

Always Been Yours Chapter 661

Always Been Yours Chapter 661 Stay!

A while later, Cole happened to enter the room, and he chuckled when he saw how Janet was waiting by the bed. "You're still so into him, huh, young lady?" he said. Janet smiled without making any comment, but her silence seemed to show that she agreed with the other man's words. For Nicholas, she would sacrifice anything for him, and she would do anything just to make him belong to her. This time, for example, she had ensured no one else could snatch Nicholas away from her.

Nevertheless, Nicholas was not aware of any of this. He slept all the way until the early hours of the next day. Janet was the happiest to see him awake, and she hurried over once she saw him regaining consciousness. "Does your injury still hurt, Nicholas? Do you need any water or food?" She showered him with care.

"What time is it?" He frowned in response to all the noise she was making. It only took Janet one look at Nicholas' face to tell what was going on in his mind. I bet he wants to watch that b*tch, Tessa's performance, right? Well, too bad. He can't make it in time, even if he rushes over now. "It's 3.00AM now," Janet replied honestly. Of course, she didn't have to lie since she knew that he couldn't make it.

When Nicholas heard the time, he knitted his brows even more than before. "I need someone here!" he called toward the doors. One of his men hurried into the room almost immediately. "What do you need, President Sawyer?" the man asked politely.

"Go ahead and discharge me from the hospital. Bring the car over to the hospital's front entrance," Nicholas ordered in a firm tone. The man nodded and hurried off immediately after that. Janet, who was standing beside the bed, twisted her face into a sour expression. Her hands, which had been dangling by the sides of her body, were tensed up as she clenched her fists in anger. She hadn't expected Nicholas to insist on seeing Tessa when he was in such a state.

"Stay right there. You're not allowed to go," Janet said to Nicholas' man. However, the worker didn't seem to take Janet's orders, and Janet was fuming to see that the worker had rushed off without paying attention to her. "Are you mad, Nicholas? Your injury isn't healed. You shouldn't leave the hospital!"

She sounded furious and anxious as she tried to get Nicholas to stay. A disdainful look surfaced on Nicholas' face when he heard her words. "You have no right to stick your nose into my business," he sneered. Cole entered the room right then—he hurried over after hearing that Nicholas had woken up.

When Janet saw him, she felt like she had just gained a supporter. “Cole, Nicholas wants to leave the hospital when his injury isn’t healed. He’s even asking to leave the country. So, hurry up and help me talk to him,” she cried.

The expression on Cole’s face made it clear that he disapproved of Nicholas’ actions. “Regardless of what the matter is, nothing matters more than your health. You should stay in the hospital and get some rest since your injury has yet to heal,” Cole said.

“I have important things to do.” Nicholas was firm with his words. As they spoke, he was already getting himself changed out of hospital clothes, and it seemed clear that he wasn’t about to take any of their advice. Once he was done changing, he turned around to look for his phone before leaving.

However, after looking around at the headboard and the bedside table, he realized that his phone was nowhere to be found. “Where’s my phone?” He shot Janet a sharp glare since she was the only person in the room just now.

Janet seemed rather shocked by his stern glare, but she forced herself to calm down as she spoke. “I’m not going to let you leave!” she cried again. Nicholas’ expression was one of pure anger at that point. “I told you this is none of your business. Give me my phone!” he cried.

“...No!” Janet bit her lip as she rejected him once more. “It’s just a performance. Does it matter more than your life?” she asked in a resentful tone when she saw the dark look on the man’s face. A murderous aura surrounded the man’s figure when he heard her words. Then, he took slow steps toward Janet with the same terrifying expression on his face. “Give it to me!” he hissed.

Janet could feel the impact of his aura around her, and she felt goosebumps forming on her skin as she began to shudder in fear. Eventually, she couldn’t take it any longer—she had no choice but to hand his phone over. “I’m doing this for your own good, Nicholas. Why don’t you understand?” She tried to make him see how she cared for him.

