

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 111-120

Chapter 111 Get Back at You

Cynthia met Helen in the hospital for several days in a row. Every time she always managed a smile when Cynthia saw her, so Cynthia planned to ask her out for a break.

It happened to be the weekend that Alice excitedly called and asked her to the mother and baby store.

Cynthia's eyes lit up, and she also called Helen together.

The three of them met at the shopping mall. Although it was already winter, Alice was still bare-legged and dressed in fashionable and sexy clothes. Helen wore a simple windbreaker and jeans, and her boots made.

her legs look long.

The two looked at Cynthia in bulky clothes and burst into laughter.

Alice wiped away the tears from her laughing, pointed at Cynthia, and said, "Cynthia, are you going to the

South Pole? Why are you wearing such thick clothes?"

Helen smiled lightly and nodded, "It's indeed too exaggerated."

After seeing Helen's smile, Cynthia's annoyance at being ridiculed disappeared. She pulled the scarf, wrapping her neck in layers, and sighed, "Alston and Greg were so nervous when they heard I would like to go.

out. They feared I would freeze, so they asked me to wrap up warm."

Thinking of the scene where Greg stood aside and handed out the clothes and Alston put them on her one by one, Cynthia couldn't help but feel angry and amused.

"Alice, your legs are all exposed. Aren't you cold?" Cynthia asked, pointing to Alice's fair thighs and touching them. Alice's thighs were soft and smooth. It turned out to be that she didn't wear any leggings.

Alice raised her chin proudly. "Of course, I'm cold, but I must dress like this. Otherwise, Lucien will always not regard me as a girl but as his brother. I must make him realize that I am a woman. A charming woman."

Cynthia and Helen looked at each other, and they had no choice but smiled.

They went straight to the shopping mall's mother and baby product section. After looking at the small and cute clothes and various toys, women's instinct to be addicted to shopping was utterly released.

Alice was even more generous. "Now we can't be sure whether your baby is a girl or a boy, and you can buy a double for every product, and I will pay for everything. My only request is to let me be the baby's godmother."

Helen's previous gloomy look was gone, and she said with a smile, "Don't forget me!"

Cynthia was in a good mood. "That's okay, my baby must be delighted to have two godmothers, and even

something delicious and toys are double."

The three looked at each other and smiled. Then they began getting into the swing of shopping. Alice directly put something beautiful and interesting into the shopping cart while Helen concentrated on picking maternity clothes for Cynthia. Cynthia looked at the two with a smile, feeling warm in her heart.

She had few friends since she was a child. But now, she met such close friends as Helen and Alice, making

her delighted.

They sent the purchased items home and went to a nearby drink shop. Alice and Helen ordered coffee and

specialty ordered milk for Cynthia.

When the three were chatting and waiting for their drinks, a woman wearing a scarf, a mask, and sunglasses came directly toward them. Looking at the heavily wrapped woman, Cynthia paused and asked, "What's

wrong? Who are you?"

After speaking, the woman moved, picked up the water on the table, and poured it toward Cynthia.

Cynthia was unprepared and was splashed all over. The mall was well-heated, so she had taken off her coat. But now, the clothes were so thin that the water seeped into them.

Cynthia shivered subconsciously because of the chill.

Helen grabbed the tissue and hurriedly helped her wipe the water off her body.

Alice exploded immediately, stood up, and pushed the woman away. "Who are you? Why do you pour water on

people at will? Are you a nut?"

That woman seemed to know Alice, so she didn't dare to fight back even if Alice pushed her. Instead, she

yelled at Cynthia in a low voice, "Did you order someone to do that thing? That trending topic on Twitter!"

Cynthia was wiping her wet hair when she heard the voice. She paused and asked, "Cherry?"

The heavily wrapped woman was Cherry. She and Jane hadn't gone out for several days because of the hot

video on Twitter. Jane was afraid of being laughed at, so she stayed at home all the time, but Cherry was not

the kind of well-behaved woman. After only a few days, she couldn't bear life staying at home and sneaked

out to visit the shopping mall.

Although the furor over the video had died down, she was afraid of being recognized by others, so she

wrapped herself heavily. When she came to the drink shop to take a break, she saw Cynthia and the others

walking in, talking and smiling.

She was furious all of a sudden because she thought all that she had suffered was caused by Cynthia. Now,

she had to be cautious about whatever she did, like the rats in the dark, for fear of being recognized, let alone

walking on the streets. However, Cynthia was different from her. Cynthia could hang out with her friends in a

good mood anytime and anywhere.

The happier Cynthia was, the angrier Cherry became. She finally couldn't bear the sight of Cynthia's

smugness any longer and ran over to pour a glass of cold water on Cynthia.

"Who said Cynthia did it?" Alice sneered. As she slammed the table hard and was about to speak something.

Cynthia interrupted her suddenly.

Cynthia thought it was not a big deal to make Cherry believe she was the mastermind behind the whole

thing. After all, Cherry harbored a grudge against her for so long. Cynthia didn't care whether the situation worsened. If Cherry knew Alice was the one plotting against her, the Miller family would hate Alice. If that

were the case, it wouldn't be worth it.

"So what if I did it?" Cynthia raised her chin with a haughty look. "You and your mother have ordered someone

to kidnap me, so it's not out of line for me to take revenge."

"You... Nonsense!" Cherry was wearing sunglasses, but her hatred seemed to be about to break through the

lenses. "Cynthia, your means are too dirty! Sure enough, you are as shameless as your mother. B*tch!"

"Far less than you and your mother!" Cynthia sneered, "I dare to show my face openly, but you don't. Who the h*ll is shameless?"

"You!" Cherry's fingers trembled with anger. When she found the surrounding people heard the noise of their

quarrel and looked at them, she subconsciously covered her face. "Wait and see! I will not let go of you!"

Alice laughed, with a bright smile spreading over her charming face when she heard it. "Huh! Who doesn't

know how to intimidate others? Cherry, don't you have any idea about what's going on in your family? How

dare you be so arrogant!"

Feeling the gazes of surrounding people, Cherry bit her lower lip, stomped angrily, and was about to leave.

But Cynthia suddenly shouted, "Wait!"

Cherry subconsciously stopped, turned around, and saw Cynthia leaving her seat and coming up to her."

"You poured a glass of water on me just now, and I haven't gotten the back at you yet!"

"You! What do you want to do?" Cherry took two steps back and looked at her warily.

When the waiter brought up the coffee they ordered, Cynthia took a cup of coffee from the tray and poured it

on Cherry.

The freshly brewed coffee was not only aromatic but also burning.

Cherry let out a sharp scream in pain. She wrapped herself well, so most of the coffee was spilled on her

clothes, and she wasn't burnt much.

She hurriedly pulled off her scarf, hat, mask, and sunglasses to the ground.

Cherry's current posture was so woeful. Her coffee-stained hair was disheveled, her face was utterly exposed after pulling off the disguise, and her white sweater was full of coffee stains.

"Cynthia, are you crazy? How dare you pour hot coffee on me! You... I will call the police. I will sue you for

intentional injury!" She blushed scarlet with anger.

Cynthia hugged her chest and sneered, "So sue me! Maybe the temperature of the coffee is a little high. You are still barking at me, so it seems no big deal. You didn't get burned. Then it can't be regarded as an intentional jury. I will, at most, be fined a little money. Do you think I lack that money?"

Cherry's voice paused, and then she screamed angrily. She rushed toward Cynthia and wanted to fight her,

but Helen and Alice caught her before she got close.

"Security, there's a nut here. Drive her out quickly."

In a few seconds, the security guards arrived and pulled Cherry, punching and kicking, out of there.

Cherry looked crazy. After being pulled out of the shopping mall, the freezing wind made her suddenly come to sense. The surrounding people were talking about her.

“Look, is it the one in the trending video a few days ago?”

“How dare she come to this shopping mall! If I were her, I would rather die of old age at home than go out.”

“I heard that she just poured cold water on the guests in the coffee shop for no reason. It seems that she is

really mentally ill.”

Hearing the discussion, Cherry was in a daze for a moment. Only then did she realize that she had taken off

her scarf and mask. She screamed, quickly covered her face with her hands, nudged away the crowd of

onlookers, and left in embarrassment.

Chapter 112 What a Small World

The wet clothes splashed by Cherry and the sensitive period of pregnancy caused Cynthia's body to be much weaker than usual. Helen picked one of the maternity clothes they had bought and let Cynthia go to the bathroom to change.

The maternity dress was just suitable for a pregnant woman in the early stages of pregnancy like Cynthia. Then she took the dress to the bathroom of the shopping mall.

After changing clothes in the cubicle, Cynthia heard a girl in a pink coat beside her calling on the phone while she was washing her hands, and the girl's voice was impatient. “It's not a date today at all. He asked me out. to tell me he had been in love with a girl... He's not bad. A handsome and gentlemanly man. He has a good job... Yes, I kinda like him, but he doesn't like me.”

Cynthia was not far away from the girl, and she could hear the angry female voice shouting on the phone. “Why not fight for it? Your father managed to get you this marriage with great difficulty. He is really an excellent man with the best looks and temper. What's more, he made remarkable achievements at such a young age. You have to know the opportunity seldom knocks twice.”

