

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 151

### Chapter 151

“I know what I did to you both before, but we also compensated for it, didn’t we? We gave you a house and paid you 5 million dollars and even your mother’s dowry. We don’t owe you anything anymore, so you don’t have to look at me with such vengeful eyes.”

Tessa replied coldly, “I hope you can understand that the apartment was originally left to us by my mother. Besides, my mother’s dowry was hers by her name, so it naturally had nothing to do with the Reinharts. As for what you said about the 5 million, that was what you owed us in the first place. You kidnapped us both for merely a project, so this was the price you should pay. If there’s nothing else, Mr. Reinhart, you can leave.”

After Tessa finished speaking, she stopped paying attention to Silas.

Immediately, the short-tempered Silas was irritated. “Okay, Tessa. I’ll remember this.”

After he finished speaking, he left immediately.

In the Reinhart Residence.

“How did it go? Have you gotten the money back?” When Amber saw Silas coming back, she hurriedly stood up and asked anxiously.

Silas’ anger from the meeting with the siblings had not subsided, and he said with a sullen face, “Those b\*stards—they wouldn’t give me the money.”

“What do you mean?” The light of hope in Amber’s eyes disappeared instantly, and her face grew cold.

Silas told Amber about his conversation with the siblings.

After listening to him, Amber slammed the table angrily. “Would you look at that! These are the ungrateful brats you’ve raised! You even begged them like that! Oh... what should we do now?”

Originally, due to Silas’ imprisonment, Reinhart Group’s stock price plummeted, and it didn’t improve for many days.

Right now, even the company’s shareholders were clamoring to cash out

their shares.

Besides, the employees in the company had also found a way out and were planning to pack up and leave at a moment's notice.

Reinhart Group was now basically scattered, and whatever they had wouldn't be able to support the company for long.

When Silas heard that Timothy had sold his software to Sawyer Group at a high price, he shifted his target to the siblings immediately.

Tessa had always been prone to be suggestible when dealt with gently, so Silas bit the bullet and went to her, with the intent to play the warm and loving father.

He just didn't expect that Tessa was not the girl who she used to be. Now, she knew not to play along with any of his approaches anymore, and even knew how to negotiate with him and refuse him when she saw fit. When he thought about this, he suddenly lost his temper and threw the teacup in anger.

"Dad, Grandma, what are you fretting about now? Who said we can't do anything about it now?"

Sophia heard this when she just got home and was instantly invested.

"Dad, what were you begging her for? Why didn't you come and ask me instead?"

When Silas heard this, his eyes lit up. "What do you mean? What can you do?"

"I'm guessing you don't know that Tessa's hand is broken, right?"

Sophia raised her eyebrows.

Silas thought about it carefully. Tessa really didn't really lift any heavy objects, and she was always only holding small things, as if she had no strength. "What's wrong with her hand?"

"The cousin of one of my classmates is in the same orchestra as Tessa. According to her, something happened to Tessa, so she lost her hand strength and was now kicked out of the orchestra."

Silas couldn't help but frown when he heard this. "What does this have to do with saving the company?"

A merciless light gleamed in Sophia's eyes. "Dad, do you remember the arrogant master of the Finch Family, the one who wanted to have a marriage of convenience with our family? Their family hasn't stopped thinking about it until now. Anyway, since they just wanted one of us, we should just grab Tessa and bring her directly into the room of the young master... And once everything is said and done, she could only go through with it. After all, isn't it just 10 million? It's nothing to the Finch Family. As for the siblings, they are both disabled anyway; what else can they do? It's her honor that Young Master Finch fancies her, so she should thank us."

Silas was all too familiar with the young master of the Finch Family, Eric Finch; almost everyone in Brentwood had heard of his name.

With the thought that his family name had some weight in Brentwood, he did as he pleased from his childhood to adulthood, which even got him the moniker of a playboy-no one could tell how many girls had been ruined by him.

## **Chapter 152**

That was why Eric had yet to settle down till now:

The matter of his marriage worried the head of the Finch Family.

For such marriage of convenience, forget the rich families-even girls from ordinary families had been scouted by them, but none of them were willing to marry him.

The Finches long knew that the Reinhart Family was in trouble, and they even looked for the Reinharts many times before to offer to help them get through the tough times.

However, because the Reinharts were too reluctant to let Sophia go through with it, they did not agree to the proposal.

But Tessa was different. She was Silas' daughter, but she was so ignorant to him. After all, he had put on his kind face when he went to borrow money from her, but she still refused to give him face, so he figured he should present her to the Finch Family as courtesy as well.

Now, it was time to teach this disobedient brat a lesson.

She's such a brat. After all these years of living off the Reinharts, how could she not make any contributions to the family?

Sending her to the Finch Family would be the best use of her.

After making up his mind, Silas thought about it again. No, it might not be possible.

Tessa was no longer the obedient child she used to be. Now that she had someone backing her, she was bold and fearless, so how could she listen to him and leave the Sawyers to go to the Finches?

He frowned and said, "Isn't there someone backing Tessa? If the Sawyers find out about this, then we will be done too..." As if Silas had thought of some unpleasant memory, he shook his head again and again. "No, no. If I mess up and get caught again, I'm afraid I won't see the day of light again."

Amber also said, "Yes, Sophia, your father finally came out of jail, and your mother is still inside. Plus, we won't get any benefit by sending her to them. No matter how capable the Finch Family is, in front of the Sawyers, they are just a bunch of nobodies. We can't go through with it."

