

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 21 Alike

"This is impossible!" Hulda turned pale and said subconsciously, "You chose me. How could you shoot her if you didn't try to save me?"

Alston's expression was indifferent. As the heir to his family, on every vacation, he was sent to train with the military by his father ever since he was little.

The Smith family also had a training place, so Alston had never missed a single day of hard training

except

for that four months when he was in a coma.

He had absolute trust in his marksmanship, and he would never let Cynthia die as long as he was allowed to shoot.

The shot seemed to go straight to Cynthia's heart, but he had calculated the range and angle. It would only cause a minor injury and never endanger her life.

He knew Jeff definitely had another plan, so Alston used one shot to distract Jeff's attention from Cynthia so that the danger she encountered would be minimal.

He would be at ease only if everything were under his control.

"I'm good at shooting and won't let her die."

Hulda understood his words immediately.

She remembered Alston's shooting results during the military training at school, and her face.

became paler.

Hulda panicked. This was completely different from what she had thought. She thought that Alston still had feelings for her, so he chose to protect her. It turned out that everything was just her

illusion.

She struggled to think about every detail, and her voice began to tremble. "You rushed down from the wheelchair to protect me, regardless of your own legs. This... isn't this because you like me? You were obviously protecting me!"

Alston frowned when she mentioned this. He didn't want to reveal the news that his leg had recovered so early. The previous plan was to drive his Uncle Clare out of the company gradually.

But Alston didn't expect Cynthia to be kidnapped. To prevent any further troubles, he had to speed

up the process.

"Jeff wanted me to suffer, so he certainly would focus on attacking me. And the other target was you. Although I had arranged an ambush, you were still involved because of me."

Alston apologized, "This was our fault. If you want anything, ask for it. As long as you don't go too

far."

How did this happen?

Hulda's brain was a little dizzy. The sunshine warmed up the room, but she felt coldness in her

bones.

"Miss Taylor, I'll leave now if there's nothing else. If you need anything, ask the nurse directly, and Greg will arrange it."

Alston saw Hulda lower her head; he was worried about Cynthia's situation and ready to leave.

He heard the footsteps behind him when he turned around. Hulda rushed out of bed and hugged

Alston's waist behind him.

Alston's eyes suddenly cooled down, clenched her arms, and shook her off immediately. "Miss Taylor, didn't you hear what I just said? I'm married. I hope you can respect yourself."

Hulda noticed his tender tone when he mentioned Cynthia, and she almost couldn't hold back her jealousy when she heard him call her Miss Taylor.

“Alston, so many excellent girls confessed to you ten years ago, but you chose me. How could you let me be your girlfriend if you didn’t like me? You clearly had feelings for me...”

Hulda became more and more excited as she spoke. “Also, if you don’t like me, why did you choose Cynthia as your wife? She looks so similar to me!”

When Hulda said this, her eyes were full of confidence.

No matter what Alston said before, this point cannot be refuted. Hulda thought Alston might not realize that he still had feelings for her, so that was the reason why he asked Cynthia, who looked

like her a lot, to be his wife.

“Don’t you remember the situation ten years ago, Miss Taylor?”

Alston looked at her with his face even colder than before, and there was no other unnecessary

emotion in his eyes.

“We had never been together. Do you want me to help you remember how those rumors came out, Miss Taylor?”

Alston’s eyes were full of coldness, and he looked at Hulda impatiently.

When Alston was 16 years old, his father died in an air crash, leaving the Smith Group to him. The

company’s share price plummeted, and some shareholders saw that he was just a kid, so they united with other opponent companies, forcing him to give up.

To stabilize the company, Alston had to learn how to take control. So he spent all day studying and had no time to care about anything else. Then, there were rumors about him dating Hulda because he had accidentally helped her once.

These rumors helped him resist a lot of trouble, so he didn’t deal with it. Hulda thought Alston acquiesced and always regarded herself as his girlfriend. It wasn’t until a few months later, when she went abroad, that those rumors gradually disappeared.

