

# **My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols**

## **Chapter 141-150**

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Chapter 141 The Smith Group Was Boycotted

“That was fast!” Lucien got agitated and stood up from his chair.

Alston raised his eyebrows, “You don’t like Alice doesn’t mean that she can’t find someone who likes her

Auntie loves Alice so much. The men she found for Alice must be great. At least the ones I know about are

decent.”

Lucien froze and smiled stiffly before saying, “Of course. Alice is a nice girl, and she’s beautiful. Any man

would be lucky to have her.”

After saying this, Lucien didn’t dare to look at Alston and hurried toward the door. He made a sudden turn

before reaching the gate, “Alston. You were seeking a birthday gift for Cynthia, weren’t you?”

Alston didn’t expect him to bring this up again. He stared blankly for a moment and then nodded.

Lucien smiled, “You guys didn’t have a wedding. I think you can take this opportunity to give Cynthia a

surprise. You can propose to her, you know. Women like that.”

After speaking, he left directly.

Alston watched him left with mixed feelings and pursed his lips. Although Lucien wasn’t good at dealing with

relationships, he was right about this. Alston knew what to give for Cynthia’s birthday.

As soon as Lucien left, Alston’s phone rang. He immediately picked it up when he saw the name.

Cynthia's nervous voice came from the other side, "Alston, I saw the news on Instagram. How are you doing?"

Is there anyone making trouble in front of our company? Did you call the police? Should I post something on

Instagram to explain everything..."

Those questions bombarded Alston, but he felt warm. His expression softened, and he said in a low voice,

"It's okay. We have a lot of security guards and bodyguards here. They won't let anyone break into the Smith

Group. Everything is fine over here."

"Thank goodness!" Cynthia breathed a sigh of relief, "You have no idea how horrible those keyboard warriors

say about you. They say that you are a capable man with no conscience or morality. Bah! They don't know anything. They just blindly believe whatever other people say. How outrageous! I just couldn't stand them.

slandering you like that!"

She was full of anger, but her tone was delicate and soft, making Alston smile involuntarily, "Don't mind them,

then. They don't deserve your attention."

"No, why should I stay quiet!" Cynthia said indignantly, "I wanted to read what they say, and I asked Greg and

Mrs. Lewis to register accounts on Instagram and refute their lies."

She grew more and more excited when she shared her tactics, "You know, Joyce may seem shy and introverted. She's actually good at arguing. She alone made those keyboard warriors suffer from their own doing."

Alston listened intently, eyes full of gentleness and tenderness, "Just ignore them, honey. Don't be mad because of them, and stay in the house. Some extreme paparazzi or netizens may come to our house since

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they can't get in the Smith Group. You just stay inside and be careful. I'll take care of it."

"Ok Cynthia responded without hesitation, "Don't worry. I have Greg and other people here with me."

"That's my girl!"

Alston's voice was hoarse and low, which made Cynthia blush. He used to say those words to her when they

were on the bed. Therefore, she automatically felt shy when she heard it again over the phone.

"I have to go." Cynthia blushed even more, caught by curious Joyce and others taking a break from posting

arguments on Instagram.

Cynthia abruptly hung up the phone, feeling abashed.

Alston heard the "beep" sound from the other side, smiled wryly, and put down the phone.

Lloyd was amazed at his boss's behavior when he entered the door. Only Mrs. Smith could make his boss

look like this.

Seeing Lloyd coming in, Alston became serious again, "What's the matter?"

"It's coming finally!"

"What?" Alston looked interestingly.

Lloyd handed over the phone, "This is the latest video, Someone took a video of Ms. Brooks going out, sick

and worn out."

Alston clicked on the video and furrowed deeply as soon as he saw the figure inside.

In the video, a woman was standing in a shopping mall, fighting for cheap clothes and shirts with a bunch of middle-aged women. The heavy makeup couldn't even hide her weariness. Her skin was dry and sallow, and

she looked fragile.

If Alston didn't know her well, he wouldn't have recognized her at first glance. She was at least ten years older

than when she was in the Smith family, and her well-maintained complexion became slack.

"That's unusual!" Alston said after a long pause.

Lloyd nodded, "I don't think Ms. Brooks looked normal either. It's only a short time since she left the Smith Group and got picked up by Clare to her villa. Clare can't mistreat her in terms of food. How could she lose so

much weight? It's like..."

He glanced at Alston as he spoke but didn't finish the sentence.

Alston added directly, "It's like she had taken drugs, right?"

"Yes, she looked like those drug addicts who are terribly thin and sick."

Alston sneered. Clare picked up Stella when she left, and there was no way that she took drugs herself. The only person who could poison her meals unknowingly must be the person Clare arranged to take care of her on a daily basis.

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Q

From how Stella behaved in the video, she had no idea what was happening to her body

"How stupid! Alston said coldly and secretly clenched his fingers. How could you not know you are

poisoned"

Lloyd glanced at his frosty boss and dared say nothing

Alston may renounce the relationship with his mother. She was still his biological mother it was natural for

him to feel agonized when she was poisoned and used as a weapon against him

Stella didn't even know that someone was photographing her. She asked the servant while throwing the

cheap clothes on the sofa she snatched from the mall in disgust, 'Is it true that Clare will transfer money to

me if I buy those cheap clothes?'

The servant flickered her eyes and said, 'Yes, I just told the master about it. He will definitely do something if

he learns you are having a rough time.'

As soon as the servant finished talking, Stella's cell phone rang. Seeing that Clare had transferred money to

her, she was overjoyed and didn't realize she was being used.

Sure enough, people became frenzied as soon as Stella's video came out.

Someone also posted pictures of her before leaving the Smith family. She looked more pitiful and desolate

now. People left a lot of comments under the video.

'What a sh\*t me. What's the point for her to have that son.'

'It's only been a few days since Alston Smith threw her out. Look at her now. She must have led a callous life.'

'Alston, how could you still enjoy yourself while your mother suffers so much? How shameful for you to leave

her like this and live a luxurious life yourself!'

'Rich people are really inhumane. Your mother raised you single-handedly, and you kicked her out. What a

ruthless son!'

Most of the rumors were about Alston, reprimanding him for being cold to his mother. Some people even

began to boycott products produced by the Smith Group.

“How could he care about the consumers when he couldn’t even take care of his mother? How could we still

trust their products?”

Those, as mentioned above, were so powerful that people began to echo it, and the stock price of the Smith Group also started to take a downward turn.

The PR manager couldn’t handle those, so he rushed into Alston’s office and asked if he should release the

news.

Alston thought for a while and said to him, “Don’t announce why I threw her out. Just let them know that Clare Smith took care of her after she left the Smith family. Make sure Clare’s name came with her.”

The PR manager’s eyes lit up.

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Get Bonus

Now it had been confirmed that Clare was behind all this. Since he hadn’t shown up yet, Alston must force

him to show up.

The situation intensified. A post produced by the Smith Group on the sly gradually went viral. It mainly asked why Stella would go straight to Clare Smith’s villa after she left the Smith family.

There was no obvious relationship between Stella and Clare Smith. Why would she go directly to him, a mortal enemy that had been after her son’s company for so long, right after she left the Smith family?

She trusted Clare so much. Did they maintain a secret relationship?

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Q

The PR manager hired a bunch of online supporters, and the topic instantly captured public attention.

This kind of relationship involving ethics and morality had always been what the public craved, not to mention that the characters involved were all famous and wealthy.

Netizens swarmed like moths around the light. In the blink of an eye, it shadowed the topic "Alston Refused to Support His Mother" and became the most discussed trending topic.

The online supporters paid by Clare were overwhelmed. They exhausted all means but still failed to control public opinion. Instead, the situation worsened. Some trolls used the most offensive and obscene words to

speculate what was happening between Stella and Clare.

They could only regard the speculation as slander, saying there was no evidence, and they even threatened to

sue those who spread the rumors.

They did scare away a bunch of trolls, and comments about Stella and Clare quieted down a lot.

Just when Clare's personnel felt that their efforts paid off and were about to work harder to suppress these remarks completely, someone suddenly released a video of Stella losing her jewelry in the hotel before, and

Clare went to help her.

They were close in the video, which was unusual at first glance. Once this video was released, people

revisited the topic of them being immoral.

Especially, Stella was not gaunt and old at that time. When she looked at Clare, she was peevish, like a girl

crying for attention from her boyfriend.

People joked that Clare was so attractive at such an age that he made a lady leave her son for her with no

hesitation.

Someone even made an emoji of Stella watching Clare affectionately and posted it everywhere.

The person who released the video was suspected to be from Alston's side. Later, that man revealed his

identity as the owner of a well-known technology company.

"I happened to stay in this hotel on a business trip. I saw someone arguing with the hotel staff, so I recorded

1. This woman shouldn't have left her valuables in the hotel. It was her fault that her jewelry got lost, but she

blamed the hotel nevertheless and wanted it to take full accountability. This man wanted to intimidate the

hotel staff with his power, and both looked supercilious. The hotel would have to pay her if it didn't have

connections in high places."

