

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 61

### Chapter 61

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. 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!

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.

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.

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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, 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.”

“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?"

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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!”

## **Chapter 64**

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!"

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!"

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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.

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 nev 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?"

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Edward glanced over at the neighbor and answered readily, "We're here

to see Miss Tessa Reinhart.”

“Oh, you’re here to see Tessie!” The neighbor’s eyes widened in understanding and she asked affably, “Well, why don’t you knock on the door? I’m sure I saw her coming home not too long ago.”

“We did knock,” Edward said. “No one’s home, though.”

The next-door lady nodded, and suddenly, she let out a sentimental sigh.

“She must have gone back to work again. Tessie has it tough; she needs to take care of her brother while balancing her job, but she’s always been so kind to her neighbors. She’s such a compassionate young lady, and it breaks my heart to see her shouldering all that burden.

There was a time when I accidentally fell and hurt my leg, and I couldn’t get home on my own. It was Tessie who helped carry my heavy load of groceries up the stairs, and it was no easy feat! However, that young lady said not a word of complaint, and she even helps me to buy groceries every now and then. If she sees any discounts in the supermarket, she’ll get my share, too.

She’s a darling girl, and Timothy is an absolute angel as well. He helps his sister with the chores because he knows how busy she is, and he would even pop into my place every so often just to learn a cooking skill or two, hoping that he could whip up a feast for his hard-working sister. Oh, these two siblings just break my heart, I’m telling you...”

The neighbor was an elderly woman, and perhaps it was her old age that prompted all her sentiments. She didn’t sound like she would stop talking about Tessa and Timothy any time soon, and one story only led to another.

When she was finally done, she flashed the gentlemen an embarrassed smile and said, “I’m sorry for droning on like this. Age is catching up with me, and I can’t help being long-winded sometimes. If the three of you don’t mind, you can always come in and have a cup of tea while you wait for Tessie to come home. I’m sure it won’t make a difference.”

She sounded warm and enthusiastic while her smile belied her kind intentions



Nicholas parted his lips and said courteously, “Thank you for the invitation, ma’am, but we don’t want to impose. We’ll just wait here; maybe she’ll be home before we know it.”

The old lady had met enough people in her lifetime to know that he was the prim and proper sort, the kind of man who wouldn’t want to trouble others. As such, she nodded and left, but not before taking out a piece of candy and giving it to Gregory, crooning, “Well, aren’t you just an adorable little fella? You’ll grow up to be a handsome man, mark my words. Actually, you look a little bit like Tessie. Here, have some candy, little one. It’s Tessie’s favorite!”

“Thank you, ma’am!” Gregory took the candy and stared at it in awe. Soon, the old lady disappeared into her own apartment, leading to the hallway being quiet once more.

Then, Edward leaned closer to Nicholas and asked, “Do we keep waiting, President Sawyer?”

Nicholas checked the time again and his dark orbs were clear and devoid of emotion as he answered, “Just for another half an hour.”

Edward nodded. “Very well, sir.”

At that exact moment, Tessa had finished cutting through the bedsheets and tied the pieces together to form a long rope..

She tied one end of the makeshift rope to railing on the window ledge, and the other end around her waist. Hoisting herself up onto the ledge, she took a deep breath and summoned every bit of courage she had, ready to take the leap.

However, by some twist of fate, the doorknob turned just as Tessa was about to jump into what would have been a glorious escape, and in strolled a haughty Sophia.

The day had finally come for Tessa to be taught a hard lesson and Sophia didn’t want to miss out on sweet revenge, so she decided to come in and rub salt into Tessa’s wound.

However, when she pushed the door open, she could hardly believe that she was seeing the moment that Tessa was about to escape!

Shock and anger colored Sophia's features as she screamed, "Hey! She's running away! Tessa is running away! Somebody catch her!"

Panic rushed through Tessa when she heard this, and knowing that she had not another minute to spare, she leapt down from the ledge hastily. However, she did not grab hold of the rope in time to hamper her momentum and she found herself free-falling through thin air.

She landed on the ground with a thump, twisting her ankle as she slipped and scraping her arm badly. She turned pale, but she knew this was not the time for her to cry out in pain.

Gritting her teeth, she scrambled onto her feet and suppressed the pain as she ran maniacally for the gates.

While she was making her escape, the bodyguards rushed out of the house and chased after her. She frantically ran to the middle of the road, only to be nearly run down by an approaching vehicle whose headlights momentarily blinded her.

