

Chapter 63 Fell In The Bathroom

In the bathroom, Celia hummed a song as she took a shower. She made certain that she washed every part of her carefully, afraid of leaving a bad impression on Tyson.

For some reason, she wasn't as worried as she had been a few days ago. On the contrary, she was looking forward to it and even felt a little giddy at the prospect.

At some point during her shower, Celia wondered if she should wait patiently and let Tyson take the lead or if she should take matters into her own hand and throw herself at him.

A blush stained her cheeks when her thoughts strayed to the strong and impressive muscles under Tyson's white shirt.

Her lips pursed as another thought occurred to her. Throwing herself at Tyson might be a bit forward and what if he preferred a girl that wasn't so bold in bed?

The more she pondered his possible reaction, the shyer Celia got as her earlier bravado drained out of her. Subconsciously, her hands quickened as she continued washing herself.

Once her shower was over, Celia turned around and walked out of the bathroom. Unfortunately, she didn't make it to the door. She had only taken a few steps when she slipped and fell down. A cry of pain left her mouth as she hit the floor.

The noise startled Tyson. Immediately, he dropped the plates and rushed towards the bathroom. "Cece, what's wrong?" he asked anxiously as he knocked on the door.

Celia's knees were scraped and blood trickled down her knees to the floor.

Shuddering slightly at the vivid image the blood pooling on the floor made, Celia snagged a tissue and wiped the blood off the floor. A slight hiss escaped her as she cleaned her knees, but she endured it and answered Tyson as firmly as she could. "Don't worry, there's nothing to fret about. I'm fine."

Celia couldn't afford to let Tyson find out that she fell down. Not only was it an embarrassing thing to admit, it was possible that Tyson might call everything off because he was worried that her injury might affect her performance later.

Using the wall as a crutch, Celia staggered back to her feet. But when she tried to stand under her willpower, her knees gave out under her. She lost her balance and fell again.

The second fall was worse than the first and she couldn't get up under her own strength. She lay on the floor, feeling quite unlucky.

Tyson, who was waiting outside the bathroom, heard the noise and became worried. He kicked the bathroom door open and rushed in to check on Celia.

Celia half knelt on the ground, naked.

When the door flung open, Celia swung her head up in shock. Their gazes locked as an embarrassed Celia kept staring at him. Her brain kicked into gear half a second later and with another deep flush, Celia covered the private bits of herself with her hands.

Without taking his eyes off her, Tyson took off his coat and covered her body. Then he turned off the still running water.

The injury on her knees and legs made Tyson frown. He bent over her and carried her out of the bathroom.

Afraid that he would hurt her more than she already was, Tyson placed her on the bed as cautiously as he could.

"You are injured, but you still say you are fine," Tyson admonished softly. Without waiting for Celia to say a word in her defense, Tyson bent down and began rummaging through the first aid box. Finally, he found the medicine and gauze he had been searching for.

Celia pulled the coat closer to her so she could cover more of her body. She avoided his eyes and said awkwardly, "I just slipped and fell. It's not serious."

"It's bleeding. How could it be okay?"

For the first time, Tyson's tone was harsh when he addressed Celia.

He found alcohol to disinfect the wounds for Celia and applied the medicine carefully, more meticulous than a scientist doing experiments.

The grim expression on his face had Celia bursting into laughter. She cupped her chin and stared at him, feeling besotted.

"You really have great strength. To be honest, you didn't look like a sick person at all when you kicked the door open."

Her mind drifted back to the moment when the door had flung open and Tyson had stood there like a knight in shining armor. Celia had no doubt that his strength would be replicated in bed too. Thoughts of Tyson's strength in bed was a twisted tunnel. Once she started down that part, she soon found herself thinking about other salacious things that brought a deep red hue to her cheeks.

An oblivious Tyson was left in shock as he grappled with the implication of her words. If he didn't provide her with a good explanation, then his small deceit would be exposed and Celia would find out that he was just pretending to be sick and weak. Thinking on his feet, Tyson muttered, "I was only able to break the door down because the worry I felt for you overshadowed my illness."

The words warmed Celia down to her toes.

Tyson was good at bandaging.

However, when he was tightening the bandage, Celia couldn't bear the pain and accidentally kicked over the alcohol bottle.

Reflexively, Celia reached out to catch the bottle, but the coat that kept her decent fell to the floor.

"Cece, are you okay?"

Tyson immediately raised his head with concern, only to meet her almond like eyes.

At that moment, he suddenly had an impulse to press her down. His burning fingertips rubbed her ankle flirtatiously.