Alston glanced at the PR manager when he saw the video and asked, "You arranged this?"

The PR manager shook his head, "No, I didn't. He must be just a passerby. We don't even have this video here. It seems we are destined to win this war. I was afraid that I couldn't produce anything concrete to prove their intimate relationship, but this video came just in time."

After hearing this, Alston told Lloyd, "Contact that passerby and involve him in our new project."

Lloyd nodded and left to perform his duty.

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Alston's eyes blinked. There was no joy on his face. Stella was his mother, and her inappropriate relationship with his uncle was discussed and ridiculed on the Internet. No matter how many benefits it brought him, it

was still a disgrace.

Seeing his boss was gloomy, the PR manager didn't dare to speak and retreated quietly.



Clare was enjoying it when Alston was reprimanded, and products from the Smith Group were boycotted, but he became less pleased when he found that his relationship with Stella was exposed. He felt agitated when

he was involved.

The comment under the video of them in the same hotel was incredibly irritating. They have already been to

a hotel. What else could they do there? They are not fooling anybody.”

“I can understand now why Mr. Smith throws his mother out. Anyone would have done such a thing when he

finds out his mother is fooling around with his uncle.”

“It suddenly came to me that Mr. Smith’s father died in a car accident. Perhaps his mother and his uncle

conspired together to make that happen...”

People actually echoed the theory.

Clare was furious when he saw this. He smashed his phone, and with a “slap” sound, it broke into pieces.

That was how furious he got.

His assistant heard the noise, sighed, took out a new mobile phone from the drawer, knocked on the office

door, and sent the mobile phone in.

Recently, Clare became bad-tempered, and he always smashed his phone when he got angry. His assistant bought a lot of mobile phones and put them in the drawer just in case.

To avoid being the target, the assistant tried to sneak out after sending the phone. But she was suddenly

stopped by Clare when she was about to make it out.

The assistant lowered her head and turned around, “Mr. Smith, what else do you need, please?”

Clare clenched his phone tightly and sneered, "Make some arrangements. I'll have a press conference in the

afternoon. You know which reporters to be invited, do you?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith!" The assistant was stunned for a moment, replied quickly, and hurried out.

Clare leaned on the back of his chair, eyes cold. He had to clarify what was on the Internet. Even if Alston

knew about the relationship between him and Stella, he couldn't prove anything. He had been cautious with

Stella all those years.

Nothing concrete could be discovered as long as he and Stella refuse to admit it.

After Clare thought it over, he gave Stella a call.

Stella had already seen the news on the Internet, and she acted like Clare was her savior, "Hey, Clare. People

guessed our affair. What should I do?"

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Get Honin

Q

She couldn't stand being ruined like Jane and her daughter. She has a reputation to maintain.

"What affair?" Clare retorted.

Stella froze for a moment, "What do you mean?"

Clare narrowed his eyes, "Remember, from now on, you are my sister-in-law, and there is no other relationship between us. You must stick to it no matter what other people say about us."

Stella was quite muddled in terms of trivial things, but she knew how to act on important matters. So, she nodded quickly, "I got it."

“I’ll send someone to pick you up in the afternoon. There’s a press conference. We’ll talk about what you can say and what you can’t before the conference. You must stick to the points that Alston refused to support

you, give you alimony, and kick you out ruthlessly. You should know how to arouse the public anger towards

Alston to the greatest extent.”

After Clare finished speaking, Stella pursed her lips awkwardly, “Do I have to do this?”

“Why, you want to take Alston’s side?” Clare narrowed his eyes, displeased.

Stella couldn’t see his face, but she could tell Clare was angry and said quickly, “No, I just think that it may make me look cruel if I do this. I am his mother, after all. People may get a bad impression of me. Besides,

even if public opinion turns to our side, the Smith Group will still stand solid as ever. It won’t hurt its

foundations.”

After speaking, she asked cautiously, “What do you think?”

Clare sneered. Stella finally became clever this time. However, she needed to put her cleverness to proper

use.

“I didn’t expect to bring Alston down in one go. You have no idea how many times he betrayed me and how much I have lost because of him. I can’t put him down this time, but I can at least make him suffer.”

Stella became silent for a long time.

Eyes deep, Clare sighed, “Since you want to take your son’s side, I won’t force you. I’ll let you live in that villa, or you can return to Alston. We should just break up. You won’t be implicated even if something bad happens

to me.”

Stella went soft when she heard his words. Being lost in love, she replied quickly, “I can’t live without you, Clare. Alston kicked me out, and he renounced me as his mother. There is no way back to him anymore. I promise I’ll do exactly as you asked. I’ll get ready now. Please send someone to pick me up later.”

She got up to fish for suitable clothes while speaking. Clare was finally satisfied and warned, "No fancy clothes or makeup. It would be best if you put on those cheap clothes you got from that mall. And, the gaunter you are, the more sympathetic people feel about you."

Stella agreed and sat down again. She wanted to say something more to Clare but found that he had hung up the phone.

Alston smiled when he learned that Clare was about to hold a press conference.

## Chapter 142 The Last Resort

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The last resort was finally put to use.

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Clare had his press conference set at two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was live video streaming.

Alston turned on the live video and saw the media sitting there ironically.

Lloyd checked all media, and his face turned cold, "They are all in favor of them. Shall we arrange some of

our people inside, Mr. Smith?"

Alston shook his head, "Clare attached great importance to this reception. It will be in vain for us to sneak

our men inside. Let's see their tricks, and then we can respond accordingly."

There was nothing for Alston to worry about no matter what they said since he was on the moral high

ground. After all, they were the ones who had immoral behaviors.

Cynthia had been keeping a watchful eye on what was going on. She turned on the live video and waited for

the press conference with Greg and others.

The press conference began in a few minutes. Clare looked successful and sharp in a suit, his bodyguards

leading the way.

Stella walked behind Clare. The cheap coat on her frail body looked baggy and uncomfortable. Instead of

wearing expensive makeup and being charming like before, she didn't use any skin care products and just put

her hair in a ponytail. Therefore, she looked particularly gaunt and old under the HD camera.

People began to leave comments on the bullet screen.

“Stella looks miserable.”

“She makes me think of my own mother. I can't help but cry!”

Those comments immediately aroused the sympathy of netizens, and some people began to speak for Stella.

“Alston's father is dead. She is entitled to find her own happiness.”

“Yes. The person she loves happens to be her brother-in-law.”

Those comments made Cynthia sick. She tapped on the keyboard quickly to respond.

“How refreshing! I can't believe you can sugarcoat an immoral love affair like that.”

Many people echoed her remark, while many abused her for being unsympathetic and cold.

Joyce became mad when she saw Cynthia being attacked. She posted a comment quickly, “They are the ones deprived of humanity. Only animals act like that.”

Cynthia turned her head and glanced at Joyce with a smile. She was impressed by her sharpness.

Clare signaled for the press conference to begin when everyone was settled.

The camera was on Clare and Stella, the leading players.

Stella showed no confidence at all without makeup. She flinched and dodged when the camera was shooting

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Get Bonus

her Clare, on the contrary, put up a resolute and stern look at the camera

Cynthia took some popcorn from the table, waiting for their show Mrs Lewis warned her, Mrs. Smith, please

cut down on popcorn. You may feel awful later

Cynthia smiled embarrassedly and left the rest popcorn to Joyce.

The questioning session began, and the first question was quite mind-blowing.

“Mr. Smith. There are many rumors about you and Ms. Brooks online. Can you certify their authenticity? What

is Ms. Brooks to you?”

Clare looked over and smiled gently, without any panic, “You just said those are rumors, which means they

were not true. There is nothing out of the ordinary between Ms. Brooks and me.”

He continued with a sad look, “Since my brother passed away in that car accident, I offered a lot of help to

my sister-in-law and Alston out of sympathy. My good intention toward them was distorted and

misunderstood by those with vile thoughts. Therefore, they just cooked up the story between Ms. Brooks and

1. Alston also held a grudge toward me when he grew up. However, I did nothing wrong. I can honestly say

that I have been innocent all along. It's unfair for me to suffer.”

He didn't put it plainly, but the comment on the bullet screen made it clear, “Perhaps Alston Smith framed

him. He must have hoped to hold down his uncle's company since they were commercial rivals all along.”

“Clare seems like a good man. Look how gentle he is.”

Lloyd stole a secret glance at Alston to see if he was angry while checking on the comments. The latter was,

surprisingly, calm and smiling!

He followed Alston's gaze and saw the next comment.

"Clare is no competition to my Alston! My husband is busy. He doesn't have time for him. Plus, my Alston is

way more handsome than him!!!"

How sweet of Mrs. Smith to say that. Lloyd thought. Anyone could see this was from Mrs. Smith as she used

"husband," my Alston, and extra exclamation marks. No wonder Mr. Smith was so pleased.

