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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1047

When Wesley, who was at the side heard that, he inwardly snickered. Hah! Your acting is quite convincing, you old fox! If I hadn't known the truth beforehand, even I would've probably been taken in by you!

As Fabian took the contract from Terry, he saw the clause indicated by Terry's index finger: In the event that Party A is unable to make payment, the guarantor will bear the responsibility of paying it in full. This clause was concealed at an exceedingly inconspicuous spot amidst the few pages of the contract, thus very much difficult to spot.

After glancing through the contract, Fabian murmured with a worried expression, "As you know, Mr. Ziegler, I'm collaborating with Mr. Xenakis' company on this project, so I'm afraid that I can't make an arbitrary decision."

Grasping the meaning of his words, Terry passed Wesley another copy of the contract. He deliberately tapped on the price with his index finger before winking at Wesley. Then, he exclaimed, "Look, Mr. Xenakis. Although the price is exorbitant, this place is a gem and has immense appreciation potential. I'm sure you're well aware of this, so why don't you make a decision?"

As Wesley gazed in the direction of his finger, he was greeted by a shocking figure. He then inwardly counted, Ones, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions! Two hundred and fifty millions! He actually doubled the price of the land!

Wesley's eyes blazed as utter delight swamped him. Haha, this is simply amazing! While he's really ruthless to jack it up this much, I'll be making a tidy sum as well. Since Fabian Norton has agreed to give me money for nothing, why should I decline?

Nonetheless, he intentionally feigned a dour expression as he replied, "The price is rather high, Mr. Norton. However, as mentioned by Mr. Ziegler, the appreciation potential is self-evident, so I think it's still workable."

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Upon hearing this, Fabian couldn't help sneering inwardly. Hah! Do you think you've gotten a free lunch? You think I'm an idiot, huh? Don't come crying to me if something happens later!

He hesitated for a while before concurring, "Since Mr. Xenakis thinks it's okay, it's decided then."

Meanwhile, as Terry looked at Fabian's tortured expression, he inwardly groused. You're truly vicious and greedy. It's you who told me to jack up the price this much, yet you're still acting as though you've suffered a great loss!

Giving a light cough, he then threw Wesley a look. "In that case, let's sign the contract now to save trouble further down the road," he suggested mildly. "It'll be bad if the price were to go up again."

At this, Wesley promptly seconded him, blurting, "Yes, Mr. Norton! We'll both have one less thing to worry about after the contract is signed!"

Still, Fabian feigned a conflicted expression. Heaving a long sigh, he then assented, "Okay. In that case, let's sign the contract."

As he said that, he signed all three copies of the contract before handing them to Terry. Subsequently, Terry took out a red stamp and stamped the Bureau of Land Management's seal on the contract. Then, he handed the contract to Wesley and placidly remarked, "Mr. Xenakis, please also sign as a witness since this is such a huge contract."

When Wesley heard that, puzzlement flooded him. Huh? I've got to stand witness? Thus, he made a soft sound of inquiry. "Hmm?"

Noticing his hesitance, Terry explained, "This is a particular measure taken by the higher-ups to prevent officials from practicing nepotism. As long as a contract exceeds a billion, a witness' signature is required."

After saying that, he leaned over with an expression of concern and muttered in a low voice, "Hurry up and sign it before he changes his mind. If he goes back on his decision, we won't be getting a single cent."

Hearing that, Wesley felt that it indeed made sense. Plus, he assumed that Terry was on his side, so he picked up the pen and signed the contract without the slightest bit of suspicion.

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The moment Terry saw him signing the contract, he immediately breathed a sigh of relief. With undisguised jubilation, he then gushed, "Great, great! It's a load off all of us since the contract has finally been signed. Now, keep the contract properly and ensure that neither of you loses it. This is a crucial document, so make sure you keep it safe."

As Wesley stared at Terry, who was grinning from ear to ear, a trace of envy slithered into him. You're making tens of millions just by signing this contract, yet when the problem occurs later, Fabian Norton is going to shove all the blame on me!

