

That Can Be Arranged chapter 11

Chapter 11 Throw Them Out

Lauren's breath hitched when she felt a chilling presence drawing close, and she turned to see a tall and impeccably elegant man walking toward them, carrying with him an overwhelming sense of rage.

Sophia, too, followed her mother's line of vision, only to be stunned by the view at first sight.

The man looked like a noble work of art, and she had never seen such a refined and top-quality specimen before this. In fact, he seemed so high above others, so imperious and intimidating, that she was seized with the urge to shrink back from him.

However, she quickly straightened up as she asked bluntly, "Who are you?"

To one side, Trevor scoffed disdainfully and drawled in an icy tone, "This is Nicholas Sawyer, otherwise known as President Sawyer—the man who holds the reins in Sawyer Group." Then, eyeing Lauren condescendingly, he added, "And as for the mongrel you were talking about, he happens to be Young Master Gregory, the Little Prince of the Sawyer Family."

At that moment, it was as if Lauren's mind imploded. She felt like lightning had struck her where she stood, and all the color drained from her face.

Sophia wasn't much better off. Both mother and daughter were so astonished that their jaws nearly dropped to the floor.

He's Nicholas Sawyer? As in the man over whom countless socialites and heiresses are fawning over? What is he doing here? What is his relationship with Tessa?

Countless questions flooded their minds as their hearts slowly filled with jealousy and envy.

Lauren was the first to snap out of her reverie, and in a fit of shock and fear, she stammered, "O-Oh, President Sawyer, I do apologize for the misunderstanding. I accidentally pushed the young master in the heat of the moment just now, and I promise you I didn't mean to hurt him in any way—"

Nicholas looked down at her like she was nothing more than a pest to him, his voice deep and frigid as he demanded, "In the heat of the moment? Do you think I will let you off the hook after you called him a mongrel and pushed him to the ground?"

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"Well, I—" Lauren faltered, and cold sweat was breaking out over her forehead as she stuttered, "I-I really didn't mean to push him, President Sawyer, or call him harsh names. I'm sure there's no need for an esteemed man such as yourself to pick a bone with the humble likes of me."

There was an insidious gleam in Nicholas' eyes as he gazed down at her with scorn. He wouldn't mind sparing her, but he had no intention of making it easy for her. "I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. If you slap yourself on the face and teach yourself a hard lesson for messing with my kid, then maybe I'll think about letting you go unscathed."

The assertion in his voice meant he was not offering room for negotiation.

Lauren grimaced at this ridiculous and humiliating proposition. Does he really think I'd agree to something like that?

Sophia, too, was ashen-faced as she said piteously, "We're really sorry, President Sawyer. My mother and I were truly at our wits' end, and we meant no harm to the little master. We're really sorry about this whole misunderstanding. You seem like a man who appeals to reason, sir, and we'd appreciate it if you just let us off on a warning." She put on a damsel-in-distress facade as she pleaded for mercy on her mother's behalf, hoping that this would be enough to gain Nicholas' sympathy.

She had always been the sort to have too much confidence for her own good, and now that a man of Nicholas' standing and stunning visuals had presented himself before her, she had half a mind to throw herself at him.

However, her little act earned nothing but disgust from those watching this tense exchange as they collectively thought, Is she actually trying to seduce him at a time like this?

Nicholas regarded her with repulsion, and spite filled his gaze as he countered frostily, "What, are you offering to take the punishment on her behalf?"

Startled, Sophia gulped and hastily replied, "N-No."

He raised a brow, and as the air around him froze, he concluded ruthlessly, "In that case, I'll just have to find someone to do the work." With that, he turned and zoned in on Tessa, then said authoritatively, "You're the cause of this mess, so you'll do the honors."

Tessa gaped at him. This sure is some funny logic. If she didn't know better, she would think that this was his way of coming to her defense, but it clearly wasn't.

As things were, she was furious as well, and in particular, she had been filled with inexplicable rage when she saw Gregory fall earlier.

After a moment of thought, she gritted her teeth and bit out coldly, "Fine. I'll do it!"

Lauren glared at her incredulously. "Don't you dare!"

In such grim tones that one might think the devil himself was speaking, Nicholas barked, "Anyone who dares stop her will have to deal with me personally!"

With a casual wave of his hand, four bodyguards barreled through the entrance and swiftly dispatched the two men Lauren had hired. Then, moving at lightning speed, they apprehended Lauren and Sophia.