After a long time, Alston inadvertently learned that Hulda herself had spread the rumor.

They had no so-called relationship after all. It was ridiculous that Hulda even mentioned this

nonsense.

Hulda recalled the past from her memory. Her face was ashen, and her eyes were dazed.

“Those rumors spread too much; even you believed them!” Alston’s expression was indifferent, and his tone was sarcastic. “Also, I found out that my mother found you and gave you a lot of money.”

“You used that money to study abroad, didn’t you?”

Hulda’s eyes were flustered, her neck shrank, and her face was full of guilt.

Indeed, the Smith family gave Hulda a million because of this fake rumor so that she could get rid of her low-income family. But she spread those rumors, and Alston didn’t deny it, so she always thought Alston had feelings for her.

Hulda looked at his cold expression, and her lips trembled slightly. “What about Cynthia? She looks

like me a lot...”

Alston’s eyes warmed slightly when he heard Cynthia’s name. He looked at Hulda and smiled.

ironically.

“You misunderstood again, Miss Taylor. It’s not that she looks like you. It’s you who looks like her.”

Hulda’s eyes suddenly widened, and she sank to the ground in a daze. “How is that possible? I don’t

believe it...”

When Alston woke up and saw Cynthia, he also felt that she was quite familiar. When she begged him to stay in the Smith family, he was not a compassionate person, but somehow he still agreed.

Later, when he went to the Miller family, he saw Cherry standing with Cynthia and remembered. that he had seen Cynthia at Cherry’s birthday party.

It turned out that Cynthia was the little girl who was shrinking in the corner and eagerly looking at

the cake.

Their relationship has been meant to be ever since they were kids.

The ward was so quiet when Alston's phone suddenly rang. He picked up and heard Greg's anxious

voice.

"Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith is awake. Hurry up! By the way, she may have some misunderstanding about you. You must explain everything to her."

Greg remembered Cynthia's expression and told him solemnly.

Alston was shocked for a second and hurried to the door.

Just as he got to the door, Hulda's sharp scream came from behind. "Alston, stop!"

"What else do you want?" Alston turned to her impatiently, his eyes full of irritability and depression.

Hulda's heart trembled. But thinking of her plan, she stared at him directly. "Alston, if you want to keep Cynthia around, don't go."

"What do you mean?"

Alston's aura was freezing. He hated being threatened by others. How dared Hulda speak such

words?

Chapter 22 Make A Deal

"I've heard a lot in the past two days. The company was out of your control during the four months when you were in a coma. If you want to subdue the company, you will certainly offend many people, including someone like Jeff."

Hulda was flustered by his coldness, and her voice trembled as she continued, "I know you're very powerful, but it's hard to avoid a trap. Even if you have protected her once, it doesn't mean that everything is safe now. You don't want to see Cynthia being kidnapped again, do you? She's safe this time, but what about next time?"

Alston frowned and looked at her thoughtfully. He snorted coldly, "Interesting. Go on."

Hulda swallowed, covered the crazy jealousy in her eyes, and clenched her fingers tightly. "I don't want any compensation. I want to make a deal with you."

"Because you saved me from the kidnapper, outsiders will definitely think I'm the person you love. I can be Cynthia's shield and attract the attention of those people so that she will be safe."

After saying this, she looked nervously at Alston. "What do you think?"

"The solution is a good one, but it will do you no good," Alston glanced at her with sharp eyes. "What are your conditions?"

"I want to be your wife!"

Hulda wanted to say this very much, but she knew Alston would disagree. He would never keep her

around if she determined to be his wife.

"After the job is done, give me thirty million!" Hulda said.

This requirement was a bit out of his expectation. Alston thought deeply for a moment, and his heart sank when he thought about Cynthia lying on the bed unconsciously.

He didn't want to experience this ever again. These two days were the most anxious days of his life.

