

## Always Been Yours Chapter 661

### Chapter 661 Stay!

A while later, Cole happened to enter the room, and he chuckled when he saw how Janet was waiting by the bed. “You’re still so into him, huh, young lady?” he said. Janet smiled without making any comment, but her silence seemed to show that she agreed with the other man’s words. For Nicholas, she would sacrifice anything for him, and she would do anything just to make him belong to her. This time, for example, she had ensured no one else could snatch Nicholas away from her.

Nevertheless, Nicholas was not aware of any of this. He slept all the way until the early hours of the next day. Janet was the happiest to see him awake, and she hurried over once she saw him regaining consciousness. “Does your injury still hurt, Nicholas? Do you need any water or food?” She showered him with care.

“What time is it?” He frowned in response to all the noise she was making. It only took Janet one look at Nicholas’ face to tell what was going on in his mind. I bet he wants to watch that b\*tch, Tessa’s performance, right? Well, too bad. He can’t make it in time, even if he rushes over now. “It’s 3.00AM now,” Janet replied honestly. Of course, she didn’t have to lie since she knew that he couldn’t make it.

When Nicholas heard the time, he knitted his brows even more than before. “I need someone here!” he called toward the doors. One of his men hurried into the room almost immediately. “What do you need, President Sawyer?” the man asked politely.

“Go ahead and discharge me from the hospital. Bring the car over to the hospital’s front entrance,” Nicholas ordered in a firm tone. The man nodded and hurried off immediately after that. Janet, who was standing beside the bed, twisted her face into a sour expression. Her hands, which had been dangling by the sides of her body, were tensed up as she clenched her fists in anger. She hadn’t expected Nicholas to insist on seeing Tessa when he was in such a state.

“Stay right there. You’re not allowed to go,” Janet said to Nicholas’ man. However, the worker didn’t seem to take Janet’s orders, and Janet was fuming to see that the worker had rushed off without paying attention to her. “Are you mad, Nicholas? Your injury isn’t healed. You shouldn’t leave the hospital!”

She sounded furious and anxious as she tried to get Nicholas to stay. A disdainful look surfaced on Nicholas’ face when he heard her words. “You have no right to stick your nose into my business,” he sneered. Cole entered the room right then—he hurried over after hearing that Nicholas had woken up.

When Janet saw him, she felt like she had just gained a supporter. “Cole, Nicholas wants to leave the hospital when his injury isn’t healed. He’s even asking to leave the country. So, hurry up and help me talk to him,” she cried.

The expression on Cole’s face made it clear that he disapproved of Nicholas’ actions. “Regardless of what the matter is, nothing matters more than your health. You should stay in the hospital and get some rest since your injury has yet to heal,” Cole said.

“I have important things to do.” Nicholas was firm with his words. As they spoke, he was already getting himself changed out of hospital clothes, and it seemed clear that he wasn’t about to take any of their advice. Once he was done changing, he turned around to look for his phone before leaving.

However, after looking around at the headboard and the bedside table, he realized that his phone was nowhere to be found. “Where’s my phone?” He shot Janet a sharp glare since she was the only person in the room just now.

Janet seemed rather shocked by his stern glare, but she forced herself to calm down as she spoke. “I’m not going to let you leave!” she cried again. Nicholas’ expression was one of pure anger at that point. “I told you this is none of your business. Give me my phone!” he cried.

“...No!” Janet bit her lip as she rejected him once more. “It’s just a performance. Does it matter more than your life?” she asked in a resentful tone when she saw the

dark look on the man's face. A murderous aura surrounded the man's figure when he heard her words. Then, he took slow steps toward Janet with the same terrifying expression on his face. "Give it to me!" he hissed.

Janet could feel the impact of his aura around her, and she felt goosebumps forming on her skin as she began to shudder in fear. Eventually, she couldn't take it any longer—she had no choice but to hand his phone over. "I'm doing this for your own good, Nicholas. Why don't you understand?" She tried to make him see how she cared for him.

Regardless, Nicholas didn't seem to care at all. He took his phone over before turning to give Cole a nod. "I'll talk to you once I'm back," he said coldly. Then, he strode out of the ward. His men had already prepared the car and were waiting for him at the exit.

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### Chapter 662 Your Dreams

Once Nicholas got into the car, he headed straight for the airport. “Hurry. Drive faster.” He kept urging his men to hurry up while they were on the way there. Despite this, he still missed the last flight. Nicholas’ face turned sour when he discovered it was too late. Fortunately, his workers were sensitive enough to notice the look on Nicholas’ face, and they hurried forward with some suggestions.

“I can contact the airlines’ higher-ups and get them to prepare a private plane for you,” one of his men said. The Sawyer Group held a fair amount of shares in this airline company, so they always had the option to use the exclusive benefits offered by the company. However, Nicholas didn’t usually make use of such things. This time, his tense expression softened when he heard his worker’s suggestion, and he nodded in agreement. About half an hour later, he stepped foot into a flight that would bring him directly to Yvetlava.

