

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

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Chapter 291 Stabbing a Knife in His Heart

All of a sudden, the atmosphere became awkward.

Looking at Cynthia with an embarrassed expression and Alston staring at her gloomily, Alice was suddenly stunned. She realized she was too much.

"I'll drink!" Cynthia broke the deadlock.

Alston looked upset, "I will drink for her!"

Jakson smiled, and said in a low voice, "It's Cynthia's game. Isn't it, Alice?"

Alice whispered, "Yes."

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Feeling Alston's angry stare, she was scared. She pulled Lorenz for help. He smiled in relief. Although she greatly annoyed him, he didn't want to see her suffering.

So, he said, "Alice was only joking. Let's forget about this."

Jakson asked, "Is this how you do things? Everything is joking?"

Lorenz didn't expect that he would say that. He wanted to kiss Cynthia

Cynthia was more embarrassed. She finally sensed that Jakson might have feelings for her.

Thinking of the scene of touching his abdominal muscles just now, she was so embarrassed that she wanted to disappear immediately.

"Well, I can drink actually. I won't be drunk with only one drink"

She smiled mischievously and found that the wine on the table was all gone.

Jakson shrugged, "It seems that we have to kiss."

It was quiet. Alston took out his phone and sent a message. Soon, he received a message and smiled.

Jakson looked at Cynthia's exquisite and beautiful lips. After drinking, her lipstick had faded, revealing her lip color, which was light, pink, and very delicate.

A hot feeling rose in his throat. He got up and walked to her.

Cynthia frowned tightly, "Does he really mean it?"

Alice panicked. She was only joking and didn't expect Jakson would be serious.

"It's only a game." She quickly advised.

Jakson blinked his eyes, and his expression was serious with a hint of sternness, "I've always been serious when I play games. Those who play games with me and dare to cheat usually end badly."

He was threatening!

Alice screamed like a groundhog in her heart.

Jakson was jealous since Alston came in. He would not let the chance go.

He didn't care what others would think of him. He had a feeling that this might be the last

chance he was so close to Cynthia.

Cynthia's face turned dark. She was fine with jokes. But Jakson took the joke too seriously and wanted to kiss her in front of her husband.

"This game is too boring!" She said coldly, and looked at Jakson, "If Mr. Carter doesn't like it, I can drink more."

Jakson didn't expect her to say that. He was so close to her. As long as he lowered his head, he would kiss her lips..

But he didn't dare, didn't dare to take this step anymore. Cynthia would never talk to him again if he insisted..

"I didn't mean that..."

He got interrupted. A waiter knocked on the door and rushed in hurriedly.

"Boss, someone is making trouble, and we can't control it."

Jakson breathed a sigh of relief, "I'm coming soon."

The waiter left. They could hear people shouting and cursing downstairs.

Jakson took a deep breath and said, "Sorry, I need to go. You guys have fun. All the drinks tonight are on the house."

He took a deep look at Cynthia and left.

After he left, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, especially Alice. She was lying in Lorenz's arms, "I was scared to death. Why was he so stubborn?"

Lorenz tapped her forehead and said, "You naughty girl."

He raised his chin, motioning for her to apologize to Cynthia and Alston.

Alice knew it was her fault. She got up and apologized.

"Cousin, Cynthia, I'm sorry. I was wrong. I didn't expect such a thing to happen."

Cynthia's complexion was not very good. She said, "It's Okay. You didn't know the numbers."

Alston didn't say anything.

Alice was about to burst into tears. She hid back in Lorenz's arms again, "I'm so sorry."

Looking at her like this, Lorenz was in a good mood. He stroked her long hair, "Will you play the game again?"

"Never!"

Lorenz was delighted. Although it was really awkward and the atmosphere was a little tense just now, it was a good thing for

Alice to not play the game again.

Cynthia leaned back into Alston's arms, "Did you call people to make trouble?"

Alston bowed his head and kissed her hard on the lips as if venting the depression just now. He said, "Yes."

Cynthia curled her lips into a smile. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him back deeply. After the kiss, she panted and said, "Good job."

"Heh!" Alston smiled coldly, "He wanted to take advantage of you in front of me. Ridiculous!"

He lowered his head and gritted his teeth, "It is estimated that he is looking forward to my death. He thinks he can have you if I die."

He was right.

Cynthia opened her eyes widely, "Don't say that. You will live till we are 100 years old."

Seeing her nervous face, Alston finally smiled, "Okay, I won't say that. I will listen to you."

They didn't want to stay any longer after what happened and left the bar. When they

went downstairs, they saw that many places in the bar were broken, and many expensive wines were also broken. Spilled all over the floor.

Lorenz felt pity, especially when he saw some of his favorite wines were ruined.

Those people making trouble were squatting in the middle of the dance floor in embarrassment. Jakson heard them and looked up.

There was a bruise at the corner of his mouth, and his whole body was full of fierceness and killing intent. He looked at Cynthia fiercely.

Looking at Cynthia's dazed eyes, he turned his eyes away and refused to look at her. He felt terrible when his beloved woman saw his most embarrassing and unbearable look.

"Let's go!" Alston took a cool look, and put a card on the waiter's tray, "No password!"

The money in this card was enough to pay for the drinks in the box, and the rest should be regarded as compensation for damage to the bar!

Jakson bit his lower lip so hard that it almost bled.

His behavior was tantamount to stabbing a knife in his heart.

Chapter 292 What Are You Planning?

Gigi couldn't fall asleep. She was so excited to see the scene that Alston got angry with Cynthia. No men would endure such things.

The sound of a car came from the outside. She quickly got up and secretly opened the door a crack.

It was very late and no one was in the living room. It was quiet.

The door was opened. Gigi's eyes lit up.

"Slow down!" A deep and mellow voice came over. It was Alston. He opened the door for

Cynthia.

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Cynthia didn't feel anything earlier, but after this journey, the feeling of drinking suddenly

came up. She was so drunk that she walked crookedly..

"Don't drink too much next time. You are only capable of one drink." Alston complained gently.

"You must not go out drinking behind my back Do you hear me?"

Cynthia vaguely responded, "No, I won't. I only drink when Alston is by my side."

Alston was pleased. He kissed her deeply.

To be honest, when he saw her hand on Jakson's abdominal muscles, he was so angry that he was about to explode. He wished he could cut Jakson into pieces to relieve the hatred in his heart.

Fortunately, Cynthia's subsequent behavior made him very satisfied. She didn't notice Jakson's feelings at all and was not interested in him. She only loved him..

Alston was happy. He hugged Cynthia's waist, kissed her eyes little by little, and finally kissed her red lips fiercely.

By the moonlight, Gigi could see them clearly. Hatred and jealousy surged in her heart.