Thankfully, the driver had slammed on the brakes in time for the car to screech to a halt inches away from Tessa.

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## **Chapter 67**

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“Yes, ma’am!” The bodyguards immediately rushed out the door after receiving their orders, not one of them daring to dawdle.

Meanwhile, after her narrow escape, Tessa let out a huge sigh of relief when she peered out the window and saw that none of the bodyguards was pursuing her.

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“No, thanks,” she replied with a shake of her head.

He let the matter drop although he added, “Then, how about if I drop you off at the hospital? You’re hurt, and if you don’t see to those wounds, they’ll get infected.”

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Not long after, they pulled up at the hospital.

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trouble so save me.”

However, the driver refused to take the money, and he was sympathetic as he responded, “I can’t take the money, young lady. I can tell you look like you have it rough in life. Now, go and get those wounds treated; I can only do so much to help you for now.”

With that, he drove away before she could press the money into his hand. Tessa felt a surge of warmth as she watched the car disappear into the distance before she muttered under her breath, “Thank you.”

She turned around and stared at the hospital building, then looked down at the abrasion on her arm. After hesitating for a second, she walked away from the hospital entrance.

Going in there meant she had to spend money and she just couldn’t bring herself to do it.

Besides, her wounds weren’t serious enough to warrant an overreaction; she could easily purchase ointments and such from any nearby pharmacies without tearing a hole through her wallet.

There happened to be a pharmacy not too far away and it was still open for bus

The pain made her grit her teeth as she braced through each step. When she finally limped through the doors of the pharmacy, she bought antiseptic and pain relief ointment before she staked out a bench near the roadside greenery. She stretched out her leg on the bench to proceed to tend to her wounds.

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## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 66

### Chapter 66

Edward glanced over at the neighbor and answered readily, “We’re here to see Miss Tessa Reinhart.”

“Oh, you’re here to see Tessie!” The neighbor’s eyes widened in understanding and she asked affably, “Well, why don’t you knock on the door? I’m sure I saw her coming home not too long ago.”

“We did knock,” Edward said. “No one’s home, though.”

The next-door lady nodded, and suddenly, she let out a sentimental sigh. “She must have gone back to work again. Tessie has it tough; she needs to take care of her brother while balancing her job, but she’s always been so kind to her neighbors. She’s such a compassionate young lady, and it breaks my heart to see her shouldering all that burden.

There was a time when I accidentally fell and hurt my leg, and I couldn’t get home on my own. It was Tessie who helped carry my heavy load of groceries up the stairs, and it was no easy feat! However, that young lady said not a word of complaint, and she even helps me to buy groceries every now and then. If she sees any discounts in the supermarket, she’ll get my share, too.

She’s a darling girl, and Timothy is an absolute angel as well. He helps his sister with the chores because he knows how busy she is, and he would even pop into my place every so often just to learn a cooking skill or two, hoping that he could whip up a feast for his hard-working sister.

Oh, these two siblings just break my heart, I'm telling you..."

The neighbor was an elderly woman, and perhaps it was her old age that prompted all her sentiments. She didn't sound like she would stop talking about Tessa and Timothy any time soon, and one story only led to another.

When she was finally done, she flashed the gentlemen an embarrassed smile and said, "I'm sorry for droning on like this. Age is catching up with me, and I can't help being long-winded sometimes. If the three of you don't mind, you can always come in and have a cup of tea while you wait for Tessie to come home. I'm sure it won't make a difference." She sounded warm and enthusiastic while her smile belied her kind intentions

Nicholas parted his lips and said courteously, "Thank you for the invitation, ma'am, but we don't want to impose. We'll just wait here; maybe she'll be home before we know it."

The old lady had met enough people in her lifetime to know that he was the prim and proper sort, the kind of man who wouldn't want to trouble others. As such, she nodded and left, but not before taking out a piece of candy and giving it to Gregory, crooning, "Well, aren't you just an adorable little fella? You'll grow up to be a handsome man, mark my words. Actually, you look a little bit like Tessie. Here, have some candy, little one. It's Tessie's favorite!"

"Thank you, ma'am!" Gregory took the candy and stared at it in awe. Soon, the old lady disappeared into her own apartment, leading to the hallway being quiet once more.

Then, Edward leaned closer to Nicholas and asked, "Do we keep waiting, President Sawyer?"

