

# That Can Be Arranged chapter 5

## Chapter 5 I Could Keep You

"Pretty lady, it's just right up ahead!" Gregory exclaimed as he pointed at the lounge up ahead.

Daddy must be in there right now, and once he sees the pretty lady, he'll fall in love with her for sure! Then she'll finally become my mommy!

In stark contrast to the little boy's excitement, Tessa was uneasy. They were presently at the VIP lounge, which was tucked within the core of the yacht.

Standing at the entryway was a row of bodyguards, all of them resembling broad and towering statues as they put up an intimidating front.

At the sight of them, Tessa slowed in her steps and said a little hesitantly, "Hey, little guy, why don't I just put you down here and you walk the rest of the way back? I'm sure I don't have to go in with you."

The boy immediately wrapped his arms tight around her neck as he cried, "No, I want you to go in with me!"

"But..." She didn't know what she was supposed to do. The Sawyers could very well be in that lounge right now, and it would be inappropriate for her, an outsider, to intrude.

"Do you not like me at all, pretty lady?" Suddenly, the little boy pouted, his large eyes glistening as he stared at her woefully.

She quickly snapped out of her thoughts and replied, "No, of course, I like you! How can I not when you're so adorable?"

"Then why won't you go in with me? It just means you're lying to me when you say you like me," the little boy muttered, his voice close to breaking into a cry as he kept his arms around her.

Just then, Nicholas marched out of the lounge, but he was so startled by the sight of his own baby son whining for affection in some woman's arms that he halted in his steps.

Kieran, in particular, looked as if his jaw might hit the floor soon. "Goodness, is Greg actually asking for attention?" Aside from Nicholas and Kieran's mother, Greg did not show affection for any other woman. He would reel back in disgust whenever anyone so much as brushed skin with him, so hugging him was close to impossible.

This is the first time I've seen him get so up close and personal with another woman! Kieran thought bewilderedly. What in the world is going on here?

Upon hearing approaching footfalls, Tessa looked up and instantly locked gazes with two incredibly handsome men.

Of the both of them, she recognized Kieran first.

He was something like the right-hand man in Sawyer Group. He frequently appeared in finance magazines, and he was in the top ten most eligible bachelors in Brentwood society. With good looks and plenty of charm to spare, he soon made a name for himself as a suave, devilish, and incorrigible heartbreaker, though that didn't stop the hordes of women from fawning over him.

As for the man next to Kieran, he boasted a strong resemblance to the little boy in Tessa's arms. This man looked as if he had made a home at the top of the social food chain, like he was an untouchable king. While he looked cold and distant, there was an unmistakable air of nobility about him.

This must be Nicholas Sawyer, Tessa thought. He was an elusive figure who had never once appeared in any magazine or on the news, but he was an existence that could not be replicated nor surpassed.

Presently, this formidable pair of brothers were appraising Tessa warily. She held her breath when she felt their watchful gaze fix on her, and she quickly bowed her head in greeting. "President Sawyer, Master Kieran," she began, willing herself not to fumble like an idiot. "I-I'm Tessa Reinhart, a violinist in the orchestra hired for today's celebration. The young master accidentally wandered over to the orchestra's lounge earlier, and I've brought him back, as you can see."

When Nicholas and Kieran heard this, they realized that there was nothing for them to be vigilant about. In a cool, crisp voice, Nicholas said, "Thank you for bringing him back here, Miss Reinhart. You may leave after you put him down on the ground."

His voice was deep and a little husky, and when he spoke, it was as if the rest of the world melted into the background.

Dazed, Tessa nodded slowly and made to put the little boy down.

However, he abruptly tightened his arms around her neck as he cried, "No, I don't want to be put down on the ground! I want the pretty lady to carry me!"

He liked how warm it felt to be in Tessa's arms, and he didn't want to leave her embrace. Also, he wanted her to get to know Nicholas a little better.

But Daddy needs serious help in the chivalry department! How can he speak so coldly to the pretty lady? This man is as hopeless as they come!

Meanwhile, Nicholas and Kieran were obviously taken aback by the boy's avid protest. Neither of them had expected the child to have developed such a strong liking for a woman at the first meeting.

Tessa was starting to look flustered as well as she cajoled, "Baby, listen to me carefully, okay? I still have a performance later, and I have to put you down now, or I won't be able to do my job."

"Well, if you can't do your job, then just quit," the little boy grumbled, still pouting.

She shook her head firmly, but her eyes were gentle as she tried to persuade him. "That's not going to work out, because if I don't go back to work now, I'll be fired on the spot. If that happens, then I'll lose my income, and I won't have money to pay for food. You wouldn't want me to starve, would you, little one?"

"It's fine if you get fired; I could keep you and feed you if you'd like!" His voice rose by an octave as he looked at her proudly, as if he had just given a gentleman's word for the first time in his life.

Tessa was highly amused by this, so much so that she wasn't sure how she should respond.

At that moment, Nicholas interjected tersely, "Gregory Sawyer, stop messing around at once!" He looked impassive, but there was an authoritative timber in his voice. He reached out and took Gregory away from Tessa's arms, saying, "Come here and stop making trouble for this lady."

Crestfallen, the little guy dipped his head and blinked his large doe-eyes, looking dejected as he asked Tessa softly, "Have I really made trouble for you, pretty lady?"