

Chapter 94 Reward

They hugged for a while, before Celia took the pajamas Tyson had given her and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

She was weary both in body and heart. While Tyson had cured the weariness in her heart, her body's weariness was washed away by the hot water.

When she finally emerged from the bathroom, Celia felt very relaxed.

A short while later, Tyson also finished his shower and joined Celia in bed.

He turned off the light in the room, leaving only the desk lamp light beside the bed. Then he held Celia in his arms.

Wrapping her hands around him, Celia lay in his arms, motionless and very quiet.

"Don't worry about anything else tonight. Whatever problems there are will be dealt with tomorrow. Now is the time to sleep. Besides, I'm here with you."

Tyson was aware that Celia had something on her mind, so he didn't flirt with her like he usually did. Instead, he comforted her and tried to coax her into sleeping.

In fact, he didn't care about his sexual desires. Before he met Celia, he had no interest in women. His focus had been on developing his career, getting his revenge on the Shaw family and seeking justice for his late mother.

The night he tasted the beauty of sex with Celia for the first time, he had been entranced by the pleasure and imagined repeating the act with his beloved countless times. But they had the rest of their lives to spend together, so there was no need to push her for it right now.

It was his hope that the next time they had sex, Celia would take the initiative. He longed for her to completely accept him and enjoy doing it with him.

Celia held him tighter and murmured, "Once again, you have read my mind. I don't know you do it."

A soft chuckle preceded Tyson's words. "Well, that's because you are an open book."

Stroking her back lovingly, Tyson continued, "I only need to look at you to know that you are upset about Flavia's operation fee. But you don't have to worry about it. We will cross that bridge when we get to it."

The reassurance worked and Celia was able to let go of her worries, at least for the moment. She cradled his neck and smiled up at him. "You are always so considerate."

"I am only considerate to you."

He lowered his head and kissed the spot between Celia's eyebrows. Then he turned off the desk lamp light and was ready to sleep.

It was the first time that Celia had seen him let her go so easily. She curled up in his arms and asked, "Are we just going to sleep like this?"

Surprised, Tyson paused before snickering, "What else do you want to do? If you need to exercise before sleep, I don't mind offering my service to you."

Embarrassed, Celia explained, "I didn't mean that."

Even though it was dark and Tyson couldn't see her face, Celia turned her back to him before murmuring in a shy tone, "We haven't been doing it and I'm afraid that you will mind. Maybe in someone's eyes, I'm not a good wife."

Tyson hugged her from behind, his hand running through her hair slowly. "You shouldn't think in that manner. I know that a lot of things have happened in recent times and you are tired. It wouldn't be right for me to force you to do these things knowing how tired you are.

We still have the rest of our lives ahead of us. The world is not going to end if we abstain until Flavia's problem is solved."

Celia's heart raced as he spoke. It occurred to her that Tyson knew her better than she knew herself. He understood her desires and thoughts even before she voiced them.

Shifting on the bed, she turned around and kissed him softly. "Good night, honey," she whispered sweetly.

Celia had no idea if she could successfully get her mother's ring back from the Kane family, so she didn't have the energy to think about doing it with him for the time being.

The level of understanding that Tyson showed towards her moved Celia.

Feeling happy and besotted, she hugged him tightly and fell asleep in his arms.

The next day, Tyson woke her in time for breakfast.

This time, their breakfast didn't consist of sandwiches but porridge. Even though the porridge tasted ordinary, she knew that it had taken a lot of time and effort for him to cook it.

Celia was so touched that the salty porridge tasted sweet to her.

After breakfast, the two were ready to go to work together.

"Are you going to deliver takeout or drive the taxi?" Celia inquired.

"Didn't you say it's too tiring to deliver takeout? I'll drive the taxi today. But first, I have to drop you at the company," he replied.

Smiling, Celia waved away his offer. "There's no need for that. I don't want to bother you."

"It's no trouble at all. I didn't give you a ride on your first day and I want to make it up to you today. And besides. I want to give you a ride to work every day."

Shocked, Celia stared at him. "Every day?"

With a small nod, Tyson confirmed his words. "It's only practical. You have to take a taxi to work every day. Isn't it better for your husband to take you than wasting money on a taxi every morning?"

"But I think you are too tired by..." Celia began, feeling sorry for him.

Tyson cut through her sentence by reaching for her and pulling her into his arms. "In that case, you should just give me a little reward, that's enough for me," he murmured hoarsely into her ear.

Celia blushed. She stood on tiptoe and kissed his thin lips.

She wondered whether he was satisfied with such a 'reward'.

