

Read Novel A Night With Gideon Chapter 2 By Pariahrei

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Chapter 2

Four Years Later

"Where's Mom?" Lyzza asked her younger sister as she descended the stairs of their house.

"It's already in the store. He said he was going to take care of some lists," he answered her and stood up from sitting on their sofa.

"Are we leaving, Sister?" he asked her.

He nodded after seeing on the cheap watch he was wearing that it was almost seven in the morning. "Yes, Cai," he replied to his thirteen-year-old brother and gathered his hair to tie it. Then he looked at the stairs when he didn't see Summer.

"Where's that bastard?" Caius asked, already glancing at the steps of the stairs.

"I'll pick it up," he said as he climbed the stairs. He left her earlier to put on shoes because she is a big girl so he just let her go.

He opened the room where he had left it earlier. He was still sitting on the floor with the shoes on his feet.

"Summer, why aren't you standing there yet? You will be late for school," he said and approached her completely.

Summer—her three-year-old daughter—looked up at him. He looked down at her small hands holding a picture.

He was surprised to grab that picture from his hand. Brought with shock, his eyes watered as he turned.

He fell to his knees on the floor when he realized what he had done. He cupped his son's small cheek and made him look directly at him.

"Are you mad at me, M-Mommy?" His voice cracked when he was asked. He finally heard his sobs when he held the child.

"No," he shook his head, "Mommy's not mad. I was just surprised."

"I-I'm sorry," he sobbed, speaking English again. He didn't know where he learned to speak English as he counted on his fingers the number of times his housemates spoke that language.

But he thought that maybe it was in his son's genes to speak that language fluently. His father is also English, as he is old.

"I'm not mad. I was just surprised," he said and caressed her back.

He finally hugged her back and buried his face in her neck.

"Mommy, is he my daddy? We have the same eyes," he said later while still burying his face in her neck.

He swallowed hard and bit his lip. He is only three years old but he has a sharp mind. He knew that the day would come when he would ask about his father. But she didn't expect that it would be this soon. What does he know about his father? Nothing but his name, the garter-dropping panty look and his movements and caresses that night.

"He is so handsome," she said looking up at him. "Where is he?"

He stroked her hair and kissed her soft cheeks. "I don't know either, Baby." There is no point for him to lie. His son is smart, he knows he can understand him even though he is only three years old.

"Why? "Shouldn't mommy and daddy be together like my classmates?"

"Because it's complicated, Baby. And then he's far away."

His son didn't answer but just stared at him with his lips pressed together. Her daughter's eyes were very much alike with the man who bought her at the auction four years ago. It was deep brown eyes. It's deep to look at and seems to always penetrate if you stare.

Summer's small hands caressed both of his cheeks and kissed him on the bridge of the nose. That only means one thing, it's done asking for that day.

After a while he asked her to go out. He pocketed the picture he was looking at earlier that he must have dropped from his wallet. He took the pink fur backpack that was on top of their bed. His son's favorite color is that. It's obvious because her clothes and shoes are pink.

Summer is only three years old but she is already enrolled in pre-school as a sit-in. It is not officially enrolled in that school. Because it is often boring and there is no one at home, so it is better for him to send the child to school.

Also, it really likes it. His friend's teacher told him that his son was just dumb in class.

Summer gave him a resounding kiss on the cheek when they reached the front of the boy's classroom.

"You're so kind, huh!" said his brother and kissed his nephew on the head.

"Yes, Uncle Cai. But don't mess my hair," he said artfully and snorted.

"Oh! Your temerity exists again, Bulilit."

His son snorted more and hugged his brother's thigh. "I'm not artistic, Uncle. You love me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," the brother answered quickly and picked up his son. "I'll give you a welcome when you have many stars again."

His son's eyes lit up and he smiled widely. He whispered something in the ear of his brother who is almost the same age as him and nodded.

"The baby is here," said the newcomer.

He smiled at Jessica who is his friend and Summer's teacher.

"Good morning, Teacher," Summer greeted and got down from Caius' load.

"Good morning. Are you in?" it belongs to his son.

She gave her baby a kiss on the cheek before entering the classroom.

"I will adopt your child," said Jessica. "What a cute kid. Speechless."

He frowned and glared at her. "Make your own. That's mine."

He laughed at what he said. Even though Summer's arrival in his life was unexpected, he still loves her very much. She fell in love with her daughter the very first time she knew that Summer was in her womb.

"You take care of my baby, ha! Please call me if there is a problem."

"Of course. Is it still me? It's like my son, right? Come on, you and Caius might be late for school."

He hugged his friend and waved to his son before he left. His brother is only in Grade nine while he is in his fourth year of college in the tourism course. He continued to study. Since his son is not an obstacle for him to study again, he has continued with it.

He really wants to graduate because he knows that a diploma is important in today's world. He will be more reassured that Summer's future is bright if she is finished and has a stable job.

Jessica, she is his classmate and friend from high school. They separated when they went to college because he majored in education while he majored in tourism. They met the woman again when she was pregnant with his child. Just like her other friend Qyla, she didn't judge her. He didn't even ask and just took the initiative to tell a story.

Qyla and Jessica were her best friends since then. She was Summer's godmother and never left her.

"Take care!" he reminded his brother when they got to university. Even though they go to the same school, he never fails to remind her.

Caius nodded and hugged her before walking towards the high school department of the university.

He watched his brother as he walked away from him. The speed of time. It seems like just yesterday that they were nine years old and crying because their mother needed surgery and they had no money.

Four years have passed since the night she gave herself to the stranger who bought her at auction. It was wonderful night even if he was paid for that night. He has no regrets that he was able to sell himself because it connected his mother's life. And even more he did not regret that Summer came into his life. Her baby girl is the greatest unplanned gift in her life.

She was nineteen when she conceived the child. He was still young and he thought he couldn't do it. But her family and friends were there for her. She had to stop studying because she was afraid that the child would miscarry when she once bled when she entered the school. When she gave birth to Summer, she chose not to return to school so she could focus on her son and also help her mother who built a sari-sari store in their town.

"Ate Lyz, why are you here now?" Quincy, the class president of their block, asked him. He calls her sister because she is two years older than him. Quincy Mae is twenty-two while she is twenty-three.

"Did I bring Summer?" he answered and accompanied her into the classroom for their first class.

"Yes, by the way. I miss the cuteness," he said while scratching something in the bag slung over his shoulder. When he found what he was digging in the bag, he presented it to him.

“I didn’t give it to you yesterday because you went home early. That’s what our internship is for. Our interview with Vesarius Airlines is next week. It is said that only a select few can train there, so we should try.”

He looked at the paper that Quincy had given him on which was written the name of the airlines he had mentioned. It was the airlines that he always heard from his classmates. Almost all of them want to enter there because apart from the beautiful and leading airlines in the country, there is a great deal to be added to their credentials when they do on-the-job training there. He also heard that there is an instant job there when the management likes the student’s performance.

Well, he was one of those who prayed that he would be accepted to be an intern there. She promised herself that when she was placed there, she would do everything to make her record good at Vesarius airline. For his family...especially for his baby.