

Always Been Yours

Chapter 1281

“Yes. yes. Our precious Gregory’ is a lucky and blessed child.”

Remus was amused

by the young boy, and he bent low to lift the boy into his arms.

The whole family

continued chit-chatting and laughing in the ward, which lightened the atmosphere of

the whole place. Tessa seemed rather pale and weak, but she kept a smile on her

face the whole time.

Despite so, she was still weak, so she started feeling rather tired after a while. The

rest of them could tell that she was drained, and they didn’t want to bother her while

she rested, so they all suggested leaving. Soon enough, Nicholas and Gregory were

the only ones left in the room. Nicholas ordered Edward to bring all his important

documents over to the ward—Nicholas finally had the heart to focus on his work now

that Tessa was getting better.

Nicholas started going through his documents, but he lifted his head to check on the

woman every now and then. His gaze was filled with warmth and care for the woman

on the bed. Gregory, on the other hand, lay beside Tessa in bed.

The young boy

silently’ watched as his mother slept, and he couldn’t bring himself to take his eyes

away from her. The incident had been a complete shock to

Gregory'. later in the day,
the evening sun spilled through the windows. The warm lights and
the peacefulness
made the scene even more loving and warm.
Tessa ended up sleeping through most of the day. The skies were
dark by the time
she woke up. Gregory' had been lying down beside Tessa, so he
was the first to
realize when Tessa woke up. "Mommy's awake, Daddy," Gregory
called out to
Nicholas excitedly. Earlier, Nicholas had told Gregory to tell him
once Tessa was
awake.
Upon hearing Gregory's words, Nicholas lowered the files in his
hands and strode
over to the bed. "How do you feel?" he asked in a concerned
tone. As he spoke, he ad
justed the angle of Tessa's reclining bed so that she could sit a
little more upright in
bed. Tessa settled into a comfortable seating position before she
spread her lips into a
sweet smile. "I had a great nap. Don't worry about me."
Nicholas nodded. "Are y'ou hungry'? Someone got the maids to
send soup over from
home, and the soup is still warm now," he uttered.
"I do feel a little hungry." Tessa didn't hesitate to ask for some
soup. Gregory'
immediately got to his feet after hearing her words. "I'm going to
bring you some soup,
Mommy!" he announced proudly. Nicholas didn't stop the boy
from doing so.
After Gregory brought the flask over, Nicholas fed Tessa some
chicken soup. "I low
does it taste? Is it okay?"
'It's good. It's really' aromatic," Tessa replied with a smile.

Gregory rested his chin on his palms as he beamed at his mother. "Well, you should drink more if you like it. That way', you'll be able to heal at a faster pace!" Tessa nodded before she fed Gregory some of the soup. However, Gregory' rejected her offer. "Great Grandpa prepared this soup for you, Mommy'. I don't warn it." For some reason, Tessa felt a warm sensation in her chest when she heard the boy's words. The weather was warm outside, and Tessa had just finished a bowl of warm soup, so a layer of sweat started forming on her skin after a while. She felt rather uncomfortable feeling her sticky skin. Nicholas felt worried the moment he saw her frowning. "What is it? Are your injuries hurting you?" he asked. 'It's not that—I just feel rather uncomfortable because of how sticky and sweaty I am," she explained while shaking her head. "I want to clean myself up a little," she said with a helpless gaze in her eyes. Nicholas couldn't bear to reject her when she gave him that look, so he immediately' nodded and agreed. Tessa couldn't move around, so Nicholas ended up calling Edward over. "I want you to bring Gregory' out to get some fruits." Edward was rather stunned—his gaze shifted to the basket of fruits in the pantry' of the room before complaining to himself in his head. Aren't the fruits right there? Why does he need me to buy more? Fortunately, Edward was quick to understand the situation. It seems like President

Sawyer wants me to get fruits because he wants me to bring Gregory away. Both Edward and Gregory' headed out soon after that, and Nicholas and Tessa were the only' ones left in the room. Nicholas headed over to the shower, where he filled a bowl with warm water before dipping a small towel into it. He wanted to clean Tessa up with the towel. However, when Tessa saw Nicholas edging toward her with the towel in his hand, she felt oddly embarrassed. Blood shot up her cheeks and turned her pale face pink. Her expression was an adorable sight to Nicholas. "You're already' the mother of my' two kids. Why are you still so shy?" he teased.

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"Is there a rule saying that I'm not allowed to be shy just because I've had two of your children?" Tessa shot the man with a side-eye, but the smile on her face was filled with joy and contentment. Nicholas gazed at her lovingly. "You're right, honey. There's no rule saying you can't get shy." He gently pulled the woman into his arms before he planted a soft kiss on her pale lips. Nicholas felt like his insides turned to jelly the moment he felt the gentle touch of her lips. He was grateful that he didn't lose the love of his life. Tessa's eyes twinkled when she next looked at him, and he leaned in close to whisper into her ear. "I'm so glad you're alive." Tessa shut her eyes and rested her head against Nicholas' chest, after

hearing his words.

