

# Always Been Yours Chapter 1291 - 1300

In the end, Timothy simply gave up on his work. and shut his eyes to rest behind his desk instead. After a while, he heard a knock on his door. Sabrina entered the room in her usual formal and smart outfit. "Miss Neilman told me that you were looking for me, Mr. Reinhart, she murmured.

Timothy opened his eyes to find himself staring at the young lady, who looked especially dainty. and bright that day. He felt frustrated for some reason. "Why didn't you tell me that you were taking half the day off?" he asked in a rather rude tone. Sabrina was about to explain herself when Timothy continued lecturing her. "I don't care what your reason is, but I don't want to hear of you leaving work to engage in non-work- related matters in the future!"

Sabrina froze when she realized how agitated Timothy seemed to be. She was surprised at first, but she then felt a surge of joy as she thought, Does this mean that Timothy actually cares about me? With that thought in mind, she tried to test him out. "Do you know why I took half the day off, Mr. Reinhart?"

"You went on a blind date when you were supposed to be working! Who permitted you to do that?" Timothy barked at Sabrina. He didn't seem to realize the hopeful twinkle in her eyes. Sabrina hastily explained herself when she realized that the man had misunderstood her. "My family made these last-minute arrangements and I simply couldn't reject them. I promise this will not happen again,' she said.

"I don't care if there's a next time. You don't have to explain yourself to me!' Timothy hissed. Sabrina's heart sank when she saw the icy look on the man's face. Did he say that he doesn't care? So, he's not bothered at all.

"I got it. I won't do this again,' she replied with her head hung low. "Do you have any other orders, Mr. Reinhart?" she asked in a more formal tone.

For some reason, Timothy felt even more frustrated when he saw the way that Sabrina was acting with him. "It's fine. Just go back to work," he ordered with a sour look on his face. Sabrina nodded and left the room after that.

As such, Timothy was the only one left in his office. A glum look flashed across his eyes as he sat alone behind his desk. He felt terrible. He had intended to use his work to distract himself from his feelings, but he couldn't seem to do that at all. His work efficiency was horribly impacted that day. He only managed to go through all his

documents by the end of the day, and he massaged his temples once he was done. "Is it because I didn't get enough sleep last night?" he mumbled to himself.

With that thought, Timothy cleaned his desk up and prepared to head home for an early night. Once he got home, he took a quick shower before lying in bed and preparing to sleep. However, he couldn't seem to fall asleep after he got to bed.

He still felt an odd sense of frustration in his chest. "What's wrong with me?" Timothy was utterly dumbfounded. He ended up opening a bottle of wine and after getting through half a bottle, he finally started feeling sleepy.

The next morning, Nicholas cleaned Tessa up and brushed her teeth before he fed her some breakfast. Gregory was with them and he was extremely elated to be with his mother. "Is it good, Mommy?"

"It's great. Do you want some?" Tessa turned to look at her child.

Gregory shook his head. "You can have it. I had enough to eat before I came here," he explained. After their meal, they continued chatting in the room. Nicholas asked Gregory about his recent results. "Your teacher mentioned that you had an exam a few days ago. How did that go?" Nicholas asked.

"I got full marks, of course." Gregory stuck his chin up in a haughty manner. Tessa found his actions extremely adorable. "That's my smart little kid. You got full marks for all subjects!"

Gregory beamed widely at that. The family was still chit-chatting when Timothy showed up. He was there to take over Nicholas' role of caring for Tessa, as Nicholas had some matters to handle in the office.

Tessa was the first to realize the change in Timothy's mood. After urging her brother to sit, she prompted, "What's going on? You seem rather pale. Did anything happen at work?"

Her questions made sense. Timothy had been fine just one day ago and yet, he seemed completely different the next day. Tessa couldn't think of anything else other than the possibility of something going wrong at work.

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Gregory looked at Timothy with worry in his eyes. "Are you alright, Uncle Tim?" Timothy patted the boy's head and half-lied, "I'm fine. I didn't sleep well, that's all."

Thinking that her brother lost sleep because he was worried about her, Tessa said, "I'm getting better now. You don't have to come to the hospital all the time. You have work to do, so don't push yourself."

"I know. Don't worry, Tess." He didn't want her to worry about him. Then, Tessa shot him a glare. "I can't stop worrying about you. You've been neglecting your rehab lately."

