

That Can Be Arranged chapter 91

Chapter 91 Probing

Boom! Tessa felt as if she were struck by lightning. She froze, not knowing where she should place her limbs. Nicholas's gaze turned upon her, and the two locked eyes. His slightly cool lips continued delivering air to her mouth.

Tessa was stunned, and she had a brain fart moment. She could only feel her heart thumping in her chest, as if threatening to leap right out.

As for Nicholas, he saw her trance as a chance, so he grabbed it by keeping his lips on hers while he swam upward. Finally, with much effort, he managed to drag Tessa above the water.

The two emerged in bewilderment, and Tessa was almost fainting. The water in her nasal cavity was causing her too much suffering.

"Hey, hang in there!" Nicholas hurriedly placed her on the ground and began to give her first aid.

He pressed his hands against her chest, then did CPR. His actions were fluid as he executed them all in one go.

Tessa had just opened her eyes when she saw the man's hands on the most awkward spot ever. Flustered, she coughed out the water, which proceeded to splash on his face.

His expression immediately soured. There was disdain in his eyes as he forcefully wiped his face and reprimanded, "Tessa, what are you trying so hard for when you can't even swim? Do you want to die?"

Tessa gripped her chest as she coughed violently. Due to the sudden scolding, she lost her temper as well, so she rambled while she coughed, "I should be the one asking you! What are you doing, grabbing me like that? You scared me!"

Nicholas's eyes went dark as he replied in his icy cold tone, "Don't be silly. If it weren't for me, you'd be drowned by now!"

Tessa was so pissed that she rolled her eyes at him. "You're the one getting drowned! I was just holding my breath underwater, and I was completely fine! If you hadn't appeared out of nowhere and grabbed me, I wouldn't have choked."

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Upon hearing that, Nicholas was immediately stunned. He hadn't expected that, and his expression darkened. "Why would you suddenly hold your breath underwater? What if you died and haunted this place? Find somewhere else to die if you want to!"

"You!" Tessa couldn't find a good enough retort as she choked on her words.

Good Lord! Can this man be any more vicious with his words? Why does he keep going on about me dying and haunting this place? Does he want me to die so badly?

A few coughs later, Tessa finally calmed herself and mumbled, "I'm not a fool. I have a long life ahead of me, so I won't choose to die just like that." With that, she got up on her feet.

She squeezed the water out of her clothes and shook her clothes out.

Nicholas frowned as he watched her clumsy actions. However, his gaze still managed to get attracted to her figure. The girl only wore white suspenders, and she was soaked wet. Her clothes were almost transparent as they clung to her body, revealing all the curves of her marvelous figure. The most eye-catching part of her was still the clearly visible butterfly tattoo on her back.

It grew even clearer as he looked closer. Nicholas narrowed his eyes as he reached out and caressed them, unable to control his actions.

Tessa immediately shivered from the touch and leaped away, her wary glare meeting Nicholas's dark gaze. "What... What are you doing?" He's not going to do the same thing he did last time, is he?

Tessa hastily took a few more steps backward to put some more distance between them. She was alert and on guard.

Do you think I'm a pervert? Nicholas realized his inappropriate behavior and calmly retracted his hand. He started, "Your tattoo..."

Tessa blinked, then glanced behind her, answering gingerly, "Oh, this? I thought it looked nice, so I got it tattooed. What's wrong with it?"

Nicholas's gaze darkened. "When did you get it tattooed?"

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Chapter 92 The Tattoo

Without overthinking, Tessa answered, "About three to four years back, perhaps? I can't remember, but it should be around that point."

Nicholas knitted his eyebrows in bewilderment. Three to four years back? That doesn't match the time frame because that lady already had it five years ago. Is she lying, or did I mistake someone else for her? Between the two possibilities, Nicholas was more inclined to believe the latter because it seemed to him that it was too much of a coincidence for Tessa to be Gregory's mother.

Soon, Tessa snapped out of her trance and saw Nicholas absorbed in his thoughts, asking, "Are you alright, President Sawyer?"

Nicholas returned to his senses and calmly replied, "Oh, nothing. It's going to get cold at night, so be sure to change your clothes because you don't want to catch a cold."

Tessa sniffled and felt the chilly atmosphere around her, breathing in the chilly air through her nostrils. Thus, she immediately nodded and left with Nicholas.

As both of them remained silent on their way back, Tessa couldn't help but feel embarrassed because she couldn't stop thinking about the moment that she and Nicholas shared a kiss underwater.

At the thought of that sensation, she felt goosebumps running all over her body. Furthermore, when she was rescued from drowning moments ago, she was still too befuddled to think straight and give a proper answer to the questions she was asked. In fact, the butterfly tattoo on her shoulder was right on the mark Lauren left her many years back.

