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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1371

It was a scrumptious meal with a great spread from appetizers to desserts. Even though no exotic delicacies were served, Fabian still enjoyed it very much.

Natasha found it extremely delicious too. She was not trying to butter up Fabian and Hannah when she sang praises about the food. It was her first time tasting the dishes since her arrival in Chanaea not too long ago. She even proclaimed that she wanted to learn cooking from Hannah.

Hannah agreed right away. As a woman, she liked being complimented.

After dinner, the trio chatted happily in the living room. When it was getting late, Hannah said reluctantly, "Where do you live now, Natasha? We'll get someone to drive you home."

Hannah was very fond of Natasha, the girl from Remdik. She's so cheerful, generous, and straightforward, unlike the conniving people in her office.

Despite knowing each other for only a short period of time, Hannah had started treating Natasha as her close friend.

"Oh, I'm staying in Glory Hotel," Natasha replied with a smile.

"Huh? You're still staying in the hotel? You're a trainee in our company. Don't they provide you any accommodation?"

Upon hearing that, Hannah flew off the handle. Natasha is a rare talent, an asset to the company. Having recruited her is an honor for the company. I can't believe the management hasn't arranged a place for her to stay. This is such unfair treatment!

"Oh, it's okay. I'm here to learn. I can't trouble others to look for accommodation for me. It's actually quite nice to stay in the hotel. I'll search around for other options on my off days," Natasha explained.

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The truth was Fabian had provided Natasha with a villa but instructed her to tell Hannah otherwise if the latter asked about it. His intention of doing so was obvious.

“Well, we have a big house. Why do you need to stay in a hotel? Why don't you live with us meanwhile? I'll miss you if you go,” Hannah invited her earnestly.

Natasha shot a glance at Fabian and saw that he nodded silently. It finally dawned on Natasha why her boss wanted her to tell a white lie. He wants Hannah to invite me to move in so that I can protect her at all times.

“You don't need to look at him. In this household, I have the last say.” Hannah thought that Natasha was worried about Fabian's opinion on the matter.

Holding Natasha's hands, Hannah pleaded coquettishly, “Just stay with me. I'm alone here and it gets so boring at times. This way, we can keep each other company.”

“All right, let's do it.”

There was no reason for Natasha to decline her invitation. After all, Fabian was her boss and thus, it was only natural that Natasha would obey his command. Secondly, people from Remdik were open-minded and sociable. Besides, I like Hannah's personality. It should be quite fun to be friends with her.

“Great!”

Hannah was over the moon the moment Natasha said yes. “Pack your toiletries, clothes, and other personal belongings and bring them here tomorrow. Our rooms here are spacious and fully furnished. With you moving in, I could save up on some rental too.”

Subsequently, Hannah convinced them to play cards. Natasha was a fast learner. She picked up Poker after being taught once by Hannah.

Hannah felt that it was dull to play by the book. Hence, she suggested a challenge where the winner had a chance to draw a tortoise on any body parts of the loser.

Fabian had no choice but to oblige after seeing that she was in the mood for game night.

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After another hour of fun, doodles of different types of tortoises were found on all of their arms. Although Fabian was shrewd and witty, he could not escape the fate of losing here and there. As a result, there were five to six tortoises drawn on his arms. Needless to say, Hannah, too, suffered the same fate.

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In the end, both of Fabian's arms were covered with tortoises. Having no more space to add another, the last one could only be drawn on his handsome face.

Thereafter, the trio left for showers and went to bed respectively. Fabian forgot to take into account the consequences of having Natasha move in with them. I didn't expect to be left out by Hannah. Indeed, God plans in unfathomable ways.

The next morning, Hannah woke up super early to prepare for her interview with Xavier. As her assistant, Natasha followed suit.

Fabian slept in due to exhaustion. Hannah did not disturb him and left the bedroom upon getting ready.

"Let me bring you for some bean stew," Hannah suggested with her brows arched. She's probably not tried that before.

"Bean stew?"

Just as she had predicted, Natasha's perplexed look said it all. "What's bean stew?"

