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Chapter 2766

Smack!

This slap landed on Cynthia's face squarely. Cynthia's cheeks turned red immediately with a conspicuous mark. Her beautiful eyes were full of anger, but she could only glare at Zinnia without a word.

Zinnia was the youngest daughter of Zayn, the favorite daughter. No matter what Zinnia did in the Larson family, no one would dare to speak up. She was a young lady born with a silver spoon in her mouth, very arrogant and domineering. Many servants in the Larson family were crippled by Zinnia in her anger.

When she saw Cynthia glaring at her at this moment, Zinnia slapped her again and shouted, "How dare you stare at me?! I'll beat you to death! Let's see how you can glare at me again!"

Smack!

However, Zinnia's slap fell short. The delicate arm raised in the air was grabbed by Cynthia.

Zinnia shuddered, not expecting Cynthia to fight back at all.

"How dare you fight back?!" Zinnia exclaimed in surprise.

Cynthia pushed Zinnia's arm away and the latter staggered back, looking at her in disbelief.

"Zinnia, don't go too far! In terms of seniority, I'm your elder sister!" Cynthia said coldly, her eyes filled with tears and anger.

This was her first time resisting. In the past, no matter how Zinnia humiliated, beat, or scolded her, she endured it. However, today was different. Cynthia was in a very bad mood and full of resentment.

Zinnia stared at Cynthia full of surprise. She pointed at her nose and shouted sharply, "Cynthia, are you crazy? How dare you yell at me? An illegitimate child like you is not worthy of being my sister! The Larson family doesn't have someone like you! You're just a wild brat brought home by Fourth Uncle from the outside! Do you really think that you're a member of the Larson family just because you entered the door? You and that cheap mother of yours have the same sl*tty nature in your bones!"

While cursing, Zinnia raised her arm in anger and wanted to hit Cynthia again.

Smack!

A crisp slap resounded throughout the room. However, it was not Zinnia's slap that landed on Cynthia's face but the latter who slapped Zinnia, the pampered, arrogant, and domineering rich young lady!

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In an instant, Zinnia was stunned. She clutched her burning cheek, looked at Cynthia in disbelief, and shouted, "How dare you hit me?!"

Cynthia glared at Zinnia coldly and said, "Zinnia, don't go too far! That slap is for your disrespect to me and my mother! If you dare to insult my mother again, I'll never let you go!"

"You won't let me go? Haha, ridiculous! For what you did just now, I can get someone to beat you to death right now!"

Zinnia shrieked, "Men, get in here!"

Bang!

The room door was pushed open and two big guys in black suits rushed in. They were Zinnia's personal bodyguards. They stood behind her respectfully and said, "Young Miss, what are your orders?"

Zinnia pointed at Cynthia and shouted viciously, "Give her a good slapping! She dared to hit me. Let's see if the skin on her face is thicker or my men are stronger!"

"Yes!"

Hearing the order, the two bodyguards stepped forward. One grabbed Cynthia from behind and the other walked up to her. With an emotionless face, he raised his hand and slapped her!

This slap drew blood from Cynthia!

Zinnia smiled wickedly, crossed her arms over her chest as if she was watching a good show, and said, "I'll pay you back tenfold for daring to hit me! Keep slapping her until she apologizes and begs for mercy!"

Smack! Smack!

Loud slaps resounded throughout the room. However, Cynthia just glared at Zinnia angrily. She was bleeding from the corner of her mouth but had no intention of begging for mercy at all!

“Will you apologize or not?” Zinnia stared at Cynthia’s steadfast appearance and was furious!

“Beat me to death if you will!”

Cynthia spat a mouthful of blood at Zinnia’s face.

Zinnia almost went crazy. She pointed at Cynthia and shrieked, “Argh! Slap her! Beat her to death!”

Cynthia laughed miserably, her eyes full of hatred.

“Stop it right there!” At this time, a masculine figure suddenly rushed in and bellowed angrily.

The bodyguards turned their heads and saw the second master. They immediately backed away in fright, lowered their heads, and said, “Second Master.”

Seeing her father, Zinnia immediately rushed into Zayn’s arms and said, “Dad, look, that b*tch dared to hit me. My face is all swollen. You have to make a stand for me!”

Zayn looked at the slap mark on Zinnia’s face before he glanced at Cynthia, whose mouth was full of blood at the moment. He frowned and said, “Preposterous! Don’t you know that she’ll be marrying into the Berry family in two days? If they see her getting beaten up like this and are unhappy, what should we do?”

Hearing this, Zinnia was a little flustered and muttered, “Dad, why are you scolding me now? She’s the one who started it.”

“Hmph!” Zayn snorted coldly. He knew very well the temper of his youngest daughter.

“Get out, all of you!” Zayn shouted.

If not for Cynthia’s current status, Zayn would not have stopped his daughter. Zinnia stomped her foot angrily before she left.

Cynthia’s knees went weak as she slumped to the ground. She laughed to herself, wiped her blood, and said, “Uncle Zayn, why are you here?”

