

Always Been Yours Chapter 156

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In an instant, Nicholas' face turned solemn, and his eyes were so terrifyingly grim that even the temperature of the air around him dropped several degrees.

That was enough to scare the escort, and he stood quietly at the side, not daring to urge him anymore.

Realizing that something was amiss, Edward glanced in the direction of those people and immediately caught sight of Tessa. Stunned, he hurriedly went forward to stop that group of people. "What are you guys doing?"

Eric was a good-for-nothing rich kid to begin with, and he had never been in touch with anyone from the business world. Therefore, he didn't recognize Edward and thought that he was just a regular guy.

Raising his head snobbishly, he roared, "What are we doing? What I'm doing is none of your business! I advise you to stay out of this, or else I'll make sure that you can't make a living in Brentwood!"

Saying that, he shoved Edward, and his bodyguards who saw it laughed nonchalantly, thinking that Edward was overconfident and trying to be a knight in shining armor

"You even have the nerves to snatch someone from Young Master Finch? Are you tired of living?"

"Get out of here. If you wish to keep any of your limbs, you shouldn't stick your nose into this."

When Tessa saw clearly that it was Nicholas and Edward who had arrived, her eyes, which were a little helpless, lit up in an instant. "Save me!"

Her plea had just left her lips when one of the bodyguards impatiently twisted her arm to the back forcefully. "Who are you calling for help? Just save your energy," he said and turned to Eric, hoping to receive some credit for his actions.

Again, Tessa's injury was tugged, and she gasped in pain. Her complexion turned pale, and she broke out in cold sweat, unable to cry for help anymore.

The look on Nicholas' face turned even more displeased. Losing all patience, he called out coldly, "Edward!"

He simply called Edward's name once without saying anything else, but Edward instantly understood what his boss wanted him to do, and he lunged forward directly without even a warm up move while keeping a stony face.

Then, he managed to bring the group of well-built bodyguards to the ground in a few strikes and helped Tessa up. "Are you alright, Miss Reinhart?"

Trembling from the pain, Tessa couldn't utter a single thing and merely shook her head softly.

Pacing over, Nicholas stepped over the group of bodyguards dressed in black and looked at Tessa with a cold face. "What happened?"

Initially, she had no idea what was happening as well, but from the things Eric said, she realized that Sophia was the one who sold her out.

However, she was in so much pain that she couldn't explain that much. Gritting her teeth, she muttered in pieces, "It was Sophia. Using Timothy's phone, she lied to me, saying that he was drunk and told me to come here. Then... she passed me to these people."

After he listened to her, murderous intent emanated from Nicholas, while Eric was stunned to see that all his bodyguards were now laying on the ground.

When he snapped back to his senses and saw that Tessa was now in Nicholas' hands, he was furious.

"Who are you people? You sure have some guts! Do you have any idea who I am? How dare you snatch someone from me! Looks like you're all tired of living! Where's the manager? Get over here! These punks think they're someone simply because they're dressed in suits and ties. Throw them out of here!"

After the manager learned of the situation, he quickly rushed over, but he was dumbfounded when he saw Nicholas. Shrinking his neck, he muttered, "Young Master Finch, he's... P-Please don't put me in a spot. I don't have the guts to do this." Timidly, he glanced at Nicholas. "President Sawyer, uh... maybe Young Master Finch had too much to drink. Please don't hold it against him..."

However, when Eric continued with his tauntings, the manager felt a chill through his neck and hurriedly tugged Eric's sleeve. "Please stop it, Young Master Finch."

Jerking his hand away, Eric lashed out, "Why should I stop? Ask around and you'll find out that I'm afraid of no one in Brentwood. Was my family ever afraid of anyone? What did you call this guy? President Sawyer? I think you must have lost your mind. Don't simply call anyone like that, or I'd really think that Nicholas Sawyer himself was here!"

"Young Master Finch, he's-" Sensing the grimness in the air, the manager suddenly stopped speaking. Forget it. This person is beyond help.

Even though Eric visited the club every day and was a generous customer, he had also offended quite a number of people, and the manager couldn't risk offending Nicholas because of him. Otherwise, it would be the end of this club.

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With icy cold eyes, Nicholas scanned Eric and hissed angrily through gritted teeth, "Which one of your hands did you use to touch her earlier?"

As though shocked by Nicholas' aura, Eric stared dumbly at the domineering man in front of him, feeling that this person was a little terrifying.

