

That Can Be Arranged chapter 51

Chapter 51 Soft-Hearted

"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."

At this moment, 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?"

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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 You Must Accompany Me

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.

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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.

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Chapter 53 The Person Who Harmed Greg

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.

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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.

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Chapter 54 The Embodiment of Perfection

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.

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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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Chapter 55 Earnest Rejection

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?"