"Oh, what's the matter? When the time comes, and everything between Tessa and Eric is done and dusted, do you think Nicholas will still want her? Who would want to take in a 'used' person? He'll probably want Tessa to disappear by then. When it comes to that, how would he help that b\*tch to deal with us? Besides, Tessa is just bluffing using the Sawyers' status. Once she marries Eric, she probably won't have a chance to cause trouble anymore, and we can get the money. Isn't it killing two birds with one stone?"

Silas and Amber were still a little hesitant, but their greed shone from deep within their eyes.

Sophia waved her hand impatiently. "It's alright. Since you guys don't have the guts to do it, I'll do it and get the money when the time comes. Dad, don't forget to thank me then."

Tessa Reinhart, your good days are over! You robbed me of what was

rightfully mine. You dared to covet my properties, so I will make you pay the price now!

As Sophia thought of the treatment Tessa would suffer, a vicious smile flashed across her face.

She continued, "Okay, leave this matter to me. If there's nothing else, I'll go upstairs."

After returning to her room, Sophia found Eric's mobile phone number and dialed it directly. "Young Master Finch, it's me, Sophia."

Eric, who was on the other end of the phone, seemed to be in some entertainment center. The singing and charming laughter kept ringing on the other end of the line. He laughed and said, "Yo, Miss Reinhart, to what do I owe this pleasure?"

Sophia smirked and said, "Didn't I say to introduce someone to you the other day? Before, I showed a photo of my sister, Tessa. Do you remember her? She will be waiting for you at the Monarchy Clubhouse tomorrow."

Eric's eyes lit up. "Okay! If this goes well, I'll give you whatever you want."

He had always loved drinking and beauties in his life, and ever since he saw the photos of Tessa, he had been coveting her.

She was a natural top beauty, and she was definitely many times better than those pointed-chin and big-eyed beauties who were the product of plastic surgery.

Now that the beauty was delivered to his door, he didn't see any reason to not accept it.

"Thank you. Have fun, Young Master Finch." Sophia smiled.

After hanging up the phone, she couldn't help laughing.

It was her that the Finch Family took interest in before, but with her standard, how could she marry such a person? Hence, she was sending Tessa instead.

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Unexpectedly, after such a long time, Eric still fancied that bitch, Tessa, and just in time, she could do him a favor in this regard.

As long as she follows Eric, Tessa will never be a problem again.

Even if she could still end up alive, she wouldn't be in a great state.

Everyone knew that whoever that got tangled with Eric would not have any good ending to them.

At that time, even if she could find Nicholas, he would most likely despise her and wouldn't even get close to her-he might even have long forgotten her by then.

Who would want this waste of a woman?

At that time, by Nicholas' side, there would only be her, Sophia Reinhart!

What an impeccable way to kill two birds with one stone.

She imagined that in the future, she would be with Nicholas, and Tessa would be wagging her tail and begging for pity. Ah, what a joyful time it

would be.

Having said that, how could she even get Tessa to go to the clubhouse in the first place?

It would definitely be impossible if she were to tell her directly. After all, Tessa was not that stupid to leave Nicholas, who was a big fish, for Eric. If she said she was the one that wanted to meet her, it was obvious that Tessa would probably not even answer the call from her.

That's it! Timothy Reinhart! Yes, there is also that crippled little guy! Couldn't she just let him 'call' her?

Sophia thought about it, and then began to call someone. "William, I'm Sophia Reinhart. I heard that you and Timothy are in the same class, right? Oh, I called to ask you for a favor-can you get his cell phone for me? Okay, thank you. Next time, I will buy you a grand meal."

The next evening, after Timothy got out of school, Sophia got his mobile phone and immediately got someone to crack his password.

Sophia turned Timothy's phone around her fingers, and the corners of her mouth curled upward slightly.

Now that everything was ready, all that was left was to call Tessa at night. She didn't believe that Tessa, who had always loved her brother, would disregard her brother's safety and let him stay in the clubhouse instead of looking for him herself.

At that point, Sophia already couldn't wait to see Tessa's helpless, miserable appearance.

As soon as it got dark, Sophia found someone and called Tessa with Timothy's mobile phone. "Hello, is this the sister of the owner of this mobile phone?"

Tessa, who was tidying up in her new home, was slightly taken aback when she received the call. "Who are you?"

"I'm a waiter at the Monarchy Clubhouse. Your brother got drunk in our clubhouse. Can you come and pick him up?"

After that, the man hung up the phone.

This left Tessa looking at her phone in surprise.

Tessa knew her younger brother best. He had always been obedient and sensible, and he spent almost all of his time studying. Besides, he usually had no other activities aside from school.

After all these years, she had never once seen him drink alcohol.

Why would he go out and get drunk all of a sudden?

Moreover, before he went out this morning, he also said that he would go look at office buildings in the evening after school, so he would be back late.

Anyone could lie to her, but Timothy wouldn't.

If he really went to drink, he would definitely tell her...

However, this was indeed a call from his cell phone—there was no doubt about that.

If Timothy really was drunk, she couldn't just let him stay at such a dodgy place all alone.

The incident happened so suddenly, and Tessa didn't have much time to think about it, so she went out immediately to find him.

At the Monarchy Clubhouse.

When Tessa arrived, she immediately went to the waiter at the counter.

“Hello, I'm here to look for someone. He's a tall, thin, quiet-looking boy named Timothy. You just called me to say he was drunk and told me to pick him up.”

The waiter was stunned and replied, “I'll go and ask around for you.”

Then, a foreman came and nodded to Tessa. “Hello, I'll bring you to him now.”

Tessa followed him into a room and found a plump person in the room—there was no sign of Timothy.

