

That can be arranged chapter 1

Chapter 1 A Painful Separation

"She's the woman who can bear my child?"

"Yes, Master Nicholas. She's the only one in the entire Brentwood City who is genetically compatible with you."

In the darkness, Tessa Reinhart was half-delirious as she lay on the king-sized bed, clutching and clawing at her thin clothes. She felt as if flames were licking her body, and she whined, "It's so hot, I can't stand it..."

The door closed with a heavy thud, and a towering figure sauntered over to the bed.

Tessa tried to open her eyes to see the person approaching, but all she could make out were the blurry edges of what would otherwise have been a rather chiseled face.

Even so, she could still feel the dominance that radiated from the person, and as he drew near, the air around her suddenly grew so dense that she could hardly breathe.

The next moment, she felt a weight pressing down on her. The heat of her body seemed to wane as soon as the hard contours of the man's body molded against hers. Relieved and tempted by the inexplicable coolness that washed over her, Tessa arched her back fearlessly as though to close even more distance between herself and the man, wriggling impatiently as she mumbled, "More..."

At that moment, Nicholas Sawyer's gaze darkened, and a sense of hot urgency ran down his spine. "Don't move," he whispered huskily, seductively, his voice like velvet.

The Sawyers had extremely rare genetics, but rarer still were women who could bear Nicholas' offspring, and this mewling woman beneath him happened to be one of them.

He would never have intentionally gotten close to women, much less fool around like a rogue. The only reason he was doing this tonight was to fulfill the duty, Remus Sawyer, his grandfather, had given him.

Little did he know that he would be overcome with such an intense desire for this woman, whom he had never met before.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Presently, the woman in his arms completely ignored his orders as she writhed and ran her hands all over him, the soft curves of her silhouette pressed precariously against him.

Gulping convulsively, the man turned into a hungry beast, ferocious as lust cascaded over him and made him grab hold of Tessa by her waist, flipping her over. "Woman, you're the one who asked for this!"

"Ah!" Suddenly, a searing pain went through Tessa, and she stiffened at the unfamiliar sensation. The pain itself was so extreme that for a minute, she was almost lucid. Who is he? she asked herself frantically, belatedly. What am I doing here?

She recalled going over to her stepmother's to demand the inheritance her mother had left for her, only to be drugged by the latter. When she woke up much later on, she had found herself confined in this strange place.

An abrupt and rough thrust cut off her thoughts. "Ow..." she cried out piteously, protesting against the violation, but the man didn't show any sign of stopping as he continued to have his way with her, his assertion evident and overpowering.

Drops of sweat trickled down the man's body, and amidst his low grunts and her tortured panting, he went on to thrust tirelessly into her, switching positions as he pleased as he reduced her into something like a rag doll.

With one final shriek, Tessa felt an intense wave of pleasure crash over her like a tsunami. She threw her head back as she rode out the euphoria, then collapsed onto the bed, completely blacking out.

Her long hair slid over one slender shoulder, and Nicholas saw her birthmark, which was a shade darker than her pale skin and was shaped like a delicate butterfly about to take flight.

...

Ten months later, in the delivery room of Prime Hospital, Tessa's sweat had soaked through the bedsheets as she clutched the protective rails on either side of her, her knuckles turning white. "Argh! It hurts!" she cried while enduring the pain that tore through her abdomen.

"Keep pushing harder. I can see the baby's head..."

"Wah—" A loud baby's cry resounded in the deathly silent delivery room, heralding the birth of a new life.

"Your duty has been fulfilled, and from now on, the child has nothing to do with you!"

The cold and impassive voice filled Tessa's ears as she lay ashen-faced on the hospital cot, so weak and drained that she couldn't even lift a finger. All she could do was watch wide-eyed as her child was carried away by someone else. "M-My baby..."

Hot tears streamed past her cheeks uncontrollably.

After the night she had spent with that man, whose identity she still did not know, Tessa found herself kept under housewatch. Not long after that, she discovered that she was pregnant.

The person guarding her to keep her from escaping told her that if she were to deliver the baby safely, then her brother, Timothy, would get the best treatment there was for his medical condition.

Upon hearing that, Tessa agreed immediately and without a second of doubt.

