Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1406 - 1410

Caressing her backpack with a bright grin, she muttered to herself, "I guess I'll have to trouble you for one last time."

She had purchased that backpack of hers after joining the workforce. It had been through all sorts of adventures with her as a journalist and witnessed the ups and downs of her relationship with Fabian.

When she turned around and saw the white wedding gown in the wardrobe, she felt a sense of despair. Perhaps because she had not worn it anymore after their wedding, it seemed so lonely in the wardrobe.

Blinking her eyes, she retrieved the wedding gown and embraced it.

"You're coming with me!"

The gown was a custom-made piece that Fabian had ordered for Hannah. It was the only wedding gown she had put on and also the only one she would ever wear.

After that, she brought the wedding gown and the backpack with her as she left the room.

Soon, the cab she hailed showed up.

Staring at Natasha's room, Hannah was worried that she would have a hard time searching for accommodation after her departure. Is she going to be fine? What about her language class?

As she thought about it, she headed toward Natasha's room.

Hannah had her eyes glued to the handle of the door. After much hesitation, she decided to lock it.

When Natasha heard the click, she jumped out of bed and sprinted over. Nonetheless, it was too late.

She tried to open the door, only to realize that she had been locked inside her room.

"Hannah, is that you? Why have you locked me up?" Natasha yelled anxiously.

Since she was an observant woman, no one could sneak into the house without alarming her. In other words, it was Hannah who did it.

With that being said, she had a hard time figuring out the reason behind Hannah's actions.

Meanwhile, Hannah heard Natasha's yells, yet she decided to ignore her.

"Hannah, hurry up and open the door! What's wrong? Why don't you tell me about it? Perhaps we can resolve it, right?"

As Natasha continued shouting, she searched high and low for a key in the room.

"Are you sure?"

Hannah was tempted for a few seconds, but she soon snapped out of her hesitation as she deemed Natasha's suggestion impossible. What can I possibly do to turn the tables when there's nothing Fabian can do about it?

"Please take good care of yourself!" Hannah yelled before leaving with her backpack and the wedding gown.

"Hannah! Please open the door!"

Natasha screamed at the top of her lungs, yet she couldn't hear Hannah's voice anymore.

Her heart skipped a beat when she heard the sound of a car engine.

Could it be...

As she thought about it, she catapulted in the direction of the window. Once she braced herself for the potential impact, she jumped out of the window.

She could feel a racking sensation as she landed on her back and rolled forward. In spite of the pain, she forced herself to keep going.

Gritting her teeth, she pulled herself together with all her might and yelled, "Hannah!"

Then she rushed in the direction of the entrance.

Nonetheless, her effort was to no avail. By the time she walked out of the villa, she was greeted by the sight of the departing cab and the blazing trail left behind.

Natasha was in a state of bewilderment. Why? What's wrong with Hannah? Isn't she in love with Fabian?

Why did she leave without saying anything? Is this the way things work in Chanaea?

Immediately after she snapped out of her daze, she reached for her phone and called Fabian.

"Hello, Mr. Norton?"

"Yes? What do you need?"

Fabian, who was in the middle of perusing a pile of documents, had no idea about the sudden turn of events.

Startled, Natasha asked, "Have you not received my text?"

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"What is it?" Fabian asked, wondering if Hannah had regained consciousness.

"M-Mrs. Norton has regained consciousness-"

Putting his documents aside, he interrupted her, "Alright, I'll head over immediately."

Knowing that he was about to hang up the call and rush over to the hospital, she yelled, "Wait! I'm not done yet!"

"What?"

Frustrated after losing the child, Fabian would have lost his cool if it weren't because of his exceptional self-restraint capability.

"Ms. Young left the hospital."

"What? She's left the hospital? What kind of joke is this? Who the heck allowed her to be discharged? Send him my way immediately! If anything happens to Hannah, it will be the end of him!"