How was it possible? She dressed like that and went out to have fun, but Alston was not

angry at all! He even kissed her!
Neither Cynthia nor Alston noticed that Gigi was spying on them. They were immersed in their own thoughts. Cynthia was so drunk that her eyesight was blurry.
“You, don’t sway!” She held his face and stared at him.
Feeling that the face in front of her eyes finally stopped shaking, she squinted and leaned closer. The two faces were very close, and her breath could be heard. Alston was waiting for her next move.
“Baby, you’re drunk.”
Because of drunkenness, her eyes were red and blurred. They were not as clear as usual, but a little more charming. Her red lips were attractive. She felt her lips were dry and licked them.
This action directly detonated Alston’s desire.
It had been three years.
His strong arms wrapped around Cynthia’s slender waist, and he looked down at the little woman in his arms, “Baby, do you know what you are doing?”
“Baby, I love you so much. Why do I love you so much?”
She answered the wrong question and kissed him as if she was responding in a daze. Alston smiled lightly. She was silly and cute.
He held her up and felt she was so light. A trace of distress flashed in his eyes. He must let her eat well tomorrow.
Gigi couldn’t help it anymore. She just saw desire in Alston’s eyes, which she never saw before. She was so jealous of Cynthia.
“No, no, I must stop them. I can’t let them sleep together.” She muttered in a low voice. She was flustered.
Although Alston still liked Cynthia, he lost his memory and he hadn’t touched her for three years. If they had a physical bond, their relationship would deepen accordingly. It would be even more difficult to separate them than now.
“Alston, you are back.” She walked into the living room in a daze, pretending to have just woken up, holding the cup.
Alston carried Cynthia to the stairs. When he saw her coming out, he frowned fiercely, and a trace of disgust flashed in his eyes.
“You don’t sleep in the middle of the night. What are you doing?”
Why was she so reckless, showing up on occasions where she shouldn’t be?
Gigi held up the cup in her hand and smiled sheepishly, “After I was pregnant, I always got thirsty in the middle of the night. How is Cynthia? Is she alright?”
Looking at Cynthia, huddled in his arms, Alston thought about whether he should let Gigi go. She was too annoying.
Looking at Alston’s serious face, Gigi’s heart was beating violently. But in order to achieve her goal, she still walked over bravely.
“How much did she drink? She will have a headache tomorrow morning. I should have told her not to drink too much when she left. My dad always said a good girl wouldn’t

drink too much.”

She sighed.

She heard Alston’s words when they came in. She was trying to tell him that Cynthia was

not a good girl.

Alston saw her through immediately, “What are you trying to say? You know I never like hypocritical people.”

Gigi’s heart skipped a beat. He was blunt. She didn’t expect that he would ask her directly.

“No, I didn’t mean anything.” She explained subconsciously, met Alston’s impatient eyes,

and said hastily, “I’m just worried about her!”

“Oh, you’re worried!” He sneered, “You two just fought yesterday, and Cynthia slapped you. Are you really worried about her?”

“I, I...” She still wanted to explain, but Alston interrupted her.

“Although I don’t know you very well, I have met you for three years. I know your intention. Don’t pretend to care. She doesn’t need it.”

Gigi’s eyes were red with anger, “Do you have to treat me like this? I have been with you

for three years. Why do you always treat me like this? You don’t even bother to pretend.”

Alston frowned, “Don’t talk nonsense. I haven’t been with you for three years. I don’t want Cynthia to misunderstand.”

He covered Cynthia’s ears.

Gigi was almost driven mad by his behavior, “You, you guys are too much.”

Alston really didn’t want to pay attention to her, but her screaming voice was too ear-piercing. She would wake Cynthia up.

“I let you live in my house and take care of you. The only request is that you don’t ruin my wife’s peace. But you caused trouble frequently. What are you planning?”

Chapter 293 Thought I Was Dreaming

Alston’s eyes were full of sternness. He had seen the interaction between her and Cynthia in the past two days. Gigi always went up to provoke her. This kind of scheming was too obvious.

She stirred up Cynthia’s anger, made her misunderstand him and target her, and then pretended to be bullied and pitiful. So everyone blamed Cynthia.

“You are talking nonsense.” Gigi shouted angrily.

Alston covered Cynthia’s ears, “Quiet! You are waking her up!”

“You!” Tears welled up in her eyes, but she held back and let them fall one by one. She was very used to showing her weakness,

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which made men feel bad.

But it’s a pity that Alston didn’t buy it.

He didn’t bother to watch her pretending, turned around and carried Cynthia upstairs.

“I’ll ask Greg to put water in your room, so you can stay in there.”

Gigi froze. How could he just leave like this? She was crying, but he didn’t care at all! When Cynthia was angry, he comforted her softly. Could it be that she was really so much worse than her?!

The resentment in her eyes was about to overflow, and she hated Cynthia so much. In Alston’s eyes, Cynthia was much more attractive than her. She must try other ways. A sneer curled up at the corner of her mouth. If he didn’t see Cynthia cheating today, then she would create a scene of cheating for him.

Alston put Cynthia on the bed, looked at her delicate makeup and sighed. He took off her shoes resignedly and started to clean her face.

He had no memory, but he naturally knew what he should do.

With her snow–white skin, delicate facial features, and pink lips, her original appearance was revealed little by little, Alston’s heart was incredibly soft.

How could there be such a cute girl in the world, who could have his heart without doing anything, just lying still like this?

He couldn’t hold back and kissed her again. Cynthia groaned uncomfortably and waved her hand. She slapped his face.

Alston was dazed and then laughed.

He smiled, “Fine. I will forgive you this time.”

In the early morning of the next day, Cynthia groaned and got up from the bed. She was hungover and had a splitting headache. She rested her wrist on her head and sat on the bed for a long time before slowly recovering.

“You have a headache, don’t you?” Alston’s voice came from the bathroom. She felt a little unreal.

Cynthia reacted for a long time. She still didn’t remember what had happened.

Alston came out with a warm towel and saw her stunned.

Her hair was golden, fluffy, and disheveled when the sun came in. She looked soft and cute, and her facial features were exquisite. Sitting on the bed in a daze, she looked like an angel.

Alston wiped her face very carefully and seriously.

The hot and humid towel instantly woke Cynthia up.

Alston put down the towel, pinched her pink cheeks, and asked, “How are you? Are you awake?”

Cynthia stared at him for a long time and said, “It’s you. I thought I was dreaming.”

Alston was taken aback for a moment. Then his eyes overflowed with tenderness.

Whenever Cynthia woke up and saw the empty bed beside her for the past three years, she felt as if her heart was lost. But she pretended she was fine.

Now he came back, and the other half of her heart seemed to be filled, and her life was complete.

Alston kissed her red eyes, “Yes, I’m back. You won’t be alone ever again. I will always be here to support you. I’m sorry that I left for so long time.”

