

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 71-80

Chapter 71 Possibly Lifelong Infertility

Cynthia returned to the bedroom. As long as she closed the door, she rushed into the bathroom quickly. She put her fingers into her mouth and pressed her throat. A wave of nausea surged up.

She turned on the faucet, and the sound of water hid the sound of vomiting.

After a long time, she vomited up the medicine with the breakfast. Then she stopped.

Looking at herself in the mirror, her beautiful eyes were full of tears and her face was pale.

Her eyes darkened, and her fingers tightened.

She didn't trust Stella.

She just teased her yesterday. After one night, she had changed entirely and was friendly and kind to her.

Cynthia was not stupid.

She knew Stella was planning something.

There must be something wrong with that bowl of medicine.

Cynthia changed her clothes and was about to go to work. She accidentally glanced down from the window

and saw a maid rushing to the garden with a bag in her arms. Her expression and movements were very

suspicious.

She buried the bag and put a pot of flowers on it. Then she looked around to make sure no one saw her. She

left in a panic.

Standing on the balcony on the second floor, Cynthia witnessed everything.

She sneered and was more sure that something was wrong with the medicine. If there was no problem, why

would the maid bury it? She was afraid of being found out.

Cynthia went downstairs, and Stella had already left. The maid was doing the cleaning. Cynthia walked

around the main building and went to the garden. She dug out the bag.

She opened it and saw dark medicine residue inside. She put it in her bag. Then she left the house as if

nothing had happened.

She did not rush to the obstetrics and gynecology department but went to an old doctor she trusted.

There were not many patients in the morning. The doctor was reading leisurely.

Cynthia knocked on the door. The doctor looked up and smiled kindly, "Ah, it's you. You are free today?"

Cynthia smiled sweetly. She said, "Mr. Lange, may I ask you something?"

Mr. Lange was a professor from Cynthia's university. She took several of his classes back then.

Mr. Lange was the chairman of the Doctors Union in Fort. He had many years of clinical experience.

"Sure. What's the matter?" Mr. Lange put down the book and asked seriously.

Cynthia took out the medicine from her bag and handed it to him, "Could you please tell me what is this for?"

Cynthia was confused. If the medicine had harmful effects on the human body, Stella wouldn't drink it. As Cynthia knew, Stella cared about her health more than anyone else.

Professor Lange opened the bag, put on his glasses, and looked at it carefully.

Mr. Lange was quite good. Usually, it wouldn't take him much time to recognize some medicine. But this time,

he stared at the medicine for a long time.

He looked more and more serious.

Cynthia held her breath and asked, "Is there something wrong?"

After a long time, Mr. Lange put down the tweezers, took off his reading glasses, and looked up at her.

Instead of answering her question, he asked, "Who gave this to you?"

Cynthia's heart sank utterly. Something was wrong with the medicine!

"As I said in my classes, the effect of medicine would be different when its amount changed. These

medicines were from two prescriptions. One is good for health, as for the other one..."

He paused for a bit, then he frowned and said, "If you take it a few more times, it may lead to lifelong

infertility."

Cynthia's face turned pale. She took a few steps back in disbelief and almost fell down.

She didn't expect Stella to be so vicious. She thought she only didn't like her and had a mean personality.

However, she was wrong.

Seeing

her reaction, Mr. Lange was nervous. He said, "Come here. Let me have a check of you!"

Cynthia sat on the chair facing him, "I took it this morning, and I felt unwell after it, so I vomited. Will it harm

me?"

Alston just had told

her that he wanted to have their baby. If she couldn't conceive, she would regret it to

death.

Mr. Lange checked her body and wrote a prescription.

"More or less. Take this medicine, and **you** will be fine."

Cynthia took it over. Then she thought of something and asked, "If I take that medicine again, I... I will induce

vomiting every time immediately after it. Can I take your medicine to detoxify?"

Mr. Lange nodded, "Yes, you can. But you better not to."

Cynthia bit her lower lip and didn't say anything.

Stella might play other tricks behind her back if she didn't take it. It would be more dangerous.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Lange. I need to go now."

She forced a smile and was about to leave. Mr. Lange suddenly stopped her.

She turned back. Mr. Lange held the book and said, "Take care. You can always ask me for help."

Cynthia was moved.

Many people hated her, but many spared no effort to help and love her.

Cynthia took the prescription and walked out. Helen came this way. They bumped into each other.

"I'm sorry. I didn't look at the road..." Helen apologized. When she saw it was Cynthia, she breathed a sigh of relief, "Cynthia!"

She saw the prescription in her hand and asked, "Are you sick?"

"No, I'm fine. Just some small problems." She said and put the prescription in her bag.

Cynthia saw the hickeys on Helen's neck.

She hesitated for a moment, but still asked, "Did you spend the night with Dylan last night?"

Helen was a bit embarrassed, and then she said, "We are in a relationship now. I have a crush on him, and he has good feelings for me, so we decide to have a try."

"I see!" Cynthia smiled, "He is handsome and in good shape. Enjoy it, girl."

"I will!" Helen recalled what had happened last night and her cheeks blushed. They both laughed

Chapter 72 I Don't Trust You

In the next few days, Stella watched Cynthia take the medicine every morning.

Cynthia would vomit it out while Stella went away. Then, she took the medicine that Mr. Lange prescribed to

her.

After half a month, Cynthia took the medicine for the last time. She smiled at Stella, "I took it all."

Stella seemed quite relieved. Her smile disappeared and her expression was gloomy.

She stood up abruptly and looked at Cynthia from above. She said, "Then go back to your room."

Cynthia was stunned for a moment, then lowered her head and sneered, "She hates me so much."

"Stupid and evil."

She raised her head and widened her eyes. She made an expression of disbelief, "Didn't you say that you want

to let go of your previous prejudices and make up for me? Were you lying to me? Why?"

Stella's expression faltered, but she thought that Cynthia would not be able to be pregnant and Alston would

abandon her for that. She became confident.

She snorted and said, "I've changed my mind. No matter how hard I try, I can't bear you. I think we don't get

along well. You shouldn't have married my son."

Cynthia pursed her lips and a dark light flashed in her eyes. But she still showed an aggrieved look.

"I didn't know that. You are Alston's mother, and I am his wife. He will be sad if the two of us can't get along.

Can we let go of the past, please?"

"How persuasive!" Stella snorted coldly, "Stop being hypocritical. It doesn't work for me. I know Alston loves

you, but how long can the love last?"

She kept saying, "You two have been married for so long, and you still are not pregnant. If you can't have

children in the future, who knows when Alston will abandon you."

Cynthia clenched her fists tightly under the table. Stella was too vicious. She didn't only want Alston to hate

her, but also wanted to ruin her life.

In her eyes, Cynthia was just a mean creature she could trample on at will.

Looking at Cynthia's forbearance expression, Stella felt extremely happy. She suffered so much because of

Cynthia and finally got her revenge. She was more proud and Clare.

"So, I advise you to divorce Alston before he gets tired of you. You will get nothing if he asks for a divorce first. I am different. No matter what I do, I am his mother. He might be mad with me for a few days, but it

doesn't harm anything between us."

She was talking proudly when suddenly a siren sounded outside the door. She immediately shut her mouth.

Cynthia looked out the window and saw Alston's car, "Why don't you continue talking?"

Stella seemed a little shocked, and muttered to herself, "Didn't he go to work? Why did he come back

suddenly?"

She suddenly got up, grabbed the bowl on the table, and rushed to the kitchen. She washed it!

The maid was startled. She hurried over and said, "I... I'll do it."

Cynthia smiled sarcastically. When Stella came out of the kitchen, Alston just walked into the house.”

He wore a black coat, and a gust of cold wind was brought in by him. When he saw Cynthia sitting by the

dining table, his expression softened. He kissed her lightly on the forehead and asked, “Have you finished

your breakfast?”

“Yes!” Cynthia looked up at him and smiled, “Why did you come back suddenly?”

“I forgot something...” He smelled the medicine in the air, and his expression changed, “Did you take Chinese

medicine?”