The look in the man's eyes made her very uncomfortable. She looked around to make sure she didn't see Timothy, and said, “I'm sorry. I think I've entered the wrong room.”

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After speaking, Tessa wanted to leave the room and planned to ask for the foreman again. The man in the room said, “You’re Tessa Reinhart, right? You are in the right room.”

Tessa’s footsteps stopped, and she looked back suspiciously. “Then where is my brother? I’m here to pick him up.”

The man didn’t answer, but the way he leered at Tessa became even more unscrupulous. This figure, this face... She is much prettier than in the photo.

At first, she thought that Sophia was deceiving him, and that she had photoshopped the photos to deceive him, but he really didn’t expect the Reinhart Family to have hidden such good stuff from him.

He was so fascinated that he looked at Tessa from head to toe and said maliciously, “The eldest lady of the Reinhart Family really doesn’t fail to fascinate me. Not bad—you suit my taste very much.”

Immediately, Tessa was disgusted by his look and his rude words, but she held herself back and continued, “I’m sorry. I just came to find my brother. Where is he?”

“Your brother? Well, it’s not a big deal for me to be your ‘brother’ this once.” He picked up the glass, took a sip of alcohol, and said, “But, sis, do you really not know who I am?”

Tessa frowned a little unhappily. How could this person’s words make me so uncomfortable? However, she wasn’t sure whether Timothy was here or not, so she couldn’t just leave. She endured the disgust and said, “If my brother isn’t here, then I’ll take my leave first. Sorry for bothering you.”

Eric couldn’t help but laugh when he heard this. “Wait. Miss Reinhart, aren’t you too ignorant? You don’t even know me? Who doesn’t know about my family in Brentwood? Go and ask around, will you? Who doesn’t know me? I’m the young master of the Finch Family.”

Tessa’s face immediately turned cold at the mention of that. The story about her brother being drunk in a clubhouse was all a lie. She was set up!

She had naturally heard of Young Master Finch's reputation, but she had never seen this person in real life. Now that she met him finally, she could see how disgusting he actually was.

Immediately, Tessa knew that she shouldn't stay there any longer.

Without even bothering to say goodbye politely, she wanted to escape from this place quickly, so she immediately turned around to go out. To her dismay, before she reached the door, two bodyguards directly blocked her way. They were like an iron wall. No matter how she pushed, they didn't budge an inch. Tessa's face instantly fell.

At that point, she could feel the man behind her getting up and walking toward her with a sinister smile. She panicked, but she quickly reacted and turned her head back with a force of composure. "Young Master Finch, I didn't mean to offend you. I apologize to you if I've bothered your fun here, but what do you think you are doing?"

Eric smiled as his greasy hand touched Tessa's chin. "Since you know you've bothered me, how can you not make it up to me? And isn't it obvious what I'm doing?"

Tessa gritted her teeth and turned her head away to escape his touch. "What are you doing?!"

"Tessa Reinhart, stop acting dumb. I'm giving you face by even indulging you, but your sister, Sophia Reinhart, received 5 million from me as your dowry, so you are mine tonight," Eric said with a smile.

When she heard Sophia's name, Tessa immediately realized what happened. So Sophia was the one behind all these!

Tessa let everyone from the family go at first, but she actually unknowingly fueled the arrogance of these shameless people!

Nevertheless, the current situation didn't allow her to regret her actions.

What she had to think about now was how to get out of this hell of a place and find Timothy. With that in mind, she put on an extremely gloomy expression and said coldly, "If that's the case, you should be looking for whoever took your money and made a deal with you. This has nothing to do with me." She gritted her teeth. "Please have your

people get out of the way, or I'll call the police.”

However, the bodyguards at the door were unmoved. They remained firm like a wall, unmoved by her words, and they sneered at her remarks instead.

When she saw that they wouldn't move, she was so angry that she took out her mobile phone and was about to call the police. However, before she could unlock her phone, Eric snatched her phone away. “Even if you call the police now, it's useless. Tonight, no matter what, you will be mine, little beauty. Don't struggle, lest you get hurt.”

## **Chapter 155**

After throwing Tessa's phone to the bodyguard, Eric immediately tried to hug Tessa.

Having never encountered such a scene, Tessa was suddenly frightened by such a big plot twist, so she quickly ducked and ran in the other direction.

At the same time, there happened to be a wine bottle on the table. Tessa went over to pick it up and smashed the glass bottle directly.

Before Eric could get to her, she held the wine bottle in front of her, facing Eric. “I am warning you don't come any closer.”

Eric scoffed when he saw that. “Wow, I didn't expect that the quiet Miss Reinhart has such a bold and intense personality.”

He looked Tessa up and down again. “However, you being like this only makes me like you more; you know that? I don't know if you know this, Miss Reinhart, but men have a desire to conquer. The more you struggle, the more I can't resist the urge to conquer you. What are you afraid of, anyway? There's no harm in being with me. Don't listen to the nonsense outside. I know how to show good love.”

At this point, Tessa's face was already pale. “Stop talking nonsense. Let me go, or I will”

“Or you will?”

Eric sneered and looked at the bodyguards again. “What are you still

standing around for? Tie her up and send her to my room at once! If I don't get to enjoy myself today because of you... Just you wait and see what would happen to you. Go!"

Upon receiving the order, the bodyguards stepped forward.

There were many of them against Tessa. She was so frightened that she didn't know who to attack, and she waved the bottle randomly. "You! Don't you dare come near me! Otherwise, I'll call for help!"

