

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1201

Ah! Hannah immediately withdrew her hand so that Fabian wouldn't have any misunderstanding toward her.

On the other hand, Xavier was furious. Why would he show up and interrupt every time I wanted to give Hannah some gifts?

When Xavier realized Fabian's hidden message in his words, he couldn't help but glance at the queen bed. Did Fabian stay here overnight?

He gritted his teeth furiously once the thought flashed through his mind.

Meanwhile, Fabian chuckled as he saw that Xavier was boiling with rage. Are you angry just because of that? How will you react when you finally realize that everything you do now is actually a trap set up by Helen in advance?

Anyway, you can't possibly know the truth. Instead, I'm sure you're even thanking Helen deep in your heart, right? What a shame. Helen didn't help you.

"Hi, Mr. Jackson. Why are you here so early?" Fabian pretended to be shocked to see him. Besides, he also glanced at Hannah to see her reactions.

Hannah lowered her gaze and dared not meet Fabian's eyes. Even though she didn't do anything wrong, she still unknowingly felt guilty about herself.

"Ms. Young, you can keep this," Xavier ignored Fabian and said to Hannah smilingly.

"Hmm..." Hannah looked up at Fabian, hoping to know what he thought about it. She was ready to reject Xavier's gift if there was a slight sign of disappointment on his face.

Unexpectedly, Fabian didn't look disgruntled at all but even put on a faint smile. The smile was short-lived, yet Hannah saw it clearly.

After giving it some thought, Hannah finally made up her mind to accept the notebook from Xavier.

"Oh? Has Mr. Jackson brought a gift for Hannah? Allow me, as her boyfriend, to take a look first," Fabian said blandly. At the same time, Hannah couldn't help but feel curious because he was seemingly emotionless and wasn't

angry at all.

As Fabian grabbed the pink notebook from Hannah, he pretended to be shocked and said to Xavier, “Why is it in

pink? Mr. Jackson, I think you were careless in choosing the gift. Didn’t you know that Hannah dislikes pink?”

Xavier listened to Fabian carefully but scorned him deep down. Hehe, does Hannah really dislike pink? What a joke! Why don’t you look for a better excuse to find fault with me? Didn’t you see Hannah was surprised to see the gift? Apparently, Xavier interpreted the shock on Hannah’s face as she was surprised. Also, deep in his heart, he kept complimenting Helen for obtaining the important information for him.

Meanwhile, Hannah was touched. How does Fabian know that I dislike pink? I mean, I rarely show it or tell anyone about it. Could it be that he analyzed it by paying attention to my details?

Ripples of excitement fluttered through her after listening to Fabian. After all, Hannah cared about what Fabian said, no matter it was pleasant or otherwise.

A moment later, Fabian unlocked the notebook and slowly opened it. Hannah was a little worried because she wasn’t sure what was kept inside it. If it’s something about love, will Fabian get angry and fight with him?

Right before Fabian opened the notebook, Xavier swiftly rushed toward him and grabbed it. He also shot a disdainful glance at Fabian. This is my gift for Hannah. Why do you want to be a busybody? How will Hannah be touched by my sincerity if you look at it first? Are you going to sabotage my plan? No way!

“Mr. Norton, since this is my gift for Ms. Young, she certainly should look at it first. So, I’m afraid what you wanted to do was inappropriate,” Xavier asserted coldly. Fabian seemed not to be offended. Instead, he smiled and waved his hand, gesturing for Hannah to open it.

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Humph! I can’t believe an idiot like you dares to come after my woman! What a joke!

Meanwhile, Xavier pursed his lips and thought to himself. That's more like it!

Xavier came up to Hannah, ready to surprise her. He held the notebook and opened it gently in front of Hannah. The Cupid on the cover slowly came into sight. Xavier gazed at Hannah squarely to observe the change in her emotions.

As Hannah stared at the notebook, her eyebrows arched while her lips slightly quirked.

You're surprised, aren't you? Haha, I knew it. I prepared it throughout the night, after all.

Because of the preparation, Xavier only went to bed late at night. Although he was initially tired, he felt that his effort was worth it after observing her expressions. Sacrificing some rest time to pursue my true love is not a big deal! "Alright, Ms. Young. Please read it on your own. Also, I wrote everything by myself," Xavier said to Hannah delightedly.

Upon seeing the notebook, Hannah recalled what happened in the bedroom in the Young family's house. The pink notebook and Cupid looked almost the same. The only difference was that her parents noticed it back then, and now it was Fabian.

Hannah gazed at Fabian hesitantly, worrying that the notebook was full of sweet nothings.

Unexpectedly, Fabian looked patient. He didn't grab it from her nor show any sign of dissatisfaction. On the

contrary, he tilted his head as he looked at Hannah and even flashed her a smile.

As such, Hannah was surprised. What is wrong with Fabian today? He isn't angry and even smiled at me!

A shiver ran down her spine as she thought it was probably a trap. Fabian would settle the scores with her later after she read it.

Hannah took the notebook from Xavier doubtfully but didn't continue reading it. The next moment, she closed it and thanked him smilingly, "Mr. Jackson, thank you for the gift. I'll read it later."

Although Xavier was a little displeased, he quickly concealed his feeling.

Fabian, are you afraid now? Are you threatening Hannah? Humph! I tell you what, don't ever think about sabotaging the perfect plan that I prepared for Hannah! He believed that Hannah refused to read it on the spot because Fabian was there. Also, if she didn't read it today, he thought that Fabian would probably throw it away once he left. In that case, his effort would go down the drain.

"Mr. Norton, I never thought that you were that overbearing toward your girlfriend. No offense, but I think this isn't the appropriate way to treat her."

Fabian couldn't help but sneer quietly. I wanted to let it pass, yet you're still insistent on making trouble. In that case, I'll give you what you want!

"Hannah, since Mr. Jackson gives you the gift sincerely, I think you should look at it," Fabian said to Hannah calmly while putting on a smile.

Hannah was at a loss as she didn't know what Fabian was up to.

Well, you asked me to look at it. Don't blame me if it irritates you.

After giving it some thought, Hannah began to open the notebook. When the Cupid came into sight once again, Hannah cursed silently and turned to the next page.

I wish to explore the wonders of the world with you. You can bring me along, and I'll bring the money.

She turned to the second page and saw several words that were written with vigor.

Her first impression was that Xavier's handwriting was beautiful and reflecting power, vigor, and grace. Hence, she couldn't help but feel that Xavier was as good as a calligrapher.

However, as Hannah finished reading the entire sentence, she felt extremely ill at ease and instinctively threw the notebook away.

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Xavier's eyes widened as he was apparently shocked to see

Hannah's reaction.

Something's not right! It didn't turn out as how I thought it would be! In fact, it's totally different from what I imagined!

Meanwhile, Fabian was surprised to see Hannah's reaction as well. He anticipated that Hannah would surely be displeased but didn't think that she would be that emotional.

He wouldn't let Hannah look at the notebook if he knew it in the first place.

Then, he sneered and gave Xavier a cold-eyed stare before coming up to Hannah.

Patting Hannah on her back gently, he comforted, "It's okay. I'm here."

The dramatic turn of events was way beyond Xavier's imagination. Aren't I supposed to make a good impression on Hannah and embarrass Fabian? Why is it upended?

"Hmm... Ms. Young... I..." Xavier stammered. He wished to give her an explanation but wasn't sure where to start. Fabian snickered, "Alright. You don't have to say anything. Now, get out of here."

Actually, Fabian was impatient toward Xavier. He allowed Xavier to mess with them for so long only because Helen planned to help him by making Hannah repulse Xavier. On the other hand, Xavier was disgruntled as well. He only realized now that Helen gave him the wrong information to irritate Hannah.

However, he couldn't understand why Helen would do so. After all, he only extended an olive branch to her and didn't do anything wrong.

"Did you hear me? Get out of here now." Fabian yelled at him furiously while hugging Hannah.

Fabian! It must be your doing! How could you be so despicable? Had you ever thought that you might hurt Hannah?

Once Fabian yelled at him, Xavier recollected himself and instantly believed that Fabian set this up.

However, because Hannah looked dejected, he lowered his

gaze and said embarrassedly, "Ms. Young, I apologize for being inconsiderate. Please don't take it to heart."

"I'm fine. I overreacted because I suddenly recalled some old memories. Anyway, it's not your fault," she said blandly. The next moment, Hannah realized that she had unknowingly leaned against Fabian's chest. She was slightly embarrassed and immediately stood straight. Deep in her heart, she knew that she overreacted about it, which had nothing to do with Xavier. Nonetheless, that incident was like a permanent scar engraved on her heart. Hence, she couldn't control her emotions when Xavier brought it up again.

"It was my fault. Ms. Young, you don't have to find an excuse for me. Anyway, I've to get going now. I'll visit you next time." Xavier admitted defeat and thought about competing with Fabian again next time.

It was my careless mistake. I was humiliated because you have the cheeks to play dirty tricks to fight over a girl. Nonetheless, there are many opportunities in the future. You can't win her over with such tricks.

"Humph, I'm glad you admit it. Leave now," Fabian said impatiently. Although Hannah didn't wish to blame Xavier for it, Fabian apparently had different thoughts.

Xavier shot a cold glance at Fabian and said, "Mr. Norton, till next time. I believe that only those who are sincere can have true love. Unlike you... Gah!"

Xavier left before he finished. Meanwhile, Hannah pondered over his words as she had many questions in her mind.

What did he mean? Only those who are sincere can have true love? Unlike Fabian? What's wrong with Fabian? Doesn't he treat me well? Besides, he kept comforting me when I lost my temper.

Hannah had the feeling that there was more to the matter but couldn't pinpoint what went wrong.

As Hannah was deep in thought, Fabian said to sound her out, "Hannah, are you okay? What's wrong with the notebook?"

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"I'm fine. I overreacted just now," Hannah answered.

Indeed, she couldn't control her emotions upon seeing it. She almost couldn't finish high school because of the notebook. Also, her parents and the teacher berated her and even thought about sending her to the youth detention center.

Fabian glanced at her but didn't utter a word.

At the same time, Hannah could feel that Fabian had lots of doubts. She thought for a while and explained, "Ah, this notebook... actually, someone had gifted a notebook to me when I was in high school."

Fabian blinked his eyes, gesturing for her to continue.

"He was my first love."

Hannah paused for a while and continued, "It happened when I was in the eleventh grade. I was studying at a high school in my county. Back then, writing on notebooks was a trend. Due to stress from studying, many girls would write down their feelings and dissatisfaction in our notebooks. After students were sorted into arts and science streams, he became my new deskmate. There was

a time when I was writing something in my notebook, and he grabbed it from me.

"I was furious, but he didn't return it to me and even read through my little secrets. I cried because of that and ignored him for quite some time.

"After that, he would occasionally buy some snacks for me. Since he always read my notebook, I stopped writing and decided to tell him my inner feelings directly.

"Eventually, we became a couple. I always told him my little secrets, and he always comforted me. Anyway, because students were just being sorted into different streams, my results weren't as satisfying as before. So, the homeroom teacher always found fault with me. She claimed that I didn't study hard enough and suspected that I was dating someone.

"One day, she instructed someone to search my drawer and took my notebook. My parents were furious because she told them that I was dating someone. As such, they

decided to transfer me to another class.”

Hannah took a deep breath for a while and continued helplessly, “What a coincidence. Every notebook that he gifted to me was pink. Besides, he always drew the Cupid

on the first page and wrote some sweet nothings on every page. That was why... I got emotional.”

However, Hannah didn't tell him the last straw that irritated her was the sweet nothings. Her first love used to write something similar to her, but it turned out that...

“And then what?” At this moment, Fabian squinted his eyes and asked intently. He was surprised to know that Hannah used to have a romantic first love.

“After that, I dedicated myself to studies and went to the university...” Hannah felt a little speechless by his question.

“Where is your first love?” Fabian asked blandly.

“Well, he's a jerk! The teacher actually found out that it was his handwriting in the notebook. Unexpectedly, he shifted all of the responsibilities onto me. He claimed that I seduced him, and he dated me only because he couldn't resist my seduction.”

Hannah was furious as soon as she finished. Even though the incident happened nearly ten years ago, she still couldn't forget it. Since most people had romantic first love, she felt unfortunate that she met a scumbag in her first love.

As Hannah's face swelled up with rage, Fabian couldn't help but feel amused and thought to himself. Perhaps God sends me to you so that I can make it up for you.

“What are you laughing at? It's not funny!” Hannah got increasingly irritated and rolled her eyes at him. The next moment, she yelled, “Humph! Bullying me is the best thing you do. Since I'm considered your wife, can't you treat me better? Can't you console me when I said I met a scumbag? How can you snigger at me instead?”

Upon hearing that, Fabian couldn't help but raise his eyebrows. What? Are you finally aware that I'm your husband? And now you want me to console you?

“I'm not good at comforting others,” Fabian replied

stubbornly, though ripples of excitement fluttered through him after listening to her.

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“Tsk, I don’t need you to comfort me.” Hannah couldn’t help but glance at him disdainfully, thinking that he valued his pride above all else. You took me to your arms earlier on but claimed now that you weren’t good at comfort others.

