

Chapter 548 Sober-up Kiss

Tyson heaved a sigh of relief as soon as Celia left his office. He also felt regretful at how harsh he had been just now on Celia.

He'd had no choice. If he hadn't acted as such, Celia might not have left so easily.

Tyson finally changed out of his clothes, put on his mask and took a bottle of wine from the cabinet. He poured the wine on his clothes and his body so that he would smell like he'd been drinking.

After this, he quickly left the office and headed for the parking lot to drive to the Moonlight Bar.

He received a call from Wayne as soon as he was out the building.

"What happened to you? You don't often need me to save you!" Wayne continued, "I gave up my date with Brea tonight for this. You owe me one."

Tyson was not amused. He said coldly, "Speak to Briar and he will give you what you want."

Then, he gave Wayne a brief explanation of what happened. "Cover me and don't cause any problems, otherwise, your Brea..."

Wayne interrupted him, "Don't worry, I understand why you did this. I've got you covered. Please don't mess with Brea."

"Brea's resources and status in the office will be determined based on your performance from now on."

Tyson hung up the phone and stepped down on the accelerator.

He couldn't risk Celia arriving at the Moonlight Bar before him.

Tyson hadn't been at the bar long before Celia pulled up in a taxi. She handed some money to the driver. She didn't wait for her change but ran straight into the bar.

When Celia entered, she saw Tyson lying on the bar counter pretending to be drunk.

She ran over quickly to assess the situation.

Celia could smell the alcohol on Tyson. She looked concerned and asked Tyson, "Baby, what's wrong? Why did you come here and drink so much? You can tell me anything. Don't bear it alone, okay?"

At the sound of Celia's voice, Tyson slowly raised his head and looked at her with a dazed expression. He explained, slurring, "Don't worry about me, baby. I am just fine. I've just been tired at work recently and I wanted some wine to wind down. I didn't plan on drinking so much. I'll go home with you now."

He stood up, wobbled and pretended to lose his balance. He leaned into Celia's arms, kissed her on the face and held her arm to steady himself. He smiled, "Baby, I am sorry if I made you worry."

Celia felt guilty seeing Tyson in this state.

She felt guilty because she'd been too busy designing clothes to consider his feelings. She had had no idea he was under so much pressure because of work. Instead, she'd felt she was the one who needed comforting.

She felt like she'd been a bad wife. She said, "Darling, I've neglected you the past two days. You are not wrong. It's my fault. Don't be unhappy. Here, let me take you home."

Celia helped support Tyson out of the bar and drove them both home.

At home, Celia poured Tyson a glass of water and added some honey to it.

"I don't want to drink it..." Tyson deliberately turned his head to one side in disgust. "Baby, you know, I don't have a sweet tooth. I can't drink that."

Celia persuaded patiently, as if she was his mother, "I know but it will make you feel better. I'll reward you after you drink it, okay?"

At this proposition, Tyson took the glass and downed its contents in one gulp.

"Baby, you are so..."

Before Celia could finish, Tyson kissed her.

She felt the tingling left on her lips and her tongue. She felt an intense longing for him to kiss her more.

She wanted him to kiss every inch of her body.

They kissed passionately.

Tyson held Celia's face afterwards and looked at her with affection.

Celia's face was redder than Tyson's who had been drinking. She shyly avoided his gaze. "Are you really drunk? Your kissing seems better than usual..."

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 +120 Points at most

"Well, after that 'sober-up kiss', what do you expect? I'm already sober!" Tyson chuckled. He let go of her face and embraced her. "Baby, I want to see the design you worked overtime on today."

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