"Hey, what are you doing—no, President Sawyer, please just spare us. I know I made a huge mistake, and I'm sorry!" Lauren had gone pale with fright as she begged for forgiveness.

However, Nicholas ignored her and merely ordered imperiously, "Slap her!"

Lauren had enough sense to refrain from baring her teeth at him, but she did not fear Tessa at all, for she shrieked, "Don't you dare slap me, Tessa! I'm older than you!"

Tessa let out a cold bark of laughter. "Oh, believe me, I dare!" As soon as the words left her mouth, her hand came down and smacked Lauren hard across the face.

A resounding crack filled the deathly silent room, and Lauren's cheek throbbed where Tessa's slap had landed.

"That was for Gregory," Tessa bit out.

Outraged, Lauren refused to ask for mercy as she yelled, "You useless wh*re, Tessa! You've crossed the line! Why don't you just drop dead right now?!"

A few more cracks rang out Tessa, scoffing, slapped the seething woman a couple more times in quick succession. "I've crossed the line? But aren't you the one who started all this in the first place? What right do you have to call me names?"

The slapping continued, and the sound of her palm connecting hot and fast with Lauren's already-swollen cheek filled her with indescribable satisfaction. She thought about how the vicious mother-and-daughter duo had put her and Timothy through all the hardship, and they had been so shameless that they took away the only house she and Timothy had ever known.

It was because of Sophia and Lauren that Tessa and Timothy lived so miserably. Now that she finally had a chance to pay them back for their misdeeds, Tessa certainly did not hold back and rather delivered each slap with full force.

Meanwhile, Sophia was taking this all in with bloodshot eyes, and even though she was furious, she dared not speak up in front of Nicholas. She had never hated Tessa more than she did at that moment, but there was nothing she could do other than watch her mother suffer the abuse.

Everyone who stood by the sidelines to witness this scene felt a rush of satisfaction as they watched the pair of mother and daughter get what they deserved.

It wasn't until Tessa's hand was tingling and growing numb with pain that Nicholas put a stop to this endeavor. The room was filled with silence once more, and Lauren looked as if she had been slapped into a stupor.

Nicholas turned around and commanded the bodyguards, "Throw them out of here before their presence stinks up the place!"

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Chapter 12 Too Many Coincidences for Comfort

"Yes, sir!" The bodyguards immediately moved in synchronization as they dragged Sophia and Lauren like the women were two burlap sacks of potatoes. Upon reaching the entrance, they unceremoniously threw them out the doors.

The members of the orchestra who had gathered around to watch this were stunned speechless, and a stifling hush followed Nicholas' ruthless and unforgiving gesture.

Tessa, too, took a while to recover from the initial shock of it all, and she didn't snap out of her daze until Nicholas spoke again.

"Greg, are you hurt?" Nicholas drew closer to Gregory, a warm, fatherly concern filling his dark orbs. He looked entirely different from the intimidating and domineering president he had been moments ago.

"I'm fine, Daddy," Gregory answered with a gentle nod of his little head.

When everyone heard this, they let out a collective sigh of relief.

Knowing that she was the cause of this fiasco, Tessa stepped forward with her shoulders squared and said apologetically, "I'm terribly sorry, President Sawyer. Those two were after me, but Gregory nearly got hurt in the midst of the chaos. This is all my fault!"

When Nicholas heard this, he gave her a brief, frosty look, then retracted his gaze as he replied stoically, "Yes, this all happened because of you, but since somebody else has been punished for it, I'll let you off the hook." He paused, then added in the same frigid tone, "It's almost time for lunch anyway. I'll bring Gregory home after we dine at the restaurant. Come along."

With that, he deftly picked Gregory up into his arms and headed for the doors.

As Gregory leaned against the curve of Nicholas' broad shoulder, his mind began to race. He was desperate to come up with a plan to stay by Tessa's side for the rest of the day.

Tessa, on the other hand, dared not dawdle as she straightened her clothes and followed Nicholas out of the building.

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The three of them were presently housed within a private restaurant by the name of Winston Trove. Being one of the most exclusive private restaurants in the industry, the head chef manning the kitchen was as good as any Michelin-star chef, and he had once been involved in the food preparation for a national banquet. Members of the upper-crust society and famous icons had tried to dine here, but the restaurant wouldn't take them in unless they had a reservation made at least a month in advance!

Under normal circumstances, Tessa would never be able to step foot into a place like this. It was only because of Nicholas and his powerful connections that she was able to sit here today for what would be the most expensive lunch of her life.