"You must have been really shocked by what happened," she mumbled. "Yeah. I

nearly lost you," Nicholas uttered as he rubbed his chin against the top of her head.

His arm muscles tensed in response to the topic of their conversation, but he was

careful with the strength he applied with his grip as he didn't want to hurt her. My heart

squeezed when I saw you in a pool of blood. I had never felt such fear in my life."

Nicholas' voice was shaking as he recalled the scene of the car accident. He could

still remember everything in great detail. "The doctor said that you had lost too much

blood and wouldn't be able to give birth to the child. He asked me if I wanted to save

you or the child, and I immediately told him to save you at all costs! We can always

have another baby in the future, but I'd lose everything if I lose you..." Nicholas held

Tessa in his arms as he told her what he had experienced throughout that day. His

gestures and actions revealed how anxious and frightened he had felt during the

incident.

Tessa felt an ache in her chest as she heard his words. She reached her arm out to

hold onto Nicholas' waist. "I can't bear to leave you alone. I promised that I'd grow old

with you, and I'm planning to keep that promise," she reassured him.

"Yeah. You promised. That was why I held onto my faith in you the whole time. I was

sure you wouldn't abandon the kids and me." Nicholas gave

Tessa a light hug before he let out a soft chuckle. "I'm glad you didn't break your promise." Despite his calm tone, Tessa could still feel his arm trembling as he held onto her waist.

Tessa understood how shocked Nicholas had been over this incident, so she patted his back to comfort him. "I'm okay. Everything's in the past now. It's all fine now."

"You're right. Everything's okay. It's all in the past." Nicholas nodded before he lowered his head to kiss her hair. Both of them chatted for a while before Tessa realized how tired Nicholas seemed. She felt sorry for the man. "I bet you didn't get to rest much throughout this period, huh? Why don't you sleep with me tonight?" she asked.

"I'm fine. I just want you to get all the rest you need." Nicholas shook his head. He was worried that he would accidentally move around and injure Tessa while he was in his sleep. Tessa could tell what his concerns were, so she started whining in a childlike tone. "The bed is huge. You're not going to press on my wounds. Furthermore, you really deserve a good night's sleep," she said.

Nicholas hesitated for a moment after hearing her words. When Tessa realized that he was being swayed, she added to her argument. "I actually just want you to sleep with me," she uttered. Nicholas no longer felt like he could reject her after hearing her last sentence. So, he ended up nodding in agreement.

They washed up before Nicholas climbed into bed and carefully7 cuddled up with

Tessa. Perhaps he was tired, or perhaps he felt especially safe while holding Tessa to sleep—he fell into a deep slumber just moments after he rested his head on the pillow. Tessa could tell that the man had been overworked and exhausted when she heard his heavy breaths. Her heart ached at the sight of how tired he was.

She rested quietly in the man's arms as she traced the outline of the man's face with her gaze. His features weren't as sharp, youthful, and handsome as they used to be, but Tessa found him more attractive with his somewhat mature and weathered look.

The stubble on his chin made him seem especially seductive. As she stared at the man, she was reminded of the man's thoughtful and loving words earlier. 'Thank you for having so much faith in me. Thank you for trusting me,' she mumbled to him. After lying down for a while, she started to feel sleepy as well.

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Soon enough, Tessa fell asleep in Nicholas arms. It was a heartwarming sight to see both of them sleeping in each other's arms. When Edward came back with Gregory, they were greeted by the sight of the couple sleeping. Edward and Gregory.

exchanged glances. "Should I send you back to your grandmother's place?" Edward asked.

"Sure," Gregory replied with a nod. He was a thoughtful child, and he didn't try to wake his parents up. He knew how exhausted Nicholas was, and

he knew that Nicholas would only be able to rest after knowing that Tessa was safe and well.

Gregory and Edward tiptoed out of the room, and Edward left the guard with some orders. "Don't let anyone go in and disturb President Sawyer and Miss Tessa from now on."

"Got it!" The guards nodded. Edward led Gregory out of the room after that.

Nicholas woke up at sunrise the next day. He felt like a rock had been lifted off his chest ever since he knew that Tessa was safe, and that allowed him to have a good night's sleep. He felt much more awake and alert that morning.

When he saw the woman in his arms, he curled his lips into a smile. His gaze was filled with tenderness for the sleeping woman. After looking at her for a while, he carefully climbed out of bed before he washed himself up.

Tessa woke up a while after that. "How was your sleep?" Nicholas asked as he helped

to clean Tessa up. "I had a great sleep. What about you?" she asked while beaming

at him. "I slept really well, too," he replied with a nod. Both of them had just freshened

up when Edward entered with Gregory following behind.

"Daddy, Mommy!" Gregory let go of Edward's hand before he jogged over to his

parents with his short stubby legs. Gregory lifted his head up to stare at Tessa. "Did

you rest well last night, Mommy? Did you miss me?"

"I had a really good rest, and I missed you loads," Tessa replied before planting a kiss

on Gregory's forehead. Gregory was so happy that his large smile nearly filled up half

his face. Edward walked over to Nicholas with some lunchboxes in his hands.

