

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon

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Chapter 10 Are You Willing To Come With Me

His voice was not loud but deep and firm. And his words were sonorous and powerful, shocking everyone present. What did Tyson mean? Was he saying that the man who slept with Celia last night was him? Everyone was utterly shocked, but no one dared to ask. After all, Celia was going to marry into the Shaw family. Anyone who dared to continue badmouthing her would undoubtedly embarrass the Shaw family. Celia realized that Tyson was helping her, and she couldn't help feeling warm in her heart. However, she also felt guilty. She had indeed slept with a stranger the night before their wedding. Obviously, she disrespected him. Although she was only forced to do it, still, she felt guilty. "I'm so sorry," Celia said from the bottom of her heart. But Tyson didn't seem to hear what she said. He just helped her stand straight. The wedding ceremony was about to begin. "My dear bride, pay attention. Our wedding is about to begin." Tyson smiled faintly, and his thin lips curved into a breathtaking arc. When Celia heard the phrase "my dear bride," her cheeks flushed, and her heart skipped a beat. Since the commotion was over, the entire church became quiet. The vicar guided Tyson and Celia in reciting their vows. But when it was Celia's turn to answer, she couldn't speak at all because she felt like the words "I do." were stuck in his throat. She looked at Tyson nervously. But when she saw that his eyes were fixed on her face, she felt a glimmer of light shine in her heart. Then he smiled at her again. No one else could see him smiling except her. And his smile seemed to give her courage, so she firmly answered, "I do." After saying their vows, Tyson and Celia exchanged wedding rings. She stretched out her hand to him. As soon as he put the ring on her finger, he lowered his head and whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry I'm late. I got stuck in a traffic jam." Celia was taken aback. She didn't expect that Tyson would explain such a trivial matter. She was about to tell him it was okay when he suddenly teased, "I didn't expect my bride to be so beautiful. I shouldn't have let her wait for so long." His seductive tone made her feel a sense of familiarity. She realized all of a sudden that his voice sounded like the man's voice from last

night. She couldn't help but look at his face carefully again. A strange thought popped up in her mind. Celia thought inwardly, 'Why does the half of his face seem familiar?' She was in a trance for a moment. Perhaps Tyson's teasing put her in a bind. She forced herself to go back to reality and finish the wedding ceremony in front of everyone. The guests didn't stay long. They all left as soon as the wedding was over. Danilo offered to let them stay in the old house for the night, acting like he was making a generous offer. "It's your wedding night. I don't want you to think that I am not being kind," Danilo said proudly. He sounded like an aristocrat handing out alms to impoverished citizens. Obviously, this old house was also Tyson's home. But Danilo made it look like he was not a member of the Shaw family and just an outsider. Seeing that Danilo didn't take him seriously, the others didn't either. Tyson looked at Danilo.

When their eyes met, it was like two sharp swords colliding. Then Tyson said in a cold and distant voice, "We're going home." The home he was talking about was the small house his mother had lived in before she died. Tyson's direct refusal embarrassed Danilo. He furiously exclaimed, "Ingrate!" Mack, who had been watching them, looked at Tyson strangely and asked, "Tyson, are you thinking that our house is so humble that your wife will feel uncomfortable

staying here?"

But Tyson just ignored Mack. Instead, he lowered his head and asked Celia, "Are you willing to come with me?" Celia nodded without hesitation. "Of course. You are my husband now. I will go wherever you go." "Let's go then," Tyson said in a much softer tone. Then he and Celia walked towards a Volkswagen hand in hand. With the other fancy cars parked there, the Volkswagen didn't seem to fit in. Tyson coughed, struggled to carry Celia into the car, and left before everyone's eyes. Although she knew that he was struggling because of his poor health, Celia couldn't help asking, "Am I heavy?" Tyson looked at her for a while. Then he smiled and said, "You can gain another fifty pounds." She laughed. But when she remembered the turmoil at their wedding, she said, "I Looked like a fool at our wedding. I'm sorry.

Thanks for helping me out." She awkwardly hid the hickeys on her neck because she was afraid that it would make him feel bad. But Tyson didn't seem to care. "Since I married you, I will treat you well. I won't care about your past." She was moved. Although they were only forced to get married, he seemed like a good husband right now. He seemed totally different from the bad rumors people spread about him. Soon enough, they arrived at Tyson's house. It was an old two-story house. The windows and doors had small cracks, making them look quiet and quaint. On the left of the house was a flower garden, and on the right was a vegetable garden. The interior of the house was clean and spacious. Although the furniture was old, it was full of warmth, making people feel at home. This old house was too plain compared to the house of the Shaw family. Celia was surprised. She didn't expect that a man from a wealthy family would live in this kind of place. When Tyson saw the confusion on Celia's face, he calmly explained, "I was kicked out of the Shaw family's house long ago. I'm worried that you will feel bad about

it in the future." Celia shook her head and said, "Not a thing. Why will I feel bad?" She and Tyson's experiences were similar. She smiled at him. Then Tyson walked up to her with a suggestive smirk. "You've been through a lot today. Do you want to take a shower?" Celia inexplicably felt that his words were flirty. Her face and ears instantly flushed.

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