Timothy suffered from a condition that atrophied his calves, and with his heart growing weaker day by day, he was confined to bed most of the time just to stay alive.

After their mother passed away, their vicious stepmother, Lauren, cast Tessa out of the house and cut off the funds for Timothy's medical treatment, leaving him on the brink of death.

When Tessa agreed to give birth to the baby even without knowing who the father was, she couldn't be bothered about it. She had lost everything and everyone but Timothy, and she would have given her life willingly if it meant saving his.

But as the baby grew in her and she began to feel his first kicks and his strong heartbeat, she started to become reluctant about making good on her promise to hand the baby over as soon as she gave birth to him.

After all, he was a part of her—her very own flesh and blood!

And now, he was taken away from her forever.

...

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, a luxurious Maybach was idling in the dimness of the night.

An elderly man sat in the backseat of the car, his hair entirely gray and his face somber. There was a sharp gleam in his eyes, and the air seemed to grow still around him, for he commanded a sense of fearsome authority.

Not long after, a doctor marched over to the car with a newborn in his arms.
“Congratulations, Old Master Sawyer. It’s a little prince!”

When the elderly man heard this, his eyes lit up with unadulterated joy, and he grinned as he took the crying baby into his arms. “How wonderful! This is a cause for celebration! I finally have a great-grandson!” Then, the joy seeped out of his voice as he barked grimly at his assistant next to him.

“Tell Nicholas that that woman sold this baby for ten million and fled into the night!”

That Can Be Arranged chapter 2

Chapter 2 Setup

Five years later, Tessa sat in the lounge of a luxurious private yacht treading through the waves of the expansive, glittering blue sea. She had an arm around her mahogany-colored violin as she quietly tuned it.

The other members of the orchestra took up their own space around her, chattering excitedly among themselves about the owner of this very yacht, who happened to be the regaled Little Prince of the Sawyer family.

Rumor had it that the Little Prince was already worth billions even though he was barely over four years old, and his great-grandfather—Old Master Sawyer—did not hold back when it came to celebrating the young boy’s birthday. In fact, this very yacht was his gift to the Little Prince, and he bought it without so much as batting an eyelash.

“Hey, why do you think the Sawyers appointed our orchestra to perform during the Little Prince’s birthday celebration? I mean, there are plenty of other orchestras more famous than ours!”

“Who knows? I only heard that it was the Little Prince who hand-selected us to perform today. It’s only thanks to him that we get to perform on a glamorous yacht like this one, and our fee practically quadrupled for this event!”

At the mention of this, the other members of the orchestra began to sound off their envy. “We should all be so lucky to have only one-tenth of the Little Prince’s riches. Think about how easy our lives would be then!”

“Destiny favors some over others, and the Little Prince seems to have taken almost all the favor! Our jealousy of the little boy is all we have to our name.”

.....

Upon hearing this, Tessa felt the corners of her lips curl up in a bitter, humorless smile. Indeed, she thought darkly, there are those whom destiny favored and granted them victory from the moment they were born, just like the Little Prince of the Sawyer Family.

Then there were those like her, who had fallen behind before the umpire could even shoot the blank and start the race. Tessa’s father was a piece of scum who fooled around behind his wife’s back and ignored all the things she had done for him, abandoning her and forgetting their past struggles together as soon as his business peaked in its success.

When Tessa’s mother passed away, Tessa and Timothy had no one else to rely on but each other.

Powered by Hooligan Media

As a result, Tessa had been forced to sell her own flesh and blood just to get the money for Timothy's medical treatment. I never even got to see my baby... she thought ruefully. Every time she was reminded of this, a searing pain tore through her heart, threatening to rip her to shreds.

Now that she thought about it, her baby ought to have turned four this year, which was around the same age as the Little Prince. I don't even know if it's a dashing baby boy or an adorable baby girl. I don't know where the baby has gone or if he's doing well...

Suddenly, her eyes grew misty, and she couldn't help the prickling sensation in her nose that signaled oncoming waterworks.

Just then, a shrill cry pulled Tessa out of her thoughts. "Tessa! What are you doing here?"

