

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 6 How Can You Compare with Her?

"I like Cynthia, and I don't care whether there is a dowry or not, but I can't control what other people think... If people know that the Miller family is too mean to give a dowry, it will damage Mr. Miller's reputation!"

Alston has said to such a point, and Beck had to agree. Under pressure posed by Alston, Beck signed

the share transfer contract.

After writing Cynthia's name on the contract, Beck felt dizzy and made an excuse to leave the living room with Jane and Cherry.

Alston scanned the document and didn't find anything wrong, then threw it directly into Cynthia's arms. "Put it away. It is what you will rely on in the future."

Cynthia scrambled to catch it. "Why did you give me such... such an important document?"

She's a little confused now. Didn't Alston hate her very much? Why did he do this for her?

"These shares of the Miller family were nothing to me." Alston casually picked up the teacup.

Looking at Alston's handsome side face, Cynthia suddenly felt warm, and her almond eyes filled

with a smile.

However, those three people were in a bad mood.

As soon as Beck came out, Jane grabbed his clothes. "What do you mean? How can you give shares to Cynthia for nothing? What can Cherry rely on in the future?"

"What can I do!" Beck said with a darkened face, "Alston has forced me to that sake. Can I still refuse it? Suppose people know that Cynthia replaced her sister to marry Alston without a dowry. In that case, the reputation of the Miller Group will be ruined, and it is also hard for Cherry to find her

future husband."

Hearing these words, Jane couldn't say anything, but her resentment of Cynthia became stronger.

It must be what, Cynthia, that b\*tch said to cause Alston to put pressure on the Miller family.

She would never let go of Cynthia!

"Where's Cherry?"

Jane turned back and found that Cherry had disappeared.

When Jane prepared the lunch, Beck returned to the living room alone, seeing Cynthia sitting on the

sofa alone, and asked, "Where's Alston?"

"He heard the flowers in our backyard grow well, so he went out to look for fun. I happen to ask you something, father."

Cynthia clutched her clothes, her eyes staring at him closely.

"Why did you set me up?"

Her eyes were as clear as a lake, expressing her likes and dislikes unabashedly.

Beck was embarrassed and annoyed by Cynthia's glance. "Set up? It is too exaggerated. Alston is an excellent person, and many ladies in the Fort can't marry him. You should be happy that I arrange this marriage for you."

"Such a good marriage. Why didn't you arrange it for Cherry? It was Cherry that got engaged to Alston before!"

Cynthia couldn't help but raise her voice to press him.

Seeing his daughter, who had always been well-behaved, kept pressing him, Beck couldn't help roaring at her, "How can my daughter marry a vegetable?"

As soon as he spoke it, he regretted it.

When Cynthia heard these words, she paused and glazed over at him.

"She's your daughter, am I not?"

Beck frowned. "You're just a love child. Cherry is the true lady of the Miller family. How can you compare with her?"

How can you compare with her?

This sentence, like a spell, echoed in her ears. Cynthia sat back on the sofa and looked at her fingers with thin calluses. The last expectations in her heart wholly dissipated.

He was right. Cherry was his favorite daughter and his pride. She, Cynthia, was only an illegitimate daughter who was brought home halfway. She could be used and abandoned at any time. How could she compare with Cherry?

The sadness welled within her, making her eyes red, and tears almost fell.

“Cynthia, don’t be ungrateful. Even if Alston is a vegetable, it’s your blessing to marry him. Moreover, he’s awake now, and it seems he likes you.”

“Stay in the Smith family and take care of him closely. Recently, there have been some problems with the Miller Group’s major projects, and I need the Smith family’s help. With your help, we must

get better in the future,” he said with a softened voice.

He spoke confidently without a trace of guilt and shame.

Cynthia laughed. “At the beginning, you said that as long as I entered the Smith family, I could leave the Miller family. In this case, the Miller family is nothing to me from then on. I will take good

care of Alston, but there is no way for you to let me give a hand to the Miller family.”

After saying this, her eyes were with a determined look, and then she got up to find Alston.

“You stop!” Beck rushed over and grabbed her arm. All the gentleness on his face he had been faking disappeared, replaced by a ferocious and vicious look.

“The Miller family raised you for ten years. The total 10-year nurturing can be offset by what your

said?”

“10-year nurturing... Hah... What qualifies you to say that?”

Cynthia looked down at her white and tender arm, finding the skin was scratched and the wound was swollen.

“I was taken back to the Miller family when I was 12. Over ten years, have you ever cared about me? Cherry punched and kicked me when she encountered something

bad. Once you were not at home, I couldn't eat at the table, and the food became cold when I ate. You can go to the second floor to see the room I live in, which is not even comparable to the worst servant room in the Miller family."

She talked about it indifferently, as if she were talking about others' affairs.

"After age 16, aunt Jean told me that the Miller family wouldn't raise idle people. From then on, I didn't even have the right to eat at home. I had to work to earn my tuition daily, and I didn't take a day off. If they weren't afraid of being discussed by others, they would have kicked me out long

ago."

Looking up at Beck's surprised face, she hissed, "You don't know any of this. All you see and care about are your beloved wife and daughter. As for me, I am just an illegitimate daughter. You never pay attention to me, so why do you think I will care about the Miller family!"

"I was looking forward to seeing the Miller family go bankrupt more than Alston was.

"You... you..." Beck's face turned red with anger, looking like he couldn't wait to strangle Cynthia.

Jane came out from the kitchen and quickly patted his chest. "Why do you talk to her so much?

She's an ingrate."

She looked at Cynthia with a vicious look and said, "Cynthia, we have your mother. If you help the Miller family, I will let you see your

mother."

"What?"