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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1381

“Who knew that the sly Lyna would be outwitted in the end. I guess what goes around comes around, eh?” Jason snickered.

Fabian’s eyes narrowed. Is this punk indirectly calling me a sly fox too?

“Alright, you played a crucial role in this matter, so...” Fabian opened his drawer and took out a velveteen box. “This is for you.”

Jason’s eyes twinkled. What’s this? Fabian is rewarding me!

After prying open the delicate box, the first word that slipped out of Jason’s lips was, “Huh?”

Inside the box was a watch. Of course, it wasn’t any ordinary Swiss watch but a Patek Philippe. Those were highly sought after and worth a great deal of money as they had an exclusive market. However, Jason already owned one.

His feet shifted awkwardly. “Uh, Fabian? Could I maybe... get a different gift?”

“Oh? Are you sure?” Fabian asked.

“Here, take a look at this.” Jason extended his arm before Fabian, displaying the equally brilliant Patek Philippe watch on his wrist.

To this, Fabian smiled before saying, “Alright then.”

Deep down, Fabian sighed amusedly at the young and unknowing Jason. He then reached out to retrieve the gift.

Just when Jason was about to place the velveteen box into Fabian’s palm, he suddenly stopped.

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Something's off. How could Fabian not know that I have a Patek Philippe? Unless... there's something unique about this one?

With that thought, his arm recoiled as he said to Fabian, "Nevermind, I'll keep it. How could I refuse after you went through so much trouble to prepare this gift?"

Fabian nodded approvingly at this. "That's my boy. The ninth generation of Patek Philippe is not that easily attainable, after all."

Jason's blood ran cold once those words registered in his head. Holy shit! This is the ninth generation Patek Philippe?

There are only three ninth-generation Patek Philippes in the world, one of which was acquired by the king of Beskary. Then Branson Dale, "the King of Watches," snatched up the second watch. So that must mean that my watch... is the third and last of its kind?

Realizing this, Jason felt so giddy that he almost rushed forward to plant a big slobbery kiss on Fabian. Thankfully, he was sensible enough to resist.

Right after he excused Jason from the office, Fabian's trusted aide reported back immediately.

So all of this is Yvette's doing.

Fabian's dark eyes narrowed as a stiff smile crept up his face. Such wishful thinking. Did you really think that the George you've recruited is strong enough to go against me? A Nation's finance genius? Fabian snorted through clenched jaws. George is just some mentally disabled child who doesn't even understand the basics of stock market traps. Bold of that small fry to assume that he can survive in the ocean-like Chanaea. He should scurry back to the little puddle where he came from.

Meanwhile, George sat wide-eyed and trembling before his computer. "H-how can this be? This can't be true! It's not true!"

George had tampered with Phoenix Group's stock market, causing the prices to rise a bit before plummeting drastically. The drop cost Fabian nearly three billion worth of losses. However, the prices suddenly soared again, which should have been impossible. George was dumbfounded and enraged as he exclaimed his disbelief.

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“What the hell is going on?” Lyna’s voice grew louder from the other room.

She had heard his uninhibited wails and raced over to check on the situation.

Impatient panic sizzled in her as she ordered, “Speak up, you imbecile!”

Not receiving a response from the frazzled George, Lyna fumed even more as she shoved him aside to look at the computer screen.

This...

“What the hell are you doing? You said you could make him lose three billion in a day! Why aren’t you delivering the results as promised? Why are the stock prices rising instead of decreasing?” Lyna yelled at George.

That was the most crucial step in defeating Fabian. If they couldn’t sap five billion from Fabian, then there was no way that Lyna could drive him to bankruptcy.

“I-I swear it was...” George was speechless as his head pounded with endless questions.

“You worthless piece of scum! What was the point of recruiting you all the way from Lightspring if this is all you’re capable of?”

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Erupting with rage, Lyna kicked the bench over and stormed off.

She only took two steps before her phone rang, leaving her with no choice but to answer.  
“Hello? Who is this, and what do you want?”

