

Our Billion 921

Chapter 921-“Miss Clark, Madam Joanne.” Kelly suppressed her inner anxiety, gazed at Joanne quietly, and said with a smile, “Please come with me quickly. All the guests are almost here, and they’ve been waiting for both of you.”

“Joanne, this is Aunt Kelly. You can seek help from Aunt Kelly for anything in the manor,”

introduced Catelyn.

“Oh, hello, Aunt Kelly, I’m Joanne. Your help would be lovely when I’m around the manor.”

Joanne grinned at Kelly. The smile was sincere and naive, and it amused Kelly.

Kelly could not believe that there was such a big contrast between Joanne’s personality and the characters she played in the film and TV shows. She seemed to understand why Edwin would fall in love with her.

She shook hands with Joanne and said respectfully, “Madam Joanne, I’ll be here for you all the time. By the way, Granny Atherton has been thinking about you.”

“There’s a show I’ve been working on, so I’m quite busy lately.” Joanne habitually wanted to stroke her long hair, but when she reached halfway, she remembered that she had her hair nicely tied up, so she tidied up the hem of her dress instead.

That was typical behavior of Joanne whenever she lied.

She did not want to come to the manor and deceive a kind, old lady and hurt her with the fact that she was not pregnant.

Fortunately, Catelyn brought the twins back. Otherwise, she would die of guilt.

Kelly brought both of them to the main hall of the manor.

Many societies and wealthy ladies kept coming up to chat with Catelyn.

Unsurprisingly, they did not recognize Joanne, but they were very curious as to who the woman that the most respectful daughter of Miss Atherton brought along was.

In the main hall, Sylvie was chatting with her neighbors and close friends in her boudoir. She looked calm, kind, and amiable as she spoke.

“Aww, is she your granddaughter? She’s very good-looking!”

“Who’s the girl next to her? She’s pretty.”

“She looks very much like her mother. If I didn’t know her age, I would’ve thought that Summer has returned home.”

Everyone was praising Catelyn fondly, and it made Sylvie beam with pride.

Summer ran away from home when she was young, and Sylvie did not have much chance to show her the world. Therefore, she wanted to compensate Catelyn, her granddaughter, for the love and care she failed to give Summer.

She smiled and beckoned for Catelyn and Joanne to come before introducing them.

Everyone was shocked when they heard Sylvie say that Joanne was her granddaughter-in-law.

‘Is Edwin married?’ was the question in everyone’s head at that moment.

Joanne, who was being looked at from head to toe by those noble ladies, blushed uncomfortably. She and Edwin agreed that their marriage would not be made public, so her work would not be affected.

All that, and Sylvie just said it so openly, and everyone in the hall knew about it! Even though there were no media present that day, she still felt uncomfortably weird.

“Joanne, come here.” Sylvie smiled and waved to Joanne.

When Joanne faced Sylvie, she smiled. “Yes, G-Grandma?”

“The last meeting was in a hurry, so I didn’t have time to pick a proper greeting gift for you. This is a gift from the Atherton family to you, my granddaughter-in-law. Please accept it.” Sylvie opened a box in her hand and took out a shiny, silver bracelet. She then wore it on Joanne’s wrist.

The silvery jewelry on Joanne’s white skin made her look even more elegant.

Joanne knew at a glance that the bracelet was expensive and tremblingly wanted to return it.

Chapter 922-Joanne wanted to decline Sylvie’s gift when- “Since Grandma gifted this, you should accept it,” a sexy, pleasant- sounding male voice came from not far.

Edwin, dressed in a red suit, had his hands shoved in his trouser pockets, his glittering eyes rolled up in a smile. He looked like a handsome devil that walked out of a painting.

Joanne and Catelyn were shocked by his red attire.

They had long known that Edwin was handsome, but they were surprised that the red suit looked oddly great on him.

Joanne’s heart was beating wildly, and her eyes lit up as if they were about to pop out of her sockets. She pressed her chest with both hands, stupidly trying to slow her heartbeat down with that and suppress the urge to push him down.

Edwin walked up to Joanne with a doting expression and held her right hand, realizing then that the bracelet on her wrist matched her very well.

“Thank you, Grandma,” he said to Sylvie on Joanne’s behalf.

