

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 65-70

Chapter 65 I Want a Child

Looking at the living room, Cynthia frowned.

There were few servants in the villa, but it was impossible that there would be no one during the day. She stood there with Alston for a long time, but no one came out. It seemed that they were deliberately sent

away.

She thought and looked at Stella. Her eyes paused.

Stella's dress today was quite different from the past. Her long hair, which was usually coiled on top of her head, was loosely draped over her shoulders. Her makeup was light but delicate. She wore a fresh color dress, which made her look very tender. Instead of being aggressive and arrogant, her appearance was soft femininity.

Thinking of Clare's smug expression just now, Cynthia realized something. She grasped Alston's hand, and

her face looked blank.

She didn't expect Clare and Stella, they...

Stella was panicked. She stood up from the sofa, with a guilty look on her face, "Er... Just now, Clare came over to give me something. You weren't there, so he put down his things and left."

What a lame excuse. She tried to explain some things, but there were many loopholes.

Alston wouldn't bother to expose her, so he took Cynthia upstairs.

Seeing that Alston didn't ask anything, Stella was relieved and returned to the sofa. The sense of tension and

guilt disappeared. She even thanked Alston for neglecting her.

She didn't notice it, but Cynthia could see it clearly. When Alston went upstairs, he glanced downstairs, his

eyes filled with contempt and a trace of murderous intent.

When they went upstairs, Cynthia wanted to comfort Alston, but she didn't know where to start.

Looking at her thinking face, Alston felt much better. He patted her on the head, "Don't think too much. I knew

it a long time ago. I will take care of this by myself then."

As he spoke, he pulled her to a small room.

Cynthia had lived there for so long that she always knew there was a small room next to Alston's study. But

she had never entered it, and she didn't know what was in it.

"Open it!" There was a glint on his face.

Cynthia hesitated for a moment, then opened the door.

Seeing the scene inside, her eyes turned red. She covered her mouth in surprise, "It's... you made it!"

This small room was renovated into a violin room. It was not big, but the room was sunny and well-ventilated.

The walls were light blue. There was a small balcony, decorated with all kinds of flowers. The elegant white

curtains were fluttering in the wind.

The decoration in the room was very simple. Several rows of bookshelves were filled with violin books and hard-to-find violin scores, and the violin case was placed on the table.

She imagined the violin room countless times in her dreams, and Alston helped her to realize this.

Cynthia sniffed and tears fell down, "Cynthia, thank you."

Her eyes were very beautiful and often seemed to be filled with tears. When she cried, her eyes were so beautiful and pitiful.

Alston wiped away her tears, "Silly girl, don't cry!"

"How did you know I wanted a violin room like this?" Cynthia stopped her tears and looked at him, sobbing.

Alston smiled gently. "Ever since you played the violin at the last banquet, I've been thinking of building a violin room for you. I knew it from your mother. During the decoration, I discussed it with her every time I came to the hospital."

Cynthia remembered that he often went to her mother's ward before. She thought he was doing it for those people, but she didn't expect it to be like this.

Cynthia was moved, almost crying.

Alston pulled her to the table, and pointed at the violin case, "Open it. Do you like it?"

Cynthia was distracted. She carefully opened the violin case. There was an exquisite violin inside. Seeing the familiar logo, she couldn't help but exclaim.

"This is a violin made by Master Milo."

Master Milo was a well-known violin maker. The violin he made was hard to find.

Cynthia was shocked to see her name engraved on the violin board. It was custom-made.

Cherry had a violin made by Master Milo. Although it was an ordinary one, it had been envied by her for many years. Now, she also had her own one.

She loved the violin, and she knew this one was priceless. The materials used were all top-notch. She gave it a try, and sure enough, it had an excellent tone.

Cynthia touched the violin fondly, her eyes filled with love that could not be concealed.

Alston was relieved to see that she really liked it. It was worth it that he begged Milo for so long.

"I made a sound insulation layer for this room, so you can come whenever you want."

As soon as he finished speaking, Cynthia put down the violin and rushed towards him, her legs wrapped

around his waist, and her posture was very intimate.

He froze for a few seconds before making a response.

Cynthia had never been so close to him before. Even though both of them slept in the same bed, he had never

felt so close.

She put her face close to his face, rubbed his high nose with her small tip fondly, and a smile came to her

mouth. Her voice was so sweet.