"Okay, I agree."

"Cynthia, I've only been gone for a month. Why did you get married?"

Helen looked at Cynthia in disbelief. She went out to attend a conference for a month on behalf of

the hospital. As soon as she got back, she heard from the nurse that Cynthia had been in a coma for two days and had just woken up.

She didn't have time to change her clothes and rushed directly into the ward.

As soon as Helen entered, Cynthia held her and cried out loud. She cried so desperately that even Helen was frightened.

Helen had known Cynthia for so many years and had never seen her cry so sadly.

Finally, Cynthia stopped crying, and Helen learned about the situation. It turned out that her best friend got married a month ago, and she was kidnapped because of the b*stard she married.

“Cynthia, what will you do now?” Helen looked solemn.

Alston had just walked to the door when he heard voices inside, and he looked at Greg

“Mrs. Smith’s friend is inside.” Greg replied.

Alston nodded and leaned against the wall at the door. He was exhausted and wanted to smoke a cigarette, but he remembered that he was in a hospital now and frowned impatiently.

The hospital was too quiet, and he heard the conversation between the two girls clearly.

“I don’t know what to do. I’m in a mess now.” Cynthia tugged at the quilt corner again and again, and the truth she had learned weighed on her mind like a mountain, making her breathless.

“Do you want to continue this marriage?” Helen asked.

Alston listened to them while nervously clenching his palm.

“I’m not the person Alston loves. In the past month, he has been very kind to me. Now that I think about it, he might be looking at another woman through me. He only regards me as a replacement, and he will abandon me immediately as soon as the woman he loves returns.”

Cynthia felt disgusting when thinking about Alston loving her, kissing her, and sleeping with her while thinking about another woman.

This marriage had always been a mistake, and now the person he loved had returned. Instead of being abandoned by him, it was better to leave on her own. At least she could still have her

self-esteem.

Alston felt upset when he heard Cynthia’s words. He wanted to tell her all the truth, but when he thought of Hulda’s plan, he abruptly endured it.

He took a deep breath and told Greg, “You let someone take good care of her and tell me as soon as

she needs anything.”

Then, he was about to leave.

Greg was silent. He already knew Alston's plan, and now he had to cooperate. But he felt very sorry for Cynthia when he looked at her.

Everything would be fine as long as Alston was able to solve every problem. Greg was confident that this day would come very soon.

Helen listened to her frustrating words and tried to cheer her up. "What are you talking about? Are

you letting them go that easily? You will give up everything if you ask for a divorce yourself!"

"Then what can I do!" Cynthia cried in grievances. "I have loved him for so many years, and he has become a part of my life, my own flesh and blood! It will be easier for me to suicide than ask for a

divorce!"

Helen was so distressed to see her like this, and she gently wiped away her tears. "Then don't get divorced!"

Cynthia froze for a moment and looked at her with a glassy stare.

Helen looked at her with a stern look in her eyes. "The first love is nothing. It was all many years ago. After such a long time, the strong feelings must have faded. You have to remember that you are the one and only Mrs. Smith. If you can't let go of Alston, then at least keep this fact in your mind."

Helen gently touched Cynthia's hair. "The Cynthia I know has never been a weak and shrinking person. If you two really have to divorce, you should be the one to ask for it instead of running away in despair."

Cynthia compressed her lips, and her eyes were more determined.

She reached out and hugged Helen's waist and buried her head in Helen's arms. Her voice was weak and stuffy. "I will fix myself. I'll let him go if he really doesn't love me and only wants Hulda to be

his wife."

However, everything took time. Helen was right. After a long time, all the strong feelings must have

faded.

Chapter 23 A Shameless Mistress

Alston went back to work after his legs healed. As time went by, Cynthia's wound was almost recovered, and she had never seen him again.

Every time she asked Greg about him, he would say Alston was too busy with his work.

Cynthia listened and smiled ironically.