Seeing how enamored her grandson and granddaughter-in-law were with each other, Sylvie felt indescribably elated. She was glad that Edwin finally found the love of his life, and she could leave the world with no regret.

Sylvie then excitedly said to a group of her old friends, “My granddaughter-in-law is pregnant, so please don’t pester them with curiosity, dear friends. Let the young couple have some rest.”

There was a hint of bragging in the announcement, and everyone looked at Edwin and Joanne again with regrets in their eyes.

“Edwin, I introduced you to my granddaughter before and I was hoping that she’s the one, but in the blink of an eye, you got married and became a father.

Why didn’t you make it clear to me at the time? You’re going to upset my granddaughter for a long time.”

That’s right, Edwin. How could you hide such a pretty wife from US? You don’t even invite US to your wedding!”

“Maybe they haven’t held one yet. Let me guess: she’s pregnant by accident?”

The crowd started to laugh at the jokes they made.

Joanne, somewhat of an introvert, was not very good at dealing with the crowd, more so with the guilt of lying that she was pregnant, so she grabbed Edwin’s hand unconsciously, tightly so.

Edwin placed his long arms around her and placed her head against his chest.

“Respected ladies, my wife gets shy easily, so I’ll take her to get some rest first.

I’ll come back to thank you all another day.”

His doting gesture made a few old ladies say emotionally, “Why didn’t I know earlier that Eddy is such a caring and understanding man?”

Sylvie burst out laughing and asked Edwin to take Joanne to rest while Catelyn stayed with her to greet and chat with the guests.

After a while, Cedrick came with two kids, and all three of them were wearing high-end suits of the same color.

Although the boys were about to turn four years old, they looked like two young gentlemen in suits with their shoulders upright and standing straight. Their every move was graceful, and they showed rationality beyond their age.

Miles’s mouth was honey-lipped. The way he called her ‘great-grandma’ melted the elders’ hearts in the hall.

Ollie was introverted, calm, well-behaved, and cute, which made the elders want to hug and kiss him immediately.

Catelyn and Cedrick clasped their fingers, and their reflections were in each other’s warm eyes, smiling happily.

Meanwhile, Tracy wallowed in deep jealousy. Her temper was like an accumulated volcano that could erupt anytime with just a spark.

Joanne pulled Edwin to a balcony where the curtains were closed, and no one knew they were there.

Seeing that no one was around, Joanne immediately took off the silver bracelet from her wrist and handed it back to Edwin.

Edwin's elated mood disappeared. "What are you trying to say here?"

"It doesn't make any sense. This silver bracelet looks very expensive, and it's inconvenient for me to film every day. If I accidentally abrade it, I won't be able to pay for it," said Joanne solemnly, and seeing that he did not pick it up, she stuffed it into his hand.

Edwin broke free from her grasp and warned, "If you keep it well, it'll be in good condition...unless you never take Grandma's gift seriously."

Chapter 923-"Then, can you change it into a regular aluminum bracelet?" Joanne scratched her head and added, "That should be fine; they're not easily scratched."

Edwin really wanted to pry open her head to see what was inside. The value of an aluminum bracelet was far less than that of a silver bracelet!

'Good god, she's so daft. Can't she be a bit more vainglorious?' Edwin raised his hand and flicked her forehead. "For my sake, keep it. If it frays, the cost will be deducted from your salary. You shouldn't have any problem paying that with our long-term contract."

"What?!" Joanne covered her forehead, feeling a little pain, and grinned. 'Hehe. Your grandmother gave it to me as a gift, so it's mine now. I can do whatever I want! Why should I pay for it again?"

"So you're not hopelessly stupid after all."

"I'm not, but you are!" Joanne became a little annoyed.

"I'm sorry, but judging from our appearance, you look more like an airhead than I am,"

replied Edwin calmly.

“Urgh!”

In the blink of an eye, it was already evening. More guests were coming into the hall, and the venue became more lively.

“Happy birthday, Grandma.” Tracy walked over with a beautiful box in her hand, wishing Sylvie with unconcealed surprise and joy in her tone followed by her mother, Sammy.

Everyone turned back and saw that they both were simply dressed.

Some were shocked, while most understood the sadness Tracy and Sammy might bear from losing Eugene.

Tracy was a gorgeous lady, perfectly inheriting the genes of the Atherton family.