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However, Wesley had no other choice, for he must go through Terry if he wanted to dupe Fabian. But at the thought that he himself had also made more than twenty million, the resentment within him eased slightly. Anyway, it's worth it this time! Thus, he then lifted his wine glass and merrily said to the two of them, "Here, let's celebrate the successful signing of the contract. Also, here's to wishing us a fruitful collaboration!"

What? Is he this elated because he thinks that the money is now his? Ah, he's been tripped by his own ingenuity! Unbidden, a flicker of sympathy welled within Terry at the sight of the euphoria written all over Wesley's face. This poor guy probably doesn't know it yet, huh? In truth, he has already lost two point five billion, and that money is all from his pocket...

It's not you who has tricked Fabian Norton, but the other way around. Why are you so foolish that you chose to make an enemy of him? Say, even if he were to give you a ninety-meter start in a one-hundred-meter race, you might not necessarily be his match!

"Don't worry, Mr. Xenakis. Our collaboration is sure to be a fruitful one," Fabian asserted meaningfully even as an odd smile played on his lips.

Wesley paid it no mind, but at the side, Terry shivered at the sight of the smile. Goodness, he's really terrifying! The expression on his face stiffened, and his voice turned a touch weak as he lifted his wine glass to conceal the terror brewing within him. "Here, here."

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After the meal, Wesley was exceedingly eager to drive Terry home. To him, Terry was already tantamount to the God of Wealth since he had made him over twenty million in just a flash. Thus, he couldn't help being all deferential and reverent toward him.

Fabian, on the other hand, merely stared at both their backs. At this time, he felt that Wesley was acting very much like a bootlicker as he fawned all over Terry. In the next moment, he shrugged. Hah! What a ridiculous man! I wonder if you'll still be all smiles like today when something happens.

Thereafter, he made a call and had someone cook some food and boil some soup for Hannah. Then, he personally delivered them to her.

At this time, Hannah was languidly watching television in her hospital room even as her tinkling giggles floated into the air occasionally. Out of the blue, a click sounded, and the door of the hospital room swung open. As she shifted her gaze to the door, Fabian entered her line of sight.

Fabian was holding a thermal food container in his left hand and a few containers in his right as he walked into the room leisurely. Suddenly, Hannah's face inexplicably turned bright red as she stared at him, and her body shook.

At this, Fabian's brows creased, and he inexorably hastened his steps. But before he had reached her, a splutter of laughter escaped Hannah, followed by a whole bout of it.

In the blink of an eye, her crazed giggles reverberated around the entire room. Meanwhile, Fabian looked at her wordlessly like a child staring at an animal in the zoo.

Upon seeing his expressionless face, Hannah felt that the atmosphere was rather awkward, so she forced herself to stop laughing. Then, she gazed at him docilely like a kid who had done something wrong.

"What did you find so funny?" Fabian inquired, curious.

"N-Nothing," Hannah stuttered in reply to his question.

Placing the food on the table, Fabian turned around and threatened, "Spit it out, or you won't be getting any food."

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“How could you starve me when I’m sick?” Hannah stuck out her cherry lips even as she rolled her eyes in aggrivement.

“Hmm? So, you think I’m joking, huh?” Fabian drawled in a questioning tone as he took two steps forward.

When Hannah clocked his solemn expression that carried no hint of humor, she sheepishly stammered, “N-No. I just felt that you looked very different when carrying those food containers.”

“Why don’t you expound on that?” Fabian pressed.

“Well... Well, you looked a bit like a househusband,” Hannah muttered in a flustered voice while shrugging, appearing resigned to her fate. She initially wanted to lie, but she was afraid that he would be able to see through her.

Well, well... She has a really rich imagination!

“A househusband?” Fabian repeated with a chuckle.

Grimacing, Hannah surreptitiously stole a peek at him. When she saw that he was opening the containers, she finally breathed easier.

“Well? Why are you still in bed? Don’t tell me you’re hoping to be intimate with me on a hospital bed?” Fabian smirked roguishly as though he was going to devour her right then and there.

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