

## FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

### Chapter 13 Good Morning, Honey

Celia was so frightened that she almost cried out. Questions filled her mind.

She didn't know when Tyson had come back and slept beside her.

What was more, her head was on his arm, and she curled up in his arms. Did she sleep like this all night?

Tyson might have felt that Celia was already awake. He soon opened his eyes.

In contrast to her embarrassment, he seemed calm. He even smiled and greeted, "Good morning, honey."

Since he had just woken up, his voice was slightly different from usual. But it was still seductive and soul-stirring.

Seeing that Tyson saw through her embarrassment, Celia stuttered, "You... When... When did you come back?"

Tyson was taken with her and couldn't help smiling. "I came back as soon as I finished my job," he murmured, rubbing her head.

Celia felt even more embarrassed, so she subconsciously lowered her head, forgetting she was in his arms. As soon as she dropped her head, it was buried in his neck.

Her pulse raced when she smelled his pleasant fragrance.

Tyson stroked her hair and explained softly, "You were already asleep when I came back last night, so I didn't wake you up. And I want to get used to the new

role as your husband, so I slept next to you. But don't worry, I didn't do anything to you."

Celia raised her head and frowned. "You suddenly slept with me without telling me. I'm not ready yet."

But she felt remorseful after saying this.

After all, they were already legally married. Sooner or later, they were bound to sleep together. So she wondered if he was hurt by her words. It was said that people with deformed features were often more sensitive.

Celia paid close attention to Tyson's reactions.

When she saw that he didn't get angry, and there was no sign that he was offended, she felt relieved.

"I'll remember. Next time, I'll only get into your bed

after I tell you. I hope I didn't scare you this time. If I did, please let me make it up to you."

He seemed to be apologizing. But the more she listened to him, the more she sensed something was wrong.

Was he trying to say that there would be a next time? She felt ridiculous.

Celia was preparing to teach Tyson a lesson when she saw him lowering his head humbly.

"Forgive me for leaving you alone at home on our wedding night. It was just an emergency."

Her heart softened at once. She was about to say that it wasn't a big deal when she felt his arm tighten around her waist, causing her to cling to him fiercely.

"Honey, how about I make up what I owed you last night?"

Celia was stunned on the spot, obviously flustered.

"No, there's no need. Don't worry about it." She quickly refused and made up a lame excuse, "I haven't eaten anything since last night. I'm too hungry to do it now. I feel so weak."

"It's okay. I'll do the job. You don't need to do anything." Tyson talked in a hushed tone. His warm breath filled her ear, making her feel weak all over.

Celia was so ashamed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide. Her mind went blank, and she couldn't think of a way to say no.

Seeing that she wasn't really ready, Tyson reached out and pinched the tip of her nose lightly."Okay, then.

I still owe you one. I'll make it up to you next time."

He then got up and changed his clothes.

Celia suddenly remembered the scar on his waist she vaguely saw last night. She wanted to take a closer look at it.

But this time, he moved so fast that she didn't get the chance to see it clearly at all.

Celia was a little sullen. If she didn't see the scar clearly, she would always be suspicious.

"Honey, it's time for you to get up. Wash your face and brush your teeth."

She nodded, got up from the bed, and entered the bathroom. And she was surprised to see that her toiletries had already been prepared.

Although Tyson was a bit unpredictable for her, he treated her very kindly.

After washing up, Celia directly walked to the kitchen, intending to make breakfast for Tyson to repay his kindness and thoughtfulness.

But as soon as she entered the kitchen, she saw him hanging his apron back on the wall.

When he turned and saw her, his thin lips curled slightly. "Breakfast is ready."

Celia was taken aback. She didn't expect to be treated so well on the second day after their wedding. Tyson seemed to be different from what she had heard from the rumors.

He walked into the dining room with the breakfast in

his hand and said, "Aren't you hungry? Go ahead and eat now. I'll just wash my face and brush my teeth too."

He gently rubbed her head and strode towards the bathroom.

When Tyson walked into the bathroom, he found that the facilities there were worn-out. All these years, no one had ever been here except him. He wondered if Celia could get used to living here.

From the moment she firmly declared at the wedding that she would go wherever he was, he had secretly regarded her as the hostess of this home.

Perhaps they were destined to be together since that night he possessed her.

Tyson returned to the dining room after washing up.



He intended to ask Celia whether she enjoyed the meal, but he discovered that she hadn't eaten yet. She was waiting for him to join her.

There were two sets of tableware on the table. Her smile was like a breeze blowing in his heart that had been as tranquil as a lake for many years. It was agitated at this time.

His eyes had always been filled with indifference. But now, they were full of warmth.

His heart beat faster.

Was it because he already had feelings for her?

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