

Chapter 253 Serve My Wife First

Celia looked at Mabel and Cerissa coldly. Seeing them echoing each other, she couldn't help sneering. "You don't have to pretend to feel sorry for me. I'm living a happy life with Tyson now."

Mabel covered her face with her hand. Cerissa winked at her again and again, so she didn't scold Celia. Instead, she said, "Okay, it's good that you are happy. After all, I'm not your mother, and I don't want to meddle in other people's business."

Cerissa was about to breathe a sigh of relief when she heard her mother suddenly add, "But you slapped me just now, and I can't let it go. After all, I'm your elder, but you embarrassed me in front of so many people. So you have to let me slap you back."

After saying this, she immediately raised her hand to hit Celia without giving anyone any time to react.

Tyson was about to stop Mabel, but Celia was faster. She grabbed Mabel's wrist and held it in the air. "You owed me that slap. If you don't think it's enough and want to provoke me more, I don't mind slapping you a few more times."

Mabel was a little scared, but she didn't want to lose face again. So she forced herself to act tough and tried to slap Celia.

However, Celia seemed to have anticipated that she would do such a thing. She shook off her wrist.

Mabel lost her balance and fell to the floor. Her skirt was torn, and she was in a mess.

Celia glared at her arrogantly and said coldly, "Don't make a fool of yourself. And be careful not to sprain your back."

Mabel clutched her torn skirt and flew into a rage. "I know you have learned karate before. But we live in a society ruled by laws. How dare you hit me in public!"

She breathed out and glared at the shop assistants. "You bunch of idiots! Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and call security to drive them out. If you entertain them, I won't buy anything today."

The shop assistants were stunned for a moment. When they came back to their senses, they finally decided to call security.

But before they could take a step forward, Tyson stopped them directly. "If you want us to leave, no problem. But you have to serve my wife first. She hasn't chosen her clothes yet. We have an important occasion to attend. We can't delay any longer."

Mabel burst into laughter again.

"You poor bastard! What occasion are you talking about? Still pretending to be rich? How many times do I have to remind you that you can't afford the clothes here? Do you really think you are still a member of the Shaw family? You are just an illegitimate child. The Shaw family doesn't take you seriously at all."

Tyson just ignored her insults. He lowered his head and looked at Celia gently. It was as if his mood was not affected by Mabel's words at all.

He still coaxed her in a very gentle voice, "Cece, go and pick some outfits. We will buy whatever you like. You don't have to care about the annoying barking here."

But Celia was hesitant to move.

Although she wanted to make Mabel regret looking down upon them, she was aware of her savings. They really couldn't afford the clothes here. She feared they didn't have enough money to pay the bill. Then Mabel would take advantage of the situation to stimulate Tyson to use his credit card.

Tyson saw the hesitation on her face and quickly understood what she was worried about. He whispered in her ear, "Cece, don't be afraid. I'll take care of it."

After saying this, he patted her shoulder and said to a shop assistant, "Bring out the most expensive clothes in your store for my wife to choose."

