

## Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 46

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 46—After that. Tessa bit her lip before her gaze became determined as she forced herself to quarry her composure. Then, he returned to the orchestra for his practice. However, his performance during the afternoon was not good.

Although she repeated herself to stop thinking about Gregory, her mind kept wandering towards what happened, and she couldn't help but wonder how he was.

However, every time she reflected, she landed in a daze and didn't realize that her violin had gone out of tune. After this happened a few times, Trevor couldn't stand it anymore, frowned, and stopped the practice with a gesture:

-Stop, stop, stop!

The music stopped suddenly as he took great strides towards her with a somber look.

— Tessa, what's wrong with you? Why do you act as if you have lost your soul?

Immediately, Tessa came to her senses and lowered her head.

-iSorry!

However, Trevor was not satisfied with his answer:

-Tessa, you have to know that it is not easy for me to promote you to this position, so you must show your capabilities to everyone so that you can secure your position! If you can't adjust your mentality, there is always someone who can replace you here, do you understand me?

Hearing that, Tessa realized that her condition had affected everyone's performance, so she nodded immediately:

"I'm sorry I worried you, Mr. Oswald. Don't worry, I will stay tonight and work hard to practice. I will not disappoint you.

Then, he was satisfied with his answer and nodded gratefully.

It was during the night that Gregory woke up halfway in the hospital looking pale. At the time, it looked so fragile that it was heartbreaking. When Stefania realized that he had regained consciousness, she hurried over almost immediately and hugged him with emotion.

"Honey, my dear grandson, you have finally woken up! How do you feel, honey? Still uncomfortable? ¿ Is your stomach still hurting? He asked in a worried tone. Then, he

leaned back in her embrace and nodded before trying to comfort her with his childish voice:

"I'm fine, grandma. Don't worry.

-It's good that you're well!

Stefania seemed to have just rediscovered her most valuable treasure and even wanted to keep Gregory under her protection 24 hours a day so that he would not be harmed again. On the other hand, he began to look around.

After scrutinizing the entire room, he asked curiously:

—Abuela, ¿por qué no está la señorita bonita? ¿Dónde está?

En ese momento, toda la sala se quedó en silencio mientras Stefania y los demás parecían sorprendidos. Ninguno de ellos había esperado que la primera persona a la que Gregory buscaría fuera su profesora de violín en lugar de su padre o sus abuelos.

«¿Por qué Tessa Reinhart es tan importante para Gregory?», pensaron. Sin embargo, nadie pudo entender la razón.

Al ver que todo el mundo estaba callado, los ojos brillantes de Gregory se abrieron de par en par antes de dirigirse a Nicholas.

—Papá, ¿por qué no está aquí la señorita bonita? ¿No sabe ella que estoy enfermo?

Aun así, Nicholas miraba a Gregory con cariño, ya que no podía soportar decirle la verdad al ver su mirada expectante

Había una mirada amable en sus ojos mientras le aseguraba con ligereza:

-Yes. I was afraid he would worry, so I didn't tell him. Greg, you'll need to take a good rest so she can continue to teach you how to play the violin when you're fully recovered.

When Gregory heard Nicholas' words, a smile was drawn on his face before he nodded obediently.

-I agree. I will rest and wait for Miss Pretty to come back.

At the same time, Stefania felt that her heart was about to break when she heard Gregory's words.

Although he was an intelligent and lovable child, he never liked to interact with outsiders. However, when he accepted Tessa, that woman...

Even though Nicholas had already explained that Tessa was not the author, he still couldn't stop thinking that she was the one behind everything, because there was no one else who could do such a thing. "*How* could that cruel woman betray Greg's sincerity in this way?" he complained. Since she was upset, she couldn't hold back and said:

"Greg, let's stop seeing Miss Reinhart from now on. Isn't Miss Gingham kind to you too? In addition, she can also teach you to play the piano. Miss Gingham cared very much about you when you were sick, so you should stay with her sometime in the future. It will also be the same.

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 47**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 47—Yana tried to convince Gregory as well:

"Yes, Miss Gingham also likes you very much.

"Greg, I can be nice to you too," Roselle leaned over and looked at him sweetly. However, he gave her a cold look before shaking his head:

"No, it won't be the same.

—What's the difference?

Stefania couldn't understand it. However, Gregory grabbed Stefania's hand with his chubby hand and shook his head before saying determinedly on his adorable face:

— It's different. Pretty lady is the best person for me. Grandma, why can't I have it? Please? She is irreplaceable.

