

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon

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Chapter 11 Are We Going To Sleep Together Tonight

“Yes, I think that’s a good idea. I’ll take a shower now,” Celia said nervously. After all, walking around in a bridal gown was really tiring. “Where’s the bathroom?” she asked sheepishly. Tyson didn’t answer. Instead, he took the initiative to help her lift the hemline of her bridal gown. “Why don’t we take a shower together? After all, we are husband and wife now. Maybe taking a shower together will enhance our relationship.” Celia’s face instantly flushed. She waved her hand and said, “I’m used to taking a shower alone.” Tyson smiled. He silently put down the hem of her bridal gown and pointed at the bathroom. She thanked him and rushed to the bathroom. But unfortunately, she tripped over the hemline of her bridal gown and fell straight down. She thought she was going to have a bad fall, so she closed her eyes in horror. But the next second, she was already in Tyson’s arms. Celia felt his lips slightly brush her cheek, and his hot breath sprayed on her ear. “My bride, are you throwing yourself at me?” She quickly explained, “Don’t get me wrong. My gown is just too long. I’m not...” Before she could add “accustomed to it,” she suddenly realized why he had helped her lift the hemline of her gown just now. He was well aware that the wedding gown was overly long, and she was likely to step on it and fall. But he deliberately didn’t remind her. And when she tripped, he stepped forward to catch her and accused her of throwing herself into him. Celia thought that Tyson was only frigid. She didn’t expect that he also had a cunning side. “Don’t be upset, okay? Let me help you.” Tyson seemed to have guessed what she was thinking. He gently lifted the hemline of her wedding gown and took her to the bathroom of the master bedroom. As soon as Celia entered the bathroom, she immediately shut the door, removed her bridal gown, and took a hot shower. The bathroom was very simple and even a bit old. The toiletries were all from brands she had never heard of. Although they were comfortable to use, she still wanted to get a better set of them. After all, familiar brands were easier to use. After taking a shower, Celia was about to go out when she realized she had forgotten to bring a bathrobe. She felt so embarrassed. How could she go out naked? She thought of calling Tyson, but she was afraid that he wouldn’t hear her. So didn’t dare to leave the bathroom.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door. Then Tyson’s magnetic voice came through, “You didn’t bring your pajamas, right? Open the door. I have them here for you.” Celia had no choice but to open the door. But she only made a small opening and stretched out her hand. Tyson gave her the pajamas without looking at her. He didn’t take advantage of her embarrassing situation. Celia heaved a sigh of relief. He did what he needed to do and did not embarrass her. She changed into her pajamas and walked out of the bathroom. She saw Tyson taking off his suit.

Contrary to his pale face, his body was very attractive. His muscles were well defined, looking strong and s**y. Anyone would definitely blush upon seeing them. Celia couldn't help but stare at Tyson again. Then she saw a faint scar on his waist. She immediately thought of the man last night. He also seemed to have a scar on his waist. When she was about to connect the dots, he had already changed into his pajamas. Actually, the first time Celia saw Tyson, she already felt that he was a bit similar to that man. But that man was handsome and rich. How could he possibly live in such a rundown place? He and Tyson were obviously from two different worlds. Celia shook her head. Maybe she was still confused because too many things had happened recently. She persuaded herself to put any lingering doubts in her mind to rest. When she

returned to her senses, a muscular arm suddenly reached out and pinned her against

the wall. Tyson's masked face was so close to hers. "You've been watching me for so long. Are you satisfied with my body?". Celia choked, feeling like she was being strangled, with a flushed face, she murmured, "Yes, I'm satisfied. Your figure doesn't look like a frail and sick person." As soon as she said this, Tyson suddenly coughed. Celia wanted to tell him that he was too deliberate. But seeing his pale face so close, she silently swallowed her words. Tyson gently touched her soft face and said, "I'm relieved that my bride is satisfied with my body. But I'm not in the best of health. I'm afraid I'll only disappoint you." Celia breathed a sign of relief and hurriedly reassured him, "Actually, I don't mind. It's no big deal." She was worried about their wedding night. After all, they had just met.

"Are we going to sleep together tonight?" Tyson suddenly asked with a smile. 3

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