

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

## **Chapter 41-50**

### **Chapter 41 Banquet Invitation**

After learning about Lynn's situation, Dylan tried the first course of treatment, and the effect was very good.

Lynn became much better, and she could even walk several times.

Cynthia was very excited to see that.

After hemodialysis, Lynn was helped to rest in the ward by the nurse.

Dylan took off his mask, revealing his face, looked at the medical record in his hand, and told Cynthia, "The treatment is very successful. She should take more rest and can't eat anything high in protein and salt..."

Cynthia listened carefully and nodded repeatedly.

After saying that, Dylan patted her on the shoulder with a smile. "She is safe now, so you can rest assured!"

"Well, I couldn't be more appreciative. I want to invite you to dinner tonight. I'll call Helen too. I haven't seen

her for a long time."

Cynthia was really happy, and her dimples came out when she laughed. She blinked her eyes. Her innocent and pure look made Dylan flutter.

"Okay, I also want to meet her..." Dylan suddenly looked behind Cynthia and was slightly stunned.

Cynthia also looked back and shuddered when she saw Alston's deep and cold dark eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

Alston didn't answer, staring at Dylan's hand on her shoulder. He frowned and felt Dylan was annoying.

He even wanted to chop off his hand.

"Doctor Carter, you shouldn't be so flighty to patients' families."

Dylan knew what he meant, but he didn't withdraw his hand. He smiled slightly. "Sorry, I have always had a good relationship with Cynthia. I'm used to it, but I didn't expect you would care so much. I'll be more discreet in the future."

Alston felt that there was something wrong with Dylan's words, but he didn't figure it out.

Cynthia looked at Dylan and snorted coldly. "What do you mean? Dylan just patted me on the shoulder. I did not threaten you when you hugged Hulda before."

Seeing her defending him, Alston inexplicably felt a surge of anger in his heart. He turned to look at Dylan, and thought he was a scheming guy.

Alston thought, "It seems that I must pay special attention to this guy in the future. He looks easy-going, but

he is actually very scheming."

He looked at Dylan in a menacing way. Cynthia was afraid that he could not hold back his temper. She quickly said to Dylan, "I won't bother you. I should go!"

After saying that, she took Alston's wrist and hurriedly left.

Dylan stopped smiling while looking at their back. His long eyelashes covered his dark eyes when he looked down, making people unable to see through what he was thinking.

Cynthia took Alston to the corridor, then let go of his hand and looked at him with a cold face. "Why do you come here rather than stay with Hulda?"

Alston still could feel the warmth on his wrist. He couldn't help rubbing it and took out an invitation from his

pocket and threw it to her.

"Why are you giving me this invitation in person?" Cynthia took it and gave him a suspicious look.

Alston pursed his lips, looking strange.

"I haven't seen you for a long time and just wanted to take this opportunity to meet you."

Thinking like that, Alston said, "It will be Buck's 50th birthday in a few days. He is the largest shareholder of the Smith Group except for me and uncle Clare. You

have to accompany me to this banquet. This is your first appearance as Mrs. Smith in front of everyone. I hope you can play your part well and don't embarrass me."

Cynthia stood there holding the invitation, looked at the invitation, and frowned, "Why me?"

Alston looked up and glanced at her with cold eyes. "It's clearly on the invitation. Buck invited us to attend.

the banquet as a couple. Who else could it be if not you?"

"I haven't attended many banquets and I'm afraid of getting you into trouble!"

Although she grew up in the Miller family, she was just an illegitimate daughter in the eyes of the Miller family: Beck never took her to any banquet. She was afraid that she would offend the wrong people if she had

no idea what to do.

Cynthia, holding the invitation, looked down at her toes at a loss.

Suddenly reaching out to touch her hair, Alston rubbed her hair hard for a moment. The feel of her silky hair under his palm made him flutter.

"Nobody dares to trouble you with me by your side. You should try not to get out of my sight after the party.

starts."

His tone was domineering and gentle. Cynthia subconsciously looked up, only to find that he had walked

away with a tall and dashing back.

Cynthia was a little confused and thought, "I really don't get Alston. Sometimes he is as cold as ice, and

sometimes he is very gentle. Why does he have to be like this?"

In the evening, Cynthia made a reservation at the restaurant opposite the hospital, called Helen and asked

her to have dinner together.

Dylan and Cynthia

saw Helen rushing in after they waited in the restaurant at the appointed time for half an

hour

“Sorry, I’m late!”

Cynthia hurriedly pulled Helen over to take a sit. However, Cynthia suddenly heard Helen gasping in pain when she just touched her wrist.

Cynthia was stunned, and hurriedly let go of her wrist. “What’s the matter? Am I pulling too hard?”

Helen smiled and shook her head, “I’m fine!”

She looked very pale and they could tell that she was obviously lying. Cynthia frowned and lifted her sleeve

directly. The next second, Cynthia saw bruises all over her wrists, and asked in a cold voice, “What’s going

on? Who did this?”

## **Chapter 42 You Like Cynthia!**

Dylan also noticed the scar on Helen’s wrist and became sullen. “Did someone bully you in the hospital?”

Helen wanted to shake her head. Cynthia looked at her seriously. “You are a doctor. I’m afraid you can’t even hold the scalpel anymore if your wrist were more seriously injured. How could you still be fine? We are best friends. I am worried about you. I hope you can tell me the truth.”

Helen pursed her lips and blinked her eyes. “Last time, the vice president plotted against you with Ivan. After that, the Smith family bought shares in the hospital, and the vice president had to resign... Some of my colleagues were students of his, and they have a good relationship... so...”

“They dare not get back at me because I have the Smith Group behind me, so they elbow out and bully you

behind my back?”

Seeing her hesitation, Cynthia finished her words coldly with anger, “They can come at me if they feel aggrieved. How can they bully you? Who hurt you today, I’ll teach him a lesson!”

She stood up full of anger directly after saying that, rolling up her sleeves as if she was trying to beat

someone up.

Helen quickly stopped her, smiled, and soothed. "Just let it go. You are not a match for them!"

"How could you just let it go?" Cynthia stared at the bruise on her wrist, and said, "Did you suffer for nothing?"

Helen smiled but there was coldness all over her face. "I was in a hurry to meet you guys, so I got hurt. accidentally. You know what kind of person I am. They could not bully me at all. I will find an opportunity to

retaliate in the future!"

When the food was served, Helen held her shoulder and made her sit down. Helen filled her plate with her favorite foods. After watching her eat that obediently, Helen said, "By the way, I met your director when I came out. She wanted me to ask you when you will start work. There are quite a lot of patients in your department recently, and they were short-handed."

Cynthia swallowed the food in her mouth and replied, "My mother

is much better now. I guess I can go to

work tomorrow. I will tell her later."

They chatted a while and then Helen looked at Dylan.

He was tall with an aloof vibe. He had a straight nose, but his mouth was so pink that added a touch of

tenderness to him.

Helen smiled. Her unhappiness all disappeared. "It has been a long time since I met you last time."

"Yeah, it's been too long. I haven't seen you two for only a few years. However, when I came back, I found that Cynthia was even married." Dylan glanced at Cynthia without a trace, and his eyes showed a slight loss.

Cynthia looked down to eat and didn't notice his expression. But Helen saw that.

Helen smiled and thought, "I didn't expect Dylan would still like Cynthia after all these years."

