

# That Can Be Arranged chapter 3

## Chapter 3 Miniature Knight

Upon hearing this, everyone present turned to look in the direction where the voice came from.

An adorable little boy had, at some point during the ruckus, shown up unnoticed at the doorway. He looked to be around four or five years of age, and he was dressed in a white blouse and black trousers with suspenders, coupled with a pair of matching leather shoes. He was the very picture of the perfect little gentleman, or more accurately, a young boy of nobility.

“What an adorable child!”

“Where did this little cutie come from? He’s adorable!”

Most of the people at the scene had never seen this child before, but it was clear that they found him endearing as they appraised him.

Tessa, too, was gazing at the child in surprise. He had a chubby little face but boasted fine features. One could only imagine how devastatingly handsome he would be once he grew up.

Presently, even though the child was only of tender age, he still looked somber with his features set in a grim expression. He even looked authoritative, like he had a wizened soul hidden inside his miniature frame.

“You,” he began in clipped tones, his gaze icy as he jabbed a finger at Sophia. “You should be the one to apologize.”

Sophia was shocked at first, but she quickly turned furious as she snapped, “Whose brat is this? You don’t even know what you’re saying! I had nothing to do with her breaking the violin, so why should I apologize?”

“Watch your mouth!” The words had only just been said when the two bodyguards standing behind the little boy barked angrily at Sophia, “Who do you think you are, woman? How dare you talk to our young master in such an insolent manner!”

Young master? Sophia drew back in surprise, and for a moment, she couldn’t wrap her head around the title.

Trevor, on the other hand, pressed a palm to his forehead when he suddenly recalled that the little boy was none other than the young master of the Sawyer Family, the heir to the Sawyer Group!

At the recollection of that, Trevor hurried up to the little boy with a grin on his face and greeted courteously, "Why, Young Master Gregory, what brings you here?"

To the side, Sophia froze when she heard this. What? This brat is Young Master Gregory, the birthday boy for today's occasion?

The little boy looked impassive, and though he sounded young, there was still an intimidating edge to his voice as he said, "I was just passing through here when I saw everything happen clearly before my very eyes. It was that woman who tripped this pretty lady over here."

Meanwhile, Tessa was moved by how the little boy came to her defense, even though he didn't know her. Warmth surged through her as she stared at the little boy with gentle gratitude and compassion.

Sophia, however, swallowed convulsively when she heard the boy's explanation. She tried to hide her fear with a nervous laugh as she pointed out soothingly, "Young Master Gregory, you do understand that one must have proof before making such claims, and you can't go around making false accusations like this."

The little boy scoffed, and his face was still grim as he countered, "And what makes you think I don't have proof?" With that, he clapped his hands once, and a videographer with a recorder in hand stepped through the doorway as summoned.

The videographer was holding up the recorder as he announced stoically to those present, "I'm the person exclusively in charge of recording Young Master Gregory's birthday banquet today, and I have here in my camera the exact moment you tripped that lady and caused Madam Sawyer's violin to break from the fall."

Sophia's heart plunged to her stomach when she heard this, and she was rendered speechless, unable to retort against the videographer. Her expression was tight with fury as she thought menacingly, Damn it! I was this close to pushing that wretched Tessa into the depths of hell once more!

"That violin was a precious instrument of my grandmother's, and it's worth six million! So pay up!" the little boy demanded seriously, staring at Sophia with pointed indifference.

At that moment, it was as if Sophia's mind imploded. All the color drained from her face as she considered the sum she needed to pay. Six million! Right now, the Reinharts' family business had been on a steady decline for the past few years, and six million was an astronomical price as far as Sophia was concerned!

Panicking, Sophia bowed her head and apologized in a trembling voice, "I'm sorry, Young Master Gregory. I truly am. I didn't mean to trip her just now. As you can see, there isn't much space here, and I didn't think I could trip her just by stretching my leg for a bit. The violin is of such extravagant worth, and I wouldn't be so foolish as to break it on purpose! Tessa—" Faltering, she added in a

commanding tone, "Tessa, tell the young master that I didn't trip you deliberately!"

Tessa looked more thunderous than she had before this. I can't believe how shameless this girl is! It's bad enough that she set me up, and now she wants me to plead her case?

But Tessa never got the chance to say anything because the little boy went on to snap at Sophia mercilessly, "You broke the violin, so you have to pay for it! And because you were in the wrong, you have to apologize to the pretty lady, too! Now, fork out the money and say you're sorry!"

The little boy was probably only three feet in height, but he sounded like an old soul, not to mention imperious.

Sophia's face blanched, then she flushed furiously. Not only had she not taught Tessa a lesson, but she was also now forced to apologize to her as well! She didn't think she could live down the shame of it all, but more importantly, she had no means of forking out six million on the spot, not even if she were to pawn herself.

Everyone's eyes were on her right now, and in a moment of panic and fear, Sophia actually fainted.

For a while, the crowd was thrown into chaos.

The little boy, however, merely looked contemptuous as he stared at Sophia's unmoving figure. Is that all it takes for you to crack under pressure? You seemed pretty brazen when you were framing another innocent person earlier.

Then, he turned to look at the bodyguards behind him as he ordered, "Take her away and keep an eye on her. Have her cough up the money, and if she doesn't, drop her off at the police station!"

"Yes, sir," the bodyguards replied in unison. In one long stride, one of the bodyguards reached Sophia and dragged her out the door.

Almost instantly, a deafening silence fell over the room. Everyone was amazed by how the young master had radiated such unquestionable and intimidating authority, even though he was only a child. He is, indeed, from the Sawyer Family. There's no mistake about it!

However, the little boy couldn't be bothered about what the others thought of him as he turned to eye Tessa curiously, and at that moment, he seemed to have shed his icy demeanor.

There was a childish gleam in his crystal-bright eyes as he stared at Tessa like he was assessing her.

Tessa, too, held his gaze steadily.

The little boy had shell-pink lips and pearly-white baby teeth, and while his features had yet to set, he was already quite the delicate and handsome little man. He looked stoic when he did not smile, but it was precisely how stern he looked that made him all the more endearing, so much so that one would be filled with the urge to pinch his chubby cheeks.

The thought had only just crossed Tessa's mind when the little boy marched over to her on his little legs. He came to a stop in front of her, tipped his head back to meet her eyes, and opened his arms as wide as they would go as he said, "I want upsies."