

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1131

As Fabian gradually straightened his sleeves, he sneered, "Take him away."

He let out a sigh of relief after capturing the man. At least, he no longer needed to worry about Hannah and Winson's safety.

After waiting for a few more minutes at the entrance of the operating theatre, he went to see the saboteur.

In the hospital's basement, the saboteur was bound tightly to a chair with a group of men surrounding him on all sides. The mysterious man who informed Fabian of the plot was also present. As the door was gently pushed open, everyone stepped aside to make way for Fabian.

Fabian looked at the mysterious man and asked, "Do you recognize him?"

The man shook his head. "The black market has its rules. The different factions will never expose the identities of their men."

Fabian shot the mysterious man a glance before reminding him, "Remember to keep him alive."

Just as he spoke, Fabian sat down on a chair behind him.

"Speak! Which faction do you belong to?" The mysterious man smashed his leg into the saboteur's stomach, causing him to spew a mouthful of blood.

"Still holding out I see. I'm sure you know how things work in the black market, so don't force me," the mysterious man threatened with a cold expression and glistening eyes.

"Fine, bring me a blade and a black cloth." A devilish grin appeared on the mysterious man's face. "I'll let you experience something new."

A burly man passed him a blade while another man covered the saboteur's eyes with the black cloth.

The mysterious man made a cut on the fingertip of the saboteur, which allowed fresh blood to drip onto the ground with a constant rhythm.

"Listen to the beautiful music it is making," the mysterious man remarked with a smile.

"If he still refuses to speak, hand him over to the police once he's dead," Fabian snapped, shaking his head.

He obviously recognized what the method was. It was used during the second world war for interrogation purposes. Anyone

who resisted would slowly bleed to a horrible death.

After leaving the basement, Fabian returned to the operating theatre to wait for the operation to be completed.

After a long time, Walter finally emerged. Removing his mask, he reported with a smile, "The operation is a resounding success. All the leukemia patient needs now is rest and he will be able to fully recover."

Fabian was relieved to hear the news as he was worried that the operation would not be successful since there was a ten percent chance of it occurring.

"Dr. Warren, I cannot thank you enough. To be honest, that woman is someone I plan to marry. If anything were to happen to her, I would simply be lost."

After much consideration, Fabian decided to tell Walter the truth. After all, he had put a lot of effort into it and hence Fabian felt he owed Walter an explanation. Besides, at the rate they were going, the wedding would happen sooner or later. Hence, it was just a matter of giving Walter advance notice.

"Oh, I see. And yet I was wondering why you were so concerned. Anyway, the lady seems to be a wonderful person. So, don't forget to invite me to your wedding," Walter replied with a smile when he finally understood why.

"I definitely will," Fabian promised in delight.

"By the way, did you manage to get that guy? He was a slippery one. But I was lucky to have noticed his actions early enough. Or else, the consequences would definitely be dire," Walter asked when he suddenly remembered about the anesthesiologist.

"We managed to catch him and are interrogating him now. Obviously, we are in your debt for what you have done. After Hannah recovers, I will definitely visit you with her to give our thanks."

When a plot had been uncovered, there would definitely be winners and losers.

In the living hall of the Blackwood Residence, Lyna's expression changed drastically when she received the news. "What? What did you say? He was caught? Did he manage to do it? Good! I understand. Don't contact me over the next few days. I'll call you if there's anything."

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Felicia who was sitting beside her asked anxiously, "Lynn timer, will he expose you? Why don't you take some money and lay low for the time being? If Fabian finds out it was you, he will never stop until he gets you."

Lyna was equally nervous as she massaged her temple. "Mom, don't worry. Although the plan has failed, no one will know it was me."

Looking up at the ceiling, Lyna scowled, "Hannah, consider yourself lucky this time because you will not escape next."

Inside the VIP ward, Hannah was lying in bed with her lips looking pale while Fabian was sitting beside the bed watching over her.

On the other side of the ward, Winson was also lying in bed. Beside him, Leo couldn't hide his delight as he remarked, "It's all thanks to Hannah. If not for her, Winson might not even be alive."

Standing next to him, Lyna commented with an awkward expression, "That's right. It's all thanks to Hannah's kindness."