“Why are you so nice? You are so nice to me! I can’t bear to leave you.”

Alston’s eyes went dark. His Adam’s apple kept rolling and his big hands grabbed her legs to bring her closer to him. He said to Cynthia in a hoarse and gentle voice, “Then don’t leave. Stay by my side, forever!”

Cynthia nodded unconsciously when she heard his shortness of breath.

The moment she nodded, he felt that his heart was not his own, and it was beating extremely fast as if it was

about to fly out.

He held her and rushed straight to the bedroom.

Although they hadn’t been back for a long time, Greg had always asked the maid to keep there clean and tidy.

Alston lay on the bed with Cynthia in his arms, and looked down at her, “I want a child, our child. She will like you and me, soft and cute.”

Cynthia froze for a moment, and then her heart beat like a drum. She grabbed his neck and kissed his lips.

She told him her answer through actions.

Alston was stunned for a moment, and then he kissed her more enthusiastically.

A long night.

In the early morning of the next day, the sun shone on Cynthia’s face through the window. She squinted and

struggled to open her eyes.

It was already light. She was about to move when she found Alston hugging her waist tightly.

He didn't have a good rest for two days, but now he was relaxed and cuddled Cynthia and slept soundly.

Cynthia lay in his arms, looking at him quietly.

He was good-looking, with impeccable facial features. His eyes were closed and his hair was fluffy at the moment, which greatly weakened his severity and majesty. He looked handsome and gentle.

She looked at him for a long time, as if she could never get enough.

Her eyes were too straightforward, and Alston finally smiled. "Is your husband good-looking?"

"Ah!" Cynthia was indignant and ashamed. She patted his chest, "You pretend to be asleep!"

Alston held both of her hands together. There were full of smiles in his eyes. He joked, "No, I didn't pretend to be asleep. You looked at me, and I felt your sunburnt gazes even in my sleep."

"You're making fun of me! I... No more looking at you." Cynthia blushed, broke away from his arms, and got up from the bed.

Just about to get dressed, she turned and found that Alston was looking at her with burning eyes. She

trembled, "No..."

Alston smiled and lay down again.

"Aren't you going to get up?" Cynthia got dressed, lay on the bed, and played with his hair.

Alston closed his eyes, and said lazily, "My wife was full of energy last night. My body couldn't stand it, and I need to rest."

Cynthia was shy and angry when she heard him joking again, and ignored him. After washing, she went

downstairs to make breakfast for him.

The servants were sent back by Stella, so she didn't know whether they would be here today.

As soon as she came downstairs, she saw Stella drinking coffee on the sofa. Cynthia was a little

embarrassed.

Stella heard the footstep, looked at Cynthia, and said in a mean tone, "Hey, you woke up too late. As Mrs. Smith of the Smith family, it's better to be more reserved. Don't lose our reputation."

Chapter 66 I'll Be Your Backing

Cynthia stood at the stairs and coldly watched Stella skewer at her.

After she finished speaking, Cynthia said, "I don't understand. You agreed when the Miller family suggested that I marry Alston instead of Cherry. But after I married Alston, why do you always scold me and keep forcing Alston to divorce me?"

When Stella heard her ask so bluntly, she snorted coldly and put down the coffee in her hand.

"If my son hasn't woken up, I agree with you marrying him. But now my son is awake. You are an illegitimate daughter, can you match my son?"

Cynthia pursed her lips. Her face turned pale. "But now, I'm Alston's wife. It's impossible for him to divorce

1. me. If you don't target me this way, I think we can try to get along well."

"No way!" Stella directly refused. She looked Cynthia up and down and sneered, "You bitch. If it weren't for

you, Alston wouldn't have targeted Clare, let alone put Ivan in jail. It's all your fault. You made a mess of my family, and you dare to get along with me."

"You didn't wake up until nearly noon, shameless!"

Her filthy dirty words annoyed Cynthia. Cynthia was completely cold-faced, "I'm Alston's wife. Whatever we

do, it is reasonable and legal. He is my only husband. Not like some people!"

Stella was frozen and her face turned pale. She felt that Cynthia knew something.

“Nonsense!” She became angry and stared at Cynthia. She said to her with a threatening tone, “Stop mouthing off!”

“What did I say?” Cynthia shrugged and smiled sweetly.

“You!” Stella was outraged, and her chest fluctuated. She looked at her bitterly and regretted, “She shouldn’t

have agreed to let Cynthia marry Alston. Cynthia always made her angry. Damn it!”

