

Always Been Yours Chapter 54

Chapter 54 The Embodiment of Perfection

A shudder went through Edward when he heard those words and he couldn't help bristling as he felt the air around him freezing. Lowering his head, he asked in a hushed and frantic tone, "Then, what are you planning to do next, President Sawyer? How will you expose Yana?"

Nicholas' gaze was icy and dark. He gritted his teeth and in a voice so frigid and deep that it sent chills running down one's spine, he replied, "If everything goes well, Greg should be discharged from the hospital tomorrow. I want you to drop by the main house and inform them that I'll be bringing Greg over for lunch tomorrow."

"Yes, sir!" Edward nodded solemnly before he retreated out of sight without another word.

Presently, Nicholas returned to the hospital room and gently closed the door behind him before sitting on the couch with a vigilant look.

It was nightfall before anyone realized it.

Bang!

A loud crack of thunder tore through the sky and thereafter followed by a purplish-white streak of lightning. It didn't take long before the rain relentlessly poured down outside the window while being accompanied by the violent symphony of thunder.

At that moment, Tessa bolted upright when she heard the angry rumble of thunder and she very nearly toppled off her chair.

The stormy weather seemed to have transported her, as it always did, to that particular moment six years ago when she swore that she had been

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dragged through hell. It had been raining that night too, she thought with a painful twist of her heart.

It took a while for her to come back to her senses, although she still looked rattled!

Then, she turned to look at a restless Gregory sleeping on the bed as the storm raged on. At the sight of his unease, Tessa reached out hastily and patted his chest to soothe him.

That seemed to have reassured the little boy, for with a purse of his lips, he fell into a deep slumber again as his frown smoothed,

Tessa let out a sigh of relief, but found that she no longer wanted to sleep. As she turned around, she was about to pour herself a glass of water when she saw Nicholas sitting stiffly on the couch, frowning as he massaged his legs.

She could tell that he was uncomfortable, and before she could stop herself, she asked curiously, "Are you alright, President Sawyer?"

It was only after Tessa's question that Nicholas noticed she was awake. Then, he shook his head before explaining indifferently, "It's nothing. Whenever the weather is unpredictable and becomes humid, the old wounds in my legs tend to resurface. It takes some time, but rubbing tends to help with the pain."

Tessa nodded sympathetically when she heard this as she understood his pain.

Indeed, the months of June and July would arrive with heavy downpours. Since Timothy had in the past shared the same affliction as Nicholas, his legs would start acting up as well and cause him to be sore.

Whenever that happened, she would massage Timothy's legs the moment she had the time in hopes of soothing his pain.

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At the recollection of this, she hesitated for a while and finally crossed over to where Nicholas was, then asked tentatively, "If you don't mind, President Sawyer, perhaps I could give your legs a massage and see whether that will help?"

A stunned Nicholas eyed her with a little skepticism. "Do you know how to go about it?"

While nodding, Tessa explained frankly, "Since childhood, my brother has had a medical condition that affects his legs and he was enrolled in post-surgery physiotherapy. I had to massage his legs everyday to encourage the recovery, so I learned a few tricks from the professionals along the way to help with the aches. Perhaps you would be more convinced once I have shown you."

He stared at her warily for a moment after hearing words. Then, he finally nodded, albeit hesitantly.

Having seen that he acceded to her offer, she walked over to him and sat down next to him.

Tessa propped his legs on top of her knees as if it was the most natural thing in the world before she began to massage his legs in earnest.

It was only when she touched him that she realized with a start how embarrassing and awkward this position was for the both of them.

She reminded herself pointedly, and rather belatedly, that this man was not her brother, Timothy, but the formidable Nicholas Sawyer. She had only ever been intimate with one man in her lifetime, and that was six years ago. There was no other man with whom she had been subsequently up close and personal with.

In an instant, the air seemed to weigh down on her, suffocating her as she grew distressed.

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Alas, it was too late for her to draw back and stopping halfway would only make things even weirder between them. As such, she cleared her throat a little shyly and tried to look unfazed as she asked, "Could you tell me where you feel the most discomfort, President Sawyer?"

Nicholas' lips pressed into a thin line as he answered coldly, "My knees."

"Okay." She nodded courteously and ran her fingers up along the meridian points in his calves. When she reached his knees, she paused and firmly kneaded the area.

There was no denying that the muscular lines of his statuesque legs felt divine despite being clad in pants and she found herself marveling at how strong and perfect they looked.

Even as she focused her attention on the massage, her gaze still swept over the flawless lines of his legs.

She suddenly became aware of just how much devotion the heavens had put into carving this man before her. Be it his family background or his refined looks or his astounding abilities, Nicholas seemed to embody perfection.

It was no wonder then that so many women pined after him, Tessa thought ruefully.