

# Always Been Yours Chapter 62

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There was no stopping Gregory's fierce waterworks. He sobbed and sniveled, his button nose reddening as his breath grew more ragged.

The whole family thought their hearts might shatter there and then.

Even Nicholas couldn't bear the sight of this and he patiently tried to talk some sense into the crying child. "Greg, be a good boy and listen to me. Of course Miss Reinhart likes you, but she has her own life as well, and you can't force someone to stay. Do you understand?"

This only spurred Gregory on, for he sobbed even more in devastation. He had tipped his head back, his little mouth parting wide as he cried and shrieked his voice hoarse.

To one side, Stefania and Tobias felt as if someone had stabbed a dagger through their hearts. They finally understood why Gregory was throwing such an ultimatum; as it turned out, this was all because of Tessa! That woman is a bad apple who probably has ill intentions against our family. Why can't Greg just let her go?

A frustrated Stefania walked up to Gregory and began to cajole slowly, "Come now, Gregory. There's no need to waste your tears on that lady. She's a bad person who will only hurt you."

He was furious to hear this, and as he tried to breathe through his sobs, he yelled, "No, Miss Pretty Lady is not a bad person and she would never hurt me!"

She felt her buttons being pushed and she thought it was about time she stopped giving in to his tantrums. Raising her voice deliberately, she snapped, "You're still too young to understand how twisted mankind can be! That woman is out to get you, and you only ended up in the hospital because she poisoned you, did you know that? She fled after that because she couldn't bring herself to face us!"

However, Gregory's face scrunched up in a grimace when he heard this as he cried belligerently, "No, mean stories about her, Grandma!"

Upon hearing this, Stefania frowned as she began to grow frantic. That wretched woman has him bewitched! He's too naive to speculate against her, and he won't listen to any of us now. What are we going to do? With her thoughts racing, she shot Nicholas an anxious look and urged, "Nicholas, say something!"

Nicholas' brows drew together, and his head was throbbing from all the ruckus. However, he was still composed as he thought, I guess there are some things I still have to tell Mom. Snapping out of his reverie, he turned and told Andrew frigidly, "Andrew, go and retrieve that document from the backseat of my car."

"Yes, sir." The butler did as he was told and soon returned with the document in question.

Nicholas took the document over and handed it to his parents, then explained icily, "Mom, Dad, take a look at this. I've had someone look into Gregory's poisoning and the results show that Miss Reinhart was not the one at fault. The true culprit who hurt Greg was-

Yana. Stefania gaped at the name written on the document and her eyes widened in shock at that moment.

She looked at him in disbelief as she stammered, "N-Nicholas, is this some kind of a joke?" She refused to believe that the person who tried to hurt her precious Gregory was none other than her long time friend, Yana.

Nicholas sighed, looking impassive. "You wrongly accused a good and honest person, Mom. Also, Miss Reinhart left on her own will; she was never interested in squeezing her way into our lives."

Stefania froze, but Nicholas did not try to soothe her as he spun to take Gregory by the hand. "Come along. I'll take you to see Miss Reinhart."

It didn't take long before the father and son came to a stop outside Tessa's apartment.

However, little did Nicholas know that he had only just missed her by seconds. He walked up to her door and rang the bell several times, but he could tell that the house was eerily quiet.

Doubt filled his gaze as he asked in hushed tones, "Edward, are you sure this is the place she's staying at?"

Edward immediately nodded in affirmation. "One hundred percent! Only the lights have been turned off, so maybe she isn't in at the moment."

"Could she be at the orchestra?" Gregory chimed.

He flashed a kind smile at the little boy as he shook his head. "I've already inquired with the orchestra about that, Young Master Gregory, and they told me that they finished practice rather early this evening. Logically speaking, Miss Reinhart ought to be home by now, but perhaps she was caught up in an emergency. None of my calls to her were connected. Should we just wait for a while longer?"