The shock even cleared the biggest part of his mind from the effects of alcohol, and he realized that nobody around dared to say a thing, as though it was some great person in front of them. This atmosphere and situation startled him so much that he didn't know how to answer the question.

“You’re not speaking?” Nicholas said coldly. “Fine. It’s both hands, then.”

With that, he turned to Edward, who immediately understood his intentions and answered, “I got it, President Sawyer.” Then, he turned to the bodyguards keeping watch on the side and signaled to them with a wave. “Take them away.”

Upon receiving the order, the bodyguards swiftly dragged the people who were howling in pain on the floor—plus Eric, who was starting to tremble—out of the club.

A few minutes later, shrilling cries of pain could be heard from the alley outside of the club.

“What’s that sound? What happened? Should we go and take a look?”

look?”

“What’s there to look at? Let’s go quickly!”

Passersby who heard the cries shuddered but didn’t dare to watch what was happening.

Naturally, all these had no effect on Nicholas, and his gaze never left Tessa the whole time. On the other hand, she didn’t know what was happening and already broke out in cold sweat from the pain.

Crouching, he asked, “How are you feeling?”

Gritting her teeth, Tessa wanted to tolerate the situation by herself, but the pain was so intense that she couldn’t go against her senses and say that everything was fine.

“I think my wound has ruptured. Can you please send me to the hospital?” she asked weakly.

Nicholas’ expression was stoic as he picked her up with a princess carry and left for his car. Right after, the eye-catching Maybach zoomed through the streets.

Fifteen minutes later, they reached the hospital, and Tessa was sent to a series of checkups by the doctor upon arrival.

After taking one look at her ripped wound, the doctor was annoyed and berated, “You don’t want to play the violin anymore, do you? I told you to take good care of yourself at home, but not only did you not do that, you made the injury even worse now!”

At the mention of playing the violin, the light in Tessa’s eyes dimmed. “Doctor, can I play the violin again?”

“If you continue to neglect your injury, forget the violin—you might not even be able to lift something slightly heavy,” the doctor chided.

Solight combinare the deaterte

When Tessa heard that, her face turned pale, and she pleaded with tears in her eyes, “I realized my mistake and will take care of my injury, doctor. Please help me. I really don’t want to be a cripple.”

The doctor sighed. “Alright, just as long as you know that you have to take care of yourself and don’t cause any trouble. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to help you even if I were a deity.”

“Thank you, doctor.” Looking at the doctor with gratitude in her eyes, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Although the doctor was rather harsh and gave her a scolding, at least he mentioned that she could still play the violin if she recuperated well.

After this incident, she had no other requests anymore. As long as she could play the violin, she would be very happy.

All of a sudden, she saw Nicholas sitting on the couch from the corners of her eyes. Recalling that he was the one who had saved her, she turned to him and said sincerely, “Thank you for saving me, President Sawyer.”

In reply, he nodded slightly. If he didn’t happen to be there by chance today, he had no idea what would have happened to her. His face remained stony as he thought of this.

“Tess, are you alright?”

Just then, Timothy, who had received the news, had rushed to the hospital, and he looked very worried.

Shaking her head, Tessa answered, “I’m alright now.”

“You gave me a scare, Tess. The minute I reached home, I saw President Sawyer’s men, and they told me that I should come to the hospital because something happened to you. I was scared out of my wits!” Even now, Timothy was still feeling jittery.

With a smile, she stroked his head. “Don’t be afraid. I’m fine now, aren’t I? I have President Sawyer to thank for this.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," he muttered and nodded unwillingly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Meanwhile, Timothy didn't know the driver's concern as he thought about everything that had happened today with an aloof expression.

When the image of Tessa wrapped in thick bandages over her shoulder with her face and lips pale from the loss of blood came into his mind, it was like a bucket of fuel to his burning rage, and he was unable to calm down.

Never could he forget how the both of them lived by themselves all these years.

Like blood-suckers, the Reinharts drove them out of the house without any child support, looted away the dowry their mother left behind, and even took away all valuables from them.

Even though both of them did well in their studies, received scholarships every year, and their schools even reduced their school fees, they still lived a very hard life.

Coupled with Timothy's leg injury, it only made their already very poor life even more difficult.

Tessa, who had always loved and doted on her little brother, had long taken up the responsibility of taking care of him and always placed him first in every matter.

Because of his leg, she took up several part time jobs while schooling and was busy from day to night without any time for rest.