“Hannah, I’ll bring you to the garden to fly kites once you’ve recovered,” Winson, who was lying next to Hannah, suddenly said.

Then, he added, “I remember that Mom always said this to me when I cried. I wouldn’t feel upset anymore once I heard it. How about you, Hannah? Do you feel better?”

Hannah was a little nonplussed by the way Winson consoled her but still felt touched. She replied to him with a sweet smile, “I feel a lot better now. We’ll fly kites in the garden together once you’ve recovered.”

Besides, she didn’t forget to shoot a smug and disdainful glance at Fabian. Did you see that? You didn’t console me, but someone will. You’re even worse than a young boy.

Fabian merely smiled in response and didn’t utter a word.

Later, he picked up the notebook on the floor and threw it into the dustbin without glancing at it for a second.

On the other hand, Hannah couldn’t help but put on a wry smile as she thought about Xavier, who gifted it to her. What a coincidence that he prepared things that I hated the most. Perhaps God really doesn’t want him to chase after me.

Mr. Jackson, I think we should only be friends. Please don’t blame me but God, for he has played a prank on you.

As Hannah was deep in thought, she unknowingly shrugged her shoulder.

“Damn, when can I go back? I wonder what is happening over there? If they start fighting, will Fabian lose to him?”

Meanwhile, Jason was pacing back and forth downstairs in the hospital while murmuring to himself.

Helen felt increasingly dizzy because Jason kept pacing in

front of her. As such, she said helplessly, "Can you stop pacing back and forth? Don't worry about Fabian. He's not an idiot like you."

After witnessing the encounter between Fabian and Xavier yesterday, Helen was confident about Fabian's EQ. Besides, she wasn't worried about him at all because Hannah would certainly side with him.

"What a heartless woman! Fabian is on the battlefield now, yet you can still feel relaxed. He shouldn't treat you so well." The next moment, Jason suddenly realized something and said dissatisfiedly, "Who's an idiot? You're the idiot, not me!"

Helen rolled her eyes as she was rendered speechless by the impetuous Jason. Your dim-witted response proved exactly that you're an idiot.

Suddenly, Helen saw a familiar figure approaching her. She immediately came up to Jason and dragged him to the other side.

"What are you doing? Don't pull at my clothes!" Jason hit Helen's hand with disdain to stop her from pulling his clothes and glanced around.

I would be embarrassed if others saw that a young girl dragged me with her!

"Hush!" Helen put her fingers on her lips and said nervously.

Given that she behaved cautiously, Jason knew that she wasn't joking around. Therefore, he fell silent and slowly looked in the direction where she was glancing at.

"What..." Once Jason realized that it was Xavier, he got emotional and was about to rush toward him.

Nevertheless, Helen didn't let him go. After all, if he fought with Xavier, all of her efforts would be in vain. Moreover, Hannah might even have a bad impression of Fabian.

As such, Helen covered his mouth firmly to stop him from making any noise.

Jason couldn't tolerate it and kept resisting her. However, he couldn't wriggle free from her hands no matter how hard he tried. At this moment, her hands were like two iron

clamps that held his mouth forcefully.
He couldn't help but whine silently. Did she have some pills? Why is she so strong?

Helen's gaze moved as Xavier was walking.

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After Xavier left, Helen heaved a sigh of relief and finally let go of Jason.

"Are you mad? Why did you restrain me?" As soon as she loosened her grip, Jason complained furiously.

"You're the mad one. What were you trying to do just now?" Helen replied matter-of-factly.

"What was I trying to do? To beat him up, of course. He should have expected it for going after Fabian's wife." He replied cockily, unwilling to show the white feather.

Moreover, he didn't think that he was wrong.

"I really wish to rip out your brain to find out what's in it. I mean, you're already an adult. How can you always resort to violence?" Helen said to him scornfully.

Jason flew into a rage upon hearing it. How dare you lecture me? Even my dad has never lectured me like this!

"Come on. Rip it out now. People like you won't understand anyway. I am such a straightforward person. Why should I use my brain to scheme against someone when I can knock him out instantly?" Once he finished, he tilted his head, daring her to rip out his brain.

Helen was rendered speechless. Well, since Jason is the heir to the Goldstein family, he can't be an idiot. However, his logic is really... extraordinary.

Helen pursed her lips and didn't dwell on it. Instead, she walked toward Hannah's ward.

"Mr. Jackson, how is it? Did Ms. Young agree to be with you? I contributed a lot to this. Would you consider giving me two days' leave so that I can have some time to relax?"

Xavier's assistant said with a smug face since Xavier was smiling.

Unfortunately, Xavier smiled in a self-deprecating way because he had been tricked. Hence, his assistant was unlucky for saying something in the worst possible taste.

“Two days’ leave, huh? I’ll give you two years!” Xavier initially wanted to hold in his anger. Nonetheless, after listening to his assistant, he was boiling in rage and completely lost his temper.

The next moment, Xavier smashed his phone onto the ground.

Once the assistant witnessed it, he immediately realized that something wasn’t right. As such, he hastily lowered his gaze and only peeked at Xavier to observe his face.

At the same time, he was bewildered. What happened to Mr. Jackson? Why is he furious? Didn’t he confess his feelings to Ms. Young? Could it be that it was unsuccessful? It can’t be! With Ms. Helen’s help and the well-planned gift, how could Mr. Jackson fail?

The assistant prayed to God and kept pondering over it.

However, he still couldn’t figure out what went wrong.

“Why did you stop? Carry on!” Xavier yelled while glaring at him.

Mr. Jackson, I dare not speak anymore. Please spare me. Even an idiot can tell that you’re furious. Would I become your punching bag if I continue to irritate you?

Please tell me the reason, if at all possible. I only wish to know why you’re upset.

He kept his mouth shut while thinking to himself. Lowering his head and waiting for Xavier to berate him, he appeared to have resigned himself to fate.

Although Xavier was boiling with rage, he understood that it had nothing to do with his assistant.

“Humph!” Xavier sneered and gave his assistant a cold-eyed stare. A moment later, he let it pass and instructed,

“Find out what happened between Fabian and Helen recently.”

Fabian and Helen? Ms. Young’s sister? What could happen between them?

My god, could it be that they are dating? But it’s impossible. After all, Mr. Jackson wouldn’t be livid if they are dating.

Wait a minute. She is Ms. Young’s sister! Wasn’t it her idea to gift the notebook to Ms. Young?

Did they band together to fool Mr. Jackson? How could that be? Since Mr. Jackson trusted her very much, how dare she trick him?

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“Aren’t you going to move? What are you still standing there for? Do you really think you’re on a break for two years?” Fabian bellowed at his assistant, who stood as if rooted to the spot.

“I’ll check on it immediately,” His assistant hurriedly replied. He broke into a little sprint, making the call when he was about equidistant from Xavier.

“Who would’ve thought you’d make a move so quickly, Fabian? Even Hannah’s sister has been dragged into it! I believe, however, that I’ll still emerge as the winner. That cruelty was simply uncalled for! You didn’t give a damn about Hannah’s feelings in your frenzy to get me. You’re really forgetful, aren’t you? Have you really forgotten how Vivian was snatched away by Finnick? If you carry on like this, don’t blame me for taking Hannah away from you either!”

Xavier tilted his head towards the sky. His eyes gleamed craftily, their depths unfathomable. There was a sly look on his face, and his mouth was curved into a smile that looked more like a grimace. He looked absolutely sinister.

After Fabian had finished feeding Winson, he brought the bowl of soup to Hannah’s bedside.

Hannah watched Fabian approach, glad and deeply moved. She refused him, however, on account of them not being actual husband and wife. Hannah was grateful enough that Fabian would bother to feed her even while she was presently incapacitated. “There’s no need. I can feed myself now, so I won’t have to trouble you to feed me anymore.”

Fabian’s brow wrinkled ever so slightly. An obstinate look flashed across his eyes as he commanded, “Open up!”

Hannah sighed, knowing that she was no match for Fabian’s determination. She humbly acquiesced.

Fabian was pleased with Hannah’s obedience. He visibly

relaxed and directed a spoonful of soup into Hannah's mouth. Just as she was about to drink, however, the door swung open vehemently.

"Um... I think I'm a little too early," Helen gulped, turning to Jason. Both of them took in the sight of Hannah frozen with her mouth open, ready to drink the soup. Fabian's arm, still holding the spoon, was similarly hovering in mid-air.

Jason emerged from behind Helen and silently surveyed the scene. He, too, bashfully stammered, "Uh... I think so, too."

The two of them, usually at odds with each other, were in perfect sync for once. They turned on their heels immediately and prepared to march out.

Helpless, Hannah cursed herself for giving in to Fabian. How awkward this is! These two really chose the worst possible time to come back.

"Jason, come here and help to wash some apples," Fabian ordered, unfazed. He reassumed his former posture, intent on accomplishing his task of feeding Hannah her soup. Hannah looked shamefacedly at Jason and Helen, who were both entering the room slowly. Shyly, she opened her mouth a little, her face crimson with embarrassment. Hannah didn't actually strongly object to Fabian feeding her. In the presence of Helen and Jason, however, she felt unendurably self-conscious.

Glancing at Hannah's flushed face, Helen couldn't help but smother the giggle that rose within her. At the same time, she was impressed by Fabian's gentlemanly manner. The sight further affirmed Helen's resolve in her treatment of

Xavier. If Xavier really succeeded in luring Hannah away, wouldn't Hannah be losing a good man?

The bowl of soup drained rather quickly.

If Fabian feeds me like this every day, I'm going to turn into a big, fat pig! Hannah reflected, content.

His mission completed, Fabian suddenly invited Jason to step outside with him.

"Hannah, I didn't know you still had some modesty left in you! When Fabian was feeding you just now, your face was

as red as an apple,” Helen teased the moment Fabian left the room.

Hannah rolled her eyes. Trying to conceal her embarrassment, she replied, “You’re fond of teasing me, aren’t you?”

“Hey, are you denying it? I should have quickly snapped a photo just now! I’m absolutely certain he’ll do it again. Just you wait, I’ll definitely get a record of that,” Helen exclaimed gleefully.

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“Sure, take a photo next time. I won’t stop you,” Hannah said in a huff.

“All right, I’ll stop teasing you. On a serious note, let me ask you something,” Helen said, suddenly sobering up. Seeing Helen’s solemn face, Hannah rearranged her features to match her sister’s unsmiling look. “Sure, ask away.”

“Hannah, when are you planning on getting married to Fabian?” Helen asked, looking at Hannah searchingly. When? Helen, I’m still wondering when Fabian will decide to divorce me! I really don’t know how to answer this question. Hannah thought to herself ruefully.

Seeing Hannah lost in contemplation, Helen probed, “What’s wrong, Hannah? Don’t tell me you haven’t even decided on whether or not to marry Fabian?”

Hannah nodded her head slightly mournfully. Fabian had neither given her adequate information nor a proper introduction to his family.

Horrified, Helen cried, “Hannah, how can that be? Where else can you find a man as good as Fabian? If you don’t seize this opportunity, you might never get another chance like this one!”

Helen’s rave review piqued Hannah’s curiosity. Has Fabian drugged or hypnotized Helen? She’s completely under his spell! Hannah mused to herself.

“You haven’t been bought over by Fabian, have you? Did he leave just so you could try your hand at convincing me?” Hannah demanded.

“Hannah, how could you have such low regard for me? I’m very hurt by that presumption,” Helen declared. She pursed her lips, sulking.

“Hannah, I’m your sister. I always have your best interests at heart. All I want is for you to live happily ever after! After what happened at the mall, it’s evident that Fabian is a responsible man. Besides, he showed you a lot of care when you had your operation. Over these past two days, he’s practically moved into the hospital to be with you! He’s even willing to forsake the company he’s president of in order to look after you all day and night. Isn’t that enough to show how much he cares for you? How much he loves you? Besides...”

Hannah listened to Helen diligently analyze Fabian’s affections for her, unable to refute any of the points that had been raised in earnest. However, Hannah couldn’t help but wonder if it was all a facade. Until that very moment,

Hannah was still unable to decisively characterize the type of person that Fabian was. He seemed venerably cold at times, but Hannah couldn’t deny that Fabian had shown a great deal of care for her lately. However, past encounters with Fabian’s heartless side prevented Hannah from whole-heartedly committing to the idea that Fabian was a good and reliable man. Hannah was thus torn between the multiple personas she’d seen Fabian put on in turn. Perhaps they’re just two different sides of the same person. When he’s in high spirits, he’ll treat me with a little more kindness. When he’s upset, he’ll treat me a little worse. What do you do with a man like that? Hannah thought, conflicted.

“Hannah? Hannah? Are you listening to what I’m saying?” Helen called. Hannah immediately recovered herself, then exhaled slowly.

“We’re still thinking about the wedding. There are a lot of considerations to make. Don’t worry about me. I’ll handle it.” Hannah replied thoughtfully.

“In that case, I won’t interfere anymore. Anyway, the Fabian that I see now is a pretty good guy. If I manage to find someone like him for myself, I’ll be perfectly content,”

Helen added as her final parting shot.