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Her attorney, Mr. Hall's voice came from the other end. He sounded nervous when he said, "Ms. Blackwood, there are some issues with the contract you sent me."

"What's the problem?" Lyna questioned icily. I signed that contract with my own hands, so there shouldn't be any issues.

"The contract you sent me is a copy," Mr. Hall squeaked.

"Huh? A copy? Then where's the original?" Lyna hissed.

She had arranged for one of her henchmen, someone completely trustworthy from the company, to send the contract over. So how could this happen?

"Your guess is as good as mine."

Mr. Hall paused as if readying himself to deliver the final blow. He eventually continued with a quivering voice, "T-There's another issue with this contract... It states that you've transferred your shares over to Winson, and not the other way round."

Lyna's face darkened. "What!"

Could it be that someone around me is secretly a mole who swapped the contract from right under my nose?

This explanation made sense to Lyna, who hung up and was ready to call her most trustworthy henchmen. She was going to have them investigate the person who copied and delivered the contract. However, just as she swiped down her contacts list, the phone rang once more.

"M-Ms. Blackwood. Bad news," the tremulous voice reported.

Lyna's brows furrowed as she spat, "What are you stammering about? Speak up! Tell me what went wrong."

"Fabian found out... He figured out all of those who were on our side, and now they've turned their backs against us." It became excruciatingly clear that Lyna's previous warnings were all for naught.

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"Well, spit it out then and tell me who are the traitors!"

Lyna's hands were clammy with sweat. She had a bad feeling, but she hoped desperately that her intuition was wrong.

"I-It's the ones who we recruited to monitor and keep things under control. All those from Fabian's company have betrayed us. I also heard that William didn't die. He ratted Wayne out, and Wayne told them everything," the person reported truthfully.

Lyna was silent for a moment before she uttered, "Is what you said true?"

Her knees grew wobbly with despair while her face paled. A sense of hopelessness seeped into her core.

"It's true."

Thud!

At this confirmation, all of Lyna's will dissipated from her body as she and her phone slumped to the ground.

I'm screwed. Now that Fabian's doing just fine, he'll definitely try to get even with me for everything I've done... what do I do now? What do I do?

She then started shrieking hysterically at the top of her lungs. Her mind was eerily devoid of thoughts, almost as empty as she felt now.

She had spent her entire savings on defeating Fabian. On top of that, she was now swindled into transferring all her shares to Winson. So even if she wanted to run away and live as a fugitive, she no longer had the funds to do so.

Yvette! That's right. I can still go to her, but... what will I tell her?

Then it hit her. Lyna shot off the ground and sprinted for her room. She recalled tricking Hannah into signing a weaponry inventory list. Lyna had no reason to fear Fabian as long as that piece of paper was still in her hands.

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Lyna dug around frantically, rattling and tossing the items in her drawer until she finally found the paper she was looking for wedged between the pages of a book.

A long sigh escaped Lyna's lips as she clutched onto the flimsy sheet of paper. At this point, she was no longer sure whether she was considered fortunate or not.

Regardless, she couldn't help but gratefully plant a big fat kiss on the inventory list. Then, she unfolded the paper but felt like it looked a little different than she remembered.

She ran back immediately to pick up her phone. Her finger swiped on the screen before tapping hastily onto the translation app. She had never paid much attention back then during her scholarly days, so she desperately resorted to this app now.

"What?"

After reading the translation on the phone, Lyna nearly fainted as the paper turned out to be a receipt for a hamburger-and-coke set for the price of five.

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It was evident that Jason had gotten someone to pull a switcheroo on her.

Not to mention, all those people she had recruited for her secret workplace had turned into renegades one after the other. Previously, they did awful things on Lyna's behalf because they knew she would back them up. Now that Lyna had lost her upper hand over the whole situation, it was only natural that they would desert her to protect themselves from Fabian. After all, they'd be delusional if they thought they could stand against Fabian. That would be the world's greatest joke.

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Yvette pondered for a bit before helping Lyna up. At this, Lyna snapped out of her trance. She blinked bitterly at the now barren secret workplace.