As soon as he said that, everyone present was startled. Stella’s and the maid’s faces turned pale, especially

the maid’s. She was terrified of Alston. Her body was trembling and cold sweat was rolling down from her

forehead.

Stella noticed it and was afraid she would reveal her secrets, so she said, “What are you doing here? Did you

finish the cleaning in the kitchen?”

The maid rushed into the kitchen as if she had received amnesty. Within a few seconds, there was the sound

of cleaning.

Stella took a deep breath, with a loving smile on her face, and said, “The maid said that you left without

taking breakfast in the morning. Why don’t you sit down and have some? I’ll get you some oat milk.”

She walked towards the kitchen and tried to show her maternal love. Cynthia’s voice suddenly came from her

back, "Alston never drinks oat milk. Have you forgotten?"

Stella's back froze, and the embarrassment on her face turned into anger in an instant. "D*mn Cynthia! Why

does she always embarrass me in front of people? I hope she would never be pregnant!"

She turned around and saw the coldness in Alston's eyes. She stammered, "I, I forgot. I'll get you some milk."

"No need!" Alston said indifferently. He turned to Cynthia and asked, "Did you take medicine just now?"

Cynthia nodded. Alston and Stella both became nervous.

Alston was worried, and Stella was afraid!

"Are you ill? How do you feel? I'll get you a doctor. Call the hospital to take sick leave today." In a few seconds, he had arranged everything. He took out the phone and wanted to make a phone call. Cynthia stopped him.

"You're too nervous." She turned to look at Stella. Then she said with a sweet and meaningful smile, "It was

tonic medicine that Stella made for me. She said it's good for my health, was it?"

Stella's expression froze, and she smiled, "Yes, yes."

Alston frowned, feeling something was wrong. Stella was bad to Cynthia all the time. How could she be so

kind all of a sudden? It was weird.

"What kind of tonic medicine? Did she take you to the doctor?" Alston restrained his worries and asked

calmly.

"No." Cynthia replied.

Stella's back tensed instantly, "It is general tonic medicine everyone can take. My friends and I all had it. Look

at me. I look great since I took it."

Cynthia looked at her carefully. She was right. Her complexion had become rosier these days. She looked energetic. Stella cared about her health a lot, but never took others' health seriously.

She sneered silently.

"Show me the prescription, and I'll have some doctor check it." Alston asked directly.

Stella was shocked and angry, "That doctor is very famous and reliable. Many of my friends took the

medicine, and the effect was good, so I gave some to Cynthia."

Alston stood up. His expression and movement revealed a high and noble elegance, but his words were cold.

"It's not that I don't trust the doctor. I don't trust you."

Chapter 73 He was Angry

Alston had a dangerous aura lingering all over his body. Even though he was her biological son, Stella

couldn't help but take a few steps back.

She yelled in shock and anger at Alston, "I'm your mother! You don't believe me! Do you think I put poison in the medicine? If something happens to her, wouldn't I be the first to be suspected? Am I that stupid?"

"What's more, I also had it. If I wanted to harm Cynthia, wouldn't I be harmed too!"

Cynthia lowered her head. Her bangs drooped, blocking all her expressions. If it wasn't for Mr. Lange, she

might think the same. After all, it was too straightforward and stupid.

Mr. Lange said that after taking the medicine, she would not be able to conceive in the future, and even a

general examination would not find out the reason.

If it weren't for the prescription record sent by Mr. Lange's teacher, even he would not be able to see through

Alston was impatient, "Save it! Why don't you just give me the prescription? I'll have someone check it out, and everything will be revealed."

Stella ran into her room. After about two minutes, she came out and threw a prescription to Alston, "Here!."

She looked sincere. Cynthia knew she had given Alston the other prescription.

"Give me the medicine dregs, too." Alston took the prescription and said.

Stella took a deep breath, her chest heaving continuously as if she were enduring something. She called the

maid, and ordered, "Bring the medicine dregs to Alston."

The maid paused for a moment. Then she saw Stella winking at hers, and she immediately understood. She went to the kitchen and brought out a pack of medicine dregs.

Cynthia sneered silently, and suddenly stood up and said, "I need to change. I'm going to be late for work."

"I'll accompany you!" Alston followed behind her, and they came back to the bedroom.

Stella looked at them leaving and smiled viciously. The maid was a little worried. She whispered next to her,

"Will he find out anything?"

Stella glanced at her indifferently, "As long as you don't tell, he won't be able to find out."

The maid was taken aback by her words and quickly shrank her neck. She was scared.

If she had known it was such a torment, she shouldn't have helped make the medicine back then. Now she

was involved, too.

As long as they backed to the bedroom, Cynthia rushed to the bathroom to vomit.

Alston understood immediately. He followed her into the bathroom.

Cynthia had already vomited out the medicine and was rinsing her mouth. When she raised her head, she

saw Alston in the mirror. His face was pale and his eyes were dark.

Her heart skipped a beat. He was angry.

“Honey...” She said.

Alston interrupted her, “How long have you been taking this medicine? Don’t lie to me.”

“Half a month.” Cynthia pursed her lips. Her face was pale from vomiting, and her eyes were full of tears. She

looked pathetic.

Alston’s eyes became colder, and the voice was cold, “You knew there was something wrong with this medicine, and you took it for half a month? Are you insane?”

Cynthia quickly explained, “After I saw through her scheme, I immediately asked Mr. Lange to prescribe an

antidote. It will be fine.”

Seeing that he was

still angry, she was a little aggrieved, “If I don’t take it, she will find a new way to harm me. At least I know what she is doing this time.”

“Ha, how clever you are!” Alston sneered, “What harm does this medicine do to the human body?”

“It’s...” Her eyes dodged. Under Alston’s persuasive gaze, she finally said, “It may lead to lifelong infertility.”

Alston grabbed her wrist heavily. Cynthia groaned in pain and clenched her teeth.

Seeing her painful expression, Alston let go of her hand, and there were red marks on her wrist.

“Stupid! You are a doctor and know how horrible it can be, but you still take it!”

Cynthia lowered her head. She knew it was dangerous, but she took the antidote afterward. Why was he so

angry?

Alston was too

angry, and he smiled, “You haven’t even thought about telling me in the past half a month. I’m

afraid you haven't trusted me!"

Cynthia raised her head suddenly, "Why do you think so? You were busy with work these days. How can I

bother you with trivial things..."

"You still think it's a trivial matter?!" Alston sneered. Before leaving, he took away the documents on the bedside table and looked deeply at Cynthia, "Don't come to me until you figure out how stupid you are!"

He slammed the door heavily and left.

Cynthia stood blankly in front of the window, watching his car drive away. She was sad.

She didn't know what she had done was wrong. She just didn't want to trouble him.

Because Ivan was put in prison, Uncle Clare was in a bad mood. He caused a lot of trouble in the company.

Alston and Greg often stayed in the study until late at night. When she fell asleep, he was still awake. When she woke up, he had left already.

Because of lack of sleep, the fundus of his eyes was slightly black and blue. He had had enough.

Cynthia didn't want to bother him with her things. She wanted to solve problems by herself, but not rely on

him all the time.

She wanted to face difficulties and challenges with him together.

But he didn't understand her painstaking efforts at all. He just yelled at her.

The more she thought about it, the more aggrieved she became. Her nose was sore and tears welled up. She tried to hold back her tears until her eyes turned red.

She wiped her eye fiercely, feeling that she was worthless.

She was supposed to be tough and strong.

She changed her clothes and went downstairs. Stella sat on the sofa and looked at her gloatingly. She had just heard Alston slam the door and leave. Then she saw Cynthia's red eyes. She guessed they had a conflict,

which made her feel relieved.

She said, "Hey, you two had a quarrel in just a few minutes. It seems that your love is not very strong."

Cynthia raised her eyes. There was no emotion in her eyes, just like Alston's. Stella trembled subconsciously.

"It's normal for couples to have different opinions. You have been married for so many years, don't you understand?"

Stella was so angry. Cynthia ignored her and left.

She was in quite a bad mood when she got to the hospital. The coworkers didn't dare speak to her when they

saw her gloomy face.