Her words not only did not scare the group of people, but the other party who was at a greater advantage even took the wine bottle from Tessa's hand directly.

Several bodyguards even started to grab her.

Tessa was shocked and angry. She struggled desperately, but as she managed to escape one grip, another would appear to hold her down. No matter how much she tried to escape, she couldn't get rid of them.

Even her wound was reopened, and a burning pain shot through her body. Outside the room.

"President Sawyer, I wish us a pleasant cooperation in the future. My apologies for any inconvenience caused today. Next time round, we will have a better chat in another place," a man said to Nicholas.

Nicholas nodded lightly. "Stay. I'll see myself out."

He never liked these kinds of places. After staying at places like this for a long time, the smell of cheap perfumes made him feel a little nauseous. He came here today to talk business. After he was done, he got up right away and didn't want to stay any longer. Right then, he got up and was about to leave.

As soon as he reached the door of the room, he saw a group of black-clothed bodyguards noisily surrounding a woman while walking forward in a mighty manner.

The woman seemed reluctant and was still struggling, forcing the bodyguards to stop and adjust their pace as they planned to just drag her upstairs.

The woman in the room took advantage of the bodyguards' halt in action and began to call for help.

However, her voice was too low, and all kinds of loud noises were mixed together, making it difficult to hear what she was saying.

This kind of thing was very common here, and it was also some unknown little fetish of some frequent-comers here. There were many different tricks and roleplays done here, and this was probably a new one.

Nicholas was not interested in any of these, nor did he want to pay attention to it.

After just taking two steps, he heard a very familiar voice. His footsteps paused, and his brows frowned slightly.

When his escort beside him saw this, he also quickly stopped, thinking the noise disturbed the man.

He hurriedly explained, "President Sawyer, these are all tricks played by kids these days. If you think this is too noisy, why don't you just wait in the room, and we'll leave later?"

Nicholas nodded. It shouldn't be her, he thought.

According to what he knew about her, it was impossible for her to come to such a place.

However, since the voice was all too familiar, he still looked in that direction, and through the gaps between the bodyguards pushing and shoving, he could clearly see the person inside.

It's really her-Tessa Reinhart!

## **Chapter 156**

In an instant, Nicholas' face turned solemn, and his eyes were so terrifyingly grim that even the temperature of the air around him dropped several degrees.

That was enough to scare the escort, and he stood quietly at the side, not daring to urge him anymore.

Realizing that something was amiss, Edward glanced in the direction of those people and immediately caught sight of Tessa. Stunned, he hurriedly went forward to stop that group of people. "What are you guys doing?"

Eric was a good-for-nothing rich kid to begin with, and he had never been in touch with anyone from the business world. Therefore, he didn't recognize Edward and thought that he was just a regular guy.

Raising his head snobbishly, he roared, "What are we doing? What I'm doing is none of your business! I advise you to stay out of this, or else I'll make sure that you can't make a living in Brentwood!"

Saying that, he shoved Edward, and his bodyguards who saw it laughed nonchalantly, thinking that Edward was overconfident and trying to be a knight in shining armor

"You even have the nerves to snatch someone from Young Master Finch? Are you tired of living?"

"Get out of here. If you wish to keep any of your limbs, you shouldn't stick your nose into this."

When Tessa saw clearly that it was Nicholas and Edward who had arrived, her eyes, which were a little helpless, lit up in an instant. "Save me!"

Her plea had just left her lips when one of the bodyguards impatiently twisted her arm to the back forcefully. "Who are you calling for help? Just save your energy," he said and turned to Eric, hoping to receive some credit for his actions.

Again, Tessa's injury was tugged, and she gasped in pain. Her complexion turned pale, and she broke out in cold sweat, unable to cry for help anymore.

The look on Nicholas' face turned even more displeased. Losing all patience, he called out coldly, "Edward!"

He simply called Edward's name once without saying anything else, but Edward instantly understood what his boss wanted him to do, and he lunged forward directly without even a warm up move while keeping a stony face.

Then, he managed to bring the group of well-built bodyguards to the ground in a few strikes and helped Tessa up. "Are you alright, Miss Reinhart?"

Trembling from the pain, Tessa couldn't utter a single thing and merely

shook her head softly.

Pacing over, Nicholas stepped over the group of bodyguards dressed in black and looked at Tessa with a cold face. “What happened?”

Initially, she had no idea what was happening as well, but from the things Eric said, she realized that Sophia was the one who sold her out.

However, she was in so much pain that she couldn't explain that much.

Gritting her teeth, she muttered in pieces, “It was Sophia. Using Timothy's phone, she lied to me, saying that he was drunk and told me to come here. Then... she passed me to these people.”

After he listened to her, murderous intent emanated from Nicholas, while Eric was stunned to see that all his bodyguards were now laying on the ground.

When he snapped back to his senses and saw that Tessa was now in Nicholas' hands, he was furious.

“Who are you people? You sure have some guts! Do you have any idea who I am? How dare you snatch someone from me! Looks like you're all tired of living! Where's the manager? Get over here! These punks think they're someone simply because they're dressed in suits and ties. Throw them out of here!”

After the manager learned of the situation, he quickly rushed over, but he was dumbfounded when he saw Nicholas. Shrinkng his neck, he muttered, “Young Master Finch, he's... P-Please don't put me in a spot. I don't have the guts to do this.” Timidly, he glanced at Nicholas.

“President Sawyer, uh... maybe Young Master Finch had too much to drink. Please don't hold it against him...”

However, when Eric continued with his tauntings, the manager felt a chill through his neck and hurriedly tugged Eric's sleeve. “Please stop it, Young Master Finch.”

