

That Can Be Arranged Chapter 51

Chapter 51

“Yes!”

Gregory nodded before he looked around and noticed that Tessa was carrying a violin with her, so he asked curiously. “Did you come here right after your work?”

Tessa smiled gently. “Yeah, I just finished my practice.”

art he had a genuine look on his face as he asked again, “Can you stay over tonight, Miss Pretty Lady?”

“Well...”

While she was taken aback and looked hesitant, a disappointed look appeared on his face before he asked with a pitiful voice, “You can’t, huh?”

Although she couldn’t bear seeing him disappointed, she made up her mind and nodded. “Yeah, I’m sorry, Greg. I need to go home today.” Upon hearing that, Gregory lowered his head in disappointment and he looked really dejected.

Meanwhile, Nicholas, who couldn’t stand to see Gregory like that, immediately frowned and gave Kieran a look.

Kieran initially returned Nicholas’ gaze innocently as he didn’t understand what Nicholas was trying to say, but Nicholas glared at him again.

Right then, Kieran felt his head numbing before he finally caught onto what Nicholas had meant and chuckled before suggesting, “Miss Reinhart, why don’t you stay over with Gregory tonight? How can you bear seeing him so dejected when he looks up to you so much? Besides, my brother hasn’t been able to go to the company to work because of Greg, so I’ll have to manage the company in his place. In that case, I won’t be able to stay over to take care of Greg, so please remain to take care of him.”

However, Tessa paused. “But, even if you can’t stay, isn’t your brother

still here ?”

While Kieran was rendered speechless, Nicholas gave himself a facepalm before giving Kieran a sharp glare.

Immediately, Kieran started to perspire before he shook his head and explained, “No, no, no. That’s where you’re wrong, Miss Reinhart. Do you really think someone like my brother can take care of Greg well ?” Why can’t he? She thought in curiosity as Nicholas had been the one taking care of Gregory ever since he was a baby.

However, Kieran quickly changed the topic before Tessa could say anything. “Let’s not talk about that anymore. It’s set for tonight, then. Miss Reinhart, I think that you’re a really nice person and you can definitely take good care of Greg. Besides that... Please don’t take what happened earlier to heart. I’m sure you know that my family only reacted that way because they were worried about Greg... Nevertheless, all of us felt apologetic once we found out that you were framed! So, I really hope that you’ll forgive us for our suspicions toward you earlier.”

At this moment, Tessa was stunned and didn’t know what to say. It was undeniable that she felt offended about what had happened previously, but... She couldn’t help but soften up when she saw Kieran’s sincere expression. Besides that, Gregory was staring at her with an expectant look as well. Not being able to refuse their requests, she could only nod. “Alright, then.”

“That’s great! Miss Pretty Lady can stay over to accompany me now!” Seeing that Tessa had compromised, Gregory was so excited that he wanted to prance around in happiness.

Now that Kieran had finished the mission that Nicholas gave him, he quickly packed his stuff and made his escape.

Meanwhile, she couldn’t help but feel annoyed. Why can’t i endure Greg’s pestering and always end up being soft-hearted...

Sighing helplessly, she could only take her phone out to send Timothy a text. ‘Timothy, I won’t be coming home tonight, so do rest well.’

Knowing that Tessa was busy and it wasn’t her first time not coming home at night, Timothy’s reply came quickly. ‘Alright. Do take care and don’t be too hard on yourself.’

‘Of course. You should go to bed earlier. Goodnight!’

After that, Tessa kept her phone before turning to look at Nicholas.

At this moment, Nicholas had walked to the side of the table and poured some warm water into Gregory’s cup before opening Gregory’s medicine packet to dissolve it in the cup of water.

When Gregory saw the medicine that Nicholas was holding, his face immediately scrunched up into a frown, causing Tessa to burst into laughter and ask, “Greg, are you afraid of taking your medicine?”

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Chapter 52

Gregory nodded before he complained, ‘The medicine is so bitter and it tastes horrible. I don’t like it.’

However, Nicholas, who stood at a side, harrumphed coldly when he heard his son’s words. “You still have to take it even if you don’t like it. You’ll only recover from your illness once you take your medicine.”

Upon hearing that, Gregory’s frown deepened.

In a blink of an eye, Nicholas had already walked toward Gregory with the cup of medicine in his hand while waiting for Gregory to consume it. Yet, Gregory looked as if he saw something terrifying before he pouted and ran into Tessa’s arms.

Right then, he had his head buried in her arms before he said pitifully, “Miss Pretty Lady, I don’t want to take my medicines... I don’t like it.”

At this moment, Tessa could only look up at Nicholas awkwardly while he frowned and looked as if he had a headache before he suppressed his impatience and coaxed, “Greg, be a good boy and take your medicine.

You don't have to eat them anymore once you have recovered.”

Despite that, Gregory still refused to take his medicine as he whined in Tessa's embrace. “No! You can take them instead. I don't want it. It's too bitter!”

“Greg!” Unable to convince him, a helpless Nicholas snapped.

However, Gregory was still stubborn as he held onto Tessa tightly as if he was clutching at straws and refused to let go

Nicholas had completely ran out of ideas to get Gregory to take his medicines this time.

Suddenly, she was struck by an idea.

Then, she opened her bag and took a candy out before she coaxed gently, Greg, can you see what I'm holding right now? Be a good boy and take your medicine; I'll reward you with this candy.”