She came to Mr. Lange's office. He had prepared the medicine and put it on the desk. When he saw her coming, he hurriedly greeted her.

"Hurry up and take medicine. Why is it so late today? You need to take it quickly after you take the other one."

Listening to his words, Cynthia was moved. She smiled sweetly, looking pleasing.

She took the medicine up and drank it. When she finished drinking, Mr. Lange immediately handed over a few pieces of candy

"It was bitter. Have some candy."

Cynthia thanked him and put the candy into her mouth. The taste of the medicine was instantly dispelled by

the sweetness.

Mr. Lange watched the gloom on her face dissipate, smiling, "This is the last time."

“That’s right.” Cynthia’s eyes were a little dazed. If it weren’t for Mr. Lange, she probably wouldn’t be able to have children anymore.

“It’s about time. It is too risky. Imagine your family knows about it. How worried they will be!”

Cynthia was stunned. She suddenly figured out everything.

Alston yelled at her because he was afraid and worried.

She felt sorry. It was her fault.

After she left Mr. Lange’s office, she kept thinking about his words. She decided to go to Alston’s office after work to apologize to him. After going through so much together, they shouldn’t be mad at each other. because of others’ faults.

Chapter 74 Let’s Establish Our Own Company

When Cynthia was thinking of Alston, he sat gloomily in the office, tapping his fingers on the table impatiently. He was listening to Lucien, a little absent-minded.

“I will stop here today.” Lucien closed the document and smiled, “I see that you are annoyed by something. Did you have a conflict with Cynthia?”

“Don’t be gossipy.” Alston said. Normally he wouldn’t mind talking about Cynthia. Lucien knew that he was in a bad mood.

Lucien didn’t care about his bad attitude. He sighed, “Bro, girls are always right. No matter whether you are wrong or not, you need to apologize first.”

Alston sneered, “You have been single for so many years. I didn’t know you were a master of relationships.”

Lucien paused for a moment, and he scratched his head, “Well, I saw a lot. Just listen to me. Cynthia is the nicest girl I’ve ever seen. She loves you wholeheartedly. How can you be mad at her?”

Alston’s eyes deepened, and it took a long time before he said, “It was my fault. I shouldn’t have yelled at her.”

“You even yelled at her?!” Lucien said in surprise, “You are done, man!”

“I was angry that she didn’t care about her health.”

Actually he was regretful since he slammed the door in the morning, but he was too proud to apologize.

“I think you should learn how to apologize...”

Lloyd came in suddenly, holding an exquisite box in his hand. He walked to Alston’s desk and handed it to

him.

“Mr. Smith, this is the ring you ordered. It has just been delivered from France.”

Alston carefully opened it. There was a pair of wedding rings in it. The man’s ring was simple and grand. A delicate and dazzling blood diamond was inlaid on it, giving off a hint of luxury.

He put it down and picked up the lady’s ring.

Compared with the man’s ring, this one was much more exquisite. The small and exquisite platinum ring had

a beautiful shape and elegant design. The diamonds on it could catch everyone’s attention at a glance.

The central blood diamond was circled by tiny ones. It was divided from the one from the man’s ring, but

several times bigger than that one. Its color was crystal clear without a trace of impurities.

Lucien didn’t even blink his eyes. It took him a long time to react, “F*ck, this blood diamond was the one you bought at the charity auction. A small one is worthy of thousands of dollars.”

Alston checked the ring and then put it away. He was unsatisfied, “This blood diamond is still too small. Lloyd, use South American Star to make a necklace for Cynthia.”

Lucien was only stunned for a second and then responded with a smile.

Get Bos

Lucien was too shocked and almost forgot to breathe. With such an expensive diamond, he made a necklace

for Cynthia without thinking about it.

The ring and the necklace were the best gifts to express his apology.

Alston didn't notice his expression, and said, "That diamond is too big for a ring. Cynthia will not like it, so it's

more convenient to make it into a necklace."

After speaking, he raised his head and saw Lucien's face. He asked, "What's wrong?"

Lucien looked at him affectionately, "I want to marry you."

Alston said, "Get lost!"

Lloyd received a message suddenly. He checked his phone and his expression changed.

"Mr. Smith, Clare is in the prison!"

Lucien stopped talking.

"Show me." Alston frowned and said immediately.

Lloyd nodded and clicked on the computer. Soon, a camera video was playing on the screen.

In the video, Clare sat by the table and waited. After a while, Ivan walked in.

Lucien was stunned to see this.

He had a deeper understanding of Alston's power. His assistant could hack into the prison's camera! He must

be a hacker.

In the prison meeting room, Clare was excited to see his son. His expression was agitated, and his eyes

turned red.

In just a short period, Ivan lost a lot of weight. His face was sunken and had lost its shape. The corners of

his eyes drooped, and he looked gloomy and lifeless. There was an indelible hostility in his eyes.

“Why are you so thin? They don’t give you food? I, I’m going to talk to them.” Clare was angry and heartbroken.

In the past, Ivan was always stubborn and absurd, often making him angry, but at least here was still a trace of vitality. He would rather him be like before. He seemed to lose hope in life, which broke his heart.

Ivan was a little moved to see his dad being so sad. But there was more ruthlessness in his eyes.

“Dad!” He said in a hoarse voice, “I’m fed up with this place. For so many days, I haven’t eaten a full meal or slept well for even one night. It must be Alston. He told people here to go against me.”

As he spoke, he raised his hands inadvertently. The wide sleeves slipped down, and his pale and thin arms were covered with blue and purple scars.

Clare’s expression suddenly became ferocious. He grabbed Ivan’s arms and pulled up his sleeves. The places that could be easily exposed did not have a few scars, and the covered ones were all blue and red. They looked terrifying.

“D*mn Alston!” Clare slammed the table hard. His face was full of anger. He almost gritted his teeth and said,

“How dares he! How dares he do this to you! No matter what you did, you got punished. Cynthia is fine, but he

still targets you in prison!”

“Dad, don’t you understand? He wants us to disappear from the family.” Ivan put down his sleeves and said

gloomily.

Clare was stunned for a moment, “No, no way. The old man made a deal with his father. His family would inherit the family property, and they must take care of us.”

“Dad!” Ivan interrupted him, “Grandfather passed away many years! Besides, the person who made this promise was Alston’s father, not Alston. Don’t you know him after all these years? He won’t keep the promise.

He is much more ruthless than his father.”

As he said that, he raised his head and looked at his father meaningfully, “Besides, no one really sticks to his promise to grandfather in this family. You know it better.”

Clare was silent. He didn't obey the old man's words, let alone Alston's.

They were silent for a long time, and Clare finally asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Dad, let's break away from the Smith Group and establish our own company!"

His eyes were stern and his tone was firm. Clare suddenly raised his head, "Are you serious?"

"For so many years, you have accumulated a lot of business relationships. You have almost been aware of all his customers during the four months when Alston was in a coma."

Ivan stretched out his hand to grab Clare's hand, "Dad, Alston has been bullying us for too long. For so many years, we can only follow his orders. Aren't you tired of it? Is this the life you want?"

Clare was so excited by what he said, he slammed the table and said, "No, it's not!"

Chapter 75 Drive Slowly

Ivan said with a satisfied smile, "Then what are you waiting for? As long as you persuade the Smith Group's

business

partners and even the shareholders to cut the cooperation off when Alston is unprepared, you

can..."

As soon as Clare thought of that scene Ivan described, he felt a burst of joy.

"At that time, with your ability, you will create a better Smith Group and utterly defeat Alston. Then what he

can do only is to look up to us."

Clare was convinced wholly by Ivan's words, and all previous worries and doubts disappeared, then he

noded determinedly.

"Okay, I'll do as you said!"

"Dad, I guess I can get out of here early when you succeed."

The two were talking happily, but they didn't notice that a red spot was on the reception room's ceiling.

After seeing Clare, Ivan put on the hand and foot cuffs again, and under the correctional officers' control, he

went back into the cell.

The inmate in the same cell saw him returning and whistled at him. The man said sarcastically, "Hey, sir,

have your father left? I heard that your family is powerful, then why can't they get you out?"

