

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1121

Lyna smiled as she took out a card from her bag. Placing it on the table, she slid it across to him. "Mr. Lake, can't you help me with something so trivial on the account of our relationship? This is one million for your trouble."

Lowering his gaze, Mr. Lake's eyes lit up. However, he maintained the conflicted expression he had. "Ms. Blackwood, since you put it that way, it would be rude of me to come up with further excuses. Therefore, I'll see what I can do."

"In that case, I owe you my thanks, Mr. Lake." Lyna couldn't help but give him a condescending look. Hmph! All he wants is money. "May I know which operation are you talking about? I'll make the arrangements when I return," Mr. Lake asked. After taking Lyna's money, it was time for him to get to work. But given his position, it wasn't going to be difficult for him to plant someone in the operating theatre.

"Oh, it's a bone marrow transplant operation for a leukemia patient. I think it is scheduled for tomorrow." Lyna didn't dare say it was her own brother as she was afraid he might use the information to blackmail her.

"Alright, I'll make the necessary arrangements." Just as he spoke, Mr. Lake quickly put the card into his pocket swiftly just like how he had done it so many times. It was obvious that he was used to accepting bribes all the time.

"Thank you for coming Mr. Lake. Please see yourself out."

With a click of the door, Mr. Lake left the private room. Filled with malice, Lyna took out a recording pen and mumbled to herself in

glee, "Hah, don't think that one million doesn't come with a price. When something happens then, you will have to take the blame."

After that, Lyna called someone else. She got straight to the point the moment the call connected. "I'll send you my location so come see me now. We have some lucrative business to discuss."

"Haha, Winson, I don't think anyone can save you now. Don't for a second think that you have a chance to survive just because Hannah has stepped up to help you. This is just a joke! Now, both of you will see each other in the underworld. But look on the bright side, at least you have each other for company. Hahaha!"

Lyna diabolical laugh was enough to cause one's hair to stand on end. It was unbelievable that such an insidious laughter came out

from one so pretty.

While Lyna was plotting at her end, Fabian was discussing with Dan the safety measures of the operation.

“You have to make sure whoever enters the operating theatre is not compromised,” Fabian asserted.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get the supervisors to send one person each so that they can keep an eye on each other. There definitely won’t be any problems,” Dan York, the director of Mercy Hospital, who was sitting opposite him replied.

“Mmm-hmm. You have to be meticulous in the arrangements. There can be no mistakes,” Fabian reminded.

Nodding, Dan asked, “Aren’t you making a storm out of a teacup? Nothing is going to go wrong with this operation.”

“One can never be too careful,” Fabian replied, shaking his head.

The operation itself was extremely important to Fabian.

Furthermore, his men had found out that someone from the Blackwood family had prevented Winson from going to Mercy Hospital for treatment. Therefore, he had to take extra precautions to ensure Hannah’s safety.

Looking as if he had something to say, Dan wondered who it was that Fabian was being wary of. Someone from the Blackwood family? However, the patient in question is Leo Blackwood’s son. Why would they harm him? Hence, Dan felt that Fabian was being paranoid after spending too much time in the business world.

Meanwhile, Lyna had met the person she had wanted to.

“One million to buy your silence.” Lyna took out a card and slammed it on the table.

In a short time, Lyna had spent two million and agonized over it. However, the thought that two million would buy her most of the Blackwood family’s assets and also remove the obstacle to her marriage to Fabian, made her feel that it was worth it.

“Deal,” he agreed while picking the card up from the table despite not understanding what she meant by his silence.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1122

“Good. I like dealing with people who are as motivated as you are. Tomorrow, I’ll arrange for him to enter the operating theatre. Furthermore, I want him to inject both persons undergoing the operation with this amount of anaesthetic,” Lyna plainly remarked

as she took out two small bottles and placed them on the table. The person sitting opposite her squinted his eyes as he stared at the two bottles of anaesthetic, which obviously were enough to

kill two people. Nevertheless, he had always been living dangerously above the law and wasn't a stranger to the business of killing and stealing.

"I'll send you the time and location tonight. When the time comes, just get your man to contact me." Lyna continued, "Alright, that's all I have and you can go now. On your way out, keep a low profile so that no one knows that we have met."

The man nodded as he left with the two bottles Lyna gave him. Picking up the teacup from the table and taking a sip, Lyna mumbled, "Winson, don't blame me for being cruel. You should blame your own bad luck to have been born in the wrong place. As for you, Hannah, this is your own fault for appearing at the wrong time. So don't think badly of me for doing this."