The mistiness in Tessa's eyes cleared as she turned in the direction of the voice, only to see someone whom she wished she never had to see for the rest of her life—Sophia Reinhart!

Sophia was dressed in an elegant evening dress, and her face was delicately made-up. There was a haughty tilt to her chin as she looked down her nose at Tessa, just like she had six years ago.

Tessa grimaced in disgust at the sight of Sophia, for she didn't expect to see her here.

"Hah! So it really is you!" Having made sure that the woman in the lounge was Tessa, Sophia crossed over to her, the sound of her stilettos clicking against the floor echoing throughout the room. When she came to a stop in front of Tessa, she sneered arrogantly, "I didn't think you'd still be alive. Why, I was under the impression that you and that useless brother of yours died a long time ago!"

Timothy... Tessa gritted her teeth. If Sophia and her mother, Lauren, hadn't so brutally cut off Timothy's medical funds, Tessa would never have needed to give birth to that man's child, let alone go through the devastation of parting with her own flesh and blood.

This vicious mother-and-daughter duo is responsible for all my tragedies!

Hatred flashed in Tessa's eyes as she retorted snarkily, "If you and your b*tch of a mother are still alive and kicking, then of course, Timothy and I are perfectly fine as well. We're just waiting for lightning to strike the both of you heartless witches dead!"

“You—” Sophia was at a loss for words, stunned by Tessa’s retort. As far as she remembered, Tessa had always been too timid and unsure of herself to fight back. “It’s only been a few years since we last saw each other, but it looks like time sure has made you a vicious shrew.”

“No, I’m not as vicious as you and your mother,” Tessa replied coolly.

Right now, her priority was to make sure the performance went on without a hitch, and this was not the time to be bringing up the past. With that in mind, she rose to her feet so she could seek out a quiet place to practice, not wanting to spend another minute longer with the eyesore that was Sophia.

Sophia, on the other hand, grew even more incensed at the sight of Tessa’s graceful indifference. She couldn’t help but recall how hard she had worked alongside her mother to throw Tessa and Timothy out of the Reinhart Residence.

She thought she had won. But for some reason, she still felt as if she was beneath Tessa even as she stood here before her, all glamorous and dolled-up.

Be it the looks or the grace, Tessa was the true winner between the both of them!

At the thought of this, jealousy flashed in Sophia’s eyes. She’s supposed to rot away on the streets as soon as we cast them out of the family! How dare she show up here at this lavish event like the world is her oyster?

Sophia’s gaze fell upon the extremely valuable violin that Tessa was currently carrying, and malice colored her features. Looking around to make sure no one was paying attention to her, she slid her foot out over the floorboards.

“Ah!” Tripping, Tessa hurtled forward, caving into gravity as she crashed to the floor unceremoniously. Following her fall, a tuneless sort of grunt came from the violin as it toppled to the space in front of her.

High-pitched tweaking sounds emitted from the broken violin as two chords strained and snapped in quick succession.

Coincidentally, Trevor Oswald—the orchestra manager—came through the door at that moment, and when he saw the scene before him, all the color drained from his face. Horrified, he exclaimed, “Tessa! I can’t believe you broke the violin! Madam Sawyer was the

one who lent it to us out of goodwill, and there's only one of it in the whole world! We wouldn't be able to pay for it even if we sold the entire orchestra!"

Tessa blanched. "It wasn't my fault!" She scrambled to her feet and turned to glare balefully at Sophia, snapping, "It was hers! She was the one who tripped me on purpose!"

"Me? Don't make up lies to cover your own backside!" Sophia put her hands up, denying the allegations with utmost innocence. "You tripped over your own feet, so don't go around accusing me for your own mistake!" Then, she crossed her arms as she eyed Tessa with wicked amusement. "If I were you, I'd go apologize to Madam Sawyer right away and beg for her forgiveness, then quit the orchestra altogether. I'm sure you don't want your mishap to drag the orchestra's reputation through the mud."

"She's right! Come with me right now, and we'll go ask Madam Sawyer for forgiveness." Trevor reached for Tessa's wrist and began to pull her out the door. "Also, you don't have to go up on stage after this. Our orchestra has no need for a musician as clumsy as you, so leave after the performance today!"