“Oh, are we talking about you now? What about you? Have you turned disillusioned with love yet?” Hannah asked, vividly recalling Helen’s breakup the day before. She wasn’t too worried about Helen, however, confident that Helen was more level-headed and reasonable.

“No, no. I’ll never lose faith in love! I firmly believe that I’ll eventually meet my Prince Charming. You never know. He may treat me even better than Fabian treats you now!”

Helen declared, erupting into peals of laughter. An undercurrent of sadness, however, rippled beneath her cheery exterior.

Helen had thrown herself whole-heartedly into her relationship, only to be cast aside for money. It would have been heartbreaking enough to receive that treatment from a friend, much less someone Helen had given her entire heart to.

Helen, however, buried her hurt deep within herself. Even Hannah was unable to detect any unusual shifts in Helen’s behavior. Hannah thus broached the question tentatively, “So, Helen, what do you think about Jason?”

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“Jason? He’s utterly irresponsible. All he thinks about is fighting and other forms of violence! How good can a guy like that be? Get Winson to stay away from him in the

future. I don’t want him picking up any bad habits from Jason,” Helen remarked disapprovingly.

“I think Jason’s all right. He may have a few bad habits, but he’s good-hearted. He isn’t as foolish as you say he is. I heard Fabian say that he isn’t short on brains either. Whenever anyone tries to get the better of them, Jason’s always right up there with Fabian,” Hannah insisted, determined to clear Jason’s name.

“He told me that too. He came off as rather insufferably arrogant, though,” Helen retorted. Then she turned to Hannah, aghast. “Hannah! You’re not trying to matchmake us, are you? Neither of us will be able to get much peace if we’re together.”

Hannah had had that plan in mind but abruptly terminated it at Helen's violent rejection. She smiled at Helen awkwardly, saying, "Uh... I wasn't matchmaking, exactly. He just happened to come up, that's all."

"That had better be the case. I'd sooner marry a pig than that man," Helen fumed. At the thought of Jason's haughty face, Helen felt an irresistible urge to lash out at something, preferably him.

At that moment, the door swung open yet again, and Fabian entered alone.

"Where's Jason?" Hannah asked in surprise.

Hmph! That fellow had better stay out of here. Let us have some peace here for once. Helen thought spitefully.

"Jason's gone to deal with some matters of his own," Fabian replied casually.

"Does he even have anything to do? I thought all he did was loiter around and run his mouth," Helen remarked disdainfully.

Jason, who'd walked to the entrance of the hospital, sneezed unwittingly. He chuckled to himself, muttering, "Is someone bitching about me behind my back?"

Another woman, walking past him, glanced at him strangely.

Jason was used to adoring looks, unlike the condescending one he'd just received. Aggrieved, he addressed the woman, "What are you looking at? Haven't you ever met someone as handsome as me?"

The woman snorted. "Hey there boy, you're pretty full of yourself."

Boy?

Jason's face turned several shades darker. Infuriated, he drew himself up and challenged, "Who are you calling a boy? Do you think you're that much better than me?"

"You've got a pretty big temper for a small guy," the woman observed mockingly.

It was an arrow straight through Jason's heart. "What's it to you?" he yelled.

"It's none of my business, of course," the woman said,

shrugging. Kindly, she continued, "Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't behave so recklessly. You'll suffer for it." Another of those morality preachers! Jason thought in irritation.

Helen and her meddling personality sprang unbidden to Jason's mind. He stuck out his tongue and said defiantly, "That's the way I am. What are you going to do about it?" "Boy, I'm not going to argue with you over something as petty as this. Just try your best to be polite, OK?" the woman said patronizingly with an exasperated look on her face.

"Who's being impolite? Did your parents teach you to judge people like this?" Jason interrogated her. He

absolutely could not endure being called rude by others. When Jason was younger, his father had beat him without hesitation whenever there were comments about Jason's rudeness.

"Boy, watch how you speak to others. Didn't your parents teach you any manners? Really, kids nowadays are all so wild! Look at how rudely they speak," the woman answered curtly. She had evidently taken a dislike to Jason by now.

Jason was on the edge of his tether by then. If it had been a man speaking to him as such, Jason would have answered with his fists long ago. "Look at yourself! You may be older than I am, but you're just as immature as me. So what if I'm arrogant? What are you going to do about it?"

Vexed, the woman took a deep breath and made as if to speak when her phone rang shrilly from within her handbag. Glaring at Jason, she answered the call, saying, "OK, I'm downstairs. Wait for me. I'll be heading upstairs in a while."

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When she hung up, the woman turned towards Jason and gave him a frosty look. "I'm busy now, so I won't stoop to

arguing with you. Just mind your manners in the future, or you'll really suffer for it."

Having said her piece, the woman turned and stalked away. Jason was left standing where he was, looking after her rather uncertainly.

He clenched his jaw and said through gritted teeth, "You won't stoop so low as to argue with me? If it wasn't for Fabian getting me to fetch Uncle Hendrick, I'd hound you for sure! I don't like to leave things unfinished like this. Let's see what you're really capable of then!"

Having ranted thus, Jason, too, turned and continued on his way.

Jason had the crucial task of bringing Uncle Hendrick and Aunt Gillian to the hospital. It was time for Fabian to confess his relationship with Hannah to the Youngs. Otherwise, things could get pretty awkward when it was eventually time for both families to meet.

Back in the VIP hospital room, Helen was leisurely chatting with Fabian. His background, lifestyle, and anything else that sprang to Helen's mind. Fabian's life was laid bare on the table, then wickedly dissected by Helen.

Fabian, to his credit, answered each question stoically. Beside them, Hannah merely listened, occasionally laughing along.

Just then, a knock came on the door, followed by a woman's voice asking, "Can we come in?"

"Sure, come on in," Helen called towards the door.

The door cracked open as if on command. Hannah strained slightly to catch a glimpse of the visitor. She hadn't been able to put her finger on who that voice could have belonged to.

"Hey Sis, I'm here to take care of you!" Lyna proclaimed with great gusto as she burst into the room.

Hannah laughed gaily. "I'm honored, Lyna."

Hannah had always been on good terms with Lyna. Lyna's visit now to the hospital only further cemented Hannah's goodwill towards her.

Did she just call Hannah "Sis"? Is this Hannah's sister from her Blackwood side of the family?

Helen considered Lyna carefully. The latter wore a black lace mini-skirt that exhibited her cream-white legs, along

with a pair of white high heels. She'd tied back her long hair into a sweeping ponytail, and the light makeup that she had put on only served to enhance her natural beauty. Altogether, Lyna was a lovely picture to behold.

Helen's first reaction, however, was a rather snide thought. How does anyone even manage to balance in those heels?

She mentally batted away the thought, however, and said politely, "Hello."

Startled, Lyna glanced at Helen. Her expression of shock was quickly replaced with a winning smile. "Are you Hannah's younger sister? You're so pretty! You could almost be an actress," Lyna gushed.

The dazzling compliment naturally weakened Helen's defenses against Lyna. Even though Helen knew that it was largely due to equal parts courtesy and flattery, she couldn't help but feel delighted, nonetheless.

"You're too kind! I don't think there's much of a difference between you and me, though," Helen replied demurely. Lyna scanned the room, her eyes falling upon Fabian. She smiled at him sweetly, saying, "Mr. Norton, it's good to

have you here to take care of Hannah. I won't have to worry so much about her then."

Deep down, however, Lyna felt a twinge of bitterness. She'd always had her heart set on marrying Fabian, yet here he was treating another woman with more affection than he had ever displayed towards her. Lyna couldn't help but resent both of them for it. However, on account of their being sisters, Lyna suppressed her feelings and tried to retain positive feelings towards them.

Lyna thus compelled herself to treat Hannah well out of fear that Fabian might get a bad impression of her. She consoled herself with the thought that there would be time to deal with Hannah once she'd secured Fabian in marriage.

"No need to thank me, Ms. Blackwood. It's only right that I take care of Hannah," Fabian answered evenly.

"Oh, by the way..." Helen began but was forcefully

interrupted by Hannah. "Lyna, Winson happened to buy two sets of facial masks for me. Would you like one set?" Baffled, Helen looked at her sister. Hannah fiercely shot Helen a glance to subdue her.

"Hannah, you're too kind! I appreciate the thought, but please keep the masks. I still have my own stash of them that I haven't been able to finish using. It would be greedy for me to take yours as well," Lyna said.

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At the back of Lyna's mind, however, she was sneering at Hannah. Is this some kind of joke? I wouldn't even touch your facial masks! My facial masks are of premium quality. How can yours even compare?

Lyna had always despised the Young family for being much poorer than she was. Winson isn't that well-off himself. Who knows the quality of the facial masks that he buys? What if they end up damaging my face? Lyna considered this in horror.

"If you don't want them, I won't force them onto you then," Hannah said pleasantly. She hadn't really expected Lyna to accept her offering anyway. Hannah had been more intent on interrupting Helen.

The hospital room soon swelled with the sound of excited chatter amongst its occupants. Even Winson, who tended to be more reserved, was sufficiently stirred to pipe up a couple of times in the conversation.

During a brief bathroom break, Hannah took the opportunity to confide in Helen that Fabian's identity had thus far deterred them from disclosing the relationship between Hannah and Fabian to the rest of the Blackwoods. The Blackwoods thus remained blissfully ignorant of what was going on.

Hannah had repeatedly warned Helen that she was not, under any circumstances, to refer to their relationship in the presence of the Blackwoods. Fabian and Hannah would adopt the mantle of brother and sister for now. Helen found this arrangement rather peculiar but agreed nonetheless.

With everyone engaged in deep conversation, the morning seemed to pass in the blink of an eye. Amelia had come by to deliver some home-cooked food, and Fabian insisted on feeding Hannah himself. Unused to the attention, Hannah took delicate bites rather self-consciously.

At the sight of Fabian tenderly feeding another woman, the loathing in Lyna's heart grew. She'd already spent the morning cursing Hannah thoroughly in her mind. If Lyna hadn't been more dedicated to staying in Fabian's good graces, she would have lashed out at Hannah long ago.

After Hannah had finished her meal, Fabian got ready to leave. Before doing so, however, Fabian painstakingly instructed Helen on how to feed Hannah her next bowl of soup.

"Have you brought the Youngs out to eat?" Fabian asked, having immediately called Jason after exiting the hospital.

"Relax, Fabian. We've eaten. We're at the villa at Lyon Gardens waiting for you to come over," Jason said on the other end of the line, thumping his chest vigorously. He was determined to prove his reliability to Fabian.

"Got it. I'm coming over right away," Fabian said, hanging up.

The chauffeur was already on standby. When Fabian appeared, the chauffeur briskly held the car door open for him. Fabian slid into the passenger seat, then ordered, "To the villa at Lyon Gardens."

The car rolled off. Fabian gazed at the scenery flashing past his window. His mind was turning over the Young family's possible reactions to the news of Fabian and Hannah's relationship. His mouth curved up inadvertently into a smile.

Fabian drummed his fingernails against the window of the car as he thought. He had no qualms about proclaiming his relationship with Hannah to the Young family. This was, however, largely due to his boundless self-confidence.

The car soon drew up in front of the villa. Fabian got off, took a deep breath of fresh air, then strolled in.

"Fabian, you're here! Uncle Hendrick and Aunt Gillian are

both inside the villa. Come on in," Jason ran up to welcome Fabian.

Fabian gave Jason a slight nod, then followed him in.

"Dad! Mom!" Fabian boldly announced as soon as he entered the room.

Both Hendrick and Gillian were utterly flummoxed. They look at each other, then at Fabian, in confusion.

They weren't the only ones perplexed by the situation.

Jason, standing beside Fabian, looked equally bewildered.

The three of them turned towards Fabian with questioning glances.

Fabian! What on earth are you doing? You might be dating Hannah, but shouldn't you be a little more subtle about it? How can you address her parents that? You aren't married

to her yet! Stunned, Jason willed Fabian to have some sense.

"Dad, Mom, please take a seat. I'll explain everything to you in a jiffy," Fabian calmly continued, glancing at each of their mystified faces.

Good Heavens! There's a whole story to it? Jason wondered.

A thousand questions surfaced in Hendrick and Gillian's minds all at once. Is Fabian planning on marrying one of our daughters? Or is he calling us Dad and Mom because he's Jason's elder brother?"

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"To be completely honest with you, Hannah and I got married recently," Fabian confessed. He remained watchful, however, of the Youngs' facial expressions. His revelation had, unsurprisingly, provoked looks of displeasure on their faces.

It was Jason who had the most exaggerated reaction.

Jason had settled down on the sofa next to Fabian with a glass of water in hand. He had just taken a sip when Fabian delivered the news. The resulting spray from Jason's mouth doused the entire sofa as he reeled in shock from the news.

Good god! It can't be... can it? Fabian, isn't that rather

outrageous, even for you? How could you and Hannah get married behind her own parents' backs? And for you to deliver the news so coolly to them! Incredible! Simply incredible! Jason gaped at Fabian in disbelief.

The Youngs stared at Fabian as if in a daze. Hendrick's grip on his glass of water had tightened so much his knuckles had turned white. Of the manifold possibilities that had presented themselves to Hendrick, Hannah's marriage to Fabian had not been amongst them.

