

## Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 4

### My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 4–Are you single, pretty?

“Hmm?” Tessa was slightly stunned and was unable to give an immediate response.

“Miss, I want you to pick me up,” the little boy repeated, this time with a little more emphasis as he looked at Tessa with wide eyes that were lit with a childish glow.

Seeing how endearing he was, her heart melted and she immediately lifted it up. It was like holding a soft bundle, and as she carried it, she could smell the faint powdery scent she gave off of her that made him want to caress her plump cheek. To her surprise, she became attached to the boy as she smiled and said in a soft voice:

“Hey kid, thanks for sticking up for me. “Without him, I would never have been able to clear his name. But looking unperturbed, the boy shook his head and said with an air of mischief:

-You are welcome. I did what I have to do. Also, I hate hypocritical women like her.

Hearing that, Tessa was so amused that she laughed.

“Do you know what that means?”

He nodded, his plump face very grim as he replied:

-Of course. My uncle told me that a hypocritical person is someone whose actions do not match his words.

Tessa’s eyes curved into two half moons.

“Well, I’m impressed. You are a very smart boy, aren’t you?”

Receiving his praise, she flushed red with embarrassment, though the twinkle in her eyes betrayed her happiness even as she tried to act nonchalant. In the end, he pursed his lips to keep from smiling, which only made it more adorable. Seeing him like this, she Tessa couldn’t help but wonder if her baby would have been this cute if she hadn’t been separated from him at the birth, mercilessly.

Suddenly, she tightened her grip on the boy, her motherly love overflowing. She was about to speak when a voice intervened:

“Young Mr. Gregory, the banquet is about to begin. We must go now, or the old lord and old lady will worry.

The little boy nodded at that, and then turned to tell Tessa:

"Since I've helped you before, could you take me to my dad?" I'm tired and I don't want to walk anymore.

-Hey? Surprised, Tessa was a little hesitant as she pointed out, "But I still have to prepare for the performance, and besides, we just met." It wouldn't be appropriate for me to take you to where your parents are.

The boy clung tightly to her while he whimpered obstinately:

"No, if I say it's appropriate, then it is!" Besides, how are you going to perform without a violin, beautiful? she asked. Her eyes widened as saucers as a brilliant idea occurred to her, and he glanced at Tessa as she quipped, "My grandmother still has a spare violin in her precious collection. If you take me, I'll get you to borrow it.

There was nothing more convincing than when a child looked up with bright puppy dog eyes, and Tessa found herself giving in after a brief second's hesitation:

-Alright then. I will take you.

Of course, that pleased the boy greatly, for his soft little body slumped against her as he smirked. This pretty lady has a very warm hug, and she smells good too, just like a mother would, she thought. Along the way, she asked aloud:

"Are you single, sweetie?"

"I am," Tessa answered immediately, looking at the boy affectionately. He was beginning to like her more and more. "Why do you ask?"

"Then you should marry my dad and become my mom!"

He couldn't hide his surprise: "Isn't this little boy's father Nicholas Sawyer, like the president of the Sawyer Group?"

Following Nicholas's retirement from special forces, it took him just two years to take the Sawyer Group to new heights. He was a man of legendary proportions in the business world, with a tenacity to match his formidable reputation, not to mention how he ruled the company with an iron fist. He wasn't someone any ordinary person could play with, let alone her.

"But now that the little one has mentioned it..." Unable to suppress her curiosity, she asked:

"And your mom?"

"I don't have a mommy," he murmured disappointed with misty eyes: "I want you to be my mommy, pretty."

As soon as he said that, he hugged her, and she felt an overwhelming sense of confidence emanating from his small body.

Tessa couldn't help her astonishment. It turned out that the little prince of the Sawyer family – the object of envy for many – did not have a mother.

She wasn't sure how difficult it was to maintain a marriage in the world of the rich, but she knew she had to hold the little boy tighter, as if she wanted to comfort him with all her might. She wondered if the baby she never got to hold was sitting in some corner of the world missing her mother too.

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Meanwhile, in the VIP room of the banquet hall, Nicholas was sitting on the sofa, looking impeccable. The black suit he wore fitted his lean, muscular frame, accentuating his broad shoulders and his perfect silhouette. His features were like a piece of heavenly art, and in his icy, dark eyes there resided an intimidating indifference that seemed rooted in his bones, as was his elegance.

At that moment, the air around him was very cold. In front of him, very desperate, was the second son of the Sawyer family: Kieran Sawyer.

Kieran had never felt worse than at that precise moment. Under Nicholas's piercing and dangerous gaze, he swallowed hard as he explained:

"I swear to you, Nicholas, I've already sent someone to find him. Greg will be fine! This whole yacht is ours, so no one will dare lay a finger on the boy!

"You better be, because if anything happens to Greg, you can bet there's nothing you can do to save your own skin!" she exclaimed. With that, Nicholas shot a sharp look at his brother. "What are you doing standing here?" Get out there and start looking for it.

"Yes, of course, right now!" Kieran responded with a shudder, then ran out the door. He berated himself for trying so hard to pick up the ladies on the yacht that he lost sight of Gregory entirely.

However, it was not long before she returned, and when she spoke to Nicholas, there was still fear in her eyes.

"Nicholas, Greg is back!"