Nicholas checked the time again and his dark orbs were clear and devoid of emotion as he answered, "Just for another half an hour."

Edward nodded. "Very well, sir."

At that exact moment, Tessa had finished cutting through the bedsheets and tied the pieces together to form a long rope..

She tied one end of the makeshift rope to railing on the window ledge, and the other end around her waist. Hoisting herself up onto the ledge, she took a deep breath and summoned every bit of courage she had, ready to take the leap.

However, by some twist of fate, the doorknob turned just as Tessa was about to jump into what would have been a glorious escape, and in strolled a haughty Sophia.

The day had finally come for Tessa to be taught a hard lesson and Sophia didn't want to miss out on sweet revenge, so she decided to come in and rub salt into Tessa's wound.

However, when she pushed the door open, she could hardly believe that she was seeing the moment that Tessa was about to escape!

Shock and anger colored Sophia's features as she screamed, "Hey! She's running away! Tessa is running away! Somebody catch her!"

Panic rushed through Tessa when she heard this, and knowing that she had not another minute to spare, she leapt down from the ledge hastily.

However, she did not grab hold of the rope in time to hamper her momentum and she found herself free-falling through thin air.

She landed on the ground with a thump, twisting her ankle as she slipped and scraping her arm badly. She turned pale, but she knew this was not the time for her to cry out in pain.

Gritting her teeth, she scrambled onto her feet and suppressed the pain as she ran maniacally for the gates.

While she was making her escape, the bodyguards rushed out of the house and chased after her. She frantically ran to the middle of the road, only to be nearly run down by an approaching vehicle whose headlights momentarily blinded her.

Thankfully, the driver had slammed on the brakes in time for the car to screech to a halt inches away from Tessa.

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## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 67

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## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 68

### Chapter 68

The car screeched to an abrupt halt.

Nicholas immediately led Gregory out of the car and they headed toward Tessa, who seemed oblivious to their arrival as she focused on tending to her injuries.

The cotton bud in her hand had been dipped in antiseptic solution. As she brushed it over her abrasion, a low hiss of pain escaped her and she frowned to brace through the sting.

Nicholas happened to see this as he drew nearer to her and a worried frown etched itself on his chiseled face as he asked grimly, “What’s going on?”

Gregory, on the other hand, was a little bundle of panic. He ran to Tessa and pressed urgently, “Miss Pretty Lady, why are you hurt?”

Upon hearing their approaching voices, she looked up in a daze and finally noticed that, at some point, both father and son had materialized next to her. “What are you two doing here?” she asked in disbelief.

At last, he grinned and his eyes were bright as he explained, “I wanted to see you, so Daddy brought me over to your place. We waited and waited, but you never came home. We were on our way back when we ran into you here!” Then, his elation was quickly replaced with worry. “Why are you injured, Miss Pretty Lady, though? Does it hurt?”

Tessa blinked slowly, then cast a brief look of askance at Nicholas.

Didn't I make myself clear the last time? she thought in bewilderment. Why is Nicholas still letting Gregory keep in touch with me? Nonetheless, she maintained a gentle voice as she told the little one, "I'm fine. These wounds won't hurt me. Thank you for asking, Sweetheart."

Next to them was Nicholas, who suddenly frowned, and his eyes darkened as he demanded icily, "Who did this?"

She looked at him, stunned that he was trying to get to the bottom of her injuries. Sparing him the details, she said vaguely, "No one. I accidentally fell from the second floor, that's all. It's nothing big."

Nicholas' eyes looked like ominous dark pools. How is it not a big deal that she fell from the second floor? That said, he could tell she wasn't in the mood to divulge more on this, so he allowed the matter to slide and coldly ask, "There's a hospital right over there. Why don't you head in there for a proper check-up instead of sitting here tending to your wounds?"

"It's just an abrasion; nothing's going to happen to me," Tessa drawled nonchalantly.

"Just an abrasion?" His voice turned somber as he pointed out, "You're a violinist by profession. You of all people should know how important your hands are. If you're just going to decide that your wounds are 'no big deal', doctors would lose their jobs then!"

She gaped at him, startled by his sudden concern. Also, why is he shouting at me? Then, the thought of all the things she had endured tonight, and coupled with her frustration of not having saved her brother from captivity, she couldn't very well be pleasant at the moment. As such, she retorted frigidly, "I don't think you get a say in what I choose to do with myself, President Sawyer."