At that moment, her heart was filled with hatred for Hannah. Now that Winson was saved by Hannah's bone marrow donation, Lyna would no longer inherit Winson's share of the family wealth.

Furthermore, her own portion might have to be shared with Hannah, causing her animosity to intensify.

Fabian snorted in his heart. Do you think everyone is as heartless as you are? Everyone knows about the scandal of how you left your wife and abandoned your daughter. But, no one expected

Hannah to be that daughter of yours. However, all you care about is your son while you show no concern for your daughter who was the one who saved him.

I really don't understand how someone like you can still be so successful.

When Fabian thought about the anesthesiologist who was bribed, he was certain that a member of the Blackwood family was behind it.

Standing up and leaving the ward, Fabian called the mysterious man. "Hello, how is it going? Did you manage to get anything out of him?"

The man agonized as he replied, "I have tried everything,

including dripping blood on the floor for three hours. His face had lost all color from being terrified but he still kept mum. I stopped when I was worried he would die of shock. After that, I tried many other ways but he just refused to talk.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Fabian didn’t expect the man to be so stubborn. He knew how cruel the mysterious man’s methods could be as he had done years of work for the Norton family. He could always make anyone within his grasp talk no matter how stubborn they were in the beginning. But this time...

“Mr. Norton, I believe he must be a fanatic of one of the prominent families. Therefore...” the mysterious man explained. “Enough, since we can’t get anything out of him, let’s just hand him over to the police.” Fabian rubbed his temples as he ended the call.

A trained fanatic of one of the prominent families? Is the Blackwood family that powerful?

Fabian struggled with the idea. As he returned to the ward and was about to open the door, he heard Leo exclaim emotionally, “Hannah! You’re finally awake. I was so worried about you that I have been staying by both you and Winson’s side.”

That damn old fox is really good at acting. Are you trying to make Hannah feel grateful so that she thanks you?

Hannah asked in a weak voice, “How was it? Is the operation a success?”

Entering the ward, Fabian cleared his throat and replied, “It was a resounding success.”

He pointed at Winson’s bed as he spoke.

Leo laughed wryly and added, “That’s right. The operation went well and the doctor said that Winson would recover very quickly.” With that, Leo stepped aside so that he didn’t block Hannah’s view of Winson.

Hannah smiled in relief when she saw Winson lying on the bed. The only reason she acknowledged Leo was simply for Winson’s sake. If not for him, she would never involve herself in that filthy family of theirs. Now that she knew her brother would be fine, a great burden was finally lifted off her chest.

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At that moment, a stern middle-aged man walked into the VIP ward. He was wearing a pair of golden-rimmed glasses while his

brown-black hair made him look exceptionally energetic. That man was Walter.

When Fabian saw him, he greeted him with a smile. "Dr. Warren, you're here."

Meanwhile, Lyna's eyes flashed with hatred for a fleeting moment.

So, you are the old fool who foiled my plans. You should have stayed in the capital and not meddle in my business.

Lyna hated him for exposing the anesthesiologist. If not for the potential trouble, she would have exacted her revenge on him.

"I'm sure everything is alright?" Walter asked while beaming.

"Nothing at the moment. However, I'm worried if there will be any side effects. Why don't you take a look?" Gillian interjected before Fabian could say a word.

Gillian cared a lot for Hannah. Although Hannah now knew that she wasn't her biological mom, both of them still spent a long time with each other.

"Don't worry, based on her condition, I believe she will be fully recovered in a week. There won't be any side effects," Walter replied as he looked at Hannah.

"Mmm-hmm. In that case, thank you very much, doctor." Just as she spoke, she shot a glance at Hendrick who was standing right beside her.

Hendrick quickly regained his senses and smiled broadly. "Doctor, thank you for everything you have done. This is a small token of our appreciation. I hope you will accept it."

Just as he spoke, Hendrick brought out an envelope from his pocket. Stepping forward, he stuffed it into Walter's hands.

Walter didn't know how to react to what Hannah's adopted parents did. He shook his head and rejected them, "Haha, the Norton family and I are old friends. This is nothing but a small favor, so don't think too much of it."

Hendrick and Gillian looked visibly awkward after being rejected by Walter. Exchanging glances, they held onto the envelope and didn't know what to do.

