

Chapter 61 Pawning The Wedding Ring

Celia rubbed the diamond ring in pity. She had a deep look in her gaze as she thought that such a big diamond should be worth a lot of money.

If she had other choices, she wouldn't ever think of selling it. However, she was in a difficult situation right now.

Besides, she really didn't want to bother Tyson with this matter. If she sold this, he didn't have to think of a way to pay the operation fee of Flavia anymore.

Although this ring was a wedding ring, it honestly meant much less to her than the one Tyson gave her. Therefore, she didn't feel intense resistance to this idea.

Selling this ring would be the best solution for her right now as she was sure that the ring the Shaw family prepared for her might not be cheap. After all, they had been running a jewelry business for generations, so their reputation in the jewelry field was quite impressive.

Besides, she didn't have anything valuable. So, she could only think of pawning this ring.

Moreover, she could redeem it any time when she had enough money. She just had to sign an agreement with the pawnshop.

With this decision in her mind, Celia put the ring into her bag. She planned to go to the pawnshop tomorrow.

After that, she noticed that her phone kept vibrating. Her first reaction was to think that something serious had happened, so she quickly picked it up and checked. There were a dozen of messages from Brea.

After reading them, she found that it was not something important at all. She was venting her complaints to Celia non-stop.

"Because I've worked for a whole day wearing high heels, my feet are rubbed raw. They hurt so much. I've never suffered this kind of pain in my life! I am so tired!"

Celia raised her eyebrows. She didn't expect Brea to send her such messages.

She replied casually, "It's not easy to be a star, right?"

Although she wasn't interested much in Brea's life, she was her boss after all. It wouldn't be nice if she didn't reply to her.

"To be honest, my condition is pretty terrible right now. My life is just a little better than that of a dog!" Brea complained jokingly.

Celia couldn't help laughing. She was a little relieved to find out that Brea seemed to be a cheerful type. She was funny and it shouldn't be difficult to get along with her at work.

While she was thinking about what to reply, Brea asked, "When are you planning to go through the registration formalities in the Semshy Group? I am waiting for you."

Since Brea brought this topic up and she needed money, Celia thought that it was better to work so that she could make money as soon as possible. She replied, "I can do it tomorrow."

There was no reply from Brea for a moment. After a while, she came back to Celia with a reply, "Alright then. I'll take you to go through the formalities at half past eight tomorrow morning."

Celia agreed, thanked her and started looking up the address of the pawnshop online.

At this time, Tyson was frying the fish. He kept a close watch at the fire for fear that the fish would get burnt.

One side of the fish was almost done, and it was time for the other side. As soon as he turned the fish over, he received a call from Wayne.

"Bro, hear me out. Your wife was at my company for an interview today. And coincidentally, that fierce woman, Brea came to make trouble with us. Cece helped her out and as a result, Brea seemed to have fallen in love with Cece's talent in design and insisted on taking her to join the Semshy Group.

I really have no way to oppose Brea, or prevent Cece from doing so. So, I have to let Cece go. What are you planning on doing about that? If Cece decides to work in the Semshy Group, there's a chance that you two might meet each other..."

Wayne talked a lot, distracting Tyson for some time. Seeing that the fish was burnt a little, he frowned in dissatisfaction.

He grunted, cut off the burnt part of the fish and threw it away. Then, he threw the fish back into the pan and responded coldly, "I have known about that."

"You knew? Then, what are you going to do next? Are you going to admit to Cece that you are the CEO of the Semshy Group?"

As Wayne asked, it was obvious that he was a little nervous by the sound of his voice.

Tyson replied, "I will not tell her about it for the time being. I will try to keep it up according to the situation."

Wayne advised tentatively, "But Cece will know it sooner or later anyway. Don't you think it's better to confess everything to her now than waiting to be exposed..."

Tyson interrupted decisively. "It's not the right time yet."

Letting out a frustrated sigh, Wayne couldn't help asking, "Bro, why don't you want to tell the truth to Cece? I think she is a nice and honest person. Is it because you are afraid that once she knows the truth, she will covet your wealth?"

You've been pretending to be a sick, weak and ugly guy all these years, and the Shaw family dislikes you. What's the use of this? Even I can't bear to hear the gossips and rumors circulating around you. People always want to show their best side while you do the opposite. I don't get it. Why do you pretend to be weak and ugly?"

Tyson became irritated by the non-stop questions, so he said, "You are too noisy. Don't ask too much."

Would someone act like this out of fun? He had no choice but to pretend to be weak and ugly if he wanted to live! After all, Wayne was not living under the shadow of the Shaw family. So, he didn't understand Tyson's situation.

With a long sigh, Wayne scolded spitefully, "You are always so mysterious and have such a complicated and deep mind that even I, your childhood buddy, can't understand you. Bro, instead of suffering everything alone, why don't you tell me what's bothering you?"

