

That Can Be Arranged chapter 61

Chapter 61 Where's Timothy?

An astonished Silas narrowed his eyes and seethed, "That's not up to you. If you refuse to hand over the software, then I'll have you locked up until you do! Don't underestimate the ways I can force your hand, boy!"

Timothy chuckled dryly as he mocked, "That sounds like you, alright. Looks like you're still the same vile person you were all those years ago. Your shamelessness disgusts me!" He glowered at Silas reproachfully. "I've told you that I won't ever hand you the rights to the software, not even if I die. A scum like you doesn't deserve to own any part of my creation!"

"You useless piece of trash! Try me one more time and see if I won't give you a good beating!" Silas snapped, his chest rising and falling rapidly in anger as he brought his hand up, ready to slap Timothy across the face.

However, Timothy merely closed his eyes and turned away, decidedly treating Silas like he was mere thin air as he stubbornly ignored the man.

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Meanwhile, Tessa was unaware of all that had happened. It was only at night when she returned home, tired from the rigorous rehearsal, and noticed that Timothy was nowhere to be seen that she thought, Hmm, that's odd.

"Isn't Timothy supposed to be making dinner by now? Why isn't he home when it's already so late? Is he being held up at school?" Tessa mumbled, as if answers to her questions might pop out of thin air.

Still racking her brain for reasons why he could be late, she set her violin down and carefully propped it where it belonged.

Then, she took out her phone and gave Timothy a call. She was put through after two rings, and without waiting for a greeting, she asked, "Timothy, where are you? Why aren't you home yet?"

Tessa did not expect a gruff and familiar voice to answer on the other line. "He won't be coming home!"

Upon hearing this, she bristled, and her eyes widened in shock. Of course she would recognize this voice; it was the same voice that had become the base of her and Timothy's nightmares!

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Looking grim, she did not bother with niceties as she demanded belligerently, "Why are you picking up the phone? Where's Timothy?"

Silas' thick baritone was smug as he drawled wickedly, "I brought your brother home and he'll be staying with us for the next few days, for old time's sake. Now, if you have nothing important to say, stop calling."

For old time's sake? As if anyone could believe that! Tessa pressed angrily, "Why the hell did you bring Timothy over, Silas? What do you want with him? I'm warning you: if you so much as lay a finger on him, I'll tear you to shreds!"

Silas merely snorted at her threat. "Tessa, I suggest you stop nagging. I only wanted to see my son and catch up with him after all these years; surely I don't have to call you to tell you that. Also, don't forget that I'm your father, so watch your tone when you speak to me, you savage young lady!"

With that, he brusquely hung up the phone.

At that moment, Tessa's face twisted into a malicious grimace.

Her so-called father had eyes for only money and nothing else. More to the point, the Reinharts had never shown any concern toward her and Timothy. So, why start now? They must be up to something fishy!

Timothy was the only family she had, and she couldn't just let him suffer in false imprisonment at the Reinharts' place without doing anything to save him.

As such, she grabbed her things and made her way over to the Reinhart Residence.

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However, by some cruel twist of fate, Tessa had only just left the apartment complex when Nicholas' car pulled outside with Gregory happily riding in the backseat.

Nicholas looked as handsome and untouchable as ever, even as frustration and resignation was wrought over his chiseled face.

Gregory had been sulking the whole day ever since his return from the hospital. He had refused to speak and hardly ate lunch either. It was as if his soul had left his little body.

Naturally, everyone in the family had been worried sick.

When it came to dinner, Nicholas had specifically asked the kitchen staff to prepare all the things that Gregory liked to eat, not at all bothered about being healthy as the doctor had earlier warned.

Alas, the little guy had only taken two mouthfuls of dinner before he threw up and the full projectile left him deathly pale.

Nicholas had panicked, thinking that it might be a side effect of the toxins, but the next second, the fatigued and upset little boy decided to throw a tantrum right after vomiting across the dinner table.

With all the might he could summon, he swept all the food and dishes off the table with his little hands. He didn't stop even as hot soup spilled over his delicate skin.