Nicholas bridled at this, but thankfully, Gregory was clever enough to sense the tension brewing. He immediately rushed to mediate, saying, "Miss Pretty Lady, Daddy's just worried about you. Please don't be

mad.”

Tessa retracted her hostile gaze, and it was only after she registered the pleading look on Gregory’s face that she realized she had overreacted. With a deep breath, she quickly resumed her gentle demeanor and replied, “I’m not mad, Sweetheart. I’m just... feeling a little down at the moment.”

Nicholas scoffed when he heard this and said acerbically, “Feeling down or not, you should at least have a medical professional tend to those wounds before you decide to snap at everyone!”

With that, he marched up to her and grabbed her by the wrist so he could yank her off the bench.

Tessa’s ankle was already sprained as it was, and when he pulled her to her feet, she felt an acute stab of pain course through her.

She inhaled a sharp breath as hot tears swam in her eyes. It took a while before she recovered from the mind-numbing pain, but just as she was about to snap at him for being so rough with her, she staggered. The next second, she fell forward, stiff and straight like a domino piece, onto him. Possessing lightning reflexes, Nicholas reached out to catch her just in time and she found herself falling into his arms. She was so terrified that she would hit the ground face-first that she instinctively clutched the front of his shirt to steady herself.

The both of them stood so closely together that they could hear each other’s breathing, and in that moment, it was as if time stood still.

## **Chapter 69**

Nicholas’ breath hitched, the softness he was gripping firmly onto rendering him into a stupor.

Meanwhile, it didn’t take long for Tessa to burrow out of his arms. She straightened up, but that made the pain unbearable, so much so that it brought fresh tears to her eyes. She crouched down in hopes of soothing her protesting ankle, and as she breathed through the pain, she grumbled, “Can’t you just be a little less aggressive?”

Nicholas was about to retort when he suddenly looked down and noticed that her ankle was as swollen as fully-proofed bread dough. Seized with an inexplicable anger, he snapped irritably, “Why are you being so stubborn when you’re already this badly hurt? Are you planning on waiting for paralysis to set in before you’re willing to go to the hospital?”

She glared at him and snapped mutinously, “Be quiet if you don’t want to be the first one to get paralyzed!”

“You-” Stumped by her sharp tongue, he found himself at a sudden loss for words.

To the side, Edward watched the both of them bickering with wide eyes. He was sick of seeing women fawn over and throw themselves at Nicholas and it was refreshing to see a woman argue with him for once. Not to mention, President Sawyer’s anger seemed to have been borne out of worry. Could it be that he actually cares about Miss Reinhart? No, that can’t be!

Edward shook his head slightly to dismiss the thought, but the next moment, he watched with shock as Nicholas carried Tessa into an embrace.

As she was suddenly weightless, she gasped and began to struggle, shrieking, “Let me go, Nicholas! What do you think you’re doing?!”

He ignored her and there was a hard set to his jaw as he turned to say to Edward, “Keep an eye on Greg.”

Edward nodded hastily, and with Gregory’s hand firmly clasped in his own, he fell in step behind Nicholas and the shrieking Tessa

The few of them filed into the hospital, whereupon Nicholas arranged for a doctor to tend to Tessa’s wounds and run several tests on her.

When all that was done, the doctor said dutifully, “The young lady here will be just fine, President Sawyer. She landed on the wrong note and sprained her ankle when she jumped from a high spot, but a couple of days’ rest will have her looking as good as new. As for the abrasions on her arm, they’ll fully heal if she regularly changes the dressing.”



Tessa let out a sign of relief when she heard this, then glowered at Nicholas as she grumbled, “See, I told you I’d be fine, but you just had to put your big foot in!”

Nicholas snorted. “I don’t actually want to put my foot anywhere. I’m only doing this to stop Gregory from fussing over you.”

She quirked her lips and pointed out sourly, “And I wouldn’t even spare you a thought if it weren’t for Gregory.”