He couldn't keep his composure anymore because Hannah was supposed to have at least a week's bed rest, given her frail state.

But now that she had been discharged much earlier than that, her body might not be able to take it.

"She didn't acquire anyone's consent to be discharged, insisting on going home. After we were back, she locked me in my room and left on her own."

Natasha knew that Fabian would be infuriated, yet she braced herself and told him the truth.

"Come again? Why the heck didn't you report something so important earlier? Are you sure you're a qualified bodyguard?" Fabian spouted harsh remarks at Natasha.

No one could possibly remain calm when their beloved spouse had miscarried because of someone else's malicious scheme. To make matters worse, Hannah had become barren. If something bad were to happen to her, Fabian would spend the rest of his life in guilt and sorrow.

"[..."

Natasha knew Fabian must have missed her text message because he was way too occupied. Moreover, she was the one at fault because she could have stopped Hannah from leaving the hospital by informing Fabian of her plan.

"Where are you? Where was Hannah heading to?"

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Fabian had no time to reprimand Natasha. Instead, he needed to figure out Hannah's current whereabouts to stop her from leaving.

Unfortunately, Natasha had no idea. She answered, "I'm currently in front of the villa, but I'm clueless about her whereabouts."

Fabian hung up the call immediately and made another call to instruct his trusted aide. He yelled into the phone, "I want the entire city to be sealed immediately! Get in touch with those from the police station and get them to set up barricades on all major highways! Search for Hannah! If she's not found, all of you will be terminated!"

After ending the call, he headed out of his office and returned to the villa to gather all the details from Natasha.

He was overwhelmed by regret because he should have stayed with Hannah instead of returning to the company.

Nonetheless, he had no choice because Phoenix Group was in the midst of a crisis after Lyna plotted against him.

Should he fail to solve the issues in time, things might spiral out of control. Worst of all, the Norton family might not be one of the five prominent families anymore. Moreover, he needed to avenge Hannah too, so his trip back to his office was inevitable.

Meanwhile, Hannah, who was in the cab, looked out the window and started weeping as she stared at the trees that were disappearing from sight.

When she saw her favorite pizza joint, she reached her quivering finger out and pointed at it.

The moment she figured out that she had lost the ability to conceive, her mind went completely blank.

Because of her deep love for Fabian, she couldn't bear to have him live a life without a complete family.

She knew the proud man would not want to live a miserable life without a successor to inherit the empire he had built.

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Unfortunately, she couldn't fulfill his wish because she had lost the ability to conceive. Should she continue to stay by his side, he would have to live a life filled with regrets.

As she thought about it, torrents of grief streamed down her cheeks once again.

Passing by the streets, she could vividly recall her memories with Fabian.

Those sweet memories had morphed into heart-wrenching ones after she realized that she couldn't spend the rest of her life with the man she loved.

Meanwhile, as Fabian rushed all the way back to the villa, a sense of dread overcame him. Hannah, I'm coming now. Please don't do anything reckless!

When he showed up at the entrance, Natasha rushed over and greeted, "Mr. Norton..."

She recounted the entire timeline of the incident, including the things Hannah had said because she felt that those were intended for Fabian.

Having listened to everything, he rushed into the villa immediately. He had a hard time believing that Hannah had left him. Deep down, he felt as though she was still anticipating his return to the villa.

Nonetheless, he had no choice but to accept the harsh reality because the goofy and lovely woman, who was all smiles whenever he was around, was nowhere to be seen.

As if drained of all energy, he slumped onto the ground. At that moment, he was just like any other man who had lost his most beloved woman.

I'm the reason she left. That silly woman doesn't want me to live with the regrets of not having a complete family.

In his trance, he saw Hannah supporting herself with all her might, bidding farewell to him, "Goodbye, Fabian. It's over."

Hannah, you're wrong! Not being able to have a child is nothing compared to losing you! I can't possibly live a life without you!

At that thought, his eyes started welling up, and only then did he realize that he was capable of feeling emotions too.

