

## Always Been Yours Chapter 941-944

### Chapter 941 Wanda's Agenda

How is it that we're talking about my marriage now?! At that, Kieran hurriedly turned his grandfather down. "Grandpa, I think it's still a few years too early for me. We can talk about this much later."

Seeing how resistant the young man was about this topic, Remus didn't press on but reprimanded gravely, "I can allow you to marry a few years later, but your wife has to be of our social status!"

Keiran suddenly thought his future was bleak after hearing his grandfather's words. It seemed that Nicholas and Tessa's marriage gave Remus a pretty deadly blow.

"Grandpa, you can't force love, can you? Let's not set our standards so high." He couldn't help speaking up for himself.

"That's my standard; no negotiations. I may not be able to do anything about your brother, but I can still deal with you if you dare to be as wilful as him!" threatened Remus with a snort.

Keiran swore his future was seriously bleak.

To make things worse, Stefania nodded in agreement. "Your grandfather's right. I will find you a proper match. I can't have you ending up like your brother."

Kieran felt super miserable when he saw how serious his mother was being. Still, he dared not say another word and didn't want to stay around a second longer, even more so after dinner as he scurried away with a random excuse.

On the other side of the town, Wanda had been waiting for Nicholas' return as she knew his birthday was just around the corner.

However, news of his return never came even after days of having people keeping an eye on it.

"Are there any movements from the Sawyers? Did they hand out invitations or prepare for a banquet?" she asked her assistant with furrowed brows.

"Nothing of the sort at all," answered the assistant honestly while he shook his head.

"That can't be right!" The unusualness baffled Wanda. Is Nicholas not planning on celebrating his birthday in Xerthania?

At that, her heart sank, and she planned to take a trip to Sawyer Residence sometime soon to ask Remus what was up.

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The following evening, Wanda came to the Sawyer Residence bearing gifts.

Naturally, Remus was happy to see her. “What brings you here today, dear?”

“Well, I realized it’s been a while since I last visited you, and I happened to be free this evening. So here I am,” Wanda answered sweetly, leading Remus to nod and praise, “That’s sweet of you. How’s the company coming along? Are you facing any difficulties?”

“There were a few minor issues, but I’ve asked Kieran about them, and they have all been settled.”

Wanda had deliberately said so, for she wanted to use Kieran as a channel to divert the topic to Nicholas.

Thus, after praising Kieran, she immediately inquired, “Kieran told me Nicholas’ birthday is coming up, but I noticed that he still hasn’t returned after all these days. Is he not intending to come back and celebrate his birthday?”

A shrewd one, how could Remus not get Wanda’s agenda at this point? Mixed feelings crept up on him, for he was surprised that this young woman still hadn’t given up on wanting to marry Nicholas even after knowing of Tessa’s existence.

“He plans on celebrating it with that woman in Vienna.”

After saying so, his eyes twinkled.

Though things had set in stone and he couldn’t do anything about it, he wouldn’t stop the woman from trying to woo Nicholas either if she wouldn’t give up. After all, he still hoped that Nicholas’ wife was of their social status.

Wanda might not know what Remus was thinking, but she could tell the displeasure he had for Tessa, and she rejoiced.

“How insensitive of Miss Reinhart. First, she took Gregory to Vienna with her, and now even Nicholas is staying there with her. How can she not consider her elders’ feelings?!”

While speaking, she scrutinized Remus’ expressions. Though the elder said nothing, his frown and the displeasure beneath his eyes said it all.

Feeling motivated, she continued gibbing Tessa, “Sure, I get that Miss Reinhart and Nicholas are in love. However, she shouldn’t have Nicholas stay abroad forever. Nicholas, too—he sure has spoiled Miss Reinhart rotten. He was never like this.”

It was evident that she was implying Tessa was a bad influence on Nicholas.

Having been influenced by Wanda’s words, Remus’ displeasure toward Tessa deepened just like that.

## Chapter 942 An Excuse to See Nicholas

However, Nicholas loved Tessa, so there was nothing Remus could do either. "So be it." He snorted. "Whatever he does is his problem."

Meanwhile, Wanda rejoiced at the sight of Remus blowing a fuse. Only would she have a chance at having Nicholas to herself when the elder was super displeased at Tessa.

At that, she feigned virtue and soothed, "No need to get upset, Old Master Sawyer. Just because Nicholas isn't coming back, it doesn't mean you guys can't go to him."

"Forget about that. That boy will probably only grumble about us disturbing him," Remus complained. Wanda, on the other hand, felt absolutely terrible as Nicholas clearly only wanted to be alone with Tessa.

For a moment, she was uber-jealous of Tessa. She honestly couldn't figure out what powers that woman had that could have Nicholas so infatuated with her he could forgo his family and company.

You want time to yourselves? Dream on!

While malice brewed within her, she looked absolutely benign on the surface.