Leave the orchestra? This made Tessa's blood run cold, and she was ashen-faced as she thought wildly, No! If I lose this job, I won't have the money to feed myself and Timothy. I can't leave the orchestra!

"Mr. Oswald, I really didn't—"

But just as she was about to plead her case with all her might, a childish but calm and collective voice sounded from the doorway. "Why should she be the one to apologize? The one who should go in her place is that lady over there!"

That Can Be Arranged chapter 3

Chapter 3 Miniature Knight

Upon hearing this, everyone present turned to look in the direction where the voice came from.

An adorable little boy had, at some point during the ruckus, shown up unnoticed at the doorway. He looked to be around four or five years of age, and he was dressed in a white blouse and black trousers with suspenders, coupled with a pair of matching leather shoes. He was the very picture of the perfect little gentleman, or more accurately, a young boy of nobility.

“What an adorable child!”

“Where did this little cutie come from? He’s adorable!”

Most of the people at the scene had never seen this child before, but it was clear that they found him endearing as they appraised him.

Tessa, too, was gazing at the child in surprise. He had a chubby little face but boasted fine features. One could only imagine how devastatingly handsome he would be once he grew up.

Presently, even though the child was only of tender age, he still looked somber with his features set in a grim expression. He even looked authoritative, like he had a wizened soul hidden inside his miniature frame.

“You,” he began in clipped tones, his gaze icy as he jabbed a finger at Sophia. “You should be the one to apologize.”

Sophia was shocked at first, but she quickly turned furious as she snapped, "Whose brat is this? You don't even know what you're saying! I had nothing to do with her breaking the violin, so why should I apologize?"

"Watch your mouth!" The words had only just been said when the two bodyguards standing behind the little boy barked angrily at Sophia, "Who do you think you are, woman? How dare you talk to our young master in such an insolent manner!"

Young master? Sophia drew back in surprise, and for a moment, she couldn't wrap her head around the title.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Trevor, on the other hand, pressed a palm to his forehead when he suddenly recalled that the little boy was none other than the young master of the Sawyer Family, the heir to the Sawyer Group!

At the recollection of that, Trevor hurried up to the little boy with a grin on his face and greeted courteously, "Why, Young Master Gregory, what brings you here?"

To the side, Sophia froze when she heard this. What? This brat is Young Master Gregory, the birthday boy for today's occasion?

The little boy looked impassive, and though he sounded young, there was still an intimidating edge to his voice as he said, "I was just passing through here when I saw everything happen clearly before my very eyes. It was that woman who tripped this pretty lady over here."

Meanwhile, Tessa was moved by how the little boy came to her defense, even though he didn't know her. Warmth surged through her as she stared at the little boy with gentle gratitude and compassion.

Sophia, however, swallowed convulsively when she heard the boy's explanation. She tried to hide her fear with a nervous laugh as she pointed out soothingly, "Young Master Gregory, you do understand that one must have proof before making such claims, and you can't go around making false accusations like this."

The little boy scoffed, and his face was still grim as he countered, "And what makes you think I don't have proof?" With that, he clapped his hands once, and a videographer with a recorder in hand stepped through the doorway as summoned.

The videographer was holding up the recorder as he announced stoically to those present, "I'm the person exclusively in charge of recording Young Master Gregory's birthday banquet today, and I have here in my camera the exact moment you tripped that lady and caused Madam Sawyer's violin to break from the fall."

Sophia's heart plunged to her stomach when she heard this, and she was rendered speechless, unable to retort against the videographer. Her expression was tight with fury as she thought menacingly, Damn it! I was this close to pushing that wretched Tessa into the depths of hell once more!

"That violin was a precious instrument of my grandmother's, and it's worth six million! So pay up!" the little boy demanded seriously, staring at Sophia with pointed indifference.

At that moment, it was as if Sophia's mind imploded. All the color drained from her face as she considered the sum she needed to pay. Six million! Right now, the Reinharts' family business had been on a steady decline for the past few years, and six million was an astronomical price as far as Sophia was concerned!