The woman on the other end of the phone kept harping on it, and the girl had no choice but to promise her mother. "I know, mom. I will try my best to fight for it. But he looks very independent and decisive. I'm afraid

his family can't force him to do anything."

After hanging up the phone, the girl tidied her hair and happened to meet Cynthia's eyes when she turned her head. Then she paused and asked, "Why are you staring at me? Is there something wrong?"

Only then did Cynthia realize that she had unknowingly stared at the girl for a long time out of her nosiness.

"Ah, sorry. I didn't mean it." She apologized quickly.

The girl, with round cheeks and round eyes, looked cute and good-tempered. Undoubtedly, she was a

much-loved girl in her family.

She smiled. "Never mind!"

After speaking, she left directly.

Cynthia smiled and shook her head, thinking of women's curiosity about gossip. After washing her hands,

she returned to the coffee shop where Helen and Alice were waiting.

As soon as she came out, Cynthia saw the girl in the pink coat trotting to the front of a man and saying with a sweet and lovely smile, "I'm sorry, Dylan. You must be waiting for so long."

The man in a black overcoat was straight, tall, and thin. Although Cynthia didn't see his face, she was sure at

a glance that he was Helen's boyfriend, Dylan Carter.

Cynthia couldn't help but wonder why he went shopping with that girl.

Thinking of that girl's words just now, Cynthia couldn't help but guess that she was Dylan's fiancée, making

her feel worried about Helen.

"What a small world!"

Cynthia sighed. When she looked at the positions of the two, Cynthia paused and quickly realized Helen was

in the café not far behind them.

It would not be good if Helen saw them.

Cynthia hurriedly walked towards the coffee shop. Halfway through the walk, she saw Helen coming out of the shop. Nerves went through her. She couldn't let them meet each other at such a time.

Cynthia quickened her pace and almost trotted to the door of the coffee shop. She bent down, gasped for a few quick breaths, and hurriedly pulled Helen inside.

"I'm... I'm back."

Helen frowned, stretched out her hand to caress Cynthia's back to ease her breathing, and blamed her. "You've been in the bathroom for so long, and I was going to look for you. But you don't have to run so fast.

Don't forget you are still pregnant, and the floor is slippery. Alston will not let go of Alice and me if you

accidentally get hurt."

"Got it. Got it!" Cynthia shook her hand comfortingly. "I'm an obstetrician, and I know my condition."

Helen snorted coldly, "Everyone who drowns can swim. I don't think everything will go well just because you

are an obstetrician. Are there few fractures among our orthopedic doctors?"

Alice, sipping her coffee, smiled when she heard it, and her charming eyes curled up, "Cynthia, this time I'm

on Helen's side."

Cynthia smiled, "Alright. Alright. I will amble in the future, okay?"

After speaking, she glanced outside and saw Dylan and his fiancée had left. Then she was relieved.

Helen kept telling her to be careful and not pay attention to her expression, but Alice did. When Helen went to check out, Alice grabbed Cynthia's sleeve and asked, "What happened just now? What are you hiding from

us?”

“What?” Cynthia pretended to be confused.

Alice snorted, “Don’t lie to me. You kept looking outside just now as if there was something perilous. To be

honest, what happened?”

Seeing that Alice noticed it, Cynthia sighed with a stern expression, “I just met Dylan’s fiancée in the bathroom. Dylan and his fiancée were outside the coffee shop just now. I daren’t let Helen see it.”

Alice’s charming face was full of surprise. “Dylan is... Helen’s boyfriend? Does he have a fiancée?”

Cynthia nodded. “Helen has been annoyed at this matter. This time I asked her to go shopping to relax her. I didn’t expect it to be such a coincidence that Dylan was also shopping here with his fiancée.”

“Then what’s his attitude now?” Alice asked, grabbing Cynthia’s sleeve.

Cynthia shook her head. “I don’t know. To avoid them, we need to go home now. If we meet them outside, we must try our best to make Helen not see them. Then I’ll find a chance to follow and ask about Dylan’s

attitude!”

Alice nodded. “No problem.”

The two wanted to say something else, but they stopped talking when Helen finished paying the bill and

came this way.

“Where shall we go next?” Helen asked.

Winking at Alice secretly, Cynthia covered her stomach with her hands, and her delicate face twitched. “We’ve been walking for a day, and I feel a little tired. That milk also made my stomach uncomfortable. I want to go.

back home.”

Helen’s face tensed up, and she quickly supported her by the shoulder. “Is there something wrong with the stomach? What did I tell you before? I told you not to run so fast, but you didn’t listen. Do you want to go to

the hospital?”

Cynthia shook her head quickly. “Maybe I’m just tired. Taking a rest is enough.”

Alice also nodded. “I’m a little tired too. How about going back home now? We can go shopping again when

we have time.”

How could Helen refuse now? She nodded and walked outside, holding Cynthia’s arm. Alice poked Cynthia’s

arm as soon as they arrived and signaled to her. “Is it them?”

Cynthia looked and saw Dylan parking the car and the girl in pink leaning over. The two of them were talking intimately, and now and then, the girl’s crisp laughter could be heard as if they were in love.

Cynthia’s face darkened, and Helen beside her asked, “When will the Smith family’s car come?”

Cynthia suddenly felt tense and quickly grabbed her hand to turn around. “Alice, is your car over there?”

Alice was in a daze for a moment and nodded quickly. “Yes. I drove here alone, and that red sports car is

mine.”

“The sports car only has seats for two people. Then you take Helen home first, okay?”

Helen frowned. “No need, Cynthia. Aren’t you feeling unwell? Let Alice drive you home first.”

Cynthia shook her head quickly. “I won’t take her car. She drives too fast, and I can’t stand it. I have already sent a message to Greg, and he said he will arrive within five minutes.”

Cynthia and Alice pushed and pulled, finally getting Helen into the car.

She poked her head out and looked at Cynthia worriedly. “Then send me a message when you arrive home.”

Alice sat in the driver’s seat and smiled when she saw Helen’s reaction. “Helen, don’t worry. Alston loves

Cynthia so much. How can he let something bad happen to Cynthia?"

Only then did Helen feel relieved.

Seeing that the flamboyant red sports car gradually disappeared, Cynthia turned her head and saw Dylan's

car leaving too.

She waved quickly, got into a taxi, and said to the driver, "Sir, follow the car in front, and don't lose track."

The driver looked at her in surprise and gossiped, "I just saw inside that car a young couple. But I tell from your expression that... they committed adultery?"

Cynthia paused, and her face turned cold. "Yes. The man in the car is my boyfriend. I saw him with another woman when I went shopping with my friends. Sir, you have to help me catch up with them."

The driver was warm-hearted, and his face immediately turned serious. "Okay. Hold on to your seat. I'm going

to drive."

After speaking, he stepped on the accelerator and followed Dylan's car.

Chapter 113 Cheating

The driver was very skilled. He followed Dylan's car neither far nor close. Cynthia stared closely and could vaguely see some interaction between the two in the car through the window.

Dylan's car drove into a wealthy community that was heavily guarded.

Cynthia knew Dylan didn't live here. Sure enough, the car in front of her stopped. The girl got off the passenger seat, leaned against the car window, and talked to the people in the car with a sweet smile. It seemed that she was reluctant to leave.

The driver parked in a hidden place at the back, not far away, and he could see the girl's face. He glanced back at Cynthia and sighed, "I doubt your boyfriend's taste. You are so good-looking. Why does he still cheat on you? Although that girl is cute, you are still more beautiful than her."

Cynthia managed a smile. "Thank you for your compliment. But no one can put clear what feelings are. Maybe there is something special about that girl."

“That’s true!” The driver sighed as if he had experienced a lot.

After a few minutes, the car started to move again. Cynthia quickly patted the driver and said, “Let’s go, hurry

up.”

The driver paused in confusion. “It was the right timing just now. Why didn’t you go out and expose them on the spot? They are all gone now. Why don’t you still chase them.”

Cynthia looked stern. “I got them both on camera. I want to see where he is going next and make sure

whether he has any other mistresses.”

The driver looked surprised. “You youngsters have a lot of tricks up your sleeves!”

After speaking, he stepped on the accelerator and followed.

Dylan didn’t go home, and finally, his car stopped in front of a five–star hotel.

The parking attendant at the door walked over to help Dylan park the car, and he walked directly toward the

hotel.

Cynthia was taken aback when she saw this scene. She gave the driver a perfunctory pretext but didn’t expect Dylan to come to the hotel. Cynthia couldn’t help but doubt if he cheated on Helen. Otherwise, why did

he come to the hotel in daylight?

Cynthia’s hands were sweating, and her mind was a mess.

The driver reminded her, “Miss, we’re at the hotel!”

Looking at Cynthia’s panicked expression, he felt sympathy for her. He didn’t expect Cynthia to guess right.

Cynthia paid the money, but the coins in her hand amused her. She didn’t expect the driver to take pity on her

and not even to ask for her change.

She took a deep breath and looked up at the hotel’s name. Her expression was in a trance.

As she was about to go in, Dylan came out from inside. Seeing him, Cynthia subconsciously wanted to hide,

but Dylan sighed, "I have seen you. You have followed me all the way. Aren't you tired?"

