

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 33-40

Chapter 33 Stay with Me

Having cried and vented her feelings, Cynthia pushed him away and stared at him with her eyes that were red and swollen. It was a bit embarrassing to think of their current relationship.

“Are you hurt!”

Alston looked at her gently and shook, “I’m ok, I wasn’t there when the earthquake happened. I accidentally dropped my mobile phone while running, so I didn’t receive your call.”

As they were talking, a sunny and lively voice suddenly came out from behind.

“Alston, this must be Cynthia!”

Cynthia looked at him, it was a young man in his twenties who looked handsome and confident. He had perfect teeth and pretty dimples while he smiled, which made people feel friendly and warm.

“Lucien Williams. How do you do? You look beautiful as Alston mentioned.”

He actually mentioned her to Lucien?

Cynthia turned to Alston with an expression of surprise.

Alston was embarrassed and introduced, “This is the heir of the Williams family.”

The Williams family had won the bidding of the Smith Group before. Alston was inspecting the project in

Orleans with Lucien during his business trip here.

Lucien was very outgoing, he enjoyed talking with Cynthia.

Although Cynthia just cried, she was still amused by his sense of humor.

Alston was relieved to see that her mood eased a lot, but he felt very uncomfortable when they were talking happily. He frowned and stared at Lucien.

How could she smile so beautifully at other men!

Lucien suddenly shuddered, as if being targeted by some beast.

“Mr. Smith, the plane is ready to go back to Fort.” Greg came with others. Although the earthquake had passed, there was still the risk of aftershocks in Orleans, and they had to hurry.

It was already nine o'clock in the evening when they reached Fort. Alston was about to help Cynthia get off

the plane when he was hugged by someone.

Hulda fell into Alston's arms and hugged his waist. Her voice choked, “You're finally back, Alston. I'm so worried about you. It's great that you're not injured.”

Alston wanted to push her away, but she held him even tighter. Hulda whispered in his ear, “Don't do that, I

was followed by Uncle Clare's people.”

Alston had no choice but to hold her.

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Cynthia was so mad to see them hugging that she scratched her palm.

Hulda smiled proudly in his arms before she pretended to cry.

It's late autumn, and she's still wearing a thin skirt. When she cried, her thin shoulders floated slightly, and

she looked adorable.

Cynthia smiled sarcastically, ignored Alston and got off the plane on her own.

“You are so worried, why don't you go and look for him yourself!”

Hulda stopped crying, she knew Cynthia was embarrassing her. She hated her very much, but she didn't

reveal it.

She wiped her tears gracefully, “As Alston's personal assistant, I know my duty and his concerns. Keeping the company function in order while he's absent is the best I can do.”

She was such a hypocrite who was good at making excuses.

Cynthia stepped forward and pulled her away from Alston, "You shouldn't have any personal feelings for your

boss, business is business. Don't you understand?"

Hulda grabbed her skirt at a loss, and made a pitiful expression on her face. It's like Cynthia was being harsh

to her.

"Alston, I think Cynthia misunderstood me. I was just too worried about you to control my emotions. I'm sorry,

I won't be so impulsive next time."

Cynthia had been busy all day and hadn't eaten or rested.

Alston didn't want to waste such a long time on Hulda, but he had to act this way in case the people of Uncle Clare found something. He turned to Cynthia, "I'll go to the company first with her, you go home and rest,

Cynthia."

He was indifferent to her in front of Hulda while they were so close in Orleans.

Hulda and he were like a couple, Cynthia felt she was like the third wheel.

Somehow she wanted to say something for herself.

"Alston, I'm a little scared today, I want you to stay with me!" Cynthia looked at her and said softly.

Chapter 34 It Hurt So Much

Alston paused. This was the first time that Cynthia expressed her attachment to him after the kidnapping.

Just as he was about to speak, Hulda suddenly tugged at his skirt and looked at him tenderly, "Alston, I have a lot of things to say to you, too."

Alston frowned for a while and said coldly to Cynthia, "If you are afraid, go to the central hospital, or I can ask Helen to accompany you in the Smith family..."

"No need!" Cynthia was disappointed and left without waiting for him to finish.

Even though she risked her life to find him, he might be more satisfied with Hulda's hypocritical care.

She walked away with her head held high, as if this would save her self-esteem.

Lucien was there all the time, he pushed Alston and winked at him, asking him to chase Cynthia.

Alston glanced at him and said coldly, "Something's wrong with your eyes?"

Lucien was irritated by Alston, they had known each other since childhood. His old man often told him to learn from Alston. Alston was not only good at studying, he also brought family business back to normal and made it a front runner in the industry after becoming the family's heir.

As brilliant as he was, Alston just didn't know how to handle relationships with others.

