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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1207

“Aren’t you going to move? What are you still standing there for? Do you really think you’re on a break for two years?” Fabian bellowed at his assistant, who stood as if rooted to the spot.

“I’ll check on it immediately,” His assistant hurriedly replied. He broke into a little sprint, making the call when he was about equidistant from Xavier.

“Who would’ve thought you’d make a move so quickly, Fabian? Even Hannah’s sister has been dragged into it! I believe, however, that I’ll still emerge as the winner. That cruelty was simply uncalled for! You didn’t give a damn about Hannah’s feelings in your frenzy to get me. You’re really forgetful, aren’t you? Have you really forgotten how Vivian was snatched away by Finnick? If you carry on like this, don’t blame me for taking Hannah away from you either!”

Xavier tilted his head towards the sky. His eyes gleamed craftily, their depths unfathomable. There was a sly look on his face, and his mouth was curved into a smile that looked more like a grimace. He looked absolutely sinister.

After Fabian had finished feeding Winson, he brought the bowl of soup to Hannah’s bedside.

Hannah watched Fabian approach, glad and deeply moved. She refused him, however, on account of them not being actual husband and wife. Hannah was grateful enough that Fabian would bother to feed her even while she was presently incapacitated. “There’s no need. I can feed myself now, so I won’t have to trouble you to feed me anymore.”

Fabian’s brow wrinkled ever so slightly. An obstinate look flashed across his eyes as he commanded, “Open up!”

Hannah sighed, knowing that she was no match for Fabian’s determination. She humbly acquiesced.

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Fabian was pleased with Hannah's obedience. He visibly relaxed and directed a spoonful of soup into Hannah's mouth. Just as she was about to drink, however, the door swung open vehemently.

"Um... I think I'm a little too early," Helen gulped, turning to Jason. Both of them took in the sight of Hannah frozen with her mouth open, ready to drink the soup. Fabian's arm, still holding the spoon, was similarly hovering in mid-air.

Jason emerged from behind Helen and silently surveyed the scene. He, too, bashfully stammered, "Uh... I think so, too."

The two of them, usually at odds with each other, were in perfect sync for once. They turned on their heels immediately and prepared to march out.

Helpless, Hannah cursed herself for giving in to Fabian. How awkward this is! These two really chose the worst possible time to come back.

"Jason, come here and help to wash some apples," Fabian ordered, unfazed. He reassumed his former posture, intent on accomplishing his task of feeding Hannah her soup.

Hannah looked shamefacedly at Jason and Helen, who were both entering the room slowly. Shyly, she opened her mouth a little, her face crimson with embarrassment.

Hannah didn't actually strongly object to Fabian feeding her. In the presence of Helen and Jason, however, she felt unendurably self-conscious.

Glancing at Hannah's flushed face, Helen couldn't help but smother the giggle that rose within her. At the same time, she was impressed by Fabian's gentlemanly manner. The sight further affirmed Helen's resolve in her treatment of Xavier. If Xavier really succeeded in luring Hannah away, wouldn't Hannah be losing a good man?

The bowl of soup drained rather quickly.

If Fabian feeds me like this every day, I'm going to turn into a big, fat pig! Hannah reflected, content.

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His mission completed, Fabian suddenly invited Jason to step outside with him.

“Hannah, I didn’t know you still had some modesty left in you! When Fabian was feeding you just now, your face was as red as an apple,” Helen teased the moment Fabian left the room.

Hannah rolled her eyes. Trying to conceal her embarrassment, she replied, “You’re fond of teasing me, aren’t you?”

“Hey, are you denying it? I should have quickly snapped a photo just now! I’m absolutely certain he’ll do it again. Just you wait, I’ll definitely get a record of that,” Helen exclaimed gleefully.

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“Sure, take a photo next time. I won’t stop you,” Hannah said in a huff.

“All right, I’ll stop teasing you. On a serious note, let me ask you something,” Helen said, suddenly sobering up.

Seeing Helen’s solemn face, Hannah rearranged her features to match her sister’s unsmiling look. “Sure, ask away.”

“Hannah, when are you planning on getting married to Fabian?” Helen asked, looking at Hannah searchingly.

When? Helen, I’m still wondering when Fabian will decide to divorce me! I really don’t know how to answer this question. Hannah thought to herself ruefully.

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Seeing Hannah lost in contemplation, Helen probed, "What's wrong, Hannah? Don't tell me you haven't even decided on whether or not to marry Fabian?"

Hannah nodded her head slightly mournfully. Fabian had neither given her adequate information nor a proper introduction to his family.

Horrified, Helen cried, "Hannah, how can that be? Where else can you find a man as good as Fabian? If you don't seize this opportunity, you might never get another chance like this one!"

Helen's rave review piqued Hannah's curiosity. Has Fabian drugged or hypnotized Helen? She's completely under his spell! Hannah mused to herself.

"You haven't been bought over by Fabian, have you? Did he leave just so you could try your hand at convincing me?" Hannah demanded.

"Hannah, how could you have such low regard for me? I'm very hurt by that presumption," Helen declared. She pursed her lips, sulking.

"Hannah, I'm your sister. I always have your best interests at heart. All I want is for you to live happily ever after! After what happened at the mall, it's evident that Fabian is a responsible man. Besides, he showed you a lot of care when you had your operation. Over these past two days, he's practically moved into the hospital to be with you! He's even willing to forsake the company he's president of in order to look after you all day and night. Isn't that enough to show how much he cares for you? How much he loves you? Besides..."

Hannah listened to Helen diligently analyze Fabian's affections for her, unable to refute any of the points that had been raised in earnest. However, Hannah couldn't help but wonder if it was all a facade. Until that very moment, Hannah was still unable to decisively characterize the type of person that Fabian was. He seemed venerably cold at times, but Hannah couldn't deny that Fabian had shown a great deal of care for her lately. However, past encounters with Fabian's heartless side prevented Hannah from whole-heartedly committing to the idea that Fabian was a good and reliable man. Hannah was thus torn between the multiple personas she'd seen Fabian put on in turn.

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Perhaps they're just two different sides of the same person. When he's in high spirits, he'll treat me with a little more kindness. When he's upset, he'll treat me a little worse. What do you do with a man like that? Hannah thought, conflicted.

"Hannah? Hannah? Are you listening to what I'm saying?" Helen called. Hannah immediately recovered herself, then exhaled slowly.

"We're still thinking about the wedding. There are a lot of considerations to make. Don't worry about me. I'll handle it." Hannah replied thoughtfully.

"In that case, I won't interfere anymore. Anyway, the Fabian that I see now is a pretty good guy. If I manage to find someone like him for myself, I'll be perfectly content," Helen added as her final parting shot.

"Oh, are we talking about you now? What about you? Have you turned disillusioned with love yet?" Hannah asked, vividly recalling Helen's breakup the day before. She wasn't too worried about Helen, however, confident that Helen was more level-headed and reasonable.

"No, no. I'll never lose faith in love! I firmly believe that I'll eventually meet my Prince Charming. You never know. He may treat me even better than Fabian treats you now!" Helen declared, erupting into peals of laughter. An undercurrent of sadness, however, rippled beneath her cheery exterior.

Helen had thrown herself whole-heartedly into her relationship, only to be cast aside for money. It would have been heartbreaking enough to receive that treatment from a friend, much less someone Helen had given her entire heart to.

Helen, however, buried her hurt deep within herself. Even Hannah was unable to detect any unusual shifts in Helen's behavior. Hannah thus broached the question tentatively, "So, Helen, what do you think about Jason?"

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