That being said, the pressure that came along with such fine food was insurmountable and suffocating. Tessa sat stiffly in her seat, unsure if breathing was something she could afford to do in the presence of a world-renowned business mogul.

Conversely, Nicholas seemed rather at ease, if not overtly impassive. He ordered a few dishes, and when he handed the menu over to Tessa, he said flatly, "Order whatever you like."

She took the menu graciously, intending to order something simple for herself, but when she saw the prices on the menu, her eyes nearly bugged out of her head.

These prices are ridiculous! She stared at the numbers incredulously. Broccoli stir-fry that comes with a three-digit price tag? What, was the broccoli planted in golden soil or something?

Shuddering at the thought of the bill that would come at the end of this meal, she made a small order and picked out the cheapest fruit juice there was, then shakily handed the menu back to the waiter. "Thank you." She managed to thank the attendant, still in disbelief.

It didn't take long for the dishes to be served, and all of them looked as delicious as they smelled. They were arranged neatly at the center of the dining table, so aesthetically pleasing that it was hard to believe they were actual food.

As Tessa's gaze swept over the dishes, she noted with no small amount of surprise that they all featured luxurious ingredients, the names of which she probably could not pronounce!

More to the point, the dishes before her would at least fetch a four-digit price tag each!

She gulped, suddenly finding herself at a loss for words as she mused wistfully to herself, These rich folks sure live differently. This meal alone would cost me a month's worth of income!

Just then, a sweet and childish voice pulled her out of her thoughts. "Lunch will be on Daddy today, Miss Pretty Lady, so dig in!" Gregory grinned at her adorably.

Tessa flashed him a gentle smile upon hearing his invitation. "Alright."

She might have agreed to dig in, but she hardly ate anything at all.

At the sight of this, Gregory asked worriedly, "Why aren't you eating, Miss Pretty Lady? Do you not like the food?"

Nicholas looked up at her inquisitively when he heard this and pressed, "What is it? Does the food not agree with your palate, Miss Reinhart?"

"Oh, no, it's not that. Everything's delicious," Tessa said hastily, then promptly shoveled a few spoonfuls of food onto her own plate.

Both father and son said nothing more after this, and the three of them ate their meal in silence.

Nicholas wasn't much of a talker, though he did help Gregory load up his plate every once in a while.

Tessa, on the other hand, was so mortified by the idea of things turning awkward that she chose to dedicate most of her energy to deshelling prawns and crabs for Gregory, but at that

moment, Nicholas pointed out in his signature deep baritone, "Miss Reinhart, Greg can't take crabs. He's allergic to them."

Blinking in surprise at this new information, she said, "Really? I'm allergic to crabs, too!"

"Really?" Gregory exclaimed, delighted that he had something in common with his favorite pretty lady. He added enthusiastically, "You know what, Miss Pretty Lady? I'm not just allergic to crabs, but prawns and other shellfish as well! I can't touch them, but I can eat fish!"

Tessa couldn't hide her bewilderment when she heard this. "What a coincidence! Me, too!"

Next to them, Nicholas listened to their exchange with a somber expression on his face. He was starting to think that this woman was trying to get on Gregory's good side, but upon closer observation, he noticed that she indeed avoided the prawns and crabs, though she ate a healthy portion of fish.

He also noticed that she was a rather fastidious eater. She had delicately picked out the green onions, cilantro, and carrots from her food, and all these happened to be the same things that Gregory hated.

What was even more ridiculous was how her taste in food matched Gregory's to an exact tee, and she was just as picky as he was.

The revelation made Nicholas gloomy. He liked to think of all these as coincidences, or more accurately, coincidences that had been deliberately created by this woman.

Midway through lunch, Tessa excused herself to use the restroom.

The moment she left their table, Nicholas pulled out his phone and hurriedly texted Edward, his assistant. 'How's the investigation on Tessa Reinhart coming along?'

Meanwhile, Edward had spent a whole morning looking into everything there was to know about Tessa and her background. However, he was overcome with shock when he laid eyes on the information he had painstakingly retrieved.

This... She...

That Can Be Arranged chapter 13

Chapter 13 This Woman Actually Lectured Me?

Seeing Nicholas' message, Edward thought for a while, then decided to only send part of the information. He would discuss the rest with Kieran, and they would investigate further for confirmation before doing anything else.

