

Chapter 114 A Hypocrite

When Mabel was about to hit her, Celia grabbed her wrist securely and gave her a little shove so that Mabel would lose her equilibrium.

Mabel was caught by surprise and collapsed, unable to stand.

Fearful, Cerissa hastened to assist her.

"Celia! How, oh how, can you treat my mother so badly? Even if she didn't give birth to or raise you, my mother is still your elder!"

Cerissa always acted frail whenever she was in front of her parents. No matter how enraged she was, she had self-control.

Sometimes Celia admired Cerissa. She was a talented actress who deserved an Oscar.

"An elderly person needs to conduct themselves accordingly. Is she worthy of my respect?" Celia frowned.

Exasperated, Mabel lashed out at Celia. "Do you not see me as an elder? I'm the legal wife of your father. No matter how much you despise me, you must address me as 'mom.'"

She vented her rage and then looked in her bag. A vexed and furious look flashed on her face. "My bag is worth tens of thousands of dollars. Even if you sell yourself, you cannot pay for the repairs if it is damaged."

Cerissa held her hand and convinced her in a disingenuous manner, "Mom, just let it go. She knows free combat. She is unbeatable for us. After all, it's just a bag. Ask father to get you another one."

She then pretended to be sympathetic enough to Celia while holding her hand. "Don't fight every time you come back, Celia. You not only embarrass yourself in front of the servants, but you also upset your father."

Celia scoffed as she remembered how she had drugged her. "Why won't I fight back if you are being aggressive? Do you think I'd be willing to come back here?"

Cerissa's eyes quickly flushed crimson, and she seemed aggrieved by what Celia said.

"It seems that you think of me as a bad girl."

She cried a little bit and seemed sad. "You are my sister, and I have always tried to get along with you. I never thought you would despise me that much."

Cerissa's hypocrisy was not something Celia wanted to see. Celia really wanted to get down to business as soon as she could. "Where is Adrien?" she asked anxiously.

Cerissa wiped her eyes and pointed upstairs. "In the study. I'll tell him you are here."

She raced upstairs after gently lifting her dress.

"My daughter is kind-hearted, unlike someone born to be resentful," Mabel scoffed.

When Celia thought of her mother's ring and Flavia's operation fee, she choked down her rage and refrained from making the situation worse.

Adrien arrived soon. Strangely, he wasn't as serious as usual. With a smile, he questioned Celia, "Why are you standing in the living room?"

Then he faced a working servant and said, "Go bring Celia a cup of coffee."

The servant was stopped by Cerissa, who leisurely said, "Dad, I'll go."

Cerissa swiftly walked to the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee and offered it to Celia while grinning innocently.

Cerissa deliberately poured the hot coffee into Celia's hand as soon as she extended her hand.

The back of Celia's hand was scorched red, and the stinging sensation jolted her into recalling all the resentment she had endured over the years. She glanced up and saw Cerissa smirking.

Cerissa bent to apologize with her back to Adrien. However, she had an overt expression of sneer. "I apologize, Celia. I didn't do it on purpose. Please don't be angry with me."

