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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1333

Lyna was beaming from the praises. "I appreciate the sentiment, but we don't know who's taking over until my father says so. I can't do anything too drastic just yet," she said 'humbly.'

"Oh, you're so modest, Ms. Blackwood. We know you're taking over sooner or later," one of the employees buttered her up.

Everyone chimed in, and Lyna's smile broadened.

"Wait. Mr. Blackwood has a son, doesn't he?" a newbie blurted out in ignorance.

Everyone threw him weird looks, and Lyna stopped laughing. An awkward silence fell, and the newbie realized he had spoken out of line. He quickly changed his tune, "Um, I need to use the restroom."

With that, he scurried off quickly.

"He's a newbie, Ms. Blackwood. Don't blame him for speaking out of line," one of the employees tried to shift the topic.

"He isn't wrong though. I have a brother. It's obvious who my father's going to hand his estate over to." Lyna had a cold, faraway look in her eyes, and a mirthless smile curled her lips.

She had thought about that possibility before, and she had tried to get rid of Winson through that surgery. However, not only did she fail, she made a new enemy for the inheritance—Hannah.

Winson was a boy. He might be young, but her father still had quite some years left in him. She knew he'd hand his inheritance to Winson. After Hannah's marriage with Fabian, her father seemed to like her more and more.

Dad might not even give me anything because of them. That fact infuriated her.

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“Don’t worry, Ms. Blackwood. You have us. We hold all the data and the clients’ info. You have our support, Ms. Blackwood. I’m sure you’ll be the chairperson,” the employee promised.

Lyna’s eyes gleamed. Good. They know what I’m trying to get at. And then she pretended to look crestfallen. “I know everyone’s supporting me, but I can’t fight my own brother for the control of the company. The media’s going to make a joke out of that.”

Lyna couldn’t tell anyone she wanted to be Blackwood Group’s boss. Her father would guard against her if he ever found out, and the media would shame them for it.

She didn’t think Winson was a threat though. Lyna was confident she could humiliate him when the time came. All she needed to do was to make sure her trusted aide got into power.

“Ah, I give up. I’ve been on a losing streak.” Jason tossed the piece back into the box and looked at Fabian in frustration.

Fabian shook his head. “It’s important to stay calm when playing Go. The moment you’re trying to go for the win is the moment you lose.”

Fabian paused. “You need to see the big picture in Go, just like how you would in life. The pieces are your resources. You need to have your own ideas and strategize every move. And then, you strike where your opponent least expected it.”

“Seriously, Fabian? It’s just a game.” Jason shrugged at him.

“You need to grow at some point.” Fabian shook his head.

“Anyway, I give up.” Jason stood up.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1334

"It's just a game of Go. Do you have to be all philosophical about it?"

Fabian smiled and went up to Jason. "Let's watch some TV." He patted Jason's shoulder.

At the same time, Hannah and Helen came back with the pizza ingredients. They noticed that Fabian was all smiles. "Someone seems happy."

Fabian went to help them with the bags. He smiled. "You got a ton of stuff here."

Hannah was getting used to him caring for her. "Is that so?"

Jason was on the sofa, staring at Helen. "I bet you would finish more than half of the stuff here. You're the glutton here. Honestly, you're like a pig."

"W-Who are you calling a pig?" Helen didn't refute the fact that she was the one who bought the bulk of the ingredients. Obviously Jason hit the mark.

"Me, obviously." Jason turned the TV on with the remote control and watched the show.

"Why you..." Helen pointed at him angrily, but she couldn't retort, for she did buy a lot of food, but she was thinking that Hannah and Fabian could finish them if she couldn't.

"Alright, Helen. Let's make the pizzas now," Hannah calmed her sister down. She knew what Jason was like. He might have a sharp tongue, but he cared about Helen.

A young man in a suit and necktie was standing before Lyna's desk in her office. "Everything's going smoothly. Most of the office are on our side, but..."

Lyna was sitting with her legs crossed, and she was sipping her tea. "But what?"

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The man continued, "But the geezers are still in power. Most of our men are working under them. We can't talk to them, since they're loyal to your father. By the way, the HR department's manager's wife was seriously ill once, and he needed a lot of money for her treatment. So, I gave him two hundred grand so he'd join us."

Lyna sipped some tea before nodding at that man. "Nicely done. Take five hundred grand from my private accountant later."

The man looked delighted, but only for a moment, then it was replaced by anger. "I'm not done yet, Ms. Blackwood." He paused for a moment. "I was going to settle the matter with this, but he chased me out after hearing what I had to say. He said you're a traitor for taking away what is rightfully your father's and your brother's."

"What?" Her eyes widened in anger, then she smashed the teacup against the floor.

The man stared down at the shards of the teacup and held his breath. He was worried Lyna might vent her anger on him.

Lyna calmed herself down, but her breathing was still heavy. Then, she asked, "Did he really said that?"

"Yes, Ms. Blackwood. Do you not trust me? After all that I have done for you?" The man looked at her in panic.

"Please calm down. I was just trying to get confirmation. Alright, go on." Lyna eased up a bit.

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"I see. I understand. Keep going as planned, and don't let any chance slip by. The more support I get, the better my chances are, got it?"

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