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Meanwhile, Fabian's eyes remained pinned on the gate that had been smashed open, afraid that he would miss something. At Hannah's question, he lifted his hand and placed his finger against his lips. "Shh. The show is going to commence very soon."

After all, he timed it for a bit, and judging from the Warrens' impatient nature, they would definitely throw Regina out the moment they found her.

Before Fabian had even finished speaking, Hannah spotted someone being thrown out. In the next moment, she was entirely dumbfounded. What's happening here? Isn't that Regina? Why is she here?

Subsequently, Ysobel stepped forward, her face twisted into a mask of rage. Her body swayed like an octopus with all its tentacles shooting outward even as she pointed a finger at Regina, who had fallen on her butt on the ground, and cursed her out.

"You b*tch! You could have done anything at all, yet you just had to be a mistress! Did you not know what kind of person Wesley Xenakis is? Did you not know where his money comes from? Say, you're truly shameless! How could you still spend that money with peace of mind?"

As Ysobel spoke, she even kicked Regina twice with her plump legs. Such an intense bolt of pain lanced through Regina that she howled while wailing that she was sorry and apologizing fervently in hopes of assuaging Ysobel's towering rage.

At this time, a portly middle-aged man stumbled over. It was none other than Wesley, and behind him were Luka and the other men, making it apparent that they had shoved him out.

The moment Regina, who was on the ground, caught sight of Wesley, a pleading look lit her eyes. And while there were traces of anguish in Wesley's eyes, he said nary a word. He himself was in great trouble now, so he had no way of helping Regina.

"What's the matter? You're hoping that he'll plead for mercy on your behalf? Do you think he'll dare do that?"

As Ysobel stared at Regina, who appeared pitiful, the fury within her blazed all the hotter. She simply couldn't shake off the feeling that such a beautiful woman like Regina could only win a man's favor by acting all coquettish.

Thus, she again kicked her petite body twice, the excruciating pain making Regina's entire body twitch with agony. In turn, this rendered her increasingly pitiful.

At the side, Wesley timidly murmured, "Look, Ysobel, you've already hit her and condemned her, so why don't you just let this matter go?"

"Hmm? Why so? Are you feeling sorry for her? Why didn't you feel such a way when you kept a mistress outside? Why didn't you feel sorry for me when you lavished my money on another woman?"

Upon hearing Wesley speaking up for Regina, Ysobel became increasingly enraged, especially when she noticed the branded clothes on her and the little villa she was currently occupying. Ah, what a luxurious life she's been living! Never had Wesley Xenakis been this good to me! As this thought occurred to her, she stepped forward and gave her another two swift kicks to vent the resentment within her.

As Hannah gazed at Regina, who was moaning in pain on the ground, a sliver of sympathy rose within her. She then tugged on the hem of Fabian's shirt and muttered softly, "Isn't this too much?"

The moment she saw the few people coming out, she had already pieced the puzzle together. When Ysobel started raining kicks on Regina, she grew all the more certain of her assumption.

This plump woman is likely the lawful wife, while the middle-aged man is the one who's keeping Regina as his mistress. Hmm... I remember Fabian saying that his name is Wesley Xenakis. As for the rest, they're probably the help she brought along.

All of a sudden, she recalled Fabian saying that he would be bringing her here to watch a show.

So, had he known about this from the very beginning? Or was he the one who incited this whole incident? When he told the driver to head to Wesley Xenakis' house, the driver knew the way clearly. Plus, a dramatic scene instantly played out. For that reason, I can say for sure that this matter has much to do with him!

As Regina continuing wailing on the ground, Hannah couldn't help shuddering in pity. After all, it was abundantly clear that Ysobel wasn't pulling her punches when she kicked her.

Looking at Fabian, who appeared and apathetic and unbothered at the side, she wanted to speak yet hesitated time and again. In the end, she could not hold back the words and blurted, "How about we go out and put a stop to it?"

Inwardly, she contemplated, Even if he's not involved in this matter, they'll still give him quarter considering his reputation in the industry.

However, how could Fabian possibly put an end to the show when it was him who had planned it meticulously?

