

Chapter 92 I Will Listen To My Wife

Tyson couldn't help the stunned expression that came over his face.

In fact, he got up and arrived at the company early in the morning because Celia was going to work for the Semshy Group.

He even talked with Brea and asked her to take good care of Celia. He also changed Celia's salary.

Of course, Celia was unaware of all this, and he didn't want her to know, either.

As he looked into Celia's distressed eyes, he suddenly remembered Briar's words earlier. He thought about what she had gone through in the Kane family, and sadness immediately crept into his heart. Feeling sorry, he reached out and held her in his arms.

"Cece,"

Tyson said softly, his voice filled with emotion.

At that moment, he really wanted to tell her what he knew about her identity. However, he wanted to wait for the day when she would tell him the truth herself.

He believed that when the time came for them to open up their hearts to each other completely, she would be willing to tell him everything.

He promised to himself that he would give her the comfort, understanding, and love she needed.

Celia looked surprised when Tyson suddenly embraced her. Reaching out to embrace him too, she asked softly, "What's wrong? Are you tired from delivering takeout the entire day?"

Tyson shook his head as he nuzzled his face against her neck. "I did deliver takeout the whole day, but I'm not really tired. As long as I see you, the exhaustion I feel is worth it."

Celia's heart warmed at his words. She gently stroked his face with nothing but tenderness in her eyes.

"Don't go delivering takeout again. I'm earning a good salary now which is enough to support the two of us. I'll feel heartbroken if you wear yourself out so much."

Tyson covered the back of her hands and interlocked his fingers with hers, sending a rush of warmth through her skin. "I know you feel sorry for me, but I feel sorry for you, too. As a man and as your husband, I have to go out and work. I can't just stay still at home."

Celia knew that she couldn't dissuade him, so she took a step back and conceded. "Then, can't you at least lessen your deliveries and rest more instead?"

This time, Tyson didn't refuse. He simply nodded at her with a small smile. "All right. I'll listen to my wife."

"Oh, by the way, I'll be taking you to the hospital this Sunday for a checkup. You're still young, so I'm sure you'll get better quickly once you take good care of yourself. I hope we can grow old together, Tyson."

Tyson nodded obediently. "That's really considerate of you, honey. I've already made an appointment at a hospital, so I'll go with you there together this Sunday."

"You're as efficient as always," Celia remarked, smiling in satisfaction.

"How can I not heed your requests? Besides, I don't want you to worry too much about my health. You're working so hard, so I'll massage your shoulders later to help you relax, okay?"

As he spoke, his hand reached out towards her neck, fingertips sliding against her skin and sending a rush of heat through her body.

Celia shuddered at the intimate contact, her cheeks blooming with color. She nudged his chest with her elbow, flustered. "Stop it. Let's eat first. I'm so hungry."

Tyson obediently withdrew his hand and sat back on his seat to eat dinner.

After the two of them finished eating their food, Tyson stood up to clean up the table. Celia also stood up from her seat to help him out. "I'll wash the dishes with you."

"No, it's okay. You've been working all day. Leave this to me."

Before she could protest, Tyson already took the plate and fork from her hand. "Don't argue with me on this. Now go and get some rest."

Celia sighed softly, knowing that she wouldn't be able to persuade him. "All right. I'll wash the dishes next time. We'll take turns, okay? Both of us have a job. I can't let you do all the housework alone. We should share the load."

Tyson gave a gentle smile. "All right."

As he took the plates and forks with him to the kitchen, Celia went back to their room alone. With mixed feelings, she took out the ring the Shaw family had given her and put it back into the jewelry box.

She wondered if Tyson knew that the ring the Shaw family had prepared for his wedding was actually fake.