She had curved eyebrows, a pointed nose, pink lips, and a faint scent of jasmine on her body when she passed by.

Sylvie often missed Eugene, so she stared at Tracy a little longer. “Thank you, both of you. How do you feel living in the manor these days? Is everything alright?”

“Thank you for your concern, Grandma. We’re fine.” Tracy caught a hint of alienation in Sylvie’s words and quickly changed the topic of their conversation.

If they had been living in the manor all the time, her grandmother would not ask if they were used to living in the manor. Clearly, her grandmother did not intend to hide the fact that they had just moved in. If the guests heard it, they would speculate and even find out that Sammy was just Eugene’s second, unofficial wife.

Tracy immediately smiled and said, “Grandma, this is my birthday present to you.”

“What is this? It looks pretty and smells like pear wood.”

Suddenly, Tracy heard something unpleasant...

“I heard that Tracy is Eugene’s illegitimate daughter. She has a good temperament, but she seems to be a little off when compared to Summer’s daughter...” said a woman, flattering Catelyn intentionally by mocking Tracy in a high voice.

When Sammy heard that her daughter was belittled, she turned to look at Catelyn from head to toe.

‘Pfft. You’re not that alluring after all.’ Tracy and Sammy opened the box and took out a perfect oil painting.

Under the scorching sun was a large field of purple lavender and a joyful- looking family.

Immediately, someone in the crowd exclaimed quite a bit.

The next moment, they saw Tracy holding this painting and walking in front of Catelyn, then she blinked playfully. “Sister Catelyn, I heard that you’re an expert in oil painting. Do you think this painting is worth being a gift for Grandma?”

Catelyn and Tracy had met several times at the manor before, but they had never spoken to each other.

Without knowing Tracy’s intention, she smiled and began to introduce the oil painting to the crowd.

“This is ‘Happiness’, made by the famous oil painting master, Morison, and it was painted in Europe in the 19th century. Rare as it is, it’s a splendid painting, but-ah!”

Chapter 924-Before Catelyn could finish her sentence, someone behind her bumped her arm that was holding a wine glass. Everyone watched as the red wine in the glass spilled onto the oil painting.

The audience was silent for two seconds.

Tracy gasped, pulled the oil painting back swiftly, and hurriedly took a tissue paper to wipe the red wine stain. Unfortunately, it was too late.

The red wine seeped into the canvas, and the paint got wet, lost its original artistic conception, and became a waste product.

Seeing that the painting could not be repaired, Tracy bit her lip in grief, looked at Catelyn, and said, "Miss Atherton, I know my father has offended you, but this painting had cost me tens of millions. I bid for it at the Swiss auction house for Grandma! I know you hate me, but you can't just ruin my gift like that."

Sammy pulled off the hem of Tracy's clothes fearfully. "Tracy, how can you talk to Miss Atherton like that?! Hurry up and apologize!"

"I didn't do anything wrong. I won't apologize!" Tracy wiped away her tears stubbornly, looking pitiful.

With the honorific title of 'Miss Atherton', Sammy and Tracy successfully put Catelyn in a position of a bully as if she had been treating Tracy badly.

Whispers and accusations immediately came from the crowd.

"How rude is she?"

"I know she's the most respectful granddaughter of Old Lady Atherton, but Tracy is Old Madam Atherton's granddaughter, too. Being the descendant of her son, Tracy's bloodline is purer than Catelyn who was just the descendant of the daughter."

"I saw her dignified manner and thought she was a civilized lady, but I didn't expect her to be so vicious!"

"It's probably because her birthday present isn't as valuable as the painting, so she wants to destroy that painting to embarrass Tracy."

When Cedrick heard those slanders, his expression contorted with fury, which terrified all the guests in the hall and silenced them.

No one in the hall knew Catelyn better than him, and he was clear that she would not destroy the painting on purpose, not to mention that it was a gift to her grandmother.

Even if she did that intentionally, these outsiders had no right to comment on that.

Catelyn was very moved that Cedrick always stood up for her, and she was not frightened by everyone's aggressive attitude.

Her eyes slowly fell on Tracy.

Before this, she always felt that Tracy seemed to have a bit of hostility toward her. It seemed that her intuition was right after all.