Seeing that Stella was angry, Cynthia’s eyes were full of irony. She walked towards the kitchen with a straight

face.

After a while, the smell of fried eggs came from the kitchen. Alston finished washing and went downstairs.

He wore casual clothes, and the loose texture made his whole aura much softer..

Cynthia was concentrating *on* making breakfast when someone hugged her waist from behind, and she

almost screamed.

“What are you doing for breakfast?” Alston’s voice was deep and hoarse. As he approached her, she felt the

faint moisture on him.

Cynthia nudged his belly and murmured, “Your mother is in the living room. If she sees t his, she will scold

me.”

Alston’s face suddenly became cold, “She scolded you?”

“You know her. Don’t worry, I’ve not been bullied.” Seeing that he was angry, Cynthia picked up a piece of fried

egg and stuffed it into his mouth, “Is it good?”

Alston chewed and swallowed, kissed her cheek, and said, “It’s yummy!”

Cynthia smiled with satisfaction and took out the eggs.

Alston looked at her with gentle eyes, and said to her, "You don't have *to* worry about me. I have never treated

Stella as my mother. If she bullies you, you can strike back. I'll always stand behind you!"

Cynthia paused. After hearing what he said, a warm current welled up in her mind.

"Thank you!"

After breakfast, Alston drove Cynthia to the hospital and then back to the company.

Seeing that the car disappeared, Cynthia smiled and walked into the hospital. At the door, she met Helen.

When she saw that she wanted to avoid her again, Cynthia yelled.

"Helen!"

Helen couldn't pretend that she didn't hear. She turned around and awkwardly said, "Good morning!"

Cynthia snorted and walked quickly to her side, pretended to be angry, and said, "Why did you run away when

you saw me? You want to avoid me all your life?!"

"No!" Seeing that she was angry and staring at her, Helen waved her hands and sighed, "I just don't know how

to face you."

"Helen, we are best friends, right?" Cynthia pursed her lips and held her hand.

Helen frowned, "It's just because I regard you as my best friend, so I don't know how to face you. After all,

Dylan likes you..."

Cynthia interrupted her, "Listen, I have rejected him. Since I have rejected him, it has nothing to do with me

who likes him and who he likes. You are my best friend, and he is my friend. I'm glad to see you together."

"You don't blame me?" Helen asked in surprise. Then she was relieved when Cynthia nodded.

Cynthia saw that Helen was relaxed. She continued to ask in a low voice, "Are you with Dylan?"

"Not yet!" Helen said with a smile and without hesitation.

Cynthia was stunned. "He said he would be responsible for you yesterday. Didn't he come to you?"

"Yeah, he did," Helen pushed back a strand of falling hair and smiled softly, "But I refused."

Cynthia was confused.

Seeing her confused expression, Helen patted her forehead. "You idiot, like you, I want to be with a man who

likes me. I do have a crush on him. But he likes you, so I refused him."

Cynthia understood that if a relationship was not mutual accommodation, then there would be

contradictions in the early stage, and the problems between them would become more and more serious in the future. The one who was not loved has paid a lot and could not get equal love.

Cynthia hugged Helen distressedly. She hoped that both of them would be happy forever. Her relationship had encountered many hardships, so she hoped that Helen would get a good relationship.

"I'll support you forever."

Helen looked at her cute face, and fondled her hair, "Thank you."

It was almost time to go to work. They rushed to their respective departments. Before that, Cynthia grabbed

her wrist and said, "Helen, we haven't been shopping for a long time. How about going shopping after getting

off work?"

She knew that Helen was in a bad mood. The best way for a woman to vent her emotions was shopping.

Helen smiled and nodded.

The day went by quickly. Cynthia was also busy today. When she got off work, Helen was already waiting at

the door.

Helen wore a simple jacket and jeans. She was tall and slender, and she looked very heroic.

Cynthia stepped forward and took her arm, and was about to leave the hospital. She met Dylan on the way.

Seeing that the two of them were talking and laughing, he tried to say hello to them, but in the end, he didn't

come forward.

During the rest of yesterday, he went to Helen and said he would take responsibility for her. But she said that

they were all adults, and it was no big deal to have sex, so she told him not to take it personally.

But how could he not mind? It was her first time, and so was he.

If he didn't do anything, he would always feel that he owed her.