Hannah was stunned by her question and was somewhat at a loss for words. "Um... Bean stew is a type of stew. Well, you'll find out when we get there."

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“George, there’s five hundred million in the card. You can go ahead and work on your task. Don’t let me down,” instructed Lyna as she handed a card over to George.

Upon receiving the card, a tinge of excitement flashed through George’s eyes. “Rest assured that I’m worth every single cent you paid me.”

George could not wait to face Fabian head-on. It takes a marvelous person to know and cherish another. It’s going to be interesting to have a financial whiz like me meet with a significant figure like Fabian.

Fabian finally woke up and got out of the room, only to realized that Hannah and Natasha had left the house. As a consolation, she had put in the effort to prepare him breakfast and even fried the eggs into a heart shape.

After washing up, Fabian enjoyed his hearty breakfast.

Right then, his phone rang. He frowned the moment he took a glance at the number. It’s been a while since I’ve received a call from this number. Something must have happened.

“Hello?” asked Fabian in a low voice after accepting the call.

“Mr. Norton, bad news. I suspect there’s someone trying to manipulate our share market.”

The person who called was a stock market expert that Fabian met by chance. He took him in as his trusted aide, responsible for controlling his shares.

“So? Can’t you handle this?”

Fabian took a deep breath. He had always been very confident with the way his aide traded his stocks, otherwise Fabian would not have given him full authority to invest freely where he saw fit. If he says there’s a problem, then it surely isn’t something trivial.

“This... I can’t confirm. The technique used is very fast and callus. I need some funds to buy stocks. If the person gets to it first, we’ll be adversely affected,” the man over the phone said anxiously.

“Okay, noted. Withdraw the money from my account. Don’t panic and just stay calm,” Fabian advised.

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Hanging up, Fabian quickly finished his food. Could this be the work of either Lyna or Yvette?

Though feeling frustrated, Fabian was not too worried about the situation because he was very confident of the capabilities of his appointed aide.

Moreover, I'm the one with a deep pocket. What's there to fear?

"How is it? Does it taste good?" Hannah asked during breakfast.

"Yes, it's nice. Also, it's quite a unique way to cook bean stew." Natasha was satisfied with her breakfast.

After chit-chatting, Hannah told Natasha, "Later, we're going to interview a president. Your task is to stand beside me and don't worry about anything. I'll teach you more interview techniques in our next assignment. Then, you can do it independently and get some experience."

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"Sure," Natasha replied without any hesitation. After all, her main duty was to protect Hannah. I'm not here to learn how to be a good reporter.

Soon, both of them had arrived at Jackson Group. "Hi, may I know if Mr. Jackson is in?"

"Oh, you must be Ms. Young. Mr. Jackson has been waiting for you. This way, please."

Smiling, the receptionist gestured for Hannah to follow an usher, as per Xavier's instruction.

The usher led them to Xavier's office, knocked at the door, and left them.

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“Come in.”

Upon hearing Xavier’s response, Hannah and Natasha entered his room.

“Good day, Mr. Jackson,” Hannah greeted him first.

Let’s not think about other matters, I’m here for work purposes.

“Don’t be a stranger, Ms. Young. You may call me by my first name, Xavier.”

As a president, Xavier was quite busy with work. He had been burying his head in piles and piles of documents until he heard Hannah’s voice.

Lifting his head, he acted his normal self.

Yet, he sighed in his heart when he saw the additional person trailing behind Hannah. Why is there still a need for a human surveillance camera? Fabian, oh Fabian, you’re so serious. Are you afraid that I’ll snatch Hannah away from you?

“You’re kidding me, Mr. Jackson. I’m merely a journalist whereas you’re a president of a big corporation. I shall address you formally as Mr. Jackson.” Hannah smiled politely.

It was impossible for Hannah to call him by his first name. That’s too intimate. I feel like I’m betraying Fabian if I call him that. How could I do that?

In response, Xavier let out a wry chuckle. She’s probably worried that Natasha, who’s by her side, would tell tales to Fabian.

After a slight pause, he indicated to Natasha, “Ms. Young and I will be carrying out the interview. Please excuse us.”