He's used to the sense of control, even in a relationship. He liked to guide and take responsibility, ignoring the feelings of the one protected by him.

Now that Cynthia had left, Lucien could only shake his head. Alston would definitely regret this.

"You must be Lucien Williams of the Williams Group!" Hulda screamed as he was thinking.

Lucien nodded with a poker face. Having grown up among women, he could tell instantly who Hulda was

when he looked at her.

While she managed to put on a gorgeous mask, he could still see ambition and flattery in her eyes. "You must be an idiot to like this woman when you have way better choice." He whispered to Alston and knocked.

against him.

Alston was surprised that he could see who Hulda truly was.

Their nonchalant attitude totally annoyed Hulda.

After leaving the airport, Cynthia took a taxi directly to the central hospital.

Lynn was already asleep when Cynthia got there.

Cynthia was in a trance looking at her **quietly**.

Alston was gentle to her in Orleans and on their flight back. But he became a completely different man, keeping distance from her ever since they met Hulda. She couldn't understand why he would treat her like

this.

Maybe she's just a substitute for Hulda.

But she had said that she would divorce him and let Hulda marry him. Why was he still angry?

If Cynthia hadn't heard him say she was just a substitute, she thought he really liked her.

Lynn was in a daze, feeling that there was a person sitting in front of the hospital bed. Years of imprisoned

life made her instantly alert and awake.

Cynthia quickly patted her on the back and whispered, "Mom, don't be afraid, it's me!"

"Cynthia, you're back." Lynn breathed a sigh of relief, turned on the light, and saw Cynthia's face, "You... why are you crying? Did Alston hurt you?"

Cynthia quickly wiped the tears from her face and forced a smile, "Mom, I'm fine. I accidentally kicked the

table in the dark just now, and it hurt so much!"

In my heart!

As she spoke, tears fell uncontrollably. Lynn quickly hugged her in her arms, "Look at you, you were always so

careless. If you can't see, just turn on the light..."

Cynthia felt warm while listening to her. It's good to be around mother.

"Is Alston okay?"

Lynn knew that she went to Orleans to see Alston today, and wondered why she came to the hospital alone at night, fearing something happened to Alston.

Cynthia buried her face in her mother's arms and said sullenly, "He's fine."

He might still be with Hulda, feeling good.

Rumours began to spread that Alston was killed when Orleans was hit by earthquake, and he lost contact with Greg. Troublemakers who had been hiding all showed up.

Alston had people reliable enough to observe everything for him.

Alston didn't finish dealing with all of them until the next morning.

He sat at his desk in exhaustion, looking at a message received on his mobile phone.

"Doctor Carter has already taken the flight to Fort and will arrive at 4 pm."

Attached is a medical report of Lynn.

With this message, Alston finally had an excuse to talk to Cynthia. He couldn't help calling her immediately.

Cynthia just woke up and picked up the phone in a daze, "Hello..."

Her soft voice drove away all his exhaustion, Alston's cold eyes gradually became gentle.

"How did you sleep last night?"

When she heard Alston's voice, Cynthia stopped yawning. She held the cellphone tightly.

She said meaningfully, "It doesn't matter if I slept well last night. You must have had a sound sleep!"

Chapter 35 Kidney Matching

Thinking he might have slept with Hulda last night, Cynthia felt like her heart was being torn apart.

Alston sighed as he sensed her indifference to him.

He knew that Cynthia misunderstood him, but he didn't explain much when he thought that the phone might

be monitored. He thought that when everything was settled, he would explain to her, and then the two of

them could really be together.

Alston directly changed the subject, "Did you see your mother's physical examination report?"

Cynthia's attention was instantly diverted.

Before she went to Orleans, she asked the hospital to give her mother a general physical examination. The physical examination report came out before she could see it.

"What happened to my mother's illness?"

Before Cynthia was 12, her mother never had any serious illness. But she looked pale and felt nauseous all

the time since last week. She was often tired and had symptoms of anorexia. Cynthia wondered what she

had been through over the last decade..

Cynthia was worried, she didn't want anything to happen to her since they reunited after all the struggle.

"I'll send you the results of the report. Please have a look."

Alston sent the report he just received to Cynthia.

Cynthia read very carefully in case she missed anything.

The results of the previous tests were not particularly healthy, but they were all normal. Until the renal function was seen, Cynthia's pupils suddenly shrank.

Looking at the rows of data different from ordinary people, she couldn't help shaking her fingers. She was completely shocked at the conclusion.

"Late stage renal failure..." Cynthia murmured. She turned to her mother who was still asleep, and her eyes

were full of disbelief.

Cynthia picked up the phone and rushed directly into the bathroom.

As the call continued, Cynthia's voice began to tremble, "How did this happen? How did my mother get such a

serious illness? Alston, what should I do?"