"When did this happen?" Hendrick said roughly. His face had turned a dark shade of purple, and his voice quivered with barely suppressed rage.

"Approximately two months ago," Fabian replied, still very much at ease.

"Why didn't you tell us then?" Hendrick demanded. It took almost every ounce of his self-control to remain civil towards this young man before him. Even though it was no secret that Hannah wasn't his own flesh and blood, Hendrick nonetheless cared for her as his own.

If this fellow dares bully my daughter, I'll never forgive him! So what if he's a big shot in his company? I'm not afraid of him! Hendrick thought defiantly.

"It had to be done urgently," Fabian replied, with a glimmer of resignation in his eyes.

"Did Hannah tell either of you when we began dating?" Fabian enquired, fixing his gaze on Hendrick.

Hendrick shook his head. He gestured for Fabian to continue, daring Fabian to produce a satisfying explanation.

"All right. I think Hannah hasn't told the two of you about her surgery either, I suppose," Fabian continued evenly.

"What surgery?" Hendrick asked. Each statement of Fabian's seemed to further confound rather than enlighten them.

"I thought so," Fabian muttered to himself. He turned to his briefcase and fished out a stack of documents, which he then handed over to Hendrick.

"Two months before we got married, Hannah's classmate Matilda got into an accident and was sent to the ER.

Matilda was in urgent need of a transfusion, but the blood bank was out of her blood type. Matilda's husband contacted Hannah, knowing that Matilda and Hannah shared the same blood type. He pleaded with Hannah to save Matilda. Hannah couldn't turn down such a request,

of course. However, Matilda had already lost too much blood. A second donor couldn't be found within such short notice, so Hannah bravely volunteered. After Hannah had donated half a quart of blood, she turned as white as a sheet. Fearful of the risk to Hannah's life, I begged her not to continue. Hannah, however, obstinately insisted on carrying on with the blood transfusion and donating the entire quart of blood as was required," Fabian said.

He paused to take a deep breath as if summoning all his strength to continue with the rest of his tale. Meeting the Youngs' gazes levelly, Fabian continued, "The doctor was concerned about who would take responsibility if the worst somehow happened to Hannah and asked for consent from her family members. Hannah didn't want to worry you both and was afraid that you'd disapprove anyway. We thus immediately signed marriage papers there and then, and I gave consent to the blood transfusion. That's also the reason why I opposed Hannah's bone marrow transplant. It's also why I opted for a switch in hospitals."

Fabian concluded his lengthy speech with a huge sigh, looking rather deflated. He felt a wave of relief, frustration, and despair crash over him all at once.

Jason, meanwhile, was incredulous. Good Heavens! Who would've thought that Fabian and Hannah would have had such an incredible backstory to their relationship? If I ever meet my future wife under circumstances half as exciting as this, I'd be bragging about it all the time!

The Youngs looked shell-shocked. Hendrick stretched out a shaky hand to receive the documents from Fabian and peered at them. The date, the hospital's letterhead, as well as Fabian's signature were all there exactly as he had said.

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Hendrick dared not imagine what the Youngs would do if the worst had indeed happened to Hannah while she was undergoing the blood transfusion. More importantly, when the Blackwood family came to demand Hannah's return, what answer could he possibly give them?

Hendrick fixed a piercing gaze on Fabian for a long time, speechless. Fury burned within the depths of his dark eyes. Hendrick said nothing, but his eyes were accusing. What if something had happened to Hannah then? Would you have been able to bear that responsibility?

Fabian met Hendrick's gaze unflinchingly. He was well aware of the reproach in Hendrick's eyes.

"Why don't you look at the second document?" Fabian said gently. He nudged another stack of documents into Hendrick's hands.

Hendrick picked it up, weighing it in his hands. This set of documents was much thicker than the marriage papers he'd just seen. It consisted of at least ten pages.

Hendrick held it up. It proclaimed in bold, black letters: Phoenix Group, Share Transfer Agreement.

Jason peeked over from the side. When he'd made out what the letters read, his nostrils flared in astonishment and his jaw dropped. Jason would have yelped if he hadn't had the decency to hold himself back.

Phoenix Group's shares? Hendrick may not have fully grasped the significance of the documents, but it was not lost on Jason. As the heir to the Goldstein Family's business and fortune, Jason was completely awed by Fabian's prowess.

What a guy! Jason thought admiringly. He felt entirely affirmed in his worship of Fabian.

What else can I say? Let me sit at your feet for the rest of your life, Fabian! Jason feverishly vowed. Only Fabian could hand over shares belonging to the biggest company ever

without batting an eyelid. Then again, nobody else would have such a unique combination of capability and boldness in the first place.

Hendrick could nonetheless feel the gravity of the Phoenix

Group's stamp that these simple A4 papers belied. He felt a tinge of exhilaration as he slowly turned each page. Hendrick soon arrived at the final page, only half-comprehending the contents of the document. He'd roughly understood what it meant and thus hadn't the patience to examine it too closely.

The crux of the entire document lay on the final page, where Hendrick could see Ten percent of shares clearly spelled out. He wasn't a businessman, but he had more than an inkling of what this ten percent was worth.

Hendrick's eyes traveled downwards, noting where Fabian had initialled three of his signatures with a flourish. The other side, however, was blank.

Fabian hastened to explain. "I had this document written and signed when the second half quart of blood was drawn from Hannah. If anything had happened to Hannah, I would have delivered these documents to your family. As long as I possess more than ten percent of shares in Phoenix Group, anyone who signs their name on these

documents will set this contract into effect. This was what little compensation I could offer Hannah."

Hendrick handed the contract over to Gillian, who likewise flipped through it. She, too, felt the importance of the papers she held in her hand.

"You can take a look at the third document now," Fabian said serenely.

Hendrick frowned. He then said directly to Fabian, "There's no need. I believe that you do love Hannah as much as you say you do."

Besides her husband, Gillian nodded vigorously.

"Both of us know what Hannah is like. She's stubborn and isn't easily swayed. I don't blame you for signing the contract," Hendrick continued.

He paused, then went on. "As for your marriage to Hannah, I admit I was shocked when I first heard it. After listening carefully to your explanation, however, I think you made the best choice given the circumstances."

Hendrick sounded infinitely more reasonable now that he had calmed down visibly. There were even traces of a smile

hovering over his thin lips.

Jason felt a renewed sense of admiration for Fabian. Fabian, I've hung around you for so many years! When will you finally impart your ways to me? You're successful in your business, propelling Phoenix Group to the very top. You're even so successful in love that even when you got married behind your father-in-law's back, he didn't blame you for it! I've really got to take a page or two out of your book.

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Jason looked at Fabian with such a mix of envy and awe that his gaze almost bore a hole through Fabian's skull.

"I have a question. Why did you decide to tell me all this now, after two months have already passed?" Hendrick asked quizzically after a moment's deep thought.

"Hannah didn't want me to at first. She said the time wasn't right. Afterward, I was busy with an endless stream of work at the office and couldn't find the time to pay the two of you a visit," Fabian replied apologetically.

"Fortunately, since both of you had planned to head over to the hospital to take care of Hannah, I decided that it was the best time to be totally honest. I wanted the two of you to meet my mother, too, to discuss my and Hannah's wedding. I have to make it up to her for our hasty marriage before," Fabian continued sheepishly.

Wow! I hope Fabian lets me be his best man, Jason thought excitedly. He was glad that Fabian and Hannah would indeed be getting married.

Hendrick, however, seemed apprehensive. His brow, having just relaxed, immediately furrowed once more.

Awkwardly, Hendrick stammered, "Fabian, I may not be able to have the final say in this matter. I'm sure you know that I... I'm not Hannah's real father. I don't think I'm entirely qualified to approve of your marriage to Hannah."

If it had been up to Hendrick, he would have instantly sanctioned Hannah and Fabian's union. However, Hannah was now accountable to another family. Both Leo and Winson had laid their claims on Hannah as her father and

brother, respectively. Just two days ago, Leo had approached Hendrick to discuss the matter of Hannah legally becoming a Blackwood.

Upon hearing Hendrick's statement of resignation, Jason felt indignant on Hendrick's behalf. What right did the Blackwood family have to abandon Hannah, then demand her back at a whim? Had Hendrick's labor all been in vain then?

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Young. I've already checked with Hannah, and she doesn't want to join the Blackwoods.

She still acknowledges the Young family as her own. The only one holding her back is Winson," Fabian explained. Ha! Hannah is a fitting partner for Fabian indeed, Jason smirked. She clearly doesn't give a damn about the Blackwoods. Surely they can't expect Hannah to have any feelings for them whatsoever after treating her so wretchedly!

Jason's approval of Hannah had gone up through the roof over the course of Hendrick and Fabian's exchange. She sounded exactly like someone Jason could get along with. "But the Blackwoods approached me yesterday to discuss the matter of Hannah changing her last name..." Hendrick said fearfully.

"Don't worry. Hannah had already plainly expressed her refusal to the Blackwoods. She won't be changing her last name. Furthermore, Hannah is insistent that her wedding matters will be none of the Blackwood family's business. She even jokingly reflected that a brother and a few other friends were all she would be gaining from the Blackwoods' side," Fabian continued, reassuring.

Hendrick felt relief wash over him. He'd long harbored the secret fear that Hannah would grow aloof once she'd married. Hendrick could now rest easy knowing that the

Young family had a secure place in Hannah's heart. He felt slightly ashamed for having overthought things before. Nonetheless, Hendrick remained somewhat conflicted. Hannah would benefit from joining the Blackwoods. They were, after all, a wealthy and distinguished family, and

Hannah would indeed stand to gain a sizeable inheritance. Hendrick, however, could promise Hannah no such fortune. In fact, there was even the possibility that the Youngs might have to rely on Hannah for financial support in the future.

On the other hand, Hendrick's fatherly instincts yearned to have his daughter remain by his side. Hannah may not have been Hendrick's own flesh and blood, but he'd amassed no small amount of love for Hannah from the twenty years or so from raising her. The Youngs had always treated Hannah as their own. Neither Hendrick nor Gillian could bear the thought of parting with Hannah.

"All right. Let's clarify things once and for all. Hannah loves you both deeply, so please don't break her heart in the name of her supposedly bright future," Fabian declared solemnly as he looked at Hendrick and Gillian in turn.

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Hendrick nodded his head, agreeing fervently. After all, if Hannah had been desperate for riches and glory, she

would have promptly signed on the dotted line of Fabian's contract back then, wouldn't she?

He couldn't help but swell with pride at the thought. Good girl! Hendrick thought proudly. I'm glad you've got a backbone of your own. They didn't manage to buy you over!

Observing Hendrick's features relax soften once more, Fabian inwardly heaved a long sigh of relief. The immensely draining ordeal was over at last.

The Phoenix Group Transfer of Shares Agreement had actually been witnessed by a few of the company's shareholders. Fabian had had it prepared for if he and Hannah got a divorce. The contract hadn't quite served its intended purpose but had proven to be unexpectedly useful in the meantime.

As for that consent form, Fabian had taken pains to seek out the help of a hospital staff member. The cherry on top of this delightful fabrication was Hannah's hospital record. Fabian had had it manufactured by an expert he'd sourced online.

Jason, totally oblivious to Fabian's machinations, looked at the Youngs' content faces. All's well that ends well, I suppose!

"Uncle Hendrick, Aunt Gillian, didn't I tell you how great Fabian was? Wasn't I speaking the truth? You've seen for yourselves how considerate Fabian is of Hannah. He spent the whole night at the hospital yesterday! He practically moved in to stay," Jason concluded, beaming.

Jason hadn't deliberately intended to flatter Fabian or exaggerate. It was a fact that Fabian had always been good to Hannah. Gillian flashed a dazzling smile at Fabian. "Hannah can be rather headstrong at times. Please try to be patient with her."

Neither Hendrick nor Gillian was able to sufficiently express the joy they felt at that moment. Hannah's impending marriage had always loomed over their heads. The Youngs agonized as they watched Hannah mature into a beautiful woman with no obvious intentions of settling down. Now, however, they could repose in the fact that Hannah was finally married, and to a man like Fabian who evidently cared a great deal for her.

Fabian's apparent love for Hannah sealed Hendrick's approval. Hendrick proclaimed heartily, "Young man, you have my blessing. Let's arrange for a meeting between your parents and ourselves to discuss the wedding then."

Hendrick had clearly accepted Fabian into the Young family fold. His attitude towards Fabian now resembled that of a kind, fatherly figure imparting wisdom to his son. Hendrick then paused briefly and asked with some misgiving, "Does your family know that you've gotten married?"

He'd heard all about the deep-rooted prejudice that wealthy families had against those they deemed beneath them. If the Norton family ruled that Hannah was incompatible with Fabian, they would never permit both of them to marry. Hendrick resolved never to let Hannah marry into the Norton family if that were the case, remaining fiercely protective of his daughter.

“Don’t worry. A few days after we signed the marriage papers, I told my Mom about it. She’s already met Hannah, actually. Mom’s even handed down an heirloom bracelet to Hannah,” Fabian informed Hendrick matter-of-factly. Fabian had already guessed the reason for Hendrick’s consternation. Fabian had thus specially tailored the story of his mother’s heirloom to allay Hendrick’s fears. “Fantastic. That’s fantastic,” Hendrick exclaimed with visible relief as if he had just been delivered from a terrible affliction. What was I thinking? Could unreasonable

parents even have been able to raise a gentleman like Fabian?