At the press conference, Stella nodded, agreeing with what Clare just remarked, "Yes, President Smith has

helped me a lot, and I am very grateful to him. I felt outraged when I heard those people on the Internet

slandering him. It's my fault that he's in trouble."

Clare sighed and patted her on the shoulder comfortingly, "I loved and respected my brother dearly. You were

his soulmate and his true love. However, things changed after he passed away. Alston became stubborn and

refused to open his heart to his mother. Misunderstandings arose between him and my sister-in-law. In the

end, he even kicked out his own mother."

Stella raised her hand quietly, and the smell of onions in her sleeve instantly made her eyes full of tears. It was so pungent that she couldn't hold back her tears anymore.

The more she rubbed the onion, the more tears streamed down her eyes, making her pitiful and embarrassed.

The weak could always get sympathy from the public. Alston Smith was cold and harsh, while Stella Smith

Cast Prud

looked miserable. The public favor immediately turned to Stella's side.

"It's not enough just to be rich. You must have good characters too."

"I've always liked Alston since he seems like a decent man. I can't believe he did such an unspeakable thing to his mother."

Cynthia didn't feel like enjoying her popcorn anymore. She became furious at what those people said about her husband. Throwing the rest popcorn in her hand into the trash can next to her, Cynthia pointed at the screen and said, "How preposterous! What do these people know? How could they say mean things about my Alston?"

"Many people like my Alston. I don't care if she likes him or not!"

In Cynthia's heart, Alston was the kindest person in the world. She had never said anything bad about him.

What made these people so bold to criticize him?

Mrs. Lewis consoled her, "Ignore those keyboard warriors, ma'am. They don't know anything. All they can do

is abuse people online. They wouldn't have dared say anything similar in front of Mr. Smith."

Cynthia couldn't help but chuckle a little.

Greg handed her a glass of warm water to help her calm down.

Clare and Stella echoed with each other in front of reporters, looking miserable and sad. Then, a reporter

began to ask, "President Smith, I heard that Ms. Brooks went to a hotel with you after she left the Smith

family. How do you explain this?"

Cynthia sat down with a cup in her hand and muttered, "Why do people call Alston Mr. Smith but him.

President Smith? He sounds superior to my Alston."

Greg looked at Clare and smiled sarcastically, "He has always wanted to be superior. Therefore, he ordered



others to call him President Smith. Despite his failure in competing with us commercially, he could at least

be superior to Mr. Smith in terms of title.”

“How shrewd!” Cynthia commented, and Greg nodded in agreement, both feeling disgusted.

Clare said, “Ms. Brooks will explain this to you!”

Stella took the microphone and calmed down her emotions, her eyes still red and her voice shaky, “I didn’t maintain a good relationship with the Brooks family since I was a young girl. Therefore, I had nowhere to go. when Alston threw me out. I called President Smith for help. He said yes with no hesitation.”

She paused and glanced at Clare gratefully, “However, I gave it another thought, and I refused his offer. I’m a widow, and he is my brother-in-law. I can’t just move in with him. People will talk. So, President Smith booked me a hotel. Unfortunately, I lost something in that hotel, which made me insecure. President Smith then invited me to stay at another house of his, which is the one I’m currently living.”

Stella’s voice was low, a little guilty, “I didn’t want to live in his house for free. That’s why I tried to work and

make money to pay rent. However, I haven’t had work for so long, and I couldn’t find any job. Thus, I changed my habit and tried my best to save trouble for President Smith.”

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Get Bonus

Her voice froze, her eyes were red again, and she looked extremely pathetic in those shabby clothes.

Clare hurried to answer, “Don’t be so hard on yourself. I can still afford to support another person in my

house. My brother treated you well before. He would be disappointed if he saw you in such a rough situation.

He was good to me too. I have to return the favor he bestowed on me.

Those sincere words completely changed the public attitude.

Stella was so moved that she looked at the screen with teary eyes, "Alston, I know you hate me for not caring about you since you were a child. You hate your Uncle Clare for leaving the Smith family long ago. But I'm begging you. Please stop. He's your uncle no matter what!"

Clare smiled secretly in a place where the camera could not see and withdrew his smile when the camera

came to him.

Cynthia was so angry that she slapped the table with a "bang," "These two echoes each other. What a good show they put into twisting the fact and confusing people!"

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Mrs. Lewis quickly gave her some relief, fearing that she would lose her health as a result of her anger, and Greg was so nervous that he broke out in sweat.

Joyce squatted beside the sofa, staring blankly at Cynthia's angry expression, then sighed, "Mrs. Smith, you

used a lot of idioms!"

Cynthia's rage became stagnant; she was angry and funny at the same time, and then she wasn't.

"Mrs. Smith, evil will not go unpunished. These two individuals will undoubtedly receive what they deserve. It's pointless to be angry at such scumbags." Greg consoled him as well.

Cynthia's cheeks were flushed as she patted her painful hand. "I just can't stop being angry; she is Alston's biological mother, and yet she assisted others in defrauding her own son; this really infuriates me."

When Greg heard this, he immediately called Alston and said that Mrs. Smith had become angry after watching the live broadcast, and Alston's eyes changed, "Is she all right?"

"She's all right. Mr. Smith, she's just angry. You should resolve it as soon as possible, or Mrs. Smith will

become even more enraged, negatively impacting the child."

Alston responded, hung up the phone, and said to the PR manager standing next to him, "Send the evidence

we prepared.”

The PR manager’s eyes widened and his fingers twitched. He dashed to the PR department after receiving the order, but before he could leave, he discovered that the live broadcast interface was in disarray.

There was an unexpected situation in the live broadcast, and the person in front of the screen approached

nervously, asking, “What exactly is going on? What occurred. What’s the problem with the broadcast?”

Cynthia’s eyes widened in surprise as she noticed a group of people storming into the press conference.

The crowd approached in a menacing manner, and several tall and muscular bodyguards in black paved the

way as they guarded two women entering the venue.

One was old and elegant, while the other was young and vivacious. Cynthia was surprised, not by the fact that people stormed into the venue, but by the fact that one of those women protected by guards was very

familiar to her.

“Alice!” Alice was the young girl’s name; she was dressed casually, appeared to be more capable than usual,

and trailed behind the older woman.

Cynthia turned to face Greg, “Greg, who is the woman standing in front of Alice? She appears to be imposing and sassy!”

The older lady was dressed professionally. She was stunning, with gorgeous brows and eyes, a bright nose, and red lips. There were few signs of age on her face, and her demeanor was elegant and mature, with a

romantic allure.

Greg’s eyes widened with surprise, “She is Alice’s mother, Rosalia, Mr. Smith’s aunt, and the Gehry family’s madam! Mrs. Smith was unable to see her because she had previously traveled abroad.”

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Cynthia gave a nod. She hadn't seen Alston's aunt since she entered the Smith family's house. She had only

heard about her from many people, most particularly Alston, who holds her in high regard.

Rosalia was well-known in Fort. She was the Brooks family's second daughter, but she outperforms her sister

Stella in terms of beauty and talent. She was adored by her family and popular among the wealthy.

Later, she became the fiancée of Bryan, the head of the Smith family, but her marriage was snatched away by

Stella. Since then, the sisters have never seen each other.

She voluntarily ended the engagement and married into the Gehry family, but her husband was mediocre and immature, so she took over the company's management instead of him and more than doubled its market

value.

Stella was most afraid of her son Alston, but her younger sister Rosalia was her second greatest fear.

Rosalia's unexpected appearance startled her to the point where her soul almost fled her body. She quickly turned her head to look at Clare, and said in a broken voice, "Why... why is she here!"

Clare's complexion was also terrible. She quickly turned to Livia. Livia, standing next to her, had also become pale and said, "We did send security to guard the entrance and prevent idlers from getting near, but that Mrs. Gerhy is really something else. She instantly sent people to deal with them and stormed inside right after. We... couldn't stop them at all."

Clare gritted her teeth and looked at Rosalia with deep warning eyes when she heard the words, "Mrs. Gehry, this is a Tansy Group press conference. It's very inappropriate to barge in like this!"

"And if I hadn't done that, I'd have had to keep watching you spout nonsense," Rosalia said, raising her head slightly and looking indifferently at the undignified couple on stage.

Alice was young, so she lacked the maturity of a mother. She gave them a cold look and softly asked, "What kind of uncle and sister-in-law are you? To slander my cousin and sister-in-law so much are truly heinous."

Clare slapped the table angrily after hearing the insult she received in public, "How could you be so arrogant in front of me, little girl? I'm curious how your father raised such a disrespectful brat!"

"Are you threatening my daughter, Claire?" Rosalia appeared solemn, with her elegant and beautiful face tensed, "Did my daughter say something wrong? You didn't dare to admit what you've done and instead put the blame onto Alston and played the victim to aggravate matters. Let me tell you. There are many rational people in the world. Did you really believe that everyone would sympathize with you if you cried crocodile tears?"

