

Chapter 467 Something On Her Mind

Before Tyson had a chance to answer, Celia had started rubbing herself against his back. "It smells so good."

Tyson smiled, "What does?"

Celia became playful. Toying with him, she said, "My dear husband smells good and so does breakfast."

Tyson lowered the heat on the hob and turned around. He gave the tip of her nose a small pinch and said with a smile, "Honey, you're getting better and better at making me happy. Who is teaching you? You have made so much progress."

Hearing this, Celia beamed. "I'm learning from you, my darling."

"Good. I approve. Cece, you're incredibly smart."

Tyson planted a kiss on her forehead and then returned his attention to cooking.

Tyson was busy so Celia started washing the dishes.

Seeing that Tyson was joyful, Celia felt brave enough to change the topic. She asked, "By the way, Tyson, I remember removing your mask last night. Did that really happen?"

She had thought long and hard about whether she should ask this. She wanted to see his reaction.

Tyson froze and asked in surprise, "Cece, what are you talking about? You removed my mask?"

Celia observed him closely. He seemed confused and did not appear to be lying. Her suspicions began to dissipate again.

She stuck out her tongue mischievously. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry. Maybe it was just a dream."

Tyson breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her relax her doubts. He teased her, "Cece, you were in so much pleasure last night that you must have hallucinated!"

Celia's face went crimson. She punched Tyson lightly in the chest and muttered, "You are so bad, honey. Are you teasing me?"

They continued chatting and flirting. The mask and any mention of it had been forgotten about.

Celia believed that Tyson would not lie to her. She must have been mistaken. It must have been an illusion. She needed to trust him.

Even if Tyson was somehow lying, she trusted he had good reason.

"The soup is ready. Come on. Let's eat!"

Tyson served the soup into bowls while Celia set the table.

Tyson removed his apron and took a seat opposite Celia. They began to eat.

Celia looked up at Tyson occasionally with affection. His eyes returned her warmth.

The couple felt happy in this atmosphere together. Celia loved this homely feeling particularly.

Since her mother's death, she hadn't felt such a feeling for many years. She had begun to think she would never experience the warmth of family again for the rest of her life.

But Tyson made her feel loved again.

After sex last night, she felt that they had developed their relationship even further. Now, they would cherish each other and appreciate their simple happiness even more so.

Tyson could not help feeling remorse when he saw Celia's beaming face. He apologized inwardly.

He had promised her he would not lie to her again. He hadn't expected he would again. He'd had no choice but he still felt guilty about it.

He made a conscious decision that he must do something to make it up to Celia.

"Cece, I have something to tell you."

Tyson was cutting Celia's steak for her as he continued, "This morning I received a message from Wayne. He told me that Flavia would be discharged from hospital in a week."

