

## Chapter 297 A Fake Branded Dress

Tyson noticed that Doreen was displeased with them but said nothing.

In truth, these tonics were packaged in a conventional way, but their contents were anything from average. He had spent a great deal of money getting them, and they were quite beneficial to one's health. Making use of them to demonstrate his filial devotion to his grandpa was a fitting gesture on his part.

He packed these tonics quite ordinarily, and they even appeared a bit ragged on purpose, so that Mack and the others would think he was poor and worthless.

As he gave the tonics to Hobson, Tyson smiled and added, "They are actually not very valuable, but they are excellent for your health."

Hobson took the presents and, with a grin on his face, gave them to the servant standing next to him. "They have to be well-kept. My grandson purchased these. Thank you very much, I really appreciate this."

Then he addressed both Tyson and Celia, "Thank you for your thoughtfulness. I need some tonics since my health isn't what it used to be. It's perfect timing, receiving your presents."

"As long as you like them, Grandpa," Tyson answered with a grin.

Hobson repeated, "I like them" several times and then said, "You're my favorite. I am pleased with all that you and your wife give me."

When Doreen heard this, her face abruptly shifted, and her eyes showed overt scorn.

Afraid she might lose her cool and start talking gibberish again, Mack cleared his throat and whispered to her, "As you can see, Grandpa loves Tyson and his wife very much. Grandpa even likes these terrible presents from Tyson. Be careful with your words. Don't treat Tyson badly as in the past."

Doreen was enraged and said icily, "Do you mean I have to tolerate these two fucking losers? How did my parents treat me when I was still living with my family, do you know? I married you so that I could live a better life, not so that I could have to put up with constant belittlement and disrespect!"

What does it matter if I insult Tyson? Your grandpa is only going to spend a short amount of time in this city. Once he moves out of the country again, Tyson and his wife won't amount to anything! Furthermore, the Welch family is not financially dependent on the Shaw family, and our families married for business reasons. Your grandpa can only criticize me, but he can't physically hurt me."

Mack paused for a while before responding, "You're correct. That boring outfit of Tyson's only proves that he's not leading a comfortable life."

Snorting, Doreen said, "Look at his wife. She has the appearance of a person who has been through a lot of hardship. We kicked him out because of his damaged appearance. What more can they do? Obviously, they do not have fulfilling lives."

"There's no way they could ever afford to live the way you do." Mack laughed as he patted Doreen on the buttocks and reassured her, "My lovely wife, don't worry. When my grandfather finally leaves, I will get even for everything you went through today."

Doreen cried sweetly and scowled at him while muttering, "That's a debt right there."

Mack gave her a firm pinch on the buttock and reassured her, "Don't worry. I promise to get even. But don't let my grandpa know that Tyson was disowned."

Doreen twisted her body and moved aside. "I know. Act properly. Leave me alone. Be wary of how it will look to others. Since I don't come from a poor background, I'm not the kind of woman that enjoys being caressed and flirted with by guys in public."

Doreen cast a look towards Celia, unsure if it was jealousy or disdain she felt for her.

Mack gazed at Celia as well. The soft pink of that lovely face was irresistible to anyone.

Doreen's eyes couldn't compete with Celia's doe-like eyes. Although Doreen had lovely eyes, men's libido would plummet the instant they locked gazes with her because of the icy coldness and arrogance they showed.

For a brief second, Mack wished he could trade places with Tyson. To have sex with a stunning woman like Celia, he was ready to forgo the Shaws' fortune.

For a while, he just stood there in amazement. He didn't want Doreen to find out and cause further trouble, so he turned away and said, "I don't dare to disobey you, my lady. Don't torment me in bed. Cece is looking lovely in her dress, by the way. I'll get you one."

Doreen sent him an icy stare. "It looks like a shop's most costly dress. I have previously tried it on. I didn't purchase it since it was too tight for me. Its value is \$8, 000, 000. I guess the one on her must be a fake. I don't see how she and Tyson can afford a real one!"

