

## Chapter 294 Doreen's Mockery

Before Celia could respond, Doreen said, "I apologize to you too. I caught a cold at that time, so I didn't attend to the wedding."

Celia nonetheless kindly said, "It was alright. Tyson and I don't mind. Your health is more important." while being aware that the two of them didn't like her.

Hobson was pointing to Rosalie as he told Celia, "This is my daughter-in-law, Danilo's wife. Tyson calls her Rosalie. You can call her that as well."

Then he continued, "This is Mack's wife, Tyson's sister-in-law," pointing to Doreen.

"Rosalie and Doreen, hello," Celia said to the two.

Celia was now concentrating on how the two ladies looked. She hadn't noticed until now that they were likewise dressed extremely gravely. Their makeup was also stunning. Their outfits weren't less beautiful than her dress, which cost \$8 million.

She couldn't help but feel a bit relieved that she was wearing this outfit to avoid embarrassing Tyson.

Doreen gave her a little nod and questioned, "Cece, is this your purse?" while pointing to the purse behind her.

Celia nodded since she was unsure about Doreen's intentions.

Doreen's bright eyes erupted with contempt. "How could you visit Tyson's grandpa with such a cheap purse? What do you believe he and the outsiders may think? People will assume that we treat you poorly."

Celia's face had a trace of shame.

In fact, of all her purses, this one was the priciest. When her mother was still living, she paid a hefty price for it.

The Shaws had wealth. They might think this purse was inexpensive, but she valued it much.

"I like the design of this purse," she said, "but I don't really care about the price."

"I won't say anything else because you enjoy it," Doreen remarked with a meaningful grin.

She gave Celia a careful look as she seemed to be considering something. She then added, "Today is our first meeting, and I didn't prepare any present. However, a few days ago, I purchased a limited-edition Hermes purse, which I later realized was inappropriate for me. I'll give you this purse, so you won't have to use your original purse and embarrass our family."

Doreen scowled as she fixed her gaze on Celia's purse. "I don't know how old your purse is, but because you enjoy this kind of vintage fashion, the purse I don't want is perfect for you."

Celia scowled. She felt Doreen seemed to be looking down on her.

Celia was unwilling to accept handouts, but Doreen shouted to a servant without thinking, "Go and get the purse I purchased last week," as she was going to decline.

The servant soon returned with the purse for her.

"Do you like it?" Doreen grinned broadly and gestured for the servant to pass the purse to Celia.

Doreen's grin became mocking before Celia could respond. "This Hermes purse cost millions of dollars. As someone from a humble family like yours, have you ever seen such an expensive purse?"

It was hard for Celia to accept the irony in her comments since everybody listening could hear it. "No, thanks. You don't have to give it to me. Besides, this purse doesn't suit my disposition." Celia faked a grin.

"Please just take it, Cece." With a broad smile, Doreen insisted, "I don't like this purse, and if I don't want it, I'll give it to someone else. Giving it to you is better than letting someone else take it."

"What? You came from a modest household. Are you still dismissive of my gift?"