"Andrew' told the kitchen to prepare a healthy breakfast for you guys," Edward

explained. It was evident that Edward had taken a trip back to Dynasty' Gardens

before coming over to the hospital.

Nicholas took the lunchboxes over. 'Did you have breakfast?' he asked.

"Not yet." Edward shook his head.

"Then, go have breakfast and come back to report on your work when you're done,"

Nicholas instructed.

"Thank you for your concern, President Sawyer.' Edward left the ward with a smile on

his face. Nicholas fussed about it while Tessa ate. The family laughed and chatted,

and joyful laughter could be heard from the wards. After the meal, Gregory

accompanied Tessa to watch TV in bed.

It was around this time that Edward returned to report on his work.

Throughout this

period. Nicholas hadn't been to the company. Even though Kieran and their father

helped Nicholas, Nicholas' workload had already piled up like a mountain. Edward

segregated these tasks into urgent, important, and less pressing ones and planned to

let Nicholas take care of the urgent tasks first.

"President Sawyer, you might need to go to the company' today'.

The marketing

department needs you for a meeting to draft out the plan for the second half of the

year, and after that, you have to meet an important client.”
“The meeting can be a video conference. As for the client, let’s postpone it for now and tell them I’m not available.” Nicholas made the relevant arrangements. Although Tessa was gradually recovering, Nicholas was still worried and wanted to stay by her side.
Tessa could tell what he was thinking. “If it’s an important client, don’t reschedule! I’m fine here; don’t delay the company’s affairs because of me.” Nicholas was reluctant to leave, but he was eventually’ persuaded by Tessa. Gregory’ offered to help out as well. “You can focus on your work, Daddy. I’ll take care of Mommy.” Nicholas ended up being convinced by the mother and son. Once Nicholas left, Gregory’ tried his very’ best to care for and provide for his mother.
“Mommy, are y’ou thirsty? I’ll pour you some water,” Gregory’ offered. ‘Do you want to cat some fruit, Mommy? I ll wash it for you,” the child suggested. “Mommy...”

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Chapter 1284

Tessa felt her insides melting when she heard the way her son spoke co her. Both mother and son were fooling around for a bit when Sofia knocked on the door and walked in with a bouquet of flowers. “You’re here, Miss Sofia!” Tessa beamed when she saw Sofia.
“Good morning. Granny Sofia!” Gregory greeted obediently. He then

pulled a chair
over for Sofia. "Have a seat!"
"What a thoughtful child," Sofia praised. "How are you feeling today?"
she asked as
she turned her attention to Tessa.
"I'm doing fine. There's no need to worry about me. Miss Sofia" Tessa
assured her.
Tessa knew how worried Sofia had been over this matter, and she was
touched to
know that Sofia had traveled such so far just to visit and care for her.
Sofia could tell
that Tessa was in good spirits, although she still seemed rather pale. "I'm
glad you're
fine. I was so shocked when I first heard the news," she replied after
nodding.
"I was stunned as well. I never expected such a thing to happen." Tessa
explained.
She could still feel fear when she recalled the incident. "I feel like I only
survived the
situation because of my determination and will to live. I didn't want to
leave my
husband and child," Tessa uttered.
They chatted for a while more after that. "After this incident, I'm certain
that you've
found yourself a really amazing husband," Sofia uttered with a sigh.
Tessa smiled as
she continued to listen to her teacher's praises. "I saw how your husband
waited and
cared for you these few days. It was a touching sight," Sofia added.
Tessa nodded with a sweet smile, and Sofia returned the smile. "I'm glad
to see that
you're all better now. I feel better about leaving now that I know you're
safe and
sound," Sofia uttered.
"Are you heading back already, Miss Sofia?" Tessa didn't want Sofia to

leave yet. I

however, Sofia nodded, 'It was a last-minute decision to come here, so there's a bunch

of matters I have to handle for the orchestra. I have to go back," Sofia explained.

Tessa no longer tried to persuade Sofia to stay after that.

Sofia gave Tessa some words of support before heading off. "Take good care of

yourself. The rest of your seniors and I are all waiting for you to come back," she told

Tessa. "I got it," Tessa replied with a smile. She waved as Sofia stepped out of the

ward.

Later that evening, Timothy and Sabrina showed up in the hospital.

Sabrina brought

some soup for Tessa. "Tess, I specially bought this herbal chicken soup for you, and

it's supposed to be really good for recovery. You should try some of it."

Sabrina

uttered as she poured the soup into a bowl.

Tessa smiled as she took the bowl over. "That's so thoughtful of you.

Thank you for

taking care of 'Timothy throughout this period, too." Tessa knew that Sabrina had been

caring for her brother while she was in a coma.

Sabrina shook her head with a humble and bashful look on her face. 'I'm just

completing my duties.

It's my job to take care of Mr. Reinhart," she uttered. Then, she took a glance at the

tall and burly man who was standing beside him. A hint of tenderness flashed in her

gaze as she looked at him.

