

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 7

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 7—Love at first sight

The ceremony began slowly in the banquet hall, and halfway through, the master of ceremonies came up on stage to read the name of the violinist who would perform as soloist. Gregory, who had been bored enough since the beginning of the banquet, immediately brightened up as he exclaimed:

“Dad, it’s the pretty woman!”

Nicholas’s gaze went to the stage. At that moment, Tessa had already put on an elegant beige dress, with a modest cut that accentuated the curve of her waist and flattered her silhouette impeccably. In her hand was the violin the boy had picked out for her earlier as she gracefully walked to center stage.

When the track lights shone on the porcelain skin of her doll face, she looked stunning. For a moment, surprise flickered in Nicholas’s dark orbs, and he thought he might indeed be delighted with her.

Onstage, Tessa couldn’t help but look a little nervous as she stood tall under the scrutiny of the deathly silent audience. It was the first time in her entire life that she had performed before so many important and distinguished members of society, especially one as formidable as the Sawyers.

Looking up, she inadvertently noticed Nicholas in the crowd.

His tall, slim build seemed to stand out among the other guests, and the imperious air with which he carried himself made him seem untouchable and above everyone else.

Without realizing it, their gazes met, and he shuddered to see how her eyes resembled a deep, endless sea, like dark eddies that threatened to sweep him away and drown him with a single glance.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she broke eye contact, meeting Gregory’s eager gaze instead. The boy sat on a small throne as he watched Tessa with bright eyes, anticipation clear on her face.

For some reason, all anxiety melted away from her as soon as she saw Gregory, and she even managed an easy smile. Before starting her performance, she leaned into the microphone and said slowly:

It is a great honor to be able to perform here today. The symphony that I am going to play next is dedicated to the most adorable and brilliant of birthday boys. Here’s to many more happy achievements, little one.

The hall erupted with encouraging and enthusiastic applause.

Tessa smiled kindly and leaned in. With that done, she resumed her position at center stage, and as the noise in the room gave way to silence once more, all the lights fell on her.

Unfazed by the spotlight, she nestled the violin under the curve of her jaw and prepared to play the first chord.

Soon the soft, melodic sound of the violin filled the room, calming the crowd as they immersed themselves in the quiet beauty of the performance, much as one might take in the chorus of larks.

The thin woman on the stage was like a fairy who had descended in the moonlight. Her features were soft and delicate, her beauty so ethereal of her. Her confidence was as dazzling as she was when her spotlights shone on her.

Everything about her seemed so wonderful that no one could bear to look away for even a second.

Most impressive was the sound of the violin, which seemed to have put the audience in a trance as the melody moved and transported them to some wonderland.

The audience was having a great time, and every one of them admired the skillful performance of the girl.

A while later, Gregory applauded Tessa's impressive performance with his little hands, and turned to ask Nicholas enthusiastically:

"Isn't that brilliant, Daddy?"

Nicholas's gaze darkened a bit, but instead of answering Gregory, he asked:

"Have you seen her before?"

The boy agreed:

"Yes, I saw her once when I accompanied my great-grandfather to one of those orchestra performances."

Somewhat skeptical, Nicholas pressed:

-That was it? You didn't talk to her or anything like that after you saw her?

Gregory shook his head and replied firmly:

“No, but I like it a lot!”

As father and son discussed this, Remus was seated among the guests at another table, his eyes narrowing as he appraised Tessa, who was still onstage. He looked pensive and somewhat frustrated as he thought, Have I seen this girl anywhere before? Why does she look so familiar to me?”

Before he could think about it any further, the room erupted in thunderous applause and cut off his train of thought. It turns out that the soloist’s performance on stage had already come to an end.

Tessa came to herself at the end of her musical reverie and bowed to the distinguished guests below the stage. Gregory even let out a few cheers as she clapped her little hands together.

Just as Tessa was leaving the banquet hall, she gingerly handed the violin over to the bodyguards behind her.

“Could you help me carry this violin to the music room?” He’s worth too much to me to keep him much longer.

“Of course,” the bodyguard said willingly, grabbing the instrument and hurrying away.

Now that Tessa had acted smoothly and returned the extravagant violin, she felt the weight lifted from her shoulders and she felt euphoric. And what was more important, she even got to celebrate the adorable boy’s birthday.

He must be happy now, she thought with a warm smile. “I hope my performance lives up to your expectations.”

On the other hand, she wondered if that meant she would never see him again. After all, they came from very different worlds, and the chances that they would cross paths in the future were slim. For some reason, the thought of her left her a little helpless and reluctant.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Gregory asked Nicholas when he saw Tessa come down from the stage:

“Dad, I want to see the pretty lady.” Can the bodyguards take me to her, please her?

“No, we have to go home right now. Your grandmother is waiting for you upstairs,” Nicholas said patiently as he lifted Gregory from the chair and held him against his torso. He wasn’t going to let his son get close to a strange woman with an unknown background.

God only knows what ulterior motives she might have for being so friendly with Gregory, she thought.

“No, I want to see the pretty lady!” Let me go, Daddy,” the boy bellowed, writhing and struggling to break free of his father’s arms, but that didn’t stop Nicholas from leading him out of the banquet hall. Stupid dad! Plover head! I want to see the pretty lady! You told me you would let me have whatever I want on my birthday!

Nicholas ignored him as he walked out of the hall without a word, the air around him growing colder.

-Liar! You are nothing but a big liar. It’s bad enough you don’t bring me to see Mom, but now you want to stop her from seeing the pretty lady too! With that, Gregory began to sob.

The word “mom” made Nicholas think of that woman from five years ago. At that moment, hate and rage seemed to course through him as he thought, You don’t need a mom who abandoned you for money, Gregory! You deserve better than that!”

However, seeing the miserable crying of the child in her arms, she felt her heart soften and she promised:

—Look, another day I’ll take you to see her, will you?

It was as if he had spoken the magic words, because Gregory immediately stopped crying and, sniffing, looked up at his father with wide, sparkling eyes.

“Are you serious, dad?”