Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1416 - 1420

Realization struck Fabian like a bolt from the blue, and he exclaimed, "Do you mean the family home that Hannah's mother left for Hannah?"

Jason nodded. "That's right. That's where she'll be."

Instantly, Fabian shouted to the outside. "Prep the car!"

Before the last word was out of his mouth, Fabian had darted out like a freed horse.

That family home had somehow escaped his mind. Like what Jason had said, Fabian was sure that Hannah must be there. That place was the likeliest place he would see Hannah again.

Like a candle in the dark, hope lit up in Fabian's chest.

"Wait for me, Hannah," Fabian gritted out.

Meanwhile, Hannah had no idea Fabian was already heading in her direction. In her family home, she was still reading a book by the table. Just then, her arm knocked over the teacup on the table and shattered it.

Shaking her head, Hannah then slowly put down her book to start cleaning up the mess.

Hm?

While she was cleaning up the fragments, she spotted a piece of paper under the wooden table. It looked like a book, yet it looked like a piece of newspaper.

Curiosity overwhelming her, Hannah reached out for it.

"Right here," Hannah mumbled to herself as she took out a yellowing book from under the table. The book looked almost ancient.

Hannah was perplexed. What is this? Why is it under the table? Clearly, someone is trying to hide it, but who's the one who tried to hide it?

Numerous questions filled Hannah's mind, who then picked up the book and rushed toward the chair to start reading it. She did not even bother with the fragments of the teacup on the floor.

My daughter is born today. She's well and healthy. Looking at the way Leo was smiling while holding onto our daughter, I thought of a good name—Hannah.

Hannah's heart skipped a beat as she read the words. This... This is Mom's diary?

The date on the page was her birthday, and the name, Leo, was definitely referring to Leo Blackwood.

Gulping, Hannah then continued reading.

Hannah has a slight fever today. I stayed by her side until she fell asleep. I hope she'll get well soon.

Today, my dear Hannah...

The stories in the pages were all ordinary incidents, but Hannah's mother had recorded them all down.

For a moment, the book in Hannah's hands felt heavy. She knew this was her mother's love for her.

"I had never thought that Mom was as nice as this."

Right then, an image of a gentle woman emerged in Hannah's mind. There, she had long hair reaching down to her waist, and she was standing in the wind, strong and fearless.

Mom must have been a beautiful woman, Hannah thought. The ones with good hearts won't look ugly.

Hannah flipped through the pages. I went to the hospital today. The doctor told me that I'm pregnant with a boy. Finally, I can bear a boy for Leo's family.

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Hannah continued. Leo is drunk today. After he came home, I could smell a woman's perfume on him. When I was taking off his clothes for him, I saw a lipstick mark on his shoulder. I know he must have found other women outside. He has been leaving the house early and coming home late recently.

Another page. Leo hasn't come back today again. It's been three days. He only called to say that he's working. I'm sure he's with that woman.

At this point, anger coiled in Hannah's stomach. Although Leo was her biological father, she had never seen him as her father. Hannah Young never had a father as ruthless as that man.

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"Leo, aren't you one impressive man? How can you have an affair when Mom's pregnant? What kind of man are you? What kind of father are you?"

Hannah was boiling with rage. This was unfair to her mother. If she were her mother, she would have left the family with the kid. No. Before I leave, I'll definitely teach him a lesson.

My child is adorable. He has brows like mine and a face shape like Leo's. He'll be a smart boy when he grows up. Leo was thrilled, and he gave the boy a name—Winson.

Reading it, Hannah nodded. That entry was when Winson was born.

When Hannah continued reading, wrath exploded in her again. She gritted out, "Aren't you one fine specimen, Leo? I'm so glad I didn't admit that you're my father. You're ruthless! My mother has been with you through thick and thin. How can you do this to her?"

On the yellowing paper was, I'm not at home today. I brought Hannah out. Leo brought a woman back. It's better if I don't see her. After this, I'll talk to Leo. I hope things will go back to what it was before. I want to give Hannah and Winson a happy family.

How could Hannah not be furious after reading that? Realizing that her anger was getting out of control, she tried her best to calm herself down.

It took Hannah a long time before she recomposed herself and continued reading the diary.

I had a chat with Leo, and I know what he wants. He doesn't want that woman to leave. For my kids, I can't leave too. I hope Leo will come back to his senses soon.

How can that woman force me to sign the divorce agreement in front of Leo? My kids are still young. I can't possibly let them lose their father now. I ended up holding myself back. However, to my disappointment, Leo said nothing about it. It seems like there's no love between us anymore.

When Hannah turned to the next page, she realized that the paper seemed different. It was crumpled, and it seemed like it had once been damped. There were little words on it, but tear stains covered almost the entire page.

Hannah had to lean closer to the paper to see the words on them. Hannah's gone. I lost my Hannah, and it's all thanks to that woman. I can't believe she lost my kid! I'm going to look for her... I can't let Hannah become an orphan. There's a tag on Hannah, which has her name and my phone number. I hope some kind-hearted soul will send her back!

