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"Did you think that Hannah is now safe just because you've apprehended Yvette?" Xavier asked Fabian a question of his own instead of answering his.

"So, you sent them here to protect her?" Fabian questioned coldly while staring at him even as his gaze darkened upon hearing his remark.

Naturally, Xavier could sense the hostility in his eyes, yet he wasn't at all bothered. "Of course," he replied without much care.

"Hah! Does my woman require your protection? What a joke! Look at those few withered men you brought over. If something truly happens, I'm afraid that they'll only be cannon fodder!"

All at once, vexation seized Fabian. Hannah and I are already married, yet he's still having designs on her now? What an obstinate fool!

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Norton. If you can protect Hannah well, I naturally wouldn't be worried," Xavier murmured placidly.

"Hah! What do you mean by that, Mr. Jackson? Am I, the president of Phoenix Group, not comparable to you, Mr. Jackson Jr. of the Jackson Group?"

Of course, Fabian knew that he was implying that it was his inadequate consideration that led to the car crash during the wedding. Thus, he hit him where it hurt.

In truth, Xavier had only become the president of Jackson Group last year. Before that, his father felt that he wasn't capable of shouldering the responsibility yet, so he had always been dubbed as Mr. Jackson Jr. by others.

At that, Xavier was also incensed, and he panted in fury. Then, he harrumphed and snarled, "Hmph! You naturally know what I mean, Mr. Norton. Fine, I'll bring my men back. However, consider this my warning to you—if anything happens to Hannah, don't blame me for stealing her from you!"

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After saying that, he left without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, Fabian merely stood there as a light breeze ruffled the hair on his temples. As he gazed at Xavier's retreating back, a meaningful smile manifested on his face, and he muttered, "Hah! So you want to steal my woman? How overly confident of you!"

Subsequently, he spun around and strode toward the restaurant.

"Are you guys going to order? If you can't afford the food here, then don't come here to eat. Why are you acting like wealthy people when you're obviously country bumpkins?" the server chided rudely.

From the time Hannah and the others entered the restaurant, the server had noticed them. And the moment she glimpsed Helen's expression, she categorized all three of them as country bumpkins who were acting rich.

Jason had always led a pampered life with people fawning over him everywhere he went, so he had never been humiliated in such a manner. Hence, when he heard that, he immediately snatched the teacup from the table and smashed it right at her feet.

"Do you not know how to talk nicely? We're the customers here, yet this is the way you're speaking to us? Buzz off! I don't want to see you in this restaurant anymore!"

That action of his instantly attracted the attention of the other diners around them, and they all stopped eating. Before they had even placed their cutlery down, they started pointing and talking about the three of them.

Helen was initially livid as well, but upon seeing Jason's reaction, she calmed down. He may be a tad rash, but he didn't do anything wrong. Thus, she merely sat there quietly without saying anything.

However, the server went ballistic in the blink of an eye. Why couldn't I snub them when they have no money? Worse still, they're actually making a fool out of me in public!

"Why are you acting like a king? As soon as you came in, the lot of you acted like fish out of the water, gawking and gaping. At one glance, I could tell that you all came from the country. Let me tell you, this is not a place the likes of you can afford. You'd better apologize to me and leave right away. Otherwise..."

As the server was still speaking, Jason stepped forward and slapped her hard across the face. Then, he demanded provocatively, "What are going to do? Your boss will have to call me Mr. Goldstein if he's here, yet you want to snub me when you're a mere server? What a joke!"

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Hannah, however, was taken aback by his action. "Apologize to her, Jason!" she hastily blurted.

At the same time, Helen was also extremely panicked at the turn of events. Although the server's words were truly insulting, we're in the wrong now that Jason has made the first move. Plus, this isn't our territory, what if he loses?

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At that thought, Helen dashed up and grabbed hold of Jason to prevent him from further doing anything extreme.

"H-How dare you hit me? An apology won't help you now! Just you wait to be beaten up!" the server snapped viciously as she glowered at Jason with bulging eyes and pure malice on her face.

"What's wrong? What happened here?"

Due to the commotion, the other servers and security rushed over.

"What happened?" a security officer asked the server who had been slapped.

"Mr. Jordan, he hit me! Look, my face is all swollen!" the server exclaimed aggrievedly as she touched her face.

When the chief security officer heard that, his brows creased. Looking at Jason, he murmured, "Excuse me, sir, but no matter what the reason may be, you have to apologize if you hit someone."

He was exceedingly polite in his speech since he had no inkling of Jason's identity. What if he's an official or a wealthy businessman's son considering his domineering attitude? I'll just be shooting myself in the foot if I were to be rude to him!

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"Apologize to her? What a joke! When have I, Jason Goldstein, ever apologized to anyone? Say, are you all blind? Didn't you see that server's rotten attitude? If I were your boss, I would've fired her ages ago. She will just ruin the business if you allow her to stay!"

Rage blazed within Jason upon hearing that the chief security officer wanted him to apologize to the server. Why should I apologize when I didn't do anything wrong?

"Uh..."

At that moment, the chief security officer was caught in a dilemma as he instantly understood what had happened the moment he heard that. The server in question had always looked down on others, so he was naturally aware of that.

"We'll naturally deal with the situation you mentioned earlier behind closed doors, but you must apologize for having hit her. Otherwise..." the chief security officer asserted with a frown even as his gaze remained fixed on Jason.

How am I going to garner any respect here in the restaurant if I don't side with the employees as the chief security officer?

"What the hell? What did you just say? Do repeat it. You actually dared to threaten me? Who do you think you are?" Jason roared as he pointed at the chief security officer, the reins on his emotions snapping when he heard him issuing a threat.

"Jason!"

Just when Jason was about to charge forward and teach the chief security officer a lesson on manners, an imposing voice rang out.

The person who spoke was none other than Fabian. As soon as he entered the restaurant, he caught sight of Jason's aggressive behavior.

On the other hand, Jason instinctively stilled upon hearing Fabian's voice. Turning to look at Fabian, he then wilted even as he greeted, "Hi, Fabian."

Hannah was relieved at the sight of Fabian, for she truly didn't know what to do if Jason got into a brawl. "You are finally back."

"What happened here?" Fabian queried as he pinned his glacial eyes on the chief security officer.

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While his voice was a mere whisper, it sounded like a peal of thunder in the ears of the chief security officer. Meeting Fabian's cold gaze, he stammeringly replied, "Mr. Norton, I think there's been a misunderstanding here."

Although he didn't know who exactly Fabian was, he had seen the restaurant owner smiling ingratiatingly at him and addressing him as Mr. Norton while scraping and bowing. Therefore, he was certain that Fabian was a prominent figure.

"Well, what happened? Spit it out!" Fabian growled as he continued staring at him with displeasure written all over his face.

"The thing is, Mr. Norton, our server offended this gentleman here because of her attitude. So, he slapped her. When I had rushed over, I requested that he apologize as we'll deal with the server later, but he wasn't happy with that. Then, you saw what happened thereafter."

Inwardly, the chief security officer lamented, Why do I have such shitty luck? The thing I feared most has truly come to pass—I've really bumped into someone I can't afford to offend!

Casting a glance at the server, who was standing at the side, Fabian declared coldly, "She's fired."

Cough, cough...

Helen couldn't help giving a few light coughs upon hearing that. Oh wow, Fabian is really domineering!