Meanwhile, Hannah arrived home to the delicious aroma of bone broth. The maid had prepared it on Fabian's instructions.

I have never expected Fabian to be so attentive. From the smell alone, I can tell that soup is definitely delicious.

When she entered the kitchen, she was shocked to see a giant pot filled with bone broth. It goes without saying that Fabian isn't going to drink this oily soup. Does that mean that I will have to finish it by myself? Isn't that going to kill me?

Suddenly, when Hannah recalled herself puking from drinking too much chicken soup, she had the urge to cry for help.

Before she knew it, the maid brought over a huge bowl of bone broth and placed it in front of her. "Madam, the soup is ready. You should drink it while it's hot."

Letting out a long sigh, Hannah looked as if she was faced with death as she received the bowl from the maid. "Amelia, you should have some too."

Hannah sighed to herself and wondered how long she needed to finish such a huge bowl of soup. As Fabian had not returned home, she enlisted Amelia's help to finish some for her.

"I don't think so. Mr. Norton told me that you are going for an operation and therefore need to drink it to keep you strong. Since I'm not the one going for it, there's no need for me to drink.

Hence, it's better I save them for you."

Amelia's eyes were filled with concern. After all, she had worked in the Norton household for more than a year now and Hannah had always treated her well. She would always consider Amelia's interests from all aspects. Even when Hannah went on holiday, she would also get a souvenir for Amelia. When she went grocery shopping and bumped into other maids working in the neighborhood, she would always hear them complaining about their employers.

Just a few days ago, something came up and she needed to return to her hometown. After informing Hannah, she bought her a high-speed rail ticket home and gave her the week off.

Cognizant that it was rare to find an employer like Hannah, she consequently treated Hannah as if she was her own daughter.

"Amelia, don't say that. Please help yourself to some. There's no way I can finish all of it alone. Besides, I don't really have much appetite now. Go fill a bowl for yourself and drink with me."

Hannah agonized over Amelia's earnest response. Please don't think that way, I still need you to help share my burden.

"Alright then."

Under Hannah's encouragement, Amelia finished three bowls and so did Hannah. Only when she saw Hannah not able to drink anymore did she give it a rest. "Why don't you take a break. I'll heat up more for you a short while later."

Hannah almost burst into tears. I really can't drink anymore. Why does this always happen every time I go to the hospital? The first time was chicken soup and now bone broth? What will be next? Bone broth mixed with chicken soup?

Crack! The room door opened. Before Hannah could even turn to see who it was, she heard Amelia. "Mr. Norton is home."

Fabian walked straight into the kitchen and saw that half the pot of bone broth had been finished. Consequently, he gave Hannah a satisfied look and felt that she had learned her lesson from the last time. Hannah then wondered how Fabian would react if he found out that she had gotten Amelia to finish half of it for her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1123

When she saw Fabian take a bowl out from the cupboard, she was suddenly filled with dread. Is he going to get me to drink

another bowl of broth? Didn't he see that half the pot had been finished?

Just as expected, Fabian filled up the bowl and placed it on the coffee table in front of Hannah.

"Drink it while it's still hot."

"Come on. I have just finished half a pot, and yet you still expect me to drink more? Do you think I'm a pig?" Hannah protested after glancing at the washbasin and verifying it was empty.

Therefore, she was sure Fabian wasn't aware that Amelia had shared half the pot with her.

"Drink up," Fabian asserted in a dominant manner.

"I..." Just when Hannah was about to protest further, her eyes met with Fabian's stern gaze. Gaping, whatever she had to say just wouldn't come out.

Lifting the bowl up helplessly, she stared at the broth and grumbled in her heart. Why must he keep forcing me to drink? Doesn't he know that drinking too much will cause me to throw up? Hmph! I should have poured it all away before you came home. Let's see how you can force me to drink then.

Bracing herself, she gulped down the bowl of broth and burped at the end of it. "I'm done."

When Fabian picked up her bowl and headed into the kitchen again, Hannah's heart skipped a beat. What is he doing? Don't tell me he is going to refill it? Damn it, is he trying to kill me? If he brings me another bowl, I will commit suicide!

The next moment, Hannah heaved a sigh of relief, as if a heavy burden had been lifted off her chest. Fabian had put the bowl into the washing basin and came back.