"Tracy, did you bid for this for millions of dollars at a Swiss auction house?"

Not knowing what Catelyn was thinking, Tracy nodded. "Yes, and I keep the receipt with me. If you don't believe me, I can show it to you."

"Then, you should thank me for destroying this oil painting."

Catelyn's words surprised Tracy, causing her to gasp and hardly breathe. She laughed out of extreme anger as if she was wronged. "Thank you for destroying the gift that I spent a lot of money and time on! I've learned a lesson, Miss Atherton!"

The guests present were even more pissed off by Catelyn's utterance. She was simply too aggressive!

A lady daughter who was close to Tracy sneered, ' Miss Atherton, I heard that your father used to be a murderer, and you used to be homeless before your sudden level-up and became a lady of the Atherton family. Did the excitement impaired your brain? You asked Tracy to thank you for destroying such a precious oil painting, so does that mean the family of the victim killed by your father should worship your father?"

A small group of guests snickered suddenly, and they looked at Catelyn disdainfully.

Chapter 925-Catelyn did not care about being the object of ridicule, but when they joked about her father, she could not hold back her temper.

Her expression suddenly changed from calm to aggressive, and she said in a strong voice, "Tens of millions of dollars for a fake oil painting as a gift for Grandma? Is this a joke? I destroyed it so it won't embarrass her when you all found out it was fake!

Shouldn't I be thanked?"

"A fake oil painting?" Tracy's heart sank when she heard that.

Truth be told, she did not buy this painting at a Swiss auction house but at an underground trading house outside the auction house instead. The seller swore that it was an authentic artwork and gave her a receipt that looked indifferent from one from a regular auction house.

Afterward, she rushed back to America to take care of Eugene, so she did not have time to verify that painting.

'But how could Catelyn know at a glance that it was a fake? She must be bluffing.' The lady who defended Tracy sneered again and said, "Miss Atherton, you seem to know oil painting, but didn't you major in architecture?"

"Miss Atherton, I know that what Tracy said has offended you, but don't take it to heart. I'll make amends on her behalf, but this painting was bid through a regular auction, and it has been certified by art experts."

Sammy did not want to cause trouble, but when she heard Catelyn call Tracy's name, she immediately became anxious.

Spending around ten million dollars on a fake oil painting was humiliating. Some might think that they could not tell the difference and were hence fooled, but others might think that they deliberately wanted to fool Granny Atherton with a fake painting.

That was a slander that Tracy and Sammy would not want to bear.

Sammy's concession made the rumor that Catelyn had been bullying them seem even truthful. Those ladies who secretly disliked Catelyn because of her sudden gain of social status and wealth as Miss Atherton were enraged.

Catelyn was not provoked by that, and she even explained calmly, 'Fake paintings in the market generally use printing technology, but that isn't the case with this painting. It's a fake hand-painted copy, so it bears over ninety percent similarity to the real one. That increases a certain degree of difficulty in identification--'

'Since it is difficult, how can you be sure that this is a fake?'

"Because the nineteenth century wasn't as developed as today's commodities, to preserve oil paintings for a long time, oil painters would apply a layer of varnish after the pigments are completely dry. Different painters generally use different methods. I had the honor of seeing Morison's other masterpieces up close before. For other oil paintings of his, the varnish he used was specially made by him. The smell of rosin in those paintings was unique and lasting, but the smell in this is impure as it is mixed with a very light paint smell. Hence, it's likely that this is a forged painting by a painter with good mimicking skill."

People who did not know oil painting was confused. They found it suspicious that it was able to determine the authenticity of a painting by the smell of varnish which had been there for over a hundred years.

For a while, they did not know who to trust.

However, Tracy's face turned pale.

Obviously, she, too, knew about the method of using varnish on oil painting for identification, but she did not want to believe that the one she had was a fake copy.

"You said you smelled paint, but I couldn't smell that! What a wonderful story that you made there! I admire your imagination!"

"Then, why don't everyone go and smell it?" Sammy feebly suggested. She believed that what Tracy bought must be an authentic art piece.

After watching the play for so long, Sylvie frowned. "Now there's a layer of red wine on the oil painting. The aroma of the wine is so strong that it overwhelms the other smells. I think it's hard to smell it."

'That's right! She did it on purpose!"