"I have invited the most professional internist abroad who will arrive this afternoon." Alston tried to comfort her, but abruptly resisted and maintained a slightly cold and hard voice.

Cynthia, who had a medical background, was not relieved at all. She knew better than Alston that there was no cure for her mother's chronic renal failure, even hemodialysis could only ease her pain.

Only kidney transplant could save her mother.

Her fingers tightened and her voice was a little hoarse, "I, I want to have a kidney match with my mother."

Alston suddenly stood up from his chair after hearing this. His voice was urgent, "No, Cynthia, you belong to me now, I forbid you from doing that."

Cynthia didn't feel the hidden uneasiness and worry, because he was too commanding.

After her idea was directly rejected, she felt angry, "Alston, you made me a substitute of Hulda and didn't want divorce, these are fine with me. I owe you for saving my mother. I'll be your Mrs. Smith and do whatever you want except for this time, please respect my decision."

Alston clenched his fist and lowered his eyes while listening to her angry words. He then replied coldly. "You can't be Mrs. Smith with only one kidney, Cynthia. If you do that procedure, you will never be able to stay in the Smith family, no hospitals in Fort will ever take your mother."

If he didn't severely suppress her idea, Cynthia could definitely have the operation without telling him, because she was too stubborn.

Cynthia stepped back and leaned against the wall at a loss.

"That's my mother we are talking about, Alston. I don't want her to die in pain and desperation, I must do something. Alston, I beg you to help her. I can live with one kidney."

"Not the same!" Alston interrupted her.

"Although doctors often say that one kidney will keep you healthy, it's never the same compared with two normal kidneys."

"If Cynthia donates a kidney, her life will be very hard in the future. She can't stay up late, her health will be seriously affected."

As selfish and cold-blooded as he might be, he just wanted Cynthia to be healthy, which was more important

to him than anything.

Even her own mother's life didn't matter.

“**Doctor** Carter will arrive in the afternoon, he will have a treatment plan. I will also contact the hospitals here

to pay attention to the appropriate kidney sources.”

Alston made a decision directly. Before hanging up the phone, he threatened Cynthia, “I will contact all the

hospitals in Fort. Without my permission, none of them will admit you to the operation room. You'd better put

this idea away.”

After he hang up the phone, Cynthia finally couldn't stand it any more. Her body slid down the wall, her head

buried in her knee, and tears kept flowing downwards.

She didn't want to wake her mother, so she bit her lower lip tightly and whimpered.

She stayed in the bathroom for a long time, rubbing her red eyes after crying with a cold towel. Then she smiled and went out, as if nothing had happened.

With her mother's illness in mind, and she was absent-minded all morning. Doctor Carter finally came to the

hospital in the afternoon, she then hurriedly went to the office.

After knocking on the door, a warm voice came from inside, “Come in.”

It sounded familiar to Cynthia, she pushed the door and went in. It was a gentleman sitting in front of the

desk.

“Dylan?”

Chapter 36 She's Mine

Dylan looked up at the sound, revealing a bookish-looking face.

He wore a doctor's white coat and gold-rimmed glasses. With his slanted eyes, a high nose, and thin lips, his appearance was the kind of cold. But because of his scholar's style, he looked much softer and very handsome.

"Dylan?" Cynthia was surprised.

Dylan was her direct senior. He was born into a medical family and studied medicine from an early age. He was a medical genius. In college, both of them were the teacher's favorite students. She often asked Dylan's advice and gets to know him well.

He went abroad for further study in his junior year. After that, they never met again.

She didn't expect that the physician specially invited by Alston was Dylan.

"Look how much we have the fate." Dylan smiled. Actually, the Smiths family had invited him at that time, but

he didn't want to come.

There is no cure for end-stage renal failure, whether at home or abroad. Only hemodialysis can alleviate the patient's pain. If there is a suitable kidney source, kidney transplant can be carried out.

Although he had more research in this field than other doctors, he was not sure whether he can be cured. It

was not until the Smith family revealed that the patient was Cynthia's mother that Dylan changed his mind

and came back from abroad to become Lynn's attending physician.

He hasn't seen Cynthia for a long time. The days of studying abroad were very boring. When he reminded her

in his spare time, his heart could get a moment of peace.

At the thought, the tenderness in his eyes became more and more intense, but it was only covered by lenses.

Cynthia didn't notice it.

"Take a seat!"

Dylan stood up and offered her a glass of water. Cynthia took it and sat opposite him, holding the glass tightly. "Dylan, my mom... Will my mom be saved?"

Seeing her anxious look, Dylan magically took out a small box of strawberry cake from the drawer and handed it to her. "I know you like cake. I bought it at the airport. Try it."

A small and exquisite cake. Cynthia took a gentle bite, and the sweet smell made her relax.