Cynthia wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face on his shoulder for a

long time.

Alston felt that the clothes on his shoulders were soaked. He sighed and patted her on the back, "My dear baby, don't cry. I am here."

Cynthia felt a little embarrassed. She wiped her tears and smiled, "It's all over. As long as you come back, I won't feel hard. Our family will never be separated from now on, Okay?"

"Okay!" Alston agreed without hesitation.

Suddenly there was a voice at the door, "Mommy, you woke up! My brother and I are coming in. Put on your trousers.

Cynthia couldn't help laughing out loud. She had already changed into pajamas, and her

body was refreshing. It should be

Alston who helped her change.

She said, "You can come in."

The door opened a small gap, and two pairs of big black grape-like eyes looked around,

and then opened the door completely.

Seeing her mother waking up, Keller yelled excitedly. She rushed over like a baby swallow, "Mommy, hug. I want a hug!"

Looking at her daughter wearing bright yellow overalls, eyebrow-level bangs, and her small face as white as a soft little cloud, Cynthia opened her arms, "My baby is so cute today, like a little cotton candy!"

Keller smiled happily.

Desmond walked in slowly. He was more mature than his sister, so he looked down on her behavior very much.

"Keller, you are not a child. You should be more mature and don't always lie in my arms."

He was wearing a small suit, looking like a little adult, with a stern face that was the same as his father.

"Hmph, I'm only three years old. I want Mommy to hug me! If you are a big child, Mommy will not hug you."

Unexpectedly, Keller replied articulately. Desmond didn't know what to say.

Alston laughed out. Desmond wanted to be hugged, but he didn't say.

He squatted down and hugged him into his arms.

"Come on, little man, let dad hug you!"

Desmond frowned. But he was happy to hear Alston's words.

He said he was a man.

He proudly raised her round chin, "Since this man is so discerning, I'll let him hug me for a while. But it's no way I call him dad willingly!"

Chapter 294 Call Me Dad

After washing, Cynthia and Alston went downstairs holding their daughter and son.

Keller nestled in Cynthia's arms and whispered in her ear, "Mom, dad made the breakfast today. It smells so good. Even

Desmond can't wait to eat it."

Desmond blushed a little and snorted lightly, "It's Keller who can't wait to eat it!" He would not admit he had a craving for breakfast.

Keller didn't deny it either. She nodded her round, chubby cheek and said sweetly, "Yes.

I want to eat the breakfast cooked by

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dad. It smells so good!"

Hearing the childish talk of her daughter and son, Cynthia looked at Alston and raised her eyebrows. She didn't know Alston could cook.

Alston's ears turned red under her gaze, and he coughed shyly. "It's not as good as the servant's cook. It's elementary. I hope you can like it."

Cynthia smiled, with small dimples on her cheeks. "I like everything you cook and will finish eating it."

The four of them went downstairs and suddenly saw someone sitting at the dinner table. It was Gigi.

She was enjoying a plate of fried eggs and toast. Alston's face darkened, and he walked over quickly, snatching the breakfast from her hand.

Alston's move brought Gigi up short. After seeing Alston was full of anger, an edgy look flashed across her eyes, and she asked knowingly, "What... What's the matter?"

"Who told you to eat this?" Alston's eyes were full of impatience, and Desmond, in his arms, looked at Gigi in disgust like him.

"Bad woman. My father cooked this breakfast for my mother. How can you eat it?"

His voice was crisp, but he made no secret of disliking her.

Gigi clenched her fist tightly. After hearing his words, she wished to strangle Desmond to

death, but she suppressed her anger and hatred forcefully. Panic flashed in her eyes, and she stood up in a flurry. "I'm sorry. I... I didn't mean it. I didn't know Alston made it for Cynthia."

When she woke up in the morning, Gigi saw Alston preparing breakfast. She was jealous, especially when she knew he cooked it for Cynthia. Over the past three years, she never knew Alston could cook. She was jealous of Cynthia enjoying his special treatment.

Jealousy surged within Gigi. She took advantage of him going upstairs and purposely ate the breakfast he made for Cynthia.

She acted pitifully, clutching the hem of her skirt with a panicked look. Seeing this scene,

the few innocent maids felt a little distressed, wondering if Alston had made a big fuss.

Alston looked at the toast that had been bitten several times, frowning deeply.

Cynthia walked over with her daughter in her arms. Seeing this scene, she also felt uncomfortable. Initially, she was willing to let Gigi live at their home because she had been punished for Alston. But now, whenever she saw her, she would feel highly disgusted.

This feeling couldn't be changed no matter how she tried, which confused her. Cynthia thought maybe it was because they were naturally unfit to be friendly. Besides, her covetousness for Alston was too evident, so she instinctively disgusted her.

"I don't want to eat breakfast at home. Keller, Desmond, how about we go out to eat? We

can have your favorite food."

Cynthia said to the two kids tenderly. Although Keller and Desmond felt a little pity that they didn't eat the food made by their father, they still nodded in agreement.

Seeing this, Alston's anger towards Gigi reached its peak. He threw the plate with breakfast into the trash can.

Then he held Desmond in one hand and Cynthia's waist in the other and said, "Let's go. I will go out to eat with you."

The two children were thrilled, mainly Keller, who immediately cheered.

They had never eaten out with their mother and father before, so they were excited.

Gigi clenched her fists tightly, and her heart was full of resentment. She was only jealous

of Cynthia at first, but now because of psychological imbalance, she hated Cynthia to death, wishing Cynthia would die early and that she would take her place.

"Alston, I'm sorry, it's my fault. I shouldn't have eaten Cynthia's breakfast. I didn't know you made it for Cynthia. I'm sorry."

She held the dining table and bowed to apologize helplessly, with her lower abdomen slightly protruding. Tears streamed down her face, making her look pitiful.

A maid couldn't bear it anymore and stepped forward to speak for her. "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. Miss Arnett didn't mean it. When she went to eat, we were all busy and didn't remind her, so she made a mistake. Please forgive her. She is pitiful."

When Cynthia saw the maid pleading mercy for Gigi, she couldn't help but smile lightly. She didn't expect Gigi was so good at drawing people over to her side. It didn't take long

to let a maid plead for her.

Gigi was also very proud that this maid pleaded mercy for her. The maid was unfamiliar, so she should be new here. After she was scolded by Alston last night, she restrained her temper a lot and carefully tried to please everyone in the Smith family, including the servants.

When being targeted by Alston and the others, she deliberately showed weakness. As she expected, someone took the initiative to speak for her.

As soon as Gigi felt complacent, she heard Alston say coldly, "You are the servant of the Smith family!"

Alston's words brought the maid up short, and before she could react, she heard Alston say, "Your hosts are only my wife and me. What qualifies you to intervene when we are talking? Since you are protecting an outsider like this, you don't have to stay in the Smith

family anymore. I never like people who live off the Smith family while helping outsiders."