When he heard that, Gregory finally looked up before his reddish eyes landed on the candy. After hesitating for a while, he asked with curiosity, “Miss Pretty Lady, will you really give me that candy if I take my medicine?”

Tessa smiled gently. “Of course. You'll recover if you take your medicine and you'll be able to have this candy.”

Right then, his cheeks puffed up as he looked as if he was considering her proposal before he looked up to ask, “Can you feed me my medicine?”

She immediately grinned, “Of course!”

Then, she took the glass of medicine mix from Nicholas and blew gently at it before she started feeding Gregory his medicine.

At this moment, Gregory finally mustered up the courage and finished his medicine in one go with a frown.

“You're doing great, Greg!”

Tessa had a proud look on her face as she gave him the candy from earlier. “And now, this candy belongs to you.”

“Thank you, Miss Pretty Lady!”

Gregory's eyes crinkled as he smiled with a hint of proudness in his eyes

and took the candy.

On the other hand, a conflicted look flashed past Nicholas' eyes as he witnessed what happened.

Ever since Gregory was a baby, he hated taking medicines and wouldn't have it no matter how much everyone in his family tried to coax him.

However, Tessa had managed to coax the boy with just a candy.

Nicholas found it hard to comprehend the reason behind this and it took him a while to process what had just happened. When he noticed that it was already late, he went forward to hasten them. "Okay, Greg, it's time for you to sleep now. You can't stay up so late since you're sick, alright?"

Nevertheless, Gregory showed his mature side by nodding before he returned to bed obediently.

Still, he was still grabbing onto two of Tessa's fingers and refused to release it before he declared, "You must accompany me, Miss Pretty Lady."

Smiling gently, Tessa held Gregory's hand before she promised, "Of course I'll accompany you. I won't leave your side."

This made Gregory feel relieved before he requested with a cute voice again, "Miss Pretty Lady, I can't fall asleep. Can you sing me a song? A bedtime story works too."

Upon hearing this, she was taken aback before a smile bloomed on her face. "Why don't I sing you a lullaby?"

She wasn't able to tell him a bedtime story without a storybook, but she still knew how to sing lullabies.

"Alright." He nodded without any objections.

Then, Tessa started singing, "Hush, little baby, don't you say a word..."

She was a music student with a good sense of musicality. Along with her gentle melodic voice, her voice was like a soft feather gliding on their hearts.

In no time, Gregory closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was sitting on the couch and staring at them in silence.

As the light shone on Tessa's face, her clean features and charisma was illuminated while the slight smile on her face was extremely capturing. At this moment, Nicholas felt his heart skipping a beat.

Chapter 53

Right then, he had to admit that it was really hard for him to connect the pure woman in front of him to the woman who abandoned Gregory in the past.

In fact, Nicholas was starting to think that there was nothing wrong with his past assumptions.

However, he knew numerous people and realized that he wouldn't recognize the wrong person.

Despite that, Tessa looked like she genuinely liked children and wouldn't abandon them for her own benefits.

This made Nicholas suspicious that the woman from six years ago might not be her.

During that wild night, he could barely see anything as the lights were extremely dim and he only recalled touching the woman's birthmark on her shoulder. Still, what if this is all just a coincidence?

At this moment, Nicholas fell into a daze and unknowingly started to ponder on the matter.

When he came back to his senses, Tessa had already fallen asleep next to Gregory's bed.

Suddenly, Nicholas abruptly stood up and walked toward the bed before he noticed that the both of them had slept close to each other and their facial features somewhat had a hint of resemblance.

It was at that moment when Nicholas felt his heart pounding before a warm feeling started to course through his body...

Following that, he took a coat that was on the side and placed it on Tessa gently before tucking Gregory in.

At the same time, Roselle, who had rushed back to the hospital,

witnessed that scene when she arrived at the entrance of Gregory's ward. In the dark, her eyes narrowed dangerously while her gaze was filled with so much hatred that it might shed blood!

When she went home earlier that night, she couldn't fall asleep and all she thought about was Nicholas.

Still, she couldn't understand something—was she really that bad?

Otherwise, why would Nicholas treat me so coldly?

Roselle had specially returned to the hospital at midnight as she wanted to express her gentle side in front of Nicholas so that he would realize how great she was, but she didn't expect to see Tessa there at all. Did Nicholas just place a coat on her? That f*cking b*tch!

As she gritted her teeth, hatred coursed through Roselle's body before she started trembling from rage. How dare she? How f*cking dare she?!

Roselle refused to believe that she would lose to someone like Tessa.

Tessa Reinhart is nothing but a b*tch, so who is she to snatch my man from me?! Does she think that she can heighten her social status just because she's dating someone from the elite class? In her dreams!

A sinister glint flashed past her eyes before she gritted her teeth and thought, Just you wait, Tessa Reinhart! I'll make you pay for what you did!

Then, she turned to leave in anger.

Right then, Edward emerged from a dark corner of the hall and smirked as he stared at Roselle's retreating figure before he entered Gregory's ward.

“Shh!”

When Nicholas saw Edward entering, he placed his slender finger in front of his thin lips and motioned for Edward to be quiet.

At that moment, Edward was taken aback before he noticed Tessa and Gregory both asleep.

Then, he nodded and left the room conscientiously while Nicholas followed right after him.

As the two of them stood at the hospital corridor, their shadows were so

dark that it blended into the background.

“How’s the investigation?” A deep voice rang out and broke the silence.

Hearing that, Edward took the medicine that Yana had been taking, which was a piece of evidence, out of his pocket and gave it to Nicholas.

