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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1077 - 1078

Nonetheless, Hannah perked right up after receiving an affirmative answer. At least now I won't get another earful from the senior editor.

"Wren, take her to Mr. Jackson's office," the receptionist said.

Once Hannah was out of sight, the receptionist grumbled aloud to herself, "I knew it! There's no way that she's only here to interview Mr. Jackson; she's taking advantage of her identity as a journalist to seduce Mr. Jackson."

"Alright, this is Mr. Jackson's office," Wren declared. He stepped closer to the door and knocked on behalf of Hannah before leaving.

"Come in," a sensuous and insistent voice called from the inside. It soothingly drew her attention.

Hannah straightened her collar before entering. As she crossed the door, Hannah caught a whiff of a fruity yet floral aroma. She trailed after the ambrosial scent and saw that Xavier was brewing some tea.

Xavier wore a white suit, which was a rare occurrence. However, his slender fingers stood out more as they moved nimbly, as well as elegantly while preparing the tea.

Xavier didn't even spare her a glance. Instead, his eyes focused on the tea brewing before him as he said through a smile, "Have a seat."

Hannah's lips curled over her teeth into a tense smile. "I came over because I'd like to interview you. I hope you'll kindly agree to do it."

Xavier placed a teacup in front of Hannah, then lifted an intricately painted teapot to pour her a cup of tea.

"I knew it. Here I was wondering why you would seek me out, turns out it's for this reason." Xavier filled another teacup for himself.

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Bringing the teacup to his lips, Xavier took a sip and lightly shook his head in satisfaction. "Try it. I had someone source it from abroad recently. It tastes rather good."

Hannah sampled the tea as if she knew a thing or two about professional tea-tasting. Fabian had taught her a bit about tea quality when they got their marriage certificate back then. After taking a sip, her lips smacked lightly. "The tea has a refreshing note on the first sip and ends with a slight sweetness. It's really good."

Xavier widened his eyes at Hannah's evaluation. She's well-versed in the subject of tea?

"Impressive, Ms. Young. I have never expected you to be a tea connoisseur."

"You're flattering me, Mr. Jackson. I only know a thing or two when it comes to basics of tea."

Xavier assumed that Hannah was humble, not wanting to boast about her knowledge. Little did he know that she had actually told the truth. Even her evaluation earlier was a repetition of what Fabian used to say.

"I'm starting to wonder if fate sent you here as my love interest, or perhaps you just came over to seduce me. After all, we just met yesterday; isn't it a little too coincidental that you're here to interview me today?" Xavier had a playful smile and tried to flirt with her.

Hannah's face scrunched with skepticism towards Xavier's improper behavior. Nevertheless, she put on a stern face and reminded, "Mr. Jackson. My reason for being here is purely for the sake of interviewing you. Please, I hope you refrain from making such jokes again."

For a slight second, a bright red blush crept across Xavier's face. He felt appalled that she hadn't behaved like other timid, mice-like journalists who only nodded and bowed at his words. Instead, she was the first to talk back to him in such a reprimanding tone. Yet, it immediately reeled in his attention, making him more intrigued. His lips curved at the woman sitting before him.

"I was only joking Ms. Young. There's no need to take me so seriously," Xavier explained and lifted the teacup from the table, then downed its contents. A bitterness burned down the back of his throat.

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Women often flocked around Xavier, throwing themselves at him willingly. Now that he finally encountered an exception to those women, he was obviously not going to let her off easy. He wanted to have a bit of fun with her and see how long she could keep her prudish composure.

Xavier Jackson. Typical womanizer and has probably dated more than half of the women working in showbiz. Decently capable of managing and maintaining order in his family's company, Jackson Group.

These sentences surfaced in Hannah's mind. She recalled reading them in Xavier's information in the file that the senior editor gave to her. Maybe it was her mind playing tricks, but the more she looked at Xavier now, the more he seemed like a pervert in disguise.

At some point, Hannah texted her current location to Fabian, thinking that he may go around searching for her since she wasn't home and hadn't left him any calls despite it already being noon.

Fortunately, Xavier had stopped with the inappropriate jokes after Hannah's warning. So she picked up her camera and began the task that she came to do.