"There is something which you deserve to know." After giving it some thought, Fabian decided to tell Hannah the truth.

"Hmm? What happened?" Hannah straightened her posture and asked when she saw how serious Fabian looked.

"It is about how you were abandoned when you were a child," Fabian caught his breath and uttered.

"Actually, I already know. I didn't lose my way and they were the ones who abandoned me. Don't worry, I'm not that weak emotionally," Hannah remarked without any emotion as if she was talking about someone else.

Fabian continued, "That isn't what I was going to talk about."

"Not that? What else can there be?" Hannah was curious as to what else could be worse.

"I'm sure you're aware that your dad's current wife isn't your biological mom. She used to be your dad's mistress before marrying him."

Hannah was outraged by what she heard. Turning her head away, she scoffed, "He isn't my dad. I don't have such a heartless dad."

"Let me finish." Fabian paused before adding, "Actually, Felicia was the one who plotted your dad's divorce with your mom. You were also kidnapped by her and abandoned. As for your mom, she fell into a depression because of that. Even after giving birth to your brother, her condition didn't improve and she chose to end her life in the end."

"What? Is what you say true?" Hannah questioned as she sprang to her feet emotionally.

"Calm down and let me finish."

Furrowing his eyebrows, Fabian continued, "In the end, Leo still had a conscience. He donated ten percent of the company's assets to charity in your mother's name. Furthermore, he is telling the truth. Ever since you were lost, he had sent men to search for you and has never stopped doing so. Although he didn't try very hard, he still did what he should."

Fabian added, "When your brother fell sick, I was curious as to why didn't he send Winson to Mercy Hospital. After all, they had the best equipment and doctors in the city. After sending men to investigate, I found out that the Blackwood family had interfered but I didn't know who. My guess is that they are trying to kill your brother so that they can inherit his portion of the family assets."

He was searching for me all this time? And never stopped in decades? Does it mean that I have misunderstood him?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1124

"Felicia! It must be Felicia! She abandoned me and forced my mom to commit suicide. She must have done all that for the sake of Leo's assets. Therefore, she has to be the one trying to harm my brother," Hannah ranted in frustration.

She felt that Felicia was insidious to have done all that for the

sake of money. Furthermore, she was sure Felicia had something to do with her mom's death. Moreover, if Hannah hadn't been found by her adopted parents, she would likely have been dead too. You really are vicious for trying to take two lives because of your greed.

"That's not necessarily the case. I have investigated Leo's company too. Although he has the largest share in the company, it is still less than fifty percent. If your brother dies, leaving Leo without a male heir, the board of directors will propose to confiscate part of your dad's shares. Therefore, there may be others out to harm your brother."

Compared to Hannah, Fabian was a lot calmer when he analyzed the situation to her.

Hannah agreed with Fabian's assessment. Given how valuable the shares were, it was hard to believe that the Blackwood family wasn't interested in it.

"In that case, who do you think wants to harm my brother?"

Hannah asked Fabian curiously.

"I don't have an answer to that yet. But what I'm sure that person is someone from the Blackwood family," Fabian asserted with conviction.

"Why? Can't it be one of Leo's commercial enemies? If my brother dies, a big portion of Leo's assets will be taken away. Isn't that what they want?" Hannah asked again.

"You are overthinking it. In the business world, this is considered taboo. Once someone finds out about it, no one would want to work with them anymore," Fabian explained.

"Hmm? Don't you do the same with your enemies all the time? Why can't others do it?"

"Although my methods are harsh, how can you even mention them in the same breath as schemes hatched in the shadows?"

Fabian was upset at Hannah's question as it implied that he was no different from them.

"Oh, don't be angry. I'm only asking because I don't understand," Hannah quickly pacified him when she saw his expression drastically change.

"What I'm worried about now is your operation tomorrow. I'm afraid they might continue their attempts to sabotage. However, I've already taken measures to guard against them. Therefore,

we shouldn't face any problems," Fabian promptly explained.

"Mmm-hmm. I'm not afraid of them. Isn't it just as you said? No matter what happens, I still have you." Just as she spoke, Hannah moved over and pushed Fabian downwards.

As Fabian was spacing out thinking about the operation tomorrow, he was caught off guard and fell towards the sofa with Hannah on top of him. Hannah quickly sprang up and shook her head before murmuring with a smile, "Hmm, looks like even you are not dependable given how easily you have fallen."

