

## Chapter 312 Stop Shouting, My Little Bitch!

Looking at Celia, who was struggling, Mack sneered, "I didn't expect you to have some fighting skills. But it is not good enough for me."

He grabbed her hand, making her lose the ability to resist easily. "Did Tyson tell you that I'm good at Taekwondo? And aside from having sex with women, I like to exercise. So little fool, how can you be my opponent?"

He put her hand on his strong chest muscles and snickered. "Touch my muscles. They are very hard, right? Let me tell you a secret. Oh, it's actually not a secret. My penis is even harder than these. I can make many women happy. Now I want you to be happy too."

Celia was about to scold Mack when he dragged her to the door of the guest room. She grabbed the door frame with both hands, refusing to go in. She looked up at the stairs not far away and shouted, "Tyson! Help! Come and save me."

She felt so desperate. She hoped that someone could save her, no matter who it was.

However, Mack just sneered. The way he looked at her, it was as if he was looking at his prey. "Stop shouting, my little bitch! The study is on the fourth floor, and the walls of Shaw family's house have good sound insulation. No matter how you shout, it's useless. No one can hear you. I also sent all the servants on the first floor away. No one can save you, even if you scream."

Celia was so terrified that her eyes widened in horror.

She didn't expect that Mack would be so bold to rape her in the Shaw family's house.

When Mack saw her trembling all over, grabbing the door frame, he didn't rush to drag her into the room. Instead, he stroked her shoulder, admiring her current posture.

"Cece, you are so beautiful. You are even more beautiful than the female stars I've slept with. It's a pity that you married a loser like Tyson."

With a look of pity on his face, he slid his fingers from her shoulder down to her chest. His fingertips hovered around her breast.

"I wonder why you have to resist. I look better than your useless husband, right? Why don't you just cooperate and sleep with me? I'm generous, and I won't treat you badly."

Mack withdrew his hand and stretched out a finger. "Ten million dollars. If you sleep with me, I will give you ten million dollars. Isn't it a good deal? I don't offer this price to female stars who sleep with me. You must be flattered."

Celia felt that her body and personality had been humiliated to the extreme. She was so angry that she glared at Mack and said, "You'd better give up. I will never sleep with someone like you for money. I don't sell myself."

Mack smiled ironically. "Really? Does that mean you want to keep your integrity for Tyson?"

His hand slid to her chest again and squeezed her breast a few times. "Stop pretending, you lascivious bitch! I have seen countless women. I don't need to touch you to know how sensitive your body is. Can a sick man like Tyson satisfy you? If I'm not mistaken, you haven't had sex yet after you married, right?"

Celia felt disgusted and scared at the same time. She didn't know why Mack knew such private things. Had he sent someone to monitor them all the time?

Mack seemed to have seen through her mind. "Don't get me wrong. I don't have the habit of spying on people. I just know that Tyson is disabled, and I can see at a glance whether a woman has slept with a man or not."

He pinched her chin, lowered his head, and looked into her eyes. "I'm different from Tyson. Just give me an hour, and I'll let you know the pleasure of having sex. Besides, I have money. I can give you the best life. So what do you think? Do you want to consider being my mistress?"