When he raised his head, he was surprised to see that the coffee table in the living room had been tidied up, and his goblet was nowhere to be seen. In its place was a stack of agreements.

The moment he walked over, his eyes widened in disbelief upon realizing that it was a signed divorce agreement.

Supporting himself while perusing the agreement, he was forced to accept the fact that Hannah had left for good.

"Hannah, you're such a foolish woman!"

The man's voice cracked as he sobbed.

After tearing the divorce agreement into pieces, he cast them into the dustbin and muttered to himself, "I will never get a divorce! You will always be Mrs. Norton!"

He was determined to locate Hannah and tell her how he felt about her. Then they would be able to put everything behind them and spend the rest of their lives together.

Seeing the state Fabian was in, Natasha started blaming herself. Even at that point, she still couldn't figure out the reason behind Hannah's departure because she wasn't even aware of her miscarriage.

In the midst of her helplessness, she received a call out of the blue.

The call took everyone in the living room by surprise when it broke the dead silence.

Reaching for her phone, she was about to hang up the call but hesitated when she saw that it was a call from the company. Fabian had merely dispatched her to the company to keep Hannah safe, so it didn't make any sense for the senior editor to call her when she was never assigned any other tasks. Could it be...

Once the thought crossed her mind, she frowned and decided to pick up the call.

"Hello, is this Ms. Roma?"

Reluctantly, she answered the question, "Yes."

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"Ms. Young has instructed me to transfer the ownership of her property to you. Can you drop by the office to collect the keys if you're free?"

"Huh? Ms. Young? Are you talking about Hannah?" Natasha hurriedly asked, anxious to find out about Hannah's whereabouts.

Similarly, Fabian's eyes flickered when he heard Natasha mentioning Hannah's name.

The person on the other end answered, "Yes!"

"Can you still get in touch with her?" Natasha queried.

"I'm afraid that's impossible because she contacted me about twenty minutes ago. When I tried to revert back to her, she had switched off her phone."

Natasha was disappointed by the person's reply. With her eyebrows furrowed, she answered, "Okay. Thanks."

When she saw Fabian looking at her inquisitively, she told him everything.

Natasha was shocked by the fact that Hannah had taken her into consideration and arranged her accommodation even though she decided to leave.

Shaking his head while leaving, Fabian murmured to himself, "You have always been a kind-hearted woman."

"Hahaha! This is great! What wonderful news!"

When Lyna and Yvette heard that Hannah was gone, they let out a deep breath, relieved that their efforts had finally come to fruition.

Lyna sneered, "You should have seen this coming for claiming the title of Mrs. Norton when you're just a nobody!"

She held a grudge against Hannah because the latter saved Winson and took away the things that were supposed to be hers. But worst of all, Hannah snatched her fiancé away. Therefore, Lyna had only one goal in mind—to take Hannah out.

Identically, Yvette resented Hannah for her misery. She was merely a step away from getting married to Fabian and becoming a top-notch celebrity, yet Hannah's appearance had turned her life upside down.

Yvette remarked sarcastically with a contemptuous look, "Ha! She deserved it for picking a fight with the wrong foes! If it weren't because of Fabian, she wouldn't have lived until today!"

"Fabian's the next one on the list!" Lyna announced with her eyes narrowed to a slit.

Yvette knew she wasn't as intelligent as Lyna. Thus, in an attempt to figure out their next best course of action, she inquired, "What should we do?"

"If I'm not mistaken, he's going to send someone to come after us. However, I haven't figure out what he's up to. As long as we exercise caution and seize the opportunity to gain the upper hand, he's going to submit himself to us eventually!" Lyna analyzed the situation with a serious expression.

It was evident that she was intimidated by Fabian after her countless failed attempts to get the better of him. Each time, she ended up making a narrow escape, so she was determined to be more cautious this time.