Meanwhile, Janet was still in the ward with an utterly dejected look on her face. “Why? I did so many things, yet I still couldn’t stop him from leaving. Does he care about that b\*tch so much?” She gritted her teeth as she growled under her breath. The rage that she felt had turned her pretty face into the face of a ferocious beast.

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The skies were turning dark in Yvetlava, and Tessa was expected to go on stage soon. However, she wasn’t entirely focused on the performance as she couldn’t stop thinking about Nicholas. Timothy was worried when he saw Tessa in such a state, so he tried his best to comfort her. “You should trust Nicholas, Tessa. He’s

going to be fine. So, you should put all of your focus on the performance for now,” he said.

“...I can’t do it.” Tessa shook her head after a while. “He hasn’t contacted me until now, which means he must still be unconscious. If he has been unconscious for so long, that must mean that his injuries are really severe,” she said. Timothy didn’t know how to convince her otherwise.

Right then, Gregory came over and hugged Tessa while attempting to ease her worries. “Daddy’s going to be fine, Miss Tessa. Just focus on the performance. This has been your dream all along!” the kid said. Tessa felt a mixture of complicated emotions when she saw the kid in her arms. Timothy seemed to have been inspired by what Gregory said, for his eyes lit up as he continued speaking. “Gregory’s right. This is a goal that you’ve been fighting toward for such a long time. You can’t let your six months of effort and your time spent away from Nicholas go down the drain just like that. You worked so hard for this goal!” he cried.

A switch seemed to flick in Tessa’s mind at that moment. He’s right. I gave up so many things in the past six months just for this dream. I shouldn’t let myself down, she thought. Timothy continued speaking when he sensed a change in her attitude. “Also, don’t you remember Nicholas’ greatest wish?”

“His greatest wish?” Tessa was stunned for a moment—it seemed like she had yet to process everything. Timothy nodded. “Nicholas’ greatest wish is to be able to see you standing on stage with an increasing amount of confidence. He wants you to unleash yourself on stage.”

When Tessa heard what her brother said, she suddenly recalled what Nicholas had once told her. “I’m waiting for the day when you become the most outstanding and eye-catching violinist on stage!” Nicholas had said. She felt his voice was beside her at that moment, and it calmed her down.

She knew that she couldn’t disappoint Nicholas and the rest of the people who cared for her. “I know what to do now.” She nodded as if she had finally gotten a

grasp of the situation. That night, Tessa was all prepared by 9.00PM. She waited backstage with the rest of the members from Group Two.

“We are pleased to see all of you here today to enjoy a lovely performance by one of Hathaway’s orchestra groups—Group Two!” A handsome emcee dressed in a tuxedo had given his opening speech, and he attempted to excite the crowd before inviting the orchestra group onto the stage. “Let’s have Group Two come on stage now!” The crowd let out loud cheers the moment the emcee finished his words.

Tessa went on stage, holding her violin in one hand and lifting her dress with another. She walked confidently and elegantly, following closely behind Frebriker as they made their way to their own positions. The bright lights that struck her face enhanced her breathtaking appearance, and the crowd couldn’t take their eyes off her. As Frebriker’s baton went up in the air, a light melody began to spread across the air around them, penetrating every corner of the place.

## Always Been Yours Chapter 663

### Chapter 663 Hathaway Philharmonic

It didn't take long for Tessa to get into the zone—she shut her eyes as she began to play the violin. Perhaps it was because she went on stage with the mindset of not wanting to let anyone down, but she seemed to enter a peculiar state of mind throughout the stage. She couldn't entirely explain what happened then. Either way, her performance that day was better than ever.

The audience felt like they were intoxicated after listening to her violin-playing—they practically entered a trance-like state during the performance. Timothy and Gregory were just as mesmerized while they were seated in the VIP section on the second floor as Tessa had prepared seats for them.

Timothy had prepared a camera to record everything that was going on. He figured that he would be able to show Nicholas the recordings once they returned to the country. “Miss Tessa is so good!” Gregory stood by the railing as he fixed his gaze on Tessa. Compliments streamed out of his mouth like a waterfall.

“Of course! That's my sister! She's the most impressive woman ever!” Timothy grinned as he watched the woman on stage. He felt genuinely proud of his sister. However, he also felt a hint of regret that he believed was similar to Tessa's. Tessa probably wishes that Nicholas was around to watch her since this is such a grand event.

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Nicholas wasn't in good condition after he boarded the plane. His injuries weren't fully healed, and he had torn them open while rushing out of the hospital earlier. In addition, he had exposed the wounds to the cold wind outside after that, so he started burning up with a fever after being on the plane for just two hours.

