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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1073 - 1074

Are you really thinking about dumping me so you can marry her?

Hannah chuckled icily, "Heh, 'dump' isn't even the correct word for it. We have only been faking it since the beginning."

Bitterness filled Hannah's heart as she felt it crumbled into pieces. She admitted to herself that she was feeling jealous, but she was careful not to let her emotions show. With the best smile she could muster, Hannah walked towards them with her camera.

I'm here to do an interview, not to see the lovey-dovey show you two are putting up. Whatever you do is none of my business.

Hannah reminded herself of the reason she was there and turned her head away from Fabian and Yvette, leaving the pair out of her peripheral vision. Out of sight, out of mind.

As Fabian helped Yvette to stand on her feet, his gaze did not stop searching the crowd for a familiar silhouette. This is odd. I'm sure that dum-dum would be here, so how come I don't see her?

After a few minutes of searching, Fabian finally found Hannah seated in a lonely and well-hidden corner. Fabian's brows furrowed as he caught sight of her. Hmm? Why is she not wearing the evening gown I've requested for her? Fabian pursed his lips into a flat line, displeased.

He then noticed the bag and camera on the table in front of her, causing the flame of anger to burn ever more ferociously. As Fabian was late to the party, he had no clue about what happened before he arrived. Naturally, he thought Hannah chose not to wear the gown he had chosen for her deliberately.

I had meticulously picked out an elegant evening gown that suits her best, and that ungrateful woman just simply stuffed it in a bag?

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Fabian tightened his grip on Yvette's waist out of anger. Feeling the subtle pain on her waist, Yvette looked up at him, only to see his dark, cold expression, with his eyes focused elsewhere. Following his gaze, Yvette saw Hannah seated at the corner.

Huh, you have angered Fabian again, you little b\*tch? You can't even make a man happy, how can you possibly win a man's affection?

Yvette intentionally leaned closer to Fabian. She wanted Hannah Young to see how intimate she was with Fabian, crushing any hopes Hannah had for Fabian.

Unfortunately for Hannah, the launch event for the new drama series had officially started. Sighing heavily, she picked up her camera with zero enthusiasm. Frustration boiled in her blood as she headed towards Yvette. She had been bullied and humiliated by Yvette. Yet, not only could she not seek revenge, she even had to interview Yvette as it was her assignment.

Yvette stood in the spotlight in an elegant and graceful posture, her movements laced with impeccable class.

"Thank you all for coming here today to witness the launch event of my new drama series. I am more than honored..."

Yvette started her eloquent speech onstage, earning another eye-roll from Hannah in the crowd. "Oh please. Are you a product that you have to promote yourself and pull the interest from the crowd?" scoffed Hannah under her breath.

As the speech ended, Hannah couldn't help but scold again, "Finally. Just how she was dragging on her speech, blah, blah, blah... Don't you know the crowd is starting to hate your voice?"

Contrary to her words, the audience erupted into cheers and thunderous applause followed suit. Hannah coughed awkwardly to hide her embarrassment. Well, that was humiliating.

It had then reached the session where Yvette would be answering interviews. Swarms of journalists rushed forward with microphones and cameras. The sound of cameras clicking and chatters filled the hall instantly.

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The purpose of Yvette's previous visit to the company Hannah was working at was only for the chance to embarrass Hannah during the launch event. She had no intention to give their company the invitation to do an exclusive interview and coverage for the event.

Yvette was not stupid. She knew the presence of many journalists would boost the popularity of her drama to a higher notch.

A simple invitation by Yvette to half of the news industry had given an immense headache to Hannah, who was carrying a bulky camera. Although she was petite and agile, the camera in her hands had severely slowed down her pace and increased the difficulty of her squeezing through the crowd, causing her to lack behind.

"Ms. Tanner, do you think this series will breakthrough in the entertainment industry?" asked a journalist.

"Mm hmm, I think so," nodded Yvette.

"Why is that, Ms. Tanner? Care to enlighten us?" Another journalist extended the microphone in her hand towards the star.

"Because the genre of this series has established a precedent in the market in our country. On top of that, the visuals and special effects in the series are top-notch. Not to mention the cast are mainly famous actors and actresses in the series, I'd say this series stands a pretty good chance," announced Yvette in all smiles.

Chatters and clicking continued as the journalists continued pestering Yvette relentlessly for more details of the series.