Regardless, Nicholas didn’t seem to care at all. He took his phone over before turning to give Cole a nod. “I’ll talk to you once I’m back,” he said coldly. Then, he strode out of the ward. His men had already prepared the car and were waiting for him at the exit.

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Always Been Yours Chapter 662 Your Dreams

Once Nicholas got into the car, he headed straight for the airport. “Hurry. Drive faster.” He kept urging his men to hurry up while they were on the way there. Despite this, he still missed the last flight. Nicholas’ face turned sour when he discovered it was too late.

Fortunately, his workers were sensitive enough to notice the look on Nicholas' face, and they hurried forward with some suggestions.

"I can contact the airlines' higher-ups and get them to prepare a private plane for you," one of his men said. The Sawyer Group held a fair amount of shares in this airline company, so they always had the option to use the exclusive benefits offered by the company. However, Nicholas didn't usually make use of such things. This time, his tense expression softened when he heard his worker's suggestion, and he nodded in agreement. About half an hour later, he stepped foot into a flight that would bring him directly to Yvetlava.

Meanwhile, Janet was still in the ward with an utterly dejected look on her face. "Why? I did so many things, yet I still couldn't stop him from leaving. Does he care about that b*tch so much?" She gritted her teeth as she growled under her breath. The rage that she felt had turned her pretty face into the face of a ferocious beast.

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The skies were turning dark in Yvetlava, and Tessa was expected to go on stage soon. However, she wasn't entirely focused on the performance as she couldn't stop thinking about Nicholas. Timothy was worried when he saw Tessa in such a state, so he tried his best to comfort her. "You should trust Nicholas, Tessa. He's going to be fine. So, you should put all of your focus on the performance for now," he said.

"...I can't do it." Tessa shook her head after a while. "He hasn't contacted me until now, which means he must still be unconscious. If he has been unconscious for so long, that must mean that his injuries are really severe," she said. Timothy didn't know how to convince her otherwise.

Right then, Gregory came over and hugged Tessa while attempting to ease her worries. "Daddy's going to be fine, Miss Tessa. Just focus on the performance. This has been your dream all along!" the kid said. Tessa felt a mixture of complicated emotions when she saw the kid in her arms. Timothy seemed to have been inspired by what Gregory said, for his eyes lit up as he continued speaking. "Gregory's right. This is a goal that you've been fighting toward for such a long time. You can't let your six months of effort and your time spent away from Nicholas go down the drain just like that. You worked so hard for this goal!" he cried.

A switch seemed to flick in Tessa's mind at that moment. He's right. I gave up so many things in the past six months just for this dream. I shouldn't let myself down, she thought. Timothy continued speaking when he sensed a change in her attitude. "Also, don't you remember Nicholas' greatest wish?"

“His greatest wish?” Tessa was stunned for a moment—it seemed like she had yet to process everything. Timothy nodded. “Nicholas’ greatest wish is to be able to see you standing on stage with an increasing amount of confidence. He wants you to unleash yourself on stage.”

When Tessa heard what her brother said, she suddenly recalled what Nicholas had once told her. “I’m waiting for the day when you become the most outstanding and eye-catching violinist on stage!” Nicholas had said. She felt his voice was beside her at that moment, and it calmed her down.

She knew that she couldn’t disappoint Nicholas and the rest of the people who cared for her. “I know what to do now.” She nodded as if she had finally gotten a grasp of the situation. That night, Tessa was all prepared by 9.00PM. She waited backstage with the rest of the members from Group Two.

“We are pleased to see all of you here today to enjoy a lovely performance by one of Hathaway’s orchestra groups—Group Two!” A handsome emcee dressed in a tuxedo had given his opening speech, and he attempted to excite the crowd before inviting the orchestra group onto the stage. “Let’s have Group Two come on stage now!” The crowd let out loud cheers the moment the emcee finished his words.