That was how she managed to save up his huge operation and recovery fees-bit by bit through her hard work. He had always appreciated her effort, feeling sorry for her.

The whole time, he always hated himself for being useless. If it wasn't because of him, his sister wouldn't have had to go through so much hardship.

In this world, Tessa was the person closest to him, as well as the person he cared about the most; she was his sensitive spot that nobody should ever touch regardless who they were.

But now, not only was she injured, she was injured because of him! This was even more unforgivable. Hence, the Reinharts, especially Sophia, totally deserved death!

At the thought of this, Timothy gritted his teeth angrily, wishing that he could tear Sophia to pieces and let her feel a hundred times all the pain Tessa went through.

Noticing that Timothy's face had turned even more grim, the driver was all alert and sent him to his destination as quickly as he could.

At Reinhart's villa, Timothy heard the sounds of laughter from the inside after he reached, and his eyes turned icy cold.

While his sister was still lying in the hospital and suffering, this family was having it good, gathering on the couch and laughing happily.

This was simply unforgivable!

In big strides, he paced to the front door. It was already late at night, and the bodyguard keeping watch at the door couldn't fight back his sleepiness anymore, dozing off as he cradled the baton in his arms and not realizing at all that someone was approaching.

When Timothy saw the baton, a scheming light flashed in his eyes. He hadn't brought any weapons with him when he arrived, but the Reinharts had given one to him now.

Great.

Without thinking, he took that baton, and before the bodyguard could realize what was happening, he dashed into the house.

At the moment, Sophia and Amber were unaware of the impending danger as they were happily discussing the plot of the TV series, and they had no time to react when Timothy burst into their house until he raised the baton and swung it at Sophia with force.

"Ah!" Sophia shrieked in pain.

Shocked, Amber froze and didn't know what to do. However, Timothy swung the baton and hit Sophia again.

After a few hits, only then did Sophia realize what was happening, and she dodged while trying to take a look at her attacker.

Seeing that it was Timothy, she lashed out furiously, "What are you doing, Timothy? How dare you hit me!"

At the same time, Amber had also snapped back to her senses and immediately placed Sophia behind herself while yelling, "Timothy, you ingrate! Stop it now!"

Timothy chuckled coldly at them, and the murderous air around him thickened.

Then, he raised the baton and swung it again.

While escaping, Sophia yelled, "Timothy! What got over you today? Have you lost your mind?"

Their shouts didn't stop him at all, and he sneered, "Yes, I've lost my mind. If I were not crazy, I wouldn't have tolerated all of you again and again!"

"I regret not losing my mind earlier over the years so I could cut all of you out of our lives and make you guys pay for all of your actions! That's why you guys ended up repeatedly hurting my sister! I'm leaving my words here today, and you can call the police if you want. Even if it means jail time for me, I'll make sure to cripple you, b*tch!" Then, he gritted his teeth and swung his baton again.

Looking into Timothy's bloodshot eyes, Sophia was suddenly struck with fear, and she shrieked angrily, "Somebody, come quickly! Are all of you dead? Somebody has barged into the house, you idiots!"

But no matter how she shouted, none of the Reinharts' bodyguards showed up.

Unbeknownst to her, the men whom Edward had brought with him were holding back all of their bodyguards, and none of them could make a move now.

"Shout! Go on and shout!" Timothy snorted and hit her with the baton again.

Silas, who was working in the study, finally heard the commotion and walked out in frustration, scolding, "What's the ruckus about? Don't you know that I'm busy right now?"

However, when he saw the chaos in the living room, he froze in his tracks. Why is Timothy here? Why does my son, who has always been weak, have the nerves to come here and even hit Sophia? Is he still the Timothy that I know?

Catching sight of the stunned Silas, Sophia hurriedly called out to him, "Dad! Save me, Dad! Timothy has lost his mind! Save me, quickly, and stop this mad dog!"

Hearing her cries for help, Silas finally reacted as fury rushed through his veins. "Timothy, what are you doing? Stop right now!"

Timothy merely regarded his shoutings as barks and ignored him completely. With the baton, he swung his arm and chased after Sophia, continuing his attack.

"Stop him, Dad! If he continues, he'll beat me to death! Dad, save me quickly and don't just stand there!" Sophia shouted while running toward him.

Seeing that his words fell on deaf ears, and his precious daughter was covered in bruises, Silas was mad with rage. "You unfilial child! I told you to stop! Do you hear me?",

Still, he was ignored by Timothy as the latter continued with his assault.