The Young family weren't well off. Hence, they would usually self-medicate for any minor sickness or visit lower-end hospitals for anything major. After they had heard about the practice of

doctors accepting monetary gifts, they decided to give one to Walter. Little did they expect Walter to refuse them and wondered if it was because major hospitals had no such practice. As Lyna stared at both of them with her arms folded, she didn't bother to hide the contempt on her face. As expected, they are just country bumpkins. Nowadays, who gives monetary gifts anymore? It's extremely old-fashioned. Furthermore, no one gives it after the operation. If not for Fabian, your daughter would have died the moment she stepped into the operating theatre. I wouldn't even have to do anything then.

"Mrs. Young, Dr. Warren is a friend. You're making him feel like a stranger by doing that." Fabian quickly came to their rescue when he saw the Youngs in a spot.

When Gillian saw that Fabian was all smiles, she beamed with pride. "Hannah is really lucky to have a boyfriend like you." Hannah's heart sank when she heard her secret revealed. With so many people in the room, the news would definitely spread like wildfire. She surmised that she would no longer have time for anything else as she would have her hands full from dealing with all the ladies who wanted to marry Fabian.

"Mom, that's nonsense. He is not. How is it possible that he likes me?" Hannah was still weak but tried her best to protest. She didn't want to become famous and preferred to keep her relationship discreet.

When she heard what Hannah said, Lyna's frown eased. As I have said, there's no way Fabian would be interested in a lowly lady like you. It now seems that it's all one-sided on your part. Your mom has a good plan, but does she really think it's enough to make you Fabian's partner? Stop dreaming.

Gillian was suddenly confused. Didn't he just admit yesterday that he was your boyfriend? Did both of you break up today? That doesn't make sense. If you did, why would he be so concerned for you?

"Yesterday, didn't you..."

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Before Gillian could finish, Hannah interrupted her, "Alright now, Mom. Isn't Helen coming back today? It's time both you and Dad go pick her up. Or else, you will be late."

Only then did Gillian stopped pursuing the topic. After bidding

everyone goodbye, she then left with Hendrick.

"This is Dr. Warren who has traveled from the capital just for your operation. The operation's success is largely due to his efforts," Fabian finally introduced Walter to Hannah after the earlier interruption.

Hannah tried to sit up by exerting some strength. However, with barely enough to move, she could only manage to utter softly, "Dr. Warren, I can't thank you enough."

Walter replied with a smile, "It's nothing. Anyway, your body is still weak now. Therefore, you have to keep feeding yourself nutritious food. Even if you can walk after two days, remember not to strain yourself physically yet..."

After giving out his instructions, Walter checked his watch and said, "It's about time for me to go as there's an operation back at the capital that needs me. The next time we see each other, we shall have a meal together."

"Sure, we will definitely do that. I'll walk you out, Dr. Warren."

Fabian and Walter then left together.

"I noticed that she has inherited your mom's bracelet. So, you better seize the opportunity while you can," Walter reminded in earnest. His eyes were so sharp that he could recognize the bracelet.

"Don't worry, the next time we invite you over will be for our wedding," Fabian replied with a smile.

After Fabian left the ward, Hannah was left with the Blackwood family. She wasn't keen on talking to Leo, let alone Felicia. There was no way she could forgive Felicia for abandoning her. The only reason Fabian didn't send Felicia to jail was that Hannah didn't want to damage Leo's reputation.

Therefore, Hannah shook her head and closed her eyes to rest. She simply ignored the small talk that Leo was trying to make.

Suddenly, Leo's voice sounded anxious after he received a call.

"Erm, Hannah, there's something that I have to deal with personally. Hence, you should stay here and rest. If you need anything, just call for the nurse outside. I'll be taking my leave first," Leo said to her after ending his call.

Just go. This isn't the first time you showed no concern for me. Despite having heard what Fabian said, she was still biased

against Leo. How hard can it be for a company president to search for someone? If it was really that difficult, how could he have suddenly found me two days after Winson got sick? When Leo saw that Hannah continued to ignore him, he shook his head and hurriedly left. When he was about to walk out the door, he stopped and reminded, "Erm, once your mom leaves, I hope that you can help look after your brother. Call me if there's anything."

With that, he left without even turning to look back.

