

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon‘ The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon by Irita Sarka‘

Chapter 4 Help Me

Celia felt a great sense of relief when she saw them getting farther and farther away from her.

Looking at the man beside her, she said sincerely, “Thank you, sir.”

He was breathtakingly handsome, like a marble sculpture. However, there was a coldness in his eyes that could make anyone freeze in fear.

Celia was also shivering until she met his gaze, which drove a little consciousness into her. However, after just a few moments, she felt the discomfort in her body worsen. Trembling waves of heat swept through her body.

She had the man’s suit jacket over her shoulders, which smelled like cologne and tobacco. She pulled the jacket tightly, trying to calm down.

Although the man sensed that something was wrong with her, he did not move. He just sat there in silence, observing her.

She was indeed pretty, pure, and lovely. His gaze suddenly met hers. Just by looking into her eyes, he could feel the raging desire in her body that she was struggling to suppress. However, her eyes... They were filled with sadness.

He suddenly thought of the car accident that his brother had planned.

He had only been twenty at that time, and had gotten into a car accident with his mother. He had soon fallen unconscious and everything around him had become blurry. But he vaguely remembered that a girl had taken them to the hospital.

However, unfortunately for him, by the time he had regained consciousness, the girl had left, and his mother had passed away from her severe injuries.

Over the years, he had been collecting evidence to find out the truth of the car accident and the whereabouts of that girl.

He hadn’t seen her clearly back then, but he remembered that she had sad yet beautiful eyes. There was something unique and unforgettable about them.

Recalling that the girl from back then seemed to be about the same age as the girl beside him, he wondered if they were the same person.

As he sat still, lost in thought, the place fell as silent as a grave.

But the next second, Celia pounced on him and they fell on the seats. The noise was so loud that even Briar, who was concentrating on driving, was startled.

“I feel so hot... Can... Can you... help me?”

Celia couldn't control

her desire any longer.

She tried to strip the man beside her and stroked his muscular chest. The moment her fingertips touched his skin, she felt pleasure.

The man's expression turned cold. He could tell that she was drugged.

Briar tentatively asked, “Boss, what about the meeting with Mr. O'Brien?”

“Reschedule it. Drive back to the mansion.”

In the Hillside Mansion.

After driving along a long path lined with trees and passing through three gates, they finally arrived at a mansion that was facing the sea.

Celia curled up in the man's arms, looking at the mansion with her misty eyes.

The mansion was the only building in the area. It was built in a classic style with bas-reliefs on the outer walls. Only a master architect could have designed a building so luxurious and elegant.

The decor on the inside was more exquisite than the outside. Several famous paintings were hung on one of the walls, adding a sense of vintage charm to the otherwise modern interiors.

Noticing the numerous security cameras in the house, Celia figured that the man beside her was not just anyone.

The man carried her into the bathroom and put her into the bathtub. A cold sensation came from her back, so she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck.

“It's so cold...”

Although she seemed to be complaining, there was a strange warmth in her eyes.

“It won't take long.”

The man caressed her back to comfort her, but she was unwilling to let go. He had to turn on the shower, hoping that the cold water would extinguish her burning desire.

But even after ten minutes under the cold shower, she did not get better. In fact, he also felt hot under her touch.

The buttons at the top of his shirt came undone, revealing his strong and defined chest.

Fascinated by the silky feeling of his smooth skin, she could not help but lean her face on his chest.

Although he tried to push her away, she put one of his fingers into her mouth, gripping it with her plump red lips while she sucked on his fingertip with her tongue.

Licking his fingertip slowly, she looked at him like a nymph, beautiful and seductive.

Staring into her misty eyes, he heard her begging, "Please, help me..."

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