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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1013

Realizing that she wasn't going to provoke a response out of Hannah, Regina turned around and stormed off angrily instead.

Hannah let out a sigh of relief as she fixed her makeup and left the bathroom.

Before she could even sit down at her desk, Bob came barging in angrily and threw a file onto her desk.

"My office, right this instant!"

Hannah shuddered a little and quickly followed behind him. Regina pulled a face at her when she passed her by and mouthed the words, "Serves you right!"

Hannah simply frowned at her in annoyance and quickened her pace.

After closing the door to Bob's office, she stood before him with her hands clasped in front of her as she asked, "What is it, Mr. Dijon?"

Despite only being in his forties, Bob had a huge bald patch on the top of his head. At that moment, he pulled his hair with one and turned around on the same spot in his office.

"Hannah... You've been working here for a few years now, right?" he asked as patiently as he could while trying his best to suppress his anger.

"Yes, that's right," Hannah replied honestly.

"Look at the crap you've written! This is absolute garbage! Everyone's talking about the relationship between Fabian and Yvette right now, and yet you give me this nonsense instead?" Bob raised his voice at her so suddenly that Hannah flinched in response.

She clenched her fists, digging her nails into her palms as she replied with her head low, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dijon... It's my fault, but..."

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How on earth was I supposed to write that article? This is my husband we're talking about!

"No buts! I'll give you one more chance, Hannah! Go talk to Fabian and see that you get that exclusive interview with him!" Bob raised his voice at her again.

"What? But... Everyone knows Fabian doesn't accept requests for interviews! I..." Hannah looked at him in disbelief.

"That's exactly why it'll sell! I don't care what you do, just make sure you get that interview!" Bob shouted before sitting down in his chair and sipping on some tea.

Hannah bit down on her lip and stood there in silence for a quite a while. Eventually, she looked up and stared Bob in the eye as she said firmly, "Mr. Dijon, I think you should have someone else do this instead. I really can't manage it."

"You can't, huh?" He hurled the file angrily at her, almost spilling the tea on her in the process. "Then, get lost! This company doesn't have room for useless trash like you! You can either get that interview by today or resign and get the hell out of here! The choice is yours!"

Hannah frowned and was about to say something in response, but decided not to when she saw how angry he looked.

"Okay, I'll try..." she said with a helpless nod.

"Don't just try! Make it happen!" Bob shouted angrily.

Hannah simply pursed her lips and kept quiet.

Bob sat back down in his chair and waved at her as he said, "All right, you're dismissed. Go do what you have to do."

"Yes, Mr. Dijon." Hannah nodded and walked out of his office.

There's no way Fabian would agree to this...

She thought to herself as she stood outside Norton Corporation. After taking a deep breath, Hannah made her way into the main lobby.

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"How may I help you, Miss?" The receptionist at the front desk stopped her the moment she came in.

Hannah quickly pulled out her identification and said softly, "I'm Hannah Young, a journalist from Weekly Entertainment. I would like to interview Mr. Norton, please."

"A journalist?" The receptionist frowned impatiently at her. "I'm sorry, Mr. Norton doesn't do interviews. Please leave."

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"But..."

"I told you, he doesn't do interviews. If you don't leave now, I'll have security escort you out of here!" The receptionist's horrible attitude formed a huge contrast with her delicate features.

Hannah looked at the VIP lane on the side and let out a helpless sigh as she put her badge away.

I knew it would only result in failure...

She stole a few glances at the elevator as she began walking out of the building, hoping for a miracle which was unlikely to happen.

"Ms. Young!" The receptionist's voice came from behind her.

Hannah was startled and quickly turned around. "Yes?"

"Mr. Norton said to send you upstairs. Please head to the president's office on the twelfth floor," the receptionist said reluctantly.

"All right, thanks!" Hannah replied with a smile.

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As if I need her to tell me where his office is!

She then took the elevator up with a few of the staff members, but they had all gotten off by the time she arrived at the twelfth floor.

Hannah felt her heart racing as she stared at the floor number on the display.

Ding! The elevator came to a halt.

She tidied her hair and her dress before walking towards Fabian's office with a faint smile on her face.

"You're Hannah Young, right?" A woman in a black business attire appeared before her.

Hannah nodded and replied softly, "Yes, that's right."

"I'm Mr. Norton's assistant. This way, please," the assistant said while bowing slightly at her.

Hannah followed closely behind, and the two arrived outside Fabian's office shortly after.

Knock! Knock! Knock! The assistant knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Fabian's cold voice came from inside.

The assistant opened the door, and Hannah saw Fabian with his head low as he continued reading some documents at his desk. He looked so charming that she found herself a little distracted, but she also noticed something missing in her heart which made her feel extremely terrible.

"Ms. Young is here to see you, Mr. Norton," the assistant said politely.

Fabian looked up and shot Hannah a cold glare. "All right, please get back to work."

"Yes, Mr. Norton." The assistant nodded and walked out of his office, leaving the door open for Hannah who was standing right next to it.

Hannah was so distracted that she didn't even realize Fabian was wearing her favorite royal blue dress shirt with dark red cufflinks.

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"You want to talk with the door open?" Fabian asked playfully, snapping her out of her train of thought.

Hannah quickly closed the door and introduced herself as she walked up to him, "I'm Hannah Young from Weekly Entertainment. Would you have time for an interview, Mr. Norton?"

"Do we even need introductions?" he asked in a hoarse voice while tossing his pen aside and crossing his fingers in front of him.

Hannah's mind went blank for a moment, and she forgot what she had wanted to say.

After taking some time to reorganize her thoughts, she put on her most professional smile ever as she said, "Are you free at the moment, Mr. Norton?"

"I never do interviews, and you should know that better than anyone," Fabian replied calmly.

Of course I do! It's just that...

"This is my job, Mr. Norton. I seek your kind understanding on this matter." She tried her best to make herself sound as polite and gentle as possible.

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow at her in response.

"May we begin the interview now, Mr. Norton?" Hannah cut straight to the chase.

Fabian walked up to her with his hands in his pockets and a devilish grin on his face. "Why don't you answer that question for me instead?" he whispered into her ear while taking a sniff of her hair.