Panicking, Sophia bowed her head and apologized in a trembling voice, "I'm sorry, Young Master Gregory. I truly am. I didn't mean to trip her just now. As you can see, there isn't much space here, and I didn't think I could trip her just by stretching my leg for a bit. The violin is of such extravagant worth, and I wouldn't be so foolish as to break it on purpose! Tessa—" Faltering, she added in a commanding tone, "Tessa, tell the young master that I didn't trip you deliberately!"

Tessa looked more thunderous than she had before this. I can't believe how shameless this girl is! It's bad enough that she set me up, and now she wants me to plead her case?

But Tessa never got the chance to say anything because the little boy went on to snap at Sophia mercilessly, "You broke the violin, so you have to pay for it! And because you were in the wrong, you have to apologize to the pretty lady, too! Now, fork out the money and say you're sorry!"

The little boy was probably only three feet in height, but he sounded like an old soul, not to mention imperious.

Sophia's face blanched, then she flushed furiously. Not only had she not taught Tessa a lesson, but she was also now forced to apologize to her as well! She didn't think she could

live down the shame of it all, but more importantly, she had no means of forking out six million on the spot, not even if she were to pawn herself.

Everyone's eyes were on her right now, and in a moment of panic and fear, Sophia actually fainted.

For a while, the crowd was thrown into chaos.

The little boy, however, merely looked contemptuous as he stared at Sophia's unmoving figure. Is that all it takes for you to crack under pressure? You seemed pretty brazen when you were framing another innocent person earlier.

Then, he turned to look at the bodyguards behind him as he ordered, "Take her away and keep an eye on her. Have her cough up the money, and if she doesn't, drop her off at the police station!"

"Yes, sir," the bodyguards replied in unison. In one long stride, one of the bodyguards reached Sophia and dragged her out the door.

Almost instantly, a deafening silence fell over the room. Everyone was amazed by how the young master had radiated such unquestionable and intimidating authority, even though he was only a child. He is, indeed, from the Sawyer Family. There's no mistake about it!

However, the little boy couldn't be bothered about what the others thought of him as he turned to eye Tessa curiously, and at that moment, he seemed to have shed his icy demeanor.

There was a childish gleam in his crystal-bright eyes as he stared at Tessa like he was assessing her.

Tessa, too, held his gaze steadily.

The little boy had shell-pink lips and pearly-white baby teeth, and while his features had yet to set, he was already quite the delicate and handsome little man. He looked stoic when he did not smile, but it was precisely how stern he looked that made him all the more endearing, so much so that one would be filled with the urge to pinch his chubby cheeks.

The thought had only just crossed Tessa's mind when the little boy marched over to her on his little legs. He came to a stop in front of her, tipped his head back to meet her eyes, and opened his arms as wide as they would go as he said, "I want upsies."

That Can Be Arranged chapter 4

Chapter 4 Are You Single, Pretty Lady?

Hmm? Tessa was a little stunned to give an immediate response.

"Pretty lady, I want upsies," the little boy repeated, this time with a bit more emphasis as he stared up at Tessa with wide eyes, which were lit with a childlike gleam.

At the sight of how endearing he was, Tessa felt her heart melting, and she quickly picked him up. It was like holding a soft bundle, and as she carried him, she could pick up the faint powdery scent on him that made her want to nuzzle into his chubby cheek.

She was inexplicably fond of the child as she smiled and said gently, "Hey, little guy, thanks for speaking up for me earlier." Without him, she would never have been able to clear her name.

Seemingly unfazed, the little boy shook his head and said with an air of impishness, "You're welcome. I did what I had to. Besides, I hate two-faced women like her."

Upon hearing this, Tessa was so entertained that she laughed. "Do you truly understand what it means to be two-faced when you're only so young?"

He nodded solemnly, his chubby face very grim as he replied, "Of course, I do. My uncle told me that a two-faced person is someone whose actions don't match their words."

Tessa's eyes curved into crescents. "Well, I'm impressed. You're a very intelligent little boy, aren't you?"

Having gotten her praise, he flushed in embarrassment, though the way his eyes glittered betrayed his happiness even as he tried to act indifferent. In the end, he pursed his lips to keep himself from grinning, which only made him more adorable.

