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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1209

“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.

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“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 faced 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

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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.

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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.

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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?"

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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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