Cynthia smiled awkwardly. "You... Why do you know I follow you?"

Dylan had no choice but glanced at her. "I saw you when you ran past me in a hurry in the mall. Cynthia, thank you for covering it up for me so that Helen didn't see her and me."

As soon as he mentioned it, Cynthia frowned. "You and her? It sounds like you're so intimate. Don't you like

Helen? What is your attitude on earth? Who is your choice? Your fiancée or Helen?"

Dylan was almost overwhelmed by Cynthia's barrage of questions.

"I can't make it clear right away, and the hotel entrance is unsuitable for talking. Come in, and I'll tell you

slowly."

After Dylan finished speaking, he turned around and was about to enter the hotel. Seeing that Cynthia hadn't

followed, he paused and asked, "What's wrong?"

Cynthia pointed at the signboard and said, "This is a hotel, and it's not a good idea for us to be alone in the

same room."

Dylan smiled. "What are you thinking about? There is a coffee shop in the hotel lobby. I will not invite you to

the room. Otherwise, Alston will not let go of me."

Cynthia heaved a sigh of relief after hearing it and followed him.

They each had something on their minds, so they didn't notice the flash clicking a few times opposite the

hotel.

After the two came to the coffee shop, Cynthia asked, "Tell me first why you came to the hotel in broad

daylight. Are you alone? You didn't invite anyone over, did you?"

After hearing it, Dylan wanted to flick her head. "Cynthia, what are you thinking all day long? We have known each other for so many years. Don't you believe me?"

"No, I don't know!" Cynthia waved her hand. "You have been abroad for several years, and the outside environment is open. Maybe you have acquired some bad habits."

"Hey!" Dylan had no choice but explained, "You should know my family is strict with me, and I have been living at home since I returned. Recently, they made a match for me on their initiative. The girl is the only daughter of the medical equipment company. I fell out with my family when I knew this matter and moved out, but I

had nowhere to go, so I recently lived in the hotel."

"So that's how it is." Cynthia finally realized what was going on. "Does Helen know about this?"

"How dare I let her know!" Dylan smiled bitterly. "Although Helen looks powerful, she is susceptible. If she

knows about this, she will feel guilty."

Cynthia nodded, frowning slightly.

Helen was an orphan growing up in an orphanage. With high expectations of herself, she always wanted to

do her best in everything. Helen didn't want to trouble others or be a burden to them. She managed friendship and love carefully, cared for others subconsciously, and was sensitive.

If Helen knew Dylan had a falling out with his family because of her and moved out to a hotel, she would feel so guilty that she would take the initiative to give up the relationship.

Cynthia lifted her dark, bright eyes to Dylan, "What's your attitude towards your fiancée? Are you dating her today? I see you are intimate. She always calls you with a sweet tone, and I get goosebumps when I hear it."

Dylan didn't know whether to laugh or to cry when he heard Cynthia's words. "She is young. She used to call

me like that.”

Cynthia raised her eyebrows. “Wow, childhood sweetheart?!”

“What nonsense! She is just a younger sister to me. We have yet to meet a few times, let alone special

feelings. I can’t have a love for her.”

As Dylan said, his expression gradually became serious. “I take the relationship with Helen seriously. Maybe I

just wanted to be responsible for her at first, but she is a good girl. It’s not a difficult thing to make others like

her. I love her very much.”

Cynthia stared into his eyes and saw a deep love hidden inside. She couldn’t help but pause and realize what

he said was true.

Dylan once professed his love to her. At that time, she only saw tenderness but no deep love. He just had a

crush on her, but he fell in love with Helen this time.

Cynthia was very pleased.

Dylan looked gentle. “I asked her out this time to let her persuade her parents to break off the engagement. I

told her that I have a girl I like very much.”

“Then did she agree?” Cynthia asked.

Dylan nodded. “She said she would try her best to convince her parents.”

Cynthia sighed. Thinking of the girl’s reluctance when she got out of the car, Cynthia knew she didn’t want to

give up this engagement. Moreover, she heard what the girl’s mother said on the phone in the bathroom.

Cynthia could tell from her mother’s words that she was satisfied with Dylan, her future son-in-law.

“The persuasion is very likely to fail.” Cynthia shook her head. “I don’t **think** her parents will agree to call off

the engagement. Her personality seems very soft, and she probably won’t be able to convince her parents.”

Dylan paused. Suddenly, the phone on the table rang, and it was his fiancée’s call.

Cynthia raised her chin, motioning for him to answer the phone.

Dylan answered the phone. After hearing what she said clearly, he looked at Cynthia with a complicated

expression.

“Okay!” Dylan answered and hung up the **phone**.

Cynthia leaned over and asked, “What did she say?”

He squeezed his phone and said, after a long time. “You guessed it right. Her parents disagreed, and she

apologized to me.”

Cynthia laughed. “I’m right.”

Dylan looked a little distressed. “My parents’ attitude is tough. I have no breakthrough on my side, so I wanted to let her try and see if there is a change. I didn’t expect it.”

Cynthia took a sip of milk brought up just now. Seeing that he struggled and completely lacked his usual politeness and rationality, she couldn’t help but smile. She didn’t expect feelings to be so powerful, and even Dylan, an otherworldly man, was so distressed to such an extent.

“Dylan, don’t worry. I will help you and Helen.”

After speaking, Dylan raised his head in surprise. “How do you help?”

She took another sip of milk. “Tell me first when your parents made the engagement for you!”

“It seems that after Helen and I met my mother on the street. When my mother saw Helen for the first time, she was thrilled after we told her that Helen was in the same hospital as me. But her attitude changed after

she answered a call.”

Dylan paused after speaking.

Cynthia smiled. “That’s right. After seeing Helen, your mother was satisfied with her. The key is the phone.

call. How did the phone call change her attitude?”

Chapter 114 A Slander

Dylan looked serious when he heard it.

Cynthia had known Dylan for so long, but she hadn’t met his family. She didn’t know what kind of person his mother was, so she tentatively asked, “Is it because Helen is an orphan that your mother doesn’t give her blessings to you? Maybe someone called just now to tell her Helen was an orphan.”

Dylan shook his head. “My mother is not that kind of person. I have an older brother, and he will inherit the family property. My parents told me since I was a child that I didn’t need a strategic marriage. I can do whatever I want and choose my own wife.”

He was stunned for a while, saying, “I’ll ask her!”

He directly called his mother. Immediately, an angry scolding sound came. “Dylan Carter. You dare to run away from home. I’m your mother. Don’t try to push me by that. Even if you leave the family, I won’t let you marry Helen Brown!”

Dylan’s face darkened when he heard that, and he was agitated. “Mom, Helen is good-looking and has a good temper. She is also a doctor and good at it. Why don’t you allow me to marry her? Didn’t you say that I could.

choose my own wife?”

His mother fell silent. Dylan remembered Cynthia’s conjecture and asked, “Do you dislike Helen because she

is an orphan?”

“What nonsense are you talking about!” His mother was angry, “Am I a snobbish person?”

“Then why!” Dylan frowned tightly. “Just tell me what you dislike about Helen. Don’t be vague. If you can’t give a reason, I will marry her anyway. I have already got my identification, and we can get married anytime.”

“You unfilial son!” His mother on the opposite side was panting with anger. After a while, she said, “Okay, since you want to know, I’ll tell you. Helen Brown is flirtatious!”

“What!” Dylan exclaimed. Cynthia almost spat out milk and stared at him in astonishment.

Dylan’s mother snorted coldly. “She’s probably hiding it from you. I’ve checked everything about her. She stayed out all night in college and went to bars and nightclubs. She hooked up with...men, having no shame. She could do anything for money without any bottom line. She has pretended to be good in front of you.”

Then she sneered, “My daughter-in-law can be born poor, but I will never allow such a dirty b*tch to marry into our family and destroy our integrity. If you dare to marry her, you will not be our son.”

Then she hung up the phone.

Holding the phone, Dylan was stunned, with full of disbelief on his face.

Cynthia was anxious and patted his arm. “Do you really believe your mother’s words?”

Dylan put down his phone and pursed his lips.

Cynthia thought he believed it and was very angry. “Helen is innocent. She sang in the bar at night to earn tuition and living expenses. I have been there a few times. She did nothing besides singing!”

“You have to believe me. I know Helen better than anyone else does. She is not what your mom said.”

Cynthia was pale with an anxious look. Dylan sighed. “Of course, I know who Helen is. We did it after we got

drunk... It was her first time!”

Cynthia had mixed feelings about that. She looked awkward and made herself smile, saying, “Why didn’t you

tell me? You made me so anxious.”

Dylan’s had fair skin, but he blushed with shame at that moment. “I’ll talk to my mom! She misunderstood

Helen.”

Then he was in a hurry to go.

“Hold on!” Cynthia stopped him. “Your mom was mad now. If you talk to her, she will think you made it up to protect Helen. The priority is to find out how your mom knew the rumor.”

Dylan was stunned for a moment, then nodded. “I will figure it out.”

“Sometimes caring was not an advantage. Who on earth smeared Helen, ruined her reputation, and made her not have a good impression in front of my mother?” Dylan thought to himself.

