## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1141 - 1145

"Back then, Hannah and I didn't know each other, and she was a reporter. During a press conference in a ballroom, her malicious colleague stepped on her long dress on purpose to embarrass her. As Hannah tripped and was about to fall to the ground, I swiftly took her into my arms. After seeing how handsome, cheerful, and charismatic I am, she fell in love with me at first sight. After that, because she courted me consistently, I eventually agreed to be his boyfriend."

Upon hearing this, Hannah was really not amused. What nonsense are you talking about? You are lying without blinking an eye!

I can let it pass when you said you are handsome. How can I tolerate it when you claimed you're cheerful? After I married you, you wore a grim expression almost every day. Do you know how emotionally exhausted I was?

Besides, your story sucks! Even though the incident did happen, it definitely wasn't how you described it. When I was bullied, you stayed with her, grinning all the time. When we finally got home, you even scolded me! Do you know that you have gone too far?

Winson won't believe your nonsense and will question you! At that time, I'll make up a story about how you courted me to embarrass you instead.

As Hannah was deep in thought, Winson suddenly yelled and interrupted her thought, "Wow! You're a knight in shining armor! I mean, you're awesome!"

Damn it! How could you believe such a dubious story? Hannah was at a loss for words. Nevertheless, since Winson was merely sixteen years old, she could understand that he believed the words of someone he trusted.

"Humph, all you can do is to lie to a kid," Hannah murmured in a low voice to vent her dissatisfaction. Meanwhile, Fabian remained unperturbed even though he could roughly hear what she said. Instead, he raised his eyebrows and shot her a smug glance. What? You got a problem? Come and beat me if you're pissed off.

Hannah rolled her eyes at him before closing her eyes. Tch! Go on. I can't bear listening to it anymore.

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The moment she closed her eyes, Fabian happened to receive a phone call and had to leave.

"Winson, you can chat with Hannah. I've to deal with some matters and will be back as soon as possible," Fabian said.

"Okay, go ahead," Winson answered like a matured man.

As Fabian turned around to glance at Hannah, she was still closing her eyes in anger. He shook his head helplessly before going out of the room.

Humph! Go away! I can't bear listening to your nonsense any longer!

When she was about to say something, someone opened the door again.

"What is it? Just go ahead. I can take care of myself and Winson." She thought that Fabian came back because he was worried about her.

However, it proved that Hannah thought too much. The man who entered the ward was bewildered by Hannah's response.

"May I know if you're Hannah Young?" he asked.

"Hmm... I am," Hannah replied awkwardly.

"Then, you must be Winson Blackwood."

Since Hannah nodded in response but looked a little confused, he continued, "Well, Mr. Blackwood asked me to deliver lunch for both of you." As he spoke, he walked toward the table and opened the lunch box.

Leo Blackwood? Wouldn't it be too late for him to ask someone to deliver lunch at this hour? Winson and Hannah would be famished if they had to wait for his food.

"You can just put the lunch box there and leave." Hannah was slightly displeased.

"I'm sorry for being late. Preparing fish soup took a longer time than expected," The deliveryman apologized as he noticed that Hannah was a little disgruntled.

Fish soup? Given that preparing fish soup usually required more than two hours, Hannah was not angry anymore. She calmed herself down and said, "I see. It's okay. You can put the lunch boxes there."

When the deliveryman stood still, she felt a little bit embarrassed for being slightly rude just now. "Thank you. Please go ahead with your work, and I will get the soup myself."

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The deliveryman apologized once again before leaving the ward.

"Winson, do you still have the appetite for the soup? Fish soup is good for your recovery." Hannah was full now. Since Winson had quite a lot of food, Hannah thought he probably couldn't eat more as well.

"Me? I can't eat more food now. Since the soup is good for our health, we should have it later. We should have a few bowls of soup to recover as soon as possible and hang out together," he said while looking at his round belly.

"Sure," she thought for a while and continued, "Winson."

"What is it?"

