

Chapter 308 A Talk

"Shrew? Did you just say that?!"

To Doreen's disbelief, this really happened. Her eyes were red with rage and grief as she furiously scratched his back. "No one has ever treated me this way since the day I was born. No one has dared to utter such a word to me even after I got married into the Shaw family. And then my husband called me a shrew?!"

Her two big, beautiful eyes were literally bulging out of her head with rage. "Remember, Mack, that I only married into the Shaw family so that I could have a better life. How could you have got rid of Tyson without the help of the Welch family? You used to be physically and intellectually inferior to him. And that car accident..."

"Doreen Welch!" Mack reprimanded her indignantly and pushed her away, his eyes showing open contempt. "Shut up! Stop making troubles!"

He glanced around and whispered in her ear, "Not even the Welch family will be able to protect you if my grandpa finds out what occurred in the past!"

After saying this, he departed, leaving Doreen alone.

Doreen stomped her feet in exasperation. As if she were a disease, the servants around her scurried away from her.

"You! Come over here!" She stopped the servant who was standing the closest to her.

The servant approached her, shaking. Doreen grabbed the purse from the couch and slammed it repeatedly into the servant's shoulder. Doreen finally relaxed and breathed deeply once the servant got down on her knees to beg for mercy. She then hurled the deformed purse at the servant and shouted, "You can have this purse. Fuck off!"

Doreen slumped back on the couch after releasing her pent-up rage. The purse that Hobson had given to Celia caught her attention. A little distance away, the lovely handbag was put in a present box. By just looking at it, she felt her fury rise anew.

How did this lowly girl from a lowly household manage to win Hobson over? Why was Mack staring at her the whole time?

Stupid fucks! How could they think a whore like Celia was better than her?

She would eventually show this bitch just how strong she was.

Meanwhile, in the garden, Hobson was taking Tyson and Celia for a stroll. All the flower fields were breathtaking to Celia.

A huge and lovely garden was maintained by the Shaw family. The area was filled with rare and exotic flora that she had never seen before.

When they reached a lavender field, Hobson abruptly stopped and stated, "Actually, I invited you out for a walk alone because I wanted to have a conversation with you."

Tyson and Celia exchanged glances before the former said to Hobson, "What is it that you want to tell us, Grandpa? Please go ahead."

A sigh escaping his lips, Hobson took Tyson's hand and stated seriously, "I can see that your love for one another is deep. It's good to see you happy.

Still, I can also see that your relationships with your dad and brother are not fine. I hope that being an illegitimate kid doesn't make you feel inferior to anyone. Tell me if your dad and brother are picking on you, and I'll stand up for you."

Hobson's remarks moved Tyson. But he couldn't shake the feeling that the beef between him and the two was too intricate for Hobson to handle.

His mother's death necessitated the execution of his plot of retribution against the Shaws. If that wasn't the case, he would feel bad for his mother and would never forgive himself.

Still, he had to keep his might under wraps and bide his time, seeming like a helpless loser in front of Danilo and Mack until the moment was right to finally execute the plan. When he finally became strong enough, he'd sneak up on them.

He prayed his grandpa would not blame him after his revenge.

