

Chapter 686 Cerissa Pretended To Be Pitiful

Before Celia could say anything, Alita snarled in Cerissa's direction, "We don't want your soup! It might be poisoned. People like you are capable of doing anything despicable!"

Cerissa pretended to be pitiful. She wanted them to feel like the guilty ones. "Alita, did I offend you? Why do you always pick on me? I just want to make peace with Celia but all you do is put obstacles in our way. Are you afraid you will lose her if we make up?"

Some of the onlookers began to defend Cerissa even though they didn't really understand what they were defending. One of them said, "There should be no hatred between sisters. Miss, please forgive her. She is sincere."

"Your parents wouldn't want to see you turn against each other, would they? Think about their wishes."

Seeing that everyone was blindly taking Cerissa's side, Alita was furious and wanted to lash out at everyone.

Celia held Alita's hand, afraid that she might do something silly in her temper. Celia looked at Cerissa and said, "They have a point. Sisters should look out for each other. Since you want me to forgive you so much, I will consider forgiving you if you eat the bowl of soup first. What do you say?"

Cerissa was anxious. Did Celia suspect her?

She hesitated before stuttering, "But... I ordered this specially for you. It wouldn't be right for me to eat it."

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Celia remained smiling and continued to coax Cerissa, "Don't be shy. We are sisters, remember?"

"But..."

"I insist!"

Alita's suspicions were confirmed when she saw Cerissa's face. She said, "Didn't you just beg for forgiveness? Then, drink it! Cece will forgive you afterwards as she promised."

Cerissa pulled a long face.

She didn't want to eat the soup. It was full of saliva! Gross!

She could see that Celia and Alita were enjoying watching her struggle.

She wasn't going to be pushed around!

Cerissa shouted, "Celia, I don't think you trust me at all! Are you still mad that Dad married my mom? Your mother abandoned our father when she cheated on him. How could you blame me and my mother? It was her fault. Dad has called your mother a heartless bitch."

Celia interrupted Cerissa by slapping her hard in the face.

"Don't you dare say another word about my mother!"

"You just... slapped me? How dare you!"

Cerissa grabbed the bowl of soup and threw it over Celia's face.

Celia had no time to dodge the oncoming soup.

Hiss—

The sound and smell of burning filled the air as the hot

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soup touched Celia's skin.

But Tyson had jumped in front of Celia to protect her.

He got some soup on his back where his wounds were.

Celia was concerned when she saw this. "How are you? Are you hurt? You shouldn't have jumped in front of me. You're injured."

Tyson patted her shoulder comfortingly. "Don't worry. I'm fine."

His tone was gentle but his eyes looked murderous as he looked at Cerissa.

Cerissa felt jealous seeing Tyson so protective of Celia.

She didn't like Tyson who was an illegitimate child and disfigured.

However, she knew that Mack's kidnapping of Celia had failed, and Mack had lost his shares as a result. She didn't like Tyson, but Hobson valued him too much and it was possible that Tyson might end up in control of the Shaw Group.

She thought she could debase herself and be with Tyson for the sake of wealth and fame.

Cerissa touched the spot on her face where she had been slapped. She complained in a pathetic tone, "Tyson, it was my sister who slapped me first. There are many witnesses. You have to uphold justice for me."

Chapter 687 I Can Reconsider Marrying You

Tyson frowned as Cerissa attempted to seduce him.

This was not the first time she was pulling such cheap tricks on him, and he was thinking about a way to get rid of her.

However, Cerissa was oblivious to what Tyson was thinking. Her only goal was to seduce Tyson right here and now.

She noticed that he wasn't as repulsive of her as he was before and thought that her pitiful state had successfully attracted his attention. She leaned in on him and flashed an empathetic smile as she said, "Tyson, you actually have feelings for me, right? You always push me away because you want to act like a proper husband in front of Celia. Actually, you don't have to do this, you know? As long as you help me take my revenge, I can reconsider marrying you."

Cerissa let herself collapse softly on Tyson, feeling his toned muscles and waiting for him to hold her in his arms.

