

# That Can Be Arranged chapter 17

## Chapter 17 Butterfly Mark

With that, Gregory's eyes began to redden, as if he were about to cry as well.

Tessa didn't expect him to have such a huge reaction. Hence, she was guilty, and she also felt pity for the boy. Instantly, she wiped her tears as she said, "That's not true. I cried because I remembered something in the past. Sweetheart, it has nothing to do with you."

With that, she wiped the tears away and carried Gregory in her arms.

The little boy in her arms was soft and adorable, and one couldn't help but want to pamper him. How would anyone bear to blame him, even a little?

Gregory wasn't quite ready to believe it yet, but when he saw Tessa returning to her usual self, he relaxed. Then, he wrapped his arms around her neck and said, "Don't cry. I'll protect you if you get bullied, so don't cry anymore! I'll feel bad."

Tessa felt warmth in her heart as Gregory comforted her. "All right, I'll count on you."

As the two talked, Tessa dried Gregory with a towel. The boy had a pleasant smell, and his cute cow-themed pajamas, coupled with his exquisite features, only served to enhance his cuteness.

As Tessa gazed at him, she could feel her heart melt. She hugged him and simply refused to let go. "Sweetheart, you're too cute! I've never seen a child so cute like you!"

"You're very pretty too. You're the prettiest lady I've ever seen!"

Gregory was overjoyed to receive praise, and he praised Tessa in return.

"You're so good with words." Tessa laughed at the sight.

Just then, Nicholas had just finished a cigarette, and he was striding up the stairs. He had just arrived at the door to the room when he saw the two chatting away happily.

Gregory leaned into Tessa's embrace as he asked softly, "Can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Uh..." Tessa hesitated, unable to agree right away. She was quite willing herself, but she should get the green light from Nicholas first.

Nicholas walked in slowly. When Gregory saw his father, he immediately asked for permission. "Daddy, can I sleep with Miss Pretty Lady tonight?"

Nicholas didn't want to let the boy down, so he parted his thin lips and said, "Since you're here already, Miss Reinhart, I guess you'll have to accompany Greg for a while longer. He rarely gets this close to other people, you see."

Tessa didn't expect him to agree, and she was even more curious now. Why did he have a complete change of attitude?

That night, Tessa accompanied Gregory to sleep, and she also told him a bedtime story. Nicholas, on the other hand, calmly sat on a couch beside them.

The woman's gentle words rang in his ears, her sentences accentuated with a particular tone that was slightly attractive.

As Nicholas listened, he gradually felt as if her voice coincided with some voices in his memory, but it also didn't feel real at the same time.

Six years ago, the woman's small and weak figure was like a fragile flower. Her breaths were so labored that they almost broke, and she also made some faint sounds with her hoarse voice.

It had been too long, so Nicholas could barely remember it. At that moment, however, he felt a sense of familiarity.

He examined Tessa with a searching gaze. The look in his eyes grew darker as he attempted to see through the woman.

Tessa managed to get Gregory to sleep, then she hastily got off the bed and whispered to Nicholas, "President Sawyer, he's asleep."

"Good work." As the words left his thin lips, Nicholas stood up and got ready to leave Gregory's room. Tessa naturally followed suit.

After they went out, Nicholas stood coldly by the door as he said nonchalantly, "You may stay in the guest room next to Greg's room."

Tessa nodded lightly. "Understood. Pardon the intrusion. I'll be off now." With that, she went through the door and finally let out a huge sigh of relief.

For unknown reasons, whenever she was face to face with Nicholas, she would always feel a sort of heavy pressure. Also, she always felt that Nicholas's eyes looked terribly dark and deep, harboring a frightful abyss within.

Now that she was alone in a room, she was considerably more relaxed. She quickly took off her clothes and went for a bath in the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Nicholas had returned to his own room as well. He suddenly remembered it was Tessa's first time sleeping over, and she probably hadn't brought a change of clothes with her.

After some hesitation, he went to his wardrobe and picked out a clean shirt. I guess I'll need to lend her my shirt.

Soon, he arrived at the door to the guest room. He knocked softly at first, but there was no response after a while, so he simply opened the door and went in.

When he got in, he heard the sounds of a hairdryer coming from the bathroom. Tessa seemed to be done with her bath, and she was drying her hair now.

Nicholas held the shirt in his hand as he walked toward the bathroom. Surprisingly, the door wasn't locked.

Tessa had her back to the bathroom door with a towel wrapped casually around her body. Her long black hair was dancing in the hot air.

Subconsciously, Nicholas averted his gaze, but he caught sight of a spot on Tessa's body near her scapula. There was a red butterfly on her skin, with its wings spread out and ready to take flight!