Timothy scratched his nose. Yeah. I haven't been doing it. Still, he argued, "I can't waste my time on rehab when you're hurt."

"I'm not hurt anymore, so you're returning to rehab. Your legs are getting a lot better, but that doesn't mean you can slack off. You have to keep it up. Doctor's orders. Keep this up, and you can walk like normal soon enough."

Timothy's legs were much better than they used to, and nobody would notice his shuffle if he walked a bit faster. It looked like he was fully healed, but Tessa wanted him to keep it up and improve. Soon, he got the message, and he nodded. "I will."

Someone knocked on the door at that moment, and in came Sabrina with a thermos. "Hey, Tess. It's me again." When she saw Timothy as well, she smiled. "Hey, Mr. Reinhart."

Timothy nodded, but he said nothing more. However, Sabrina was a bit downtrodden, seeing that he was still giving her the cold shoulder. Nonetheless, she took a deep breath and held down her emotions. Then, she approached Tessa with the thermos. "I got you some leek and potato soup today, Tess. Great for you." She opened the thermos, and the soup's aroma wafted in the air.

Tessa thought Sabrina was too kind. She always brings me all kinds of soup. "You don't have to bring this for me next time. I appreciate it enough that you can make it."

"Oh, it's alright. I promised I'd do this. Yes, the Sawyers can do better, but I want to do my part too. I hope you'll like this." Then, she handed the bowl of soup to Tessa.

Tessa stared at the soup in her hand. I just had some chicken soup. Suddenly, she laughed. "You guys keep giving me so much food; I'd put on ten pounds before I knew it."

"You won't. You need all this food to get better. Besides, you can't get fat no matter what you eat. Don't worry, Tess," Sabrina cheered her up.

Tessa laughed and finished the soup. She returned the bowl and said, "You don't have to do this. I appreciate the gesture, but I ask that you help my brother with work."

"Oh, I do, Tess. That's my job." Sabrina took the bowl and happily chatted with her. A while later, Sabrina was ready to head back. So, Tessa said, "Tim, take her home." However, Timothy refused, "No. She has her own ride."

Huh? What's with him? He's throwing a tantrum or something? When Sabrina heard that, she was downcast, and her smile was almost wiped off her face. Still, she held her thermos tightly and kept her smile no matter how hard it was. "He's right. I have my own ride. I can go home on my own."

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Sabrina said a quick goodbye and left in a hurry. If she stayed for a moment longer, she thought she would cry. Still, Tessa noticed her downtrodden emotion and shot her brother a look. "Are you guys fighting?"

However, Timothy pursed his lips and denied, "No. You're reading too much into it." "Am I?" She doubted his words. Nevertheless, she felt her brother was hiding something, but since he didn't want to talk, she didn't ask.

Meanwhile, Sabrina went home. She came from a wealthy family and could have had an easy life if she hadn't wanted to court Timothy.

Soon, the butler approached her and took the thermos off her hands. "You are back, Miss."

Then, she nodded and pursed her lips. When she was about to go upstairs, she ran into her parents. One glance and they knew their daughter was in a bad mood. So, they stopped in their tracks to find out why their daughter was upset. "Did someone upset you?"

"Sabrina, tell Daddy who did this. I'll whoop his At that moment, Sabrina couldn't hold her feelings anymore, not when her parents came to her aid. "Daddy, Mommy, I wonder if I did something wrong. No matter what I do, he still won't fall for me." Soon, she started to sob.

Oh, it's that Reinhart kid again. Figario felt for his daughter, and she was his treasure. The girl he raised with love, but now she was working as Timothy's assistant and brewed

soup every day for Tessa. Moreover, Sabrina hadn't even done that for her parents. Still, that kid won't give her a moment of his time? Angered, Figario said, "I told you he's not for you, and did you listen? No. You had to go for him as a moth attracted to fire."

When Sabrina heard that, she burst into tears.

Worried about her daughter, Melina pulled her daughter into her embrace. "Now, don't cry, baby. Don't listen to your daddy." She shot him a glare. "Will you shut it? She's already sad enough as it is."

