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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1433 - 1434

"If Hannah and I... are the reason for the Norton family's extinction, then... I'm sorry I'm not the filial son you wanted."

Fabian would not weaken in his resolve. Regardless of Hannah's ability to bear children, he would bring her home as promised. After all, Hannah was the woman he loved.

When Hannah left, Fabian was forced to admit how much she mattered to him.

Fabian's decision must have triggered his mother, for the older woman got angry in a flash. She barely managed to draw a long, spiritless breath while repressing most of her other emotions.

Heather lifted her hand high as she got ready to give her rebellious son a good slap, hoping it would serve as a wake-up call. How can you say such a thing? You're the president of a large company, for heaven's sake!

"I'm sorry, Mom. I don't wish to escape my responsibilities this time. Take care of yourself."

Fabian slowly lowered his head. Who would ever have thought that he, the company president with so much at his command, would be kneeling on the ground in such a miserable state?

Fabian sneered under his breath. So what if I'm the president? So what if I'm well-respected? All that was undoubtedly insignificant when it came to love. Fabian was determined to endure his mother's slap and put everything to an end. He needed to woo the love of his life once again, who was almost falling out of reach. He needed to bring Hannah back to the Norton Residence.

Fabian kept those in his thoughts as he quietly waited for the inevitable. But in the end, Heather could not bear to do it. Instead, she sighed, "Ah, geez! There's nothing I can do now that my child's all grown up. You'll have to deal with this yourself. Don't forget, I'm getting old. I want to spend my days sipping tea and taking care of my health. I don't want to be bothered by unnecessary stuff."

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And so, Heather rose from her spot, stood up, walked past her son, and headed towards her room.

Fabian watched his mother leave. It was a bittersweet ending; this was his mother's way of telling him that she approved of Hannah's return. She just did not want to say it.

"Mom, I'll let you know that this is the right decision. Hannah's not an ordinary girl."

Fabian rose too. He collapsed onto the sofa and sank into deep thought. Only he knew what was on his mind and how he came to a conclusion.

On the other side of town, Hannah was having the time of her life enjoying pizza. Despite her current marital status being kept a secret, she was still able to savor the food with much relish, much less doing it in front of Xavier with whom she had no relation at all.

Natasha, seemingly influenced by Hannah, cared little for maintaining a ladylike image. She rolled up her sleeves and dug into her pizza party.

In contrast, Xavier's behavior was a lot more civilized. He dined like a gentleman. However, compared with Hannah and Natasha, he seemed rather out of place.

The meal ended quickly. After Hannah managed to grab the last slice of pizza and devour it, complete with a satisfying burp, she turned to Natasha, seeking her opinion. "So, what do you think? My recommendation has its merits, right? Do you like it?"

To be frank, the meal was scrumptious. But for a professional assassin like Natasha who was used to undergoing highly intensive training on an everyday basis, the portion of food she had just consumed was undoubtedly not enough for her.

If she were only hanging out with Hannah, she might have told the woman what she truly felt. But Xavier was present, so she had to act accordingly.

Natasha knew that Xavier was Fabian's rival and, up till then, the man was still relentlessly pursuing Hannah.

Furthermore, based on her observation of Hannah's attitude towards Xavier, Natasha could tell that Hannah did not like him at all. Hence, she decided to tell a little white lie to get Xavier off their case.

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"Yes, indeed. I have to say, you have good taste, Hannah. This place is great. The shop's not very big, but the food speaks for itself," Natasha replied Hannah with a smile.

Her eyes fluttered to meet Xavier's gaze, and she added, "Hannah, I think it's about time we get going. Can we drop by the company? It just so happens that I have not reported to work yet."

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Hannah nodded in agreement. Ever since her return, Natasha had offered to help her move and, hence, had never gotten around to meet their senior editor. That certainly would not do, for it would leave a bad impression.

After some consideration, Hannah said, "Oh, that's a good idea. We can clean up your desk while we're at it, so that it's ready for you tomorrow."

She rose from her seat, and then addressed both Natasha and Xavier, "Alright, we're leaving."

Hannah led them to the shop entrance. Xavier, who was walking behind the two women, checked his wristwatch for the time. He frowned. Apparently, it was getting late. If he insisted on following Hannah, she would not be pleased. He supposed it would be better for him to excuse himself than to make her resent him.

At the entrance of the shop, Xavier had the sense to stop there and bade farewell to Hannah. "Ms. Young, I enjoyed our dinner together. I do look forward to the next occasion," he said.

After they parted ways, Xavier got into his car and barked instructions at his assistant. "Get to Hannah's neighborhood now. I want you to purchase the house right opposite hers. No, scratch that. I'll do it myself."

The assistant almost fell out of the driver's seat when he heard that. Excuse me? What are you playing at this time, Mr. Jackson?

Xavier's assistant considered the order, and then proceeded to ask his boss, "Mr. Jackson, don't we have a contract to sign?"

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"Shut it, will you? Didn't you hear me? Can't you see what's at stake here? There's always time to make money later, but if I lose sight of the woman I love, I don't know when I'll get another chance!"

Xavier could not help but roll his eyes at his assistant as he lectured him. What a fool! This brat almost cost me the greatest happiness of my life!

"Y-Yes, Mr. Jackson!"

The assistant obeyed with a silly smile on his face. He then turned the steering wheel around and drove the car onto the road.

"Mr. Jackson, you really don't have to deal with such a minor issue yourself. Why don't you leave it to me? In the meantime, you can head over to the other place and get the contract signed," the assistant suggested boldly.

He and Xavier used to be classmates. He was just as capable as Xavier in getting things done, if not more. So, he did not think Xavier had anything to worry about.

But once the words came out of his mouth, Xavier hit him hard on his head and berated him, "Forget about the contract! If I don't seize this opportunity to pursue Hannah, Fabian might get the upper hand. How can I relax at a time like this?"

"You, on the other hand, can't do anything right! I'm convinced that if it weren't for you, I would have won Hannah many times over. You give me so many bad ideas! Gosh, it's like you're a jinx or something!"

"I... I swear, Mr. Jackson, I do not mean anything else. I have been serving you faithfully from the get-go. I should at least deserve credit for my efforts, right? What I suggested, you see... I believe it works on any girl..." Xavier's assistant began.

He sounded aggrieved, but before he could finish what he wanted to say, Xavier flicked the back of his head again. "Use your head, will you? Do you think I'd fancy just any other woman?"

"Of course not, sir. You're right. I just..."

"Ah, damn it!"

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Unsurprisingly, Xavier whacked his assistant one more time. "What the heck is wrong with you? Just take me there already! Or should I get someone else to do your job?"

"I'm on it, sir!"

Xavier's assistant grimaced. Darn, I shouldn't have said all that.

But Xavier knew that his assistant was just giving him good advice.

However, since the subject matter involved Hannah, he could not take it as a joke. He had to be cautious when making his next move, so he decided to take on the task personally.

"Mr. Jackson, we're here," the assistant reminded Xavier as he slowly parked the car in front of an apartment building.

Xavier nodded, opened the car door, and got out of the vehicle. He had barely embraced the fresh air outside when he spotted a white Lincoln parked just a short distance away. His eyes narrowed at the sight. Huh? Could that be Fabian's car?

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