With his interest suddenly aroused, Fabian broke into a smile as he reached out to her.

Grabbing onto her, he gave Hannah a tug and pulled her into his embrace.

His other hand felt her butt and gave it a squeeze.

Panicking at his advances, Hannah struggled for her dear life but wasn't able to free herself from his strong grasp. She yelled aloud, "Fabian, let go of me! What are you doing?"

Hannah instantly regretted her actions. All she wanted to do was to cheer him up because she had angered him. Instead, her attempts at teasing him had landed her in the lion's den.

"What am I doing? Didn't you say that I'm unreliable because I fall too easily? Now, I'm going to prove myself by letting you have a taste of my rock-solid manhood!" Fabian smiled in a cheeky manner, sending a chill down Hannah's spine.

I am done for this time. Why did I start this joke with him in the first place?

Hannah pleaded, "Fabian, I surrender, so please let me go. I still need to go for the operation tomorrow."

Fabian was obviously aware of that and he was just teasing Hannah on purpose. Nevertheless, his hand never stopped caressing anywhere it wanted. At the same time, his lips had met her neck, varying the intensity of his kisses as he moved around.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1125

"Fabian! Stop, stop at once!" Hannah protested. At the rate he was going, she would definitely be ravaged by him.

Fabian looked up and stared intently at her with a smile. "I will only stop if you beg me and say „Hubby, I admit my mistake. I'll



let you have your way after the transplant.”“

Hannah blushed in response. You gotta be kidding me! There’s no way I’m going to say something as cringy as that.

“Hmm? Are you refusing? In that case, I’ll just continue.” When Fabian pretended to continue kissing her, she recoiled in fear.

“Fine, I’ll say it.”

“Hubby, I admit my mistake. I’ll let you have your way after the operation.” Hannah’s voice was so soft that she sounded like a buzzing mosquito.

“Are you sure I can hear it? Of course, I’m not going to force you to shout it aloud.” Fabian squinted his eyes as he smiled mischievously.

“Hubby, I admit my mistake. I’ll let you have your way after the operation.” After taking a deep breath, Hannah repeated it one more time in a louder voice.

“It seems you have forgotten my request, haven’t you?” Fabian expressed his dissatisfaction.

“Argh!” Hannah was exasperated. But given that he still held her tightly in his embrace, she had no choice but to suppress her displeasure and plead coquettishly, “Hubby, I admit my mistake. I’ll let you have your way after the operation, alright darling?” Hannah blushed intensely right after she spoke and closed her eyes in embarrassment. She couldn’t believe she actually said something like that, especially in that tone.

Eyes sparkling, Fabian swept her wavy long hair to the back and replied with a smile, “Remember, you said it yourself. There’s no going back on your words after the operation.”

Hannah couldn’t help but scoff at him in silence. Despite being the president of a large conglomerate, he actually used such an unscrupulous method to bully a helpless lady like me. What sort of a man is he?

The moment Fabian released his grip on her, Hannah sprang up from his body at once. “Sheesh, only an unreliable man will need to rely on coercion.” Just as she spoke, she hurried back into her bedroom.

Fabian smiled helplessly to himself but he wasn’t angry at all. He was even worried that she had the impulse to confront Felicia after hearing what he said. Fortunately, his concerns were overblown.

Back in her room, Hannah checked her phone for a while before falling soundly asleep. Given how busy she was over the last few days, it was a rare opportunity for her to take a break. Hence, she would make sure she enjoyed it thoroughly.

By the time she woke up, it was already afternoon. Fabian was no longer at home and she didn't know where he had gone to.

"Madam, since you're awake, I'll heat up the broth for you. Mr. Norton had instructed me to serve you broth before he left."

Amelia casually remarked when she saw that Hannah was awake.

"Damn it, Fabian, you didn't forget to torment me before leaving!" Hannah grumbled softly to herself.

Unable to hear her words clearly, Amelia asked, "Madam, what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. Amelia, there's no need to heat up the broth as I don't feel like drinking it now. I'll do it myself later," Hannah remarked with a smile while clearing her throat.

"Alright then. Anyway, I'm going out grocery shopping now. I'll heat it up for you when I'm back," Hannah replied.

Less than two minutes after Amelia left, Hannah rushed into the kitchen and poured what's left of the bone broth down the washbasin. When she was done, she felt liberated and remarked, "Let's see how you're going to mess with me again."

