Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1234

"Nonsense. Look, she cares for my sister a lot!" Helen scoffed, refusing to believe Jason's words.

"Oh, I know. Are you nursing a grudge because she called you a kid? Excuse me, you're an adult. Why are you so petty?"

As Helen had misunderstood him, Jason tried to explain himself. "I'm not like that! I really think she—"

"Enough, enough. I trust you. Why are you so emotional? Aren't you afraid she'll overhear us?" Helen hurriedly interrupted because Lyna was already casting strange looks at them.

During their banter, the door was opened again to reveal an elegantly dressed middle-aged lady.

Jason, who was right beside the door, immediately rushed out to welcome her.

"Oh, Aunt Heather. Welcome, welcome."

"You're here too, Jason?" the lady flashed a pleasant smile and followed behind Jason.

When the lady walked past Helen, the latter greeted her politely. "Hello, ma'am."

Deep down, she was rolling her eyes. How many godparents does Jason have?

Yes, Jason's godmother was none other than Heather, Fabian's mother. When Jason was young, he admired Fabian a lot. As the Goldsteins and Nortons were close friends, Fabian's parents agreed to be his godparents readily.

Compared to his other pair of godparents—the Youngs—which Jason found himself, Heather and her husband had taken Jason to be their godson in an official ceremony.

"Hello, Mrs. Norton!" Lyna was beaming upon spotting Heather's arrival.

She thought Heather was here to console her after rejecting the wedding proposal yesterday, which explained her excitement.

"Lynnie." Indeed, Heather was feeling guilty over yesterday's events. After all, she had gone back on her word.

Meanwhile, Hannah's anxious gaze landed on Fabian as she tugged at Fabian's shirt.

Why is Fabian's mother here? What should I do? There is a crowd here. How should I address her? Mom? But that will mean revealing my status as Fabian's wife. Should I stay silent? But she's my mother-in-law. Will she think of me as a rude person?

Seeing how flustered Hannah was, Fabian flashed a confident smile. Huh. Is my mom a wolf or a tiger? She won't eat you. Why are you so scared?

As Lyna could sense Heather's hospitality, she grew increasingly excited. "Why are you here? Actually, yesterday—"

Before she could finish, her smile froze on her lips upon hearing Heather's answer.

"Oh. I'm here to visit Hannah," Heather cut in and walked past her.

Ugh, it's Hannah Young again! I knew it! She's standing between me and Fabian.

Lyna's fists balled up angrily as she glared at Hannah.

Hannah remained oblivious to her glare. She had no time for Lyna currently.

"Hannah!" Heather called out and took her hand.

What now? What now? Should I address her now? Fabian, help me!

It was as though Fabian heard her cries for help. He stepped out and interjected, "Mom, why are you here?"

Hannah heaved a sigh of relief. Ah, thank goodness for Fabian.

"Me? I'm here to visit Hannah, of course. What else?" Heather glowered at her son and huffed.

She turned back to Hannah, the displeasure all gone from her expression. "Hannah, how are you doing? Are you feeling better now?"