

FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

Chapter 17 The Successor Of The Evans Group Came

Celia approached him without reluctance.

He inquired, "Cece, has someone intimidated you?" with a bent head.

Celia shook her head and said, "My self-defense skill is not rusty. So, they have no power over me."

"Sounds like all is well," he responded, his voice soft.

In the following split second, Tyson cast a hard gaze on the others and demanded, "What went down?"

Despite the fact that Lina had no idea who he was, he had a strange effect on her, and a glint of terror appeared on her face. In an effort to divert his attention away from her, she pointed at Cerissa. "It's Miss..."

Cerissa's eyes told her to stop talking the second she uttered Miss. As a result, Cerissa used the opportunity to introduce herself to Tyson.

"I am your wife's customer. The evening gown she made for me looks like something you'd find at a street market. At the party, I made a complete fool of myself. I've come here in order to get clarification. She doesn't deserve to be a fashion designer, in my opinion!"

Tyson had a chilly expression on his face, yet his speech was soothing. "Where is the design draft, Cece?"

"It's in my PC."

Celia was able to pull up the computer-generated design draft.

Tyson took his time studying her design draft, his eyes shining with admiration. "I like that it's unique in the creativity and execution."

A condescending Cerissa sneered, "Don't spout rubbish if you don't know fashion design."

"Is that so?" Tyson bowed his head and stated to her, "My buddy is pursuing a career as a fashion designer. You believe I don't get it, so let him make the final decision."

Due to her guilty feelings, Lina found herself asking, "Who's your friend?"

"Wayne Evans from the Evans Group."

Everyone's expressions shifted dramatically, including Celia's.

The Evans Group was a major company in the fashion design sector, and Wayne was the Evans Group's successor. As fashion designers, they might have dreamed of working for the Evans Group one day. Celia did the same.

Tyson peered into Lina's eyes and said, "Will Wayne's verdict be sufficiently professional?"

Having recovered from her amazement, Lina responded uncomfortably, "Mr. Evans' remark has to be the most professional."

"You bet."

Tyson dialed Wayne's number. It was picked in a flash.

"I need a minute of your time, please."

He kept it short and to the point, and then he sent Wayne the address.

Everyone was startled and inquisitive about Celia's husband's identity.

"Surely, he just talked to the heir to the Evans Group. Is he also from a wealthy family?" There was a low murmur.

It didn't take long for Cerissa to make fun of him.

"He's just joking about. How exactly might he convince the successor of the Evans Group to come to help him?"

The Shaw family's emancipated young kid, Tyson, didn't seem like a good candidate for Wayne's aid as far as she was concerned.

Even a young guy from an average wealthy family would not approach Tyson, much alone a prominent family like the Evans!

The sight of this shabby loser made her feel horrible!

Celia grabbed the corner of Tyson's clothing with a troubled expression and said, "Please don't put yourself in a tricky position to help me. If there's no way to remedy this situation, I can quit. I'm going to look for a new job."

"No one dares to bully my wife while I watch," Tyson stated as he gently patted her head.

Celia was able to feel the warmth she hadn't felt in a long time thanks to the gentle touch.

She decided that no matter what happened as a result of Tyson's actions, she was going to stick with

him.

Wayne was there in no time.

He was at the wheel of a one-of-a-kind Lykan Hypersport, one of just seven in existence. It was close to Cerissa's Porsche.

There were a lot of regular automobiles around, and the Porsche stood out among them. But now it became one of the regular ones.

Wayne came in, surrounded by a squad of bodyguards.

He was a well-known and well-liked member of the social elite, and his poise and dignity were unmistakable.

They couldn't believe Wayne would come to a little

firm like this.

His face alone drew the attention of many females there.

He was attractive and well-off. He would be a wonderful partner.

"I'm here, dude. What's the urgency? I was racing to get here." Wayne hurriedly approached Tyson and remarked with a sour expression.

His remarks left the girls speechless.

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