“I must first tell you something though,” Fabian added.

“Oh? What is it?” Hendrick could feel his emotions rapidly stirring up in a tumult once more.

Fabian looked at Hendrick’s anxious face, then laughed. “It isn’t that big of a big deal. It’s about me, actually. I’m afraid that my identity may be a source of unnecessary trouble for Hannah. I’d thus like to plead with you both to keep my relationship with her a secret for now. We’ll naturally announce it when we’ve gotten officially married,” Fabian said confidently.

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Hendrick looked reassured. He’d been worried that Fabian would demand something preposterous from them. This request perfectly aligned with the Youngs’ desire to protect their daughter from trouble, after all. They were all looking out for Hannah, in their own ways.

“No problem, no problem. If that’s the case, we won’t mention it at all,” Hendrick declared.

“Don’t even mention it to the Blackwoods,” Fabian warned.

“Even the Blackwoods?” Hendrick was astounded. “They’re Hannah’s family, after all. It wouldn’t hurt, would it?”

“The Blackwoods are a big family, and it’ll be hard to ensure that the secret stays within them. I’m afraid that if we tell them, the entire industry will find out about it,” Fabian replied mildly.

Hendrick pondered, then nodded reluctantly. He couldn’t

see why the Blackwoods would sabotage Hannah in any way, being one of their own. However, Hendrick trusted his newly-minted son-in-law, deciding that it would be better to avoid the probability altogether.

“I’ll be damned!” Jason suddenly yelled. The Youngs had nearly forgotten about him amidst their more pressing matters. Curiosity had gotten the better of Jason, and he couldn’t resist peeking at the third document. In doing so, he’d gotten way more than he bargained for.

The third document, in fact, was a certificate presented to Hannah from a charity organization. Inscribed upon it were these words, In recognition of Ms. Hannah Young for her donation of 15.5 million to the needy students of the Gablurg Tribe.

Wait! There’s more? Jason hastily turned it over.

At the back of the certificate, someone had penned a thanksgiving note. Thank you, Ms. Hannah Young, for contributing 15.5 million to the education fund of fifty high schools in Horbah. Our administrative blocks will be named after you.

Another 15.5 million? Fabian, you’ve outdone yourself once again! Jason thought reverently. It was even more astonishing that Fabian had done this all under Hannah’s name. Hannah’s going to be just as famous as those names my school premises were named after! Fabian had thus ensured that Hannah would leave behind a veritable legacy.

These certificates were indeed genuine. When Regina had previously been bullying Hannah at the office, Fabian had stepped in. The might of Fabian’s formidable forces had sent both Regina and her boyfriend packing to jail.

Hannah, however, had told Fabian with considerable dissatisfaction that he’d wronged Regina and her boyfriend. Discomfited, Fabian conversely made several donations under Hannah’s name.

Hannah was nonetheless kept in the dark regarding all of this. Dismissively, Fabian decided not to make too much of

a fuss. He’d thus had the certificates and notes of thanks

sent directly to the office, bypassing Hannah entirely. Jason indeed guessed correctly that Fabian would never tell Hannah about any of this. Even now, she was almost certainly ignorant of the good deeds she had supposedly committed. Jason smirked at the thought of Hannah's reaction when she found out that her name was plastered on several buildings.

A crafty thought suddenly occurred to Jason. Why don't I sell this information to Helen? Besides, I can take the opportunity to brag a little to her!

"Mr. and Mrs. Young, if there's nothing else, I'll be off. I haven't gone into the office for two days, and there's sure to be a pile of issues waiting for me to deal with when I get in," Fabian said politely, getting to his feet.

"Oh, there's nothing else. Go ahead and focus on your work. Don't worry about Hannah. I'll be heading over along with her mother to take care of her," Hendrick replied hurriedly, gesturing to himself and Gillian.

"Her mother? Aren't I Fabian's mother now, too?" Gillian teased, rolling her eyes at Hendrick dramatically.

Feeling the welcoming warmth of the Young family, Fabian couldn't help but break out into a wide smile. "That's right, Mom! Haha!"

"Uncle Hendrick, Aunt Gillian, why don't both of you rest here for now? I'm heading out for a while, but I'll be back to visit Hannah in the afternoon. I'll drive by to pick the two of you up then," Jason proposed as he, too, stood up to follow Fabian out of the villa.

Seeing Jason tag along with him, Fabian couldn't help but stifle a chuckle in amusement. Jason had always followed Fabian around and must have been hoping to join in whatever Fabian was going to the office to do. Fabian was used to it, however, and said nothing.

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"Just go and get busy, Fabian. I'll go to the hospital to visit Hannah," Jason said to Fabian with a smile as soon as he had stepped out of the villa's gate beyond the courtyard. At that, surprised overwhelmed Fabian. Why is he acting so out of character today? Usually, he's reluctant to spend

even a single second in the hospital. He's always grouching that Helen is a silly little girl who keeps bugging him, so why is he now volunteering to go to the hospital?

"Why, are you missing Helen because you haven't argued with her for some time?" Fabian teased in a joking manner.

"Hah! Who's missing that idiot?" Jason retorted huffily.

"I'm missing Hannah!"

Upon hearing that, Fabian merely shook his head without saying anything further. Inwardly, however, he

snickered, He's missing Hannah? What a joke!

Subsequently, Jason slipped into the newest model of Camaro that Fabian had given him as a gift. Yet, there was no sound of an engine roaring to life even after an eternity had passed. It turned out that he was searching for information and video clips of Hannah's charitable deed on the Internet. All those were his bargaining chips when negotiating with Helen, so he naturally couldn't slip up.

In no time, he found plenty and saved them all into his cell phone. As he did so, his lips inexorably curved into a smirk, and he muttered to himself, "Hah, take this you damn girl! Show me some sincerity if you want the information. But if you aren't interested... haha, I'm going to keep you hanging!"

As he luxuriated in his thoughts, he started the car and zoomed away with a whoosh.

Wishing to have Helen begging him as soon as possible, Jason sped the entire way, his speed even comparable to the speed of light. He ran several red lights successively without even batting an eyelash.

Naturally, his efforts paid off, for the trip that usually required twenty minutes took him less than half that time.

When he arrived at the hospital, he headed straight for Hannah's hospital room with a crafty smile on his face.

The moment he pushed open the door, he was assailed by a deafening shout. "Ahh!"

All at once, he clapped his hands over his ears even as he swung his gaze at the three people in the hospital room.

At that moment, Winson had been jolted awake by the

sharp cry albeit having just dozed off just now. Hannah, on the other hand, was staring at him with surprise etched on her face. Helen, however, hung her head with embarrassment radiating off her and said nothing, nor did she look at him.

Curling his lips, Jason inwardly reckoned, So, it was you who shouted earlier. No wonder it was so shrill! But speaking of that, you're actually capable of being shy, huh?

The truth was, Helen was messing around with her sister just now, and Hannah was grabbing a private part of hers. At just that moment, the door swung open with a click. Thus, it was only natural that she suffered a shock. When she noticed Jason's taunting expression, she thought that he had seen everything and was now mocking her. In a flash, waves of fury engulfed her. Ugh! Never mind if you saw it, but why are you making it so obvious? Are you deliberately humiliating me?

"Jason Goldstein, you're just too much! Get lost! Scram at once!" she bellowed. At the same time, she grabbed the pillow behind Hannah and threw it at Jason.

When Jason saw the pillow flying at him, he promptly caught it. As he held the pillow in his hands, he snarled at Helen, "Have you lost your mind? And did you forget to take your meds today?"

Upon hearing that, the rage within her ratcheted a notch. You're too much! You've seen me in an indecent state, yet you're now poking fun at me! I... I... I'll kill you! "You have great catching skills, yes? Then, let me test your reflexes! Here you go!" She snagged the fruit basket on the table and threw the fruits inside at him, one after another.

What the hell? What have I done to you that you're doing this to me? And you want me to catch them one by one? Did you think I'm an idiot? That might just kill me!

When Jason spotted various fruits hurtling toward him, he hastily used the pillow to block them off. Nonetheless, there were still parts of him that were hit.

“Alright, that’s enough, Helen. We’re in the hospital here, and Winson is still sleeping,” Hannah urged.

Shooting Jason a glare, Helen was just about to put the fruit basket in her hand down when Jason unexpectedly picked up a grape on the ground and threw it at her. Coincidentally, Helen was wearing the V-neck blouse she bought with Fabian yesterday, and the grape flew right into the cleft and got stuck in between her breasts.

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Of course, Jason hadn’t done that on purpose. When he saw that the grape he casually threw had actually ended up at such a place, his eyes went wide, and he stared at her breasts.

Meanwhile, Helen was entirely infuriated at that moment. “How dare you stare at me? I’ll kill you!” she roared at him.

“No, no, it wasn’t deliberate on my part,” Jason hurriedly explained, afraid that she would again throw things at him. “I didn’t mean to stare at that part or to perve on you. I was just wondering how it got there and even became wedged in there. Now, I suddenly think that the grape was no ordinary grape!”

Hearing that, Helen was gripped by the urge to rip the man before her into shreds. In the next moment, she grabbed the fruits in the fruit basket and hurled them at him by the handful.

All at once, exasperation swamped Jason. He had obviously realized that he had misspoken earlier, but it was now too late, and he could only block them off with the pillow.

“I-I’m sorry! Stop launching fruits at me. L-Let’s just talk things through. Ahh! It hurts! Ow! Ouch!” Nevertheless, Helen paid Jason’s cries no heed, merely indiscriminately lobbing fruits at him.

At long last, there were no longer any fruits left in the fruit basket. Only then did she stop in a fit of pique.

“You’ve gone too far, Helen. Hurry up and apologize to Jason.” Hannah had been helplessly watching several fruits

hit Jason, and an apple even hit him on the head, making

her suck in a breath.

“Did you hear that, Helen Young? Apologize to me! Did you have to throw such a huge tantrum when I merely came in without knocking? You acted as though I’ve committed a grievous crime!” Jason snapped angrily, making it clear as day that he was very much chagrined by Helen’s hurling fruits at him.

He had long since wanted to lambast her, but she still had weapons in hand, so he didn’t dare do anything rash.

“Hah! You’re claiming that you merely came in without knocking? You were obviously trying to perve on me!” Helen snarled. While doing so, her gaze kept sweeping across the table in search of something that she could use to chuck at him.

“What the hell? How is that perving on you? You pitched fruits at me, and I was in pain after being hit, so I retaliated. That’s normal, no? Plus, I had the pillow over my head, so how could I have known that it would hit you there? It wasn’t deliberate, so how could you say that I’m perving on you?”

Frustration flooded Jason. Even if I want to perve on someone, that won’t be you! Such a shrew like you will

give me a heart attack instead! However, he didn’t give voice to it because he had just remembered the wrapped durian under the bed, which he brought over that morning to satisfy Hannah’s craving.

“Hmph! I don’t mean that! But what was that when you came in? Never mind if you saw it, but you even smirked shamelessly. Look at that perverted expression of yours! I’ll kill you!” Helen’s wrath intensified when he gave excuses and refused to admit to it. She started to rummage through the cabinets in search of something that could be used as a weapon.

Upon seeing that, a bolt of fear inexorably lanced through Jason. She’s really determined to kill me with flying objects!

He then instinctively glanced at the durian under the bed and heaved a sigh. Phew! It’s fortunate that it hasn’t been discovered yet!

When Helen heard him sighing, her head snapped back, and she glowered at him.

At that, cold sweat dripped down Jason's forehead like a faucet. Oh God, she can't actually read my thoughts, can she? At the same instance, he fearfully cast the durian

under the bed a glance. Ah, I beg you, little durian! You've got to hide properly! Please don't be found out!

As he was inwardly praying for mercy, he was abruptly greeted by the sight of Helen crouching down and gazing in the direction of the durian.

In reality, Helen only found the durian because she caught his furtive glance a moment ago. She then picked up the durian with a hand before staring at him intently.

At that very moment, Jason's back instantly became drenched. What the hell? Is she for real? Can she truly read my thoughts? As he eyeballed Helen, who was holding a durian, he couldn't help but gulp.

Oh my God! If the durian really hits me, I'll be permanently disfigured! Thus, he immediately threw Hannah a pleading look.

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Hannah had wanted to admonish Helen ages ago, but she gave up doing so since Helen was blinded by rage and wouldn't listen to her. Now, however, the situation didn't allow anymore tarrying. If I don't talk her down the ledge, the durian will certainly remain a durian, yet I can't say the same about Jason!

Spurred into action, she rebuked Helen loudly, "That's enough, Helen! Stop messing around!"

"No way! I've got to teach this despicable guy a lesson for laughing at me!" Disregarding Hannah's admonishment, Helen lifted the durian to catapult it at Jason.

At that precise moment, Winson was again awakened by their argument. Rubbing his groggy eyes, he looked over to the two of them.

"W-What is this about me laughing at you when I came in the door? I don't get it!" Jason roared at the top of his lungs. He truly couldn't figure out why she was throwing

such a tantrum at him for no reason. I didn't do anything to provoke her, so why is she targeting me?

