

Chapter 673 Nolan Had His Love

It was just a pearl necklace worth a bit more than one hundred thousand dollars. In the bidding war between Tyson and Brea, the price had been raised to five million dollars to everyone's utter surprise.

Seeing that Brea was not intending to stop, Celia tried to dissuade her. "Don't continue, Brea. This necklace isn't worth that much!"

Brea was unwilling to give up. "It's worthwhile to spend some money if we like what we're buying. You can't put a price on emotional value! Besides, I think it's not about whether we like it or not anymore. I have to let this blind man know how powerful I am!"

Brea raised her auction card again.

"Six million dollars!"


She had just upped it by a million trying to end the competition.

Tyson was not about to give in. He doubled the bid. "Twelve million dollars!"

Brea was flabbergasted.

Although she also knew that the people here were both rich and powerful, someone who spent twelve million dollars on a necklace worth just a bit more than a hundred thousand dollars was not very rich but very insane!

Wayne couldn't believe this either. He had never expected

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Brea to compete with Tyson. He couldn't say anything to intervene now. He just hoped that one of them would see sense and stop this ridiculous battle.

Fortunately, his prayers were answered when Celia snatched the bidding card from Brea and said, "Brea, don't bid anymore. This necklace is not worth that. You really don't have to do this."

Brea saw reason this time and gave up with a bitter smile. "Cece, I won't bid again. I don't have that sort of money."

Tyson acquired the necklace for twelve million dollars.

The other items up for auction were not very attractive as the primary aim of the event was in aid of charity. Most of the items on auction had been donated by people from various industries.

The last item was a vintage men's brooch. Its starting price was only ten thousand dollars.

Celia spied the brooch and thought it would suit Tyson so she placed an offer.

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

There was silence for a long moment.

"Are there any higher bids? No? Fifteen thousand dollars, sold. Congratulations, ma'am."

Wayne teased Tyson, "Cece must have bought that brooch for you. You're so lucky. I wonder if Brea will ever give me a gift."

Tyson smiled and said, "I'm sure she will give you a gift when she falls in love with you."

With a bitter smile, Wayne said, "Stop showing off!"

"I'm speaking the truth!"

Wayne pulled a face at him and ignored him.

Following the auction was the ball.

The two of them had no intention of dancing so instead, they returned to a private room under the name of Nolan.

A knock was soon heard at the door. Tyson signaled Briar to open the door. When Briar saw that it was Nora at the door, he was a little frightened. Last time he had taken the bento boxes from Nora, he had been scolded by Tyson.

He tried to stop her but she spied Tyson inside.

She pushed Briar out of the way and rushed inside to Tyson and handed him the gift.

"Mr. Reyes, please accept this gift from me."

Tyson gave a cold glance at the exquisitely packaged gift box and refused, "Take it back. I don't need anything."

Nora was taken aback but she didn't give up. "You should at least give me a reason if you refuse my gift. I won't accept your refusal without a reason."

As she said this, she noticed the ring on his ring finger and raised her eyebrows.

Was Nolan married?

Tyson covered his hand when he noticed her gaze. He said without any warmth, "I already have my love. Stop badgering me."

Nora felt disappointed hearing him say this out loud despite having mentally prepared herself for this

possibility.

She didn't want Nolan to see how much this had rattled her. "Okay, thank you for telling me the truth, Mr. Reyes."

She left the room with her head bent low and tears streaming down her face.

On her way out, she bumped into Celia and Brea.

Celia noticed that Nora was upset immediately and asked, "Nora, what happened?"

Nora divulged all that had just taken place.

Celia was also shocked by what Nolan had said about having a love. Thinking of the way he showed her particular attention, Celia was a little worried. She restrained herself though and kept her true feelings concealed. Instead, she comforted Nora.

Brea patted Nora's shoulder gently and said, "Don't be sad. There are a lot of men. I'll get Wayne to introduce you to some handsome men. Right now, let's go and eat something to improve our mood with tasty food."

Celia nodded, "You're right. Turning grief and indignation into appetite is always an effective way to change your mood. You go first because I need to go to the washroom. I'll join you later."

Celia hurried to the washroom. When she came out, she recognized a familiar figure.

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It was Nolan.

Celia immediately tried to catch up with him. She wanted to confirm if he was really her one-night stand.