“Look at this, President Sawyer. This is what I obtained from Yana’s room. I’ve already sent this medicine to Master Ashton’s place for identification where it was confirmed that the content of the medicine is the same as the one in Young Master Gregory’s cup!”

“So, what you are saying is that Yana is confirmed to be the one who tried to harm Greg?”

Edward nodded. “Yes!”

Nicholas’ expression immediately darkened before a chilly aura started to spread from his body.

Chapter 54

A shudder went through Edward when he heard those words and he couldn’t help bristling as he felt the air around him freezing lowering his head, he asked in a hushed and frantic tone, “Then, what are you planning to do next, President Sawyer? How will you expose Yana?”

Nicholas’ gaze was icy and dark. He gritted his teeth and in a voice so frigid and deep that it sent chills running down one’s spine, he replied, “If everything goes well, Greg should be discharged from the hospital tomorrow I want you to drop by the main house and inform them that I’ll be bringing Greg over for lunch tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir!” Edward nodded solemnly before he retreated out of sight without another word.

Presently, Nicholas returned to the hospital room and gently closed the door behind him before sitting on the couch with a vigilant look.

It was nightfall before anyone realized it.

Bang!

A loud crack of thunder tore through the sky and thereafter followed by a purplish-white streak of lightning. It didn’t take long before the rain relentlessly poured down outside the window while being accompanied

by the violent symphony of thunder.

At that moment, Tessa bolted upright when she heard the angry rumble of thunder and she very nearly toppled off her chair.

The stormy weather seemed to have transported her, as it always did, to that particular moment six years ago when she swore that she had been dragged through hell. It had been raining that night too, she thought with a painful twist of her heart.

It took a while for her to come back to her senses, although she still looked rattled!

Then, she turned to look at a restless Gregory sleeping on the bed as the storm raged on. At the sight of his unease, Tessa reached out hastily and patted his chest to soothe him.

That seemed to have reassured the little boy, for with a purse of his lips, he fell into a deep slumber again as his frown smoothed,

Tessa let out a sigh of relief, but found that she no longer wanted to sleep.

As she turned around, she was about to pour herself a glass of water when she saw Nicholas sitting stiffly on the couch, frowning as he massaged his legs.

She could tell that he was uncomfortable, and before she could stop herself, she asked curiously, “Are you alright, President Sawyer?”

It was only after Tessa’s question that Nicholas noticed she was awake.

Then, he shook his head before explaining indifferently, “It’s nothing.

Whenever the weather is unpredictable and becomes humid, the old wounds in my legs tend to resurface. It takes some time, but rubbing tends to help with the pain.”

Tessa nodded sympathetically when she heard this as she understood his pain.

Indeed, the months of June and July would arrive with heavy downpours.

Since Timothy had in the past shared the same affliction as Nicholas, his legs would start acting up as well and cause him to be sore.

Whenever that happened, she would massage Timothy’s legs the moment she had the time in hopes of soothing his pain.

At the recollection of this, she hesitated for a while and finally crossed over to where Nicholas was, then asked tentatively, “If you don’t mind, President Sawyer, perhaps I could give your legs a massage and see whether that will help?”

A stunned Nicholas eyed her with a little skepticism. “Do you know how to go about it?”

While nodding, Tessa explained frankly, “Since childhood, my brother has had a medical condition that affects his legs and he was enrolled in post-surgery physiotherapy. I had to massage his legs everyday to encourage the recovery, so I learned a few tricks from the professionals along the way to help with the aches. Perhaps you would be more convinced once I have shown you.”

He stared at her warily for a moment after hearing words. Then, he finally nodded, albeit hesitantly.

Having seen that he acceded to her offer, she walked over to him and sat down next to him.

Tessa propped his legs on top of her knees as if it was the most natural thing in the world before she began to massage his legs in earnest.

It was only when she touched him that she realized with a start how embarrassing and awkward this position was for the both of them.

She reminded herself pointedly, and rather belatedly, that this man was not her brother, Timothy, but the formidable Nicholas Sawyer. She had only ever been intimate with one man in her lifetime, and that was six years ago. There was no other man with whom she had been subsequently up close and personal with.

In an instant, the air seemed to weigh down on her, suffocating her as she grew distressed.

Alas, it was too late for her to draw back and stopping halfway would only make things even weirder between them. As such, she cleared her throat a little shyly and tried to look unfazed as she asked, “Could you tell me where you feel the most discomfort, President Sawyer?”

Nicholas’ lips pressed into a thin line as he answered coldly, “My

knees.”

“Okay.” She nodded courteously and ran her fingers up along the meridian points in his calves. When she reached his knees, she paused and firmly kneaded the area.

There was no denying that the muscular lines of his statuesque legs felt divine despite being clad in pants and she found herself marveling at how strong and perfect they looked.

Even as she focused her attention on the massage, her gaze still swept over the flawless lines of his legs.

She suddenly became aware of just how much devotion the heavens had put into carving this man before her. Be it his family background or his refined looks or his astounding abilities, Nicholas seemed to embody perfection.

It was no wonder then that so many women pined after him, Tessa thought ruefully.

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She could tell that he was uncomfortable, and before she could stop

herself, she asked curiously, “Are you alright, President Sawyer?”

It was only after Tessa’s question that Nicholas noticed she was awake. Then, he shook his head before explaining indifferently, “It’s nothing. Whenever the weather is unpredictable and becomes humid, the old wounds in my legs tend to resurface. It takes some time, but rubbing tends to help with the pain.”