"You don't have to be concerned about how I educate my daughter. You are not her guardian. You are overly concerned with non-kinship and nosy affairs. If you have so much time, you should spend it educating your son so he doesn't get arrested again!"

Clare clenched her teeth, afraid to show her ferocious side in front of netizens from all over the country.

Stella regarded Rosalia with envious eyes. Her eyes turned red with envy when she saw her white and firm skin, a beautiful face without frowning, and a fantastic figure in designer clothes.

She had never been able to compete with Rosalia after so many years. She believed that by stealing Bryan Chapter 144 Domineering Aunt

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away from her and marrying into the Smith family, she would defeat her and live a better life than she did. She never imagined that she would have to rely on acting in front of netizens and reporters for sympathy up

until this point.

Rosalia sensed a gaze that cannot be ignored, turned her head slightly, and smiled contemptuously at

Stella's eyes, "Stella, a leopard cannot change its spots!"

"You!" Stella turned pale with anger, stood up excitedly from her seat, and glared at Rosalia, "How dare you

insult me!

“I’m still treating you lightly based on what you’ve done. I really want to smack you down on the head. I’m

embarrassed to have you as a sister.”

The reporters present finally came to their senses after Rosalia said these words. Despite taking a bribe from

Clare and asking questions in her favor, they didn’t expect such a big scoop in this live broadcast and were

ecstatic right away.

This madam of the Gehry family had always been famous for her courage to speak and act, as she dared to

tell all the inside stories. There was always something extremely newsworthy coming from her mouth.

The reporters stepped forward to ask questions, as they couldn’t care about anything else anymore.

“Mrs. Gehry, why did you charge right into the press conference? Is there something going on?”

This was the effect Rosalia desired, and she stated unequivocally, “My daughter showed me this absurd live

broadcast as soon as I got off the plane. Watching them act with crocodile tears on screen, screaming at my

nephew. How can I, as his aunt, sit still and not rush over?”

She sarcastically looked at Clare after she finished speaking and said, “There are numerous guards. Mr.

Smith appears to have been very concerned that someone would disrupt this press conference. That is not something a person of good conscience would do!”

Clare erupted in rage, “You’re ridiculous! I, Clare, have a clear conscience!”

“I hope you’re still able to say that after this!” Rosalia gave her a sidelong glance, not paying any attention to her. This expression was exactly the same as that of Alston, so Clare immediately flushed with anger.

“Ms. Gehry is your sister, but judging your behavior just now, it seems that you don’t have a good relationship

with her!”

Rosalia cast a glance at Stella before rolling her eyes directly, displaying a youthful vigor and playfulness on

her elegant and dignified face.

“You are too conservative with your words. It’s not something bad, it’s because we hate each other and never

communicate.”

Cynthia watched with relish, “Auntie is equally cool and adorable. Auntie is one of my favorite people.

Greg was quick to praise, “Mrs. Gehry has a great personality, heh...”

He sighed deeply as he said this. Stella couldn’t have married into the Smith family if she hadn’t drugged the master back then. Rosalia was the person the master truly loved and the most suitable person to be Mrs.

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Smith!

Get Bonus

A reporter was choked by these words and quickly asked, “Can you be more elaborate?”

Stella’s face became terrified immediately after the reporter asked this question; fearing that Rosalia would

expose the scandal of the year, she quickly stood up from her seat and yelled, “Rosalia, you’re not allowed to

say this; shut up!”

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My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 145 Childhood Trauma

Rosalia gave her an uninterested look. You had the courage to do it back then, why don't you have the

courage to come clean now?"

"You! If you dare to say it, I'll

"You're going to do what?" Rosalia took an interest in her and said, "See? You can't threaten me because I

haven't done anything wrong!"

Stella froze in place, her sallow face darkened with rage, looking like an ordinary middle-aged woman, lacking

the demeanor of a wealthy lady and incomparable to her sister

Everyone in the world admired beauty, Rosalia's character was simply and endearing, and netizens' hearts

had long been drawn to her. They were ecstatic as they watched the classic scene of the sisters' dispute. The

number of viewers suddenly exceeded ten million as people continued to pour into the live broadcast.

The live broadcast platform was rushing to maintain the technical department, fearing that the broadcast would fail due to the large number of viewers.

Rosalia, seeing her speechless, looked directly at the reporter with condensed eyes, "I was the fiancée of Bryan Smith, the Smith family's patriarch at the time. Simply asking casually about it will reveal that everyone in the circle is aware of it. Later, our engagement ended, and the person who became engaged to him was her. Everyone thought Bryan had fallen for someone else at the time, but that wasn't the case.

"Shut up, shut up!" Stella broke down and yelled angrily on the stage, looking hysterical like a lunatic.

Because of her appearance, the hard-won sympathy points sank to the bottom of the sea. Clare tried to calm her down by grabbing the hem of her clothes, but she couldn't.

"On my birthday, Bryan came to celebrate my birthday, but she took advantage of the situation, drugged Bryan, reaped the benefits of him in bed, and married into the Smith family by threatening him with suicide," Rosalia continued.



With a mocking smile, she said, "After all, a marriage obtained through deception is not a happy marriage. Bryan Smith never touched her again after that, according to what I've heard."

Stella slid into the chair and dazed, with no strength in her legs, after Rosalia revealed everything in one breath. With her response, the netizens knew Rosalia was telling the truth.

The bullet screen was flooded with comments.

"Earlier, Clare said that Bryan pampered Stella, so it was a lie!"

"I guess the person Bryan really loves is Mrs. Gehry, and Stella doesn't mean anything at all!"

"Then are the other things they said also false? Is there a hidden motive why Alston Smith drove Stella Smith out of the Smith family?"

"I will not comment until a conclusion has been reached."

"Enjoying popcorn while watching quietly!"

Chapter 145 Childhood trauma.

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"Of course, this Stella Smith is far worse than Mrs. Gehry. It's beyond comparison."

"Mrs. Gehry is so gorgeous. So cool and beautiful, I love it."

The netizens were enthralled, they had not expected the Smith family to be embroiled in such a major

scandal, even Cynthia's delicate face was taken aback.

"Later, Stella became pregnant and gave birth to my nephew Alston, but because her husband didn't like her, she vented all her emotions to Alston, frequently beating and scolding him," Rosalia continued.

Rosalia stated, her eyes moving slightly and moistening, "Stella was kicked out of the house for doing that

kind of thing, and I made up my mind not to associate with her or the Smith family, but at a banquet, I saw

Alston. My little nephew was really well-behaved when he was a child. Such a handsome little doll had

pinches and injuries on his wrists and back. That's when I knew she had been secretly abusing him."

"I informed Bryan of this. Bryan was furious when he found out. Stella, he reasoned, would treat him well because he was her only son. He had not expected her to be so callous and cruel to her own flesh and blood!"

Rosalia looked at Stella with disgust in her eyes, and saw that her vision was blurred and didn't know what to think, "Bryan then refused to let her raise Alston, saving him from harm. Alston's relationship with Stella has always been tumultuous due to his negative childhood experiences. Despite the fact that they aren't particularly close, he still provides for Stella quite well."

It was completely unexpected for her to reveal such shocking news. The bullet screen was silent, and the netizens were stunned and did not respond.

Cynthia's eyes were red, her gaze was fixed on the screen, and her chest ached. Because of the excitement,

her eyes welled up with tears.

Alston, her Alston, had experienced this as a child. It was no surprise he didn't trust others easily. It was understandable that he was wary of her when they first met. He had erected a massive barrier in his heart, and it was difficult for him to open up to others..

After a while, comments on the bullet screen started to flood again.

"I didn't expect such a cold Mr. Smith to have been abused as a child."

"I feel sorry for Mr. Smith!"

"Stella actually treated her own son that badly. She should die on the spot."

"As a mother myself, tears came out of my eyes."

"Stella's marriage is truly pitiful. Her husband does not love her and has not been intimate with her, but that is no reason for her to vent her frustrations on her child!"

"Pitiful people always have a reason to hate!"

"Don't forget, everyone, she even snatched her sister's fiancée, so she deserves to be miserable!"

On the bulletin board, there were a variety of viewpoints. Cynthia was overcome with emotion. She had no time to read it. With trembling fingers, she took out her phone and dialed Alston's number.

## Chapter 145 Childhood Trauma

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The phone was quickly picked up, and Alston's gentle voice came through the receiver but wasn't quite clear,

"Cynthia, what's the matter?"

Cynthia opened her mouth, but before she could speak, tears flowed out first, "... Alston, I'm sad... I'm feeling.

so sad right now..."

What Rosalia said just now was also broadcast. When the deepest darkness in his heart was revealed, he

didn't feel much. After all, as he grew older, his heart grew stronger and stronger, and his father had already healed his childhood wound, so it was not a big deal to him anymore.

