

# Always Been Yours Chapter 132

## Chapter 132 Crying

She blanched, for that was bad news indeed.

Timothy sighed. He knew he couldn't hide it from her. Even if he didn't say it, she would reach that conclusion eventually. I can't do much. She can't heal up immediately and perform onstage right away. He paused for a moment and pretended to look relaxed. "You're really fortunate, Tessa. It's just your shoulder. You'll be fine in no time. The doctor said you would have been in danger if the perp hit your artery."

She nodded and forced a smile. "Yeah, I am." She might be smiling, but she felt sad. However, she couldn't worry them, for they were already concerned about her wound. She looked at Gregory. "Are you alright, Gregory? Did they hurt you before I came?"

"I'm okay. They told me to be quiet, so I was, and they didn't do anything to me." He shook his head.

At least they didn't hurt him and I managed to get there in time. She heaved a sigh of relief. "Good to hear." She had been worried the whole day. If Gregory was hurt, she would never be able to forgive herself even if she was hurt.

"I'm fine, Miss Tessa. Heal up soon. I'm waiting for you to come home." He looked at her, worried.

Since Gregory was looking lively, Tessa felt her pain subside a little. They made some small talk, but Tessa was tired not long after that, as her wound was serious. "I'm tired. I need to sleep. You've been out the whole day, Tim. Go back to school."

Timothy had always listened to her, but this time, he shook his head. "I'll stay here with you. I won't leave no matter what you say, so stop convincing me. Get some rest if you feel tired."

Tessa was easily exhausted for the time being, so she couldn't argue with Timothy and just let him do what he wanted. A while later, she drifted to sleep.

Thanks to the Sawyers, Tessa was staying in the most luxurious single ward. There was a couch and another bed beside Tessa's. It seemed more like home than a ward, and that was thanks to the Sawyers. Timothy didn't want to take the other bed, so he slept on the couch.

Since Gregory was shocked and refused to leave Tessa no matter what, he laid his head on her bed and stayed there. He wanted to hug Tessa, but since his father said that might make Tessa's bad condition worse, all he could do was sit on the stool and stare at Tessa. Gregory had gone through a lot in the day and cried for the whole afternoon, so he was already tired. He was only a child after all, so he slept not long after.

Nicholas looked at the sleeping boy, and he sighed. He took the boy and put him on the other bed. The boy was still sniffling.

Nicholas didn't sleep. Because of the kidnapping incident, he had left some work aside, so he had to go through some files now. However, he would glance at Tessa and his son from time to time. All of a sudden, he heard someone sobbing quietly, so he paused and looked at Tessa curiously. Her blanket was trembling, and her head was bobbing. Oh, she's crying.

Tessa didn't know Nicholas had noticed her. Indeed, she was crying silently under the blanket. Everyone knew she couldn't perform this time, but she knew that that wasn't the only thing she lost.

There were a lot of people in the orchestra, and a lot of them were more experienced than she was. Missing a performance or two was enough to

warrant a performer change. It was common in the orchestra. Moreover, she was just an inexperienced newbie who had nothing in her portfolio to back her up. Even though she had solid basics, the possibility of her getting promoted was slim to none. She wanted to be seen, so she had been practising as hard as she could in the orchestra and tried her best to be the top performer among the newbies. Thanks to her effort, Trevor noticed her.

Because of her unbelievable talent and hard work, Trevor promoted her to assistant concertmaster. It was a never-seen-before act, but her path after that promotion was rocky, and because of that promotion, she was inevitably the object of a lot of people's envy.