

Chapter 651 Lecturing Mack

After hearing what Hobson said, Mack felt an unprecedented sense of panic.

In the past, Hobson would never be willing to hand the Shaw Group over to that bastard Tyson. No matter how much trouble Mack caused or how angry he made Hobson, Hobson would still be willing to forgive him.

This made Mack complacent as he believed Hobson to value tradition. He wrongly believed regardless of Hobson's love for Tyson, Hobson would never hand over the Shaw Group to an illegitimate grandson.

However, it dawned on Mack that he was terribly wrong.

Hobson had only tolerated him in the past because he was still young, and he hadn't been as much of a disappointment as he was now.

Besides, Hobson had to be forward-looking. He could not guide Mack forever, but the candidate for his successor needed to be decisive and smart. Just being good at following instructions was not enough.

Mack trembled uncontrollably as he was afraid to lose his status in the Shaw Group. He clutched Hobson's arm and hurriedly promised, "Please trust me, Grandpa. I will get the Shaw Group's stock price soaring within a month."

Hobson's eyes softened a little, but he continued nagging, "Mack, you are my first grandson. You should've been capable enough to support the family by now. But look at you. You are almost thirty and have been married for several years. Why are you still so immature? How many

more times do you think your father and I can clean up your mess for you?"

Hobson sighed helplessly as he rubbed his temples. Before Mack could protest, he waved his hand dismissively and said, "Well, I hope you won't disappoint me again. Go back. I don't want to see you for now."

Mack dragged his feet out of the room dejectedly and got stopped by Doreen as soon as he was out of the room. Doreen looked at him anxiously and asked, "Why is Mr. Morales here? He's asking us to repay the debt, right? What's going on? Why did you take out a loan from the bank?"

Mack looked at her with regret in his eyes. He hung his head and mumbled, "Nolan offered me an investment opportunity on Star Bay, and I needed to invest a large sum of money for it. I didn't have enough money, so I had to borrow from the bank."

Doreen crossed her arms and was deep in thought. The company was not in any financial trouble, so there should have been money in the company to invest in big projects. Mack must be lying!

Doreen eyed Mack suspiciously and said, "You're lying. There are enough funds in the Shaw Group to take on projects. Besides, a project like Star Bay will not consume all our capital. Don't tell me... Did you touch the company's money without informing any of us?"

Doreen's accurate deductions frightened Mack. He knew it was no use keeping anything from her, so he admitted truthfully, "The Shaw Group's performance has dipped in the past few years, so our profits aren't as high as they used to be. Besides, I wanted to cultivate an elite group of employees, so I used some of the company's money to pay for their training and other expenses..."

Although Mack was not specific in his explanation, Doreen immediately understood what he was trying to say.

She was stunned for a moment and was about to lose her temper. However, when she put herself in Mack's shoes, she believed that she would have done the same, given the many obstacles preventing Mack's smooth ascension as the head of the Shaw Group.

After all, how could he lead the company if he was not bold enough to take risks?

Doreen sighed as she looked helplessly at Mack. She always knew what to do, even in difficult situations, but this was beyond her. She patted his shoulder and said uncharacteristically, "I won't lecture you, but you must follow the progress of the Star Bay project closely. Don't let your guard down."

Mack didn't take her advice seriously. He was about to give her a perfunctory reply when his phone rang. He took a look at the caller ID and answered the call hurriedly.

Doreen didn't know who the caller was or what their conversation was. However, she observed Mack frowning harder and harder by the second.

As soon as Mack ended the call, Doreen immediately asked, "What happened?"

"Someone is spending a lot of money buying the Shaw Group's shares, and I don't know who this person is," said Mack frantically.

He grabbed Doreen's shoulder suddenly and pleaded, "Honey, can you borrow some money from your parents if necessary? Please, I beg you."

Doreen had never seen Mack so frantic and desperate. She

felt sorry for him and nodded, "Don't worry. I will always support you."

Mack was moved. He held her in his arms and kissed her over and over.

Meanwhile, Celia was about to knock off from work. She was afraid to keep Tyson waiting, so she trotted hurriedly to the company gate to meet him. However, he was not waiting for her in the car. Instead, he was standing next to it, holding a box.