Alston held the phone tightly in his hand as he listened to Cynthia's sobbing voice told him how much she

loved him. "My dear Cynthia, don't cry; I'm fine; it's all in the past." He said with an aching chest.

Listening to his comfort, Cynthia's mood did not improve, and she cried even more fiercely instead, "She

treated you so terribly before. I shouldn't have shown mercy to her; I should've been more ruthless. How could

she treat you like this... Such a horrible woman. Stella's so despicable..."

Joyce stood silently by the side, watching her cry, her nose was red, and her face was filled with anguish.

She walked out quietly and used a key to unlock the door to Stella's old room. Since Stella's departure, no one

had lived in that room. The room was dusty once it was opened.

The room was very messy. Stella took all the valuable jewelry before she left. Greg didn't ask the servant to

tidy it up, and he locked the door as it was.

Joyce entered the door with her nose covered, waving the dust away. She reasoned that if Stella had been hooking up with Clare for so long, she must have left something behind in the room.

After entering the door, she rummaged through the boxes and cabinets inch by inch, looking for....

Cynthia had a conversation with Alston, and her mood improved significantly. Looking back at the screen, she saw that Clare had already gotten into a fight with Rosalia... No, it was mostly because Clare let out his

rage on his own, while Rosalia stood gracefully with full face indifference.

Cynthia discovered that, despite being Alston's biological mother, Stella resembled more like an aunt in both appearance and personality!

"Rosalia, is there any evidence for what you said?" Clare had already torn his face. He didn't even address her as "Mrs. Gehry" anymore and glared at Rosalia, "I can also say that you can't marry my brother, so you are jealous and deliberately ruining my sister-in-law's reputation here."

Rosalia scowled, "You are not only inferior in character and incompetent, but you are also blind. What happened back then was so significant that even our Brooks family was aware of it. You had no idea as Bryan's younger brother. It appears that your brothers' relationship is not as good as you claimed!"

Clare's voice froze, he couldn't say a word, he just patted the table and stared.

One person on stage was stunned and sat dumbly, while the other was so angry that his face was flushed and his neck was thick. Rosalia's mother and daughter, who broke in halfway, were the only ones who could properly answer the questions.

Chapter 145 Childhood Trauma

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Stella and Alston's mother-child relationship was strained as the two sang together Stella specifically targeted Cynthia, and Alston evicted him from the house because she wished to harm Cynthia's child.

Clare coveted the Smith Group, and told his son about many things that hurt Alston and Cynthia.

Rosalia came to the following conclusion, "These two people are self-inflicted, and they're still crying and

causing trouble here. Have you ever seen such scumbags?"

The comments on the bullet screen were happily swiping, "I have never seen such a brazen person!"

Cynthia was content to watch, but she turned her head to look when she heard footsteps nearby.

Joyce's clean clothes were soiled, and her face was gray and white. She dashed over to Cynthia, holding a

box in her hand, terrified that the dust on her body would choke her. She came to a halt half a meter away.

"Joyce, where have you been? Why are your clothes and faces so dirty?" Cynthia asked.

Joyce excitedly passed the box in her hand, "Mrs. Smith, I found the token of love between Stella and Clare!"

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Cynthia took the box in surprise. The box was black without any text decoration on the outside.

Greg and Mrs. Lewis came over, and Joyce also stared at her.

As soon as Cynthia opened it, there was music. It was a music box. Inside the box were two people. The boy was wearing a tuxedo, while the girl was wearing a wedding dress. When the box was opened, they began to

spin and dance.

"Mrs. Smith, look at the characters in the lower right corner. Joyce reminded.

Cynthia realized that there was a line of small characters engraved in the lower right corner.

"Stella, I want to be with you." The signature was Clare's name.

Cynthia's eyes lit up. Just now she was worried that there was no evidence to prove the relationship between

Clare and Stella, but now she had new evidence.

Joyce, where did you find this?"

Joyce smiled embarrassedly. "I went to her room, but she probably had taken away everything. I originally thought that I couldn't find any useful evidence, but I didn't expect to find this music box."

"Mrs. Smith, I'm sorry. I can't bear them being so arrogant. They did something shameful, but they slandered

Mr. Smith."

Cynthia patted her on the shoulder, and her face was full of admiration. "Good job. Go and wash your face

and change clothes."

Hearing this, Joyce breathed a sigh of relief, and she had a bright smile. She felt great to be able to help Mrs.

Smith.

Greg took the music box and looked at it with a smile. "If it was engraved by a machine, it may not be conclusive evidence, but this should be engraved by Clare himself. I am familiar with his handwriting."

"How could Stella forget to take this away? It was carved by Clare himself." Cynthia sneered while playing with the music box. "I remember she took away a large box full of jewelry when she left that day. Her love for

Clare is not deep."

Cynthia handed the music box to Greg. "Send this evidence to Alston. Now that the live broadcast is over,

Alston should do something."

Greg took the music box and left in a hurry.

The live broadcast could no longer go on. After Rosalia and Alice made trouble, they left, leaving a mess for

Clare.

Clare looked at Stella who was sitting in a daze. She was no longer focused on the press conference, so she couldn't help him at all. What she prepared before was in vain, and it was disrupted by Rosalia.

Seeing the exciting and whispering reporters, he asked someone to control the scene and draw the reporter's

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attention back.

"Don't believe what that woman said just now. She was talking nonsense. We all know her relationship with Stella. She has always hated her sister for stealing her marriage. That's why she made a scene on the live

broadcast and said those crazy words. Don't believe her, she has no evidence."

Clare winked at his assistant, signaling him to ask the reporters he had arranged to continue asking

questions.

When the assistant was about to ask the next reporter to ask questions, a reporter whispered. "But I think what Mrs. Gehry said is much more credible than what you said."

Clare's complexion suddenly changed, and he stared down. "Who said that just now?"

There were many comments in the live broadcast.

"He's nervous!"

"Is Clare threatening people? He is guilty."

Not only the netizens thought so, but even the reporters present thought so. The scene was awkward, and no reporter stood up to ask questions despite the assistant's gesture.

If they asked more questions, even netizens could see that they were arranged by Clare. So no reporter wanted to ask questions.

At this moment, someone suddenly exclaimed. "Smith Group released big news on Instagram!"

The reporters completely ignored Clare on the stage. They took out their mobile phones excitedly.

Smith Group's latest post had gone viral, and the number of comments and reposts was astonishing, and it was still rising.

"Recently, Clare, the chairman of Tansy Group, arranged for many people to slander Mr. Smith for not supporting his mother. He and Stella held a private press conference to make absurd remarks, which caused great harm to Mr. Smith's reputation and economic losses to Smith Group. Mr. Smith has already filed a lawsuit, and the law will give us justice."

A lawyer's letter was attached, and the comment area also reminded netizens that if they were slandered, they should defend their rights by law.

This sentence gave netizens a good impression of Smith Group.

Clare was still angry at first, but when he saw the reporters were surprised, he quickly asked his assistant to turn on the phone to see what Alston had sent.

The assistant searched for that post, and his eyes widened. "Alston is going to sue you!"

Clare quickly snatched the mobile phone. When he saw the text and the lawyer's letter, he felt dizzy. How dared Alston!

He snorted coldly and slapped the table fiercely. "Ridiculous! Does he have evidence? Can he prove that I

Chapter 146 Evidence.

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Get Bonus

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asked someone to send that post?"

When the assistant looked at Clare's furious appearance, he didn't dare to speak. After a while, the reporters let out another exclamation, and then looked at Clare on the stage with complicated eyes.

Clare frowned, not understanding the meaning of their eyes.

Seeing this, the assistant looked at the phone and found another post of Smith Group.



There was no text on this post. Instead, there were pictures and videos.

There were screenshots of chats between the public relations department of Tansy Group and the people they arranged, discussing how to deal with Alston. There were also transaction records of transfers and screenshots of chats with some famous bloggers. These directly proved that Clare instructed people to slander Alston.

The video was about Stella making a big fuss in the hospital and causing Cynthia stomachache. There was a testimony handwritten by a respected professor of the Central Hospital. He wrote down the whole process of Stella giving sterilization medicine to Cynthia.

The netizens were stunned when they saw it. No wonder Alston would drive Stella out of the Smith family. She gave Cynthia sterilization medicine and wanted to cause her to have a miscarriage.

Netizens, especially female netizens, immediately got angry. They reprimanded Stella, and some praised

Alston for being a good husband. His mother didn't deserve to be supported.

Besides, even if Alston drove Stella out, he would pay alimony on time every month, which was enough for

Stella to live.

The screenshots of the bank records made people very fond of Alston, and the stock price of Smith Group

skyrocketed.

Clare's face turned black when he saw all this.

At this time, Ivan called and said anxiously, "Dad, our company's stock price has fallen a lot, and if it

continues to fall, I'm afraid it will crash."