Jerking his hand away, Eric lashed out, “Why should I stop? Ask around and you'll find out that I'm afraid of no one in Brentwood. Was my family ever afraid of anyone? What did you call this guy? President Sawyer? I think you must have lost your mind. Don't simply call anyone

like that, or I'd really think that Nicholas Sawyer himself was here!"

"Young Master Finch, he's-" Sensing the grimness in the air, the manager suddenly stopped speaking. Forget it. This person is beyond help.

Even though Eric visited the club every day and was a generous customer, he had also offended quite a number of people, and the manager couldn't risk offending Nicholas because of him. Otherwise, it would be the end of this club.

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At this point, Tessa's face was already pale. "Stop talking nonsense. Let me go, or I will"

"Or you will?"

Eric sneered and looked at the bodyguards again. “What are you still standing around for? Tie her up and send her to my room at once! If I don’t get to enjoy myself today because of you... Just you wait and see what would happen to you. Go!”

Upon receiving the order, the bodyguards stepped forward.

There were many of them against Tessa. She was so frightened that she didn’t know who to attack, and she waved the bottle randomly. “You! Don’t you dare come near me! Otherwise, I’ll call for help!”

Her words not only did not scare the group of people, but the other party who was at a greater advantage even took the wine bottle from Tessa’s hand directly.

Several bodyguards even started to grab her.

Tessa was shocked and angry. She struggled desperately, but as she managed to escape one grip, another would appear to hold her down. No matter how much she tried to escape, she couldn’t get rid of them.

Even her wound was reopened, and a burning pain shot through her body. Outside the room.

“President Sawyer, I wish us a pleasant cooperation in the future. My apologies for any inconvenience caused today. Next time round, we will have a better chat in another place,” a man said to Nicholas.

Nicholas nodded lightly. “Stay. I’ll see myself out.”

He never liked these kinds of places. After staying at places like this for a long time, the smell of cheap perfumes made him feel a little nauseous. He came here today to talk business. After he was done, he got up right away and didn’t want to stay any longer. Right then, he got up and was about to leave.

As soon as he reached the door of the room, he saw a group of black-clothed bodyguards noisily surrounding a woman while walking forward in a mighty manner.

The woman seemed reluctant and was still struggling, forcing the bodyguards to stop and adjust their pace as they planned to just drag her upstairs.

The woman in the room took advantage of the bodyguards’ halt in action

and began to call for help.

However, her voice was too low, and all kinds of loud noises were mixed together, making it difficult to hear what she was saying.

This kind of thing was very common here, and it was also some unknown little fetish of some frequent-comers here. There were many different tricks and roleplays done here, and this was probably a new one.

Nicholas was not interested in any of these, nor did he want to pay attention to it.

After just taking two steps, he heard a very familiar voice. His footsteps paused, and his brows frowned slightly.

When his escort beside him saw this, he also quickly stopped, thinking the noise disturbed the man.

He hurriedly explained, "President Sawyer, these are all tricks played by kids these days. If you think this is too noisy, why don't you just wait in the room, and we'll leave later?"

Nicholas nodded. It shouldn't be her, he thought.

According to what he knew about her, it was impossible for her to come to such a place.

However, since the voice was all too familiar, he still looked in that direction, and through the gaps between the bodyguards pushing and shoving, he could clearly see the person inside.

It's really her-Tessa Reinhart!

## **Chapter 156**

In an instant, Nicholas' face turned solemn, and his eyes were so terrifyingly grim that even the temperature of the air around him dropped several degrees.

That was enough to scare the escort, and he stood quietly at the side, not daring to urge him anymore.

Realizing that something was amiss, Edward glanced in the direction of those people and immediately caught sight of Tessa. Stunned, he hurriedly went forward to stop that group of people. "What are you guys

doing?”

Eric was a good-for-nothing rich kid to begin with, and he had never been in touch with anyone from the business world. Therefore, he didn't recognize Edward and thought that he was just a regular guy.

Raising his head snobbishly, he roared, “What are we doing? What I'm doing is none of your business! | advise you to stay out of this, or else I'll make sure that you can't make a living in Brentwood!”

Saying that, he shoved Edward, and his bodyguards who saw it laughed nonchalantly, thinking that Edward was overconfident and trying to be a knight in shining armor

“You even have the nerves to snatch someone from Young Master Finch? Are you tired of living?”

“Get out of here. If you wish to keep any of your limbs, you shouldn't stick your nose into this.”

When Tessa saw clearly that it was Nicholas and Edward who had arrived, her eyes, which were a little helpless, lit up in an instant. “Save me!”

Her plea had just left her lips when one of the bodyguards impatiently twisted her arm to the back forcefully. “Who are you calling for help? Just save your energy,” he said and turned to Eric, hoping to receive some credit for his actions.

Again, Tessa's injury was tugged, and she gasped in pain. Her complexion turned pale, and she broke out in cold sweat, unable to cry for help anymore.

The look on Nicholas' face turned even more displeased. Losing all patience, he called out coldly, “Edward!”

He simply called Edward's name once without saying anything else, but Edward instantly understood what his boss wanted him to do, and he lunged forward directly without even a warm up move while keeping a stony face.

Then, he managed to bring the group of well-built bodyguards to the ground in a few strikes and helped Tessa up. “Are you alright, Miss Reinhart?”

Trembling from the pain, Tessa couldn't utter a single thing and merely shook her head softly.

Pacing over, Nicholas stepped over the group of bodyguards dressed in black and looked at Tessa with a cold face. "What happened?"

