

A Shotgun Marriage

Chapter 20

In the end, Tia gave Lewis her late grandfather's clothes to put on, for she really couldn't stay in one room with him practically naked like this.

After handing him the clothes, she took her fresh clothes and went straight to the bathroom. Thanks to their little makeout session, her face was still flushed, and she had to splash cold water a few good times before the heat finally receded.

After that, she looked at herself in the mirror and couldn't help shaking her head with a wry smile, laughing at herself for having the courage to marry a complete stranger yet wasn't ready to act as his wife.

When Tia returned to her room, Lewis happened to be looking through an album while leaning in bed, and upon hearing the door open, he reflexively looked up, only to meet her gaze.

Tia had changed into rather reserved pajamas-pants and a long-sleeved top with minute patterns, very much plain.

"Are you not going to come in?" Lewis asked, seeing that she was just standing there in the doorway.

It was only then Tia shook her head with a dry smile while walking in, closing the door gently behind her.

Meanwhile, Lewis looked back at the album in his hands, commenting, "There' are not a lot of photos of you."

"I'm not photogenic, so we didn't take many of them." Self-conscious, she reached for the album.

However, Lewis moved the album further away from her, having no intention of returning it. "Let me have a look."

Of course, Tia couldn't say no when he insisted, so he let him do as he pleased. There weren't many photos of her anyway. If there were, they were quite dull, just a few tourist ones, while the rest were ID or graduation photos.

After flipping through the entire album, Lewis closed it and placed it aside. "You like to draw?" he asked when he noticed she was sitting aside.

"How did you know?" She was surprised he knew when she had never told him about her hobby.

"You have a collection of art-related books and a few sketchbooks on your bookshelf" Lewis pointed out. He got bored while Tia was in the bathroom, so he checked out her bookshelf. With that, he grabbed a book at random to find it was about sketch techniques. Then, he grabbed another one. This time it was about world art history, so he decided to just pull a few out. But who'd have thought one of her sketchbooks was in the mix. The book was filled with all sorts of sketches, from objects to landscapes, humans, and many others. For someone who knew nothing about art, he thought they were excellent.

"It's just a hobby," she explained with a smile while reaching for the photo album so that she could put it back on the bookshelf. In truth, she had loved drawing ever since she was a child. However, it was a costly thing. All those paints, pens, brushes, papers, and

whatnot weren't cheap, and she didn't want her grandparents to spend all their savings on her interests and hobbies. Thus, she studied and got a job like everyone else and only revisited her childhood hobby after earning money, painting, and sketching whenever she was bored.

They didn't keep at the subject, for Lewis changed it while he watched her back as she put the photo album away. "Grandma just got discharged, but you'll have to resume work soon. So I asked a friend to recommend a caretaker just now. She's a retired nurse with a lot of experience caring for patients who have just gotten discharged from the hospital. I asked her to come tomorrow. If you think she's the one, then let her take care of Grandma whenever we're unavailable."

Tia turned to look at him in response, surprised that he had already sorted this out. She had been thinking about asking someone if they knew any nannies or the sort, they could recommend, but who'd have thought he one-upped her and asked for someone with the right experience. More than that, he had even already arranged for the person to come!

"Why did you..." Tia stared at him, at a loss for words for a moment. She'd be lying if she said she wasn't touched.

"Why? What's wrong?" Lewis asked, bewildered by her speechlessness. "Or do you actually have someone else in mind? I can call and tell her we don't need her service anymore. It's not a problem."

Hurriedly, Tia shook her head. "No, it's not that. I don't have anyone in mind. I was thinking about asking around to see if they can recommend me someone. I didn't expect you to have already sorted everything out."

Lewis nodded in response. "Looks like we're on the same page."

Tia, too, nodded in agreement, smiling as she thanked him sincerely, "Thank you for everything you've done for Grandma and me."

He first helped them find a doctor, then stayed by their side the whole time Elizabeth was hospitalized, and now, he had even asked his friend to recommend a caretaker for Elizabeth! It's truly as Grandma had put it. He might not be a man of many words, and his face was mainly deadpan, but he was genuinely caring and thoughtful. He was so attentive that everything he did for others was meticulously thoughtful, letting them feel cared for and comfortable.

"Tia." Lewis fixed his gaze on her, looking overly serious.

"Yeah?" she responded, unsure what else he wanted to say to her.

"Please don't thank me anymore. We're married; there's no need for such courtesy between a husband and wife. It's too aloof." Lewis emphasized his points like he was talking about something dire.

In response, Tia felt her hair awkwardly and nodded. "Okay."

At that, Lewis pulled a smile so that he didn't look so stern, then ruffled her hair, which he seemed to be developing a habit of. "C'mon, let's sleep. It's getting late."

Tia nodded in agreement but was a little abashed when she looked at the bed.

Meanwhile, turned around and headed to the bed. When he was lifting the covers up to get in, something suddenly popped into his head, and he looked over to Tia. "Are you available tomorrow night?"

Tia nodded in response. "Why? What's up?"

"One of my bosses is having his birthday tomorrow. I'd like him to meet you," he

explained.

After understanding his intention, she nodded, then asked, "Then, should I prepare something?"

"He has a habit of collecting art," Lewis mentioned after giving her question a thought.

"I'll go and have a look around tomorrow after work then." Since it was his boss' birthday, they couldn't show up empty-handed.

"I'll pick you up after work then. We'll look together."

"Sure." Tia nodded.

Following that, Lewis removed the covers and went into bed. When he looked over, Tia was still standing by the bookshelf, seemingly having no intentions of coming to bed.

"Are you not coming to bed?"

"Yeah." She smiled while grabbing her right hand with her left, feeling somewhat awkward.

At that, Lewis leaned against the headboard and asked while looking at her, "You worry that I'll do something to you?"

"N-No, I don't." If he did want to do something to her, he would've done it just now, wouldn't he? She was just... not used to this.

"C'mere. I mean it when I said I wouldn't force you if you don't want to," Lewis urged, thinking she was embarrassed to admit it.

"I know!" she retorted a little upsettingly as she headed to the bed with awkwardness.

While lifting the covers, she grumbled, "I just feel uncomfortable sleeping with a guy for the first time."

Though her voice was barely audible, Lewis still heard her, and he burst into a chuckle while shaking his head as he looked at the woman whose back was facing him. "Well, I'm honored you gave me your first."

His innuendo mortified her, and her face flushed bright red instantly. Following that, she grumbled something inaudible, then buried herself under the covers.