Ivan didn't cast any attention on him but just rolled his eyelids. To Ivan, this man was a fool without a future

and didn't deserve any of his glances.

"Ivan, you're back." A thin, small man came over and stuffed a piece of bread into his hand. "I hid a piece of

bread, and you can eat it. I saw you were so hungry that you kept pinching yourself last night. Tell me if you

are hungry, and I will help you."

Ivan held the bread, and his face darkened.

Indeed, Alston didn't order anyone to bully him. When he heard that his father had returned last night, he

deliberately inflicted injuries to stimulate his father.

If

it weren't for these injuries, his father, a man of caution, would not make up his mind to leave the Smith

Group.

Ivan's fingers were slightly hard, crushing that bread into pieces. He would never let go of Alston and Cynthia

when he came out.

In Alston's office, the three of them had heard everything Clare and Ivan had said.

There was no one on the screen. Lloyd tapped the screen, and it returned to the home screen as if nothing had happened just now.

“What the... They’re plotting.” A shocked look was still left in Lucien’s eyes, and he looked at Alston in

disbelief after he took a long while to react.

Instead of being angry, Alston smiled, but his smile was cold. “Great courage.”

“Alston, it is not the time to play jokes now.” Lucien didn’t smile as usual. “According to what Ivan said, your Uncle Clare must have hidden his strength. How do you stand up to him? You have to think of a

countermeasure quickly.”

Alston’s leisured posture made a strong contrast with Lucien’s anxious look as if Alston didn’t take Clare and

Ivan seriously at all.

Seeing Lucien’s anxious look, Lloyd said, “Mr. Williams, don’t worry. Mr. Smith already has the plan to deal

with them.”

“What?”

Lucien paused, heaved a sigh of relief, and then sat back on the sofa again. “Well, I was shocked. I didn’t

expect you to be already prepared. Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

Alston knocked on the table. “The Wright family in Coast City will send someone over in a few days. If we can

reach cooperation with them, Clare will not be a threat.”

“The Wright family in Coast City?” Lucien asked curiously, “They are an established family in Coast City. Why

do they want to come to find a partner in Fort?”

“I heard the Wright family wants to move to Fort in two years and gain a foothold here. Their project this time

is used to open the way.” Alston released the explosive news in a calm voice.

“We can’t underestimate the Wright family’s strength. It will take a short time for them to gain a firm foothold

in Fort. It will be good for us if we cooperate with them and have a good relationship.”

After Alston finished speaking, Lucien hadn’t reacted instantly and made up his mind after a long time, saying, “Anyway, the Williams family is your follower. We will unconditionally support the decision you make.”

Hearing Lucien’s words, Alston softened the look in his eyes.

To Alston, from the beginning of his acquaintance with Lucien, Lucien had always followed behind him and

unconditionally supported him. What’s more, Lucien now led the Williams family to face challenges and success with him. He would never forget Lucien’s kindness and make his family and him disappointed.

Suddenly, a sharp ring of Lucien’s cell phone broke the silence in the office. When he saw the caller ID on the screen, his handsome face couldn’t help but twitch as if extremely painful.

Alston took a glance. “Pick it up!”

“*Alston*, I don’t want to answer it,” said Lucien. But the phone kept ringing as if it would ring until the end of the world if Lucien didn’t answer it.

He reluctantly picked up the phone. But as soon as the phone was answered, he quickly held it away from his

ear.

As he expected, a sharp female voice suddenly came from the other end of the phone. “Lucien, I didn’t expect you to avoid me. Don’t you really want to see me? Do you know I have been waiting for you at your home for almost a morning?”

Chapter 76 Can’t I Be Here?

“Someone like me? Then tell me what kind of person I am.” Cynthia was amused. She didn’t expect that there were so many snobs in this world.

How could the Smith Group’s receptionist be such a kind of person?

The receptionist sized Cynthia again with disdain and sneered, "You do have a good look, but don't think you can step up the ladder of the wealthy circle with your good look. I've seen so many women like you. Mr. Smith is a young and promising man. Of course, he is still the most wealthy man in Fort. What kind of woman has he not seen? I advise you not to waste your effort."

"You're not Mr. Smith, so how do you know he doesn't like me? Maybe I am just the kind of woman he likes?" Cynthia smiled and tucked the hair behind her ears. Her face was fair with delicate and striking features, exuding a mixed feeling of seduction and cuteness when she smiled.

The receptionist paused and frowned after she reacted. She couldn't help but think Cynthia was a woman

being good at tempting men.

"Are you kidding me? I don't believe Mr. Smith will have such terrible taste and fall in love with you." She raised her index finger and thumb of her right hand and pinched Cynthia's coat in disgust. "Look at your clothes. They look so cheap. You bumpkin, get out of here quickly while I'm not angry."

Cynthia looked down at her attire. A T-shirt, jeans, and a black jacket indeed seemed very simple. She needed more time to change clothes. She hurriedly arrived after preparing lunch as soon as she left the hospital.

However, the clothes that Alston bought for her were all custom-made without a brand. She didn't expect the receptionist to ridicule them as cheap and look down on her, which amused Cynthia.

Cynthia ignored the receptionist and was about to call Alston. A surprised male voice came from behind as

here?" she took out her mobile phone. "Mrs. Smith, why are you

She turned her head and saw that it was Alston's assistant, Lloyd.

Wearing a well-cut suit, Lloyd looked tall and handsome. Adding the identity that he was Alston's assistant, he was very popular with the female employees.

As soon as the receptionist saw Lloyd, her face blushed immediately, and her eyes were full of shyness. "Mr. Evans, why are you here?"

here?

Cynthia glanced at her and turned to Lloyd. "Mr. Evans, I'm here to find Alston for lunch."

As she said that, she lifted the lunch box in her hand. "But your receptionist didn't let me in and even sneered at me. Doesn't the Smith Group pay attention to the bearing when selecting employees?"

Lloyd glanced coldly at the receptionist, and she was dumbfounded at this moment. She never thought that the plainly dressed woman in front of her was really the Smith Group president's wife.

Her face was pale, and her lips trembled for a long time before she reacted. She begged Cynthia with a mournful look. "Mrs. Smith, it's my fault. I didn't know you were Mrs. Smith just now. I'm so sorry. Can you not fire me? I have to support my family. It was hard for me to become an employee of the Smith Group. Please,

don't fire me."

Cynthia was indifferent. "I'm not the president of the Smith Group, and it's not up to me to decide whether you

will stay or not."

The receptionist

still wanted to say something, but Lloyd suddenly stood in front of Cynthia, saying in a cold

voice, "Remember your duty, and don't pester Mrs. Smith."

Lloyd usually had a smiling face and looked gentle, but now his face fell, which made the receptionist so

scared that she had to lower her head, not daring to say a word.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, Lloyd turned around and looked at Cynthia respectfully. "Mrs. Smith, I

will bring you to Mr. Smith's office."

"All right." Cynthia nodded, followed Lloyd, and got on the president's exclusive elevator.

Seeing that the two left, the receptionist heaved a sigh of relief, and another receptionist next to her came

over and said in a low voice, "Didn't I warn you before? You have to put your mind right and don't underestimate others at will. Otherwise, you will accidentally offend someone noble. Am I right? You have offended the president's wife, and I guess you won't be able to stay in the Smith Group anymore."

But she smiled disapprovingly with a haughty expression. "Mr. Smith didn't disclose his wife, so I guess she is

not favored. Otherwise, the previous assistant, Miss Taylor, wouldn't maintain a high profile. I'll be fine."

As soon as she finished speaking, the phone beside her suddenly rang. She picked it up, and her face

suddenly turned pale when she heard what the other end of the phone said.

The other receptionist saw her weird expression, so she leaned over and heard a sentence from the phone.

"Come here and settle your salary. Pack up your things and leave in the afternoon..."

Only Cynthia and Lloyd were in the elevator, and there was nothing but silence. As Cynthia watched the floor

numbers change, Lloyd suddenly said, "Mrs. Smith, I'm sorry for the receptionist's rudeness. I have already

notified the personnel department."

