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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1067

“Ok, take good care of yourself then.” Yvette could feel Fabian’s impatience towards her. Thus, she figured something was probably bothering him and hung up the call.

Fabian soon reached home and found Hannah sleeping on the sofa. He couldn’t help but frown. Why is she sleeping here? Could it be that she’s waiting for me to come home?

With a sigh, Fabian brushed his hand over Hannah’s body, carried her up bridal style to the bedroom, and placed her on the bed. “Have you been eating too much recently? You feel a lot heavier than before.”

You’re the one who ate too much! Hannah cursed silently. Your body must be growing weak from hanging out all the time. How dare you call me fat?

As a matter of fact, Hannah was already awake the moment Fabian carried her up. She just pretended to be asleep.

After some time, Hannah walked out of the room barefoot to check on Fabian since he didn’t come back in.

She realized that Fabian was having dinner elegantly at the dinner table.

“You’re back?” Hannah asked.

Fabian gave her a look and continued eating. Duh. Do I look like a ghost to you?

Hannah realized it was a dumb question and scratched her head awkwardly. “Um... when did you come back?”

Upon that, Fabian rolled his eyes and placed his fork down. “Can’t you ask better questions? Like, are we doing it tonight? Don’t you see that I’m still having dinner? It’s obvious I just came home, right?”

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Hannah's face turned crimson upon Fabian's words. She was at a loss for words.

Fabian sighed in despair when he saw Hannah rooted to the ground. Why did I marry this idiot in the first place?

"What are you standing around for? Go take a bath if you have nothing better to do so you can serve me in bed later."

With that, Hannah replied instinctively, "Ok."

She quickly realized what she had agreed to and waved her hands. "You never said I need to serve you in bed."

Fabian smiled wickedly. "You never said you wouldn't."

Hannah opened her mouth in rage and stuttered, "I-I'm n-not going to do it."

Immediately, Fabian stood up and said in a provocative tone. "Why? Are you sure you want me to do it by force?"

Hannah was rendered speechless by his response. I'm the one who has to bear all the consequences whenever he forces me into something.

"Hurry up and take your shower," Fabian bellowed.

Hannah was so terrified that she ran hastily in the direction of the washroom. Fabian, you big bully!

After she left, Fabian lost his appetite, but he was almost full anyway. He then walked to the living room, sat himself down on the sofa, and took up a document he saw lying around on the coffee table.

Oh? So you will be interviewing Yvette tomorrow? I wonder how you will react when you see me there as well.

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Fabian drummed his fingers on the coffee table and chuckled to himself sinisterly. I'll see how it goes tonight. I'll let you off easy tomorrow if I'm happy with your performance tonight. Or else...

Soon, Hannah walked out dressed in her silk pajamas. Water dripped from her damp hair onto her fair skin from time to time, looking deadly gorgeous as she walked towards Fabian.

Fabian's breath hitched upon the sight. He even got hard as he lusted for her.

It would be great if this idiot will cooperate like Yvette.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1068

Seeing Fabian's lustful gaze upon herself, Hannah lowered her head as she felt the heat creeping up her neck. In huge strides, she hurried to her bedroom with a loud bang as she slammed the door.

Hah! Trying to hide? We'll see how long you can keep that up.

Fabian smirked, deciding to let Hannah off the hook for the moment as he entered the bathroom for a shower.

Before long, Fabian emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a bathrobe.

He headed straight for Hannah's bedroom. Twisting the doorknob, Fabian realized that the door had been locked from within. Nevertheless, it did not faze him.

"Resisting isn't gonna help you, Hannah, much less a locked door. I'll let you know that I have a spare key," declared Fabian to the woman in the room in a sing-song voice.

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Hannah, however, completely ignored Fabian from behind the door. She pulled the covers higher up her body, tucking herself tighter in bed.

Seeing the door not opening, Fabian pursed his lips into a thin line. You have been a bad girl tonight, Hannah Young. Guess I'll have to punish you. Fabian turned and walked away to get the spare key he had kept in his room, as if he had predicted something like this to happen.

Click! The door unlocked and opened without a hitch. Fabian entered Hannah's room with an evil sneer on his face, "I gave you a chance to cooperate, too bad you didn't take it. And so, you shall suffer tonight."

Terrified, Hannah raised the covers above her head and hugged them tighter to her body, shivering underneath. Rolling his eyes at the measly attempt of stopping him, Fabian yanked off the blanket in a second, exposing Hannah to thin air.

Sensing the danger in the air, Hannah instinctively rolled off her bed to make a run for it. Before she could, a pair of strong hands caught her and held her firmly, causing her to squirm.

Oh, so now you're resisting my touch? I'm your freaking husband! "What, still hoping to get away? You've aroused my wrath, so now you're gonna have to pay for it." A chill ran down Hannah's spine as she registered the chill in Fabian's voice, fully aware that she had messed up.

Hannah turned to face Fabian with pleading eyes, only to be awestruck by his disheveled but attractive appearance after his shower.

His features looked as though they were carved by the gods, sharp and defined. His hair wild and unruly; his face reckless and nonchalant; his gaze cold and dominant. Lowering her eyes, Hannah caught sight of his chest, rising and falling to his breath. Water droplets dripped down to his abs, enhancing each of the clear lines. Hovering above her on the bed, Hannah thought Fabian looked very much like a powerful king seated on his throne.

And I'm his queen!

"Did you think you can get away with it by staying silent?" Fabian's voice showed displeasure as his lips twisted.

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In reality, seeing Hannah ogling at him so intently, Fabian's anger had diminished by a half, replaced by an overwhelming need and desire.

Snapping back to reality, Hannah blushed furiously at her embarrassing fantasies, wishing the ground would open up and swallow her up whole.

Without warning, Fabian lunged forward, pinning Hannah onto the bed and kissing her passionately, savoring the sweetness of her lips.

Caught by surprise, Hannah froze. Regaining her senses, Hannah registered that her own lips were being caught in Fabian's. Panic rose to her chest as she hit Fabian's back in retardation.

Fabian halted and pulled away. Frowning at the interruption, Fabian narrowed his eyes and gave a piercing glare at Hannah.

"Best not to resist, hun. You're well aware of my temper. You'll be the one that'll suffer in the end."

Speechless, Hannah stopped struggling, knowing full well that Fabian was right. Even so, she pursed her lips, thinking to herself how brusque Fabian's actions were, but there was nothing she could do except to comply.

Noticing Hannah had stopped resisting, Fabian soften his tone. "That's more like it," he cooed. "I love obedient women more."

At those words, an image of Yvette Tanner flashed across Hannah's mind, causing her to feel upset. Are you talking about her? Is she more obedient? Is that why you considered marrying her?

Fabian once again pressed his lips against Hannah's without hesitation, the kiss full of passion and desire. Hannah felt her tongue getting numb as Fabian twisted his tongue against hers.

His hands caressed her entire body up and down hungrily, not at all slowed down by the intense kiss.

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Heat flared between the two bodies as they gasped for air. Breathing heavily, Fabian removed his bathrobe and ripped off Hannah's nightgown. Startled, Hannah let out a low moan, panting heavily. The two continued to be entangled with each other, leading to a passionate night.

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