

Chapter 320 Same Bed, Different Thoughts

Celia clicked on the message with a frown. And when she read it, her heartbeat went abnormally fast.

"Cece, your reaction today is really interesting. I have already fallen in love with you. You are my prey now, and I will show you how I get you step by step." Although there was no name of the sender, Celia knew it was from Mack at a glance.

She didn't know how he got her phone number. But with money, nothing is impossible anyway.

And every time she remembered he had found out that she was a substitute bride, she couldn't help but shudder.

He was so horrible, and she was afraid of what terrifying things he would do.

Celia immediately put down her phone and forced herself to ignore the message. She wanted to rest with Tyson and get rid of those distracting thoughts.

She held Tyson tightly, buried her head in his neck, and said, "Tyson, turn off the light. Let's sleep."

Tyson lowered his head and looked at her with a smile. "It's still early. Do you want to sleep now?"

She didn't explain anything. She just said, "I'm a little tired."

He felt a little sorry for her, and he didn't ask more. He reached out and rubbed her shoulders, before wrapping his arms around her waist, and saying, "Okay, Cece. Since you are tired, let's rest early."

Celia nodded and closed her eyes, trying to forget everything about Mack. But she still had hidden worries in her heart.

She had to get her mother's ring back as soon as possible. Otherwise, Mack wouldn't stop threatening her.

What was more, the image of that man she had a one-night stand with kept flashing through her mind. And every time it happened, she couldn't help thinking of Tyson's photo. She always felt that something was wrong.

Being tortured by this confusion for a long time, Celia opened her eyes and turned her head to look at Tyson in the dark.

The ray of moonlight outside seeped through the window, shining into the room. Through this, she could vaguely see the outline of his face.

When Celia heard Tyson's steady breathing, she reached out her hand subconsciously, wanting to take off his mask.

But as her fingertips touched the edge of the mask, Tyson suddenly opened his eyes and held her hand. "Cece, what's wrong? Can't you sleep?"

Celia was so scared that her delicate body trembled. She shook her head to dispel the absurd thoughts in her mind, buried herself in his arms, and closed her eyes.

"It's nothing. Let's sleep now. Good night, honey."

She desperately reminded herself not to think too much. Tyson was Tyson, and he had nothing to do with that man. Celia wanted to stop thinking about that man and forget that experience.

Tyson had long noticed her abnormal behavior. And he knew that what stirred up doubts in her heart was his photo when he was a child.

It seemed that his plan to ruin the Shaw family couldn't be delayed any longer.

After all, she would find out the truth sooner or later, so he must solve all the problems before she knew everything. He couldn't involve her in his battle against the Shaw family and let her suffer any harm.

He hugged Celia tightly in his arms, and she also held him back.

Although they had their own thoughts tonight, they still fell asleep holding each other tightly, which had become their habit.

In the meantime, Brea also lay on the bed and slept through the night.

When she opened her eyes, her first reaction was to look to her side, searching for Wayne.

She didn't know if he had left or not. She hoped he stayed with her all the time, but she knew it was unrealistic.

She felt like her heart was being squeezed tightly. But when she saw him lying beside her with his eyes closed, she was relieved. She no longer felt empty.