Clare really regretted it. Originally, he wanted to use Stella to ruin Alston's reputation, but he didn't expect that his reputation would be ruined now, and that the stock price of Tansy Group would fall a lot.

"Don't worry. Stay in the company. I'll think of a way." Clare pretended to be calm, and after hanging up the phone, his heart was in a mess.

After panicking for a while, Clare calmed down. There was only one way now.

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 147 Break up

There was no need to continue the live broadcast. The reporters all started to pack up and prepare to go.

back and write an article that would catch the attention of netizens.

More than half of the netizens in the live broadcast room left, and they all went to look at Smith Group's post.

Those who stayed only wanted to watch Clare and Stella make a fool of themselves, and the comments were

full of insults to them.

Clare gritted his teeth and made up his mind. Seeing that some reporters were about to leave, he stood up

and the chair moved back with a "squeak".

The sound made all the reporters present look over.

As Clare clenched his fists tightly, his head was lowered, and he looked gloomy.

"Everyone, please wait."

His voice was cold, and the reporters instantly remembered that they had received money from Tansy Group.

Feeling guilty, they quickly sat down.

"Mr. Clare, do you have anything to say?"

A reporter stepped forward and asked.

Clare slowly raised his head, and his face looked more haggard than when he came to the press conference.

His eyes were red and bloodshot, and his meticulously combed hair was slightly messy.

He sighed, and his voice was depressed. "I also saw Smith Group's post just now. I have nothing to say about

1. I slandered him for not supporting his mother."

The reporters were surprised. They thought that Clare would argue, but they didn't expect Clare to admit it so

easily.

Netizens were also stunned. Looking at the dejected person on the screen, they forgot to post the comment

for a while.

"I know it's wrong to do this. I am his second uncle, but I slandered him with her mother. You may think that I

am heartless."

Clare smiled, staring at the camera with red eyes. "But I did this for a reason. I hate Alston. No matter how

naughty my son is, he is his cousin, but Alston asked people to beat my son and send my son to prison. He

even drove me out of Smith Group. How can I bear this?"

There was helplessness and anger in his words. "I know that I was the one who started this matter, and I was

the one who made people slander him. But I love my son, and I am willing to do it for my son. I don't care how

much it costs."

Now he didn't look like a successful person, but more like an ordinary middle-aged man. When he looked at

the camera so sadly, he was pitiful, and the way he defended his son made many people feel sorry for him.

Some soft-hearted people commented.

Chapter 147 Break up

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Get Bonus

"He looks a little pitiful. I miss my father."

“Yeah, he did so much for the sake of his son. It is reasonable.”

“I think Alston is so cruel to his own cousin, second uncle, and biological mother.”

This was obviously a comment sent by the person arranged by Clare.

There were sensible people who said, “It’s their fault, okay? I don’t think Mr. Smith would hurt people

casually.”

“That’s right, Mr. Smith treated Clare and Stella like this because they did something wrong before. As for his

cousin, he must have done something, so Mr. Smith is angry.”

“I know. His cousin wanted to insult Mrs. Smith but was rejected. He asked his ex-girlfriend to slander Mrs.

Smith and pushed Mrs. Smith downstairs. That’s why Mr. Smith put his cousin into prison.”

“Is it true? His cousin has gone too far. No wonder Mr. Smith would send him to prison.”

Most of the people spoke for Alston, but some were moved by Clare’s fatherly love and began to defend

Clare.

Clare’s trick was effective. He didn’t apologize, but he saved the company. He was indeed cunning.

Alston squinted his eyes. As he looked at Clare, he sneered and glanced at the music box on the table. “Send

out the rest of the evidence.”

“Okay.” The manager started to operate his mobile phone.

Smith Group updated another post.

Ever since Alston knew about Stella and Clare’s relationship, he didn’t turn a blind eye to it. He just pretended

not to know it, but he had evidence.

They met at the private restaurant of the Williams family every time, and Lucien had given the surveillance

video and photos to Alston.

Therefore, he had many photos of Clare and Stella cheating.

Smith Group released the photos of their private meeting and the music box with Clare's signature on it. The signing-time was a week after the death of Alston's father, Bryan.

It was interesting.

His elder brother just died, but Clare had a love affair with his sister-in-law.

In this way, no matter what Clare did now, he made people feel disgusted.

Netizens were surprised. No wonder Alston wanted to deal with him. Clare deserved it.

The stock price that had just risen fell again.

Clare's trick was useless. He loved his son, but Alston loved his father, too. It was Clare who was wrong, so

Chapter 147 Break up

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what Alston did was right.

The reporters didn't want to get involved in this matter, and they began to leave one after another.

Clare watched in a daze as everyone left. Only he, Stella, and the assistant were left in the entire venue, and

even the security guards were gone.

Stella finally woke up from her daze. Seeing that the venue was empty, she timidly tugged at the hem of Clare's clothes. "Where are the reporters?"

When Clare heard her voice, he turned his head and looked at her with dark eyes. Before he could speak, he

slapped her.

“B\*tch, your son wants to sue me!”

Stella was stunned by the slap and stared at him. After a while, a pain appeared on her face. Just as she was

about to speak, blood flowed down from her mouth.

She looked at the blood on her hands in disbelief and murmured. “Clare, you dare to hit me?”

As she said that, she was excited. She rushed over and grabbed Clare by the collar, wanting to beat him up.

But she had been weak recently, and her strength was nothing for Clare. Clare was feeling agitated at this

moment. He grabbed Stella’s wrist impatiently and threw her to the ground.

“You are a shrew. You have caused me so much trouble, but you didn’t help me at all.”

Now Stella was useless, and Clare’s words were merciless.

Stella’s eyes

more.

turned red, and she burst into tears. But her face was very haggard, which annoyed Clare even

“I have the evidence that you harmed Alston and Cynthia. I will never let you go.” Stella got up from the ground and looked at Clare threateningly. “I will ruin you.”

Clare sneered. “I’m ruined now. Tansy Group’s stock price has fallen. But we will break up now. Don’t come.

back to the villa, and don’t take anything away.”

“You!” Stella pointed at him with trembling fingers, but seeing his cold face, she knew that he was determined, and she was in a panic. She had no money and no one to help her, and now her reputation was

ruined. She was really desperate.

“Clare, it was my fault. I have nowhere to go.” Stella softened her tone, trying to make him forgive her, but

Clare didn't love her at all. He just wanted to use her.

He ignored Stella and strode away.

Just as Stella wanted to catch up with him, she suddenly felt her heart constrict, and she curled up on the

ground in pain with a pale face.

It was her drug addiction.

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 148 Meet Aunt Rosalia

Alston won a complete victory. Clare needed time to recover, so he wouldn't dare to make trouble for a long

time.

Smith Group's post that wanted to sue Clare was placed high on the top because they had made up their

mind. No matter what netizens said, they wouldn't change their mind.

When everything was settled and all the evidence was submitted, Cynthia was relieved.

Alston called her, and Cynthia answered with a smile. "Are you done with your work?"

"Yes, are you hungry? I'll pick you up for dinner. Well, Aunt Rosalia wants to see you."

After Alston finished speaking, Cynthia stood up excitedly from the sofa. "Does she want to see me?"

When she thought of Rosalia's beautiful and elegant appearance in the live video, her face flushed, like a little

fan who was about to meet her idol.

"When?"

"I'll pick you up in half an hour." Just as Alston finished speaking, he found that Cynthia had hung up the phone. He stared at the black screen of the phone for two seconds and suddenly smiled.

Seeing Cynthia rushing upstairs, Greg was so frightened that he quickly stood beside her. "Mrs. Smith, slow down. Don't get excited."

Cynthia didn't care about it at all, and said to Joyce, "Joyce, come up and help me choose clothes."

Joyce hurriedly followed behind, and the two went to the cloakroom excitedly.

Greg and Mrs. Lewis looked at each other and smiled helplessly. It seemed that Mrs. Smith had a good impression of Rosalia. No wonder she could become the wife of Mr. Smith.

When Alston arrived, Cynthia was waiting at the door. She was wearing a black overcoat and leather boots. With exquisite makeup, her face was even more beautiful and exquisite.

When Alston got out of the car and saw her red face, he frowned. "Why are you standing outside? It's so cold."

"It's okay. I'm not cold. I'm very excited right now." Cynthia smiled and took Alston's arm. "Let's go!"

Alston touched her face and found it was cold. He took out a scarf from the car and wrapped it around her. "Your face is turning red from the cold."

Cynthia was stunned for a moment, and laughed. "This is my blusher. It's not from the cold."

She lifted off her coat, and there were several warm stickers on the side and back of her waist. Mrs. Lewis urged her to put them on.

Alston looked at her. There was a touch of light red on her snow-white face, which was very beautiful.

It turned out that he had misunderstood. He clenched his fist awkwardly and coughed. "Get in the car. Aunt Rosalia is probably there."

