

## Chapter 656 The Invitation From Adrien

Mack was both confused and intrigued. "Celia? What do you suggest?"

Smiling, Cerissa replied, "Have you forgotten about her one night stand? It's undeniable that Celia had a one night stand with a strange man the day before her marriage, just like it's undeniable that Tyson is the illegitimate child of a rich family. Do you think the board of shareholders can rest assured with these two people owning shares?"

Mack shook his head.

"Mr. Shaw, don't you think it's a good idea?" asked Cerissa.

"It's not a bad idea." Mack looked at her. "It's not good enough."

Cerissa thought for a while, then smiled and said, "I've come up with a new idea. Mr. Shaw, please wait for my good news. I've accepted your money, so I won't let you down. Hopefully we can work together again in the future. I look forward to receiving my payment."

Mack found her confidence reassuring. He poured two glasses of wine and handed one to her, then raised his glass and said, "I hope you keep your word, Miss Kane."

After drinking the wine, they each returned home. By the time Mack got back home, it was three o'clock in the morning.

Doreen was waiting for him in an unusually gentle manner,

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wearing a silk nightdress and no makeup.

Upon seeing her, Mack felt his heart overflow once again with grief.

He rushed over to Doreen, hugged her tightly and kissed her. Alcohol still coated his lips.

Enveloped in Mack's arms, Doreen smelled a strange woman's perfume. It made her want to push him away and yell, "Which bitch were you with tonight?"

In the past, that was exactly what she would have done.

Today, however, she had to put up with it.

Mack was in great pain, and she knew it.

Doreen was not the only child in her family; her father had had a lot of illegitimate children. Though she had always been the apple of his eye, she knew that he loved his illegitimate children more.

No one knew better than her how it felt to lose out to bastards, so today - only today - she had to be tolerant of Mack.

"Honey, my head hurts..."

Mack cradled Doreen in his arms, but was himself acting like a spoiled child.

Doreen started removing his clothes. "I've asked the kitchen servant to prepare some honey water for you," she said soothingly. "You'll feel better after drinking it."

She helped him get into bed. "I've also called my father. He will try his best to help you. Don't worry."

Mack, drifting out of consciousness, muttered, "My wife is

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the best. I like her the most. Honey, there's something you don't know - some bitch tried to seduce me today. I didn't touch her, though. I'm obedient now. Don't be angry. Don't leave me..."

Doreen softened, touched. She allowed herself to be held in his arms.

It was said that true love could be found in adversity.

Mack and Doreen had quarreled for as long as they'd been married, but, when in difficult time, Doreen had realized how much she truly cared for Mack.

Now that she knew he'd changed his lecherous ways for her, she felt largely gratified.

It seemed as though all her efforts had paid off.

Mack held Doreen tightly, like a child, and eventually fell asleep.

The next day.

For the first time since they'd wed, Celia got up earlier than Tyson.

After yesterday's delightful "interaction", she was excited and wanted to make breakfast for Tyson in person.

No sooner had she put the bread into the toaster, however, than her phone began to ring. She looked down and saw that it was Adrien, whom she hadn't been in contact with for a long time.

Not wanting to wake up Tyson, Celia hurried to answer the phone.

Before she could say anything, Adrien started speaking. "Cece, are you free to see me at midday? Just the two of



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us. Don't disturb anyone. I'll tell you the cause of your  
mother's death."

Celia hesitated before finally accepting Adrien's invitation.  
She was desperate to know the answer.

Celia hung up the phone. Having lost her enthusiasm for  
cooking breakfast, she fried some eggs, lost in thought.

The eggs burnt, and some of the hot oil splashed out of the  
pan, scalding Celia.

Tyson suddenly appeared in the kitchen. He turned off the  
stove and shepherded Celia into the bathroom to treat her  
scald.

Looking at the bright red scar, Tyson felt a swell of regret.  
"You didn't have to make breakfast," he said. "I should be  
the one cooking for you."

Celia nodded absent-mindedly.

"What were you thinking just now?" Tyson asked, noticing  
her distractedness. "Why were you so careless?"