When Silas saw that, he was overwhelmed with rage. Picking up a vase next to himself, he then smashed it hard at Timothy's head.

With a loud crash, the vase broke into pieces, and Timothy stopped moving. Immediately, blood flowed from his head as his vision turned blurry, and he could no longer hold the baton in his hand.

Clang!

The baton fell to the ground.

Just then, Edward happened to enter the house and witnessed Silas smashing the vase into Timothy's head.

He lunged forward, but was too late to stop Silas; he only managed to catch hold of Timothy before he fell. "Are you alright?"

All Timothy felt was the ringing in his head, and he couldn't hear clearly what Edward had said, nor could he say anything. Despite that, he was glaring at Silas with deep hatred in his eyes, which were already bloodshot.

No words could describe just how much he loathed this man!

On the other hand, Silas was also shocked to see his bloodshot eyes because it was rather terrifying to be glared at by a person who was bleeding from his head.

"Dad, you have to speak up for me! Timothy hit me right in front of your eyes today, and he might just kill me tomorrow!" Sophia cried bitterly as she shook his arm.

Looking at her wounds and her tearful face, Silas was more angry than he was shocked. "Timothy Reinhart, you're a good-for-nothing! Why did you do this out of the blue? Don't you think you should explain your actions?"

Even though Timothy couldn't say anything, he was still stubbornly glaring at Silas.

Holding Timothy, Edward patted his shoulder, gesturing to let him handle this matter.

Then, he chuckled indifferently. "Mr. Reinhart, the one who should give an explanation is your precious daughter. If you don't know what she has done, I can tell you about it. First, Miss Sophia Reinhart sent someone to steal Timothy's phone. After that, she had somebody call Miss Tessa and asked her to show up at the Monarchy Clubhouse."

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"She ganged up with Eric Finch, who made Miss Tessa drunk and tried to violate her."

When Sophia heard Edward say this, her face turned pale, but Edward wasn't finished yet. With contempt in his eyes, he continued, "This kind of person deserves it even if they're beaten to death. Don't you think so, Mr. Reinhart?" He paused for a second and chuckled sarcastically. "Oh, I'm sorry. Before you even found out the truth, you already cracked open your own son's head. It's the first time for me to see such a thing. Even a tiger doesn't eat its own cubs, but it's really an eye-opener for me when I see how you treat him and your methods."

Astonished, Silas quickly explained, "I-I was m-merely... caught up in anger for a moment. I can't possibly watch on as he beat Sophia to death, can I?"

"Fine, if that's your explanation. But if Miss Tessa didn't happen to run into President Sawyer tonight, I'm afraid she would be ruined in the hands of your other daughter. At that time, will you be as heartbroken as you are now? Or, do you actually not regard Miss Tessa and her brother as your children?"

Every word he said was powerful, and Silas was dumbfounded. After being in a daze for a few seconds, he turned to Sophia with an ashened face and asked, "Is it true what Mr. Jackson just said?"

Terrified, Sophia shook her head anxiously. "Dad, don't you know what kind of person I am? Would you rather believe an outsider than me? Listen to me: This matter isn't what you think it is. I really didn't contact Young Master Finch or steal Timothy's phone, nor did I try to harm Tessa. You have to believe me!"

After hearing her out, Silas turned back to Edward and said, "You heard her, Mr. Jackson. My daughter said she didn't do it, and this is my family affairs, after all. So, I'll get to the bottom of this."

In other words, he meant to say that Edward was an outsider. No matter what, they would settle this behind closed doors, and he shouldn't be involved in this.

As for how it would be settled, that would be entirely up to Silas' rules.

Edward sneered, "Family affairs? If I remember correctly, both Miss Tessa and her brother are no longer members of this family. How can you say that this is a family affair, then?"

He was very sure that if he left Timothy here by himself, Silas, the incredibly biased man, would never let him off that easily.

And the reason he was here was to make sure that Timothy was alright. Therefore, he couldn't leave just like that.

In addition, he had carried a dislike for this spineless Silas for a very long time and was very disgusted with his blood-sucking ways.

"Well."

Since Edward didn't plan to leave the matter alone, Silas was caught in a dilemma, and he glared at Timothy angrily. "It must have been troublesome for you to make this trip, Mr. Jackson. However, my daughter already said that this incident has nothing to do with her, so how should I settle this, now that she was beaten up for nothing?"