"Cynthia is beautiful, gentle, and kind. Although she looks delicate, she is a strong girl. Who wouldn't like

her?"

Cynthia's cell phone rang suddenly when they were talking. She wiped her mouth, walked away, and

answered.

Dylan stared at her back, making people unable to see the emotions in his eyes.

Helen sipped her juice. "You like Cynthia!"

She said firmly.

Dylan turned to look at Helen, and he was not surprised. After all, He didn't hide his feelings about Cynthia.

It's not surprising that Helen could know that.

Dylan thought, "It's a pity that others can see it clearly, but Cynthia didn't realize it at all. She could only see Alston in her eyes."

Helen continued, "You should take the initiative to express your feelings boldly if you like her. What if she has the same feeling for you? And you could never have that chance if you always silently watch her."

Dylan frowned and smiled forlornly. "Confession? She's married, and she's married her Mr. right. I lost the

chance to win her heart a long time ago."

"I doubt that. I think you still have chances," Helen smiled and said meaningfully, "Cynthia values Alston too

much. In this relationship, she becomes low self-esteem while Alston is too conceited. Their marriage won't

last too long if neither of them makes changes."

"I have more confidence about you than Alston!"

Dylan looked up, and his eyes looked a little brighter. "Thank you!"

Helen casually asked when Cynthia came back, "What took you so long? Whose call?"

Im going to attend Buck's 50th birthday with Alston in a few days. Greg sent me some information about the company's partners. I have to get familiar with that these days. I'm really afraid I'll be ashamed at the banquet."

Cynthia showed some distress, took Helen's arm, and leaned on her shoulder. "I guess there are many people

waiting to laugh at me at this banquet. I am under great pressure now."

"What are you afraid of? Just follow Alston all the time. No one dares to mess with you in front of him," Helen

said casually.

Cynthia nodded. "That's what he said. There are only a few days left. I don't want to be distracted. I will have my way when the time comes."

They chatted for a while. Helen and Cynthia left first after dinner, Dylan was still there and made a phone call after they walked away.

"This is Dylan..."

The next day, Helen came to work in the hospital. Cynthia rushed over and took her to the bulletin board after

she walked into the hall. "Helen, look! Those who bullied you have been punished."

Helen looked at Cynthia's excited look, frowned, and felt confused.

She glanced over in the direction of Cynthia's finger and there was a notice on the bulletin board.

Two doctors from the neurosurgery department were deployed away from the central hospital for failing to perform virtuously.

Those two people were the ones who hurt Helen yesterday!

“You asked the Smith family to do that?” Helen looked at Cynthia.

Cynthia also had no clue. “I originally wanted to let Greg solve it today. But I saw the note when I came

here.”

“Only the three of us knew about that, so it must be Dylan who did that.”

Helen thought and looked down with her long eyelashes, which covered all the emotions in her eyes.

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## Chapter 44 Stunning Girl

Buck attached great importance to his birthday party, so he booked the largest hotel in Fort. The first-floor hall was used as a banquet hall. Dozens of floors upstairs were all used for guests to rest, which cost him a lot.

Many limos were parked outside the hotel before the banquet started.

Ivan and Clare arrived very early. As soon as Clare arrived, he went ahead to meet his business partners.

Ivan stood in the corner with a glass of red wine. He had a distinguished family. If it weren't for his poor reputation, there would surely be many people around to talk with him at the moment.

He glanced at the banquet hall but didn't see Alston and Cynthia. He sneered and thought,

"Buck is an old-fashioned man who hates people being late. If Alston dares to be late for this birthday party, it will definitely make Buck dissatisfied. It will be easier for me to take control of the Smith Group as long as Buck completely rejects him."

There were only five minutes left before the banquet began. There were more and more people in the banquet hall. However, Alston and Cynthia had not shown up.

Ivan smiled with satisfaction. He saw that Buck had walked on the second-floor stairs, ready to announce the start of the banquet.

Holding a glass of wine, he just took a step forward when he suddenly heard a sound at the door.

Ivan turned to look and saw that they had arrived at the door. He was so angry that he almost crushed the glass in his hand.

Alston and Cynthia arrived on time!

Alston was tall and handsome, so he could easily attract others' attention, and the woman holding his arm was even more stunning.

Not to mention her exquisite appearance, the most striking thing was her purple dress.

That kind of purple was not a simple purple. There were five layers of fabrics made of different materials and each layer was a different purple. Layers of purple were piled up to produce a fantastic purple.

The hemline was covered with Swarovski crystals, hand-inlaid, with a total of 1,000 pieces.

She looked like a floating purple cloud when she walked, with a stunning appearance. She was like coming out of an oil painting.

They instantly attracted everyone's attention. There was a smile on his stuffy face when Buck saw them.

Others might think that he was unfamiliar with Alston. In fact, Alston's father was his best friend. Alston had

known him since Alston was a young boy.

He specifically asked Alston to bring Cynthia along.

Buck wouldn't feel angry for they stole his thunder when they made a high-profile appearance. Buck had a

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sense of satisfaction as if his son came back with his daughter-in-law.

Cynthia faced so many people for the first time. Her hand was shaking slightly. Suddenly, a big hand held her

little hand tightly.

Cynthia flushed and looked up at Alston, only to find that he looked ahead.

He had a lower body temperature and his hand was cold, but it gave her infinite warmth.

Cynthia gradually rested assured. All her panic disappeared. She smiled while following his pace.

Buck also greeted them at that moment and looked kindly at Alston. "Why did you come here now?"

"I had some emergency on the way just now." Alston smiled slightly. "Fortunately, we arrived in time."

Clare approached Ivan with a sulky face and lowered his voice. "Didn't you say you had a way to make them.

late?"

Ivan didn't answer, and his eyes were red with anger when he looked at them talking happily.

He called and scolded Hulda. Hulda said with a panicked voice on the phone,

"I swear, I really had Cynthia's dress completely destroyed. I didn't think they would have another dress. And just in case, I had to do something on Alston's car and his car would definitely stall halfway. How could they

arrive on time."

Ivan listened, looked up, and found that Alston looked at him with malicious eyes. Ivan subconsciously shook

and suddenly hung up the phone.

Alston saw that, sneered, and looked away.

Alston had a premonition that there would definitely be other troubles later after Cynthia's dress was ruined. He exchanged cars with Kevin, so he made it all the way here smoothly..

He received a phone call from Kevin when he walked in. Kevin said, "Your car suddenly stalled. You would definitely be late today if you hadn't driven my car."

Alston knew that Buck wouldn't be mad at him for that. Alston would remember that all, and he would take

double revenge on Ivan later.

Buck had a brief talk with Cynthia and had a good first impression of her. Cynthia's family was not very wealthy, but she wasn't vain. She was humble and polite while speaking, and Buck was very satisfied with.

her.

She didn't leave Alston even when he accidentally became a vegetable. She still took good care of him when

he woke up with a disease in his legs. Compared with that, her background was not important at all.

It was time for Buck to announce the start of the banquet after they chatted for a while. Alston and Cynthia walked backward. They knew it was Buck's birthday banquet.

At that time, the banquet hall was full of excitement, and people gathered in twos and threes to talk.

Alston was the most distinguished man there. Countless people would come up to talk with him when he

stood there.

