# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1111 - 1112

Fabian slowly placed a hand under Hannah's neck while the other wrapped around her waist, picking her up from the couch.

Huh. Let's just bring her to the bed for now.

After Fabian tugged Hannah in bed, he came out and went to the washroom. He repeatedly splashed the cold water onto his face in an attempt to wake himself up and ease the drowsiness he was feeling.

Then, he slowly took out his phone from his pocket and called his assistant, "Help me find out what Hannah did today."

Subsequently, Fabian took off all his clothes and turned on the shower to let the water beat on him, wetting his hair before running across his face, forcing his eyes shut.

It did not take long for Fabian to wash up and get out with a loose bathrobe on him. He dragged his feet towards the couch and plopped himself on it.

He rummaged through the drawer of the coffee table and took out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth before lighting it. It had been a while since he last smoke.

Fabian took a deep breath before letting out a puff of smoke as his brows unknitted.

All of a sudden, his phone rang. It was his assistant reporting back to him about Hannah. "Mr. Norton, it looks like Ms. Young was with... Xavier Jackson the whole day."

The assistant's voice was trembling as he knew that Xavier and Fabian were not on friendly terms. He was afraid that the report would spoil Fabian's mood, and he would be caught up in Fabian's wrath.

What? She was with Xavier? Now that's too much! Why was she crying then! Does she think I'd go soft if she cried?

"Give me the specifics!" It was just as the assistant expected. Fabian went haywire after hearing the information, his voice cold as ice.

The assistant proceeded to inform Fabian about everything he found out for fear of displeasing his boss.

"Alright, I got it." Fabian ended the call as soon as he heard everything and tossed the phone aside before he leaned back onto the couch.

At the moment, deep crevices formed on his forehead, but his lips curled while he stared at the ceiling with narrowed eyes.

So, she found out about Vivian and me? And she's jealous?

Fabian was actually a smart man, able to piece a general idea together with mere crumbs of information the assistant gave him.

Suddenly, he shot up from the couch and headed straight into his study. In there, he took out a photo from an old book. It was the one that Hannah saw.

The photo was secretly taken by Fabian when he was still with Vivian. He kept it because he felt guilty for breaking up with her and wanted to preserve some of his most precious memories in the form of a photograph.

Oh. Fabian snickered, laughing at himself as he casually pulled open a drawer on the bookshelf and took out a small box from it. He tapped on it with his slender finger to open it up.

The inside was filled almost to the brim with ash. It represented the memories that Fabian and Vivian made back then.

Click! Out of nowhere, Fabian took out a lighter and set the photo on fire. He had a blank gaze as he watched the fire burn.

"It has been a long time. It really is time to let go and let the past fade into oblivion," Fabian spoke to himself, dropping the ball of fire into the small box.

The picture of Vivian's silhouette fell into the box, melding in with the ashes. With the addition of the photo's remnant, the box seemed to be finally full, as though it had been waiting for it all along.

"Looks like you should have been with them from the start." Fabian grinned.

He then went on to shut the box and flung it out the window.

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The box flew across the sky and landed on the floor, rolling for a bit before it stopped.

Fabian proceeded to shut the window as he felt something indescribable within him, but he knew that this was what his heart wanted.

After that, he returned to Hannah's room and burrowed into the blanket, embracing Hannah before shutting his eyes, satisfied.

When dawn came, Hannah was confused to see that she was in Fabian's embrace. There was a hint of sadness on her face as she placed her right arm on Fabian's waist to hold him in place for fear of him leaving her.

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They were both indulging in each other's embrace, enjoying the sweet taste of happiness, before a song rang out and ruined the moment.
Fabian's eyes opened and blinked when he heard the music, dazed while Hannah tried to shut it out by burying herself under the blanket as she was annoyed by it. Eventually, she realized how futile her effort was, so she moved her hand around, looking for her phone with her eyes closed.
All of a sudden, she felt something warm and snapped out of it, uncovering the blanket to find her phone in Fabian's hand. Hannah smiled awkwardly as she picked up her phone while avoiding Fabian's hand.
Huh? Mom? Why is she calling? Hannah was curious. Oh well. Fabian is here, so I might as well ask him to explain it to her.
"Hello? Mom? There's something I need to tell you," she spoke after picking up. She took a deep breath, bracing herself since she decided to reveal her relationship with Fabian.
"Hannah, I have something to tell you too." The voice from the other side of the phone sounded anxious like something serious had happened.

Huh? I doubt it's as important as what I have to say, so I need to speak first before Fabian leaves.
Hannah turned towards Fabian and gave him a profound stare, telling him that it was her mother and that he needed to explain everything before he left.
"Mom, calm down. Let me go first, I"
"Your father and I are not your biological parents, Hannah," her mother interrupted with her helpless voice.
"What? Mom, you shouldn't be joking around like that. Today's not April Fools. Don't say these sorts of things just because you want to talk first. I get it, okay? I'll let you go first."
Hannah was not concerned about what she just heard and shook her head. Ugh. It's my fault for not visiting them after so long. Mom's even using tricks like these now. Hannah and her mother were very close back then. They would oftentimes joke around with each other, so she did not take what her mother said too seriously
"Hannah, I'm serious. You you were a baby that your father adopted. Your biological father has found us. He's here right now."
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What she said was a bolt from the blue, catching Hannah off guard as her phone slipped out her hand and slammed onto the floor. Her eyes were wide open in disbelief.
Me? Adopted?
At the same time, Fabian's heart ached when he heard their conversation. He looked at Hannah, who was stunned, and understood how distraught she must be. So, he tried to comfort her, "No matter who's your parents are, you still have me. Let's freshen up. We'll head over to your house to see what's going on."
Compared to Hannah, Fabian was much more composed. Seeing that Hannah was not budging, he shifted forward. "Come on. You'll have to face it sooner or later."
This time, he did not wait for Hannah's response as he pulled her out.
That's right! It is inevitable So me being like this is absolutely pointless. Hannah secretly accepted this fact no matter how reluctant she felt.
"Alright. I was just a bit stumped. I'm fine now." It was the first time Fabian heard Hannah speak to him with such a monotonous voice and lifeless expression, but he figured it was because of the phone call.
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