Seeing that Silas was covering Sophia adamantly, Edward decided not to be polite as well and said indifferently, "Nothing to do with her? Tell me then, Sophia: How did five million end up in your bank account? Do you dare to say that it wasn't given to you by Eric Finch? Or are you going to say that it's the pocket money your father gave you? As far as I know, the Reinhart Group can no longer give you that much money to spend anymore. Otherwise, is Mr. Reinhart still giving you special treatment? If word of this gets out, you should know what the consequences are without me telling you, right? Oh, by the way, I thought of an excuse for you: You have found a boyfriend now, and it's understandable that he gave you five million just to make you happy."

Before Edward could go on, Sophia interjected furiously, "That's nonsense! My father didn't give me that money, and neither do I have a boyfriend."

Halfway through her sentence, Sophia stopped herself, and her face was a few shades whiter. I blurted the wrong thing...

A smirk crept across Edward's lips. "Since you admit it yourself that this money was given to you by Eric Finch, then it's kind of obvious whether you really sold off Miss Tessa. Silas, if you don't even regard them as your children, you should stop trying to make a benefit out of them."

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*You should at least have some dignity as a human; even I feel embarrassed for you for being this shameless. To put it bluntly, besides contributing two sperm, what else did you do for them? Did you fulfill your responsibility as a father? Do you have any right to ask Miss Tessa and her brother for anything? Don't be mad because I'm merely stating the truth."

In one shot, Edward told him off with a lengthy speech, and it turned Silas' face sour. However, that delighted Edward even more!

Somebody had to say it!

That was just how Silas was-shameless, bad at managing his company, and failed at educating his child. He even lost the most basic ethics of being a person.

What was the point of such a person to continue living in this world?

Ashamed, Silas was livid, but he couldn't say a thing in rebuttal.

Meanwhile, Amber was an unreasonable person who was fiercely, albeit biasedly, protective of her son. As she was old, she always liked to use her age to her advantage, and when she heard Edward's criticisms, a rush of fury washed over her.

A bunch of useless bums! They already came to our place to walk all over us, but Silas is still acting like an ostrich, forcing an old woman like me to step up!

Immediately, she opened her mouth and lashed out, "Who do you think you are that you can lecture my son? Indeed, birds of a feather flock together. You have no manners at all and merely bark around because of your master's influence. How dare you make a scene at my place, insulting and beating my family as you wish! Do you really take me for a pushover?"

Even though Amber had met Edward before and knew his status, she was so furious that she couldn't care less.

In an instant, the shrewdness in her bones and her vitriol personality surfaced.

My bodyguards can't come to the rescue? Fine. I can take care of these two arrogant guys by myself, she thought.

Rolling up her sleeves, she prepared herself to teach them a lesson.

In spite of that, Edward was composed and merely raised his brows at Amber, but her gesture made Silas break out in cold sweat instead.

Hurriedly, he tugged Amber's sleeve. "Mom, just keep your words to yourself. You have no business here. Go back to your room."

Jerking her sleeve away indignantly, she argued, "Why should I hide? Did I say something wrong? Say, can you change that weak character of yours? You didn't pick up any of my good points. They're walking all over us at our house, yet you're still being so compliant and need me to stand up for you."

Ashamed at being lectured by his old mother, Silas exclaimed, "Don't make a scene, Mom!"

Although Edward didn't have a background like Nicholas, he still had Nicholas behind his back and couldn't be insulted!

But Amber wouldn't listen to him and chided in anger, "How am I making a scene? Even if you can tolerate getting scolded by a nobody, I can't do the same!"

Her words made Edward chuckle in frustration. "It's true that I don't have the right to scold you all, but at least I'm still something compared to all of you."

Amber choked and wanted to argue back, but Edward already decided to ignore her because there was nothing to be said to an unreasonable old woman.

Turning to Silas, he said, "Also, I have something to tell you: President Sawyer already said that Miss Tessa is under his wing, and this will be a lesson to you today. After this, just give it a try if you have the guts to lay a finger on her."

Instantly, Silas understood what he meant.

After a short pause, Edward's expression turned strict, and he added, "If you do anything to her, there's no need for Reinhart Group to exist anymore!" Leaving Silas in a daze, he lowered his head at Timothy. "Let's go. I'll take you to the hospital."

Lifelessly, Timothy nodded. "Thanks," he uttered and let Edward help him out of the place.

After they left without a hiccup and got into the car, Edward cast him a look of disapproval the second they were seated. "You were too impulsive. There are thousands of ways to settle an issue like this. Why did you have to make your way there and do this?"

