

## Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 2

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 2—Five years later, Tessa was sitting in the saloon of a luxurious private yacht plying the waves of the vast, shimmering blue sea. She held her mahogany violin as she silently tuned it.

The other members of the orchestra took their places around him, chatting animatedly among themselves about the yacht's owner, who turned out to be the well-known little prince of the Sawyer family.

The boy was already rumored to be worth billions even though he was barely four years old, and his great-grandfather, old Mr. Sawyer, wasn't holding back when it came to celebrating the boy's birthday. In fact, the yacht itself was a gift to him, and he bought it without blinking.

"Hey, why do you think the Sawyers appointed our orchestra to perform during the little prince's birthday celebration?" There are many other orchestras more famous than ours.

-Who knows? I only heard that it was the little prince who selected us to perform today. Thanks to him we can play on a yacht as glamorous as this one, and our fees have almost quadrupled for this event!

Upon hearing this, the other members of the orchestra began to express their envy:

"We should all be so lucky to have only a tenth of the little prince's wealth." Think how easy our life would be then.

"Fate favors some over others, and the little prince seems to have taken most of the luck!" We only have to be jealous.

Hearing that, Tessa felt the corners of her lips turn up in a bitter, humorless smile. Indeed, she thought grimly, there are those who were favored by fate and granted victory from the moment they were born, like the little prince of the Sawyer family.

Then there were those who, like her, had fallen behind before the referee could even fire the fire to announce the start of the race. Tessa's father was a piece of scum who cheated on her wife and was ignorant of everything she had done for him, abandoning her and forgetting their past struggles together as soon as her business reached the pinnacle of success.

When their mother passed away, Tessa and Timothy had no one to trust but each other. As a result, she had been forced to sell her own flesh and blood just to raise money for Timothy's medical treatment.

I never even got to see my baby... she thought ruefully. Every time she remembered it, a sharp pain shot through her heart, threatening to tear it apart. He realized that his baby should have been four years old too, more or less the same age as the little prince. I don't even know if he's a fancy boy or an adorable girl. I don't know where the baby has gone or if he's doing well..."

Suddenly, her eyes misted over and she couldn't shake the feeling that she was on the verge of tears. Just then, a sharp cry snapped Tessa out of her thoughts:

"Tessa!" What are you doing here?

The mist in her eyes cleared as she turned in the direction of the voice, only to see someone she wished she never had to see for the rest of her life: Sophia Reinhart!

Sophia was wearing an elegant evening gown and her face was delicately made up. She had a haughty tilt to her chin as she looked down her nose at him, just like she had six years ago.

Tessa made a disgusted face when she saw it, not expecting to find it there.

"Ha!" So it's you! she exclaimed. Making sure the woman in the room was Tessa, Sophia crossed to her, the sound of her stilettos hitting the floor echoing through the room. When he stopped in front of her, he sneered arrogantly, "I didn't think you were still alive. I was under the impression that you and that worthless brother of yours were long dead.

Timothy... Tessa gritted her teeth. If Sophia and her mother, Lauren, hadn't cut Timothy's medical funds so mercilessly, she would never have needed to give birth to that man's child, let alone go through the devastation of being separated from her baby. "She and her mother are responsible for all my tragedies!" Hate flashed in her eyes as she sarcastically retorted:

"If you and your whore of a mother are still alive and kicking, then of course Timothy and I are the same. We're just waiting for lightning to kill them both, heartless witches.

"You..." Sophia was speechless, stunned by Tessa's retort. As far as she remembered, she had always been too shy and insecure of herself to fight back, "It's only been a few years since we last met, but it seems time has turned you into a bitchy bitch."

"No, I'm not as bad as you and your mother," Tessa replied coolly.

At the time, his priority was making sure the performance ran smoothly, and this was not the time to bring up the past. With that in mind, she stood up to find a quiet place to practice, she didn't want to spend another minute with the monstrosity that was Sophia.

The other woman, for her part, was further incensed at Tessa's graceful nonchalance. She couldn't help but remember how hard she had worked with her mother to get her and Timothy out of the Reinhart Residence. She thought that she had won. But for some reason, she still felt like he was beneath her, even when he was in front of her, all glam and dressed up. Whether it was the looks of her or the grace of her, Tessa seemed to be the real winner.

At the thought of that, jealousy flashed in Sophia's eyes: She was supposed to rot in the streets as soon as we kicked her out of the family. How dare she appear here at this lavish event as if the world were her runway?" she complained.

Sophia's gaze fell on the priceless violin Tessa was currently carrying, and mischief colored her face. Looking around her to make sure no one was paying attention, she slid her foot onto the floorboards.

"Oh! Stumbling, Tessa plunged forward, giving in to gravity as she crashed to the ground unceremoniously. After her fall, a sort of rhymeless growl emanated from the violin as it fell into the space in front of her. The broken instrument made high-pitched sounds as two chords tightened and broke in quick succession.

By chance, Trevor Oswald – the conductor of the orchestra – walked through the door at that moment and, seeing the scene before him, all the color drained from his face. Horrified, he exclaimed:

"Tessa!" I can't believe you broke the violin! Mrs. Sawyer willingly lent it to us, and there's only one in the whole world! We couldn't afford it even if we sold the entire orchestra.

Tessa blanched. She rose to her feet and turned to sneer at Sophia, and she snapped,

-It was not my fault! It was his fault! She was the one who tripped me on purpose.

-I? Don't make up lies to cover your back! Sophia held up her hands, denying her accusations with the utmost innocence. "You tripped over your own feet, so don't go around accusing me of your own mistake!" She—she crossed her arms as she looked at Tessa with wicked amusement, "If I were you, I'd go apologize to Mrs. Sawyer right away and say sorry. Then she would leave the orchestra. I'm sure you don't want your mishap to drag the orchestra's reputation through the mud.

-She is right! Come with me right now, and we'll go apologize to Mrs. Sawyer," Trevor demanded. He grabbed Tessa's wrist and started pulling her toward the door. "Besides, you don't have to go onstage after this. Our orchestra doesn't need a clumsy person like you, so leave after today's performance.

“Leave the orchestra?” Tessa’s blood ran cold and her face turned ashen as she thought wildly, No! If I lose this job, I won’t have money to feed myself and Timothy. I cannot leave the orchestra».

—Sr. Oswald, yo no...

But just as she was about to plead her case with all her might, a childish yet calm and collective voice sounded from the door.

“Why does she have to be the one to apologize?” The one who should go in her place is that lady over there.