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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1121

Lyna smiled as she took out a card from her bag. Placing it on the table, she slid it across to him. "Mr. Lake, can't you help me with something so trivial on the account of our relationship? This is one million for your trouble."

Lowering his gaze, Mr. Lake's eyes lit up. However, he maintained the conflicted expression he had. "Ms. Blackwood, since you put it that way, it would be rude of me to come up with further excuses. Therefore, I'll see what I can do."

"In that case, I owe you my thanks, Mr. Lake." Lyna couldn't help but give him a condescending look. Hmph! All he wants is money.

"May I know which operation are you talking about? I'll make the arrangements when I return," Mr. Lake asked. After taking Lyna's money, it was time for him to get to work. But given his position, it wasn't going to be difficult for him to plant someone in the operating theatre.

"Oh, it's a bone marrow transplant operation for a leukemia patient. I think it is scheduled for tomorrow." Lyna didn't dare say it was her own brother as she was afraid he might use the information to blackmail her.

"Alright, I'll make the necessary arrangements." Just as he spoke, Mr. Lake quickly put the card into his pocket swiftly just like how he had done it so many times. It was obvious that he was used to accepting bribes all the time.

"Thank you for coming Mr. Lake. Please see yourself out."

With a click of the door, Mr. Lake left the private room. Filled with malice, Lyna took out a recording pen and mumbled to herself in glee, "Hah, don't think that one million doesn't come with a price. When something happens then, you will have to take the blame."

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After that, Lyna called someone else. She got straight to the point the moment the call connected. "I'll send you my location so come see me now. We have some lucrative business to discuss."

"Haha, Winson, I don't think anyone can save you now. Don't for a second think that you have a chance to survive just because Hannah has stepped up to help you. This is just a joke! Now, both of you will see each other in the underworld. But look on the bright side, at least you have each other for company. Hahaha!"

Lyna diabolical laugh was enough to cause one's hair to stand on end. It was unbelievable that such an insidious laughter came out from one so pretty.

While Lyna was plotting at her end, Fabian was discussing with Dan the safety measures of the operation.

"You have to make sure whoever enters the operating theatre is not compromised," Fabian asserted.

"Don't worry, I'll get the supervisors to send one person each so that they can keep an eye on each other. There definitely won't be any problems," Dan York, the director of Mercy Hospital, who was sitting opposite him replied.

"Mmm-hmm. You have to be meticulous in the arrangements. There can be no mistakes," Fabian reminded.

Nodding, Dan asked, "Aren't you making a storm out of a teacup? Nothing is going to go wrong with this operation."

"One can never be too careful," Fabian replied, shaking his head.

The operation itself was extremely important to Fabian. Furthermore, his men had found out that someone from the Blackwood family had prevented Winson from going to Mercy Hospital for treatment. Therefore, he had to take extra precautions to ensure Hannah's safety.

Looking as if he had something to say, Dan wondered who it was that Fabian was being wary of. Someone from the Blackwood family? However, the patient in question is Leo

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Blackwood's son. Why would they harm him? Hence, Dan felt that Fabian was being paranoid after spending too much time in the business world.

Meanwhile, Lyna had met the person she had wanted to.

"One million to buy your silence." Lyna took out a card and slammed it on the table.

In a short time, Lyna had spent two million and agonized over it. However, the thought that two million would buy her most of the Blackwood family's assets and also remove the obstacle to her marriage to Fabian, made her feel that it was worth it.

"Deal," he agreed while picking the card up from the table despite not understanding what she meant by his silence.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1122

"Good. I like dealing with people who are as motivated as you are. Tomorrow, I'll arrange for him to enter the operating theatre. Furthermore, I want him to inject both persons undergoing the operation with this amount of anaesthetic," Lyna plainly remarked as she took out two small bottles and placed them on the table.

The person sitting opposite her squinted his eyes as he stared at the two bottles of anaesthetic, which obviously were enough to kill two people. Nevertheless, he had always been living dangerously above the law and wasn't a stranger to the business of killing and stealing.

"I'll send you the time and location tonight. When the time comes, just get your man to contact me." Lyna continued, "Alright, that's all I have and you can go now. On your way out, keep a low profile so that no one knows that we have met."

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The man nodded as he left with the two bottles Lyna gave him.

Picking up the teacup from the table and taking a sip, Lyna mumbled, "Winson, don't blame me for being cruel. You should blame your own bad luck to have been born in the wrong place. As for you, Hannah, this is your own fault for appearing at the wrong time. So don't think badly of me for doing this."

Meanwhile, Hannah arrived home to the delicious aroma of bone broth. The maid had prepared it on Fabian's instructions.

I have never expected Fabian to be so attentive. From the smell alone, I can tell that soup is definitely delicious.

When she entered the kitchen, she was shocked to see a giant pot filled with bone broth. It goes without saying that Fabian isn't going to drink this oily soup. Does that mean that I will have to finish it by myself? Isn't that going to kill me?

Suddenly, when Hannah recalled herself puking from drinking too much chicken soup, she had the urge to cry for help.

Before she knew it, the maid brought over a huge bowl of bone broth and placed it in front of her. "Madam, the soup is ready. You should drink it while it's hot."

Letting out a long sigh, Hannah looked as if she was faced with death as she received the bowl from the maid. "Amelia, you should have some too."

Hannah sighed to herself and wondered how long she needed to finish such a huge bowl of soup. As Fabian had not returned home, she enlisted Amelia's help to finish some for her.

"I don't think so. Mr. Norton told me that you are going for an operation and therefore need to drink it to keep you strong. Since I'm not the one going for it, there's no need for me to drink. Hence, it's better I save them for you."

Amelia's eyes were filled with concern. After all, she had worked in the Norton household for more than a year now and Hannah had always treated her well. She would always consider Amelia's interests from all aspects. Even when Hannah went on holiday, she would also get a souvenir for Amelia. When she went grocery shopping and bumped into other maids

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working in the neighborhood, she would always hear them complaining about their employers.

Just a few days ago, something came up and she needed to return to her hometown. After informing Hannah, she bought her a high-speed rail ticket home and gave her the week off. Cognizant that it was rare to find an employer like Hannah, she consequently treated Hannah as if she was her own daughter.

“Amelia, don’t say that. Please help yourself to some. There’s no way I can finish all of it alone. Besides, I don’t really have much appetite now. Go fill a bowl for yourself and drink with me.” Hannah agonized over Amelia’s earnest response. Please don’t think that way, I still need you to help share my burden.

“Alright then.”

Under Hannah’s encouragement, Amelia finished three bowls and so did Hannah. Only when she saw Hannah not able to drink anymore did she give it a rest. “Why don’t you take a break. I’ll heat up more for you a short while later.”

Hannah almost burst into tears. I really can’t drink anymore. Why does this always happen every time I go to the hospital? The first time was chicken soup and now bone broth? What will be next? Bone broth mixed with chicken soup?

Crack! The room door opened. Before Hannah could even turn to see who it was, she heard Amelia. “Mr. Norton is home.”

Fabian walked straight into the kitchen and saw that half the pot of bone broth had been finished. Consequently, he gave Hannah a satisfied look and felt that she had learned her lesson from the last time. Hannah then wondered how Fabian would react if he found out that she had gotten Amelia to finish half of it for her.

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