Then, she glanced over at the little boy, who had been holding her hand throughout the check-up and blowing on her wounds to soothe the pain. His compassion was heartwarming, and whatever frustration she had been feeling earlier dissipated because of the little guy. She indulgently reached out and ruffled his hair before saying gently, “I’m fine now, Sweetheart. Don’t worry about me.” ;

Gregory, however, was obviously unhappy that she was hurt. There was sympathy in his doe-eyes as he said, “You don’t have to comfort me, Miss Pretty Lady. I fell down before and it really hurt, so I know how much it hurts for you too. I’m going to blow your wounds for you each time you apply the ointment. That way, it won’t hurt so badly anymore.” She thought her heart might melt at that moment. Almost instinctively, she cupped his little face and kissed him lovingly on the forehead, murmuring, “You’re such a little angel, Sweetheart. I’m so lucky to have met you.”

Gregory pursed his lips and turned bright red from the unexpected kiss, although he was secretly happy about it. Then, he asked carefully, “Does this mean you’ll continue to teach me the violin, Miss Pretty Lady? I really like you, and I like playing the violin as well...”

Tessa faltered, unsure how she should go about answering this. A part of her wanted to turn him down, and indeed, she had done just that not too long ago in no unclear words. However, for some reason, she couldn’t bring herself to say no to him now that he was looking up at her with wide, pleading eyes.

As such, she was forced to look to Nicholas for help, hoping he could interject and save her from having to break the little boy's heart.

However, much to her dismay, the man chose now of all times to stop butting into her business. He had turned to face the other way, looking impassive as he pointedly ignored her silent plea for help.

## Chapter 70

Exasperation seized Tessa. Anytime now, Nicholas! You like butting in so much, so why don't you say something now and articulate your thoughts on this?

Seeing as he wouldn't come to her help, she had no choice but to make up an excuse. She looked at Gregory and apologized, "I'm sorry, Sweetheart, but I still have a ton of things to do back home, not to mention work's been piling up over at the orchestra. I won't be able to give you violin lessons anymore, but if you're still keen, there are plenty of other teachers out there who can do a much better job than me."

However, she had only just said this when his little head drooped low in disappointment, and with tears streaming down his little face, he mumbled sadly, "I don't want anyone else to teach me, though; I want you..."

It was heartbreaking to hear how hurt he sounded.

At that moment, even Edward couldn't bear to see the child cry and he hurriedly interjected, "Miss Reinhart, I have to inform you that Young Master Gregory refused to eat a single morsel of food today, and when he finally ate a few mouthfuls, he threw up thereafter. He can't even function without seeing you." He paused and eyed Tessa imploringly.

"I'm asking that you continue teaching him the violin out of your own kindness, Miss Reinhart. He's always kept his distance from strangers until he met you, and I've never seen him being so insistent before. Can't you compromise for his sake? What else can he do to change your mind?"

Tessa was shocked by this revelation. She could hardly believe that

Gregory would go on a hunger strike because of her, and the thought of this caused her heart to twist. She was touched, and at the same time, heartbroken.

She didn't think there was anyone else in this world who would care about her other than Timothy, but that was until this little one came into her life. She had never expected for someone as young as Gregory to be at his wits' end when he found out he wouldn't see her anymore to the point where he would go on a hunger strike because of it.

Tessa realized that her heart could be made of the hardest stone and she would still cave in to the little one at that moment, but, even so, she gritted her teeth and fought against every fiber of her being. Then, she said, "No."

Nicholas' face turned grim.

Edward, on the other hand, swallowed convulsively, and he wondered what could have prompted a woman to be so heartless in the face of a crying child.

However, the men were caught off guard when Tessa suddenly added, "Not right now, at least. How about if we start next week, Sweetheart? I still have a couple of things to work through these few days."

Gregory's glistening eyes brightened once more and he stared at her in disbelief as he asked softly, "A Are you saying yes to teaching me again, Miss Pretty Lady?"

She smiled and nodded gently. "Yes, I am. How could I say no after seeing you cry so much, Sweetheart?"

In all honesty, Tessa had been close to rejecting him earlier, but she just couldn't bring herself to say, those words aloud.

She wasn't a heartless monster; it wasn't like she could say no after all the agony the little one had gone through.

Presently, Gregory finally smiled through his tears after hearing her reply.

He threw himself into her arms and hugged her around the waist. Then, in a voice as sweet and velvety as honey, he said, "You're the best, Miss Pretty Lady! You're

my favorite person in the whole world!”

She smiled down at him, her gaze indulgent as she said, “Well, I like you, too, Sweetheart.”

That being said, she was more than prepared to take on the rest of the Sawyers if they were to stop her from teaching Gregory. She didn’t want to let him down anymore.

It was already late by the time they came out of the hospital.