Celia was annoyed by her blatant seduction. She pulled Cerissa away from Tyson and stood in between them. She stared coldly at Cerissa and warned, "This is my husband. I advise you to leave him right now. He won't have anything to do with you."

Tyson felt a sudden sense of pride and satisfaction when he saw Celia was getting jealous.

However, Cerissa was not as pleased with Celia's jealousy. She found Celia shameless and said sarcastically, "I should be the one who married Tyson. You destroyed my marriage, and you still have the nerve to get between us?"

Cerissa tugged at Tyson's arm and whined, "I'm ten thousand times better than Celia. You just have to give us a chance! Tyson, you are a man. You should know who can please you better, right?"

With that, Cerissa puffed out her breasts shamelessly in front of Tyson, ensuring that he could see her plump breasts as soon as he lowered his head.

Tyson had guessed that she would behave in such a way. He didn't fall for her trick. Instead, he lowered his head and even pushed her away.

"Tyson..." Cerissa gasped in shock as she looked at Tyson in confusion.

Before she could say anything more, Tyson mocked her loudly so that everyone could hear him. "Take a look at yourself in the mirror. I don't believe any man will choose you over your sister."

"What do you mean?" Cerissa muttered as her face turned red. She felt tears welling up in her eyes, and she bit her lip to prevent herself from crying.

Alita had long despised the sight of Cerissa and watched in delight as Cerissa was publically humiliated. Watching Cerissa's pathetic display of seduction, she sneered, "Do you not understand what he meant? Let me explain it to you. It means that Tyson finds you ugly and far less attractive than your sister."

Cerissa was livid by Alita's insult, but Cerissa remained unconvinced and retorted, "How dare you say I'm ugly? Do

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you think you're more beautiful than me?"

While the two were busy quarreling, Tyson took out his phone and requested security.

Soon, the restaurant manager brought along some security guards and dragged Cerissa out of the restaurant.

Cerissa struggled and cried anxiously, "What are you doing? You call this service? I dined here many times before. I'm a VIP here. How dare you offend me?"

The security guards ignored her despite her constant struggle and proceeded to throw her out of the restaurant.

When the farce was finally over, Celia suddenly remembered that Tyson was scalded on his back. She turned to Alita and said anxiously, "Alita, Tyson is still injured. I'm taking him to the hospital now."

Alita nodded and offered to settle the bill. She then waved goodbye to the couple as they exited the restaurant.

When Celia and Tyson were in their car, Tyson decided to drive home instead of visiting the hospital.

Celia noticed the scenery outside looked familiar and realized that Tyson was not driving to the hospital at all. She looked at Tyson with confusion, but he just smiled and comforted her, "I don't need to go to the hospital for such a minor injury. And it's already very late. I would rather go home and rest."

Celia sighed and agreed reluctantly.

As soon as they got home, she immediately retrieved the first-aid kit and applied some burn ointment on Tyson's wound. She couldn't hold in her tears when she saw his blistered back.

Tyson noticed her sobbing and hurriedly assured her, "I'm fine. Don't cry." He turned around and hugged her as he continued, "Today, I was really happy when you admitted that I'm your husband and showed your possessiveness of me. If you are willing to do this whenever I am injured, I wouldn't mind getting injured every day."

Celia was irritated that he could still joke at a time like this, but she was also glad he was fine. She hugged him back and kissed him gently as she murmured, "Don't be silly. Our lives will be peaceful from now on. I'm not angry anymore. So, please don't speak of such silly ideas anymore."

Tyson had the impulse to hold her tighter. He turned over excitedly and pressed her onto the sofa, accidentally pulling his wounds. He groaned softly as the pain was a little unbearable.

Celia supported him up and said affectionately, "Be careful. Don't make big and sudden movements. I don't want your wounds to get worse."

Tyson undid her shirt and kissed her collarbone greedily. "How can I be slow when it comes to you? Besides, you like me when I'm fast," Tyson whispered cheekily, his hot breath caressing her neck.

Celia flushed a bright shade of red and glared at him. However, her body was more honest as she shuddered in pleasure from his kisses.

She held Tyson in her arms and felt Tyson thrusting inside her again and again.

They had sex several times tonight.