

## Chapter 655 Cerissa's Idea

In Time Bar, in the VIP booth.

Time Bar was the busiest bar in Hosworth, bustling with wealthy and powerful customers.

Mack was one of the frequent visitors here.

Tonight, he was in an awful mood and he had drunk far too much. His rage and resentment had been sparked by Hobson's words at dinner. Ever since his childhood, Mack had sensed that Hobson favored Tyson, but this didn't worry him. Tyson was merely an illegitimate child. How could Tyson be compared to him?

Mack didn't consider himself inferior to Tyson. Not his appearance, educational background, or capabilities, especially not his family background.

Mack was an offspring of the Shaw and the Brown families. Tyson meant nothing to him. Tyson was just rubbish!

Mack had assumed that kicking Tyson out of the Shaw family and helping the Shaw Group with all his heart and soul, would gain him Hobson's recognition and he would be able to take over the Shaw Group effortlessly.

He didn't expect that Hobson would just ignore all his contributions. He felt he had lost all respect. What made matters worse was that Hobson had even transferred the shares that rightfully belonged to him, to Tyson.

Although he was only given three percent, that was three percent of the total shares of the Shaw Group! The profit Tyson would get from this three percent would be enough

for him to buy dozens of small and medium-sized businesses!

Moreover, if Hobson decided to transfer three percent of his shares this time, he might decide to transfer thirty percent the next time. After all, those were his shares, and he had the right to do what he liked with them, and no one else could stop him.

The more Mack thought about it, the more upset he became. He had been too kind to Tyson before and regretted that he hadn't destroyed him completely.

But what did that matter?

"Tyson, since I tried to kill you once, I can certainly try it for the second time!"

Feeling frustrated, Mack gulped down a few glasses of wine. He was about to order another bottle when Cerissa saw him.

Cerissa had been coming to the bar regularly, with the intention of meeting wealthy men. Originally she had planned to try and find a rich husband, but her reputation had long been tarnished in Hosworth. None of the wealthy bachelors were interested in marrying her.

Faced with no other choice, Cerissa could only hope to have casual affairs with affluent men. Each time she finished drinking or having sex with them, they would give her a few thousand dollars as reward. Although it was not much, it was better than nothing.

Sadly, this money was only just enough for the Kane family to make ends meet. If Cerissa couldn't get the money, they would all starve.

Cerissa was concerned that she couldn't see any rich men at the bar today. She looked around, and as soon as she

saw Mack, she gave the bartender a tip, took the red wine from his hand, and walked to the booth.

"Mr. Shaw." Entering the booth, Cerissa sat next to Mack, comforting him with her soothing voice, "What's wrong with you? Why have you had so much to drink?"

Mack was drunk and disoriented. He completely ignored Cerissa and continued to talk incoherently.

Cerissa didn't let this discourage her. She poured Mack some more wine and listened to his drunken rambling. Then she came up with an idea. Smiling, she looked at Mack and said, "Mr. Shaw, you're just angry that Tyson has stolen what is rightfully yours. I have an idea that can help you ease your anger."

Hearing this, Mack sobered up a little and asked her quickly, "What is this idea of yours?"

"It's very simple. Allow public opinion to ruin Tyson and make him ineligible to be on the board of directors. Then he will lose your grandpa's trust," Cerissa whispered in Mack's ear.

Mack looked interested. He frowned and asked, "What do I need to do?"

Cerissa stopped and gazed at him with a charming smile.

Mack immediately wrote a cheque for one million dollars and handed it to her.

Taking it from him, she said immediately, "It's not going to be easy to find his weakness, but we can start with his wife, Celia."