More than once, she saw Alston walking downstairs on the lawn with Hulda.

She didn't understand. He had enough free time to accompany Hulda, but couldn't spare a few

minutes to visit her.

She was his wife!

The wound healed quickly, and there was no need to be hospitalized continually. Cynthia asked Greg to go through the discharge formalities, and she picked things in the ward by herself.

"Hi, Cynthia, you recover so soon."

There was a sarcastic voice came from behind. Cynthia turned around with a straight face. Hulda leaned against the door frame with delicate makeup and looked at her cheerfully.

"I don't want to talk to you. Please leave."

Cynthia looked at her face, which was similar to her own. She felt uncomfortable. This face reminded her that she was just a substitute. A pathetic substitute.

Hulda didn't care about her attitude at all. She walked to Cynthia, and looked at her up and down.

"When I was kidnapped before, I didn't see you clearly. Now I can see that you and I look really alike. No wonder Alston would marry you." Hulda smiled gently. She sounded proud, but secretly she pinched her fingers and whitened them.

"Enough!" Cynthia threw her clothes on the bed. Her face was cold.

"Are you angry?" She chuckled and leaned close to Cynthia, "Presumably you know that the person. he really likes is me. Don't you feel guilty being his wife with a face similar to mine?"

"I don't." Cynthia sneered, "You are the one who should be guilty. Even though he once liked you, he is married now. He has a wife, but you pester him shamelessly. What's the difference between you and a mistress?"

"If you still have a little shame, you should stay away from him."

Hulda's face turned pale with anger. She snorted coldly, "What are you proud of? You stole him from me, and you can't keep him. I came to get Alston back. When facing a choice between life and death, he chose to save me and shot at you without hesitation. Don't you understand?"

"In his mind, you will never be better than I. I come here to tell you that Alston has agreed to let me work in the Smith Group. Besides, he introduced me to everyone who works in the company in a fair and square way."

Cynthia was stuck. They had been married for over a month. Except for a few people, the outside world still didn't know that Alston was married. Even those who knew he was married didn't know who his wife was or what she looked like.

Alston had no intention to introduce her to his relatives and friends. For the past month, she had only met Ivan by accident.

But he was aboveboard and introduced Hulda to others.

As long as you like someone, you couldn't wait for the whole world to know. Only if you hid her, you would always hide.

Anyone with eyes could see who he liked more.

Cynthia bit her lower lip intensely, and her heart was filled with acidity and injustice.

didn't like

Hulda was very pleased to see this. She continued to stimulate Cynthia, "By the way, guess what is my work?"

Cynthia looked at her.

"I am his personal assistant." She pronounced the word personal with great emphasis and vague desire, "Look how much he loves me and can't wait to be with me together all the time. What do you have to compete with me?"

She didn't have anything. Nothing?!

Her heart sank to the bottom of the sea. Alston and she didn't have emotional foundation. It was only over a month since they really got in touch with each other. How much did he like her?

"So, Cynthia, you are smart enough to give up the position of Mrs. Smith as soon as possible. You are lucky to be his wife for more than a month..."

Hulda's harsh voice continued. Cynthia took a deep breath and tried to control her emotions. Then she looked at her coldly, and she spoke toughly.

"Stop dreaming! You won't be Mrs. Smith unless I die. As long as I don't get divorced, you're just at shameless mistress no matter how much he loves you. You will be contemptible and spurned."

"You..."

Hulda pointed at her. Her fingers were shaking, and she couldn't say a word because of anger.

Cynthia seemed weak, but she was tough and stubborn inside. Listened to all those hurtful words,

she didn't mean to back down at all.

The key was that Alston really liked her, and he wouldn't ask for a divorce.

Hulda looked at her, and her eyes gushing with crazy jealousy and hatred.

"Please get out of the way. I want to pack my things."

Cynthia reached out and pushed Hulda away directly. As soon as her finger touched her, she fell to the ground with a thud.