His face was drained of color as he rested his head against the seat. Beads of sweat covered his forehead as he pressed his brows together. He looked like he was in a lot of pain.

When his workers noticed this, they hurriedly called for the air stewardess on board. "President Sawyer has a fever. Hurry up and get us some medication," they told her.

"Got it." The air stewardess hastily went to get the proper medication and warm water for Nicholas.

Once she brought it over, his men gave her more orders. "Give him the medication and stay here to take care of him," they said.

She nodded obediently before stepping forward to pass Nicholas the medicine. "Take this, President Sawyer," she said.

Nicholas opened his eyes slightly and placed the pills in his mouth before throwing his head backward to swallow them. The air stewardess handed him a glass of water, and he returned it to her after finishing its contents.

The air stewardess didn't leave immediately after taking his glass. "These pills help you to relax, so you can take a nap if you wish to do so," she said politely. He nodded quietly, indicating for her to leave. After that, she walked over and stood by one side, waiting for further orders.

Nicholas shut his eyes to get some rest, but he could only think of Tessa. I bet the performance has already started. It's a shame that I can't be there... He could already imagine how disappointed and sad Tessa must have been when she realized that he wasn't there to watch her. Amidst the series of complicated emotions, he somehow fell asleep and woke up about three hours later. "Have we not arrived?" he asked icily after summoning the air stewardess to come over.

"We're reaching soon. We're an hour away from landing," she replied. "Do you feel better now, President Sawyer?" she asked.



“I’m fine.” Nicholas waved a hand to shoo her off, and she nodded before returning to her post.

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Meanwhile, in one of the famous theaters in Yvetlava, many guests felt like they were experiencing orgasms for the first time. The show’s highlight happened during one of Tessa’s solo parts—everyone looked as if they had just heard bells ringing from heaven. The crowd found themselves utterly hypnotized throughout the three-hour show, and thundering applause filled the theater once the show ended.

The emcee walked out from backstage to end the night. “I’d like to thank all these talented musicians for coming together to produce such beautiful music.” The emcee used a formal tone to calm the crowd before making another announcement. “Now, let’s have the founder of Hathaway Philharmonic, Miss Hathaway, lead her team up onto the stage again!”

The crowd erupted in applause once more.

## Always Been Yours Chapter 664

### Chapter 664 Headlines

Hathaway appeared on stage in a glorious evening gown, and she held her arm high to wave elegantly while the bright lights struck her figure. Both Tessa and Kathleen stood on one side, each behind Hathaway. Although they had completely different styles, the three still looked like a treat to the eyes when they stood together.

Soon enough, the orchestra members made their way to the center of the stage. The applause hadn't stopped at this point. The emcee hastily handed his microphone over so that Hathaway could give a speech. "I'd like to thank everyone for showing up to enjoy our orchestra's performance."

Upon finishing her sentence, she directed the rest of her team to bow to the audience. "I'm sure many news reporters are tired of waiting at this point. I can do the interview now," she announced playfully.

Many reporters with tags indicating that they were staff members scurried forward to interview the team. Typically, Kathleen would be the brightest star on stage. However, she played nothing more than a supporting role this time because most reporters were only interested in Tessa.

"Miss Hathaway, the lead violinist in the new orchestra, is the student you took in a while back, right?" one of the female reporters asked. Hathaway responded with a proud smile. "Yes. She's my private student, and she's really talented and hardworking. I'm certain that she'll be going places in the future!"

"It seems like you're delighted with your student, Miss Hathaway. Why don't you introduce her? So, we can get to know her better as well," the reporter requested.

“Of course.” Hathaway turned and looked at Tessa before gesturing for her to step forward. “Come here, young lady.” Tessa lifted her dress and walked over elegantly. The very next moment, she found all the lighting and cameras turned in her direction. Although Tessa wasn’t accustomed to such events, she performed well and did not seem too nervous or reserved.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Tessa Reinhart, and I’m from Xerthania. Please continue to show us your support!” Her voice was crisp and clear, and her looks were gorgeous—the reporters and audience couldn’t stop falling in love with her.

Despite there being a lot of fans, some nasty people insisted on causing trouble. “Miss Reinhart, since you’re Miss Hathaway’s private student, I wonder if she gives you special tips and tricks that help with your performance?” someone asked. Tessa couldn’t help but frown at the question—this question was clearly a trick question to get to her.

But Tessa kept the same smile on her face as she responded to the reporter. “I believe my performance earlier is a good answer to your question.” Tessa’s smooth response impressed all of the people in the crowd. However, the reporters clearly weren’t going to let her go so easily. “Miss Reinhart, since you’re Miss Hathaway’s private student, do you see yourself as the one who’s going to take over Group Two in the future?” one asked.

“Legally speaking, you have the right to inherit this team with the position you’re in right now. Are you going to fight for it?” another one asked. The smile on Tessa’s face faded a little when she heard these provocative questions.