"You know full well what you saw when you came in!" Helen just wouldn't believe that he wasn't making fun of her.

"What did I see? I-I hadn't even gathered my wits about me when I came in, and you had already started hurling fruits at me!" Jason lamented pitifully and pretended to dab at his eyes from time to time.

"If you didn't see anything, why were you smirking?" Helen demanded. I just want to see how long he can keep up this pretense!

"Why was I smirking?" I finally got a bargaining chip to use with you after expending much effort, so I triumphantly snickered for a bit. Do you have to overreact like this? Finally, he relented and answered in exasperation, "I learned something about Hannah, so I was happy for her. For that reason, I smiled at Hannah. I didn't smile at you, so why are you taking things so far?"

Hmph! What a nice story! Well, continue making up stories. I'll just wait and see what kind of interesting story you can concoct!

Helen naturally didn't believe him, and she declared loudly, "Alright, then. I'll give you a chance to defend yourself. Well? Tell me what you learned about my sister! If you can't tell me anything, I'll heave this at you!"

As she said that, she again brandished the durian in her hand.

"I... I..." Jason stammered for a long time without uttering a complete sentence even as resentment inundated him. I've finally gotten a piece of explosive information after

digging for so long and came over happily to use it as a bargaining chip, but never had I thought that such a thing would happen!

"Well? You don't have anything to say, yes? I'll kill you..." Helen gazed at him with a sneer on her face as she grew all the more certain of her conjecture.

Before she had finished speaking, Jason cut her off. "Okay,

fine. I'll talk!"

He was very much reluctant to do so, but at the sight of the durian lifted high over her head, he had no other recourse. For the sake of my safety, I've got to say it no matter how disinclined I am to do so!

Lowering his head, he unlocked his cell phone. Then, he dragged his feet over to Helen like a deflated balloon.

"Okay, that's enough. Put the durian down so that you're not leading Winson astray," Hannah huffed just then. I'm also at my wits' end with this audacious and mischievous sister of mine!

As Helen looked at Jason's expression that was dour as though he had just lost his entire fortune, she inwardly mused, Perhaps he truly isn't lying. Then, she swung her gaze at Winson, only to see him staring at her with

widened eyes. Only then did she finally concur and place the durian down.

"Everything is in my cell phone, so take a look at it yourself." Jason handed her the cell phone while looking all miserable.

All at once, Helen snatched it from his hand before glancing at it nonchalantly. She truly didn't believe that there was still something else that would have him grinning so widely if he weren't laughing at her.

Hmph! You'll be done for if I don't laugh after looking at it! As her thoughts went in that direction, her hand tightened a fraction on the durian.

Unbidden, a thud sounded in the next moment. The durian slipped from her hands and smashed onto the ground, causing a crack to appear at once.

"T-T-This is impossible! Are you trying to dupe me?" Helen questioned Jason incredulously, her eyes widening as she stared at his cell phone. She was incredibly excited, so much so that even her voice carried a hint of joy.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1220

"See for yourself whether it's true!" Jason retorted feebly. While he had long since been chagrined over Helen

hurling fruits at him for no good reason, he was far more

distressed over losing an opportunity to negotiate with her.

“Hannah Young from X City, born on x/xx/199x...” Helen couldn’t help reading it aloud. With every sentence she read, her voice shook a little more, for everything matched her sister’s description.

“Hmm? The deputy general manager of Phoenix Group?” She stopped short at that. As far as I know, Hannah is just an insignificant journalist. So, how could she have possibly become the deputy general manager of Phoenix Group? Thus, she felt that it wasn’t her sister. Of course, she didn’t think that Jason was deliberately tricking her. Rather, she was certain that he, too, had been duped.

“What an idiot! This isn’t my sister. My sister is a journalist, but this person is a deputy general manager. That’s a huge gap, okay? Furthermore, she doesn’t have two hundred million. If she had it, she would’ve surely shared it with me. Am I not right, Hannah? Anyway, I think you’ve been duped as well, so I’ll let you off this time. Next time, however...” Hannah’s words were directed to both Jason and Hannah.

Unexpectedly, before she had even finished speaking, Jason interrupted her. “You’re the idiot!”

Without giving her a chance to counter, he turned to Hannah and asked, “Hannah, do you know the name of Fabian’s company?”

At that, puzzlement swamped Hannah. What exactly is on the cell phone? Why are they talking about two hundred million and asking about Fabian’s company now? Has his company made a profit of two hundred million? But what has that got to do with me?

Despite finding Jason’s question bizarre, still, she replied, “Phoenix Group. Why?”

“And what’s Fabian’s position in Phoenix Group?” Jason continued questioning.

“The president.” Exasperation engulfed Hannah. Don’t tell me he asked me these two pointless questions just to point out the grandeur of Fabian’s status?

“Very well!” Jason nodded. Subsequently, he looked at

Helen smugly. "Now, read that again."

"The deputy general manager of Phoenix Group!" Helen's face was a mask of shock. Her eyes popping out of her

head, she dashed over to Hannah's bed and demanded in stark disbelief, "When did you have two hundred million, Hannah?"

Upon hearing that, Hannah couldn't help rolling her eyes. What kind of joke is this? Could I possibly have two hundred million? Ah, if only I have two hundred million, I wouldn't have to calculate how to pay Fabian back every day! I've long since had enough of his capitalist reactionary expression! And he even dared to demand that I pay him back with my body! Why won't he just die?

"And... And you actually donated it away!" Helen swallowed before exclaiming, "I'm also poor, Hannah! Why don't you donate some of it to me? I'm not greedy, so I don't need two hundred million. I'll be content with just a pittance of it!"

Hey, I'm not mad! Would I have donated the money if I had two hundred million? That would be insane!

Curling her lips, Hannah scoffed at her, saying, "Alright, my silly sister. How could you believe such a thing? I would've definitely given you some if I have two hundred million. We've always shared everything equally since young, so I would even give you a hundred million, not to mention a pittance. But I really don't have that money!"

She chuckled dryly, making it apparent that she didn't believe Helen at all.

"Of course, you don't have it! That's because you've donated it!" Helen retorted with a bitter expression on her face. Then, a smile bloomed on her face as she gazed at Hannah. "However, you're now a celebrity in the eyes of the fellow students and teachers."

While she spoke, she handed Jason's cell phone to Hannah.

Taking the cell phone, Hannah looked at it with some curiosity. What kind of novel news is it that has managed to pull the wool over both Jason and Helen's eyes?

“Hannah Young...” Hannah again read it aloud from the very beginning. As she did so, she inwardly mused, The Internet is really advanced these days that they managed to get all my information without making a single mistake. It must be some software that has leaked my personal information. No, I’ve got to be extra careful in the future! Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1221
“Job description: the deputy general manager of Phoenix Group.”

Ah, so this is why! I was just wondering why Jason asked me the name of Fabian’s company. It turns out that the people who weaved this lie actually gave me a post in Fabian’s company. Ah well, that can’t be helped since his company is renowned!

Hmm... deputy general manager, huh? Not bad, but I think they should have given me the post of the vice president instead. Otherwise, how could I possibly have two hundred million? It looks like they made a mistake here...

Huh? Wait a minute! What company was it again? Phoenix Group? Could it be that Fabian actually...

As she was contemplating that matter, Jason’s voice drifted into her ears. “You can look further. There’s even a video clip at the back.”

Upon hearing that, Hannah quickly scrolled further on and clicked on the play button to start playing the video clip. Helen didn’t notice the video clip when she was looking through the cell phone earlier, so she now leaned close to Hannah to watch it with her. “Wow! Fabian is so handsome!” Helen exclaimed loudly.

Conversely, Hannah’s expression suddenly turned solemn, and she asked Jason, “This two hundred million is for real?”

In response, Jason nodded wryly. “Of course, it is.”

“But I don’t have two hundred million!” Hannah hastily countered.

Smacking his lips, Jason then retorted, “Not only do you have two hundred million, but you might even have up to billions!”

“Huh? When did my sister become so rich?” Helen gaped

at Hannah even as a predatory look manifested on her face, and she almost salivated.

"I don't have that amount of money!" Hannah swiftly shook her face with an innocent expression.

"Well, Fabian's company is worth more than ten billion!" Jason riposted indignantly.

"But I don't have money," Hannah argued.

"You've got him instead!" Jason appeared a tad impatient at that point.

"That's right!" Helen seconded.

Hannah, however, nodded thoughtfully before again shaking her head in the next moment.

Hmm? That's not right!

All of a sudden, realization dawned, and she abruptly got what he meant. Her mouth dropped open in astonishment.

"You're saying that Fabian donated two hundred million in my name?"

"Yup! Otherwise... Otherwise, why would I have come over to look for you in such high spirits?" Jason affirmed even as he threw Helen an aggrieved look.

Uh... It looks as though he truly came over to share this news with us, so I-I seem to have misunderstood him.

Glancing at him in slight embarrassment, Helen sheepishly murmured, "Uh... Jason, it seems that I've misunderstood you, so please don't take it to heart."

"Hmph!" There was still lingering anger within Jason despite her apology. She hurled fruits at me, relegating me to a pathetic state, so how could she just wipe the slate clean with a mere apology? If I truly let it go just like this, what would others think about me?

"What about this?" he growled at her as he pointed at his head that was hit earlier.

"Um..." Knowing that she was in the wrong in that matter, Helen promptly stretched out her petite hand and gently massaged his head while flashing him a sweet smile.

"Jason, I didn't know better and hurt you, but you won't take offense at me, yes? Besides, I didn't know about it, did I? I thought you were making fun of me."

“Hmph!” Jason harrumphed coldly. Despite his unyielding manner outwardly, he was actually over the moon at her mortified expression.

Weren’t you even planning to lob a durian at me just now? What’s with the humble expression now?

“Well, I can forgive you, but you’ve got to promise me something.” Lifting his head, Jason stared at her while negotiating terms with her.

Now that I’ve told her about Fabian donating money in Hannah’s name, I naturally can’t use that as a bargaining chip anymore. However, I can seize this opportunity to blackmail her since she has misunderstood me!

“Huh? What are your terms?” Helen hastily queried instead of agreeing right away. I’ve always been at odds with him, so I’ll be on the losing end if he were to ask for something ridiculous!

“This shouldn’t be too difficult for you.” Jason was already wearing a sly smile then. At that sight, Helen inwardly cursed him out. If it weren’t for the fact that I wronged him, I would’ve long since strode up and slapped him twice across the face!

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1222

“In the future, you’ve got to respectfully address me as Jason instead of calling me by my full name and prioritize me in everything,” Jason stated mildly as he looked at Helen.

In fact, he even wanted to add on to that, but on second thought, he decided not to go too far. If I antagonize her because of that, it won’t do me any good either. In that case, I won’t recoup any of my losses!

Utter irritation swamped Helen at his demand. But I did went overboard earlier, so it’ll seem rather unreasonable if I don’t agree. Gritting her teeth, she thought, Fine, I’ll just address him respectfully. He’s older than me anyway, so I won’t lose anything. As for prioritizing him... we’ll see how it goes.

“Well... okay!”

Exhilaration inundated Jason the moment he heard that. At the thought of her having to address him respectfully

when she saw him in the future, he couldn't help feeling smug. Ah, all the pelting I suffered hadn't been in vain, after all!

Helen, on the other hand, wore an expression of defeat and was feeling exceedingly chagrined.

"When did this happen?" Hannah asked Jason at that time after having snapped out of her astonishment.

"Huh? I've forgotten when exactly it was, but the date is written there," Jason answered smilingly, still looking very much proud of his own brilliance.

However, a trace of suspicion crept into Hannah when she glimpsed the date there.

Hmm? It was something recent? Why didn't I know about that?

At the same time, she inwardly chastised Fabian. Why didn't you tell me anything about this? If it weren't for Jason, I would still be in the dark right now.

"Do you know why he donated to charity in my name?" she then inquired of Jason.

She couldn't quite understand his motives. If he merely wants to donate to charity, why didn't he do so in his own name? Why must he go to the trouble of using mine? But if it's for some other reason, why didn't he tell me? This isn't anything bad.

"I'm not quite sure about this. Maybe he wanted to propel you into the limelight?" Jason replied with his gaze on her even as his lips curved into a smile. "Speaking of that, Fabian is really generous to donate two hundred million all at once."

Nevertheless, bitterness subsequently blanketed Hannah's face. What on earth is Fabian Norton doing? I've finally been promoted with an increase in pay and could finish paying him back the money I owe him earlier, but look what has happened now. I now owe him another two hundred million! Argh! I really don't know how long it'll take me to pay him back. Judging from my current financial capability, it'll take me a few centuries even if I don't eat or drink! Ugh! It seems that I'm destined to owe

him in this lifetime!

She couldn't help heaving a sigh inwardly.

When Helen noticed her sister's silence and the lack of happiness on her face, she was baffled. This is a good

thing, so why I do feel as though she has turned a touch downcast instead?

She was just about to blurt out that question as she stared at her sister, but the click of the door opening cut her off.

"I'm back, Hannah! How could there be no one here when you're sick now?" A cheerful female voice resonated in Hannah's hospital room.

