

# Always Been Yours Chapter 196

## Chapter 196

Maybe their relationship isn't as good as it seems to be? Maybe he just came here because of the injustice?

Seeing Bruce not responding made Kieran lose his patience. "I'm giving you one more minute. If you still want to drag this on, the person coming later might be my brother. I think you don't know that Timothy is a talent my brother truly cares about, do you?"

N-Nicholas Sawyer? Bruce's expression changed for the worse.

Compared to Kieran, Nicholas was a person who was even more fearsome.

Rumor had it that Nicholas had the nickname of the cold-faced grim reaper. As to how powerful he truly was, nobody knew.

Nobody even knew about what happened to people who offended him, because none would care for an abjected person. The only thing people knew was that whoever they offended, they could never, ever offend Nicholas Sawyer.

If Bruce let his father know that he had crossed Nicholas, it would be fortunate if things ended with the former's leg being broken, as the Liston Family might be up in flames by then.

Trembling, Bruce started to slap himself hard. Even though Kieran had said two times would suffice, the former did not stop until he had slapped himself over ten times and his face was all swollen.

Turning around, he bowed deeply to Timothy, thereafter saying hoarsely, "Timothy, I'm sorry for what happened today. I won't do this again next time." "Now this is how you should've done it."

The ending made Kieran nod satisfyingly, as he turned his gaze toward Timothy. "Let's go."

After leaving the bar, Timothy hurriedly thanked Kieran. "Thank you for helping me out today, Master Kieran."

Nonchalantly, Kieran waved back at him. "It's nothing. After all, we are acquaintances. It was something that I should've done. Anyway, you should go back if you have nothing else. In the future, it would be wise to not come to places like these."

Nodding, Timothy responded, "Still, thank you for your help. We'll be leaving now."

On the way home, Henry asked doubtfully, "Why didn't you seek help from President Sawyer? With his family's backing, he would be able to solve your problems with just a flick of his wrist. Why did you seek Bruce out instead?" Hearing this, Timothy only muttered, "Because some favors are not meant to be shouldered."

How could Timothy not know about how powerful the Sawyer Family was?

However, since his

sister did not want anything to do with the Sawyers anymore, he would not do anything that would put her in a hard place.

Although he still did not figure out who was messing with him, he believed that the truth would show itself when the culprit slips up.

Even without the Sawyers help, the process of opening their company would just take a bit longer, as it was something that could be solved with time.

Nodding, Henry understood Timothy's thoughts. "You're right. They helped us to save our software before, and now they've helped us disperse Bruce and his gang. But that doesn't mean that they are obligated to help us solve our current problem."

"Also, with President Sawyer being so busy, it's not like anyone can just ask him

for help.”

After reaching home, Timothy was greeted by the sight of Tessa waiting for him on the sofa.

“Tess? Why are you still awake at this hour?” Timothy said as he looked at his watch in resignation.

Shaking her head, Tessa replied, “It’s fine. I’m not sleepy yet. Besides, how could I sleep knowing that you aren’t back yet? Why did you come back so late today? Have you found a solution to our problem?”

“I’m still pondering over it.”

Fully comprehending his sister’s temper, Timothy did not dare to utter anything about what happened today, in fear of her seeking revenge against those people if she knew he had been humiliated.

Hearing his reply, Tessa did not show any disappointment on her face, as she only looked at her brother, whose face had shrunk from all the weight he lost. At that moment, she felt pain deep down.

Sighing, she continued, “No worries. Let’s take it slow. We’ll find a way somehow. Are you hungry? Do you want me to whip something up for you?”

Shaking his head, Timothy murmured, “You don’t need to do that. I’ve already eaten with Henry just now. I’m not hungry yet.”

At that, Tessa nodded. “Then you should rest up. Goodnight.”

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“Goodnight, Tess.”

The next day, Timothy went out early in the morning to think of how best to solve this problem.

Tessa looked at her brother, who was insomniac for quite a few days now due to running around town all day to solve this problem, and she felt sad.