enrage Fabian now. I can't afford to make another mistake.

"All right, it's getting late. Go to bed," he uttered lovingly while tapping his fingers on her back, following a certain rhythmic tempo.

At that moment, Hannah felt that Fabian's embrace was exceptionally warm. It enveloped her perfectly, making her feel safe. Gradually, she dozed off.

After some time, both of them drifted into deep sleep.

The next morning, Hannah noticed that her colleagues were all throwing weird gazes at her. What's going on?

She had a nagging feeling that something unpleasant was going to happen. As luck had it, the moment she stepped foot into the office, Winona called out to her, "Hannah, Mr. Dijon wants to see you in his office."

Frowning, she asked under her breath, "Do you know why he's looking for me?"

With a pair of smiley eyes, Winona murmured, "Rumor has it that he's going to promote you. It comes with a pay raise too. Don't forget to treat me, Hannah."

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Upon hearing that, she relaxed her brows. However, she did not feel delighted. As long as Mr. Dijon doesn't pick on me, I'm fine even if there's no chance of a promotion or a pay raise.

Let's get this done and over with, regardless of whether it's good or bad.

With a glum look, she walked into Bob's office.

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Her sudden appearance startled him, so the latter gave her a sharp gaze that made her feel nervous.

Must he look at me this way? While Hannah was complaining in her heart, she noticed that there was another man in the office.

The man had his back to Hannah, so she could not see his face. That man must be a very important guest. Otherwise, Mr. Dijon wouldn't have glared at me like that.

Why am I always in trouble when I enter his office?

Hannah bowed to apologize, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dijon, I didn't know you have a guest with you. I'll leave the room immediately."

Right when she was about to scurry for cover, the man spoke in a rather upset tone, "Mr. Dijon, I don't think there's a need for that, right?"

Bob plastered a smile on his face and tried to butter up his guest, "Of course, Mr. Jackson."

Then, he turned to Hannah. "Hannah, why should you leave? You're our star employee. I can't even thank you enough for the work you've done. Quick, come over here and have a seat. I've got something to discuss with you."

The cloying side of Bob gave Hannah goosebumps. Her gaze fell on the special guest.

Mr. Jackson? That voice sounds so familiar but so distant. Is that really him?

The mysterious man slowly turned his chair around to face her.

Xavier Jackson! Why is he here at our company? Is he visiting? Obviously not. Why would he do so?

"Ms. Young, we meet again," he greeted her gently with his signature smile.

"Good day, Mr. Jackson," Hannah responded politely. She then turned to Mr. Dijon, who was behaving deferentially toward Xavier.

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Hannah did not expect that. Mr. Dijon has the highest authority within our team, and he has always been very strict with us. But now, he is boot-licking Xavier. Tsk...

However, as Hannah put herself in Bob's shoes, she could understand why he acted differently in front of Xavier. Faced with a more powerful influence, he has no choice but to stoop lower. Xavier is the president of one of the four major corporations in the nation. That identity alone would attract sycophants.

Mr. Dijon had guessed what Hannah was perceiving from the brief interaction they had. Hannah must be finding it weird to see me flattering and fawning others. Well, this is the reality. She'll understand it eventually.

"Um... Hannah, I have good news for you." Bob disregarded Hannah's view of him. He only wanted Hannah to work hard and create significant value for the company.

"Yesterday, I've updated the top management about your work performance thus far. The Chief Editor is outrightly pleased with it and has decided to promote you. Henceforth, you're the second-in-command of our team."

Hannah had mixed emotions about this. A glint of happiness flashed across her eyes, which also contained a hint of sorrow. I've been working extremely hard, completing all tasks within my remit for two years, but my effort was never acknowledged by the top management, and this time, I'm promoted because I managed to score interviews with Fabian and Xavier. So what does that say about my previous hard work? Is backing necessary in order to be promoted? Is that how things work nowadays?

Anyhow, I'm finally reaping what I sowed.

"Oh yes, Hannah, the top management plans to allocate two assistants to help you conduct exclusive interviews with experts in the business circle. The memo has been sent out, and we'll announce it officially in a meeting later. You can select anyone in our team as your assistants. Whoever they are, I'll transfer them over to assist you," Bob informed her.

Huh? Is this for real? Hannah was taken aback by the good news relayed to her. Mr. Dijon did mention something like this beforehand, but I thought he was just trying to encourage me to work harder. Who would have known that they've actually issued a memo?

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