

## Chapter 455 He Was Jealous Of Tyson

Celia listened to the sound of Doreen's laughter that was clearly filled with mockery, feeling a little annoyed.

"Doreen, you're Tyson's sister-in-law, so I've been tolerating your behavior all this time. I don't care if you treat me rudely, but if you say something like that again about my husband, I will not stand for you any longer."

Celia looked at Tyson at that moment, and her eyes were filled with tenderness. Her voice remained strong and firm.

"My husband might be an illegitimate son, but he's the most wonderful man I've ever known. He's fully capable of supporting his family with his own hard work and efforts, so you have no right to say those things about him."

Doreen scoffed and looked at her with a mocking expression on her face as though she were finding this conversation vaguely amusing. "I am only telling the truth. I am not falsely accusing anyone here. You can ask other people yourself if you don't wish to believe my words. Do you really think that an illegitimate child is qualified to be a part of the family and become an heir to the family business? How naive you are."

Celia's blood was boiling at Doreen's blatant insults towards Tyson. She was about to open her mouth to snap at her when Tyson suddenly spoke up before she could.

He gave Celia a soft smile. "You don't need to lower yourself to her level," he told her casually. "Everyone is aware that she only knows how to spout nonsense, so it's not worth arguing with her over anything."

Doreen's features contorted into an angry scowl. She wasn't an idiot. She knew that Tyson was implying that she was merely a dog who was all bark but no bite.

With her face flushed red in fury and humiliation, she pointed an accusing finger towards Tyson. "How dare you speak about me like that when you're just a worthless illegitimate son? Who the hell do you think you are?"

However, Tyson remained unfazed before her show of rage. "You are from a wealthy, high-class family, so why bother arguing with an illegitimate son? Shouldn't you be more careful of your reputation as someone who comes from an affluent family? Is making a scene like this in public something that noble, rich women like you always do? It seems that this is how an esteemed lady of the proud Welch family usually behaves. I now realize how unladylike and inelegant your attitude truly is."

Doreen's scowl deepened, and she looked like she was about to throw a fit. However, she couldn't even find a comeback against Tyson's words, so she just sat there, feeling angry and speechless.

Mack felt a little uneasy at seeing his wife getting humiliated. He turned to Tyson and cleared his throat before speaking. "Tyson, you're a man, aren't you? Doreen is a lady, and she's also your sister-in-law. Can't you just allow her to say whatever she wants to say first?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that. It's not my responsibility," Tyson said coldly. "It's just that my wife and I are not people who could stand letting each other get insulted like that."

He turned to Celia at that moment, and she also turned to look at him. When their gazes met, they both smiled at each other tenderly.

Mack stared at the two of them in irritation, especially at the way Celia was looking at Tyson.

He couldn't understand why she preferred Tyson over him when he was a thousand times better than Tyson would ever be. How was it possible that a loser like Tyson was able to get a woman like Celia?

Tyson used to be such a weakling and a pushover, but now, he was married, and he even had the courage to talk back to them!

How dare a nobody like him have the guts to argue with him and Doreen!

Mack became even more furious as he thought about it, and his eyes kept sending menacing glances towards the two.

When he noticed that they were only eating cheap barbecue because that was probably the only thing that Tyson could afford, Mack felt a sense of satisfaction in his heart.

This pathetic loser really posed no threat towards him. Once he died of sickness, Mack would finally be able to have Celia as his own.

The food that Tyson and Celia had ordered earlier was being served on the table one by one. They began to grill the meat together, absorbed in their own little world as though nobody else was around them.

"I'll do it, Cece. You can just wait until I finish so you can eat."

Tyson took the tongs from Celia's hand and started to grill the meat himself. Once they were cooked a nice color of brown, he cut them into pieces using scissors before putting them on her plate.

Celia dipped the meat in sauce and mixed it with pickles before wrapping it with lettuce. She then turned to Tyson and fed it to his mouth.

Mack watched the two of them being so loving towards each other, and he felt his insides burning with jealousy.

It was absurd that a worthless man like Tyson could have such a lovely and wonderful wife by his side!