Helen and Cynthia came to the shopping mall. Both of them were very happy. They didn't know how Dylan got

caught up in guilt.

They bought many skin care products and make-up counters. After that, they felt much better and enjoyed at

leisurely pace.

Helen saw two women walk by her arm in arm. The two wore the same clothes, looking very close. She was a little moved and looked at Cynthia.

"There is a clothing store on the second floor. Let's have a look. We can buy bestie clothing."

Helen nodded. She and Helen have been good friends for many years, and they hadn't bought a bestie clothing yet.

They came to the store. Helen quickly picked out the clothes. Helen looked dashing in a white dress, and Cynthia was very beautiful. They looked at each other with satisfaction.

When Cynthia paid the bill and was about to leave, she suddenly saw the clerk holding a lavender dress to

hang up.

She was immediately attracted. This dress was similar to the stunning dress that Alston bought from Kevin

at the last banquet, but it was a daily style.

She only wore that dress once, but she couldn't wear it anymore. She regretted it. When she saw this lavender dress, her face was full of surprises.

"Try it on!" Seeing the interest in her eyes, Helen patted her shoulder.

Cynthia nodded and asked the clerk to take the dress, then went into the fitting room.

This dress was very suitable for her as if it was tailor-made for her. Her skin was fair, and the lavender dress

made her look gentle.

"You're so beautiful!" Helen smiled and praised, and called the clerk.

Just about to pay, they suddenly heard a familiar female voice, "I want this dress!"

Chapter 67 Teaching Cherry a Lesson

Cynthia turned her head in surprise and saw Cherry holding Jane's arm, standing proudly at the store door.

Cherry pointed to the purple dress on Cynthia's body arrogantly.

Helen frowned. "Miss, my friend wants this dress, and we're going to pay for it."

"You haven't paid for it yet." Cherry walked up to Cynthia and looked at her condescendingly. "Cynthia, take off

the dress.”

Seeing her call out Cynthia’s name, Helen whispered into Cynthia’s ear. “Do you know her?”

After Cynthia briefly told Helen about her relationship with Cherry, Helen nodded. “No wonder she is so rude.”

Helen didn’t lower her voice. When Cherry heard it, her face was full of anger. She pointed at Helen and scolded. “How dare you say that about me?”

Cynthia frowned. “Cherry, I’m trying on this dress, and my friend is going to pay for it.”

Cherry sneered. “You haven’t paid yet, right? Clerk, wrap this dress up. I’ll pay twice the price.”

She liked to snatch things from Cynthia since she was a child, and she wanted to snatch everything Cynthia

liked.

Last time, Cynthia was amazing in that purple dress at the banquet. The dress was so beautiful that Cherry was jealous every time she thought about it.

She and her mother were just about to pass by this store. When she saw this dress, she wanted it. After seeing that the person trying on the dress was Cynthia, she wanted it more.

She couldn’t snatch Alston, but she had to get this dress.

Helen ignored her. She paid the money quickly and waved to Cynthia. “I have paid for it, let’s go with the dress

on.”

Cynthia smiled at Helen.

Just as she was about to go over, Cherry stood in front of her and stopped her. “Cynthia, you can’t leave. I

want this dress.”

Cherry had a domineering expression. Seeing that Cynthia ignored her, she tore at the neckline of the dress, wanting to take off the skirt with her own hands.

Being angry, Cynthia pushed Cherry away. Cherry didn't expect Cynthia to push her, and she took several

steps back and stood still after grabbing Jane's hand.

She glared at Cynthia, her face full of disbelief. "How dare you push me!"

Cynthia adjusted her neckline. "Are you out of your mind? This store is not owned by your family. I have already paid for it. The dress is mine. If you dare to grab my clothes, I will call the police."

After finishing speaking, Cynthia was about to leave, but Jane called her coldly. "Stop!"

"What's wrong, Ms. Miller?" When Cynthia saw Jane's gloomy face, she sneered.

Jane said, "I am your elder, and Cherry is your sister. How can you treat us like this?"

"Mrs. Miller," Cynthia said coldly with sarcasm in her eyes. "I have nothing to do with the Miller family. Cherry is not my sister."

Jane snorted coldly and shouted to the clerk. "Call your manager over here."

The clerk saw that Jane was domineering and dressed very well, and she nodded and trotted to find the store

manager.

"We've already paid, so it's useless for you to find the store manager." Helen stood beside Cynthia with her

arms crossed.

