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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1069

Lost to the concept of time, Fabian finally stopped after who knows how long, sweat dripping all over his body. Hannah, on the other hand, lay on the bed, breathing greedily for air as her body went limp, not yet recovered from the passionate night they had.

“Not bad. Quite cooperative just now, weren’t you?” The scratches left by Hannah on his back was beginning to feel tender, yet Fabian was not at all upset. In fact, he felt pleased.

Hannah widened her eyes in disbelief of her own actions. What happened to me? How could I be so... so lustful?

Desire sparked through Fabian’s eyes once more, burning like a raging forest fire. His lips curled into a beguiling smile, “Well, well, well Hannah... you look like you enjoyed it more than I did. Are you up for another round?”

Annoyed, Hannah turned her face away from Fabian. “Shameless,” she scolded softly, scoffing.

The word travelled into Fabian’s ears. He shrugged reluctantly, but decided to stop pursuing the matter. At least she had cooperated with me once.

Seeing Fabian no longer pushing her on the subject, Hannah sat up slowly. “The incident with Regina, were you the one...”

Perhaps Fabian had been a little too rough on her just now. Hannah’s soft voice chocked and cracked as she spoke, sounding pitiful.

“Yes. That was my doing. No one is allowed to mess with my woman,” admitted Fabian confidently.

With a swift motion, he pulled Hannah towards himself, nesting her head on his chest. “If you need a sense of security, I will give it to you!” whispered Fabian softly, stroking her hair.

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The light of dawn torn apart the veil of night, shining on Fabian's forehead and waking him up from his slumber. Stretching with his eyes still closed, Fabian moved his hands towards the other side of the bed, expecting to feel the silly woman beneath his fingers. However, much to his surprise, no one else was there but him. It was only then did he remember that Hannah had an interview that day, so she must have gotten up early to get ready.

Fabian removed the covers groggily and rolled over to the side, enjoying the sunshine. He had slept soundly with no dreams nor nightmare, probably because of the intense night he had with Hannah the night before.

After a few lazy minutes, Fabian got up to brush himself up. Upon entering the bathroom, he noticed water droplets still on the mirror, indicating that Hannah had only left not long ago.

From Hannah's documents he had read last night, Fabian knew Hannah would be going to Yvette Tanner's launch event for a new drama series. After the pleasant night he had with her, Fabian decided to give Hannah a surprise as a reward. He dialed her number. "Hello? Where are you?" His raspy yet magnetic voice rang on the other end as Hannah picked up.

"Oh, you're awake? I'm at the hairdresser's," answered Hannah after a second of bewilderment. Why's he asking me this?

Every girl longs to be beautiful, including Hannah. Moreover, she would be attending a launch event organized by her love rival, of course she would want to outshine Yvette Tanner.

"Send me the address." Fabian didn't even bother asking.

"Ah? Why?" asked Hannah, but all she heard from the other end was beeping. Fabian had hung up just like that.

Has he lost his mind? Hannah grumbled softly to herself in annoyance, but still sent Fabian the address of the salon in the end. She had learnt her lesson not to rebel against Fabian's orders.

At the house, Fabian dialed another number. "Ask someone to drive a minivan to this address and pick up Hannah Young and get her makeup done. As for the clothes... pick out

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a close-fitting evening gown with a halter neckline, preferably with elegant embroidery,” ordered Fabian to a makeup artist from one of his subsidiary companies.

Hannah was currently wearing a lilac knee-length cocktail dress. Her delicate feet were in a pair of black lace-up high heels. Looking in the mirror with her hair done, Hannah nodded in approval of her appearance. Hmpf, I shall not lose out to you tonight.

Hannah had recently started comparing herself to Yvette. If she had won, her mood would be undeniably better for the rest of the day, if she didn't, her morale would plummet to the ground. Hannah was confused with this new sense of jealousy. She was never one to compare herself with someone else.

The second she stepped foot out of the hair salon, a young man blocked her in her path. “Excuse me, madam. Are you Hannah Young?” he asked in a polite manner.

The young man had a light and smooth voice, allowing the listener to take a liking to him instantly. Even so, Hannah was curious. I've never met this man before, so how does he know my name?

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Hannah observed the person standing in front of her. He looked about twenty-five or twenty-six, his hair reaching the nape of his neck, fringes almost reaching his eyes and was wearing a printed T-shirt and ripped black jeans. The way he effortlessly pulled off the outfit outshone the entire street, but his most prominent feature was his long, slender fingers, almost as delicate as a queen's hand, but large.

