

Heiress's 179

Chapter 179

"Yes, Dad, we will..." Gregory and Shannon could only agree with a smile.

"I like this gift so much. Where is Carrie? Come here and let Grandpa hug you!" Nigel asked with a kind smile.

"Ms. Carrie said she's not feeling well, so she's upstairs. She will come to see you later." Matt replied promptly.

"Oh, that child..."

Nigel sighed in distress. "Matt, get this drawing framed and hang it in my study so that I can see it all the time."

Matt nodded and put the drawing away carefully.

Seeing that her grandfather valued Carrie's gift so much, Bethany almost burst out in anger. Her eyes turned red with hatred.

Bethany thought that her younger sister, who never had much allowance, would not be able to give any decent gifts and would definitely be embarrassed when it was time to present the gifts.

As a result, Carrie actually found another way to show her affection for Nigel. The antique vase Bethany spent millions to buy was no better than a simple drawing from Carrie.

Bethany thought, 'Carrie! Just wait... I'll kill you!'

On the other side, Rosalind was pacing back and forth in the corridor. She sent someone to get Shannon.

Shannon walked up to Rosalind with her arms crossed. Her expression was just as gloomy.

“Aunt Shannon, what should we do?”

Rosalind was so anxious that her cheeks were flushed. “Our methods can’t seem to shake Anna’s position in Grandpa’s heart. Not only that, their friendship has become even stronger!”

“I didn’t expect it to be like this. The older Nigel gets, the weirder he becomes. He’s simply unreasonable!”

Shannon narrowed her poisonous eyes and lowered her voice. “Rose, I think we need to use Plan B today.”

“Right now?” Rosalind gritted her teeth. Her eyes were cold.

“No, in a minute.”

Shannon patted her shoulder and sneered. “There will be a distinguished guest coming soon. I have a way to make Anna a laughing stock and ruin her reputation!”

Nigel continued to open presents.

When Justin’s 18th-century porcelain teacups appeared, the guests were in awe.

Many of Nigel’s friends were interested in appraising antiques, so they were eager to step

forward and get a closer look at the porcelain.

As a result, Nigel pettily hugged the box of teacups, fearing that these old men’s trembling hands would accidentally drop his treasure.

“My sweet grandson gave this to me, so none of you can touch it!”

This made everyone laugh. Bella also covered her mouth and laughed.

“Grandpa, this pair of teacups was donated by Madam Mila on behalf of KS Group at a charity auction. I saw how rare they were, so I bought them. I’m glad you like them.” Justin explained the origin of this gift because Asher was there.

“Ah! That must be Wyatt Thompson’s private collection! Sigh... No one in Savrow can compare to him when it comes to collecting antiques!” Nigel sighed as he stroked the box.

“My father will be pleased to know that his collection has become your favorite, Old Master Nigel.” Asher was gentle and elegant. His eyes were also smiling.

Asher had this kind of charm. His calm demeanor and courteous attitude made him seem like a messenger of peace. No matter how contradictory the situation was, he could still build a friendship.

“Grandpa, this is the birthday gift I prepared for you!” Rosalind’s sweet voice suddenly interrupted them.

Everyone turned their focus on her, but their eyes were somewhat contemptuous.

After all, everyone with a discerning eye could tell that Old Master Nigel did not like Rosalind. It would not be so easy for her to marry into the Salvador family.

“Dad, Rose prepared the gift for you with great care. She knew that you like ancient paintings, so she specially bought an authentic Renaissance painting at the auction for your birthday.” Gregory introduced Rosalind’s gift with a smile.

Gregory supported Rosalind because she was his wife’s niece.

“Oh? An authentic Renaissance painting? That sounds interesting.” Nigel’s eyes lit up with interest.

Rosalind ordered someone to bring the painting over. The servants wore white gloves and carefully carried the framed painting in front of everyone.

Several antique enthusiasts joined in.

The next second, Nigel’s face darkened. He said blankly, “Thanks.”

At this time, someone in the crowd questioned, “Is this really an authentic piece from the Renaissance? Could it be a fake?”