Seeing her relieved, Dylan smiled and flipped through the report in his hand. "I just read the physical examination report, and the situation is indeed somewhat complicated. She has been ill for a long time, but

she has not been well treated. The situation was so serious."

Cynthia bit the spoon, and her eyes were filled with cold.

Beck, the b*stard imprison her mother for ten years, and didn't treat her as a human being, and made her suffer such pain now. D*mn it!

She was so angry that her clear eyes were full of anger and hatred.

Dylan frowned when he saw this and rubbed her head, "Don't worry, I'll arrange dialysis first, and see the effect. I only hope the hospital could find a suitable kidney source as soon as possible. If the kidney source can be found, I'll operate surgery, and the success rate can reach 90%."

Cynthia's eyes brightened, and she surprised looked at him. "Really?"

"I'm your smartest senior. Don't you believe what I said?" Dylan gently raised his chin and made a proud look. Cynthia finally laughed and relaxed a lot.

The door of the office was unlocked, and faint laughter came from the crack.

Alston coldly looked at them. Because he hadn't slept for a long time. His beautiful eyes were slightly red and

looked terrible with a gloomy expression.

"Alston, aren't you... come in?"

Behind Alston, Lucien looked at them who had a good talk in the room, then looked at Alston's cold face, he

couldn't help but get a tingle.

When Alston heard this, the bag in his hand pinched with a click.

Lucien took one look at the deformed bag and felt distressed for a second. “Alston, don’t garb so hard, you

will crush the cake.”

Last night, they came back from Orleans. Lucien had a good sleep, but Alston didn’t rest for a moment until now. After dealing with those trouble in the Smith Group, he continued to discuss cooperation projects with

him.

After the meeting, Lucien looked at the dark circles round Alston’s eyes, and he thought that he would go home and sleep, but Alston went directly to the hospital.

Lucien had a good impression on Cynthia, so he went with Alston. He also lamented that Alston had become romantic when he saw him go a long way to buy a cake with exquisite and lovely packaging. But he suddenly

saw this scene.

Cynthia was dating another man!

The man also bought her favorite cake and touched her head. It was completely surpassing Alston!

No wonder he was in such a cold look!

“Alston, or I... I... call her?” Lucien carefully glanced at Alston, then he was about to push the door. But suddenly his hand was pulled away.

Alston’s handsome face was full of ice—cold. He gave a brittle laugh and put the cake box on the trash can,

and then turned to leave.

Lucien quickly followed up. “Don’t be timid, bro! Just go in and let that man know who is her husband!”

Alston scurried for several steps and turned to look at him coldly. Lucien didn’t expect him to turn, so he

quickly stopped.

“From past to now, from now to the future, she’s mine!”

Alston strode away after saying this sentence, and Lucien mumbled. "Saying it to Cynthia. What's the use of saying it in front of me? She can't hear it."

Alston went far. Lucien sighed and followed up.

Now, he is furious. Who knows what is going to happen? He has to keep an eye on him.

Cynthia was talking to Dylan delightedly when she heard footsteps outside the door. She saw two people flashing through the crack of the door and stood up and walked out.

Dylan followed her. "What's wrong?"

"Someone was outside just now!" Cynthia opened the door and the two men were gone. She paused when

she saw a deformed cake box.

This brand of cake is what she always eats at the Smith family!

Chapter 37 A Great Chance

Cynthia picked up the cake box and looked at the deformed edge. Her eyes sparkled with a thoughtful look.

"It was Alston just now?" She thought.

"Cynthia, what's the matter? Is there anything wrong with this box?"

Cynthia looked down and rubbed the crushed box. "Unfortunately, the box is broken. The cake isn't eatable."

Then she opened the lid of the trash can and threw the cake in.

So what? Give her a slap and then offer a sweet date? She is not a child, and will not forgive all his mistakes with a piece of cake.

Cynthia looked at Dylan and smiled, "Dylan, I should go back to take care of my mom. I've been out for too long. She should be anxious if she can't see me."

"I'll come with you and see her."

Cynthia nodded and they walked together to the ward.

As they left, Alston and Lucien came out from the end of the corridor.

It set a ticklish task for Lucien. He just persuaded Alston to come back but didn't think he would see this scene. It was all over, Alston must be angrier.

"Lucien!" Alston called him in a hoarse voice.

"Ah!" cried Lucien. He was lost in thought just now.

"Does Dylan more handsome than me? Does he richer than me?" Alston's eyelids turned red, and his words

were sour.

"He is gentler than you, and knows how not to break a girl's heart." Lucien thought.

Without saying these words, Lucien pointed to their backs and said, "You must feel bad!"

Alston paused. He touched his heart, where it seemed to have been pricked, and it hurt badly.