Unfortunately, Timothy didn't realize anything—he was too focused on gelling Tessa

to drink her soup. Sabrina felt disappointed, but she tried to keep her spirits high as she spoke to Tessa. Sabrina was a sensitive and perceptive woman—she knew to depart by the time Tessa was almost done with her soup. “You guys can have a chat, Tessa and Mr. Reinhart. I’ll head back to the office for work now,” she stated. Timothy simply nodded without saying much—even Tessa showed more concern than him for her. Drive safe,” Tessa said. “Got it.” Sabrina nodded before leaving the room. Tessa couldn’t help but laugh out loud after she saw the woman storming out of the room. Then, Tessa seemed to recall something before she turned to her brother and stared at him with a mysterious look in her eyes. “Your assistant’s really nice.” Timothy was stunned to hear Tessa’s sudden comment. “So? What do you mean?” he asked while staring at Tessa in confusion. Tessa was speechless for a while. Timothy’s a little too serious and insensitive! I bet he didn’t realize that Sabrina likes him. Tessa couldn’t help but bring up the topic of marriage again. She was worried that someone with her brother’s EQ might never realize anything about Sabrina otherwise. “Well, you’re getting old. Shouldn’t you be looking for a partner by now?” Tessa asked. Timothy was even more stunned after hearing Tessa’s words.

Timothy had no idea how his sister had jumped to this topic all of a sudden. He usually had a smart and thoughtful look on his face, but all Tessa saw now was an expression of confusion. She couldn't help but tease him.

"Look at how happy I am with my family. My son is so adorable, too! Don't you want a family like this?" she asked. "Furthermore, whenever you see me with Nicholas and Gregory, don't you ever feel lonely?"

Timothy lowered his head to give her words some thought. Then, he shook his head firmly. "I don't feel that way."

Tessa was speechless-she didn't know how to continue the conversation anymore.

Even Gregory couldn't help but let out a laugh at that point. "You're like a piece of wood, Uncle Tim."

"Do you even know what that's supposed to mean, kid?" Timothy shot Gregory an exasperated glare.

Gregory lifted his chin with a haughty look on his face. "Of course. I know way more than you think!" he insisted. Both Tessa and Timothy chuckled at the comedic look on the child's face. After joking around for a while, they returned to the topic of Timothy's marriage.

"Honestly, I think you should give it a try if you meet any decent woman around you,

Tessa said. Timothy simply shot her an exasperated stare. "There's no need to rush,

Tessa. What matters now is that you get better. That's my top priority," Timothy uttered.

Tessa felt a warm sensation in her chest when she heard how much

Timothy cared for her. “Well, you shouldn’t just think about me. You have to think about yourself, too,” Tessa replied in a nagging tone. Timothy nodded. “I’ll think about all of that once I’m back from my studies. As of now, you and my career are the two things that matter the most to me,” he uttered.

Tessa could no longer continue the topic of marriage after that, so they simply talked about other matters. While they were chatting, Gregory sat by Tessa’s side the whole time. The siblings had a lot to talk about, and they even shared a hearty lunch at noon.

Tessa started feeling drowsy after lunch. Timothy tucked her into bed before he started doing his work in the room. Tessa woke up about three hours later, only to see Timothy walking into the room with a rather stern look on his face. “What happened? What’s with the look on your face? Did something happen at the company?”

“Are you okay. Uncle Tim?” Gregory was worried as well. “I’m fine, Timothy replied as he walked over and ruffled Gregory’s hair. “It’s not the company. Something came up with Old Mrs. Reinhart, that’s all, he explained.

“What’s up with her?” Tessa knitted her eyebrows as she thought that Amber was pulling one of her tricks again. Timothy could tell that Tessa had misunderstood the situation, so he briefly summarized the contents of the call he just received.

The doctor said that Old Mrs. Reinhart’s condition is deteriorating and

that things don't
look good for her. The doctor told me to visit her, he explained.
"Well, you should head over, then. You have to protect yourself, all
right? You don't
want that old woman to hurt you when she goes crazy" Tessa's
expression softened
after hearing about Amber's condition. However, she still wanted
Timothy to have his
guard up.
Timothy nodded before he left. "Take care of your mom, okay?" he
reminded Gregory
before leaving. It didn't take long for Timothy to arrive at the hospital,
but when he did,
he was told that Amber had been sent to the emergency department.
Timothy stood
around and waited outside for nearly two hours before a doctor walked
out. The
doctor looked extremely drained and fatigued.
"How is Old Mrs. Reinhart, doctor? Why did her condition worsen all of
a sudden?"
Timothy asked. "Well, Old Mrs. Reinhart is extremely stubborn. She
doesn't comply
with the treatment procedures, and she hides her medication so that she
doesn't have
to eat them.
That's why her condition is worsening," the doctor explained. The
doctor sounded
increasingly troubled as he continued speaking. "If she goes on like this,
she won't be
able to survive for more than a year," he uttered.
Timothy felt oddly agitated upon hearing this. "In other words, there's
no use for Old
Mrs. Reinhart to stay in the hospital if she's going to
refuse treatment anyway. It might be better for her to just head home

then, the doctor suggested.