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Meanwhile, Nicholas received information on Tessa. From what he saw, Tessa's birth and experiences were typical, and he couldn't find anything out of the blue.

After graduating from college, Tessa frequently followed the orchestra on their tours. There was once when she chanced upon Gregory, but the two didn't seem to have any interactions.

After that, Gregory was the one who specifically asked for her to perform at the birthday party, clinging to her and refusing to let go.

Nicholas' brows furrowed in contemplation because he couldn't understand what was going on. While he was deep in thought, his son crept quietly onto the scene. "Daddy, can I discuss something with you?"

He stared at Nicholas with his bright eyes, an expectant look on his face.

Nicholas paused his train of thought and ruffled Gregory's hair, nodding at the child. "Go on."

Gregory was hesitant as he asked tentatively, "Daddy, can I... sleep over at the pretty lady's house?"

Nicholas didn't even think before he declined. "No!"

This child is getting bolder by the day. He hasn't even known the lady for long, but now he's asking to sleep over at her place?

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"I knew you wouldn't agree to it!"

Greg humphed and lowered his head dejectedly. He even had a pitiful look on his face.

Nicholas didn't want to see his son sad, so he gathered enough patience to ask, "Greg, can you tell Daddy why you like the pretty lady so much?"

After all, Gregory had gotten to know Tessa only recently, so he was being a little too chummy.

In the next second, however, Greg said something shocking.

He said in full earnestness, "I don't know either. I just feel that she smells like Mommy. I want her to be my mommy!"

What did you just say?!

The identity of Gregory's mother was unknown to both of them, and even Gregory had never seen his mother since birth.

Nicholas merely heard from Remus that this person would never exist in their life. At that time, Nicholas was in a hurry to return to the special forces, so he couldn't care less.

However, he overlooked the fact that Gregory would crave motherly love!

All these years, many daughters of rich families had racked their brains in order to become Gregory's stepmother, and the child was extremely disdainful of them.

But now, he said of his own accord that he wanted Tessa to be his mommy, and only now did Nicholas recognize the gravity of the situation.

If this goes on, this child will call Tessa mother by tomorrow! He shall not be anywhere near her again!

Nicholas recovered his usual expression and got ready to give him a lecture.

However, before he could start, Gregory looked up at him pleadingly and begged, "Daddy, Greg wants a mommy. Pretty please? The kids at kindergarten said that I'm an unwanted child without a mommy. They sounded just like the old woman who scolded the pretty lady just now. Daddy, I don't want to be an unwanted child. I want a mommy too..."

At that, the child's eyes uncontrollably turned red. His pitiful look was enough to stab Nicholas right in the heart.

Nicholas could still remember when he returned after retiring from the special forces. His relationship with Gregory had been distant since then.

Afterward, he had spent a large amount of time and effort and finally managed to get closer to his son.

Now, if he declined Gregory's request because of something insignificant, the child might start sulking.

Greg was young, but he was also terrifyingly stubborn. If he got mad, even the whole family would not be able to appease him.

Nicholas fell silent as he began to think.

Just then, Tessa had returned from the bathroom. Upon entering, she saw Greg with his reddened eyes, threatening to cry.

She felt a tight squeeze on her heart as she hurried forward and asked in a gentle voice, "Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

Gregory was obviously upset as he hugged Tessa, burying his face in Tessa's arms as he sobbed.

Tessa was heartbroken by his sobbing, and she couldn't help but look up at Nicholas, saying in dissatisfaction, "President Sawyer, I know there are things I shouldn't say, but I still feel the need to address this. It's completely normal for children to be immature. You have to teach him and communicate with him. Greg is a smart child, so he definitely has his own reasons and thoughts. He'll understand if you talk to him properly, so don't scold him just like that. It's very detrimental to your relationship with him!"

Nicholas was stunned.

This woman actually lectured me?

That Can Be Arranged chapter 14

Chapter 14 Visiting the Sawyers

Nicholas parted his thin lips and said calmly, "He is behaving like this because he wanted to go home with you. I don't think it was wrong to stop him. However, since you insist on tolerating him, why don't you come to the Sawyers instead? Treat it as my invitation to you to perform for Greg at home, and I'll pay you at your usual rate. How does that sound?"

Hm?

When Tessa heard the suggestion, she was instantly stunned.

Gregory's sobs also halted as he looked up in surprise. He was quick to realize that his daddy had, in a way, agreed, and he was beaming as he looked at Tessa. "Is that all right?"

