

Always Been Yours Chapter 61

Chapter 61 Where's Timothy?

An astonished Silas narrowed his eyes and seethed, "That's not up to you. If you refuse to hand over the software, then I'll have you locked up until you do! Don't underestimate the ways I can force your hand, boy!"

Timothy chuckled dryly as he mocked, "That sounds like you, alright. Looks like you're still the same vile person you were all those years ago. Your shamelessness disgusts me!" He glowered at Silas reproachfully. "I've told you that I won't ever hand you the rights to the software, not even if I die. A scum like you doesn't deserve to own any part of my creation!"

"You useless piece of trash! Try me one more time and see if I won't give you a good beating!" Silas snapped, his chest rising and falling rapidly in anger as he brought his hand up, ready to slap Timothy across the face.

However, Timothy merely closed his eyes and turned away, decidedly treating Silas like he was mere thin air as he stubbornly ignored the man.

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Meanwhile, Tessa was unaware of all that had happened. It was only at night when she returned home, tired from the rigorous rehearsal, and noticed that Timothy was nowhere to be seen that she thought, Hmm, that's odd.

"Isn't Timothy supposed to be making dinner by now? Why isn't he home when it's already so late? Is he being held up at school?" Tessa mumbled, as if answers to her questions might pop out of thin air.

Still racking her brain for reasons why he could be late, she set her violin down and carefully propped it where it belonged.

Then, she took out her phone and gave Timothy a call. She was put through after two rings, and without waiting for a greeting, she asked, "Timothy, where are you? Why aren't you home yet?"

Tessa did not expect a gruff and familiar voice to answer on the other line. "He won't be coming home!"

Upon hearing this, she bristled, and her eyes widened in shock. Of course she would recognize this voice; it was the same voice that had become the base of her and Timothy's nightmares!

Looking grim, she did not bother with niceties as she demanded belligerently, "Why are you picking up the phone? Where's Timothy?"

Silas' thick baritone was smug as he drawled wickedly, "I brought your brother home and he'll be staying with us for the next few days, for old time's sake. Now, if you have nothing important to say, stop calling."

For old time's sake? As if anyone could believe that! Tessa pressed angrily, "Why the hell did you bring Timothy over, Silas? What do you want with him? I'm warning you: if you so much as lay a finger on him, I'll tear you to shreds!"

Silas merely snorted at her threat. “Tessa, I suggest you stop nagging. I only wanted to see my son and catch up with him after all these years; surely I don’t have to call you to tell you that. Also, don’t forget that I’m your father, so watch your tone when you speak to me, you savage young lady!”

With that, he brusquely hung up the phone.

At that moment, Tessa’s face twisted into a malicious grimace.

Her so-called father had eyes for only money and nothing else. More to the point, the Reinharts had never shown any concern toward her and Timothy. So, why start now? They must be up to something fishy!

Timothy was the only family she had, and she couldn’t just let him suffer in false imprisonment at the Reinharts’ place without doing anything to save him.

As such, she grabbed her things and made her way over to the Reinhart Residence.

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However, by some cruel twist of fate, Tessa had only just left the apartment complex when Nicholas’ car pulled outside with Gregory happily riding in the backseat.

Nicholas looked as handsome and untouchable as ever, even as frustration and resignation was wrought over his chiseled face.

Gregory had been sulking the whole day ever since his return from the hospital. He had refused to speak and hardly ate lunch either. It was as if his soul had left his little body.

Naturally, everyone in the family had been worried sick.

When it came to dinner, Nicholas had specifically asked the kitchen staff to prepare all the things that Gregory liked to eat, not at all bothered about being healthy as the doctor had earlier warned.

Alas, the little guy had only taken two mouthfuls of dinner before he threw up and the full projectile left him deathly pale.

Nicholas had panicked, thinking that it might be a side effect of the toxins, but the next second, the fatigued and upset little boy decided to throw a tantrum right after vomiting across the dinner table.

With all the might he could summon, he swept all the food and dishes off the table with his little hands. He didn’t stop even as hot soup spilled over his delicate skin.

Pouting, he could no longer hold back his sadness as he burst into tears, sobbing, “Why? Why doesn’t Miss Pretty Lady like me anymore? Daddy, tell me why, please! Did I do something wrong? Why doesn’t she want me—”

He had broken off into incoherent cries after that, his chubby little hands furiously rubbing his face as fat teardrops rolled down his cheeks.