Bearing with the pain, Timothy clenched his jaw. "Thank you so much for today, but even if I knew that things would turn out this way, I'd still do what I did! So what if he broke my head? Nobody should hurt my sister, especially the Reinharts."

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When Timothy mentioned the Reinharts, his jaw was tightly clenched because he loathed these people to the bones.

Everything Edward chastised about Silas earlier were true. Never mind the fact that the Reinharts didn't raise them after giving birth to them, but every time they wanted something, they would go and snatch it from them directly, which made them even more disgusting than plundering robbers. However, after what happened this time, he reckoned that the Reinharts wouldn't dare to push their luck with them again.

Once again, Timothy thanked Edward. "Thank you, really, and to President Sawyer as well."

Edward shook his head. "This is not a big deal. But your head isn't something which can recover in a night. Who knows what your sister would feel if she found out about this."

It was fine before Tessa was mentioned. Upon the mention of his sister, Timothy shriveled and lost all the guts he had when he was at the Reinhart Residence.

Even though he did this to avenge Tessa, she should never ever find out about this. Otherwise, she would definitely blame herself once she saw his injury.

Anxiously, Timothy tugged Edward's sleeve. "Mr. Jackson, please do me a favor and don't let my sister find out.'

Edward chuckled unwittingly. "You're afraid now, eh? Do you think she wouldn't find out what you did if I don't tell her? Do you think that your sister hurt her eyes instead of her shoulder?"

"You can make up an excuse... Please help me hide this from her. She'll believe it," Timothy pleaded, looking at Edward intently.

While they were speaking, they soon reached the hospital, and Edward brought him to have his wound bandaged.

After taking one look at the cut, the doctor grumbled helplessly, "Why can't youngsters like you talk things over peacefully instead of getting into a fight at the slightest disagreement? Why do you even bother to come to the hospital?"

Feeling a little embarrassed, Timothy smiled sheepishly. "Doctor, how long will this take to recover?"

The doctor gave him a once-over. Seeing his clean-cut features and noticing the polite tone he used when speaking, he had a good impression of him, but he still spoke rather strictly. "This will take a while, and you need to take good care of this injury. Even though it's only skin-deep, it would have caused a head concussion if more force was used. You're afraid now that the fight is over? You don't look like a bad kid to me, so it's better to keep your cool in the future."

Timothy hurriedly nodded his head. "I learned my lesson now."

Seeing that Timothy had returned to his docile and sensible self, Edward thought that it was rather amusing. When they were finished with the dressing and the doctor had given his advice and precautions, Edward brought Timothy with him to report to Nicholas.

In the ward, Tessa was still sleeping, and Nicholas went out of the room when he saw that they were back. Looking at the bandages on Timothy's head, Nicholas couldn't help but frown. "What happened?"

While Timothy was feeling embarrassed and didn't know where to begin, Edward had no psychological burden and explained in his stead. In just a few words, he recounted what happened at the Reinhart Residence.

Nicholas knitted his brows but didn't lecture Timothy about anything. Even though he had acted

impulsively, it was also understandable. Timothy could do this for his sister, and the fact that he didn't even regret after getting hurt showed that he was a warrior. Not only that, but it also showed that he wasn't someone to hide behind his sister whenever something cropped up. Still, even if Nicholas could understand what he was thinking, he didn't approve of his actions.

In this aspect, this pair of siblings were incredibly similar-both of them wanted the best for each other but didn't care about what would happen to themselves and the consequences they would cause. Not caring about the consequences of one's actions and merely having emotions would make them a fool who could be easily manipulated by others.

"This time, you were fine because Edward tagged along, but I would advise you not to be so rash and think about it carefully if something happened next time. If it was someone else instead of Silas today, and you rushed there to try to solve the problem with violence, you should have ended up in jail regardless of your reasoning."

In reply, Timothy nodded and said, "Thank you, President Sawyer. I understand."

Back at the Reinharts', Amber was still infuriated after Edward took Timothy away.

"I really wonder what's the problem with you. He's merely a stinky rascal. Why are you afraid of him? It's not like he'd eat you or something. And you let him go just like that. Are you even my son at all? Can't you have a little more backbone?"

Chapter 164

At that moment, Silas was slightly impatient as he voiced out, "Mom, you don't know what's going on, so stop causing trouble by unnecessarily interfering!"