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Tyson's question immediately brought a flush to Celia's face so she dipped her face in an effort to hide her panic. An excuse sprang to her mind and her smile grew as she said, "Maybe I slept too late last night, so I was absent-minded for a while after waking up. I planned to cook a good meal for you."

She forced her smile to drop from her face and accompanied it with a bit of pouting. "Honey, do you think I'm useless?"

Tyson gently touched her cheek and stroked her skin with his thumb, a smile creeping onto his face. "How could that be? This is not what you should be doing. Let me do it. You go and rest."

After breakfast, Celia spent the rest of the morning in a state of uneasiness. Her mind was spinning around in circles and there was nothing she could do to unravel the mess.

Her mind was plagued with thoughts of the invitation from Adrien and the matters about her mother.

When the clock hit noon, Celia immediately took a taxi to the cafe mentioned by Adrien.

She spotted Adrien as soon as she walked into the cafe and she could tell by the empty coffee mug on the table that he had been waiting for a while.

They hadn't seen each other for a long time. She could tell

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that Adrien's temperament was completely different from before. He had lost a lot of weight and it was glaringly obvious from the way his face was sunken in. He was not in good spirits and that gave Celia a sinking feeling in her stomach.

As soon as Adrien saw Celia, he invited her to sit down flatteringly.

A waiter appeared seemingly from midair and placed two cups of coffee on the table. Without any hesitation, Celia took a sip from her cup and asked, "You said you wanted to tell me the real cause of my mother's death. Didn't she die normally?"

Adrien sighed deeply before answering, fixing a look of great grief on his face. "No, the cause of your mother's death is not that simple. Before we got married, she had a lover. It seemed that she really liked that man. Even after she married me, I could tell she still missed him."

He heaved a heavy sigh, putting on a performance, and said, "I thought your mother married me because she wanted to leave that man," he paused to compose his trembling voice. "I didn't expect that when that man showed up at our doorstep, she would become infatuated with him again. She cheated on me and went out with that man constantly."

He glanced through his lashes, wet with moisture that refused to leave his eyes, and observed the expression on Celia's face. Seeing that she looked at him with a blank stare, he added, "But not long after, your mother was abandoned by that man again. She suffered from depression and her temperament changed greatly, which resulted in her death."

Adrien kept an eye on her reaction and said in an overly pitiful tone, "I didn't have an affair with Mabel from the very



beginning. It was your mother who disappointed me again and again. I endured it until I had no choice but to have an affair with her. I have never told you these things because I was afraid of destroying your mother's image in your heart. Now that the Kane family is in a difficult time, I have no choice. I have to tell you so that I can gain your forgiveness."

Celia resisted the urge to roll her eyes as she didn't believe Adrien's nonsense. She didn't hide the bite in her tone when she said, "Don't lie to me. I don't think my mother was in depression. Besides, Cerissa is only one year younger than me. You had already had an affair with Mabel since a long time ago."


The expression on Adrien's face changed again and again as if he wasn't sure which expression to settle on. He realized that Celia didn't believe him, so he immediately said, "I can't clearly explain what happened between Mabel and me, but I'm absolutely not lying. Your mother was indeed hurt by that man. Think about it, why didn't that man come to look for you? You have seen the sapphire ring. That man is very rich. If he just gave you a little money, you and your mother could have lived a good life. But he didn't care about you and your mother at all. He was clearly just playing with your mother."

Celia didn't reply.

Although she didn't want to believe it, she had to admit that what Adrien said was somewhat reasonable.

Noting her pause, Adrien immediately stood up and begged, "Cece, please, I beg you. Please spare us. Don't let our Kane family be ruined completely! Although I am not your biological father. I had raised you for more than ten years and treated you well, hadn't I?"

Celia knew that he was trying to make her show gratitude

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to him again, so she cut him off, "Stop that. Adrien, the gratitude I had once felt for you has been consumed in your schemes over and over again."

Adrien didn't expect her to be so cold. His mask of affection immediately morphed into a death glare. "Celia, think it over. I'm giving you a chance. I'm a piece of shit and don't mind fighting with you at the risk of mutual destruction!"

Celia pounded on the table and stood up. The evil in him had made its way to the surface once again. When she was about to refute, she suddenly felt dizzy.

A familiar feeling overwhelmed her.