

Chapter 678 Apologizing To Celia

It was midnight, and Tyson got a high fever out of the blue. Celia stayed up the whole night to take care of him before his temperature subsided, and he was out of danger.

When dawn was about to break, Celia was too exhausted to keep her eyes open. She leaned on the bed and drifted to sleep.

She had been tense and on high alert as she had to take care of Tyson. She didn't have the time to relax until now.

When Tyson woke up hours later, he saw Celia sleeping on a chair by the bedside, with her head resting on her arms on the bed. He initially wanted to get up and freshen himself for the day. However, he gave up the idea as soon as he saw her sleeping face and stared at her adoringly instead.

He realized he had not had a good look at her for a long time. On second glance, she even seemed to have lost weight recently.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Before he could regain his senses and answer the door, Celia had been awakened.

"Who is it?" Celia called out as she rubbed her eyes sleepily.

She swept her eyes around the room and found that Tyson was awake. She was thrilled to see him getting better, but she still hadn't forgiven him. She looked at him

emotionlessly and asked mechanically, "Are you feeling better?"

Tyson knew that Celia had taken care of him the whole night. He felt the urge to hold her hand, but he restrained himself and said gently, "I'm much better. Thank you for taking care of me all night. Cece, we..."

"There is someone knocking at the door, right? I'll open the door."

Celia averted her gaze from Tyson and opened the door to let Briar in.

Briar noticed the tension in the atmosphere when he entered the room. He didn't want to be caught in the crossfire between the couple, so he went directly to the point. "Sir, what are you going to do with Mack?"

Tyson immediately recalled what Mack had done to Celia. His tender expression for Celia changed to a furious frown. His eyes were filled with coldness as he muttered angrily, "Get someone to deal with him. I want him to be violently punished."

Briar knew that Tyson would be mad, but even he was stunned by the amount of rage Tyson had in his voice. Judging from his tone, Briar knew Mack would not escape Tyson's wrath. Briar acknowledged Tyson's order and left, closing the door silently behind him.

As soon as Briar left, Tyson turned to Celia and softened his tone. "Honey, please forgive me. I didn't mean to hide it from you..."

Before he could finish his words, Celia interrupted him, "Let's talk about it later. Have a good rest. I'll get you a glass of water."

Tyson sighed helplessly as he watched Celia behaving so

indifferently around him. He was at wit's end about what he could do to win Celia's trust again. Out of desperation, he took out his phone and sent a message to Wayne for help.

"What should I do to make Celia forgive me? You are experienced in this sort of thing, right? Please give me some advice."

Seconds later, Wayne replied, "Don't worry. Cece cares about you very much. She is just angry that you hid the truth from her. You can pretend to be pitiful and win her sympathy. I'm sure she will forgive you soon. Tell her that your back is aching and plead with her for a massage. Take the opportunity to say something sweet. If you are persistent, you will definitely be forgiven soon."

Tyson memorized Wayne's advice and deleted the chat records before struggling to sit up and letting the wound bleed.

Tyson groaned in pain and pretended to be pitiful. He waited for Celia to re-enter the room before saying hoarsely, "Honey, it hurts."

Celia was carrying a glass of water as she entered. When she saw the blood oozing from his wound, she hurried over and asked in concern, "Why did you sit up? Now you've opened the wound again. Don't move. I'll have a look at it!"

She quickly set the glass of water aside and carefully unwrapped the bandages around his wound.

Tyson's wounds were soon exposed.

Besides the gunshot wound, there were also some bruises left by the iron rod. With the injuries looking so nauseating at first glance, the pain from the injuries would definitely be unbearable.

Celia bit her lips as tears rolled down her cheeks and fell onto his skin.

Although she was silent while tending to Tyson's wounds, he could feel her anger gradually fading away.

"Honey, don't cry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have lied to you," Tyson murmured as he reached out to wipe the tears off Celia's face, opening the wound even wider.

When more blood oozed out, Celia sobbed even harder. She held his hand and tried to get him to lie down as she scolded, "Stop moving, okay? You are bleeding!"

Tyson flinched as he pretended to be frightened by her. Seeing him so vulnerable, she couldn't help but soften her tone. "Your wounds haven't healed. Stop moving. I'll be worried if you lose too much blood."

Her last sentence gave him hope.

Wayne was indeed quite experienced.