Lyna's chest tightened at how much she had lost; she drafted the transfer contract to bleed Winson dry, so she included her own villa as part of the transferrable assets too. But after the twisted turn of events earlier, her wealth and her villa all belonged to Winson now.

Yvette cast a concerned gaze at Lyna. She hesitantly opened and closed her mouth for some time before finally uttering, "Although our plan failed... and regardless of what's to come, I still owe it to you for saving me then."

She then pulled out a credit card from her wallet. "The twenty million in this card is enough to support your lifetime's spendings, so hurry and leave this city."

A dangerous gleam flashed in Lyna's eyes when she heard that Yvette was giving her twenty million. Brimming with hysterical glee, Lyna snatched the card from Yvette's hands.

Yvette's head shook disapprovingly at how crazed the woman before her had become. No longer wanting to witness this sight, she stood up and left.

Lyna couldn't care less about the people who betrayed her anymore. She sat on the sofa, rocking her body insanely as she muttered, "I can take back everything with this twenty million... I'll kidnap Hannah. I'll make Fabian cough up all that money he took from me and more!"

Her face crinkled and morphed hideously, reflecting how intensely she hated Hannah and Fabian.

She got up and hailed a taxi for the black market.

Once there, Lyna entered a shop and approached some intimidatingly large men who were gambling loudly. She demanded, "Where's your boss?"

"Hmm?"

Their bristly brows raised at Lyna as if questioning whether she knew what she was getting into.

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"I have a deal for your boss," Lyna declared.

The men eyed each other as they silently discussed amongst themselves. Shortly after, the man in the middle who appeared to be of higher standing nodded his head. Then, one of the men ran to get their boss.

Eventually, an irreverent chuckle sounded from the door. It came from a man in his fifties or sixties who walked toward Lyna, saying, "I hear you have some business for me?"

Lyna's eyes immediately scanned the man from top to bottom. He was short and tubby, almost akin to a teapot. His belly peeked out obnoxiously from under his purple shirt while he held two walnuts in his hand.

"How much do you own?" Lyna carefully construed her words. Her question discreetly referred to how big the boss' turf was in the black market.

"An entire street," the boss boasted through an oily smile.

Owning a street in the black market was obviously not an easy feat. It meant that this man was someone powerful who people didn't dare to mess with.

A satisfied grin curved on Lyna's face once she confirmed the extent of his power. "Alright, I have a proposition for you."

The boss waved for his men to leave. Once he and Lyna were the only ones left in the shop, he motioned for her to continue speaking.

"I want you to kidnap someone for me. I don't care which of your men does it, but they have to be strong-willed and unflinching when threatened."

Lyna's instructions were straightforward. She no longer cared about covering her tracks because she had nothing to lose at this point.

The boss leaned against the table and tapped on it, pondering something.

It didn't take long before he spoke up, "Hmm... For my charges... it'll be this much."

The old man raised a finger.

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Lyna understood immediately that he wanted ten million. Snorting at this, she waved him off and commanded, "I'll pay you twenty million if you can find decent men who are up to the task."

She never cared for the twenty million. If she could reclaim her wealth and assets, then sacrificing the money was more than worth it.

"Okay, I like that you're refreshingly easy to deal with. I'll select the men for your little kidnapping operation personally. But before that, I'll need a deposit from you..."

"There's twenty million right here, so get to selecting."

Lyna tossed Yvette's card onto the table, sliding it over to the man.

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Meanwhile, Hannah was totally oblivious to what had occurred in the company. She felt honored to be able to witness the peak moment of Blackwood Group on their radical restructuring a while ago.

In her eyes, the restructuring was considered as a brand-new system of the corporate world. Furthermore, she was glad that she was able to give a hand to Lyna in a way.

Just then, it suddenly came to her mind that she had promised Natasha the night before to help her move her things from her hotel to their villa.

"Natasha, I'll help you pack your luggage and move to my place. Don't stay in the hotel anymore. It's really inconvenient for you to bear the room rate in the long term."