There was full of coldness on Dylan’s handsome face. If he knew this person, he would never let him or her.

go!

Cynthia was about to leave after talking. Dylan specifically told her to keep his running away from home a secret. Everything was going on behind Helen’s back.

She agreed.

Dylan wanted to drive her home, but Cynthia thought it was too troublesome, and she was to take a taxi. Dylan had no choice but to get her a car on the side of the road and watched it go away.

Someone in the corner of the opposite hotel was taking a few pictures again.

Dylan sensed something was wrong and looked over suddenly, only to find that no one was there.

He shook his head, thinking he had been so worried that his eyes were blurred.

When Cynthia walked to the door of the Smith’s house, she saw Alston’s car. She walked over in surprise and

found that Lorenz was also there. She hurriedly greeted him. “You came.”

Lorenz smiled, with two dimples appearing on his delicate and handsome face. “I haven’t been here since I

came to Lorenz Green.”

Alston sneered and replied, “He insisted on coming back with me to see if I treat you well.”

Alston’s handsome face was dark as if someone owed him a lot of money. His eyes softened to see Cynthia’s

delicate and cute face.

“Why are you wearing so little? You didn’t wear this dress in the morning!”

Alston hugged her and quickly wrapped her up with his coat.

Cynthia was wrapped in his arms. The continuous heat from his chest made her pretty face blush.

“Don’t mention it. When I was shopping, I met a crazy woman who splashed water on me. Then I changed a newly bought clothes.”

Alston’s face was distorted when he heard it. He looked her up and down. “Any discomfort? Do you need a doctor to give you a full body checkup?”

Cynthia was speechless to see him nervous.

Lorenz suddenly walked over from behind when he wanted to say something. He grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of Alston’s arms. Looking at his cold face, Lorenz rolled his eyes.

“That’s so gross.”

Lorenz looked serious and then... touched Cynthia’s forehead. “Not a fever. Come on. I’m hungry.”

Then he dragged Cynthia into the house.

Alston gritted his teeth, took a step with his long legs, and followed.

They had just walked in when suddenly a loud noise came from the second floor, which was from Cynthia’s

violin room.

Cynthia froze for a moment, then her face changed. She was about to run up the stairs.

Alston had been behind her. He quickly grabbed her and scolded, “You are crazy. How could you run on the slippery floor!”

Cynthia’s face was full of anxiety. “Someone is in my violin room. I told servants that no one could enter except for sweeping in the morning. It’s almost afternoon now. Normally, they won’t be there... Everything you gave me was in it... That loud noise...”

She was incoherent because of her anxiety, but Alston and Lorenz understood her.

They hurriedly calmed her down, fearing it would harm the baby.

“Let’s go up and have a look together. Don’t worry. Even if something is broken, I will find someone to repair it.

Don’t be angry.”

Alston patted her on the back, patiently as if treating a baby, then looked upstairs with cold eyes.

They soon came to the violin room. The door was slightly closed. They could hear messy footsteps inside.

Lorenz pushed the door. The person inside didn’t expect someone to come up and had no time to hide. She

was stunned when she saw them.

“Molly, you... What are you doing!”

Chapter 115 The Violin Was Broken

Cynthia screamed and pointed at Molly in the middle of the room with trembling fingers. Her face turned pale

with anger.

“You broke my violin!”

The violin room had been searched, and it looked messy. The open score was thrown on the ground at random. The expensive violin that Alston specially asked Master Milo to customize was on the floor, and one of the strings was broken.

Cynthia was rageful, and her stomach started to ache a little.

Molly stood helplessly, looking at them, with her face as white as a ghost. Her whole body was shaking in fear and trembling when Alston and Lorenz stared at her coldly.

“Who let you in!”

Alston asked her in a low voice with an impassive face. To Molly, he was like an evil ghost. She couldn’t help trembling just by looking at him.

“I, I just want to clean up.”

In fact, the people in charge were not at home. Molly claimed to be superior to those servants. She had nothing to do, so she wanted to go to the bedroom of Cynthia and Alston on the second floor.

She had been asked to only move around on the first floor. She was so curious about the second floor that

she went up while everyone was not paying attention.

The door of Alston and Cynthia's bedroom had been locked, and she couldn't get in. Feeling regretful, she

saw a small gap in the door of a small room beside her.

She couldn't hold back her curiosity and opened the door. It was a violin room with simple decoration. She had heard from the servants that Cynthia could play the violin. Looking at her private violin room, she was

jealous and walked in.

Molly had learned the violin for a while and was surprised to find that the hard-to-find scores were kept like treasures. Her jealousy towards Cynthia reached its peak. She threw them on the floor to blow off her

bitterness.

She felt relieved after the revenge. Her desire to unleash her rage grew when she thought of Cynthia and her

two friends' cynicism toward her.

She took out the violin carefully preserved by Cynthia and plucked the strings vigorously. She wanted to vent

a little but didn't control her force well. The strings broke, hitting her face.

Molly got hurt, subconsciously threw away the violin, and covered her injured face.

That was the loud sound Cynthia heard.

Knowing that she had made a big mistake, Molly was frightened to death. She frantically tried to put the

violin away. She would pretend to be innocent if Cynthia asked.

She was busy putting them away, and the violin room was soundproof, which made her not notice they were

coming. She was caught right away.

Molly was terrified at that time, and her eye turned red all of a sudden, with tears falling. She said in a choked voice. "I, I came to clean. As soon as I came in, I found it was messed up by someone. I just wanted to put them away, but I accidentally dropped the violin."

Cynthia sneered. "I remember I told them and you that no one can come except to clean in the morning. And you are not the one to clean up my violin room. Why would you think of going upstairs to clean?"

"I, I..." Molly turned her eyes in a panic, and she immediately thought of an excuse. "I saw Joyce coming down the stairs in a panic, and she looked too suspicious. So I went up to have a look, only to find that the violin

room was messed up."

Joyce was the servant responsible for cleaning the violin room.

Cynthia's face turned dark, and she could tell at a glance that Molly was lying.

She picked out Joyce by herself. Joyce was very gentle, a little introverted, and responsible for her work. The

area she was in charge of was always clean. She was an organized person. That was why Cynthia chose her.

She trusted Joyce very much, and such a thing had never happened before. Why has it happened when Molly

came?

Cynthia sneered. "You mean Joyce messed up my violin room and broke the strings? When you cleaned up, you accidentally dropped the violin on the floor, and everything else has nothing to do with you?"

"Yes." Molly quickly replied and looked pitifully at Alston and Lorenz. She knew that it didn't work on Alston,

and she put lots of effort into Lorenz.

"What I said is true. Please believe me." She said and lowered her head, showing her soft and fair neck, with a submissive and pitiful posture. "I know maybe Mrs. Smith

doesn't like me, but I didn't do that. Although my family is not as good as that of the Smith family and the Green family, I also have a violin, and I heard from other servants that Joyce likes violin very much."

She paused, pursed her lips, and hesitated.

Lorenz sneered when Molly took a look at him. "Go on."

Molly lowered her eyes with a somewhat sympathetic expression. "She likes the violin, but her family is poor. Maybe she just wanted to try it while you weren't around. And she accidentally broke it because she couldn't

play it."

She even pretended to plead for Joyce. "I don't think she did it on purpose. If possible, I hope you can mitigate

her offense. Her family is relatively poor, so I'm afraid she couldn't afford it..."

Cynthia sneered angrily. "You've got a smart mouth to get everything wrong. You're good at making up

stories. Who told you Joyce likes the violin?"

Molly froze for a moment, with her eyes flickering, and she said vaguely. "I, I just listened to other servants..."

"Nonsense!" Cynthia immediately interrupted her, "Do you really think that I don't know about my servants?"

Joyce never likes the violin but the piano the most. The reason why she works as a servant here is to make

money to buy herself a piano."

Molly's legs began to go weak to hear it.

"Before wronging one, you must at least understand one." Cynthia sneered.

Molly was sweating, but she couldn't admit it. Or she couldn't work here, and Alston and the others would

teach her a severe lesson.

She had to say, "It's just my guess. Maybe she was to revenge or other reasons, but I saw her come down."

from the second floor with my own eyes.”

Molly had the confidence to say that. Because there was no monitor in the Smith family except for the one at

the door to ensure privacy.

Besides, no servants were in the living room today but her. No one knew what was going on except her.

Cynthia and Alston made eye contact with serious expressions.

Molly prided herself even without any expression on her face.

Alston glanced at Molly coldly, which made her shudder and quickly lower her head.

Alston asked her, “What time did you see Joyce coming down from upstairs?”

“I don’t know the exact time. It was almost half an hour ago!” Molly made up a time.

At that moment, Greg came in from the outside. Hearing noises upstairs, he ran up and saw they were at the violin room door. He was stunned for a moment. “Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Miller. What happened?”

Alston asked Greg in a low voice, “Do you know where that servant named Joyce is?”

Greg nodded, “Yes. She has been with Mrs. Lewis and me all the time.”

The three of them had their sights focused on Molly.

Molly panicked. She raised her head and screamed. “You’re talking nonsense. I did see Joyce come down from upstairs. Cynthia, are you deliberately collaborating with Greg to frame me because you disliked me and

suspected Mr. Smith and me...”