What on earth... Nicholas doesn't want me to go near Greg, right? Why would he allow me to be in contact with Greg all of a sudden?

Still, no matter what, Tessa wouldn't say no to more income.

Tessa's lips curved into a smile as she cupped Gregory's plump cheeks, replying in a loving tone, "All right, I'll do it for you."

"Yay! You're the best! I can't believe you're coming over to my place!"

The child was overjoyed, and his little face was flushed red as his eyes twinkled like stars. Then, he ran over to kiss his father's cheek and grinned happily. "I love you, Daddy! You're the best!"

Nicholas didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

This little guy changes his mood so fast.

After lunch, Tessa followed the father-son duo back to the villa. However, it was more of a manor than a villa.

It had a large area, and it was indescribably extravagant. It looked out of this world, surrounded by incredible landscapes designed and molded carefully by famous designers and craftsmen.

After passing through the front door, one would be greeted with low-profile yet luxurious decorations. The off-white theme of the space also introduced a warm touch to the surroundings...

"Come sit here!"

Gregory tugged at Tessa's hand in enthusiasm, inviting her to sit on the couch. Attendants entered one after the other, serving various pastries, tea, and even a fruit platter...

On the other hand, Nicholas didn't say anything as he secretly observed the woman's behavior.

Except for Tessa's constant amazement ever since entering the house, she hadn't behaved abnormally. She didn't actively try to win the child's heart but kept thanking him instead.

After finishing tea, Tessa even took the initiative and asked, "Sweetheart, when would you like me to start my performance?"

Gregory was quite clever indeed. It didn't take him long to think of an idea as he responded with a smile, "At night! I play the piano for half an hour every day after dinner, so can we play a duet later?"

Tessa hesitated for a moment as she glanced at Nicholas. The latter didn't seem to be upset by the idea, so she nodded. "Of course."

"Oh, then we can be together for longer." Gregory looked extremely happy as he reached out his little arms to hug Tessa.

Tessa patted Gregory on the back, obviously taking a liking to this child. Hence, she stayed until the evening, and she also had her dinner there.

She was a little embarrassed, since she was in someone else's home. She had accepted their money, but she spent most of her time eating and playing instead of performing, so it didn't feel right to her.

However, Gregory was happy about it, and Nicholas didn't seem to mind, so Tessa humored them dutifully.

After dinner, it was finally time for the performance.

Gregory tugged Tessa's hand excitedly as they went to the living room, stopping in front of the majestic classical piano. Then, a servant fetched a violin for her. Gregory sat down in front of the piano, and the two began their duet.

Tessa had a knack for music, and she matched her playing with Gregory's with great ease. During the duet, she suddenly realized that Gregory was also shockingly talented at playing the piano. He was so young, but his playing skills were impressive.

After the piece, Gregory and Tessa were both greatly satisfied.

"Do you know how to play the piano?" Gregory suddenly turned around as he asked Tessa.

Tessa smiled faintly. "Yes, I do."

Gregory beamed in glee, asking, "Then, can we play the piano together?"

"Yes, of course."

Tessa readily agreed, taking her seat beside the child. Her slender fingers were placed on the black and white keys as she readied herself to play.

Just then, Nicholas was going down the stairs as he caught sight of the scene. Under the warm yellow light, the adult and the child looked just like a mother and her son...

He felt something waver within him, an unspeakable feeling rising in his heart. The sounds of the piano were soon heard. The smooth and gentle tones of the instrument were like a clear stream of water that flowed in the air, melodious and touching.

After they were done playing, Gregory hadn't had enough, so he pulled Tessa along to play a few more songs.

They were all children's songs Greg loved.

Nicholas also listened for a long while as he stood at the stairs. He was interrupted, however, by the arrival of Edward and Kieran.

"President!" Edward had greeted him respectfully.

Kieran also called his name. "Nicholas."

The two had on a serious expression, as if something had happened.

"Why? What's up?" Seeing the expressions of those two, Nicholas decided to ask.

Kieran was about to talk when he caught sight of Tessa sitting on the piano stool. He couldn't help but exclaim in surprise, "Tessa Reinhart? Why are you here?"

That Can Be Arranged chapter 15

Chapter 15 You Can Stay

Tessa and Gregory stopped playing when the men came in. When she heard her name, she stood up and greeted, "Hello, Master Kieran. I'm here to perform for Gregory."

"Perform?" Kieran was confused.

Gregory explained, "I asked her to come and play the piano with me. Her playing is wonderful!"