Without entertaining the thought of helping, Fabian glacially retorted, "Why should we poke our noses into this when it's someone else's family affair? Besides, why should I help Regina York? She isn't all that good to you, is she?"

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At Fabian's remark, Hannah was left with no retort. He's right. I'm just poking my nose into someone else's affair. Regina is always picking on me in the office, and she's so vicious that she even wanted to set me up shamelessly. If it weren't for him, I can't even imagine what I would be facing right now.

Upon seeing that her expression seemed rather grim, Fabian lifted his arm and pulled her into his embrace. "It's fine. This is just karma since she's such a ruthless person," he consoled gently.

Meanwhile, Luka patted Ysobel on the shoulder and whispered, "Don't take it so far. I've still got something to ask Wesley Xenakis."

Ysobel again cursed Regina out, only stopping when sweat dripped down her forehead.

"Hmph! A b*tch like you should just walk the streets! How is this act of yours any different from prostituting yourself?"

As she spoke, her face turned chilly. In the next instance, she snapped her head around to bark at Wesley, who was wearing a penitent expression, "Go into the villa! My brother has something to say to you!"

After saying that, she again shot Regina, who was slumped on the ground, another glare. Then, she spun around and stalked toward the villa.

When Wesley saw that they had all left, he quickly darted forward and helped Regina up. "I'm sorry about that, Regina," he mumbled in embarrassment.

Wesley had been rather good to Regina in the past few years she had been his mistress. He had no feelings for Ysobel, perchance due to her rigidity and stern temperament besides her unsightly looks. Plus, he had only married her because of Luka.

When he met Regina, it was as though he had found his chance at love. His interaction with her resembled that of a dating couple, giving her the best of everything and even accompanying her shopping from time to time.

Despite Regina's cruel streak, she still had a shred of conscience, so she burst into tears at his words.

"Luka wants to see me, and I have a feeling that he wants to fire me. I might become a pauper in the future and can't support you anymore," Wesley admitted dejectedly.

This struck Regina like a bolt of lightning. No more money? How am I to continue living the life I want? Who'll be buying me branded handbags and giving me a credit card to swipe at will?

But in the next moment, her eyes lit up as though having received a stay of execution. "Wesley, have you forgotten that we've duped Fabian Norton? It's your signature on the document, so nobody can take it away from you. We still have money! There's still hope!"

Her exclamation jolted Wesley out of his stupor. That's right! I duped Fabian Norton out of tens of millions, so it's enough for me to live comfortably for the rest of my life!

At this exact moment, a sharp voice rang out from the door of the villa. "Why are you not getting in here yet, Wesley Xenakis? Are you waiting for me to go and escort you in?"

As the terrifying voice drifted into Regina's ears, she shuddered in fear, making it obvious that she was traumatized by the beating earlier.

When Wesley saw this, he gently comforted her, promising, "Don't worry, Regina. I'll divorce her. We'll leave for someplace far away with the money. Call 911 first, and I'll look for you later."

Regina let out a sigh as relief suffused her. All these years I've spent with Wesley Xenakis is finally bearing fruit!

"Ah well, we won't be getting to watch the show any further, so let's go." A languid voice echoed in the car, and the speaker was none other than Fabian.

At this, Hannah cast a final, pity-filled glance at Regina before heaving a sigh.

Subsequently, Fabian drove Hannah back to the hospital, while he went to look for Terry.

A while later, two people sat in a private room in a teahouse. "I think it's about time, Terry. You can tighten the net now. Just phone Luka Warren and ask for the money. If he fires Wesley Xenakis, just ask Wesley for the money. If he can't afford to pay... well, just take him to court and have him sentenced to life imprisonment," Fabian drawled nonchalantly as he fiddled with the teacup in his hand.

As Terry stared at the faint smile playing on Fabian's lips, he was abruptly drenched in a cold sweat. So, he wants to doom him? At the same time, a question flashed across his mind. What exactly did Wesley Xenakis do to offend him? Ah well, never mind. After all, knowing too much won't do me any good!

In the next moment, he calmed himself down and replied, "Okay, I'll have someone settle this in a while, so don't worry."

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Fabian nodded in acknowledgment. "Alright, I'll have to trouble you on this."

