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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1109 - 1110

Xavier treated Hannah's words as an indication of ignorance and brushed it aside since he had labeled Fabian as a snake. He assumed that she was defending him because she did not know better.

"That's enough. I know you two are close, but I'm just stating the facts. He has a nickname, you know? They call him the Star Collector! He might be the only one who would do 'multi-timing' with different female celebrities at the same time."

Xavier knew what he said would upset Hannah, but he decided it was best for Hannah to find out earlier. Even though Xavier had selfish motives, he told her everything that happened honestly.

Star Collector? Although their marriage was just for show, Hannah actually knew Fabian quite well. She knew that Fabian was not the type of guy that people make him out to be. She even paid special attention to confirm it herself, noting that Fabian had zero scandals a year ago.

Did this all happen after Vivian? Is Fabian trying to numb himself with the actresses because he lost all faith in love?

With that in mind, Hannah was confident that she was right as a sense of pity for Fabian welled up from within. Who would've thought that he'd be such a devoted lover?

It took her a while to compose herself before she finally spoke again. "I think I understand. There must have been some misunderstanding. Fabian..."

"Let's just talk about something else," Xavier did not let Hannah finish. "No use for us to keep dwelling on the past."

Nevertheless, Hannah did not back down because it involved Fabian.

"Wait, Mr. Jackson. Let me finish."

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“Here, have some meat,” Xavier said as he picked up a piece of beef and passed it to her in one swift motion. His expression had reverted to the friendly look he always wore.

Seeing how Xavier acted, Hannah was at a loss for words. So, she had no choice but to comply. “Em, Mr. Jackson, don’t worry about me. You should just enjoy your food.”

“Okay,” Xavier replied, but the meat still ended up on Hannah’s plate.

In response, Hannah smiled awkwardly while she fiddled with her food, looking troubled.

The atmosphere of the meal had soured ever since Fabian was brought up, but Hannah was not concerned. However, Xavier’s opinion of Fabian got even worse.

With Hannah’s dejected look in front of him, Xavier secretly decided to bring her somewhere relaxing and have some fun.

That day afternoon, Xavier brought Hannah to an amusement park where he eventually convinced her to face her fear of the roller coaster.

At night, Xavier invited Hannah to dinner, but she turned it down. Hanna wanted to head home and have dinner with Fabian, even though he had not contacted her even once that whole day.

Xavier knew better than to insist, so he dropped Hannah off somewhere near her house. At first, Hannah wanted to refuse, but she had already rejected Xavier’s ride once. She had no heart to do it a second time, so Hannah gave Xavier directions to a place near her house.

“Alright, you take care then,” Xavier bid Hannah farewell.

“Don’t worry. I will,” Hannah replied as she opened the door and got out before she waved him goodbye.

Hannah walked away, turning around only after hearing the roar of the engine fade into the distance as she breathed out a sigh of relief.

What’s Fabian doing right now?

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Her shadow, stretched by the warm yellow streetlight as she threaded forward on the empty sidewalk.

Leaves rustled in the wind that played with her hair, falling off as though they wanted to join their brethren on the ground, escaping their isolation with the aid of the breeze.

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Hannah arrived home not long after, opening the door to the darkness of an empty house. She proceeded to turn on the lights as she figured Fabian would be back real soon.

“Hello? Where are you?” Hannah gave Fabian a call nonetheless.

“I’m outside having dinner with some business partners, don’t wait up for me and eat first. Alright, bye.”

The call ended as soon as Fabian finished his sentence. There was no room for Hannah to utter even a single word.

No wonder he hadn’t call me. He’s been busy. Hannah loosened up with that in mind. She was initially worried that Fabian would question where she was the entire day, but that concern was replaced by disappointment. He really couldn’t give me even a single call?

Alone, Hannah went on to have dinner before she took a bath.

After that, she curled up on the couch and turned on the television, watching the programs with a hint of sadness on her face.

Fabian must still have feelings for Vivian. Yeah. She’s beautiful, elegant, and has the status to match his. It’s no wonder he’d like her.

Hannah’s mind started wandering off. I’m the fool here for thinking that I could go on living with Fabian like this. Hannah Young, just look at yourself! Who do you think you are and what do you have to offer? She believed that there was no way she could even compare herself to Vivian.

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Huh. The man I'm with is in love with another woman. How ironic. It was all just my wishful thinking. He has never made any promise but I still ended up fantasizing about it.

Things were getting gloom.

Why didn't you tell me sooner, Fabian? Why did you have to wait for me to fall in love with you? If you had told me earlier that you still loved her, I would've never allowed myself to fall for you.

With all those thoughts in her head, Hannah started sobbing. Her body shivered and twitched as she cried a river.

It dawned on her how much affection she had for Fabian, a burning passion that could not be doused. The only thing Hannah could do at this point was to hold in all her feelings to the best of her ability. She had no idea how long the current state would last. How I wish this would go on forever.

After a long while, Fabian appeared on the sidewalk, treading along with heavy footsteps until he reached the steel gates of the villa, still slightly drunk. He saw that the lights in the living were lit and was delighted, thinking that Hannah was still waiting for him.

When Fabian stepped foot into the house, he heard the familiar yet irritating conversations from the television. She's watching those again? Is she still up because of the drama or me? Then, he noticed Hannah was missing. Where's she?

His gaze shifted around and found Hannah lying on the couch. She was already sound asleep.

The joy Fabian felt was no more while a sudden urge to pull Hannah up grew inside of him. The contrast between his expectation versus reality was too extreme, as it was between a loving wife waiting for him at home and a drama addict that fell asleep in front of the television.

Hmph! Fabian snorted softly to express his discontent before he gently took off his coat and approached Hannah.

Huh? Is she sick? Fabian noticed the balls of tissue on the floor when he got closer, so he bent down to place his lips on Hannah's forehead. Hmm. It's not hot though.

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His hand moved towards her face and uncovered it from her hair, revealing the tear stains.

She cried?

Fabian was puzzled. I didn't do anything to her though. Why did she end up like this?

He could not think of anything else that would have made Hannah cry like this besides him.

Other than the few times where Hannah cried because of Fabian, he had never actually seen her cry. No matter what difficulty she faced at work, Hannah would always face it head-on with a smile.

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