Pouting, he could no longer hold back his sadness as he burst into tears, sobbing, "Why? Why doesn't Miss Pretty Lady like me anymore? Daddy, tell me why, please! Did I do something wrong? Why doesn't she want me—"

He had broken off into incoherent cries after that, his chubby little hands furiously rubbing his face as fat teardrops rolled down his cheeks.

That Can Be Arranged chapter 62

Chapter 62 Wrongful Accusations

There was no stopping Gregory's fierce waterworks. He sobbed and sniveled, his button nose reddening as his breath grew more ragged.

The whole family thought their hearts might shatter there and then.

Even Nicholas couldn't bear the sight of this and he patiently tried to talk some sense into the crying child. "Greg, be a good boy and listen to me. Of course Miss Reinhart likes you, but she has her own life as well, and you can't force someone to stay. Do you understand?"

This only spurred Gregory on, for he sobbed even more in devastation. He had tipped his head back, his little mouth parting wide as he cried and shrieked his voice hoarse.

To one side, Stefania and Tobias felt as if someone had stabbed a dagger through their hearts. They finally understood why Gregory was throwing such an ultimatum; as it turned out, this was all because of Tessa! That woman is a bad apple who probably has ill intentions against our family. Why can't Greg just let her go?

A frustrated Stefania walked up to Gregory and began to cajole slowly, "Come now, Gregory. There's no need to waste your tears on that lady. She's a bad person who will only hurt you."

He was furious to hear this, and as he tried to breathe through his sobs, he yelled, "No, Miss Pretty Lady is not a bad person and she would never hurt me!"

She felt her buttons being pushed and she thought it was about time she stopped giving in to his tantrums. Raising her voice deliberately, she snapped, "You're still too young to understand how twisted mankind can be! That woman is out to get you, and you only ended up in the hospital because she poisoned you, did you know that? She fled after that because she couldn't bring herself to face us!"

However, Gregory's face scrunched up in a grimace when he heard this as he cried belligerently, "No, no, no! Miss Pretty Lady wasn't the one who poisoned me! I just know she wasn't! Don't make up such mean stories about her, Grandma!"

Upon hearing this, Stefania frowned as she began to grow frantic. That wretched woman has him bewitched! He's too naive to speculate against her, and he won't listen to any of us now. What are we going to do? With her thoughts racing, she shot Nicholas an anxious look and urged, "Nicholas, say something!"

Nicholas' brows drew together, and his head was throbbing from all the ruckus. However, he was still composed as he thought, I guess there are some things I still have to tell Mom. Snapping out of his reverie, he turned and told Andrew frigidly, "Andrew, go and retrieve that document from the backseat of my car."

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"Yes, sir." The butler did as he was told and soon returned with the document in question.

Nicholas took the document over and handed it to his parents, then explained icily, "Mom, Dad, take a look at this. I've had someone look into Gregory's poisoning and the results show that Miss Reinhart was not the one at fault. The true culprit who hurt Greg was—"

Yana. Stefania gaped at the name written on the document and her eyes widened in shock at that moment.

She looked at him in disbelief as she stammered, "N-Nicholas, is this some kind of a joke?" She refused to believe that the person who tried to hurt her precious Gregory was none other than her long-time friend, Yana.

Nicholas sighed, looking impassive. "You wrongly accused a good and honest person, Mom. Also, Miss Reinhart left on her own will; she was never interested in squeezing her way into our lives."

Stefania froze, but Nicholas did not try to soothe her as he spun to take Gregory by the hand. "Come along. I'll take you to see Miss Reinhart."

It didn't take long before the father and son came to a stop outside Tessa's apartment.

However, little did Nicholas know that he had only just missed her by seconds. He walked up to her door and rang the bell several times, but he could tell that the house was eerily quiet.

Doubt filled his gaze as he asked in hushed tones, "Edward, are you sure this is the place she's staying at?"

Edward immediately nodded in affirmation. "One hundred percent! Only the lights have been turned off, so maybe she isn't in at the moment."

"Could she be at the orchestra?" Gregory chimed.

