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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1421 - 1425

Meanwhile, news of Hannah's return to the company had begun to spread. Xavier appeared distant as he held the phone inside the Jackson Group president's office. "Alright, understood."

As a president who had spies abound, he was privy to the situation surrounding the woman that he very much fancied. He saw this as a chance for him to make Hannah his wife, as it seemed impossible now for her and Fabian to reconcile.

Reservations on the part of Heather had profoundly affected Hannah.

Owing to Hannah's compassion, she would doubtlessly distance herself from Fabian, which would open up the opportunity for Xavier himself to woo Hannah.

He did not mind that Hannah could not conceive, as he was mad about her and did not see her as a child bearing tool. Worse come to worst, they could always adopt. He believed that love was the key to marital bliss.

Besides, Xavier's situation was unlike Fabian's. The former still had a younger brother, so he did not have to worry as much about succession. Even if his own brother was not keen on taking over the reins, his nephew would have come of age and should be able to hold his own when the time came for Xavier to retire.

With his mind set on seeing Hannah, Xavier called up Bob to arrange to have her conduct an exclusive interview with himself.

"What? Say that again!"

Not everyone was happy to learn that Hannah was back. Fabian and Xavier, the ones who loved her, were obviously ecstatic, but not so much those who plotted against her.

"Hannah Young's back, and I've already called her company to ascertain this. Why would I kid around with stuff like that?"

The person sounded forthright enough over the phone.

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"Alright, got it."

Lyna exhaled as she hung up.

The clouded expression on her face had Yvette concerned. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Yvette stuck around with Lyna because she hoped to be able to receive Lyna's help. She understood that the way back to Fabian was something she would not be able to manage on her own.

"What's wrong? Hannah's back at work and... Fabian's hired someone to stay close to her for her protection. We won't have any more chances to strike."

Lyna had an ominous look on her face. Hannah's resurfacing was vexing for her.

"What? Hannah's back?"

Yvette staggered and nearly fell over, dazed by what she heard. How was she ever to get back with Fabian if that were true? Was this some kind of sick joke?

However, she was not about to throw in the towel. "Why would she do that? Why would Fabian still want her if she's incapable of conceiving? Moreover, would Heather agree to their marriage?"

"How am I to know all that? Wouldn't I want to know exactly what was she doing back here in the first place? Is she that shameless, returning to Fabian's side knowing well that she's incapable of giving him children? This is insane!"

Lyna was flustered at Hannah's return as it derailed all of her plans and left her without any contingencies lined up.

Yvette gnashed her teeth. "Why don't we hire someone to ..."

She then drew a finger across her own throat.

When Lyna saw that, she cursed silently and wondered if her counterpart was a damn idiot. Sending an assassin after Hannah right now? Are you suicidal? Isn't it obvious enough that

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Fabian would be extremely guarded against us at this very moment since he just got Hannah back?

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Fabian had sent someone to protect Hannah. Do you think you could find someone more skilled than the one he has hired?

"I won't try to stop you if you have a death wish."

Lyna did not mince her words. If she had no further use for Yvette, she would not have bothered with her at all.

"Then, what should we do?"

The ticking off had its desired effect, as Yvette had realized how unrealistic this was.

"What shall we do? We wait for Fabian to make his move."

Lyna exhaled as she was increasingly less assured of herself.

She had been at the losing end every time she crossed swords with Fabian thus far. There was no way that man would let her off this time after she had caused Hannah to miscarry, so she was even more anxious than Yvette was.

"What if Fabian doesn't?"

Yvette had a strong feeling that after this round, she might have lost Fabian for good.

"Impossible. I would bet everything that he would. He didn't before because he was grieving after losing Hannah. Now that she's back, we can expect him to take action. Any father who lost his child would tread on the path of vengeance. How could any less be expected of Fabian Norton?"

Lyna was confident of her own analysis. She was in no doubt that Fabian would move against them, so their anticipation of his timing would be crucial.

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“Okay. I’ll go tighten the security around us.”

Yvette appeared thoughtful as she nodded. She went along as she saw the logic behind Lyna’s words.

She was genuinely terrified of death. As much as she desired to marry into the Norton family and gain unprecedented power and prestige, there would be no point to it if she could not live to enjoy them.

Lyna almost suffered a stroke just listening to Yvette, and was barely able to resist giving two tight slaps to this dumb teammate of hers.

She spoke while she suppressed the anger burning inside, “I think you’d be better off getting more people to document the evidence of his crimes. We’ll need just a couple of skilled men for our own protection.”

Yvette acknowledged her before she headed out of the house. “Hmph. You can die for all I care but don’t drag me into the grave with you. Do you really think a couple of men would be enough? Are you shitting me? Do you think Fabian’s playing house with us?”

Yvette’s dissatisfaction with Lyna was festering inside. Do you think I enjoy putting up with you? I would’ve exposed you long ago if I didn’t need to depend on your schemes.