The naughty boy's words were too genuine, which made Roselle's expression immediately tense, while Yana smiled despite gritting her teeth in anger. "How dare this brat act with such arrogance? You'll soon meet me!" he thought.

Unable to stand Gregory's antics, Stefania had no choice but to accede to his request:

— Okay, all right. You can be with whoever you want and I'll go with my friend, okay?

-Yes! You're the best, grandma! -He was immediately content.

After seeing that Gregory was okay, Nicholas said quietly:

"Mom, I'll go get Greg's clothes and come back to accompany him later. Then you can go back to rest.

However, she shook her head because she was still worried:

-It is ok. Let me stay and take care of Greg.

"Okay, Mom. Go back and rest well with Dad. I'll stay," Nicholas refused.

"Muy well, then.

Stefania couldn't argue after seeing Nicholas' determination. At the same time, Roselle looked around before interjecting:

"Nicholas, why don't I stay to take care of Greg next to you?"

However, he replied without even looking at her:

"Okay, Miss Gingham. Kieran and I can arrange ourselves from here on out.

It left her speechless. After that, Nicholas turned to Andrew and instructed:

"Come on, Andrew.

Then, the two left the hospital.

In the car, Andrew drove the car in fear as his hands holding the steering wheel trembled. It was as if he was terrified that Nicholas might have misunderstood him for drugging Gregory and firing him afterwards.

Nicholas had noticed his anxiety out of the corner of his eye, so he said indifferently:

"Andrew, you don't have to be nervous. I know that what has happened has nothing to do with you.

Hearing that, Andrew almost felt like crying. Immediately, he lowered his head and gave thanks:

"Thank you for believing in me, Mr. Nicholas. Thank you. It's so nice to know that you trust me.

At this moment, the corners of Nicholas' lips curled up a little before commenting:

"You've been working by my side for years. It would be disappointing if he suspected you too.

Then, he grabbed a tissue and gave it to Andrew.

"Clean your face. It's dangerous to drive when you can't see well.

Andrew was moved as he grabbed the tissue paper to wipe away tears. "After all, my **dedication to Master** Nicholas was not wasted," he thought. When he finally calmed down, he asked:

"Mr. Nicholas, now that you have ruled me and Miss Reinhart out as your suspects, do you suspect that Miss Gingham might be... behind this?"

Hearing that, Nicholas' gaze darkened as if it were an infinite void before explaining coldly:

"I didn't suspect Miss Reinhart because there's evidence that it wasn't her and I don't suspect you because I trust you, but... I don't know Roselle Gingham well. From what I know so far, she is suspicious, but I don't have enough evidence to prove that it's her.

When Andrew understood what Nicholas was talking about, he frowned and asked:

"Miss Nicholas, how do you intend to find evidence since you suspect Miss Gingham?"

At this moment, Nicholas narrowed his eyes before replying:

"Maybe I'll come up with new ideas when I get home.

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 48**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 48—A while later, they finally reached the Dynasty Gardens.

When Nicholas and Andrew headed home after getting out of the car, Edward was already waiting for them in the living room as he nodded at the sight:

-President Sawyer!

Nicholas hummed in recognition and said nothing more before asking:

-What have you discovered?

Then, Edward nodded and began to report:

President Sawyer, after our conversation, I went to check all the surveillance cameras hidden in the mansion. According to what I saw, Miss Gingham did nothing. However... After Gregory drank the juice, I heard some of the servants mention that they saw Miss Gingham's mother, Yana Johnson, touching the young man's glass. They also said Yana was acting very suspiciously and looked like she had put something into the drink. Of course, I have already asked some of the men to send the cup to Mr. Sawyer's house to identify what was placed there and the results should come out soon.

Just then, Nicholas' facial expression changed:

"Yana Johnson?"

"Yes," Edward nodded, to which Nicholas' gaze darkened:

"Very well," he replied. Then, he turned and ordered, "Andrew, go up and make a few outfits for Greg so we can take them later.

"Yes, Mr. Nicholas.

While Andrew went upstairs to pack Gregory's things, Nicholas stayed in the living room to wait for him. Without

However, his behavior was cold and his presence intimidating.

About half an hour later, the sound of the car's engine coming to a halt sounded. When Edward went out to take a look and understand the situation, he ran back inside and reported:

"President Sawyer, Mr. Sloan is here!

Upon hearing that, Nicholas's *anger* lit up a little. A few seconds later, a thin, tall man in a gray suit entered the house and was none other than Ashton Sloan, Nicholas' childhood friend.