He flashed a kind smile at the little boy as he shook his head. "I've already inquired with the orchestra about that, Young Master Gregory, and they told me that they finished practice rather early this evening. Logically speaking, Miss Reinhart ought to be home by now, but perhaps she was caught up in an emergency. None of my calls to her were connected. Should we just wait for a while longer?"

That Can Be Arranged chapter 63

Chapter 63 A Reinhart Through and Through

Nicholas' gaze turned grim. He hated waiting, but when he caught sight of the steely look on Gregory's face, he took a deep breath and bit out, "Fine. Let's just wait then."

Meanwhile, Tessa had rushed over to the Reinhart Residence. It had been years since she stepped foot here and that was enough to make her cringe in disgust. Were she not doing this for Timothy, she would have stayed away from this house forever.

She walked up to the front gates of the villa and saw that there was a guard standing next to them. Ignoring him, she marched toward the house purposefully, only for the guard to stop her in her tracks. "Hey, who are you? No outsiders allowed!"

“Move!” Tessa roared as she shoved the guard aside, not at all bothered about refraining from violence. The guard tried to stop her again, but she moved with such obvious rage that not even a handful of guards could get in her way.

While Tessa was barging across the front yard, Silas, Lauren and Sophia were happily having dinner inside the house, seemingly content as they exchanged pleasant conversation. They then heard faint noises of argument coming from the outside and he asked one of the household staff, “What’s going on out there?”

Before the member of staff could answer, Tessa barreled into the dining room, looking grim as she demanded thunderously, “Where’s my brother, Silas? Give him back to me right now!”

The cheerful atmosphere instantly shattered, replaced by a suffocating tension.

Silas was stunned at first when he saw her, but he quickly scoffed and went on to eat dinner nonchalantly. Having swallowed a mouthful of soup, he drawled, “It’s been years since we last saw each other and you’ve only become more savage! What are you yelling and making a fuss about in my home? Where are your manners?”

Tessa was on the verge of exploding with rage. “Manners?” she snorted. “Why should I mind my manners when I’m talking to a low-life scum like you after you kidnapped my brother and betrayed our family? I’ll only say this one more time: Give my brother back to me right now!”

He turned red with anger as he slammed his spoon down on the table, which rattled the crockery. Gritting his teeth, he bit out, “Why should I? Don’t forget that your brother is still a Reinhart, and as long as he bears my name, he will be a part of my family even in his death! It’s only right that I bring him back home, seeing as he is my son, and you don’t get to have a say in this!”

The scorn and disgust welled up in Tessa when she heard this, and she felt the distinct urge to retch the contents of her stomach onto the dining table. Raising her voice, she retorted, “How shameless of you to be spouting such nonsense, Silas! Did you forget how you refused to lend us money for Timothy’s surgery back in the day? He couldn’t even walk! And now that his legs are working again, you decided to claim him back as your son!” She scoffed. “You’re disgusting. What’s so great about being a Reinhart? In fact, my biggest regret in this lifetime is to have been born as your child and to have your blood flowing in my veins! I feel filthy!”

Silas was burning with rage as he shouted, "How dare you, Tessa!"

She shot him a withering look and snapped, "Shut up and release Timothy at once, or I'll call the police and press kidnapping charges on you!"

"You useless piece of trash!" He did not hesitate to show his anger as he slammed a palm hard against the table. "Is this the way for you to speak to your father?"

As she watched the tension unfold, Lauren seized the chance to add fuel to fire. "That's right, Tessa, you've crossed the line here! You wretched girl; you ought to show respect to your father no matter what! How dare you go around behaving like a savage?" Grimacing, she added, "Need I remind you that blood runs thicker than water? You can try to deny it, but you are a Reinhart through and through! You and Timothy are still your father's children, and there's no way for either of you to escape that!"

Tessa's blood boiled at this, and she felt as if someone was setting her alight. She couldn't believe the audacity of these people to act all high-and-mighty in front of her.

Not at all backing down, she was about to retort when Lauren cut her off with an icy chuckle. "And to think you have the nerve to bring up that idiot brother of yours. Don't you know what he's done? Reinhart Group is hanging by a thread as it is, and your brother not only refused to help us out of his own goodwill, but he has even made outrageous demands, too!