Tessa went on stage, holding her violin in one hand and lifting her dress with another. She walked confidently and elegantly, following closely behind Frebriker as they made their way to their own positions. The bright lights that struck her face enhanced her breathtaking appearance, and the crowd couldn’t take their eyes off her. As Frebriker’s baton went up in the air, a light melody began to spread across the air around them, penetrating every corner of the place.

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Always Been Yours Chapter 663 Hathaway Philharmonic

It didn’t take long for Tessa to get into the zone—she shut her eyes as she began to play the violin. Perhaps it was because she went on stage with the mindset of not wanting to let anyone down, but she seemed to enter a peculiar state of mind throughout the stage. She couldn’t entirely explain what happened then. Either way, her performance that day was better than ever.

The audience felt like they were intoxicated after listening to her violin-playing—they practically entered a trance-like state during the performance. Timothy and Gregory were just as mesmerized while they were seated in the VIP section on the second floor as Tessa had prepared seats for them.

Timothy had prepared a camera to record everything that was going on. He figured that he would be able to show Nicholas the recordings once they returned to the country. "Miss Tessa is so good!" Gregory stood by the railing as he fixed his gaze on Tessa. Compliments streamed out of his mouth like a waterfall.

"Of course! That's my sister! She's the most impressive woman ever!" Timothy grinned as he watched the woman on stage. He felt genuinely proud of his sister. However, he also felt a hint of regret that he believed was similar to Tessa's. Tessa probably wishes that Nicholas was around to watch her since this is such a grand event.

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Nicholas wasn't in good condition after he boarded the plane. His injuries weren't fully healed, and he had torn them open while rushing out of the hospital earlier. In addition, he had exposed the wounds to the cold wind outside after that, so he started burning up with a fever after being on the plane for just two hours.

His face was drained of color as he rested his head against the seat. Beads of sweat covered his forehead as he pressed his brows together. He looked like he was in a lot of pain.

When his workers noticed this, they hurriedly called for the air stewardess on board. "President Sawyer has a fever. Hurry up and get us some medication," they told her.

"Got it." The air stewardess hastily went to get the proper medication and warm water for Nicholas.

Once she brought it over, his men gave her more orders. "Give him the medication and stay here to take care of him," they said.

She nodded obediently before stepping forward to pass Nicholas the medicine. "Take this, President Sawyer," she said.

Nicholas opened his eyes slightly and placed the pills in his mouth before throwing his head backward to swallow them. The air stewardess handed him a glass of water, and he returned it to her after finishing its contents.

The air stewardess didn't leave immediately after taking his glass. "These pills help you to relax, so you can take a nap if you wish to do so," she said politely. He nodded quietly, indicating for her to leave. After that, she walked over and stood by one side, waiting for further orders.

Nicholas shut his eyes to get some rest, but he could only think of Tessa. I bet the performance has already started. It's a shame that I can't be there... He could already

imagine how disappointed and sad Tessa must have been when she realized that he wasn't there to watch her. Amidst the series of complicated emotions, he somehow fell asleep and woke up about three hours later. "Have we not arrived?" he asked icily after summoning the air stewardess to come over.

"We're reaching soon. We're an hour away from landing," she replied. "Do you feel better now, President Sawyer?" she asked.

"I'm fine." Nicholas waved a hand to shoo her off, and she nodded before returning to her post.

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Meanwhile, in one of the famous theaters in Yvetlava, many guests felt like they were experiencing eargasms for the first time. The show's highlight happened during one of Tessa's solo parts—everyone looked as if they had just heard bells ringing from heaven. The crowd found themselves utterly hypnotized throughout the three-hour show, and thundering applause filled the theater once the show ended.

The emcee walked out from backstage to end the night. "I'd like to thank all these talented musicians for coming together to produce such beautiful music." The emcee used a formal tone to calm the crowd before making another announcement. "Now, let's have the founder of Hathaway Philharmonic, Miss Hathaway, lead her team up onto the stage again!"