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Whenever that happened, she would massage Timothy’s legs the moment she had the time in hopes of soothing his pain.

At the recollection of this, she hesitated for a while and finally crossed over to where Nicholas was, then asked tentatively, “If you don’t mind, President Sawyer, perhaps I could give your legs a massage and see whether that will help?”

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Having seen that he acceded to her offer, she walked over to him and sat down next to him.

Tessa propped his legs on top of her knees as if it was the most natural thing in the world before she began to massage his legs in earnest.

It was only when she touched him that she realized with a start how

embarrassing and awkward this position was for the both of them. She reminded herself pointedly, and rather belatedly, that this man was not her brother, Timothy, but the formidable Nicholas Sawyer. She had only ever been intimate with one man in her lifetime, and that was six years ago. There was no other man with whom she had been subsequently up close and personal with.

In an instant, the air seemed to weigh down on her, suffocating her as she grew distressed.

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There was no denying that the muscular lines of his statuesque legs felt divine despite being clad in pants and she found herself marveling at how strong and perfect they looked.

Even as she focused her attention on the massage, her gaze still swept over the flawless lines of his legs.

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Then again. Tessa reminded herself sharply that his perfection and his hordes of admirers had nothing to do with her.

Her awkwardness was maintained throughout the massage, although there was no denying that her skills were comparable to those of a professional masseuse's.

Presently, a pregnant and strange silence filled the room while there was something odd about the atmosphere. At some point, and without her even noticing, the tips of her ears began to heat up.

Nicholas, however, seemed unaffected, and he only thought of her massage as a professional one. He had to admit that the pain in his bones and muscle had been significantly soothed as she continued to work on them.

At that moment, his dark gaze fell and lingered upon her. She had her head bowed, and her face was serious and focused under the warm lights. She had neither a heart-stopping beauty nor the delicate elegance that seemed innate to socialites, but there was something refreshing and enigmatic about her that somehow drew him in.

Her porcelain hands were nimble as they swiftly found and worked on the aching spots in his legs, effectively putting his discomfort to rest. All the staring must have led him into a trance, for after a while, Nicholas started to feel a surge of something like desire rush through him, and it wasn't ebbing away any time soon.

In fact, the impulse to push Tessa down and have his way with her suddenly felt genuine and overwhelming.

He forced himself to avert his gaze. Pinching the space between his brows, he tried to keep calm as he suppressed the strange urge that had welled up out of nowhere.

Around ten minutes later, Tessa looked up at him and asked softly, "Does it feel better now?"

Nicholas nodded and said, "Much better."

She let out an awkward dry cough and hummed in response, muttering, “Well, glad to be of help.”

Following that, she quickly placed his legs down once more and created some distance between them rather intentionally.

At the sight of this, the corners of Nicholas’ lips twitched with the beginnings of a smile, and he thought that there were still some things that he might have to go over with her.

His deep voice pierced through the veil of silence between them as he abruptly said, “Miss Reinhart, I hope you will reconsider what we talked about earlier today. I’m sure you can tell that Greg truly is enamored with you, and I hope that you will continue to stay and tutor him.”

After he paused, he added as an afterthought, “If you’re worried about my family picking a bone with you, though, I promise that I won’t let any one of them affect your duties. Naturally, I’ll take care of your wellbeing for as long as you teach Greg.”

Tessa felt her heart give a heavy thump at this. The only person in this world who had sworn to protect her was Timothy, and now Nicholas was the second man to have told her something along the lines of that.

For some reason, the reassurance behind his promise warmed her, but she still rejected his offer nonetheless.

Parting her lips, she replied sensibly, “There’s no need for that, President Sawyer, because I’ve already thought about this. I’m grateful for your kind offer, but regardless of how things might turn out, I don’t think I can continue teaching Gregory.”

Upon meeting Nicholas’ curious gaze, she explained steadily, “You’ve seen how Gregory has taken an unexpected liking to me, and while I’m extremely flattered by this, there is no promise that he wouldn’t grow overly attached to me. What will happen then?”

Tessa eyed him seriously, as though quietly asking him to consider this possibility. “Also, President Sawyer, I’m acutely aware of who I am and where I stand in society. I never belonged in the same world as you and

Gregory. The both of you come from the most elite family in the entire country; you stand at the top of the social pyramid and everyone respects you. I, on the other hand, am just an ordinary woman who's trying to get through life day by day. Besides, you'll have to start a family someday, won't you? Don't you think your future wife-Gregory's future mommy-would have something to say about my constant presence in your lives? I have no wish of becoming an eyesore to someone else. That said, I think it would be much better for us to stop Gregory from pursuing this matter any further while he's still oblivious than to drag things out. It'll save us from plenty of trouble in the future, don't you think?"

That Can Be Arranged Chapter 56

Chapter 56

Tessa had to keep herself from sighing aloud as she said this. The sensibility of her rejection did not take away from the sadness that came with it.

Nicholas, on the other hand, fell silent as well, like he could not bring himself to argue with her.

With nothing more to add to this, she looked away from him and muttered softly, "It's late. You should get some rest, President Sawyer. I'm heading back to sleep."

She rose from the couch after that and returned to Gregory's bedside. She tucked the blanket snugly around him, then hunched over the side of the bed and slept.

In truth, however, sleep evaded her. She was merely resting her head on her folded arms as she took in Gregory's cherubic sleeping face, feeling an inexplicable rush of sadness.