"No one knows about the marriage between Fabian and me yet except you. So, can you please don't tell anyone? This is the secret among the three of us," Hannah reminded Winson.

He looked up and gave it some thought for a while before he replied, "Okay."

The next moment, he continued to ask, "But you have to tell me the reason."

Hannah thought about it and replied, "I can't explain it in a few words. Anyway, this is only temporary. We will announce our relationship once the time is right."

She didn't even know where to start to explain the matter to Winson. Moreover, it was possible that they would get a divorce anytime. As such, she hoped to conceal their marriage for as long as possible.

On the other hand, Winson was a little upset. He lowered his gaze and replied disappointedly, "Okay, I understand."

"Winson, I have my reasons not to tell you. Besides, I'll be heartbroken too if you're upset," Hannah consoled him because he was down in the dumps.

"Okay, I understand." Suddenly, as if a thought flashed through his mind, Winson asked, "Do you want to know where Mom's hometown is?"

"Of course." However, Hannah was curious that he suddenly brought this up.

"Mommy's hometown is H City, which is not far from here. The weather is sunny all year long, while the scenery is beautiful. There are a lot of camellias near Mom's house, which blossom from March to April. Besides, there is also a crystal clear and meandering river with lots of fish." Winson looked up when he recalled it.

"Did you visit the place with Mom?" Hannah asked cautiously as an air of melancholy seemed to be surrounding him.

"No," Winson denied it and continued, "Mom told me that it is a wonderful place. But before she could bring me there, she..."

He sobbed uncontrollably.

Hannah wished to hand over a piece of tissue paper to him yet couldn't move her body too much. Hence, she could only comfort him, "Winson, it's okay. When we've recovered, I'll bring you there."

Suddenly, Fabian opened the door and brought along someone younger than him.

Despite the age difference between them, Hannah felt that he was almost as tall as Fabian. The spoiled brat was wearing a set of branded clothes: a white short-sleeved shirt and distressed jeans. Also, the sparkling watch on his wrist was clearly expensive.

"Fabian, I think we came at the inappropriate time," the young man looked at Fabian and said awkwardly.

Fabian shot him a cold glance before coming up to Winson's bed. He took two pieces of tissue paper to wipe away Winson's tears. Then, he asked Hannah gently, "What were you two talking about? Why did he cry?"

"Nothing much. Winson got a little emotional as we talked about our mom's hometown," Hannah explained.

"I see. Do you wish to visit the place? That's simple I can bring you guys to visit the place once both of you have recovered," Fabian comforted Winson while patted him on his chest gently.

"Okay. Thank you, my dearest brother-in-law," Winson felt a lot better after hearing it.

"What? What did he say? Brother-in-law? Did I hear something?

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The young man's jaw dropped in surprise. Shortly afterward, he glanced at Hannah and said shockingly, "Fabian, didn't you always refrain from being emotionally attached to all of your girlfriends? What's going on now?"

Fabian scowled at him and hit his head immediately. "Hey, do you remember what I said before coming here? Do you want me to hand you over to your dad? He can teach you some manners!"

"No, please don't do that. He'll force me to manage his business once he can lay his fingers on me!" The young man shook his hand as he was worried that what Fabian said would come true.

The young man immediately changed his facial expression and flattered Hannah. "I was merely too excited. Fabian is actually very loyal."

He is loyal, so much so that all of his ex-girlfriends can form a regiment.

He didn't speak his mind, worrying that Fabian would hand him over to his dad.

Hannah smiled politely as a response. Then, she gazed at Fabian doubtfully. It was as if she wanted to know who the young man was and why Fabian brought him here.

Fabian put on a smile helplessly and explained, "This is Jason, the youngest son of the Goldstein family. His family and mine are good friends."

Meanwhile, Jason walked closer to Hannah and bowed with his right arm on his chest. After that, he said smilingly and courteously, "I'm Jason, Fabian's sidekick."

Hannah initially wanted to praise him for being polite, yet his following words shocked her.