The journalists kept bombarding Yvette with different questions and she answered all those questions graciously. Perhaps it was because the questions asked were nothing special, the journalists did not seem to have much enthusiasm. After a few boring minutes, one of the reporters finally lost his patience and blurted, "Ms. Tanner, there have been rumors flying about that you are currently dating Mr. Norton, the president of Phoenix Group. Is that true?"

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Hannah was stunned. The camera wobbled on her shaky shoulder as she looked up at Fabian, who stood on the stage, waiting for his answer.

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Everyone else in the audience was also taken aback by the question; gasps and countless whispers erupted from them:

“Is this true? Why didn’t I know of this?”

“Doesn’t that make her Fabian’s lover if they’re seeing each other?”

...

The sudden question had flustered Yvette. She wanted to admit their relationship, but she didn’t dare to blabber without Fabian’s consent since all of this would be published in newspapers the next day. So she narrowed her eyes at Fabian, sending him a questioning gaze.

At this, Fabian’s lips twitched into a sly smile. He stepped forward and declared to the journalists, “It’s true!”

Those words had slapped hard onto Hannah’s cheek and dulled her vision. She gripped tightly onto the camera, steadying it on her shoulder although her knees were on the brink on giving in.

You’re seeing her? Then, what does that make me? Some plaything of yours?

The journalist’s eyes widened at his answer. Uninhibited excitement flashed on his face as he eagerly followed up with another question. “Then, Mr. Norton, is your current investment because of Ms. Tanner?”

You even invested funds in her drama? I thought you attended this event simply because she invited you... Hannah brimmed with disappointment. She looked quietly at Fabian, who was still stood on the stage.

Fabian smiled at the journalist. “Both Yve and I believe that this drama will be a hit. Naturally, it’s only sensible that I invest in a valuable drama. But of course, Yve did play a part in my decision to invest.”

The journalists buzzed on the edges of their seats. They could already envision juicy titles for tomorrow’s headline: Breaking News! President of Phoenix Company Admits to Relationship With Starlett Yvette At Press Conference.

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Yve? Hannah snorted at this. How sweet, you two sound like you're so close. And here I thought that you loved me... I guess I just lived in a fantasy made-up in my head.

Hannah suppressed the grating pain in her chest. She rolled her shoulders back before approaching the stage to ask Yvette, "Ms. Tanner, do you think Mr. Norton is a perfidious person?"

The other journalists frowned in confusion, unsure of how Fabian's perfidiousness was related to the conference.

On the stage, Fabian's lips curled into a derisive smile. What's this? You think I'm traitorous for divorcing you? Is this meant as a jab towards me? So you still care about me?

Similar to the journalists, Yvette couldn't comprehend Hannah's question and thought that she was deliberately making things difficult for her.

"He's certainly not. I wouldn't have gotten together with Fabian if I doubted his feelings for me," Yvette answered in a sweet voice as she fluttered her lashes at Fabian endearingly.

"Good for you," Hannah uttered caustically while glaring at Fabian before turning to leave.

Hannah looked around the place dejectedly. It wasn't clear when the party would end. But given her understanding of these events, it would likely be after nightfall. She felt annoyed about this and headed off to a pizza joint in the nearby area. I may as well ditch work.

For a food-loving woman like me, there's nothing like good pizza to solve all my problems. If that doesn't make me feel any better, then two pizzas surely will!

There really is nothing quite as luxurious as enjoying a pizza in an air-conditioned room in such hot weather. But as she chowed down a couple of slices, bitter thoughts surfaced in her mind. Right... Fabian and I had shared a pizza the last time we were here. Just look at how he is having the time of his life with Yvette.

At this, Hannah chided herself. You're so pathetic, Hannah! Fabian doesn't even care about you, yet you still miss him secretly!

Ugh, forget about him! This is really stressing me out.

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Loneliness overwhelmed Hannah as she finished her meal. The pizza didn't quite improve her mood as much as she initially thought it would. Sadly, resentment still leeches onto her heart like a parasite. Since she ditched work and didn't have to rush home, she decided to go shopping instead. After all, one mustn't set themselves up for torment, right?

I don't need you to love me, Fabian. I'll love myself and that'll be just fine.

Hannah hadn't been out to shop ever since she and Fabian got married because he often had items delivered to their doorstep. However, the circumstances this time were different. She shopped as if she had been transported back to her high school days of scavenging through sales racks, snacking on popsicles whilst hopping from shop to shop for clothes and accessories that she liked, then heading home with arms full of bags.

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