Meanwhile, Nicholas sat on the couch like a statue as he stared at Tessa's back with interest, but he left her decision as it was and did not attempt to dissuade her from it. Admittedly, he was surprised to hear how much thought she had put into her rejection and how far-sighted her reasons

had been.

That being said, he had to agree with her. Gregory was developing an attachment to her that would eventually grow into a bond. More importantly, if Nicholas had any confirmation at all that she was the woman who had abandoned her child for money all those years ago, then he would have cast her out of their lives without a second word.

As things were, it was better for Tessa to leave them now rather than wait for complications to arise over time. Gregory would be upset and throw fits at first, but he was a smart kid, and as time went on, he would figure out the reasons behind her departure.

And so, for the rest of the night, neither Tessa nor Nicholas spoke to each other.

Early next morning, Gregory broke into a wide grin as soon as he woke up and registered Tessa's presence at his bedside. "Good morning, Miss Pretty Lady!" he greeted cheerily.

Tessa's smile was a gentle and dazzling one as she reached out to caress his soft cheek. "Good morning, sweetheart."

She promptly led him to the adjoining bathroom to wash up, and when that was done, the three of them enjoyed breakfast, which was delivered personally by the Sawyer Family's butler. Then, Nicholas and Tessa brought Gregory to run several more tests to see whether he was doing much better.

When the check-up was done, the doctor walked to Nicholas and declared, "Good news, President Sawyer. Young Master Gregory is completely fine and there is nothing for you to worry about anymore. However, his gastrointestinal system is still working to purge the remaining toxins, so it's advisable for him to stick to plain, healthy food for the next month or so until his body fully recovers. Remember, he must stay away from foods that could stimulate any sort of stomach or gastrointestinal discomfort."

Nicholas nodded somberly as he replied, "Thank you, doctor."

They went over the discharge paperwork and made their way out of the

hospital once that was done. Before leaving, Tessa waved goodbye at Gregory, saying reluctantly, “Goodbye, sweetheart.”

Gregory froze and doubt crept over his little face as he asked, “Miss Pretty Lady, aren’t you coming home with me?”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart,” she began apologetically. “There’s a really important performance lined up for our orchestra, though, and I’ll have to go for a really long training before that, so I won’t be able to see you at all.”

“Oh...” His expression fell when he heard this and he mumbled in disappointment, “Does this mean you’ll be gone for a really long time? How long will that be?”

The question shot through her heart like an arrow, but she maintained her smile as she said quietly, “Well, I don’t know how long I’ll be gone either.”

He looked up at her with wide, glistening eyes, and pressed, “Then, can I go and visit you whenever I miss you?”

Her heart twisted even more, but she stood her ground and said firmly, “I’m sorry, sweetheart, but it’s better if you don’t visit me at all for the time being. It might be a little hard on my schedule as it is.”

Gregory’s mind raced, as if he had sensed something was off. A prickly sensation assaulted his nose as he asked sorrowfully, “You don’t want to tutor me anymore, do you, Miss Pretty Lady?”

“...” Tessa trailed off, thinking of a way to gently let the child down, but after a minute or so, she decided that she could not be anything but blunt as she pursed her lips and replied, “I’m sorry.”

After leaving the hospital, Gregory was silent on the entire way home. He had his head down the whole time and there was unmistakable sadness written all over his face, coupled with heart-wrenching disappointment.

Unsettled by the child’s depressing demeanor, Nicholas tried to get the little guy to speak, but his attempt at conversation was brutally rebuffed

by Gregory's silence.

With a sigh, Nicholas gave up.

They pulled up at Dynasty Gardens half an hour later.

Presently, having gotten word that Gregory would return home today from the hospital, Stefania was already waiting eagerly for his arrival. As soon as she saw him walk past the threshold, she walked up to him happily and crooned, "Oh, hello, my little baby! I have missed you!" Ecstatic to know that the little boy was perfectly fine, she went on to ask a flurry of questions out of concern. "What do you want for lunch, Greg? I'll get the kitchen to whip up something delicious for you, how about it? Do you still feel terribly, my darling?"

However, he kept his head down the whole time and he did not utter a single word. He even stepped around her and sulked his way into his room before rising on his tiptoes to lock the door.

Something was definitely off and Stefania couldn't help but grow distressed as she asked frantically, "Nicholas, what's wrong with Greg?"

Chapter 57

Nicholas was already exhausted as it was. When he saw how flustered and worried Stefania was over Gregory's obvious depressive state, he couldn't be bothered to explain as he muttered, "He's just throwing a fit. You know how kids are. Just let him work through it himself in his own space, Mom. Why don't you go home and get some rest? You can drop by some other day."

She nodded in silent agreement, but added fretfully, "It's only normal that he's feeling down after leaving the hospital. Try to cheer him up as much as you can, Nicholas, and if you give him a hard time, trust me when I say I'll give you an even harder one!"

"Got it," he replied grimly with a nod.

A satisfied Stefania then began to head for the door, but abruptly turned

to give the butler a pointed look as she ordered, “Andrew, make sure you keep an eye on Greg for the rest of the afternoon and call me if anything happens.” With that, she spun on her heels and left for the company.

Over at Pinnacle Residence, Tessa had washed up as soon as she returned home from the hospital, and after having a change of clothes, she got ready to leave for orchestra rehearsal.

