

Chapter 690 The Last Chance

Mack was so spooked by Doreen's appearance that he reflexively tossed the phone away. It landed, unintentionally, at Doreen's feet.

Doreen bent to pick it up. Cerissa was still on the line, oblivious to what was going on. Her over-the-phone flirtation continued.

"Are you feeling lonely, Mack? Would you like some company? Do you want me to come over? I've heard friends say that you're a gentle lover, and that you know to give women what they need every time. I'd like to see for myself. Your wife isn't home at the moment - is now a good time?"

Doreen couldn't bear to hear any more. "Cerissa, you filthy whore!" she bellowed. "You just can't live without a man, can you? If you love seducing married men so much, why don't you take up sex work? Can't you see what you look like? Men don't like women from the trash can!"

Cerissa was stunned into silence. Eventually, she realized that it was Doreen who had answered the call.

Not to be outdone, Cerissa began taunting Doreen. "I may be a whore, but at least I'm young. Looking at your sagging old face, I can understand why married men come out to have fun - it's so they can get away from their hag wives! Aren't you already in your thirties?"

Cerissa's words were deeply hurtful to all women, not just Doreen.

Driven to the brink of madness by Cerissa, Doreen yanked

Mack by the hair and dragged his head over to the phone. "Mack Shaw, make a choice now. Do you want this shameless bitch or me?"

"Of course I want you," Mack replied without hesitating. "She doesn't even compare to you, honey. You're my wife! As you heard, I have nothing to do with her. I only want to use her to help me deal with Tyson. I have zero interest in such a dirty whore - none."

Mack was not a fool. The Welch family was thousands or even tens of thousands of times stronger than the Kane family. Moreover, he and Doreen had been married for many years, and they had a complicated but profound relationship.

He'd had no interest in Cerissa from the beginning, and he sure as hell didn't want to upset Doreen over her.

In order to calm Doreen down, he shouted at Cerissa through the phone, "You bitch! Don't play tricks on me. I only care about my wife. All you make me feel is sick."

Doreen seemed satisfied with Mack's words. When he was done scolding Cerissa, she hung up the phone emphatically.

"Are we okay now, honey? I've distanced myself from her. I didn't even play along with her games. You know my taste in beauty. I wouldn't lower myself to sleep with such a whore."

Doreen exhaled. "I know..."

She knew that Cerissa's beauty wasn't enough to make Mack fall in love with her, but Mack and Cerissa's relationship wasn't the real reason she was angry.

She threw the phone aside, turned to face Mack, and began asking him about his desire to rape Celia.

"Is there something you're hiding from me?"

Mack thought of something immediately, causing a slight change in his expression. He tried to remain calm. After a moment's pause, he asked, "Honey, what are you talking about? I have nothing to hide from you."

Doreen rolled her eyes. "If you want to play dumb, I'll get straight to the point. You wanted to rape Celia in front of Tyson after kidnapping her, didn't you? It's been a long time, yet you still have delusional thoughts about her. Is she really so good that you'd risk your future and life just to rape her?"

By the time she'd finished speaking, the look on Doreen's face was no longer anger; it was disappointment.

She didn't know how to deal with her husband.

Their marriage might have started out as a commercial agreement, but that didn't make her husband's unethical thoughts towards his sister-in-law acceptable. What was more, she had already fallen in love with him and was willing to spend the rest of her life with him.

Mack noticed the change in her mood and spoke quickly. "Honey, no. I just wanted to make Tyson's life a living hell. You're the only one in my heart. I lost interest in Celia long ago. Now I just want her and Tyson dead. Please, honey, trust me!"

"I want to believe you," Doreen replied, "but you have to prove your sincerity to me, okay?"

As long as the thought of Mack's captivated expression at the sight of Celia remained in her mind, Doreen was disappointed.

"Honey, I..."

Before he could finish, Doreen grabbed a pillow and smashed it over his face. "This is my final warning to you, Mack Shaw. If I ever find out that you've had another affair, I'll divorce you!"

Not wanting to hear any more of Mack's sweet talk, she spun around and left.

Mack knew that if he let her leave like this, their relationship would be over, and so would his future.

Disregarding his injured body, he rolled over and got out of bed, then hugged her from behind.

"Honey, please don't go, I beg you. I'll do whatever you want. I won't make you sad anymore. From now on, you are the only one in my heart, and my body is yours alone. I really can't live without you..."

He burst into half-true tears.

Abandoning her previous resolve, Doreen decided then and there to give Mack another chance.

Meanwhile, at Semshy Group.

After finishing her work for the day, Celia walked out of the office building to find Tyson's car parked at the door as usual.

He'd taken over the Shaw Group, but he still made the time to pick her up. It warmed her heart.

When she got into the car, however, she noticed the faint smell of a strange perfume. Keeping a straight face, she asked Tyson, "Why does it smell like perfume?"

Tyson removed his coat and told her what had happened with Cerissa. "Honey, I didn't respond to Cerissa's

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Tyson removed his coat and told her what had happened with Cerissa. "Honey, I didn't respond to Cerissa's

seduction at all. I refused to even let her touch me. I asked someone to drive her away. If you don't believe me, you can check the surveillance footage."

Celia snorted. She trusted Tyson, but she still felt a little uncomfortable. "So she really didn't touch you, huh?"

Tyson, seeing her reaction, could tell that she was jealous. He took the opportunity to prove his loyalty. "Of course - I'm committed to you."

Celia burst into laughter. She forgave him by eating the snacks he offered her.

They chatted and laughed together for the rest of the trip. When they returned home, Tyson's phone began to ring. It was Briar. "Sir, I've talked to Samuel. He doesn't want to be one of us."