Cynthia’s anger finally reached its peak when she heard that. She stepped forward and slapped her, directly

interrupting her nonsense.

“You, you dare to hit me!” Molly covered the beaten half of her face, saying in disbelief, “Cynthia, you dare to

hit me.”

“Hitting was the least of it! If you dare to talk nonsense, I will tear your mouth apart.”

Cynthia blew on her fingers and then Alston’s big hand rubbed her slightly red palm. Alston’s face was full of

distress. “Does it hurt?”

Molly covered her face and was stunned. Lorenz gritted her white teeth. “He never wastes any time making a

public display of affection.”

“Miss Jones, be careful.” Greg looked extremely serious and pointed to Mrs. Lewis, who opened the door downstairs and said, “Mrs. Lewis wants to buy ingredients suitable for pregnancy today, so I brought Joyce. She was with me and Mrs. Lewis all day.”

It flustered Molly. Greg continued. “After Joyce cleaned the violin room, I found her at the door of the violin room. When I left, it was cleaned completely.”

“During that time, none of the servants at home have ever gone up to the second floor but you, Miss Jones. You are the one who messed up the violin room, and broke Mrs. Smith’s violin!”

Molly’s legs went limp, falling directly to the floor.

Chapter 116 Out of the Smith Family

Looking at the cold eyes of Alston and others, Molly panicked and trembled all over. “I, I really didn’t mean it. I was just curious and accidentally broke Mrs. Smith’s violin.”

“Curiosity?” Cynthia laughed and pointed to the scores scattered all over the floor behind her. “You also threw the scores. If you were just curious, why did you throw them that I carefully put away all over the floor.”

“You are deliberately taking revenge and venting your dissatisfaction.”

After Cynthia finished speaking, Molly was extremely flustered and stammered to explain. “No, no...”

“It was you!” A clear female voice suddenly came. They turned their heads and saw Joyce standing at the stairs, pointing at Molly angrily. “Mrs. Smith, she has been prying into Mr. Smith’s preferences and habits in detail since she came here. And she kept staring at the second floor in her spare time, trying to go up when

others didn't notice. She failed because I kept my eyes on her."

"You're talking nonsense. I didn't!" Molly sharply retorted.

Joyce's face was flushed with anger. "We both know what was going on. You would have rolled on their bed if Mrs. Smith's bedroom hadn't been locked. You know Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith are in a good relationship, but you are trying to intervene in their marriage. You are really shameless."

"Mrs. Smith, just because I warned her several times, she held a grudge against me. She broke your violin and

planted on me."

Joyce felt very wronged. She was framed by Molly in such a short time. If Cynthia didn't trust her, it would be

hard for her to vindicate herself.

When Cynthia thought of the scene of Molly rolling on their bed, she felt sick.

Molly was ashamed and indignant. She thought she had hidden well, but Joyce caught her in front of so many people. Not daring to look up, she just wanted to leave the Smith family..

"Since you don't like me, I will go!" Molly glanced at them aggrievedly, trying to leave with her face covered. But Lorenz, standing at the door, blocked her way when she just got up.

"Mr. Green, what do you want?" Molly stepped back defensively and asked.

Lorenz lowered his head and smiled. "Will you just leave?"

Molly's face changed when she heard that. "Why? Do you want to bully me? I am a weak woman. If you dare to bully me, I will call the police. I will make everyone know how the presidents of Smith Group and Green Group pull rank on me."

Cynthia burst out laughing when she heard it.

"Miss Jones. Shame on you. How could you say we bullied you? Look at the mess behind you, who was bullied? You can't just go away after breaking my violin. You have to pay for it."

Molly looked back, finding that the expensive scores were just messed up, not damaged. But the violin was completely

useless. The strings were broken, and the body was smashed and damaged in several places.

“It’s just a violin. I’ll pay for it. The lady of the rich Smith family is so stingy.”

Molly snorted coldly and wanted someone to get her bank card in her room.

Cynthia winked at Joyce, and Joyce immediately went downstairs to Molly’s room to get something.

After a while, she came over with Molly’s wallet.

Molly glanced at Joyce, snatched the wallet, and took out a card. It took her a long time to hand it to Cynthia. “Here is 20,000 dollars. It should be enough!”

Cynthia leaned in Alston’s arms and sneered. “Since you have learned the violin for a while, you should know something about Master Milo.”

Molly’s heart skipped a beat when she heard that. “Master Milo is a world-renowned violin maker. Why did

she mention him?”

She frowned and looked at Cynthia. “What does this have to do with Master Milo?”

Cynthia signaled her to have a look at the violin. “This is a specially customized version of Master Milo. How could 20 grand be enough?”

Molly was startled and ran over quickly, carefully picking **up** the violin on the ground. She saw Master Milo’s

unique mark on the violin, with her hands trembling.

“It’s fake. How could Master Milo customize the violin for you?”

Molly couldn’t believe it and stubbornly thought Cynthia wanted to deceive her.

Cynthia raised her head and looked at Alston with a hint of gloom in her smile. “Could the gift Alston gave me

be fake? Molly, you can’t put a dollar figure on something like that. It is priceless. I did not call the police for

my mother-in-law’s sake. You are insulting me with 20, 000 dollars.”

Alston felt bad for her. He rubbed her hair comfortingly and whispered in her ear. "Don't be sad. I will give you

more and better gifts in the future."

Cynthia rested her head on his chest with a heavy heart.

She liked this violin very much. Every time she used it, she was careful and cherished it. But Molly had ruined

it, which made her heart ache.

Molly panicked. She looked through her wallet again, took all the cards and cash, and even took a few steel

coins from the cracks.

"I, I only have 60, 161 dollars!" She held several cards and coins with trembling fingers and looked at them. pitifully.

Alston sneered. "You have to take responsibility for your action. If you can't afford it, I will call the police. Based on the value of the violin, I guess you will be in prison for several years."

Molly burst into tears and shook her head palely. "No, I don't want to, I don't want to go to jail. I... I will try to pay for it. I will try..."

After Alston's cousin, Ivan, had been imprisoned, his reputation was completely ruined. If she, who was a woman, lost her reputation, she would be totally humiliated.

She panicked, picked up her mobile phone with trembling hands, and called her family for help.

After more than an hour, her family members came and scolded Molly severely. But Molly was the only

daughter in the family. They didn't want her to go to jail, and they had to pay four hundred thousand. And

they took Molly away in a hurry without taking her luggage.

Cynthia asked Joyce to pack up Molly's things and send them back to her family. She felt relieved.

But the violin was broken.

She looked at the broken violin distressedly, feeling her heart was bleeding. Lorenz looked at her and rubbed

her hair. "Don't be sad. Master Milo and our family got a little history. I will ask him to customize one for you."

Cynthia was immediately happy. "Really? You are amazing!"

After Lorenz heard her praise, he glanced at Alston proudly. Obviously, he was showing off.

Alston's face turned dark.

To express her gratitude, Cynthia actively prepared dinner. Almost half of the dishes she cooked were

Lorenz's favorite.

Cynthia enthusiastically put Lorenz's food in his bowl, which made Alston jealous and bite his chopsticks

bitterly.

When the servants cleaned the dishes, they saw the deep tooth marks on Alston's chopsticks, and they all

sighed, "Mr. Smith's teeth are really good!"

After dinner, Lorenz wanted to stay, but Alston made an excuse to let him go. He looked at Cynthia, standing at the door watching Lorenz, put **his** arms around her slender waist, and said.

"You only paid attention to Lorenz and ignored me at the table."

Cynthia was also a little embarrassed. "I, I was expressing my thanks."

Alston buried his head on her shoulder and said in a muffled voice, "I can ask Master Milo to customize..."

Cynthia stroked his hair with a smile. The more she got along with Alston, the more she felt that he was completely different from the first time they had met. Like a child, he would lose his temper, get jealous, and have a stubborn and domineering personality.

But she just loved it.

Molly hadn't come out to greet Stella when she was home. She went back to the room, finding that everything was empty. She thought that Cynthia had driven her away, so she became furious and rushed straight to the second floor, knocking on the door.

Chapter 118 Get Divorced and Marry You

The following day in the Miller family, Jane woke up and found Beck's side of the bed cold. She knew he

didn't come back last night.

Her

eyes narrowed, and she became suspicious. Beck always left home early in the morning and returned late at night these days, and he spent less and less time at home. He was impatient with her. Every time he looked at her with restrained feelings, Jane could see his disgust.

Jane looked at herself in the mirror. She had dry yellow skin, and wrinkles surrounded her eyes and mouth. She couldn't help but break down and clutch her hair.

No wonder Beck grew increasingly impatient with her, even she felt disgusted when she saw her face in the mirror. She hated that she was gradually getting old, but Beck was strong and energetic.

She turned over the mirror irritably. Out of sight, out of mind. Then, she got up to wash up and saw the passing servants carrying dirty clothes to wash. Jane immediately noticed that the white sweater belonged

to Cherry and was covered with coffee stains. She suddenly felt rage.

Jane picked up the stained sweater and rushed directly to Cherry's room, yelling, "Cherry, did you go out

yesterday?"