"That's fine," she soothed and continued, "I happen to have a business meeting in Vienna in a few days. If you have any presents, I can deliver them to Nicholas for you."

"That would be nice. Thank you."

Remus didn't turn her down. As much as he was complaining and despising Nicholas on the surface, he still missed his grandson. At that, he had Ian bring the gift over.

Wanda rejoiced as she took the gift from Ian, for she finally had a valid reason to see Nicholas now!

Of course, Tessa knew none of that.

She was nuzzling in her beloved husband's arms at night, discussing his birthday plans.

"Won't your parents be upset that you're not going back?"

As happy as she was that Nicholas chose to stay and celebrate his birthday with her, she was still worried that the Sawyer elders would be displeased with her because of this.

Nicholas knew her thoughts the second he glanced at her with a lowered head, and he chuckled. "They won't. Don't overthink things."

“How do you plan on celebrating your birthday this year? Would you like a banquet or something?” asked Tessa after a nod.

“There’s no need for something fancy. Just you, me, and Gregory will do. I don’t want you to wear yourself out.” Nicholas expressed his thoughts.

Despite feeling incredibly touched, she still suggested, “But I think we should still invite a few friends over for dinner. Make it a little more lively.”

Nicholas naturally agreed to it. It was his beloved wife’s gesture, after all.

The following few days were uneventful.

Tessa would go to Simon’s to work on her piece every day after training.

Ever since receiving pointers from him, her inspiration had been through the roof, and she practically got her piece down in a mere few days. Now, all there was left was the ending.

But the problem was that she had some doubts about it. Thus, she asked Simon for more advice.

“Everything looks alright as a whole, but I think you can polish the link here.” Simon gave her his advice very quickly, then couldn’t help praising, “This piece is far better than the ones you’ve done in the past. Keep it up. I believe you don’t need me as your teacher anymore soon.”

Tessa was surprised that Simon would have such high praises for this piece, but she still teased mischievously, “No way, I still haven’t learned everything from you.”

“What, are you thinking of latching onto me forever?” Despite glaring at the young woman, he was smiling amiably.

Through their frequent interaction, he had long seen Tessa as one of his own.

Tessa blinked and nodded like he had guessed right. “That’s right. I’m latching onto you forever.”

“Shoo, leave. Go and work on your piece. The mister’s birthday is just around the corner.” Simon waved his hand with feigned despise to shoo Tessa away, but his voice was filled with adoration for the young woman.

Tessa burst into a chuckle but still went to fix her piece.

At the same time, she grew more excited about Nicholas’ birthday.

Surely Nicholas would be surprised when even Simon said her piece was good.

**Chapter 943 I Won’t Let You Grow**

When Sofia came to the practice room to coach Tessa on her technique, she found the piece the young woman practiced was very unfamiliar to her yet emotion-filled.

Moreover, she could picture the piece fully just from listening to it, and she couldn't get enough of it. Gradually, she was sucked into the melody.

Tessa, on the other hand, was so focused on practicing that she hadn't noticed someone at the door until the piece ended.

"How long have you been standing there, Miss Sofia?" she asked with shock.

"I just got here. You were practicing, so I didn't want to bother you," said Sofia with a smile as she came back to reality. "By the way, what piece were you playing? How come I've never heard of it before?"

"It's my original piece, but it's still a work in progress," Tessa explained and couldn't help wanting Sofia's opinion. "What do you think of it?"

"Very nice. The arrangement is pretty ingenious, and the mood is also rich, making people resonate with the piece very easily. Very good. You've done so much better than the last time," Sofia complemented unstintingly.

Tessa's smile widened upon hearing this, but instead of letting the praises get to her head, she humbly asked Sofia for any advice she could give.

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As it was a present for Nicholas, she hoped it would be perfect.

Indeed, Sofia pointed out a few minor issues. "This part here, I think you can slow down half a beat when you enter allegro. Dragging the note a little longer will make it sound more tender. Also, I think you dragged it a little here. There are also some issues with your fingering."

Tessa took Sofia's advice so seriously that she even noted it down on pen and paper, causing Sofia to quirk a brow and tease, "Is this piece so important to you?"

"The mister's birthday is coming up, and I intend to give this to him as a present," Tessa explained somewhat bashfully.

"Is that so?" said Sofia with revelation. "Make it a good one, then."

Tessa nodded.

Following that, Sofia gave a few more pointers before leaving.

But lo and behold, Susan, who was passing by, overheard their conversation, and the jealousy in her eyes burned ablaze as she looked at the young woman practicing alone in the practice room.

She was surprised that Tessa had grown to a degree she could only dream of.

No, this woman can't grow any further!

At that, a diabolical plan came to her.

That evening, Tessa did a quick tidy-up after her practice and left.