However, as she was chasing him around a corner, a thick muscular hand came out of nowhere and grabbed her from behind.

The next second, something wet covered her nose and mouth. Someone was trying to drug her!

Celia widened her eyes in shock and attempted to break free. However, she fainted within seconds due to the chloroform.

Meanwhile, Brea and Nora were treating themselves to desserts in the hall. Brea put a lot of desserts in front of Nora and said, "When you are sad, you should eat more desserts. The more you eat, the happier you will be. Don't worry about gaining weight! In our line of work, we rarely have the chance to overindulge ourselves. But when we do, it's amazing!"

Indeed, Nora felt better after finishing most of the desserts. While she was eating, a realization struck her. Didn't Celia go to the washroom? Why wasn't she back yet? Curious, she looked at Brea worriedly and asked, "By the way, Cece is in the washroom for quite a while now. Why hasn't she come back yet?"

The sudden realization worried Brea as well. She took out

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her phone and checked the time. "It has been forty minutes. She is not someone who would go off first without telling us. I'll go to find her," Brea said in a panic.

"I'll go with you," Nora replied with a nod as she packed her belongings.

She followed Brea to the washroom to check in on Celia, but they didn't find her even after opening all the cubicle doors.

A wave of terror flashed through Brea's eyes. She immediately called Celia, but no one answered. She couldn't help suspecting that something had happened to Celia.

Brea immediately called Wayne. "Something might have happened to Cece. What should we do?"

Wayne was stunned for a moment. However, he knew he needed to be calm to help. So, he gathered his emotions and comforted her, "Don't worry, Brea. Tell me what happened first."

Brea told him the whole story, and now, even Wayne became anxious.

Just then, Tyson walked into the room as Wayne was hanging up the phone. Wayne glanced at Tyson worriedly and anxiously informed Tyson about Celia's disappearance.

Suddenly, Tyson's emotionless face changed into a serious frown.

He was about to leave when his phone rang.

It was from Mack.

Tyson's heart was racing as he stared at the caller ID. He was worried that Mack had done something to hurt Celia,

as Mack would not call Tyson without any reason. The timing was too coincidental!

He answered the phone, and Mack's voice came through.

"Tyson, I have your wife with me. If you want to save her, go to the address I sent you. You better come alone and don't call the police. If you do, I will rape your wife, strip her naked, and throw her out at the entrance of the Shaw Group for everyone to admire her sexy body."

"Mack Shaw! I'm warning you. Don't you dare lay a finger on my wife!"

"It depends on you."

With that, Mack sniggered and hung up the phone. His eyes were wild with revenge.

Within seconds, Tyson received a call from Briar. "Mr. Reyes, Mack sent an address to your e-mail. He said you should go there alone, or there would be unimaginable consequences."

"Forward it to my phone," Tyson ordered.

Tyson immediately set off to the location after receiving the text from Briar. His hands were gripped tight, and he prayed desperately in his heart that Celia was fine.

Before he left, he warned Wayne firmly, "Don't do anything without my permission and don't try to follow me. I can handle this myself."

Meanwhile, at Mack's location.

Celia blinked open her eyes and found her hands and feet tied to a chair.

The realization that she was kidnapped made her wide

awake. She was about to struggle when she heard Mack's voice from a close distance. It seemed he was demanding Tyson to come alone. She feared Tyson would obey Mack and come alone. She didn't want him to risk his life for her. So, she shouted desperately, hoping her voice would reach him, "Tyson! Don't worry about me and call the police! Don't come here! It's a trap!"

Unfortunately, Mack had already hung up the phone before she began to shout.

Celia was helpless. She could only glare coldly at him and warned, "Mack, you are breaking the law! Let me go, or Tyson will make you pay!"

Mack chuckled to himself as he slipped his phone into his pocket and walked over to Celia. He bent down and looked at her from head to toe lecherously.

"Damn, Celia. You really look gorgeous. It's such a shame you married a loser like Tyson," he flirted as he licked his lips.

As he stared at Celia, the pent-up evil and lust he had long suppressed resurfaced.

He reached out and caressed Celia's face gently as he said, "As long as you are obedient, I will give you a chance to be with me."

Celia turned her head and averted her gaze from Mack. He found her shyness adorable and traced his finger along her delicate lips, trying to force it into her mouth.