

## Chapter 541 Designing Her Own Dress

When the three of them returned to Flavia's new apartment, the staff of the moving company had already placed all the furniture according to Flavia's instructions. They also finished cleaning the house, ensuring that it was spick and span.

Flavia was very surprised by the efficiency of them. Seeing that she had a lot of time to spare, she extended a warm invitation to Celia and Tyson. "Cece, Tyson, please stay for dinner and celebrate my discharge from the hospital with me. I would love to whip up some of your favorite dishes."

Celia turned her down hurriedly. "Flavia, you just got discharged. Go get some rest and let me do the cooking instead. I'll be waiting for you to cook for us when you fully recover," said Celia with a wink.

Tyson joined in and persuaded, "Cece's right, please leave everything to us."

Seeing the couple's insistence, Flavia gave up her idea and retired to her room.

Tyson ordered a lot of ingredients online, and when they were delivered, he went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. Celia followed him in and assisted in the cooking.

The two made an assortment of dishes together and invited Flavia out to try their cooking. They then spent a joyous and fun dinner together.

After the meal, Flavia couldn't bear to see them go.

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However, she resisted the urge to make them stay and said reluctantly, "It's getting late. You guys should head back earlier. I'm afraid the roads will be congested if you leave too late."

The two of them agreed. After Celia and Tyson packed their belongings, they said their goodbyes to Flavia at the door and walked to the car.

After getting into the car, Tyson said secretively, "Honey, let's not head home so soon."

Celia was confused and asked, "Why? Where are you planning to go?"

Tyson leaned in and said, "Don't you remember? We are going to the auction in three days! Of course, we will be getting you the perfect dress for such a grand occasion."

It was not until then that Celia remembered the auction. She was worried and said hesitantly, "Tyson, we don't have to buy a dress. I don't think it's necessary to spend the money. After all, our financial status isn't that high. Besides, I don't want to go to the auction. I can't bear to go and watch my mother's ring be sold to someone else. It's better to just skip it."

Seeing that she was upset, Tyson pinched her cheek and said, "Don't look so sad, my little baby. Maybe you've got a chance to win the ring back."

He continued coaxing her with a smile, "Besides, it'll be good to see who will buy the ring eventually. We can take the opportunity to find out who the final bidder is. And when an opportunity arises, we know who to buy it back from. Wouldn't that be great?"

Hope rekindled in Celia's heart when she heard Tyson's comforting words. She then agreed to go to the auction.



However, there was one thing she insisted on. "Okay, but I still don't want to buy any dresses."

She was afraid that her rejection would hurt Tyson's feelings, so she added hurriedly, "I'm not afraid that you can't afford it. It's just since this is the first time we attend an auction, and it is for such a meaningful purpose, I want to design my own dress for the event. What do you think?"

She knew that Tyson would definitely agree, but she still asked for his opinion anyway.

Tyson figured out her concerns and nodded with a smile. "Of course, I agree with you. But will you design a matching suit for me?"

Celia nodded with a sweet smile on her face, "Of course! I was planning to design a couple's outfits suitable for dinner events."

She leaned her head on Tyson's shoulder and asked softly, "I heard that the auction would be held on a cruise ship at sea. I want to design a dress with marine elements. Do you think it'll look good?"

Tyson nodded and encouraged her, "I don't know much about design, but I know that anything my wife designs is definitely great."

Celia felt a warmth surge in her heart. She turned around and kissed Tyson on the cheek. "I already had an idea. Tyson, is there a pen and paper in the car?" asked Celia as she searched around.

"Yes," replied Tyson. He parked the car at the roadside, took out a pen and paper from a compartment, and handed them to her.

Celia used her lap as a table and began to sketch out her

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idea roughly.

Tyson started the car and drove again. Seeing Celia concentrating deeply on her design, he deliberately drove slowly to avoid disturbing her work.

He liked how dedicated Celia was to work. He felt a sense of professionalism from her that was completely different from the others. It was that sense of professionalism that strongly attracted him and made him firmly believe that they were a perfect match.