The crowd erupted in applause once more.

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Always Been Yours Chapter 664 Headlines

Hathaway appeared on stage in a glorious evening gown, and she held her arm high to wave elegantly while the bright lights struck her figure. Both Tessa and Kathleen stood on one side, each behind Hathaway. Although they had completely different styles, the three still looked like a treat to the eyes when they stood together.

Soon enough, the orchestra members made their way to the center of the stage. The applause hadn't stopped at this point. The emcee hastily handed his microphone over so that Hathaway could give a speech. "I'd like to thank everyone for showing up to enjoy our orchestra's performance."

Upon finishing her sentence, she directed the rest of her team to bow to the audience. "I'm sure many news reporters are tired of waiting at this point. I can do the interview now," she announced playfully.

Many reporters with tags indicating that they were staff members scurried forward to interview the team. Typically, Kathleen would be the brightest star on stage. However, she played nothing more than a supporting role this time because most reporters were only interested in Tessa.

“Miss Hathaway, the lead violinist in the new orchestra, is the student you took in a while back, right?” one of the female reporters asked. Hathaway responded with a proud smile. “Yes. She’s my private student, and she’s really talented and hardworking. I’m certain that she’ll be going places in the future!”

“It seems like you’re delighted with your student, Miss Hathaway. Why don’t you introduce her? So, we can get to know her better as well,” the reporter requested.

“Of course.” Hathaway turned and looked at Tessa before gesturing for her to step forward. “Come here, young lady.” Tessa lifted her dress and walked over elegantly. The very next moment, she found all the lighting and cameras turned in her direction. Although Tessa wasn’t accustomed to such events, she performed well and did not seem too nervous or reserved.

“Hello, everyone. My name is Tessa Reinhart, and I’m from Xerthania. Please continue to show us your support!” Her voice was crisp and clear, and her looks were gorgeous—the reporters and audience couldn’t stop falling in love with her.

Despite there being a lot of fans, some nasty people insisted on causing trouble. “Miss Reinhart, since you’re Miss Hathaway’s private student, I wonder if she gives you special tips and tricks that help with your performance?” someone asked. Tessa couldn’t help but frown at the question—this question was clearly a trick question to get to her.

But Tessa kept the same smile on her face as she responded to the reporter. “I believe my performance earlier is a good answer to your question.” Tessa’s smooth response impressed all of the people in the crowd. However, the reporters clearly weren’t going to let her go so easily. “Miss Reinhart, since you’re Miss Hathaway’s private student, do you see yourself as the one who’s going to take over Group Two in the future?” one asked.

“Legally speaking, you have the right to inherit this team with the position you’re in right now. Are you going to fight for it?” another one asked. The smile on Tessa’s face faded a little when she heard these provocative questions.

She scanned the faces of the excited reporters around her before responding with a rather pretentious smile. “What is this talk about heirs? I just happen to like music. My dream is to stand on the largest stage in the world. Everything else doesn’t matter to me.”

The reporters were somewhat discouraged when they heard her irrefutable response. However, they couldn't give up as they needed a solid headline to attract their readers. "This is your first official performance, and you've already blown everyone's minds away, Miss Reinhart.

You seem to be more eye-catching than Kathleen! I wonder what you think of that," someone asked. Tessa narrowed her eyes to conceal the hint of disdain for these reporters. What's up with these reporters? Do they have to create such drama among us? Hathaway and Kathleen were just as displeased by this comment.

Kathleen, in particular, was gritting her teeth so much that she felt like her teeth were about to shatter. How dare these reporters insult me to praise Tessa! Who are they to do that? Tessa noticed the grim look on Kathleen's face, and she decided then that she couldn't allow the reporters to continue guiding her interview. She wanted to avoid causing any more trouble. "My thoughts, huh? Well, I feel pretty sad tonight."