Cynthia paused. "No. It's me not telling Alston in advance. She doesn't know me, although she is mean..."

"Mrs. Smith." Lloyd knew what she wanted to say and interrupted her. "She is Clare's subordinate, so I can

take this opportunity to get rid of her. You needn't feel guilty."

Cynthia felt better hearing it, and they soon arrived at Alston's office.

As Lloyd was about to knock on the door, a girl's coquettish voice came from the office. "Alston, am I right?"

You must be objective. Please..."

Lloyd's expression changed, and he quickly looked at Cynthia beside him, finding that a falling face replaced

the smile on her face.

"Mrs. Smith, it's not what you think." Lloyd quickly explained.

Cynthia sneered, "Get out of the way!"

After speaking, she nudged Lloyd aside and pushed the door open with a slam. After seeing the scene inside, Cynthia's expression became colder.

There were three people in the office, Alston, Lucien, and the sexy red-clothed beauty Cynthia saw at the door

of the Smith Group just now.

Lucien stood in front of the desk, Alston sat on the chair, and the beautiful woman in red held Alston's arm, looking very intimate.

When Cynthia pushed the door open and went in, the three paused and turned their heads to look at her in

unison.

"Why are you here?" Alston was taken aback for a moment, and his eyes lit up. After seeing the lunch box in her hand, his gloomy mood all morning suddenly became bright, as if the sun had come up from the cloudy

sky.

Cynthia stared at the woman holding Alston's hand and frowned.

Alston never liked other women touching him, but he accepted the current girl. "Who is she?" Cynthia

wondered.

"Can't I be here?" Cynthia sneered, and her words were a little aggressive.

"I thought Mr. Smith was busy with

work, but I didn't expect him to be so leisured."

Alston followed her gaze and saw Alice holding his hand. Suddenly, he understood why Cynthia said that and felt delighted. He couldn't help but smile.

He thought Cynthia might be jealous.

"Cynthia, here you are. What delicious food did you bring?" Lucien didn't notice the tense atmosphere and excitedly ran over when he saw **the** lunch box in Cynthia's hand.

He was almost starving because he didn't eat anything here all morning.

Before Lucien could touch the box, a figure rushed over from behind and took it away before him.

He turned around stiffly, and Alston glanced at him lazily while holding the lunch box.

"Who are you?" A female voice suddenly rose next to Cynthia's ear, and Cynthia was startled, meeting the red-clothed beauty's defensive look. "Why does it look that Lucien got so close to you? What's your

relationship?"

Cynthia's mind went blank, and all that she wanted to say was lost. She tilted her head, puzzled.

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"What? Lucien? Shouldn't it be Alston?"

"She appeared so affectionate to Alston when she talked to him and held his arm. Why did she mention

Lucien?" Cynthia wondered.

Alice was

a little dazed after hearing Cynthia's question, and the two stared at each other for a long time. Alston

suddenly stepped forward, put his arms around Cynthia's slender waist, and lowered his head slightly, whispering in her ear, "She is my aunt's daughter, Alice Gehry. I know you're jealous."

Cynthia was so embarrassed that she blushed scarlet.

Then Lucien introduced Cynthia to Alice, and Alice was also a little embarrassed. "Cynthia, I'm sorry. I've been abroad and just came back yesterday. I haven't seen you, sorry."

Cynthia shook her head with a smile and started to observe Alice.

Cynthia's look was delicate, but Alice would give people the feeling of seduction. Alice's fair face was as small as a palm, with slightly narrow, long eyes, very similar to Alston's, upturning in an even more charming.

manner.

She dressed bolder and sexier, maybe because she spent more time abroad. But her straightforward character neutralized the feeling of seduction, making people feel very comfortable.

They hit it off immediately after chatting a few words and kept talking like they had endless topics.

Holding the lunch box, Alston stood aside with a dark face. He grabbed Lucien's collar and pushed toward Alice when he couldn't bear it anymore. "Take Alice out for lunch, and don't disturb us."

As he spoke, he shook the lunch box and squinted his eyes.

Lucien instantly understood that Alston couldn't wait to eat the lunch Cynthia had specially prepared for him, so Lucien had no choice but to pull Alice's wrist. "Alice, let me make up the welcome home meal for you. Leave the office to Alston and Cynthia."

Alice was eager to be alone with Lucien, so she gave Cynthia the contact information and couldn't wait to pull Lucien out.

In an instant, only Cynthia and Alston were left in the office.

"I'm sorry about that thing before. It's me making you worry. I won't make decisions without discussing them with you."

Chapter 77 You Are Like My Brother

Cynthia lowered her head, and her face tensed up. After speaking, she looked up at Alston cautiously, making

him feel his heart softening.

The anger in the morning had dissipated long ago. Seeing Cynthia like this now, Alston couldn't bear to

blame her.

He sighed and patted her head. "I shouldn't yell at you, but you must tell me as soon as you encounter such a

thing in the future. You should take your health seriously."

"I see," Cynthia responded obediently. She raised her head, threw herself towards Alston with a smile, and put her arms around Alston's lean waist. "Come and have lunch. I cooked it myself."

"Okay." Alston pulled her, sat down on the sofa beside her, and opened the lunch box layer by layer.

The first layer was roasted pork ribs with excellent color. A sweet and sour aroma of pork ribs permeated

when opening the box.

Alston felt warmed slightly.

He wasn't a picky eater. He would eat what the servants cooked for him and hadn't clearly expressed his

preferences, but Cynthia was different. When she first came to take care of him at the Smith family, she

noticed that Alston, who used to be indifferent and sullen, turned out to be addicted to sweet food, especially

sweet and sour ones.

The lunch box had three layers, and Alston opened it layer by layer. In addition to the ribs, there were

vegetables and tender omelets. The box had a good insulation effect, so the food was still steaming.

Alston picked up a small rib and fed it to Cynthia first, watching her chewing on the ribs with puffing cheeks.

Alston's eyes were unprecedentedly gentle.

"By the way, what happened to Alice and Lucien?" Cynthia asked in a faint voice.

Alice's liking for Lucien was so evident that anyone with eyes could see it quickly, but Cynthia was not clear

about Lucien's thoughts.

If you said Lucien liked Alice, he not only didn't accept her but also showed resistance when he faced Alice's passion for him. But if you said he didn't like her, he doted on her all the time, making people wonder what he

was thinking.

Seeing that Cynthia was thinking of others while eating with him, Alston casually said, "They have been

friends from childhood. Lucien doesn't realize his love for Alice."

Seeing that Cynthia still wanted to talk about something, Alston fed her another spoonful to block her

mouth.

"Focus on your food. Don't talk."

In a private restaurant not far from the Smith Group, Lucien and Alice sat together and ordered a large table

of dishes, which Lucien specially ordered for her return.

Alice only ate a few mouthfuls, but Lucien devoured the food because he hadn't eaten since the last night.

"Eat slowly. No one competes with you." Alice propped her face sideways with her fair palms and stared at him intently, her beautiful eyes full of affection.

Lucien's mouth was full of food, and his voice was slurred. "I... I'm starving... You hurry up and eat. If it's not

enough, I'll order a few more dishes..."

He ate hurriedly, and some food stuck to his handsome cheeks.

Alice wiped the food off the corner of his mouth and said affectionately, "You are like a child. Look, there is

food on your face."

As they talked, their eyes met once, and they were both in a daze for a moment. Lucien was the first to turn.

his head, and the atmosphere between them was suddenly awkward.

Lucien swallowed the food in his mouth with difficulty and smiled embarrassingly. "Alice, you seem to have

changed a lot this time."

"Oh? What changed?" Alice poked the dishes on the plate and asked softly.

"Well... It's..." Lucien thought hard for a long time before he said with a smile, "You're not as tomboyish as

before. Your hair was too short before, but you look feminine in your outfit today. I was worried that you

would not be able to get married, but now I feel relieved a lot. You must have many suitors right now."

"What about you?" Alice suddenly turned her head, and her charming eyes were full of seriousness. "Will you

like me?"