Back then, Tessa was at her wits' end when she ran out of options to raise funds for her brother's surgical treatment. Thus, she was forced to return to Silas for help at the Reinhart Residence, where she ran into Lauren and Sophia instead. Due to their hatred for the sibling duo, the mother and daughter immediately turned Tessa away, driving her out of the house with a broom, while Lauren grew so mad that she even hurled a vase at her in the process.

Although the wound subsequently recovered, Tessa's shoulder was left with a hideous scar on it. In order to avoid scaring people with it, she decided to cover the scar with some tattoos. Needless to say, she didn't think it was necessary to reveal too much of her past, which she was not proud of, so she downplayed her story without any intention of correcting it, even though she got some of it wrong.

Not long after that, the two of them headed upstairs just when Tessa looked at Nicholas and said, "Rest well, and good night." After that, she returned to her room and took a shower, whereupon she changed into her pajamas and went to bed.

The next morning, Gregory woke up and proceeded to go about his morning ablutions. After changing into some clean clothes, he walked to the guest room and politely knocked on the door.

"Miss Pretty Lady, it's time for breakfast." When he heard nothing from the inside, he tipped his toes in confusion and turned the doorknob before he opened the door and entered the room. "Are you still sleeping, Miss Pretty Lady?" Gregory approached the bed and gently asked.

Tessa woke up to the noise in the room and responded in a befuddled manner. Then, she opened her eyes just when the first thing that came to her view was the boy's adorable face. She then smiled at him and said, "Sweetheart? You're up." She struggled to sit up straight and creep off the bed, but as soon as her feet landed on the ground, her head felt so dizzy that she fell backward and collapsed onto the bed once more.

"What's wrong, Miss Pretty Lady?" Gregory could tell something was wrong, asking with a concerned voice.

Tessa shook her head while trying to tell the boy that she was fine, but her headache hurt her so much that she began to knit her eyebrows obviously and tightly.

Worried, Gregory quickly sprang off his bed and scurried away. "Wait for me, Miss Pretty Lady! I'll get Daddy right now!" Then, the boy made his way to Nicholas's room and started patting the door rapidly. "Daddy! Daddy!"

At that moment, Nicholas was already awake as he was changing his clothes. Later, he opened the door even before he managed to button his shirt just when Gregory seized his hand. "Help! Miss Pretty Lady needs help!"

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Chapter 93 Fallen III

"What happened?" Nicholas followed behind Gregory in confusion and hurriedly made his way to Tessa's room, only to see her lying in bed noticeably with her heavy breathing and abnormally flushed cheeks.

The man then knitted his eyebrows and patted the lady's cheek, asking, "Hey, are you alright?" As soon as his hand came into contact with her cheek, he realized that she felt a little feverish. Thus, he naturally placed his hand on Tessa's forehead and immediately found out that she had a fever. Furrowing his brows, he asked, "How do you feel now?"

Tessa opened her eyes, barely clinging to her consciousness. When she made sense of what was going on, she found herself just inches away from Nicholas's handsome and chiseled face. At that moment, she could feel her heart beating rapidly, like a jackhammer.

Soon, she felt slightly uncomfortable and immediately tried to get up from the bed, only to go weak in her knees and fall forward face down. As she screamed on the inside, she was

ready to brace for impact, but the next second, she felt someone's muscular arm wrapped around her waist shortly before she found herself in a warm embrace.

It turned out that Nicholas managed to catch Tessa just in time and had his arms wrapped around her in his embrace. While Tessa was caught in a trance, she subconsciously looked up and met the man's gaze, finding herself even closer to him. Staring at Nicholas's cold dark gaze that looked like obsidians, she somehow felt like there was some spell in his eyes, as if there was a force that could suck her into them.

At the same time, Nicholas was caught in a trance as well when he caught the scent of the lady's fragrance. Meanwhile, Tessa's soft skin on his palm made him feel like there was an electric current that ran through his body.

Soon, he unknowingly tightened his fingers and squeezed his grip, only to let go of the lady shortly after. Then, he spoke with an unhappy gaze and told the lady to rest. "Well, you can't outdo your body's limits, so lie back down and get some rest!" He showed his dominance with his unyielding tone and released Tessa at the same time, helping her return to the bed.

Feeling feverish in her cheeks, Tessa decided to lie back down in bed. After making sure the lady listened to him, Nicholas bent over and picked Gregory up in his arms, speaking to the latter with a gentle voice. "Miss Pretty Lady is not feeling well, so we need to leave her alone and let her rest."

Gregory nodded sensibly and wrapped his arms around his father's neck, suggesting in a childish tone, "Well, shouldn't we get a doctor to check on her? It looks like she is feeling really uncomfortable, which reminds me of myself when I was sick."

Nicholas replied with an affirmative hum. "I'll call the doctor right now." Then, he stepped out of the room and rang Ashton up. As soon as the call was answered, Nicholas went ahead and asked, "Are you free at the moment? I need your help here right now."

