

Chapter 317 Wouldn't His Identity Be Exposed

Tyson gently stroked Celia's hair for a while before he said, "Actually, he didn't say anything. He just asked me when we can have a baby and give him a great-grandchild."

He hugged her tighter, lowered his head, and whispered in her ear, "My grandpa is an experienced person in many things, and he has taught me some skills in bed. I think they are very useful. Let's try them when your period is over."

After saying this, he smiled mischievously.

Celia lowered her head shyly and couldn't help beating his chest lightly. She pouted and said, "You're teasing me again. I don't believe your grandpa has told you that. You must be lying to me."

Tyson held her hand and kissed her ear lightly. "I'm not lying. If you don't believe me, you can ask my grandpa. Besides, I'm not getting any younger. It's time to put the plan of baby making on the agenda."

Celia felt the burst of heat penetrating into her ear canal. She gently pushed him away and said, "We are still in the Shaw family's house. Behave yourself."

Tyson kissed her a few more times before giving up. "Okay, I'll listen to you, honey. You have the final say."

Celia's face flushed. She let Tyson hold her and kiss her on the forehead. Then she leaned on him, feeling a sense of happiness in her heart.

If God asked her one thing she wanted to have forever, she would definitely choose this kind of happiness.

Tyson also felt very satisfied holding the only woman he loved.

He looked ahead and fixed his eyes on the door of the study. Just now, he and Hobson talked there for a long time. At this moment, what Hobson said to him involuntarily flashed back in his mind.

Apart from what he told Celia, Hobson also talked about other things with him, one of which was his life.

Hobson noticed that he was wearing plain clothes, so Hobson asked him if he had a hard life. He was afraid that Hobson would get to the bottom of it, so he quickly denied it and said that he had been living a good life since he left the Shaw family.

Hobson didn't ask too much. He just reminded Tyson to call him whenever Tyson was in trouble, and he would spare no effort to help.

Tyson felt Hobson's love for him, and he would lie if he said he was not moved. But he couldn't let go of his hatred of the Shaw family because of his mother's death, so he had to seek revenge.

In the middle of the silent corridor, Tyson and Celia hugged each other tightly with their own thoughts.

Suddenly, they heard a light cough nearby.

The two of them subconsciously raised their heads and looked in the direction where the sound came from. Then they saw Hobson.

Celia immediately broke free from Tyson's embrace and greeted Hobson with a flushed face, "Hobson, good... Good evening."

When Hobson saw she stuttered and couldn't speak clearly, he understood that he had frightened them. He laughed and said, "I'm sorry. I scared you."

Then he beckoned to them. "You two, come to the study with me."

Tyson and Celia nodded and walked into the study hand in hand.

"Just find a place to sit. Don't be overcautious," Hobson said as he took out an old photo album from the cupboard and raised it in his hand. "Cece, this is our old family album. Do you want to take a look?"

Tyson was nervous for a moment. There seemed to be photos of him when he was a child in the album. His facial features had not changed too much, so he was worried that Celia would find some clues about who he was.

After all, he had showed his true face in front of her when they had a one-night stand. He didn't know if she still remembered how he looked.

If she still remembered and recognized him from the photos, wouldn't his hidden identity be exposed?

