

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 57

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 57—Nicholas was already exhausted as he was. When she saw how nervous and worried Stefania was about

Gregory's obvious depressive state, he didn't bother to explain as he muttered, "He's just

having an attack. You know what kids are like. Just let it figure it out for itself on its own.

space, mom. Why don't you go home and get some rest? You can spend another day.

She nodded silently, but added uneasily: "It's normal for you to feel depressed after quitting.

the hospital. Try to cheer him up as much as you can, Nicholas, and if you give him a hard time, believe me!

When I tell you I'll make it even harder for you!

"Understood," he replied somberly with a nod.

Stefania, satisfied, began to head towards the door, but turned sharply to look at the

butler sternly as he ordered: "Andrew, be sure to keep an eye on Greg for the rest of the

Late and call me if something happens." With that, he turned on his heels and went to the company.

At Pinnacle Residence, Tessa washed up as soon as she returned home from the hospital and, after

Changing clothes, he prepared to go to the orchestra rehearsal.

Timothy couldn't help but worry when he saw her rushing to work. "Tess, don't you want

Take a break before going to the orchestra rehearsal? You've been standing all day yesterday and

you just came back!

Tessa gave him a small smile and explained sweetly: "However, I really need

Hurry. The orchestra's schedule is full of rehearsals."

Clearly upset that she was working so hard, he complained: "It's inhumane that the orchestra doesn't

Let you take a day off or something. I understand that rehearsals are important, but you need to

rest!" .

She knew he only had her best interests in mind, and instead of getting irritated by her complaints,

He proceeded to comfort him. "This has nothing to do with the orchestra. In addition, I have already rested the

enough.

As reluctant as Timothy was, he knew he had no choice but to let her go to work. With a

An imperceptible sigh, he said softly: "Hey, Tess, once I start making my own money, you

I promise I won't let you work so hard anymore. You will have to trust me.

Hearing this, Tessa was so moved that she gave him an indulgent smile. "Well, then,

I guess I'll have a good retirement plan prepared for me." He paused and then added in

Low voice: "Take care of yourself on your way to school later, okay?"

He nodded obediently. "I understand. I'll be waiting for you to have dinner with you tonight, Tess.

She hummed in response, and with the violin case slung over her shoulder, she walked out of the apartment.

The sun was high in the sky as it left Pinnacle Community. He felt the warm and dry breeze caress his

face and suddenly felt a little empty. Maybe this is the life I should have, and I shouldn't wait.

Nothing else.

Meanwhile, not long after his exchange with Tessa, Timothy cleaned the house and went to the house.

school.

He had no lessons that morning, but he arrived early to review some things related to the

Student Council. He had just sat in the designated student council office when his

My friend, Henry, shot out the door and shouted, "You're finally here, Timothy!"

Timothy smiled at him as a greeting. "What is it? Did something exciting happen?"

Henry nodded anxiously with bright eyes, a little breathless when he said, "Do you remember that you

I told about Reinhart Group the other day? The person in charge came to the school and asked to see us!

personally! He wanted to go over the details of the project and says the price is being negotiated. I think

who really meant it this time!"

Anyone within his range could hear how excited Henry was at this perspective.

but his enthusiasm was met with a mockery from Timothy, who said decisively, "We won't see you."

Henry gawked at him, puzzled. "Why not?"

"Because there's no need to," Timothy replied matter-of-factly, his voice flat and cold. "We don't

They will offer a lot anyway, and I would say they would limit the offer to a measly five million and

nothing else."

While Henry did not argue with him about this, he was still a little hesitant about the decision. "Timothy, I know

that you're thinking, but don't you think it's a bit snobbish of us to reject them even after that?

that they have come to see us personally? I mean, that seems a little offensive, doesn't it?

Timothy was quiet after hearing this, and considered Henry's point of view. Later

As if a light bulb had gone on in his head, he changed his mind and suggested, "How about

meet them, Henry? Tell them that maybe I'll consider whether they're willing to offer us twenty.

Million.

"Well..." Henry thought about this for a while, then nodded. "Let's follow your plan, then!"