

Chapter 703 Divorce

Hobson was fuming when he learned that Mack went to screw around with another woman. He smashed the cup he was holding in front of Mack and said disgustedly, "I had given you many chances. Yet you managed to blow every one of them. You should have seen this coming!"

Mack sobbed as he kneeled on the floor, begging for mercy. "Grandpa, please give me one more chance! I promise it will never happen again. Please don't give up on me. I'm your grandson!"

Hobson looked coldly at him for a long time before turning his gaze away and saying helplessly, "I'm not the one you hurt. It's no use begging me. You should be begging Doreen instead. I will only forgive you when she does."

Mack knew that Hobson was trying to help him. He crawled toward Doreen and begged tearfully, "Babe, please forgive me. I swear this is the last time. I will never hang out with another woman again. You are the only one in my heart. I love you with all my life!"

Doreen was thoroughly heartbroken after Mack's repeated empty promises. She said firmly, "I had given you many chances, but you let me down and hurt me every single time. We are done. Mack Shaw, there won't be a next time because we are getting a divorce. Period."

Doreen glanced away from Mack and met Celia's eyes.

She scowled at Celia and then at Tyson, snorting, "I guess a divorce wouldn't be so bad. At least I don't need to see you two idiots anymore. You must be happy to see Mack and me ending up like this, right? Without the Welch

family's help, Mack will be no match for you. You can do whatever you want in the Shaw family from now on. But don't you dare think that we're on the same level. I won't show any respect to the Shaw family when we meet in the future. You'd better pray not to run into me."

Doreen grabbed her bag and stormed off after saying her piece.

Mack was furious as he watched Doreen leave. He pointed at Tyson and Celia and cursed, "It's all your fault. You prompted Cerissa to seduce me, didn't you? You set me up!"

Tyson pulled Celia behind him and walked up to Mack. "You'd better watch your words. Do you want me to help slap you so hard that you can't get out of bed? I'll make it come true if you continue your nonsense," Tyson threatened disdainfully.

Mack trembled at the thought of Tyson beating him up.

Although he hated Tyson, he was genuinely afraid and shut his mouth promptly.

Hobson didn't want Mack to make a bigger fool of himself. "Go back to your room and reflect on your actions!" he ordered harshly.

Danilo pulled Mack back to his room hastily. Although he loved his son very much and wanted to defend him, he dared not disobey Hobson's orders. "You better be on your best behavior from now on. Also, think of how you can bring Doreen home," he told Mack as they walked toward Mack's room.

After all, they desperately needed the support of the Welch family.

However, Mack wasn't listening to Danilo. He was wondering why Hobson called Tyson over at such a late

hour.

It couldn't be that Hobson wanted Tyson to witness his plight.

Mack anxiously said to Danilo, "Dad, don't worry. Doreen only brought up a divorce in a fit of anger. I'll coax her when she calms down. I'm more concerned about the Shaw Group's shares. I'm guessing that Grandfather wants to give Tyson more shares."

Danilo frowned and glared at him, hinting he should just keep his mouth shut and stay in his room.

Meanwhile, in the leaving room, Hobson began coughing violently. Tyson walked up to him in concern, but Hobson waved his hand and said, "Don't worry about me. I know myself well enough. I can't hold on any longer. I can't go peacefully until you are in charge of the company. Your brother is useless. I don't want him to destroy the Shaw Group."

He stood up shakily and huffed, "Follow me to the study alone. I have something to tell you."

Tyson took a glance at Celia and helped Hobson to the study.

Hobson took out a share transfer agreement from his drawer and handed it to Tyson. "Tyson, sign your name," he prompted.

Tyson read the agreement and was slightly puzzled when he saw the shares Hobson wanted to give him.

Chapter 704 The Shaw Group Is Safer With You

Tyson was surprised to find out Hobson intending to transfer all his shares to him.

"Grandpa, do you know what you are doing?" he asked in disbelief.

Although Hobson was disappointed in Mack, Mack was still a part of the Shaw family. It didn't make sense for Hobson to leave Mack out of the Shaw Group.

Hobson seemed to have read Tyson's mind. He patted Tyson on the shoulder and sighed, "Don't overthink. You deserve this. As I said, the Shaw Group is safer in your hands."

Suddenly, the door to the study swung open, and Mack rushed in furiously as he demanded, "Grandpa, how can you treat me like this? I'm your legitimate grandson. Why are you giving everything to Tyson instead? How is he better than me? He is just an illegitimate child, yet you treat him so well. Tell me why!"

Mack was filled with resentment.

He had felt a growing sense of unease as he headed to his room. So he couldn't help sneaking to the door of the study and eavesdropping. He wasn't expecting to hear Hobson's intention to give all his shares to the bastard Tyson!

Hobson was startled by Mack's sudden intrusion, but he quickly regained his senses and scolded, "Who should I entrust the Shaw Group to, if not Tyson? I'm not stupid

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enough to let you destroy the company I painstakingly built
with my life. Get out of here!"

Mack ignored Hobson and charged at Tyson. He grabbed
the agreement in Tyson's hand and tore it into pieces.

He glared at Tyson and warned, "The Shaw Group is mine.
You will never take it away from me. You are just a bastard.
You won't be taking anything from the Shaw family. You
are nothing to the Shaw Group. You don't..."

Hobson felt that Mack had gone too far. He was so furious
that he raised his crutch and slammed it hard on Mack's
leg.

His attack took a toll on his body, and he started breathing
heavily. Tyson quickly helped Hobson to the chair and
asked in concern, "Grandpa, are you okay?"

"I'm not dead yet," Hobson replied wilfully.

