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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1217

“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.

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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!

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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.

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"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 perverting 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 perverting 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-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.

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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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