Lucien paused and patted his head embarrassingly. "Well, we both grew up together, and you are like my

brother. If I like you, it looks like I have fallen in love with my brother. It's terrible."

As he spoke, he shuddered funnily. "Alice, you'd better not think about it. Otherwise, I can't stand such a weird

feeling."

After hearing this, Alice lowered her eyes to hide her disappointment and sadness. She said in a low voice,

"But I'm not your brother. I'm girl."

"I never regard you as a girl..."

Before Lucien finished his sentence, Alice suddenly grabbed his right hand and pressed it against her chest.

A warm and soft touch was under his hand, making him freeze. He subconsciously squeezed it, and Alice let

out a faint cry.

As the soft cry rose, Lucien retracted his hand like a stimulated cat with standing fur. He blushed scarlet and

could even feel his ears burning.

“You... Alice...”

He was unable to say a complete sentence.

Alice lifted her eyes to him and smiled with narrowing, charming eyes. “Lucien, do your other brothers also

have this?”

“You... You’re shameless!” Lucien was at a loss with a flushed face. He didn’t expect Alice to be so bold. “Did

you learn something bad abroad? Who else did you do to like... like that just now?”

“There is no one else but you.” Alice smiled, slowly took a mouthful of food, and narrowed her eyes, seeing Lucien’s increasingly embarrassing appearance.

If Cynthia were here, she would say that she and Alston were worthy of being cousins. After all, they acted the same when they teased others.

“Alice, stop making trouble,” Lucien sighed.

Alice swallowed the food and wiped her mouth gracefully. “I never make a mess. I already clearly show you my feelings. Lucien, you have been pretending to be unaware of it.”

Hearing this, Lucien pressed his lips and did not speak.

Since he knew Alice’s feelings for him, he tried every means to avoid her. He kept pretending not to know her love, but he didn’t expect Alice to speak it directly.

“I have many excellent friends, and I can introduce them to you. You can choose whoever you like.” Lucien took a long while to say that.

Alice smiled. “Forget it. I don’t want to force you. I will not go abroad again from now on. My mother has already heard from your father that you lack an assistant. What I studied abroad is business administration. Do you want to recruit me as your assistant?”

“Assistant?” Lucien frowned tightly. He couldn’t help but guess if Alice used the opportunity to go after him.

Seeing the defensive look in his eyes, Alice sneered, “Lucien, I’m not that kind of nympho girl. I won’t just think about those love affairs all day long. Don’t worry. If you recruit me as your assistant, I will do my best. Then you can’t begrudge giving me a raise.”

Lucien relaxed, with a bright smile spreading over his face again. “All right. I’ll take you to the Williams and arrange work for you this afternoon.”

Alice nodded and continued to eat, with her long eyelashes drooping, and her true mind was hidden.

Alice felt Lucien was too pure to protect himself from other women’s tricks and calculations, so he’d better stay beside her. No other woman could get close to him as long as she was beside him.

Lucien will be hers in the end.

Lucien continued to eat and suddenly felt a chill in his back. He couldn’t help but mutter, “Who is harping on me?”

Alice raised her head and glanced at him with a smile. “Hurry up and eat. You need to take me to the company after eating.”

Chapter 78 Leave the Smith Group

After Clare had talked with Ivan, he frequently appeared in the company and began to intervene in various company affairs. Ultimately, he flipped out on Alston in a meeting because of disputes with Alston.

At the Smith Group’s shareholder meeting. Clare looked at Alston coldly and said in an aggrieved voice, “Alston, I know that you are now the uncompromising person in charge of the Smith Group and don’t care me, even though I’m your uncle. But I also have the Smith Group’s shares. Why do you ignore my opinion.”

Alston sat on the chair, and his face was stern without apparent emotions. “Uncle Clare, you have the right to raise opinions, but your opinions are not suitable for our current project at all, so I also have the right to reject them.”

Looking at Alston’s calmness and carelessness, Clare was even angrier. “It seems you’re so confident in

managing the company that you don’t need me anymore and try every means to force me to leave. Since you

insist on your decision, I will also stick to mine. I can't stay in the Smith Group any longer, and now I'm

officially separated from the company. Then I'm no longer your obstacle."

Alston heard him confuse right and wrong and couldn't help but sneer, "It seems you are determined to leave

the Smith Group. I can't stop you if you leave the Smith family and establish yours. Then do what you want."

After Alston finished speaking, Clare blushed, snorted coldly, and left without hesitation.

As soon as he left, the shareholders at the meeting started whispering. The scene was chaotic for a while,

and then one shareholder stood up. "Mr. Smith, we admit you are capable, but you are too young. I favor your

uncle's idea this time. I'm sorry."

After speaking, he followed Clare and left. Then several others went one after another.

Alston narrowed his eyes, looked coldly at the shareholders sitting below, and said in a low voice, "Who else

wants to leave? You can follow Clare, and I will not stop you."

After speaking, the meeting room was silent. After a long time, someone stood up and said, "Mr. Smith, we

have been in the Smith Group for many years. After you took over the company, it developed even better. We

trust you even more and will always follow you."

Subsequently, there were echoes all over the room.

Alston glanced at the rest. The people on Clare's side had already left, including two principal shareholders

and a few small shareholders. But Mr. Johnson put it clear that he would support him this time, and the

number of people who chose to stay in the Smith Group was not small.

Alston nodded and said, "Thank you all. I, Alston Smith, will never let down your trust."

A brief sentence was like to give everyone a much-needed shot in their arms, and their unease was settled.

After the meeting. Alston returned to the office, and Lloyd stood aside to report, "Clare and those

shareholders have sold off their shares in the Smith Group. I have arranged for people to buy them all. It's

unclear how many benefits Clare promised them all, making them will rather follow him than stay in the

Smith Group."

Alston closed his eyes and tapped the table lightly with his slender fingers without any worry on his face. Since he knew Clare's thought of leaving the Smith Group, he had planned everything and waited to drive him

out of the company.

"Keep staring at them and report to me as soon as there is movement."

Lloyd nodded. "I see!"

"By the way, when will the Green family arrive in Fort?" Alston opened his eyes which were as deep as a pool.

Lloyd answered, "I guess they will arrive next week, and I already get the news that the Green family is preparing to leave Coast City."

Alston calmly nodded as if everything was under his control.

Lloyd stood beside him with an inscrutable smile.

After Cynthia learned that Clare had left the Smith Group, she found Alston was even busier, going out early

and returning late every day.

It was past midnight, and Alston had just returned home. Not long after he returned, Greg had something to

report, and the two went to the study.

Cynthia felt distressed when seeing him busy.

It was not clear where Stella went for fun. She didn't spend the night at the Smith family these days.

Cynthia got up, went downstairs to warm up two cups of milk, and brought them to the study. She knocked on the door, and a low and hoarse voice came out from the study.

"Come in."

Cynthia pushed the door open and went in, finding that Alston was still flipping through the documents and Greg standing aside. Both of them looked up when they heard the sound of the door being pushed open.

She smiled. "I warmed up two cups of milk. You can talk after drinking the milk."

Greg hurriedly took over the tray. "Mrs. Smith, how can I burden you with such work? Let me do it."

"It's okay. I'm the one with the most leisure now, so it's not a big deal to warm up two cups of milk," said

Cynthia smiling, handing him one of the cups.

Alston wayed to her, and Cynthia walked over with the milk, stuffing the cup into his hand. "You must not

have eaten well these days. You look like you are losing a lot of weight."

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Looking at his chiseled face, Cynthia suddenly remembered the first time she saw him in the Smith family. At that time, he was lying on the bed quietly, thin and out of shape, looking terrible and pitiful.

She spared no effort to take care of him, and he finally looked relatively healthy. But he lost so much weight

again.

Alston didn't refute and drank the milk obediently. "After this period, there won't be so many things to do, and I will have a lot of time to be with you by then. I will take you for a trip, and you can go anywhere you want."

Cynthia took the empty cup and smiled when she heard it. "Then it's a deal. Remember your promise when

the time comes.”

They had a conversation. Seeing that Greg had also finished drinking, Cynthia packed up prepared to go downstairs.

the

cups and

She knew that Clare’s departure took away many of the Smith Group’s business partners and left Alston with a mess. It was the busiest and most chaotic time for the Smith Group.

