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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1229

Not daring to offend Heather, Felicia offered her a smile. "That's not true. Fabian must have been mad because of the sudden news."

Leo glared at her and told Heather, "Well, Mrs. Norton, I'll have to bid goodbye. I need to return to my company."

He didn't want to stay here any longer after being rejected. If news got out, their family would be a laughingstock.

Left with no choice, Felicia bade goodbye to Heather and left with her husband reluctantly.

"What did I tell you? There's no way the Norton family will agree to his marriage for no reason! You refused to listen and dragged me along. Are you happy now? That was so humiliating!" The moment they stepped out of Norton Residence, Leo turned to Felicia and barked.

"Oh, you're blaming me now? When I told you about it, you were planning all sorts of things happily too! If you dare, complain to Mrs. Norton instead of getting mad at me!" Felicia was quivering with anger when her husband blamed everything on her.

"Stop creating trouble for me in the future! You've brought shame to the Blackwood family!" Leo bellowed.

"Shame? Didn't you hear what Mrs. Norton said earlier? She agreed to it previously but gone back on her word! How could you blame me?" retorted Felicia.

Leo merely harrumphed furiously and strode away.

Meanwhile, Fabian and the rest reached their destination after a two-hour car ride. He opened the door and helped Hannah out.

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Hannah stepped out and took a deep breath of the fresh air. This picturesque village was surrounded by undulating hills, so the air was a lot fresher than the air in the city.

“Wow, this place is as pretty as described by Winson!” lamented Hannah.

“Ha!” Jason snorted icily. He didn’t pick on her this time as the scenery was indeed gorgeous.

There was a wooden sign ahead with the village’s name. Behind it was an endless stretch of verdant meadows. There was a hint of earthy scent in the air as the young saplings danced in the breeze under the warm sunlight.

Occasionally, they would spot unnamed wildflowers scattered around the meadows. They weren’t as enchanting as roses or peonies, but yet, the meadows hum to life with their presence.

“Your mother’s house is just farther ahead. We can walk there easily,” Fabian told Hannah, whose eyes were crinkled up in silent laughter.

He felt utterly relaxed, too. Usually, he was busy running his company all by himself. Whenever he felt exhausted, he’d hang out with his friends. Compared to partying, he preferred the serenity in the countryside.

Fabian took Hannah’s hand and strolled ahead. Helen and Jason trailed behind them and bickered casually.

They soon arrived at a bridge made of stone. When they wondered when this bridge was built, Fabian figured it had been here for decades.

The bridge was only made up of a few boulders, so there was no handle on both sides. Fabian tightened his grip on Hannah’s hand.

Hannah wasn’t nervous at all. She had been a journalist since she graduated from university, so she rarely had time to go on vacations. She might’ve visited many places, but most of them were on work trips.

She inhaled the crisp air as her mood lifted. The burbling stream and swimming fish under the stones created a delightful scene.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1230

Jason wasn't interested at all. Seeing how thrilled Hannah was, he pouted his lips and muttered to himself, "It's just a plain old bridge and stream. What's the big deal?"

Helen rolled her eyes as she came to a stop next to him. "You just don't know how to appreciate the scenery, do you? Don't you find this tranquil?" She huffed. "Ah, forget it. You're too dim-witted to get it!"

With that, Helen strode ahead and left Jason alone. "I'm dim-witted? You're the fool! Idiot!" Jason yelled from behind her.

Shortly after, they reached a residential area with ancient houses which had withstood the test of time. There were also a few elderly people chatting happily beside the road.

Fabian led the way to Hannah's mother's house.

After walking quite a distance, he came to a stop in front of an old house.

"This is it," he told Hannah.

At once, Hannah studied the grand but old house with two ferocious lion statues flanking its entrance.

The stately entrance itself showed that Hannah's birth mother came from a wealthy and influential family.

Winson rushed to the lion statues and touched them carefully.

"When I was young, I remember Mom saying there were two lions guarding them. Finally, I get to see them today," he uttered.

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His mother told him about the lions to make him laugh back then. Deep down, he was overwhelmed with emotions.

"Hannah, open the door. I can't wait," he declared.

"Sure!" A flash of bitterness crept up Hannah's heart. Winson had it worse than me.

She took one step forward and whipped out the keys to open the door.

Immediately, a green landscape greeted them.

"Seriously?" Helen parted her lips in shock.

Hannah's mother had been dead for over ten years, and no one had occupied the house ever since. Right now, it was full of weeds.

"Oh? I don't think we can enter," Jason remarked coolly after taking a brief glance at the interior.

Instantly, Winson's expression fell.

Hannah was at a loss, too. The yard was overrun with weeds, so there wasn't even a path for them to walk on.

"This is nothing. We can just part the weeds and walk in," replied Helen coolly as she took a step forward.

At once, Jason took her wrist and warned, "No way! The weeds are as tall as us. There might be snakes in here. What if they bite you?"

Helen scoffed in disdain. "Who are you trying to scare? I'm not afraid!" She shoved him away and strode toward the yard.

Before she could step in, someone took her arm.

It was Hannah. Hannah, too, wanted to enter her mother's house, but Jason's words made sense. There might be snakes and bugs inside the abandoned house.

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“Helen, forget it. It’s better to be safe than sorry,” she spoke.

“Hannah, do you seriously believe his words?” demanded Helen. She refused to believe there would be snakes inside the yard.

“What if we run into one?” Hannah responded worriedly.

“We’ll come again. I’ll ask someone to clean the house up before our next visit. At least we know where it is now,” Fabian declared.

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