Jane smiled and didn't speak. After a while, a woman in a suit hurried over. Seeing Jane, she quickly showed a flattering smile. "Mrs. Miller, I'm sorry. I don't know you are here."

Jane raised her chin slightly, and Cherry also raised her head. They both looked arrogant.

"I want this dress!" Cherry pointed at Cynthia.

After taking a look at the dress, the store manager said with an embarrassed expression. "This dress is exclusively designed by our designer, and there is only one..."

"It's because there is only one that I want it!" Cherry showed an impatient expression.

Seeing that Cherry was angry, the manager was about to go over, but the clerk held her back and whispered

in her ear. "The dress has already been bought by that customer, and she has paid for it."

The manager was in a dilemma.

Jane took out a card and handed it to her. "We will pay twice the price. No matter how much it is, my daughter must get this dress."

When the manager saw the card, her eyes showed greed. Regardless of the clerk, she took the card and

stuffed it into her pocket. "Okay, I'll ask her to give up this dress."

Standing at the door, Cynthia and Helen watched their transaction with cold eyes.

When the manager came over and saw that the two were dressed in ordinary clothes, the flattery just now

disappeared from her face. "Mrs. Miller has taken a fancy to this dress on you, can you give it up..."

"No." Cynthia interrupted her. "I like this dress too. I won't give it up to others."

After being rejected, the manager's face was ugly, and she said in a strong tone, "We will not sell this dress. I will refund you the money later. Please take it off."

"Are you forcing us to return it?" Cynthia sneered.

The manager was arrogant in front of the two girls. "So what? Mrs. Miller is a VIP customer of our store, and

she has the privilege to buy all the clothes, including the one on you."

As she spoke, she approached Cynthia and warned. "They are from the Miller family. Don't offend them."

"Really?" Cynthia glanced at Jane and Cherry, and smiled.

"Alright, I don't want this dress anymore."

Hearing what Cynthia said, Helen frowned. "Cynthia, don't be afraid of them. They are unreasonable."

Cynthia smiled at her. "Although this dress is similar to *my* previous one, it is different. I liked it at first, but now I don't like it anymore."

She went back to the dressing room, changed her clothes, and threw them into Cherry's arms indifferently. "If you don't mind that I have worn it, I can give it to you."

When Cherry held the dress and looked at the smile on Cynthia's face, she suddenly felt that the dress was given to her by Cynthia in charity.

"I'll choose another dress." As Cynthia looked around the store, she pointed to the light blue dress hanging on

the wall and said, "I want this one."

As soon as she finished speaking, Cherry shouted. "I want this too."

After speaking, she gave Cynthia a provocative look.

Cynthia didn't care, and she pointed at another one, but Cherry said she wanted it again.

Cynthia pointed at all the dresses in the store, and Cherry snatched them all.

Jane frowned tightly, and she felt that something was wrong.

In the end, all the dresses were bought by Cherry. Cynthia pretended to be upset and sighed. "These clothes are yours. Cherry, go to pay."

Feeling relieved, Cherry took the card and handed it to the clerk. "Wrap them up."

Standing with Helen, Cynthia looked at Cherry's proud look and smiled.

After a while, the clerk ran over with a blushing face. She handed the card to Cherry and whispered. "Miss Miller, the money is not enough."

"What?"

Chapter 69 Put the Blame on Cynthia

The store manager was flustered. She said those words on purpose just now to please Jane and Cherry. Now that Alston repeated them, she quickly denied it.

"No, I didn't say that. Mrs. Smith heard it wrong."

The store manager firmly denied it. She knew that Jane and Cherry would be on her side. As long as she refused to admit it, no one could punish her.

“You said it yourself.” Cynthia was a little angry. “It’s because of your words that we have to give up that dress.”

“Mrs. Smith, you can’t slander me.” The store manager pretended to be innocent. “I’m just a store manager. I don’t have power. If you insist on saying that I said this, I will admit it.”

Alston and a group of men in suits were here, and the store manager deliberately amplified her voice, so a group of customers gathered at the door soon.

Jane and Cherry were satisfied to see that Cynthia was speechless because she had no evidence, and they

were instantly on the store manager’s side.

“Cynthia, we know after you married Alston, you became more arrogant. You have never spent in this store, but we spent more than one million in this store before. We are the super VIP of this store, so it’s normal for us to have priority in choosing clothes. You can’t deliberately embarrass the store manager.”

