

## Chapter 1312

"Aunt Gloria, actually... You still care a lot about my grandfather, right?" Marcus asked carefully on the other end of the phone.

Gloria laughed lightly. "Marcus, if I said no, would you feel bad?"

Marcus replied, "No, Aunt Gloria."

"Marcus, you are a good child, I will always acknowledge you as my nephew because biologically, you and I are connected by blood. We are very close. And, you are different from your grandfather and your father; you never rejected me. Not only that, you... You even took care of your step-grandmother's old house. I know you're a loyal and affectionate man."

"Thank you, Aunt Gloria," Marcus said with a smile.

"But your grandfather was different," Gloria said dully. "When your grandfather abandoned me, I was just born, and I didn't have any ability to fight back. Throughout my entire childhood and adolescence, I was rejected by my birth father.

"Your grandfather made me understand that I am a sinner, a sinner who was cast

that I am a sinner, a sinner who was cast aside and spat on the moment she was born. The only reason why I don't feel inferior to others or have a twisted personality is because your step-grandmother was an open-minded woman; otherwise, I might have grown insane under your grandfather's continuous suppression.

"Do you think I would care about a father like that? That I would harbor any feelings for him? Even if I did, don't you think it would be nothing but hatred?"

"I was only sad because of my lack of a father since I was born. But Jennie Gibson was different. We studied together as children, but her entire life was better than mine, and even now, she can still enjoy your grandfather's love.

"Marcus, do you think I'm jealous?"

Marcus said solemnly, "Aunt Gloria, in the future, I will love and care for you, just treat me as your own son. I will be filial to you for the rest of my life. Everything that my grandfather and father owed you, I will make it up to you. As for forgiveness, you have the right not to forgive them for the rest of your life."

"Alright, thank you, Marcus," Gloria said with a smile.

After a pause, she continued, "Marcus, it's late now. I should get to bed."

"Alright, Aunt Gloria. Goodbye," Marcus said.

After ending the call, Gloria sat in her living room, not moving for a long, long, time. She did not switch on the lights. Events of the past floated into her mind.

She watched with envy and longing as Old Master Shaw held Jennie's little hand, as he bought her all sorts of toys and all manner of dresses. Jennie sat in the same classroom as her and used the best books, wore the best dresses, ate the most delicious food and played with the most expensive toys. She enjoyed the best out of all the students in their school while Gloria, on the other hand, had the worst, the cheapest, of everything.

However, the person who provided Gloria with all these luxuries was Gloria's very own father.

Fate!

How could it play such a cruel trick on her?

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And even now, she had suffered through it all, endured it all. Now, she finally had something to look forward to, at least her daughter had a stable and happy family.

And yet Jennie and her daughter were trying to cause trouble again? And this time, their target was her daughter.

How could she not hate them!

Even if she had to stake her old life, even if she might die, she would not allow anyone to bully her daughter.

Sitting alone in the dark, lightless living room, Gloria laughed coldly, muttering to herself, "I will not allow anyone to destroy my daughter and my granddaughter's happy lives! I can do anything for my daughter!"

A wizened woman in her 50s who had experienced the cruel realities of life sat alone in her living room, tears pouring down her face in rivulets.

That night, Gloria hardly slept.

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Early in the morning, Gloria left the house before she even had breakfast. She stepped into a taxi and headed to the Shaw family residence.