She scanned the faces of the excited reporters around her before responding with a rather pretentious smile. “What is this talk about heirs? I just happen to like music. My dream is to stand on the largest stage in the world. Everything else doesn’t matter to me.”

The reporters were somewhat discouraged when they heard her irrefutable response. However, they couldn’t give up as they needed a solid headline to attract

their readers. “This is your first official performance, and you’ve already blown everyone’s minds away, Miss Reinhart.

You seem to be more eye-catching than Kathleen! I wonder what you think of that,” someone asked. Tessa narrowed her eyes to conceal the hint of disdain for these reporters. What’s up with these reporters? Do they have to create such drama among us? Hathaway and Kathleen were just as displeased by this comment.

Kathleen, in particular, was gritting her teeth so much that she felt like her teeth were about to shatter. How dare these reporters insult me to praise Tessa! Who are they to do that? Tessa noticed the grim look on Kathleen’s face, and she decided then that she couldn’t allow the reporters to continue guiding her interview. She wanted to avoid causing any more trouble. “My thoughts, huh? Well, I feel pretty sad tonight.”

## Always Been Yours Chapter 665

### Chapter 665 Persistence

“What makes you say that, Miss Reinhart?” The reporters sounded excited, probably because they thought that they had struck gold. Tessa took a long look at the reporters’ expressions before speaking in a wistful tone. “Well, the person who matters the most to me didn’t manage to come and watch me perform,” she said.

“Who’s this person you’re talking about, Miss Reinhart? Is this person your lover?” they asked.

“I’m sorry. This is my personal information, and I don’t want my matters to impact the other person’s life,” she clarified. The reporters were disappointed to hear this. But, for the sake of exclusive headlines, these reporters continued digging for other information. “Well, what other thoughts do you have apart from missing that important person, Miss Reinhart? For example, who would you like to thank for your successful performance?” someone said.

“I wonder if your family is here, Miss Reinhart. Do you have anything to say to them?” another one said.

“Was it your teacher or your supportive family members who contributed more to your current success?” Tessa pressed her lips to form a stiff smile as she listened to their questions, but the smile did not reach her eyes. These reporters really won’t give up, huh? They keep trying to get me to say something provocative. “I’d like to thank my teacher, of course. If my teacher hadn’t chosen me and given me a chance to grow, I might have needed another few years just to get to where I am now,” Tessa replied. “My family... I’d like to say that I didn’t disappoint them. I’ll work harder to make sure that they’re proud of me,” she replied.

“The one person who contributed the most is probably also the person who’s the most important to me. He drives me to perform and improve because I want to show my best side to him and because I want to be an outstanding figure even when placed beside him.” Regardless of how difficult or challenging the questions were, Tessa managed to respond to all of them perfectly. It was hard for one to pick any issue from her statements.

The reporters were shocked and dissatisfied, so they continued questioning her. However, Tessa was tired of answering at this point. This wasn’t just her stage—she shouldn’t be the one taking all of the spotlights. She knew that Kathleen would get mad if she did so.

After Tessa returned backstage, the reporters began targeting Kathleen, but all of their questions were related to Tessa. “Kathleen, it’s evident that Tessa is your mommy’s favorite student. Are you worried that she might be taking away your mother’s time that belonged to you?” one reporter asked.

“Many people have been talking about Tessa being the heir to your mother’s orchestra, and some of them are even saying that she might be better than your mother! What do you think about that?” another one asked.

“Apparently, people have been saying that Miss Reinhart is more talented than you. Are you worried that she might replace your spot someday?” another reporter said.

“Now that the Hathaway Philharmonic has two groups, do you guys fight over who gets to be in Group One? Do you and Miss Reinhart fight to be the lead violinist of the orchestra?” Every question sounded more controversial than the last. Kathleen clutched onto the microphone, and her knuckles were white from clenching her fists, but she maintained a smile on her face.

She knew that she couldn’t throw a tantrum then, as she would fall into the reporters’ trap if she did such a thing. “I believe both Mommy and I would be glad if Tessa managed to surpass my mother’s abilities. Regarding the competition between Tessa and me, I guess all I have to say is that we all have our own

strengths. We shine in our own different ways, so there's no reason for me to be worried about being replaced, right?" She spoke courteously.

However, the reporters weren't about to let her go just yet. Instead, they started asking even more challenging questions. "That was a really nice answer, but it sounds like you're avoiding the question. Are you indirectly agreeing that you're not as good as Miss Reinhart?" someone asked.

"Sisters from the same family would burn bridges for the sake of their own benefits. If whatever you said just now was true, would you say that your relationship with Miss Reinhart is even better than biological sisters?" another one asked.

"Well, I previously heard that Kathleen had done bad things to Miss Reinhart out of jealousy. How would you like to explain yourself, Kathleen?" one reporter inquired sharply.