He wants us to cough up a whopping twenty million for that lousy project of his, did you know that? Let me make one thing clear, Tessa: for us to bring that heartless brother of yours here is already a huge act of charity, and we're only feeding him because he's a Reinhart. So, don't you dare throw a fit here and call us names! You deserve a good beating, that's what!"

That Can Be Arranged chapter 64

Chapter 64 Holding Tessa Captive

The harsh speech gave Lauren immense satisfaction.

Sophia, on the other hand, remembered how humiliated she and her mother had been when they were so unceremoniously thrown out of the Heavenly Chorus Orchestra building, and she was more than pleased to finally see Tessa and Timothy being insulted now.

Tessa was stunned. It was only at that moment that she understood why Timothy had been kidnapped by the Reinharts in the first place; Lauren's little speech had enlightened her more than it insulted her.

Timothy has something they want! Tessa snorted, a little incredulous that the Reinharts would go to such a despicable and shameless extent to make a profit.

As she connected the dots, she let out an abrupt bark of laughter, then mocked condescendingly, "So, that's what's going on here! You suddenly realized that your son had the means to help you achieve the end you wanted, which was why you brought him back! And there I was wondering whether you had found your conscience and decided to care for him. This is all because Timothy has some use to you, and you just want to make a quick profit off his efforts, isn't it? Some good father you are, Silas!"

Her laughter was shrill, mocking, and almost aggressive. It sent a chill running down Silas' spine, and for a moment, he faltered.

Just as guilt seized him, Sophia interjected with a presumptuous laugh and said, "Come now, Tessa, you have to admit that Dad has given Timothy life and raised him from a young age. It's only right that he gets something out of it, don't you think?"

The wicked smile on Tessa's face slipped when she heard this. Her expression was frigid as she ignored Sophia and regarded Silas ominously before seething, "You have no right

getting anything out of us! Timothy and I were brought up by Mom; to put things bluntly, the only thing you ever contributed was your semen, and other than that, I can't think of a single incident where you have been a father to us! Mom worked hard to give us a life, but you were never present, nor did you ever ask about us. You even fooled around with other women, and now you're turning around to point fingers at me?"

She was shouting her voice hoarse, but she doubled down on her harshness as she snapped, "Pride is what makes or breaks a man, but yours is so foolish that it makes you all the more disgusting! Keep your nonsense to yourself, and mark my words: if I don't see Timothy back home by tomorrow morning, then I hope you're ready to be held in police custody! This warning is final!"

With that, Tessa spun around and began to furiously march away.

However, Lauren could never live with it if she merely allowed Tessa to walk away scot-free. Gritting her teeth, she narrowed her eyes menacingly and barked, "Stop her! Don't let her get away!"

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The bodyguards immediately rushed forward to form a human blockade.

At the sight of this, Tessa frowned. There was a frosty gleam in her eyes as she turned to look at Lauren contemptuously, "What, are you going to lock me up too?"

Tessa's glare went through Lauren like a frozen arrow, but Lauren stood her ground and spat venomously, "You incompetent moron! As if we'd let you leave just like that! For as long as your brother doesn't hand over the software, the both of you will never step out of this house!"

Then, she shouted at the bodyguards, "Bring this brat into the room and lock her up!"

"Yes, ma'am!" A couple of bodyguards surged forward and immediately pinned Tessa's arm behind her back.

She struggled with all her might to break free of their hold, all the while roaring at Lauren, "You wretched b*tch! You vicious homewrecker! You ought to die painfully by a thousand cuts!"

Alas, even as she thrashed and shouted with all her strength, Tessa could not pull away from the burly bodyguards. Before long, she was thrown into one of the spare rooms of the house and kept under lock and key.

After Tessa had been held captive, Silas thundered, "Lauren, what the hell are you locking her up for?"

Sophia couldn't understand her mother's logic behind this either. "Yeah, Mom, isn't it enough to lock Timothy up seeing as he's the one with the project? There's no point in keeping Tessa; she's useless!"