However, Figario was heartbroken seeing his daughter cry, but he was also angry that Timothy wouldn't give her the time of day after all she did for him. Now that she's disappointed in him, I'm going to make her give up on him. I have to be the bad cop here. "You became an assistant and refused a blind date for him. What's so bad about the guy I introduced? Also, what's so good about that Reinhart kid?"

"I like Timothy. No one else. If I'm going to marry someone, I want to marry someone I like. Everyone I don't like is bad," Sabrina said. She was choking, but she was adamant.

However, her parents couldn't force their daughter to do anything she didn't want, so they comforted her.

That night, Nicholas came to take over, and Timothy finally went back home. Or at least he would, but then he realized he had left something at the company, so he went back. When he exited the elevator, he saw his office lights still on. "Weird. Someone's working overtime at this hour?" He frowned and entered the room. The first thing he saw was Sabrina, and he asked, "Why are you still here?"

"Mr. Reinhart?" She was surprised to see him, and she almost leaped in shock. Nevertheless, Timothy's frown deepened, and he looked at her desk. "What are you doing?"

"Documents for tomorrow's meeting. I'm trying to sort it out so you can go through them easier during tomorrow's meeting."

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Sabrina explained the reason she was at the office with a smile. Surprised that she would stay back for that reason, Timothy froze. A strange feeling welled in his heart, but he couldn't exactly describe it. He looked at her and said, 'Everyone's gone home now, so you should too. We won't encourage overtime.'

"I know." She nodded. Then, she looked at him. again and asked, "Why did you come back, Mr. Reinhart? Do you need anything?" "I'm here for my file. Left a file in the office." Following that, he went into his office..

However, Sabrina stayed back and waited for Timothy. A few minutes later, he emerged from his office. He noticed she was still around, so he frowned. "Why are you still here?"

She fidgeted for a moment and looked at him. "I was waiting for you."

"Why?" With all her courage mustered in her heart, Sabrina asked, "Have you had dinner yet?" Their relationship had gone tense over the last couple of days. Still, she didn't like that, so she wanted to smooth things out.

Timothy noticed that and replied, 'I have.'" The conversation should've ended there, but for some reason, he continued, "What about you?"

That question changed her mood right away. Suddenly, her eyes shone, and she said, "Not yet. Can you stay with me until I have dinner?" She looked at him, anticipation flaring in her eyes.

Then, he frowned, but he didn't decline for some reason. He couldn't say that to those sparkling eyes, so he nodded.

"Nice. Let's go, Mr. Reinhart. I know a good place. You'll love it." Sabrina happily packed her things and told Timothy about the restaurant they were going to. For some reason, listening to her talk calmed him down a lot.

Afterward, she led the way, and they came to a home restaurant. A beautifully decorated home restaurant. "This is my usual haunt. The chef is magnificent. I have no idea how he comes up with the dishes, but they're magical. Limited, though. They're probably sold out at this hour," she gushed about the restaurant.

Timothy looked at the restaurant, and he cocked his eyebrow. The decoration alone told him that the foods here cost a lot. Afterward, he looked at his assistant. "This is your usual haunt? So, you're rich. Why did you want to work as my assistant then?"

Sabrina froze and blinked. "Simply because I'm rich doesn't mean I can't work, does it?"

"It doesn't. I'm curious." He gazed into her eyes, trying to see through her. When she heard that, she flashed a half-lie. "Simple. I think the company has a bright future, so I came."

Nevertheless, he loved that compliment. So, Timothy looked at Sabrina and gently said, "Seems like you're confident in our future."

"Of course. We've been showing a lot of potential since last year. I believe we'll be an established company in Southend soon. So, I want to work with you before the company grows. Fighting for a better future. Smart, don't you think?"

She's smug. A smile curled Timothy's lip. "Yes, but did your parents agree to this?"

"Of course. They love me, so they let me do whatever I want. They wouldn't stop me. Besides, my brother can handle the family business."

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Sabrina was speaking proudly about her family. Then, Timothy chuckled at her statement. / see. She's a lot wealthier than I think.

So, they went into the restaurant. She noticed that he was treating her as he had before, which delighted her. So, she picked up the menu and introduced, "These are the dishes I've had. I think you'll like them."

"Pick whatever you want. I'm not eating, remember?" He pushed the menu back to her.