After having some small talk, he left and headed straight for the company while instructing the Department of Finance to make some adjustments on the corporate funds.

Hannah looked intently at her own reflection in the mirror. The woman who stared back at her had rosy cheeks and healthy pink lips. Nobody would have guessed that she was still a patient. Stroking her silky hair effortlessly, she did not feel the least bit of pain on her arm. It seemed that she had fully recovered.

I guess I'm fit to go back to work tomorrow. All of a sudden, Fabian's figure popped up in front of her with intimidating hostility on his face. He yelled at her domineeringly, "No way! You should continue to stay here and get ample rest!"

Hannah refuted in frustration, "You can't stop me! I want to get back to work. I've recovered, and there's nothing that I can do here. If I continue to stay here, I will really fall ill again because of extreme boredom."

Sensing something awry, she stiffened abruptly. Wait a minute! Fabian had gone to the office, hadn't he? Then it doesn't make sense for him to appear in front of me now.

Taking a closer look at the mirror, she noticed that there was only her own reflection. Fabian was nowhere in sight. Massaging her temples, her cheeks were flushed red in embarrassment. Pouting her lips, she grumbled to herself, "Fabian, you're really something. Why do you keep appearing in my mind?"

Snippets of the dramatic moments which Fabian dragged her to witness a while ago flashed across her mind. Her instinct told her that Fabian was actually the one manipulating everything behind. She could not believe that it was merely a coincidence for the affair between Wesley and Regina to be unveiled right after her scuffle with Regina previously.

He actually intended to avenge me by setting them up? In that case, I had indirectly become the culprit who caused Regina to be in the soup!

She was overcome by a sense of guilt momentarily before she shook her head again. Why do I need to be feeling guilty? I didn't do anything wrong. Regina only has herself to blame as she has to pay the price for what she has done.

The next moment, she took out her phone and tapped on a photo from the photo gallery. After zooming in, she flicked the phone screen lightly as she gazed at the photo.

Fabian, I know that you're actually very concerned about me and are just pretending to treat me indifferently. I really don't understand why you're acting cool like that. Don't you think that it's better to be your true self in front of me?

The man in the photo was Fabian. He had forced Hannah to take this photo of him earlier when they had only known each other for quite a short while. Apart from that, he requested her to set it as her phone wallpaper.

Intimidated by his domineeringness at that time, she did not dare to reject him. Later, when she noticed that Fabian had forgotten about that himself, she secretly changed it to another wallpaper. But somehow, she did not delete the photo from her phone.

She gazed at the man in the photo, then switched to look at her own reflection in the mirror and mumbled, "We look just like a perfect match for each other. Don't you think so?"

Knitting her brows, she twitched her lips and flicked on Fabian's forehead in the photo. Mimicking his tone, she raised her voice and asked, "Why are you silent? Don't you know that nobody dares to go against my will? Do you think you can challenge me?"

Putting her hands on her hips, she glared at the man in the photo. After a while, she could not hold back any longer and covered her mouth as she started to giggle.

In the meantime, Fabian was scribbling something on a copy of the document attentively. At that very moment, he was totally different from his frivolous self when spending time with Hannah. Not long after that, he put down his pencil for a short break and took a sip of coffee. Then, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Thud! Thud! Someone knocked lightly on the door.

Fabian raised his head slightly and replied, "Come in."

His voice was not really loud, yet it was audible by the person outside the door.

"Mr. Norton, Ms. Tanner has waited for you outside for more than half an hour. Do you think you can spare some time to meet her?" his assistant asked tactfully, fearing that she would be fired instantly if Fabian was infuriated again.

Fabian nodded and replied as his mouth curved into a smile, "Alright. Tell her that I will go down in a while." He was immersed in going through the documents a while ago and had unintentionally forgotten about Yvette. Unexpectedly, she was still waiting for him.

As Fabian's assistant approached Yvette, she asked hastily, "How is it? How long will it take for Mr. Norton to come down?"

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"Mr. Norton asked me to inform you that he's coming down in a while."