"Ah, it hurts... I came to apologize to you... I understand if you don't forgive me, but... but why did you push me?"

Her forehead hit the floor, and it got swell in an instant. She looked pitiful.

Cynthia paused and looked at her hands. She didn't use any strength at all. How could she fall down to the ground?

Hulda framed her!

"What's going on!"

Cynthia was about to satirize her when she suddenly heard a deep male voice at the door, and she

was shocked.

Slowly, she turned her head and saw Alston's cold eyes.

Chapter 24 Don't Play Tricks with Me

Earlier Cynthia was stimulated by Hulda's successive sarcasm, she endured it. She thought she was

tough enough.

But when she saw Alston, suddenly all her emotions poured out and tears flowed down.

uncontrollably.

This was the first time she had seen him since she was injured. It was just a few days, but she felt like centuries had passed. The familiar man in front of her now looked very strange.

"What's going on here?"

Alston looked at Hulda on the ground, and his forehead frowned. He asked coldly again.

Cynthia hurriedly wiped tears from her face, "I didn't push her. It was her..."

She was interrupted by Hulda, "It hurts..."

She held out her hand at Alston in a coquetry manner, and was pulled up from the ground by him. As soon as she stood up, she threw herself into his arms. She hugged him intimately, with a grievance

on her face.

"I'm here to apologize to her. I feel sorry that you hurt her because of saving me. But I didn't think

she would push me."

Alston turned to Cynthia and gave her an almost greedy look, then his eyes turned cold,

"Was that

true?"

Cynthia looked at his movements stupefied and didn't pay attention to his eyes.

He allowed Hulda to hug him.

Cynthia took care of him for a month, and she knew that he had a serious mysophobia. Even if he couldn't walk, he wouldn't accept the touch and help from others. Only she could get close to him.

But now he didn't push Hulda away and let her hold him without any discomfort.

Cynthia lowered her eyes, and her fingers trembled. Her heart was sour and uncomfortable. It

turned out that she was not the only one that he could accept. She was not unique.

"Hulda was lying. I didn't push her." She bowed her head and twisted her fingers, "Believe it or not."

Alston saw her being sad, but he restrained his emotions, and glanced at her coldly, "I know you are angry. I will let it go this time. Don't do it again."

He only said that.

Hulda was so angry that her palm was almost cut by her own nails, and her forehead hurt even

more.

Alston didn't stay. He held Hulda's shoulder and left.

Haven't walked to the door, Cynthia's voice coming from behind.

"I thought you came to take me home."

She sounded sad and disappointed.

Alston heard it, and he felt his heart stagnate. He felt sorry and pity.

Hulda looked up and caught a glimpse of his emotions before he could hide them. She bit her teeth, turned her head and smiled, "He is here to take me home. He didn't know you were discharged from the hospital today, too. I'll ask him to drive you back first and then come back to me later. What do you think?"

Cynthia ignored her. She was waiting for Alston's response, but he didn't turn around, as if he had acquiesced in Hulda's words. Cynthia's heart welled up in sadness.

"I will ask Greg to get a car to take you home."

Alston said coldly and left without looking back.

Cynthia gave a wry smile, and continued to pack her stuff, as if nothing had happened. Just at the moment when she lowered her head, glittering and translucent tears slid down and wet the clothes.

in her hands.

As soon as getting out of the door, Alston immediately threw off Hulda, as if she was a virus. He

didn't even want to touch her.

"Why did you go to her?"

He glanced at her coldly.

"I... I just wanted to apologize..." Hulda explained in a panic and pointed to the wound on her head in

grievance, "She didn't accept it and pushed me..."

"Don't play tricks with me. Everyone knows what's on your mind." Alston loosened his tie and smelled the perfume from his suit. He frowned in disgust, and took off his coat directly.

"I warn you, just do your job. If you dare speak nonsense to her again, our agreement will be canceled." He sneered and said, "Your parents are still looking for you."