Lyna was running out of money, but she was certain that Leo wouldn't offer his aid for fear of offending Fabian. After all, Fabian was an influential figure in the corporate world, and Leo would never put the Blackwood family at stake for her sake.

"What do you mean?"

Yvette was on pins and needles when she heard Lyna's words. At that instant, she felt a strong urge to flee the country with her savings. After all, she was an escaped prisoner. Should she be captured, she would be doomed.

"What are you afraid of? You don't think you're the only one at stake here, do you? After causing Hannah's miscarriage, do you think Fabian will show me any mercy?" Lyna asked rhetorically.

How the heck did she rise to stardom? I guess she must have spent countless nights in bed with different men!

Yvette was aware that Lyna's rhetorical question was a double innuendo to reprimand her. Hence, she rebuked with her face puckered in irritation, "How am I supposed to calm down? Why can't you explain everything clearly to me?"

Why the heck do I have such an unreliable ally? She's such a bimbo! Haven't I made myself clear? Why is she having such a hard time understanding what I said?

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Since Lyna desperately needed cash, she couldn't afford to offend Yvette just yet. In fact, she planned to acquire a fortune through her unreliable ally.

With that plan in mind, she had no choice but to keep her frustration to herself.

Her lips twitched as she continued, "To keep it short and simple, we need to get someone to keep an eye on Fabian. No matter what he's going to do, I'm pretty sure he will resort to some dirty tricks. Once we get our hands on the evidence, we can force him into submission!"

Yvette nodded in return, but almost immediately, she shook her head and queried, "Are you sure there's someone who dares to help us scheme against Fabian?"

"What kind of joke is that? Do you think he's the president of the country? I'll work out something one way or another soon!"

A vicious smirk loomed over her face as she was certain she could easily coerce someone to do her biddings. Nonetheless, she would have to bear some risks.

Yvette nodded in response since Lyna was her only hope to turn the tables around. Should the worse become the worst, she would flee abroad. On the other hand, if they could achieve their goals, her life would take a turn for the better.

"Any updates?" Fabian, who had reached the airport, asked his trusted aide.

He replied, "Mr. Norton, we reached the airport five minutes after the call, but Mrs. Norton was nowhere to be seen."

As his trusted aide was aware of the affection Fabian had for Hannah, he was pretty mindful of his words for fear of offending the quick-tempered man.

Fabian furrowed his brows in silence and decided to stay there to wait for Hannah's arrival.

If she wants to travel abroad, this is the only accessible airport! As long as she's here, I will find her soon enough! I just need to ensure she doesn't leave this airport.

However, contrary to his assumption, Hannah was traveling in a cab that seemed relatively miniature on a narrow track.

Occasionally, she would see Fabian's image in her mind, pleading in a gentle manner, "Hannah, please come back to me."

However, she shook her head and shrugged the man's figure off her mind because she couldn't carry out her duty as his wife anymore and no longer deserved him.

"Fabian, if only all this is nothing but an awfully long nightmare..."

If that was the case, instead of curling up in the cab, she might get to return to him and spend the rest of her life by his side.

After staring ahead for a long time, she finally felt better, breathing in the fresh air in the outskirts. She shook her head and smiled, reminding herself to stop overthinking when everything had come to an end.

When she left the hospital, she recalled her brother giving her the key to their mother's old house.

It was left behind by their mother when she passed on. According to Winson, their mother had insisted on passing the key to her because she felt indebted to her the most.

When Winson passed the key to Hannah, he said, "She has been blaming herself for not carrying out the duty of a mother and failing to find you. Therefore, she wants you to have this as a token of apology."

Hannah's mind was all over the place when she received the key. Nevertheless, she decided to hold on to the keepsake for her beloved brother.

Although she was supposed to feel liberated after leaving, an inexplicable sorrow overcame her instead. At the thought of going back to the desolated house, conflicting emotions rose in her.

Staring at the sky, she whispered, "I guess everything is finally over..."