Zayn put his hands behind his back and said grimly, “Cynthia, I advise you to give up your unrealistic ideas. In two days, you’ll marry into the Berry family. That way, you can also get rid of your identity as the Larson family’s illegitimate child! Although you’ll be a concubine when you enter the Berry household, you must remember that you’re a Larson, dead or alive. No matter what, you must remember to uphold the Larson family’s dignity! When you arrive at the Berry household, you must strive to please

Young Master Berry, win his favor, and get him to help the Larson family. Do you understand?!"

"Haha..." Cynthia laughed miserably and said, "Uncle Zayn, in your opinion, am I a tool to please the young master of the Berry family?"

"Hmph!" Zayn snorted coldly and said, "That's right! Since you have the blood of a Larson flowing in your body, this is your obligation. It's something a girl like you who returned from the outside should do!"

"Hahaha!" Cynthia laughed miserably, staggered to her feet, looked at Zayn seriously, and said, "Uncle Zayn, I understand. Thank you for your reminder. When I'm married into the Berry family, I'll make sure to return the favor to the Larson family!"

Hiss!

Seeing the look in Cynthia's eyes at this moment, Zayn suddenly felt a chill in his heart as he shouted, "Don't think of using the Berry family to seek revenge on the Larson family! You don't have the right to do that yet!"

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The remark was like a verdict from heaven that dashed Cynthia's final hope.

Zayn turned around to leave and said coldly to the bodyguard at the door, "Keep a close eye on her!"

Watching Zayn's departing back, Cynthia could no longer hold back and fell limply to the ground. Then, she stared at the floor blankly, sobbing in silence. Finally, her voice became louder and turned into a cry of grief that echoed throughout the villa.

The bodyguards outside the door shook their heads helplessly at this moment and said with a sigh, "How pitiful."

Half a day later, a maid came in again with food.

"Young Miss, eat something quickly. If this continues, your body won't be able to take it."

The maid was only 20 years old and was Cynthia's personal maid. Zayn was worried that Cynthia would collapse because of her hunger strike, so he asked Cynthia's personal maid to try to persuade her.

Seeing the maid who came in, Cynthia grabbed her delicate arm and asked, "Ruth, has the letter been delivered? Is there any news? When will Philip come over?"

Ruth shook her head sadly and said, "Young Miss, I've asked someone to send the letter out, but the Larson family is under lockdown now. No news is allowed to come in. I'm afraid..."

Hearing this, Cynthia's last hope was gone. Her arms drooped listlessly as her eyes went slack.

Seeing Cynthia's appearance, Ruth's eyes were full of tears. She persuaded, "Young Miss, eat something. You look very haggard. I'm begging you. I think it's not a bad thing for you to marry into the Berry family. At least you don't have to be bullied here. Young Miss, please, eat something..."

Cynthia laughed miserably and said, "Is it good to marry? Will I not be bullied? I'm going there as a concubine. Why is my fate so miserable? Why does God treat me like this? Why can't I control my life?"

Ruth also cried. "Young Miss, don't say that."

After crying for a while, Cynthia wiped her tears. With a smile as if she had figured out something, she said, "Ruth, I want to eat. Since I can't fight it, I should just accept it."

However, Ruth did not know that Cynthia had made up her mind.

Ruth was very happy to hear that and quickly brought the food over.

"Young Miss, it's good that you've thought it through. Don't make things difficult for yourself. That's what my mother always tells me. You'll be the young madam of the Berry family in the future. It's a very glamorous title."

Cynthia smiled, but tears dripped onto her food. There was a hint of imperceptible sadness in the depths of her eyes.

Half an hour later, Ruth left.

When she walked to the door of the Villa, Zayn was waiting there. He asked coldly, "Did she eat?"

Ruth lowered her head timidly and replied, "Second Master, Young Miss has eaten. She said she has figured things out and is willing to marry."

Hearing that, Zayn smiled and said, "Very good!"

Then, he left.

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At this moment, in the main hall of the Larson family's fourth branch, Hogan paced up

and down non-stop. A beautiful woman sat on the sofa on the side, looking at her freshly made manicure. He said, "Master, you've been walking up and down the entire time. It's making me dizzy."

Hearing that, Hogan stopped. He looked at the coquettish woman and asked, "Cynthia is going to marry into the Berry family in two days. How can I not be worried?"

The beautiful woman snorted coldly and said, "Master, why do you care about that girl? It's her blessing to marry into the Berry family! I say you should keep out of this. This is your eldest brother's decision. If you speak up for that girl, you'll offend him. Our fourth branch has always been weak. If you offend him, the consequences will be disastrous."

Hearing that, Hogan scowled and said, "Whatever it is, Cynthia is my daughter. Don't I even have a say in my daughter's marriage?"

Upon hearing that, the beautiful woman said, "Daughter? She was born by that woman. Why do you care so much about her?"

The beautiful woman was upset. Hogan was more concerned about that girl than his son.