Cynthia only needed to stand next to him, nod, and smile. Alston would introduce her to others.

For a time, all the guests who came there knew that the beautiful woman in that stunning purple dress was the mysterious Mrs. Smith.

Lucien was also at the banquet. He went to greet them when he saw them. He was wearing a light gray suit, and he looked much more sedate than usual. But he showed his personality whenever he spoke.

He walked several times around Cynthia, constantly praising her beauty, and didn't even care about Alston's

threatening gaze.

Cynthia flushed. After seeing him at the banquet, she felt relaxed.

The Miller family was also invited to this banquet.

When they were greeting guests, Cherry stood in an inconspicuous corner, and she was envious.

Knowing that Cynthia would attend, she deliberately came to witness her embarrassment, but now she was

the one who was embarrassed!

She also wore a purple dress, which she thought was elegant and beautiful. However, after seeing Cynthia's

dress, she felt that she was like a clown.

Cherry could accept that only if that woman was someone else, as long as not Cynthia. She thought she was nobler than Cynthia for more than ten years. That made Cherry, who had always been proud, uncomfortable.

“I want to change my dress. Do you have a spare evening dress?” Cherry took Jane’s arm and stared at Cynthia, gnashing her teeth.

Miller Group had gone through a lot recently. Jane greeted others with Beck. She wanted to win people over for Miller Group, so she had no time to take care of Cherry.

She glanced at Cherry menacingly and whispered, “You’d better behave yourself today, and don’t cause trouble for your father and me. Last time, Alston suppressed our company many times because of you. If anything happens to Miller Group again, I will definitely not spare you.”

Then she followed Beck and walked towards Buck.

After being taught a lesson, Cherry stamped her feet angrily and looked at Cynthia. She rolled her eyes, and

suddenly had an idea.

In addition to making contacts and negotiating business, the most important activity of the banquet was to let the younger ones show their talents and let them know each other.

They showed their talents one after another to celebrate Buck’s birthday..

The hall was very lively. Cynthia and Alston were watching them perform with relish. The girl on the stage had just finished a dance, and a woman in a purple evening dress came onto the stage.

After seeing her, Cynthia was slightly stunned.

Cynthia thought, “Is it Cherry?!”

“Why is she on stage?”

Although Jane found many tutors for her since she was a child, Cherry had no patience for anything. She changed one hobby after another and never learned anything..

Cynthia thought, “She is so proud. How could she show her shortcomings on the stage?”



Just as Cynthia was puzzled, Cherry suddenly looked at her and smiled.

Cynthia suddenly had a bad feeling.

## Chapter 45 Embarrassed

“Hello everyone, I’m Cherry of Miller Group! Today is Buck’s 50th birthday. I wish Buck always young and happy. I’m not talented, so I will not perform today.”

At the same time, Jane frowned, aware that she was going to do something, and hurriedly indicated to her to

let her stop.

Cherry saw her and deliberately looked away, clutching the microphone. She thought, “I will never let Cynthia

show off, and I must let Cynthia make a fool of herself in front of everyone.”

She said, “As is known to all, Alston has always been the golden boy. Since I was a child, I always think **only**

the most excellent woman can marry him. My sister Cynthia married him, and I always felt proud of her.”

She was raving about Cynthia.

All the people present looked over. Cynthia frowned and held Alston’s hand tightly. “I’m in trouble!”

Humans were strange animals. They couldn’t criticize themselves or praise others. If their mother had been

praising other children in their since childhood, they would hate that child after a long time.

This was still true for children, let alone adults with better self-awareness.

Cynthia was a new face in that circle. She snatched Alston from those women. Many young ladies present

were more or less jealous of her.

After being praised by Cherry, Cynthia obviously felt that many people looked at her with malice and

dissatisfaction in their eyes.

Cynthia felt more uneasy.

Cherry on the stage saw that and sneered. "Cynthia, I remember that you play the violin very well. Why don't you perform a song for Buck on the stage as a birthday present? I think Buck will be very happy."

In order to prevent her from refusing, Cherry deliberately used Buck as an excuse. If Cynthia dared to refuse,

she would offend Buck.

"Cherry is deliberately embarrassing you. Isn't she doing that on purpose!" Lucien exclaimed, worried about

Cynthia.

Cynthia finally understood and thought, "Just as I expected, Cherry tried her best to let me make a fool of

myself."

She took a deep breath and was just ready to go. Alston's hand suddenly tightened.

Cynthia looked up in surprise and saw Alston's worried look. He looked into her eyes and said, "I'll help you

refuse if you don't want to go."

Alston investigated her before and knew that Cynthia couldn't play the violin at all. Although he had no way to find out what happened before her twelve, after she went to the Miller family, Jane never cared for her.

How could she learn the violin?

Meanwhile, Beck and Jane were concerned for Cherry, not Cynthia!

They knew Cynthia better than anyone else. Although both of them were happy to see her and Alston make a

fool of themselves, it was not a suitable time.

Cherry publicly admitted that Cynthia was her sister. Cherry would be the most affected one, once Cynthia

made a fool of herself.

At that time, everyone would think, "Her sister is so lame. How could she be any

They were very worried.

better?"

The atmosphere in the hall was slightly dull. Cherry felt even more proud when she saw Cynthia's look. "It

seems that my sister is still too shy. Let's give her some applause."

As soon as she said that, Ivan and Clare took the lead in clapping their hands, and they said together, "Mrs. '

Smith must be the best."

Applause rang out in the hall, which obviously made Cynthia in a pickle.

Hearing that, Alston was even more gloomy, and she wished to cut Cherry, Ivan, and Clare to pieces.

Cynthia also looked a little pale, trying to keep herself calm. She patted Alston's arm and whispered, "Don't

worry. I can handle it. I won't embarrass you."

She directly went to the stage, and Alston didn't have time to pull her back.

She was so lonely and stubborn, which made him feel distressed.

Cherry was ready to leave when she saw Cynthia on the stage. Walking by her, Cherry gave her a hateful look,

"Cynthia, wait to be got bored by Alston!"

Cynthia walked past her directly, and her indifferent attitude made Cherry even angrier.

As soon as Cherry stepped off the stage, she was violently dragged by Jane. Her face was livid, and she said, "You are too impatient. What good is it for you even if you can embarrass Cynthia? You can't do that at this

time."

Cherry looked at Cynthia with burning eyes and turned a deaf ear to Jane's words. "I won't let Cynthia feel any

better even if I need to make myself embarrassed. I can't stand Cynthia's better life than mine. However, **It's**

absolutely impossible for me to look up to her."

Buck asked someone to present the violin, and Cynthia took it. Her delicate fingers gently stroked the piano,

as if she had seen an old friend whom she hadn't seen for a long time.

This violin was made of excellent material. It was very beautiful. The strings were slightly plucked, and the

timbre was excellent.

Cynthia trembled slightly.

When Cynthia fiddled with the violin on the stage, Ivan sniffed coldly. He felt that she was putting on airs in

an attempt to delay time.

He assumed that Cynthia would definitely make a fool of herself. He turned to talk to Claire and pointed at

her with a smile.

Cynthia took a deep breath, put the violin on her shoulder, closed her eyes slightly, and devoted herself

wholeheartedly.

People who knew about the violin at the scene stopped talking. They could tell Cynthia was professional. They thought, "I'm afraid Mrs. Smith is actually very good at playing the violin."