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### Chapter 666 I'm Sorry

Kathleen could barely keep the smile on her face when she heard the direct and cruel question. Hathaway could sense that Kathleen was suppressing her rage, and Hathaway was worried that Kathleen couldn't hold it in for much longer, so she hurried forward to change the topic. Hathaway was concerned that things would get out of control otherwise. "I'd like to thank everyone for all the support that you guys have shown us. Why don't I share a little about my plan for Group Two now?" Hathaway gestured for Kathleen to leave while she took over.

Kathleen wasn't interested in staying on stage, anyway, so she turned and headed backstage. Once she was out of public sight, she could no longer contain her anger, especially when she recalled the interviewers' questions. "F\*ck! They are all trash!" she shouted while kicking and throwing anything that she saw around her. The people around her kept their mouths zipped while she cursed and yelled on her own. Tessa was part of the crowd, and Kathleen happened to notice her while she was cursing. When they met gazes, Kathleen's eyes burned with rage as she spoke through gritted teeth. "Are you happy now, Tessa? They spoke so well of you, so you must be thrilled, huh? Do you feel proud for treating me like a stepping stone to get where you are?!" Kathleen shouted at the top of her lungs. Her expression was so twisted with rage that she no longer looked like herself.

Tessa frowned when she saw the other woman shouting. She felt like she had been attacked for no reason. "There's nothing for me to feel happy about. I've never thought of relying on you to gain more recognition. The reporters were the ones who made such claims, so you shouldn't release your anger for them on me," Tessa spoke calmly.

However, Kathleen was too angry to understand any of that. She glared at Tessa with eyes that looked like she wanted to tear Tessa into pieces. "As long as I'm still here, you'll never defeat me, Tessa!" Meanwhile, Tessa was simply at a loss for words while she watched Kathleen losing her mind all on her own. Is it so hard for



her not to see me as her enemy, even if just for one day? “You can think whatever you want to. I’ve given my necessary explanation.” With that said, Tessa packed up her stuff and prepared to leave the room. Timothy and Gregory were waiting for her, anyway.

But to her surprise, her attitude only made Kathleen more furious than before. Does she think she can ignore me like that, just because she’s famous now? Kathleen thought. Bang! A loud noise sounded as a violin case fell on the ground beside Tessa. “Did I give you permission to leave?” Kathleen cried.

Tessa started to feel rather annoyed when she saw the violin case on the ground. If Kathleen had happened to take a case that had a violin inside, the violin would’ve probably been destroyed after Kathleen smashed it on the floor like that. “That’s enough, Kathleen!” Tessa finally shouted at Kathleen.

Perhaps it was because she had spent too much time with Nicholas, but Tessa’s tiny frame seemed to carry a disproportionately powerful aura that made others afraid of her. “Stop staring at me with such jealousy. If you want to make sure that I never surpass you, then you need to stop putting the blame on me or using inappropriate ways to gain opportunities. What you need to do is focus on yourself!” That said, Tessa picked up the violin case and returned it to its original spot.

The rest of the people were too afraid to even breathe loudly, as they were worried that they would trigger Kathleen next. The way that Kathleen glared at Tessa’s figure, the evil and hatred in her eyes... It was terrifying as she wasn’t going to forgive Tessa anytime soon! Kathleen wanted to be the only recognized lead violinist in the Hathaway Philharmonic!

Even though Tessa didn’t know what Kathleen was thinking, she knew that life in the orchestra wouldn’t be peaceful for her in the coming days. She let out a sigh. Forget it. I’ll deal with it when it happens; there’s no point worrying about it now.

With that thought, Tessa brought her violin casing along and met up with Timothy and Gregory at the spot where they had agreed to go.

From a distance, Tessa could already see a car parked by the side of the road. She hurried over with a smile on her face. However, when she entered the car, someone wrapped their arms around her from behind. This came to her as a shock. But before she could cry out loud, she took a breath of the air around her to find Nicholas' unique scent.

Her entire body froze when a warm sensation edged closer to her ear. This was followed by a familiar, deep voice that only belonged to one person. "I'm sorry," Nicholas said solemnly.

## Always Been Yours Chapter 667

### Chapter 667 Don't Cry, Tessa

A tremble ran through Tessa's body when she heard that and she turned around in surprise. "Why are you here?"

"I promised you that I'll be here to watch you perform, but I disappointed you in the end," Nicholas answered, his face filled with guilt.

As she listened to him, she felt her eyes brimming with unshed tears. Did this man come all the way here because of this promise?

At the thought of this, his words touched her, so her tears trickled down her face, but he didn't notice as her back faced him.

When he saw that she was silent after his apology, he thought she was upset because he had broken his promise. So, he hugged her from behind as he tried to coax her.

"Don't be mad, alright? I promise this won't happen again. It's my fault for not keeping my promise this time. As long as you won't be angry, you can vent at me however you like, but don't be mad anymore, Tessa."