"Mom, what are you doing!" Cherry was still sleeping. She felt annoyed when her mother shouted at her.

Jane was mad since her daughter didn't listen to her, "I told you to stay home and keep a low profile for a few

days until people stop gossiping about us. Why did you sneak out yesterday?"

"Mom, I just went shopping, no biggie.

Why do you have to make a fuss over it." Cherry saw the sweater in her

mother's hand. She wished the servant could have her sweater washed earlier instead of just now.

"Just shopping?" Jane laughed angrily, pointing to the coffee stains on the sweater, "How could you stain your sweater while shopping? Be honest with me. Have you gotten into a fight?"

Cherry could see that her mother wouldn't let go unless she told the truth. So she nodded and came clean

that she confronted Cynthia in the coffee shop yesterday.

Jane couldn't believe what her daughter did, "People saw your face, didn't they? I suppose they took a video

as well? You are killing me here."

She took out her phone and saw a video of Cherry on Twitter. She snapped, "Your father just got us out of

trouble. You just couldn't wait to cause more trouble, could you?"

"Mom, I was just too angry. Cynthia admitted she did it. That's why I threw water on her. But I didn't expect

her to pour hot coffee at me."

Cherry was still furious when she recalled it, "Since she has already admitted it herself, we can expose her!"

"How would you do that? Did you record what she said?" Jane glared at her, and Cherry shut her mouth. She

was so angry at the time that she completely forgot to record. Even though she knew it was Cynthia, she

couldn't prove it.

Jane tapped her daughter's forehead helplessly, "Cherry, the Miller family is in deep trouble now. Why can't

you be mature and prudent for a change? You acting like this will cause more problems for your father and me. We can't even get ourselves out of this mess now. How are we going to help you?"

After being reprimanded, Cherry couldn't sleep anymore. She got off the bed, went to the bathroom outside to wash up, and replied impatiently, "OK, got it!"

Jane couldn't stand her daughter being so indocile. She left her daughter's room and saw Beck

coming back. and standing in the living room. She rushed over and said, "Beck, look what a disobedient daughter you got

here."

She stopped when she realized how drunk Beck was, and she frowned, "You are drunk? How much drink did you have last night, and with whom did you drink? Why didn't you call and let me know."

Beck untied his tie, threw it on the sofa, and muttered, "I had dinner with a business partner, and I drank too

much. I forgot to call you."

After speaking, he staggered toward the upstairs to rest without looking at her.

When he passed by Jane, the latter smelled a strong perfume. It was sweet and gentle. Jane frowned deeper. She knew her husband was with somebody else last night, and that woman's scent didn't wear off even when

he made it back home.

Jane grew indignant. She followed her husband and asked, "There were women in last night's dinner? Why do

I smell perfume on you?"

Beck was startled for a moment and replied annoyingly, "It was a dinner party. Of course, there were women."

Seeing that Jane was unhappy, he added, "They ordered some girls, but I didn't. I was near those girls. That's why you can smell their perfume on me."

Then, he staggered into the room.

Jane stared at his back with complicated feelings. She wasn't sure whether she should believe him or not. It was clear that they had grown apart recently, and she always felt that Beck was hiding something from her.

She had the same flustered feeling when she discovered that Beck started a new family with Lynn behind her back. It was hard enough for her to handle Lynn and Cynthia. She couldn't take it anymore if her husband.

gave her more surprises.

She must know who that woman was.

After entering the room, Beck was already pretty sober. He took out his phone and received a message from Vanessa, asking if he had made it home safe.

It was just a text message, but Beck could feel Vanessa's affection for him..

He smiled and replied, "I'm home, baby. You can have a day off today. I almost got caught by that witch, but I

managed to cover for you. I'll go to your place in a few days."

In less than two minutes, another message came.

"I'm really scared, Beck. If she finds out and makes a scene out of this, my reputation will be ruined. I know

what I'm doing is wrong and immoral, but I really like you. I used to be a pure and innocent girl myself. But now, I am with you against my conscience. If what happened between us ruins your marriage, I'll be troubled and guilty. I think we should stop. I'll resign from the Miller Group today and let you continue your happy life."

What she said softened Beck's heart. This little girl liked him desperately and endured so much for him. He could imagine how frightened Vanessa looked, curling up in the quiet alone.

He consoled her quickly by responding, "Vanessa, you made me feel passionate and alive again. I've had enough of that woman. I'll divorce her and marry you once you give birth to a son."

Vanessa sneered when she got the above message,

It was easy to manipulate a man if a woman was gentle, considerate, and admired him. He would fall for that

woman and abandon his wife and children, even for an aloof person like Beck.

Vanessa seemed smug and sure remembered what Cynthia had said to her.

Cynthia approached her and offered her a lot of money to get close to Beck. She wanted her to cause trouble

for Beck's wife and daughter.

She has successfully won Beck's love. What was left for her to do was to have a son, then all the Miller

family's property would belong to her son.

Vanessa was torn between the money Cynthia promised and the Miller family's fortune. The latter was

apparently more alluring. It was all clear to Vanessa now.

She decided to ignore Cynthia's order and follow her plan by giving birth to a son for Beck and making her

son the heir of the family property. She would be the real mistress of the Miller family.

Thinking of this, Vanessa replied to Beck, "Okay, Beck. I'll keep healthy and try my best to give you a son."

Later, she sent Cynthia a message, "Miss Miller, I'm sorry. I fell in love with your father, so our deal is over."

After sending the message, she decisively blocked Cynthia's contacts.

In the Smith family, Stella was so angry at Alston that she couldn't sleep all night. She fell asleep when it was

just dawn in the morning and didn't wake up until noon. Finally, when she came out of the room, she noticed

that the stairs going up were blocked by a new gate.

Stella couldn't believe it! Alston was serious this time. He was on guard against her!

Alston didn't consider her his mother, and his wife also showed no respect to her. She couldn't stand it, so

she went out for a walk. When reaching the gate, Stella saw that the mailbox was open. She became curious

and checked it. There was an envelope.

Stella got curious. There was nothing special about the envelope except that it had no recipient or sender.

She looked puzzled. Since there was no recipient, she could open it as well. Stella tore off the seal and found

a few photos.

She was shocked to see what was in the photos.

These were the photos of Cynthia going in and out of a hotel with another man, and each photo was marked

with time.

She was excited to receive those photos and knew exactly what she would do.

She finally got something on Cynthia, whom Alston couldn't protect even if he tried this time. It was a great opportunity for her to get Cynthia out of the Smith family!

Chapter 117 Thank You for Liking Me

It was past eleven o'clock at night. Cynthia fell asleep very early because of her pregnancy. Alston hugged her and was about to kiss her little face when someone was slapping the bedroom door loudly. His face turned dark, subconsciously covering Cynthia's ears.

Cynthia just fell asleep not long ago. Her sleep was light, so she was woken up. She opened her eyes in a daze. "What's wrong? What happened?"

Alston controlled the anger and said softly, "You lie down. I'll go and have a look!"

It was late at night. Everyone in the Smith's house knew Cynthia was pregnant and slept lightly. As long as she was asleep, no one dared to go up to the second floor except for Stella!

Alston opened the door with a dark face. Outside, Stella raised her hand and was to continue. She

immediately stopped when she saw Alston.

"Why do you knock on the door in the middle of the night? Don't you know Cynthia is pregnant and needs

enough sleep?"

Alston hated Stella to the extreme. Ever since he knew she had drugged Cynthia, he lost the last ounce of

affection for her. He kept her in the Smith family for her family's sake. If she dared to endanger Cynthia, he

would drive her out.

He had to drive Stella away even if it would ruin his reputation.

Stella was in a rage and couldn't see the deep meaning in Alston's eyes at all. Cynthia was not out, so she

immediately shouted, "Where is Cynthia? Get her out! I've never seen a narrow-minded person like her. She

doesn't have the slightest tolerance for others and even drove away my man!"

Alston knew that she probably had known that Molly had left, and she thought it was Cynthia who drove him

away.

"I drove her away." Alston coldly interrupted her cursing.

Stella was stunned, with her voice stuck in her throat, and she looked at Alston in surprise. "It was you?

Impossible!"

She knew that Alston never wasted time on such trivial matters. Cynthia must have felt Molly's threat and

driven her away while she was not at home..

"Don't defend Cynthia. I know she doesn't like me and the one I brought home. But Molly was here to take care of me. I didn't ask Cynthia to pay a penny. Why did she drive away my man?"

Then Cynthia came over in soft pajamas and stood beside Alston, looking small. She asked softly, "Alston, is she a punisher now?"

"Why did you come out? I can take care of it!" Alston touched her finger and was relieved to feel it was warm.

Looking at them showing affection as if no one else was around, Stella got angry. With a ferocious face, she rushed towards Cynthia, trying to grab her by the shoulder.

Cynthia took two steps back. Alston was quick to push Stella out of the room.

Stella fell back a few steps to stabilize her figure and looked at Alston in disbelief. "You. I'm your mother, and

you pushed me for this b*tch!*

Alston stared at Stella with a warning in his eyes. "What did you call her?"

