

## Chapter 298 The Jealousy Of Doreen

Mack, hearing Doreen's envious comments, couldn't help but laugh and say, "I just don't see why this outfit costs so much. However, she is attractive because of her shapely body. She still looks lovely in the outfit, even if it is a fake."

Doreen, all too familiar with her husband's character, whirled around and gazed at him angrily. A flash of icy brightness erupted from inside her dark, deep eyes. "Please exercise restraint. I couldn't care less if you had a mistress outside, but if you want her, don't blame me for making you feel bad!"

"What are you talking about?" Mack beamed a nice grin. "I just wanted to give my sister-in-law some praise. Don't overanalyze things, all right? She is Tyson's wife. It's ridiculous for me to even consider such bad ideas about her. You just overthink things. Please don't be mad at me. You look stunning when you smile," he said.

He grinned and kissed Doreen on the cheek, but she backed away and said, "It's better if you stick to that. Just wait and see if I ever uncover anything between you two!"

"I can't bring myself to do it. Don't get too worked up, ok? I've got you already. I have never seen a more stunningly gorgeous lady than you. I'm not in the mood to develop romantic feelings for any other females." Mack made an effort to persuade her, but he couldn't help but feel his heart flutter.

One day, he would win Tyson's wife.

Then, Hobson addressed everyone, "It's time. Dinner will be served in the dining room."

Celia sprang to her feet to follow Hobson. Doreen, on the other hand, threw off Mack's hand and purposefully moved behind Celia, stepping on the hem of her dress.

Tyson caught Celia just in time as she was going to fall by reaching out his hands to save her.

Celia was shocked by the immediacy of the danger. When she finally calmed down, Tyson had her in his arms the whole time.

Her cheeks were red and her heart was racing.

Doreen saw this and acted as if she were sorry to Celia. "I apologize. I wasn't intending to do that. I apologize for accidentally stepping on you."

Celia gave a little nod and a strained grin. "It's alright. I'm okay."

Doreen replied condescendingly, "It's good that you are not hurt."

Rosalie then said, "If you're not hurt, eat. Stop acting like such a flirt. You are not a delicate lady coming from a prestigious family. Do not just stand here. Move. The elderly must not go hungry."

"You're right, Rosalie." Doreen and Rosalie, hands in one other's, walked to the dining room while chatting and laughing.

Celia knew Rosalie disliked her and Tyson, because Rosalie had not engaged in any conversations with them since she came.

Tyson's real mother was not Rosalie. It was understandable why she carried herself that way. Rosalie treated her with more politeness than Mabel did.

Danilo and Mack walked side by side. Mack paused as they walked by Celia and said, "Cece, are you injured somewhere?"

"No," Celia shook her head and reassured.

Hobson drew her and Tyson to his side and instructed them, "Follow me."

One by one, they made their way to the dining room and took a seat.

Celia could not resist taking a peek around the room, and she was awestruck by the exquisite details. The Shaw family's house was as stately and impressive inside and out as any castle.

The two seats on Hobson's right were unoccupied. Obviously, these were set aside for Tyson and Celia.

"Sit down next to Tyson,"

Hobson said, fearing that Celia could be too prim.

It was only then that Celia sat down confidently next to Tyson.

Upon Hobson's command, the servants promptly began serving a succession of courses, each including exotic and expensive seafood imported from all corners of the globe.

Celia was perplexed by this. Did the Shaw family exclusively consume seafood? Did everyone share her appreciation for seafood?

Hobson grinned at her when she expressed confusion and remarked, "Look at these dishes, Cece. Are they to your taste? Tyson gave me a clue. You like seafood, so I had some flown in. I really hope the food is to your liking."

Celia felt awe and emotion. With gratitude, she said to Hobson, "I appreciate your thoughtfulness. You really are the nicest person I've ever met. But you don't have to do this. I can eat anything, actually."

Hobson kept requesting that the servant fill her plate. With a kind and caring expression on his face, he said, "Don't stress out. This is nothing. You are my granddaughter-in-law and a wonderful person. It just makes sense that I dote on you. After marrying Tyson, you will have a wonderful life together."

As Doreen watched the two, she picked up her wine glass and took a drink of the red wine.

She couldn't help but think about the manner in which Hobson would treat her after she got married.

Although he did not have a terrible attitude toward her, it paled in comparison to his attentive care to Celia.

However, the Kane family was far less prominent than her family.

In order to silence the public's criticism towards the Shaw family, Danilo just picked Celia at random as Tyson's wife and paid five million dollars for it. After all, the Shaw name would be sullied if Tyson failed even to find a bride. On the other hand, she was unique. She was the carefully selected future hostess of the Shaw family.

She considered five million dollars chump change. For her, this could only cover the purchase of a dress or a purse. A girl from the Kane family just wasn't worth too much. Hobson, however, disregarded her and placed the cart before the horse. In fact, he loved that little skank Celia dearly.

She just couldn't take it!

She would have to teach this bitch a thing or two sooner or later!