After looking at the time, Hannah decided to visit her brother.

After all, she was worried about Winson as his life was in danger.

With that thought in mind, she left home and hailed a cab toward the hospital.

As Hannah stared blankly out the window, she brushed her finger lightly against the glass. Having heard Fabian's explanation, she no longer bore a grudge toward her father. Nevertheless, she still couldn't bring herself to address him as "Dad".

As for Felicia, Hannah couldn't help but sigh. Although Felicia was full of schemes, Hannah was considered by the Blackwood family as an outsider and had no authority to interfere.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1126

What's the point of overthinking it? I should focus on keeping Winson safe and let bygones be bygones. Hannah wasn't someone vengeful and hated spending her days scheming.

Realizing that it was pointless to keep hating, she decided to look past it.

Buzz... buzz... Suddenly, the phone she was holding rang.

Checking it, she was curious to see that it was Xavier calling and wondered what he wanted. Nevertheless, she still took the call.

"Hello?" Hannah answered softly.

"Hello, Ms. Young, I heard your senior editor say that you weren't feeling well and took a week off. Are you sick? Is it serious?"

Xavier's magnetic voice was heard over the phone.

"Oh, I'm fine. It's my brother. He has leukemia. I plan to donate my bone marrow to him," Hannah replied truthfully.

"I see. I thought something had happened to you. By the way, where are you now?" Xavier asked.

Hmm? Why are you asking me that for?

"I'm on my way to the hospital where my brother is staying. I plan to check in on him," Hannah replied.

"Mmm-hmm. Which hospital is he staying? I would like to visit him too."

What? You want to visit him? Do both of you even know each other? Why are you visiting him? Besides, I would definitely be in trouble if Fabian is at the hospital too.

Hannah declined, "There's no need to do so as we have found an excellent surgeon for him. Therefore, it will likely be fine. I'm just dropping by because I miss him."

"Alright then, remember to take care of yourself." With that, Xavier ended the call.

Hannah heaved a sigh of relief. She was at a loss at how to deal with someone as clingy as Xavier. All he does is show a little concern and didn't do anything rude. However, I just can't keep pushing him away, can I?

Nevertheless, she had conflicting emotions in her heart. Her mind subconsciously reminded herself that she was already married to Fabian and it would be inappropriate to have any close contact with Xavier.

As it was peak hour, traffic was heavy and she waited for a long time at every single red light. A journey that usually took ten minutes ended up taking half an hour instead.

After paying the cab driver with a smile, Hannah alighted from the car.

Just when she arrived at the hospital's entrance, she saw a flashy sports car screeching to a halt right in front of her. She immediately recognized it was Xavier's Porsche.

Hmm? Why is he here? Don't tell me he came to see me on purpose?

Holding that thought, she quickened her footsteps, hoping to avoid him.

Just when she wanted to leave, someone tapped on her shoulder suddenly, giving her a fright.

Turning vigorously around, she was about to admonish the person when she saw that it really was Xavier.

"Ms. Young, what a coincidence that your brother is warded in this hospital," Xavier remarked with his signature smile.

"That's right. What a coincidence indeed." Hannah smiled awkwardly and asked, "Do you have someone who is warded too?"

"Mmm-hmm, it's a friend of mine who got into a car accident. But it isn't serious."

"I see. In that case, I won't hold you back as I'm going to see my brother," Hannah replied. She was worried that she might bump into Fabian there as it would be difficult to explain the situation.

"It's fine. I've already visited my friend. Since you're alone, why don't I accompany you to see your brother?" Xavier suggested.

Huh? Are you sure you're telling the truth? Why do I smell a plot? Did you find out where Winson is and came here on purpose to run into me? Do you really have nothing better to do? How can it be a coincidence when you came on purpose?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1127

Just when Hannah was about to reject him, a cold and domineering voice rang out. "Who says she is alone? I was just

away for a moment and someone is already picking her up. It appears that my woman is very popular indeed."

Hannah and Xavier turned around at the same time and saw that it was Fabia who spoke.

Hannah felt a sense of dread as she watched Fabian approach them step by step. My fears have really come true—Fabian really is at the hospital. Xavier oh Xavier, I asked you to leave but you

refused. You may get away unscathed but what about me? I'll likely be misunderstood by Fabian again.

