

## Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 12

### My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 12—Too Many Coincidences

“Yes, sir! —The bodyguards immediately moved in a synchronized manner as they dragged Sophia and Lauren as if the women were two sacks of potatoes. When they reached the entrance, they were unceremoniously thrown out the doors.

The orchestra members who had gathered around to watch this were speechless, and a suffocating silence followed Nicholas’ ruthless and relentless gesture.

Tessa was also slow to recover from the initial shock, and didn’t come out of her daze until Nicholas spoke again.

“Greg, are you hurt?” —Nicholas approached Gregory, a warm, fatherly concern filling his dark orbs. He looked very different from the intimidating and domineering president he had been a few moments ago.

“I’m fine, Dad,” Gregory replied with a gentle wave of his little head.

When everyone heard this, they let out a collective sigh of relief.

Knowing that she was the cause of this fiasco, Tessa stepped forward with square shoulders and said apologetically:

“I’m so sorry, President Sawyer. Those two were behind me, but Gregory was almost injured in the chaos. This is all my fault.

Hearing this, Nicholas gave him a brief icy look, and then withdrew his gaze as he replied stoically:

“Yes, all this has happened because of you, but since someone else has been punished for it, I will let you off the hook. He paused, then added in the same frigid tone: It’s almost lunchtime anyway. I will take Gregory home after we have dinner at the restaurant. Come.

With that, he lifted Gregory into his arms and headed for the doors.

As Gregory leaned on the curve of Nicholas’ broad shoulder, his mind began to run. He was desperate to come up with a plan to stay by Tessa’s side for the rest of the day.

Tessa, for her part, dared not entertain herself while she arranged her clothes and followed Nicholas out of the building.

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The three were in a private restaurant called Winston Trove. As one of the most exclusive private restaurants in the industry, the head chef who ran it was as good as any Michelin-starred chef, and had once participated in the preparation of the food for a national banquet. Members of high society and famous icons had tried to dine here, but the restaurant would not accept them unless they had a reservation made at least a month in advance.

Under normal circumstances, Tessa would never have been able to set foot in a place like this. Only thanks to Nicholas and his powerful contacts was he able to sit here today for what would be the most expensive lunch of his life.

That said, the pressure that accompanied such an exquisite meal was second to none and suffocating. Tessa sat stiff in her seat, not knowing if breathing was something she could afford in the presence of a world-famous business tycoon.

En cambio, Nicholas parecía bastante tranquilo, aunque no abiertamente impasible. Pidió unos cuantos platos, y cuando le entregó el menú a Tessa, le dijo:

—Pide lo que quieras.

Tomó el menú con gracia, con la intención de pedir algo sencillo para ella, pero cuando vio los precios del menú, casi se le salen los ojos de las órbitas.

«Estos precios son ridículos». Se quedó mirando los números con incredulidad. «¿Brócoli salteado con un precio de tres dígitos? ¿Qué, el brócoli estaba plantado en tierra dorada o algo así?»

Temblando al pensar en la cuenta que vendría al final de esta comida, hizo un pequeño pedido y eligió el zumo de frutas más barato que había, luego entregó con manos temblorosas el menú al camarero.

—Gracias. —Consiguió dar las gracias al camarero, todavía incrédula.

No tardaron en servir los platos, y todos tenían un aspecto tan delicioso como su olor. Estaban ordenados en el centro de la mesa del comedor, con una estética tan agradable que resultaba difícil creer que se trataba de comida de verdad.

Mientras la mirada de Tessa recorría los platos, observó con no poca sorpresa que todos llevaban ingredientes de lujo, cuyos nombres era probable que no pudiera pronunciar.

Es más, los platos que tenía delante tendrían al menos un precio de cuatro cifras cada uno.

Tragó saliva y de repente se quedó sin palabras mientras reflexionaba con nostalgia para sí misma: «Esta gente rica sí que vive de forma diferente. Sólo esta comida me costaría un mes de ingresos».

Justo entonces, una voz dulce e infantil la sacó de sus pensamientos.

—El almuerzo lo va a pagar papá hoy, señorita bonita, ¡así que atrévase! —Gregory le dedicó una adorable sonrisa.

Tessa le dirigió una suave sonrisa al escuchar su invitación.

—De acuerdo.

Podría haber accedido a comer, pero apenas comió nada.

Al ver esto, Gregory preguntó preocupado:

—¿Por qué no come, señorita bonita? ¿No le gusta la comida?

Nicholas la miró inquisitivamente al oír esto y presionó:

—¿Qué pasa? ¿La comida no le sienta bien a su paladar, señorita Reinhart?

—Oh, no, no es eso. Todo está delicioso —se apresuró a decir Tessa, y luego paladeó unas cuantas cucharadas de comida en su propio plato.

Tanto el padre como el hijo no dijeron nada más después de esto, y los tres comieron su comida en silencio.

Nicholas no era muy hablador, aunque de vez en cuando ayudaba a Gregory a cargar su plato.

A Tessa, por su parte, le mortificaba tanto la idea de que las cosas se volvieran incómodas que optó por dedicar la mayor parte de su energía a pelar gambas y cangrejos para Gregory, pero en ese momento, Nicholas señaló con su característico barítono profundo:

—Señorita Reinhart, Greg no puede tomar cangrejos. Es alérgico a ellos.

Parpadeando sorprendida por esta nueva información, dijo:

—¿De verdad? Yo también soy alérgica a los cangrejos.

—¿De verdad? —exclamó Gregory, encantado de tener algo en común con su señorita bonita favorita. Y añadió con entusiasmo—: ¿Sabe qué, señorita bonita? No sólo soy

alérgico a los cangrejos, sino también a las gambas y a otros mariscos. No puedo tocarlos, ¡pero puedo comer pescado!

Tessa no pudo ocultar su desconcierto al escuchar esto.

—¡Qué coincidencia! Yo también.

Junto a ellos, Nicholas escuchó su intercambio con una expresión sombría en su rostro. Empezaba a pensar que aquella mujer intentaba caerle bien a Gregory, pero al observarla más de cerca, se dio cuenta de que, en efecto, evitaba las gambas y los cangrejos, aunque comía una buena ración de pescado.

She also realized that she was a rather picky eater. He had delicately chosen green onions, cilantro, and carrots from his meal, and it all turned out to be the same thing Gregory hated.

What was even more ridiculous was that her taste for food matched Gregory's, and she was just as picky as he was.

The revelation made Nicholas sad. He liked to think that all these were coincidences, or rather, coincidences that had been created deliberately by that woman.

In the middle of lunch, Tessa excused herself to go to the bathroom.

The moment she got up from the table, Nicholas pulled out his phone and hurriedly texted Edward, his assistant.

[How is the research on Tessa Reinhart going?]

Meanwhile, Edward had spent an entire morning researching everything there was to know about Tessa and her background. However, he was overwhelmed when he saw the information he had recovered with so much effort.

“This... She...”