As soon as he finished speaking, someone dragged the maid out without even waiting for her to react.

Gigi's heart sank, and a chill was down her spine.

She had stayed with Alston for three years, and Alston's indifference and unkindness were nothing unfamiliar to her, but she had never seen him treat anyone like this. A sense of oppression from a superior person was instantly aroused, making her terrified.

The current Alston was his true self.

Those present who had sympathized with Gigi just now instantly curbed their sympathy and lowered their heads obediently.

Alston didn't change. Even if he had been missing for three years and lost memory, his overbearing and ruthlessness would always be there.

Cynthia was in a good mood. Then she stepped forward to hold Alston's wrist and said softly, "Alston, I'm so hungry. Let's go out."

Alston's indifferent expression instantly changed into tenderness. "Okay, I'm hungry too."

Desmond was so surprised that Alston could change his expression so fast. "He seems not bad. What he did just now is indeed cool. He can protect my mother," Desmond couldn't help but think secretly.

Although Desmond didn't say anything, his heart was proud of Alston. He thought Alston

was powerful enough to be his father.

Keller unabashedly kissed Alston and rubbed her tender cheek against Alston's. Then she said sweetly, "Dad, you are amazing. With dad, Mom and I won't be picked on."

Keller's words brought Alston up short. "Do you often get picked on?"

As soon as Alston asked, Keller showed distress on her face. "When Desmond and I went out to play, some children said we didn't have a father and that they didn't want to play with us. But mom told us we have a father and that father will always like us. She said you are just too busy and will come and see us when you are free..."

Keller smiled as she leaned out of Cynthia's arms, hugging Alston's neck. "Mom is right. Dad, you are finally back. But you have been busy for too long. If it takes longer, I will forget you."

Alston felt like a cotton ball was stuck in his throat, making him feel bitter and sad. He kissed each of Desmond and Keller's cheeks lightly and kissed Cynthia's red lips.

"Desmond, Keller, I will see you grow, will protect you and your mother, and will never leave again."

"Really?" Keller's eyes lit up, and Desmond, who had always acted mature, also showed anticipation.

Alston nodded seriously. "Of course, I keep my word."

The two kids laughed happily. Then Desmond hugged Alston's neck awkwardly and whispered, "If you break your promise, Keller, mom, and I will leave you."

Looking at the serious look on Desmond's face resembling his, Alston rubbed Desmond's curly hair. "I give you my word. Would you like to call me Dad? I haven't heard it yet."

Seeing Alston's expectant eyes, Cynthia's smiling face, and Keller's encouragement,

Desmond bit his lower lip and muttered,
“Dad.”

He repeated this word countless times in his mind, and now he finally called it out. He called Alston, daddy without any unwillingness. He hoped Alston would not let him down.

Chapter 295 Two-faced Man

After eating, Alston’s family of four took a walk nearby to digest food.

The two kids ran happily in front. Alston held Cynthia’s hand and strolled behind them. Looking at the kids’ cheerful figures, Cynthia reminded softly, “Run slowly. Don’t fall.”

The two little guys responded in a crisp voice and continued to chase and play.

Looking at this lovely scene, Alston, who had been indifferent, also smiled gently. If people in the shopping mall saw it, they would grin from ear to ear.

They must be curious that Alston, who was always cruel and indifferent, had three weaknesses.

“Cynthia, I’m wondering whether to send Gigi away.”

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When Alston frowned and said this, Cynthia smiled. “Why? Don’t you feel guilty towards her?”

Alston frowned deeper as soon as the words went out of Cynthia’s mouth. “I truly feel guilty. It is indeed because of me that she was humiliated and pregnant. I cannot deny it,

so I promise to help her and meet her requests within my ability.”

But Alston was clear about Gigi’s liking towards him and Gigi’s countless seduction and purposely stirring up the dissension. She thought he didn’t know all of this, but she was wrong.

Alston was utterly tired of her greedy look.

He might take care of her if he didn’t have a wife or someone he liked. But now, he had a

wife, a son, and a daughter. It would be very disgusting if she continued to scheme.

“I’m curious about one thing.” Cynthia already had a rough idea of his thinking and said directly, “The child in her womb is only four months old. Why didn’t she abort the child when she first discovered she was pregnant?”

According to Gigi’s affection towards Alston, she must hate this child very much and would not give birth to the child. After all, it’s the rapist’s child.

Alston replied, “At that time, she went to the hospital for an examination. The doctor said

that it was difficult for her to

conceive. If she aborts the child, she may not have another child.”

“All right.” Cynthia nodded knowingly.

“Actually, I do feel a little unhappy when she lives at our home. But as long as I don’t meet her, I can still bear it. After all, she has always regarded herself as your savior. If we drive her out, she says something nonsense, which would damage the reputation of the Smith Group and us. Everyone may regard you as an ungrateful villain and me as a mean woman.”

After hearing what Cynthia said, Alston’s eyes became a bit aggrieved, “It’s okay. I don’t

care about these and won't let her talk nonsense outside. Cynthia, even though you don't mind, I do." He thought of last night when Gigi abruptly interrupted his good affairs, and he felt furious.

Seeing Alston's aggrieved eyes, Cynthia felt a little confused. She didn't understand why Alston would look at her with such eyes, making her quite uncomfortable.

"All right. Put her in another room and send someone to take care of her. When she leaves, you make some arrangements beforehand. Don't let her go out and talk nonsense."

A smile appeared on Alston's face, and he held her hand even tighter. "Okay!" As long as Gigi didn't bother him, the family members won't be ignorant to disturb him. Then he could have an opportunity to communicate with Cynthia in depth. He had already started planning in his heart.

There was joy in his voice, and Cynthia was puzzled. She couldn't help but think, "Why is he so happy? Does he hate Gigi that much?"

She didn't know Alston had already planned how to spend a wonderful night with her. When the two returned home, they saw a strange car in the yard. "Guests?" they wondered.

Greg greeted them as soon as they entered the door, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. Mr. Carter is here."

"Mr. Carter?"

Alston was still a little puzzled when he heard this surname. Avoid other websites because I am the only one who worked hard and providing the novel: My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols. If You guys interested to read this novel then follow this website 'NovelsReads(dot)com' . Also Please bookmark this page to get update. Thank you. As soon as he turned his head, he saw Jakson. Jakson wore a formal suit with striking features, broad shoulders, a slender waist, and long legs. A bruise on the corner of his mouth added the wildness of a man against his handsome face.

There were a lot of gifts beside him, including skin care products for women and toys for children, which were spread over the table.

Alston's face darkened. He didn't expect Jakson had the guts to come here after he made a mess last night.

"Uncle Jakson, you are here!" Keller's eyes lit up when he saw Jakson, and she ran towards him with two short legs.

