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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1071 - 1072

Hannah breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the invisible weight on her shoulders lifted. She was honestly worried that she might faint from the amount Franchot would quote.

"In that case, I'll be on my way then, but thank you so much. I love it!" Hannah quickly got out of the car, but not before flashing Franchot a genuine smile.

As she walked towards the entrance, Hannah called her colleague who was supposed to be her cameraman in that event. To her dismay, he had not arrived, so she headed inside alone.

When she entered the hall, the place was still not crowded. No spotlights shone on the spacious stage either. Clearly, the important guests had yet to arrive.

Hannah made her way to a quiet corner and took a seat. She disliked attending formal events as she would much prefer to relax and enjoy a quiet moment to herself.

Glancing at the fancy cakes served on the table, Hannah swallowed her saliva hungrily. She yearned to have a taste but was afraid to smudge her makeup and ruin her look. An inner dialogue started within her mind. Remembering that Yvette would be attending the event, Hannah ultimately decided to give up on her craving. Hmpf, with Franchot's help today, there's no chance I'd look inferior standing next to her.

Hannah was certain that Yvette would have a personal stylist as a celebrity. Even so, Hannah was confident that she would be prettier than Yvette even without putting on any makeup. Not to mention she got a makeover by the amazing Franchot Dunn.

Soon, the crowd in the hall grew larger. Hannah found her colleague among the crowd, carrying a bulky camera with him and he left right after that. Following the cheers and screams of the crowd, all eyes were turned to the stage.

Right that instant, Yvette Tanner made her entrance—shining bright like the star. She was dressed in a white flowy gown that reached her ankle with her feet in a pair of silver heels with studded diamonds. Her shoulder-length hair danced behind her while an exquisite necklace hung around her neck, adding more glam to the outfit. She looked as though an angel had stepped down from heaven into the receiving crowd.

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Seeing Yvette's dramatic entrance, Hannah twitched her lips in annoyance. "Such a showoff," mumbled Hannah to herself.

Reluctantly, Hannah lifted the camera to capture a few photos. Staring at the photos, Hannah rolled her eyes again. Tsk, you're still not as pretty as me even with all the makeup!

Soon, the loud atmosphere began to mellow. Yvette shook hands with some people in the crowd from time to time. Most of the audience that day were upper-class socialites, which was why Yvette treated them with caution and curtesy.

"How pretentious!" Following Yvette waltzing through the crowd with her eyes, Hannah could hardly hear her own voice as she scoffed.

"Hello, miss, are you here alone?" a voice called out to Hannah.

Tearing her eyes away from Yvette's silhouette, Hannah raised her guard as she sized up the man in front of her. "Why? Is there anything?"

Hmpf, I'm nothing like Yvette. I'm not gonna flash you a fake smile or try to please you. If it wasn't a stern order from Mr. Dijon, I wouldn't even be here now.

"Erm... I just thought you looked a little lonely, so I thought I'd approach you. Hope you don't find me rude," replied the man apologetically.

Hannah nodded in response. She didn't find the person in front of her irritating. He looked and carried himself like a gentleman, all dressed up in a black suit. He probably did not have any bad intentions, but Hannah just did not have the habit of approaching strangers nor making small talk.

"I'm not some wealthy heiress, so there's no need to address me as 'miss' or anything as such. My name's Hannah Young. I'm a journalist for a magazine company and I'm here to interview Yvette Tanner. We are probably not of the same social status, so there's really no need for you to sit here with me," rejected Hannah curtly.

Shock flashed across the man's face. He had not expected Hannah to turn him down in such a straightforward manner. "Hannah Young," chuckled the man awkwardly. "I shall keep your name in mind."

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With that, the man got up to leave. After making a few steps, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned around to face Hannah. "By the way, my name's Xavier Jackson." With a smile, he left.

As the man walked away, Hannah peered at his shrinking silhouette out of the corner of her eye. What does your name have anything to do with me?

Hannah gently wiped away her lipstick and picked up a glass of wine on the table. As she was preparing to take a sip, a sharp voice interrupted her movements. "Hannah Young, are you drinking alone? Poor thing, does Fabian not want you anymore? Well, I did tell you that Fabian is not gonna like a woman as shabby as you. He was probably just messing around with you."

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Yvette's irritating voice rang in Hannah's ear, instantly giving the latter a headache. Glaring at Yvette, Hannah scolded silently in her mind.

