

Chapter 347 Going To The Hospital

Tyson consoled Hobson because he was afraid he would worry about him. "Relax, Grandpa. This is merely a routine checkup. I will look out for myself."

Celia added cheerily, "Tyson will also be in good hands with me. Keep your chin up, Hobson."

Hobson smiled and stroked the two on the back of the hands as he nodded. "I'm very happy with how well you're doing. Having that confirmed has brought me much-needed relief."

Next, he said, "Let me ask someone to give you a ride to the hospital. Which hospital have you made an appointment with? How about I have Tyson checked out by the Shaw family's personal physician?"

Politely, Tyson refused, "It's not necessary, Grandpa. I can drive myself. The Evans family's hospital is where I'm scheduled for an appointment."

Hobson nodded and said, "Is that Wayne's uncle's hospital? It has earned itself a place in medical care. You can have faith in the physicians working there. If that's the case, proceed. I'll have someone send the presents to you at a later time."

Tyson was appreciative of Hobson's generosity and felt a pleasant glow in his heart as a result.

Celia was pleased and humbly said, "Thank you."

But Hobson only grinned. They could see in his eyes that he was overjoyed. "Not a big deal. Simply said, I want my grandson and granddaughter-in-law to be happy."

Tyson and Celia grinned at each other and the former said to Hobson, "Grandpa, we will see you next time."

"All right, fine." Hobson, a big grin on his face, continued, "And I'll be here waiting. You should be on your way, guys. If you want to avoid stress, find out the answers as soon as possible."

They gently said farewell to Hobson and the others and left together.

Hobson wanted to see them off outside the house, but Tyson objected, saying, "Please do not walk us out, Grandpa. Look after yourself."

"Are you worried that I can't even walk this little distance?" Hobson groaned with a sour smirk on his face. "I should be more concerned about my health. My grandson is all grown up, and I am becoming old. My legs and feet are not flexible anymore."

He let them depart without saying anything else.

Mack and Doreen hastily approached Hobson and supported him on both sides as soon as they departed. Infrequently Doreen displayed such a tender side. She smiled and said, "You still have us, Hobson."

Hobson touched her shoulder before doing the same to Mack. Sighing, he said, "You kids are really great. Doreen, you have to take some lessons from Cece. To put it mildly, you need to learn how to cool down sometimes. Your temper makes it very simple to offend others."

Doreen's face froze. She intended to lose her temper, but Mack prevented her. She could only suppress her rage.

At this point, Hobson admonished Danilo. "You need to give more consideration to Tyson. Remember, he is your son. It's still your fault that he's an illegitimate offspring. You must confront the truth."

Even though Danilo's nod was emotionless, his true feelings for Tyson were pure hatred!

After all, he still held Tyson's mother responsible for his misfortune in his mind.

He had forced his girlfriends to abort numerous children over the years. Despite all that was going on, she managed to give birth to Tyson.

She had never asked for anything that was out of the ordinary, so he couldn't really claim she had a hidden agenda. But if he believed she had none, why had she done her best to return her kid to the Shaw family?

He had no idea what was going through her head. He developed an unexplained aversion to her kid.

Tyson, though, was in a poor physical condition and his visage had been damaged. Nothing he tried would succeed. Danilo prayed that he was simply overanalyzing things.

Danilo saw Tyson as nothing more than an illegitimate kid, despite Hobson's love for him. He looked to Mack as his true successor.

Tyson and Celia eventually left the home of the Shaws. A servant opened the car door for them. The two entered the vehicle and were prepared to go.

Tyson, as usual, buckled Celia up. On a whim, he said, "Do you feel like you can't adjust to this, Cece? The Shaws have fleets of fancy automobiles, but I drive something so ordinary in comparison."

Celia was taken aback by Tyson's comment, but she recovered quickly and said, "Is that even possible? Your Volkswagen is superior to luxury vehicles. With you, I want a quiet, uncomplicated life."

"I was afraid you'd mind the difference."

"How is that even possible?" Celia's large eyes blinked as she rested her head on his chest. "As long as I have you, I don't need anything else."

Tyson bent over and kissed her on the head as he started the vehicle and smiled. He spoke into her ear, "My grandpa looks forward to having a great-grandchild, Cece. When do you think we can have a child?"