The moment Leo stepped out, Lyna took out a makeup kit and checked her face carefully. After that, she pursed her lips which had freshly applied lipstick and looked in Felicia's direction. "Mom, I think this color doesn't look good on me. Let's go and buy some cosmetics. Coincidentally, I heard there's this shop that sells the latest range."

Felicia nodded casually as she glanced at Hannah, thinking about something. After that, she left with Lyna hand in hand.

Crack. The moment the door closed, Hannah opened her eyes. Only both of them were left in the empty room. Feeling lonely, she turned and looked at Winson wryly.

I really don't know how Winson survived so many years living together with them. Lyna and Felicia don't care about him at all. Even at this moment, they still had the mood to shop for cosmetics. I'm sure it's worse in normal times. It wasn't easy for her to be reunited with her biological father again. Despite her attitude, he still mattered to her. Unfortunately, all Leo cared about was his company.

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I was already pitiful enough to have been abandoned. But at least I was lucky to have met my adopted parents. Even when I had the flu, they would stay by my side, worried that something would happen to me. I even got to experience what fatherly and motherly love is. But you...

When the room door opened again, it was Fabian who returned after walking Walter out. Raising her head, Hannah asked, "Why are you back? Don't you have work to do?"

"I've postponed them," Fabian answered plainly.

Despite the short answer, the burning affection she felt from it was enough to warm her frosty heart.



Despite the warmth she felt, she still insisted, "You should go back to your work. I'm fine alone. If I need anything, I'll call for the nurse. So, don't worry."

Fabian walked toward Hannah's bed and pulled up a chair beside her. Holding her hand between his palms, he let out a breath and softly declared, "I'll be staying by your side."

Fabian's gentle words melted her heart, causing her to feel as if she was on cloud nine.

However, the moment she recalled Leo leaving hurriedly after receiving a call, she couldn't help but feel indignant for Winson's sake.

Isn't Fabian's company bigger than yours? Doesn't he have more work than you do? You're such a heartless man for not caring about Winson.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling shy?" Fabian asked plainly as he let out a rare but pleasing smile.

You look really good when you smile. Wouldn't it be great if I could see that every day? Since you do know how to smile, why do you put on that stern face all the time? I know I owe you a lot. But, am I not trying my best to make more money?

Holding that thought, Hannah murmured, "I wonder who paid for the operation. If it was Fabian, it means that my debt had ballooned further. I don't even know how long it will take me to pay it all off."

Fabian asked curiously, "What did you say?"

Hannah quickly replied, "Erm... it's nothing."

Fabian didn't pursue the matter. All he did was stroke her hand repeatedly to comfort her.

As if something suddenly occurred to her, Hannah asked, "Didn't you say that someone in the Blackwood family wanted to harm us? Did they do anything during the operation?"

Hannah looked at Fabian quizzically as she wanted to know who it was that intended to harm Winson. If they attempt anything, she figured Fabian would definitely be able to get to the bottom of it. Fabian's hand that was stroking her froze momentarily. Taking a deep breath, he nodded in response.

"Did you find out who it was?" Hannah sounded anxious as she assumed Fabian already had the answer. She figured that once

they discover who it was, Winson's safety would be secured. Even if there was no evidence to arrest them, they could at least be more vigilant and not be in the reactive position they were currently in.

Tightening his grip on Hannah's hand, Fabian's gaze glistened with an icy glow. "I have yet to find out who it was."

Hesitating for a moment, he added, "They sent a fanatic who masqueraded himself as an anesthesiologist to infiltrate the operating theatre. If I hadn't warned Dr. Warren about it, I'm afraid you might not have survived."

Furrowing her eyebrows, Hannah asked in disbelief, "Are you saying that he managed to enter the operating theatre? How is that possible? Your security measures were so tight that he shouldn't have the opportunity to sneak in."

Fabian had the same question in his mind initially. After making detailed investigations, he finally had a conclusion. "That fanatic knocked out the original anesthesiologist in the men's room. After that, he took over his identity and entered the operating theatre. Furthermore, it was after we had done our checks."

"After your checks? Doesn't it mean that he knew the anesthesiologist was going to use the men's room?" Hannah racked her brains before concluding, "I suspect they have someone on the inside. Or else, how would they know when the anesthesiologist would be there? In other words, the anesthesiologist must be involved in the plot."