Yvette massaged her waist, which started to feel sore after remaining seated for quite some time, and let out a deep breath. Finally, he's coming down to see me! It's worth the wait. She

turned to look at her assistant seated beside her and said, "Just wait here for Mr. Norton to come down. I need to touch up my makeup in the washroom."

She then strutted toward the washroom in her high heels without hesitation. Later, when putting on some mascara, she heard two women gossiping about Fabian. Out of curiosity, she stopped and pricked up her ears to eavesdrop on their conversation.

"Do you know there's a rumor about Mr. Norton being really close with a woman called Hannah Young at the moment?"

"Huh? I've no idea about that. I only know that everyone is excited about Mr. Norton being in a relationship with the artiste, Yvette Tanner. We expect that they will tie the knot soon!"

Yvette was over the moon when she heard the woman's comment. All of a sudden, it felt like nothing – not even that Hannah – would spoil her day.

"Do you think it's possible? It is undeniable that Yvette is a gorgeous woman, yet she is just an actress. I don't think a prestigious family like the Nortons will easily accept an actress as the spouse of their young heir. Hence, chances of her becoming a member of the Nortons are very slim."

"How about the one you mentioned earlier? Is Hannah Young an heiress from any of the prestigious family?"

"She's not from a prominent family. I heard she is just a journalist. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Norton had accepted her exclusive interview previously. He not only spared time to fetch her from her office that day but also gave her a big bouquet of roses. I notice that Mr. Norton has never treated any other women so caringly all this while. Therefore, I feel that there's a bigger possibility for both of them to get married."

Yvette's face turned grim instantly as she enunciated Hannah's name with gritted teeth. In a split second, a look of abhorrence appeared in her eyes.

Hannah Young, you really are a shameless b*tch! How dare you seduce my man. All this while, Fabian was always known as a playboy in showbiz, but he seems to have better self-control lately because of me. Everyone knows we are a perfect match for each other. Yet you have to come and mess things up!

Anyway, I would not follow in that foolish Regina's footsteps by having a dispute with you right away. If I do so, my image would be tarnished!

Yvette managed to cool her head off in a while and gave herself a confident smile. Just wait and see! I'll never be defeated by you, Hannah Young!

The moment she stepped out of the washroom, Fabian was already waiting for her with his assistant at the entrance.

Quickening her pace, Yvette said cloyingly, "Fabian, you're here!"

Fabian turned and smiled at her. "Yeah. I was going through some documents just now. Sorry to keep you waiting."

Shaking her head, Yvette replied coyly, "It doesn't matter. As long as you're willing to see me, I don't mind to keep waiting for you."

Fabian chuckled dryly and asked, "Anyway, why are you here? Do you have something to discuss with me?"

"I kinda miss you, so I thought of asking you out for a meal," Yvette said coquettishly as she held onto Fabian's arm.

After pondering for a while, Fabian decided not to turn her down. He replied immediately, "Let's go. What do you feel like having?"

Batting her eyelashes, she replied sweetly, "As long as I'm with you, anything is fine for me."

Upon hearing her words, Fabian could not help letting out a silent sigh. Hannah, how nice if you are as understanding and obedient as Yvette!

Following that, both of them stepped out of the building together. Yvette also sent her assistant off, as she would like to spend some private time with Fabian.

There was pin-drop silence in the car. Fabian was staring out of the window in silence as his mind sank into contemplation. Yvette was seated aside, feeling bored and shy at the same time. After a while, she broke the silence by asking softly, "Fabian, what are you busy with recently? I went to look for you a few times, yet you were not at the office."

"I'm occupied with the business operations these two days," Fabian recollected himself and replied placidly.

"I see." At the sight of Fabian's indifference, Yvette was disappointed and felt dejected like a deflated balloon.

At the same time, Fabian's phone buzzed, and he took it out slowly. The moment he saw the name blinking on the screen, his eyes lit up.

"Hello?" Fabian's lips curved into a smile.

Upon seeing Fabian's face lit up, Yvette furrowed her brows as she realized that the caller must be no ordinary person to him. Instantly, she felt threatened as the caller had triggered an alarm within her. Perking up her ears, she tried to catch what they were talking about.

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She could only hear faint sounds from the other side of the phone. Apparently, it was a woman grumbling about her food.