As she listened to a man as proud as Nicholas apologizing gently in such kind words, Tessa felt that her heart was going to melt and she couldn't hold back anymore as she turned around to return his hug and started to sob softly.

Actually, she wasn't angry at him for being unable to attend her concert. She was simply too worried and her nerves were tense the whole time, so she didn't know how to react when she finally saw him.

Nicholas was at a loss when he saw her cry, and he felt very guilty for disappointing her and making her sad. “Don’t cry. I won’t go back on my word in the future anymore,” he comforted gently while gently patting her back to calm her down.

After Tessa cried in his arms for a couple of minutes, she mumbled, “I’m not angry.” Then, she raised her head, wiped away her tears, and flashed him a smile. “I’m just so happy to see you.”

The smile on her face didn’t seem forced or faked, and he breathed a huge sigh of relief.

He had no experience in coaxing girls and would be out of wits if she continued crying. “Was your performance tonight successful?”

“Yes, it was,” Tessa answered and was about to say something before she recalled that he was hurt. So, she immediately changed the subject as she asked in concern, “How is your body doing? I heard from Edward that you’re injured. Is it serious?”

“I’m fine.”

To avoid her from worrying about him, Nicholas didn’t tell her the truth, but looking at his pale face, she didn’t believe a thing he said.

“Where’s your injury? Let me see it,” she said, reaching out and feeling his body for his injury.

Helpless, he answered, “I’m fine, really.” Then, he tried to distract her by grabbing her hands and saying gently, “It’s getting late. We should meet up with Timothy and Greg now.”

Alas, the more he tried to stop her, the more worried she became.

“No, I’ll have to check out your injury first,” she insisted, drawing out her hand from his grip, but she heard him grunt softly instead. “Did I hurt you?”

Tessa was distraught when she saw how he was trying to bear the pain as he inhaled sharply.

Nicholas didn't want her to blame herself, so he deliberately put up a front as he comforted her, "It's got nothing to do with you. Don't worry."

"How can I not worry when you're looking so pale? No, I have to check out your wounds," she said, undoing the buttons on his shirt.

The moment she said that, he knew that he couldn't stop her, so he allowed her to do as she wished. Soon, she undid more than half of his buttons to check his injury. However, when she opened up his shirt and saw the wound, she couldn't help but gasp in shock.

The bandages around his shoulders were oozing with blood, and once she went closer, she could smell the scent of blood emanating from the injury. If anything, it looked dire and far from 'fine'.

Tessa was stunned for a few seconds and tears blurred her vision as they rolled down her cheeks yet again.

An incredibly heartbroken Nicholas couldn't stand to see her cry as it hurt him more to see her distraught and upset. "Don't cry. I'm fine. This wound has already been attended to on the airplane."

He lifted his hand and wiped away her tears with feather-like strokes. Despite that, the sight of a man so gentle made her tears flow even harder, and she was a little mad at the same time because she felt that he didn't take care of himself at all.

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### Chapter 668 The Wound Is Not Serious

“Why did you come when you’re in this state?”

With her tear-filled eyes, Tessa tried her best to keep her eyes open as she glared at Nicholas, but the heart ache in her eyes was clear to see.

Nicholas burst into a chuckle and felt the cockles of his heart warm at the sight. “I’m fine, really. Don’t worry about it,” he said, holding her hand and kissing it.

Despite that, she didn’t feel any better and drew back her hand with a long face. “It’s oozing with blood, and you’re still saying it’s fine? No, you’re going to the hospital with me.”

After she said that, she turned and instructed the driver to go to the hospital. Well aware that Tessa was truly mad, Nicholas had no choice but to agree, and he nodded softly to the driver.

At the hospital, she monitored him as he went through a series of checkups.

With the checkup results in his hands, the doctor briefly explained Nicholas’ physical condition and advised, “The patient is a little weak. Maybe it was because he had a fever prior to this. Luckily, the wound only opened up a little, and there was no infection. It will be fine after a new dressing later. Please watch out at home not to get the wound in contact with cold water.”

Tessa listened intently, and when the dressing was done, and they were finally finished with the trip to the hospital, it was already almost midnight.

A little later, when they got home, they saw that Timothy and Gregory were still waiting in the living room.

“Tim and Greg, why aren’t you guys in bed when it’s already so late?” The sight of the adult and child on the couch brought a soft smile to Tessa’s face.

Gregory jumped off the couch, trotted to her side, and said in his cherubic voice, “We were waiting for the both of you to come home.”

In fact, he and Timothy were worried that Tessa and Nicholas would be in an argument, so they waited for them out of concern.

Timothy also got up from the couch and ran his gaze over his sister and Nicholas, who was smirking. The worry in his heart disappeared when he saw that they didn’t seem to be at odds with each other.

Meanwhile, the smile on Tessa’s face softened even more at Gregory’s answer.