After people became quiet, Cynthia played slightly, and a string of smooth violin sounds appeared.

Cherry's smile froze on her face, her eyes full of disbelief.

She thought, "How is it possible? How can Cynthia play the violin? She couldn't learn that temporarily. She can really play the violin."

What she played was Lark Quarter which was very unique, with a cheerful and strong rhythm. Buck nodded repeatedly.

The bow danced on the strings, and the notes seemed to have life.

Alston looked at her. Everyone present seemed to have disappeared. He could only see the girl in a beautiful evening dress on the stage, and his heart was beating violently with her movements.

He held his chest and his heart beating violently. Alston felt that he was destined to fall for Cynthia in this life. He could only indulge in it and never escape.

The hall was quiet for a few seconds at the end of the song, and the applause rang like a thundering. The applause was all sincere approval.

Cynthia opened her eyes and her face was full of excitement.

Her performance was successful!

Cherry and Ivan were very angry.

They really didn't expect that Cynthia would play the violin. Cherry's trick created Cynthia a chance to show

off again.

Cynthia reluctantly returned the violin, ready to leave, and found that Alston had stood at the stairs and held

out his hand to her, "Come here."

She smiled, and he held her hand tightly as soon as she touched his hand.

"I didn't embarrass you!" Cynthia blinked and relaxed a lot.

She hadn't played the violin for many years, and she was always worried that she would make a mistake before performing. But that familiar feeling came back as soon as she got the violin, and the music was in

her mind.

Fortunately, the performance was successful.

"You have always been excellent!" Alston was silent for a few seconds and whispered.

Unfortunately, Cynthia was immersed in joy and didn't hear that.

Buck came over and praised Cynthia, then said to Alston, "Come with me to the second floor. I have

something for you."

He paused and added, "It's your father's legacy."

Alston's face suddenly became serious, and he glanced at Cynthia hesitantly.

Cynthia understood, she let go of his hand and smiled slightly, "Off you go. I'll wait for you here."

"Don't leave until I come back for you," Alston told her and followed Buck to the second floor.

People had less attention to her after the two left, and she suddenly relaxed.

She had been busy since that morning. She only had a bowl of gruel for breakfast and didn't have time for

lunch. Now she suddenly relaxed and felt very hungry.

The banquet was a buffet. Cynthia wanted to find something to eat. She picked a small cake and sat in a corner.

Suddenly, there were three figures standing before her as she was ready to eat.

It was the Miller family.

She put down the small fork in her hand.

"What do you want?"

She thought, "They were obviously furious at me!"

Chapter 46 Mrs. Smith

"Cynthia, don't you have any manners!"

Seeing her indifferent look, Cherry finally lost her temper, and she shouted, "You are just a substitute, and you will be abandoned by Alston at any time. How dare you humiliate us rather than be low-key and behave

yourself? The Miller family will never take you in when you are abandoned.”

Their words made her turn pale in pain..

She clenched

her fingers tightly, controlled her expression, and patted away Cherry's finger, “Didn't your mother teach you not to point at others?”

She stood up, and the hand-inlaid Swarovski crystal shone finely, which made Cherry feel jealous.

“Isn't it pretty!” Seeing the jealousy in her eyes, Cynthia slightly raised the first layer of tulle. “Originally, my dress was not this one... After that dress was destroyed, Alston bought it from Kevin, a treasure of Kevin,

worth tens of millions!”

Beck couldn't hold back his anger anymore when he heard that. He thought, “The Miller family is short of

money now. We even have to beg everyone to invest. However, her dress is worth tens of millions!”

Listening to her ostentation, Cherry was envious with red eyes, “So what, what are you proud of? It's only tens

of millions.”

“Will the Miller family be willing to use tens of millions of dollars to make a dress for you?”

Her question made Cherry speechless.

Jane had to beg others

to make the dress for Cherry, and it only took over a hundred thousand or so.

“Alston bought it for me immediately.” Cynthia smiled innocently. “He loves me so much. Do you think he will

abandon me?”

Cherry took a

few steps back slightly, and she was in a panic. She thought, “It's impossible!”

Everyone said that Alston had a deep affection for Hulda. Everyone thought that he was using Cynthia so he would bring her along at that time. Cherry also thought that way.

Thinking about that, she said in disbelief, "You... you lie. Tens of millions are nothing to Alston at all. He didn't want you to embarrass him... so he bought you this dress!"

"If you think so, then be it!" Cynthia shrugged slightly.

Jane watched her daughter lose ground in front of Cynthia. Her eyes were full of gloom. She gave a fake

smile and pretended to be gentle. "I didn't know that you played the violin so well. When did you learn that?

You were so modest."

Jane can hold back her anger than Cherry, and she asked in a meek way.

It looked like she praised Cynthia, but actually insinuated that she was scheming.

Cynthia never played the violin in the Miller family, so Jane certainly didn't know.

Except for her mother, no one ever knew that her favorite instrument was the violin.

Before she was twelve, she had been studying violin with Lynn.

Cynthia knew from an early age that her mother was different from others' mothers. She had an elegant temperament and could arrange flowers, play the violin, and play the piano. She could do all the things that the rich and powerful ladies could do.

Lynn never told anyone where her home was, and Cynthia never asked..

Thinking of that, Cynthia slightly smiled. "I have lived with you for so many years, but you didn't find my hobbies. After all, I'm not your biological child, so it's normal that you do not care too much about me."

Jane's facial expression changed, and people around her who heard these words all felt stunned.

Stepmother was often a sensitive word!

She smiled awkwardly. "Nonsense. You are too introverted. You should tell me what you like before. How

could I treat you badly?"

"My mother is with me now. So don't bother!"

Cynthia looked down to pat her dress and didn't want to see her hypocritical face at all.



Jane found many tutors for Cherry, among whom was a violin tutor.

Cherry didn't like the violin and never learned seriously. Cynthia hid in the corner, learning eagerly. She recorded every fingering point, and went back to her bedroom in the storage room. She imagined herself holding the violin, practicing with her fingers in the air over and over again.

The Miller family members didn't know that!

The tutor, Jane found for Cherry, taught Cherry nothing, but taught Cynthia everything!

"Is your mother okay?" Beck suddenly asked.

All three women present were annoyed when he asked that.

Jane was livid, constantly staring at Beck. Lynn was a taboo to her. She didn't want to hear that name from

Beck.

Cherry had been taught by Jane that Lynn was a bad woman who destroyed their family, so she instinctively

hated Lynn.

Cynthia hated Beck to the guts when she thought that Lynn had been locked up by Beck for so many years, and Lynn became so ill that she even needed a new kidney.

"You have no right to interfere with my mother's affairs!"

Cynthia's eyes were full of anger. The way she looked at Beck's eyes was not like looking at her father, but like looking at her enemy.

Beck also got angry and snapped, "No matter what, I'm still your father. I raised you up. How dare you look at

me like this?"

"You are not worthy to be my father!" Cynthia sneered. "You are a love rat who only cheated. You separated my mother and me for ten years. I would rather not be your daughter. I feel sick to think that I am your

daughter."

"You!" Beck pointed at her, his fingers trembling, apparently being angry.

Seeing her talking to Beck like that, Cherry walked forward. "Cynthia, why are you talking to your father like this? Alston can't protect you forever! Without Alston, you are nothing, and you can't even get into the door of

this banquet. Why are you still so arrogant!"

Cynthia sneered. "But I know he loves me and won't leave me. I don't have to care whether you are irritated or

not!"

Cherry was trembling with anger, but she couldn't say anything against that.

They had made a fuss, and the guests began to look at them. All three of them felt that they could not

continue, so they left in a huff.

Cynthia sat down slowly and continued to enjoy the exquisite cupcakes. Although they spoiled her appetite,

the cupcakes at the banquet were really delicious.

After filling her stomach, she got up and prepared to wait for Alston at the place where she had just stayed with Alston. As soon as she stood up, suddenly a woman came up with wine. The two of them accidentally bumped into each other, and the wine in the woman's hand spilled out.

The spilled wine just dripped on Cynthia's dreamy purple dress.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith, I didn't mean to. I'm really sorry!" The woman hurriedly wiped the place where the wine was spilled with a paper towel and kept apologizing full of anxiety.

Cynthia frowned and felt very distressed. Cynthia hurriedly said, "It doesn't matter. You didn't mean it either. I'll go to the washroom to deal with it."

The woman gratefully watched her leave. Cynthia just walked away, and the smile on her face also disappeared. She turned around and made a gesture to Ivan.

Ivan gently nodded with a cold smile.

+

It was far from the banquet hall to the washroom, and she needed to go through a long corridor. Cynthia carefully scrubbed the dirty spot, dried it with a hair dryer, and looked at the clean dress, which made her feel.

relieved.

She carefully left the washroom. Someone stopped in front of her when she walked to the corridor.

Cynthia frowned and looked up, and saw Dave blocking her way. Dave was wasted, staring at her with a

smile. "Who are you? You are so beautiful. I've never seen you before!"

"Out of the way, please!" Cynthia said in a cold tone. She thought that no one would dare to mess around at Buck's party.

But she underestimated a drunker, who had no sense at all.

Dave came forward to catch her arm directly. Her skin was softer because she had skincare before coming to the banquet. Dave caught her tightly with a lewd smile.

"Your skin is really good. It's better than those of the women I've dated. It's tender and fine. I won't let you go!"

Cynthia felt disgusted, desperately trying to withdraw her arm from his hands. "Let go of me. I'm Alston's wife, Mrs. Smith, Alston won't let you go if you dare to do something to me!"

The Smith family was also the giant. Alston was extraordinary, and *no* one dared to mess up with him.

She thought Dave would let go after he heard that, but she didn't expect Dave to snort coldly. "B\*llsh\*t. Do you

think I have never seen Mrs. Smith before?"

"She doesn't look like you at all!"

## **Chapter 47 Evildoing**

Hearing that, Cynthia looked up in astonishment and thought, "What is he talking about? Who else can be

Mrs. Smith except me?"

Dave walked forward. "Yes, you and Mrs. Smith really look alike. If I hadn't seen Alston and his wife before, I would have been really fooled by you!"

"Nonsense, I am Alston's only wife!" Cynthia retorted.

"You're really beautiful. Mrs. Smith doesn't look as young and pure as you. But you should stop dreaming.

Alston is very kind to his wife. He won't like you no matter how beautiful you are."

Cynthia suddenly realized after he said that. She thought, "He must have seen Alston staying with Hulda, and

mistakenly thought that Hulda is Mrs. Smith, and thought that I am an impostor."

She was sad and angry. She lifted her foot and kicked it severely on Dave's leg. "Open your eyes to see clearly.

I am Mrs. Smith!"

Dave was in pain. His eyes were full of anger. He said with a sneer, "Yo, you got a little fight in you. I like it

very much. Forget Alston. He's out of your league. You'd better be smart and be my woman. The Clinton

family is rich. I can fulfill you with whatever you want!"

"Anything?" Cynthia asked.

Dave thought she was tempted so he nodded.

"I want... you die!" Cynthia sneered and pushed him away directly. "Do you think I really want your stink

money? I will never accept you no matter how much money you have!"

She turned to leave after saying that.

He was Dave Clinton of the Clinton family. Although he had no family inheritance right, his name was

well-known among women.

He knew every daughter of a wealthy family which was richer than the Clinton family. This was the first time. he had

seen Cynthia at that banquet. He thought she was the daughter of some small family and didn't take her seriously at all. He would accost women whenever he saw gorgeous. That was the first time someone

refused him.

He thought, "As Ivan said, she was the tough one. I must play rough."

Dave strode forward, grabbed her waist directly, and stepped one foot on her dress to stop her from leaving.

Cynthia was so angry looking at the black footprint on her light purple dress. A small water stain had made

her sad for a long time. Dave actually stepped on her dress directly.

"F\*ck off. How dare you step on my dress!" Cynthia raised her high-heeled shoes and stepped on Dave's foot with the sharp heel. Dave cried in pain, dragging her into the bushes next to her.

"B\*tch, I should teach you a lesson. I'm not a pushover!" Dave sneered with a grim expression,

Cynthia hurriedly shouted for help and hit his waist with her elbow. They were a little far from the banquet

hall, but she saw someone come out of the banquet hall.

Dave used more strength, trying to drag her away directly. Alston rushed over there when she struggled.

Seeing someone come over, Cynthia felt relaxed slightly and glared at Dave. "Let me go. If Buck knows that you are messing around at his party, he will never let you go! Aren't you afraid of bringing trouble to the

Clinton family?"

Although Dave was also worried, he was not afraid. He thought, "The Clinton family is not as powerful as the

Smith family, it is much more powerful than the other small family. I have done so many bad things since I

was a child, and my father could settle it for me every time. What's more, I just bully the daughter of an

unknown small family.”

He said, “I’m afraid of nothing. I have done a lot of bad things since I was a child, and I still live a happy life

now. I wouldn’t lose anything if I make a big scene here. I’ll say you seduce me when the time comes. I’ll be interested to see who will want you when your reputation is ruined ...”

Suddenly a powerful fist punched directly at Dave while he was talking happily.

Dave didn’t guard against that and was directly knocked down to the ground. He fell on the ground and spit

out one mouthful of blood, together with several teeth.

He was also a little overwhelmed, and touched his lips in disbelief. The tingling suddenly pulled his mind

back, and he realized that he had been beaten!

“What the f\*ck, who dare to hit me...”

Dave stood up from the ground and spat one mouthful of blood foam. He turned around and saw Alston’s deep and cold eyes. He couldn’t speak. He just subconsciously quivered.

He suddenly sobered up.

“Alston!”

He didn’t expect the person who beat him to be Alston!

Alston protected Cynthia while glaring at him with his cold eyes. If his gaze could cause harm, Dave would

have been killed by him.

“She... she... she... she not only pretends to be your wife but also slanders your wife!”

Dave pointed at Cynthia and stammered.

Cynthia couldn’t help sneering. She thought, “What a phony! How dare he make everything up?”

She said, “Yes, I pretended to be myself and slandered myself!”

Cynthia felt Alston's serious gaze while saying that, so she shut up and stood behind him.

Alston knew little about Dave. His only impression of him was that he and Ivan were both famous toffs in

Fort, and they often hang out together.

Alston thought, "Ivan and Cynthia had been at odds, and Dave is Ivan's friend. Isn't that a coincidence?"

Alston's eyes narrowed slightly, and he could guarantee that Ivan had something to do with that!

"Everyone at the banquet knows that she is my wife. Why do you say she is an impostor?"

Alston said in a deep voice, looking at Dave with scrutiny.

Dave suddenly panicked when Alston said that. His forehead was covered with cold sweat and his legs were

weak.

Dave thought, "I didn't expect she to be Alston's wife, Mrs. Smith!"

"How is that possible?"

Dave said, "I mistook her for someone else... I was late for the party today. I really didn't know she was your wife. I would never have done such a thing if I had known!"

When Cynthia heard that, she popped her head out behind Alston. "I said it as soon as I saw him. I said I was

Alston's wife, and I said it many times! He didn't take it seriously and insisted on bullying me!"

"I... I am sorry!" Feeling that

Alston became even more horrible, Dave was almost crying.

Alston ignored his excuse and asked directly, "Do you know where that corridor leads?"

Dave paused and shook his head. He only knew that it was far from the banquet hall, and it was not easy to

be found doing bad things.

"This corridor can only lead to the washroom. If you are not going here, then who told you to come here!"

Being reminded by Alston, he instantly understood and hurriedly shouted, "It's Ivan..."

Dave thought, "Ivan suddenly came to me when I have been drinking in the corner. He said there is a hot

chick."

"We often hang out together, and Ivan knows my type."

"What I liked were nothing more than wine and beauty. The beauty Ivan described to me completely suited my

liking."

"I didn't think much at that time, so I just went there. Now thinking carefully, I am sure that Ivan had set me

up."

Dave gritted his teeth. He just suddenly remembered, "Ivan and Alston have always been at odds. I was taken

advantage of by Ivan, d\*mn it!"

"Since Ivan dares to use me, I must also make him suffer."

Dave looked up at Alston. "That is my fault. I was drunk and being set up by Ivan. I misunderstood Mrs. Smith. I am such a j\*rk..."

He gritted his teeth and slapped him in the face two times. He felt a burning pain. But compared with Alston's

censure, that little pain was nothing to him at all.

Seeing him doing that, Cynthia was somewhat impressed and thought, "Although Dave is a stubborn j\*rk, he is really resilient. No wonder he had never brought himself and the Clinton family into any big trouble."

Dave said, "I'm just too wasted and act like a j\*rk. Ivan knows that she is Mrs. Smith, but he still induced me. He is the one who should be punished..."

Dave suddenly heard an angry male voice behind him.



“Dave, don’t play dirty!”

## Chapter 48 Video

Dave looked back and saw Ivan and Clare approaching with a group of people.

Dave thought, “I know what Ivan wants to do!”

“He deliberately tricked me into bullying Mrs. Smith, and then he came here with his people. It could ruin Mrs. Smith’s reputation and all the blame would be put on me. Ivan is so scheming!”

Dave became sullen. “To be honest, I’m really a j\*rk. But I don’t care whether others look down on me, or scold me for being a toff. I only hate it when others use me like a fool.”

“I always hang out with Ivan and even take him as a friend!”

“Are you okay!” Lucien saw that Cynthia’s dress was messy with a big dirty footprint. He knew she must have met something bad, so he hurriedly asked.

Cynthia was so pale that she shook her head and forced a smile. “I’m fine. Fortunately, Alston came in time!”

Ivan and Dave confronted each other holding different opinions.

Ivan had always had a natural fear of Alston ever since his hand was broken by Alston last time. His right

hand would be a piercing pain even when he saw Alston.

Ivan said, “Dave is lying. I didn’t let him come here at all. I... I just saw him get drunk and stagger towards here. I was fearing that he would bump into Mrs. Smith, so I came here too. I didn’t expect to hear his

slanderous words as soon as I came!”

Ivan showed a defiant expression on his face as if he was very disappointed in Dave.

Dave had really an unutterable agony. He thought, “Ivan and I know the truth exactly. But I have no evidence. Now, Ivan is confusing right and wrong, b\*stard.”

“Oh, that’s weird!”

When Ivan was complacent and thought he could muddle through, Lucien suddenly asked,

“How long did it take from your meeting with Dave to Ivan’s showing up?”

Cynthia was clear and frowned. “It’s almost ten minutes!”

“Oh, I see!” Lucien deliberately let out a sigh. “Ivan, since you saw Dave staggered over here, why will you. come here until now? Why do you bring so many people with you!”

“... I... I’m afraid I can’t control Dave by myself...” Ivan didn’t expect Lucien to ask those questions. At that time, he didn’t know how to explain, so he faltered and dodged his eyes.

Clare spoke at that time. His expression was gentle, but he looked at Alston with a hint of threatening, “Today is Buck’s 50th birthday. It would be bad if things get too complicated. Besides, isn’t Cynthia still safe?

Dave has also been taught a lesson. I think we can stop here!”

He pointed at the palm print on Dave’s face, acting like a peacemaker.

Alston snorted and thought, “He is still so smarmy.”

“He had been pretending before, and I almost fooled by him in the past. If it weren’t for that accident and I was in a coma for four months, I wouldn’t find out that he had been doing little tricks behind his back. He has organized his own power for so many years. Now he doesn’t hide it anymore because he thinks that he had

power now.”

Alston said, “I’m afraid this won’t work!” Alston directly rejected Clare’s suggestion and looked indifferent.

“Since Dave and Ivan hold different opinions, didn’t you acquiesce that Dave did it if you want us to forget it!”

As he spoke, Alston glanced at Old Mr. Clinton. Alston continued after seeing him nod, “Ivan is your son. If

you want to leave it alone today, there will be rumors that your two are guilty tomorrow, which will have an impact on both your and your family’s reputation. So I think it’s better to investigate, and so does Old Mr.

Clinton!”

Old Mr. Clinton nodded as soon as Alston said that. “Although Dave is a toff, he should not lie about this.

matter. Dave, do you agree to the investigation?"

Dave was eager for that, nodding. "Of course, I am willing. I can guarantee that what I said is true. I wonder if

Ivan can promise."

Ivan became sullen instantly, and Clare's look didn't look very good either. Being looked at by so many people,

Ivan had to bite the bullet and nod.

Alston smiled, holding Cynthia's small hand tightly, with the power of appeasement.

Later, Alston turned to Buck and asked, "Is there any security camera in the banquet hall?"

Buck nodded. "Yes, there are security cameras in every corner. I'll take you to the monitoring room."

Alston raised his eyebrows slightly. "Let's see if Ivan has talked to Dave before he came here, and everything.

will be clear."

Ivan felt anxious after hearing that. He tugged at Clare's clothes and looked at him anxiously.

Clare

scolded him for being careless and cleared his throat. "This can't prove anything. As we all know, Ivan has a good relationship with Dave, and they often hang out. Isn't it normal for him to talk to Dave!"

"That's right, there's no need to check the security tapes. I can tell you right now that I did talk to Dave."

With his father's backing, Ivan held his head high, and his guilty look completely disappeared.

Buck frowned and looked at Alston. "The security camera in the hotel can't record."

Ivan was proud of himself and thought, "It would be fine even if it can record. I was whispering, and no one

could hear me except Dave himself."

Seeing that he could not prove his innocence, Dave was angry and anxious, so he went directly forward and

quarreled with him..

Cynthia suddenly thought of something and pulled Alston's finger, indicating that she had something to say.

Alston bent down slightly and asked, "What's wrong?"

Cynthia approached him and whispered in his ear, "It suddenly occurred to me that if Ivan wanted to carry out this plan, he would definitely try to attract me here."

Alston felt his auricle itch and seemed to burn.

"Before that, my dress was accidentally splashed with wine by a woman. You can check if that woman has

any contact with Ivan."

After Cynthia said that, she saw Alston staring at her, and she was stunned slightly.

She thought, "Did I say something wrong? Why does he look at me like this?"

Alston gently rubbed the back of her hand with his fingers, and his voice was low and gentle. "My smart little

creature!"

Cynthia's face suddenly turned red. She buried her head in his back.

Lucien watched that and felt that he had witnessed a public display of affection, and felt very sad.

He said enviously, "I am really sick of all those lovey-dovey!"

Alston glanced at him, and his eyes returned to indifference.

Dave and Ivan were quarreling, and they were about to fight. Alston spoke, "Take me to the monitoring room

first!"

His voice was not loud, but his coercion made both of them stop.

They went to the monitoring room.

At that time, the banquet couldn't go on anymore, after all, it was a matter of the Smith family and the Clinton family. Usually, they wouldn't see that. So everyone waited to see that drama and their faces were full of excitement.

Cherry stood in the crowd. She was originally eager to see Cynthia make a fool of herself. But she saw that drama and was very jealous. "Seriously? Cynthia was only being accosted by others."

Cherry thought, "I have attended so many banquets before, but I have never received such attention. This is the first time that Cynthia attended the banquet. How can she cause such a big sensation?"

Beck stared at those people in the monitoring room, and she had an idea.

Beck thought, "Everyone said that Alston doesn't like Cynthia, but I can tell that he likes her very much."

"It seems that I have to prepare a backup plan."

The hotel manager looked at so many big shots and broke out in a cold sweat. He orders the staff quickly

find out the surveillance video of that time.

As everyone thought, in the video, Ivan walked beside Dave who was drinking, and said a few words in his ear. Dave's eyes lit up, then he staggered out of the banquet hall, leaving in the direction of the cloister to the washroom.

Ivan said, "See, so what? It can't prove anything. That's it. Maybe he drank too much wine and wanted to go to the washroom."

Ivan shrugged with an innocent look.

Alston was furious when he saw his proud look.

He turned to the staff and said, "Playback."

The staff played back the video. Alston saw the scene when Cynthia's dress was splashed with wine. He paused the video, pointed at the woman with the glass, and said in a cold voice, "Check if this woman has

any contact with Ivan."

Ivan was sweating when he saw that scene.

Chapter 49 Slap Yourself

"I don't know her!"

Ivan screamed. He was in a panic because he didn't expect Alston to notice that woman.

He remembered Alston just went upstairs with Buck. How could Alston see that woman?

Ivan got shifty eyes but met Cynthia's blank stare, and he paused.

It must be Cynthia! It must be Cynthia who found it!

Damn it!

Intense hatred welled up in Ivan's eyes but disappeared for an instant. He prayed that he was not monitored

when talking with that woman.

But it didn't happen. Ivan and that woman were caught red-handed while talking, and their looks and actions

were clear.

"Is there anything else you want to say?" Alston looked at him coldly and said, "If you still want to quibble, I

will ask a lip linguist to come over."

Ivan lowered his head and couldn't say a word anymore

"Tell me how to solve this problem!" Alston turned to Clare.

Clare became the center of attention, and he felt so shameful. His face flushed, and he said, "Ivan is young.

Please forgive his impetuosity.”

“Uncle Clare!” Alston interrupted him relentlessly with a cold voice. “Cynthia is my wife, and she is younger than Ivan. Did he have any worries before humiliating Cynthia? If you don’t punish him, he will do the same vicious thing again and get us into trouble. I think it won’t be good for us.”

Alston’s words placed Clare in a dilemma. He couldn’t help frowning, and his face darkened. “What do you

want to do?” he asked.

Clare’s words were what Alston wanted him to say. Alston turned and pointed to the slapping print on Dave’s face. “Dave has slapped himself for expressing his apology. Since Ivan is the instigator...” he said.

Hearing what Alston said, Ivan got a bad feeling.

Then Alston’s cold voice rose.

“Ivan, slap yourself eight times, and we will count. After slapping, I will overlook your mistakes.”

Ivan suddenly raised his head, and his reddened eyes were filled with vicious hatred.

Alston once broke his hand when he attempted to assault Cynthia, but no one saw his mess because he was

in a box.

But this time, Alston let him slap himself, which was a true humiliation.

Clare was even angrier. He slammed the ornaments on the table to the ground, and his face flushed with anger. “Alston, you’d better think twice. Ivan is your cousin. How will he be perceived if he slaps himself in

front of others?”

Alston didn’t take Clare’s words seriously and laughed, “He didn’t regard Cynthia as his cousin’s wife. He didn’t respect me at all. Why should I give him respect? Moreover, Dave has slapped himself. Why can’t he?”

Dave quickly reacted when he heard it, “Yes, I have done. Ivan should slap himself too.”

Ivan and Clare truly realized they were in a dilemma.

Ivan lingered for a few minutes to slap himself. Alston impatiently looked at Ivan and Clare after he helped

Cynthia comb her hair.

“What are you waiting for? Don’t waste our time!”

Lucien also said, “Millions of dollars per minute. If you waste our time, can you afford the money?”

Ivan clenched his fist tightly, and he knew he had no choice. He gritted his teeth severely and slapped.

himself.

“One!”

As the slap sounded, Alston counted a number indifferently. “Are you too weak to slap harder?”

Hearing this, Clare almost rushed up but was stopped by Ivan.

He glanced at Alston and Cynthia viciously and continued to slap. Alston still counted casually.

In the end, Ivan was numb and dull. All his precious arrogance and cruelty has been slapped away, which

made him look unfathomable.

Cynthia frowned, and she felt Ivan’s strange emotions. She worried Ivan would go to extremes.

Alston didn’t care. After counting to “eight”, he let Ivan go.

Dave looked happy as if he had taken revenge. “I’m not lying. Ivan is the real b\*stard. From now on, he is my enemy. I will never be at the same party with him!”

Just then, there was a commotion from the crowd of onlookers.

The woman who soiled Cynthia’s dress was pushed out from the crowd. She didn’t expect she would be found

and quivered with fear.



"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It is Mr. Ivan. He told me he would be my boyfriend if I poured wine on Mrs. Smith's dress.

I.....\*

Seeing Alston's face darkened, the woman became more panicky.

She was just a daughter of a small family. If she could become Ivan's girlfriend, it would put her over the top, so she agreed to Ivan's promise without thinking.

But she didn't expect so much to happen later, and her deal with Ivan was exposed directly. She became the

only sacrificial lamb..

She looked up and saw Cynthia standing quietly behind Alston. Suddenly, her eyes lit up. She thought

Cynthia looked soft and good-tempered.

Alston loved Cynthia so much. If Cynthia forgave her, Alston would let go of her.

Thinking of this, she went up to Cynthia, almost kneeling on the ground, and held Cynthia's legs with her

arms.

Cynthia was startled and wanted to retreat. The woman strapped Cynthia's calves, and she couldn't move at

all.

