

Chapter 300 Doreen's Retor

When Doreen heard this, her cheeks flushed with rage.

She overreacted and shattered the glass because she overheard Hobson mention that he wished Celia would become pregnant as soon as possible for the sake of the Shaw family.

His remarks really bothered her.

Tyson was no longer welcome in the Shaw household. Was it possible that his kid could be recognized as a Shaw descendant?

If Tyson and that woman really had a child, it might even threaten her and Mack's standing in the Shaw family.

The whole thing irritated her. Her surprise was palpable when Hobson brought up her miscarriage once again.

Doreen sprang to her feet, fuming, and said, "What do you mean by bringing up my dead child? Did I want to lose the child? It happened accidentally. What bearing did that have on me? Such a long time has passed. Do you still think it's my fault?"

Mack, sensing trouble, sprang to his feet and took hold of her. In a soft voice, he convinced her, "Take it easy, Doreen. Don't spoil everybody's appetite!"

Doreen's anger was sparked by his seeming lack of courage. After shaking off his hand, she replied, "Can you handle yourself like a man, Mack? When do you think you'll be able to take my side if I get into a fight with your family? I'm your damn wife! Whenever I need assistance, why don't you step in?"

Mack was caught off guard by her confrontation. Discomforted, he responded hastily, "Doreen, you're making a..."

"I'm not making a scene!" Doreen cut him off mid-speech. She swiveled around to address Hobson, her proud and haughty eyes meeting his. "I tripped and fell while out shopping. That's why I miscarried. I didn't trip intentionally. I, too, was devastated by the loss of the baby. Why would you bring up something which has caused me so much grief and anguish in front of these people?"

Hobson sent her a chilly glance and replied, "I don't see why you carry yourself with such pride. Did the Welchs raise you to act like this? You have no regard for the elderly."

His kind expression was apparent when he grinned. When he was serious, though, he exuded an air of command.

"Doreen, if memory serves, you were the one who insisted on going shopping while wearing heels that were more than 10 cm high. Despite the fact that many people tried to convince you otherwise, you stuck to your original decision. Then you tripped and lost the baby. Everything that went wrong was because of you. It has nothing to do with anyone else. What gives you the nerve to act so superior in my presence?"

"Nothing to do with anybody else, right? Exactly how do you know it had nothing to do with other people, huh?" Doreen remarked with a sneer as she clenched her teeth, "No matter how high my shoes usually were when I went shopping, nothing ever occurred. What caused me to trip and have an accident that day? Can you rule out the possibility that I was intentionally put up to miscarry because someone was frightened I would give birth to a Shaw descendant?"

As she spoke, her voice cracked and her emotions bubbled to the surface. Her eyes began to brim up with tears. "You said I don't respect my elders, but what have you done to merit my respect?"

She added while pointing to Mack, "Mack and Tyson are both your grandchildren, but how do you treat them? And I'm also your granddaughter-in-law. Can you remember a time when you liked me? In front of everyone, you simply make things more difficult for me."

With contempt in her eyes, she glared at Tyson and stated, "Whatever happened on that day is still fresh in my mind. Tyson's mother accompanied me. I had been to several locations while pregnant, but that single shopping was the only one that put me in danger. Don't you have any suspicions that his mother murdered my child?"

