

FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

Chapter 26 A Romantic Lunch

Tyson stared at his newly married wife who was presently engrossed with her lunch. He found it hard to connect this adorable lady with the disreputable Miss Cerissa Kane.

Truthfully speaking, he didn't care one whit whether she was Cerissa or not.

The most important thing was that he had married her, and now she was his wife.

Pushing the unwanted thoughts out of his mind, Tyson concentrated on his wife, giving her his full attention. They chatted and laughed about various topics over the course of their meal.

The waiter pushed in a dessert cart that stopped right next to their table. After placing the deserts on the

table, he left with the now empty cart.

Celia's eyes widened at the delicious offerings. "Oh my God! These desserts are expensive! They are so beautiful, but I cannot afford to eat them very often."

Tyson smiled and said, "You can eat as much as you want today."

He picked up a plate of strawberry cream cake and asked, "Do you like this?"

Hesitating, Celia licked her lips before attempting a small nod.

Noticing the hesitation in her eyes, Tyson put down the plate. He held her shoulders with both hands and asked in a gentle voice, "Cece, I will ask you again. Do you like the strawberry cake?"

This time, Celia shook her head and said, "I want to eat the puff."

"Cece, if you like it, you nod. If you don't like it, you should say no. You can always do what you like and eat what you want in front of me. "

His eyes were firm and warm, which gave Celia a sense of security.

With a shy nod, Celia picked up the puff, but she didn't eat it. Instead, she held it up to Tyson's lips and said, "Have a taste. It's delicious."

Pleasantly surprised, Tyson took a bite of the puff.

"Do you like it?" Celia asked as she blinked at him, her eyes glittering with joy.

Tyson hesitated for a moment. He didn't like the taste

of cream, but once he saw how expectant Celia was, he knew that he couldn't disappoint her.

"I like it very much. I like whatever you feed me,"

Tyson murmured as he picked up a puff and fed it to Celia.

Celia's heart beat faster. "You don't have to do this."

Flushed, Celia took a bite of the puff and sighed. "It would appear that the rumors are false. You are not scary at all."

Smirking, Tyson replied her teasing words with some of his own. "And you're not as domineering as the rumors have led me to believe either."

The newly weds shared a loving smile across the table.

"Cece,"

Tyson said softly as his eyes fell on the cream stains on her lips.

It reminded him of that night. Tyson couldn't help it. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her soft lips.

Celia froze in shock.

White noise filled her brain as she became lost in the passionate kiss. The only thing she was aware of was his hot breath.

Somehow, her brain conjured up the events of that night. The smell of tobacco on his breath was very similar to that man's.

Celia mentally scolded herself for being ridiculous.

She always thought of that night when she was with Tyson.

Nothing good could come out of thinking about that man.

Tyson was her present and future and he treated her like a queen and she couldn't afford to disappoint him.

Holding her delicate face in his hands, Tyson kissed her again like she was his most treasured possession. His deft tongue dipped into her mouth, tangling with hers. Their breaths mingled together like their fates.

Celia groaned softly and her fingers grabbed his shirt tightly.

The kiss they shared was more delicious than all the deserts on the table combined. It was not only

passionate, but also full of love and hope.

Tyson didn't stop until she was breathless.

Bending over her, he moved his head until his lips were grazing Celia's ear. "You look so adorable when you blush."

Celia's heart thundered erratically as she lay paralyzed in Tyson's arms.

Trying to calm her galloping heart, Celia reminded herself that it was perfectly normal for couples to kiss each other.

Tyson chose that moment to pull her even closer before placing a wrapped box into her hand.

"Wedding gift. Open it."

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