Hearing that, Hogan said, "What are you saying? That woman gave birth to my daughter!"

"Why are you yelling at me? Yell at Big Brother if you must!" The beautiful woman retorted.

Hogan fell silent and sat on the sofa.

After a long while, the beautiful woman said, "Master, I think you should stop worrying about this matter. Things will turn out for the best. Even if Cynthia marries the Berry family, it can't be worse than her being in the Larson family, right?"

Two days later, Larson Manor was decorated lavishly with red carpets that covered thousands of meters. The wedding theme was a combination of both modern and classic styles. Just the wedding arrangement alone, it was said that the Larson family had spent tens of millions.

Larson Manor was a sea of red and pink roses.

The parking lot outside the manor was already full of various luxury cars, all owned by prominent figures in Fernvale. They got down from the cars and walked on the red carpet to give their congratulations. The entire Larson Manor was immersed in a festive atmosphere.

An endless stream of distinguished guests arrived.

Silva Larson, the head of the Larson family, and the master of the second and third branches greeted the distinguished guests at the door. As for the fourth master, Hogan was told to stay in the inner hall. He was not given a chance to meet the distinguished guests at all.

Amid the cheerful laughter, Cynthia was surrounded by top makeup artists who were doing her makeup in the villa. She had already put on a white Elizabethan wedding dress, looking very noble and elegant. The small of her back and arms were exposed.

Ruth said happily next to her, "Young Miss, you look so beautiful."

Cynthia's face was indifferent as she looked at the fairylike woman in the mirror.

It was her but she felt unfamiliar. With a change of mindset, everything seemed different.

"Young Miss, there's still an hour before the people from the Berry family arrive."

Seeing Cynthia's low spirits at this moment, Ruth reminded her.

Cynthia forced a smile and said, "I know."

Then, she looked through the window at the happy crowd. It seemed that she was waiting for someone.

Meanwhile, a private jet landed at Fernvale Airport. Philip stepped off the plane in a navy blue suit, sunglasses, and expensive Italian leather shoes. Behind him, Fennel and the others followed, all dressed up.

'Fernvale, here I come. Larson family, here I come...'

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This should be Philip's first visit to Fernvale since his mother's accident and the Larson family's withdrawal from the mainland.

After getting off the plane and walking out of the airport, a row of expensive Maybachs was waiting at the door. Bodyguards in black suits stood respectfully at the car doors, waiting for Philip and the others to get in the cars. This appearance instantly attracted onlookers and picture-taking.

After getting in the car, Philip said to the driver, "To the Larson family."

Philip did not want to delay. He had many questions for the Larson family.

The convoy headed to the Larson family.

At this moment, in Larson Manor, the huge lawn was full of prominent people from Fernvale who were discussing something excitedly.

“The young lady from the fourth branch of the Larson family is really lucky to marry the Berry family as a concubine.”

“Of course. I heard that Cynthia Larson is an illegitimate child brought back by Hogan. Her mother is in that line of work, so her status in the Larson family is very low.”

“Isn’t this a real-life Cinderella story? If that’s the case, the Larson family is not bad. With such a big wedding, Cynthia should be content.”

The crowd discussed incessantly.

Zayn and the others overheard some remarks which made them scowl. However, they did not say anything. After today, the Larson family would have one less disgrace to worry about

At this moment, Silva was at the forefront of the open-air wedding banquet, chatting with several nobles of Fernvale.

A servant came over and whispered in Silva’s ear, “Patriarch, Miss Cynthia requests to see you.”

Silva frowned as he held a wine glass in his hand. He raised his eyebrows, nodded slightly, and said to the people in front of him, “Everyone, I need to deal with something. I’ll be back later.”

They nodded in response.

Silva motioned for Zayn and Nash to accompany these prominent figures before he turned and left the wedding banquet hall, heading straight for the small villa.

At the door, Silva asked several servants who were kneeling on the ground, “How are the preparations?”

Several servants replied respectfully, “Patriarch, they’re almost done.”

Hearing that, Silva nodded and walked into the room.

Cynthia sat in front of the dresser and looked at Silva’s reflection in the mirror as he stood at the door. She got up, turned around, bent slightly toward Silva, and said, “Uncle Silva.”

Silva nodded and said with a smile, “As expected of a woman from the Larson family. You look beautiful. Cynthia, today is your big day. You should be happy.”

Cynthia forced a smile and said, "Uncle Silva, we both know what's going on, so let's stop with the pretenses. I requested to see you because I want to discuss a condition with you."

'A condition?' Hearing that, Silva frowned and asked coldly, "What condition?"

Cynthia said, "I'm willing to marry into the Berry family and help you connect with them. In exchange, I hope that after I leave, you can treat my father a little better and let him manage some of the Larson family's businesses. Also, I hope that my mother's remains can return to the Larson family."

Hearing that, Silva said coldly, "Cynthia, do you know what you're saying? Do you think you have the right to negotiate with me?"

Cynthia raised her head with a faint sneer and said, "I think I have the right now."