Thinking it was Gregory who needed his treatment, Ashton instantly agreed. "Sure. I'll be right there." Fifteen minutes later, he showed up and asked in a concerned manner, "Are you alright, Greg?"

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Gregory shook his head. "It's not me, but Miss Pretty Lady. She is sick!"

Ashton was stunned, wondering who Miss Pretty Lady was. Shortly after that, his question was answered when he followed the father and son to the room, where he saw a lady in there. Dumbfounded, he gazed at Nicholas in puzzlement, with a pair of eyes that looked like they were asking him who it was.

Nonetheless, Nicholas appeared calm and proceeded to explain, saying, "This is Greg's violin teacher."

Ashton nodded in spite of his furrowed brows and confusion. This isn't right! Nicholas has always kept to himself, so why would he allow an outsider to stay in his house? It's just Greg's violin teacher, after all. Furthermore, it's a lady—a beautiful lady—who gets to lie down in bed in Nicholas's guest room. Hmm. Something tells me that this lady is no ordinary person.

Needless to say, Ashton spoke nothing about the monologue that was going on inside of him. Soon, he examined Tessa's condition and turned his attention to Nicholas.

"Don't worry. She'll be fine. It's just some normal fever, and she'll recover shortly with the right medicine. In fact, this is not a big deal at all. You shouldn't have called me for something so trivial. I have bigger and better things to do with my talent and profession."

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Chapter 94 Work From Home

Nicholas reacted with a calm expression on his face when he heard Ashton's comment. "Greg is worried about her, so you'd still be needed here anyway." He steered the conversation in his way by mentioning Gregory.

Nonetheless, Gregory didn't seem to find anything wrong with that as he asked in a serious manner, "Mr. Sloan, how is Miss Pretty Lady now? Is her fever serious? When will she recover?"

Noticing how concerned the boy was about someone else for the first time, Ashton was somehow touched by his heart-warming response. He then patiently answered Gregory's question, meeting the latter's gaze firmly. "She'll be fine, Greg. Soon, she'll be up and around again, as all she needs is some medication and sufficient rest."

However, Gregory seemed a little disheartened as he looked away and shifted his gaze to Nicholas. "Miss Pretty Lady is sick, and I'm sure it feels torturous for her. So, please leave me here!" The boy sympathetically implored his father to grant his wish, his watery eyes filled with sympathy.

While Nicholas didn't go against Gregory's wish, he nodded and stepped out of the room with Ashton. When the two men got to the corridor, Ashton finally brought up his confusion. "Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! So, that's your secret girlfriend whom you've been hiding in your house all this while. You're full of surprises, Nicholas!"

Nicholas reacted normally without giving any further explanation as he calmly replied, "Greg likes his teacher, whom he trusts without question, much to my surprise as well. So, I decided to let her stay with us."

Ashton raised his eyebrows with his mouth wide agape just when he was about to ask more questions, but Nicholas refused to let him do that and took the opportunity to change the subject. "By the way, is she really going to be fine?"

Ashton nodded in response. "Yeah, she probably just caught a cold. Furthermore, her body seems to have a lower cold tolerance, which renders her susceptible to coldness and other related symptoms. Anyway, I made sure she took her medicine, so I believe her fever should subside by later in the afternoon. If her condition doesn't improve, you could take her to the hospital directly, but I won't be there because I have an international meeting with a foreign specialist."

Nicholas nodded understandably and answered with a calm voice, "Alright, see yourself out then."

Ashton paused, thinking it was a shame because it was time for him to go and attend to his business when he was so close to discovering something gossipy. Thus, he casually said, "Alright, I'll make a move now. When I come back next time, I look forward to hearing more of that lady's story." After that, he took big strides and walked out of the house.

Once Ashton disappeared from sight, Nicholas turned around and returned to the guest room, in which he saw Gregory resting his head on the bed with his hand holding Tessa's palm. At the same time, he appeared to be murmuring something. "Miss Pretty Lady, you have to recover as soon as possible. I'm waiting for you."

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Befuddled and barely conscious, Tessa seemingly heard Gregory's voice and replied with gibberish. "I-I'll get well soon. D-Don't worry, Sweetheart."

"Okay." Gregory nodded obediently.

At the sight of their amusing reaction, Nicholas unknowingly curled his lips upward and decided to leave them both to it before he gave his assistant, Edward, a call. "Deliver all the documents that I need to sign to my residence. I'm going to be working from home right now." Nicholas gave his assistant an instruction.

"What?" Edward's reaction gave away his surprise as he could barely remember Nicholas was ever absent at work. Because of that, he couldn't help but wonder why his boss would want to work from home, which immediately gave him an idea that there could be something wrong with Gregory. At the thought of that, Edward asked in a concerned manner, "Is Young Master Gregory alright?"