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Shaking his head, Fabian replied helplessly, "I thought of that too and have sent men to investigate. Unfortunately, nothing came up. The anesthesiologist just has a habit of going to the men's room before an operation and has been doing so for years. Therefore, there may not be a mole as it's not difficult to find out about one's longstanding habits."

Having heard what Fabian said, Hannah no longer had any leads. Hence, she couldn't help but ask, "Who can it be then?"

"There's no need to be overly worried. As I have foiled their plans, I'm sure they will lie low going forward."

After hesitating a moment, Fabian lowered his voice and whispered, "With regards to the fanatic, only a prominent family is able to have trained them. The Blackwood family has only been

doing well in recent years, therefore there's no way he was under their employ. In that case, the fanatic can only come from one other place, the black market. Consequently, I have sent men to infiltrate it to investigate. Hence, all we need to do is wait as it's just a matter of time before we find out."

"The black market? Why can't it be a fanatic from other families?" Hannah asked again.

"A fanatic from a prominent family would not work for the Blackwood family for no reason. Furthermore, they can easily find out that I'm involved in this matter. Given that I'm your man, they would likely stay away on my account," Fabian commented cheekily despite the worried look he had.

"Sheesh!" Hannah couldn't help but roll her eyes at him. After that, she glanced in Winson's direction. When she saw the grimacing expression on his face, she couldn't help but feel worried.

Since an attempt had been made on their lives, Hannah believed that a second and third incident was just a matter of time. What is Winson going to do if I'm not by his side? If something happened to him, how am I going to face my mom?

But this isn't the first time he was harmed. So how did he survive all this while?

Fabian sympathized with Hannah when he saw the sorrowful look in her eyes. As he threaded his fingers with hers and caressed her cheeks with the other hand, he reassured her, "Alright now, stopped worrying. He is your brother and by extension my brother too. I will watch over him from now on."

Hannah couldn't help but feel touched. Fabian has been extremely caring over the last two days. Has he fallen in love with me? Furthermore, he keeps insisting that I wear the bracelet Heather gave me. Does he plan to not divorce me anymore? Holding that thought, she subconsciously looked at the bracelet she was wearing. For some unknown reason, it looked even more exquisite to her now.

"I suggest you think about how you are going to convince him that you are his sister. When he awakes, he won't know who you are. Therefore, you have to explain to him in the simplest terms possible. Moreover, you also have to dispel any of his doubts about your identity," Fabian reminded.

Hannah was too focused on finding the one responsible for harming her brother that she forgot about this matter. Convince him that I'm his sister without any doubt? The only way we are connected is through our parents. Therefore, to convince him that „I'm his sister, I have to first convince him that we are borne of the same mother. However, there"s no way I can prove that. I have never even met her before, let alone prove

it. Hannah was in a fix as she looked at Fabian, pleading for his help.

Why is this silly gal so foolish all of a sudden? Fabian remarked helplessly, "Isn't the fact that your bone marrow matches evidence enough? Also, did you have anything on you when you were abandoned? You can use that as proof too."

That"s right! Why didn't I think of it? I'm really stupid! Hannah wanted to tap herself on her head but realized that she couldn't move at all. Taking a look, she saw that Fabian was still holding onto her hand.

Clearing her throat, she added, "What you said reminded me of something. When I was young, I had a piece of jewelry that looked expensive. I got my mom to sell it a few times when we were really broke. However, she refused to do so but never did tell me why. All she said was that I should never sell it no matter how poor we are. I figured it must be what I had on me when I was found. Therefore, she was adamant about not selling it."

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The more she thought about it, the more she felt that her deduction was correct. In her mind, the image of Little Fish, which was a red jewel in the shape of a fish, emerged. She figured that it was bought for her by her biological mother. Given how busy Leo was, he definitely would not have time for her. Even if he did, he would be spending it with his mistress instead. As the thought flashed across her mind, Hannah couldn't help but hate Leo further.

At the same time, she was curious as to how her biological mom was like.

At that moment, a feeble voice rang out in the room, "Is what you just said true?"

"Duh! Why should I lie? Just for the sake of teasing you?" Hannah

snapped before it struck her that the one who just spoke wasn't Fabian.

Before she could regain her sense, the feeble voice continued, "Are you really my sister?"