Timothy couldn’t help worrying when he saw that she was rushing for work. “Tess, don’t you want to take a break before going for orchestra rehearsal? You’ve been on your feet for the whole of yesterday and you have only just returned!”

Tessa gave him a small smile and explained soothingly, “I really do need to rush, though. The orchestra’s schedule is packed tight with rehearsals.”

Clearly displeased that she was working so hard, he grumbled, “It’s inhumane that the orchestra doesn’t let you take a day off or something. I get that rehearsals are important, but you need your rest!”

She knew that he only had his best interests at heart, and instead of getting irritated by his grumbling, she proceeded to comfort him. “This has nothing to do with the orchestra. Besides, I’ve already gotten enough rest.”

As reluctant as Timothy was, he knew he had no choice but to let her go to work. With an imperceptible sigh, he said quietly, “Hey, Tess, once I start earning my own money, I promise I won’t let you work so hard anymore. You’ll have me to rely on.”

Upon hearing this, Tessa was so moved that she flashed him an indulgent smile. “Well, then, I guess I’ll have quite the retirement plan lined up for me.” She paused, then added softly, “Be safe on your way to school later, okay?”

He nodded obediently. “Got it. I’ll be waiting to have dinner with you this evening, Tess.”

She hummed in response, and with the violin case slung over her

shoulder, she made her way out of the apartment.

The sun was high in the sky by the time she left Pinnacle Community. She felt the hot and dry breeze caress her face, and all of a sudden, she felt a little hollow. Perhaps this is the life that I'm meant to have, and I shouldn't hold out for anything more.

Meanwhile, not long after his exchange with Tessa, Timothy cleaned the house and left for school.

He didn't have any lessons that morning, but he arrived early to go through some things associated with the student council. He had only just sat down in the student council's designated office when his friend, Henry, barreled through the door and cried, "You're finally here, Timothy!"

Timothy smiled at him in greeting. "What is it? Did something exciting happen?"

Henry nodded eagerly with bright eyes, slightly out-of-breath as he said, "Remember how I told you about Reinhart Group the other day? The person-in-charge actually came to school and asked to see us personally! He wanted to go over the details of the project, and he says the price is up for negotiation. I think they really mean business this time!"

Anyone within their range could hear how excited Henry was about this prospect, but his enthusiasm was met with a scoff from Timothy, who said decisively, "We will not be seeing them."

Henry gaped at him in bewilderment. "Why not?"

"Because there isn't a need to," Timothy answered matter-of-factly, his voice flat and cold. "They won't be offering us much anyway, and I'd say they would cap the offer at a measly five million and nothing more."

While Henry did not argue with him over this, he was still a little hesitant about the decision. "Timothy, I know what you're thinking, but don't you think it's a little snobbish of us to turn them away even after they've come to see us personally? I mean, that seems a bit offensive, no?"

Timothy was quiet after hearing this, and he considered Henry's

standpoint. Then, as if a lightbulb had gone off in his head, he changed his mind and suggested, “How about if you meet them instead, Henry? Tell them that maybe I’ll consider if they’re willing to offer us twenty million.”

“Well...” Henry thought about this for a moment, then nodded. “Let’s go along with your plan, then!”

Chapter 58

That same afternoon, Henry was at the cafe near school grounds, where he met up with the representative from Reinhart Group at the agreed time. The representative was a middle-aged man with rather refined features and he was dressed in a suit and leather shoes while looking proper. After the both of them took their seats in the cafe, the man introduced himself affably, “I’m Silas Reinhart, the chairman of Reinhart Group. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Upon hearing this, Henry immediately straightened in his seat and said courteously, “Oh, it’s nice to meet you, too, Mr. Reinhart. I’m Henry.” Silas flashed him a casual smile, and he seemed rather enthusiastic as he chuckled heartily. “How refreshing! You certainly know your manners, young man.” Then, he cut to the chase by asking, “So, Henry, what does your buddy think about the deal we’re offering for your project?” “Well...” Henry trailed off, unsure how he was supposed to relay what Timothy had told him.

Sensing the boy’s hesitation, Silas grew serious and prompted jovially, “Actually, Henry, I came to meet you today with the utmost sincerity. If you’re willing to sell the software rights to our company, then we’re more than ready to up the initial offer of two million to five million.” Henry worked hard to hide his astonishment at this. Is Timothy psychic or something? I can’t believe this man is actually offering us five million for the software! If he’s willing to up the price by three million in the spur of the moment, then surely five million won’t be the upper limit!

Being an intellectual, and a street-smart one to boot, Henry pursed his lips and pretended to look torn as he said slowly, “I don’t know, Mr. Reinhart... Five million isn’t exactly what I had in mind.”

At that moment, Silas’ smile slipped a little, but he maintained a friendly front as he chuckled. “Henry, I get what you mean, but we can’t go any higher than five million.” He paused and stared at the younger boy assessingly. “I’ll admit that your software is a rather brilliant one, and with its bright prospects in the market, it’s definitely worth more than the two million we initially offered. That’s the reason why our company has decided to re-evaluate the offer and came up with the adjusted sum of five million instead. I don’t think any other company would make an offer like this.”

Henry knew that the man was beating around the bush, so he countered with a smile, “Mr. Reinhart, we aren’t new to this whole thing, and I’m sure that everyone involved has a clear idea of how much our project is worth. Actually, I came here today to tell you that my buddy refuses to sell the software unless you’re offering twenty million. That said, we are incredibly flattered that your company has such high regards for our project, but five million...”