By now, Hannah was gritting her teeth in fury. She could see how upset and guilty her mother felt back then just by looking at the tear stains and crumpled state of the paper. Although her mother did not write much about it in her diary, Hannah knew well what the despair of losing a child felt like. Mom must have cried a lot that day.

That woman is trying to hurt my Winson now. No way am I letting her get her way.

I can't believe Leo believed in that woman's words. He's forcing me to eat some kind of medicine. That's one thing, but why won't Leo let me take care of my own kid?

Recently, I've been wondering if there's something wrong with the medicine that woman gave me. My chest tightens, and I can't sleep at night. Is she trying to do something to me?

Winson, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean to hurt you.

Hannah frowned when she read that, but she then realized Winson must have hurt himself while doing something.

The next few entries were her mother's recordings of Winson's life. Whether she was taking care of Winson or her, her mother was meticulous and caring. Unable to help herself, Hannah thought, If only Mom's still alive.

Wait. This is written a week before Mom passed away. She doesn't seem depressed, but they told me Mom committed suicide from depression.

Now, Hannah was starting to doubt if her mother's death had not been as simple as what she had heard

At the start, Hannah thought her mother developed depression because of Felicia and Leo.

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However, after reading her diary, she realized Felicia might have been the one to kill her mother. Even her mother's diary mentioned Felicia forcing her to take some medication. Could it be that...

Hannah inhaled sharply. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Felicia and her drugs must have played a role in my mother's death. Yes. It's likely that happened, Hannah thought after putting the diary on the table.

A moment later, she mumbled to herself, "That must be it. No. I have to find out what happened. I can't let Mom die just like that. If Felicia has done something to her, I have to make sure she'll be punished for it."

With her mind made up, Hannah then stood up and walked into her bedroom. After packing her suitcase, Hannah nodded to herself. She was ready to go to Baykeep to find out the truth behind her mother's death.

Hannah was a decisive individual. After packing her suitcase, she went to look at her mother's photo, planning to talk to her before leaving for Baykeep.

Right as the last few words to her mother left her lips, she heard someone urgently knocking on the door. Confounded, Hannah wondered, I don't know any of my neighbors. Who's the one at the door?

Shaking her head, Hannah then thought, Maybe someone wants to borrow something.

With that thought in mind, she walked toward the door. As the house she was in was an old one, the door was a wooden door with no peephole.

Right as Hannah opened the door, a man bolted into the house and hugged her tightly. At the same time, he shouted, "Hannah, it's you! I thought I wouldn't see you again."

It was Fabian, who had come for Hannah.

Hannah's mouth was hanging slack. For a moment, she thought she was hallucinating. Fabian? Fabian's here for me?

He's really here.

His embrace was still as warm as ever, and she had the urge to bury herself in his arms.

Fabian loved Hannah, and Hannah loved him too.

It took her a lot of courage to leave him back then, yet Fabian had found her again. Is this a message from God?

But can I go back to Fabian? Can I really?

The answer was no.

Fabian was the only son of the Norton family, and Hannah could no longer bear children. She would only ruin him if she went back.

With the kind of person Fabian was, he definitely would not abandon her. However, Hannah did not want to cling to Fabian selfishly. Fabian had to have an heir.

At that, Hannah pushed him aside and coldly said, "Mr. Norton, please mind your actions. We have nothing to do with each other."

"Hannah, we..." Fabian muttered in disbelief as he gripped onto her arms.

Nevertheless, Hannah did not give him a chance to finish his sentence. She interrupted, "Mr. Norton, please call me Ms. Young from now on. I'm afraid others would misunderstand if you were to call me Hannah."

"Do you hear what you're saying?"

It was something Fabian never thought would have happened after finding her.

Right then, Jason, who had come with Fabian, caught up. He chuckled before saying, "Fabian, you have to give Hannah some time. After all, it was such a major incident. Now that you know where she is, why do you have to be so anxious?"

Fabian nodded after hearing Jason's words. He then let go of Hannah before staring at her in silence.

"Mr. Norton, if you have nothing else, then please leave. I'm about to leave too," Hannah muttered, suppressing the way her heart was sinking.

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"Sorry to bother you," Fabian replied after a pause before he left with the others.

By the time Hannah came out, Fabian had already hailed a ride for her, as he understood that she might be unwilling to travel in his car at this present time.

"To the Baykeep city center, please."

Hannah ignored Fabian outright. She hopped into the cab herself and straightaway issued directions for the driver.

Needless to say, Fabian followed close behind.

She could no longer contain herself and started to sob quietly in the backseat.

Why? Why must you let Fabian show up when I've made up my mind to leave? If you want us to be together, why have you made me barren? Are you playing tricks on me?

Hannah was bemoaning inside. She was afraid that she would not be able to let go; afraid that she would falter and return to Fabian's side.

However, she knew if she went back to Fabian unwell, it would surely leave him with a lifetime of regrets. That was why she chose to pretend that she did not know him, so that it might make him feel better.

An indeterminate amount of time passed before the cab Hannah was in steadily slowed to a halt. She then got off without delay. This time, she was returning to find out if Felicia had poisoned her mother. As she did not have an extensive network of contacts, she needed to come back to the company to seek some help. Of course, she would require accommodations for both Natasha and herself as well, which they would also be able to provide.