Then, she ruffled his fluffy black hair as she said gently, “It’s getting late. You should get ready for bed with Timothy.”

Gregory nodded and spun around to leave with Timothy. They barely took a few steps when Timothy heard her voice from behind.

“Rest a little bit on the couch. I guess you didn’t eat much because you rushed over at night. I’ll make you some food,” Tessa said, heading for the kitchen.

Unfortunately, the last thing Nicholas wanted now was to sit alone in the living room, and he immediately followed behind her.

When she noticed his actions, she immediately reprimanded him. “Why are you following me? You’re still hurt. What if you made your wound worse?”

“I don’t want to sit in the living room alone. I’ll wait here for you, and I can even see you,” he answered as he sat at the dining table.

It was true that he could see her every move in the kitchen from where he was seated. Finally, out of wits, she pretended to be fierce and chided, “You can sit here, but you’re not allowed to move around.”

Nicholas nodded, his eyes filled with affection, and just like that, one of them got busy in the kitchen while another watched with love in his eyes, painting a perfectly heartwarming picture.

It didn’t take long for Tessa to prepare a meal in the kitchen as she set down a bowl of tortellini soup.

“The food is ready.”

After she placed the meal before him, she twirled around to get the cutleries. A surge of warmth washed over him as he watched the girl who was busy fretting over him.

As Nicholas injured his’ shoulders, Tessa returned with the spoon and planned to feed him so that he wouldn’t risk reopening his wounds

So, she scooped some pasta from the bowl into the spoon, blew the surface a few times, and brought it to his lips. “Here, it shouldn’t be too hot. Don’t rush it.”

Even though he was amused at her antics, he was very touched by her attentiveness.

“My wounds are not as serious as you think. Let me do it myself,” he said, reaching out to grab the bowl from her.

Regardless, she threw a glare at him. “Don’t even think about it. Your wounds were oozing blood earlier, and we had to go to the hospital to get them checked out. So, how can you say it’s not serious?”

Nicholas retracted his hand sheepishly when he saw how huffy Tessa became, but his heart felt tender at how much she fussed over him and ensured he was okay.



## Always Been Yours Chapter 669

### Chapter 669 May I Sleep With You?

“Don’t be mad. I promise I won’t do this again,” Nicholas said in dulcet tones as he gently coaxed the girl in front of him.

Frankly speaking, Tessa wasn’t genuinely mad; she just didn’t want his wound to worsen, so the atmosphere returned to its previous harmony from before very quickly.

After he was done with his meal, she helped him back to the bedroom. Initially, he wanted to shower but was firmly denied access to it.

Tessa shook her head as she put her foot down. “No, the doctor already said that your wound shouldn’t get in contact with water.”

In the end, he had to give up, but something suddenly popped into his mind, and he gave Tessa a thoughtful look. “Since you won’t allow me to take a shower, then please help me to wipe down my body. It’s physical labor, too.”

At first, she was a little surprised, but she didn’t give it much thought and agreed to his request.

Soon, she brought some warm water from the bathroom, and Nicholas was already waiting for her, seated topless at the side of the bed.

Under the lighting, the outlines of his abs were visible on his tanned skin, and the sight of his sturdy chest made her face burn brightly. Tessa turned away in embarrassment; even though they had already done the most intimate form of physical contact, she still felt shy.

While she was wiping his body, her eyes kept drifting around, and her blush reached her ears.

He observed all of her expressions, and his already deep-set eyes turned a shade darker with arousal. As he took in her faint fragrance, in addition to his feelings he had been holding back, he felt something in him awaken.

After she cleared everything away, he couldn't hold it back any longer, and his body acted out of instinct. Finally, he rolled them over, pinned her under himself, and started kissing her.

When Tessa realized what was happening, she avoided him while crying in surprise, "No, Nicholas!"

"Why?"

Breathless, he gazed at her, his dark eyes filled with barely suppressed want.

She threw a bit of a fit as she expressed, "You're still thinking about making love when you're injured? Do you even want to recover at all?"

"It's not a problem. I'll just move more gently."

While Nicholas didn't think anything of this injury, it was impossible for her to go along with his whimsy desire.

In her heart, she knew better than anyone about this man's habits; once he got into action, there would be no end, and he wouldn't care about anything else when he was in the moment.

"I said no, and that's it."

Tessa's attitude was unyielding, and he knew that he couldn't change her mind when he saw this. So, he sighed in resignation and rolled over, lying straight next to her.

The man's dramatics highly amused her, but she also couldn't bear to see him so sad.

"Take your recuperation period seriously. Once you're healed... you can do whatever you like, then."

"You said this yourself. You can't take back your words."

The despondent look in his eyes from before had all but disappeared as it was replaced with a predator's gleam as he stared at Tessa unblinkingly.

She suddenly felt that she had set up a trap for herself when she met his intense gaze.

