

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 9

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 9—Gregory has disappeared

At the Sawyer Group, Nicholas was still in the meeting when he received a call from Andrew. As soon as he heard that Gregory was missing, he jumped up and stalked out of the conference room with a steely expression, announcing through gritted teeth:

-Fired!

He couldn't hide his anger and hostility. "This is pure incompetence! What's the point of keeping staff if they can't even keep an eye on a small child?"

He seemed more mutinous than a few seconds ago when he got into his car. Just as he was about to run back to the mansion, his phone rang with an intrusive trill.

It was an unknown number, Nicholas noted, but he was so stunned that he made a mistake and answered the call instead of rejecting it.

As soon as the call connected, an awkward female voice filled the other line, stuttering:

"H-Hello, President Sawyer. It's me, Tessa, the violinist who performed at young Mr. Gregory's birthday banquet the other day. Do you still remember me?"

She didn't hear any response, but what she did hear was her heart pounding in her chest. She wasn't presumptuous enough to think that Nicholas would remember her after their brief encounter on the yacht, but then again, that wasn't her priority.

Clearing his throat, he immediately explained:

"President Sawyer, Gregory has come to the orchestra building looking for me. I was worried that you might be looking for him, so I thought I'd give you a call. If it's not too much trouble, could you come and take the little one home?"

Nicholas's gaze darkened at that and he said coldly:

"I see. I'll go right now. Thank you." Then she decisively hung up the phone and called her assistant, blurting out irritably, "Get all the information you can about a woman named Tessa Reinhart right now: her childhood, her achievements in school, all the details! there is to know about her!"

Putting away her phone, she stepped on the accelerator and headed for the orchestra building.

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At the speed at which he was driving, Nicholas managed to reach the building in record time, taking just over an hour to complete the journey, which was otherwise two hours.

When he burst into the main entrance of the building, anyone could see the stormy look on his face. Seeing him, she Tessa straightened up and greeted him stiffly and awkwardly:

“President Sawyer!”

Trevor, for his part, seemed agitated as he kept quiet, not even daring to let out a sigh.

In stark contrast to their fidgety demeanors, Gregory was sitting up, his little legs dangling over the edge of the chair as he seemed very relaxed.

The vein near Nicholas’s temple throbbed with dangerous intensity, and his voice sounded somewhat disembodied, as if it came from the depths of hell, as he demanded icily:

—Gregory. Sawyer. I don’t know where you keep all that audacity, but how dare you run away from home!

Tessa and Trevor jumped at the thunderous volume of his voice. Gregory, however, seemed very calm as he haughtily turned his head and sneered:

“It’s not my fault you didn’t keep your promises, Dad. You told me you would take me to see the fair lady, but you went back on your word, so I have no choice but to come here alone.” He spoke softly, but that did little to hinder the pain and accusation in his words.

Nicholas was surprised by his son’s protest, and for a second he wasn’t sure he had the right to argue. He couldn’t deny that he had been making excuses to Gregory, hoping that he would end up forgetting the promise, though he couldn’t admit it. Therefore, he took a deep breath and approached him, with the intention of making him see reason.

“You have to be more tolerant with me.” I’ve been very busy at work, but I tried to free up my schedule to bring you to see Miss Reinhart. You shouldn’t have run away from home. We were all very worried.

“Ha!” Gregory sneered, then added scornfully, “As if I’d believe you.” You’ve been cooped up at home for the past three days, so don’t tell me you were busy working! Don’t think I don’t know that you see me as a silly child who swallows your lies. I am already four years old and I was not born yesterday. You can’t keep making up lies to please me.

Amused by this, Tessa sighed aloud before she could stop herself.

Meanwhile, Nicholas blinked in surprise, but he was amused as well. The rage that had welled up in him seemed to disappear after the little boy's grumble. Once calmed down, he continued to cajole the boy, saying:

"Well, now that you've seen the pretty lady the way you wanted, don't you think it's time you came home with me?"

Of course, Gregory refused to entertain the idea of leaving, given the herculean effort he had put into finding his favorite beautiful lady. He slid off his seat and bumped into Tessa on her little legs, then taunted his father once more as he blurted out:

"You can go home on your own if you want, but I want to stay here with the beautiful lady." I do not plan to return.

As soon as she finished her announcement, she wrapped her little arms around Tessa's leg like a stubborn baby sloth.

At that moment, Nicholas's gaze flicked to Tessa, eyes so cold and dark they evoked a barren winter land, but with a quizzical glint in them.

Tessa blanched and got a little nervous. Knowing that Gregory was throwing a childish fit, she joined Nicholas's efforts to change the boy's mind:

"Honey, I know you like me very much and I'm flattered." But this is not the correct way to do it. Besides, I still have work to do, right, Mr. Oswald? He shot Trevor a meaningful look. Trevor had no idea what was going on at the time, but he played along as he hesitantly murmured,

"O-Oh, yes, that's right, young Mr. Gregory—our Tessa still has a lot of work lined up for her today, and she won't be able to keep you company."

Disappointed upon hearing this, Gregory sadly lowered his head as he muttered:

-Oh good.... —However, she had not completely given up. He bit his bottom lip, then looked at Tessa with bright eyes as she asked, "Then maybe we can have lunch together." What are you saying?

"Well..." Tessa braced herself for another rejection, but seeing the pitiful appearance of the little boy, she didn't dare say no. Then she saw Nicholas's dangerous expression and thought, There's no way I'm going to accept this. So she sighed and said firmly, "I don't think that's going to work, honey."

Hearing that, Gregory whimpered, his eyes reddening as tears glistened in them. His shell pink lips were trembling and he looked like he was going to cry at any moment.

Tessa's heart sank at this, and she gave Nicholas a pleading look, hoping he might step in and calm him down. He looked just as stricken as she pinched her brow, giving in to his son's tantrum.

"So, will you promise to come home with me right after lunch?"