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He was acutely aware that the software was definitely worth twenty million on the market, but to be outsmarted and have his bluff called by two college kids wounded his pride. They’re just kids who are still wet behind the ears! They should thank us profusely and feel so honored that Reinhart Group even noticed their software project at all!

More to the point, he thought he had been the bigger person when he offered to up the price by three million. And yet, these punks are turning a blind eye to my good favor!

As displeased as he was, Silas willed himself to calm down, for he knew that the Reinhart Group was in a precarious position right now. Procuring the project would be the pivot point for the whole company to get back

on track, so he couldn't very well throw a tantrum in front of Henry right now.

Swallowing his rage, Silas forced out a friendly grin as he cajoled, "Look, buddy, I've been through the same thing, so I know how you young ones think. Of course it's wonderful for young people like you to be ambitious, but you need to have an eye for these things and know when to take the offer instead of blindly spewing your demands.

"Whether or not this software of yours is worth twenty million, the both of you must first understand that we're the only company on the market right now that wants to buy your software; the fact that we're willing to pay a hefty sum for it is more than enough proof of our genuinity. If you refuse to sell it, who's to say that you will get a better offer? At the end of the day, the software could very well end up losing every bit of its worth, and you won't be able to sell it off at all.

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That Can Be Arranged Chapter 57

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As displeased as he was, Silas willed himself to calm down, for he knew that the Reinhart Group was in a precarious position right now. Procuring the project would be the pivot point for the whole company to get back on track, so he couldn't very well throw a tantrum in front of Henry right now.

Swallowing his rage, Silas forced out a friendly grin as he cajoled, "Look, buddy, I've been through the same thing, so I know how you young ones think. Of course it's wonderful for young people like you to be ambitious, but you need to have an eye for these things and know when to take the offer instead of blindly spewing your demands.

"Whether or not this software of yours is worth twenty million, the both of you must first understand that we're the only company on the market

right now that wants to buy your software; the fact that we're willing to pay a hefty sum for it is more than enough proof of our genuinity. If you refuse to sell it, who's to say that you will get a better offer? At the end of the day, the software could very well end up losing every bit of its worth, and you won't be able to sell it off at all.

“Besides, there are plenty of talented people coming up with various high-tech stuff, and we see technology replaced by even more innovative ones overnight. Do you really think your software is the best one out there? Hah! Don't be naive, boy. It could be superseded by an even better one in the next two days. By that point, I won't even consider buying yours for cheap even if you beg me! Do you understand?”

Henry froze when he heard this, taken aback by the threatening and haughty edge to Silas' tone.

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Chapter 59

Henry secretly agreed with what Silas had said. An opportunity like this was scarce these days, and if they didn't take Reinhart Group up on their offer, someone else would.

Admittedly, Henry was starting to sway, but when he thought about how insistent Timothy had been about the twenty million, he shook his head at last and said, “I'm sorry, Mr. Reinhart, but I'm afraid can't be the only one calling the shots.”

Silas gritted his teeth, his eyes narrowing slightly. He finally realized that this negotiation was going nowhere, for the person who called the shots was not Henry, but the co-creator of the software.

As such, he seized the chance to say with a tight smile, “In that case, get your buddy to come over. I'll be right here waiting, and I'll talk to him about the offer. If price remains the only problem, I'm sure upping it by a fraction won't do any harm. Although to be realistic, twenty million would be too steep!”

Upon hearing this, Henry nodded slowly. “Very well, then. Just give me a moment while I give him a call.” He rose from his seat after this and walked to a quiet corner, then called Timothy so he could relay what Silas had said.

On the other line, Timothy let out an amused bark of laughter after he heard the full story and sneered, “Not realistic, eh? Then, there’s nothing for us to talk about! I don’t have the time to meet him anyway; I have to see the teacher about the college sponsorship, so just ask him to leave without a deal.”

With that, he hung up decisively.

Henry heaved a sigh, frustrated by his friend’s stubbornness and the complicated situation waiting for him back at the table. Alas, he rejoined Silas and said apologetically, “Mr. Reinhart, I’m afraid my friend won’t be coming; he’s busy at the moment.”

Silas frowned when he heard this, looking grim and offended. He was the chairman of a company, and he had taken the time of day to go over the deal personally, and yet he was being snubbed by some college kid here. Busy? Hah! How busy can a college student be?

Sensing the older man’s displeasure, Henry quickly spoke up for Timothy. “I’m not lying, Mr. Reinhart. My friend really is busy at the moment. He has his hands full sorting out the sponsorship for his studies abroad, and if he weren’t, then I wouldn’t be the one talking to you right now.”

Silas scoffed coldly when he heard this, though his anger was reduced by a smidge. That being said, he was still upset that he was going to walk away without a deal. As such, he demanded bluntly, “Then, the least you could do is give me a name. If your friend truly is too busy to see me, then I shall go and see him personally when I have the time.”

Henry blinked, and he thought this sounded like a feasible enough plan, so he answered, “His name’s Timothy Reinhart.”

An incredulous Silas stiffened in his seat. “What?”

Without thinking too much of it, Henry repeated, “Timothy Reinhart.” Meanwhile, Timothy had never planned on collaborating with Reinhart Group in the first place. Money aside, the name Reinhart Group was enough to make him gag.

Alas, who could have thought that the representative from the revolting company would still badger him even though he had already asked Henry to reject the offer? Looks like the company’s really desperate, Timothy thought grimly. Then again, this is what they deserve!

