

Chapter 112 Her Old Home

Although Tyson thought it was a little sudden, he didn't ask any questions. He just said, "Okay, be careful then. And just come home early."

Celia looked at the time on her phone. It wasn't five o'clock yet. Just the right time to go to the Kane family's house.

"I'll go now."

"Where are you going to have dinner? I can drive you there."

Celia faltered, "It's okay. I can go there myself. You have worked the whole day, so you have to rest. Alita and I are both women, and we have some private talks. It's not convenient for you to be there."

She didn't want Tyson to know that she was going back to the Kane family's house to get her mother's ring and borrow money from her father.

Actually, she could feel that Tyson was suspicious of her. Fortunately, she could fool him every time. But sooner or later, she would let him know who she really was.

She didn't want to spend the rest of her life with him, pretending to be Cerissa Kane.

Tyson guessed that there must be something in Celia's mind, but he didn't point it out directly. He tried a different way to sound her out. "Cece, we've been married for a few days. Do you want to visit your parents?"

Celia answered coldly, "No."

Seeing that her reaction seemed not right, Tyson asked tentatively, "Why don't you want to visit them? Is there something wrong? Don't you miss your old home?"

Celia didn't realize that Tyson was testing her. She restrained her emotions and explained, "My father has been very busy with the company's affairs recently. I don't want to disturb him. I'll just go back some other day."

Tyson didn't ask more but said with concern, "You and Alita should go home early after dinner. Of course, it's better to send me the location and let me pick you up, so I will be more at ease."

"I'll consider it later."

Celia ate the fruit he put to her mouth. Then she changed her clothes and let him escort her downstairs.

Before getting in the taxi, she took the initiative to kiss him on the cheek. And perhaps out of guilt, she said, "Honey, wait for me at home. I'll be back soon."

"Okay," Tyson agreed as he opened the door and fastened the seat belt for her. Then he told the driver, "Please drive slowly and carefully."

When the car left, he quickly memorized the license plate number, went to the garage, and drove the Volkswagen to follow her secretly. He deliberately kept a distance from her, so she wouldn't notice that he was following her.

Tyson had a feeling that Celia went out to find a way to raise money for Flavia's operation. After all, this was what had been bothering her the most now.

But he was curious about how she planned to do it, and he was a little worried.

Although Celia was a smart woman, she was still too inexperienced in dealing with people.

Celia was so absorbed in thinking about getting the ring, that she didn't notice Tyson was following her.

She told the driver to pull over in front of a small western-style villa, paid the fare, and got out of the car. Then she walked straight forward.

The door had a password, and since she had moved out, the servant was the one who opened the door for her every time she came back. But today, she was a little anxious. So she thought of entering the password by herself to open the door.

Celia's mother was the one who set the password when she was still alive, and it was Celia's birthday.

Celia pressed the familiar numbers, but the door didn't open.

But she didn't give up and tried several times. However, all her attempts failed. She had no choice but to ring the doorbell with a wry smile.

After Mabel moved into the Kane family, she replaced almost all the previous servants. There were only a few left, and they were fence-sitters.

The servant who came to open the door was one of the fence-sitters.

When she saw that it was Celia, a look of contempt appeared on her face.

"Why are you here?"

"I need to get something from Adrien. I've already made an appointment with him."

"Just wait here. I'll tell Mr. Kane," said the servant impatiently.

Then she turned around and left Celia outside the door.

Since the servant closed the door again, Celia had to wait. After a while, the servant still did not come back, so she tried another password herself.

She tried Adrien's and Mabel's birthdays in succession, but neither of them worked.

Then she tried Cerissa's birthday.

There was a click sound, and the door opened.

At this moment, the servant also came to the door slowly. When she saw that Celia opened the door by herself, she screamed, "Why did you open the door? Why didn't you wait for me to come back? If Mrs. Kane finds out, she will scold me again."

Looking at the servant's disgusted face, Celia finally realized that this house had nothing to do with her anymore.

But she didn't mind at all. She had a new home anyway.

Her and Tyson's home.

"I'm not that patient,"

Celia snapped, passed by the servant, and walked to the door of the living room. But when she was about to enter, the servant caught up with her and called out, "Wait a minute!

Here, use this." The servant handed her a pair of shoe covers and said, "The floor has just been mopped. Don't get it dirty."

Not only the servant's face but also her tone was full of contempt.

Celia suppressed the anger in her heart. But she didn't take the shoe covers. Instead, she asked coldly, "Where is Adrien?"

As soon as she finished her words, she heard a burst of laughter from upstairs.

She raised her head and saw Mabel and Cerissa walking down the stairs hand in hand.