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After all, it's not very convenient and appropriate for a young woman to stay alone in the hotel room. I would be more relieved once Natasha moves out to stay with us at the villa.

Natasha furrowed her brows, thinking hard of how she should respond to Hannah's kindness. All this while, she had been lying to Hannah that she was staying at a hotel. As a result, she was at a loss for words when the latter offered to help her pack her belongings. What am I supposed to do? I can't let Mrs. Norton find out that I've been lying to her all this while! I must seek advice from Mr. Norton immediately.

"Sure, Hannah! But before we go, I need to use the washroom for a while. Let's head for the hotel after that."

With that, Natasha dashed into the washroom and called Fabian hastily.

"Mr. Norton, Mrs. Norton insists on helping me pack my belongings in the hotel room now. What should I do?"

Since she was by Hannah's side all the time, she could not allocate any time to drop by the hotel first for the arrangement. Thus, she could only seek help from Fabian.

"No worries, just head straight for the hotel with her. I've assigned my men to make the necessary arrangements for you. The room number is 8888. Be careful on the way there."

"Alright, Mr. Norton!"

After hanging up the phone, Fabian massaged his temples which had started to throb. He was mentally exhausted after trying to get all the issues resolved one by one recently.

There seems to be an endless stream of issues for me lately, and all of them arose at the same time. I'm sure of it! Someone is intentionally causing me trouble! His instinct told him that someone who knew well about him and Phoenix Group was the mastermind behind every trouble he was facing.

The mysterious person seemed to have planned well for everything, and the series of unfortunate events that were aiming for him was proof of that. He could foresee that more challenging moments would be awaiting him. After all, his unknown foe would not easily give up on striking him down.

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Who could be the mysterious mastermind manipulating everything? Lyna was undoubtedly the biggest suspect for Fabian at the moment. Even though Wayne admitted that Yvette was the culprit, Fabian knew that Yvette alone could not have had the capabilities to execute all those elaborate plans.

By right, a person who had fallen into despair would not lie anymore. However, Fabian felt that Yvette was just a scapegoat in the grand scheme of things. He presumed that Lyna must have had something to do with the series of incidents recently, even if she was not the mastermind.

This woman is cunning and good at scheming. I wonder, will she be targeting Hannah as well?

A surge of coldness welled up from within Fabian at that thought. He really did not wish to see Hannah be at risk at any time.

I must find out the identity of the person who had the audacity to even think about harming my woman as soon as possible! Clenching his fists with fire burning in his eyes, his urge to get rid of anyone who would put Hannah's life at risk intensified.

"Mr. Norton, our stock price is back on the right track again! You don't have to worry now."

Just when Fabian was deep in his own thoughts, his assistant entered and updated him on the latest situation. This was the first time the stock price of Phoenix Group dropped significantly. In an instant, the whole industry was in an uproar. The stock price of Phoenix Group is plummeting without any warning! Is this an indication that the group will be in great trouble soon? Is the group going to declare bankruptcy at any time?

In a blink of an eye, the whole city was overwhelmed by the rumor that Phoenix Group would declare bankruptcy at any time. The breaking news even emerged as the cover story of the Tabloid newspapers. The latest talk of the town had spurred the excitement of everyone in Baykeep.

"Did you manage to catch that George guy?" Fabian asked.

It was undeniable that the guy had impressive skills. If it wasn't for Fabian's capability as well as a well-recognized investor in the local stock market, he might not be able to

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overcome this obstacle. He had to admit that he was actually quite impressed by George and was even keen on meeting him in person.

“Mr. Norton, George... escaped. But don’t worry, our men had taken prompt action. I’m sure that we’ll manage to hunt him down soon,” the assistant explained hastily to him.

Without saying anything else, Fabian gestured for him to leave by waving his hand.

To him, the drastic drop in the stock price was just a minor hiccup. After all, a well-established and prestigious corporate like Phoenix Group would not be easily shaken by anything.

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Nonetheless, the process of regaining the corporate funds that were lost was a great challenge. It was definitely not a simple problem that could be resolved by anyone. If anything happened while they were in the midst of retrieving the fund, nothing could be done to save them. Hence, it was considered as a close shave for Phoenix Group this round.