Jane looked at Cynthia, pretending to speak earnestly.

Jane and Cherry dressed expensively, and all the accessories were famous brands, and every one of them

would cost tens of thousands. The onlookers present didn’t know the truth, and they all pointed at Cynthia

and blamed her.

As Alston held Cynthia in his arms, his expression turned serious. He looked at the clerks present.

“Did you hear her say that?”

The clerks looked at each other, but none of them dared to expose the manager, and no one spoke.

The store manager's eyes were full of pride. The clerks were trained by her, so they didn't dare to expose her.

Alston's eyes became darker, making people afraid to look at him. He smiled coldly. "Spending one million is

the super VIP of your store?"

"Yes..." The store manager didn't know his intention. She hesitated for a moment and replied.

"Okay." Alston winked at Lloyd.

Lloyd took out a card and handed it to the store manager. "Here is 100 thousand. Miss Miller hasn't paid for it, right? Since your VIP has the privilege, we will buy all these clothes."

Everyone present was stunned. Cherry bit her lower lip and looked at Cynthia with jealousy in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Lloyd smiled gently, but the store manager felt nervous.

She quickly took the card and nodded. "Okay, I will let someone pack them."

As all the clerks got busy, Cynthia pulled Alston's clothes. "There are too many clothes."

Alston looked at her and smiled. "How can you wear this kind of clothes?"

Cynthia and Helen looked at him with puzzled expressions.

Alston looked at the store manager with sharp eyes and smiled brightly. "I think these clothes are suitable for

making rags. Lloyd, right?"

Lloyd was stunned for a moment, and quickly said, "Yes, I will order the servants at home to cut them into rags and throw them away after using them."

When Cherry looked down at the purple dress that she regarded as a treasure, her teeth were clenched, and she felt that she had been deeply humiliated.

There were too many clothes but not enough staff, so the girl who was tallying the goods also came out.

Helen's eyes lit up when she saw the girl. "I remember when the store manager was talking to us just now,

you recorded it.”

The girl was a little embarrassed, her face was reddish, and she spoke with a strong accent. “I’m new here. I’m afraid I will be fired if I don’t do well, so when the store manager speaks, I will record it.”

Alston and Cynthia looked at each other and laughed.

Although what Alston did just now helped vent their anger, Cynthia still felt aggrieved because they put the

blame on her.

This girl’s recording really helped a lot.

“Mrs.

Miller is a VIP customer of our store. She has the privilege to buy all clothes, including the one on you.”

When the store manager heard her voice in the recording, her face immediately turned pale.

Cherry and Jane were embarrassed and slipped away quietly while everyone was not paying attention.

In the end, the store manager was dismissed, and Lloyd sent someone to deliver the clothes to the Smith

family. After Alston asked Lloyd to finish the inspection, he took Cynthia and Helen to dinner.

After the meal, it was late, so Alston drove Helen home first.

When Helen got out of the car with a few shopping bags and was about to say goodbye to Cynthia, she saw a

man standing at the gate.

Cynthia also saw him. It was Dylan.

“Dylan came here so late, is he waiting for you?” Cynthia lay on the car window, blinking her eyes.

With a complicated expression, Helen said, “He should have something to tell me. You go back first. I’ll call

you when I get home.”

“Okay.” After Cynthia finished speaking, Helen walked towards Dylan.

Seeing her get off the car, Dylan’s eyes lit up. He walked over quickly to take the bags from her, but Helen

avoided it.

When Cynthia saw this scene, she looked at Alston with concern. “Do you think Helen and Dylan will be

together?”

As Alston turned the steering wheel, he glanced casually and said, “I don’t know. This is their business, you’d

better not intervene.”

“I know.” Cynthia looked at his stern features. She smiled, leaned over and kissed him lightly on the ear.

Stunned for a moment, Alston’s hands were unsteady, and the car turned in the middle of the road.

When he was driving normally, he looked at Cynthia’s smile and felt a little helpless. He gritted his teeth. “If I

wasn’t driving, I would teach you a lesson.”

“Really?” Cynthia smiled, her delicate face was full of complacency.

When Alston looked at her, his heart softened. He remembered the first time he saw Cynthia after waking up.

There was fear and like in her eyes, but she didn’t rely on him.

If only it could go on like this.