Celia noticed that Tyson seemed to be in a good mood when she walked up to him. "Why are you holding a box?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Tyson was over the moon as he defeated Mack in the early stages of their rivalry. As such, he bought a present for Celia to celebrate his victory.

However, needless to say, he couldn't tell Celia the truth. So, he opened the box and showed her the pair of leather shoes. "Honey, I think this pair of shoes suit you very well," he said dotingly.

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Celia's eyes widened in surprise.

A smile grew on Tyson's face as he said, "Honey, let me put them on you."

Celia's cheeks flushed and she nodded with a small smile. She sat in the car and lifted her leg, letting Tyson hold one of her feet and slide it into the new shoe.

Tyson rubbed her leg and continued, "Last time I saw you wearing stilettos, you couldn't walk well. I felt sorry for you. I specially chose this pair for you. They are made from a comfortable material. You can wear them often and they're good for your feet."

Celia felt warmth rush into her heart, a light fluttering feeling attacking her stomach. She answered with a smile, "I really like the workmanship of this pair of shoes. The detailing is exquisite. Thank you, honey."

Tyson helped her put the other shoe on and held her against his side. "I'm so happy you like them. Why don't you walk and see if they're comfortable?"

Holding his hand tightly, Celia stepped out of the car. Her feet felt so light as if she was walking on clouds. "They're very comfortable," she said, unable to stop smiling at his thoughtfulness.

"That's good." He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and whispered close to her ear, "Let's go home."

They made their way to the car and after they were seated, Celia noticed that Tyson was in a better mood than before. There was a ghost of a smile constantly on his face. Curiosity ate at her so she finally asked, "Honey, why are you in such a good mood today?"

Tyson's smile just grew. "My business has been doing well recently, so I want to spend some money on my wife. We don't need to go home for dinner tonight. Let's dine out. What do you think?"

Celia was stunned but that surprise quickly turned to excitement. She nodded her head enthusiastically.

Tyson handed his phone to Celia and said, "I've chosen several restaurants. They are all newly opened recently and have a good reputation. You can choose which one you would like to go to."

"Okay."

Celia looked through the selection of restaurants, all of them fancy and high-end. She was reading one of the menus when she saw an incoming call from Hobson. She picked up the call and said with a sweet smile, "Hobson, good afternoon. It's Cece. Why are you calling? Is there anything wrong?"

Hobson smiled at the sound of Celia's sweet voice and said, "Hello, Cece. Are you off duty now?"

"Yes."

"Then you can come here and have dinner with Tyson tonight. I have something to tell you."

Celia looked at Tyson with slightly widened eyes.

"Grandpa, we..." As soon as Tyson thought that he would

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have to meet some people that he didn't want to at the Shaw family's house, he instinctively wanted to refuse, but Celia interrupted him before he could say anything.

"Okay, Hobson. We'll be there soon," she said to Hobson.

Celia didn't want to disappoint Hobson. After all, she knew from experience how the sting of disappointment sat heavy in one's gut.

The car was soon driving into the Shaw family's house and Tyson sat silently in his seat. Led by a servant, Tyson and Celia entered the grand dining room and found that the dishes on the table looked very delicious. The smell wafted to their noses and their stomachs clenched in response.

Doreen, who was dressed casually, was in the middle of a chat with Hobson. When she saw Tyson and Celia, the smile on her face immediately froze. She frowned and asked Hobson, "Hobson, are these the distinguished guests you mentioned?"

Noticing that she didn't look all that good, Hobson sighed in annoyance and ignored her. He stood up and greeted Tyson and Celia with outstretched arms and a bright smile. He cared deeply about them.

"We haven't seen each other for only a few days, but Cece, why are you thinner? You should eat more. I'm counting on you to give birth to a fat great-grandchild for me."

Celia blushed and nodded with a smile.

She liked Hobson very much because he made her feel the warmth of family again.

As soon as everyone had arrived, Hobson asked them to take their seats.

Ten minutes later, dinner began and soon people were

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excited to start digging into the delicious food.

Hobson cleared his throat and signaled everyone to wait for a moment.

Seeing that everyone put down the tableware, he said, "Before dinner, I have something to announce. I have decided to transfer three percent of my shares to Tyson."

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