Hannah turned her head aside and looked at Winson in disbelief. At the same time, her gaze locked with his clear bottomless eyes. Hannah's voice trembled. "Winson, it's me. I'm your biological sister!"

Just as she spoke, Hannah attempted to sit up but hardly had any strength to do so. Realizing what she was trying to do, Fabian quickly pulled her upper body up and put a pillow behind her back. After that, he used the same method to help Winson sit up. Winson stared silently at Hannah for a long while before mustering all his strength to call out, "We have finally reunited." His face cringed a little as tears welled up in his eyes. His recently formed Adam's apple began bobbing up and down as if he was struggling to choose from among the thousands of things he wanted to say. Overwhelmed by the moment, his body trembled emotionally.

Touched by his response, Hannah burst out in tears. "Yes!" Fabian took two pieces of tissue from the table and sat down beside Winson. Helping him wipe his cheeks gently, he comforted him, "It's alright now. Your sister is right opposite you. You can see her every day from now on."

With his lips still pale, Winson tried hard not to choke. Nodding his head with conviction, he responded, "Mmm-hmm."

Staring at Winson, Hannah asked, "Were you awake the whole time?"

Winson replied, "No, I just woke up a short while ago. The moment I opened my eyes, I heard this man say how you should explain who you are to me. Since I don't know both of you, I decided to stay silent."

When she realized Winson didn't hear their earlier conversation, Hannah heaved a sigh of relief. Given how young Winson was, she didn't want him to know the true extent of their predicament. It wasn't a burden a sixteen-year-old boy should shoulder.

"Hmm, in that case, how did you know that I'm your sister?"

Hannah asked curiously.

"I was certain of it after hearing you talk about Little Fish,"

Winson replied.

"Hmm?" Hannah was surprised. Did my biological mom really buy Little Fish for me?

"When I was young, Mom told me before that I had a sister. But she was lost at a young age." Winson let out a long sigh. After taking two more breaths, he continued, "She said that you were carrying with you a pendant she bought, which was the Little Fish you spoke about. She instructed me to use it to identify you when I find you."

Just as he spoke, Winson straightened his posture as if he wanted to pick something up. However, he hardly had any strength to do so.

Fabian stood up quickly. "Let me help you."

"Mister, please remove the thing I'm wearing on my neck,"

Winson requested.

Fabian reached his hands around but furrowed his eyebrows instead. "There's nothing there."

"How is that possible? I have always been wearing it. Did I lose it?" Winson couldn't believe what he heard as he tried hard to raise his hand to search.

"You have just gone through an operation. Perhaps your dad has kept it for you," Hannah remarked when she saw how anxious Winson was.

Winson's mind was put at ease when he realized he didn't lose it. Looking at Hannah, he explained, "Actually, I have one too. Mom said that it came as a pair when she bought it. Mine is male while yours is female. She hoped that it will bring me good luck for my future while yours will bring you happiness."

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Hannah had mixed feelings upon listening to him. She made up her mind to always wear the Little Fish that symbolized freedom. Winson felt silent once he finished. As he stared at Hannah, he was seemingly at a loss. The next moment, he heaved a sigh and began sobbing.

Hannah was nonplussed and asked anxiously, "Winson, what's wrong? Why are you crying?"

He replied sobbingly, "I... I missed.. Mom."

Hannah's heart sank upon hearing that. After all, Winson had

never experienced his mother's love except when he was very young.

"It's okay, Winson. Don't cry. I'm here with you." She had never consoled a child before. Moreover, since Winson was already a seventeen-year-old teenager, she could only comfort him with a few simple words. A moment later, she added, "Winson, I can't recall anything about our mom. Can you please share some of it with me?"

Winson nodded and murmured a response.

After Fabian wiped away Winson's tears for him, Winson said, "Mom was tall and liked to wear..."

As he was explaining, an image slowly formed in Hannah's mind. A woman with long and black hair and wore a snowy-white long dress. She carried Winson with one of her hands while holding Hannah's hand with the other. Besides, she looked outstanding among the crowd.

"Mom must be beautiful, right?" Hannah couldn't help but ask based on her imagination.

"Yes, Mom is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Winson answered seriously.

Knock, knock! When someone knocked on the door, Fabian said, "Come in."

