

Chapter 57 Tyson And I Have Ample Time Ahead

Tyson stretched out his slender finger and pressed it against her tender red lips. "I'll explain it to you later. The most important thing, for now, is to comfort Flavia first."

Although Celia was still full of doubts, her heart was touched by his thoughtfulness.

She couldn't help looking up at him and sighing from the bottom of her heart. Her husband was indeed perfect.

In such an emergency situation, he could be so thoughtful as to think of everything for her.

Moreover, this was only his first time meeting Flavia. But he had already done so much for Flavia, just because she cared about Flavia.

Celia realized that after this incident, Tyson had a much higher position in her heart now.

Seeing that the two of them were whispering to each other, Flavia put a smile on her face and teased, "You two love each other so much. Cece, I am relieved to see that you have married such a good husband."

Celia was so embarrassed that she quickly lowered her head.

Flavia added, "You guys go back first. You've been with me for more than half a day already. I'm fine now. You don't have to worry about me."

But Celia hurriedly shook her head. "I'll stay here with you."

"It's not right to stay with an old woman like me," Flavia said with a smile. Then she persuaded Celia, "You should go back and spend more time with your husband."

"Tyson and I... We have... We have ample time ahead," Celia said shyly.

She seldom said such straightforward words, especially in front of elders.

Although Tyson didn't kiss her here as passionately as he did at home, his eyes were more passionate and affectionate than before.

He held her hand tightly, letting her feel his warmth and understand his feelings.

"Cece is right. We have a lot of time ahead of us. We are not in a hurry to go home. We can leave when the caregiver arrives," Tyson said.

Celia agreed with him.

The three of them sat in the ward and chatted happily for a while. After some time, the caregiver arrived with several bags in her hands.

The caregiver Tyson hired was a middle-aged woman in her early forties. She was medium built and had a kind smile on her face. But she was efficient, looked very professional, and was respectful to Flavia.

Flavia felt a little uneasy. "This must cost a lot of money, right?"

"Not much," Tyson replied.

Although Celia could tell that Tyson was lying, she had to agree with him to make Flavia feel at ease. "Yes, it doesn't cost much. You just need to rest to recuperate."

Flavia had no choice but to accept their kind arrangement for her.

The caregiver checked Flavia's physical condition. Then she said that she needed to help Flavia with further checkups first.

Flavia took advantage of the situation and said to Celia, "Then you can go back first. With such a professional lady taking care of me, you don't have to worry about me at all."

The presence of the caregiver made Celia feel relieved, so she finally agreed. But before leaving, she reminded Flavia, "If you need anything, make sure to tell me."

When Tyson and Celia went out of the hospital, they hailed a taxi. And as soon as they got in the car, she couldn't help asking questions one by one.

"Where did you get the strength to knock down Abbott just now? He has been a gangster for so many years, and he is good at fighting. Even I am no match for him. You're in poor health condition, right? Did you get hurt?"

Tyson shook his head. Still, he made up a story. "I'm fine. Maybe it was because I saw you being bullied at that time. A burst of adrenaline or something like that made me knock him down. Usually, I'm not that good at fighting. But it was all because of my worry about you, my wife."

He leaned over and whispered in her ear. His warm breath enveloped her.

Celia blushed. As expected, he successfully misled her again, so she didn't think too much. She said, "Don't do it again. I'm worried about your health."

"Of course, I will listen to my wife."

Tyson reached out and held her in his arms, rubbed his lips against her ear, and kissed her again and again. Then he said in a sexy voice, "Honey, you always mention my physical problem. Are you worried about me not being good in bed?"

I think it's necessary for you to check that. Otherwise, you will always think about it."

His burning breath with desire lingered around her neck.

"Honey, don't worry. Although I'm not in good health, I will still fulfill my obligations. I also believe I can do it well."

Celia was embarrassed. But she was half ashamed and half happy. She lowered her head, feeling at a loss. However, in her heart, she had some expectations to what he had said.

