

## Chapter 566 Celia The Savior

Tyson was in a semi-conscious daze when he suddenly realized that the woman tapping at the car window was Celia.

He hurriedly unlocked the car door so that Celia could get in.

Celia was a little confused and worried when she saw his far away expression. "Tyson, is everything okay? I thought something had happened to you in the car, which was why I was knocking. Did I scare you? Don't be afraid. I don't have a propensity for violence," she grinned.

Tyson laughed. "What are you on about? Propensity for violence?" he said with a playful tut.

Celia felt relieved to see he was normal.

She climbed into the car and the first thing she did was touch Tyson's forehead. It was a little hot so she asked again, "Are you sure nothing's wrong, darling? I called your name for ages but you didn't react. I was really scared."


Tyson shook his head to wake up properly.

"I've just been a little tired recently. I fell asleep while I was waiting for you. I didn't expect to have a nightmare." He took Celia's hand and blew on it. "Your hand is very red."

Celia withdrew her hand shyly. "Don't worry. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for so long though."

Tyson said, "It's okay, honey. Let's go get some dinner first, yes? You haven't been eating properly recently and you're

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getting thinner."

 +120 Points at most

Celia smiled sweetly, "Okay."

Tyson started the car and they drove to a newly opened seafood restaurant that wasn't too far away. When they arrived, Tyson secured them a private room and ordered many of Celia's favorite dishes.

Tyson couldn't help but stare at Celia's eyes. They looked so much like the eyes of the girl from the car accident all that time ago.

Celia felt a little shy at his retained eye contact and she turned her face away and asked shyly, "Why do you keep looking at me?"

"Because you are beautiful, of course." Tyson then said abruptly, "Honey, have you been living here in this city all your life?"

Celia nodded, "Yep, since I was born. After my mom passed away, I considered starting a new life in a new city but now that I have you, I am content here."

Tyson said solemnly, "I don't know anything about your mother. Why don't you speak of her much?"

He observed the expression on her face as he asked this. If it was upsetting, he was willing to change the subject.

Celia said gently, "Well, I was the substitute bride for Cerissa and I was terrified of the truth getting out. This is why I never spoke of her."

Tyson felt sad hearing this.

He was about to say something comforting but Celia continued, "My mother was a good person. She was very strong on the outside but at home she was gentle and



kindhearted. A few years back, we were out together one day when we saw a car accident. We saved a young man and his mother."

Tyson's heart fluttered. "You and your mother saved a woman and her son? Do you remember who they were?"

Celia was surprised at his interest. She said, "I was young at that time and most of it was handled by my mother. I didn't know the mother or his son but they drove a luxury car so I suppose they were rich. Later, we found out that the woman died from her injuries in the car accident. As for the son, I don't know what became of him."

Tyson knew for sure now that the girl who had saved him was Celia.

How interesting life could be! The person he had wanted to find and thank all his life turned out to be right beside him and the woman he loved!

He had an odd feeling as if he had found something that had long been lost.

He began to regret falling for Celia before his plan was completed.

The more he fell for Celia, the more he worried that she would be targeted to get to him.

"Darling, what's up with you today? Your staring is making me uneasy and a little frightened."

Tyson forced a smile and changed the topic. "I've been waiting to see you all day. I just want to appreciate you. While we're waiting for our food, you can think about what gift you are going to buy Grandpa later."

Tyson had only just finished speaking when the waiter arrived pushing a dining cart.

When everything had been served, Tyson peeled the shrimps for Celia.

In between mouthfuls, Celia said, "Don't worry, honey. I've already decided on a gift. We'll buy it after dinner."

The two of them were both hungry and tucked into dinner hurriedly. Afterwards, Celia gave Tyson the address of the gift shop. They arrived and parked the car and Celia pulled Tyson away down a mysterious side street.

"Stick close to me. You can easily get lost around here."

Holding hands, they walked into a shop.

## Chapter 567 A Gift For Grandpa

The shop that Tyson and Celia entered seemed to be a shop undertaking private customized clothing. The owner was a woman in her early fifties who was a little chubby and had a very kind face.

As soon as she saw Celia, she greeted her warmly. "Why hello, Cece! You've brought a friend! Come in. Have a seat!"

Celia introduced Tyson to her with a smile. "Alvera, it's been such a long time. This is my husband, Tyson. I've told you about him before, remember?"

Alvera Robles looked Tyson up and down before saying, "Your husband is very tall. You make a good match."

Alvera bent down after saying this and said something to the clerk who was seated beside her.

Tyson asked Celia curiously, "How did you find this shop, Cece?"

He couldn't understand why someone would open a shop that was in such a remote place.

"Alvera and I go way back..."

The clerk served them two cups of tea. Celia expressed her thanks and then continued to explain to Tyson, "I often came here when I first started studying design. Alvera taught me a lot!"

Tyson smiled, "I would never have guessed you had such rich experience."



"Of course! How else could I have endless inspiration?"

Celia chuckled and then took a sip of tea. She noticed the clerk hand Alvera a wooden box and she immediately asked Alvera, "Alvera, is this the gift I asked for?"

Alvera turned to her and said, "What sharp eyes you have! You don't miss a thing."

As she spoke, Alvera opened the box carefully and took out a wrapped scarf. This, she handed to Celia. Then she turned to Tyson and said, "You are so lucky to have such a lovely wife. Cece is beautiful and so capable. She must really care about your family too."

She pointed at the scarf and said, "This was specially designed for your grandfather by Cece herself."

Tyson could see that Alvera was fond of Celia. He said softly, "I understand. Don't worry. I will cherish her."

With the gift in hand, Celia and Tyson walked out. Celia felt a little depressed.

Before getting into the car, she couldn't help but ask Tyson, "Honey, do you think the scarf alone is enough? Even though I designed it, I'm worried it will look cheap compared to the other gifts he receives. The Shaw family is rich enough, after all, and probably not short of a scarf."

"Don't be silly. Have you forgotten what you said to Doreen last time? Grandpa likes anything you give him! Where has your confidence gone?"

Tyson put his arm round her. "This scarf was designed by yourself. It's the only one in the world. Sincerity is what matters. And it's winter! I think it's a practical gift and very suitable."

"Now get in the car. It's cold tonight," said Tyson, as he pulled her over to the car.

Celia was a little embarrassed. "I was worried about the other Shaw family members making fun of you, so I said what I did to Doreen. I'm not really that confident!"

"Well, I am confident in you." Tyson gave her a hug and kissed her forehead. "Grandpa loves me the most, remember? And he is very fond of you too. He would like any gift you give him, rest assured!"

Celia felt a bit better. She asked Tyson in a low voice, "Then... Could you try it on? I want to see what it looks like."

Tyson nodded and leaned forward so she could wrap the scarf around his neck.

Celia took out the scarf and gently circled it around Tyson's neck two times. Then, she slowly adjusted it to sit well.

They were very close to each other, so much so that Tyson could smell Celia's faint fragrance. This smell always relaxed him.

He couldn't identify the scent. He just knew it smelt good.

Tyson was calm as he watched Celia's pretty eyes looking at him.

He enjoyed this feeling of being close together without necessarily doing anything intimate.

He wasn't sure if the fragrance was the main culprit or Celia's presence but he felt at ease.

It felt good to have her by his side.