The smile on Fabian's face widened as he listened.

He was wondering why Hannah called him out of a sudden. Ah... Is she purposely calling me just to grumble about the chicken soup? Looks like I have been too lenient with her lately to the point that she is much more daring now! Hmm... I guess it's time to be stricter on her.

Pretending to be stern, he warned, "Hannah Young, if you dare say anything further, I'll force you to drink chicken soup every day!"

The moment Yvette heard Hannah's name, her frown deepened into a scowl. I knew it! This thick-skinned slut even dares to seduce my man at this hour and with me right beside him! Ugh... the nerve! Hannah Young, you think too highly of yourself! What makes you think that you are worthy enough to be with Fabian?

On the other side of the phone, Hannah's smile froze. As a wave of fury surged within her, she almost bellowed and reprimanded Fabian. However, she did not dare and could only try to hold back. Trembling in anger, she yelled, "Fabian, don't you dare bully me!"

"Huh? It sounds to me like you do love chicken soup," Patting his knee rhythmically, Fabian said mockingly at her.

At the thought of forcing herself to swallow chicken soup every day, Hannah softened at once and wailed, "Mr. Norton, I'm sorry. Please let me off!"

"You'd better spare some time to think of how to please me. I might just let you off if you manage to cheer me up." Fabian hung up straight away and stopped his rhythmic patting on his knee as well.

Hannah was trying to persuade Fabian to change his mind, yet she was stunned that he had actually hung up on her. Rolling her eyes, she grimaced and rebuked Fabian, "Hmph! Aside from forcing me to swallow the disgusting chicken soup, you're asking me to butter you up again. I'm an assertive modern woman and won't easily give in to everything!"

Needless to say, Hannah was just grumbling to unleash her own frustration. Deep in her heart, she understood that she must not inflame Fabian. My goodness! He sounded a bit enraged just now. How am I supposed to appease him? No way! I'm not going to drink that every day! I must think of a way to please him by all means!

I don't think he was joking earlier either. He seemed to really mean it.

On the other hand, Yvette was scheming about how she could let Fabian fall head over heels for her.

Leaning closer to Fabian gradually, she wrapped her hands around Fabian's neck and said coquettishly, "Fabian, we have not met each other for such a long time. Don't you miss me?"

Being a womanizer, Fabian never pushed away any chances to flirt with women who approached him. Grabbing hold of Yvette's waist spontaneously, he caressed and pinched her sensitive spots lightly. "I told you that I was busy these two days, didn't I?"

Putting aside her usual elegance as an artiste, Yvette was behaving exactly like a woman with no sense of shame at that moment. She deliberately let out hot breath from her luscious red lips against his neck. Putting on a promiscuous look, she moaned seductively by his ear in order to arouse him.

"I really miss you so much these two days till I have sleepless nights and lose my appetite. You bad, bad man. You shouldn't forget about me even when you're occupied."

Fabian scoffed silently in his heart. Sleepless nights and losing your appetite? Isn't this a bit much? Are you sure you still have the energy to put on such a saccharine show if you haven't eaten for two days? Nonetheless, he instinctively coaxed her, "I'm terribly sorry for that. I shouldn't have neglected you for these few days."

Leaning in closer to Yvette, he kissed her hard on those lustrous lips. Totally different from Hannah, Yvette was more than willing to kiss him back passionately and luring him in with her great techniques.

Fabian recalled how he was feeling discouraged by Hannah's reluctance and resistance whenever he kissed her. As a result, Yvette's passionate kiss and seductive body language had easily triggered his desire to go further.

Yvette stiffened and looked at Fabian quizzically when he stopped kissing her all of a sudden.

"Head straight to the hotel."

Upon hearing his words, Yvette's eyes glistened with delight. Her face flushed red as she gazed at him affectionately.

Hannah Young, who? Excuse me, my great charm and skills are irresistible to Fabian. You can never beat me! Looking at Fabian's blazing eyes with desire, Yvette was even more confident in herself. Indeed, no man can resist my great charm!

The moment Fabian stepped into the hotel with Yvette, her captivating look stole the limelight at once.