Alston saw Keller was even happier when she saw Jakson than seeing him. Alston felt a little jealous. But Keller was kind and cute and polite to everyone she met. Fortunately, Desmond was cold enough not to come toward Jakson.

Alston lowered his head and wanted to touch his son's head, but he saw Desmond running to Jakson's side and staring at Jakson with sparkling eyes. "Uncle Jakson, I have learned all the moves you taught me.

When did you teach me the new move?"

Jakson bent down and rubbed the heads of the two with a faint smile. "You are really amazing. I didn't expect you learned it so quickly."

Hearing Jakson's praise, Desmond smiled. "Of course, I'm very good. Thank you, Uncle Jakson. Since I learned those moves, the children nearby can't beat me, and they won't bully Keller and me anymore."

"That's so great." Jakson showed a sincere smile.

Cynthia rescued him at that time. After he recovered from his injury, he immediately went

to the Smith family to visit her with gifts. The reason for thanking her for saving his life, he often went to the Smith family for three whole years.

Over time, he got acquainted with the two kids. They initially disliked and rejected him because they thought he would snatch their mother away from them.

One time, when he drove to the Smith's residence, he accidentally saw Keller and Desmond being bullied by nearby children. Keller was pushed to the ground, and her beautiful skirt was covered in mud. Desmond was beaten because of protecting his sister. He got out of the car angrily, scared away the group of naughty children, and took

the two home.

The two children got a little close to him since then. After he showed his beating skills, Desmond admired him very much and asked him to teach the skills. Then Desmond immensely liked him.

Because of the attitude of the two children, Cynthia's attitude towards him was much better.

Initially, he wanted to please these two children because of Cynthia.

However, over the past three years, Jakson watched the two babies who could only crawl grow into little kids who could walk and jump. He had regarded these two children as his own children in his heart.

"I bought you gifts. See if you like them?"

As Jakson said, he picked up the toys on the table and handed them to the two children. What Keller received was a beautiful Barbie doll and many sets of delicate clothes for the doll. She hugged the doll and grinned ear to ear. She liked the gifts very much.

Desmond's present was a simulated submachine gun. The gun was so awesome that it captured Desmond's heart instantly. Desmond showed the innocence and liveliness that he should have at this age when he held the gun.

The two children said they liked the gifts in unison and enthusiastically called Jakson, making Alston jealous.

Alston didn't expect Jakson was so good at pleasing children. Then he began to reflect on whether he had not fulfilled his father's responsibility. He made up his mind to spend more time with the two children in the future so that they could have a more profound affection for him.

The two children left away holding the presents in their arms. Jakson looked at Alston and Cynthia, mainly at Cynthia, and bent down with an apology. "Mr. Smith, Cynthia, I came here to apologize to you. What happened yesterday is all my fault. I'm sorry. I drank a lot and was a little irrational. I apologize to you for my disrespectful behavior.

I'm

sorry.”

It was somewhat moving when a young man with rebelliousness and wilderness bowed his head.

Cynthia was a little embarrassed to see Jakson since last night and a little frightened when she saw Jakson bowing and apologizing so solemnly.

“No, it doesn’t matter. After all, you drank a lot of last night. The wine mixed by Alice is easy to make people get drunk!”

Jakson bowed and apologized to show his sincerity. In addition, he now knew that Cynthia didn’t have affection for him, so he didn’t dare to express his feelings in a hurry and deliberately restrained himself completely.

Cynthia didn’t find any unique feelings toward her in his eyes, so she couldn’t help but relax.

If Jakson had any affection for her, she would alienate him. But over these three years, they had become friends, and he was so good to her children, so it would be a pity to lose this friend.

Hearing Cynthia’s answer, Jakson finally showed a relaxed smile. “I was still worried that

you would not forgive me, so I felt nervous all the way.”

Then he looked at Alston and said softly, “I have a low tolerance to alcohol and did something inappropriate. I hope Mr. Gu won’t mind it, and I won’t do it again.”

Seeing his scheming look, Alston gritted his teeth hard. He had only seen a female angelic b*tch before but didn’t expect to see a live male angelic b*tch now.

He was good at scheming.

Chapter 296 Jealous

Cynthia noticed the bruise at the corner of Jakson’s mouth and frowned. “Are you okay? The bar yesterday... Your injury looks quite serious.”

Jakson touched the wound at the corner of his mouth and shook his head. “The person has been controlled. He should be specially sent to make trouble. Fortunately, no big problems. I was busy until this morning and didn’t have time to deal with the bruise.”

He smiled as she said, but his big smile pulled his injury, making him can’t help gasping with pain. Keller heard it, ran over worriedly, and asked, “Uncle Jakson, are you okay? Does it hurt? Let me blow your wound.”

Jakson squatted down, touched her head, and said softly, “No. It doesn’t hurt at all.”
Enter title...

But when Keller saw the bruise, she leaned her face forward and blew twice at the wound. Alston, on the side, saw this scene and felt jealous.

Knowing that Alston sent someone to do what happened last night, Cynthia felt guilty and a little embarrassed about Jakson’s wound, so she quickly asked Mrs. Lewis to bring the medicine box.

“Fortunately, there are all kinds of medicine at home. Deal with your wound. After all, you are the owner of the bar. It’s not good to go out with the wound.”

Hearing what she said, Jakson agreed. Greg applied the medicine and stuck two band-aids for him. He looked in the mirror and said to Cynthia, "Does it look a bit ugly?" Cynthia was amused because she didn't expect him to care about appearance so much.

Then she quickly said, "No, no. Very handsome!"

Only then did Jakson laugh. The band-aids made him look wildly handsome.

Keller and Desmond stared at him with sparkling eyes and exclaimed, "Uncle Jakson, you are so handsome!"

Alston hit the table with his fist with a bang.

The four looked over at the same time. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

Alston retracted his hand, walked over with a smile, picked up his chubby daughter, pulled Cynthia in his arms, and looked at Jakson. "Mr. Carter, thank you for taking care of my two children during these three years. I don't know how to repay you. If you have anything to do in the future, you can come to me. I will try my best to help you as long as possible."

He said politely, but he swore crazily in his heart. "Hurry up and get out. Don't come to our home again. Don't visit my wife and my children!"

Jakson met his defensive eyes and smiled. "Never mind. Cynthia saved me before. That's what I should do. Keller and Desmond are very cute, and I like them."

"Since you like children so much, you should get married early and have your own child. You are not too young!" Alston held

Cynthia a little tighter.

Jakson bit his lower lip and then chuckled lightly. "I better not. I'm not sure if my child will

be as cute as Keller and Desmond in the future, and I also hope to find a wife like Cynthia, maybe to give birth to such a lovely child."