Initially, she had no idea what was happening as well, but from the things Eric said, she realized that Sophia was the one who sold her out.

However, she was in so much pain that she couldn't explain that much.

Gritting her teeth, she muttered in pieces, "It was Sophia. Using Timothy's phone, she lied to me, saying that he was drunk and told me to come here. Then... she passed me to these people."

After he listened to her, murderous intent emanated from Nicholas, while Eric was stunned to see that all his bodyguards were now laying on the ground.

When he snapped back to his senses and saw that Tessa was now in Nicholas' hands, he was furious.

"Who are you people? You sure have some guts! Do you have any idea who I am? How dare you snatch someone from me! Looks like you're all tired of living! Where's the manager? Get over here! These punks think they're someone simply because they're dressed in suits and ties. Throw them out of here!"

After the manager learned of the situation, he quickly rushed over, but he was dumbfounded when he saw Nicholas. Shrinking his neck, he muttered, "Young Master Finch, he's... P-Please don't put me in a spot. I don't have the guts to do this." Timidly, he glanced at Nicholas.

"President Sawyer, uh... maybe Young Master Finch had too much to drink. Please don't hold it against him..."

However, when Eric continued with his tauntings, the manager felt a chill through his neck and hurriedly tugged Eric's sleeve. "Please stop it, Young Master Finch."

Jerking his hand away, Eric lashed out, "Why should I stop? Ask around and you'll find out that I'm afraid of no one in Brentwood. Was my family ever afraid of anyone? What did you call this guy? President

Sawyer? I think you must have lost your mind. Don't simply call anyone like that, or I'd really think that Nicholas Sawyer himself was here!"

"Young Master Finch, he's-" Sensing the grimness in the air, the manager suddenly stopped speaking. Forget it. This person is beyond help.

Even though Eric visited the club every day and was a generous customer, he had also offended quite a number of people, and the manager couldn't risk offending Nicholas because of him. Otherwise, it would be the end of this club.

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 156

### Chapter 156

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**That Can Be Arranged Chapter 157**

## Chapter 157

With icy cold eyes, Nicholas scanned Eric and hissed angrily through gritted teeth, “Which one of your hands did you use to touch her earlier?”

As though shocked by Nicholas’ aura, Eric stared dumbly at the domineering man in front of him, feeling that this person was a little terrifying.

The shock even cleared the biggest part of his mind from the effects of alcohol, and he realized that nobody around dared to say a thing, as though it was some great person in front of them. This atmosphere and situation startled him so much that he didn’t know how to answer the question.

“You’re not speaking?” Nicholas said coldly. “Fine. It’s both hands, then.”

With that, he turned to Edward, who immediately understood his intentions and answered, “I got it, President Sawyer.” Then, he turned to the bodyguards keeping watch on the side and signaled to them with a wave. “Take them away.”

Upon receiving the order, the bodyguards swiftly dragged the people who were howling in pain on the floor-plus Eric, who was starting to tremble-out of the club.

A few minutes later, shrilling cries of pain could be heard from the alley outside of the club.

“What’s that sound? What happened? Should we go and take a look?” look?”

“What’s there to look at? Let’s go quickly!”

Passersby who heard the cries shuddered but didn’t dare to watch what was happening.

Naturally, all these had no effect on Nicholas, and his gaze never left Tessa the whole time. On the other hand, she didn’t know what was happening and already broke out in cold sweat from the pain.

Crouching, he asked, “How are you feeling?”

Gritting her teeth, Tessa wanted to tolerate the situation by herself, but

the pain was so intense that she couldn't go against her senses and say that everything was fine.

"I think my wound has ruptured. Can you please send me to the hospital?" she asked weakly.

Nicholas' expression was stoic as he picked her up with a princess carry and left for his car. Right after, the eye-catching Maybach zoomed through the streets.

Fifteen minutes later, they reached the hospital, and Tessa was sent to a series of checkups by the doctor upon arrival.

After taking one look at her ripped wound, the doctor was annoyed and berated, "You don't want to play the violin anymore, do you? I told you to take good care of yourself at home, but not only did you not do that, you made the injury even worse now!"

At the mention of playing the violin, the light in Tessa's eyes dimmed.

"Doctor, can I play the violin again?"

"If you continue to neglect your injury, forget the violin—you might not even be able to lift something slightly heavy," the doctor chided.

Solight combinare the deaterte

When Tessa heard that, her face turned pale, and she pleaded with tears in her eyes, "I realized my mistake and will take care of my injury, doctor. Please help me. I really don't want to be a cripple."

The doctor sighed. "Alright, just as long as you know that you have to take care of yourself and don't cause any trouble. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to help you even if I were a deity."

"Thank you, doctor." Looking at the doctor with gratitude in her eyes, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Although the doctor was rather harsh and gave her a scolding, at least he mentioned that she could still play the violin if she recuperated well.

After this incident, she had no other requests anymore. As long as she could play the violin, she would be very happy.

All of a sudden, she saw Nicholas sitting on the couch from the corners of her eyes. Recalling that he was the one who had saved her, she turned to him and said sincerely, "Thank you for saving me, President Sawyer."

In reply, he nodded slightly. If he didn't happen to be there by chance today, he had no idea what would have happened to her. His face remained stony as he thought of this.

"Tess, are you alright?"

Just then, Timothy, who had received the news, had rushed to the hospital, and he looked very worried.

Shaking her head, Tessa answered, "I'm alright now."

"You gave me a scare, Tess. The minute I reached home, I saw President Sawyer's men, and they told me that I should come to the hospital because something happened to you. I was scared out of my wits!" Even now, Timothy was still feeling jittery.