Xavier thought that Hannah would speak more frankly to him once Natasha was excused.

If she asks me to get her out of this place right now, I’ll do it right away without a doubt.

As for Fabian... He’s a joke. Since he’s not treating her right, he should be prepared to lose her.

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Natasha was in a dilemma. Should I leave? It doesn't seem appropriate for me to do either. Subconsciously, she shot Hannah a look to ask for help.

Hannah could sense her request. Immediately, she asked Xavier, "Mr. Jackson, I don't think there's a need for Natasha to leave the room."

She then formally introduced her, "This is my assistant. She's here to learn the process of conducting an interview. I doubt her presence will affect our work."

Xavier furrowed his brows. What else can I say since she insists?

When he remained silent, Hannah took the initiative to get two chairs before gesturing to Natasha to sit down. Thereafter, she turned to Xavier. "Mr. Jackson, shall we begin the interview?"

Her words brought Xavier back from his daze. I told her there's a new product to be launched with the hope of helping her escape from the trouble she's facing. I never thought that she actually came for an interview, thinking it's a real deal. Seems like I have no choice now but to create a new product on the spot. Moreover, Natasha is here with her.

"Oh, sure, let's start."

With the assumption that Natasha was an aide to Fabian, Xavier wanted to speak about a really cool product in order to impress Fabian.

"All right. Let's begin."

Hannah took her pen and paper out from the bag whereas Natasha set up the camera.

"Mr. Jackson, may I ask what's the latest product that's been released by your company this time?"

Everything was ready, hence, Hannah fired her questions away.

"Our company is preparing to launch a brand-new product called Healing Potion."

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With a firm plan in his mind, Xavier answered the first question with a smile.

“What’s the function of this so-called Healing Potion?” Hannah asked subsequently.

“Oh, this is a good question, Ms. Young. As the name suggests, the Healing Potion helps people recover from an illness or a disorder, specifically one that’s related to the eyes. One bottle of the potion can help a short-sighted person with a thousand degrees in power restore to perfect vision.”

Fabian generated new ideas as he spoke. I’m sure Fabian would be so shocked to hear this when Natasha reports the news back to him.

“Could you elaborate more on the details, please?”

Hannah was quite impressed with the product. I can’t believe that he’s called me here to share about such an awesome product.

“Of course. This Healing Potion...”

Xavier made up a fantastic story and answered all of Hannah’s questions satisfactorily. However, Hannah found his responses unbelievable. Is that really possible?

Besides undergoing laser surgery, there are no other corrective eye care products that can rectify myopia. Moreover, there are known post-surgery side effects. If what Xavier claims is true, the product must cost a bomb. At least, it will be more expensive than laser surgery. That being said, the public might still be interested in getting it.

“Great. Please tell us how much do you plan to sell this potion in the market,” Hannah posted her last question.

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Xavier pondered for a while before responding, "Right, I plan to market it at the price of a thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. This is so that any average family can afford one. These days, even spectacles cost about a thousand. Therefore, our potion is certainly a bargain. We'll reap the cost advantage and achieve economy of scale when our production becomes efficient."

Clearing her throat, Natasha, who was filming the interview, had her jaws dropped upon hearing that. So cheap?

Hannah was flabbergasted as well. Is he joking? This is not merely a bargain, it's dirt cheap for what it can do. I'll absolutely pay a thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight just to get my vision fixed!

Not to mention, there are many rich people suffering from eyesight problems. There's only one way for them to restore their vision, which is through laser surgery. However, many refuse to do so considering its risks and had resorted to wearing glasses or contact lenses.

A thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight is about the same amount of money they spend per meal. If the potion works without leaving any side effects, people will be willing to pay tens of thousands in exchange for a bottle.

Seeing Natasha gaping in silence, Xavier could imagine Fabian's dejected expression. A smug grin appeared on his face at the thought of that.

"Well then... I guess that's all for today's interview," Hannah spoke as she arranged her files.

Upon noticing a spaced-out Natasha, Hannah gave her a nudge.

Natasha was lost in her own world. If the potion truly works, I must bring a few bottles home for my father and brother.