It went without saying the person who barged in was Lyna who had gone out to eat just now. And following behind her was Felicia. As for Leo, he was busy with his own matters, so he didn't come over again.

Felicia seemed to be feeling a tad guilty about having kicked Hannah out of the family back then, and she treated her very well. While she didn't say anything of the sort, she came to visit her at the hospital whenever she had time while also bringing a lot of supplements.

Unbidden, a trace of delight showed on Hannah's face, for she had actually never expected Lyna to be so good to her. She beamed brightly.

Before she had even said anything, Jason, who was at the side, blurted ahead of her, "Why are you here?"

Jason had been wondering who would be coming to visit Hannah when he heard the voice. But when he lifted his eyes, he was greeted by a stunningly beautiful woman who had argued with him downstairs that morning.

Hannah's curiosity was piqued upon seeing Jason's intense reaction. Hmm? Is he acquainted with Lyna? Don't tell me there's bad blood between them?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1223

"Oh, it's you, young lad!" Lyna was likewise extremely surprised upon seeing Jason, but she was a person who socialized a lot, so she wasn't a hothead like him.

As soon as she spotted him, her mind began whirring at warp speed. He's now in Hannah's hospital room, and he

even came to the hospital even earlier than I did this morning, so he must have a close relationship with her. She knew that she couldn't afford to make an enemy out of Hannah right now, so she was all smiles with Jason. "Stop acting like we are close!" A ball of anger blazed within Jason. He had wanted to lay into Lyna when he bumped into her today, but he was on a mission entrusted by Fabian, so he had no choice but to retreat. But things are different now! Fabian isn't here, so no one can control me now!

"Jason! How could you talk to Lyna like that? Hurry up and apologize to her!" Hannah chastised, hoping that he would listen, as she inwardly exclaimed, This is bad! However, Jason said nothing, merely twisting his head to the side in utter reluctance. If it were someone else saying that, I would've torn her ages ago!

"Jason is still young and doesn't know better, so please don't take it to heart," Hannah said to Lyna with a smile. She felt rather embarrassed by Jason's behavior since Lyna was here to visit her.

"No, no, it's fine." Despite the fury within Lyna, she wore a smile on her face though the smile appeared exceedingly strained.

Meanwhile, Fabian, who was currently in the president's office, placed the documents down onto the table and started tapping his fingers on the tabletop rhythmically in contemplation. A while later, he slowly got to his feet and walked over to the window. As he gazed out at the bustling city, the corners of his mouth lifted.

"Never had I expected to be bewitched by this dumb girl." He shook his head, but a smile that was an embodiment of his tenderness appeared on his face. At some point in

time, my life has actually changed because of Hannah Young!

After an indeterminate time, he gathered his wits about him. Snagging his jacket from his chair and draping it over his arm, he then walked out.

"Head to Norton Residence," Fabian murmured placidly

after getting into the car even as his eyes glinted.

Earlier, he had already decided that he wanted to have Hannah be his woman legally.

At that, the driver was a touch perplexed. Why does Mr. Norton seem like an entirely different person today? He even seems to have spoken in a much gentler tone!

Soon after, the car gradually came to a stop in front of an exquisite courtyard. There were two sizeable words in flamboyant print on the ancient-looking signage above the door: Norton Residence.

After opening the car door, Fabian looked up at the signage. Then, he strode in on his long and slender legs.

“Welcome back, Mr. Norton,” someone greeted as soon as he stepped into the house.

Inclining his head a fraction, Fabian inquired, “Is my mother home?”

“Yes. Madam is in the living room.”

Flashing the person a smile, Fabian then walked in.

“I’m home, Mom,” he called out into the room the moment he pushed open the door.

“Oh, you’ve finally got the time to visit me, Mr. Norton,” a disgruntled voice retorted from within the room. A person was sitting on the sofa in the living room, and it was none other than Fabian’s mother, Heather.

“What are you implying, Mom? Aren’t I here to visit you as soon as I’m done with my work?” Fabian said to his mother with a chuckle.

“Oh, really? Are you saying that I should thank you for taking the time to accompany me despite your busy schedule?” Heather riposted, unwilling to relent.

Fabian was rendered speechless by her remark. She’s obviously feeling irked because I haven’t been back in a long while.

“How could you say that, Mom? I’ve got to take good care of the business Dad left me, no? I can’t just disregard company matters,” Fabian argued in return.

“Hmph! You’re always using your father as an excuse when he had never been like you in the past!” Heather

countered, not at all taken in by his excuses. However, she then relented considering his excellent attitude. "Ah, never mind. I'll forgive you since you came back to visit me, but make sure that you don't do it again."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1224

Upon hearing that, Fabian hastily concurred, "Yes, yes, you're right. I won't do it again. Never again will I ever do that again."

If Hannah were to see Fabian at that very moment, she would definitely tease him. After all, no one knew that the man, who remained high and mighty wherever he went, would have such a timid side to him.

After they had talked for a bit, Heather asked, "Why didn't that daughter-in-law of mine come with you this time?"

When Fabian glimpsed a flash of irritation on his mother's face, he hurriedly explained, "Hannah... Hannah has been hospitalized, and she doesn't know about me coming back either."

"Huh? Hospitalized? What happened?" Heather promptly demanded. Although she didn't quite like Hannah as a daughter-in-law back then, she couldn't outstubborn her son. Now, however, she had acknowledged her as her daughter-in-law and even given her the family heirloom bracelet.

A burst of joy infused Fabian when he noticed the concern on his mother's face, and he was naturally elated that the two most important people in his life were getting along well. Subsequently, he told her about everything that had happened to Hannah in the past two days.

"Never had I expected that this daughter-in-law of mine is actually descendent of the Blackwood family." Heather couldn't help sighing after listening to him, making it evident that she was indeed aware of the incident regarding the Blackwood family that had spread through the city like wildfire back then.

"Yeah, I was very surprised as well. I only knew about it when Leo Blackwood sought Hannah out."

Heather shook her head even as she asserted, "Her family background won't change a thing, I won't object to it as

long as you like her.”

When Fabian heard that, a weight was instantly lifted off his shoulders. Honestly speaking, he was afraid that his mother would be bothered about Hannah’s identity. “You’re such a wise woman, Mom!” he lauded at once. “Okay, that’s enough. Stop trying to butter me up. You’re making me sound as though I was an imbecile in the past.” In truth, Heather was very glad that Phoenix Group had become the leading business entity in the country under her son’s meticulous management. Many of their businesses were linked to the government, so they naturally didn’t need a political marriage to consolidate their position.

Of course, it’ll be the icing on the cake if Fabian marries someone of similar social standing, but it’s also good for him to marry someone who makes him happy. After all, it’ll be his reward for being so smart and capable!

Abruptly changing the subject, Heather asked, “Oh yes, have you notified Hannah’s family? You can’t drag your feet on this matter anymore.”

He’s not young anymore, and the Norton family is quite a prominent family, so I’m rather embarrassed to always have a certain question directed at me. Plus, tons of

people want to marry into the Norton family. Every single day, ladies from one family or other seek me out and promote their daughters in front of me, giving me a pounding headache!

Chuckling, Fabian replied, “Mom, I came back this time to discuss this exact matter with you. I’ve already talked to Hannah’s parents, so the only thing left is having the two families meet.”

“Hmph! What’s so great about you, snotty kid? If it weren’t for the fact that I didn’t want to arouse Hannah’s suspicions, I would’ve hauled you over the coals and taught you a lesson!” Lyna groused as soon as she left Hannah’s hospital room, making it clear as day that she was exceedingly pissed off with Jason.

“Okay, that’s enough. There’s no need to get angry over a

kid,” Felicia mollified beside her.

“Mom, do you think Fabian’s mother will suddenly change her mind? The marriage between us was decided by the two of you more than a year ago, after all, and it hadn’t been brought up again in such a long time. Could it be that she has already forgotten about it?” Lyna questioned in a diffident tone.

In reality, her outstanding beauty wasn’t the only reason she was so certain that she would be Fabian’s woman. Most importantly, it was because her mother once had an agreement with his mother to have them join hands in marriage.

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At that time, Fabian was a rakehell who flirted with countless women after being dumped by Vivian, yet not at all serious about any of them. It so happened that Lyna was one of them.

Lyna was a scheming person in the first place, so she naturally wouldn’t miss such a golden opportunity. As such, she urged her mother to bring her to Fabian’s house every day. When Felicia proposed the marriage, Fabian’s mother readily agreed to have her son leave his indiscriminate relationships behind sooner besides seeing that Lyna had quite an extraordinary aura and made a good match for her son.

It was only some time ago that Fabian told her mother about him getting married, but Fabian’s mother had never once mentioned anything about it.

“Uh... I don’t think so. No matter what, she was the one who agreed to the marriage back then, so how could she have forgotten about it?” Felicia’s brows furrowed slightly.

She had never contemplated the problem her daughter mentioned, much less be prepared for it, so her tone was extremely sceptical.

“This can’t do. I think we should make a trip over to Norton Residence in a day or two to sort things out,” Lyna declared guiltily. Nonetheless, resentment brimmed within her.

After all, she had been up on cloud nine back when Fabian's mother agreed to the marriage. But just then, a stark feeling of dread rose within her when she recalled the disparate manner in which Fabian treated her and Hannah.

"Hmph! You're calling yourself my sister, Hannah Young? Just wait and see how I'm going to torture you when I've married into the Norton family!" she grumbled again before leaving with Felicia.

Meanwhile, Hannah felt as though she was walking on air after several such days continued for her. During the past few days she had been hospitalized, she suddenly felt that she was the luckiest person in the world with so many people loving her.

The Young family took meticulous care of her, Winson was particularly close to her, while Leo and Lyna inquired after

her well-being. Helen and Jason, on the other hand, were like two clowns who amused her greatly.

As for Fabian, he was absolutely perfect, having moved his bed over from the very night she was hospitalized and stayed with her. Even Felicia was showing her concern albeit silently.

During these few days, Xavier naturally came over often as well. However, Hannah felt sorry for him since Fabian mocked him every single time. Even if Fabian wasn't there, he was still derided by Helen and Jason, which had her feeling awkward for him.

Sometimes, she even felt that his tenacity played a large part in the successful management of his company.

Speaking of that, it was amusing how the two clowns – Helen and Jason – who usually bickered nonstop suddenly took the same stance when confronted with Xavier and put up an incredibly united front.

"Hannah, both you and Winson are almost recovered now, so you two can be discharged from the hospital tomorrow," Fabian stated mildly as he looked at the few occupants in the hospital room after having stepped in from outside.

“That’s great! I can finally be rid of this awful place! Hannah, you’ve got to go shopping with me after you’re discharged tomorrow. These few days have been driving me crazy! If you were to stay for any longer, I think I would ended up in the hospital bed beside you.” Upon hearing that Hannah was going to be discharged, Helen was far more ecstatic than the person in question.

“Okay, okay, whatever you say goes after I’m discharged. You can shop or have fun to your heart’s content!” Hannah couldn’t help feeling happy as well when she saw the delight on her sister’s face.

“Hannah, I remember that Fabian promised to bring us back to Mom’s hometown. I wonder...” Winson hastily asked when he heard that he was going to be discharged soon. He had long since wanted to visit his mother’s hometown, but he had never been able to make the trip since no one in the Blackwood family was willing to go with him.

“Well, Fabian definitely won’t lie to you. Since he said he’ll bring you there, he’ll certainly do so.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1226

After answering Winson, Hannah shifted her gaze to Fabian. “Right?”

Upon hearing that, Fabian mulled it over for a moment. Hannah’s mother’s hometown isn’t far from here, and it’ll take about two hours by car. Since they’re both so eager, I’ll just bring them there today itself. Anyway, they’re almost fully recovered.

“Of course. If you two want to go, I can bring you there today,” he assured the two people, whose eyes were gleaming with anticipation.

“Really? Yay! When are we setting out?” Hannah exclaimed happily, not looking the slightest bit sick anymore.

In truth, she had wanted to visit the place a long time ago. When her brother had first described it to her, she had fervently hoped that they would recover quickly. And today, her wish had finally come true.

“I want to go, too!” Helen, who was at the side, immediately chimed in out of fear that her sister would

leave her behind.

“Me, too!” Jason interjected, not wanting to be left out.

“Alright, we’ll all go. We’ll set out after lunch,” Fabian proclaimed smilingly as he looked at them. At the same time, mild curiosity bubbled within him. Is Hannah’s mother’s hometown really as great as Winson described?

Or was it merely his imagination after hearing about it from his mother?

Meanwhile, at the dining table in Blackwood Residence’s dining room, Lyna started a conversation with Leo who was eating.

“Dad, I’d like you to negotiate a marriage for me.”

The moment Leo heard his, he almost choked. After coughing a few times, he asked, “A marriage? You’ve got a boyfriend? Why didn’t I know that? And do you really know everything about him? What’s his identity? And don’t you think you’re going too fast?”

“You’ve always been busy with your business, so how would you have the time to pay attention to this daughter of yours? You’ve finally got some time now, but you’re spending it all on your son! Hmph! At times, I even wonder if I’m truly your biological daughter!” Lyna griped huffily without answering a single question out of the volley of questions.