Nicholas was indifferent as he asked casually, “Where are you headed, Miss Reinhart? Home?”

Tessa felt her heart skip a beat. Shaking her head vehemently, she said, “No, I can’t go back!”

“Why?” He immediately sensed that something was off, and with a raised brow, he asked coolly, “Did something happen?”

She hesitated, then shook her head once. “N-Not at all, but would you mind dropping me off at a motel? I’ll be staying there for the night.”

This prompted Gregory to chime in protest, “No, motels aren’t proper places for you to stay, Miss Pretty Lady! Why don’t you stay at my place tonight?”

“Huh?” Tessa blinked at this and she grew even more hesitant.

Meanwhile, it took Nicholas only one look to know that she was torn by a dilemma. Coupled with her injuries earlier, he wagered that things were serious at her end, if not complicated.

With that in mind, he announced with an air of finality, “Stay at my place tonight. You’re injured and you can’t do much on your own, but luckily for you, our household staff could take care of you.”

## That Can Be Arranged Chapter 69

### Chapter 69

Nicholas’ breath hitched, the softness he was gripping firmly onto rendering him into a stupor.

Meanwhile, it didn’t take long for Tessa to burrow out of his arms. She

straightened up, but that made the pain unbearable, so much so that it brought fresh tears to her eyes. She crouched down in hopes of soothing her protesting ankle, and as she breathed through the pain, she grumbled, “Can’t you just be a little less aggressive?”

Nicholas was about to retort when he suddenly looked down and noticed that her ankle was as swollen as fully-proofed bread dough. Seized with an inexplicable anger, he snapped irritably, “Why are you being so stubborn when you’re already this badly hurt? Are you planning on waiting for paralysis to set in before you’re willing to go to the hospital?”

She glared at him and snapped mutinously, “Be quiet if you don’t want to be the first one to get paralyzed!”

“You-” Stumped by her sharp tongue, he found himself at a sudden loss for words.

To the side, Edward watched the both of them bickering with wide eyes. He was sick of seeing women fawn over and throw themselves at Nicholas and it was refreshing to see a woman argue with him for once. Not to mention, President Sawyer’s anger seemed to have been borne out of worry. Could it be that he actually cares about Miss Reinhart? No, that can’t be!

Edward shook his head slightly to dismiss the thought, but the next moment, he watched with shock as Nicholas carried Tessa into an embrace.

As she was suddenly weightless, she gasped and began to struggle, shrieking, “Let me go, Nicholas! What do you think you’re doing?!”

He ignored her and there was a hard set to his jaw as he turned to say to Edward, “Keep an eye on Greg.”

Edward nodded hastily, and with Gregory’s hand firmly clasped in his own, he fell in step behind Nicholas and the shrieking Tessa

The few of them filed into the hospital, whereupon Nicholas arranged for a doctor to tend to Tessa’s wounds and run several tests on her.

When all that was done, the doctor said dutifully, “The young lady here

will be just fine, President Sawyer. She landed on the wrong note and sprained her ankle when she jumped from a high spot, but a couple of days' rest will have her looking as good as new. As for the abrasions on her arm, they'll fully heal if she regularly changes the dressing."

Tessa let out a sign of relief when she heard this, then glowered at Nicholas as she grumbled, "See, I told you I'd be fine, but you just had to put your big foot in!"

Nicholas snorted. "I don't actually want to put my foot anywhere. I'm only doing this to stop Gregory from fussing over you."

She quirked her lips and pointed out sourly, "And I wouldn't even spare you a thought if it weren't for Gregory."

Then, she glanced over at the little boy, who had been holding her hand throughout the check-up and blowing on her wounds to soothe the pain. His compassion was heartwarming, and whatever frustration she had been feeling earlier dissipated because of the little guy. She indulgently reached out and ruffled his hair before saying gently, "I'm fine now, Sweetheart. Don't worry about me." ;

Gregory, however, was obviously unhappy that she was hurt. There was sympathy in his doe-eyes as he said, "You don't have to comfort me, Miss Pretty Lady. I fell down before and it really hurt, so I know how much it hurts for you too. I'm going to blow your wounds for you each time you apply the ointment. That way, it won't hurt so badly anymore." She thought her heart might melt at that moment. Almost instinctively, she cupped his little face and kissed him lovingly on the forehead, murmuring, "You're such a little angel, Sweetheart. I'm so lucky to have met you."

