

## Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 56

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 56—Tessa had to restrain herself so as not to sigh aloud as she said this. The sensitivity of your rejection does not

He removed the sadness that accompanied him.

Nicholas, on the other hand, also fell silent, as if he couldn't argue with her.

With nothing more to add to this, she looked away from him and muttered softly, "It's late. Should

Get some rest, President Sawyer. I'm going to go back to sleep.

After that, he got up from the sofa and went back to Gregory's bed. She tucked the blanket in.

Comfortably around him, then hunched over to the side of the bed and fell asleep.

In truth, however, the dream evaded her. He was simply resting his head in his arms.

crossed as I looked at Gregory's sleeping cherubic face, feeling an inexplicable

Surge of sadness.

Meanwhile, Nicholas sat on the sofa like a statue while looking at Tessa's back with

interest, but left his decision as it was and did not try to dissuade her. Admittedly, he was surprised to

To hear how much she thought about his rejection and how farsighted her reasons had been.

That said, I had to agree with her. Gregory was developing a bond with her that

It would eventually become a bond. More importantly, if Nicholas had any confirmation.

that she was the woman who had abandoned her son for money all those years ago, then she would have

kicked out of their lives without a second word.

As things stood, it was better for Tessa to leave them now rather than wait for them to emerge.

complications over time. Gregory would be upset and have seizures at first, but he was a kid.

Intelligent and, with the passage of time, he would discover the reasons behind his departure.

And so, for the rest of the night, neither Tessa nor Nicholas spoke to each other.

Early the next morning, Gregory gave a broad smile as soon as he woke up and recorded Tessa's presence at her bedside. "Good morning, Miss Bella!" he greeted happily.

Tessa's smile was gentle and dazzling as she reached out to caress her soft cheek. "Good morning honey."

He quickly took him to the adjoining bathroom to wash, and when he finished, the three of them enjoyed the

desayuno, que fue entregado personalmente por el mayordomo de la familia Sawyer. Luego, Nicholas y

Tessa llevaron a Gregory a realizar varias pruebas más para ver si estaba mucho mejor.

Cuando terminó el chequeo, el médico caminó hacia Nicholas y declaró: "Buenas noticias, presidente

Sawyer. El joven maestro Gregory está completamente bien y ya no hay nada de qué preocuparse. Sin

embargo, su sistema gastrointestinal todavía está trabajando para purgar las toxinas restantes, por lo

que es recomendable que se adhiera a alimentos simples y saludables durante el próximo mes hasta que

su cuerpo se recupere por completo. Recuerde, debe mantenerse alejado de los alimentos que puedan

estimular algún tipo de malestar estomacal o gastrointestinal".

Nicholas asintió sombríamente y respondió: "Gracias, doctor".

Repasaron el papeleo del alta y salieron del hospital una vez que terminaron. Antes de irse, Tessa se

despidió de Gregory y dijo a regañadientes: “Adiós, cariño”.

Gregory froze, and doubt took hold of his little face as he asked, “Miss Belle, aren’t you coming home.

with me?”

“I’m sorry, honey,” he began apologetically. “However, there is a very important action scheduled for our orchestra, and I’ll have to do a very long training before that, like that. that I won’t be able to see you at all.”

“Oh...” His expression fell when he heard this, and he muttered disappointedly, “Does this mean that you will leave for

a long time? How long will that be?

The question pierced his heart like an arrow, but he kept his smile as he said softly:

“Well, I don’t know how long I’ll leave either.”

He looked at her with wide and bright eyes and pressed: “So, can I come and visit you when

Be? Do I miss you?”

His heart twitched even more, but he stood firm and said firmly: “I’m sorry, honey, but it’s

You better not visit me for the time being. Maybe it’s a little difficult for my schedule as it is.”

Gregory’s mind quickened, as if he had felt something was wrong. A feeling of

itchy stormed her nose as she asked sadly, “You don’t want to be my tutor anymore, right, Miss

Beautiful?”

