

## **Eight Uncles 52**

### **Chapter 52 Karen Gets Sent Home**

Old Mrs. Karen Shaw was very impressed with the Millers. She chuckled heartily as she invited them to take a seat in her living room. "Come and sit her, Cheryl." Cheryl obeyed Karen's instructions, perching herself on the sofa demurely with her legs crossed and hands placed daintily on her lap.

Karen had already shortlisted Cheryl as a potential candidate for her grandson's future wife mentally. Of course, Cheryl's parents were overjoyed to see Old Mrs. Shaw happy with their daughter. "Is Young Master Shaw better yet? He was covered in blood when we saw him yesterday. My husband and I were terribly worried, so we decided to come and pay a visit," Cheryl's mother, Nancy Miller, explained.

"Yes, yes, all is well thanks to Master Sullivan. He saved Ivan's life!" Karen informed the Millers.

"Are you referring to THE Master Robert Sullivan?" Nancy Miller was shocked that the Shaws had employed the help of such a renowned shaman.

Karen felt a budding topic of conversation with Nancy. "Yes, yes, the one and only Robert Sullivan! To tell you the truth, Ivan was on the brink of death, but Master Sullivan brought him back from the dead!"

Cheryl's mother could not mask her shock. "Oh my, for real?"

"Yes, a hundred percent!" Karen confirmed. The two ladies began chatting and exchanging stories about Master Sullivan. Karen was delighted to have found a friend in Nancy, and in return Nancy was hoping to hear more about the elusive shaman.

Toward the end of their conversation, Nancy found an opportunity to slip in a question she had been waiting to ask all this time. "Karen, do you think we could pay Ivan a visit? Cheryl has been worried about him since yesterday. She wanted to see for herself that Ivan is alright. I couldn't possibly say no to her..."

"Of course you can!" Karen nodded agreeably. She was the matriarch of the Shaw family after all. Who could say no to her? Karen could not stop complimenting Cheryl even as she led the Millers toward the staircase. "What a sweet child with such a kind heart!"

Thomas and Nancy Miller could tell that Cheryl had made a good impression, and they were beyond delighted. Everything was going exactly according to plan, and the Millers would be destined for greatness if they won Karen Shaw's favor.

Nancy Miller walked beside Karen Shaw, smiling as she gently helped the old lady up the stairs. Halfway up the stairs, they bumped into two maids carrying some suitcases down the stairs. "What are you two doing?" Karen asked, thinking the suitcases looked familiar.

The maids looked at the butler shiftily, not knowing how to answer Old Mrs. Shaw. "Madam, Mr. Colton asked us to send you back to your hometown," the butler informed Karen sheepishly.

"Wh... what did you say?!" Karen's lips trembled in disbelief. She was Colton's mother and his only remaining parent. How could he do this to her?

“Who told him to do this? Was it Melody Winston? Get her to come out and face me right now!” she yelled out loud. “How dare she order me around as if she’s Colton?”

Colton Shaw appeared from Ivan’s room upstairs. “I

dropped in shock as she pointed an accusing finger at her son. “Is... is this

you to spend your

son really kicking her out of her own home? She was just mentally picking out Ivan’s future wife just minutes ago, and now her son was banishing her

a look. It seemed like they had been mistaken. Karen Shaw was not the matriarch who called the shots in the Shaw family. Had they just wasted their

brief exchange did not go unnoticed by Karen. It felt like someone had slapped her on each cheek and only served to anger her

I raised you all these years...”

The butler quickly ordered a few more men to forcefully carry Karen away from the stairs toward a car parked at the porch. Karen did not go down without a fight, but the strong men managed to subdue her and forced her into the back seat of the car. Karen’s maid brought out her favorite Louis Vuitton handbag and passed it to her, but she began to throw a fit and chuck the things out of

of me!” she cursed. “Oh dear, my poor heart. Oh dear, I’m

butler instructed the driver to leave the Shaw residence. Karen’s last resort was to swing her handbag out of the window, banging it against the gates. Alas, the

pressure spiking and an incessant ringing in her ears. She was angry on one hand, yet absolutely devastated and crushed by sadness at the same time. She could not believe

still recovering from shock herself. “Mr. Shaw, I’m sure there’s a better way of resolving this. Isn’t Mrs. Shaw your mother after

devoid of emotion. “I don’t think my family matters are any

Shaw with wide, innocent eyes. “Mr. Shaw, I’m just worried...” she began, but before she could finish her sentence, Colton Shaw had

eyes welled with tears as she bit her lip hard.

Cheryl cried in her mother’s embrace. Just as Nancy was about to console her daughter, she spotted something lying on the floor of the porch. She picked it up, only to find out

not going to be attending the ceremony, they could use her invitation and say

Miller gathered her tiny

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window singing a tune. “Left hand at the moon, right hand through the thread... ayy ayy ayy... you and me, ayy ayy ayy...”

was jolted awake by the loud screeching noise. She blinked a few times, trying to shake

her. She got out of bed

you, Polly!”

fart!”