The next second, Susan appeared by the practice room door and looked to her left and right after watching Tessa leave the building. Seeing that no one was around, she hurriedly opened the door and snuck into the practice room.

Interestingly enough, this was her first time entering Tessa's practice room, and she felt absolutely jealous as she looked at the interior.

The musical instruments here were more complete than their orchestra's, and she could tell from some details that everything in there was specifically made for Tessa.

"Why is that b\*tch so damn lucky?!" she cursed through gnashed teeth but hadn't forgotten her purpose either.

In no time, she found Tessa's manuscript in the desk drawer, and her jealousy once again burned upon seeing the piece.

As a mature musician, she could tell it was a fine piece, and Tessa would certainly become even more famous if this piece was brought to the public.

“I will absolutely not let you grow further than this, b\*tch!”

At that, she took parts of the manuscript and left the practice room.

When she left the building, her heart raced wildly—probably due to the misconduct she had created—and her nerves only eased when she arrived home.

Right after entering her room, she pulled the stolen manuscript out.

Of course, she had deliberately only taken parts of the manuscript as it could only be scandalized easily if it was incomplete.

In reality, she had already devised a follow-up plan.

She intended to give this piece to a musician who was making an album lately. By the time Tessa released her complete piece, she’d surely be accused of plagiarism!

### **Chapter 944 I Know What I’m Doing**

“Surely this will ruin you for good!” Susan growled through gnashed teeth as she clenched the manuscript, her eyes laced with villainy.

I’d like to see how you can continue mentoring a discredited student, Sofia! Susan was confident that her scheme was perfectly devised.

Alas, Tessa was oblivious to all of it, but what she did know was that she was somewhat anxious. Nicholas’ birthday was literally around the corner, but she still had yet to complete her piece.

In fact, to save time and perfect the piece swiftly, she even brought the draft home to work on. Thus, she would compose until late at night these days.

Nicholas didn’t find her behavior suspicious, though, for he knew she had always been very dedicated to music. However, that didn’t mean he wasn’t worried about Tessa’s condition.

On this night, Nicholas went to the study again, seeing that Tessa still hadn’t come to bed when it was already past midnight.

Inside, Tessa was focused on looking through materials as she sat at the desk with her hair hung loosely while her drafts were scattered all over the place—on the table, the floor, everywhere.

Nicholas sighed at the scene and helped her pick up the papers on the floor. “Time for bed. It’s already past midnight.”

“I know,” answered Tessa without looking up. “You go ahead and rest. I’ll go to bed in a bit.”

To that, Nicholas locked his brows into a tight furrow and bent over the next second, forcefully carrying her away from the desk.

Startled, Tessa wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively and exclaimed, "Nicholas, what are you doing?!"

"Taking you to bed."

At that, he took her out of the study.

Tessa let out a helpless chuckle as she struggled. "Put me down, Nicholas. I'm still researching. I'll go to bed once I'm done with it."

"You keep saying that whenever I come to collect you, then you always end up working until late at night. You even fell asleep at the desk in the last two days!" Nicholas had no intention of letting her go back to her work. In fact, he even looked sternly at Tessa.

Seeing how upset he looked, Tessa felt inexplicably self-conscious, and she cooed an apology, "I didn't mean to. I just lost track of time, and I promise it'll never happen again. Don't get mad..."

However, the man only looked silently at her.

With that, she gave him a kiss and promised, "I'll go to bed at once the next time you come and collect me."

Alas, how could Nicholas continue to pull a straight face when his beloved wife was acting so servile?

"Honestly, you..."

Helplessness and dote filled his tone, and of course, Tessa could tell. At that, she stuck her tongue out playfully and said, "I know you're concerned about me and my well-being, but I assure you I know what I'm doing."

As they spoke, they arrived at the bedroom, and Nicholas put her down gently on the bed before fixing his gaze on her. "Come on, tell me. Why have you suddenly gone all out lately?"

Tessa blinked as she gazed at the handsome man before her eyes and answered with a smile, "I heard from Miss Sofia a while ago that there's a composing competition, and I thought I should give it a try. Also, I don't want to lose. Hence, I've been like this."

Of course, it was just bull.

Despite feeling somewhat guilty, she could only do so for the surprise.

Then again, it never occurred to Nicholas that Tessa would lie to him. He didn't suspect a thing, even admonishing, "I fully support you entering a competition, but you can't be anxious for success and do what you've been doing lately."

"Got it." Tessa nodded obediently.

It was only at that that Nicholas went into bed and pulled her into his arms contentedly.

"Alright, go to sleep," he mumbled deeply as he kissed her forehead.

Tessa smiled sweetly and fell asleep pretty quickly, nuzzled in his arms.

Over the next few days, Tessa no longer stayed up late and instead would go to bed on time.

Naturally, Nicholas was pleased to see that.

Very quickly, the day before Nicholas' birthday arrived.