

## Always Been Yours Chapter 25

### Chapter 25 Tessa's Guest Appearance

In the meantime, the black Maybach was traveling on the road while Tessa was hugging Gregory quietly beside Nicholas. Glaring at his own father with apparent dissatisfaction, the boy murmured, "I don't like that woman. I hate her."

Nicholas raised his eyebrows and met his son's gaze calmly. "That woman is Grandma's guest, like it or not, but you mustn't show your dissatisfaction. Show some manners, at least."

"Hmph! Of course I know that, which was why I greeted her politely!" Gregory thought to himself that he wouldn't have entertained Roselle if she hadn't been his grandmother's guest.

Nicholas smiled and went on to say, "Don't forget that we're going to have dinner with them tonight, so you'd better behave yourself. Do you hear me?"

"Can I choose not to go?" Gregory asked bitterly.

"No!" Nicholas rejected the boy meanly.

Gregory bitterly asked, "Can Miss Pretty Lady come along?"

Tessa heard the boy and replied with a smile, "That's your family dinner, Greg. I'm an outsider or your violin teacher at most, so of course, I can't go." Considering herself as an outsider, she didn't think it was appropriate for her to join the Sawyer Family's dinner.

"If Miss Pretty Lady isn't going, then I'm not going either, Dad. You could dine with them by yourself!" Gregory grunted sourly just when Nicholas knitted his eyebrows helplessly and stared at his son's stubborn look.

Oh boy, here we go again. Nicholas's face darkened as he was about to lecture Gregory.

Nonetheless, Tessa beat him to it and said, "Greg, how could you throw a tantrum at this moment? You're the Sawyer Family's little master, so you're obligated to receive your guest, but as for me, I really shouldn't be there, considering my position. For that, I need you to stop being mad and behave like a good boy!"

Gregory remained silent, keeping his head down while refusing to listen to anyone's words.

"Sweetheart..." Tessa couldn't stand to watch Gregory in that sympathetic state, so she pitifully and patiently tried to coax him. "Sweetheart, please be a good boy. It isn't appropriate for me to be around for the occasion, so what do you say that I wait for you at home until you're done?"

While Gregory remained silent, Nicholas felt helpless, knowing that it was his son's trick to make him give in to him. Thus, he rubbed his forehead and said, "Maybe you should join us, Miss Reinhart. We're just having a family dinner after all, plus you're Greg's teacher, and I can introduce you to our family. Nothing wrong with that, right?"

Tessa was surprised to hear that because she was actually reluctant to visit the Sawyer Family due to her fear of how awkwardly it would play out. However, Gregory continued to wrap his arms around her neck

like tree roots without showing any signs of letting her go, stubbornly begging her to join them for dinner.

In the end, she gave in to her sympathy in the face of the boy's lovely voice and coy behavior, unwillingly agreeing to join the dinner.

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Later that night, Nicholas arrived at the Sawyer Residence just on time with Tessa and Gregory around 7.00 PM. The moment they stepped into the house, they were greeted by the sight of Stefania happily chatting with Roselle and Yana. As soon as the old lady saw Gregory, she excitedly approached him and hugged him lovingly, asking, "Oh, my dear handsome boy! Have you missed me?"

"Yes, I have, Grandma." Gregory nodded obediently with a bright smile on his face, lifting Stefania's spirit so much that she couldn't help but gently pinch the child's chubby cheek.

At the same time, Roselle rose from her seat and greeted Nicholas with a smile. "You're back, Nicholas."

Nicholas nodded indifferently in response while Roselle squinted and gazed at Tessa unhappily. Why is this lady here again?! Despite her frustration, she didn't show it as she smiled faintly at Tessa. "You're here too, Miss Reinhart."

As Tessa nodded, Stefania soon noticed the former's presence but couldn't place her face, although it felt like she had seen her somewhere else at first sight. Trying to jog her memory, she asked, "Who might this be?"