There were few cars on the road at night, and the two arrived at the Smith family soon. Stella had gone to

bed, and

the servants had returned to the servant’s room behind the main building. The whole house was

quiet.

As soon as Cynthia entered the door, she felt her body soaring into the air. Alston held her horizontally.

She wrapped around Alston's neck in shock. "What are you doing? This is in the living room. What if someone

sees us?"

"No one will see." Alston smiled. He picked up Cynthia and walked to the second floor. "In the car, I said I

would teach you a lesson."

Cynthia blushed

when she thought of what he had said in the car. When she felt Alston's body tense, she was

even shyer.

The night was very long.

When Cynthia woke up, Alston had got up, and the quilt beside her was cold. Cynthia was in a daze.

Ten minutes later, she fully woke up. She dressed and went downstairs. When she saw Greg coming out of Alston's study, she was taken aback for a moment, and then she smiled.

"Greg, you're back. I haven't seen you for a long time."

When Greg saw

Cynthia, he showed a kind smile. "Mrs. Smith, I was sent to another city by Mr. Smith before,

and I just came back this morning. I'm happy to see you get along so well. I hope you will have a baby as

soon as possible."

Cynthia was shy when she heard his words.

When Stella came

out of the room and heard Greg's last words, she was surprised for a moment and then

a stern look flashed in her eyes. Now that Cynthia and Alston had such a good relationship, it was easy to

conceive a child.

She wouldn't let Cynthia get pregnant with Alston's child.

Chapter 70 Stella's Attitude

Cherry and Jane left the shopping mall in frustration. When they returned home, they saw Beck sitting on the sofa reading the newspaper, and all the grievances burst out in an instant.

Cherry trotted over and sat next to Beck with grievances on her face. Without speaking, she looked at Beck.

Beck closed the newspaper helplessly and looked at her. "Who made you angry?"

Cherry snorted, grabbed his arm, and began to complain. "Dad, I met Cynthia when I was shopping with Mom.

She didn't greet us when she saw us, and she even bullied us with her friend. She even ..."

When she said this, she hesitated.

"What?" Beck asked.

Cherry gritted her teeth and said, "She even scolded you. She said you are a hypocrite. I'm so angry."

"Did she really say that?" Beck threw the newspaper in his hand onto the coffee table angrily.

Cherry winked at Jane, and Jane sat on the other side of Beck. "Yes, even if Cynthia doesn't regard us as

family, she can't insult us. Moreover, after Alston came, he helped her all the time. Cynthia was even more

arrogant. We didn't dare to go against Alston, so we had to leave."

Jane pretended to be wronged at first, but the more she talked, the angrier she became in her heart. In the end, she felt very aggrieved. "Beck, I have been with you for so many years and no one dares to treat me like

this. I was humiliated by them in front of many people. I really have no face.”

Seeing that Jane was crying, Cherry quickly ran over and hugged Jane. They hugged each other and wept

bitterly, feeling aggrieved.

Beck was so angry when he saw this scene. How could Alston and Cynthia bully Jane and Cherry like this?

He wouldn't endure this.

“I should start the cooperation with Clare as soon as possible. Alston is becoming more and more arrogant. Does he think as the president of Smith Group, he can bully my family at will?”

Beck suddenly stood up from the sofa. As he walked upstairs, he called Clare.

The phone was quickly answered. Beck's eyes were vicious, and his tone was gloomy. “Clare, let's meet.”

When Cherry and Jane looked at the back of Beck going upstairs, they smiled and their eyes were full of

pride.

A trace of worry flashed in Cherry's eyes. “Mom, if Dad fights against Alston, can I marry him in the future?”

Jane glanced at Cherry in surprise and frowned. “Do you have to marry Alston? If we succeed, there will be so many young men for you to choose from. You don't have to be obsessed with Alston.”

“Mom, I must marry Alston!” Cherry hesitated for a second, then looked at Jane firmly. “There are so many young men in Fort, but no one is better than Alston.”

Jane also hesitated. Alston was indeed outstanding among the group of young men of the same age.

After thinking for a while, she grasped Cherry's hand tightly and said, “Okay, I will help you.”

Cherry

was excited. She had been chasing Alston since she was young, and Alston had become her

obsession.

They finally got engaged, but because of an accident, Alston fell into a coma. She made a mistake that time and missed it. This time, she must marry Alston.

While the Miller family was plotting, Cynthia met a new problem.