In the face of her complaint, Leo knew that he hadn’t got a leg to stand on since he had indeed shown her little concern. However, he was adept at sweet talk to mollify his daughter after having experienced much of life. “Well, I’m indeed at fault in this matter. I’ve been so focused on

making more money for your dowry that I neglected other aspects. Don’t take offense at me, okay?”

“Hmph! You’re all talk!” Lyna groused, pouting. Then, she went back to business. “Actually, the marriage I want you to negotiate for me is with Fabian Norton, the president of Phoenix Group.”

“What? Fabian Norton?” Leo was greatly stunned upon hearing that, and he was at a complete loss as to when his daughter had gotten together with Fabian.

“What’s with the extreme reaction?” Lyna huffed in chagrin when she saw his reaction.

“How could it be him?” Leo couldn’t shake off the feeling that Fabian’s relationship with his youngest daughter, Hannah, was that of an intimate nature. While they both denied it and claimed that they were merely friends, he felt that it was a blatant lie. Thus, he didn’t believe that at all.

“Why not? Our daughter is already grown up, yet you don’t even spare her any mind. Aren’t you afraid that she’ll stay a spinster forever?” Felicia was aggravated upon recalling how she had busted her ass to cinch the marriage between Lyna and Fabian, yet Leo had never shown the slightest bit of concern.

“Hah! Lyna would never be a spinster when she’s such a beauty! That’s a groundless fear!” Leo, however, felt that everything Felicia had been doing was superfluous. Considering Lyna’s beauty and family background, finding someone with a similar social standing is certainly no problem if she isn’t aiming to marry above her station!

“Hmph! That’s you! You’re all talk! Am I not doing all this so that Lyna can have a better match? I’ve bustled about for a long time and expended all my saliva to talk Fabian Norton’s mother into agreeing to this marriage. If you’re unwilling to go, I’ll go by myself!”

In the face of Leo’s attitude, utter frustration seized Felicia. I’ve done all the legwork, and the only thing left now is to bring it up again, yet he’s not willing to go! Fine, then! I’ll go myself!

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“Well, we...” Leo stopped abruptly when’s he realized what she meant. “What did you say? Fabian’s mother agreed to the marriage?”

His jaw hung open in surprise at the sudden good news.

“Of course. If Fabian’s mother didn’t agree to the marriage, I wouldn’t have asked you to go to her to discuss the marriage,” answered Felicia exasperatedly.

A wicked gleam appeared in Leo’s eyes. He narrowed his

gaze and started calculating the possibility of cooperation with Phoenix Group. If Fabian becomes my son-in-law, my company will expand swiftly!

“Will you come with me or not? If you won’t, I’ll go there alone. But if you don’t show up, Fabian will think you look down on him. He won’t help your company.”

Felicia knew what Leo was planning, so she said that on purpose.

“Of course I will go. I can do anything for my daughter’s happiness,” Leo announced as though he was doing it for Lyna’s sake.

After their meal, the driver was already waiting for Fabian downstairs as per his order.

Fabian had ordered his driver to drive his Lincoln limousine as there were five of them. Hannah and Winson had just recovered, so they would feel comfortable in the limousine.

Soon, Fabian walked out of the hospital with Hannah and the others behind him. Both Hannah and Winson had changed out of their hospital gowns and were wearing their own clothes. They seemed to be in great spirits.

“Get in,” said Fabian as he opened the car door like the gentleman he was.

Meanwhile, Felicia arrived at the Norton Residence and told the butler, “We’re here for Mrs. Norton. We’re her friends.”

“Alright. Let me inform her,” came the butler’s polite reply. Felicia flashed a smile and nodded. Both she and Leo waited at the door quietly. As they were here to discuss Fabian and Lyna’s marriage, Lyna’s presence would be awkward. Hence, she stayed at home and waited anxiously for her parents to return with good news.

“Please come with me.” Soon, the butler returned and led them in.

This was the first time Leo had ever stepped into the Norton Residence. He was in awe to realize that the Norton family was far more influential than the Blackwood family. The interior of the villa was so luxurious.

Felicia grinned upon seeing Leo's dumbstruck expression. She didn't tell him that she had the same reaction during her first trip here. Initially, she thought she was wealthy enough, but this family's wealth had exceeded her expectations.

However, none of them were envious of what they saw. Instead, the more capable the Norton family was, the more excited they were. After all, their daughter was about to marry into the Norton family.

When they entered the living room, they saw a lady preparing tea calmly on the couch.

Leo scrutinized her carefully. This must be Fabian's mother, my future in-law.

"Mrs. Norton, are you doing well?" Felicia greeted her with a warm smile.

"Oh, Felicia. I haven't seen you in a while. Come, have a seat. Try some of this tea." Heather ushered them in while her gaze landed on Leo doubtfully.

"This is my husband, Leo Blackwood," Felicia immediately introduced her husband to Heather.

"Hello, Mrs. Norton. I'm Leo Blackwood. Felicia often talked about you at home. It's my pleasure to meet you today." Leo was an experienced businessman who could flatter anyone he wanted to.

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Heather chuckled. "Mr. Blackwood, nice to meet you, too. Come, have some tea." Her smile never wavered, but she was panicking inwardly. Clearly, Felicia didn't bring her husband here to have tea with me.

Oh, they must be here to discuss Fabian's marriage. Ha! They are one step too late.

Heather hadn't dabbled in the corporate world, but she was smart. Back then, she didn't say Fabian would marry Lyna for sure. She was just trying to observe Lyna, but in the end...

"The tea is remarkable, right?" Heather poured herself a cup of tea and sipped on it.

"Mm, not bad," came Leo's reply. He wasn't a fan of teas, but he was good at flattery.

They both exchanged pleasantries with Heather until Felicia lost

patience and made eye contact with Leo.

Leo knew what she was trying to say. He coughed lightly and beamed at Heather. "Oh, right. We came to discuss something with you, Mrs. Norton."

"Go ahead, Mr. Blackwood," replied Heather.

"Right. I won't beat around the bush." He paused before continuing, "Felicia told me you had discussed our kids' engagement."

He stared at her earnestly.

"Mm, that's right," came Heather's nonchalant reply.

Felicia looked at Leo smugly as though she were claiming the credit for bringing the kids together so he could gain an accomplished son-in-law.

Something flashed across Leo's eyes as his smile widened.

"Yes, yes. We're here to discuss the marriage between your son and Linnie. They are at the appropriate age to get married. Well..."

He trailed off as his gaze landed on Heather. I've made it clear. She must know what I'm implying.

Seemingly torn, Heather held on to her teacup and fell into deep thought.

Leo let out a chuckle and tried to ease the tension in the air. "Of course, if you want your son to focus on his career, that's fine with us. They can get engaged first. That would suffice."

Previously, when the butler informed Heather of their arrival, she had guessed as much and prepared an excuse to steer them away.

With a hint of resignation in her voice, she told them, "I'm really sorry. Yes, I was really worried about Fabian's marriage and was relieved once I talked to Felicia."

Hearing her words, Leo and Felicia couldn't help but beam happily. They felt proud of their beautiful daughter.

After a brief pause, Heather continued, "Later on, I mentioned it to Fabian. He flew into a fit of rage and said his marriage was none of my business, to my utter shock. Whoever consented to this marriage will get married himself." She sighed helplessly, about to break into tears any minute. "Felicia, I'm really sorry. My son refused to listen to me. I wasted half my life to bring

him up, and this is how he repays me?"

The grins on Leo's and Felicia's faces froze.

Embarrassment washed over Leo instantly. Originally, he agreed to come, as Felicia claimed they just had to set a date. None of them expected Heather would change her mind. This is downright embarrassing.

Even Felicia was simmering in resentment. We've come to an agreement previously! Why is she going back on her word?

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Not daring to offend Heather, Felicia offered her a smile.

"That's not true. Fabian must have been mad because of the sudden news."

Leo glared at her and told Heather, "Well, Mrs. Norton, I'll have to bid goodbye. I need to return to my company."

He didn't want to stay here any longer after being rejected. If news got out, their family would be a laughingstock.

Left with no choice, Felicia bade goodbye to Heather and left with her husband reluctantly.

"What did I tell you? There's no way the Norton family will agree to his marriage for no reason! You refused to listen and dragged me along. Are you happy now? That was so humiliating!" The moment they stepped out of Norton Residence, Leo turned to Felicia and barked.

"Oh, you're blaming me now? When I told you about it, you were planning all sorts of things happily too! If you dare, complain to Mrs. Norton instead of getting mad at me!" Felicia was quivering with anger when her husband blamed everything on her.

"Stop creating trouble for me in the future! You've brought shame to the Blackwood family!" Leo bellowed.

"Shame? Didn't you hear what Mrs. Norton said earlier?

She agreed to it previously but gone back on her word!

How could you blame me?" retorted Felicia.

Leo merely harrumphed furiously and strode away.

Meanwhile, Fabian and the rest reached their destination after a two-hour car ride. He opened the door and helped Hannah out.

Hannah stepped out and took a deep breath of the fresh air. This picturesque village was surrounded by undulating hills, so the air was a lot fresher than the air in the city.

“Wow, this place is as pretty as described by Winson!” lamented Hannah.

“Ha!” Jason snorted icily. He didn’t pick on her this time as the scenery was indeed gorgeous.

There was a wooden sign ahead with the village’s name.

Behind it was an endless stretch of verdant meadows.

There was a hint of earthy scent in the air as the young saplings danced in the breeze under the warm sunlight.

Occasionally, they would spot unnamed wildflowers scattered around the meadows. They weren’t as

enchanting as roses or peonies, but yet, the meadows hum to life with their presence.

“Your mother’s house is just farther ahead. We can walk there easily,” Fabian told Hannah, whose eyes were crinkled up in silent laughter.

He felt utterly relaxed, too. Usually, he was busy running his company all by himself. Whenever he felt exhausted, he’d hang out with his friends. Compared to partying, he preferred the serenity in the countryside.

Fabian took Hannah’s hand and strolled ahead. Helen and Jason trailed behind them and bickered casually.

They soon arrived at a bridge made of stone. When they wondered when this bridge was built, Fabian figured it had been here for decades.

The bridge was only made up of a few boulders, so there was no handle on both sides. Fabian tightened his grip on Hannah’s hand.

Hannah wasn’t nervous at all. She had been a journalist since she graduated from university, so she rarely had time to go on vacations. She might’ve visited many places, but most of them were on work trips.

She inhaled the crisp air as her mood lifted. The burbling stream and swimming fish under the stones created a delightful scene.

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Jason wasn't interested at all. Seeing how thrilled Hannah was, he pouted his lips and muttered to himself, "It's just a plain old bridge and stream. What's the big deal?"

Helen rolled her eyes as she came to a stop next to him.

"You just don't know how to appreciate the scenery, do you? Don't you find this tranquil?" She huffed. "Ah, forget it. You're too dim-witted to get it!"

With that, Helen strode ahead and left Jason alone. "I'm dim-witted? You're the fool! Idiot!" Jason yelled from behind her.

Shortly after, they reached a residential area with ancient houses which had withstood the test of time. There were also a few elderly people chatting happily beside the road. Fabian led the way to Hannah's mother's house.

After walking quite a distance, he came to a stop in front of an old house.

"This is it," he told Hannah.

At once, Hannah studied the grand but old house with two ferocious lion statues flanking its entrance.

The stately entrance itself showed that Hannah's birth mother came from a wealthy and influential family.

Winson rushed to the lion statues and touched them carefully.

"When I was young, I remember Mom saying there were two lions guarding them. Finally, I get to see them today," he uttered.

His mother told him about the lions to make him laugh back then. Deep down, he was overwhelmed with emotions.

"Hannah, open the door. I can't wait," he declared.

"Sure!" A flash of bitterness crept up Hannah's heart. Winson had it worse than me.

She took one step forward and whipped out the keys to open the door.

Immediately, a green landscape greeted them.

"Seriously?" Helen parted her lips in shock.

Hannah's mother had been dead for over ten years, and no one had occupied the house ever since. Right now, it

was full of weeds.

“Oh? I don’t think we can enter,” Jason remarked coolly after taking a brief glance at the interior.

Instantly, Winson’s expression fell.

Hannah was at a loss, too. The yard was overrun with weeds, so there wasn’t even a path for them to walk on.

“This is nothing. We can just part the weeds and walk in,” replied Helen coolly as she took a step forward.

At once, Jason took her wrist and warned, “No way! The weeds are as tall as us. There might be snakes in here.

What if they bite you?”

Helen scoffed in disdain. “Who are you trying to scare? I’m not afraid!” She shoved him away and strode toward the yard.

Before she could step in, someone took her arm.

It was Hannah. Hannah, too, wanted to enter her mother’s house, but Jason’s words made sense. There might be snakes and bugs inside the abandoned house.

“Helen, forget it. It’s better to be safe than sorry,” she spoke.

“Hannah, do you seriously believe his words?” demanded Helen. She refused to believe there would be snakes inside the yard.

“What if we run into one?” Hannah responded worriedly.

“We’ll come again. I’ll ask someone to clean the house up before our next visit. At least we know where it is now,” Fabian declared.