Well, if you insist. Sabrina ordered her favorites. The chef wasted no time cooking the food, and her food was served quickly. Then, she ladled a bowl of soup for Timothy. "Here. They served delicious soup."

"Thanks." He took a sip. Oh, nice. I can take Tess and Greg here. They made small talk and eventually brought up their personal matters. He was reminded of the news she told him, and he said, "You said your parents arranged the blind date. I presume they're searching for a man worthy of your family's stature?"

"Yep." She dug into her dinner and nodded.

However, Sabrina failed to notice the look of annoyance on Timothy's face. For some reason, he didn't like that she was arranged for a blind date. He looked at the table and asked coldly, "So, what do you think about it?"

"I don't like arranged marriage. I wouldn't marry. anyone I didn't like," she said honestly, but she didn't even look at Timothy. Her stomach was rumbling, and she needed to eat, so what she said earlier was the message she wanted to tell him anyway.

Nevertheless, he didn't know that message was meant for him, but still, he felt delighted all of a sudden. Then, he nodded, a smile curling his lips. 'True. Marriage requires love as its. foundation, like Tess and Nicholas.'

After dinner, Timothy offered to take Sabrina home. Since their car was far from them, he said, "Wait for me. I'll take the car."

"Alright. Be careful." She nodded and saw him off. The moment he was out of sight, she couldn't hide her love for him anymore.

Suddenly, a stranger teased, "Waiting for a ride, cutie? We have a ride. Wanna come with us?" Then, the drunk man pounced on her.

Shocked, she screamed and tried to escape, but the drunk man's friend caught her. "Don't run, cutie. It's your lucky night." "Get away from me!" She swung her bag,

slamming it against the man again and again. However, her resistance was futile. The man wasn't scared at all. Instead, he yanked her bag. away. "Now calm down, cutie." He leered.

"Let me go!" She tried her best to retrieve her bag, but it was useless. The men's companions were also approaching her, and she panicked. "Go away! I'm not going with you people!" She flailed around, but still, it failed to stop these thugs from touching her.

When Timothy returned, he saw what the men were trying to do to Sabrina, and he felt anger flaring within his chest. He got out of the car, furious as a beast, and the air around him seemed to tense up in his presence. He approached the drunken men, shouting, "Let her go!"

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The thugs stopped and turned around. "Well, look what we have here. A pretty boy." As if seeing her savior, Sabrina quickly broke free and approached Timothy, then hid behind him like a scared little cat.



Upset with their failed attempt at taking her away, the thugs shot Timothy withering glares. 'Is she your girlfriend, punk? You'd better think carefully before you answer.'

"If you don't know her, you'd better leave, or else. Don't poke your nose where it doesn't belong."

They're threatening me? Timothy's face darkened, and he shot the thugs a similarly withering glare. Without thinking, he defended. Sabrina. 'She's my girlfriend. Now leave, or I'm calling the police.'

Timothy was relieved by his interaction with Nicholas as he gained insight into Nicholas' stern demeanor. Effortlessly, he scared the thugs into submission, and they froze. Soon, he noticed their faltering footsteps and roared, "Scram!"

Shudders ran down the thugs' spines. They chose to flee rather than engage Timothy in combat, especially given his intimidating appearance.

"Let's go. Dammit, this is not our day." Scared, the thugs ran. Timothy heaved a sigh of relief. He was worried the thugs might refuse to go. Good thing he managed to scare them.

Sabrina stared at him with stars in her eyes. She could no longer hide her love for him. He said I was his girlfriend. Yes! She felt her heart. race.

Once the thugs were gone, he turned around, ready to calm her down, but instead, he was met with her starry gaze, and he froze. He forgot what he wanted to say, and she froze as well. So, she stared at him, her eyes filled with anticipation and coyness.

The air around them turned a little awkward and flirtatious. Fortunately, Timothy cleared the air quickly with a cough. "Um, don't take it seriously. I was only trying to scare those punks."

Sabrina blinked. I do take it seriously. Ever since I saw you, I've been trying to be your girlfriend. She nodded nonchalantly. 'It's alright, Mr.. Reinhart. I know.' She said that, but she still felt a little downtrodden.

The awkward situation followed them on the way back, and they were quiet most of the time. Timothy was staring straight ahead, and the air felt a bit stuffy.

