

Chapter 675 Trying To Disable Tyson

Celia seized the opportunity and bit Mack's finger with all her strength.

Mack let out a shrill shriek in pain. His face crumpled immediately, and he gave Celia a slap while cursing angrily, "Bitch, stop acting all innocent. You slept with another man before your wedding day and hooked up with your boss after marriage. So why can't I?"

Celia felt sick and demanded coldly, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Stop pretending! Do you think I will believe your pretense?" Mack snorted and gripped her neck tightly. He glared down at her and sneered, "You are such a whore! You must count yourself lucky that I'm willing to sleep with you! I'm going to fuck you now. I'll take photos of you and post them online. I'll show the world how lewd you are!"

Celia was horrified. She kept struggling to escape, but it only aroused Mack even more.

He reached out and ripped the clothes off her chest, exposing her delicate and smooth skin.

"Fuck off!" Celia yelled as she tried to dodge him desperately. However, her limbs were tied, nulling all her attempts to escape.

Mack grabbed her shoulders tightly and was about to lick her breasts when a loud bang sounded from outside!

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The next second, Mack's assistants rushed in with fearful looks in their eyes. Mack was furious that his assistants were disturbing his pleasure. He frowned and scolded, "Why did you barge in? Can't you see I'm in the middle of something?"

The assistants froze as they were afraid Mack might punish them. They stared hesitantly at each other before one assistant stuttered, "Tyson... Tyson is here!"

Mack immediately loosened his grip on Celia and glanced towards the opened door.

A tall figure walked in against the light.

It was Tyson.

Mack was surprised that Tyson was so obedient and came alone as he demanded.

He smirked slightly as he watched Tyson coming closer and sneered, "I didn't expect you to be here so soon. You must love your wife a lot. Otherwise, why would you still come when you have been cuckolded?"

There was only Celia in Tyson's eyes. Seeing her injured, Tyson looked at Mack and said coldly, "I'm here. Let go of my wife!"

Mack smiled and choked Celia again, causing her to gag. He eyed Tyson and said, "Of course, I will release her. But I really dislike you. You're just an illegitimate child, yet Grandpa thinks highly of you. If I don't teach you a lesson now, I'm afraid that my anger will just keep growing!"

Mack nodded at his two assistants, and they grabbed an iron rod each to strike at Tyson.

When Tyson was about to fight back, Mack slapped Celia

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and sneered at him. "If you dare to fight back, I'll slap your wife in the face. If my men are injured, I'll kill your wife."

Tyson couldn't bear to watch Celia be hurt any more than she was. As much as he wanted to fight back, he had no choice but to back down and receive the blows from Mack's assistants.

Celia was heartbroken and burst into tears. Every hit that landed on Tyson was a strike to her heart. With limbs still tied, she was helpless and could only cry, "Stop! Stop! Stop!"

However, no one paid attention to her. The two men didn't stop until blood was oozing out Tyson's mouth, and his body tilted to one side. They were afraid that any more hits would get Tyson killed. So, they looked at Mack for further instructions.

Mack laughed as he glanced at Tyson's pathetic figure and scolded, "You're a son of a bitch. You are persistent, just like your shameless mother. That year, your mother received so much humiliation, but she still refused to leave. You really do take after her. If you were a woman, you would also be a damned bitch!"

Tears welled in Celia's eyes as she watched Tyson tortured and insulted. When Mack turned around and saw her tearful look, his arousal grew. It made him want to fuck her in front of Tyson.

Unfortunately, Tyson had no strength left to take Mack down.

"My dear little brother, let me do you a favor. I'll help you teach your wife how to serve you better in bed in the future," Mack sneered as he looked greedily at Celia. He ripped off more clothes from Celia's chest, revealing her large breasts.

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When Mack was about to touch Celia's breasts, Tyson seized an iron rod from one of the assistants and pointed it at Mack. "Mack, I'm warning you. Do not touch my wife!" Tyson growled.

Mack was intimidated by the coldness in Tyson's eyes and subconsciously froze.

When he realized that he was intimidated, he felt humiliated. He immediately took his gun from his pocket and aimed it at Celia's head while snarling, "Bastard, you dare hurt me? If you don't want to see me blow up your wife's brains, stay where you are!"

Tyson didn't dare to move an inch of muscle as he feared for Celia's safety.