He thought, Judging by the situation at Reinhart Group right now, I still need to depend on the two of them. Everyone in this home keeps causing trouble for me! In the end, I'm the one who's implicated and have to suffer all that humiliation too!

As soon as Amber heard that, she angrily retorted, "I'm the one who's causing trouble?! Yeah, I don't know what's going on. That's right; I'm just causing trouble here. Alright then, I won't interfere in your affairs from now on! You can do whatever you want. They've turned up at our door to berate us and besides not joining me in chasing them off, you're even being so nonchalant about it now."

Meanwhile, he was full of frustration upon hearing her words. "Mom, you know I didn't mean it that way, but we really can't afford to offend Mr. Jackson."

"Yes, you've just reminded me. Right, that guy was brought home by your darling son. He's such an ungrateful kid and lacking in manners! I must say, we should have strangled him to death in the past. At least he wouldn't have been able to return to target us."

"Timothy has the guts to actually bring someone back home and behave so atrociously too. I reckon that you were too easy on him with that blow you gave him. You should have just skinned him alive and I'm sure that would teach him a lesson to think twice before he makes a move."

Silas couldn't come up with the words to retort. After all, Timothy was no longer the submissive kid who could be bullied around. He had the help of the Sawyer Group and even Silas didn't dare to cross them.

Suddenly, Sophia tugged on Silas' arm. "Dad, it hurts so much. That b*stard, Timothy, whacked me and it hurts so badly. Hurry up and send me to the hospital."

At that moment, he was quite mad after Amber had berated him. As soon as he heard Sophia's sobs, the frustration in him welled up and he instantly slapped her. "This is all a result of what you've done! You deserve all this!"

Meanwhile, she had an incredulous look on her face. "Dad, you didn't object to it when I suggested for us to seek help from Master Finch. You guys supported me, didn't you? Why am I being blamed for this right now?"

However, Silas angrily responded, "Did I support you?! Did I even say a word back then? Did you inform me that you were going to trick the person to such a location? I shouldn't have trusted you at all back then!" After he finished saying that, he went upstairs immediately without bothering to even glance at her.

Then, Sophia exclaimed with a shocked expression, "Dad!"

However, Silas didn't even bother to turn back and all she could see was a coldly, indifferent back.

As soon as she saw that, she was angered beyond words and she clenched her fingers into a tight fist, which caused her fingernails to become deeply embedded within her palms. She had an extremely angry look in her eyes to the point where her features were distorted. Tessa and Timothy! You two better watch out! I won't let you two get away with this!

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Tessa had only woken up from her deep slumber the following day. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw that Nicholas was in the room alone.

Slightly stunned, she sat up and asked in confusion, "You... Why are you still here? Where's Timothy?"

Shouldn't it be Timothy here?

"He went back to school," he replied calmly.

Tessa didn't think too much upon hearing that and she nodded her head slightly before scrutinizing him for a short while.

She noticed that he was still in his clothes from the day before and she guessed that he must have been here the whole night, so she mentioned, "Thank you for your help last night, President Sawyer."

Meanwhile, Nicholas coldly responded, "You seem to be able to easily express your gratitude verbally, but I can't sense any sincerity at all! Tessa Reinhart! If you actually intend to thank me, then you shouldn't keep running away! Are you such a scaredy-cat?!"

Then, Tessa was stunned by his rebuke and it took her a short while to understand his words. She was indeed running away from the issue. Ever since she had been discharged from the hospital, she had

been avoiding both Nicholas and Gregory. However, there was no point in running away because the issue had still remained. This was something that had been at the back of her mind all this while and she found herself quite overwhelmed by it.

Right now, Nicholas took the initiative to bring up the issue, so she should take this opportunity today to make things clear. Tessa lowered her eyes. "Well, since this is the case... President Sawyer, I would like to have a chat with you."

In response, he lifted his brow and stared at her as his breathing hitched slightly. He seemed to be able to predict what she was going to say.

Soon, she mentioned, "My hand is useless now. I don't know when I'll be able to recover and I also don't know whether I'll be able to return to my previous state after my recovery. That's why I'm not sure whether I'll be able to continue playing the violin."

She took a deep breath and her tone was slightly anguished. "Gregory's still quite young and he is very talented. Besides, his time is precious too. I'm keen to continue, but I'm no longer able to be of any help so I shouldn't be selfish and waste his time by being an obstacle in his road to success."