Hulda didn't really care what he said until she heard the last words. She suddenly raised her head and looked at him in horror.

She didn't want to go back to the old days. She was really fed up with the days when she was tortured

and used by her parents and brothers all the time.

"I... I won't, never again. Don't send me back, please."

Hulda was scared. She promised over and over again.

Alston turned back indifferently. He threw his coat into the recycling bin at the door, and left

without a word.

Hulda looked at the hand-made fancy coat in the recycling bin, and her heart was full of hatred.

Such expensive suits, just because she touched it, he threw it away.

How much he hated her!

Hulda stamped her feet angrily and left. Suddenly, she thought of something. She turned back and picked up the coat from the bin.

She looked down at the coat in her hands, and the corners of her mouth suddenly evoked a strange

smile. Her eyes were ambitious.

Chapter 25 Just A Free Servant

Helen had an operation to do, so she didn't have time to say goodbye to Cynthia. She only asked the nurse to give Cynthia a message, asking her to get well and go back to the hospital as soon as possible.

In the end, Greg arranged a car to get Cynthia back home, and Alston never showed up from beginning to end.

Cynthia's expectations gradually cooled down, saying nothing all the way. And she was not in a good mood.

Soon, they arrived home. Greg commanded the servant to carry the luggage, and Cynthia walked into the living room leisurely.

Stella didn't go out shopping or play cards that day, which was quite rare. She was sitting in the living room, drinking black tea. When she saw Cynthia walking in alone, she mockingly smiled.

"Oh, Cynthia? I thought it was a guest. But it turned out to be you. How dare you come back?"

Cynthia was about to go upstairs when she heard that. She paused and said, "How dare I? I didn't do anything that made me too embarrassed to come back!"

Stella snorted coldly, slamming down the cup in her hand. She said with a strange tone, "Everyone knows that you were kidnapped. Do you know what they are saying about you? Do you know the Smith family is humiliated because of you? How shameless are you?"

What they were saying about Cynthia?

Cynthia was stunned. She had been in the hospital for so many days, and Greg didn't tell her anything about it. She didn't know the whole world knew it already.

Noticing that Cynthia was stunned, Stella continued, "They all know Alston chose to save that woman and shot you. As his wife, don't you think you're a total failure? You'd better be smart and divorce my son. Don't embarrass yourself more. Well, you don't have to worry about your future

life. We'll compensate you."

Cynthia turned extremely pale. She bit her lip, trying to control her emotions.

"I respected you because you're my husband's mom. And you exactly know why I was kidnapped. I'm still a member of the Smith family. You don't really have to handle those rumors, but you really

shouldn't threaten me now. This is too much."

have

Hearing that, Stella sneered, "A member of the Smith family? Who do you think you are? I agreed to you instead of your sister marry into our family, but it was only because Alston was in a coma, and I wanted a free servant for my son. Now he's fine. We don't need an extra servant. Do you really

think I will let a bastard be my son's wife?"

So in Stella's eyes, Cynthia was just a free servant.

Cynthia felt hard to think at that moment. Her heart couldn't even beat. She didn't know what to say.

Alston's mother said so. What would he say?

Did he see her as a free servant? Did he only want her because he needed her? Now he was fine, and his favorite first love returned. He didn't need her anymore. Was she bound to be abandoned by

him?

“Mrs. Smith, your room is ready. Please, go upstairs and have a rest.”

Just then, Greg interrupted her thoughts.

Cynthia hurried up the steps like she was escaping. Yet just after two steps, she turned around, gritting her teeth, and looked at Stella.

“I will only leave when he wants to kick me out. I won’t divorce him. No matter what you say or how you threaten me!”

After that, she ran back to her room without waiting for Stella’s reply.

Stella was so angry that she stood up directly and shouted, “Alston was just being nice to you! Don’t flatter yourself. Let me tell you this. Hulda’s back! You won’t stay here for long!”