"There's no need for you to extoll how charming Ms. Young is. However, did you just claim that she is yours? Why do I hear that she is still single? Can it be that you're just boasting about your unrequited love?" Xavier ridiculed Fabian.

Hannah was worried by the incendiary atmosphere caused by the two. Would they get into a fight? What am I going to do if they did?

Snorting, Fabian replied casually, "Why don't you ask her to find out?"

Just as he spoke, Fabian looked in Hannah's direction and so did Xavier.

Faced with both their gazes, Hannah felt awkward as she was put on the spot. Under Fabian's intensifying stare, she nodded promptly.

When Fabian saw her admission, his smile widened further in triumph. He then gloated at Xavier in a provoking manner.

Xavier shrugged his shoulders and replied with a smile, "Well, who knows whether you are coercing her with your powerful

influence as president. After all, you are well known for such tricks."

Fabian wasn't provoked. Instead, he stepped forward and asserted, "Whether she is being coerced or not, it is not up to you to say. All that matters is that she and I know it. As to what tricks I use, they are none of your concern. You on the other hand are known to be an empty vessel. Are you in the hospital because you're feeling under the weather?"

"Hah, I am fine. There's no need for you to be so concerned. I may be an empty vessel but it's certainly better than being the heartless person that you are."

Sensing the situation escalating, Hannah interjected, "Fabian, I still need to visit Winson. So, let's not waste any more time."

At the same time, she smiled at Xavier. "Mr. Jackson, we won't hold you back any longer. I'll see you again."

Just as she spoke, Hannah dragged Fabian away forcefully.

Cognizant that Hannah was worried about Winson, he didn't resist and followed behind her.

After walking some distance, Hannah hung her head like a guilty

child. She meekly explained, "I really didn't expect to see him here. I just..."

Before she could finish, Fabian put his finger on her lip and uttered softly, "There's no need to explain. I believe you."

Hannah was surprised by his reaction which was out of the ordinary. This isn't his usual style.

Hannah nodded slightly while looking at him in disbelief. "Aren't you angry?"

"What's there to be angry about? It wasn't like you were looking for him. It was that shameless prick who came uninvited. You did well just now. Rejecting him outright is the correct way to deal with someone like him. If you had hesitated instead, I might then choose to punish you. But now, there's no need to do so," Fabian replied in earnest.

Hannah was relieved to hear his words. Luckily I rejected Xavier just now. But Fabian, you're being too strict with me as there is nothing going on between Xavier and I. If I didn't stop you in time just now, you would have gotten into a huge argument that could have escalated into a fight.

"Alright now, let's go quickly," Fabian suggested when he saw Hannah spacing out.

Both of them arrived at Winson's ward shortly. At that moment, there wasn't anyone else in there other than Winson lying in bed weakly.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1128

"This is too much! The Blackwood family are really heartless to leave Winson here without anyone to care for him," Hannah grumbled indignantly.

Just as she spoke, she hurried ahead and sat by Winson's side. Stroking his child-like cheeks, she mumbled to herself, "You have suffered a lot. I can't imagine how you survived over the years living with such an insidious family."

Hannah lamented the fact that there were many members of the Blackwood family who wanted to harm Winson. In fact, they couldn't wait for him to be taken by his disease. If not for the fact

that Winson was still important to Leo, he would likely have been disposed of long ago by one of their schemes.

Stroking Winson with her slender hands, Hannah's eyes reddened as she looked at her feeble brother.

"Don't worry, you have me by your side. Winson will be alright," Fabian reassured Hannah when he saw her eyes tearing.

Nodding at Fabian, she continued to watch over Winson silently.

It was a long while before Fabian finally broke the silence in the ward. "It's getting late, so let's go get dinner. Don't worry, Winson will recover gradually from tomorrow onwards."

Hannah looked at the sleeping Winson and murmured, "Rest well, Winson. I will be transplanting my bone marrow to you tomorrow and you will be well in no time."

After that, Hannah called for the nurse and instructed her to help care for Winson. Feeling insecure, she took out a wad of cash and stuffed it into the nurse's hand before leaving.

She still couldn't believe that the first time she met her biological brother was when he was on the brink of death. Luckily, she appeared in the nick of time. Or else...

"Don't worry too much. He will be fine," Fabian comforted softly, as he pulled Hannah into his embrace.

Suddenly, Hannah burst out in tears. When she felt the warmth of his chest, she couldn't help but bury herself deeper into his arms.

