

# Always Been Yours Chapter 158

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“Thank you, President Sawyer.” Timothy thanked Nicholas sincerely while looking at him.

Nicholas nodded and answered, “You’re welcome.”

“What happened, Tess? Why did you go to that place and get into trouble with those people?” Timothy asked.

Then, Tessa told him a simplified version of what happened. “It’s all Sophia’s doing. Using your phone, she told someone to call me and pick you up...”

The look on Timothy’s face changed after he heard that, and he gave her a guilty look. “I’m sorry, Tess. I really am. I lost my cell phone and thought that I left it in the classroom, so I didn’t tell you beforehand.”

“It’s alright. Everything is fine now, isn’t it?” she said, flashing him an assuring smile.

She understood her brother too well; if she didn’t reassure him properly, he might feel guilty for months, or maybe even years, and the last thing she wanted was for him to return to his introverted

self from before.

“It’s okay. Everything is fine, really. At least now we know what Sophia and Silas are up to now. What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, right? And even if your phone wasn’t stolen from you, they’d most probably think of other schemes. Now that President Sawyer has saved me, Young Master Finch wouldn’t dare to cause us more trouble anymore even though he’s injured, and I reckon he’ll settle the score with Sophia instead. All we have to do is watch what happens to them.”

Obediently, Timothy nodded. "You're right." But then, he gritted his teeth. "But that woman is really crossing a line by doing something like this. I definitely won't forgive her!"

Tessa sighed and tried to straighten him out. "It's alright; it's fine, really. You shouldn't be angry. Karma will take care of the villains, so we shouldn't soil our hands."

"Okay," he muttered and nodded unwillingly.

No matter what, he wouldn't let this greedy family off. Don't even think about hurting my sister again!

Nodding, Tessa said, "I'm a little tired."

Today, she was already exhausted from cleaning up the house and suffering a great shock at the clubhouse.

However, as she didn't know about Timothy's situation until now, she was finally relieved and much more assured after seeing for herself that he was doing well and was not hurt.

In addition, the doctor gave her some anti-inflammatory medication and painkillers when he stitched back her wound, and the effects of the drugs was making her drowsy now.

"Alright. Sleep well, Tess. I'll be staying by your side," Timothy said.

Soon, he saw that she had really fallen asleep, and he paced toward Nicholas. "President Sawyer, can you please do me a favor?"

Lifting his gaze at him, Nicholas said, "Tell me what you need."

"I'm leaving for a while. Please look after my sister because I'm worried that the Reinharts won't let this matter rest and will come here to make a scene," Timothy explained.

Nicholas nodded at that and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Thank you for the trouble, President Sawyer." Instead of answering him, Timothy left the ward with a cold face after asking for a favor.

The muscles on Nicholas' face tensed up, and he instructed Edward, "Follow him and make sure he's alright."

From the way Timothy acted, it was highly possible that he was going to the Reinharts to settle the score, but with that figure of his, just one slap from Amber was enough to take him down.

With Tessa still hospitalized, Nicholas reckoned that it would be best to keep him out of trouble.

Clearly, Edward had thought of this as well, and he hurriedly answered, "Okay, President Sawyer." Then, he left the ward as well to carry out his mission.

After stepping out of the hospital, Timothy stopped a cab.

Seeing the fury written all over his face, the driver shuddered. "Where... Would you like to go?"

"Cherry Oak Estates," Timothy answered with a stoic expression.

The driver's mouth opened, but he closed it in the end and thought, This guy came out of the hospital in a huff. Is he going for his revenge? Should I call the police?

Despite that, he lost all guts when he looked at Timothy's expression again. Forget it. This has nothing to do with me. All I have to do is drop him off at his destination.