

Always Been Yours Chapter 68

Chapter 68

The car screeched to an abrupt halt.

Nicholas immediately led Gregory out of the car and they headed toward Tessa, who seemed oblivious to their arrival as she focused on tending to her injuries. The cotton bud in her hand had been dipped in antiseptic solution. As she brushed it over her abrasion, a low hiss of pain escaped her and she frowned to brace through the sting.

Nicholas happened to see this as he drew nearer to her and a worried frown etched itself on his chiseled face as he asked grimly, "What's going on?"

Gregory, on the other hand, was a little bundle of panic. He ran to Tessa and pressed urgently, "Miss Pretty Lady, why are you hurt?"

Upon hearing their approaching voices, she looked up in a daze and finally noticed that, at some point, both father and son had materialized next to her.

"What are you two doing here?" she asked in disbelief.

At last, he grinned and his eyes were bright as he explained, "I wanted to see you, so Daddy brought me over to your place. We waited and waited, but you never came home. We were on our way back when we ran into you here!" Then, his elation was quickly replaced with worry. "Why are you injured, Miss Pretty Lady, though? Does it hurt?"

Tessa blinked slowly, then cast a brief look of askance at Nicholas. Didn't I make myself clear the last time? she thought in bewilderment. Why is Nicholas still letting Gregory keep in touch with me?

Nonetheless, she maintained a gentle voice as she told the little one, "I'm fine.

These wounds won't hurt me. Thank you for asking, Sweetheart."

Next to them was Nicholas, who suddenly frowned, and his eyes darkened as he demanded icily, "Who did this?"

She looked at him, stunned that he was trying to get to the bottom of her injuries. Sparing him the details, she said vaguely, "No one. I accidentally fell from the second floor, that's all. It's nothing big."

Nicholas' eyes looked like ominous dark pools. How is it not a big deal that she fell from the second floor? That said, he could tell she wasn't in the mood to divulge more on this, so he allowed the matter to slide and coldly ask, "There's a hospital right over there. Why don't you head in there for a proper check-up instead of sitting here tending to your wounds?"

"It's just an abrasion; nothing's going to happen to me," Tessa drawled nonchalantly.

"Just an abrasion?" His voice turned somber as he pointed out, "You're a violinist by profession. You of all people should know how important your hands are. If you're just going to decide that your wounds are 'no big deal', doctors would lose their jobs then!"

She gaped at him, startled by his sudden concern. Also, why is he shouting at me? Then, the thought of all the things she had endured tonight, and coupled with her frustration of not having saved her brother from captivity, she couldn't very well be pleasant at the moment. As such, she retorted frigidly, "I don't think you get a say in what I choose to do with myself, President Sawyer."

Nicholas bridled at this, but thankfully, Gregory was clever enough to sense the tension brewing. He immediately rushed to mediate, saying, "Miss Pretty Lady, Daddy's just worried about you. Please don't be mad."

Tessa retracted her hostile gaze, and it was only after she registered the pleading look on Gregory's face that she realized she had overreacted. With a deep breath, she quickly resumed her gentle demeanor and replied, "I'm not mad,

Sweetheart. I'm just... feeling a little down at the moment."

Nicholas scoffed when he heard this and said acerbically, "Feeling down or not, you should at least have a medical professional tend to those wounds before you decide to snap at everyone!"

With that, he marched up to her and grabbed her by the wrist so he could yank her off the bench.

Tessa's ankle was already sprained as it was, and when he pulled her to her feet, she felt an acute stab of pain course through her.

She inhaled a sharp breath as hot tears swam in her eyes. It took a while before she recovered from the mind-numbing pain, but just as she was about to snap at him for being so rough with her, she staggered. The next second, she fell forward, stiff and straight like a domino piece, onto him.

Possessing lightning reflexes, Nicholas reached out to catch her just in time and she found herself falling into his arms. She was so terrified that she would hit the ground face-first that she instinctively clutched the front of his shirt to steady herself.

The both of them stood so closely together that they could hear each other's breathing, and in that moment, it was as if time stood still.