"Please help me when necessary because Fabian doesn't treat me very well." As Jason spoke, he raised his brows playfully while his lips curled into a sly smile.

Hannah was rendered speechless. How am I supposed to help you? I'm not the president!

"As for you, since you're the brother of Fabian's wife, I'll treat you as my godbrother. I'll protect you from now on, and your problems are my problems. I think you are still in junior high school, right? Tell me which school you're studying at, and I'll send two men to protect you there." Jason talked to Winson non-stop even though Hannah rather embarrassed.

At this moment, Hannah wasn't sure what she had to say to him.

Meanwhile, Fabian was also at a loss. I shouldn't have brought the brat here in the first place.

"I'm studying at Holden Junior High School," Winson replied.

"Okay, I'll assign some men afterward," Jason replied once Winson gave him the answer.

At the same time, he walked past Fabian and stood beside Winson's bed. "You can call me Jason. By the way, I haven't got to know your name yet."

"Jason, I'm Winson." Since Jason was more senior than him, he replied without hesitation.

"Okay, Winson. Nice to meet you."

Deep in Jason's heart, he was delighted that he took in Hannah's brother as his sidekick right after meeting him. I can feel that a wonderful life is coming to me. If Fabian is reluctant to teach me or cause me trouble again, I'll ask a favor from Winson to talk to him.

Hahaha, I'm as smart as myself!

On the other hand, Hannah was also deep in thought. This boy doesn't seem to be a spoiled brat but more like a gangster! Will he lead Winson down the wrong path? It's better to be safe than sorry. After all, it'll be too late if Winson is influenced by his bad behavior!

Hence, Hannah hastily winked at Fabian. Quick! Stop him now. Don't let him bring about any bad influence on Winson.

Fabian didn't expect that Jason would say such things. Even though Jason had some bad habits, he would still behave himself in the past.

Nevertheless, Jason and Winson had a good chat even before Fabian could say anything. As such, he held his tongue and came up to Hannah's bed to sit on a chair.

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"I think he did it on purpose. He just wanted to have more things to talk about with Winson. Teenagers these days are rather different from our time," Fabian explained.

"Are you sure?" Hannah did not seem convinced at all. It was not that she doubted what Fabian said, but rather, she felt that Jason was unreliable.

"Yeap, I'm sure. I wouldn't bring him over if he were a bad influence on Winson." An annoyed frown settled on Fabian's brows, but he still explained again patiently. If it were not for her operation, Fabian would not be this patient. Last time, Hannah never dared second guess his decisions.

Hannah observed his expression, but she simply had to get to the bottom of things. "How did he end up coming to the hospital with you?" she asked, softening her tone.

Fabian let out a resigned sigh. "The Nortons and the Goldsteins share close ties. He admires me a lot, and he followed me around a lot when he was younger. Now that he's in

college, his dad wanted him to gain some business experience in the family, but the kid said he wanted to learn from me instead."

Children born into rich families really had their own ways of doing things. No one could understand how someone could give up such a good opportunity to gain business experience just to have fun. Unlike them, college students from mediocre families would do everything they could to do some part-time jobs. One could only say that the rich kids never knew what it meant to feel desperate.

"Helen is also a college student. Which year is he in?" Since her own sister was also in college, Hannah wondered how old Jason was.

"He's a junior."

"Oh! He's in the same year as Helen. What a coincidence." It so happened that Helen also had a queer character.

"So?" Fabian shot her a question uninterestedly. To him, there was nothing coincidental about the two being in the same year. After all, it was not like they attended the same university and were in the same class. They just happened to be in the same year.

"We're both humans. Wow, what a coincidence," Fabian added, rolling his eyes at her.

"Whatever. I just feel like it's amazing they happen to in the same year."

Hannah realized Fabian had been more talkative these two days, so she decided to probe further. "So... Are we getting a divorce anytime soon?"