He calmed himself down and glared at Mack. "Get out of
here. If I hear any nonsense from you again, you can give
up any thoughts on the inheritance because I will not leave
you anything."

Although Mack was indignant, he was alarmed by
Hobson's words. He glared at Tyson resentfully and left in
reluctance.

Hobson watched as Mack left and comforted Tyson,
"Tyson, don't take your brother's words seriously. Don't
worry. I will discipline him. I won't let him hurt you and
Cece again. As for the Shaw Group, I want you to have it."

Tyson didn't take Mack's words to heart, but he was deeply
touched by what Hobson said.

However, there was still something troubling him that only
Hobson could answer. He hesitated before asking,

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"Grandpa, I don't want the Shaw Group. I just want to know the truth about my mother's car accident."

Hobson's eyes glistened, but he didn't answer Tyson's question. Instead, he waved Tyson off. "Go back home. I need to rest."

Tyson's confusion grew, but he knew he couldn't force Hobson to give him an answer right away.

Besides, he respected his grandpa too much to press on.

"Okay. I'll ask the butler to take care of you," Tyson responded reluctantly before leaving the study.

Celia started loitering around the door as she heard the commotion earlier but didn't dare to intrude. When she saw Tyson coming out, she immediately stepped forward and asked worriedly, "Tyson, what happened?"

Tyson shook his head and assured her, "It's nothing. Grandpa is tired. Let's go back first."

Celia agreed. She knew he had something on his mind, but she didn't press him.

Back home, Tyson still had a solemn look on his face. However, since he didn't want to talk about it, Celia didn't know what to do to lighten his mood.

She hugged him and whispered gently, "Tyson, you can talk to me. We can handle it together, okay? Don't keep everything to yourself. I'll be worried."

Chapter 705 Start With His Wife

Tyson looked back at Celia and hugged her. He told her about the conversation with Hobson back at the Shaw family's house.

Celia was as perplexed as Tyson on Hobson's decision, but she just comforted him, "Tyson, don't think too much. Since your grandpa intends to hand the entire Shaw Group to you, there is no doubt that he trusts you wholeheartedly. But you need to be careful. Mack might take revenge on you."

A hint of coldness flashed across Tyson's eyes. "I didn't take Mack's words seriously at all. I'm more worried he will hurt you again," he said.

Celia hurriedly assured him, "You don't have to worry about me. I know how to protect myself. Besides, I believe you will keep me safe, right?"

"Of course, I will," Tyson replied as he hugged Celia tightly.

After a long hug, Celia went to the bathroom to wash up.

Tyson called Briar as he watched Celia leaving. "Send someone to keep an eye on Mack. Don't let him have any chance to be near Cece. By the way, what did you find out about Samuel?"

Briar replied, "Samuel loves gambling. He got his money from Mack to gamble all these years. Also, he doesn't care about his wife and child when they are sick."

Tyson paused before saying, "Okay, start with his wife. She should know where Samuel hid the insurance policy. Be careful when you approach her."

"Roger that," Briar replied respectfully before hanging up.

In an underground casino.

Samuel had been gambling madly for the entire day and had lost all the money that he had brought.

However, he was still hopeful for a win. He was desperate to turn the tables, but in the end, he still lost miserably.

Watching his chips about to be taken away, Samuel threw himself on the table and yelled, "Let me play one more time. I'll give up if I lose again!"

The casino manager knitted his eyebrows and said impatiently, "You already lost all your money. Come back again when you have more. This is a casino, not a charity."

However, Samuel was still reluctant to leave. He pleaded, "Give me one more chance. Just once more! I don't believe that I am this unlucky. Let me play one last time. If not, I won't let you take the chips away!"

The casino manager couldn't be bothered by his nonsensical behavior. He called security and instructed, "Throw him out!"

Samuel was dragged away from the table. He was about to beg again, but the manager said sharply, "This is your last warning. You'd better not cause more trouble, or I will break your legs!"

Samuel didn't dare to throw another tantrum. Instead, he hung his head awkwardly and was forced to go home.

In the past, Samuel had been a successful man with a decent job and a stable income. His wife was honorable, and his child was intelligent. He had lived a happy life.

However, since Samuel became addicted to gambling, his life had been turned upside down. He even had to move from his villa to an old shabby-looking house.

But Samuel never regretted gambling at all. He thought the pleasure derived from gambling was enough to make up for all the misfortune he had suffered.

As soon as he was home, he rummaged through the house, searching for money. His wife, Clara Ortiz, panicked when she saw him and rushed up to stop him.

She cried anxiously, "What are you looking for? We don't have any more money. Stop looking!"

Samuel ignored Clara and pushed her away. "Get lost! Don't get in my way!" he scowled.

"Samuel, how can you be so shameless?" Clara shouted. She was so angry that she burst into tears as she tried to stop Samuel from finding any money that could still be in the house.

"When will you stop gambling? Look at this house. Look at your son. He is lying on the bed, and we can't afford to send him to the hospital for treatment. Yet, the only thing on your mind is gambling. Why did you turn out like this?"

Samuel shoved Clara aside as he continued to rummage and muttered, "You are just a housewife. You know nothing! I will get all the money back if I can play one more round. If I win two rounds, there will even be enough to cure our son."

Suddenly, Samuel's eyes gleamed in delight. He found a bank card in the drawer.

Clara tried to grab it from him hurriedly and scolded, "Are you crazy? This money is for our son!"

Samuel ignored Clara and kicked her away again.

Clara bumped her head into a pillar and let out a shrill cry, startling the child in the room. He burst into tears.

Despite the child's pitiful wails, Samuel left without looking back.