Seeing him like this, Tessa couldn't help but wonder if her own baby would turn out this adorable had she not been so cruelly separated from them at childbirth.

She suddenly tightened her hold on the little boy, her motherly love practically overflowing. She was just about to speak when a voice interjected, "Young Master Gregory, the banquet is about to start. We must be leaving now, or the old master and the old madam will grow worried."

Powered by Hooligan Media

The little boy nodded when he heard this, then turned to say to Tessa, "Seeing as I've helped you out earlier, could you carry me over to my daddy? I'm tired, and I don't want to walk anymore."

"Huh?" Taken aback by this, Tessa was somewhat hesitant as she pointed out, "But I still have to get ready for the performance, and besides, we've only just met. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to carry you all the way to where your parents are."

The little boy tightened his grip on her as he whined stubbornly, "No, if I say it's appropriate, then it is! Also, how are you going to perform without a violin, pretty lady?" His eyes grew to the size of saucers as a bright idea popped into his head, and he stared at Tessa in earnest as he quipped, "My grandma still has a violin to spare in her precious collection. If you carry me over, I'll get her to lend it to you."

There was nothing more compelling than when a child stared at you with sparkly doe eyes, and Tessa found herself relenting after a brief second of doubt. "Very well, then. I'll carry you over."

This evidently pleased the little boy to no end, for his soft little body slumped against her as he grinned with satisfaction. This pretty lady has a really warm embrace, and she smells really nice, too, like how a mother would.

Along the way, he asked aloud, "Are you single, pretty lady?"

"I am," Tessa answered readily, glancing down at the child with affection. She was starting to like him more and more. "Why do you ask?"

“Then you should definitely marry my daddy and become my mommy!”

She couldn't hide her shock. Isn't this little guy's father Nicholas Sawyer, as in the president of Sawyer Group?

After Nicholas' retirement from the special forces, he only took two years to bring Sawyer Group to new heights. He was a man of legendary proportions in the business world, with a tenacity that matched his formidable reputation, not to mention how he ruled the company with an iron fist. He wasn't someone any ordinary person could trifle with, let alone Tessa.

But now that the little boy has mentioned it... Unable to suppress her curiosity, she asked, “What about your mommy?”

“I-I don't have a mommy,” the little thing mumbled disappointedly with misty eyes. “I want you to be my mommy, pretty lady.” As soon as he said this, he nuzzled into her, and she felt an overwhelming sense of reliance emanating from his tiny frame.

Tessa couldn't help her astonishment. As it turned out, the Little Prince of the Sawyer Family—the object of envy for many—did not have a mother.

She wasn't sure how complicated it was to keep a marriage in the world of the rich, but she knew that she only needed to hug the little boy tighter, as if to comfort him with all her might. She wondered idly if the baby she never got to hold was sitting in some corner of the world missing his mother as well.

...

Meanwhile, over at the VIP lounge of the banquet hall, Nicholas sat on the couch, looking like a finely carved statue. The black suit he wore was painstakingly tailored to his lean and muscular frame, accentuating his broad shoulders and perfect silhouette.

His features were like a work of art by the heavens, and in his icy dark orbs lay a bona fide intimidating indifference that seemed ingrained in his bones, much like his elegance.

Presently, the air around him was startlingly cold.

Standing in front of him in great despair was the second son of the Sawyer Family, Kieran Sawyer.

Kieran had never felt more like he was standing before an iceberg than at that precise moment. Under Nicholas' piercing, dangerous gaze, he unconsciously gulped. "I swear, Nicholas, I've already sent someone to look for him. Greg will be just fine! This whole yacht is ours, so no one would dare to even lay a finger on the boy!"

"You better hope so, because if anything does happen to Greg, then you can bet that there's nothing you can do to save your own skin!" With that, Nicholas shot his brother a sharp look. "What are you standing here for? Get out and start looking for him!"

"Yes, of course, right away!" Kieran replied with a shudder, then dashed out the door. He berated himself for having tried so hard to pick up ladies around the yacht that he completely lost sight of Gregory.

However, it didn't take long for Kieran to return, and as he addressed Nicholas, there was still fear in his eyes. "Nicholas, Greg's back!"

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.

Powered by Hooligan Media

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'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?"