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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1245

Hearing his words, Hannah's cheeks turned pink. She looked up and shot Fabian an accusing look.

"What's wrong? Are you shy? You were a different woman earlier. Remember how eager you were?" Fabian chuckled and pinched her cheek.

Hannah grabbed his hand hastily and glared at him. "I-I... You..." She was so mad that she couldn't come out with a complete sentence.

Slowly, Fabian retracted his hand from her grip. He held her hands with his and placed them on his chest. "Your hands are chilly," he commented, seemingly concerned.

That almost brought tears to Hannah's eyes. She felt touched by his heartwarming action.

"Looks like I'll have to suffer after we get married," lamented Fabian.

He sighed loudly.

Huh? Hannah was confused. Why will you be the one who suffers? You're lucky to get to marry me! Why would you suffer?

Seeing the curiosity in her gaze, Fabian merely shrugged and said, "I'll have to warm your hands up."

Hannah rolled her eyes and punched him lightly.

Taking her tiny hands, Fabian pressed them against his chest while pulling her into his embrace with his other hand.

Hannah hesitated for a moment before asking, "Uh, about the donation. What is it about?"

"What about that?"

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Fabian knew what she meant, but he pretended to be clueless and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Well, that two hundred million," she added.

"Two hundred million? What are you talking about?"

"Uh, the donation for the poor," Hannah plucked up her courage and blurted out.

"Oh!" Fabian nodded thoughtfully.

Hannah gazed at him expectantly and waited for his explanation.

"Sure, it's a good thing indeed. You can have it," came Fabian's strange reply.

"Huh? What do you mean? I'm talking about that two hundred million."

Hannah was at a loss for words. Did I fail to explain clearly? Or did Fabian fail to understand me?

"You want two hundred million to donate to charity, right?"

Fabian gazed at her in surprise.

"Ah? When? I know nothing of it!"

Hannah looked up in shock. Did I tell Fabian to donate two hundred million? But I don't remember asking him to do so! Was I drunk? Or did I lose my memory?

"Just now," replied Fabian innocently.

"I..." Hannah scowled at once.

"What's wrong?" Fabian seemed concerned, but inwardly, he was grinning with glee at her reaction.

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"It's fine," said Hannah as she shook her head. Deep down, she was muttering to herself, I didn't get drunk. He's the drunk one.

Fabian grinned and said nothing else. He switched off the lights so they could sleep. His beloved had tried on the wedding dress and was currently slumbering by his side. He could hardly contain his happiness as he pressed a kiss on her forehead before closing his eyes to sleep.

Fabian. Oh, Fabian. Hannah mused silently.

Is he seriously asleep?

I can't believe how fast he fell asleep.

Our wedding is going to be held tomorrow. I still can't believe it.

Fabian, do you really love me? You're going to marry me, but women will still throw themselves at you. You surely can't resist their temptations.

Should I loosen the reins? Just like what I've done before? Should we lead separate lives like before?

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