Finally, Sabrina couldn't take it anymore, and she broke the ice, "What kind of woman do you like?" "Why do you ask?" She smiled and uttered, "Well, you looked like a hero back then. Whoever gets to be your girlfriend is lucky."

Timothy smiled in response. However, she was a little sad that he wasn't answering. "Was that not a good question to ask?"

"Not exactly." He looked at her and said, "I like a gentle, tough, and innocent woman. Like Tessa, and better yet, if she isn't full of schemes."

"Not the hardest requirements to fulfill." Sabrina compared herself to Timothy's requirements. Hmm! I fit the bill. Well, the last one, probably not. I am approaching him with a goal, but that goal is love, so that's not scheming, right?

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Timothy still had no idea Sabrina wanted to be his girlfriend. A moment later, they arrived at her house. "We're here. Get some rest, and don't push yourself."

"You too, sir." Sabrina waved him goodbye. She stood outside her house's gates, seeing Timothy off. After he was out of sight, she went into her house with a smile. It was a scary day, but at least she got something good out of it. At least Timothy was treating her like he used to.

Nicholas was in the VIP ward, taking care of Tessa. He washed her up, and then they lay in bed, talking about secrets. "Did you notice something different with Timothy when you talked to him earlier?"

"Hm? What happened?" Nicholas looked at her. Tessa told him what she had seen earlier in the day. "He denied it, but I felt that something was wrong between him and Sabrina."

"They fought?" Nicholas thought this was curious. The girl likes Timothy a lot. No way would Sabrina argue with him.

Tessa shook her head. "I don't know the details, but it looked like a fight and I think Timothy started it. Wonder what happened between them." Nicholas chuckled. "I thought you were Tim's sister. Why are you helping his assistant?"

"Because she deserves my help. You weren't here, so you didn't witness how Timothy was acting." Tessa told him what happened.

Huh. Sounds like he was throwing a tantrum. He held her in his arms, letting her speak. She continued, "I can see Sabrina likes him. She's working just to see him."

"So, you are fine with her marrying your brother? Nicholas looked at her jokingly. Tessa answered, "I think she's nice. She's a good match for Tim."

"True, but this is their relationship. Before we can ascertain their feelings, we should stay out of it." He didn't want this affair to get in the way of her recovery.

Tessa knew what he was thinking. Smiling, she blurted, "I'm not being a worrywart. I just want him to find someone. Now that we have our second baby, I will have to spend more time with the family. I might neglect Timothy, so I would like him to have a partner as well."

"You just love to worry." Nicholas scraped her nose. He could understand where she was coming from, however. Tessa scrunched her nose up and smiled. "He's my only brother. I have to worry, don't I?" "I know, but you can't rush relationships,"

Nicholas said. He still didn't want her to step into the matter too much. She knew that, of course. "I know." Timothy knew nothing about relationships. If she tried to force him through it, she might end up causing another disaster, so Tessa would put it aside. for now. "Besides, I should focus on my recovery first."

Since Timothy had important things to do the next morning, he didn't come to the hospital, so Nicholas stayed back. Once they had breakfast, Nicholas asked Edward to take the files he needed to deal with for the day to the hospital. He spent the whole morning going through files and calling online conferences.

Tessa didn't disturb him. Instead, she watched Gregory as he did his homework. Golden sunshine rained down upon the family, draping them in a warm, shimmering blanket of gold.

At the same time, Timothy had arrived at the company.

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Once he entered the office, Sabrina followed closely. In her hand was a laptop, and she reported to Timothy, "You have a meeting in 10 minutes, Mr. Reinhart. Then, you will have another online conference with the managers of the overseas branch in two hours. You also have an online meeting with ITF's president at 1.00PM for the coming partnership.

Next, you will be having a meeting with the technical department at 3.00PM as you need to survey the latest products. Then, you have an appointment with an important client at 9.00PM, and you will have to attend it personally.”

His schedule for the day had been laid out clearly, and it was safe to say that it was going to be a busy day with barely any time to rest. However, this was expected since Vienna’s branch had just started operating.

During the early stage of its business, he was bound to have a lot of matters to handle. Eventually, the long day came to an end, and Timothy took a break in the car. It was time for the last appointment with an important client of the company.

