# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1261

Just as she was about to sort things out, Hannah suddenly had an idea. Why didn't she just wait until they'd already started foreplay? If she denied him what he wanted at the moment of climax, wouldn't that be the harshest punishment? Isn't this also doing me some justice?

Hannah wondered, as her movements became more suggestive.

Fabian had never seen Hannah take the initiative before, and his lust for her grew even more.

You are so proactive, how can I just not cooperate then? Fabian mused and inclined his head to kiss Hannah on the lips.

His kiss was initially gentle, exerting very little force. He parted her lips with his tongue and then sought hers out.

Hannah also kissed him back, hard.

Fabian was overjoyed to feel her reciprocate. Usually, his kisses would receive no response from her, but this was different. This time, she was actually kissing him back, and he could not help but deepen the kiss.

Hannah's hands were tightly clasped behind Fabian's back as she felt her body tremble. Her intentions still lingered, but she could not fathom why she could not stop.

Fabian's moved abruptly as he prepared to go further with what they had started.

Sensing that Fabian had stopped for a brief moment, Hannah suppressed the excitement she felt and pinned him with a glare. "Piss off, Fabian."

Fabian was quite confused by Hannah's sudden change in demeanor. Did she just ask me to piss off?

Without dwelling on it, Fabian decided to go in for the kill.

"Ah! I told you...to...piss off!" Hannah was suddenly more acutely aware of Fabian's ministrations, from his movements to the temperature of his body, which took her breath away.

Fabian ignored her protests and did not stop.

Hannah, on the other hand, found it even harder to push him away.

It was not long until the pair had reached the peak, and a sated bliss overcame them both.

When Fabian finally stopped, Hannah was already dozing off. Her tiredness and intoxication were of no help to her, after all. She lay there cuddled against his chest and fell fast asleep.

Fabian gently stroked Hannah's hair, his eyes filled with affection. He tightened his grip on her at the same time, feeling a protective tightness in his chest.

As he watched Hannah sleep in his arms, Fabian kept replaying the day's events. All of this was his fault. If not for him, nobody would have marked Hannah as a target.

His gaze darkened considerably as he made a vow. Anyone who would harm a single hair on his woman's head would have hell to pay.

"Hello? Who's on the line?"

Yvette had received a phone call from an unfamiliar number. She answered it without thinking.

"Ms. Yvette? It doesn't matter who I am. The important thing is that I know you are going to kill Hannah."

On the other end of the line, Lyna's eyes flashed with a full grin. She planned to seek out Yvette, collaborate with her, then finally put all the blame on her.

"Huh? What bullsh\*t are you on right now? If you're going to be talking crap, I'm hanging up."

Yvette lashed out because she did feel some guilt, having not expected to be exposed so quickly. She sensed that Lyna was testing her too.

"Whether or not it's bullshit, you know better. However, I know that you sought out a car to hit Hannah's bridal entourage en-route to the wedding. You and I both know that Fabian is perfectly capable of finding out the truth. I dare not think of what he'll do to you then."

Lyna was saying this deliberately to get a rise out of Yvette. If she felt scared, then she was definitely more likely to team up with Lyna.

"What are you trying to pull here?"

The panic in Yvette's voice was apparent. Lyna could sense it in the way her voice shook.

"It's not about what I want, but what you're going to do. Tell you what, we'll meet in the teahouse. I'll let you know which booth to wait in."

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Lyna hung up immediately after she spoke, looking like the cat who ate the canary. Now that Yvette is panicked and likely frightened half to death, won't she have to do exactly as I ask?

She laughed and rubbed her hands gleefully. "Don't think you can escape my clutches this time, Hannah. I have an extra layer to my plan this time, but you don't. You're not getting away."

Lyna's expression turned even more vicious. Apart from plotting against Hannah, she had factored in how to deal with Fabian as well. Fabian may have been powerful, but he could not prevent everything. Lyna knew exactly what needed to be done.

"Oh Fabian, there's nobody to blame but yourself for this. It's your fault that you're not thorough enough. It's your fault for wanting to marry that b\*tch, Hannah. Rest in peace in the afterlife, then."

Lyna looked out the window with a sly smile, narrowed her eyes, and then made her way downstairs.

"Mr. Jackson, don't you have to give something to Ms. Young?"

Xavier's assistant asked him tentatively as he slowly drove the man away.

"Heh, do you think this is still necessary?"

Xavier had always regarded his assistant as his closest confidente. He trusted the man and did not hide anything from him.

"Well..."

The assistant trailed off, embarrassed. Of course, Xavier was right. It was unnecessary, given how Hannah and Fabian were already so close to each other. Xavier couldn't possibly barge in and be a third wheel.

"What's done is done."

Xavier shook his head bitterly in the back seat, slowly lowered the window, then lifted the present beside him and threw it out the window.

"I guess it's no surprise that someone like her was snatched up by Fabian."

Xavier sighed. He was very unwilling to give up, but he knew that he did not stand a chance. Hannah was out of bounds.

"And you are?"

Following Lyna's instructions, Yvette entered the private room for their meeting. She sized up Lyna curiously, seemingly enchanted by the other woman's appearance.

"I am Lyna, the successor to the Blackwood Group."

Lyna leaned back and casually introduced herself to Yvette.

Having said that she was the successor to the Blackwood Group, Lyna then had to be confident enough in her capabilities. She knew that the position would be hers soon enough, anyway. It was also to ensure that Yvette would be emboldened by someone powerful backing her.

"The Blackwood Group?"

Yvette looked at Lyna doubtfully. Being an entertainer, she was naturally unfamiliar with the companies in the business circles. Apart from the people whose interactions had intersected with her line of work, she was only familiar with the five bigshots in the country.

"Please, have a seat. No need to be so hostile. I'll have you know that I'm here to help you."

Lyna smiled and made a friendly gesture, motioning for Yvette to sit down and chat.

"Why help me? Tell me what you're after."

Yvette was in the entertainment industry long enough to understand that help did not come for free. She refused to believe that Lyna would be so eager to help her, given how they barely knew each other at all.

Lyna tried to break the silence with some awkward laughter. Instead, she busied herself with the freshly brewed tea and poured Yvette a cup. "You're so refreshingly direct, Ms. Tanner. I'll go straight to the point then."

She then straightened her back and looked directly at Yvette. "I'm not going to lie. Hannah and I are half-sisters. Just a few days ago, my brother needed a bone marrow transplant because he has leukemia. My father reached out to her, and she has since returned to the family."

Suddenly, Lyna turned resentful. Her tone of voice had changed, as she sounded very angry.

"Unexpectedly, since her return, she has done nothing but speaks ill of me in front of my father. She is also competing with me for the assets that my father was going to will to me."

"And on top of that, she has married Fabian Norton. Hannah has been using him to threaten my father, claiming that she will use Fabian to wreak havoc on the company if he didn't give her any of the shares. I was furious, of course, but there was nothing I could do but watch her take away what belongs to me."