With a smile, she stroked his head. "Don't be afraid. I'm fine now, aren't I? I have President Sawyer to thank for this."

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 158

### Chapter 158

"Thank you, President Sawyer." Timothy thanked Nicholas sincerely while looking at him.

Nicholas nodded and answered, "You're welcome."

"What happened, Tess? Why did you go to that place and get into trouble with those people?" Timothy asked.

Then, Tessa told him a simplified version of what happened. "It's all Sophia's doing. Using your phone, she told someone to call me and pick you up..."

The look on Timothy's face changed after he heard that, and he gave her a guilty look. "I'm sorry, Tess. I really am. I lost my cell phone and thought that I left it in the classroom, so I didn't tell you beforehand."

"It's alright. Everything is fine now, isn't it?" she said, flashing him an assuring smile.

She understood her brother too well; if she didn't reassure him properly, he might feel guilty for months, or maybe even years, and the last thing she wanted was for him to return to his introverted

self from before.

“It’s okay. Everything is fine, really. At least now we know what Sophia and Silas are up to now. What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, right? And even if your phone wasn’t stolen from you, they’d most probably think of other schemes. Now that President Sawyer has saved me, Young Master Finch wouldn’t dare to cause us more trouble anymore even though he’s injured, and I reckon he’ll settle the score with Sophia instead. All we have to do is watch what happens to them.”

Obediently, Timothy nodded. “You’re right.” But then, he gritted his teeth. “But that woman is really crossing a line by doing something like this. I definitely won’t forgive her!”

Tessa sighed and tried to straighten him out. “It’s alright; it’s fine, really. You shouldn’t be angry. Karma will take care of the villains, so we shouldn’t soil our hands.”

“Okay,” he muttered and nodded unwillingly.

No matter what, he wouldn’t let this greedy family off. Don’t even think about hurting my sister again!

Nodding, Tessa said, “I’m a little tired.”

Today, she was already exhausted from cleaning up the house and suffering a great shock at the clubhouse.

However, as she didn’t know about Timothy’s situation until now, she was finally relieved and much more assured after seeing for herself that he was doing well and was not hurt.

In addition, the doctor gave her some anti-inflammatory medication and painkillers when he stitched back her wound, and the effects of the drugs was making her drowsy now.

“Alright. Sleep well, Tess. I’ll be staying by your side,” Timothy said.

Soon, he saw that she had really fallen asleep, and he paced toward

Nicholas. “President Sawyer, can you please do me a favor?”

Lifting his gaze at him, Nicholas said, “Tell me what you need.”

“I’m leaving for a while. Please look after my sister because I’m worried that the Reinharts won’t let this matter rest and will come here to make a scene,” Timothy explained.

Nicholas nodded at that and asked, “Where are you going?”

“Thank you for the trouble, President Sawyer.” Instead of answering him, Timothy left the ward with a cold face after asking for a favor.

The muscles on Nicholas’ face tensed up, and he instructed Edward, “Follow him and make sure he’s alright.”

From the way Timothy acted, it was highly possible that he was going to the Reinharts to settle the score, but with that figure of his, just one slap from Amber was enough to take him down.

With Tessa still hospitalized, Nicholas reckoned that it would be best to keep him out of trouble.

Clearly, Edward had thought of this as well, and he hurriedly answered, “Okay, President Sawyer.” Then, he left the ward as well to carry out his mission.

After stepping out of the hospital, Timothy stopped a cab.

Seeing the fury written all over his face, the driver shuddered. “Where... Would you like to go?”

“Cherry Oak Estates,” Timothy answered with a stoic expression.

The driver’s mouth opened, but he closed it in the end and thought, This guy came out of the hospital in a huff. Is he going for his revenge?

Should I call the police?

Despite that, he lost all guts when he looked at Timothy’s expression again. Forget it. This has nothing to do with me. All I have to do is drop him off at his destination.

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 159

### Chapter 159

Meanwhile, Timothy didn’t know the driver’s concern as he thought about everything that had happened today with an aloof expression.

When the image of Tessa wrapped in thick bandages over her shoulder with her face and lips pale from the loss of blood came into his mind, it was like a bucket of fuel to his burning rage, and he was unable to calm down.

Never could he forget how the both of them lived by themselves all these years.

Like blood-suckers, the Reinharts drove them out of the house without any child support, looted away the dowry their mother left behind, and even took away all valuables from them.

Even though both of them did well in their studies, received scholarships every year, and their schools even reduced their school fees, they still lived a very hard life.

Coupled with Timothy's leg injury, it only made their already very poor life even more difficult.

Tessa, who had always loved and doted on her little brother, had long taken up the responsibility of taking care of him and always placed him first in every matter.

Because of his leg, she took up several part time jobs while schooling and was busy from day to night without any time for rest.

That was how she managed to save up his huge operation and recovery fees-bit by bit through her hard work. He had always appreciated her effort, feeling sorry for her.

The whole time, he always hated himself for being useless. If it wasn't because of him, his sister wouldn't have had to go through so much hardship.

In this world, Tessa was the person closest to him, as well as the person he cared about the most; she was his sensitive spot that nobody should ever touch regardless who they were.

But now, not only was she injured, she was injured because of him! This was even more unforgivable. Hence, the Reinharts, especially Sophia, totally deserved death!

At the thought of this, Timothy gritted his teeth angrily, wishing that he could tear Sophia to pieces and let her feel a hundred times all the pain Tessa went through.

Noticing that Timothy's face had turned even more grim, the driver was all alert and sent him to his destination as quickly as he could.

