

Chapter 292 A Car As A Wedding Gift

As soon as Hobson entered the room, he sat on the sofa. Then he said to Tyson and Celia, "You two, come and sit next to me."

Tyson and Celia nodded and sat beside him, one on his left and the other on his right.

As soon as Celia sat down, Mack sat next to her. He leaned closer and asked with a smile, "Cece, how's everything going after you married Tyson? Is he treating you well?"

He looked at Tyson meaningfully and said with a smirk, "Tyson, Cece is such a beautiful woman. You can't bully her."

His tone was full of provocation, but Tyson just said lightly, "Don't worry. I cherish Cece very much."

Celia also said quickly, "Tyson is very nice to me."

As she spoke, she moved closer to Hobson to distance herself from Mack.

Mack's gaze made her uncomfortable, and she couldn't stand it. Every time she got in touch with him, she remembered that time when he tried to shove his business card into her chest on her wedding day. And she felt disgusted.

Hobson noticed that something was wrong. But knowing how frivolous Mack was, he didn't think too much. He turned to Celia and asked, "Cece, what would you like to drink?"

Celia smiled and said, "A cup of Americano is fine."

After a while, a servant poured her a cup of Americano.

At this moment, the servant who had parked Tyson's car came over and respectfully handed the car key back to him.

Tyson took the car key and was about to put it away. But Hobson turned his head sideways, frowned, and asked, "What kind of car do you use?"

Tyson's hand paused for a moment and he quickly answered, "Volkswagen."

"Your car is a Volkswagen? How can you drive such an ordinary car?" Hobson looked confused.

Everyone's expression suddenly became subtle. They turned their attention to Tyson, waiting for his answer.

With everyone's eyes on him, Tyson put away the car key and smiled. "I think Volkswagen is good, comfortable, and safe. It's also cost-effective but high-performance."

Hobson's frown deepened. He rolled his eyes at Tyson and said, "When have you become so frugal? That car is only worth one hundred thousand dollars. Doesn't it feel uncomfortable to sit in such a shabby car? I don't care if you want to make yourself suffer. But if you make my granddaughter-in-law suffer, I will teach you a lesson."

Then he turned to Celia and asked with a smile, "Cece, what kind of car do you like?"

Celia didn't expect Hobson would suddenly ask her. Surprised by his enthusiasm, she felt a little embarrassed. She said in a low voice, "Actually, I think Volkswagen is good."

Hobson's face changed. "You are a member of the Shaw family now. You have to drive a nice car when you go out."

He looked at Tyson again and said, "You two, pick a car, and I'll pay for it. It's my wedding gift for you. Better late than never."

Celia felt flattered. But Hobson had already spent eight million dollars on her dress. She couldn't accept such a precious gift from him again, so she quickly signaled Tyson to refuse.

Tyson also wanted to do the same, so he looked into her eyes to hint to her that he got it. Then he said to Hobson, "Don't bother, Grandpa. We are comfortable in this car. It doesn't hurt."

However, Hobson insisted. "I don't care whether you feel comfortable driving it or not. Just tell me which brand of car you like. How about a Bugatti Veyron?"

Celia pondered the price of Bugatti Veyron in her mind. She was shocked and a little overwhelmed for a while.

Tyson was about to refuse again, but Hobson began to talk to himself. After a long time, he raised his head and suddenly said, "Forget it. Bugatti Veyron is also very ordinary in the wealthy circle. Recently, I just got a limited edition Koenigsegg. How about I give it to you as a gift?"