The meaning of Jakson's words was evident. Alston clenched his fist tightly, and Cynthia

was also a little embarrassed. The atmosphere was tense.

At this time, Gigi came out of the room and paused when she saw Jakson. She stood at the door and observed for a while. "This tall man looks handsome and dresses well. He should be rich. A possessiveness in his eyes couldn't be ignored when he looked at Cynthia."

"He likes Cynthia?"

"Although the affection in his eyes has been deliberately concealed, it will still be revealed inadvertently," Gigi thought.

A trace of jealousy flashed in Gigi's eyes. She didn't expect such an excellent man would

like Cynthia. Thinking of Alston also doting on her so much, Gigi felt so jealous. She thought Cynthia had nothing but a relatively handsome face and a not-bad background.

"What qualifies her to be liked by so many people?" Gigi couldn't help but ask furiously in

her heart.

Thinking of this, Gigi forgot Alston and Cynthia's warnings to her, walked over, and

pretended to look at Jakson curiously. "Ah, I was in the room just now and didn't even know there was a guest."

Jakson heard the voice and looked over. He thought it should be the woman Alston brought back. He looked down at the woman's belly, and a smile touched the corner of his mouth.

"Interesting. Bring back a pregnant woman after being missing for three years," he thought.

Seeing Gigi coming out, Alston frowned. "What are you doing?"

"I... I heard someone talking outside. I was alone in the room... I..." She said as she touched her pregnant belly with an aggrieved expression.

Seeing this, Cynthia looked at Gigi and smiled meaningfully. "It just so happens that Alston and I have also considered this issue. After all, you are pregnant, and it is not good for you to stay in the room all the time, so that we will send you to another place. That community has a beautiful environment and fresh air, suitable for recuperation during pregnancy. It is inconvenient for you to live alone there, so I will pick a few servants and send them to take care of you."

"You! You want to drive me away!" Gigi immediately lost her composure when she heard

what Cynthia said.

Although she deliberately stimulated and angered Cynthia before, Cynthia just let her stay in the room and didn't drive her

out. She initially thought it was Alston who put pressure on Cynthia, which made Cynthia's plan fail.

Although people in the Smith family didn't like her, she didn't take it seriously. She believed that as long as she stayed by Alston's side, he would truly notice her existence one day. If she were brought away from the Smith family and couldn't see Alston for a long time, according to his personality, he would forget her name when he saw her in the future.

"I... I won't leave. Don't imagine that it is possible to drive me away!" Gigi's eyes suddenly turned red, and she stared at Cynthia.

Alston pulled Cynthia behind him without any trace and said to Gigi, "This is my decision."

"Impossible!" Gigi didn't believe it was Alston's decision. She felt Alston must be defending Cynthia. In her opinion, even if Alston didn't like her, he wouldn't drive her out,

so it must be that Cynthia said something to him.

"Gigi, pack it in! This is the Smith family. My wife and children live here. You are pregnant. So many people live here, and the environment is not quite enough to let you recuperate during your pregnancy. Both the environment and the scenery are suitable there." Alston saw her unwillingness, and a trace of irritability and impatience flashed between his brows.

Gigi noticed this trace of emotion. She knew she should restrain her feelings at this time.

If she continued to oppose, the results might be even worse.

She closed her mouth and clenched her hem tightly. She lowered her head, looking aggrieved and helpless.

Jakson witnessed all this, and an inexplicable look flashed in his eyes. He didn't expect Gigi to be quite sensible. After all, she looked like a fool at first glance. However, sometimes fools would do something unexpected.

He sneered in his heart. He had a premonition that as long as the matter between Gigi and Alston didn't be solved, there would be lots of problems between Alston and Cynthia. They might separate without his intervention.

After Alston pulled behind Cynthia, she didn't say anything else. Alston brought Gigi back

and placed her there. What should be done was his own business, so it would be better for him to deal with it himself. If she intervened, she would be involved in unnecessary troubles, which was not worth it.

After Alston finished speaking, he told Greg to ask someone to pack Gigi's things and move there in the afternoon.

Greg nodded and said to Gigi, "Miss Gigi, I will send someone to clean up the house over there immediately, and then I will help you move there when you pack up. If you need anything, please let me know, and I will buy all the goods."

Gigi bit her lower lip and nearly pierced it. She didn't expect they couldn't wait to drive her out, which didn't give her any buffer time.

She glanced at Cynthia with hatred, and when people looked over, she quickly restrained her emotions and acted obediently.

"Okay, I see. Thank you!"

Seeing that she had no objection, Greg took her to the room and asked her to make a list so that he could send someone to buy in the afternoon.

Seeing her leave, Alston glanced at Jakson. "There was something like that at your bar night, and you must be swamped today."

As soon as these words came out of Alston's mouth, Jakson knew Alston wanted him to leave for fear of letting him see a joke, so he smiled immediately and got to his feet.

"Yes. I still have to finish the thing, so I must go now."

Keller hugged the toy with a look of reluctance. "Uncle Jakson, can you go later?"

Desmond said, "Uncle Jakson, you haven't taught me the next move..."

"

Alston bent down, touched the heads of the two children, and said in an unquestionable tone, "Be good. Uncle Jakson has something else to do, so don't bother him. I will buy you whatever you want later. If Desmond wants to learn kung fu, I will arrange for someone to teach you and tailor a learning plan so that you can better protect your sister

and mother..."

Jakson frowned when he heard Alston's words. Alston's intentions were too evident. Alston didn't want these two children to come into contact with him again!

Chapter 297 Make Our Heads Cool

Alston's hostility was too apparent, so Cynthia hastily pulled his hem and glanced at

him,

Unexpectedly, Alston not only didn't say anything to ease the atmosphere but instead grabbed Cynthia's hand, took her into his arms possessively, and said to Jakson, "Mr. Carter, if you don't meet a girl after your own heart, maybe I can introduce my business partners' daughters who reached marriageable age to you."

Jakson frowned with a gloomy expression. It turned out that Alston attempted to let out the topic they avoided openly.

"Mr. Smith, I'm afraid you misunderstood. It's not that I can't find a girlfriend, but I already

have a girl I like. I just haven't made her my girlfriend." Since Alston put the cards on the table, Jakson would not give in.

Enter title...

Jakson looked at Cynthia as he spoke and smiled. "Cynthia, Mr. Smith hasn't come back

for three years. Since when did he start working as a matchmaker? Is Smith Group not busy recently?"

Cynthia was also a little embarrassed and pinched Alston's waist, but her steel-like muscles made her hand pain.

She blushed scarlet with anger and smiled at Jakson awkwardly. "Well, maybe because Alston sees you like Keller and Desmond so much, he is afraid you will feel lonely, so he

wants to introduce a girl to you. Please don't mind."