Gregory pursed his lips and turned bright red from the unexpected kiss, although he was secretly happy about it. Then, he asked carefully, "Does this mean you'll continue to teach me the violin, Miss Pretty Lady? I really like you, and I like playing the violin as well..."

Tessa faltered, unsure how she should go about answering this. A part of

her wanted to turn him down, and indeed, she had done just that not too long ago in no unclear words. However, for some reason, she couldn't bring herself to say no to him now that he was looking up at her with wide, pleading eyes.

As such, she was forced to look to Nicholas for help, hoping he could interject and save her from having to break the little boy's heart.

However, much to her dismay, the man chose now of all times to stop butting into her business. He had turned to face the other way, looking impassive as he pointedly ignored her silent plea for help.

## Chapter 70

Exasperation seized Tessa. Anytime now, Nicholas! You like butting in so much, so why don't you say something now and articulate your thoughts on this?

Seeing as he wouldn't come to her help, she had no choice but to make up an excuse. She looked at Gregory and apologized, "I'm sorry, Sweetheart, but I still have a ton of things to do back home, not to mention work's been piling up over at the orchestra. I won't be able to give you violin lessons anymore, but if you're still keen, there are plenty of other teachers out there who can do a much better job than me."

However, she had only just said this when his little head drooped low in disappointment, and with tears streaming down his little face, he mumbled sadly, "I don't want anyone else to teach me, though; I want you..."

It was heartbreaking to hear how hurt he sounded.

At that moment, even Edward couldn't bear to see the child cry and he hurriedly interjected, "Miss Reinhart, I have to inform you that Young Master Gregory refused to eat a single morsel of food today, and when he finally ate a few mouthfuls, he threw up thereafter. He can't even function without seeing you." He paused and eyed Tessa imploringly. "I'm asking that you continue teaching him the violin out of your own kindness, Miss Reinhart. He's always kept his distance from strangers

until he met you, and I've never seen him being so insistent before. Can't you compromise for his sake? What else can he do to change your mind?"

Tessa was shocked by this revelation. She could hardly believe that Gregory would go on a hunger strike because of her, and the thought of this caused her heart to twist. She was touched, and at the same time, heartbroken.

She didn't think there was anyone else in this world who would care about her other than Timothy, but that was until this little one came into her life. She had never expected for someone as young as Gregory to be at his wits' end when he found out he wouldn't see her anymore to the point where he would go on a hunger strike because of it.

Tessa realized that her heart could be made of the hardest stone and she would still cave in to the little one at that moment, but, even so, she gritted her teeth and fought against every fiber of her being. Then, she said, "No."

Nicholas' face turned grim.

Edward, on the other hand, swallowed convulsively, and he wondered what could have prompted a woman to be so heartless in the face of a crying child.

However, the men were caught off guard when Tessa suddenly added, "Not right now, at least. How about if we start next week, Sweetheart? I still have a couple of things to work through these few days."

Gregory's glistening eyes brightened once more and he stared at her in disbelief as he asked softly, "A Are you saying yes to teaching me again, Miss Pretty Lady?"

She smiled and nodded gently. "Yes, I am. How could I say no after seeing you cry so much, Sweetheart?"

In all honesty, Tessa had been close to rejecting him earlier, but she just couldn't bring herself to say those words aloud.

She wasn't a heartless monster; it wasn't like she could say no after all the agony the little one had gone through.



Presently, Gregory finally smiled through his tears after hearing her reply.

He threw himself into her arms and hugged her around the waist. Then, in a voice as sweet and velvety as honey, he said, “You’re the best, Miss Pretty Lady! You’re my favorite person in the whole world!”

She smiled down at him, her gaze indulgent as she said, “Well, I like you, too, Sweetheart.”

That being said, she was more than prepared to take on the rest of the Sawyers if they were to stop her from teaching Gregory. She didn’t want to let him down anymore.

It was already late by the time they came out of the hospital.

Nicholas was indifferent as he asked casually, “Where are you headed, Miss Reinhart? Home?”

Tessa felt her heart skip a beat. Shaking her head vehemently, she said, “No, I can’t go back!”

“Why?” He immediately sensed that something was off, and with a raised brow, he asked coolly, “Did something happen?”

She hesitated, then shook her head once. “N-Not at all, but would you mind dropping me off at a motel? I’ll be staying there for the night.”

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**That Can Be Arranged Chapter 70**

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