

Always Been Yours Chapter 57

Chapter 57 Twenty Million

Nicholas was already exhausted as it was. When he saw how flustered and worried Stefania was over Gregory's obvious depressive state, he couldn't be bothered to explain as he muttered, "He's just throwing a fit. You know how kids are. Just let him work through it himself in his own space, Mom. Why don't you go home and get some rest? You can drop by some other day."

She nodded in silent agreement, but added fretfully, "It's only normal that he's feeling down after leaving the hospital. Try to cheer him up as much as you can, Nicholas, and if you give him a hard time, trust me when I say I'll give you an even harder one!"

"Got it," he replied grimly with a nod.

A satisfied Stefania then began to head for the door, but abruptly turned to give the butler a pointed look as she ordered, "Andrew, make sure you keep an eye on Greg for the rest of the afternoon and call me if anything happens." With that, she spun on her heels and left for the company.

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Over at Pinnacle Residence, Tessa had washed up as soon as she returned home from the hospital, and after having a change of clothes, she got ready to leave for orchestra rehearsal.

Timothy couldn't help worrying when he saw that she was rushing for work. "Tess, don't you want to take a break before going for orchestra rehearsal? You've been on your feet for the whole of yesterday and you have only just returned!"

Tessa gave him a small smile and explained soothingly, "I really do need to rush, though. The orchestra's schedule is packed tight with rehearsals."

Clearly displeased that she was working so hard, he grumbled, "It's inhumane that the orchestra doesn't let you take a day off or something. I get that rehearsals are important, but you need your rest!"

She knew that he only had his best interests at heart, and instead of getting irritated by his grumbling, she proceeded to comfort him. "This has nothing to do with the orchestra. Besides, I've already gotten enough rest."

As reluctant as Timothy was, he knew he had no choice but to let her go to work. With an imperceptible sigh, he said quietly, "Hey, Tess, once I start earning my own money, I promise I won't let you work so hard anymore. You'll have me to rely on."

Upon hearing this, Tessa was so moved that she flashed him an indulgent smile. "Well, then, I guess I'll have quite the retirement plan lined up for me." She paused, then added softly, "Be safe on your way to school later, okay?"

He nodded obediently. "Got it. I'll be waiting to have dinner with you this evening, Tess."

She hummed in response, and with the violin case slung over her shoulder, she made her way out of the apartment.

The sun was high in the sky by the time she left Pinnacle Community. She felt the hot and dry breeze caress her face, and all of a sudden, she felt a little hollow. Perhaps this is the life that I'm meant to have, and I shouldn't hold out for anything more.

Meanwhile, not long after his exchange with Tessa, Timothy cleaned the house and left for school.

He didn't have any lessons that morning, but he arrived early to go through some things associated with the student council. He had only just sat down in the student council's designated office when his friend, Henry, barreled through the door and cried, "You're finally here, Timothy!"

Timothy smiled at him in greeting. "What is it? Did something exciting happen?"

Henry nodded eagerly with bright eyes, slightly out-of-breath as he said, "Remember how I told you about Reinhart Group the other day? The person-in-charge actually came to school and asked to see us personally! He wanted to go over the details of the project, and he says the price is up for negotiation. I think they really mean business this time!"

Anyone within their range could hear how excited Henry was about this prospect, but his enthusiasm was met with a scoff from Timothy, who said decisively, "We will not be seeing them."

Henry gaped at him in bewilderment. "Why not?"

"Because there isn't a need to," Timothy answered matter-of-factly, his voice flat and cold. "They won't be offering us much anyway, and I'd say they would cap the offer at a measly five million and nothing more."

While Henry did not argue with him over this, he was still a little hesitant about the decision. "Timothy, I know what you're thinking, but don't you think it's a little snobbish of us to turn them away even after they've come to see us personally? I mean, that seems a bit offensive, no?"

Timothy was quiet after hearing this, and he considered Henry's standpoint. Then, as if a lightbulb had gone off in his head, he changed his mind and suggested, "How about if you meet them instead, Henry? Tell them that maybe I'll consider if they're willing to offer us twenty million."

"Well..." Henry thought about this for a moment, then nodded. "Let's go along with your plan, then!"