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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1273

With that, Yvette placed the key card onto the desk and continued, "It's nothing. You can go ahead first, don't worry about us."

Jaxon knew exactly what Yvette meant, and excitement sprung within him.

In the Bluebird nightclub's private room, Hannah mingled with Fabian's friends and exchanged conversations here and there. She realized that not only are they outstanding individuals, but they are also tender-hearted souls that seem easy to get along with.

Then, Luther received a message about the event's start time. He read it and announced to the others, "Alright guys, we'll come back here in a bit. For now, let's head over to the auction since it's starting soon."

Everyone stood up as told, then promptly shuffled towards their reserved table.

The auction hall was neatly divided into several sections, and the table that Fabian had reserved for them was placed smack in the center. Their table wasn't too far in front where it would seem conspicuous, nor was it too discreetly blended into the back.

Hannah sat beside her sister, Helen, who bubbled with anticipation as she looked at the empty stage. "I wonder what splendid items we'll see later."

Deep down, Hannah was equally as excited since this was her first time participating in an auction.

Then a woman in a revealing sequin dress walked onto the stage. She picked up the microphone, glanced at everyone in the audience, then parted her ruby-red lips. "Thank you all for being here today. I'm Blue Enchantress, your auctioneer. Today's event is Bluebird's bi-monthly auction, and things are more exceptional this time around as we've got some impressive goodies for you."

"Goodies? Really?"

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"Quit babbling and get to it!"

"Damn, did you see that smoking hot auctioneer?"

...

Enthusiastic murmurs erupted from the audience.

"I'm sure you're all eager to lay your eyes on those items, so without further ado, it's my pleasure to announce that the Bluebird's auction event has officially begun!" The enchanting auctioneer declared.

Cheers burst from the audience like powerful waves crashing onto the stage. Many people clutched firmly onto signs that displayed their table numbers, ready to make their bids.

"Let me know if you see anything you like. I'll get it for you," Jason said to Helen.

Helen's eyes rounded in surprise. When did he start been so kind to me? It must be a miracle.

Jason noticed her odd stares and quickly clarified, "Don't take it the wrong way. I'm only helping you because I know you're tight on cash."

"Shut up, can't you see that it's starting?" Helen reprimanded.

Jason's lips curled over his teeth. "What the hell? This is what I get for being kind."

Seething with anger, he turned his attention back onto the stage.

A renowned historical painting was currently being auctioned. Its appreciation value was so high that many people had raised their signs, engaging in a vicious bidding round.

Some sought after these high-value items for their personal collection, whereas others obtained such items with the purpose of gifting them away. There were still people who bid for lower-valued objects, but those people were far and few in between. This was because the majority of the audience was comprised of the wealthy and privileged, who never saw money as a concern.

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However, those at Fabian's table weren't interested in collecting such things, so none of them raised their signs.

In the end, the painting had racked up a whopping six million and was bought by an elderly collector. The Young sisters couldn't help but gawk at this. Helen suppressed an appalled squeal, thinking that it was far too much to spend that on a decorative painting. Who would feel safe hanging a painting worth six million on their walls and risk it being torn or stained?

The next items still weren't remarkable enough to capture Fabian's interest. While Fabian never made a bid, Luther snagged an artisan teapot for three million and proudly boasted, "There are days I'm either too busy or too idle in the office. So this will be convenient when I need a cup of tea or two."

Helen choked on her saliva after hearing his words, alarmed that the amount he spent on a teapot. "Aren't you afraid of accidentally dropping it?"

Helen had always been a generous and cheerful person. Hence, she could get along really well with the brazen Luther as well as with Jason. They naturally complemented each other like instruments in a choir when they chatted away earlier in the private room.

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"So what if I'm reckless? I can do whatever I please," Luther grinned. He spoke without a trace of bashfulness that it made Helen speechless.

"Easy for him to say when Fabian is the one who's actually paying for it," Jason spoke straightforwardly. "He clearly doesn't care for the teapot, so he'll probably resell it once he grows tired of it. After all, this is the mindset he used to prosper his fortune."

Hearing this, Helen now frowned at Luther. All that big talk of yours... and you've just been using my brother-in-law's money?

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Luther's ears burned a bright red from embarrassment. He chuckled dryly and explained, "It's beyond my control. Your brother-in-law is so prideful that he insists on paying for every auction, even I can't convince him otherwise."

His voice squeaked softly for fear that Fabian was listening to what he said.

Helen pursed her lips, wanting to call out Luther's pathetic excuse. However, the auctioneer's following words seized her complete attention, and she couldn't help but look over to the stage.

"Alright, this next item is rare. There are only a few of them in this world, so you can even say it's the pinnacle of tonight's event. Want to know what it is? Please wait for it," the auctioneer teased the audience with a playful smile.

She gently patted the black cloth that draped over the mystery item, building the audience's interest in it.

"I wonder what could it be? That's a really vague intro though."

"Let me guess. It's some limited-edition item?"

"Oh, hurry up with the answers! You're killing us with the suspension."

...

Fabian glanced at the covered object on the stage, thinking that it seemed small. Then he turned to face Hannah and asked, "Can you guess what it is?"

"Guess? How can I guess if there's a black cloth over it? They didn't even give a single clue."

Hannah felt an oncoming headache just from considering the possibilities of what the item was. Giving up, she figured that Fabian was probably joking with her.

"Would you believe that it's a necklace?" Fabian asked confidently after pondering at the item's enlarged image on the display screens.

"You can tell just from that? I don't believe you."

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Hannah shook her head. She had scrutinized every inch of the screen and still couldn't figure out what the mystery item was, so she refused to believe that Fabian could tell it was a necklace. Unless he has X-ray vision, he must've been blindly guessing.

"Let's make a bet," Fabian suggested as his lips curled into a sly grin.

"Alright, let's do it. It's not like I'm afraid of you," Hannah retaliated.

I'm gonna win this bet for sure. Most things can be auctioned, so there's no telling what the mystery item is. Thus, the chances of him guessing correctly is one in millions, and I don't believe he's that lucky.

"Aren't you going to ask what the stakes are?" Fabian chuckled amusedly at her.

"You decide," Hannah replied without hesitation.

He's playing a losing game because I'll win regardless. My situation is so favorable that it won't matter what the stakes are.

"Good. This will be the condition of our bet; the loser must agree to anything the winner wants. They must complete the winner's request, no matter what it is." Fabian's eyes gleamed with a mischievous glint as he stated the condition.

Although this initially unnerved Hannah, she still felt certain that she would win the bet and avoid this penalty altogether. Better yet, she would use the condition to stop Fabian from forcing himself onto her.

So she agreed to his condition, "Alright then, whatever you say."

"Hey, can you count me in?" Jason hurriedly spoke up after overhearing their bet.

"Don't forget about me," Helen chimed in too.

Luther stiffened in his seat. He wanted to join in but was uneasy about losing the bet, especially since Fabian had never once suffered a loss. He also considered betting on Fabian to win. However, he didn't quite believe that Fabian actually knew what the mystery item was. Annoyance prickled inside his mind as he thought, What a dumb game. How can anyone guess what the item is if it's concealed?

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"Count me in!" Luther caved in and spoke through gritted teeth at Fabian.

"..." Hannah held her breath. She was dumbstruck that everyone took so much of an interest in the bet.

Almost instantly after he asked to join, Luther interjected whilst facing Fabian, "Forget it, I'm not betting..."

It wasn't because he didn't want to anymore, but because he was startled by Fabian's eyes that looked like dark pools of animosity.

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