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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1243

Ah, forget it. I'm in a good mood today to pick on you.

"Try them on."

Fabian pointed at the gowns and gave instructions to Hannah.

She pouted in response but stood up obediently and led the ladies to her dressing room.

There, she scrutinized the wedding gowns which Fabian had prepared for her.

"Wow, they are really pretty!"

Her eyes widened in pleasant surprise.

When she was in college, she once saw a wedding dress on display in a photography studio. Feeling envious, she decided that her future husband would have to buy her a wedding dress for their wedding.

As the wedding gowns were prettier than the one she saw back then, she could barely conceal her delight.

"Are these from different bridal shops?"

Hmm, Fabian's quite thoughtful. He must've picked the gowns carefully.

"We're from the same bridal shop," one girl replied.

In fact, her gaze was full of envy.

"Oh," came Hannah's disappointed reply. "I thought he picked them out for me."

The girl was originally confused by Hannah's expression, but she quickly realized that Hannah had gotten it wrong.

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“Miss, you’ve misunderstood your husband... No, your fiancé.”

“Huh?” Hannah’s confused gaze landed on her. Did I misunderstand Fabian?

“Our bridal shop provides custom-made wedding dresses only. Your fiancé paid for the top designer, Bertel from Beskary, to design your dresses. They are unique pieces,” she explained.

Hannah was pleasantly surprised. Oh, Fabian cares about me. No, he clearly adores me.

She lowered her gaze shyly and took the wedding dress from the shop assistant before heading into the changing room.

I can’t believe I misunderstood Fabian. He’s innocent. Why did I overthink things and embarrass myself?

She closed the door and berated herself silently.

Anyway, he often bullies me. I can misunderstand him this once, right?

Hannah took off her clothes and held the wedding gown in front of her body. This is quite pretty.

“Where is she?”

Fabian walked into the dressing room and asked the shop assistants.

“She’s changing inside the room.”

“Oh?” Fabian flashed a devilishly handsome grin. “Alright. Leave the dresses here. You can leave now.”

The shop assistants were confused, but they put the dresses down and filed out obediently. After they left, Fabian muttered to himself, “I, her husband, should be the one giving her opinions.”

He pushed the door to the changing room open. Hannah was too engrossed with her own reflection in the mirror to realize he had entered. She only had her undies on.

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“Mm, nice view. Hannah, you’re gorgeous,” she praised herself as she posed seductively in front of the mirror.

Suddenly, a pair of leather shoes appeared in her sight. They didn’t belong to her. Stunned, she turned at her shoulder and saw Fabian chuckling evilly. His gaze was fixated on her private part.

Hannah instinctively grabbed a cloth from the rack and covered herself up hastily.

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