

Chapter 293 Mack's Wife

Hobson grinned from ear to ear. Then he told Tyson and Celia about the engine performance and wind resistance design of the limited edition Koenisegg sports car.

Celia tried to keep smiling, but she couldn't hide her confusion. When Tyson saw her expression, he decided to explain things to her. "When my grandpa was young, he was a fan of sports cars. Even now when he is aged, he goes to the club to race occasionally. His favorite hobby is to collect sports cars."

Smiling proudly, Hobson declared, "I'm old now, but racing is always my hobby. But I still have my little hobby left. It took me a lot of effort to get this car. It's a limited edition. There are only six of these cars in the world. As far as I know, there's no such car in Hosworth now. I like the car very much but I would love for you to have it."

When Tyson realized how much the car meant to his grandfather, he didn't have the heart to keep refusing Hobson's gift. "Thank you, Grandpa," he stated softly.

Patting the back of Tyson's hand, Hobson said, "You're welcome. We are a family."

Honestly, Celia was quite shocked to see that the ownership of a sports car had been decided in such a brief conversation.

Tyson had once told her that Hobson was the only person in the Shaw family that was nice to him, but she hadn't expected the old man to be this nice to Tyson. She smiled broadly, happy to see that Tyson had someone in his corner.

But Mack, who was sitting next to them, was not so happy. Even worse than that, he was jealous. He was so jealous that he vividly imagined strangling Tyson!

He plotted the car accident to kill Tyson's mother, and Tyson was left disfigured and sick. He had even gone a step further and gotten Tyson driven out of the Shaw family. For years, he had gotten his wish - Tyson could not compete with him for the position of successor.

But when Hobson returned, he didn't care that Tyson had been driven out by the family. He liked Tyson as much as he always had. Right now, it was hard for Mack to determine if Hobson would help Tyson to make a comeback.

Aside from this, there was one other thing that drove Mack crazy with jealousy. He was absolutely livid that Celia was Tyson's wife.

Mack glanced at Celia again and curled his lips. Ever since the wedding day when he first saw her, he had never forgotten about this woman. Several times, he had dreamed of owning her.

Before his marriage, he had dated several beautiful women of different styles, but none of them was as beautiful as Celia.

Not even his wife's beauty could measure up to Celia's.

Before he met Celia, he thought his wife was the most beautiful woman in the world. But compared with Celia, his wife was just a step above being plain.

Mack gave a snort of contempt, with undisguised hatred in his eyes.

Danilo leaned over and whispered in his ear, "For the sake of your grandpa, be polite to Tyson today."

Mack nodded and looked away. "I know what I'm doing."

The words were barely out of his mouth when they heard the clacking sound of high heels coming from upstairs.

Everyone's attention was drawn to the sound. When they turned to look, they saw Mack's wife, Doreen Welch, and Danilo's wife, Rosalie Brown, walking down the stairs hand in hand.

Tyson introduced the two women to Celia in a low voice. Celia discreetly inspected them.

Doreen looked to be about twenty-seven years old. She was tall and curvaceous. Her beauty could be likened to that of a delicate flower. Her eyes were bright. Celia could also discern a hint of arrogance in her clear eyes. It was obvious that she was a spoiled young lady from a rich family.

On the other hand, it was quite difficult for her to guess Rosalie's actual age by her appearance. But she estimated that Rosalie was at least in her fifties. Rosalie had a plump body, graceful posture, and astonishingly beautiful facial features. Although she was not young anymore, she still had a special charm.

Danilo glanced at them and asked unhappily, "Why are you so late?"

Rosalie stepped forward and said, "I'm sorry. I thought that since we were hosting an important guest today, I needed to dress up. That's why I got delayed for a while."

"Come and sit down. Have a chat with my father and Tyson," Danilo muttered crisply.

With a nod in her husband's direction, Rosalie and Doreen sat down. Opposite them was Celia. Rosalie inspected her face with a smile. "You are Tyson's wife? I'm sorry we haven't met before today. The thing is, I fell ill on your wedding day and couldn't attend the ceremony."

Her tone was neither cold nor warm, but there was a hint of alienation in her eyes.

But the truth was that Rosalie was fine and fit on the day of the ceremony. She simply didn't participate on purpose. As far as she was concerned, neither the husband nor wife was important enough for her to waste her precious time on.