At Reinhart's villa, Timothy heard the sounds of laughter from the inside

after he reached, and his eyes turned icy cold.

While his sister was still lying in the hospital and suffering, this family was having it good, gathering on the couch and laughing happily.

This was simply unforgivable!

In big strides, he paced to the front door. It was already late at night, and the bodyguard keeping watch at the door couldn't fight back his sleepiness anymore, dozing off as he cradled the baton in his arms and not realizing at all that someone was approaching.

When Timothy saw the baton, a scheming light flashed in his eyes. He hadn't brought any weapons with him when he arrived, but the Reinharts had given one to him now.

Great.

Without thinking, he took that baton, and before the bodyguard could realize what was happening, he dashed into the house.

At the moment, Sophia and Amber were unaware of the impending danger as they were happily discussing the plot of the TV series, and they had no time to react when Timothy burst into their house until he raised the baton and swung it at Sophia with force.

"Ah!" Sophia shrieked in pain.

Shocked, Amber froze and didn't know what to do. However, Timothy swung the baton and hit Sophia again.

After a few hits, only then did Sophia realize what was happening, and she dodged while trying to take a look at her attacker.

Seeing that it was Timothy, she lashed out furiously, "What are you doing, Timothy? How dare you hit me!"

At the same time, Amber had also snapped back to her senses and immediately placed Sophia behind herself while yelling, "Timothy, you ingrate! Stop it now!"

Timothy chuckled coldly at them, and the murderous air around him thickened.

Then, he raised the baton and swung it again.

While escaping, Sophia yelled, "Timothy! What got over you today?"

Have you lost your mind?"

Their shouts didn't stop him at all, and he sneered, "Yes, I've lost my mind. If I were not crazy, I wouldn't have tolerated all of you again and again!"

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 160

### Chapter 160

"I regret not losing my mind earlier over the years so I could cut all of you out of our lives and make you guys pay for all of your actions! That's why you guys ended up repeatedly hurting my sister! I'm leaving my words here today, and you can call the police if you want. Even if it means jail time for me, I'll make sure to cripple you, b\*tch!" Then, he gritted his teeth and swung his baton again.

Looking into Timothy's bloodshot eyes, Sophia was suddenly struck with fear, and she shrieked angrily, "Somebody, come quickly! Are all of you dead? Somebody has barged into the house, you idiots!"

But no matter how she shouted, none of the Reinharts' bodyguards showed up.

Unbeknownst to her, the men whom Edward had brought with him were holding back all of their bodyguards, and none of them could make a move now.

"Shout! Go on and shout!" Timothy snorted and hit her with the baton again.

Silas, who was working in the study, finally heard the commotion and walked out in frustration, scolding, "What's the ruckus about? Don't you know that I'm busy right now?"

However, when he saw the chaos in the living room, he froze in his tracks. Why is Timothy here? Why does my son, who has always been weak, have the nerves to come here and even hit Sophia? Is he still the Timothy that I know?

Catching sight of the stunned Silas, Sophia hurriedly called out to him, "Dad! Save me, Dad! Timothy has lost his mind! Save me, quickly, and

stop this mad dog!”

Hearing her cries for help, Silas finally reacted as fury rushed through his veins. “Timothy, what are you doing? Stop right now!”

Timothy merely regarded his shoutings as barks and ignored him completely. With the baton, he swung his arm and chased after Sophia, continuing his attack.

“Stop him, Dad! If he continues, he’ll beat me to death! Dad, save me quickly and don’t just stand there!” Sophia shouted while running toward him.

Seeing that his words fell on deaf ears, and his precious daughter was covered in bruises, Silas was mad with rage. “You unfilial child! I told you to stop! Do you hear me?”,

Still, he was ignored by Timothy as the latter continued with his assault.

When Silas saw that, he was overwhelmed with rage. Picking up a vase next to himself, he then smashed it hard at Timothy’s head.

With a loud crash, the vase broke into pieces, and Timothy stopped moving. Immediately, blood flowed from his head as his vision turned blurry, and he could no longer hold the baton in his hand.

Clang!

The baton fell to the ground.

Just then, Edward happened to enter the house and witnessed Silas smashing the vase into Timothy’s head.

He lunged forward, but was too late to stop Silas; he only managed to catch hold of Timothy before he fell. “Are you alright?”

All Timothy felt was the ringing in his head, and he couldn’t hear clearly what Edward had said, nor could he say anything. Despite that, he was glaring at Silas with deep hatred in his eyes, which were already bloodshot.

No words could describe just how much he loathed this man!

On the other hand, Silas was also shocked to see his bloodshot eyes because it was rather terrifying to be glared at by a person who was bleeding from his head.

“Dad, you have to speak up for me! Timothy hit me right in front of your eyes today, and he might just kill me tomorrow!” Sophia cried bitterly as she shook his arm.

Looking at her wounds and her tearful face, Silas was more angry than he was shocked. “Timothy Reinhart, you’re a good-for-nothing! Why did you do this out of the blue? Don’t you think you should explain your actions?”

Even though Timothy couldn’t say anything, he was still stubbornly glaring at Silas.

Holding Timothy, Edward patted his shoulder, gesturing to let him handle this matter.

Then, he chuckled indifferently. “Mr. Reinhart, the one who should give an explanation is your precious daughter. If you don’t know what she has done, I can tell you about it. First, Miss Sophia Reinhart sent someone to steal Timothy’s phone. After that, she had somebody call Miss Tessa and asked her to show up at the Monarchy Clubhouse.”