"Cynthia loves you so much, it's probably worse than you when she saw you hug Hulda."
"

"But, I just want to protect her!" Alston pressed his lips and frowned. He had no experience in love. When he saw that the person he cared about was in danger, all he knew was to protect her under his wing and bear all the damage by himself.

He didn't feel anything wrong.

"Drink with me!" Alston couldn't understand it, but just stopped to think about it. He took Lucien directly and

went out.

"Alston, are you crazy? How long have you not slept? You still dare to drink? You'd better get a rest..."

He never listened to him no matter how he shouted.

Dark Blue.

Alston has a good drink. But today he has something on his mind. He drank one glass after another and soon got drunk. Lucien also drank a lot, and before long, both of them were drunk.

Lucien's face was red, but there was still a trace of wakefulness. They couldn't drive back, so he called home

and asked people to pick them up.

The Williams family soon came, but only one people. The man looked at Alston, who was lying on the table,

and his face was reluctant.

Lucien didn't mention that Alston was drunk, too!

He dare not let a stranger drive Alston back.

He didn't have the phone number of Greg, only the number of his family mansion. But it happened that Greg

was sent out, and despite several phone calls, no one answered.

Just then, a woman came up and saw Alston lying on the table. She gave a little exclamation, and said, "Why

is Alston so drunk!"

"You are?"

"Take Lucien back first. I'm Hulda, Alston's personal assistant. I'll send him back home."

The man had seen her before when he was beside Lucien, but at that moment he saw her dress and looked

suspicious.

Hulda wore a hip-wrapped skirt, painted with heavy makeup, and dressed up so sexy that she had no

tenderness and dignity she had ever seen before.

"Isn't it normal to dress like this in a bar?" Hulda was annoyed by his look and said impatiently.

The man didn't refute and was preparing to hold Lucien to leave. Lucien suddenly opened his eyes in a daze,

saw Hulda close to Alston and staggered over to stop her.

“You... you can't... you plot against him... you can't send him... Cynthia will be angry...”

He said drunkly and pulled Hulda away.

Hulda became angry. This time was a great chance. Alston was drunk and unconscious. As long as she slept with him, with his personality, although he would not definitely be responsible for her, he would certainly not

be indifferent to her as before.

As long as **his** attitude softens, she can let him see her goodness gradually, make him fall all in love with her,

and can't abandon her.

She planned all of it. But Lucien messed up her plan!

Hulda stomped her feet and forced a stiff smile. “Mr. Lucien is drunk. Everyone in the Smith Group knows that

Alston likes **me**, so I don't have to take advantage of his.”

The man didn't know Alston's plan. He had only seen his gentle manner towards Hulda at the Smith Group.

He hesitated.

Lucien's attitude was very determined, to defend Alston.

The man felt embarrassed. Finally, he had to say to Hulda, “It's about twenty minutes from the bar to the Smith family. I'll count the time. After twenty minutes, I'll call the Smith family to confirm. If you don't receive.

it, I'll call the police.”

Call the police?

Hulda paused. What's wrong with the Williams family? Lucien was a fool, and the servant was so peculiar.

Seeing that Lucien was about to fall, the man quickly carried him and turned to Hulda, “Now, one second has

passed!”

Hulda gnashed her teeth with anger, hurriedly carried Alston and dragged him out.

Because she was afraid of calling the police, Hulda was quiet all the way, even indulged in anger, and had no

time to do any little tricks at all.

The Smith family house was dark, the servants all went home, and Stella wasn't at home either. When Hulda

dragged Alston into the living room, she just heard the phone ring.

She rushed over and answered the phone. It was the Williams family.

"Hello, Miss Taylor? Has Mr. Smith returned home?"

Hulda vomited violently, wiped the sweat on her forehead, and gnashed her teeth. "It's me!"

"That's good!" The man said and hung up the phone.

Hulda sat on the ground and gasped. After her breathing recovered, she turned to Alston, who was unconscious on the sofa. Suddenly her gaze sharpened.

No one was here. The servant of the Williams family didn't expect that there was nobody in such a big house.

Isn't this... a great chance for her?

Hulda stood up, holding the table, and walked to Alston step by step.

Chapter 38 Get Out

At this time, a taxi stopped at the Smith's house gate in the moonlight.

Cynthia got off the bus with a bag in her hand. There were a few changes of clothes in it. After staying in the hospital for so many days, she was ready to go home and wash her clothes and those of her mother.

As soon as she got off the taxi, she saw a bright red car parked, with the license plate number she had never

seen.

Cynthia confused. Greg has just told her that Alston was not at home tonight, and all the servants have gone

home. Stella also went out to play cards with her friends. No one should be in the house .

Who could it be?

Cynthia crossed the yard to the door, and found it open. She paused, and then went straight in.

The living room was brightly lit up. At first glance Cynthia saw the man. He was drunk and lay unconsciously

on the sofa. Hulda squatted on the side and loosened his tie.