"Mr. and Mrs. Norton." Amelia came in with a big wooden box, which Fabian specifically asked her to prepare.

Fabian was thoughtful enough by instructing Amelia to put two sets of dishes in the box, one of which was prepared for Winson.

"Amelia, both of them are feeble now. Can you please feed Winson?" Fabian said to Amelia when he was turning the crank of Hannah's bed.

"No problem, Mr. Norton." Then, she came to Hannah and said caringly, "Mrs. Norton, you've to eat more because you're still feeble after undergoing surgery."

Hannah nodded gently. Deep down, she felt sorry for Winson because Leo didn't get a caring housemaid to take care of him. Otherwise, Winson could have a more comfortable life.

Fabian put all the dishes neatly on the table. Once he opened the package, Hannah saw that herbs were added to the dishes, including pork broth soup.

After that, Fabian slowly fed Hannah with the dishes and soup.

Hannah didn't refuse to have pork bone soup even though she used to hate it. Unexpectedly, she even felt that the soup tasted a little sweet and refreshing.

Also, Hannah felt she would be satisfied if a man was willing to set aside his work to take care of her whenever she was sick for the rest of her life.

Her lips unknowingly curled into a smile of happiness. Meanwhile, Winson was chowing down the food. Since Hannah said that this young man was her younger brother, Amelia was happy to see him.

Soon, both of them finished all the food, and Hannah even burped aloud. As Fabian fed her just now, she had the appetite to have two bowls of pork bone soup, which she used to loathe.

"Alright, I've to leave now. I'll prepare dinner for you later."

Amelia put on a smile and said to Winson.

"Okay." Winson nodded. Deep in his heart, he had a good impression of Amelia. His mother passed away when he was very young. Even though Leo cared about Winson, he only gave Winson some money so that Winson could take care of himself. As such, Winson felt touched now because someone suddenly fed him and kept asking if he was fine.

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The three of them remained in the room after Amelia left. As Winson and Hannah chatted, Winson felt that he could engage in endless conversations with her. They laughed heartily when one of them mentioned something cheerful. However, when they talked about some sorrowful moments, she would keep comforting him.

"Hannah, I think he is my brother-in-law, right?" Winson looked at Fabian delightedly. Also, he felt relieved because Fabian treated Hannah well and was happy whenever she smiled.

Hannah was nonplussed by his question. After all, her relationship with Fabian was rather unusual. They weren't truly a husband and a wife, albeit legally.

When Hannah was hesitating, Fabian interrupted, "That's right. Winson is so smart."

Fabian came up to Winson's bed and caressed his head.

Meanwhile, Hannah was shocked that Fabian responded to the question calmly. She couldn't help but think if there was a hidden



message in his answer. Is Fabian taking our marriage seriously?

Nevertheless, Hannah shook her head quickly and silently negated her thoughts. How can it be? Fabian might only be kidding for he doesn't have to be accountable for his words. Moreover, she remembered Fabian said a few days ago that he considered marrying Yvette. Given that Yvette was a well-known actress, Hannah was a few notches below her. Hence, she believed he would choose Yvette over her.

As Hannah thought about it, she unknowingly felt a little disgruntled.

"I knew it. Apart from my brother-in-law, who else would be so dedicated to Hannah?" Winson said excitedly and didn't notice that Hannah was a little displeased.

Tch! Who says that no one would be dedicated to me except him? There is... there is another one! Hannah was a little dissatisfied and thought that Fabian probably said it to Winson with the purpose to impress him. Also, she wished to tell Winson that Fabian wasn't as kind as he seemed and always bullied her. Despite her slight anger, she decided to hold her tongue. At the same time, she unknowingly wished that Winson would have a good impression of Fabian.

"Well, do you think Hannah and I are a perfect match?" Fabian seemed to be interested in the conversation.

"Definitely! You guys are a perfect match! I believe Mom will be happy to know that Hannah has a good husband."

After replying to Fabian seriously, Winson turned around to glance at Hannah and added, "Hannah, when Mom was alive, she asked me to do one thing if I could ever find you. If your boyfriend or husband ever bullies you, I'll teach him a lesson."

He lifted his punch when he was talking, as though he was always ready to teach someone a lesson.