Hearing that, Kieran had a complicated look in his eyes as he shot a glance at Tessa.

Now, what does that supposed to mean? Tessa felt a little weird with him looking at her like that.

However, Kieran quickly averted his gaze as he spoke to his brother. "Nicholas, let's talk somewhere else."

Nicholas nodded nonchalantly, then said to Tessa, "Miss Reinhart, please keep Greg company for a while longer."

With that, the three walked straight into the study. After entering the room, Nicholas finally queried, "What's the matter?"

Edward and Kieran exchanged glances but stayed silent as they gave Nicholas a folder. There was a set of documents inside.

Nicholas took the documents and gave them a look. When he realized it was Tessa's information, he thought that there was something up with her.

However, upon closer inspection, everything seemed to be alright.

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Except for her mysterious disappearance for one whole year, Nicholas couldn't see anything special about her data.

Kieran could see the confusion in his brother, so he hastily hinted, "Nicholas, look carefully at Tessa's data from six years ago."

Nicholas could only do as he was told, studying the information closely. He found that Tessa's blood type was recorded, and also information that she was a top student at Southfield College. She was also qualified for a recommendation to study abroad in Vienna...

Everything perfectly matched the details of that woman six years ago.

His face went dark, and his tone was obviously colder than before. "What are you trying to say? That she is Greg's biological mother?"

Seeing his brother's dark expression, Kieran hastily explained, "Nicholas, we're not saying that we're a hundred percent sure, but the possibility is there."

In order to guard the secret of the Sawyers' genes so that no one would take advantage of it, the elders of the Sawyer Family had put in great effort to seal off their gene bank.

Hence, it was impossible to get a sample of Tessa's genes. They had to tackle the problem from another angle.

"I asked Edward to investigate the school today, to figure out what Tessa did in her year of disappearance. We found that there were various versions of the story being circulated in the school. Some say that Tessa was pregnant out of wedlock, and she went to give birth to her child. Some others say that Tessa's younger brother was critically ill, so she took some time off to take care of him... But, Nicholas, don't you think that it's weird? Tessa's blood type was the exact same as the woman from that time. Also, Greg is never close to any outsiders, but he has taken to Tessa, and he's exceptionally reliant on her."

If possible, Kieran also wished that Tessa weren't Gregory's biological mother. After all, that woman was vain in the eyes of the Sawyers.

However, after the investigation, the truth had revealed itself. The explanation from the school stated that Tessa had taken one year off because her brother was critically ill.

However, Edward had asked Tessa's neighbors, and they all testified that her brother was home the whole year and he wasn't going through any treatment. He also didn't know where his sister went. He had managed to survive on his pay from working as a tutor, plus the neighbors' donations.

Everything pointed to one possibility...

Tessa's one year of disappearance coincided with the woman's pregnancy right until childbirth!

Nicholas' expression sank. It wasn't fully confirmed that the woman was Tessa, but if Tessa really was Gregory's mother, then what right did she have to stay by the child's side?

She had abandoned Gregory for money, so what right did she have to be his mother?

Seeing his brother's terrible expression, Kieran tried to appease him. "Nicholas, please calm down. We're just guessing at this point, and we can't be completely sure."

The atmosphere around Nicholas turned cold, but he remained silent.

Boom!

Just then, a muffled thunder rolled across the night sky. When lightning struck the ground, the instant peal of thunder was deafening.

Kieran looked out the window and said, "Um, Nicholas, it's going to rain soon. I'll go back with Edward now, so please consider it carefully and decide how we should go about it. You can ask her directly or choose to keep observing." With that, he left in a hurry.

After the two were gone, Nicholas sat for a long time, his dark eyes trained on Tessa's data. His glare seemed to bore holes through the thin paper.

After a long while, he finally recovered himself and went down the stairs.

In the hall, Tessa could feel that Nicholas was emanating an aura much heavier than before. His gaze had also turned sharper. She had a feeling that these changes were directed at her.

Fear crept into Tessa's heart, and she didn't dare to stay much longer. She hastily stood up and said, "Um... President Sawyer, I think it's going to rain soon, so I'll take my leave now. Thank you so much for your invitation..."

"Are you leaving?"

Hearing Tessa's words, Gregory instantly put on a longing face.

The look in Nicholas' eyes was dark and hidden. He stared at Tessa for a few seconds, then narrowed his eyes as he said, "Since Greg insists, you can stay."