"Mom, don't worry. I have made the necessary arrangements. My plan is full proof and no one will ever know," Lyna reassured Felicia in the Blackwood Residence.

However, Felicia voiced her niggling concerns, "Fabian is someone meticulous. I'm worried this time..."

Lyna interrupted Felicia, "Mom, you are worrying unnecessarily. There's no way he will know that it was me."

Felicia let out a long sigh before commenting solemnly, "Lynnie, I have been embroiled in schemes for most of my life and am finally tired of them. Isn't everything wonderful now? We are already living a life of luxury. What's the point of fighting for more?"

Lyna replied, "Alright mom. I promise you that I'll stop after this. I just can't stand and watch as such a valuable amount of shares fall into the hands of a clueless kid. Furthermore, if my plan succeeds, I may have the opportunity to marry Fabian. Wouldn't our future be even brighter then?"

Felicia shook her head and explained, "Don't oversimplify the

matter. Marrying into the Norton family may not necessarily be a good thing so don't force yourself into it. You might even end up hurting yourself instead."

"Don't worry Mom, I know what I'm doing. But, I still need your help tomorrow to delay Dad's movements. All he wants is to pass on his assets to his son and has never considered my feelings at all. And now, he has even brought in another competitor, Hannah, just for the sake of saving Winson. Unless we dispose of them both, our future will never be secured."

Felicia nodded in agreement. After that, both of them discussed their plan in detail before retiring.

"Come, have more ribs." Fabian piled more food onto Hannah's plate.

As Hannah was going for the operation tomorrow, Amelia had prepared a plethora of nutritious dishes as instructed by Fabian. After dinner, Fabian got Hannah to rest early. Left without a choice, Hannah walked into the bathroom and washed up before going to bed.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1129

As for Fabian, he was lying on the sofa watching the evening news. It was a habit of his and the source of many of his business ideas.

After a while, Hannah came out of the bathroom with her hair let down on her shoulders. She was wearing a conservative-looking two-piece pajamas that failed to hide her sensuous figure.

Despite not having any makeup on, her skin looked flawless and glowed under the light. Her cheeks were still pinkish having just come out from the shower.

"I'm done bathing. It's your turn now," Hannah informed Fabian as she dried her hair.

With his eyes filled with desire, Fabian stood up when he heard her. What a tease she is. Despite the ordinary outfit, she still looks perfect in it. If not for her having to undergo the operation tomorrow... tonight... hehe.

Hannah felt a little panic when she saw how Fabian was staring at her. Clearing her throat, she remarked, "I'm going to blow dry my hair."

With that, she scampered away like a scared rabbit.



Collecting himself, Fabian entered the bathroom.

By the time he came out, Hannah had her hair all bunned up. Lying on the sofa, her gaze was raised slightly at the television, letting out the occasional laugh.

As Fabian approached her, he instructed, "Go to bed."

He uttered those words in an intimidating manner, leaving no room for dissent.

Why does he have to look so cold all the time? Can't he just smile at me more often? Holding that thought, Hannah prepared to turn off the television with the remote in her hand.

"Don't turn it off yet as I still want to watch the news." Fabian took the remote out of her hands.

Hannah was jolted when she clearly felt his fingertips brush across her palm slowly.

Just like a startled rabbit, she sprang up in panic and fled to her bedroom.

However, Fabian didn't notice what was different with her.

Instead, he was simply puzzled by her reaction.

As the dim moonlight shone into the room, Hannah lay in bed with her eyes closed. Unable to sleep, she tossed and turned around restlessly. How does he expect me to sleep so early?

Just when she was grumbling to herself, she heard a crack as the bedroom door opened. Caught by surprise, she shut her eyes tightly and pretended to be asleep.

Fabian's footsteps were light. He crept toward the window to close the curtains before getting into bed with her.

However, the nightlight was left on as it was Hannah's long-standing habit to do so.

Underneath the dim light, Fabian lightly caressed her face. With her beautiful eyebrows, flawless skin, and slightly opened cherry-shaped mouth, she looked irresistible to him.

Lowering his head slightly, he leaned in towards her lips and kissed her. After that, he wrapped his hands around her and hugged her.

Hannah was suddenly shaken. Can it be that he wants it? Didn't he already promise me? Is he going back on his word?

When Fabian didn't do anything else for a long time, Hannah finally let out a sigh of relief. Thank God.

After that, she synchronized her breathing with Fabian and gradually fell asleep.