"But it appears that I don't have to do it." Winson rolled his eyes as if he was a little dejected, for he didn't have the opportunity to seek revenge for Hannah.

Hannah's heart skipped a beat, and she wasn't sure how to respond to him. Do you actually hope for the best or the worst? Given that Winson was certainly by her side, she only thought about it and didn't speak her mind.

“You’ve heard what I said, haven’t you? This is what my mom said, and I always listened to her. So, treat Hannah well, or else I’ll teach you a lesson.” Since Fabian hadn’t uttered a word, Winson was seemingly a little doubtful about his sincerity. Although Hannah was nonplussed, she was glad that her brother sided with her and even risked offending the “devil”. Well done, Winson!

She knew that Winson said so because he was young and a little immature; nevertheless, she was still joyful to hear it from him. “Oh? If I don’t treat Hannah well in the future, how are you going to teach me a lesson?” Fabian suddenly asked as if his interest was aroused.

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“Well, if you don’t treat Hannah well... I’ll... I’ll get my friends to beat you up! That’s right. We’ll beat you!” Winson said stammeringly after pondering over it for quite some time.

He initially wanted to say that he would beat Fabian by himself. Nonetheless, judging from Fabian’s height and strong arms, he believed that he was no match for Fabian.

Meanwhile, Hannah was rendered speechless. How dare you ask your friends to beat him? I mean, almost no one on earth dares to lay a finger on the president of Phoenix Group!

“He’s just a kid. Please don’t take his words seriously,” she explained to him awkwardly. Although Fabian wouldn’t mind, she still felt that what Winson said was inappropriate. After all, Winson was already a teenager and not a kid anymore.

However, Fabian didn’t mind at all; instead, his lips curled into a smile. He raised his eyebrows and pretended to be afraid. “In that case, I really have to treat Hannah well.”

“Alright, do your best. I trust you,” Winson said to Fabian proudly.

Again, Hannah was rendered speechless. Why did Fabian even entertain him? She was surprised that Fabian would entertain Winson and regretted that she didn’t record what he said. If she had done so, she could play the recording whenever Fabian wanted to bully her. It will be a slap in his face!

“By the way, who took the initiative to ask the other out? Was it you or Hannah?” Winson asked Fabian, eager to know the answer.

Fabian took a glass of water from the table and took a sip of it. As if he wanted to engage in a long conversation, he asked intently, "Hmm, who took the initiative? Make a guess." Humph! It looks like you are about to brag to Winson about how excellent you were and how I courted you. Winson will not believe you! After all, my brother will always stand by me!

Hannah shot Fabian a disdainful glare, thinking that he was about to talk nonsense to Winson.

Winson glanced at Fabian and Hannah repeatedly. A moment later, he knitted his brows and said hesitantly, "I really don't know the answer. You're handsome, and Hannah is also beautiful."

However, when he met Fabian's doubtful eyes, he was startled and said, "Hmm, Hannah is considered pretty even if she might not be a classic beauty. Did Hannah ask you out?"

Hannah was a little pissed off. What? Why did he chicken out? I had so much hope for you and even praised you, but you chose to shame me instead!

At the same time, she kept recalling if it was her or Fabian who took the initiative.

The fact was that both of them didn't take the initiative. They were together because both of their families urged them to marry as soon as possible.

Strictly speaking, it was Fabian who courted Hannah first because he came to discuss the contract with her in the first place.

"Wow, you're good at guessing!" Fabian paused for a while, deliberately holding him in suspense. "You're right. Your sister asked me out first."

Hannah almost wanted to lash at him upon hearing that. How shameless you are! How dare you claim that I asked you out! I signed the contract with you only because you were overbearing and didn't give me a chance to reject your proposal! Humph! Lying to a kid is the best you can do.

"Really? Did I make the right guess? How did Hannah ask you out?" Winson gazed at Fabian with his expressive face and his round eyes, as though he couldn't wait to listen to the story. Humph! Just keep pretending! Let's see how you can make up stories to cover your lies! Hannah was disgruntled after hearing

what Fabian said. As such, she wanted to wait until he made a fool out of himself.

However, he would not qualify as a successful entrepreneur if he couldn't even make up a perfect story. He looked up at the ceiling for a while as if he was reminiscing. A moment later, he began to share his version of the story.

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