Stella pursed her lips. Even though she was dissatisfied, she didn't dare to say that word again.

"Just talk. Keep your hands to yourself. If you dare to hurt Cynthia and the child in her belly, I will never let

you go!"

Stella's eyes were red with anger, but she stood obediently outside the door, only staring at Cynthia fiercely

with her eyes. "Why did you do that? You make me embarrassed to drive away the one I brought. I'm still alive.

You are so anxious to be the hostess of the Smith family. Now you dare to drive away the person I hired. Are

you going to drive me away next time!"

Hearing her hoarse questioning, Cynthia was stunned for a second, then sneered. "Yes. If you weren't Alston's

biological mother, I would have kicked you out a long time ago."

"You finally said what was in your heart." Looking at Alston, Stella was angry but laughed and said, "This is

your good wife. She actually wants to drive me away. She has no filial piety at all as a daughter-in-law. She

would get drowned in ancient times."

"Get drowned?" Cynthia's eyes were cold. She pushed Alston away, walked up to Stella, and stared at her.

“You want me to get drowned just because I want to kick you out. What about everything you did to me? It’s

never enough even if you die 100 times.”

Stella was frightened by her cold eyes and said, “What nonsense are you talking about? I didn’t do anything!”

“You are Alston’s mother. When I first came here, I really wanted to treat you well. But you targeted me

everywhere, gave me sterilization drugs, and took a woman home while I was pregnant. What do you want? I

have never seen a mother-in-law who would take the initiative to find a woman for her son while her

daughter-in-law is pregnant. Everything you did made me extremely disgusted. Although you are Alston’s

mother, I have put up with a lot from you.”

Cynthia said slowly and clearly. She was getting agitated as she spoke, staring at Stella viciously with red

eyes.

“Molly was nothing. You made an excuse to bring her in to take care of you, and Alston was not interested in

her. So I thought she wouldn’t make any waves, and allowed her to stay. But she violated my bottom line to

break my most beloved thing. I kicked her out because she made mistakes first.”

Stella realized why Cynthia drove Molly away. She felt a little guilty but kept saying, “She just needs to pay for whatever she broke. Why do you drive her away?”

Alston said in a deep voice, “It’s not expensive. They only paid a few million.”

Stella froze and couldn’t say anything. All her own was far enough millions of dollars. Molly had indeed made a big mistake.

“Then you should inform me. After all, you drove away my man!”

Cynthia sneered. “I didn’t drive her away. She cried out for quitting.”

“You’re talking nonsense!” Stella glanced at her. “How could Molly quit since is very interested in Alston?” she

thought.

Cynthia raised her chin. “Then call her to ask.”

Stella frowned and took out her mobile phone to call Molly. As soon as she connected, a small panicked cry came from the opposite side, “Auntie, don’t call me anymore. I won’t go back home even if I die.”

Then Molly hung up.

Stella was stunned when she hung up. She felt Molly’s avoidance.

“How was she? Did she still want to be back?”

Cynthia snorted coldly and asked.

Stella’s face was blanched and livid. She glanced at Cynthia and went downstairs in despair.

She heard Alston’s deep and cold voice just stepping on the stairs. “Greg, ask someone to install a door on

the second floor tomorrow. No irrelevant people.”

Stella almost stepped on the ground. She held onto the stairs, and looked back, just in time to see Alston

slamming the door to close.

Cynthia laid on the bed angrily, cast a sidelong glance at Alston, and pouted her tiny mouth, “If I didn’t like you so much, I would definitely divorce you because of your mother.”

Alston’s eyes turned cold. He jumped onto the bed, rubbed her whole body into his arms, and kissed her

tender lips fiercely. “Don’t you dare to say divorce!”

Cynthia snorted coldly, buried her head in his arms, and remained silent.

Alston stroked her long hair with his fingers and looked at the ceiling, with his eyes full of chills. “Don’t worry.

I will take care of everything as soon as possible, and find a chance to separate her from the Smith family.

You will never be bullied by her.”

“You do what you say!” Cynthia raised her head with her almond eyes sparkling with excitement.

Alston couldn't hold back and carefully kissed her eyelid lightly, saying in a doting voice, “When did I ever break my promise!”

Only then did Cynthia nestle into his arms with satisfaction and fall asleep shortly after.

Alston looked at her delicate and pretty face with unbelievably soft eyes and whispered in her ear. “Cynthia,

thank you for liking me!”

Cynthia made a small move. Alston looked again and found that she was sleeping soundly like a piglet again,

but her ears were slowly turning red.

Chapter 119 Stomachache

As soon as Cynthia got to her office, she received the text message sent by Vanessa in the early morning. She chuckled when she read the content.

“Love?”

Vanessa loved Beck?

Beck is not young anymore. He did look sturdier than his peers and maintained good shape, but he was still in his fifties. Vanessa was only in her twenties. How could she fall in love with Beck within a few days?

Beck must have given her hope, making her believe that she could replace Jane and become the mistress of

the Miller family.

Cynthia's eyes were cold; she grinned and put her phone away.

Vanessa shared a similar temperament to Cynthia's mother when she was young, which made the former a great candidate for getting close to Beck and

sabotaging his family. Cynthia was prepared for Vanessa's sudden back out of their deal, and she didn't care since she knew that her former partner wouldn't rat her out.

Otherwise, Beck wouldn't be fooled so easily.

It was what she had in mind. Next, she would watch Jane and Vanessa fight each other and wait to see the

final winner.

There were only a few patients this morning. Cynthia stretched herself and saw Helen walking over with

several lunch boxes.

"Cynthia, come and have lunch. I taught myself cooking by learning from the online chef. These dishes are specially for a pregnant lady like you. Eat while they are still hot."

Cynthia smiled, "Thank you. To ensure I have enough nutritious food daily, Alston asked Greg to deliver food to me. I'll call and tell Greg not to deliver my lunch today."

She called Greg while she spoke. The latter, who used to answer his phone in seconds, didn't answer for long.

Cynthia frowned suspiciously and looked at Helen, "Let's dig in. I'll give my lunch Greg brings later to other

colleagues who didn't have time to eat."

"Okay!" Helen pulled a chair over and opened the lunch box. Then, she heard some noises outside.

Cynthia heard someone calling her name, and she became pale, "I'm afraid someone is here for me. Put away

the food!

Helen glared at her, "Forget about the food. You just find a place to hide. Don't you remember what that online celebrity did to **you the** last time? How much pain did you suffer because of her? She had you pushed downstairs. And now, you are pregnant. You should be more careful."

Cynthia caressed her stomach gently and pursed her lips, "I know that voice; it's my mother-in-

law. You call Alston right away and ask him to come over. Only he can handle my mother-in-law.”

Helen nodded and dialed Alston’s phone number. The latter was in a meeting. His assistant Lloyd answered

“Hurry up and ask Alston to come to the hospital. His mother is here for Cynthia!”

Lloyd was shocked. Mr. Smith loved Cynthia to the gut, and now she was pregnant, he treated her even more dearly. Therefore, he rushed into the conference room without even thinking about it.

The manager doing the report became nervous when he saw Lloyd barging in with a stern face. He thought he had made some serious mistakes.

Lloyd rushed to Alston and whispered a few words.

Alston’s face darkened, and he ran out of the conference room without saying a word.

Lloyd looked at the confused executives and smiled, “I’m sorry, Mr. Smith has to go. The meeting is

adjourned.”

After Helen hung up the phone, he asked Cynthia to stay behind him and stared warily at Stella, who had already entered the door.

“What are you going here?”

Stella, carrying a beautiful small bag, saw Helen’s reaction and smiled sarcastically, “You really care about Cynthia. I’ll see if you can defend her like this later!”

“Stop this nonsense, and don’t try to sow discord. This is a hospital, and Alston left a lot of guards here. I’ll call security and kick you out of here if you dare to upset Cynthia. She is pregnant now.”

Cynthia added, “Alston is on his way here as well.”

Stella remained unmoved. She cast a cold glance at Cynthia, “I was afraid that he couldn’t come. I think he

should come and see what kind of tramp he loves so dearly?”

“What do you mean?” Cynthia frowned, confused.

Stella must have something on her to be so confident now. However, she had never done anything unforgivable or kept anything from Alston. What exactly was Stella trying to say?

“Cynthia, how could you cheat on Alston? He will definitely divorce you and kick you out of the Smith family.

when he finds out.”

Stella couldn't help but smile when she thought about it.

“What are you talking about?” Cynthia slapped the table fiercely, “You can't just go around and slander me like

this! When did I ever cheat on Alston?”

It was lunchtime, and many doctors and patients were in the hospital. They all came over and checked out when they heard the noise.

Seeing that she had attracted so much attention, Stella pinched her hand hard, and tears started to emerge

in her eyes. She looked pitiful.

“Let me tell you what Doctor Miller did to my son and me. Since she married my son, she has been acting

against me. My son loves her, but that's not an excuse for her not to respect me. She often retorted to me

and didn't even call me mother anymore. I raised my son alone and thought I should get along with her for my

son's sake. However, I didn't expect to see her cheat on my son.”

Stella choked up a little when she said it. She acted like she was the one who suffered a lot. “I just feel sorry

for my son. That's why I came here today. I want you all to see what a hypocrite she is.”