Cynthia's eyes suddenly became red with anger. She rushed in with a bag and smashed it at Hulda, "What are you doing?"

Hulda was unguarded and directly hit in the forehead.

She screamed in pain and fell to the ground. When she saw Cynthia, anger welled up in her mind.

Just got upset by Lucien, and now the chance was ruined by Cynthia. These two people were real jinxes!

She stood up directly, pushed Cynthia away severely, and confidently said, "Haven't you got eyes in your head? I'm necking with Alston. Don't bother us!"

The word "necking" made Cynthia angry. She pointed to Alston on the sofa and said coldly, "He is so drunk. and has no consciousness. How can he neck with you? Hulda, I see, you're trying to do something nasty.

while he's drunk. You are so shameless."

Hulda was caught in the middle of what she said, and immediately became angry from embarrassment, "How about he is drunk? Alston likes me. Cynthia, you're jealous. You'd better get out of here if you know enough."

"This is my home!" Cynthia dropped her bag on the floor. "This man on the sofa is my husband. Why should I get out? You are the one who should get out!"

Hearing her roar, Hulda ignored her roaring, snorted coldly, and went directly to Alston to hold him upstairs.

Cynthia was about to stop her.

Suddenly Alston sat up in a daze.

Hulda was too frightened to move. The reason why she dared to quarrel with Cynthia was that Alston was drunk. If he knew what she did to Cynthia, he would never let her go.

Alston closed his eyes. Hulda was very close to him, and a strong perfume directly invaded his nasal cavity.

Alston frowned in disgust and suddenly pushed her away. "It stinks, get out!"

He was grumpy, and he can control it when he is sober. When he was drunk, his bad temper suddenly showed

itself.

Unabashed hatred of the people he disliked.

Hulda struck her back on the tea table and felt a burning pain. She gasped with her back hunched, and looked at Alston carefully, only to find that he was asleep again.

Cynthia witnessed this scene. She smiled and felt a bit lucky.

Alston could treat Hulda in this way. If it had been her, she might have died.

"Why don't you just go?" Cynthia coldly glanced at Hulda and took out her cell phone. "If you don't leave immediately, I'll call the police and charge you for trespassing!"

Call police!?

Hulda's eyes were full of hatred, gave her a hard stare and then limped away.

After she left, Cynthia breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Alston, who was in a coma on the sofa, with her

eyes red.

She can't imagine if she just didn't come back tonight, whether Alston would be forced to sleep with Hulda. Just thinking about the scene just now makes her heart pain.

If Alston had sex with Hulda, she would never forgive him!

Cynthia felt so angry. She grabbed the bag and hit him, but tears unconsciously fell down.

She put a blanket to him crying. "You b*stard, you were almost taken advantage of. Do you know, b*stard,

b*stard!"

The next morning, the sun was shining through the window. Alston stood up from the sofa and rubbed his forehead with his hand. He was hung over and dizzy.

He saw the decorations around him and paused.

Why is he at home?!

Alston only remembered that he saw Cynthia with Dylan. He was angry and had a drink with Lucien. From

then on, he forgot everything.

Just then, the phone rang on the tea table.

As he answered, there was a cry. "Alston, I'm sorry for you, I didn't defend your chastity!"

"What's up?" Alston took the phone away from his ear and asked with a frown.

Lucien repeated what the servant told him, waiting for Alston's anger with a guilty face.

Alston paused. "You mean, Hulda drove me home? Don't worry, she didn't do anything"

He is man, and he can still feel it.

Lucien breathed a sigh of relief after hearing that. If something really happened, he would be over.

After hanging up the phone, Alston stood up and was prepared to wash. As soon as he stepped out, he noticed that he had kicked something. He looked down to see a lilac dress.

This skirt is Cynthia's. She came home last night?

Chapter 39 The Wicked Relatives

He picked up the dress and promptly ran to the bedroom upstairs.

Just about to knock at the door, the bedroom door was suddenly opened.

Alston saw her delicate face. She looked just awake, and her eyes were slightly red and swollen. When she

saw him, her whole face was cold as ice.

Last night, she was going to wash clothes and go back to the hospital. But she didn't expect to see such a

scene. In case Hulda came back, she stayed at home and stayed up all night. She waited for dawn to make

sure that Hulda would not come before falling asleep.

It didn't take long for her to sleep, she was woken up by Alston's footsteps. With morning temperament, she

was directly angry with him.

"So, are you here to ask me?"

Alston was puzzled by her anger.

"I'm so sorry that I interrupted you to neck with Hulda last night!" Cynthia looked impassively, "I don't care

about it, but here is the Smith family, and I'm still nominally your wife. If you bring her back next time, I'll hit

her out again."

