

Chapter 121 The Kiss In The Rain

Tyson held Celia in one arm while holding the umbrella in the other hand. He lowered his head and kissed the tears on her face.

He did not ask anything, but he did tell Celia, "I will always be by your side, Cece. I'll shield you from the rain and wind by holding the umbrella for you."

His were heartfelt words.

His remarks had a profound effect on Celia.

She felt more comforted by hugging Tyson. She even considered telling him all of her secrets for a brief while.

But she choked up for a moment and didn't speak a word.

At this moment, there was still a chance that Adrien would return her the ring. She still needed to conceal the fact that she had wed Tyson in place of Cerissa.

Consequently, she converted her secret into a passionate kiss.

On her tiptoes, she leaned in and kissed Tyson's lips.

Their four lips clashed as they kissed in the rain.

In the same manner that he had kissed her previously, Celia casually licked the tip of his tongue.

Tyson's lips and teeth were filled with limitless love as he reacted passionately.

The kiss was brief, but it left her with a warm, fuzzy sensation.

As Tyson slowly removed his tongue from her lips, she found it difficult to break the kiss.

"It's about time we went back."

Tyson guided her to the Volkswagen parked beside the road by holding her hand.

Celia clung to him with half her body. Then she felt something wet.

She looked up and found his shoulder was so wet because of the rain.

That made her feel bad for him. "Why are you merely protecting me from the rain with the umbrella? You have a damp shoulder."

Tyson was unconcerned. "I'm married to you. Of course, I'm here to back you up. You know I won't let you become sick."

Celia's throat tightened as a lump formed. "The problem is that you are so flimsy. What happens if you become ill?"

"After the car accident, I only got a cardiac condition. Keep in mind that I'm not a weak patient. Or do you constantly question my health since we've never done it?"

The words he said delighted Celia. She gave him a little prod and said, "After we arrive at home, you should change your clothes and take a shower. You're drenched to the point of becoming a puddle. What if you have a cold and don't get better?"

"Okay. Please hop on the vehicle, honey."

Tyson deftly opened the door for her and secured her seat belt.

The two of them headed home. Tyson didn't say anything to her on the way home other than some jokes to brighten her mood.

He did not inquire as to why Celia was alone on the street or why she was suddenly sobbing.

They seemed to have an unwritten code. They both adhered to it to the letter, and no one dared to break their rules.

Celia persuaded Tyson to take a shower the moment they arrived home.

Tyson gave her a peck on the cheek, removed his wet shirt, and was going to the bathroom.

To find a bathrobe, he rummaged in the closet. As soon as Celia caught a glimpse of his lean, muscular body, she felt her pulse skip a beat.

She worked up the nerve to go up to him and kiss him on the back with her arms around his waist.

However, as soon as she approached, she saw a scar on Tyson's waist.

At that moment, she suddenly recalled the man with whom she had a one-night stand.

When she recalled seeing a scar on the man's waist, she realized it was identical to the one on Tyson.

Was it a coincidence?

She hadn't had a chance to double-check it after their wedding night since she was so preoccupied with other things.

But now this question was in her thoughts once again.

Celia was very confused.

In the nick of time, Tyson had already got his bathrobe and gone to the restroom.

His scar was barely hidden behind a stray corner of the bathrobe that he was holding.

Tyson didn't notice that when he entered the bathroom, the expression on Celia's face was filled with deep doubt.