She wanted to find out the truth for herself so she might be able to see Felicia face the music. She would then return alone to the family home her mother left her where she would live out the rest of her life. That was the reason why she did not bring the wedding gown along with the rest of her own clothes. It would be easier for her to move around without the baggage.

Hannah had only just stepped into the office building when she bumped into her own senior editor, Bob. The man was clearly surprised to see her. "Is that really you, Hannah? Are you coming back? I thought you've walked out on us for good."

As her superior, Bob naturally knew about Hannah's departure, but was not sure what led her to do so and what happened in the aftermath. He was nonetheless happy to see her as with the absence of his president reaper, his team would soon be propping up the company's food chain.

"I'm back, Mr. Dijon."

Hannah was a little embarrassed as she had indeed been a little irresponsible, disappearing without informing her superior. She was primarily concerned that Fabian might try to get to her through her boss, but fortunately, the man did not take things to heart.

"Good to have you back. Come on, let's head up."

Bob enthusiastically explained that Fabian called to ask about her but made no mention of anything else. He thought Hannah had been taken away by Fabian and would not be returning.

As Hannah was now the wife of a president, there was not much he could have said about it. He thought about calling to persuade her to stay on, but Hannah had gotten rid of her own phone a long time ago. As such, he likely would not be able to reach her anyway.

"We thought for a moment that you've quit, Ms. Young."

"Mr. Dijon had me stand in for you these past few days, but there's too many things that I can't manage well. I'm just glad to have you back."

Hannah merely nodded when her team members came up to Hannah to greet her with broad smiles. She received some updates from Bob before she returned to her own office.

The first thing she did when she closed the door was flip open her notebook to find Natasha's number. According to Bob, Natasha had left the company shortly after she did.

Hannah gave Natasha a call as soon as she had her contact, as the latter's departure had alot to do with her.

The phone rang for quite some time before someone picked up. On the other end was Natasha's accented Chanaease. "Hello, who's this?"

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Hannah was relieved that Natasha had not changed her cellphone number. "Hey Natasha, it's me."

The excitement of the woman on the other end was apparent. "Hannah? Is that really you? Where have you been? I was so worried about you. Did you know that Mr. Norton was almost going crazy? Does he know that you've returned?"

Natasha was guilt-ridden about losing track of Hannah. More than a mere dereliction of duty, the sense of loss was also personal. So how could she not be emotional at hearing Hannah's voice?

Hannah could not help but sigh. She could totally imagine how devastated Fabian must have been when she went missing.

"No worries, it's nothing. I just went away for awhile. How about yourself? Where are you now? I heard that you've left the very next day after I was gone. Are you still in the country?"

Hannah tried very hard to mask her sense of contrite toward Fabian.

"Oh, you don't have to worry about me, Hannah. I quit and joined another company because I thought you've left. But I'm still here though."

Natasha intuitively knew how she ought to respond.

"I see." Hannah was a little disappointed, as she might have to put up at a hotel herself if Natasha had returned the keys.

"Where are you staying now, Natasha? Don't tell me that you are holed up at a hotel? Which company are you currently working at? If it isn't too far away, you could stay with me."

"Wow, good guessing. To be honest, I was a little down when you left after everything that happened cause you're my only friend in the country, so I decided on a change of scenery. It doesn't matter cause I'm really here just to learn Chanaease anyway, but the place where I'm working at now is a little small. Now that you're back, I think I'd like to come back too, considering that I'm better suited for the work here," Natasha explained.

Her responsibility was to protect Hannah. Now that Hannah had returned, Natasha had chosen her words carefully so that she could continue to stay by her side.

Hannah was completely in the dark about Natasha's true identity and treated her like a younger sister. She was naturally delighted to hear that Natasha was willing to come back. "That's great. I'd love for you to rejoin us and will go inform Mr. Dijon in a bit."

"Thank you so much, Hannah. I'll get myself sorted out over here and be right over."

"It's no trouble. You're welcome."

Hannah smiled when she replied, but meant every word she said. It could only be a good thing for the company to have a foreign intern from an elite school.

Natasha and Hannah continued to chat for a while more before they ended the call. The former went on to call Fabian as she was not certain if he was in the know about this latest development.

"Hello? Mrs. Norton just called me, Mr. Norton. She's back with the company."

Natasha wasted no time at all when the call got through.

"Yes, I'm aware of that. And how did you respond?"

Fabian reckoned that Hannah would definitely ring up Natasha when she returned. He would feel much better to have Natasha working alongside Hannah.

Hannah was practically ignoring him now and would surely not return to the Norton Residence at night. He therefore concluded that she must have had the company make arrangements for a place to stay as well.

"I've asked to go back to work and Mrs. Norton had agreed. I'd be staying together with her as well."

Fabian nodded assertively. "Halcyon Hotel, Room 505. Head on in when you arrive."

Natasha understood him right away, as it was the same as last time. That was where she should pick up her luggage from.

After she hung up, she made straight for the company—where Hannah was at, as ensuring Hannah's safety was paramount.