Chapter 165

"Based on the Sawyers' prestigious family background, you should be able to easily hire another teacher. Compared to me, there would be many more talented people out there who can guide Gregory. Besides, I have other personal reasons that I can't disclose, so I hope that you'll understand my decision and allow me to leave."

At that point, Tessa thought that she could finally heave a sigh of relief when she finished her words, but the ache in her heart seemed to amplify in intensity to the point where she found herself slightly breathless.

Despite that, she continued to maintain her silence and kept her eyes on Nicholas. She had decided that she wanted to speak up and resolve everything today.

As soon as Nicholas heard that, his expression darkened. "Don't you dare forget about the deal we had!"

Meanwhile, Tessa responded, "I can pay the penalty."

However, her words triggered him and he coldly mentioned, "Tessa, I've really underestimated you!"

After he had said that, he turned around and coldly strode off.

He could tell that Tessa was adamant to leave. Meanwhile, he wasn't one to continuously retain someone and since she didn't intend to stay back, then there was really no need to force her.

Meanwhile, in Dynasty Garden, Nicholas had just arrived home and immediately went into his room.

There was a cold look on his face as he took a shower and changed his clothes.

He hadn't slept at all the night before and it merely added onto the inexplicable anger he currently felt, making the current expression on his face rather ugly.

Gregory was in his room when he distinctly heard the sound of Nicholas arriving home.

He immediately didn't even bother to change his clothes and he ran to Nicholas' room in his pair of little cow pajamas. Besides, he also carried in his arms a fluffy little plush toy.

"Hey, you're up," Nicholas noted.

Gregory rubbed his eyes and spoke in a childish voice, "I had a bad dream and Miss Tessa told me before to look for her if I had a bad dream. I can't seem to find her. Daddy, I miss her a lot."

As soon as Nicholas heard Gregory mention that he missed Tessa, his own expression darkened before he responded, "You can look for me too, though." –

Meanwhile, Gregory didn't realize that Nicholas was in a foul mood and continued to ask expectantly, "Where's Miss Tessa? When is she coming back? It's been so many days and I really want to see her."

At that point, Nicholas noticed that Gregory couldn't stop mentioning Tessa and at that point, Nicholas' anger had reached its boiling point in which he couldn't contain himself. "Don't you have other things to do? If she wants to come back, then she will. There's no need to wait for her! If she doesn't want to come back, then you shouldn't force it. You must be having too much free time on your hands to be able to think of all this. From now on, your daily homework will be doubled! That will keep you busy so that you won't have the time to mention all this."

At that moment, Gregory was momentarily stunned by Nicholas' sudden fierce outburst. Nonetheless, he was an intelligent child, so he instantly understood the meaning behind Nicholas' words. All of a sudden, the tears swam in his eyes as he mentioned in an aggrieved tone, "Miss Tessa... Is she gone forever?"

However, Nicholas remained silent.

Gregory immediately knew the answer and the hopeful glint in his eyes gradually dissipated. In the end, he didn't say a word and turned around to leave.

"What's wrong with Young Master Gregory?"

At that moment, Andrew had intended to come and inform Nicholas that breakfast was ready, but he noticed a dejected Gregory walking out of the room. Meanwhile, Nicholas, who generally doted on the child very much, had a cold look too. As such, Andrew couldn't help asking out of curiosity.

In response, Nicholas coldly mentioned, "It's nothing. Just ignore him."

Then, Andrew was tempted to say something but held his tongue since Nicholas was in a foul mood. However, Andrew couldn't help thinking, Master Nicholas has always doted on Young Master Gregory, and whatever that Young Master Gregory is after, Master Nicholas would always give it to him. What's going on right now?

Meanwhile, Nicholas realized that Gregory was surely throwing a tantrum right now but the former didn't bother to coax the latter. Everyone in this house dotes on him so much and he gets his way all the time. Each time he encounters anything that makes him unhappy, he would definitely throw a tantrum.

This time, I want him to understand that he can't always have his way! No one is obligated to sacrifice themselves for him. Nicholas was adamant not to pamper him so much anymore.

After Nicholas finished his breakfast, he returned to the company where he had consecutive meetings for the entire morning before dealing with some paperwork too.

It was finally mid-afternoon when he suddenly received a call from home. It was Andrew on the line.

"Master Nicholas, Young Master Gregory has locked himself in his room and refused to eat lunch. What should we do now? Could you perhaps come home for a short while?" he asked with a worried voice.

As soon as Nicholas heard that Gregory refused to eat, he instinctively grabbed his jacket and made his way out of the room.