He was of the apathetic opinion that he would never have anything to do with a repulsive company like Reinhart Group, not even if it went bankrupt and the whole family had to beg on the streets for a living because that was the punishment they deserved. However, such a thought disappeared as quickly as it came.

Presently, when he saw that it was getting close to evening, he took out his phone and texted Tessa, “Hey, Tess, what do you feel like having for dinner? I’ll get the groceries and make you a feast after I’m done with class.”

Tessa was still busy with orchestra rehearsal and time was a luxury none of them could afford. When they finally caught a few minutes’ break, she fished out her phone and replied, ‘I’m thinking sticky pork ribs and battered fish.

These were Timothy’s specialties. Having read her text, he smiled gently and texted, ‘Got it.’

Following that, he left to go grocery shopping as soon as class was over. However, he had only just stepped out of the school gates when a man in a suit stopped him from going any further.

“Are you Timothy Reinhart?” the man asked straightforwardly.

Timothy could sense the man’s hostility, and he narrowed his eyes as he demanded icily, “And you are?”

The man introduced himself without missing a beat, “I’m Mr. Reinhart’s assistant. He’d like to see you for a moment, so if you’ll follow me,

please.”

Timothy’s expression shifted, and he looked behind the man. Sure enough, there was a black Mercedes Benz idling by the side of the road, and it bore a really familiar license plate number, too!

Chapter 60

An icy gleam flashed in Timothy’s eyes as he side-stepped the man in the suit, snapping, “I will not be following you anywhere!”

Seeing this, the assistant rushed toward Timothy and barred his way once more. “Timothy, the chairman’s offer is a genuine one, which is why he wanted to see you personally today. We hope that you’ll give us a chance!”

Timothy was ruthless as he let out a bark of laughter. “Then, tell the chairman that I have nothing to say to him! Also, I will never sell my product to your company, so if you know what’s good for you, stay away from me!” With that, he pushed the assistant aside and continued on his way.

Meanwhile, Silas took in all this from where he sat in the backseat of the car. He was furious that the boy he had been waiting to see was treating his invitation with such disdain. I can’t believe the nerve of this punk! At that moment, Silas could no longer contain his rage as he pushed open the car door and got down from the vehicle. Then, he stormed up to Timothy and snapped angrily, “Timothy, it’s only been a few years, but it looks like you’ve developed quite the temper!”

Upon hearing this, Timothy turned to register a seething Silas standing not too far away. He regarded the older man with the same disgust as one might a repulsive street rat.

Presently, Silas crossed over to him in long, angry strides, sounding like a self-righteous ogre as he bellowed, “I was just thinking about how insolent two college kids could be to turn down an offer to collaborate with me, but as it turns out, you were the one behind all this! Looks like you’ve grown a pair, haven’t you, Timothy? Do you actually think you

can go head to head with me?”

Scorn colored Timothy’s gaze when he heard this and he found this incredibly hilarious. Glowering at Silas icily, he stood his ground and pointed out sarcastically, “Dear Mr. Reinhart, I think I’ve made it very clear from the beginning that I will not be selling my software and that’s the end of it! Why are you still pestering me like chewing gum stuck on a shoe? It’s one thing to be shameless, but you ought to consider how irritated the rest of us might feel.”

“You-“Choking on fury at the insult, Silas felt his nerves dangerously close to popping, and he bit out belligerently, “You useless punk! Is this the way to talk to your father?!”

A humorless laugh escaped Timothy as he drawled pointedly, “Don’t flatter yourself. Tess and I never had a father and hearing the word come out of your mouth makes me want to retch!”

Silas’ face had turned as dark as the bottom of a pan. I can’t believe this brat has the audacity to speak to me this way!

Timothy had no intention to waste more time on this, for he still had groceries to grab. As such, he said in plain and simple words, “Mr. Reinhart, this is all I’ll say for today: I will not sell my software to Reinhart Group even if it means certain death, so I suggest you give up on this futile effort of yours and leave me the hell alone!”

The harsh words lingered in the air between them and he turned on his heels to march away from the fuming man.

Rooted to the same spot, Silas watched with burning rage as Timothy retreated further away, and his face was grim as he muttered mutinously, “That’s not up to you!” He immediately barked at his assistant commandingly, “Go and bring that punk back here!”

“Yes, sir,” the assistant replied, then hurried after the boy.

Timothy’s legs were not strong enough to begin with, so there was no way he could have outrun the assistant, much less put up a fight. Within seconds, the assistant hauled the boy into the car unceremoniously.

“Hey, let me go! Let me go right now!” Timothy cried, outraged as he tried to break free. However, no matter how hard he tried and how much he shouted, his efforts of escape were to no avail.

He glared at Silas somberly and demanded, “What the hell do you want, Silas?”

Silas eyed him triumphantly, taking pleasure in the boy’s hapless struggling as he scoffed. “What I want is simple enough: for you to hand over the rights to the software you and your buddy created. Reinhart Group needs it.”

Initially, he had thought of upping the price by a smidge if the college kids still refused to sell the software for five million. That had been a possibility until he discovered that the software was created by none other than his own son. As things were, Silas could get his hands on the software without having to fork out a single penny!

Children were born to obey their parents anyway, and it was only right for Timothy to hand over the software without objection. Silas grinned like the cat that ate the canary, seemingly proud of how clever he was in handling this.

However, Timothy had figured out what the man thought, and with a defiant laugh, he countered, “And if I refuse?”

That Can Be Arranged Chapter 60

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