The woman looked up, and her face was covered with tears, which screwed up her makeup and made her

look pitiful.

"Mrs. Smith, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I will never do such a stupid thing again. If my family knew about this, I would be kicked out of my home. You are a good person and will certainly forgive me, won't you?"

Cynthia sipped her lips and wrinkled her eyebrows. What did she mean? Moral coercion?

Seeing this, Cherry couldn't help gloating and saying, "Cynthia has always been kind, and she will certainly

forgive you. After all, you didn't mean to."

Then she was happier because what she wanted to do was embarrass Cynthia.

Now that so many people are watching, Cynthia would choose to forgive that woman if she wanted to give others a good impression. But Cynthia would be unhappy when she decided to overlook that woman.

Cherry felt satisfied because she thought it would be interesting to see Cynthia's embarrassment.

"Mrs. Smith, she looks so pitiful. Please forgive her."

"Mrs. Smith looks very kind and will not embarrass her!"

After Cherry's words, onlookers began to persuade Cynthia in succession.

Lucien's face fell.

The onlookers always pretended to be generous when they didn't encounter something terrible.

Just when everyone thought Cynthia would forgive that woman, she suddenly said, "You ruined

my

dress!"

Cynthia lowered her head, and others couldn't see her expression.

The woman paused and found she stepped on the dress again when she sprang at Cynthia.

There was another footprint on the gorgeous dress.

That woman was somehow more panicky. "I'm sorry."

"Can you clean up the dirty marks by saying sorry?" Cynthia raised her head and expressed the same

indifference as Alston.

"I'm sorry. I'm not a kind and generous person. I'm narrow-minded, and I don't want to forgive you!"

## Chapter 50 Why Are You So Mean?

No one spoke anymore, and Cherry's smile froze on her face.

Cherry didn't expect that Cynthia would not care about others' coercive comments and refused to forgive directly. Didn't she want to win the favor of others? Didn't she care about her reputation?

The woman also froze and looked up at Cynthia stupidly.

Cynthia laughed and looked down at that woman. "Can you remove your hands now?"

That woman felt a chill and subconsciously loosened her fingers.

Cynthia stepped back and stood beside Alston. "It's you do something wrong. It's my own business whether to forgive or not. You haven't been hurt like me, so why are you asking me to be generous and forgive the person who hurt me?"

Lucien nodded and replied, "Cynthia is right. You forced her to forgive this woman, so whether I can say you are her accomplice."

The onlookers kept silent and couldn't help blushing when they thought about what they had just done. They would never forgive the person who inflicted pain on them. They were not eligible to force Cynthia to forgive that woman.

Cherry felt annoyed that her plan of embarrassing Cynthia wasn't met.

Cynthia noticed Cherry's disappointed look and laughed.

It seemed that Cherry had forgotten her identity. She was no longer a poor illegitimate daughter. She was

Mrs. Smith and didn't need to care about others' feelings except for Alston.

The matter was settled. As the banquet host, Buck asked servants to lead the guests back to the hall.

Guests left in succession. Clare and Ivan were ashamed to stay and hurriedly left the monitor room.

Before leaving, Ivan glanced at Alston and Cynthia standing aside. His eyes were full of rage and viciousness,

which would make people frightened to face him.

Cynthia breathed a heavy sigh of relief and was ready to pull Alston away but found him standing still.

She looked at him confusedly and asked, "What's the matter?"

Alston looked down at her, and anger welled up in his eyes. "Did I tell you to stay where I was and wait for

me? Why don't you do as I told you?"

His dark eyes were unfathomable, and his face was gloomy and scary.

Cynthia subconsciously lowered her head and dodged his stare.

As soon as

Alston thought of Dave attempting to assault Cynthia, he couldn't help feeling angry and fearful.

If he came late or didn't find her, was she going to be dragged directly into the bushes by Dave and be

assaulted?

you

Thinking of this, Alston unconsciously got his voice colder and sterner. "Cynthia, didn't I tell before coming to the banquet that many people here try to get you into trouble? Can you not cause trouble?"

After a long time, he didn't see Cynthia have any reaction except lowering her head.

She clenched her hands and looked panicky.

Alston clamped her chin, forcing her to look up at him.

Cynthia's almond eyes were closed, her eyelashes trembled lightly, and tears ran out of her eyes. She bit her lower lip to prevent herself from crying, which left dark red teeth marks.

Alston's heart ached, full of mixed feelings.

"Don't cry!" He separated her lips and teeth with his fingers to stop her almost self-abuse behavior, and his thumb gently wiped her tears, but his rough thumb caused some red marks on her skin.

“Why are you so mean to me?” It took Cynthia a long time to sob out the words.

Alston lowered his head and apologized, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have been mean to you!”

Cynthia lifted her dress and left without replying.

Then wherever she went, Alston followed her with an upset look, as if he was the one who got the mean

treatment.

After the banquet, Cynthia asked him to take her directly to the hospital.

Before getting off, Cynthia glanced at Alston and said gently,

“This dress is the first gift you have given me since I met you. I don’t want to get it dirty.”

Alston’s hands holding the steering wheel tightened suddenly, and he stared at her back until there was an impatient whistle from the rear car. Only then did he react and drive out of the hospital.

Cynthia hid behind the hospital gate until she saw his car leave. Only then did she go up stairs and return to

her mother’s ward.

It was already dark, but her mother’s ward light was still on. Her mother stood at the ward door and looked at her gently as if welcoming her home.

“Mom, I’m back!” Cynthia ran over with a smile and snuggled in her mother’s arms. She finally got relaxed.

Only being with her mother could make her feel relaxed. Here, she didn’t need to calculate, guard, and pick.

words.

“Cynthia, sweetie, you’re beautiful today!” Lynn touched Cynthia’s hair, and her face was full of kindness.

“Everything going well today?”

Lynn was very familiar with this kind of banquet. It was nothing more than a group of high-ranking people gathering together to exchange interests and calculate each other.

If Cynthia wanted to be with such an excellent person as Alston, Cynthia was bound to encounter many

difficulties, like being framed. Lynn waited as long as Cynthia left. Seeing that Cynthia came back safely, she

was relieved.

Cynthia raised her head and replied, "A lot of things happened, but fortunately, they were all settled."

Seeing the stain on Cynthia's dress, Lynn's brow moved lightly, and she knew what had happened. "Change your dress. Let me clean it!"

Cynthia nodded. Then she changed her clothes, observed her mother clean up the dirty marks, and whispered, "This dress is expensive, and it's a pity that it got dirty!"

The outer layer of the dress was covered with crystal, but it was solid. It didn't take long for Lynn to clean it.

up, and then Lynn hung it up to dry it.

Cynthia looked at Lynn's back and said, "I saw Beck at the banquet today!"

Lynn paused and turned to Cynthia nervously. "Did he get you into trouble?"

"No, I scolded him!" Cynthia looked smug. "Mom, one day, I will avenge you!"

Lynn shook her head disapprovingly. "Beck is good at calculating and unfathomable. You'd better not confront him. He won't show you mercy if you hinder him from catching his interest, even if you are his

daughter. I don't want to see you get hurt."

Cynthia promised

her mother ostensibly, but she secretly swore that she would teach him a lesson one day.

On the other side, Alston felt unsettled when he thought his mean words made Cynthia cry trembly. When he

returned home, a decoration came flying directly toward his face.