He was a very handsome man who wore a gray suit and gold-rimmed glasses. He wore an expensive watch and had a wise look, which matched his identity, as he was awarded the Nobel Prize for *Medicine* at a young age. As the youngest Nobel laureate in the country, it was an understatement to say Ashton was a genius.

When he entered, Nicholas looked at him before asking in a cold tone:

-Why are you here?

Con una sonrisa en la cara, Ashton contestó alegre:

— Claro, estoy aquí para contarte los resultados de la investigación.

era

La mirada de Nicholas se ensombreció. Aunque no preguntó nada, sabía que la presencia de Ashton suficiente para demostrar que, en efecto, algo estaba mal con el vaso de Gregory.

Como era de esperar, sacó el vaso de su embalaje después de sentarse en el sofá. Lo guardó en una bolsa de plástico sellada junto con un archivo de documentos que contenía el informe.

Nicholas miro el vaso mientras la curiosidad pasaba por su mirada:

-¿Cual es el resultado?

En lugar de irse por las ramas, Ashton fue al grano y explico:

-Hay residuos de droga en el vaso. Por lo que he encontrado, la droga acaba de salir al mercado para su venta en el extranjero hace dos meses, para tratar los dolores de cabeza. El contenido de la droga está bien para los adultos, pero es perjudicial para los niños. Por fortuna, las propiedades de la droga fueron suprimidas por el jugo de naranja, así que supongo que Greg tomó un vaso de agua después de beberlo. La droga del vaso entró en el estómago de Greg después de eso y reaccionó con el jugo, por lo que acabó con una intoxicación leve.

Mientras Ashton explicaba con un análisis detallado, el rostro de Nicholas se ensombreció mientras su comportamiento se volvía frío. Haciendo lo posible por reprimir su ira, preguntó con voz fría:

-How can I get evidence of what happened?

*Condemning* Yana to a crime based on the testimonies of a few servants was too careless and could only be revenge with concrete evidence. Ashton adjusted his glasses and replied:

Actually, it is easy to get tests for this drug. As long as it can be determined if the person who altered the orange juice has symptoms of headache and the list of medications the person uses is reviewed, the truth will be revealed.

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 49**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 49—A sharp flash flashed through Nicholas' dark gaze when he heard that before immediately instructing.

“Edward, takes Mr. Sloan to the main residence. Even if they completely mess up Yana Johnson's room, I need you to get proof!

-Yes! Edward nodded without delay,

Then, Ashton nodded as well and got up before following Edward to the main house.

At the same time, Yana and Roselle, who were still in the hospital, were still oblivious to what had happened and finally found an opportunity to talk to each other when they went to get hot water for Gregory. At this moment, a worried Roselle asked quietly:

“Mom, are you sure no one saw you when you put the drug in?”

Yana nodded before insisting:

-Of course. Don't believe what I say? I was very careful and even avoided all surveillance cameras. Also, the living room is a common area, where there is no need for any hidden surveillance, so I didn't make any mistakes this time! -sounded full of confidence.

Although Roselle nodded in recognition, she couldn't help but worry somehow, as she thought that Tessa would not be able to clear her name after being framed as the author. However, he had been lucky. Also, Andrew was the least suspicious of the three considering how loyal he was to the *Sawye family*.

Therefore, he couldn't help but worry that he might soon have problems. And when Yana noticed her daughter's worried face, she reasserted:

“Okay, Roselle. Stop scaring yourself. I promise you they won't discover us.

However, Roselle bit her lip and continued to agonize over what happened. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and whispered:

“*Mamá*, if we are discovered, I hope you can show your face and take responsibility for what happened. Can you *do it or?*”

When Yana paused, Roselle's gaze darkened before adding:

“Mom, *do* you understand that I can't get involved in this at all?” If I don't get involved, there is still a chance to make amends. If not, it's all over.

Hearing that, Yana nodded:

-Okay, I will take responsibility for everything if we are exposed!

Roselle exhaled and was much more relieved now that she had Yana's assurance.

Some time later, Nicholas returned to the hospital with Gregory's clothes. Although he didn't expose Yana, his face was gloomy when he told everyone to go home.

Before leaving, Roselle, who still refused to surrender, approached him and asked him once more:



"Nicholas, why don't I stay too?" I'm worried that you won't be able to take care of Gregory on your own.

Aun así, la rechazó con desdén sin siquiera levantar la vista:

-No es necesario.

¡Qué respuesta tan directa!