Seeing Tyson had become submissive, Mack immediately ordered his assistants, "What are you waiting for? Break his knees. He will not be a threat when he is disabled."

His assistants acknowledged his order and swung the iron rods strongly and squarely on Tyson's knees, but a loud crack echoed around the room.

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One of Tyson's legs buckled under the impact of the iron rod but he didn't kneel down.

Mack kicked hard at his shaking body wearing a sinister smile.

"You are tough because you were given birth to by a whore. I know you won't die easily."

Turning to his assistants, he said, "Change them to thicker ones. If you don't beat him to disability, I swear I will cripple you!"

Trembling, the assistants did as were ordered and changed the iron rods.

Celia began to shriek when she saw the rods. "Leave me alone, Tyson. Run!"

Tyson would end up disabled if he was struck by those rods.

She couldn't let this happen before her eyes!

Tyson tried his best to calm her down and comfort her. "Don't be afraid, honey. We will be fine. We'll leave here safely."

"Leave? Are you blind?" Mack sneered. He had just come up with a brilliant idea to toy with Tyson and Celia.

Slowly, he moved the gun between Celia's red lips. He shoved it into her mouth.

"Mack!"

Tyson flew into a rage and tried to attack Mack but his injured body prevented him from getting much power behind it.

"Stop him!"

Mack was unfazed and acted like nothing had happened. He ordered his assistants to take hold of Tyson.

The two men kept Tyson pressed to the floor, while they awaited Mack's next order.

"Tyson, your wife is indeed a beauty but sadly also a slut. It is not interesting to rape her. It would only be fun if she were eager to throw herself at me."

Immediately, Tyson had a bad feeling.

He raised his head and glared angrily at Mack, "What the hell do you want?"

Mack pushed the gun deeper into Celia's mouth who was sobbing wildly in pain. Then, he burst into laughter and said, "You'll know soon enough."

He turned to the two assistants.

"You two, take off the bastard's pants and lick his ass. Then, let him fuck you or you fuck him, whatever. Regardless of the method you use, you must make him hard. When he is hard, hit his erection with the iron rods. I want him to never be a man again in his life!"

Celia had never imagined Mack to be this dark. Tyson would never be able to recover from this humiliation.

Why couldn't she be Mack's target? She would prefer to be

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raped than see this happen to Tyson.

She wanted to ask Mack to take everything out on her and request he let Tyson go but she could not speak for the gun.

Seeing Celia crying anxiously, Mack shouted at Tyson, "Didn't Grandpa urge you to have a baby and wish you to inherit the Shaw family? Will you be the inheritor if you are rendered impotent?"

As soon as he said this, he gestured to his two assistants.

The two assistant looked at each other hesitantly. Then, in one motion, they reached out their hands, pulled open Tyson's shirt and removed his pants.

Celia was desperate. She was helpless while she was held hostage. Tyson had no chance to fight back.

If only one person could leave here safely, she hoped it would be Tyson!

Celia felt like this was a deciding moment between life and death.

While Mack's attention was focused on Tyson, she used all her strength to hit Mack with the chair that she was tied to. She was surprised at the power behind her attack which actually pushed Mack far away.

Suddenly, the tables had turned.

Tyson had appointed some men to stand guard outside.

At this moment, these men seized the opportunity to break in. Two men shot the two assistants pinning down Tyson as they entered.

Tyson wasted no time and began to untie Celia.

Seeing so many people appear suddenly, Mack tried to run away but the exit was blocked by the crowd.

Mack took out his gun and fired two shots in Celia's direction.

Anyway, under this situation, he couldn't get away with it, but there had to be someone, either Tyson or Celia, suffering with him!

Tyson rushed forward to protect Celia from bullets. A bullet skimmed past his face, removing his mask.

His face was completely exposed in front of Celia for the first time ever.

"Tyson!"

Celia froze momentarily when she saw his face for the first time. Before she could react, another gunshot rang through the room.

This time Mack was on target and the bullet hit Tyson's chest.

Celia's heart felt like it was torn in two at this sight.

Blood was spraying out everywhere from Tyson's chest.

"I'm sorry..."

Tyson fell into Celia's arms. He managed to say, "I didn't mean to lie to you."

Celia couldn't pay attention to his words. She shouted repeatedly, "Stay awake, Tyson! Don't leave me!"