"She purposely spilled red wine on it to destroy the smell and then deceived everyone about the smell of paint by making up a fake story. All I can pick up is the fragrance of pear wood. Stop spewing nonsense about the varnish-"

'I believe what my wife said is true." Listening to the chatter, Cedrick suddenly raised his voice, intending to protect his wife.

Chapter 926-Cedrick's sharp eyes swept across everyone present, and with just one glance, he made everyone shut their mouths up.

Tracy looked at Cedrick, trembling, and was shocked. "So, Master Cedrick, to protect Miss Atherton, are you slandering me by saying I've gifted a fake painting to Grandma?"

"Tracy, let's go," Sammy stepped forward to support Tracy and choked up, ' The painting has been ruined, and we can't question what the superior, high above Master Cedrick said. Whatever he said will be the truth no matter what. But I believe that you will never deliberately fool Granny Atherton!"

If it were not for Sammy's sincere expression, Catelyn would have thought that she was acting to ridicule her.

Catelyn turned her head and instructed Kelly, "Aunt Kelly, please send someone to invite Mister Abma, the president of Sapphire's Oil Painter, to come over. He has a lot of research on Morison's works, so he can give my aunt and Tracy a satisfactory answer." 'Really? That's great!" Sammy immediately burst into laughter, looking forward to it.

Tracy's hand tightened unconsciously.

When she was about to say something, she was interrupted by Sylvie.

Sylvie made a final decision and said without hesitation, "That would make my birthday party a great show too. Well, let's find out. I can't wait for the answer too. At the end of the day, you can't convict anyone for no evidence."

Seeing this, Cedrick asked Eason to pick Mister Abma up immediately.

Eason did not come to the birthday party. He was in the city, so he was close to the base of Sapphire's Oil Painters.

Sammy was immersed in the joy of being able to prove that Tracy was wronged and said to Catelyn, "Miss Atherton, don't be angry when the appraisal result comes out later. Tracy won't ask you to compensate. You just need to promise not to avenge Tracy in the future, and we're even."

Catelyn looked at Sammy squarely.

She still looked very beautiful at the age of forty, as there were no wrinkles but a little retro charm on her face.

She looked very innocent, as though she had never encountered any adversities in life. 'But was what she said just now serious? Or is she playing tricks?' "Aunt Sammy, don't worry. If I'm wrong, I'll

apologize to Tracy,” Catelyn said lightly, and the hand hanging by the side of her leg was suddenly tightly grasped by a big palm.

She felt a warmth on her palm and looked up along the arm of the man.

Cedrick’s handsome face fell into her eyes. Under the dome, his deep eyes were full of affection. Catelyn winked playfully at him and tightened her grip soon, the president of Sapphire’s Oil Painters, Mister Abma, who was over 60 years old, arrived at the hall with Eason.

Countless people were eagerly waiting, wanting to know the results if the oil painting was an authentic artwork of Morison.

Everyone subconsciously gave way to them while Eason supported Mister Abma into the hall.

When Mister Abma heard that there was one of Morison’s oil paintings there, his face was full of excitement and a longing smile. He was even more agitated than Eason, as his hand that held a high-degree magnifying glass shivered.

“Mister Abma, please be careful,” Eason reminded.

it’s okay. I’m good.” Mister Abma waved his hand, implying that nothing was more important than the oil painting of Morison, not even his body condition. Shortly afterward, he was in front of Catelyn and the others, and he said eagerly, Master Cedrick and Mistress Catelyn, may I know where is the oil painting by Morisian that you mentioned? It would be a great honor to me if I could lay my eyes on the masterpiece. I have admired this work, the master of the oil painting of all time, Morison, but unfortunately, there are not many artworks left...”

Chapter 927-Cedrick and Mister Abma met each other in the circle of collectors before. He explained in a low voice, “Mister Abma, I guess today is your lucky day then. This painting was bought by my wife’s cousin as a gift for Granny Atherton. It was said to be worth tens of millions of dollars.”

‘Thousands of millions of dollars?!’ Mister Abma nodded excitedly.” Morison’s famous paintings are indeed worth the price. Well, I guess, as you said, it’s my lucky day!”

While waiting for Mister Abma to arrive just now, Tracy was trying to find a way to wipe off the red wine stain from the oil painting.