Stella's attitude towards her changed drastically.

After Greg came back, Alston became busy again and drove out early in the morning.

After Cynthia went downstairs, she saw the servants busy in the kitchen. There was breakfast on the dining table.

There were bread, milk, toast, and many other varieties.

Stella sat at the dining table. When she saw Cynthia going downstairs, she greeted her enthusiastically.

"Cynthia, did you sleep well last night?"

She deliberately said in a gentle voice. Although her smile was a little stiff, her attitude was much better.

Surprised, Cynthia stood on the stairs for a long time. She walked over and replied. "Mom, I slept well yesterday. You seem to be in good spirits today."

Stella asked her to sit down, earnestly asked her what she wanted to eat, and even planned to put food on her plate.

Cynthia quickly stopped her. "I can do it myself."

Cynthia picked up the bread, filled herself with a cup of milk, and looked at Stella.

Stella's attitude made Cynthia feel she would put drugs in the breakfast. Seeing Stella looking over, Cynthia quickly restrained her suspicious eyes and smiled.

Stella's movements were slightly stiff, and she forced herself to smile at Cynthia.

Seeing that Stella had also eaten the breakfast on the table, Cynthia relaxed. After breakfast, she was about to go upstairs to change and go to work, but Stella suddenly called her.

Cynthia froze for a moment, then turned to look at her. Stella asked the servant to come over with two bowls of dark things and put them on the dining table.

“What is this?” When Cynthia smelled the strong smell of medicine in the air, she covered her nose.

“You have been tired from work recently. I asked the doctor to prescribe some medicines. The doctor is

famous. It’s not easy to make an appointment. Let’s drink it.”

As she spoke, she pulled one of the bowls in front of herself. She frowned and took a sip while holding back her nausea, then looked at Cynthia.

She seemed to be saying, “Look, I drank it. I didn’t put any drug in it.”

Cynthia pursed her lips, feeling uneasy for some reason.

“I ate too much in the morning. I couldn’t drink it.”

After Cynthia finished speaking, Stella’s expression sank. Cynthia subconsciously replied. “I’ll drink it at

night.”

Stella snorted coldly in her heart. Alston came back at night, and he wouldn’t let Cynthia drink this medicine.

“Cynthia, are you still blaming me?” Stella lowered her head, her tone a little dejected. “I was prejudiced against you before. After all, Alston is the son I am most proud of. I hope his wife is the best. Your family is not good, so I didn’t treat you very well.”

As she said, she raised her head with complicated eyes. “When I was with my friend yesterday, she said she met you at Buck’s birthday banquet and praised you. She asked me not to interfere with your business. I

thought a lot last night. Alston was able to wake up because of you, and *you* took good care of him.”

“So I decided not to interfere with you anymore. Alston chooses you because you are good enough. I was

prejudiced against you before. I’m sorry, can you give me a chance to make up for it?”

She said sincerely and looked at Cynthia.

Cynthia lowered her eyes. "Alston is good. It's because I'm not good enough that you have a prejudice against me."

Stella breathed a sigh of relief. Looking at the medicine in the bowl, she pushed the other bowl forward.

"Drink it while it's hot. The medicine will be more bitter when it's cold."

Taking a deep breath, Cynthia picked up the bowl and drank the black and bitter medicine in one gulp.

Stella heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. "You have to drink it for a few days in a row. After drinking it, a few

of my friends look very good and full of energy."

Feeling the bitter medicine in her mouth, Cynthia resisted the vomit in her stomach and smiled at Stella.

"Thank you, Mom."

Stella smiled. When Cynthia's back disappeared, the smile on her face fell instantly, and her face was full of

viciousness.

"Mrs. Smith." Seeing that Stella was the only one left at the dining table, the servant hurried over.

Stella drank all the medicine in her bowl, and said to the servant with a cold face, "Dispose of all the leftover

medicine dregs. Don't let others find out."

The servant clenched her fingers and her face was pale. She guessed that there was something wrong with the medicine, but she didn't dare to refute Stella. She could only respond. "Okay."

Stella glanced at her without expression on her face, and what she said made the servant frightened.

“If you dare to tell others, I will never let you go, understand? I heard that you have a younger brother who is studying. Don’t worry. I will help your brother enter the best school.”

The servant knew what Stella said was both an opportunity and a threat to her, so she quickly said, “Okay, I understand. I swear that I will never tell others.”