“...” Tessa stopped, thinking of a way to let the child down, but after another minute or

Less, she decided she couldn't be more than frank as she pursed her lips and replied, "I'm sorry."

After leaving the hospital, Gregory remained silent all the way home. He had the head down all the time and there was an unmistakable sadness written all over his face, along with a

heartbreaking disappointment.

Uneasy about the boy's depressing behavior, Nicholas tried to get the little boy to talk, but his attempt at conversation was brutally rejected by Gregory's silence.

With a sigh, Nicholas gave up.

They stopped at Dynasty Gardens half an hour later.

Currently, having received the news that Gregory would be returning home today from the hospital,

Stefania was already eagerly awaiting his arrival. As soon as she saw him cross the threshold, she walked

towards him happily and hummed, "Oh, hello, my little baby! I have missed you!"

Ecstatic to know that the boy was perfectly fine, she went on to ask a series of questions.

Worried. "What do you want for lunch, Greg? I'll go to the kitchen to prepare something delicious for you, what

Do you think? Do you still feel terrible, dear?

However, he kept his head down all the time and did not utter a single word. He even surrounded her and

He entered his room in a bad mood before tiptoeing to close the door.

Something was definitely wrong and Stefania couldn't help but become distressed when she asked.

frantically: "Nicholas, what's wrong with Greg?"

**Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 58**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 58—That same afternoon, Henry was at the café near the school, where he met with the representative of the

Reinhart Group at the agreed time.

The representative was a middle-aged man with quite refined features and was dressed in a

Leather suit and shoes while looking good.

After they both took their seats in the café, the man introduced himself affably: “I am Silas.

Reinhart, the president of the Reinhart Group. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Hearing this, Henry immediately straightened up in his seat and said politely: “Oh, it’s also

a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Reinhart. I’m Enrique.

Silas gave him a casual smile, and looked quite enthusiastic as he laughed heartily. “What

refreshing! You certainly know your manners, young man. Then, he cut to the chase and asked, “So,

Henry, what does your friend think about the deal we’re offering for your project?”

“Well...” Henry stopped, not knowing how he was supposed to convey what Timothy had given him.

saying.

Noticing the boy’s hesitation, Silas became serious and cheerfully incited him: “Actually, Henry,

I came to know you today with the utmost sincerity.

If you are willing to sell the software rights to our company, then we are more than ready.

to increase the initial offer from two to five million.”

Henry took pains to hide his astonishment at this. Is Timothy psychic or something? I can’t believe it!

That this man is offering us five million for the software! If you are willing to increase the Price in three million in the momentum of the moment, then surely five million will not be the upper limit!

As an intellectual and a cunning street man, Henry pursed his lips and pretended to be torn.

as he slowly said, "I don't know, Mr. Reinhart... Five million is not exactly what I had in mind. "

At this moment, Silas's smile faded a little, but he maintained a friendly appearance.

mientras reía. "Henry, entiendo lo que quieres decir, pero no podemos superar los cinco millones". Hizo

una pausa y miró fijamente al chico más joven evaluativamente. "Admitiré que su software es bastante

brillante, y con sus brillantes perspectivas en el mercado, definitivamente vale más que los dos millones

que ofrecimos inicialmente. Esa es la razón por la que nuestra compañía decidió reevaluar la oferta y en

su lugar presentó la suma ajustada de cinco millones. No creo que ninguna otra empresa haría una

oferta como esta".

Henry sabía que el hombre se andaba con rodeos, así que respondió con una sonrisa: "Sr. Reinhart, no

somos nuevos en todo esto, y estoy seguro de que todos los involucrados tienen una idea clara de

cuánto vale nuestro proyecto. De hecho, vine aquí hoy para decirte que mi amigo se niega a vender el

software a menos que estés ofreciendo veinte millones. Dicho esto, nos sentimos increíblemente

halagados de que su empresa tenga tanto respeto por nuestro proyecto, pero cinco millones...” ¿

Veinte millones? La expresión de Silas se volvió sombría ante esto. No podía creer la audacia de estos

niños.