She heard Greg and Alston start talking about work again when she was about to leave.

Greg’s voice came into her ears. “Among them, the Miller Group gave Clare a lot of support. The Smith Group and the Miller family are century-old and have been involved in the business for a long time. Almost every project of the Smith Group has the participation of the Miller Group. It was not clear what happened to them. this time. They rather paid a huge amount of liquidated damages than abided by the contract with us.”

Alston sneered, “It is estimated that they have reached cooperation with Clare, and Clare should have paid a

large part of the huge liquidated damages. It is ridiculous to pay the Smith Group’s liquidated damages with

the money embezzled from the Smith Group.”

Cynthia’s expression changed when she heard it, and she gently closed the door.

After going downstairs to clean the cups, she went straight to the bedroom and took a document from the

drawer under her wardrobe. Looking at the writing on it, she bit her lower lip.

Almost at one o’clock, Alston returned to the bedroom after taking a shower in the bathroom outside the

bedroom, and he found that the light was still on, seeing Cynthia, thin, huddled under the quilt.

His eyes suddenly softened a lot. He walked over lightly and stretched out his long arms to cuddle her.

In a daze, Cynthia smelled the fresh fragrance after taking a shower and opened her eyes. Rubbing her sleepy

eyes lightly, she asked in a soft voice, "Alston, you're done talking with Greg?"

Alston gently kissed her face and replied in a hoarse voice, "Sorry, I woke you up."

"No, I've been waiting for you, and I accidentally fell asleep just now." Cynthia shook her head with the

strength to wake herself up.

Alston said distressedly, "You can sleep first. You have to go to work tomorrow, and you will feel

uncomfortable if you don't get enough sleep."

Cynthia rubbed against his chest. "I have something for you."

"What?"

Cynthia took the document from the bedside table and handed it to him with a severe look. "I'm just an

ordinary doctor, and I can't help you deal with the trouble the Smith Group faces now. It is the dowry you got

for me earlier. I give it to you now, and I hope it can give you a hand."

What she held was the equity transfer letter that Alston forced Beck to sign before, which was 15% of the

Miller Group's shares. Without hesitation, she gave him all that she could rely on now.

Alston looked down at the thin equity transfer document, feeling an indescribable emotion welling up in his

heart, bitter but warm.

Since his father's death, he has supported the Smith Group alone. A sixteen-year-old boy forced himself to

become mature and robust. After running the Smith Group for so many years, he thought he was strong

enough not to be afraid of all pain and that he was no longer the helpless boy as before.

But now, this woman, so thin that she seemed to be blown away by the wind, gave him all she had.

Alston sighed deeply, put his big hands on the back of her head, and hugged her into his arms. "Cynthia, thank you. I will take care of everything. All you have to do is to be happy and do what you want. I hope

nothing will make you worried."

Alston had noticed long ago that the Smith Group and the Miller Group were too deeply involved. Although the Smith Group were in a strong position in many ways over the Miller Group, the reliance on them was still strong. He had made all needed backups early, including the Williams Group and the Clinton family.

Once the Miller Group broke the contract, the two groups could replace them immediately. Alston didn't lack anything but the Miller Group's breaking of the contract.

Chapter 79 Ride High

Beck returned to the Miller family refreshed after talking with Clare.

Jane walked to him and helped him change his shoes. After he sat on the sofa, Cherry got him a cup of tea with a smile and said, "Dad, I made the tea for you. You can try it."

Beck took a sip as a favor and nodded with a smile. "My good girl. Can make sweeter tea than others do."

Cherry laughed happily.

"We've been at Smith Group's mercy. I was groveling in front of Alston even though I'm a senior. We finally get

a win this time."

Jane sat beside Beck, helping him hammer his legs with a smug face.

"The matter hasn't been settled yet. Behave yourself outside and don't get carried away." Although Beck said that, his face also showed complacency.

He and Clare had planned that for a long time. Clare made a sudden move this time. Beck would take heavy losses to break the contract with Miller Group. He thought Alston was never too good to expect he would make such a decision.

If Smith Group had no coping strategy and the product, he would lose his trust.

A company without integrity was not far from bankruptcy.

He didn't think Alston could turn things around under such circumstances.

"Dad, we have broken the contract. Do we have to pay a lot of liquidated damages?" Cherry expressed her

worries when she saw her parents happy.

Some time ago, the Miler family had begun to control expenses subconsciously. Her pocket money had decreased a lot. She hadn't bought a high-end custom dress and bag for a long time. And she was embarrassed to greet her friends every time she went out.

Her life would be more difficult if they had to pay for the huge liquidated damages.

Cherry gritted her teeth angrily when she recalled what had happened in the clothing store in front of Alston and Cynthia.

She couldn't afford those clothes, and she was so embarrassed. But Cynthia, a lowly illegitimate daughter,

was favored by Alston in such a high-profile manner. How could she bear it?

Beck took a sip of tea and said leisurely, "Don't worry. You think Clare left Smith Group without any

preparation?"

"Dad, what do you mean?" Cherry hurried over and looked at him curiously.

Beck was in a good mood and explained, "Clare made a lot of money in Smith Group before. After leaving, not

to mention the money from the sale of the shares, although his position in Smith Group is not as high as that of Alston, the projects he is in charge of will bring him a great fortune. He probably has taken away nearly

half of Smith Group's assets."

"What does this have to do with our family?" Cherry asked eagerly.

"I promised to break the contract with Smith Group, and help Clare whatever it will take. In exchange, he will pay 70 percent of Miller Group's liquidated damages. While we only need to pay the remaining 30 percent, which we can still afford it. And no matter what project Clare's company has, we have the priority to

cooperate with them.”

After Beck finished speaking, the eyes of Cherry and Jane lit up.

Although Miller Group was also an old family in Fort, it had been falling on hard times at Beck’s age. Especially some time ago, Jane and Cherry were ridiculed by many ladies outside. People said their mother and daughter abused their illegitimate daughters and lost morals, which made them unable to go out to socialize, and their reputation plummeted.

Cherry was of marriageable age, but many families did not consider her because of that. Jane was worried

that Cherry would not get married, or would not marry a good family.

“We are going to take off.”

Beck said that with a sigh and looked at Jane, who looked excited. She had been well-preserved but now

looked much older because too much laughter gave her deep crow’s feet. Her skin was rough and yellow. No

matter how much powder was applied, it couldn’t be concealed. Besides, there was a saying that a person’s

face is shaped by their heart. So she looked very mean..

He was a little dull for a while and suddenly thought of Lynn.

Lynn was beautiful. When he was young, he was deeply fascinated by this elegant and pretty woman he met

for the first time. She had a gentle and classical temperament, like a noble lady cultivated by a century-old

family.

Beck loved Lynn. When he was with her, he looked forward to their unborn child.

But he chose the latter between Lynn and Jane because the Miller family could benefit him. After knowing

Lynn, Jane had brought her men to come to her. Beck lost track of Lynn since then. When he saw her again,

she gave birth to a child for him.

Cynthia was like Lynn, who looked delicate and small but was stubborn inside.

After he had taken complete control of the Miller family, he imprisoned Lynn for ten years. Now Lynn's

appearance did not change much. Instead, her illness made her more delicate and attractive.

Lynn held a significant place in Beck's heart. But Alston and Cynthia took her away, so he couldn't see her as

he wanted, which made him hate Alston even more.

When the dust settled, he would get Lynn back.

Beck's eyes flashed with firmness and sternness. "I'm a little tired. I'll go upstairs to rest."

Then he left.

Jane stopped smiling, and she slammed the teacup on the table.

Beck looked at her with full of boredom in his eyes. Recently, she had seen that look more often. Jane knew

Beck was tired of her.

She slept late last night and heard Beck calling Lynn's name in his sleep. "That sick b*tch. He still misses her

even now." Jane thought.

The more Jane thought about it, the angrier she became. Now that her family was in decline, she couldn't provide Beck with any help and threaten him anymore. Once the Miller family rose, Beck would become even worse.

