

### Chapter 1315

"Uncle, Uncle, what's wrong? Why did you get so upset the moment you saw this woman? What's wrong, Uncle?" Jennie asked in concern.

Old Master Shaw was still coughing so much he could barely speak, but his eyes were trained on Gloria.

Gloria was pale as a ghost. She had pondered the issue throughout the night. She had decided that she would come and question the old man first thing in the morning.

Why did he just watch as his niece and her daughter harmed Sabbie? And endlessly at that!

Gloria had even decided that, even if the Shaw family wanted her life, she was willing to give it to them. She could die. But no one -- no one -- could steal her daughter's happiness away from her!

These were the thoughts that ran through Gloria's mind throughout the night. Coming here today, she was already prepared to lay her life down.

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But at that moment, when she saw how her own father still loved that child, as if she was his own daughter, while she herself, his true daughter, flinched in the corner, afraid to move forward, her tears could not help but gush down her cheeks.

She forgot what she came to say. She stuttered for a long while, hesitating before saying, "This... This is the familial love that you're enjoying, your... Your niece is still as glamorous as ever."

"You know me?" Jennie asked Gloria questioningly.

When Jennie returned home, she had inquired about the happenings in South City. She knew the Shaw family was still prospering; she knew the new Director of the Ford Group was the bastard son that Sean's mistress gave birth to. He was smart and powerful; for the past six or seven years, the entire city trembled at the mention of his name. That bastard son was now the symbol of wealth and power in South City.

Jennie also knew that his wife was named Sabrina Scott. Sabrina was an ex-convict, and had been involved with a few equally rich and powerful men in the city. Not only

rich and powerful men in the city. Not only that, Jennie even knew that Sabrina was the woman that her grandfather hated the most. As for everything else, Jennie did not have the opportunity to find out much yet.

It was not because she was uninformed. Even the old man himself only knew that Sabrina was his true granddaughter, and that his daughter was still alive. When this piece of news was revealed, to prevent ill-intentioned people from causing a fuss out of it, both the Ford family and the Shaw family allied together to suppress the news. That was why Jennie did not know who the woman in front of her was.

But Gloria knew who Jennie was. Because she looked too young, too beautiful, too aristocratic. She did not look much different from the princess-like woman she was thirty years ago.

Hearing Gloria call out her name and noticing her timid, fidgety manner, Jennie could not help but steal a few more glances at the other woman. With those extra few seconds, somehow, Jennie found that she looked familiar. As if she had seen her somewhere before.

Was she an old friend?

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But judging from her stick-thin figure, her deep, dark eyebags, and the resentment and fear written on her face, Jennie wondered how much a woman like her could be an old friend?

With the status she enjoyed back then, even in both South City and Kidon City, few were qualified enough to be her playmate.

But who was this old woman?

Jennie looked at the Old Master Shaw, then shifted her eyes to the old man in front of her.

The woman said pitifully, "Ms. Gibson, you know they say that the rich and powerful are often forgetful."

"You know me?" Jennie asked in disgust.

Gloria replied, "Even though Gibson is your family name, you are practically the daughter of the Shaw family, a pampered princess. Who wouldn't know you?"

Jennie was stunned. Then, she pointed at Gloria at once and said, "You! It's you! It's you, after all! You are my uncle's illegitimate daughter! You... You b\*tch, why are you still alive!"