

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 3

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 3—Hearing that, everyone present turned to look in the direction the voice came from.

An adorable little boy had appeared, at some point in the scandal, inadvertently at the door. He appeared to be about four or five years old, and was dressed in a white shirt and black suspender pants, accompanied by a matching pair of leather shoes. He was the spitting image of a petty gentleman, or to be more exact, a child of the nobility.

“What a lovely boy!”

“Where did that little guy come from?” He’s adorable.

Most of the people in the place had never seen the boy, but it was clear that they found him endearing while appreciating him. Tessa also looked surprised to see him. He had a plump little face but with fine features. It was easy to imagine how handsome he would be when he grew up.

At that time, even though the boy was of a tender age, he still had a gloomy look with his features set in an equal expression. He even seemed authoritative, as if he had an adult soul hidden within his miniature frame.

“You,” she began curtly, her gaze icy as she pointed a finger at Sophia, “You should be the one to apologize.

Sophia was surprised at first, but she got furious and blurted out:

“Whose brat is this?” You don’t even know what you’re saying! I had nothing to do with him breaking the violin, so why should I apologize?

-Be careful with what you say! The words had just been spoken when the two bodyguards behind the boy barked furiously at Sophia, “Who do you think you are, woman?” How dare you speak to our young lord so insolently?

“Young lord?” Sophia stepped back in surprise, and for a moment, she couldn’t understand the situation.

Trevor, for his part, raised his palm to his forehead as he suddenly remembered that the little boy was none other than the young lord of the Sawyer family, the heir to the Sawyer Group! Remembering it, he hurried up to the little boy with a smile on his face and greeted politely:

“My, young Mr. Gregory, what brings you here?”

Off to the side, Sophia froze upon hearing that: “What? Is this brat young Mr. Gregory, the birthday boy?”

The boy seemed impassive, and though he looked young, his voice still held an intimidating tone as he replied:

“I was passing by when I clearly saw what was happening. It was that woman who tripped this pretty lady here.

Meanwhile, Tessa was touched by the way the boy came to her defense, despite not knowing her. Her warmth washed over him as she gazed at the little boy with soft gratitude and compassion. Sophia, however, swallowed when she heard the boy’s explanation. She tried to hide her fear with a nervous laugh as she reassuredly pointed out:

“Young Gregory, you understand that you must have proof before making such claims, and you can’t go around making false accusations like this.

The boy sneered, and his face was still grim as he replied:

“And what makes you think I don’t have proof?” With that, he clapped his hands together, and a cameraman with recorder in hand came through the door as if he’d been summoned. The videographer held the recorder while he stoically announced to those present:

“I’m the person in charge of recording young Mr. Gregory’s birthday banquet today, and I have here on my camera the exact moment you tripped that lady and caused Mrs. Sawyer’s violin to break from the fall.”

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

“That violin was my grandmother’s precious instrument, and it’s worth six million!” So pay up,’ the boy demanded seriously, looking at Sophia with marked indifference.

At that moment, it was as if Sophia’s mind imploded. All the color drained from her face as she considered the amount she had to pay. Six million, she realized. At that time, the Reinhart family business had been in steady decline for the past few years, and six million was an astronomical price for her! In a panic, she bowed her head and apologized in a shaky voice:

“I’m sorry, young Mr. Gregory. I’m very ashamed. I didn’t mean to trip her up. As you can see, there isn’t much room in here, and I didn’t think I could trip her just by stretching out her leg a bit. The violin is of such extravagant value, and I wouldn’t be

foolish enough to break it on purpose! Tessa..." hesitating, he added as if ordering her, "Tessa, tell the young lord that I didn't trip you on purpose!

Tessa looked more outraged than before: I can't believe how cheeky this girl is! It's bad enough that she set me up, and now she wants me to plead her case? But she didn't have a chance to say anything, because the boy continued to yell mercilessly at Sophia:

"You broke the violin, so you have to pay for it!" And since you were wrong, you also have to apologize to the beautiful lady. Now put the money down and say your apologies!

The little guy was only three feet tall, but he sounded like an old soul, if not imperious.

Sophia's face paled, then flushed. She hadn't failed to teach Tessa a lesson, but she was now forced to apologize. She didn't think she could live the shame of it all, but more importantly, she didn't have the means to shell out six million on the spot, even if she wanted to.

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

For a while the crowd was in chaos. However, the boy just sneered at Sophia's motionless figure: Is that all it takes for you to crack under pressure? You seemed very cheeky when you framed another innocent before." Then, he turned to look at the bodyguards behind him as he ordered:

"Take her out and watch her." Make her release her money, and if she doesn't, leave her at the station.

"Yes, sir," the bodyguards answered in unison. With one long stride, one of the men caught up with Sophia and dragged her toward the door.

Almost instantly, a deafening silence took over the room. Everyone was in awe at how the young lord had radiated such unquestioning and intimidating authority, despite being only a child. Indeed, he is from the Sawyer family. There is no doubt about it!" they thought.

The little boy didn't care what the others thought of him, however, as he turned to look at Tessa curiously and, at that moment, seemed to have snapped out of his icy demeanor. There was a childish glint in her crystalline eyes as he looked at her as if he were sizing her up.

Tessa, too, held his gaze firmly. The boy had shell-pink lips and pearl-white milk teeth, and although his features had yet to be revealed, he was already a delicate and handsome little man. He looked stoic when he wasn't smiling, but it was his stern look that made him endearing, to the point where you wanted to pinch his plump cheeks.

The thought had just crossed Tessa's mind when the boy reached for her on his little legs. She stopped, tilted her head back to meet her eyes, and spread her arms wide as she said:

"I want you to carry me."