Hearing that, Greg frowned tightly.

He thought, “She is really good at making things difficult for Mr. Smith. Well, I guess misunderstanding between Mr. and Mrs. Smith will only get deepened.”

“Madam, I’m afraid Mr. Smith won’t be happy when he hears this.”

the

Greg tried to remind Stella, but Stella glared at Greg, “Are you telling me what I should do?”

“I am not.” Greg lowered his head, but he didn’t make himself humble, “Mr. Smith talked to you. once. And I thought you knew what you should say and what you shouldn’t.”

Stella remembered Alston’s warning to her before, but she didn’t take it seriously. Stella thought that she was the mother, and Alston wouldn’t do anything to her no matter what she did.

“Are you saying that I’m not qualified to say those things as Cynthia’s mother-in-law?”

Greg wanted to roll his eyes, actually. Stella was Cynthia’s mother-in-law, but not a good or nice one. He wondered how Stella grew up in the Brooks family. She was too ill-bred to be a Brooks.

Alston and his father were all gentlemen, but Alston’s mother was too rude, just like a savage. Greg felt sorry for them.

When the Brooks family and the Brooks family were about to unite by marriage, Alston’s father was

marrying Stella's sister. However, Stella used some dirty tricks. As a result, she was pregnant, and Alston's father had to marry her for the sake of the baby.

Stella was vulgar and always unreasonable. She had nothing more than her pretty face. After Alston was born, she never took care of him for a single day. She only did the shopping and had her own fun. She was not close to her husband or to her son.

Now that the Brooks family was in decline, she could only rely on Alston. She was old, but unfortunately, she was still that stupid.

Greg sighed, looked up, saw a tall figure enter the door, and paused, "Mr. Smith, why are you back?"

"Don't try to threaten me with Alston." Stella thought Greg was making it up.

Alston unbuttoned his cuffs and looked tired, "Just coming back to fetch something."

He scanned the living room but didn't see Cynthia. He was disappointed.

Stella didn't expect that Alston really returned. She was so scared that she turned pale.

"What were you arguing about?" Alston said in a low voice. Before he entered the door, he heard Stella yelling at Greg, which made him really irritated.

Stella wanted to speak, but Greg said it first. He made everything clear in a few words.

Alston's face suddenly darkened. He was always cold, but when he was not in a good mood, he

looked even scarier.

Stella was also scared and couldn't help but take two steps back.

"Greg won't lie to me!" Alston said coldly, "I warned you last time not to say those things to Cynthia. You didn't understand my words, did you?"

"Alston... it's not like that... It's Cynthia's fault. She was being disrespectful to me..."

Stella trembled, trying to explain, but Alston stopped her from saying more.

"Greg, freeze all her bank cards and inform all luxury stores. From now on, they don't have to send new products to our family every month."

Alston coldly commanded, and Greg soon started to act. He took out his phone and called those luxury stores one by one.

Stella was always vain, and all her interests were in shopping. Now all her bank cards were frozen, and those luxuries were gone. She suddenly collapsed and went crazy.

She glared at Alston and shouted loudly, "Alston, I'm your mother. It's unfilial of you to do this to

me for her sake."

Alston turned his head and looked at her coldly, "You're my mother but not a good mother. You think I would still be filial to you after what you did?"

Stella was shocked for a while. She was so mad that she trembled with anger.

Alston didn't even look at her and turned upstairs, "Also, in my heart, your weight is far less than Cynthia's, so don't compare yourself with her in the future. You won't win."

Stella looked at his indifferent back. Suddenly, she lost her strength, and her chest was constantly fluctuating with anger.

Greg finished the phone calls and glanced at Stella, "Madam, I just warned you."

It was a pity that she didn't take it seriously. Technically, Stella deserved to be treated like that.

Greg then turned around and left. Behind him, Stella smashed the cup on the ground.