Along with him was Sabrina. She felt a little worried seeing him so tired. “Why don’t you take a nap first, Mr. Reinhart? I’ll inform you when we get there.”

He gladly took her offer and leaned into his seat, resting his eyes. He fell asleep before long. It had been an exhausting day, after all.

When she saw the man had drifted off, she told the driver to go slower and dimmed the lights. Not a soul made a sound in the car, and she rested her chin on her hand as she stared at the sleeping man. She wanted to etch his looks into her mind. No matter how long she looked at him, she couldn’t have enough..

They came to an expensive club a moment later, and Sabrina woke Timothy up. They headed into the club and made their way to the bar. When they went inside, there was already someone waiting within.

It was none other than their client-Tyson Zweithar, chairman of Cherubin’s Tyguffin Corporation. Tyson’s eyes shone when he saw his guests or, more precisely, when he saw the beautiful Sabrina. He wanted to take her for the night but didn’t show his intentions right away. Instead, he started talking business with Timothy.

He was gunning for the drinking session that would come after this negotiation. All negotiations were accompanied by a small drinking session, as it was a good way to draw the relationship of the parties involved closer.

When the time was right, Tyson praised, “I envy you, Mr. Reinhart. Not only have you achieved such success at a young age, but you also have a gorgeous lady to accompany you. You’re such a lucky man.”

“You flatter me, Mr. Zweithar.” Timothy didn’t like how Tyson was looking at Sabrina. He leaned over and blocked Tyson’s sight. Then, he held up his glass, trying to raise a toast.

However, Tyson pushed him away. "We've had a lot to drink, Mr. Reinhart, but I have yet to share a drink with the lovely lady. A toast, Miss Gulliver." He raised his glass, leering at Sabrina.

She was disgusted by his lascivious look, but this was an important project for Timothy, so she forced herself to raise a toast as well. "A toast, Mr. Zweithar."

The sooner I finish this, the sooner we can leave. With this thought in mind, she gulped the alcohol down, and a burning sensation immediately spread across her throat. She choked on it and went into a coughing fit from drinking it too quickly.

Timothy was frowning, and his smile was slowly replaced by a look of fury. However, Tyson didn't notice it. His eyes were glued to Sabrina. Unsure if it was due to her coughing fit or if she was getting intoxicated from the wine, her cheeks had turned rosy, making her look all the more captivating.

Tyson couldn't wait to cop a feel, and he poured another glass of wine for Sabrina. "Good show, Miss Gulliver. Why don't we have a drinking contest?" He gulped his glass of wine down before Sabrina could say no. She had no choice but to drink the wine, but she was now annoyed by Tyson.

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Glass after glass, Tyson kept forcing Sabrina to drink. He was getting even more excited, for he could see that she was already getting tipsy.

He's still not stopping?! The nerve! "Enough!" Timothy roared. He shot up and snatched the glass of liquor from Sabrina before pulling her up and holding her in his arms. Icily, he glared at Tyson. "Mr. Zweithar, if you're not interested in the partnership, then this concludes our meeting.

My assistant is here to assist me with my work, not to be your drinking buddy." With that, he took Sabrina and left the room. Yet, the furious look on his face didn't go away even after they had left the place, and he could feel his heart filled with nothing but vexation. Intimidated by the fury he was unleashing, Sabrina followed him in silence.

When they came to the parking lot, Timothy finally let go of her. Still, the rage inside him persisted. The moment he looked at her, he chided, "What were you thinking? Why did you do everything he told you to? You knew he was going to do something bad to you."

Sabrina trembled slightly at his scolding. She thought the lecture was a little unfair to her..

However, before she could say anything, the man added, "If I weren't around, he would've knocked you out and taken you to god-knows- where!"

"But you were around," she argued silently. "That's why I wasn't afraid. And the project is important. I didn't want to ruin it."

Most men would have felt touched by the gesture, but not Timothy. He thought Sabrina was being too naive. She wasn't afraid because/ was there? She should always be on her guard, no matter the occasion!

On the other hand, Sabrina actually felt somewhat delighted seeing him so angry. With anticipation in her eyes, she looked at him and asked, "Are you perhaps worried about me, Mr. Reinhart? A sweet smile curled her lips.

