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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1251

Another man smoked a cigarette in his hand. He said, "Don't say that. I believe in you. We can all get out of this alive. Look, the fleet is here. I'll meet you over there."

With that said, the smaller one got out of the car and climbed into another one some distance away.

Hannah sat in the white Rolls-Royce. Quietly, she leaned against her seat, her head slightly turned sideways as she watched the crowd coming and going on the streets. Among the cars in the city, hers was the most eye-catching. The passers-by were casting envious glances at her. She could feel it. They were also excited at the chance to witness such a luxurious wedding.

Her face was filled with happiness. She and Fabian had tied the knot. This day had finally come after all. Once upon a time, she had assumed that Fabian was just using her to brush off his family's nagging him to get married, but at that moment she could feel the man's unspoken and intense love for her.

She also knew very well what her marriage to Fabian would mean. It indicated that she would be facing many more setbacks. Among them, the members of the Norton family might make things difficult for her, or that Fabian's other potential suitors would plot against her. Yet, she was not afraid. In her opinion, since she had accepted Fabian's love, she would not take a step back.

The more she thought about it, the more she clenched her fists. Next to her, Fabian looked on and proceeded to place her hand in his.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing. I just—Ah!"

Hannah let out a scream before she could finish her sentence. The next moment, she found herself falling onto Fabian's lap.

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She turned sideways and was just about to sigh at Fabian when the black spot she was looking at grew bigger and bigger.

The cars in the fleet followed closely behind one another. While the car in front had barely moved, the car at the back had already closed in.

Hannah began to panic. She knew that there were people who were reluctant to see her get married to Fabian, and this could be them executing their vengeance. If it had been a coincidence, why had that car hit this white Rolls Royce in particular, and not the other cars at the back or front? Obviously, this was some part of a deliberate plot.

Come on, hit me with all you've got! I'm marrying Fabian if it's the last thing I do! I'm not afraid of anything!

Fabian held Hannah in a tight embrace. Although Hannah's wrist hurt a little from the force, she felt warm and safe in his arms.

Upon seeing this, the driver of the car hurriedly swerved to the other side, directly crashing through all the guard rails on his side of the road. However, right at that moment, an army-green pickup truck emerged from the other side and was charging towards them at a speed comparable to that of a sports car!

After the driver hit the railing, he slammed his feet on the gas pedal, turned around so that he was driving in the opposite direction of the lane, and sped through.

Screams erupted from the passers-by on the sidewalk. Those in the vicinity got away as fast as they could, their pupils enlarged as they witnessed a tragedy about to happen.

"Ah! Run!"

A woman less than ten meters away from the pickup truck gave a loud shriek as she tried her hardest to run away. She could clearly see a large tank chained to the trunk of the pickup truck. It was oily outside, and there was a pungent smell in the air.

Needless to say, she could guess what that thing was. In the event of an explosion, the result would be devastating.

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In a twinkling of an eye, the driver of the white Rolls-Royce carrying Fabian and Hannah hit the gas with all his might. The engine hummed loudly, while the pickup truck gained on them like a tiger chasing its prey.

Crash!

The pickup truck drove by and crashed against the white Rolls Royce, knocking off a part of its trunk.

What happened next was a loud bang as the pickup truck collided with another car.

Boom! Thump!

The oil tank on the pickup truck exploded, resulting in a raging fire.

There was a hiss and, soon after, the glass windows of the white Rolls Royce shattered into pieces.

Hannah tugged at Fabian's collar tightly. She was shivering.

A white spark rushed out of the fiery red mass.

Fabian slowly rose from the seat. He swept away the glass shards on his back and stroked Hannah's flustered cheeks. "Don't be scared. I'm here," he said, comforting her.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1252

Hannah grabbed hold of Fabian and burst into tears.

The car came to a stop after it had driven a short distance away.

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They were lucky that the driver reacted quickly, and that the Rolls-Royce was a fast car. Without either one, Fabian and Hannah could not have lived to tell the tale.

“Hey... rest in peace.”

The aid was shaking all over as he choked. Then, he started the car again and drove away from the chaotic scene.

The car behind Fabian had quickly backed away when the intruding car approached, but its windows had shattered because of the explosion. Many passengers in the car suffered from minor injuries and were taken to the hospital.

“Mr. Norton, it seems that you have been right to worry.” The speaker was the person Fabian had purposefully called some time ago. The man was a retired serviceman of the Chanaean special force. Fabian had the man deliberately transferred to their location upon receiving the news.

“Alright. We’re safe. Let’s get into a different car.”

Fabian took Hannah’s hand and opened the car door.

Jason sprinted over to them. After he confirmed with his own eyes that Fabian and Hannah were safe and sound, he heaved a sigh of relief.

“Fabian, that was a close call. We must find out the culprit behind all this. I’ll kill them!”

“Alright, let’s put this behind us. We have a wedding to see through. We can deal with the rest later.”

Fabian shrugged.

“Hello? Okay. Understood. Remember, I want you to deal with the rest. Leave no evidence behind. Or I’ll deal with you!”

Lyna sat in a corner on the first floor of Glory Hotel. Her face turned grim after she got off the phone.

“Ho! Fortune favors the bold, Hannah. You’re lucky to escape death.”

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Lyna raised the glass of wine in her hand and gulped it down. Her lips curled into a sly grin. "But this is getting much more interesting. I didn't think there'd be other parties who dared to join in on this venture. They're just as bold as I am, if not more. Maybe, just maybe, I can seek them out and work together to get rid of Hannah once and for all. Let's see if that woman can survive the storm."

At the same time, Yvette had also gotten wind that the plan had failed. Compared to Lyna, she was far more nervous. Her face turned deadly pale for fear that Fabian would find out that she was the one behind the attack.

It was naturally easy for Fabian to invest in her. The reason for her achievements to date was largely due to Fabian's support.

Similarly, it would be just as easy for Fabian to kill off her career. It would be tantamount to squashing an ant.

She downed a few more glasses before leaving the reception hall in a haste.

Over the years, Fabian had seen his fair share of tragedies and had braved through countless obstacles in life. What just happened was practically a piece of cake to him. Although infuriated, he set his rage aside for now. In his mind, his marriage to Hannah was of top priority.

Fabian had been holding his bride's hand, and that made Hannah a lot calmer. The interlocking of their fingers gave her a great sense of security.

The pair had finally arrived at the entrance of Glory Hotel. As soon as they got out of the car, the crowd rushed over and surrounded them. Among the crowd were several reporters. their cameras flashing.

The crowd escorted them into the hall.

Heather approached the couple when they finally showed up. "Fabian, what took you so long? The guests have been waiting! Quick, get up there and make a speech so that we may begin the ceremony!"

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Fabian nodded. He did not even consider mentioning the accident to his mother because he did not want her to worry. Furthermore, he was confident that he could resolve the matter privately.

“Today, I am pleased to have all of you here to attend my wedding. I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

Fabian stepped onto the stage, took over the microphone, and addressed the audience.

“Without further ado, I hope you all can have a good time today.”

Fabian finished his speech and passed the microphone back to the host. During the whole process, he never let go of Hannah’s hand, while his eyes actively scanned the crowd, looking for suspects. He believed that the culprit who had attempted to kill him and his wife was most likely among the guests.

“Okay, that was a simple speech from Mr. Norton himself. The auspicious hour is upon us, so let’s get to the main event.”

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