"It's a wrap. Thank you, Mr. Jackson, for this opportunity to interview you. We'll see you next time."

Hannah rose to her feet and reminded Natasha it was time to leave.

"Hold on," Xavier called out to them.

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Why is Hannah leaving so soon? Isn't there something missing?

With a baffled look, Hannah asked Xavier, "What's wrong? is there anything else, Mr. Jackson?"

He replied, "Of course." Once again, he told Natasha, "Ms. Young and I have something to discuss in private. Would you excuse us, please?"

Hmm...

Natasha cursed in her head. What's this guy trying to do? He's so persistent that it's getting annoying. Hannah doesn't seem like she wants to entertain him and yet, he keeps bugging her.

Natasha stepped forward confidently as if she was ready to pick a fight with Xavier.

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Hannah waved at Natasha and said, "Natasha, just give us a moment and wait for me outside. I'll be right back."

Xavier probably has something to tell me, that's why he asks me here in the first place. Well, I might as well find out what he has to say and end it here and now.

Although there's nothing going on between us, it still places me in a tricky position. What if Fabian misunderstands or if he catches us meeting each other? Will they fight again?

Natasha pondered for a while and then nodded in agreement. Hannah should be safe here, I'll just wait outside.

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Once Natasha left the room, Hannah spoke, "So, what's the matter, Mr. Jackson? Please go ahead and tell me."

He grinned. "Hannah, tell me what Fabian did to you so that I can stand up for you."

Hannah found his statement unbelievable. You're just an outsider. How dare you question about my husband and even claim that you want to stand up for me? You've got to be kidding me.

Getting worked up, Xavier approached Hannah and wanted to hold her hand.

Her presence here shows that I matter to her. She has a soft spot for me, doesn't she?

Immense shock gripped Hannah and she immediately moved backward to avoid having any physical contact with him.

"What does it have anything to do with you what Fabian did to me? You're in no position to interfere even if our relationship turns sour. Please keep your distance. I don't want Fabian to misunderstand us."

Honestly speaking, Xavier's presence had affected Hannah's mood.

Unlike Fabian, Hannah was very concerned. She kept reminding herself that she belonged to Fabian and having any suggestive moments with another man was a definite no for her.

Moreover, she loathed other men having physical contact with her without her permission. Seeing how Xavier wanted to hold her just now, she became upset.

The dramatic turn of events was beyond Xavier's imagination, making him feel embarrassed. Even if she doesn't allow me to hold her, her reaction shouldn't be so... exasperated!

Xavier assumed that Hannah was afraid that Natasha would overhear their conversation. He tried to console her, "It's okay, Hannah. Whatever you want to tell me, just get it off your chest. You're already here. I'll free you from Fabian's threatening control. You don't need to fear him anymore."

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Hannah was dumbfounded as she could not comprehend a single word he said. To save me from Fabian? Why? I couldn't have been better being with Fabian, why should I leave him?

She looked at him in disbelief, not knowing how to respond.

Then, it dawned on her that he might have misunderstood her intention.

"Have you... heard any gossip about Fabian and me? Something unpleasant, perhaps?"

If my suspicion is correct, then I can finally connect the dots and understand why Xavier said all those strange things for my sake.

"Huh? Wasn't it you who sent me a message via your superior? Hence, I got hold of Mr. Dijon to get you here, so that I could find out more from you."

Puzzled, Xavier had not realized that Hannah's superior could have lied to him.

Then again, it was not entirely Xavier's fault. After all, no one would have thought that a mere manager would have the nerve to pull a prank on an heir of one of the five prominent families. Moreover, Xavier believed that Natasha was hired by Fabian to monitor each of Hannah's moves.

"Huh? My superior? Which one? There're only a few managers in our company. I have not seen anyone else," Hannah told Xavier frankly.

Subsequently, Hannah figured everything out.

The superior that Xavier was referring to must have sent him fake news, saying something along the line of Fabian mistreating me. Considering that Xavier likes me, he assumes accordingly. It's no wonder a brawl happened at the restaurant.

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