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“Thank you for letting me know, doctor. I’ll think about your suggestion,” Timothy uttered while nodding at the doctor. Later that night, Amber was sent back to her ward.

Timothy’s expression was grim as he entered the room- he was close to losing his temper at her.

“What are you trying to do now? Tessa got injured, and she barely survived the accident. I have to take care of her. I don’t have any additional time to fool around with you! If you want to die so badly, you should just find an empty spot and hide away to die there. Stop being such a bother!” Timothy hissed.

Amber’s face turned sour as well. “You can ignore me if you don’t have time for me.

Just let me die on my own here,” she mumbled in a frustrated tone. This only made

Timothy even more furious.

“You say that, yet you’re the one who contacted Tessa and me in the first place. You

wouldn’t have done that if you genuinely wanted to die!” he cried.

Amber did not argue

against his statement. It was true-she had been afraid to die at first.

Timothy took a deep breath as he stared at the old woman who had gone silent. “I’m

giving you a final warning-Tessa and I will no longer show you the same care if you

fool around again. We’ve already given you more than you deserve from

us, anyway.”

Timothy stormed out of the room after that, and Amber was left with the nanny who

had been hired to care for her. The nanny tried to soothe Amber when she saw how

furious Amber was.

“Mr. and Miss Reinhart are really nice to take care of you, Old Mrs. Reinhart. If you

want to live for a few more years, you should really listen to the doctors. You shouldn’t

joke around with your life, the nanny uttered.

“Get out!” Amber shouted at the nanny. The nanny sighed before she shook her head

and left the room. There’s no hope for this old woman. She has the chance to enjoy

her life, yet she insists on causing trouble for everyone. I bet she’ll regret her actions

someday. Amber had no idea what the nanny thought of her, of course.

Amber sat alone on her bed as she recalled what Timothy said earlier.

She also

thought about the suffering that she was put through during her recent chemotherapy.

“Since my life is a mistake, I might as well end it all now. Everyone will be free of their

responsibilities, and I’ll be able to repay my debts,” Amber mumbled to herself.

Her eyes glistened with tears as she came to a firm decision. After that, she tore off

the tubes that were connected to her hands before she sneaked out of the hospital.

Amber already had the thought of ending her life when she visited Tessa two days

ago.

She had hidden behind the window outside Tessa’s room and saw how everyone was

so genuinely concerned about Tessa's condition. Furthermore, that was the first time

Amber saw such a warm and beautiful smile on Tessa's face.

That was the first time Amber realized that she might have made a mistake in the

past. However, Amber knew that Tessa and Timothy didn't want to hear her apologies

at that point. That was, therefore, the first time Amber felt like her existence might be a

burden to someone else.

After Timothy left Amber's room, he headed back to look for his sister.

Tessa noticed

that Timothy seemed rather unhappy when he walked in. "Did you fight with Old Mrs.

Reinhart?" she asked

"It's nothing. You should just focus on your recovery. You don't have to care about

these matters-I'll handle them on my own," Timothy uttered. He didn't want his sister

to go through too much strain, so he didn't bother to tell her much about the incident.

Tessa didn't try to pry any further and simply nodded in agreement. She didn't have

any interest in caring for Amber-she only showed care when she had to.

Timothy and

Tessa ended up chatting about other random topics after that. The atmosphere in the

room was pleasant until Timothy received a call from Amber's nanny

"Bad news, Mr. Reinhart. Old Mrs. Reinhart is missing," the nanny announced. "What

happened? She was still there when I left, Timothy replied with a frown.

His face was

sour and disdainful.

"I advised Old Mrs. Reinhart to be a little more obedient after you left, but she didn't

like it and chased me out instead. She was gone when I came back. I searched the whole hospital, but I don't see her anywhere, the nanny explained. "I got it. I'll come over now." Timothy ended the call with an icy look on his face. Old Mrs. Reinhart just doesn't like to see us live in peace, huh?

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Tessa noticed the troubled look on her brother's face. "What is it?" she asked worriedly. "Old Mrs. Reinhart has disappeared and I have to go look for her. Don't worry about it, Tessa. You should just focus on your recovery." Timothy hurried off after that. However, Tessa didn't feel too reassured by his words. Later in the evening, when Nicholas arrived at the hospital, he found Tessa resting in bed with a glum look on her face. "Did something happen?" he asked with a look of concern in his eyes. Tessa hesitated for a moment before she decided to be honest with him. "It's Old Mrs. Reinhart. Her condition was worsening in the afternoon, so Timothy went over to visit her. I believe they fought and Old Mrs. Reinhart seems to have run away from the hospital now. Timothy went to look for her, but I'm still a little worried," Tessa uttered. "Let me handle this. I'll get my men to find her. You don't have to worry about it." Nicholas didn't want Tessa to worry about this matter, so he offered to take matters

into his own hands. Soon enough, he got Edward to head out and find the old woman.

