

FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

Chapter 5 The Escape

It was already morning of the following day when Celia woke up again.

She was naked. She slowly turned to look at the man lying next to her in horror. When she saw the man's peaceful sleeping face, she couldn't help but stare.

His face was in a word, perfect. His facial features were delicate, as though chiseled by a master. A cold aura emanated from his body, but he still looked somewhat attractive.

She clearly remembered how it felt to kiss his soft lips, and she couldn't help but recall how his strong body had made her moan with pleasure.

The memory made her face turn as red as a tomato, and her nether regions started to tingle...

Before she could get too distracted, Celia immediately turned her head away to take in her surroundings.

The bedroom was ridiculously large but sparsely decorated. Just like the rest of the mansion, the architectural details of this room were very exquisite. The columns were covered in fine carvings, like a classical temple. It all seemed extremely luxurious and elegant, inspiring awe in anyone who entered.

One wall of the bedroom was lined with several paintings of famous artists. Celia had seen these paintings in magazines, but they were all bought at auctions by a mysterious buyer at sky high prices.

She pursed her lips anxiously, suddenly realizing that the man sleeping next to her must've a very complicated identity.

And she just had a one night stand with him! Celia felt like bursting into sobs, but found that she had no tears.

She had always been a conservative girl and regretted having sex with a complete stranger. Moreover, she didn't want to have anything to do with a big shot.

There had to be a way she could escape!

Perhaps she could leave now, before he woke up!

Just then, the man turned over. Celia was scared out of her wits and instantly stiffened. Worried that he was about to wake up, she quietly climbed out of bed and picked the wedding dress up from the floor, intending to make a run for it as soon as she got dressed.

However, a bright red blood stain on the carpet next

to the wedding dress drew her attention and stung her heart. It was a symbol of her lost purity, but she didn't have the time to overthink, so she quickly put on the wedding dress.

It was already morning of the following day when Celia woke up again.

To her horror, she found that the dress had been torn apart.

She didn't remember whether she was the one behind this, or it was the man who did it. Nevertheless, she couldn't wear it anymore because it couldn't cover her private parts.

Biting her lower lip, she made a split-second decision and put on the man's clothes instead. After leaving all her money behind, she hurriedly ran away.

The sheer size of the room coupled with the

inconvenience of wearing oversized clothes made it extremely difficult for Celia to run. Just from the bed to the door, she almost fell down two times.

Finally, she made it out of the room and gently closed the door behind her, praying in her heart that she would never see this man again! She really didn't want to have anything to do with a man with such a complicated identity.

As soon as the door was closed, the man opened his eyes.

He had a routine and was used to waking up early. Truth be told, he had woken up long before she did. He simply pretended to be asleep to see what his bride would do.

However, what she did was a little beyond his expectation. Not only did she not ask him to take

responsibility for his actions, but she also seemed to be afraid of having anything to do with him. She decisively wanted to put this chapter of her life to end and left him in the dust.

His bride... ran away?

With mixed feelings, the man's eyes landed on the bloodstain on the carpet, and then the torn-up wedding dress next to it. He realized that he was actually looking forward to meeting his wife again.

He sat up and started to reach for his phone on the bedside table, only to find a stack of bills, less than a hundred dollars in total.

His wife had put on his clothes and left money behind in exchange.

The man couldn't help but chuckle softly, feeling that

this woman had become even more interesting.

Just as he was about to go to the bathroom, his phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, he found it was his father, Danilo, calling.

"Tyson, you fucking loser! You can't even get a wife! I was so kind as to get a wife for you. What did you do yesterday? Where were you? Why didn't you come back? You were supposed to get married yesterday! You've already left the Shaw family. How dare you bring shame on our good family name again! The wedding was postponed because you didn't show up. You have one more chance. The wedding will be held today instead. You'd better come back, or else!"

To his horror, Sha found that his dress had been torn apart.

Sha didn't remember what Sha was like behind

this, or it was tha man who did it. Navarthalass, sha couldn't waar it anymora bacausa it couldn't covar har privata parts.

Biting har lowar lip, sha mada a split-sacond dacion and put on tha man's clothas instaad. After laaving all har monay bahind, sha hurriady ran away.

Tha shaar siza of tha room couplad with tha inconvanianca of waaring ovarsizad clothas mada it axtramaly difficult for Calia to run. Just from tha bad to tha door, sha almost fall down two timas.

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"Tyson, you fucking losar! You can't avan gat a wifa! I was so kind as to gat a wifa for you. What did you do yastarday? Whara wara you? Why didn't you coma back? You wara supposad to gat marriad yastarday! You'va alraady laft tha Shaw family. How dara you

bring shama on our good family nama again! Tha wadding was postponad bacausa you didn't show up. You hava ona mora chanca. Tha wadding will ba hald today instaad. You'd battar coma back, or alsa!"

Danilo roared angrily. Tyson's ears hurt because of the noise. Without answering, he hung up, tossed it onto the bed, and went to the bathroom.

Indeed, he planned to go back and prepare for the wedding, but not because he was afraid of Danilo's threats, but because he wanted to meet his wife again.

He stood under the shower head, letting the warm water wash over his body. Whenever he closed his eyes, her beautiful face and her curvaceous body would appear in his mind.

See you later, my little wife.

Celia, on the other hand, was in a bad mood.

She went back to her apartment, which had been her home ever since she moved out of the Kane family's house. She didn't dare to tell her family her address, for fear that they might do something to her. However, despite the precautions she had taken, she still felt that it wasn't safe here anymore.

She quickly took a shower, got dressed, and packed all her things.

She had to leave Hosworth and go into hiding for a while. She was afraid that if Adrien found her, he'd force her to marry the disfigured Tyson Shaw.

Celia reached for her phone and was about to book a train ticket online, but she found that Adrien had sent her a message.

"Cece, come home and get ready for your wedding. As long as you marry into the Shaw family, the Kane family will treat you well in the future."

As she read his message, she gritted her teeth angrily. She hated her father to the core.

So she didn't reply. Instead, she proceeded to book the train ticket and left the apartment immediately.

A taxi happened to be parked at the door to her building. She got in the car without hesitation and said to the driver, "Sir, to the train station, please."

The driver nodded, locked the door silently, and started the ignition.

Celia was so focused on escaping from this place that she failed to notice the weird smile on the driver's

face.

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