Cynthia's beautiful face was flushed with anger. How could Stella lie like that? She portrayed herself as a good mother and blamed Cynthia for everything. How cruel she was!

There were many mothers—in-law in the hospital, especially in the obstetrics and gynecology department.

When they heard Stella's words, they felt strong sympathy toward Stella and looked at Cynthia with disgust.

"You can't really know a person by his looks. I thought Doctor Miller was nice and amiable. Who could have

thought she had such a dark side?"

"No wonder she is disrespectful to her mother-in-law. She has another man!"

"She is pregnant now. I doubt if that baby was her husband's."

Cynthia and Helen were furious when they heard those outrageous words. Some doctors and nurses who

knew Cynthia well tried to defend her, but their voices were overwhelmed by the dominantly ignorant

crowd.

Cynthia felt dizzy by those clamors of discussions, and she felt a sharp pain in her stomach.

She tugged on Helen's sleeve in pain, "Helen, my... my stomach hurts."

Helen became nervous. She quickly supported her, "Hold on, I'll take you out."

She shouted to the crowd, "Get out of the way, now! Cynthia is pregnant. You can't provoke her. She has a

stomachache."

But no one moved, no matter how hard she yelled.

Stella felt uneasy to see Cynthia turning pale. However, she managed to calm herself down by thinking of

those pictures she got. She didn't want Cynthia to have a baby anyway. It would suit her well if the latter lost

her baby now.

She couldn't help but smile a little. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps came behind her.

Two

security guards came over and made their way for Alston. Seeing Cynthia leaning on Helen's shoulder

with a pale face, Alston hurried over. He couldn't stand his dear wife looking like this.

He took over Cynthia carefully and held her in his arms. He became more nervous when he saw his wife's

pale mouth.

"Call the doctor now!"

Doctors from the obstetrics and gynecology department squeezed into the crowds and checked on Cynthia.

Alston stood beside them and looked at Cynthia. She was in great pain, and her eyes were closed. He

trembled slightly, feeling like his heart was failing him.

"Al... Alston."

A weak voice came.

Alston turned his head and saw Stella trembling. He asked coldly, "She's suffering because of you?"

Chapter 120 Renounce His Mother

Alston looked at his mother like she was a dead person to him.

Mrs. Smith used to think she could do whatever she liked since Alston was her son. Yes, Alston was sometimes formidable, but Mrs. Smith knew he was a good man, and he earned for his family. However, she wasn't sure what her son would do to her this time.

She took out the envelope she got this morning from her pocket and handed it to Alston excitedly, "Alston, I got it this morning, and it contained photos of Cynthia and another man. I was so mad at her that I came here to confront her. I didn't expect her to be so weak."

Mrs. Smith lowered her voice out of guilt. Alston opened the envelope and frowned as he looked at the

photos.

Mrs. Smith's eyes lit up, "You must be upset as well, Alston. Cynthia entered the hotel with a doctor named Dylan, and they left the hotel in an hour. What do you think they were doing in there? She was cheating on you, son. Perhaps the baby inside her belongs to that man. We can't raise this b*stard!"

"Nonsense."

A weak female voice came over.

The doctors surrounding Cynthia had already left. She was supported by Helen, pale but firm, "There is nothing going on between Dylan and me. I didn't cheat on Alston. That man is Helen's boyfriend. He's the last person I would hit on."

After saying that, Cynthia and Helen looked at each other, and it was clear that the latter trusted the former. They held hands tightly.

Cynthia felt grateful and warm inside.

Mrs. Smith couldn't believe those two people still remained friendly with each other. She brought the photos to Helen and coaxed her, "Take a close look at those pictures. Is this your boyfriend? He and Cynthia had stayed in that hotel for an hour, and they can do anything there."

Helen faked anger, and Mrs. Smith thought she believed it. So the latter continued triumphantly, "I heard that your boyfriend had a crush on Cynthia before. Perhaps they were a real couple a long time ago."

Helen suddenly waved her hand violently, knocking down the photos in Mrs. Smith's hand to the floor.

Mrs. Smith was startled to see her hand turning red. She snarled, "This is what I got from helping you with the reality? **Your** boyfriend cheats on you with Cynthia. These are the evidence!"

"Bah!" Helen spat at her with disgust, "You old hag! Did you say them doing it with your own eyes? These only prove they went to a hotel together. It doesn't mean they did something unspeakable! You make everything

sound so filthy."

"How could you be so stubborn?" Mrs. Smith picked up the photos from the ground and gave them back to Alston, "Alston, I understand why she doesn't believe me, but you have to. I'm your mother. I'm doing it for

your sake."

Alston gave his mother a stern look, the latter shirked away. She had no idea if her son had bought her

words.

Since Alston didn't speak, Cynthia grew anxious, and then she said, "Don't you trust me, Alston?"

Alston looked at her with mixed feelings. He clenched his fists, and the veins on his hands were bulging. "Tell me. Why did Dylan go to that hotel with you?"

Cynthia staggered when she heard the question. Helen almost missed her. She shouted at Alston angrily. "What are you saying? How could you doubt Cynthia? Dylan had a crush on Cynthia, but that was only his wish. You are lucky to have Cynthia now. I can't believe you distrust her like this!"

"Please stop, Helen!" Cynthia squeezed out the words, sweat appearing on her forehead.

Helen was furious. She carefully wiped the sweat off Cynthia's face and said sorrowfully, "Why are you still protecting Alston? He doesn't deserve your love, Cynthia!"

Alston's question really hurt Cynthia Miller's feelings. She thought they trusted each other entirely and no one would break them up. However, it turned out her husband didn't trust her as she thought he would.

She had done everything she could to ensure everything went well between them. And now, her husband is questioning her fidelity..

Cynthia smiled coldly. "You think I was cheating on you with Dylan just because of those photos? I'm so disappointed in you, Alston."

Mrs. Smith was happy to see her son doubt her daughter-in-law, "Just cut to the chase, will you? If nothing is

happening between Dylan and you, why don't you tell us what happened in that hotel?"

Cynthia closed her eyes and said desolately, "We just chatted in the café for a while. You can check the

camera video if you want."

Mrs. Smith couldn't believe what she had heard. Cynthia wanted her to check the camera. Perhaps all they

did was chat.

Alston relaxed a little. He went to help Cynthia, but the latter shook away, "I think we should break up for a while, and please don't come to see me during that time. I have to re-evaluate our relationship."

Alston blinked and withdrew his hand.

Cynthia grew despair when she saw Alston withdraw his hand. She called her boss and asked for sick leave.

Then, she left with Helen.

Alston saw her walking away slowly. He restrained himself from hurrying up and holding Cynthia in his arms.

He wished he could hug her and console her. However, there was something else he had to do first.

Greg and Lloyd rushed over, only to find that the crowd had dispersed, and Alston was standing there

indifferent. They took a deep breath and came over.

Greg said apologetically, "I should have come earlier. I'm sorry, Mr. Smith."

Alston looked at him and asked, "What happened?"

"Mrs. Lewis and I had lunch prepared already, but..." He paused and shot Mrs. Smith an angry look, "**Mrs.** Smith accidentally spilled all the food. So, we had to prepare again."

Mrs. Smith avoided his look and whispered, "I didn't mean to spill it."

Greg subdued his anger. He finally understood why Mrs. Smith had to spoil the food they made. This way, she would have enough time to come after Cynthia. But everything was too late. Cynthia got hurt anyway.

Alston glanced at his mother and said to Lloyd, "Let's go check the camera video of that hotel."

Mrs. Smith wanted to tag along and see if Cynthia had cheated on her son.

But Alston snapped, "No, you must go back home and pack up your things. Greg will send you to the Brooks family later."

Mrs. Smith couldn't believe what her son said, "Alston, I'm your mother. How could you throw me out of the

Smith family?"

She tried to pull Alston's clothes, but the latter grew impatient, "Enough is enough. I didn't want you to leave,

for

my father's sake. But what have you done all these years? You humiliated and bullied Cynthia constantly.

You even tried to make her infertile."

He lowered his head and said gloomily, "You should be grateful I let you stand here safe and sound. From now on, you have nothing to do with the Smith family, and I renounce you as my mother. Do you understand?"

Then, Alston left. Mrs. Smith fell to the ground in a daze. She knew that her son meant it this time. She could read cruelty in his eyes. It's tough for her to believe that her son could renounce her.

"How could you be so cruel? Alston." Mrs. Smith broke into tears. Her cry was so terrible that many doctors and patients came to see her. She couldn't care less about her image, so she almost crawled to Alston and

grabbed him on his pants.

Alston glanced at Lloyd, and the latter immediately knew what to do. He stepped forward to push Mrs. Smith away, "Mrs. Smith, oh, sorry. I should call you Ms. Brooks. You have nothing to do with Mr. Smith now. Please

leave him alone. If you dare to pester him, you will be sorry."

"You, how dare you!" Mrs.

Smith glared at Lloyd and then looked up at Alston, who was cold and numb. Then, she snarled, "Alston Smith, I am your mother no matter what. It was I who brought you up. If you dare throw

me out, I will file a lawsuit against you!"

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols