

Chapter 290 Tyson’s Grandpa

As soon as the car arrived, Celia was almost stunned by the mansion in front of her.

On their wedding day, her schedule was very tight and she had left in a hurry after she and Tyson were married. From the little she saw of it then, she had thought that the Shaw family's house was like a magnificent palace. But today when she was looking at it in its all glory again, she realized that it was simply beyond her imagination.

The palace was located in a deep forest far away from the bustling city, surrounded by mountains and woods. It was very magnificent. The solemnly carving was extremely luxurious and splendid. It was rare in the world, and the place was so large that it could be compared to the imperial palace where the king lived.

Groups of servants stood at the door, and they all looked energetic and glowing.

As soon as the car stopped, a servant came to open the door for Tyson and Celia.

"Welcome home, Mr. Tyson Shaw and Mrs. Celia Shaw."

A group of servants bowed in unison.

Celia was shocked and confused.

She clearly remembered that Tyson wasn't favored by the Shaw family. In fact, they hadn't received such welcome on their wedding day, so how could there be so many servants to welcome them today?

When Tyson saw how surprised Celia was by the welcome, he lowered his head and whispered, "Maybe my grandpa arranged it."

The comment had barely passed Tyson's lips when an old man with gray hair walked out of the house. He was surrounded by a group of people as he made his way towards them with his walking stick.

"Get out of the car. My grandpa is here."

Tyson gave the car key to one of the servants and asked him to park the car for them. Then he quickly walked to Celia, helped her out of the car and walked towards his grandpa.

"Grandpa," Tyson called amiably when he was in front of Hobson.

He pulled Celia forward gently by the arm and introduced her. "This is your granddaughter in law, Cece. She is from the Kane family."

Celia stared at Hobson. The old man in front of her was in his seventies. Although his face was thin, his features were even more defined than the relief on the wall. Hobson was a tall man, and even though he was old now, it was clear to see that he was a handsome man when he was younger. Despite his age, he was still standing straight, without the back stooping that was common in older people of his age.

Strangely enough, Celia suddenly felt that Hobson's appearance was inexplicably similar to that of the man she had a one night stand with. However, Hobson's face was full of traces of time, while that man had been in his prime.

She had seen Tyson's father, Danilo and his brother, Mack. Even though they bore some physical similarities with Hobson, they were quite faint. On the contrary, the man from that night looked a lot like Hobson. Celia was certain that if Hobson had been ten or so years younger, he would be as handsome as that man.

Inevitably, her musings forced her to recall the night when she had sex with that man in vivid details. Equal parts ashamed and annoyed with herself, Celia flushed and looked at her toes in embarrassment.

But she was afraid that her silence would embarrass Tyson, so she immediately bowed to Hobson and greeted, "Hello, sir."

"Good, very good."

Holding the hands of the two, Hobson said, "My grandson is finally married. That's great."

He looked at Celia first and smiled with satisfaction. Then he teased Tyson, "You have a good taste. I heard that the Kane family is not a big family. But the girl they raised is well-educated and beautiful. I think she is more beautiful than your uncles' and brothers' wives."

Celia's face turned redder. She smiled and said, "I'm flattered. You don't look like a man of your age at all, sir."

Her sweet words made the old man very happy. He patted the back of her hand and praised, "Your name is Cece, right? You are such a sweet talker. I like you at first sight. No wonder Tyson likes you too. If he had asked me to choose a wife for him, I would have chosen you as well."

When he noticed that Celia was shy, he turned to look at Tyson. Only then did he notice Tyson's mask. He frowned and asked, "What's wrong with you? Why are you wearing a mask at home? I can't even see your face."

Tyson paused and sighed, "Grandpa, don't be angry. I had a car accident and my face was disfigured. I've been wearing a mask for many years since then."

Hobson's heart broke. He grabbed Tyson's wrist tightly, his face full of concern and anxiety. "Why were you so careless? How's your face? Is it serious? Let me have a look..."

He was about to take off Tyson's mask to see how bad the injury was, but Tyson stepped out of his reach.

Suspicion flashed through Hobson's eyes. Just as he was about to demand that Tyson take the mask off, a sharp male voice interrupted him.

"Wow! Tyson is here? What a rare visitor!"

They turned around and saw Mack, with a big smile on his face, walking towards them unhurriedly behind Danilo.