"Of course, I don't mind." Jakson looked at Alston's darkened face and smiled meaningfully, "When she promises to be my girlfriend and I hold a wedding, I will invite you, Mr. Smith."

Invite Mr. Smith to attend his ex-wife's wedding.

Alston looked into the provocation in his eyes, which made his face even more gloomy.

After Jakson left, Cynthia blamed Alston. "Alston, how could you say that to Keller and Desmond in front of Jakson? Also, introduce a girl to him? When did you like to be a matchmaker?"

Seeing Cynthia blame him with a tense face, Alston felt extremely aggrieved, and an inexplicable look was in his eyes. "So what? Are you unhappy that I introduce a girl to him?"

Alston's words brought Cynthia up short and made her angry. "When did I get upset because of this? I don't have any special relationship with him. Is there any need for me to be upset? I just said that what you just said was very rude. What do you mean?"

Thinking of Jakson looking at Cynthia with affection, Alston hardly controlled his urge to gouge out Jakson's eyes. To Alston, Jakson's intention of snatching his wife and children

away from him was too evident.

During the three years of his absence, Jakson participated in Cynthia and the children's life and gained their acceptance. As soon as Alston thought of this, he couldn't suppress his anger when he spoke.

"I don't like him and his behavior. I hate it. If he likes sons and daughters, he can have children. Why does he covet other person's children and wife."

Cynthia had no choice but said, "Covet? He just likes our two kids and treats them well.

Is there a need to use the word 'covet'? Also, he said he has already had the girl he likes. When did he covet me? Isn't the incident in the box just a misunderstanding?"

Alston looked into Cynthia's angry eyes and couldn't help but think Jakson concealed his

feelings very well today, without any trace. Alston wondered if Cynthia had forgotten the embarrassing scene last night.

He thought Jakson's ulterior purpose was evident and didn't understand why Cynthia didn't perceive it and still had a good impression of him..

As Alston was lost in his mind, his eyes turned red, and his face was filled with grievance

and anger. Then he said impulsively, "Cynthia, during these three years of my absence, is Jakson taking my role to take care of my wife and watch my children grow? If I hadn't returned, Jakson would become the host of the Smith family, your husband, and my children's father, wouldn't he?"

"You! What nonsense are you talking about?" Cynthia's eyes widened, and she looked at

him in disbelief. "Alston, do you know what you are talking about? I have been waiting for you for three years and managing the Smith family wholeheartedly. I don't develop any relationship exceeding the friendship with Jakson or other men. What qualifies you to say that about me? What qualifies you to doubt me?"

As Cynthia said, her eyes were a little wet. In the past three years, she didn't have a comfortable sleep. Every day, she was afraid someone would plot against the Smith family and that she would destroy the group. She studied day and night and worked on a

high alert. Besides, she gave up her job in the hospital, even though that was her dream.

She didn't dare to relax and was afraid she would think of Alston when she was free and that he would die in some unknown corner. In the past three years, she swallowed countless bitterness. She didn't know why she still had to be suspected by Alston.

Seeing Cynthia's red eyes and tears streaming down, Alston suddenly realized what he had said and hurriedly wiped away her tears.

He said with care and apology, "Cyn... Cynthia, I was wrong. I was really wrong. I was just... jealous. Yes, I was jealous."

He bent down his tall body, looked at Cynthia's face almost pleadingly, and wiped her tears clumsily. "When I saw the two children like Jakson so much, I was afraid and jealous. Also, you have such a good attitude toward him. In my dream, you would only look at me and like me wholeheartedly, but now, someone else appears in your eyes. I'm

afraid..."

He spoke incoherently, his handsome face was filled with panic, and his lips trembled. "I haven't participated in your these three years of life. I'm afraid that someone will appear to take my place."

Jakson's almond eyes were red, full of tears. "What about you? I haven't participated in

your three years of life. Do you know my feelings about when you came back with the pregnant Gigi? You lost your memory, forgot everything, and forgot our past. You even let her live at our home. You said you didn't like her; the child in her womb was not yours.

Whatever... I will believe all you said. But you... You doubt me and Jackson..."

Cynthia couldn't continue and wiped her tears hard. "I tell you. I haven't betrayed you in the past three years and haven't had any vague relationship with any man. It depends on you to believe it or not. I think we both need to make our heads cool."

After speaking, she rushed upstairs without giving Alston a chance to react.

Alston looked at her sad back and clenched his fists tightly. After seeing the gifts brought

by Jackson, a hint of anger flashed in his eyes, and he slammed all of them down.

Although the gift boxes were smashed to pieces, the anger and depression in Alston's heart had not diminished. He felt depressed.

Alston had never been a person with a good temper. In the past few years, he was moody and had a perverse personality. With the growth of age in these years, his temper

had improved a lot, and he was good at hiding his emotions, neither getting angry easily nor being so impulsive.

After Jackson came to his door today, the anger in his heart was aroused, and he couldn't

suppress it no matter what. Because of the panic and fear in his heart, he got angry at Cynthia and said inappropriate words impulsively.

If they didn't disentangle this matter, they might be emotionally crippled. They knew they would not like these two people, but they couldn't ignore them.

The servants in the living room didn't dare to say a word because of Alston's furiousness. Greg asked them to pack Gigi's luggage, leaving Joyce to clean up the things on the floor.

He watched Alston's veins stand out the back of his hand and stood silently behind him.

Pondering for a while, he said,

"Mr. Smith, I have noticed Mr. Carter's thoughts in the past three years and know he has affection for Mrs. Smith."

The look in Alston's concentrated, and he looked over suddenly.

Under pressure from Alston, Greg added, "Mrs. Smith accidentally saved Mr. Carter one night, and after that, he came to the door to express gratitude. They became familiar with

each other since then. But their relationship was nothing more than that, and they never crossed the line."

Seeing Alston still frown, Greg thought Alston didn't believe what he said and continued, "In the past three years, Mrs. Smith has never had her own rest time. She has been busy

with company affairs. You also know the Smith Group is not a small business. There are too many things to do. Even you still have to work overtime, not to mention Mrs. Smith, who has no experience."

"As long as Mrs. Smith has spare time, she spends time with Keller and Desmond. She

has no time to think about such romantic matters, let alone have any further contact with Mr. Carter. Mrs. Smith treats Mr. Carter well because he has also helped the Smith family a lot in the past three years. He also helped Keller and Desmond a lot.”

“Other than that, there is nothing else. Mr. Smith, what you just said went too far.”

Greg’s face was stern. Cynthia worked hard to protect the Smith Group for three years, but Alston still suspected her, which would be unbearable for anyone, let alone Cynthia, who loved Alston so much.

After hearing Greg’s words, Alston’s face suddenly turned pale.

Chapter 298 Only One Dad

Alston was thinking about Greg’s words when he suddenly felt a pain in his calf. He looked down and saw Desmond look angry. His chubby face was tense, and his eyes were full of disappointment.