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When Cynthia heard that, she instantly became excited and urged him "Hurry up"

When Alston was dragged into the car by her, he was a little stunned Why was Cynthia so excited as if she

was going to see her idol?



The car soon arrived at Lucien's private restaurant, and before entering the private room, Cynthia held

Alston's hand nervously. "Is my makeup flawless? Are my clothes wrinkled?"

Alston stopped and stared at her carefully with a teasing smile. "There's something wrong."

Cynthia quickly lowered her head to examine her clothes. Before she could speak, Alston lifted her face up.

She was dazed, and her eyes opened wide. She looked adorable. Alston couldn't help kissing her. "You are so

beautifully dressed today."

Cynthia pursed her lips and smiled, revealing dimples on her cheeks. Alston kissed her again.

While they were kissing, the door of the room opened, and Alice said, "You love each other so much."

Cynthia turned her head in surprise and saw Alice looking at them with a teasing smile. Standing behind her

was Rosalia, with a smile in her elegant and beautiful eyes.

As Cynthia blushed, she struggled and came out of Alston's arms. She said embarrassedly, "Aunt Rosalia,

Alice, I'm sorry."

"It's okay." Rosalia pulled Cynthia's hand with a smile and looked her up and down. Cynthia's face was

flushed, and she didn't dare to look at Rosalia.

"I knew you are beautiful from the photos before, but I didn't expect you to be so beautiful in real life. No

wonder Alston likes you so much."

After Rosalia finished speaking, Cynthia looked at her shyly. Rosalia was more beautiful than she looked in

the video. Her skin was fair, without any wrinkles, and her facial features were beautiful. She looked a little

like Stella but was not as mean as Stella. She looked intellectual and elegant, and she was like Alice's sister.

"You are beautiful. You look young and have a good temperament. You are like Alice's sister." Cynthia's eyes

were shiny, and she looked at Rosalia with admiration.

Seeing the undisguised affection in Cynthia's eyes, Rosalia felt warm in her heart, and patted her hand. "You

are so sweet. I like you very much."

"Well, don't stand outside. I'm hungry." Alice said with a smile.

Rosalia pulled Cynthia into the room to sit down. Alston didn't say anything, and sat down next to Cynthia. As

soon as he sat down, he helped Cynthia heat the cup with tea.

Seeing this scene, Rosalia exchanged glances with Alice. She had heard that Alston liked Cynthia very much.

Seeing how attentive he was, she knew how much he loved Cynthia.

She watched Alston grow up, and she had never seen him treat a person so well. Cynthia was very used to it,

and it seemed that they got along like this at home.

Chapter 148 Meet Aunt Rosalia

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When Rosalia watched Cynthia sit down carefully with her waist supported, she noticed her round belly.

Rosalia hadn't noticed it because Cynthia was covered by a coat just now. Now Rosalia realized that Cynthia's belly was much bigger than the belly of women pregnant for five or six months.

As she exclaimed, she cautiously touched it. "Are you really pregnant for five or six months?"

Alice also leaned over curiously. She hadn't seen Cynthia for a long time, and she didn't expect her belly to be

so big now.

The room was warm, so Cynthia took off the coat to let them see more clearly.

She was pregnant for five or six months. Because of professional meals made by Mrs. Lewis, she didn't gain

much weight. Her face was still delicate, and her limbs were slender. One couldn't tell she was pregnant from

the back.

Because she was too thin, her belly looked bigger.

Seeing them touching Cynthia's belly in surprise and asking her questions, Alston shook his head and smiled.

After he ordered and the waiter came over, Cynthia took the menu and looked at it. "Let's add a salad."

Rosalia smiled and said, "Do you like to eat sweet and sour food? Will it make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Alston likes it," Cynthia closed the menu and said. Alston smiled and grabbed her hand under the table and

stroked it.

Rosalia glanced at Alston, and even she didn't know that Alston liked sweet and sour food.

Under the table, Cynthia didn't break free from Alston's hand. She let him hold her hand.

"I'm not very sensitive to the smell of food. I only feel uncomfortable and nauseous when I smell the

disinfectant."

"It seems that your babies love their mother very much."

Everyone was happy during this meal. Cynthia had met many relatives of Alston, but she couldn't get along

with Stella and Clare. After chatting with Rosalia for so long, she was surprised. She thought Rosalia was

much better than Stella.

As Alston watched them chatting, he noticed that Alice was a little unpleasant. Although she had been

pretending to be happy, he could feel that she was not in a good mood.

"Alice, are you in a bad mood?"

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 149 Blind Date

Alice was smiling, but after hearing Alston's words, she suddenly felt sad, and the smile she had been

holding onto for so long also disappeared.

Tears welled up in her eyes. "Lucien wants to drive me away.

Alston didn't speak.

Alice's face was full of grievances, and her voice was a little choked. "I have been in the Williams Group for so

long, and I have not done anything wrong. Why does he drive me away? I Like him but never bother him at

work. Does he dislike me so much?"

As Alice spoke, she drooped her shoulders a little dejectedly. "I thought that as long as I stayed with him for a

long time, he would like me. But he told me yesterday that he always regarded me as his friend. I Learned to

do makeup, and wear skirts and high heels, and the men in the company said I was beautiful. Why does he

still treat me as a man?"

She raised her head, forcing back the tears. The sky with stars was beautiful, but her mood was bad.

“What will you do? Will you leave the Williams Group?” Alston asked in a low voice.

Alice wiped away her tears. “In the past, even if he drove me away, I wanted to stay by his side. But when I

saw how you and Cynthia got along just now, I suddenly felt that it was meaningless. I’ve been with him for

five or six months, but he still doesn’t like me. I don’t have much confidence.”

“Leave first.” Alston made the decision for her and patted her head. “Isn’t your mother going to introduce you

to some young men? Go and have a look. Maybe you can find a better man than Lucien.”

“I’m not in the mood to meet other men now.” Alice smiled wryly. “I never thought that I would like other men

as much as I like Lucien.”

“How do you know if you don’t have a try?” Alston’s eyes were deep.

Alice looked up at him and found his meaningful expression. “What do you want to say?”

“Men all need stimulation.” After Alston said this, he smiled. “Are there any men who like you?”

“Yes, quite a few.” Alice subconsciously replied.

“How did you treat them?”

“I refused them. I like Lucien. Why would I give other men a chance...” She stopped as if she understood

something.

Alston smiled. “You didn’t give Lucien a sense of crisis. How would he know whether he likes you or not?”

Alice’s eyes lit up, and her mood improved a lot. “You are right. I know what to do.”

Alston walked towards Cynthia and Rosalia.

While they were talking happily, Alston pulled Cynthia into his arms. "Aunt Rosalia, it's getting late. Cynthia should go to rest. If she doesn't get enough sleep, she will have a headache the next day."

Chapter 149 Blind Date:

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Get Price

Rosalia god at the two of them it's late today. Cynthia, go to the Brooks family next time. Alston's

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with anticipation in her eyes. She was deliberately ignored by Jane and Beck when was a child, and after being separated from Lynn for so many years, she had always longed for family

Alston sânt. 11 take her to the Brooks family in a few days"

Before leaving he looked back at Rosalia By the way, I just talked to Alice, and she said that she would like to meet the blind dates you introduced to her

Rosalia looked at Alice with surprise in her eyes. Really?

Alice nodded Yes maybe there is someone I like, and I trust my mother."

Rosalia frowned. She knew that her daughter liked Lucien. Alice was stubborn. She didn't go to the company of her family when she returned but became an assistant to Lucien.

Rosalia was very angry at that time. Lucien was a good man, but after so long, he didn't like her daughter. Rosalia was distressed. Her daughter liked him so much, but Lucien didn't take her seriously at all.

Rosalia found a lot of young men. All of them were handsome, had good family backgrounds, and had excellent personalities. She wanted Alice to go on a blind date, but Alice refused.

Unexpectedly, after Alston chatted with her, Alice agreed.

What did her nephew say to Alice?

“Go to meet the first person tomorrow.” Rosalia made a decision, and Alice nodded.

As Alston smiled, he opened the car door for Cynthia and helped her sit in.

On the way home, Cynthia secretly looked at Alston from time to time, frowning.

Alston laughed lightly and said with a gentle voice, “You like me so much? You have been looking at me along the way.”

Cynthia coughed lightly. “Why would you encourage Alice to go on a blind date? Doesn’t she like Lucien? I think he also likes Alice. You and Lucien have such a good relationship. Why do you do this?”

As Alston looked at the road, he said, “I tested Lucien before. I said Alice was going on a blind date, but he even offered to let Alice leave him. If we don’t stimulate him, it will be useless no matter how long Alice stays by his side.”

Cynthia stared at him. “You are quite cunning.”

“What did you say?” At a red light, Alston stopped the car and stared at her with a smile. “Cunning?”

