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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1255

"I don't think it is, but that's what Jason says," Helen stated as she squeezed her fingers, feeling awkward.

Hannah shook her head, not quite believing it. She was more inclined to believe that Lyna had been genuine towards herself and that the woman had not been pretending.

"Mr. Norton."

On the other hand, Fabian had finished performing the toast for every table. He had retreated to one of the private rooms at Glory Hotel. Standing in front of him was a middle-aged man dressed in a tunic.

Fabian sat with his legs crossed as he lit himself a cigarette. He took a puff, raised his head, and released a circle of smoke into the air. Usually, he would not smoke, but now there was one between his fingertips, which meant that he was somewhat troubled.

"How's the investigation going? Did you find out who the culprit was?" Fabian's tone was icy cold and unnerving but, then again, someone had dared to attack his woman on his turf. He had every right to be furious.

"Mr. Norton, we caught an accomplice, but..." the middle-aged man did not continue, for fear of provoking Fabian.

"But what?" Fabian uncrossed his legs, put out the cigarette butt in the ashtray, and asked flatly.

"But... we've used every trick in the book. He just wouldn't fess up. I think he really doesn't know anything about the case," the middle-aged man reported to Fabian while wiping the sweat off his forehead.

"Oh? Is that the only explanation you've got for me?" Fabian promptly rose from his seat and glared at the man, who got so frightened that he shuddered.

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The man was a prominent underworld figure in Baykeep, but he was still no match against Fabian. He might have dominated the mafia in the city he came from, but he was a local bully at most, while Fabian was a powerful contender.

My wife has been targeted today, on my territory! Even I almost... Gah! Talk about bad luck!

The man gulped. He tried to explain, "Mr. Norton, let's not rush things. I'll definitely get to the bottom of this. I've found some clues, you see, and I can confirm that the car accident was not the work of a single person."

Fabian nodded, motioning the middle-aged man to go on.

"One gang drove the Volkswagen while another gang drove the pickup truck. The ones in the Volkswagen were clearly professional killers hired from the black market. We found a pistol hidden in the car, perhaps they had planned to..." Fabian understood before the man even finished the sentence.

The man paused and continued, "We caught one of the fellows on the pickup truck. He was supposed to be the aid, but the driver set the gasoline on fire.

"The man we caught is most likely a farmer from a remote village who doesn't seem to have any idea what's going on. Nevertheless, we have also delved into the black market for information. I believe there will be news soon. So, Mr. Norton, I hope you can give me some more time. I'll definitely find out the truth for you."

"You're off the case," Fabian turned his head slightly and said to the middle-aged man.

"Mr. Norton! I..." The middle-aged man paled with fright when he heard that. If he's taking me off the case, that means I'm...

He did not dare to think what would happen. With trembling legs, he implored Fabian, "Mr. Norton, I beg of you, please give me another chance. Let me make it up to you, I..."

"Alright! Shut it! You should be thankful there were no casualties this time, or else ten of your heads would not even be enough to compensate. In the future, keep your eyes open. Report to me in advance if you see anything suspicious. Now, get out!" Fabian said in disappointment, his eyes dimmed.

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Relieved to hear that, the man nodded and bowed to Fabian as a token of apology. “Thank you, Mr. Norton! Thank you very much!” The way he said that it was as if Fabian had saved his entire family.

After the middle-aged man left, Fabian sank into his thoughts. The reason why he discontinued that man’s investigation was, firstly, because he had his own connections, which could be more efficient than that single man, and would gather more accurate information too. Secondly, Finnick’s name came to mind.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1256

Finnick had called Fabian the day before his wedding to remind him of something. If it had not been for him, Fabian would not have recruited someone else to be his driver. In other words, Finnick technically saved their lives.

Since Finnick had reminded Fabian to make certain changes, his saying so was definitely not unfounded. He must have received plenty of inside information. After pondering over it, Fabian got out his phone and dialed Finnick’s number.

“Hello? Is that you, Fabian? What’s up? I heard the wedding vows that you had prepared for your wife at the wedding ceremony today. It was so surreal. I envy you. Please accept my hearty congratulations.”

When Finnick realized the phone call was from Fabian, he took the call enthusiastically.

Because of the incident with Vivian, Finnick had always felt guilty towards Fabian, so he had been helping out Fabian a lot behind the scenes.

“Thanks.” Fabian took a deep breath and, after a short pause, went straight to the point, “I believe you’ve gotten wind of the news. I was involved in a car accident after picking up Hannah.”

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Once his phone rang and Finnick realized it was Fabian on the other line, he basically figured out why his nephew was calling him. And he was right.

“Yes, I’ve heard about it.”

“What I want to know is... who’s behind it?” Fabian asked.

Finnick was not one for banter. He quickly provided what he knew. “I can’t say for sure who’s behind it, but I’ve received news through my connections that someone was offering ten million on the black market to anyone who could hurt your wife. It’s highly likely that the culprit is from the Blackwood family or anyone who wants to marry into the Norton family.”

After hearing that, Fabian nodded briefly and even joked in response, “Wow! I didn’t expect that my wife and I are only worth ten million on the black market. Okay, that’s all I want to ask. Sorry for the intrusion.”

“Right. I think there’ll be more trouble ahead after what happened today. Stay alert, Fabian,” Finnick voiced his concern over the phone.

After Fabian hung up the phone, he thought over carefully what Finnick had just told him. Who is it that wants to harm Hannah? The Blackwood family? Someone who wants to marry into the Norton family?

Fabian considered the number of women he had associations with, and eventually shook his head. It had been fine to cast them in movies. It had been fine to sleep with them. But this? He had to draw the line. He would bet that they had not the guts to do so.

Fabian felt hurt just thinking about it. Who could it be? Hannah is married to me now. She cares little for the Blackwood family fortune, so the Blackwood family doesn’t have a motive. Besides, it doesn’t seem right to get on my bad side for the inheritance, does it? Won’t that be too risky? They can’t be that foolish, can they?

Suddenly, an image of another person appeared in his mind. Fabian gave it some thought, his eyes narrowed involuntarily as he put together the series of events that he had been through, only to become increasingly certain of his hunch.

Thud, thud.

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Someone was knocking on the door.

Fabian shouted at his visitor, his eyebrows creased, "Come in."

"Mr. Norton, I've just received news from the black market. The identity of your attacker has been confirmed," the visitor told Fabian.

"Oh, is that so?" The corner of Fabian's lips curled up. I wonder if it's who I think it is.

The visitor handed a document to Fabian, who gave it a quick look-through.

"It's you! The audacity! I have certainly underestimated you!" Fabian's eyes grew cold when he saw the name on the document. He threw the papers heavily onto the floor and spoke to the visitor, "That's all for now. You may go."

Fabian rose from his seat, ready to head back to his marital home. His darling wife was still waiting for him after all. He might be mad at what happened, but he had a wife to care for now, hadn't he?

Fabian swayed back and forth as he walked. He had drunk more than his fair share. Not that he was unable to hold his own liquor, but today was his big day after all. There were several hiccups along the way, but those would not affect his mood.

"What? Another gang? Who are they? Have you checked?"

In another part of the city, Lyna twisted her brows together. She, too, had started her own investigation. She wanted to know who else besides herself would dare to pull a stunt like that.

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