She tried every means but still could not completely get rid of it, so she had no choice but handed it over to Mister Abma, the ruined painting.

Mister Abma held the painting carefully and placed put it on a clean table. He gently stroked the surface of the painting, lowered his head to smell the fragrance of it, took down his glasses, and held the magnifier to scan through the oil painting.

The more he looked, the more piqued he looked.

Sammy then said, "It's an authentic painting of Morison, right? I'm sure Mister Abma will soon let everyone know about it. Tracy won't bother to buy a fake painting!"

However, Sammy's overconfidence made Mister Abma impatient. He threw the magnifier in his hand onto the oil painting and yelled, ' Nonsense! Shame on you both! This ten-million dollars worth of 'Happiness' is a forgery! What idiot in the world would spend ten million dollars on a fake painting than donate it to poor children?"

It was just a waste of his time and anticipation.

"What?! A forgery?!" "Impossible! Tracy wouldn't buy a fake painting to shame herself in public. You must've bribed him--"

"Mister Abma is highly respected and has been in oil painting appraisal for over 50 years! You can slander others, but you can't damage his reputation!" Tracy trembled slightly, and Sammy's expression fell.

Sammy approached in disbelief. "How could it be a fake? Mister Abma, you must've made a mistake."

Tracy also echoed closely, "Mister Abma, please check again. Did the red wine affect the smell? This painting originally had a faint rosin--"

“There’s no need to waste my time. I’ve studied Morison’s works for many years, and I’m confident with the result of my prior appraisal. This is a fake!’ Mister Abma did not want to look at that painting anymore and waved his hands in disgust.

He then looked at Catelyn curiously and asked, “Please enlighten me, young lady. How do you know this painting is a fake?”

Eason had already told him the whole story on the way to pick him up. Someone had doubts about the authenticity of the painting, so he was invited to perform an appraisal of it.

He thought that the painting, which cost the buyer ten million dollars, would be authentic, but he did not expect that it was such a low-quality copy.

Being stared at by the authority of the oil painting industry, Catelyn repeated what she had told the crowd just now and added a few common points of view for distinguishing between authentic and forged oil paintings.

While speaking, she felt a little embarrassed as she might sound like she was teaching a fish how to swim.

“You have meticulous observation and good eyesight, which is rare. If I hadn’t studied Morison’s works for years, I might not have been able to come out with an answer so quickly.”

Catelyn replied with a well-deserved smile, “It’s my honor. I was fortunate enough to be in the class of a few art professors while I was in college...” The answer could not be more evident now to the crowd.

Tracy spent tens of millions of dollars to buy a forgery and even gifted it to Old Madam Atherton as a birthday present.

Chapter 928-Tracy’s complexion instantly turned pale.

“Miss Winx, it seems that I’ve had too high hopes for you. You are far worse than Ezekiel when it comes to educating your daughter.” Sylvie sighed regretfully, her disappointment undisguised.

Ezekiel also came to attend Sylvie’s birthday party that day. He was now the son-in-law of Sylvie. Everyone was treating him nicely, buttering him up. Even the file of the suspected murder case four years ago that he was suspected of was disposed of by Cedrick outside the law...

Although it was just a few words of regret, it made Tracy feel more uncomfortable than giving her a few slaps, and she stammered to explain, “Grandma, this is... I was careless... I didn’t expect it to be a fake painting...” Ezekiel, who was called out by Granny Atherton, walked out of the crowd and suggested, “Didn’t Tracy have the receipt with her? She can contact a lawyer to hold the auction house accountable and recover some of the losses.”

Tracy’s face paled even more.

“Tracy, don’t be afraid. Get the receipt, and we’ll make the auction house compensate for the loss!” Sammy voiced out angrily and gritted.

In Tracy’s mind, she had a feeling that if the painting was a forgery, the receipt was most probably fake. She was so anxious to return to Sapphire City at that time that she simply found an ‘expert’ for appraisal.

“Tracy, where is the receipt? Take it out quickly.” Seeing that Tracy was silent, Sammy became even more anxious.

Her heart was pumping fast, causing her face to turn red. Yet, she did not stop asking for the receipt.

