

Chapter 582 Fake Painting

Hobson answered Rosalie. Then he looked at Celia who was beside him and said smilingly, "Cece, help me downstairs."

In response to that, Celia nodded and did as she was told.

So they took the elevator and soon found themselves in the hall.

Initially, Doreen smiled from ear to ear. But as soon as she noticed how much Hobson cared for Celia, the expression on her beautiful face began to change. She was looking more and more displeased by the minute.

This was because she had turned a new leaf for some time now. Hobson's attitude towards her had improved tremendously. Therefore, Doreen formed the opinion that she had a place in the old man's heart. She least expected that his favorite would still be Celia, the one he only met once.

She couldn't help thinking about the effort she put into making sure his birthday party was a success. Doreen starved herself for days in order to fit into an elegant dress. This was solely because she didn't want to embarrass Hobson. So she was upset by his partiality.

Be that as it may, Doreen suppressed all the grievances she felt in her heart and pretended to be polite. She went about speaking to everyone calmly and telling them to have a seat.

Not long after Celia got downstairs, she noticed that many people present at the party had attended her and Tyson's

wedding before. So she decided to say hello to them. To her disbelief, they all ignored her.

Their reaction left Celia somewhat let down. Tyson knew she was disappointed, so he whispered to her, "Don't take it to heart, alright? They are all snobbish dogs!"

"Those people aren't just famous in Hosworth, but they are wealthy and influential as well. Why do you refer to them as dogs?" Celia burst into laughter.

"Anyone who makes you unhappy is a dog," Tyson replied jokingly.

"Stop pulling my legs!" Celia pinched him secretly.

Despite her playful attempt to scold him, she felt the sweetness of his words and actions in her heart.

The birthday banquet began in earnest and the Shaw family sat around one table. Different distinguished people from Hosworth sat at the other tables.

After a short while, Rosalie and Danilo stood up. They proposed a toast to Hobson before giving him a diamond tourbillon watch as his birthday gift.

Doreen was next to offer him a gift. It was a suit from a famous designer. After that, Mack gave him an antique vase that was auctioned at a high price.

When everyone saw the gifts Hobson had received thus far, they looked forward to what Tyson and Celia would give.

It was no news that Tyson had been kicked out of the Shaw family long ago. So it was known to all and sundry that he had no money. Despite having that thought at the back of their minds, they still felt that it would be very inappropriate for him not to come up with a decent gift on such an

occasion.

At this juncture, Tyson and Celia became the center of the guests' attention. Everyone waited expectantly.

Celia became a little nervous as a result of being stared at by so many eyes. But her husband kept encouraging her. At some point, she took out the carefully wrapped scarf and handed it to Hobson.

"Hobson, Tyson and I aren't as rich as his parents or elder brother and sister-in-law. But one thing is for sure. We both prepared this gift carefully just for you and hope you like it."

Hobson nodded his head thoughtfully. Then he patted the back of her hand lightly a few times. "My good children, I understand. It's the thought that counts. I like whatever you give me."

When he finished talking to her, he took the gift and opened it carefully. His eyes lit up when he saw the scarf inside. In no time, he wrapped it around his neck.

"Hobson, you look amazing!" Celia complimented him. She was pleased that he was so energetic.

"It feels very comfortable. You must have put a lot of thought into it," Hobson replied with a wide smile on his face while stroking the scarf lightly.

Doreen saw what was going on. She spoke to Mack in a hushed tone. "Who gives an ugly scarf as a gift? How petty!"

Mack caressed her waist faintly and grinned from ear to ear. "That is definitely incomparable to yours. At your behest, a collectible suit worth several millions can be given away."

"Well, only your grandfather is deserving of it," Doreen said in a conceited manner.

In addition to the scarf, Tyson also took out a painting and presented it to Hobson.

The painting looked somewhat abstract. No one could figure out what it depicted after looking at it for a long time. As a result, one could hear whispers and murmurings.

"There is something about this painting that makes it look so strange."

"I couldn't agree more. I think it's fake!"

Rosalie jumped into conclusion almost as soon as she saw the painting. She thought it was counterfeit at best.

She had waited so long for Tyson to make a mistake. Finally, this seemed like an opportunity.

From her point of view, Tyson had no money. But he was trying to act like he did. It was only right that she exposed him. That way no one would blame her for bringing him down.

Celia perceived things quite differently from the guests in attendance. She studied design and had developed an aesthetic mind. She could easily recognize beauty.

At a glance, she could tell that the painting was expensive. So she asked Tyson in a low voice, "Honey, where did you get the money to buy such a piece? Was it from Mr. Evans?"

Tyson paused briefly. Celia's question caught him unawares. "Don't worry, I didn't borrow some money. This is a fake," he replied calmly.

His answer left Celia quite puzzled. She could tell instinctively that the painting wasn't a fake.

Hobson's reaction was similar to Celia's. When he saw the

painting, his expression changed.

But he quickly put his emotion under check and smiled slightly. "Tyson, you are very kind."