In the meantime, the old woman that everyone was searching for had actually

returned to the Reinhart Family's old villa. After Timothy heard about this, he rushed

back to the house. He slammed the door behind him with a bang and stormed into the

house to find Amber sitting on the couch with a despondent look on her face. Timothy

was furious when he saw that.

"What are you trying to do? Do you think Tessa and I are too afraid to exert more

control over you? Is that why you're acting so recklessly?" Timothy growled.

"I don't need you guys to control me. Just let me die here." In contrast to Timothy's

rage, Amber was in a state of peace. However, her words only made the man angrier

than ever. "Oh, now you're saying that you want to die, huh? Well, it's too late for

that!" Timothy stomped over and grabbed the old woman's arm. "Come on! Let's go

back to the hospital!"

"Let go of me. I know you and Tessa despise me. I'm asking to die now, so why would

you guys still bother to keep me alive?" Amber tried to wrestle away from Timothy's

grip, but she was ill and old, so she was no match for his strength.

Timothy, on the

other hand, slowed his footsteps down after he heard what Amber said.

"Yeah, you were really mean to Tessa and me, and we hated you when we were

younger. We still hate you now, but we're willing to take responsibility for you because

of the same blood that we share.

That prevents us from feeling guilty and it also shows you that we aren't as horrible as

you think us to be. We want you to realize that it was your fault for treating us the way

you did in the past!" Timothy continued walking out the door without looking back after

that. When he got back to Tessa's room, Timothy saw that Nicholas had arrived. "Hey,

Nicholas!"

Timothy greeted. "I heard you found Old Mrs. Reinhart," Nicholas said.

"Yeah. She went back to the old Reinhart Residence. She wanted to sit around and

wait for her death, but I got others to send her back to the hospital already," Timothy

replied.

Tessa couldn't believe her ears. She thought of Amber as someone who cherished her

own life, and she couldn't picture the elderly woman wanting to give up and die. "Is

Old Mrs. Reinhart up to something again?"

"I don't think so. Well, either way, you shouldn't worry about it, Tessa. I'll handle it,"

Timothy muttered, to which Tessa nodded obediently. In the meantime, the old woman

hung her head low as she sat on her bed after she was sent

back to the hospital. Timothy's words kept ringing in her mind, and she couldn't help

but scorn herself over what had happened. "I made a huge mistake in the past.

I was wrong. I mistreated Tessa and Timothy-that's why the skies are punishing me

with cancer. The rest of my family members have been hiding and running from me

since I got my diagnosis.

Tessa and Timothy are the only ones who have stayed with me. They agreed to pay for my treatment regardless of how much trouble I caused them and yet, I failed to see the good in them. I've failed..." Amber wept to herself. Amber had been mumbling to herself, so her nanny didn't hear everything that she said. When the nanny saw Amber crying, she assumed that Amber was crying because of her deteriorating condition. "Don't be sad, Old Mrs. Reinhart. The doctor told you that you're still in the early stages of cancer. If you go along with the treatment plan, you might be able to live for much longer."

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The old lady couldn't find any words and she simply let out uncontrollable sobs. The nanny sighed at the sight of Amber. "If you're really afraid of death, you should stop being so stubborn. You should go along with the doctor's treatment and you should stop hiding your medication away," the nanny muttered. "You shouldn't blame Mr. Reinhart for being too harsh either. Miss Reinhart has been hospitalized now and he has to take care of both her and the company. He's probably exhausted! Furthermore, even though he claims that he doesn't care about you, he still ends up looking for you when you disappear. Both Mr. and Miss Reinhart are lovely people, so you should stop having biased judgments toward them. They are probably the only ones who care about

your life at
this point. Just take my advice, Old Mrs. Reinhart.
You should start taking care of yourself instead of engaging in all these
selfsabotaging behaviors. If you continue on like this, you're going to
end up ruining your
relationship with the two people who see you as family," the nanny said.
Amber had a conflicted look in her eyes as she listened to the nanny. She
didn't say
much after the nanny finished her speech.
Meanwhile, Tessa had no idea what was going on, but she felt a sense of
resentment
toward Amber. "Why can't Old Mrs. Reinhart just keep the peace for
one day? There
are already so many things going on.
I just wish she'd stop messing around." Tessa didn't have the energy to
care for
Amber, and Timothy had to take care of both Tessa and the company, so
he was
stretched thin as well. Old Mrs. Reinhart might not care about Timothy,
but I feel sorry
for him.
Nicholas frowned when he heard his wife's complaints. He didn't like it
when there
were things that bothered her. "You should stop caring about this. I'll
handle it," he
urged as he pulled her into his arms. Then, he called for his guards to
enter the room.
"What is it, President Sawyer?" the guard asked as he stood politely by
the doorway.
"I want you to send two of our men over to stand guard outside Old Mrs.
Reinhart's
ward. I don't want that old lady to leave the room unless she has to go
for a checkup,"
he ordered.
"Roger that!" The guard nodded before leaving the room. Tessa felt