In the industry, it would be disastrous if the weakness of a certain corporate was accidentally exposed to a third party. The opponents would surely seize the opportunity to strike them with a great blow, and the moment their foundation was shaken by the unexpected outer force, the company would probably meet its end.

Fabian’s phone buzzed abruptly. It was a call from his trusted aide.

“Mr. Norton, we’ve just discovered that Lyna has a villa that was being used as her secret workplace. However, when we reached there, there was no sign of anyone. Moreover, we spotted various types of equipment there. She had apparently fled the villa in a haste,” his trusted aide updated him on their latest investigation in detail.

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"Alright, I got it. Ask our men to continue with their investigation. We must track down the whereabouts of Yvette Tanner and Lyna Blackwood no matter what. We can't let the two of them off easily!" Fabian instructed in a deep voice.

As long as the whereabouts of the two women were not traced, Hannah's safety would be greatly threatened. Even though Hannah has Natasha protecting her. But I'm still worried that if anything happens... I won't be able to save her on time.

Meanwhile, Lyna had gotten herself five helpers from the black market. They were all thugs who would do anything as long as they were well paid.

Scrutinizing them, she said sternly, "Just wait for my instruction. I'll make the necessary arrangements for all of you by then."

After that, she entered a private room in a small cafe that was located in the black market. Seated in the private section, she made a call to Felicia. Except for her mother, there was nobody she could trust at the moment.

"Hello?" Felicia answered her call in a while.

"Mom, It's me, Linnie."

"Linnie? Why did you change your phone number?"

Felicia was oblivious to Lyna's current critical circumstance. Even though she happened to know that Lyna seemed to be working on something fishy in Blackwood Group, she thought that it was merely her usual tactic in order to expand her social circle for a career advancement. Therefore, she did not really bother about that.

"Mom, I'm running out of time so I can't explain to you. You don't have to ask me any questions too. I'm just going to send you a bank account number and I need you to transfer as much money as possible into this account. Remember to delete my message after jotting down the account number on a piece of paper. Alright, I have to hang up now." Lyna hung up on her right away. After all, she knew that Fabian had started to be suspicious of her, so she had to stay alert.

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Luckily, she had used Wayne's family to threaten him to keep her name out if he was questioned by Fabian. In the event that Wayne was found out, he must lie that Yvette was the one manipulating everything.

Wayne agreed at once, as he was sure that Fabian would not be suspicious if he said that Yvette was the mastermind. After all, both Fabian and Yvette held grudges against each other.

Even so, Lyna was taking extra precautions to ensure her own safety. She knew that with the latest technology, Fabian could easily eavesdrop on her phone conversation if the call duration exceeded one minute. Therefore, she hung up her phone quickly as she gazed at her watch, ensuring that the call duration was less than one minute.

Narrowing her eyes, Lyna smiled slyly as a perfect plan to abduct Hannah came across her mind.

Before long, Felicia had transferred ten million into Lyna's bank account as requested.

Upon receiving the money, Lyna contacted the boss of the black market immediately, "I have another business opportunity for you."

The man's eyes lit up at her words. Nothing was unachievable for the people of the black market, as long as they were paid with the agreed sum.

"I need you to look for a woman with a figure resembling mine so that she can be my substitute. At the same time, I need your help to get me a trustworthy person to deliver something for me."

At the moment, there was no one by Lyna's side who could carry out her tasks. All of her so-called trusted aides had fled away. Not only do they risk not getting paid, but they were also fearful of losing their lives if they continued to obey her.

"Sure, sounds easy enough."

Squinting his eyes, the man grinned at the thought of the gainable profit from Lyna. Based on his judgment, Lyna was undoubtedly an heiress from one of the prominent families who were on the run. It seemed that she had nobody to turn to at the moment and had no choice but to seek help from him.

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"I also need you to help me look for another person." Lyna paused and continued, "The person must be really good at imitating others' handwriting."

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