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With Xavier's smooth and concise response to every question, the interview soon came to an end.

Hannah let out a sigh of relief when the interview finally ended. Tidying the documents in her hand, she stood up to announce, "That's all. I've got no more questions for you. This interview will be published shortly after I get back to the office and tidy up the loose ends."

Xavier hummed in agreement whilst nodding.

Deep down, he had to hand it to Hannah for meticulously asking questions that were simple yet straight to the point. At the same time, her style of interviewing was impartial and reasonably paced. The way she handled the interview had added points to his impression of her greatly.

"Mr. Jackson, I'll be taking my leave now that the interview is over." Hannah packed up hurriedly. She was terrified of not being to defend herself should Xavier harass her with his

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sly innuendos again, especially since she couldn't reply or react too outrageously. After all, the senior editor had threatened to end her career if she didn't complete this task properly.

"Okay. As chance would have it, I'm getting off work too. Shall we leave together?" Xavier casually announced after glancing at his watch. Then, he took the lead and exited the office, leaving her with no choice but to follow.

They soon waited inside the descending elevator. Hannah's eyes cautiously darted around while she kept a distance away from Xavier. She deliberately stood in front of the doors, ready to run if anything were to happen. Of course, she knew that this was an impolite thought to have. But what am I to do if Xavier suddenly wants to take advantage of me? I can't just allow him any chance to do that!

Her actions didn't go unnoticed by Xavier, whose smile curved deeper at this. This woman is getting more fascinating by the second.

Xavier teasingly raised his hand and patted Hannah's shoulder. "Ms. Young, I believe that you're also a fellow tea lover. It just so happens that my friend had gifted me some rose tea which is rich with elements good for skin complexion. Honestly, this tea doesn't suit my taste, so I'd like to gift them to you. I'll have my secretary pass it to you in a bit."

Hannah's heart hammered in her chest when Xavier's hand first landed on her shoulder, but after hearing what he had to say, she exhaled loudly as she patted her chest and rolled her eyes with relief.

Dude! You scared the daylights out of me. While Xavier's actions had scared her senseless, they also lightened the mood and simultaneously improved her impression of him. He's not so bad. How does he earn himself such a reputation then?

At this, she couldn't help but compare him to Fabian. Oh, Fabian... you're both presidents of big companies, yet the two of you are so strikingly different.

Xavier is so refined and well-mannered. Meanwhile, you're always so uptight. It's as if everyone in the world has wronged you.

When the elevator doors opened, Xavier extended his arm and gentlemanly gestured for her to exit first. His arm had also considerably blocked against the elevator door in case it closed on her.

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I get it now. His attentiveness to women as well as his prestigious background makes female celebrities crazy for him. He's probably too nice to reject their advances, so he comes off as a veritable casanova in the public's eye. Mm-hmm, this explains everything perfectly.

It was painfully obvious that Hannah's imagination was so vivid that she managed to convince herself of such implausible reasons.

As they arrived side by side downstairs, the receptionist was convinced of her earlier suspicions. She really is the president's new flavor of the month, but when did the president change his dating preference from pursuing all sorts of gorgeous celebrities to a mere journalist?

Xavier casually raised a hand to summon his assistant and instructed, "Pack the rose tea that Mr. Norton previously gifted me and bring it over to Ms. Young here."

Mr. Norton? Did he mean Fabian? No way. Fabian wouldn't gift this guy rose tea, would he? Hannah contemplated this for a moment before pushing the entire thought aside. It must be Mr. Norton from another company with the same name. Yeah, that person probably gifted the tea to Xavier.

Xavier's assistant narrowed his eyes in confusion. A gift from Mr. Norton? Are you certain, Mr. Jackson? Why am I not aware of this?

The assistant's face paled uncomfortably. He tapped on Xavier's arm and leaned in to whisper, "Perhaps you're mistaken, Mr. Jackson?"

Xavier flashed an 'excuse me' smile at Hannah before turning his head to growl in a lowered, hoarse voice at his assistant. "You idiot. It's the rose tea that I got from Finnick whilst hitting on some girls that one time."

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