Tsk, are you any better? The only thing you know is to seduce men. What's there to brag about? You're just an idiot fantasizing about becoming Mrs. Norton. Do you know that he has already taken me as his wife?

Hannah frowned slightly but managed to squeeze out a smile. "Yeah, you're right. I am shabby, but you're just a little shabbier than I am, else Fabian wouldn't be so nice to me," mocked Hannah, swallowing the rage in her.

"Oh, really? Is Fabian really that nice to you?" asked Yvette, feigning surprise. "How come I've never heard of it? All I know is that he told me, I will soon be his wife," declared Yvette proudly with a raised eyebrow. Even if she were lying, Hannah couldn't tell.

Utterly devastated at those words, the scenes where she interrogated Fabian, demanding to know if he really did consider marrying Yvette surfaced in Hannah's mind.

Stay calm... stay calm...

Hannah repeated those words nonstop in her head as if chanting a magic spell, trying to ground herself. Hannah stayed frozen in position for a few seconds, lost in thoughts.

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Yvette, on the other hand, enjoyed seeing how Hannah reacted like an idiot.

Hmpf, do you want to compete with me? You're still missing years of excruciating training. Look at how you are all dolled up. Are you trying to seduce Fabian after knowing he would be here? Hmpf, in your dreams. Only I get to be Mrs. Norton.

Yvette twisted her body, pretending to stagger. The wine glass in her hand slipped out her grasp, spilling all over Hannah's gown.

Regaining her senses, Hannah leaped to her feet and exclaimed in surprise, "Ah! Yvette, what do you think you're doing?"

Hannah's scream attracted many heads to turn in their direction.

Yvette slowly twisted her body, seemingly trying to stretch out her waist in a painful manner. "Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry," said Yvette weakly, "I've accidentally twisted my ankle. It wasn't done on purpose. Please don't be mad at me," continued Yvette with trembling lips and she looked apologetic.

Hmpf! You sure deserve an Oscar for this act. We both know you did it on purpose, yet here you are playing the victim. You are really such a professional actress.

Yvette leaned slightly towards Hannah, "What? Do you think my acting skills are good for nothing?" whispered Yvette with a smirk.

Hannah trembled in anger as her fists clenched beside her body. Everyone around them had accepted the lie that Yvette had hurt her ankle and unintentionally spilled the wine on her dress. Hannah swallowed all the words she wanted to say to refute, knowing it would be in vain. Without another word, Hannah picked up her bag and hurried towards the restroom.

Seeing Hannah scurrying away, Yvette's lips curled up into an evil sneer, twisting her features into the ugliest look a person could have, despite the heavy, exquisite makeup she had on.

In the restroom, Hannah desperately tried to remove the stain with tissues. After struggling for a few minutes, she realized her attempts were futile. No matter how hard she rubbed, the stain would still be visible. Giving up, she decided not to wear the evening gown Franchot had picked for her anymore but rather changed into her own lilac cocktail dress.

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Thank goodness I brought this dress with me. How embarrassing would it be if I didn't?

After changing her outfit, Hannah fixed her makeup and checked herself in the mirror. Only when she's satisfied with the way she looked did she exit the restroom.

The resentment of being humiliated was still coursing through Hannah's veins. "Hmpf! Yvette Tanner, you must be so envious of my dress that you have to ruin it. That's okay, I will defeat you regardless of what I'm wearing!" Hannah mumbled softly to comfort and pacify herself.

The second Hannah stepped foot outside the restroom, she caught sight of Yvette being all over Fabian, which infuriated her even more.

Oh, do you not have any bones on you or are your muscles so underdeveloped that you have to be glued on to someone else for support? Do you have no shame in doing that in front of all those eyes and cameras? Hannah rolled her eyes again before shooting daggers at the pair.

"Fabian, my ankle is a little painful. Can you please help me?" Yvette stuck out her lower lip and gazed at Fabian with her round, glassy eyes, searching for sympathy.

Yvette had purposefully put on her best makeup that day and it gave her an exquisite look. The flawless skin on her face looked even more radiant than usual. How could a renowned ladies man like Fabian possibly decline her request? "Alright," answered Fabian swiftly with a charming smile while reaching for her arm.

Hannah felt a pang in her heart at Fabian's actions, as disappointment filled her eyes. In reality, Fabian just wanted to take the advantage of having a beautiful woman in his arms out of boredom with no feelings attached. Sadly, in Hannah's perception, the scene showed that Fabian had feelings for Yvette because Hannah knew one thing for sure—Fabian wouldn't touch a woman he doesn't like.

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