Era muy consciente de que el software definitivamente valía veinte millones en el mercado, pero ser

engañado y que dos universitarios lo engañaran hirió su orgullo. ¡Son solo niños que todavía están

mojados detrás de las orejas! ¡Deberían agradecernos efusivamente y sentirse tan honrados de que

Reinhart Group haya notado su proyecto de software!

Más concretamente, pensó que había sido la persona más grande cuando ofreció aumentar el precio en

tres millones. ¡Y, sin embargo, estos punks están haciendo la vista gorda a mi buen favor!

Tan disgustado como estaba, Silas se obligó a calmarse, porque sabía que el Grupo Reinhart estaba en

una posición precaria en este momento. Adquirir el proyecto sería el punto de inflexión para que toda la

compañía volviera a encarrilarse, por lo que no podía hacer una rabieta frente a Henry en este momento.

Tragándose su rabia, Silas forzó una sonrisa amistosa mientras lo engatusaba: “Mira, amigo, he pasado

por lo mismo, así que sé cómo piensan ustedes, los jóvenes. Por supuesto que es maravilloso que la

gente joven como usted

sea ambiciosa, pero debe tener ojo para estas cosas y saber cuándo aceptar la oferta en lugar de vomitar

ciegamente sus demandas.

“Ya sea que este software suyo valga o no veinte millones, ambos primero deben comprender que

somos la única compañía en el mercado en este momento que quiere comprar su software; el hecho de

que estemos dispuestos a pagar una suma considerable por ello es prueba más que suficiente de

nuestra autenticidad. Si te niegas a venderlo, ¿quién puede decir que obtendrás una mejor oferta? Al

final del día, el software podría terminar perdiendo todo su valor, y no podrá venderlo en absoluto.

“Además, hay mucha gente talentosa que está creando varias cosas de alta tecnología, y vemos que la

tecnología es reemplazada por otras aún más innovadoras de la noche a la mañana.

La mamá de mi hijo será mi mujer

¿De verdad cree que su software es el mejor que existe? ¡Ja! No seas ingenuo, muchacho. Podría ser

replaced by an even better one in the next two days. At that time, I won't even consider

Buy yours for little money, even if you beg me! Do you understand?”

Henry froze when he heard this, bewildered by the menacing and haughty tone of

Silas.

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 59**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 59—Henry secretly agreed with what Silas had said. An opportunity like this was

scarce these days, and if Reinhart Group didn't accept his offer, someone else would.

It is true that Henry was beginning to stagger, but when he thought of how insistent he had been.

It was Timothy with the twenty million, he finally shook his head and said, “I'm sorry, Mr. Reinhart, but



I'm afraid I can't." Be the only one who makes the decisions."

Silas gritted his teeth and narrowed his eyes slightly. He finally realized that this

The negotiation was not going anywhere, because the person who made the decisions was not Henry, but the

Co-creator of the software.

As such, he took the opportunity to say with a tense smile: "In that case, make your friend

Come. I'll be here waiting, and I'll talk to him about the offer. If the price is still the only one

Problem, I'm sure raising it a fraction won't do any harm. Although to be realistic,

Twenty million would be too much!

Hearing this, Henry nodded slowly. "Very good then. Just give me a moment while

Call. He got up from his seat after this and walked to a quiet corner, then called

Timothy so he could tell him what Silas had said.

In the other line, Timothy let out a funny laugh after hearing the full story and

He sneered: "It's not realistic, huh? So, there is nothing to talk about! I don't have time to meet with him

Anyway; I have to talk to the professor about university sponsorship, so ask him

let him leave without a deal."

With that, he hung up decisively.

Henry sighed, frustrated by his friend's stubbornness and the complicated situation that awaited him in the

table. Unfortunately, he met with Silas and said apologetically: "Mr. Reinhart, I'm afraid my friend

it will not come; He is busy at the moment.