Cherry could tell that her mother was angry, making her a little confused why she suddenly got mad while

she was so happy just then.

She took Jane's arm and asked cautiously, "Mom... What's wrong with you? We are about to rise, aren't you

happy?"

Cherry's voice brought Jane back from her thoughts. Jane held Cherry's hand tightly.

Yes, she still had Cherry!

Beck only had two daughters. He would never leave the family property to Cynthia. The only one who could

inherit the property was Cherry. As long as Cherry was here, it didn't matter whether Beck loved her.

"Cherry, I will definitely help you. The Miller family can only be yours!" She looked tense and kept muttering.

Cherry's arm hurt from being grabbed by her, "Mom, what's wrong with you? I am hurt."

Only then did Jane let go of her hand, restrain her emotions, and gently rub her arm for her. "I'm sorry. I lost

my strength and hurt you."

Jane lowered her head, rubbing Cherry's arm with a smile.

"When the Smith family was defeated, Cynthia Miller and Lynn Green, the two b*tches, would lose Alston's protection. I will definitely make their lives a living hell." Jane thought.

Seeing Jane's slightly distorted smile, Cherry shuddered unconsciously. She felt that her mother who was usually gentle to her looked so scary now.

Chapter 80 Engagement

As soon as Lloyd entered Smith Group, he saw many employees in the lobby. They all were in a hurry, looking

more or less anxious.

When the employees saw Lloyd coming, they all stopped and greeted him.

Lloyd was Alston's valuable assistant. They wanted to know something about the company from Lloyd.

Everyone hesitated for a long time. Mr. Johnson from the marketing department finally couldn't hold back,

stepped forward, and asked, "Mr. Evans, is our company okay? I see Mr. Smith looked terrible these days. Is

there something wrong with the company?"

After Mr. Johnson asked, he stared at Lloyd closely, and the employees gathered around with listening ears

and observing eyes.

The news of Miller Group breaking the contract had become a public matter. It had been more or less

involved in the projects they managed. Now Miller Group had retracted its materials, resources, and talent.

Apparently, it would fight Smith Group to the end.

Lloyd's eyes flashed when he looked at everyone's earnest gazes, and suddenly he let out a long sigh, saying full of helplessness. "Well, Mr. Smith didn't expect Miller Group to break the contract. After all, Mrs. Smith is

Mr. Miller's daughter. We didn't think Miller Group would be so heartless, but..."

Speaking of that, he got a little anxious. "Now that Clare Smith has left Smith Group with a large number of partners and resources. And Miller Group made matters worse. Mr. Smith didn't get enough rest these days,

so he looks terrible."

"Then... Then what will we do next?" Mr. Johnson became anxious. He had worked in Smith Group for many

years and all his wealth was here. If it went bankrupt, he and his family would have to live on air.

The employees behind were lamenting and discussing.

"Miller Group has withdrawn from the project that our team managed, so we can't go on. That project will probably fall through."

"I have spent so much effort to enter Smith Group. I hope it can do well, otherwise my efforts for so many years will be in vain."

There were several discordant sounds among their discussions.

“Mr. Smith is too young after all. He can’t compete with his Uncle Clare.”

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“I heard that Mr. Smith’s Tansy Group has been recruiting employees recently. Employees from Smith Group are given hiring priority. Is that true?”

Some employees became active when they heard that. Due to Lloyd’s presence, they were not so obvious. But they couldn’t hide the excitement and eagerness on their faces.

Lloyd looked at them with different expressions and hidden thoughts, and a trace of coldness flashed in his

eyes

At the end of their discussion, he pretended to try to appease them and said, “Don’t worry, everyone. We have

seen Mr. Smith’s strength. Smith Group has been through, and we will definitely survive this time. Don’t listen to rumors. We must be united and work together to deal with this difficulty.”

After he finished speaking, there was a burst of echoing voices. It sounded like they were high-spirited, but

there was no way to know whether they were sincere.

Then Lloyd returned to the office and sat at his desk. Not long after, Alston came.

He picked up the paper on the table and walked towards Alston’s office.

Alston wore a neat black suit with an indifferent expression, standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass

windows. His tall figure seemed to be made of steel, looking indestructible.

“Mr. Smith.” Lloyd stood behind him respectfully, saying, “There are people from Clare Smith who are in

various departments. They were spreading rumors in the lobby just now, helping Clare Smith recruit

employees.”

Alston turned around, and Lloyd handed over the paper. "Here is the list of those people."

"Release the news that Smith Group has problems with cash flow and will lay off employees. Get these people fired." Alston took a few glances and smiled slightly. Although he was smiling, he looked cold.

Lloyd nodded, with a cold look in his eyes.

When the news of Smith Group's redundancies was released, Clare and Beck were eating in the private room. Hearing the news, Beck was in a good mood and drank a few more glasses of wine.

But Clare had some doubts, "It has been only a few days. Smith Group has laid off employees. It shouldn't be so fast, and the staff who got fired so far are the ones he placed in Smith Group.

Was that too coincidental?

"Mr. Smith, don't think too much about it. Alston is still a kid in his thirties. How powerful he can be. We

caught him by surprise this time. He must so be desperate that he decided to downsize."

After Beck finished speaking with a smile, Clare was relieved, but he still warned him, "Alston is insidious and cunning, you should be on guard."

Beck nodded.

Clare took the initiative to fill up the wine in Beck's glass. He was very passionate, saying, "There is something I want to discuss with you."

Beck frowned slightly and thought, "He is so polite suddenly. What does he want to say?"

"What's the matter?"

Clare clinked a glass with him. Then he said with a smile. "Cherry is 25 years old this year, the same age as my son. I met her at the banquet before. She is well-educated, with excellent appearance and temperament. She is simple and straightforward. I like her very much."

Beck's heart skipped a beat. He had guessed what Clare wanted to say, and he quickly sighed and said,

“Although I have two daughters, Cynthia is already married to Alston, and she is absolutely devoted to him. I

will let her go. But Cherry has been with me since her childhood. I only have her now, and I want to keep her

for a few more years.”

Clare’s face darkened slightly. Although Beck praised Cherry so much, he was still very dissatisfied with her. She was not as pretty as Cynthia, and she was petty just like her mother. Clare would never let such a girl.

marries Ivan.

But Ivan had suffered from sexual impairment. His reputation had been ruined while he was in prison, so

Clare had no choice.

As long as Cherry could give birth to Ivan’s child, he didn’t care about anything else.

“Let me get this straight. I want Ivan and Cherry to get married. They are about the same age, and have known each other since childhood. I think they are a good match. What do you think?”

Beck was so angry that he wanted to hit him when he heard that.

“No match!” he thought.

“Alston is a well-known dandy and good-for-nothing waste in Fort, who is still in prison. Clare said he is suitable for Cherry. Does this mean that his daughter is also a useless idiot?!”

He held back his anger and smiled stiffly. “Cherry is spoiled by me. She is arrogant, reckless and impulsive. I am afraid that she is not good enough for Ivan. Besides, they should choose their own husband or wife. Am I

right?”

Clare got a dark look, thinking, “I have been very clear, but he still refuses. Does he look down on his son?!”

He sneered. “After all, it’s just a partnership between us. It could fall apart at any time. If Cherry and Ivan get married, we will be relatives, and we will be inseparable. So no matter what problems you encounter, I will do

my best to help. Isn't that good?"

Those words were half a threat and half a promise. Although Beck was unpleasant, he wavered.

Clare struck while the iron was hot. "After their babies are born, you can adopt one of them and give the

surname Miller, so that you will not be afraid that your family will have no successors."

Beck's eyes suddenly lit up when he heard that.

The only thing he regretted in his life did not have a son. There were few children in the Miller family. He had tried many methods, but he had no other kids apart from Cherry and Cynthia.

He hadn't thought about having a son when he got older. Clare had read his mind.

Beck finally agreed. "Okay. As long as you promise to adopt a baby to my family, I will agree to their marriage."

Only then did Clare smile with satisfaction and refill Beck's wine glass. "Let's discuss the wedding date..."