

Chapter 25 Tyson Suspected Celia

while the waiter arranged the dishes Tyson and Celia ordered, he respectfully said to Tyson, "Sir, please show me your membership card again. There are a few limited dishes that require the membership card." Tyson handed the membership card to the waiter. Celia's eyes followed his slender fingers and caught the word "Reyes" at the signature section of the card. But he moved so fast that she didn't see it clearly. She was a little confused. Whose card was it? Why was it in Tyson's hands? When the waiter left, she leaned over and whispered in Tyson's ear, "Where did you get this palladium membership card?" Tyson had already anticipated she would ask, so he had been long prepared for his answer. "It's Wayne's. I borrowed it from him." Celia was even more confused. Wayne's surname was not Reyes. Had she read it wrong? But she didn't dwell on it anymore. After all, there were some other things she cared about more than this.

"We have a card, but we don't have cash. How are we going to pay for all this?" From the moment they came in, she had already imagined the scene where they were detained to wash the dishes for their bill. They might accidentally break some plates, and they would be forced to work here all the time to pay for the debt they owed. Tyson noticed the worry on her face, so he comforted her, "Don't be afraid. Wayne will come over to pay."

Mis gentle gaze made Celia forget her nervousness. She couldn't help sighing. Wayne is so nice to you." Tyson smiled and said, "This kind of thing is just a piece of cake for him." As soon as he finished his words, a delicate Hors-d'oeuvre Chaud was served to them. The waiter smiled and explained, "This is today's appetizer, caviar with seafood and cauliflower cream. It's a classic starter in our restaurant." It was Celia's first time using this kind of food. Looking at the dish that seemed work of art and the complicated tableware, she felt a little embarrassed. She didn't know what to eat and what kind of cutlery appropriate to use. Tyson noticed the embarrassment on her face, so he signaled the waiter to leave. "You can eat in any way you like. It's okay. There's no need to think too much about it." He was afraid that Celia would feel restrained, so he took the spoon and scooped up a spoonful of crab meat and caviar. Then he raised it in front of her mouth. His tone was full of affection when he said, "Here, try it." Celia obediently opened her mouth and tested it carefully. At first, it tasted sweet and refreshing. But the aftertaste was indescribably salty and fresh. Overall, it was wonderful. "How is it? Do you like the taste?" Tyson asked, looking at her. Celia nodded her head. He picked up a silver fork, forked the same food, and fed it to her. "Is it delicious?" Celia nodded again. "Yummy!"

Whatever tool you use will not affect the taste of the food. So you can use any tool you like without worrying about my thing." ;

It was only then that Celia understood his intention. It turned out that he was afraid that she would feel embarrassed. And she was deeply moved by his effort. She hadn't felt such warmth in a long time. Tyson's care for her reminded her of the happiness she seemed to have long forgotten. Tyson saw her eyes turn red, so he hurriedly asked, "What's wrong? Did I say something wrong?" Celia shook her head. "Nothing. I'm just a little moved. No one has been this kind to me in a long time." Tyson felt a warm

touch in his heart. "Didn't your parents treat you well?" Upon hearing his question, Celia felt that the taste of the food in her mouth changed from sweet and refreshing to bitter and sour. Since Jennifer died, no one else in her family cared about her. Adrien and Mabel doted on Cerissa alone. They hated her, so they forced her to move out of the Kane family's house and live on her own. "Cece 7"

Tyson's voice brought her back to her senses. She restrained her sadness, smiled, and changed the topic. "Well, let's not talk about it. It's rare to have a good meal, so let's just focus on the delicious food." Celia did her best to look calm, but Tyson still felt that something was wrong with her. Didn't the rumors say that Miss Kane was favored and arrogant? But Celia didn't look like a woman favored by her parents, Even if he hadn't known her for a long time, he could see the pain and sadness in her eyes at a glance.

Were the rumors wrong? Or she was not Cerissa, the precious daughter from the Kane family?

Chapter 26 A Romantic Lunch

Tyson stared at his newly married wife who was presently engrossed with her lunch. He found it hard to reconcile this adorable lady with the disreputable Miss Carissa Kane. Truthfully speaking, he didn't care one wit whether she was Carissa 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 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?" Freezing, 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, "Celia, 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 wither." The newlyweds shared a loving smile across the table.

"Cece," Tyson said softly as his eyes fell on the crown 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

nois, filled her brain as she became lost in the passionate kiss. The only thing she was aware of was the heated scent of his skin. Somehow, her brain conjured up the events of that night. The smell of tobacco on his

breath was very similar to that man's. Calia 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. Calia 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 Calia's ear. "You look so adorable when you blush." Calia's heart thundered erratically as she lay paralyzed in Tyson's arms. Trying to calm her galloping heart, Calia reminded herself that it was partly 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." ;