While Celia was changing Tyson's dressing, he said cheekily, "Honey, I didn't want to move, but I need to go to the bathroom..."

Celia blushed and stared intently at the dressing, averting his eyes.

She had no choice but to finish bandaging him as soon as possible and help him to the bathroom. She then left him inside and escaped to take a breather.

"Honey, please help me take off my pants," Tyson called out from the bathroom.

Celia's face turned redder, and she cursed his cheekiness under her breath.

However, she had no choice but to do as he said. As soon as she pulled down his pants, she immediately withdrew her hands.

"Honey." Tyson lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "I still need your help."

Celia's body trembled slightly. She had already guessed Tyson's intention, but she couldn't be ruthless and refuse him when he was helpless.

She took a deep breath and moved her hand awkwardly to his penis to help him relieve.

When the deed was done, she was red from her face to the tip of her ears.

Celia hurriedly pulled up Tyson's pants. He took the chance to sneak a quick kiss on her cheek and said affectionately, "Thank you, honey. Without you, I wouldn't know what to do. I can't live without you."

Chapter 679 Mack's Fault

Celia couldn't find it in herself to be angry with Tyson anymore. She helped him onto the bed so that he could lie down.

Celia asked for leave from work so that she could look after Tyson for the next few days. Perhaps due to his good physique, Tyson was quick to recover.

A few days later, Celia and Tyson were about to ask whether he could be discharged when they were paid a visit by Danilo and Hobson.

Danilo had heard that Mack had been locked up by Tyson. He was here to ask Tyson to release him.

Tyson put on his mask when he found out the Shaws were here to see him.

Hobson was shocked and angry when he'd first heard the news. The fight between Tyson and Mack had been very serious and he did not tolerate this sort of behavior.

His feelings changed a little when Hobson saw Tyson's wounded state. It gave him some more clarity over what had taken place. Hobson turned to Danilo and scolded, "Look at the poor child. Mack not only kidnapped Celia but also shot his own brother. You should apologize on Mack's behalf."

Danilo didn't understand. "This feud is between them. My apology makes no difference. They must sort this out between themselves."

Hobson snorted, "So now you want them to solve it

themselves? Did I mishear you before coming here when you said that you had Mack's back? Now that you know Mack had no good reason to do what he did, you're going to be a coward? Well, I'll tell you something. If you refuse to apologize to Celia and Tyson, I will no longer consider you as my son."

Danilo didn't dare to refute when he saw how angry Hobson was. He turned to Tyson and Celia. "It's Mack's fault. I should have disciplined him better. I'll teach him a lesson. I just ask you to let him go, please. After all, he is your brother."

"He may be my brother but has he ever treated me as such?" Tyson said assertively. "Did he remember our brotherly tie when he insulted my mother? When he kidnapped my wife? Or when he shot me? Dad, I cannot accept your apology."

Hobson was surprised by Tyson's reaction.

Hobson didn't want to see his son and grandson fall out over this. He said, "You should respect your elders. Your father has apologized to you. Accepting his apology would be prudent. If you don't trust him to discipline Mack, I will ensure it happens. Also, to make it up to you, I will transfer all of Mack's shares to you."

"Dad, what did you just say?"

Danilo couldn't believe what he'd just heard.

This was a ridiculous decision made by Hobson!

"I object! Those shares belong to Mack. How can you just give them to Tyson?" Danilo protested angrily.

You could see the disappointment in Hobson's eyes. He had never anticipated that Danilo would treat his two sons so differently.

Hobson had always shown pity to Tyson. Seeing Danilo's obvious preferential treatment to Mack with his own eyes, Hobson felt even more sorrowful. He said coldly, "You have no right to doubt my decision while I am still alive! I have made up my mind on the matter and no one will dare try to persuade me otherwise!"

Hobson felt like he had to protect both his grandchildren.

Tyson knew that what Mack cared about the most was the Shaw Group. Mack losing his shares would be more painful than death.

Tyson said, "I accept it."

Afterward, Tyson called Briar and asked him to bring Mack to the hospital.

Danilo's heart ached when he saw his son covered in wounds.

When Mack spied Danilo and Hobson, he was quick to rush over to them and plead, "Dad, Grandpa, please help me! Tyson locked me up. He had someone beat me..."

Mack was slapped in the face before he could finish.

Hobson's voice broke the silence. "You have no remorse. Apologize to Tyson and Cece now!"