“Yes, I'm Hannah Young, but who are you?” Hannah was certain that they never crossed path with each other. How does the guy know my name?

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"I am the chief makeup artist from Aimee Group, Franchot Dunn. You can call me Franchot," introduced the young man.

Upon seeing the confusion written on Hannah's face, Franchot quickly explained, "Oh, Mr. Norton sent me. He asked me to give you a makeover."

What? Did he say Aimee Group? The luxury salon frequented by the rich and famous including most celebrities? That Aimee Group? And did he say he is the chief makeup artist?

Hannah's jaw dropped as she was stunned. She was never the type who would pay for such premium services as she was never bothered. If it wasn't for the fact that she would be attending Yvette's launch event later, she wouldn't even have gotten her hair done. Normally, Hannah would rarely put on makeup whenever she went out, and even if she did, she'd just do her makeup on her own.

Not only that, Hannah was secretly terrified of the bill attached to the service being offered right now. Not only was she getting her makeup done by the most prestigious salon in town but by the chief makeup artist too. Hannah could feel the hole burning in her pocket just thinking of that. Even though Fabian was the one who footed the bill, she never wanted to spend his money.

She had been giving Fabian half of her paycheck every month to pay off all the outfits and jewelry he had given her. However, at the rate she was going, she would still have to pay for another two to three years in order to clear off the debt.

"Thank you for the offer, Mr. Dunn, but I'm kind of in a hurry right now. Sorry for wasting your time... How 'bout this? Once I'm done with work, I'll treat you a meal as compensation..." hesitated Hannah, fidgeting awkwardly. She had no idea how bad a temper Franchot had, but she had heard many stories about the upper-class society being smug and emotional, especially those with remarkable talent.

"That won't be an issue, madam. Mr. Norton had requested us to come in a minivan. I believe he had taken into account that you're pressed for time."

Fabian, why must you always make decisions for me without checking with me first? Is it that hard to ask me? Hannah complained and sighed inwardly but ultimately answered with a smile, "Alright. In that case, let's go ahead."

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The pair entered a minivan. Hannah took a seat as the driver took off. Franchot, on the other hand, busied himself with Hannah's makeover. He did her brows and applied foundation, contour, blush...

Each stroke of the brush was done with immense concentration from Franchot. His eyes gleamed with attentiveness as he leaned forward, carefully outlining Hannah's features. Different shades of foundation and powder were tested on the back of his own hand before he applied the perfect shade on Hannah. Every once in a while, Franchot would shift the position of his feet for a better angle in order for perfection.

After the makeup was done, Franchot helped Hannah pick out a dress that suited her figure and skin complexion best, not forgetting Fabian's request for a close-fitting evening gown with a halter neckline. He even changed her black lace-up heels for something daintier.

Satisfied with Hannah's final look, Franchot smiled proudly and snapped his fingers. "All done, Ms. Young. I hope you like your makeover."

Hannah peered out of the car window and noticed they were about to pull up to her destination. Phew, I am just in time.

Hannah stood up from her seat for a better view of the full-body mirror in the minivan. Upon seeing her reflection, Hannah's hand flew up to her mouth, gasping in awe. Her hair was curled up in the most elegant way possible. The brown smoky eye enhanced her dark eyes, making them look rather mesmerizing. Her lips were tinted in a darker shade of red, making Hannah look sexy and bold. She was dressed in a navy blue, body hugging evening gown with a side split and halter neckline, laced with delicate silver embroidery and matching perfectly with the pair of heels Franchot had chosen for her. The dress accentuated her figure and she looked marvelous.

Hannah was astounded by Franchot's skills. No wonder he was the chief makeup artist of the company. His hands worked miracles. She finally understood why so many famous celebrities would specifically ask for the service provided by Aimee Group. When she compared it with her own makeup skills, Hannah blushed sheepishly and felt like a kid with a crayon in comparison to an artist's canvas.

However, it wasn't long before reality dawned on her. With such an amazing makeover, it's surely gonna cost me an arm and a leg. "Um... How much would all this be?" Hannah asked with a wry smile.

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“Oh, don’t worry about it, Ms. Young.” smiled Franchot with a dismissive wave. “It’s free of charge as Aimee Group is a subsidiary of Phoenix Group, and it was Mr. Norton who requested the service.”

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