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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1189

"I think Linnie is a nice person, and she cares about me too. What Felicia did was wrong, but her actions had nothing to do with her daughter," Hannah continued after a brief pause.

Linnie? Heh, you two sure got all chummy real quick... Did she brainwash you into defending her or something? Lina's a scheming woman, and her mother is no different! I may not have any evidence at the moment, but she's definitely the reason your mom committed suicide!

Fabian faced a moral dilemma as he wanted to warn Hannah about them, but he didn't want to ruin the innocence in her.

Unaware of his thoughts, Hannah felt angry and frustrated when she saw him sit there in silence.

Hmph! All you do is bully a weak little girl like me every day! Why don't you go bully someone else instead? You meanie! I know he has his reasons for asking those questions, and he probably means well, but... The way he does things just pisses me off so much!

"I see... Don't mind me, I was just asking." In the end, Fabian decided not to tell her about it so he could maintain that innocence of hers that he really treasured.

What a weirdo... Hannah thought to herself as she said, "No problem, just ask all you like!"

She gave in not because she wanted to please Fabian, but because she was afraid of angering him.

Fabian found her response amusing. Who would've thought that the headstrong and fearless Hannah would say something like this? Guess I should be a little more aggressive with her to remind her who's boss!

"So, what do you plan on doing about your mom's death?" he asked in a gentler tone.

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He knew Hannah was the kind who would prefer to mind her own business but would also retaliate without hesitation if she was provoked. As such, he couldn't fathom why she would be so casual about her mom's suicide.

Hannah found herself at a loss upon hearing that as well.

Despite what I said, I don't really know what to do. So many years have passed, and Felicia seems to be the only person who knows the truth behind what happened.

"That happened a long time ago, so let's not talk about it anymore. I want the past to remain in the past," she replied after letting out a huge sigh.

Fabian found her response somewhat odd as he didn't think she would just let it go like that.

"I've seen the files you gave me, but there's no evidence to prove that Felicia had left my mom for dead. It was all just a rumor. My mom had committed suicide from depression after losing me, and I'm not about to just shamelessly pin it all on Felicia," Hannah explained when she saw the confused look on Fabian's face.

"Well, I'm glad you see it that way. I was worried you wouldn't be able to let it go," Fabian said and breathed a sigh of relief. Of course, he would've done all he could to investigate the incident if she wanted to get to the bottom of things.

Hannah shook her head and smiled. "All right, let's just drop this topic, okay?"

Meanwhile, over half of the employees were present in the office at Jackson Group.

However, the only work they were doing was help Xavier come up with pickup lines as he had offered to pay them a hundred per line.

Xavier held a black fountain pen in one hand and a pink notebook in the other as he sat in his chair.

"Hurry up, people! Just tell me whatever lines you have!" he said while looking up at them.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1190

"I've got one, Mr. Jackson! My love for you is like the eternal flame guiding me forward in the darkest nights into your embrace..."

"Could you get any more old-fashioned? I need it to be artistic, okay? It has to make me sound sophisticated!" Xavier wasn't satisfied with that suggestion and emphasized his request.

"Ooh, I know! There's only one thing I want to change about you, and that's your last name."

"That's a good one! Repeat it so I can write it down!" Xavier began scribbling into his notebook, much to that employee's delight as he said it again.

Haha, I'm really talented at this! Since Mr. Jackson is offering us a hundred per line, I've got to come up with a lot more!

"All right, next!" Xavier called out to the rest of the employees.

"I have one, Mr. Jackson!"

"Me too!"

With such a huge reward for something so simple, everyone began fighting to share their pickup lines.

"One at a time, people! There's plenty of chances for all of you!" Xavier said while glancing at the notebook in his hand.

His assistant on the other hand, wasn't too happy as he helped calculate and keep track of the reward.

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Okay, a hundred for this guy, and two for that guy... Oh, my... This secretary has submitted ten entries, so that's a thousand for him! Mr. Jackson, I've been working under you for a few years and have contributed tons of ideas, but you've never even given me a bonus... Can you imagine how miserable I feel...

In the meantime, Hannah had fallen asleep in the VIP ward. Her body was still fairly weak after the surgery, so she got tired after a brief chat with Fabian.

Her breathing was shallow, and she had Fabian's palm sandwiched between hers as she lay on her side.

Fabian let out a chuckle when he saw her eyelids flutter like a butterfly's wings and gently caressed her cheek.

As expected of my woman... She still looks so charming even when she's asleep! That smooth and fair complexion, that faint smile...

He then leaned in closer and gave her a quick kiss on forehead.

"All right, folks! We're finally done for the day! You can all head home now!" Xavier called out to his employees as he closed his notebook and stood up to stretch.

After that, he left the office with the pink notebook in hand while his employees continued to discuss.

"Huh? That's it? I've only made a thousand! I can come up with a few more!"

"Hey, don't be so greedy! I only got eight hundred, so be happy that you've made a lot more than you would working overtime!"

"Yeah, I suppose you're right... If Mr. Jackson would just court a couple more women during his free time, we'd make a fortune!"

"Haha! If that were the case, I'd resign from my position and just work for Mr. Jackson as his pickup line contributor!"

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Wesley felt depressed when he heard what they said. He wasn't planning on coming over, to begin with, but he did because Xavier's assistant had repeatedly asked him to. He knew how close Xavier and his assistant were, so he didn't dare offend him for fear of losing his job.

"I'm an art major, so I really don't understand why you'd make me come here..." Wesley grumbled to himself. I sat here for a few hours, and I haven't made a single penny out of this while they're all making hundreds and even thousands!

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