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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1015

Hannah clenched her teeth and took a few steps back before replying coldly, "It's my job to interview you, Mr. Norton. I assure you, it won't take long."

Fabian frowned as he stared briefly at the stubborn look on her face before letting out a chuckle. "You sure are cold towards me."

Hannah felt a sudden pressure on her wrist, and found herself being pulled into his embrace before she knew what was going on.

"Please let go, Mr. Norton!" she exclaimed angrily while putting some distance between them with her elbow.

"And what if I don't?" he asked with a teasing smile as he shoved her onto the couch and got on top of her.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Hannah grumbled softly while struggling with all her might.

Fabian broke into a huge grin as he gently ran his finger over her rosy lips. "You said it yourself that it's your job to interview me, so I'm doing this for your interview!"

"Please behave yourself, Mr. Norton!" Hannah shouted while glaring at him, her eyes were filled with embarrassment and anger.

"Behave myself? Only an impotent man would behave himself in front of his woman! Besides, I'm sure you know just how 'potent' I am..." Fabian said as he gave her breasts a squeeze.

Her face was burning bright red, but her eyes were filled with rage. "F\*ck you!"

Hannah attempted to knee him in the crotch, but Fabian was faster and blocked her attack in time.

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“Looks like I’ll have to punish you a little...” he whispered with a smirk and slowly moved closer towards her face.

Hannah closed her eyes and looked to the side to avoid his kiss.

“Heh...”

She opened her eyes when she heard his chuckle in her ear, meeting his burning hot gaze just inches away from her.

“What are you expecting, hmm?”

“Let go of me!” Hannah shouted angrily through clenched teeth.

Fabian rested his chin on her shoulder and ran his finger gently across her collarbone. “That attitude of yours won’t work if you’re begging me, you know?”

“You...” Hannah was infuriated, but could only let out a helpless sigh as she asked, “What do I have to do to have you accept this interview?”

“Be a good girl, and I’ll give you what you want. Nobody defies me, Hannah. Not even you.”

Hannah went pale and felt a shiver down her spine when she heard that.

W-What’s Fabian playing at?

“And what if I refuse?” she asked defiantly.

“Then you can forget about this interview,” Fabian said while leaning lazily against the sofa.

An awkward pause ensued as Hannah gripped the edge of the sofa so tightly that her nails almost tore through the leather.

She frowned as both Bob’s warning and Regina’s insults echoed in her head.

Eventually, she took a deep breath and helplessly let go of the sofa as she said, “Fine, but you must promise me that you’ll do the interview after this...”

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"Of course." Fabian agreed to it gleefully without any hesitation.

He ran his hand gently along the side of her face before kissing her passionately all of a sudden.

Hannah tensed up instinctively, but Fabian interlocked his fingers with hers and kissed her on the ear lobe while whispering, "Relax..."

As if enchanted by his words, Hannah found herself loosening up a little. It wasn't until he moved on to her collarbone that she came back to her senses again.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1016

She tightened her grip on him, digging her nails deep into the back of his hands.

Fabian frowned slightly in response, but he didn't let that stop him from reaching out to unbutton her blouse.

Hannah instinctively tried to fight him off in response, but pulled her hand back after a brief moment of hesitation.

Fabian let out a wry chuckle in annoyance. "Do you dislike me that much, Hannah?"

Hannah arched an eyebrow at him and said calmly, "I don't think this has anything to do with our interview, Mr. Norton."

Fabian pursed his lips and stared at her for quite a while before breaking into a slight grin. "Then, let's do something that does!"

He then grabbed her by the chin and forced his tongue into her mouth, intertwining it with hers.

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Hannah subconsciously placed her hands on his shoulders for a few seconds before pulling them back again.

Fabian's eyes lit up as he increased the intensity of his kiss and interlocked fingers with her.

After what seemed like an eternity, Fabian let go of her and gently caressed her forehead with an affectionate look in his eyes. "There's a good girl."

Hannah shoved him off angrily and tidied herself up as she asked coldly, "Can we have that interview now, Mr. Norton?"

Fabian flashed her a mischievous grin and leaned closer towards her while pointing at his cheek.

Fabian sure is an annoying one! She pouted at him in response.

"What's the matter? You don't want your job anymore?" he taunted her when he saw no response from her.

"You..." Hannah took a deep breath to quickly calm herself down before giving him a quick peck on the cheek.

Fabian leaned back lazily against the sofa with a satisfied grin and motioned at her to carry on as he said, "You may begin the interview."

Hannah rolled her eyes before sitting down in front of him, only to become completely dumbfounded when she took a look at the file she had.

These questions... Why are they so different from the ones I had before?

"What's wrong?" Fabian asked impatiently while checking the time.

Hannah shook her head and said with a smile, "It's nothing. May I know if you have any plans on marrying Ms. Tanner?"

Fabian smiled slyly when he noticed the grim look on her face. "That depends on her decision, really."

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Hannah bit down on her lip and anxiously shifted her gaze back towards her file, but the next question was worse than the previous one. "Is there more to your sudden announcement of your relationship with Ms. Tanner?" She shuddered a little as she asked that, but forced herself to maintain eye contact anyway.

"Of course not," he replied with a shrug.

"When did you two start seeing each other?" Hannah found herself asking that question before she could stop herself and let out a wry smile. Given everything that has happened... Does knowing that even matter anymore?

"That question wasn't from your senior editor, was it?" Fabian asked while pointing at the file that was sliding off her lap.

She quickly caught it with an awkward smile on her face. "Sorry..."

"That's all right. Carry on," he replied coldly while adjusting his posture.

Hannah recollected her thoughts and successfully completed the interview according to the questions on the file.