

Chapter 559 Reclaiming Her Mother's Ring

Tyson drove Celia to the beach not far from the cruise ship. When they arrived, the lights were shimmering, and a gentle breeze carried a hint of coolness. The air was full of romance.

Tyson removed his jacket and draped it over Celia. He covered her eyes with his hands.

He could feel the gentle tickle of her eyelashes against his skin. It made his heart flutter.

Suddenly not being able to see, Celia jumped slightly. "Honey, what are you doing?"

"Don't be scared," came his response. "Keep your eyes closed. Only open them when I say so," he whispered gently in her ear.

Celia was frozen for a moment, before a smile spread across her face. "Okay."

Her body relaxed, and Tyson moved his hands away from her eyes.

A rustle in her ears, and then a feeling of warm breath from above let her know he was still close by.

After a while, she felt his hand in hers once more.

There was a slightly cold sensation on her ring finger. Something metal maybe?

"You can open your eyes now."

Tyson kissed her lightly on the ear.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly, and then she opened her eyes, full of anticipation.

When she looked down at the sapphire ring that was now wrapped around her finger, her hand shot up to cover her mouth, and she began to cry.

"How?"

How could Tyson have gotten a hold of her mother's ring?

Celia had assumed that he had bought her a ring to make her feel better about not getting her mother's ring back. She never expected it would be the real sapphire ring.

This was the only thing that her mother had left her.

"Honey, I love you. I love you so much." Tyson knelt down on one knee, his expression serious. "Thank you for being my wife."

Celia couldn't hold back her tears. She knew how much effort it must have taken to get hold of this ring.

It felt like he had untied a huge knot in her heart, and with it, a lot of intense feelings had been released.

Now, this ring not only represented her mother's love, but also Tyson's.

But there was one thing that was playing on her mind.

"Tyson, where did you get all that money?" she asked nervously, as she helped him to his feet.

Noticing her anxious expression, he could tell she was worried he might have got the money from some nefarious

Chapter 559 Reclaiming Her Mother 🎁 +120 Points at most source. "Oh, don't be silly. Do you really think I got the money in some illegal way?"

He sighed gently and explained, "Grandpa gave it to me. I told him about it, and he didn't want you to be upset so he gave me the money to bid for the ring. We both want you to be happy."

Celia's heart was filled with warmth.

She had thought the three hundred million price tag on her mother's ring would mean she'd never see it again. But sure enough, now the sapphire ring was on her finger. It felt like a dream.

"Grandpa has spent so much on me yet again," she replied, embarrassed.

Tyson, who had anticipated her to feel embarrassed, hugged her shoulders tightly. "Hey, the most important thing is getting your mother's ring back. As for the money, we can return it to Grandpa later on. We will just have to work hard."

Celia nodded earnestly. Seeing Celia's fragile but firm look reminded Tyson of his mother.

She was such a smart, kind woman and had died for no apparent reason.

He would always hold a grudge against those who had hurt her, Danilo, Mack, Doreen and Rosalie. He would make sure each one of them paid for his mother's death.

He held Celia close to him and she squeezed him back.

They sat side by side and watched the waves crash on the beach. They talked and talked until late, before finally driving home.

When they returned, Celia carefully placed the ring into the safe. She stared at it for some time before she eventually forced herself to close the safe.

Finally she had solved the problem that had been playing on her mind all day and night.

She stood up and turned around, to find Tyson standing behind her.

"Did you put the ring away?" There was a playful smile on his face and his tone was somewhat flirtatious.

He stared at her, affection in his eyes. Her face felt a little hot. She nodded.

"Why is your face so red? Are you too hot?"

Tyson took her into his arms and lifted her chin gently with his finger. "I can help you cool down."

Celia didn't decline his offer, so he moved his hand up her back, and started to pull down the zipper of her dress. His fingertips slid across her skin.

"Honey..."

Celia shivered at his touch but didn't push him away. Instead, she called his name softly.

"I'm here."

Tyson bowed his head down towards her and kissed her, wrapping his hands around her slender waist.

The two collapsed onto the big soft bed, their lips bound to each other's.