

Chapter 630 Nothing To Be Afraid Of

Celia thought that what Tyson said made sense. So she let go of her doubts.

They sat down and had a special meal together.

Tyson shelled the seafood with so much care before handing the delicacy to her. "Try it. It's just the way you like it."

After taking a bite, Celia heaved a sigh and said, "It's truly wonderful to be here! Everyone is so friendly, and the hotel's service is top-notch. I am glad Mack didn't take charge of Star Bay. If he did, I'm pretty sure this place wouldn't be as amazing as it is right now."

The smile on Celia's face showed that she was pleased. Tyson was also happy. He paid rapt attention to her, nodded his head in agreement, and continued to feed her with some shelled lobster.

"Honey, do you have any plans for the afternoon?" he finally asked. "I can be your guide wherever you want to go."

"Yes, I have one in mind," Celia replied in a soft tone.

She had peeled a shrimp for Tyson, so she watched him eat it while smiling from ear to ear. "I haven't been to the seaside in a long time. I also want to go to the house where you and Mom used to live."

"Very well then," he answered quickly. The word "Mom" tugged at his heartstrings, especially because it was Celia

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who mentioned it.

The two of them finished eating eventually and rested for a while. After that, they went to Tyson's late mother's residence.

It was a three-story detached villa. When looked at from outside, it was reminiscent of a romantic castle.

At a glance, Celia could tell that the designer must have put a lot of effort into the design. So, how on earth could it be that Danilo, who paid so much attention to detail while building such a beautiful structure, had no love for Tyson's mother?

"It's surprising that a villa as fascinating as this one hasn't been bought by anyone. It's still well preserved." Celia snapped out of her thoughts.

She looked at Tyson, and added, "This is nothing short of God's blessing. We are so lucky."

"I have hired someone to clean it from time to time. I come to see it often," Tyson said calmly. He pulled Celia close and held her in his arms. "After all, this is the place where my mother lived. I don't want it to suffer the same fate she did. Life was really unfair to her."

An idea popped into Tyson's head which made him heave a sigh. When the dust about his mother settled, he would simply sell the villa or rent it out, to avoid hurting himself.

"You were by her side, weren't you? That counts for something." Celia slid her hand gently on his cheek and comforted him.

"I don't want you to be sad. It's not every day we go out to have fun." Tyson drew her even closer, put her fingers on his lips, and kissed them. "Let's go and see the sea."

They held each other's hand and walked to the beach side by side.

As soon as Celia saw the sea, she became a naughty child. She took off her shoes and socks, lifted her skirt, jumped into the water, and began to splash.

It wasn't until she was exhausted that she stopped. Celia pulled Tyson down and the two of them sat on the beach.

They leaned against each other and stared blankly at the horizon, where the sea met the sky.

Everything that happened in the past came rushing through Celia's mind. She connected all her doubts together and reached a conclusion.

It took a long time before she mustered up the courage to ask Tyson, "Honey, can I see your true face?"

This caught him unawares. He didn't say a word to her.

Seeing his reaction, she turned around, held his hands, and spoke reassuringly. "It's only natural for you to be worried that your face might scare me. But there is nothing to be afraid of. You are my husband and I'm your wife. That's what matters."