Timothy froze upon hearing her question. He met her starry gaze, and his heart skipped a beat for some inexplicable reason. 'I-I was worried, of course! But don't take it the wrong way, I did what all employers would do." He nodded firmly, but no one could be sure whether it was to convince Sabrina or himself.

Even so, she was happy. She figured he was simply too shy to admit that he was worried about her, and the thought of that delighted her.

The man could guess what she was thinking about from the bright smile plastered on her face. It made him feel even more awkward. "Don't smile. I was serious. That was just-"

"What any employer would do, I know. Don't read too much into it, Mr. Reinhart," Sabrina finished the sentence in his stead Timothy paused for a short while before shooting her a look. "I wasn't reading too much into it."

"Yes, of course." Does she think I'm a child? He couldn't help but get frustrated at the thought of that. Right then, he demanded sternly, "From now on, do not say a word without my permission."

"Duly noted.' She ran her fingers over her mouth like she was zipping it up. It felt like she was treating him like a child having a tantrum. Annoyed, Timothy shot her another look.

Sabrina blinked innocently. Then, a gust of wind blew across them, and she was met with a growing headache. She looked at the man, pouting. Unnerved by her stare, he said stiffly, "What else. do you want to say?"

"I think the alcohol in me is taking effect. Ugh, I feel dizzy. Can you take me to the pharmacy? I need some hangover pills." After saying that, she even adorably blinked her eyes.

Timothy couldn't say no to those gleaming eyes. "Wait for me in the car. I'll come back once I get the pills."

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Timothy came back with the hangover pills at moment later, and he even asked the pharmacist to provide him with a glass of warm. water.

Sabrina took the pill and gulped it down with water. She felt her heart warming up by his thoughtfulness. "Thank you, Mr. Reinhart." She smiled sweetly at the man.

For some reason, he felt delighted at the sight of her lovely smile. "You don't feel too good, do you? Just lean back and take a nap. I'll take you home once you're better."

The lady nodded and leaned on the seat to take a nap. Meanwhile, the man whipped his phone out to scroll through the news. A dim light illuminated them, and silence filled the car, yet the atmosphere wasn't awkward in the slightest.

Sabrina eventually felt better, and Timothy took her home. It was peaceful for the coming few days. As usual, Sabrina would visit Tessa every day, though she didn't bring any soup anymore. Still, she would ask if Tessa was doing well.

Nearly two weeks had gone by since Tessa regained consciousness. The doctor conducted. a major checkup on her, and he said, "The madam is recovering well, and she has gotten a

lot better since she woke up. She won't be passing out at random now." Nicholas and Timothy heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing the doctor's words.

Tessa asked, "So, how much longer do I have to wait until I can get out of bed?"

"Not a moment longer. You may get out of bed and move around, madam. Staying in bed for too long isn't good for your health," said the doctor.

She smiled happily at that. Finally! I can get out of bed. Gods, lying in bed for nearly two weeks is pure torture. Even my muscles have gotten soft from this.

Meanwhile, Nicholas looked at her with resignation and love welling in his eyes. He knew Tessa was sick of lying in bed, but he could do nothing about it.

The doctor told them what to look out for, and he left soon after.

Tessa waved at her brother excitedly. "I can finally go around. Quick, take me to Gordon." As she spoke, she held her leg, which was without a cast, and placed it on the ground.

Shocked, Timothy held her up, worried she might wobble and fall. "You can't get out of bed. just yet." He pushed her back onto her bed. Disgruntled, she shot back, "But the doctor just said I could. Just take me to Gordon." She looked at her brother, pouting.

However, he wouldn't budge. "No. He said you can only move within the room." Nicholas came back to see the siblings fighting, and he asked, "What's going on?"

"Ah, perfect timing, Nicholas. Tess can't get out of bed just yet, can she?" Timothy complained. Tessa argued, "The doctor just said I should move around. And I want to see Gordon. It's not like he's miles away from me."

She hadn't seen Gordon since he was born. Now that she could finally move, she wanted to see him. Pictures and videos could no longer satisfy her.

Nicholas would like her to be safe, but he also knew how much she wanted to see Gordon. "You don't have to walk all the way there." He placed her back on the bed. "Wait for me." He left the ward and came back with a wheelchair.

Timothy smacked his forehead while laughing his head off. "Good idea, Nicholas. I can't believe I forgot about wheelchairs."