Silas frowned when he heard this, looking gloomy and offended. He was the president of a

company, and had taken the time of the day to review the deal personally, and yet a College boy was snubbing him. Busy? Ha! How busy can a student be student?

Realizing the old man's displeasure, Henry quickly spoke for Timothy. "I'm not lying, Mr. Reinhart. My friend is really busy at this time. Has his hands full solving sponsorship for their studies abroad, and if it wasn't, then I wouldn't be the one to speak with you at this time."

Silas sneered coldly when he heard this, although his anger was reduced a little. That said, it still

I was upset that I was going to leave without a deal. As such, he bluntly demanded: "Then, the least that

You could do is give me a name. If your friend is really too busy to see me, I'll go to See him personally when he has time."

Henry blinked and thought this sounded like a feasible enough plan, so replied, "His name is Timothy Reinhart."

An incredulous Silas stiffened in his seat. "What?"

Without thinking too much about it, Henry repeated, "Timothy Reinhart."

Meanwhile, Timothy had never planned to collaborate with the Reinhart Group in the first place. Leaving

one side the money, the name of Reinhart Group was enough to make him vomit.

Alas, who could have thought that the representative of the disgusting company still

Would it bother even though he had already asked Henry to turn down the offer? It seems that the company

she's really desperate, Timothy thought grimly. Then again, this is what they deserve!

He was of the apathetic opinion that he would never have anything to do with a repulsive company like Reinhart.

Group, not even if it went bankrupt and the whole family had to beg in the streets to make a living

Because that was the punishment they deserved. However, such a thought disappeared as quickly as

Came.

At that moment, when he saw that night was approaching, he took out his phone and sent her a message.

text to Tessa: "Hey, Tess, what do you fancy for dinner? I'm going to do the shopping and feast on you afterwards

to finish the class.'

Tessa was still busy with orchestra rehearsals and time was a luxury that none of them had ever had.

They could afford. When they finally took a break of a few minutes, he took out his phone and

He replied, "I'm thinking of sticky pork ribs and battered fish."

These were Timothy's specialties. Having read his text, he smiled gently and sent a text message, 'Got it'.

After that, she went grocery shopping as soon as class was over. However, it had just ended.

of leaving through the school gates when a man in a suit prevented him from moving forward.

"Are you Timothy Reinhart?" the man asked directly.

Timothy could feel the man's hostility, and he narrowed his eyes as he demanded coldly: "And you.

you are?"

The man introduced himself without missing a beat, "I am Mr. Reinhart's assistant. Would like to see you a

moment, so if you follow me, please.

Timothy's expression changed and he looked behind the man. Sure enough, there was a Mercedes Benz

black at idle on the side of the road, and also had a very familiar license plate number!

## **Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 60**

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 60—An icy glow flashed in Timothy's eyes as he dodged the man in the suit, shouting, "Don't give you!

I will continue nowhere!"

Seeing this, the assistant ran to Timothy and blocked his way once more. "Timothy, the offer of the

President is genuine, that's why I wanted to see you personally today. We hope you'll give us a

opportunity!"

Timothy was ruthless while laughing. "So, tell the president that I don't have

Nothing to tell you! Also, I will never sell my product to your company, so if you know what good is

For you, get away from me!" With that, he pushed the assistant aside and continued on his way.

Meanwhile, Silas assimilated all this from where he was sitting in the back seat of the car.

My son's mother will be my wife

He was furious that the boy he had been waiting to see was treating his invitation with so much

disdain. I can't believe the chutzpah of this punk!

At that moment, Silas could no longer contain his anger when he opened the car door and got off the road.

vehicle. Then, he came to Timothy and snapped angrily: "Timothy, it's only been a few years, but

You seem to have developed quite a bit of temperament!"

Hearing this, Timothy turned to see a furious Silas standing not far away. He looked at the old man with the

Same disgust that one would look at a repulsive street rat.