Al no poder decir nada más, sólo pudo seguir a Yana mientras se preparaban para irse. En ese momento, una preocupada Stefanie volvió a exhortar:

-¡Nicholas, acuérdate de avisarnos en el primer momento si le vuelve a pasar algo a Greg!

Sin embargo, el respondió con una mirada sin emoción:

-No te preocupes.

En poco tiempo, Nicholas y Gregory eran los únicos que quedaban en la enorme sala del hospital.

At the same time, Tessa was hiding in a corner of the hospital entrance and sighed when she saw all the members of the Sawander family leaving in their respective cars when they arrived back at the hospital to visit Gregory.

She had been due to head home for an hour after finishing her rehearsal with the orchestra, but she still felt somewhat worried about what had happened.

After struggling for an hour, he convinced himself to go to the hospital to check on Gregory's condition. "I've only come to see Greg to feel better and stop worrying. Once I've seen it and made sure it's okay, *I'll sneakout*," he thought. Then, he took a deep breath and entered the hospital as a safe passage.

Not long after, he found himself standing in front of Gregory's living room as he looked around from the transparent window of his living room.

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 50**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 50—At the time, Gregory was sitting cross-legged on his bed. He was playing with a Rubik's cube while his pale fingers moved him nonstop. From his looks, he seemed to be fine.

Meanwhile, Kieran was sitting by Gregory's bed and accompanying him as the sound of his laughter sounded from time to time. It seemed that the pair of uncle and nephew were very close. However, Nicholas was nowhere to be found.

After making sure Gregory was okay, Tessa breathed a sigh of relief before the corners of her lips curled upwards and murmured:

-Thank God you're fine...

So, he turned around and wanted to leave.

However, she ran into a firm chest the moment she turned, and the strong and sudden smell of male pheromone made her jump in surprise. When she looked up, Nicholas' slender body appeared, and it seemed to her that she had been behind her for a while.

Immediately, Tessa felt so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it as she began to stutter:

President Sawyer, why are you here?

While holding a teapot, Nicholas had an indifferent look as he said in a cold tone:

-I went to get hot water for Greg. *What about* you? Why didn't you enter the room since you are here?

Tessa hurriedly lowered her head:

-It's okay. I... I was worried about Greg, so I came to see if he was okay. Since it's already okay, I'll leave now

Then, he passed in front of him and wanted to flee. However, a strong force suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her back when she wanted to turn around.

Forced to look at him, she jumped before trying to withdraw her hand from her grip. However, he can't get away from him, no matter how hard he tries and his voice began to cut off:

President Sawander, *what are* you doing?

However, Nicholas's expression remained indifferent, as always, before he replied coldly:

-The first thing that hit Greg when he regained consciousness was to look for you, so I want to tell you that, if you want to say goodbye to him, let him know on your own and tell him your resignation. I dare not tell him.

Tessa was in a dilemma while biting her lip:

"I dare not tell you either..."

However, his voice *became* cold and firm upon hearing it:

-Tessa Reinhart, you have to learn to be responsible. Escape is not the solution to your problems.

-But. *tag. tag.*

While Tessa was still in a dilemma, she looked up and met Nicholas' gaze. At that moment, the man's gaze was as deep as the ocean, and the immense aura he had was pressing.

She lowered her head despite still feeling conflicted. He didn't want to say goodbye to Gregory because he feared he wouldn't.

to be able to tell him his resignation when he saw his adorable expression.

However, he increased his strength and dragged her into the ward before she could react.

Bang! The door of the ward suddenly opened as the two broke into it, making Gregory *and* Kieran react in surprise. The boy first came to his senses as his eyes shone like stars when he saw Tessa and waved:

"Hello, pretty lady!

Then, he got out of bed without any difficulty before pounced on her while his little hands gripped Tessa's legs tightly. He looked very happy at the time.

"You're finally here! I really thought you weren't going to come and visit me anymore. I've missed you.

Tessa's heart softened as she looked at him. However, he couldn't help but ponder: "Since I'm here, I should give him a hug." Thus, he bent down to carry it before gently cajoling it:

"I'm sorry, Greg. I have come to visit you now. Do you feel better?

-Yes! He nodded excitedly as his eyes sparkled.

-I already feel much better, but my stomach has hurt during the day to the point that the nurse has had to give me an injection.

Then, he stretched out his chubby arm and showed Tessa the needle mark on his wrist.

On the other hand, he felt his heart ache when he noticed the bruises that formed around the crease of his z-armor *dueto* the injections he had received, so he reached out to caress his cheeks before comforting him.

“You’re a good boy, Gregory. When you recover, your stomach will no longer hurt.