touched to see
what Nicholas just did-she felt like he was the most thoughtful and
meticulous man
ever. "I'm sorry for troubling you again," she mumbled as she wrapped
her arms
around his waist and gazed at him lovingly.
"It's nothing. Don't worry about it," he replied in a gentle tone as he met
her gaze.
Then, he lowered his head to plant a soft kiss on her rather pale lips.
Tessa beamed
at him. All of a sudden, Nicholas changed the topic. "Let's stop talking
about this. Why
don't we take a look at the baby? You wanted to see him, didn't you?"
Nicholas pulled
his phone out and tapped on his photo album.
Tessa was still on bed rest and she wasn't allowed to move around. She
felt some
sense of regret as she didn't get to see her baby in the past few days.
Even though
she never voiced her feelings, Nicholas could sense her yearning
whenever he saw
her zoning out on her own. As such, Nicholas took a few more pictures
when he went
to visit the baby.
Tessa couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from the baby when she first
saw pictures
of him. The baby was lying in an incubator, his cheeks flushed and his
mouth slightly
open. He was a tiny baby and the sight of him made Tessa's heart melt.
"He's adorable, isn't he?" Nicholas chatted with Tessa as he scrolled
through the
images on his phone. "Mom and Dad told me that the baby looked just
like Gregory
when Gregory was younger."
Nicholas brought that up intentionally as he wanted to see Tessa's

response.

However, the woman didn't seem to think much of his statement.

"Maybe your genes
are just really strong, she joked.

Timothy nearly let out a laugh when he heard Tessa's words. He could
tell why

Nicholas had brought this topic up. Nicholas is probably trying to see if
Tessa will

realize something. However, it seems like she's never going to realize
anything if we

don't tell her the truth.

Soon enough, they went through all the photos. Tessa didn't feel
fulfilled even after

seeing all the images. "Maybe you should take a video the next time, she
suggested.

"Sure. I'll do that," Nicholas replied with a fond nod. Tessa grinned
happily for a while,

but tears then began to form in her eyes. "I'm so glad that my baby is
fine. Otherwise,

I might fall apart even if I managed to survive the accident."

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Tessa had already lost one child, so it felt like she had two children's
worth of love to

place on this baby. She knew that she wouldn't have been able to handle
the situation

if she had lost this baby as well. She would surely have gone crazy. Her
tears rolled

down her cheeks before landing on the back of Nicholas' hand.

Her tears left a burning sensation on Nicholas' skin and he felt a tight
feeling in his

chest. "All right. It's all over now. Fortunately, both you and the baby
are safe now." He

lifted his hand and gently wiped the tears off Tessa's face while speaking to her softly.

Despite his tenderness, Tessa couldn't seem to stop crying. She continued to sob to herself.

Nicholas had no choice but to get Tessa to look him directly in the face.

"No more crying!" he uttered in a firm and stern voice. "But I can't stop myself..."

Tessa blinked a

few times as more tears rolled down her cheeks. Nicholas felt sorry for her when he

saw the look on her face. "Stop crying. It hurts me to see you like this," he muttered

after planting kisses on Tessa's eyelids.

She froze for a moment before she nodded and tried her best to contain her emotions.

After a while, her tears finally came to a halt. Nicholas was relieved to see this, and he

bent down to give her another kiss on her forehead. "That's right. No more crying from now on," he ordered.

"What's this about?" Tessa realized how Nicholas seemed a lot more mindful of her

emotions than before. He pinched the tip of her sharp nose as he explained himself.

"Have you forgotten about the fact that you're now in your postnatal period? I've heard

that it's bad to cry too much during this period. Crying affects your mood and might

lead to postpartum depression."

Tessa couldn't help but laugh when she heard the way the guy even drew connections

to a mental health condition. She hooked an arm around his neck as she beamed and

responded in a sweet voice, "I don't think I'd ever have a reason to be

depressed.

You're too nice to me."

"Well, I guess you're right." Nicholas nodded as he saw the logic in her words. He

believed that most of the women with postpartum depression were probably women

who had neglectful or bad husbands.

He thought that an unhealthy relationship might contribute to postpartum depression.

He, on the other hand, was trying his best to give Tessa all the good things on earth.

Tessa was already smiling, but she spread her lips into a wide grin when she saw the

prideful look on the man's face. Then, she turned around and relaxed in Nicholas'

arms. "Why don't we have another child soon? Let's have a little girl.

She'll have two

brothers who can protect her, she uttered thoughtfully.

Nicholas wanted to reject Tessa's suggestion, but he couldn't bring himself to do it

when he saw the hopeful look in her eyes. Truth was, he didn't want another child. He

had been fine when Tessa gave birth to Gregory-he hadn't been there to witness the

process.

However, after what he witnessed during Tessa's recent childbirth and after he nearly

lost her, Nicholas was genuinely terrified. He felt like his heart shattered when he saw

Tessa's weak figure lying on the bed.

Nicholas couldn't bear for Tessa to go through the same amount of suffering again. He

felt like it was too risky to have his wife give birth to another child.

