

## FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

### Chapter 10 Are You Willing To Come With Me

Tyson's voice was not loud but deep.

And his words were so powerful that they shocked everyone present.

Everyone was utterly shocked, but no one dared to ask.

After all, the bride was going to marry into the Shaw family. Anyone who dared to continue badmouthing her was also embarrassing the Shaw family.

Gradually, everyone stopped reprimanding Celia. But the shocked expression on their faces remained.

Celia was also as shocked as the others. She looked at Tyson, and the handsome face of the man last night flashed in her mind.

But it couldn't be. She heard that he was forced to move out of the Shaw family's house long ago. He had been having a hard time these years. And the man she had slept with last night was very rich. He didn't look like a poor man at all. Moreover, Tyson's face was disfigured. But the man from last night was very handsome.

Tyson couldn't be that man. Then why did he say such a thing in front of everyone?

Could it be that... He was only trying to stop everyone from criticizing her?

Celia soon realized that Tyson was only helping her get out of this awkward situation.

She felt warm in her heart, but she couldn't help feeling guilty about what happened last night.

"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.

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.

He smiled at her again.

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.

Although Celia knew in her heart that they were not the same person, she still couldn't help looking at Tyson's face carefully again. Then Celia thought inwardly, 'Why does the half of his face seem familiar?'

But she resisted the urge to think wildly. They completed the wedding ceremony before everyone's eyes.

The guests didn't stay long. They all left as soon as the wedding was over.

Danilo acted like a generous host and allowed them to stay in the mansion of the Shaw family for the

night.

"It's your wedding night. I don't want you to think that I am not being kind," he said arrogantly, looking at Tyson coldly.

Tyson looked at Danilo. When their eyes met, it was like two sharp swords colliding.

Then Tyson said in a cold and alienated voice, "No, thanks. We're going home."

The home he was talking about was the small house his mother had lived in before she died.

Danilo sneered, "You're such an ungrateful brat!"

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 carried Celia into the car and drove away with everyone watching them.

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When Celia sat in the car, she remembered the turmoil at the wedding, so she immediately apologized to him. "I made a fool of myself at the wedding just now. 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 so surprised. She knew that Tyson had moved out of the Shaw family's house. But she didn't expect that he would live in such a place. After all, he was a member of a rich family.

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 comforted him, "I understand. Don't worry. It's not a big deal."

She and Tyson's experiences were similar.

Celia smiled lightly. But Tyson suddenly approached her and said with a smile, "My dear bride, you have been tired all day. Do you want to take a shower first?"

She knew he was flirting with her, so her face flushed when she heard his words.

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