A devious and triumphant smile curled on Lauren's lips. "The both of you are so short-sighted. Don't you know that Tessa is Timothy's weakness? If we hold her captive, we can blackmail him into giving up the software, and he'd have no choice but to hand it over to us free of charge!"

That Can Be Arranged chapter 65

Chapter 65 Prison Break

Enlightened by this, Sophia mused, "You know what, Mom? That actually makes sense!"

Lauren sniffed indignantly. "Of course."

Next to them, Silas was starting to look a little uneasy at his wife's scheming.

Catching sight of his obvious hesitation, Lauren frowned as she eyed him skeptically. "You're not actually feeling sorry for them, are you? Don't forget that Reinhart Group is hanging by a thread, Silas! There won't be anyone taking pity on us if our company were to crumble. Besides, all that we're doing is locking them up; it's not as if we're torturing them or

anything. What are you getting so worried about? Do I look like I would dispose of them and carry their parts out in body bags?"

Silas' heavy brows were knitted together in concern. He had been worried that their endeavors had crossed the line, but after hearing Lauren's elaboration, he decided that she had a point as well. He sounded his agreement, but he still told the butler, "Make sure you send three meals every day up to their rooms; I don't want them starving."

The butler nodded solemnly. "Of course."

Her lips curled in displeasure, and while she said nothing, a vicious gleam flashed in her serpent-like eyes. She had no objections to feeding Timothy three meals a day, given that he was of some use to them, but she refused to let Tessa have the same privilege! I ought to teach that little wench a hard lesson for slapping me senseless the other day!

As such, she waited until dinner was done and Silas had gone out of the room before telling the butler, "Remember, that wretched girl only gets one meal a day and any more than that will be on your head!"

The butler stiffened when he heard this, but after a moment of hesitation, he acceded.

Meanwhile, Tessa had been belligerent and manic ever since she was thrown into the room. She banged her fists against the door and yelled profanities, but no one paid attention to her.

She gritted her teeth as rage coursed through her veins. The deep-seated hatred in her heart was consuming her.

Initially, Tessa had come to the house mentally prepared that Timothy might not follow her back home, but as it turned out, she had sorely underestimated how despicable Silas and his new family could be. What she didn't expect was to be held captive as well.

And it's all Lauren's doing! That treacherous b*tch!

However, Tessa had no intention of remaining there to wait for her turn to be hung at the gallows. She took a deep breath and willed herself to calm down, then decided to look for a way out of here; if she didn't leave now, she and Timothy would become sacrificial lambs, ready to be slaughtered at the altar of the Reinharts.

With renewed determination, she walked over to the bedroom window and peered out of it, assessing its viability as an escape route.

She was on the second floor. She pictured leaping off the window ledge and running away, and while there was a chance she could get caught, she had no better option.

She took a deep breath. Once I get out of here, I'll find a way to break Timothy out, too!

Then, she swallowed her worries and finally calmed down. Rummaging through the drawers, she came across a pair of scissors, and set herself to work cutting up the bedsheets. I will not stay in this repulsive place for a minute longer, she thought grimly.

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Over at Pinnacle Residence, Nicholas and Gregory had been waiting outside Tessa's apartment for over an hour, and it was already close to 9:00P.M.

Nicholas had glanced at his watch countless times while waiting, and Gregory had asked a dozen times, "Why isn't Miss Pretty Lady home yet?" Alas, neither of them had their answers, for Tessa never showed up, and she didn't pick up her phone either.

To one side, Edward couldn't help worrying as he pointed out hesitantly, "President Sawyer, from what I know, Miss Reinhart's brother is a college student. He ought to be home by now even if she hasn't returned; the house shouldn't be standing empty at this hour. Do you think we should send someone to look for them, sir?"

He had only just said this when the neighbor next door poked his head out into the hallway. Alarmed by the sight of the three figures hovering out in the hallway, the neighbor took a wary step back.

However, upon noticing that these three figures did not look like ordinary folks, she asked curiously, "Excuse me, sir, but are you perhaps looking for someone at this hour?"