She slammed the door with a bang. Alston touched his nose and reluctantly smiled.

He didn't expect that Cynthia would have such a hot temper. He always thought she was a rabbit, but the

rabbit had claws, too.

Alston didn't disturb her sleep, but turned and went downstairs directly. When he thought of what Lucien and Cynthia had just said, his eyes were filled with coldness.

He always thought that Hulda was in order, but he didn't know she was still making advances on him. If it weren't for Cynthia, Hulda would really do it.

At the thought of this possibility, Alston felt disgusted and his eyes were gloomy.

It's high time that she was taught a lesson. Otherwise, she will never learn to be obedient!

Hulda was pushed by Alston and knocked on the tea table. When she woke up, she felt that her back was completely black and blue.

She got up in pain and went to work. When she arrived at the door of the company, she endured a cold sweat on her forehead. Her attention was on her back, and she had no time to look around.

Just as she was about to enter the gate, three people rushed up and surrounded her.

There were an old man and woman who were worn out and weak, and a bruiser.

“Hulda, Hulda?” The old woman came up and grabbed her hand. The rough skin rubbed against her delicate

skin, and the old voice seemed to be magic.

Hulda was scared and backed up a few steps. Her face was pale, even her delicate makeup couldn't cover it.

She recognized all three people when they turned to dust.

It must have been Alston who informed them. At that time, she was in a panic and chaos.

“No... no, you mistook one for another. I'm not Hulda!”

She covered her face and turned to run. But she was dragged back by the young men.

“Hulda, how dare you don't recognize your parents and brother!” Burnell hardly grabbed her wrist and dragged her in front of her parents and pushed her to the ground.

“Dad, Mom, she doesn't want to recognize us. Even if she doesn't recognize my brother, she doesn't want to

recognize you.”

Hulda's father used to hit and scold her. Hearing this, he got red in the face with anger and kicked her on the back directly.

Burnell didn't dissuade him when he saw this, but he laughed gleefully.

Hulda's tears flowed out in great pain. She bent down on the ground, her eyes full of hatred for these three

men.

Hulda's mother quickly pulled him away, lifted Hulda from the ground, and said lightly, “Hulda is a prominent person now, so you can't hit her like before. Look how nice this dress is, you kicked it all dirty.”

Never cared about Hulda's injury from start to finish.

She was always like this. She could avoid her daughter being beaten, but she always comes out to play a

good person at the end of every time.

Hulda coldly looked at her rough hands touching her expensive coat, and the old lady was obviously coveted.

The security guard on the side also noticed the situation here. The people around the center were Mr. Smith's favorite assistant, so he quickly ran over and respectfully asked, "Miss Taylor, do you want me to help you

out?"

Said the security guard with alert eyes, looking at the three men, holding a walkie-talkie, ready to call people

to drive them away.

"No, they are relatives of my hometown. They meet me something!" Hulda forced a smile.

The security guard was in doubt. The three men were completely different from Hulda in both dress and temperament. He simply couldn't see that they were relatives.

Burnell was annoyed by his eyes and he was about to quarrel with the security guard. He was stared at by

Hulda, and suddenly felt cold on his back. He was afraid to speak.

He wondered in his heart, when did the bullied girl have such cold eyes?

After the security guard went away, Burnell realized that he was scared by Hulda just now. He pushed her as if he had gained face, "Why don't you tell him that we are your family? You think we will embarrass you? In your heart, we are your poor relatives, right?"

Hulda glanced at them. "It's not a good thing to quarrel here. Go somewhere else if you have something to

do."

Then she turned around and took them directly to the remote part of the company.

Looking at the towering Smith Group behind, her mom marveled a few words. "Your company looks really

nice. You must be very rich. I am relieved to see that you are doing well. You have no idea how worried I have

been about you for so many years."

Hulda didn't want to listen to her. She said to her in disgust. "What do you want!"

Her mom looked embarrassed and rubbed her worn skirt nervously. "Look, how well you are dressed, and look

at me and your brother. In order to find you, we have been poor in recent years. Since you are rich now, you

should help us."

"Yes, to find you, I'm not married till now. You can't leave us alone." Burnell greedily looked at Hulda. "Give me

200,000 dollars, and I'll get married first."

200,000 dollars! Hulda glared at him. "You are crazy! I have no money!"

"No money?" Burnell pinched her coat. "Do you still wear Chanel if you have no money?"

When

they confronted each other, the old man, who had never spoken, snapped a few cigarettes and said

with a frown. "You're rich now. Can you bear to see your brother live a poor life? Just give your brother a hand.

You should help each other. So we can at ease."

"Help? When Burnell helped her? He only wants to use her. If she was useless, he would kick her away. She

would never get his help." Hulda thought.