"I was just making a passing remark earlier—"

"I'm taking it seriously." Before she could finish speaking, Nicholas broke her off mid-sentence.

Then, he used his uninjured arm to hold her without giving her the chance to wriggle out of her promise. "Alright, let's go to bed. It's very late now."

Although Tessa was helpless, she was drained and fell into a deep sleep soon afterward.

Under the moonlight, they fell asleep hugging each other, and it was a very beautiful and heartwarming sight.

Meanwhile, Gregory, who should have been sleeping, came out of his bedroom with a small pillow.

Indecisively, he peered over at his father and Tessa's room. In the end, he decided to knock on Timothy's door.

In the room, Timothy was still awake, dealing with the leftover work from his company.

When he opened the door, he didn't expect to see Gregory. So, he looked at the child in confusion. "Greg, what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Timothy, may I sleep with you tonight?" Gregory raised his head and stared at him pathetically with puppy eyes.

Timothy paused momentarily before suddenly feeling sorry for the little guy in front of him. He seemed very lonely as he was left to sleep alone without his parents.

A chuckle escaped his lips, and he agreed. "Sure, come on in."

## Always Been Yours Chapter 670

### Chapter 670 I Don't Blame You

Early the next day, perhaps it was because Nicholas was there sleeping next to her; Tessa, who usually woke up at a fixed time, slept incredibly soundly this time.

As he gazed at the deeply asleep girl in his arms, the look in his eyes turned incredibly gentle.

After he had stared at her sleeping face for a while, he crept out of bed to wash up and go downstairs, where he saw Timothy playing with Gregory on the couch in the living room. They spun their heads in his direction once they heard footsteps.

“Oh, you're up, Daddy!” A sunshine-like smile spread across Gregory's face, and his round eyes scanned behind Nicholas.

Of course, Nicholas knew what he was looking for, and smirked. “Miss Tessa is still asleep. Don't disturb her.”

“I'm a good boy, and I won't disturb Miss Tessa,” Gregory assured with his baby voice, lowering his voice a lot.

Nicholas chuckled as he sat in the single-seater and asked, “Have you guys eaten breakfast yet?”

Timothy nodded. “Since we don't know when you two will wake up, I decided to have breakfast with Greg first.”

Just then, the butler approached them and asked, “Sir, would you like to have breakfast now?”

“No, I'll wait for Tessa to eat together,” he answered, gesturing for him to retreat, which he did with a nod.

Then, Timothy asked him about his injury with a smile. “How’s your injury?”

Gregory immediately trotted to Nicholas’ side upon hearing that, and his chubby face was writ with concern. “Daddy, Mr. Edward said that you’re injured. Are you okay?”

He raised his hand as he ruffled Gregory’s hair gently. “I’m alright. There’s nothing to be worried about.”

A sigh of relief escaped Gregory’s lips, and the smile reappeared on his face. “It’s great that you’re fine, Daddy. You didn’t even know how worried Miss Tessa was when she heard that you were injured. She didn’t even want to perform anymore and wanted to go back right away to look for you.”

Taken aback, Nicholas turned to Timothy, who nodded.

“Tess indeed wanted to return to look for you at that time, but I stopped her. Even though you’re injured, Edward said that it wasn’t life-threatening, so I didn’t want her to make a rash decision that would cause all her efforts and sacrifice from before to go to waste. I hope you won’t blame me for this.”

“Not at all. If anything, I would like to thank you. Thank you for stopping your sister in time. Otherwise, I’ll regret it,” Nicholas said, pouring out the words from the bottom of his heart.

If Tessa had really gone back yesterday, they would only end up missing each other.

In addition, he knew clearly how much effort she had put in for the performance this time, and if she had given up because of him, it would cause him a regret that he could never make up.

This reply was incredibly satisfying for Timothy, and he grinned widely as he fished out a USB stick from his pocket and tossed it to Nicholas. “I know you’re

sorry for not being there to watch Tess' performance last night. So, in order to make up for your regret, I recorded it for you."

"Thanks!"

Nicholas impatiently asked the butler to bring the laptop over once he caught the USB in his hand.

Very quickly, melodious and beautiful music filled the room, but Nicolas' eyes were glued to the computer screen.

On the screen, Tessa was in the main center seat, and she was brimming with dazzling confidence.

Especially when it came to her solo, he felt proud of her from the bottom of his heart as he stared at the eye-catching girl onstage.

After he watched the recording, even though he was filled with pride for her, he also felt a tinge of regret.

No matter what, he still felt something was missing when he couldn't witness it with his own eyes on the spot.

Right then, Tessa had freshened up and came downstairs. "Good morning," she greeted everyone with a bright smile.

At the sight of her, Gregory's eyes immediately lit up. "You're awake, Miss Tessa!"

Tessa nodded in greeting, and Timothy smiled at her as he responded, "Morning, Tess."