Hmph! When Fabian and I are married, the first thing I’d do is trip you over and have you spending the rest of your life behind bars. I won’t be giving you any chances to ruin me because you already know too much.

By this time, Natasha had arrived. She made a beeline for Hannah’s office and knocked upon the door.

“Please come in.”

Hannah was going through some files at her desk. Even though her team did much to help cover for her in her absence, the workload she had to handle upon her return was still considerable. She saw it as her responsibility to ensure that these were properly seen to.

“Hey, Hannah.”

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Natasha hailed loudly at the woman who was busy editing the documents on hand.

Hannah's head jolted up. "Natasha!"

She was subsequently on her feet and headed for Natasha with arms extended.

"Are you okay?" Natasha asked as she held Hannah's hands.

"Of course I am. Can't you see that I'm looking much better?"

Hannah was touched by Natasha's concern and twirled around just to prove her own point.

"Yeah, that's good to know. I was so worried when you disappeared on me."

"Hehe. Alright, aren't I back already?"

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Hannah laughed as she led Natasha toward her own desk. There was a significantly smaller one next to it which looked a little miserable inside the office.

"This is the workspace that I've prepared for you. From now on, let's work in here together," Hannah said with a smile.

"You're so nice to me."

Natasha was moved. The notion of leaving her life of assassinating others behind to learn from Hannah and become a real assistant to her did cross her mind.

"Alright, enough of this. I've already spoken to Mr. Dijon on your behalf. He's happy to hear that you would be rejoining us and has also approved our leave. Come on, let's go pack your things."

Hannah dangled the bunch of keys that the company had given to her in front of Natasha before she took her by the hand and led her outside.

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With the arrangements Fabian made beforehand, they got Natasha's things sorted out with relative ease. As neither of them had been to the living space the company had assigned, they actually spent way more time trying to locate it.

They finally made it to the unit after no small amount of effort. It was not particularly spacious, with just one room and living room, but adequate for Hannah and Natasha's purposes.

It was only after they had their luggage put away in the closet that they were able to take a breather.

Though not comparable to the villa Fabian owned, Hannah was quite satisfied with her accommodations at present.

As for Natasha whose priority was to protect Hannah, she did not mind where she lived so long as she could remain close to Hannah.

"It's a little cramped here. Would you mind if we share the same bed at night?" Hannah asked.

Natasha smiled and shook her head. "What are you saying, Hannah? You've been taking care of me for so long, so why would I mind?"

That was her honest sentiment. Unaware of Natasha's true identity, Hannah had already went well beyond her own obligations for one she knew only as an intern.

Hannah chuckled before she regarded the young woman. "That's good to hear."

Natasha smiled broadly. Hannah was to her, the kindest soul she had ever met. Her charms had profoundly affected this assassin's heart. Natasha held back more than once against the smiling Hannah before she finally decided to ask, "I'm not sure if I should be probing, Hannah, but there's something that I don't understand."

Hannah regarded the tentative girl and guessed she might want to know the reason for her own sudden departure.

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She thought for awhile and decided that she should just be upfront about it. The truth had been pent up inside her for some time and she had wanted someone to confide in. It then became a question of who she might be able to speak to.

Helen? That girl was too impulsive and tempestuous. It would be hard to predict what she might end up doing if she was told everything.

What about her colleagues? They might be good for other less weighty issues but she could not possibly trust them with this.

But it was different with Natasha. She was an intern from Remdik, and through their interactions, Hannah found the girl to be trustworthy. For some inexplicable reason, she felt an almost familial type of bond with her.

“Do you wish to ask why I’ve been absent for some time these last few days?” Hannah asked calmly.

“Yes.”

Natasha nodded without hesitation. She could not understand why Hannah chose to leave without a word when she and Fabian both loved each other so much.

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She held Natasha’s hands and they slowly sat down by the edge of the bed. “Alright then. Today, I shall tell you my story.”

She planned to recount everything that happened, beginning with her meeting with Fabian.

“I was keeping tabs on Fabian, or should I say Mr. Norton, hoping to be able to secure an interview with him, but without luck...”

“Afterwards, we entered a legally binding marital agreement in secret. We didn’t share any mutual feelings at that time.”

“It was only later on that I found myself slowly falling for him, despite understanding that Chanaea’s a deeply class-conscious country, and our family backgrounds were worlds

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apart. It seemed neither possible for me to marry into the Norton family, nor for Mr. Norton to take a mere reporter as his wife.”

“What surprised me was that somewhere along the way, little by little, Mr. Norton started to care more about me. Though he had never expressed it explicitly, I felt it intimately. However, when I considered my own social standing, I had to distance myself...”

“Later on, I discovered that Mr. Norton really was in love with me. I was relieved, albeit a little worried, whether the love we had which transgresses Chanaea’s traditions would be able to stand the test of time. I had no answer for that. I was in a dark place, and afraid. I thought about avoiding him, as I dared not face him.”