When Rosalie heard what her father-in-law said, she grinned knowingly. "Hobson, you are too tolerant of him. How can you not tell that this painting is fake? It's shocking that you accepted it and made a comment about how kind Tyson is."

She heaved a sigh. Disappointment was evident in her countenance.

"Don't you think it's a little disrespectful for him to give you a fake gift at your grand birthday party, whether or not he makes money?"

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Rosalie didn't speak too loudly. But her voice was clear enough for everyone nearby to hear.

Within a short period of time, the crowd became quite excited. The guests conversed on top of their voices.

The noise made in the course of their noisy discussions pierced Celia's ears.

"Tyson is so poor. So what else could he have given if not a fake painting?"

"I'm at a loss for words. But one thing is for sure. It would have been petty if he had just given his grandpa a scarf. Do you think they decided to take a chance hoping no one would find out?"

"For the record, this master seldom paints. So he wouldn't let people buy his paintings casually, would he?"

An elder who was present at Tyson and Celia's wedding shook his head and sighed. "Young people nowadays do not give much thought to the way they treat their elders. If they really have no money, why not buy something casual instead of giving a fake gift?"

He was barely done talking when someone said, "That's right. It would be an embarrassment to hang such a painting in your home. You don't want to be a laughing stock, do you?"

While people kept making random comments, Rosalie

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maintained a gentle and consoling look on her face. But in her heart, she was overjoyed.

At first, she was uncertain about the authenticity of the painting. But after overhearing Tyson and Celia's conversation shortly after, she reached the conclusion that it was truly counterfeit."

Rosalie anticipated the couple's humiliation so badly.

Since Tyson told Celia that the piece was fake, she became very worried about him.

Anxiety was evident on her pretty little face. Tyson could see how much she cared about him and it warmed his heart. But in order to comfort her, he grabbed her hand under the table, squeezed it and said in a reassuring voice, "Don't worry."

But Celia couldn't help being anxious. She didn't know what else to do.

While she was still lost in thoughts, Hobson's voice brought her back to reality.

"You shouldn't concern yourself with whether or not the painting is fake. I don't really care," he said out loud after standing up and taking a glance at Rosalie. "I own more assets than I can remember. Therefore, I can afford whatever painting I want as quickly as possible. The most important thing to me is Tyson's kind gesture."

Mack had waited for so long for an opportunity to see Tyson make a fool of himself. He didn't want to relent so easily after coming very close to witnessing it. "Grandpa, I see things differently. From all indications, you value his efforts. He didn't have a reason to give you the fake painting, did he? But he chose to do just that! You don't expect everyone to let that go easily, do you?"

"So what do you want me to do?" The expression on Hobson's face changed. He looked unhappy.

"Let's assess the value and quality of the painting!" Mack raised his voice. "Mr. Morrison is an expert. Let's allow him to do that."

There was silence for a few seconds. Hobson paused a little longer before moving his eyes to Rosalie's face. "Very well then. It shouldn't end up being a regrettable decision though."

"There's nothing for me to regret about this. Grandpa, you shouldn't feel bad either." Mack smiled smugly.

In no time, he sent someone for Lemuel Morrison, the expert in painting appraisal.

Despite all said and done, Tyson remained calm, cool and collected. Mack noticed his composure and mocked him silently.

This pretentious calmness wouldn't last for much longer, Mack thought.

It wasn't long before Lemuel showed up. Mack wasted no time in inviting him to the scene. Therefore, the appraisal commenced immediately.

After the space of around ten minutes, the expert stopped his assessment. Everyone present awaited his take on the painting.

Celia's heart had been racing in her chest. Then it almost stopped all of a sudden!

Her reaction was understandable. Tyson never said the painting was real. But he had a reason for telling her that. He didn't want it to draw attention to himself. Still, the

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people troubled him anyway.

If Lemuel announced that the painting was fake, Tyson would definitely lose face. Celia was afraid this could affect his place in the Shaw family in the future.

"I can't believe this!" Lemuel said all of a sudden. All eyes were focused on him.

He clapped his hands and appeared stunned. "In all my years as a professional, this is the first time I have seen the real work of this master at such a close range. This is the height of excellence. How exquisite!"

When guests around heard what he said, they were all astonished.

The members of the Shaw family couldn't believe it either. They looked at each other in surprise.

But no one could go against Lemuel's assertion. He was a famous master of arts. If he said that the painting was authentic, then he was surely not mistaken.

But how on earth could Tyson afford such an expensive piece? Everyone asked in their minds.

Celia heaved a sigh of relief. She was glad that the painting wasn't fake.

She still didn't know how Tyson got the money to buy it. But she knew it wasn't the best time to talk about it.

At that given instant, all she wanted was justice for her husband.

"Rosalie, I'm pretty sure you are aware that whoever slanders a good person ought to be punished, aren't you?" Celia turned around and asked Rosalie. She spoke while the guests were still in shock.

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A wide smile appeared on Celia's face as opposed to the look of astonishment on Rosalie's.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Rosalie frowned.

In response to her question, Celia pointed with her chin and asked, "The diamond watch you gave to Hobson is fake, isn't it?"

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