"Let's talk about this

in the future. What matters now is that you recover well," he said. He

didn't give a solid answer as he wanted to avoid the topic for the time being. Tessa simply nodded without saying much. She could already tell what was going through his mind-she knew how traumatic her accident had been for him.

I have to focus on getting better now but once I'm all better, I'll gradually convince him and soothe his fears. At that thought, Tessa decided that she could switch their topic of conversation for the time being. "Have we decided on a name for the baby?"

"Not yet. The family wants to know your opinion since you were the one who risked your life to have the child, Nicholas said as he chuckled and leaned closer to her.

Tessa was shocked to hear that she was permitted to choose her child's name. "I'll have to think of a good name for him, then."

"You can take your time. There's no rush," Nicholas murmured before he planted another kiss on her cheek, causing Tessa to smile at him.

Meanwhile, Timothy sat in the corner of the room and watched while his sister and

brother-in-law acted all lovey-dovey toward each other. He felt rather tired of being the third wheel, but he also felt rather safe and comforted to see them before his eyes.

"I'm so glad you're still here, Tessa," he mumbled to himself. His gaze was tender and kind as he looked at her.

When Timothy watched the couple chatting among themselves, he felt like they had completely forgotten about his existence. It feels like my presence isn't needed here.

However, he also understood how they felt. Tessa had barely survived the incident, so their love for one another had to be stronger after such a terrifying event. Timothy took another glance at the sweet smile on his sister's face before he turned around and walked away quietly.

Tessa and Nicholas didn't realize the other man's departure at all. Both of them were too engaged in their show of love for one another. After Timothy got back to the office, he plunged himself into all his work tasks once more.

He had been gone for days, so there was a lot of work waiting for him.

He had a meeting with some staff members and was about to head back to continue with his work in the office when he heard his good friend's voice coming from behind him.

"Wait up, Timothy!" Henry called as he speed-walked toward Timothy. "What is it?"

Timothy asked, puzzled. "Is anyone taking care of Tessa now that you're back in the office?" Henry asked.

Timothy nodded. "My brother-in-law is there, so you don't have to worry about her," he replied.

"I see. How's Tessa now?" Henry asked. Timothy was touched to see the genuine concern on Henry's face. He was especially grateful toward Henry as the man was the one who handled most of the company matters when Timothy had been

occupied with
caring for his sister.

“She’s recovering well. I’ll buy you a meal once she’s fully healed,”
Timothy offered.

“You’re being too nice,” Henry protested as he landed a playful punch
on Timothy’s
chest, causing him to laugh. “I insist. You’ve done a lot in recent days.”

“Fine. If you insist on buying me a meal, I’ll have to make sure that it’s
an extremely
expensive one!” Henry stuck his tongue out to make a funny face, and
Timothy

nodded in agreement.. Right then, Henry seemed to recall something,
and his

expression turned serious once more. “By the way, my parents saw the
news about

Tessa regaining consciousness.

They’ve been wanting to pay her a visit, but they were also worried
about disrupting

her recovery, so they haven’t gone over yet. Why don’t you give me a
time that would

work best for Tessa? I can arrange for my parents to visit her. They’d
feel relieved if

they got to see her in person, Henry suggested.

“I’ll see what I can do.” Timothy allowed the visitation as Henry’s
parents sounded

really thoughtful and concerned. Both men chatted for a while more, and
they soon

got into talking about their work. Once Timothy returned to his
office, he picked up his landline to make a call. “Please make me a cup
of coffee, Miss

Gulliver,” Timothy uttered.

However, he froze when he realized that the call hadn’t gotten through.

In the past,

Sabrina would pick up his call just seconds after he dialed her number,
so he was

used to having her on the line. Right then, Timothy frowned before he hung up the call and walked out. To his surprise, Sabrina wasn't in her office when he went over to look for her.

"Where's Sabrina?" Timothy turned to his other secretary. 'Miss Gulliver took half the day off, so she's not in now, the other secretary replied.

"Why did she need half the day off?" Timothy asked instinctively. He didn't realize how

his care for Sabrina had surpassed the usual boundaries that would be expected

between a boss and his subordinates. The secretary didn't seem to sense anything

odd either, so she told Timothy whatever she knew about Sabrina.

"I heard that Miss Gulliver's family wanted her to go on a blind date," the secretary replied.

"A blind date, huh? Why haven't I heard of this before? There was a hint of

displeasure in Timothy's voice, but he didn't seem to realize it. He didn't realize how

his brows were knitted either.

"I'm not sure. Do you need anything, Mr. Reinhart?" the secretary asked.

"No. You can go on with whatever you were working on," Timothy uttered before

heading back to his own office. He felt rather moody, but he didn't pay much attention

to his emotions. He simply picked up one of his documents before going through it.

However, after staring at the papers for a few minutes, he realized that he couldn't

seem to make sense of a single sentence. "What's going on?" He frowned even

harder than before. A look of confusion flashed across his gaze. / used to be so much more efficient than this. The old me would've been able to go through a few different files by now. I don't get it! What's wrong with me? Why can't I focus on my work?