Tracy was repeatedly questioned by her mother, and she was speechless for a while. Of course, she could not tell her mother that she had met a professional con artist. Hence, they had no way to hold the seller accountable.

In her anxiety, she suddenly had an idea. She pressed her chest with one hand, her eyelids drooped, and she suddenly fell into Sammy’s arms, fainting...

“Tracy? Tracy?!” Sammy was terrified, hugging Tracy and exclaiming in shock.

Sylvie’s little goodwill toward Tracy and Sammy immediately dissipated. They made her birthday banquet end in such a mess.

She immediately signaled Kelly with a look.

Kelly then had several bodyguards carry Tracy to the second floor to rest.

As soon as Tracy and Sammy were gone, negative comments started to spread out among the crowd.

‘I thought Tracy was a nice girl, but I didn’t expect her to buy a forgery to fool Old Madam Atherton!’
“And her mother kept hinting to US that Miss Atherton has been using her power to oppress them both. Gosh, we were fooled by her! Miss Atherton didn’t seem to have poured red wine on the oil painting on purpose just now...”

“Yeah, I remember seeing a lady accidentally hit Miss Atherton’s arm...”

“Tsk, what a disaster!”

The bodyguards carried Tracy to the corner of the stairs on the second floor, and she could hear those sarcastic comments. Her body trembled uncontrollably, and she desperately suppressed the surging anger in her heart.

Downstairs, Sylvie smiled and pretended that nothing had happened and continued to introduce Catelyn to everyone.

The guests all praised Sylvie for having a good granddaughter.

Everyone at the birthday banquet finally got to know Catelyn as compared to the previous family reunion banquet. They finally understood why Sylvie was so partial to Catelyn because she was worth it.

At the same time, everyone was also very curious about the gift Catelyn had prepared for Granny Atherton

Chapter 929-Soon, it was the Atherton family's close relatives' turn to present their gifts.

There were all kinds of gifts, all of which were exquisite, overwhelming, and invaluable, including antique vases, porcelain, expensive jewelry, some high-end health supplements, and more.

When it was Edwin's and Joanne's turn, Edwin gave Sylvie a lovely red coral tree, which was listed as one of the seven treasures, representing wealth and auspiciousness, and is priced by the gram in the market.

It was undoubtedly the most astonishing gift throughout the banquet. Everyone could not help but praise Master Edwin for his generosity.

Yet Joanne curled her lips. Her hand-woven plush scarf was in her purse. She really wanted to give it to Sylvie, so she could keep herself warm with it in winter, but Edwin disliked her shabby gift.

However, little did she know Edwin's intention was to prevent her from being ridiculed.

She would only be looked down upon by guests if she was given something cheap.

After Edwin, everyone's eyes fell on Catelyn, wondering what she would give.

Under the curious stares of the guests, Catelyn exchanged glances with Kelly, and in the next second, the lights in the hall suddenly went out.

At the moment of the power outage, a few timid female guests screamed subconsciously.

"Everyone, don't panic. This is part of the gift that I prepared for my grandma.

It's not a power outage, and there's no need to panic..." Catelyn explained to everyone calmly with the microphone in her hand.

Immediately afterward, a spotlight in the hall shone straight onto a passage connecting the hall to the kitchen.

Under the spotlight, two small figures appeared in the blink of an eye. They were Miles and Ollie.

They both held a large metal tray in their hands, and a giant cake was placed on the tray. There were seven large candles and seven small candles on the cake, lit. Together, they represented Sylvie's age.

With cheerful or restrained smiles on their faces, the two little guys passed through the crowd and walked over to Sylvie.

Miles raised his chin and said, "Great-grandma, this is the birthday cake we made with Mommy and Daddy. We wish you good health..."

Ollie smiled and continued, "... and happiness forever."

"Life has been wonderfully kind to you..."

"... and we wish you all the good fortune in the world as you deserve."

Miles and Ollie then said together, "Through laughter or tears. Your loved ones will always be by your side! Happy birthday, Great-grandma!"

The children's voice was lovely, like a land of flowers quietly creeping into Sylvie's heart.

When they were done, Sylvie felt a surge of blood in her heart as she was moved.

Choked, she said, "Oh boys... my dearest great- grandsons..."

“Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...” At that moment, the large projection screen in the hall suddenly lit up.

A birthday song filled with laughter was heard.