Hannah had wanted to ask him this a long time ago, but she did not manage to find the right time. She was afraid Fabian would lose his temper and force himself on her if she mentioned it.

"Why do you want to get a divorce?" Fabian's frown intensified and his tone suddenly turned cold.

This familiar expression brought back bad memories and sent a chill down Hannah's spine. The frantic woman quickly explained herself. "No, what I mean is..."

"Why did you ask in the first place?" Fabian leaned closer, drilling his gaze into her eyes.

Hannah instantly regretted asking that question but it was too late.

"It's... It's nothing. I am just curious," she mumbled.

Fabian leaned back in the chair. His eyes and his mouth curved subtly in a smile as he spoke. "I'll tell you when it's time."

"Alright." Hannah had nothing else to say.

You'll tell me when it's time? How will I know when that is? Ah, whatever. I'll get to leave one day. It's just a matter of time.

Hannah looked at him as she thought about what he said. A hint of dejection slowly grew in her eyes.

"Why? Are you unhappy about it?" Fabian saw the smile fading on her lips and asked. He knew she wanted to object, but she did not voice it.

"No. I'm not unhappy about anything." Hannah faked a smile and answered.

This is why I like you. You keep your feelings to yourself, unlike other women. They keep acting cute and bothering me with all their petty games.

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But can't you just make an exception for me? Can't you just treat me differently? I know you care about me, but why do you have to hide it? Don't you know I can see right through you?

Fabian shook his head as a smile played on his lips. "Who brought those? Leo?" He spotted the food on the table.

"Yeah," Hannah answered, trailing his gaze.

"By the way, Winson, there is some soup on the table. You should have some. You need to eat something nutritious to get better," she added.

"Sure!" Jason was talking to Winson when a smile broke out on Winson's face. His smile intensified when he heard Hannah.

"I'll go get it," Jason said before Fabian even got up.

"Get two bowls then," Fabian replied.

This brat is finally doing something that won't embarrass me.

"Alright," Jason answered.

Jason passed a bowl of soup to Fabian before bringing another one to Winson and feeding him.

"See, isn't it nice to have a new friend?" Jason teased as he fed Winson.

Hannah was beginning to change her perception of Jason. He might be a wilful young man but he had a soft heart. He would not be so loving toward Winson if he were a wicked person.

"He always talks like this. I hope you don't mind. He won't teach Winson anything bad," Fabian said, clearing his throat.

A smile curved on Hannah's lips. "I know. He just volunteered to get soup for Winson. That says a lot about him."

Suddenly, the door swung opened and someone barged in. Jason was shocked he almost spilled the soup.

The person stood at the door for a few seconds without saying a word and then dashed out.

"Is she crazy?" Jason grunted, taking up the spoon to feed Winson again.

Yet again, someone opened the door again. A small head appeared around the door and a soft voice rang in the room. "Is Hannah here?"

Jason had really had enough of it. "Are you serious? What are you up to? This is a hospital, not a playground. Can't you see the stickers on the walls? 'Silence please'. This is the second time you have barged in! What do you want?"

Jason was already on his feet when Fabian wanted to stop him, but Jason spoke before Fabian could say anything. "Fabian, don't stop me. Somebody needs to teach this person a good lesson."

He charged toward the door, glaring at the person. "Go and ask the nurse if you're looking for someone. You can't just go around disturbing all the patients like this."

"I heard she's in this room," a timid voice replied.

"Jason," Hannah called out.

That girl was her sister, Helen.

"Hannah, you need to stop being so soft-hearted. She can't do this. The patients need to rest."

"Who are you looking for, eh? There are only two patients in this room. One is my brother and the other is my sister-in-law. Which of them is the person you're looking for?" Jason interrogated the girl.

Because Jason was blocking the way, Helen could only tiptoe to try and see who was in the room. "But my parents told me she's in this room..." she said weakly.

Jason glowered at the young girl in dismay. "Do you think I'm lying to you? Fine! Come in and take a look yourself. I'm not a liar."