

Chapter 125 I Won’t Sleep Unless You Stay With Me

Celia's face darkened at the memory of what happened to her at the Kane family's house. Then again, it was hard to forget all the painful things she experienced there.

But she couldn't tell Tyson the truth, at least for now. So, she chose her words carefully. "It's nothing. I just accidentally got scalded by coffee when I was eating with Alita earlier, so no worries."

Tyson knew that she was lying.

He had seen with his own eyes how upset she was when she exited the Kane family's house.

He knew then that she must've been bullied there again.

Originally, he'd planned to deal with the Kane Group slowly, but now he couldn't wait any longer.

He was going to make the Kane family pay the price for all that they'd done!

Tyson restrained his anger and had to pretend not to know anything. "You're so clumsy. Next time, I shouldn't let you go out alone."

Leaning forward, he gave her a tender kiss on the forehead before going to the kitchen to find some ice cubes.

He gave them to her and said, "Apply these for a while. Wait here, I'll go get the medicine."

He found some ointment for the burn and gently applied it on the affected area. He made sure to be careful as he did so, his fingers touching her injury as tenderly as possible, afraid that he might hurt her in the process.

After applying the ointment, he inspected the injuries she got when she fell down in the bathroom last time. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that they were gradually healing.

"Good thing that your old injuries are starting to heal. You just need to rest and let them recover on their own. Honey, you should be more careful next time. It'll break my heart if I see you get hurt again."

Celia stared at him with glassy eyes, feeling deeply touched at Tyson's caring gestures towards her.

He reached out and gently stroked her face, and she could feel the emotions pouring out from his touch alone.

She stared at the part of Tyson's face that wasn't hidden behind the mask, and the more she looked, the more she grew aware of how handsome he truly was. If it weren't for the car accident that left him disfigured, she was certain that he would've been much more handsome than Nolan whom Brea exclaimed was the most gorgeous man in the world that she had ever laid eyes on.

For some reason though, she felt like Tyson resembled the person she had a one-night stand with.

Although she had verified multiple times that they weren't the same person at all, she still couldn't help but feel that they looked alike.

Maybe it was just a coincidence?

After all, even those celebrities on TV looked similar to each other. It wasn't so uncanny.

Still lost in her thoughts, Celia didn't even notice that Tyson had finished packing the ointment and cotton swabs before she felt a slight pinch on her cheek. "Cece, you're zoning out. Is something wrong?"

Snapped out of her thoughts, Celia gave him a sweet smile and squeezed his hand reassuringly. "It's nothing. I just got mesmerized by your handsome face."

Tyson pressed a finger against her lips with a lopsided smile. "You're such a sweet talker, aren't you?"

He lifted the quilt and beckoned towards her, gesturing for her to come and lie down.

"Stay here and don't move. You're injured, so you have to rest and take care of yourself, all right?"

He looked at her in grave concern, making it seem like she had a serious injury or something.

Celia looked at him with a helpless smile. "Stop being such a worrywart," she chided gently. "It's not that serious. You always treat me like a porcelain doll. Don't worry, okay? I'm not that fragile."

However, Tyson still insisted and forced her to lie down on the bed, making sure to handle her as delicately as he could while avoiding the scalded part of her skin.

"Honey, you should just accept being spoiled like this. No matter how strong or tough you may be on the outside, you're still like a porcelain doll in my eyes. I'm going to keep taking care of you, and I swear that I'll never let anyone leave so much as a scratch on your skin!"

Celia shook her head fondly, the sweet smile never fading from her face. Reaching out, she gently tugged at his sleeve. "I'm not sleeping unless you stay with me."

Tyson gazed at her affectionately. "All right. I'll be back soon."

After putting away the first aid kit, Tyson quickly went back to bed and held Celia in his arms.

"Are you able to sleep now?" he asked her softly.

Celia nodded. However, she couldn't help but wriggle uneasily in his arms.

Whenever she touched Tyson, she would remember what had just happened, and her cheeks flushed red in embarrassment.

"Cece, please stop moving..."

Tyson suddenly held her close and wrapped her in his arms to prevent her from moving.

"What's wrong?" Celia asked, but then regretted it instantly as soon as the words left her mouth.

Because she felt something hard poking her on the butt.

Startled, she moved aside out of reflex, but the sudden action caused her to accidentally touch her wound. A groan of pain escaped her lips. Tyson immediately took her small hand in his and checked it. "Is it hurting again? Let me see!"