The hatred in her heart was overflowing, but she didn't show it on her face. "Dad, you just see my glamorous

clothes, but it's all show! I've only worked in the Smith Group for a month, so I don't have any money."

"In the past, you only cared about my brother. After all these years, do you know how much I have suffered?

Can you care about me a little?"

Hearing this, he flung his cigarette on the ground and said in fury. "Don't go on and on about how poor you

are. Your brother is a single-son of our family for three generations. He is over 30 years old. Do you want **your**

brother to be single and childless? Can you afford it for our family?"

"If

you don't give us money, we will go to your company. You don't want your colleagues to talk about you and

look down on you, right?!"

He said and crossed her, and rushed to the gate. Hulda quickly stopped him, sweating in a hurry. "Dad, dad, I

promise. Okay? Don't go to my company!"

Then she quickly took out a card from her bag. "There are 200,000 dollars, and the password is my birthday."

Burnell grabbed it and said triumphantly, "Give me!"

Hulda gnashed her teeth with hatred, and her face with delicate makeup was slightly distorted. "Take it and

1. go. Don't come again."

"You are my daughter, how could you cut all ties with us? Ah, hurry to work, and we'll go. Come home and see us when you have time." The old woman said.

Looked at the card in her son's hand, and her eyes were full of joy. They got the card and left happily.

Hulda looked at the backs of them, threw her bag on the ground, and vowed that one day, she must be exalted and leave her previous life thoroughly.

“Oh, what a wonderful show!”

There was a man’s voice from behind her. Hulda paused, turned around to look, and then she was shocked

Chapter 40 Cooperation

It was a young man with a delicate appearance, but the gloomy eyes made him look terrible and

inaccessible.

“Iv... Ivan!”

Hulda said to him with a pale face.

It was Ivan who came.

Since he broke his right hand by Alston, he didn’t appear in the company for a month. When he had just arrived, he saw this scene of Hulda. Interesting.

“Miss Hulda, you really have a wicked family. It seemed that you suffered hardship.”

Hulda watched him warily, wondering what he wanted to do!

Ivan hates Alston so much. Now she is Alston’s favorite woman, at least formally. She was very worried that

Ivan would take advantage of this thing to target her.

“Relax.” Ivan smiled and said, “I can’t help but feel distressed after watching that scene just now. Alston loves

you so much, he will feel even worse.”

His words stabbed her in the heart like an arrow.

Her face was even paler. She knew it was Alston who asked her family to come to see her and teach her a

lesson.

“Why did you look so pale?” Ivan said and approached to her. His lips almost pressed against her neck, and his breath was as cold as a poisonous snake.

“Well, am I wrong? He doesn’t love you at all?”

This sentence made Hulda panic. She immediately broke free from his arms, and her eyes flashed slightly. “Nonsense. Alston loves me very much. We’ve been together since high school. Without Cynthia, I should be

Mrs. Alston now.”

“Oh? Really?”

Ivan laughed loudly. “If he really loves you, he will help you solve those people and keep them away from you. He will firmly protect you under his wing and won’t let anyone drag you down. But those people can find you today, it means that he doesn’t care about you at all!”

Hulda froze, her lips closed. She tried to say something, but gulped, and no words came.

Everyone in the Smith Group says that Ivan is a jerk and a playboy. But in love, no one can see it more

thoroughly than he can.

“What the hell do you want to do?” She was directly see-through and simply stopped pretending.

Ivan smiled. His eyes were full of shadows. “Cooperate with me. You will become Mrs. Alston as you wish,

and I, just want Cynthia.”

Hulda looked at him in amazement and saw his scarlet eyes with crazy hatred, and she was stunned.

“No... I can’t...”

Hulda subconsciously shook her head. She had already chosen to cooperate with Alston. If she dared to betray him, he would never let her go.

“Do you think he would let you go if you didn’t cooperate with me?” Ivan smiled coolly. “Alston is cold-blooded and heartless. You know better than me how cruel his means are to people he

doesn't like. You can never replace Cynthia in his heart. If you cooperate with me, I will help you to become Mrs. Alston of the Smith family."

Hulda's back was covered with a cold sweat, and her heartbeat fiercely.

She was not any worse than Cynthia in appearance and ability. Although her family was better than hers, Cynthia was just an illegitimate daughter.

Every time she clashed with Cynthia, Alston was always partial to Cynthia, and he never gave her a look and

her eyes were cold, without any feelings.

She was thinking of being by his side, so Alston could notice that she was good, and she would be able to

make him fall in love with her smoothly.

But what happened last night made her realize it thoroughly. Alston excluded her. If she didn't do anything,

she would never be Mrs. Alston!

After thinking everything out clearly, Hulda looked up and her eyes were full of ambition.

"Well, I promise you. As long as you can help me become Mrs. Alston, I'll do anything!"