Unable to sleep well with something on her mind, Hannah woke up at daybreak. She climbed out of bed after gently moving Fabian's hand away.

Fabian was up moments after her. When both of them finished breakfast, they headed out to the hospital.

"Hello, Dr. Warren, I've sent someone to pick you up. You can come down now."

"Hello, Dr. York, it's me. Right... right, I'll be there at once."

Given the number of calls Fabian was making from the car, it was obvious how important the operation was to him. Hannah felt her heart warm when he listened to him making all the arrangements.

Before long, the car arrived at the hospital entrance. The moment Fabian and Hannah got out, they were quickly surrounded and brought upstairs.

"Fabian, I have no problems at my end. Yesterday, I contacted my student, Dr. Donald Welch, to assist me in the operation. He is someone experienced and with him around, the operation will likely go on without a hitch," Walter explained.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1130

Dan, who was beside them, gasped when he heard the name. The famous doctor, Dr. Donald Welch? Given that Fabian went to the extent of involving him, I must definitely not let anything happen to these two patients. Or else, the reputational damage to my hospital will be devastating.

Fabian nodded and replied, "Thanks Dr. Warren, I appreciate it."

"Mr. Norton, everything is ready at my end. Each supervisor has sent one of their own men for the operation. Therefore, the patient's safety is assured," Dan reported.

Among the group, there was a man dressed in black while wearing a facemask. Other than Fabian, no one else knew his identity.

The mysterious man leaned in and whispered into Fabian's ear, "Last night, I received news that a doctor accepted a deal in the black market. The employer was very generous and offered a million. Fur... furthermore the target consists of two persons. My

guess is that they are aiming for this operation.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Fabian’s eyes were filled with murderous intent. He answered coldly, “Alright, I understand. You can go now.”

With that, Fabian led the entourage into the hospital.

Meanwhile, Lyna received a message from Mr. Lake when she heard a notification alert. After reading it, an insidious smile emerged on her face. “Haha, it’s time both of you meet your maker.”

Just as she spoke, she took out another phone and forwarded the message after editing it. After that, she took out her SIM card and broke it in half.

Fabian, aren’t you supposed to be someone meticulous? Even if you find out about the plot, you will never trace it back to me. “Where will they strike from? The machines? The staff? Or the drugs?” Fabian mumbled to himself as he tried desperately to analyze the situation. By then, Hannah and Winson had been brought into the operating theatre.

After being alerted by Fabian, Walter and his student checked all the equipment in detail the moment they stepped in. At the same time, they kept an eye on the expressions and movements of the other staff, hoping to find a clue as to who the saboteur was.

“Dr. Warren, I’ve checked this and they are fine,” Donald reported to Walter softly.

“Mmm-hmm, I understand.” After that, Walter declared aloud, “Everyone, please get ready. We are about to start the operation.”

While the other doctors who came to assist were disinfecting their hands, Walter was observing them discreetly. His sharp eyes suddenly caught something suspicious. The anesthesiologist seemed to be inexplicably nervous. His hands were trembling while he was disinfecting them, arousing Walter’s suspicions. Can he be the saboteur?

However, other than the slight tremble, there doesn’t seem to be anything suspicious about him. Am I being too sensitive? It’s common for doctors who are less experienced to feel nervous anyway.

But wait, Fabian has been closely involved in this operation,

including requesting me to do it. Therefore, there's no way he would recruit an inexperienced doctor for this. That man is without a doubt the saboteur.

Despite being certain of it, Walter didn't expose the anesthesiologist yet. He planned to observe the man's actions further.

"We're starting now. Inject the patients with the anesthetics," Walter ordered the man.

The man's actions were routine and had visibly done it a lot of times. Right before he injected it, Walter called out, "Wait, Donald, please make sure the anesthetics are in order."

The moment Walter spoke, the anesthesiologist fled hysterically out of the room.

As expected, he is the saboteur.

Walter couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. "Ignore him, let's continue. Donald, refill the anesthetics and I will inject them myself."

While waiting at the door, Fabian saw a doctor in a white coat dash out of the operating theatre. He instantly understood what was going on.

"Seize him!" Fabian barked as he sprang to action, followed by his men around him.

In a blink of an eye, Fabian grabbed onto him. When the man turned around to resist, Fabian threw a punch right in his face. At the same time, the rest of Fabian's men pinned him against the wall.

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