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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1259

Alright, if you want it off, I'll have it off.

A sly smile appeared on Fabian's face as he approached Hannah.

Hannah nodded, satisfied. She was going to have so much fun, between drinking wine, bullying Fabian, and having her fantasies.

Seeing how obedient Fabian was, Hannah turned her back towards him and motioned for him to unzip her dress.

The sound that Hannah heard roused her suspicions. Was that ripping? She reached behind and felt around her back. Her dress was torn!

Fabian had ripped Hannah's wedding dress wide open. With a grin, he said, "Okay, you can take it off now!"

"F*ck! You actually tore my wedding dress? Alright, I've got a bone to pick, mister." Hannah rushed towards Fabian in a huff.

But before reaching Fabian, Hannah stopped.

Wait, this is a dream, right? It's no big deal. So what if it's torn? Everything will be back to normal when I wake up anyway.

"Fine, I'll let it slide. But if you misbehave, you're done for!" Hannah had an imperious air about her, almost as if her forgiveness was doing him a big favor.

Without stopping to see Fabian's reaction, she slipped out of her wedding dress. Hannah had been feeling uncomfortable and had wanted to remove her dress during the wedding. However, Fabian's arrival had sent her mind into a flurry, and her momentary discomfort was forgotten.

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“Honestly, you’re incorrigible. You’re still so domineering and rude even in my dreams.”

This silly girl is interesting.

Fabian looked at Hannah, who seemed to assume that she was still dreaming. He then decided to see what other shenanigans she would engage in if left to her own devices.

Hannah moved about the room clumsily, struggling to remove her wedding dress. She managed to wrestle the sleeves off before finally collapsing on the bed to shimmy out of her dress slowly.

Fabian held his breath, as heat pooled in his lower belly.

Just then, Hannah was laid out over the bed in her lingerie. His eyes raked over her smooth, white skin, tracing over the hills and valleys that made up her figure. She was also drunk, and the alcohol lent a light pink blush to her face. She looked as ethereal as a fairy who had just emerged from the woods.

“You pervert. What are you staring at? Do you think you can force yourself on me? That’s not going to happen.”

A perfunctory glance at Hannah showed her reclining on the bed. Her head was propped up by one arm as she lay there like a Greek goddess. His eyes shone as he let his gaze wander over her long, slender legs. If he was not that curious about what Hannah would do, Fabian would have likely thrown himself onto her by now.

So, do I wait for you to finish, or do I put an end to this myself? Fabian smiled, his gaze was dark.

“Well, off to the kitchen with you and finish that bowl of chicken soup. I want that bowl empty!” Hannah drawled lazily and gestured at Fabian with a finger.

Fabian was rendered speechless by this and remembered something that he had done to her involving chicken soup. He never thought she would bring this up now.

“You were sick, and I wanted you to drink that so you could replenish your strength!” Fabian had decided to explain himself and placate her so that she would not mention it again.

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"I. KNOW!" yelled Hannah. She then pursed her lips and continued. "I still want you to have it."

Fabian wanted to retort but he was silenced by Hannah mimicking his usual tone. "Hmm?"

He shook his head. This silly girl is as silly as she gets. Do you think that mocking someone else's speech is polite behavior?

Hannah could not care less. Rather, she seemed to be quite happy to mock Fabian since it brought her a smug sense of satisfaction.

"Fine, I'll drink it." Fabian shrugged, turned on his heel, and left.

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When Fabian made his way to the kitchen, he was surprised to see that there was in fact, chicken soup waiting for him on the table.

Again, Fabian was stunned by this. He initially thought that Hannah was drunkenly spewing nonsense. So you actually did make chicken soup? Not bad, Hannah. Not bad at all.

However, isn't this a bit excessive? Fabian assumed that it was just a bowl of soup or even a flask of it. He was definitely not expecting a large vat full of soup. It was enough to last a person for days!

Fabian stared at the vat when a sense of familiarity suddenly hit him. He peered closer to a good look when he realized exactly what she used. It wasn't just any vat! This was the basin that he bought for her to soak her feet in!

Hannah Young!

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“You cruel little sh*t. Did you actually cook this in the basin?”

Fabian had no intention of drinking any of it. He picked up the basin, marched straight into the bathroom, and chucked the contents down the toilet. After flushing, he walked towards the bedroom, basin in hand.

“I’ve finished it.” He lifted the basin so Hannah could take a closer look.

Hannah eyed the now-empty basin and nodded satisfactorily. Hmph! Now you know how drinking goddamn chicken soup is like? Let’s see if you have the audacity to force that on me again.

Hannah pondered over something quietly and paused before finally addressing Fabian again. “Here, I bought you something new to wear.”

She lifted the wedding dress she had just removed and pushed it into Fabian’s arms as she said this. Hannah couldn’t care less if he wanted the garment or not.

Fabian could not help the sting that he felt in his heart. He thought that her gesture was perfunctory, if not careless. She should have at least given him something or used one of his garments to pretend. Using the dress that he had so painstakingly chosen for her was completely unnecessary.

“Aren’t you a good boy?” Hannah did not seem to notice or care about Fabian’s unhappiness. She only patted his face lightly and spoke to him as if she were praising an obedient child.

Just then, Hannah slid off the bed and rushed towards Fabian in a drunken stupor. Her lids were lowered, but she ran straight for him with her arms wide open and wrapped them around him. With a mighty shove, she spun Fabian around and pinned him underneath her.

Fabian let out a shaky breath. The abruptness of Hannah’s behavior had caught him off guard. What on earth was she doing?

Did you underestimate how potent the alcohol would be? Did you do it to make yourself brave? Fabian shuddered at the thought. How could this be? After all, she was the type to start blushing the moment she spoke too much. Could she really take the initiative this way?

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What Hannah said next pushed all doubts out of his mind. "Fabian, you're always forcing me to be with you. Today, I'll do the opposite and force you to be with me instead!"

The admission did not make Fabian worry any less, however.

Has she gone insane? Hannah, if this is the case, then you should drink more in the future.

Hannah's hand had snaked up his chest as if to calm his frantically beating heart.

Her lips fluttered by his earlobes teasingly, like she meant to give him a kiss.

Fabian could feel the warmth of her breath tickling him as her lips swept across cheeks and neck.

Fabian could no longer contain the lust he tried very hard to suppress. He felt agitated, like a volcano about to erupt.

Fabian tightened his grip on her as his breathing began to quicken.

"Huh?" Hannah stopped suddenly, muttering aloud. "Something's not right. Why do I feel like something isn't right?"

"Why do I feel like I'm at the losing end despite taking the initiative? Why should I even force him?" She then realized that something was wrong with what she was about to do.

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