Sylvie looked up at the screen subconsciously and saw a pasture in the background.

Catelyn fixed the camera on a tripod and pulled Miles and Ollie in front of the camera, together with Cedrick. The four of them recorded a video of them singing a birthday song, wishing Sylvie a happy birthday.

Catelyn clapped in the video to lead the beat while the two babies sang the song, and Cedrick worked hard to soften his cruel look so that he could better blend into the video.

Their smiles made the guests’ hearts melt and smile at the screen involuntarily.

To them, the family of four was just too sweet, too loving, and too perfect.

The song was coming to an end, but the video was just about to begin. There were candid photos of Sylvie on the screen after the birthday song.

Chapter 930-There were not many photos of Sylvie alone because most of them captured Sylvie with other Atherton family members together. Those photos included one in which she and Catelyn warmly stared at each other with a smile on both faces, one in which she and Edwin played chess together, and one in which she and Harry took a stroll in the garden...

Hundreds of photos were arranged clearly and orderly by Catelyn and projected on the big screen.

Sylvie was deeply moved, and tears filled her eyes.

The narration of the video was the voice of Catelyn. “Grandma, you are the most respected elder in my heart. It is my greatest honor to be your granddaughter. I believe that no matter what you did, you did it

for my good. Now it's time for me, Ceddy, and the children to spend time with you. On your first birthday after our reunion, I thought about giving you very precious gifts like my cousin, but those gifts were dead, and I always felt that something was missing. Then, one day, I finally realized what had been missing. It was a kind of love for you, so I chose to make you a video of your memories..."

After the long dubbing by Catelyn, as the end of it drew to a close, Cedrick starred again, alone, in the video.

He was always taciturn in front of outsiders, but in the video, he sincerely wished Sylvie a happy birthday.

His low, sexy voice spread throughout the main hall, and many people were moved by it.

Yet that was not the end of Catelyn's surprise.

The night sky outside the window suddenly burst into brilliant fireworks, rising to the highest point in the sky and exploding with a bang.

"Look, there are words on it..."

"Grandma, happy birthday. We love you."

The guests shouted out in unison, and they were all stunned.

What a heart-warming and attentive surprise!

Sylvie also excitedly moved to the window sill with the help of Kelly. Looking at the bright fireworks in the sky, she could not be more moved.

The two little guys, Miles and Ollie, were still holding the tray high in their hands.

After holding it for so long, their arms were sore.

Sylvie could not move her eyes away from the fantastic fireworks for a long time. No one had given her such a 'romantic' surprise for many years.

"Great-grandma, my hands are sore..." said Miles while trying to keep a smile on his little chubby face.

Sylvie suddenly realized that she had forgotten about the cake and hurriedly took the tray from the two little guys.

Ollie handed the cake cutter and server spade to Sylvie and said, "Blow out the candles to make a wish, and then cut the cake."

"Alright, sweetheart." Sylvie laughed so hard that tears fell from her eyes. She then put her hands together and stood in front of the cake, making wishes like a child. "May the family be safe and happy, May Cat and Eddy live happily ever after with their loved ones, and may I have another lovely little great-grandson in the coming year."

Miles cheered and clapped his little hands. "Great-grandma, you are so greedy!

You even made three wishes!"

"I heard that saying your wishes out while wishing would make your wishes not come true..." Ollie was a little concerned.

Sylvie laughed and waved her hand at them. "It's okay. As long as we're sincere when we make wishes, it should be fine."

Since the cakes brought by the little guys were not big enough to share with the guests, only the Atherton family members got to taste them. Still, Catelyn had the chef prepare fruit cakes for the guests.

Initially, eating the cake was the next step, but it was brought forward because of Catelyn's gift.

Everyone was eating cakes and standing by the window admiring the beautiful fireworks.

Suddenly someone pointed to the garden not far from the window and exclaimed, "Why are there so many snowmen?"

Everyone looked in the direction of the person's finger and saw eight snowmen in the garden.

The snowmen looked different in height and size, and it was obvious that they represented Catelyn, Cedrick, and the two children, Edwin and Joanne, and Granny Atherton and Harry.

Those big snowmen formed a circle, surrounding two small snowmen and an 'old-looking' snowwoman. They looked extremely happy and harmonious.