

## Chapter 1314

Gloria was staring dazedly at the sight before her eyes.

The old man and the young woman in front of her looked like father and daughter, based on their chemistry.

Even after decades apart without seeing her, Gloria recognized her with a single glance. The years had not left many marks on Jennie's features. Jennie was truly blessed by the heavens. She still looked as noble as ever, living a princess-like existence.

And what about herself? Bleak and desolate from head to toe; because she was worried about her daughter's happiness, she left her home without even combing her hair. At that moment, standing in front of such a noble and graceful lady, Gloria truly felt unworthy and inadequate.

The old man in the wheelchair, he smiled very happily just now.

"Your relatives are back?" Gloria asked, her voice hoarse.

Old Master Shaw: "..."

Old Master Shaw: "..."

He saw his own daughter. She was so haggard and so sad. The old man felt as if his heart had been carved out of his chest cavity with a knife. Actually, last night, when Jennie, Lori, and Jennifer moved in, the old man had been listening in on their conversation. However, he only understood half of it.

Words about how Sebastian's wife was a poorly behaved woman, and had no redeeming qualities or accomplishments to her name. They talked about the difficulties that Lori faced in her line of work and how they were unexpectedly defeated by women of such poor caliber, that this was an era where madwomen reigned supreme. However, their discussion did not go on for long, because both Marcus and his father were not willing to discuss the subject -- especially Marcus; he was very hostile toward Lori and her mother, not welcoming them into his home at all.

Finally, Lori was the one who stepped forward to smooth things over. "Marcus, I will prove to you that I did not approach Director Ford intentionally. I admit I was the one who asked Uncle Oliver to give me your VIP pass but I just wanted to broker a

your VIP pass but I just wanted to broker a deal for myself. I wanted to be able to support myself in this city. I know my mother sees herself as a daughter of the Shaw family, Granduncle and Uncle Oliver also treat her as one of your own but I still have to be independent. Don't worry, Marcus; in the future I will change your opinion of me and start to respect me!"

These were the assurances Lori gave Marcus yesterday.

At that moment, Old Master Shaw was resting with his eyes closed, but he was not deaf. Since yesterday, he had been suspicious. Did Lori and her mother get involved with Sabrina and Gloria the moment they stepped foot in South City?

Yesterday, they were just suspicions, but today, when he saw Gloria standing outside the gates of the Shaw family residence early in the morning, the old man was sure that the Gibsons definitely had some unresolved grudges and entanglements with his daughter and granddaughter.

The old man was in poor health, but he was neither deaf nor blind.

Standing opposite him in the near distance was his own daughter, Gloria Shaw. She

was his own daughter, Gloria Shaw. She stood outside the gates to his home, to what should have also been her home, and looked scared and nervous. The sort of deep-seated terror that emanated from the depths of her heart, the despair and loneliness that was carved into her bones... The old man saw all of these things clearly.

Suddenly, he remembered, since the day the child was born until now, more than fifty years later, she had only stepped foot in the Shaw family residence once or twice. Even that one or two times, the child had just stepped through the main entrance; she did not make it into the hall, let alone eat a meal there.

Out of the one or two times she stepped through the main entrance, once, she was kicked into the air by his own son. And the other time, she was thrown out by four or five servants, under orders of the housekeeper, her hands crossed over her arms.

No wonder, even until now, the child was so terrified when she saw this place again. To Gloria, this place was like an execution site.

At this thought, the old man's chest throbbed in pain. A lump rose in his throat

Out of the one or two times she stepped through the main entrance, once, she was kicked into the air by his own son. And the other time, she was thrown out by four or five servants, under orders of the housekeeper, her hands crossed over her arms.

No wonder, even until now, the child was so terrified when she saw this place again. To Gloria, this place was like an execution site.

At this thought, the old man's chest throbbed in pain. A lump rose in his throat, choking him as if he had accidentally swallowed a fishbone. He coughed violently and continuously, until his entire face was flushed red.