

Chapter 39 Smitten

During lunch at the top quality restaurant, Celia was nervous and didn't know what to do when Tyson kissed her. That wasn't the case now that she was drunk. She grew more daring as a result of the alcohol. She slouched down on Tyson's thighs and stared at him with her booze-stained eyes. She cradled Tyson's face in her fingers " her tender lips lingered over his chin and thin lips. Tyson felt as if those lips had left a path of fire over his face. Finally, she leaned in for a passionate kiss on his lips. Celia kissed over his open lips before slipping inside and gently teasing him. Tyson's heartbeat quickened and his muscles tensed as he was engulfed in the kiss. For quite some time, the two kissed passionately. They did not disengage until they were both out of breath. Celia's eyes remained moist, « Tyson attempted to calm himself. "Come on now, you don't have to hold yourself back..." Observing the expression on his face, Celia said, "After all, it's not like it's a weird thing when couples make some love." After saying that, her moment of regret came. How could she possibly come up with that she was likely intoxicated. How might things go if Tyson had a change of heart? Should she allow him to continue if he requested it? Even so, she wasn't prepared for this. Thankfully, Tyson did nothing inappropriate. Simply smiling, he gave a tiny kiss between her eyebrows "If you desire it, I'll give it to you." He laughed. As Celia felt embarrassed, she bowed her head. "No... We can't." Tyson had a tender expression in his eyes. She was shy but her loveliness could compare to nothing else. He reassured her softly. "Don't fret. I'll be patient until you're ready to accept me fully. I promise to make your wedding night one to remember." He cradled Celia in his arms and gave her a loving embrace. Her heart was warmed, and her body melted against him.

Colla began to come to her senses after a while. She rose to clear the table and proceeded to the kitchen to wash the dishes "Allow me to handle it." Tyson pulled her back into her seat and told her, "Relax." She insisted on assisting, but the moment she got up, Celia became disoriented and collapsed on his chest. She contoured, "The wine is really strong..." feeling humiliated. Tyson smiled and retorted, "You don't drink much, so you are not used to it. Take a bath to freshen up that tired body. If you don't, you'll be groggy tomorrow." Celia was forced to allow him to assist her back to the room. After running a hot bath for her, Tyson returned to the kitchen to wash the dishes. The phone rang at that very moment, and he answered it. Wayne was the one calling.

"Are you busy at the moment?" "I'm doing dishes," Tyson said. "Holy Jesus!" Wayne was in disbelief. "You have just tied the knot. But you've become a homemaker already!?" Tyson said in a stern tone, "Shut up." Wayne groaned exaggeratedly, "Since you got married, you've become more unkind to me." "I've never been much of a gentleman in my life. Only my wife benefits from my tenderness." He had never expressed himself so fully before. Wayne was spooked by the sweetness in his voice. "A man in love is a scary thing," he said, sighing. Tyson became impatient and wondered, "Why did you make the effort to contact me?". Wayne went back to what made him call. "Your wife has an interview scheduled for tomorrow, correct? My question is, what kind of job should I give her? I don't want her to believe that she is awarded the post due to nepotism. However, I don't want you to believe that I've squandered her potential. As a result, how do you feel about the director of design department?"

Tyson squinted his eyes. So Wayne didn't consider her appointment as the director of design department to be nepotism? Recently, he had spent a lot of time with Calia. He had a general sense of her character. When it came to taking shortcuts, she wasn't a fan.

Dust follow the company's guidelines. Cece is not a fan of special treatment. Moreover, I am confident in her abilities."

#### Chapter 40 I Want To Sleep With My Husband

A shocked gasp preceded Wayne's soft sigh. You have always had such clear distinction between public and private interests." Snorting, Tyson ignored him and continued cleaning the dishes. "You have no idea. I hesitated for long time before I decided to appoint her as the director of the design department. Truthfully speaking, this is not in accordance with the company's rules, but she is the wife of the CEO of the Somshy Group. I'm afraid you'll kill me if she feels slighted." Tyson put some detergent on a plate before running the tap. Returning his attention to the conversation, he suggested casually, "Since you are so afraid of me, you should just give the position of the president of the Evans Group to Cece." Wayne huffed softly before replying, "Sorry, but I don't have the power to make such decisions. Now about you run your idea by my father" Shaking his head, Tyson continued with the dishes as he replied in a more somber tone. "You don't have to be partial to her." Calia's talent in design was obvious to all. Even without Wayne's help, she wouldn't be at the bottom of the design industry for too long. A little while later, he hung up the phone after saying his goodbyes to Wayne. Once the dishes were done, he went back to their room to see Calia. She had changed into pajamas and was currently fast asleep. Perhaps her restless tossing on the bed was as a result of the drink she had imbibed. Tyson walked over, tucked her in, bent over and kissed her forehead, smiling softly. He stayed by Calia's side until she stopped tossing and turning and finally fell into a deep sleep." When he remembered how flustered she had been this morning when she saw him sleeping next to her, Tyson decided that he had to give her time to adapt, so that meant they had to

sleep in separate rooms for the time being.

But when he was about to stand up, a soft hand reached out from the quilt and held his hand

"Don't go."

With her eyes half open, Calia said in a muffled voice, "Don't leave..."

The soft request tugged on Tyson's heartstrings. His Adam's apple moved up and down, and his voice was lower and softer than usual. "Good girl, I'll be with you soon." Hastily, Tyson took a shower in record time and hurried back to his room. Even though Calia's eyes were open, she was so sleepy that her half-closed eyes were more than enough. "(, do you want to sleep alone or do you want me to sleep with you?" In a flash, Calia lunged forward and bonded her arms around Tyson tightly. Slurring, she

whispered throatily. "I want to sleep with my husband. You smell so good." Before Tyson could reply, Calia had already thrown herself into Tyson's arms, making him

hor weight. "Stay with me. Let's, let's together." Colla's want or behavior with unusual. Tyson urged it up to being the root of the alcohol

but all the while Tyson circled her back with his large hand. Slowly, he tapped at her hand, indicating

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that she should let go of him so they could lie down. However, when they got into bed, Celia rolled over and climbed atop him. Over and over, she peppered his face with kisses. The desire that he had forced himself to suppress was roused again with a vengeance and Tyson almost couldn't control it. But he did. Calia was lost somewhere between dreamland and reality, the alcohol running through her veins lowering her inhibitions. Whatever she did now was not of her volition and he didn't want to take advantage of her compromised state. So Tyson had no choice but to endure her advances without reacting. Celia didn't stop kissing him until a while later. And Tyson was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief. If she had continued rubbing against him and kissing him for a moment longer, then Tyson would have surely lost his tenuous hold on his control. They lay in silence, Calia's limbs tightly wrapped around him. The peaceful silence was broken by Celia's delirious ramblings. "Mom, I miss you so much. How can you leave me? Now I'll never see you again....." The ramblings dissolved into tears as she continued telling him how much she missed her mother. Tyson felt sorry for her fragile state, but he couldn't help being surprised by her declaration.

Wasn't her mother Mabel, the wife of the CEO of the Kane Group? Mabel was still alive, so how could Calia say that she would never see her mother again? He thought of the 'Niss Kane' the bodyguard and the driver mentioned, and the difference between Calia and the 'Miss Kane' he had heard of... Perhaps the mystery was about to be revealed. The girl he married and cared so much for was probably not Cerissa Kane.