At that moment, Silas crossed over to him with long, angry steps, sounding like a self-righteous ogre.

as he shouted, "I was thinking about how insolent two college students could be to turn down an offer to collaborate with me, but as it was, it turns out that you were the one behind

All of this! It seems that you have grown a couple, right, Timothy? Do you really think you can stand up to each other?

face to face with me?

Disdain colored Timothy's gaze when he heard this and found it incredibly

funny. Looking at Silas coldly, he stood his ground and pointed sarcastically: "Dear Mr. Reinhart,

I think I've made it very clear from the beginning that I won't sell my software and that's it! ¿Why

sigues molestándome como goma de mascar pegada a un zapato? Una cosa es ser desvergonzado, pero

debes considerar lo irritados que nos podemos sentir los demás.

"Tú-" Ahogado por la furia ante el insulto, Silas sintió que sus nervios estaban peligrosamente cerca de

estallar, y mordió beligerantemente, "¡Eres un punk inútil! ¡¿Esta es la manera de hablarle a tu padre?!"

Una risa sin humor escapó de Timothy mientras arrastraba las palabras, "No te halagues a ti mismo. ¡Tess

y yo nunca tuvimos un padre y escuchar la palabra que sale de tu boca me da ganas de vomitar!

El rostro de Silas se había vuelto tan oscuro como el fondo de una sartén. ¡No puedo creer que este

mocoso tenga la audacia de hablarme de esta manera!

Timothy no tenía intención de perder más tiempo en esto, porque todavía tenía provisiones para

comprar. Como tal, dijo en palabras claras y simples: “Sr. Reinhart, esto es todo lo que diré por hoy: no

venderé mi software a Reinhart Group incluso si eso significa una muerte segura, ¡así que le sugiero que

renuncie a este inútil esfuerzo suyo y me deje en paz!

Las duras palabras quedaron en el aire entre ellos y él giró sobre sus talones para alejarse del hombre

furioso.

Arraigado en el mismo lugar, Silas observó con ira ardiente cómo Timothy se alejaba más y su rostro

estaba sombrío mientras murmuraba amotinado: “¡Eso no depende de ti!” Inmediatamente le ladró a su

asistente autoritariamente: “¡Ve y trae a ese punk de vuelta aquí!”

“Sí, señor”, respondió el asistente, luego se apresuró detrás del niño.

Para empezar, las piernas de Timothy no eran lo suficientemente fuertes, por lo que no había manera de

que pudiera haber dejado atrás al asistente, y mucho menos haber dado pelea. En cuestión de segundos,

el asistente arrastró al niño al auto

sin contemplaciones.

“¡Oye, déjame ir! ¡Déjame ir ahora mismo!” Timothy gritó, indignado mientras trataba de liberarse. Sin

embargo, no importa cuánto lo intentara y cuánto gritara, sus esfuerzos por escapar fueron en vano.

Miró a Silas sombríamente y exigió: “¿Qué demonios quieres, Silas?”

Silas lo miró triunfalmente, complacido con la desventurada lucha del muchacho mientras se

burlaba. “Qué | querer es bastante simple: que usted entregue los derechos del software que usted y su

amigo crearon. El Grupo Reinhart lo necesita”.

Inicialmente, había pensado en subir un poco el precio si los universitarios aún se negaban a vender el

software por cinco millones. Esa había sido una posibilidad hasta que descubrió que el software fue

creado por nada menos que su propio hijo. Tal como estaban las cosas, Silas podía tener en sus manos

el software sin tener que desembolsar un solo centavo.

Los niños nacían para obedecer a sus padres de todos modos, y era justo que Timothy entregara el

software sin objeciones. Silas sonrió como el gato que se comió al canario, aparentemente orgulloso de

How smart he had been in handling this.

However, Timothy had discovered what the man was thinking, and with a defiant laugh, replied:

“What if I refuse?”