"Greg is fine, but Tessa isn't," Nicholas replied with a casual answer.

"Wait, what?" Edward was confused, wondering what it had to do with Tessa.

Nicholas answered calmly, "Miss Reinhart has a fever, and Greg is worried about her. So, if anything happens to her, my boy will be desperately looking for me. Thus, I'm going to be working from home today. Any questions?"

"N-Nothing!" Edward responded with a brittle smile, somehow finding Nicholas's excuse funny, although he couldn't really explain what it was. However, he didn't dare to ask further and went ahead to do as he was told, ready to head to the Sawyer Residence after packing the files in his briefcase. Alright, so I'm now heading over to President Sawyer's house, where I'm supposed to take these papers all the way to Tessa's room.

"President Sawyer, these are the urgent documents that you need to sign while the rest aren't," Edward gently placed the documents on the desk and said.

While Nicholas nodded and continued to appear serious with his work, Gregory didn't seem willing to leave Tessa, thinking he should be there to look after her since her fever still hadn't subsided. Nonetheless, Edward couldn't help but find it strange at the sight of the scene just right in front of his eyes.

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Chapter 95 A Call From the Reinharts

Deep down, it seemed to Edward that Nicholas looked like he had a family when he was with Tessa and Gregory. Needless to say, that was a thought in his mind that he was still not daring enough to speak up.

When Nicholas was done with his speech, he looked away and gave his assistant permission to leave. "You may leave now. If there are any other important documents, you could just take them to Kieran."

"Understood, President Sawyer." Edward nodded and walked away.

Throughout the entire morning, Nicholas sat on the couch and silently concentrated on his work. In the meantime, Gregory, who was keeping Tessa company by her side, was slowly dozing off as his head collapsed onto the bed not long after. However, his hands were still tightly holding Tessa's palms all the time.

Meanwhile, Nicholas got up from his seat a few times to check on the lady's body temperature. When he learned that her temperature had gone down, his eyebrows seemingly relaxed. Subsequently, the atmosphere remained peaceful and restful until noon, when Tessa's ringing phone broke the silence in the room.

Gregory was awoken from his sleep by the ringtone, rubbing his eyes sleepily. On the other hand, Nicholas knitted his eyebrows and walked closer to check on the phone, only to see an unknown caller. Thus, he declined the call, but the phone rang again moments later. After

that, it kept ringing non-stop, frustrating the father and son so much that they wished they could just smash her phone into pieces.

Worried that the call might disturb Tessa, Gregory furrowed his eyebrows and looked at his father in dissatisfaction. As Nicholas grew more and more annoyed, he walked closer and picked up the call, but before he could say something, he instantly heard an angry voice.

“Tessa Reinhart, you ungrateful b*tch! You’d better come back to the Reinhart Residence at once, or I’m going to skin you alive. Do you hear me?! Come back here now!”

Surprised by the caller’s harsh attitude, Nicholas furrowed his brows and asked with a glacial voice, “Who’s on the line?”

When the caller heard a man’s voice, she appeared stunned and asked, “Who is speaking?”

Nicholas shot a gaze at Tessa, whom he saw was still sleeping. So, he took a second to contemplate and replied, “I’m her superior. She is unavailable at the moment, so you could perhaps tell me what you want her to know.”

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“Oh, I see. Her superior.” Amber softened up a little when Nicholas told her that he was Tessa’s superior. Refusing to rub him the wrong way for no good reason, the old lady continued to vent in frustration. “I’m Tessa’s grandmother. Please tell her to come home right away because I want to speak to her!” Amber said in a commanding manner.

“She is at work now,” Nicholas responded with a glacial look on his face.

Amber was rendered tongue-tied and forced to change her tune. “Oh, in that case, please tell her to come home when she is done with her work.”

As soon as Nicholas heard that, he hung up the call right away. Judging from the old lady’s unpleasant tone, he could tell that she wasn’t someone easy-going. Then, he recalled the investigation results about Tessa’s family background with the Reinharts, which reminded him of the old lady’s sarcastic character.

Knowing Amber was responsible for driving Tessa away from home along with her mother and brother, Nicholas found it strange for the old lady to summon Tessa back now. As he believed it was probably for Silas and Lauren, he frowned and sympathized with the poor lady for the trouble that never stopped haunting her.

“These people really won’t let you live your life in peace for even one day!” Later, he put away Tessa’s phone, thinking to tell her about the matter and letting her decide what to do about it after she woke up.

When it was time for lunch, Nicholas woke Tessa up with Andrew standing right beside him. Then, the butler greeted Tessa with a smile and asked her how she felt.

“You’re up, Miss Reinhart. Do you feel better now? I ordered our chef to cook you some porridge. Since you’re sick, you should eat something bland to keep your strength up.”