

## Read Novel A Night With Gideon Chapter 29 By Pariahrei

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#### Chapter 29 (Part 1)

Gideon didn't let go of Lyzza's waist even though they were sitting in the seat reserved for the newlyweds. He couldn't stop himself from glancing at her from time to time. Her eyes were glowing-she was glowing. The wedding gown she chose was perfect. Carollete even fought her because she wanted a different gown for Lyzza to wear.

His sister wants that off-shoulder-he doesn't know what they called it. All he knows is that Lyzza's shoulder is visible when she wears it. She strongly objected and chose a more decent wedding gown for it.

The program has just ended and the guests are eating. Lyzza was eating cake and feeding her daughter from time to time. Her baby was sitting on her lap as she stared at her mother for a nap. "Sweetheart, should I get you a cake for yourself?" he asked the boy when he noticed that he was almost eating his wife's cake. Chewing, his son faced him and shook his head at him. He winced when he grabbed his tuxedo and wiped his mouth.

"Daddy, the cake tastes more delicious when Mommy is feeding me. Don't be naughty anymore." He caressed his jaw, which was growing stubble again, because he didn't want to shave it. "It's you, you didn't shave and you tickled me yesterday." He pulled her and put her mouth close to her ear. "I will report you to Mommy, do you like? She doesn't want me to have rashes."

He quickly shook his head in response. Did his baby just blackmail him and he instantly obeyed?

"Good, Daddy." He patted his jaw with a smile and turned to his mother again to give him a kiss. Lyzza eyed them suspiciously, it sounded like she and her son were hiding something. Summer looked at him with her mouth full before smiling sweetly at him and giving him a flying kiss. His daughter is the boss of him, especially Lyzza who is now his official wife. She looks like Hitler when mad. He saw red marks on his son's arms and shoulders. Because he always tickled her every time she caressed him. On the second day of her stay at the penthouse, Summer had rashes and Lyzza saw it. The son immediately pointed to him when the woman asked where he got it. His sharp look at her and all that's left is to throw a vase at her. He was even given a fatal blow before the mother rushed to put ointment and red scratches on his body, then insisted that he shave because he could not play with their son if he did not obey. It's a good thing that

there were no marks left on the son's skin yesterday, because if there was, he would have been torn apart again by his sharp gaze.

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His son is still a bully that he can't say no to when he likes someone. He notices when he is a very spoiled brat. But when it comes to his mother, he can't even complain. It doesn't work for the mother, who just looks back. His wife is the bad cop and he is the good one.

"Hey, Man," Alejandro greeted with a smile when he approached them. He patted him on the shoulder before turning his gaze to his son. "Hey, Little Girl. Do you know me?" His son shook his head with his mouth full. "I'm Alejandro, your dad's best friend."

"Best friend my ass," he murmured. "Your name is too long," Summer complained harshly, making him laugh softly.

"Then call me, Tito Handsome." "Okay po. But daddy is the number one handsome, okay?"

He grinned arrogantly at the foolish and proud man who held his son by the shoulder.

Alejandro tsked before eyeing Lyzza that was silently looking at them. "Hey, Sweetheart. Alejandro is the name, Almeradez is the surname. Do you want me to change your last name with mine?"

"Do you want me to kick your ass\*?" His eyebrows met even more when he winked at Lyzza who just laughed in her seat.

Her forehead warmed when Lyzza reached for Alejandro's outstretched hand.

"I'm Lyzza," her husband was still smiling. And she was smiling at Alejandro like this piece of sh\*t is amusing her. Look, he's not happy anymore.

He was about to move his son to the next empty seat to kick Alejandro when Lyzza glanced at him. "I just changed my last name, it's Vesarius."

All his annoyance and plans on how to kill Alejandro disappeared like bubbles because of what he said. It felt like someone punched him in the stomach because he wanted to squirm for some unknown reason. Something inside him exploded. It sent a tingling sensation through every fiber of his system. "I'm richer than him. I own this hotel."

"Gideon is also rich. But I am richer because of my son."

"I can give you one."

Under normal circumstances, he probably would have grabbed Alejandro by the collar and slammed his face into the table. But he realized that he was testing his wife. Part of him wants to stop his friend on what he was doing. However, the desire to hear what Lyzza had to say dominated him more. 2 His wife shrugged before pointing to a woman sitting at one of the tables. “You know that? He is one of my two best friends. Her name is Jessica and I know her sister. Let me tell him what you told me.”

Alejandro’s face paled when he recognized the woman that Lyzza pointed. The girl he taught was also familiar to him. “Teacher-Ninang is also beautiful like me. She said that I am very good in school.” He looked at his daughter and realized that it was the girl who was shocked when he picked up Summer from her school. A preschool teacher and... “It was just kidding.” The fool stammered that he wanted to stomach it. “I was just joking too. Nice to meet you, Alejandro.” Lyzza smiled cheekily before taking the fork from Summer as if for nothing. The bully took advantage and couldn’t bear to wait for his mommy to finish talking. Alejandro smiled before scratching his forehead. He patted her on the arm and she shook her head slightly before leaving in front of him. He grabbed Summer by the waist and stood up. He moved his baby to the chair he was sitting on earlier. “I’ll be right back. Your Tito Alejandro and I need to talk something.” “Adult stuff?”

“Yeah. Behave, okay?” “Yes, Daddy.” He followed Alejandro who was standing at the end of the garden, away from the crowd. “What is it?” he asked seriously and looked at the cigarette between his two fingers. She refused when he presented it to her. He stops smoking especially now that he already has a daughter. It might even get sick if you constantly inhale cigarette smoke. “It’s bad news, Bud.” Gone is the happy-go-lucky Alejandro that he knew. “How bad?” “Critical,” Riguel said as he approached them.