

Chapter 580 There Was Something Wrong With...

Celia caught a glimpse of Cerissa in the crowd.

Personally, Celia was worried that something might go wrong. She was afraid that Cerissa would cause trouble and ruin Hobson's birthday party, so she quickly walked towards Cerissa, asking, "Why did you come here?"

Cerissa did not want to tell the truth, so she replied bluntly, "I was also invited by the Shaw family to attend the birthday banquet. If you were allowed to come, why couldn't I?"

"We'll be able to see whether the Shaw family invited you or not after checking the guest list," Tyson said coldly from the side.

Cerissa was extremely embarrassed to have her lie so publicly exposed, and wanted to leave the scene as quickly as possible. But, after she had given it more thought, she still felt angry. She turned around and said to Celia, "I have something to ask you."

Celia ignored her and muttered, "I don't have the time for this."

Cerissa didn't expect Celia to embarrass her in front of so many guests. She was furious and so decided to play her trump card, asking, "Don't you want to know about your mother?"

When Cerissa mentioned her mother, Celia's expression changed slightly, and she said to Tyson softly, "Darling, you

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go in first. I'll talk to her and join you soon."

Tyson was concerned and wanted to follow them, but Celia signaled with her eyes that he should not do so. He tried appealing to her, but in the end, he had no choice but to give up.

Celia followed Cerissa out of the hotel, to the street corner.

"What do you want to tell me? What do you know about my mother?" Celia came straight to the point. "I'm telling you, don't lie to me, and don't expect to bully me with this."

Celia was so direct that Cerissa didn't know how to react.

She was taken by surprise and replied, "I'm not as dreadful as you think. But I warn you that your mother's death is not that simple. Don't be too proud. Be careful, or you too will end up just like your mother."

"Cerissa, you're completely out of line!" When Celia heard the way she had spoken about Jenifer, she was livid, but when she calmed down and thought about what Cerissa had said, she found it peculiar.

She asked, "Hang on. What do you mean it's not that simple? What on earth do you know? How did my mother die? Tell me, please!"

It didn't matter what Celia said or what she asked, Cerissa refused to reveal anything.

"You think you're so smart. Why don't you work it out yourself?"

As she said this, Cerissa pushed her away, waved down a taxi, and left.

Celia stood motionless for some time. She then pulled herself together and went back into the hotel to look for

Chapter 580 There Was Something V 🎁 +120 Points at most
Tyson.

She wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but when entering the hotel, she always felt that there were eyes following her every move. However, every time she turned her head to check, she didn't see anything strange.

Finally, Celia joined Tyson again. He smoothed her ruffled hair and asked, "Honey, is everything all right?"

Celia pretended to be relaxed and said, "It's fine. Cerissa just told me something that isn't very interesting at all."

"Grandpa has been waiting for a long time. Let's go see him now," Tyson stated as he held Celia's hand.

Celia smiled sweetly and nodded, and took him lovingly by the arm.

Together, the two went to the VIP lounge on the eighth floor. As soon as they entered the room, they saw Hobson and Danilo engaged in a game of chess.

When Hobson heard the movement, he raised his head and saw the couple. Immediately he smiled kindly at them. "Tyson and Cece are here. I've been waiting for you for so long."

Smiling, Tyson and Celia looked at each other and walked toward him. "Grandpa, we are so sorry to keep you waiting."

"It's fine. I know you are both busy. I don't blame you." Hobson patted Tyson on the shoulder, motioning to him to sit down in his seat. "You should play the next round."

Chapter 581 Playing Chess

The person sitting on the opposite side was Danilo, and Tyson was not keen on playing chess with him.

After noticing his reluctance, Hobson said to his grandson, "I have lost two games in a row, come and win one game for me."

Celia realized that Hobson wanted to ease the relationship between the two of them, so, without being noticed, she tugged the corner of Tyson's clothes, and said softly, "Today is your grandpa's birthday. Just listen to him and play the next game to make him happy."

Tyson had no choice but to sit down, while Celia watched the battle from the side.

She used to watch her neighbors play chess as a child when she was bored. Eventually, she also learned how to play.

Tyson's playing style was not aggressive, but he certainly was bold and slightly offensive.

And Danilo, on the other hand, seemed unwilling to make a wrong move and was very cautious, playing defensively.

However, sometimes, the more cautious he was, the more mistakes he made.

Celia felt that this game of chess already seemed to have shown who the winner or the loser would be.

The chess game between the two was in full swing when Hobson suddenly asked, "Tyson, have you paid your

respects to your mother in the last two years?"

While the expressions on everyone's faces changed, only Tyson remained calm as always and replied, "I have been there many times, and I paid my respects to my mother recently."

After he finished speaking, he focused back on the game, but his hands suddenly stopped mid-move. He looked at his father with those deep eyes that were exactly the same as Danilo's, and said in a cold tone, "Dad, when did you visit my mother the last time? She has been abandoned, there by herself, and no one goes near to clean the tombstone. Do you know any of this?"

Danilo looked highly offended for a moment. A strange expression appeared on his face, but he didn't say a word.

Celia had no choice but to try to smooth things out. "Tyson, it's your turn."

Tyson responded indifferently and placed the piece on the board silently.

The truth was that, over the last few years, he had grumbled to himself about his mother's naivety, but what he detested most was the Shaw family's ruthlessness.

In fact, he also knew in his heart that his mother's excuse that she was deceived into being a mistress was totally indefensible. It was because she loved Danilo, or for some other reason, that she willingly pretended not to know that he was married and developed a relationship with him.

But, this certainly didn't mean that Danilo could treat her like a plaything and throw her away at will.

He could have talked about this with his mother face to face, but she died tragically at the hands of Mack and Danilo.

As he reflected on this, Tyson suddenly clenched his fists tightly.

Celia could see that he was unhappy, but to make Hobson happy, she would have to make Tyson suffer a little for now.

She put her hand on Tyson's shoulder, touching him gently.

Understanding what she meant, he buried all his emotion and dissatisfaction with Danilo and continued to play.

Before long, the first round was over.

Just as Celia thought would happen, Tyson won the game.

"Grandpa, I won a game for you. Are you happy now?"

Although Tyson didn't want to upset Hobson on his birthday, he really didn't want to play another game of chess for fear of losing control of his emotions.

Hobson had wanted to take this opportunity to bring father and son closer. He certainly didn't expect that a game of chess would make the two of them tense. He could only pat Tyson on the shoulder, "Yes, you have improved a lot since you were a child. Every time you played chess with your father before, you would lose to him, but now it's the other way around."

Tyson nodded, "You are right, Grandpa."

What he didn't tell Hobson was that he was able to beat Danilo a long time ago. The reason why he kept losing to him was that his mother told him to hide his talent and skill.

"The banquet is about to begin, Hobson. Come, let's go downstairs," said Rosalie as she knocked on the door and smiled at them all gently.