“Aren’t you?” Cynthia smiled at him, “You tested Lucien and wanted to stimulate him. I didn’t expect you are so cunning. Lucien doesn’t know...”

Seeing that there were still dozens of seconds left of the red light, Alston leaned over and kissed her,

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blocking the rest of her words.

  

Cynthia blinked her eyes in a daze. Alston bit her lips lightly. “Do you know what kind of person I am now?”

After speaking, he kissed her ferociously. Cynthia was dizzy from the kiss. She saw that the red light was

only a few seconds, so she quickly patted him on the shoulder and struggled.

“The red light...”

At the last second, Alston let her go. Looking at her slightly swollen red lips, his eyes deepened. "Let's go

back."

After speaking, he started to drive.

When they got home, Greg was about to say something, but Alston carried Cynthia upstairs.

Greg blushed and closed the door silently. Mrs. Lewis came out of the kitchen with soup. "Do they want some

soup?"

Greg rubbed his nose in embarrassment. "Serve it when they are hungry."

Maybe they would be hungry later.

When Alice returned home, thinking about what Alston said, she sent Lucien a message.

"Mr. Williams, I will ask for a day off tomorrow. I will go through the resignation procedures the day after

tomorrow."

Not long after, Lucien called.

Alice's eyes lit up. She sat up from the bed and answered in a cold voice. "Mr. Williams."

"Alice..." Lucien's eyes darkened when he heard her address. He liked to hear Alice call his name energetically.

"What's the matter?" Alice's voice was still cold.

Lucien grabbed the quilt and asked, "Why do you want to leave? Why did you suddenly change your decision?"

Alice showed a smile. "I suddenly figured it out. I think what you said is right. I can't stay by your side all the

time. Since you said you don't like me, I will annoy you and cause trouble if I stay in the company."



“No.” Lucien said urgently, “You know I won’t hate you, we’ve known each other for so many years...”

“But you don’t like me, right?” Alice interrupted him.

Lucien was silent for a while, and then he said, “What are you going to do tomorrow?”

Seeing that he changed the subject, Alice was a little disappointed, and said in a low voice, “I’ll go on a blind date.”

“What?” Lucien was surprised, and he sat up from the bed.

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 150 He Forgot

“Didn’t you encourage me to find a man I like? Alice’s voice was soft, but what she said made Lucien feel

cold

Alice pretended not to hear his gasp and continued I will go on blind dates during this period Please don’t

contact me

Lucien leaned against the wall and gripped the bedsheet tightly with his fingers After a long time, he said,

Okay

Alice pursed her lips, and her voice became lighter Even if we can’t be a couple, we can be friends. When I

meet someone I like, I will send you an invitation when we get married

After speaking, she hung up directly.

Lucien suddenly felt as if his throat was blocked by something, and he was very uncomfortable A feeling of suffocation that he had never felt before lingered in his heart, making him a little out of breath.

He didn’t understand what was wrong with him. He had never had this feeling before.

Lucien threw away the phone, covered his head with the quilt, and stayed awake all night.

Both Clare and the Miller family were busy cleaning up their own mess and had no time to trouble Alston. But Alston was busier than usual, and Cynthia hadn't seen him for several days.

"Greg, what has Alston been up to lately?" Cynthia asked curiously while eating grapes.

Greg avoided Cynthia's eyes. "I don't know. I am now in charge of your life, and I don't know much about the company. Maybe the company has a new business, so Mr. Smith is busier."

Cynthia nodded, but she felt that he was hiding something.

Soon it was Cynthia's birthday. Last night, Cynthia wanted to ask Alston to go out with her for a day, but after waiting for a long time, she didn't wait for Alston to come back, and she fell asleep.

In the morning, Alston left, and Cynthia felt a little depressed. She knew that Alston was busy, so she comforted herself that maybe he didn't remember her birthday.

"Greg, Mrs. Lewis, good morning!" Cynthia greeted with a smile when she went downstairs and saw Mrs. Lewis putting breakfast on the dining table.

Seeing Cynthia coming down in her pajamas, Mrs. Lewis turned up the temperature of the air conditioner, and said with concern, "Mrs. Smith, it's time for breakfast."

"The breakfast is so rich!" Sitting at the dining table, Cynthia was amazed.

Mrs. Lewis smiled and said, "It's your birthday today. I made more for breakfast. What do you want to eat for lunch? I'll prepare it."

Cynthia was stunned for a moment, feeling warm in her heart, but she shook her head. "I'll go to my mother's

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for lunch."

Mrs. Lewis nodded. "I'll make a birthday cake. You like strawberries, right?"

"Yes. Cynthia nodded with a smile. "Thank you."

After finishing speaking, she lowered her head and ate breakfast slowly

As Greg and Mrs. Lewis looked at each other, they knew that Cynthia was in a bad mood, so they didn't say

much Greg looked at Cynthia, hesitated to speak, but didn't say anything

After breakfast, Cynthia was going to visit her mother in the hospital. Just as she was about to leave, Mrs. Lewis came over with the freshly made cake and handed it to her. "Take it to eat with your mother."

When she arrived at Lynn's ward, Cynthia found that Lorenz was there. When he saw Cynthia, a smile

appeared on his handsome face.

"Cynthia is here!"

Lorenz said and stuffed a gift box into her arms. "This is a gift for you."

Lynn waved to Cynthia. "Cynthia, come here."

When Cynthia went over, Lynn took out a very beautiful knitted hat and handed it to her. "This is knitted by

1. It's a birthday present for you."

Cynthia was stunned and took the hat. The hat was white and soft, with many light-colored flowers, which

looked gentle and beautiful.

Her eyes were moist in an instant. When she was a child, Lynn would give her a hand-knitted hat every year on her birthday. Since she was taken to the Miller family when she was twelve, she never received it again.

"And this!" Lynn took out two mini hats of the same style, one pink and one light blue. "It's for the babies."

Cynthia looked at Lynn. "Mom, you are sick. Why did you spend so much effort knitting hats?"

Lynn stroked her hair affectionately, and her delicate and beautiful face was gentler. "It didn't take long to

make the three hats. My skill

is not as good as before."

Holding a large and two small hats, Cynthia looked at the fine stitches and delicate patterns on them, and

she knew that her mother had put a lot of effort into them..

“They are beautiful!” Lorenz leaned over and looked at the hats in Cynthia’s hand.  
“Lynn’s gift is so good. Cynthia, open my gift when there is no one.”

As Cynthia looked at him, she snorted. “I will open it here.”

As she said that, she opened the gift box. Inside was a delicate jewelry box. It was a pair of earrings. The design was simple and elegant, and the material was the same as the red jade bracelet from the previous

auction.

“I happened to see that Alston bought you the bracelet, which is made of the same material as our pendant. I searched for a long time and found a small gemstone, so I asked them to make earrings. How do you like it?”

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Lorenz looked at Cynthia carefully. This was the first time he gave Cynthia a birthday present, and he was

worried that she would not like it

I like it very much. The earrings are beautiful Cynthia raised her head and smiled sweetly

Lorenz breathed a sigh of relief

Cynthia put on both the hat and the earrings Today she was wearing a light-colored overcoat with a jade bracelet, which matched the hat and the earrings very well. She looked very gentle and elegant.

“How do I look? After Cynthia put it on, she winked at the two of them.

Both Lynn and Lorenz nodded. “You are the most beautiful.”

Cynthia smiled sweeter with satisfaction.

The cake was not big, enough for four or five people. It was light pink with strawberries on it. Lorenz cut a piece for each of them and especially removed the cream for Lynn’s.

“Mom, Mrs. Lewis made this special. There is very little sugar in it, so you can eat it.”

When the three of them were eating, Lorenz suddenly asked, “Where is Alston? Why didn’t he come?”

Cynthia froze for a moment, and returned to normal in an instant. "He's been very busy at the company

recently.

With her head down, Cynthia looked a little depressed. Lorenz and Lynn looked at each other. It seemed that Alston did not accompany her on her birthday.

"He has given me the gift in advance." Cynthia smiled and raised her wrist. She had worn the jade bracelet for a few days, and it became more transparent and looked particularly majestic under the light.

Lorenz gritted his teeth hard on the fork, and he was angry.

Alston said that he would be nice to Cynthia, but he didn't even accompany her on her birthday. He must have

forgotten that today was Cynthia's birthday.

After the three of them finished eating the cake, it was the doctor's lunch break, and Cynthia carried the cake

to Helen and Dylan.

Lorenz's smile disappeared when Cynthia went out, and he sneered coldly. "I will go to Alston later. How can he forget Cynthia's birthday? This is Cynthia's first birthday after she married him."

Lynn comforted him. "Don't be impulsive. He loves Cynthia so much. He won't forget it. Maybe he is too busy."

Lorenz snorted. "I can spare a day, but he can't? I didn't hear that Smith Group had a new business. Many projects in the company are on the right track. Clare has no time to make trouble. What is he busy with?"

Lynn was silent and did not speak.