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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1305

Everyone in the car burst into laughter when they heard Helen's reply.

"What's next?" Hannah asked.

Fabian answered, "I'll help Mr. Dane retrieve the video clip before throwing Yvette and the one threatening her behind bars."

"Mmm..." Hannah nodded because that seemed to be the best option available.

Soon, they reached their destination. Fabian had brought them there because Helen said she wanted to have seafood for dinner.

After Fabian alighted from the car, he surveyed the surroundings with his eyes narrowed to a slit. He instructed Hannah, "Go ahead and place the order without me. I'll join the rest of you after I return from the washroom."

Fabian walked in the other direction after he finished his sentence. Hannah was confused by the things he was up to because the washroom was in the restaurant. What's wrong with him? Why is he heading toward the opposite direction?

Hannah brought Helen and Jason into the restaurant with him. It had a lavishly decorated interior with different types of aquaculture products nearby the entrance.

Upon a simple glimpse, Helen catapulted in the direction of the livestock and cast her dignity aside.

"Oh, God! Jason, look! It's such a gigantic lobster! Shall we have this for dinner? I'm pretty sure it's going to give me foodgasm!"

Helen had never seen such a gigantic lobster throughout her entire life. Thus, she couldn't hold back her excitement and started drooling as she imagined savoring the lobster.

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Jason scowled at her and asked with a contemptuous look, "What's wrong with you? Is it necessary to get so excited over a shrimp you have never seen? Stop behaving like a country bumpkin!"

"So what if I'm a country bumpkin? At least I'm not a good-for-nothing loafer like you!"

Irrked by his response, after shooting daggers at him, she returned to her sister's side.

Fabian tapped on the shoulder of a man in a set of formal wear and asked with a smirk, "What's wrong? They've gone inside, shall we go in and join them?"

The man responded the moment he sensed Fabian's presence. He grasped Fabian in return.

When he was about to render Fabian incapable of motion, someone from Fabian's side clasped his hands around the man's neck and took him into custody.

Fabian shook his head and asked in a provoking manner, "Are you trying to capture me? This is getting interesting!"

Meanwhile, the rest of the man's party had their eyes glued to the man under custody, behaving as though they needed his instructions to carry on with their mission.

Fabian knew the man he had taken into custody was none other than the party's leader.

Although Fabian's party was greatly outnumbered, he wasn't afraid at all. The other party might not have the upper hands because the ones by Fabian's side were headhunted from the special forces.

"I believe all of you are aware of the things that are awaiting you as a fellow martial art practitioner. Why don't you stop retaliating?" Fabian asked.

The person, who had been taken into custody, stared at him for a few minutes before explaining, "We mean no harm."

Fabian beckoned his subordinate to release the man and asked, "I'm well aware of that. Otherwise, you would have been long taken out."

He hadn't exaggerated his words because it would merely take a few minutes for his bodyguards to take them out.

Shortly, Fabian put on a stern front and asked in a serious tone, "Who sent you? What are you after?"

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The leader of the other party frowned and told Fabian, “We’re from the black market. That’s the most we can tell because we need to abide by our rules as well.”

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“Oh? The black market? Interesting!”

After he paced back and forth around them, he asked with a contemptuous smirk, “Do you think those from the black market can intimidate me? I can’t believe you have the audacity to bring up the rules of the black market in front of me! Are you not aware of my identity?”

Without a second thought, the man replied, “Fabian Norton.”

Those from the black market had their own ways of doing things to prevent them from being wiped out of existence. There were a selected few who would never be the target of the hitmen from the black market.

Should anyone from the black market try to accept the task to assassinate those on the list, they would have to face the wrath of the elites of the black market.

Needless to say, the hitmen were conscious of Fabian’s identity of being one of the selected few in the lists, because they had been warned to stay away from him prior to their recruitment.

“Since you’re aware, why don’t you let the cat out of the bag already? Although your party is from the black market, it isn’t tough to get to the bottom of this and find out who has hired you.”

Fabian continued asking with a smile in an attempt to figure out their actual identity. Otherwise, it would take him some time and effort to get to the bottom of it.

The man leading the party wasn’t convinced at all. He insisted, “My apologies, but we have to abide by the rules of the black market.”

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Fabian was slightly disappointed. As he couldn't gather any useful intel from the bunch in front of him, he beckoned his bodyguards to teach them a lesson.

What kind of joke is this? Since you have the guts to pick on my wife, I'll have to let you know I'm not an easy target!

After his bodyguards took note of his instruction, he stepped forward. Grasping the arm of the man leading the party, Fabian's bodyguard was about to break it, but a man stopped them in the nick of time.

"Hold on a second, Mr. Norton!"

When Fabian was about to leave, he heard someone stopping him. Thus, he bought himself to a halt and turned around with a smirk.

"Isn't this Mr. Jackson?"

Fabian narrowed his eyes because he finally linked part of the missing pieces of puzzles together.

The man leading the party closed his eyes in anticipation of the misery that was about to befall him. When he heard Xavier's voice, he felt a sense of relief because his arm would be broken for real should Xavier fail to show up in time.

However, the moment he heaved a sigh of relief, a loud crack was heard. As a result of the man's piercing shriek, the customers of the restaurant looked in the direction of the conflicting parties.

Xavier's face puckered in irritation. He gritted his teeth and said, "Fabian!"

Fabian guffawed and looked at the frustrated Xavier with a contemptuous look, asking in a provoking manner, "What's wrong, Mr. Jackson? They have been following my wife and me for quite some time. Don't you think I'm supposed to teach them a lesson? They weren't by any chance been sent by you, were they?"

He directed a rhetorical question at Xavier and stepped forward, remarking sarcastically, "Could it be one of your attempts to get your hands on our company's intel? Are you still trying to get ahead of us?"

Glaring at Fabian in the eyes, Xavier enunciated his reply, "Mr. Norton, I'm sorry to let you down, but I'm not such a despicable man!"

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Standing in front of Xavier, Fabian took advantage of his height and peered at him while asking, “Oh? Does that mean you admit they have been sent by you?”

“Indeed, I have sent them!”

Although Xavier was infuriated, he had no intention to lie. Soon, he beckoned the hitmen he had hired to leave.

Similarly, Fabian’s bodyguards knew it was about time for them to leave the duo alone.

“Mr. Jackson, since you have sent someone to follow us, don’t you think you should explain yourself?” Fabian queried.

Although he was aware they had been sent by Xavier, he couldn’t figure out the rationale behind it.

He had merely brought up the part of gathering intel to provoke and insult Xavier. Since the five prominent families were closely affiliated, he was conscious Xavier would never resort to such petty tricks to achieve his goals.

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