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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1257

“Ms. Blackwood, I’ve also found the answers you seek. The other party is led by Yvette, a popular celebrity in film and entertainment,” the informant reported.

“Yvette? That woman who’s rather close to Fabian?” Lyna snorted. “Who would have guessed that a foolish woman like her had the gall to do something like this. If I can find her, surely Fabian can do the same. Oh, a miserable fate awaits her. Hahaha!”

Lyna had pegged Yvette as nothing but Fabian’s plaything. She held the greatest contempt for the star actress. Both of them might have practically committed the same crime but, to Lyna, she had done it for a much nobler cause. Once she had Hannah eliminated from the equation, then she would be the Norton family’s rightful daughter-in-law. As for Yvette? She was nothing more than one of Fabian’s filthy rags.

“Alright, that’s all. You can go now,” Lyna gave the informant a wave, motioning him to leave.

But that person had no intention of leaving. He just stood there in front of Lyna, and she was getting irritated.

“What are you still standing there for? I told you to go. Do you understand me?” Lyna was already quite furious. Her own plans failed time and time again, and she had to watch Fabian and Hannah show their affection in public that day.

Even a subordinate was going against her. Fed up, she lashed out at the informant, pouring out her dissatisfaction, and even went as far as to pick up a teacup on the table and smash it onto the floor.

The man quickly turned sideways when he noticed Lyna’s fury. He hesitated whether he should bring up the issue on his mind. Eventually, he spoke, “Miss, about the payment...”

He did not go on. He just looked at Lyna as he waited for her answer.

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Lyna only got angrier at his request. You've done such a shabby job, and I don't even know if Fabian would find out about me, yet here you are asking me about payment? Are you incredibly bold or incredibly foolish?

Those were her thoughts, but she kept them to herself, because she knew she would need more help later. If she had revealed what had been on her mind, she would surely be blacklisted in the black market, and by then she would have nothing to gain.

"What's the rush? I'm the successor of the Blackwood Group, do you think I'll withhold your money? You may leave now. I'll transfer the money to your account in a few days," Lyna muttered impatiently and showed the man out the door.

At Fabian and Hannah's marital home.

"Fabian, come here." As soon as Fabian opened the door to the house, he heard Hannah calling his name, albeit vaguely. She was obviously drunk, her speech reduced to incoherent slurs.

Fabian resisted a giggle, and for a moment he thought Hannah should probably build up her tolerance to alcohol. But then he changed his mind. Hannah's my wife now, why does she need to do that? I suppose this is fine too.

With that in mind, Fabian strode towards the master bedroom.

"Fabian, listen to me carefully. Right here is a bucket of chicken soup. I want you to drink it all! To the very last drop! Do it, otherwise..."

Fabian had just arrived at the doorway when he heard Hannah's demands. He grimaced. The door of the bedroom was left open. Fabian stepped in and surveyed the room.

In Hannah's hand was a bottle of wine. She was holding it in front of Helen, with one hand on her hips. She slowly pronounced her next few words, "Otherwise... Ho! Ho!"

Fabian froze, suddenly at a loss for words at the sight of Hannah's comical posture and inarticulate ramblings. Silly woman. Emboldened by liquid courage, haven't you? Looks like you should refrain from drinking alcohol in the future.

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Fabian strolled towards them and snatched the wine bottle away from Hannah's hand. He said to her, "Alright, you've had too much to drink. You should take a rest."

Exactly as Fabian had predicted, Hannah was hammered. But would drunk Hannah behave similarly to normal Hannah? Yeah, right! Before drinking, she belonged to the Earth. After drinking, everything on Earth belonged to her.

"I... I... I'm not drunk! Don't touch me!" Hannah exclaimed when Fabian snatched the wine bottle away from her. She pointed a finger at Fabian, wobbling unsteadily.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1258

"Fabian, um..." Helen found herself in an awkward position. This was the couple's wedding night in their marital home, so what in the world was she doing there?

"Fabian, it's great that you're back! If you'll excuse me, I should probably get going. I'll leave my sister to you!" Not waiting for Fabian's reply, Helen took off.

"Phew, thank god for my quick thinking." Helen patted her chest and rejoiced once she exited the house. At first, she wanted to eavesdrop. She really did. She thought it would be fun to know what Hannah's drunk personality would end up doing.

But then it occurred to her that Hannah and Fabian might have plans for intimacy that night. That would never do, so she shook her head and left in a hurry.

"Fabian, come on! It's your turn to serve me! I want to change my clothes and get ready for bed!" Hannah shambled towards Fabian and placed a hand on his shoulder. She tilted her head at him and said in a commanding tone, like an emperor ordering his eunuch.

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Hannah felt as though her body was drifting. Everything seemed to be happening in a dream. She and her sister had been calling for Fabian to serve them, and somehow Fabian actually turned up.

Thank you, God, for granting me such a wonderful dream. I promise I'll pay you my due respect when I wake up.

Hannah gently lifted Fabian's chin with her dainty hand and turned his head both ways, while her other hand moved to pinch his cheeks again and again.

"Wow, it's almost like the real deal. Interesting, very interesting indeed!" Hannah pursed her lips, deep in thought, and then, in her drunken state, peered drowsily at Fabian.

Having had his cheeks fondled by Hannah like that, Fabian grimaced even more.

What do you mean 'like the real deal'? This is the real deal!

Fabian grabbed Hannah by the wrist and shot her an angry look. He was about to go ballistic but stopped at the sight of her adorable, bashful face. He could not bring himself to do it.

He let out a deep sigh. He softened his tone but not his words. "Do you know who's standing in front of you?"

"Tsk! Don't try to scare me. You're Fabian, aren't you? The president of Phoenix Group," Hannah said angrily as she mustered enough strength to fling his arm away.

"But! You should know, you're on my turf. I don't care if you own ten thousand Phoenix Groups. That doesn't work. In my dream, I'm the boss, and you have to listen to me!" Hannah boasted with her hands on her hips as she stared at Fabian with her head held high. To put it simply, she meant, what are you going to do about it? You don't like it? Hit me then! I dare you!

Fabian was sure Hannah had been way past drunk. She even thought she was dreaming. Silly woman, he thought, you think you're in a dream, don't you? But how dare you treat me like this in your dream? It sounds like you bear a deep grudge against me. I'll forgive you this time since it's our wedding day. Next time though, I won't let you go so easily...

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Reluctantly, Fabian put aside the wine bottle, carried Hannah in his arms, and, in a whirl, tossed her onto their bed.

“Argh, damn it! How dare you do this to me! I can make you disappear, do you hear me?” Hannah did not feel any pain at all, because the bed provided a soft landing, but that only reinforced her theory that everything was happening in her dream.

Ho! Fabian! You’re finally where I want you to be. I would be going against my own principles if I don’t seize this chance to torture you. You should know, you can be quite domineering. So if you ever force yourself on me, I’ll be sure to return the favor in my dreams!

Hannah sat up abruptly when she noticed that Fabian’s eyes bore a hint of dissatisfaction.

“Geez, man. How can you be so arrogant even in my dream? Oh, you’re really in for it!” Hannah mumbled to herself.

Alluringly, she beckoned Fabian with a hooked finger, “You, take off my wedding dress. Sure, it’s nice and romantic when I wear it, but I’m getting hot under all these layers.”

Fabian watched as a capricious Hannah bossed him around. It only served to fan the flames he had been trying to contain.

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