

Chapter 258 Jealous Of Celia

Mabel was astounded and yelled, "That can't happen. No damn way! Tyson is merely an unwanted bastard who was cast out of the Shaw family a long time ago. Just how did he get to be so rich? He must be a fucking thief!"

She ran like a madwoman to Tyson and said, "I'll be informing the Shaws that you have stolen from them."

Cerissa felt ashamed as she saw Mabel's irritated expression.

She was skilled at using Mabel's short temper and excessive demands to get Celia into trouble and get things that Adrien was hesitant to give her. Mabel was also happy to indulge her, and she relished her mother's attention.

However, for the first time, she found her mother to be a little unreasonable.

Never before had she experienced such disgrace. Now, more than ever, she wished she weren't Mabel's daughter.

Tyson only chuckled and wrapped his arm around Celia. He lowered his head and addressed Mabel. "You may try your luck with the Shaws. But first, you'll have to find a way to enter the gate of their house. After all, the Shaws don't welcome stray dogs."

Mabel was determined to cause a commotion, but Cerissa silenced her with a reassuring voice. "Please, Mother, don't get into any more commotion. Creating unnecessary drama is not advisable."

Mabel's rage cooled a bit when she saw that her daughter was upset, but she hadn't made her peace with it.

"I'm curious as to where Tyson got his money. Isn't it a little bit strange?"

As she exhaled, Cerissa expressed her thought. "Remember, he was once a part of the Shaw family. Perhaps he got his money from the Shaws a long time ago. For the Shaws, 8 million dollars is peanuts."

Although Mabel was too frustrated to control her emotions, she did not behave inappropriately. She merely spat and stated angrily, "That whore is gaining by replacing you..."

Cerissa swiftly covered her lips before she could finish speaking.

Cerissa gave her a serious wink. She nearly let slip that Celia was a stand-in bride when she realized that Tyson was still present.

Mabel jerkily halted, snorted, and scowled at Celia.

Celia grimaced as she saw the inappropriate actions of the mother and daughter.

She would make them pay for their actions sooner or later!

The shop assistants approached Celia with eagerness to serve her. "Cece, would you want to try this?" Tyson asked.

Celia was about to respond when a bunch of shop assistants took her to the dressing room.

Tyson was standing outside the dressing room waiting for her to emerge.

When Cerissa noticed him alone, she had the urge to have a flirty conversation with him.

He must be really wealthy if he could afford to spend 8 million dollars on a dress for Celia without batting an eye. For him, this sum must be negligible.

Perhaps he wasn't as down in the dumps as he seemed!

Cerissa checked her appearance in front of the mirror, then approached Tyson with a soothing grin and said, "I'm Cece's cousin. Our relationship is quite pleasant."

With a hint of disdain in his eyes, Tyson studied her from head to toe.

Without a word, he turned his gaze away.

Cerissa never worried about how she looked. She was attractive, albeit not quite as gorgeous as Celia. But she had dressed up intentionally before coming out today. In comparison to Celia, who didn't bother with using any cosmetics, she wouldn't look quite as awful if she didn't win.

Generally speaking, when she approached a guy, she would never be rejected.

The cockiness of Tyson inspired her to prove herself. Despite his disinterest, she continued, "Tyson, what do you do now?"

Tyson answered her this time, but his tone was rather unwelcoming!

"I get takeaway food delivered and do cab service."

Cerissa froze up at hearing these few words.

Astoundingly, how was it even possible? Could he make 8 million dollars through delivering meals and driving taxi? He had her all fucking fooled!

She was going to ask more questions when she heard the commotion. A number of store employees surrounded Celia when she exited the dressing room.

