

Always Been Yours Chapter 69

Chapter 69 Putting His Foot In

Nicholas' breath hitched, the softness he was gripping firmly onto rendering him into a stupor.

Meanwhile, it didn't take long for Tessa to burrow out of his arms. She straightened up, but that made the pain unbearable, so much so that it brought fresh tears to her eyes. She crouched down in hopes of soothing her protesting ankle, and as she breathed through the pain, she grumbled, "Can't you just be a little less aggressive?"

Nicholas was about to retort when he suddenly looked down and noticed that her ankle was as swollen as fully-proofed bread dough. Seized with an inexplicable anger, he snapped irritably, "Why are you being so stubborn when you're already this badly hurt? Are you planning on waiting for paralysis to set in before you're willing to go to the hospital?"

She glared at him and snapped mutinously, "Be quiet if you don't want to be the first one to get paralyzed!"

"You—" Stumped by her sharp tongue, he found himself at a sudden loss for words.

To the side, Edward watched the both of them bickering with wide eyes. He was sick of seeing women fawn over and throw themselves at Nicholas and it was refreshing to see a woman argue with him for once. Not to mention, President Sawyer's anger seemed to have been borne out of worry. Could it be that he actually cares about Miss Reinhart? No, that can't be!

Edward shook his head slightly to dismiss the thought, but the next moment, he watched with shock as Nicholas carried Tessa into an embrace.

As she was suddenly weightless, she gasped and began to struggle, shrieking, "Let me go, Nicholas! What do you think you're doing?!"

He ignored her and there was a hard set to his jaw as he turned to say to Edward, "Keep an eye on Greg."

Edward nodded hastily, and with Gregory's hand firmly clasped in his own, he fell in step behind Nicholas and the shrieking Tessa.

The few of them filed into the hospital, whereupon Nicholas arranged for a doctor to tend to Tessa's wounds and run several tests on her.

When all that was done, the doctor said dutifully, "The young lady here will be just fine, President Sawyer. She landed on the wrong note and sprained her ankle when she jumped from a high spot, but a couple of days' rest will have her looking as good as new. As for the abrasions on her arm, they'll fully heal if she regularly changes the dressing."

Tessa let out a sigh of relief when she heard this, then glowered at Nicholas as she grumbled, "See, I told you I'd be fine, but you just had to put your big foot in!"

Nicholas snorted. "I don't actually want to put my foot anywhere. I'm only doing this to stop Gregory from fussing over you."

She quirked her lips and pointed out sourly, "And I wouldn't even spare you a thought if it weren't for Gregory."

Then, she glanced over at the little boy, who had been holding her hand throughout the check-up and blowing on her wounds to soothe the pain.

His compassion was heartwarming, and whatever frustration she had been feeling earlier dissipated because of the little guy. She indulgently reached out and ruffled his hair before saying gently, "I'm fine now, Sweetheart. Don't worry about me."

Gregory, however, was obviously unhappy that she was hurt. There was sympathy in his doe-eyes as he said, "You don't have to comfort me, Miss Pretty Lady. I fell down before and it really hurt, so I know how much it hurts for you too. I'm going to blow your wounds for you each time you apply the ointment. That way, it won't hurt so badly anymore."

She thought her heart might melt at that moment. Almost instinctively, she cupped his little face and kissed him lovingly on the forehead, murmuring, "You're such a little angel, Sweetheart. I'm so lucky to have met you."

Gregory pursed his lips and turned bright red from the unexpected kiss, although he was secretly happy about it. Then, he asked carefully, "Does this mean you'll continue to teach me the violin, Miss Pretty Lady? I really like you, and I like playing the violin as well..."

Tessa faltered, unsure how she should go about answering this. A part of her wanted to turn him down, and indeed, she had done just that not too long ago in no unclear words. However, for some reason, she couldn't bring herself to say no to him now that he was looking up at her with wide, pleading eyes.

As such, she was forced to look to Nicholas for help, hoping he could interject and save her from having to break the little boy's heart. However, much to her dismay, the man chose now of all times to stop butting into her business. He had turned to face the other way, looking impassive as he pointedly ignored her silent plea for help.