“It was until I’d met with Mr. Norton’s mother that I realized how much effort he had put into trying to convince her to accept me. At that point, I told myself that I couldn’t give up on this relationship so easily. If even he could persuade his own mother, what reason have I got to concern myself with what anyone else thinks? So I’d decided there and then that I would confront any obstacle and always give the best of myself to him.”

“But Fate is cruel. She doesn’t want everyone to be happy, or perhaps it was that I had been enjoying a run of good fortune that time that she decided that she needed to put our relationship to the test. We made it through, but there were three people who harbored ill intentions toward me, one of whom had hidden herself too well...”

Hannah paused at this point. She really did regard Lyna like her own sister, and never did she expect that it was all mere pretenses. Hannah was furious when she finally discovered it, but she could only laugh at her own naivety. But all that did not bother her anymore.

“Even that couldn’t stop us. I thought our love was bulletproof, except it wasn’t. Nobody else could destroy it, except me. I couldn’t get myself over the hump.”

Hannah’s expression was tinged with shame and sadness, but she had no tears as they had already run dry. Perhaps she had come to accept that this was what Fate had decided?

“Out of my own carelessness, I miscarried in that accident that happened not so far back. I killed my own child as a mother oblivious to her own pregnancy. In the aftermath, my body wasn’t the same. It’s likely that I would never be able to conceive again.”

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Natasha held her breath when she heard that. What? Miscarriage? And inability to conceive for life?

Natasha may be a cold-blooded assassin, but she was also a woman. There was no way she could not be shocked by this, as maternal love was a woman's instinct.

As she regarded Natasha's stunned expression, Hannah could not help but shake her own head. She was already past her own grief and regret because she knew there was nothing she could do to undo what had transpired.

"You know what happens when a family is childless, especially when you consider a man in Mr. Norton's position. How could he be left without an heir to succeed his vast family empire?"

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"They need a successor. As a single son, the responsibility to continue the family bloodline falls upon him. I can't be so selfish as to get in his way. Wouldn't you agree?"

The last statement was meekly directed at Natasha as a question. Hannah believed she did the right thing. She could have returned to Fabian, but what was she to do if she was not able to bear him children in future?

Natasha had the urge to rebut Hannah. As an observer, she strongly felt that none of this was of Hannah's making, so for things to end this way for her was totally unfair.

On second thoughts, Hannah's goodhearted nature dictated that she would rather suffer the greatest agony for herself than allow Fabian to have any regrets. Natasha was certain she would not likely be able to persuade her, so after giving it some thought, she asked, "Since you've your mind made up, Hannah, why have you come back?"

It was not as though Natasha did not want Hannah to return. Even though she was just someone who was working for Fabian, she was also a human capable of emotions.

As much as she hoped for Hannah and Fabian to be able to reunite, it was not something she had any say in. All she could do was find out the impetus for Hannah's return.

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She knew that it must have taken a lot on Hannah's part to walk away, so there had to be a compelling reason why she turned back. This was something she could share with Fabian and indirectly aid Hannah in.

Knowing Hannah's character, she had to front this and keep Fabian's involvement a secret, as Hannah would likely refuse his help.

"Phew!"

Hannah exhaled, and her expression became solemn. "I came back because I have doubts about the cause behind my mother's death. I suspect that Felicia could have been responsible for my mother's death."

"I want to investigate this. If it is as I thought, I want to see justice done, so that my mother would not have died without accountability."

Natasha's eyes darkened and a cold glint emanated from her eyes. How could such a gentle person be made to endure so much? How unjust are the heavens! How blind are the gods!

Natasha had an impulse to go and confront the divines over this. There was nothing she wanted more than to hand over the people who had harmed Hannah and her mother to Fabian whom she believed would surely see to it that the culprits were duly punished for what they had done.

Hannah was stunned by the murderous aura in the air and could not believe that it could have come off this petite girl. The look in Natasha's eyes made her involuntarily shudder.

She cleared her throat before she continued. "Don't worry yourself with this, Natasha. I'll handle this properly. Should I find out that my conjecture was true, I'll hand the murderer over to the police so that I may restore my mother's good name."

Even if Hannah's face was not particularly expressive, Natasha could sense her helplessness.

What did Natasha do for a living? She was an assassin! So she was naturally sensitive about such things.

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In spite of Hannah's seeming detachment, she was deeply uncertain inside as to whether going about the investigation could be as simple as she imagined it to be. Her heart already said no, as Felicia was not someone to be taken lightly.

Though the woman did not wield much power herself, being the wife of Leo Blackwood, the head of the Blackwood Group, sufficiently made her a formidable adversary.

It was obvious to Hannah that she had only herself to count on, and not much else to work with. With the state of her relationship with Fabian, she would not be looking to him for help.

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