“You picked on mom, didn’t you? I just saw mom crying. Bad guy, you made mom cry.” Keller stood behind Desmond, looking at him timidly with tears streaming down her face.

“I don’t want a bad guy to be my father. You made my mother cry.”

Alston looked at the vigilant look of the two kids and thought about what they said that Cynthia was crying. He couldn’t help but feel an ache in his heart.

He squatted down, with a handsome face full of apology, and held Keller and Desmond into his arms.

Enter title...

Desmond’s body tensed up, but he didn’t refuse. As soon as Alston hugged Keller, she couldn’t help hugging his neck and crying out of breath.

“Dad, don’t be angry at mom in the future. Don’t make mom cry. Okay? Mom is so tired... She is pretty good! How could you yell at her?”

Hearing his daughter’s choking voice, Alston felt sad and replied solemnly in a hoarse voice, “Um, I promise I won’t be angry at mom and won’t make her cry.”

Seeing that Alston wasn’t lying, Desmond relaxed his tight body, put his arms around Alston’s neck, and whispered in his ear, “Dad, I know why you are angry at mom!”

Alston looked at his son.

Seeing Alston looking at him, Desmond bit his lower lip. “When Uncle Jakson came over,

you were upset. Are you upset because Keller and I like him?”

Surprise flashed in Alston’s eyes. During the past few days of getting along, he did find his son was more mature, but he did not expect him to observe so detailedly..

“Yes, I’m jealous because you and Keller are not enthusiastic about me. I’m reflecting on

whether you don’t like me because I haven’t watched you two grow over the past three years.”

“No!” As soon as Alston finished speaking, Keller raised her head from his embrace, with

a blushed face from crying and watery eyes which resembled Cynthia’s, looking pitiful and cute.

“Dad, I like you very much. When you come back, I don’t know how happy I am,” Keller said with exaggerated gestures, wanting to express her love for Alston.

“Other children said I don’t have a father. I want a father even in my dreams. Now, I have a father. I... I’m really, really happy! So much happiness.”

Keller opened her arms exaggeratedly, trying to show Alston her happiness and liking for him.

Alston couldn’t hold back and kissed her chubby face. “I like you very much, too.”

Keller blushed shyly, and she crossed her fingers tightly.

Seeing her move, Desmond bit his lower lip and muttered, “Keller is so stupid.”

Seeing his Desmond’s reserved look, Alston also kissed his cheek. Desmond didn’t expect Alston to do this, and his handsome chubby blushed like a tomato.

It took a long time for Desmond to recover. Then he grabbed Alston’s clothes and said solemnly, “Mom is depressed now. Dad, you have to make mom happy because you are

the one who made mom cry.”

“Okay, I see!” Alston patted his head, thinking about how to apologize to Cynthia.

Desmond saw Keller was sleepy, so he took her hand to go back to the room to sleep.

Before leaving, he suddenly turned around and said to Alston.

“Dad, although Keller and I like Uncle Jakson very much, there can be many Uncle Jakson, and you are my only father.”

“Yes, yes. You are our only father,” Keller said and nodded.

After speaking, Desmond blushed, took Keller’s hand, and quickly ran back to the room.

Alston watched the two small figures disappear and felt a warm stream flowing through his heart, almost making his tears

well up.

Alston felt his children were so good, so sensible, and so lovely.

The feelings in Alston’s eyes hadn’t been utterly expressed yet, but Alston suddenly heard a burst of sobbing from behind. He turned around and saw Greg crying with a relieved look.

Alston suddenly didn’t know how to react. “Greg, you...”

“Desmond and Keller are so cute.” Greg wiped his eyes with a handkerchief and was very touched. He didn’t expect two threeyear–old children would say such touching words.

Seeing Greg crying so exaggeratedly, Alston successfully fought back his tears.

“Greg, I will go out for a while. Let someone take good care of Cynthia.”

Greg calmed down and nodded quickly. “Don’t worry, Mr. Smith. I will take good care of Mrs. Smith.”

Alston nodded, turned around, and walked out the door.

After everyone in the living room left, Gigi came out, and her eyes were full of resentment and gloom. She went straight to the stairs. Just as she was about to go upstairs, a maid walked in, saw her move, and quickly stepped forward to grab her arm. The maid looked anxious. “Miss Arnett, sorry. Mrs. Smith said, except for Joyce and the others, we are not allowed to go to the second floor.”

Gigi gritted her teeth hard and managed a timid smile. "I know, but I'm leaving this afternoon, and I want to take this opportunity to say goodbye to Mrs. Smith."

Her face was full of gratitude, and the maid did not suspect her and continued to ask, "Mrs. Smith said she wanted to see you?"

"How is this possible?"

Gigi thought angrily, "Cynthia couldn't wait to drive me out. How could she be willing to see me now?"

A few days ago, Alston didn't ask her to leave the Smith family. Today they just went out for a while and then suddenly let her live in another place, so Gigi didn't believe Cynthia didn't intervene in this matter.

But when the maid asked, Gigi did not refute and nodded slightly.

Only then did the maid let go of her hand. "Then you go up. I'll go out to work first."

After speaking, she left quickly.

Gigi was overjoyed. Seeing that there was no one else around, she quickly went upstairs. The space on the second floor was bigger and more luxurious than she had imagined.

She looked around and saw the open cloakroom next to her. She only glanced at the door, and all kinds of big-name clothes, expensive bags, and beautiful shoes came into her view.

Gigi felt her eyes dazzle. She thought it was so good to be Mrs. Smith, who could have many things.

She was amazed, but when she thought all these things belonged to Cynthia, she instantly became jealous.

"Why can Cynthia have these things? I have lived at the Smith's house for so many days, but I got nothing. I can only stay in such a small place. Why is it so unfair?" Gigi couldn't help but keep asking in her heart.

As she thought about it, she went into the cloakroom, looking at Cynthia's various clothes and accessories with joy and curiosity. She even touched the one she liked a lot,

but she didn't have the guts to take them away, so she could only look enviously.

When she reached the end, she looked up, and a dreamy purple dress came into her view.

This glance almost made her forget to breathe.

The dress was so beautiful and unique. Gigi didn't live a rich life since she was a child. She only saw the dresses worn by female stars in the news or videos and had never seen a dress in person, especially such a beautiful dress.

The dress was layers upon layers of deep and light purple, which looked dreamlike and beautiful, not bulky.

"This is simply a dress worn by a princess," Gigi muttered with eyes full of obsession.

She didn't see many things, but she could tell at a glance that this dress was not cheap.

The countless hand-inlaid diamonds on the skirt alone cost a lot of money.

Gigi was so jealous. This dress was purposely hung up and placed in a glass cabinet, distinguishing it from other dresses.

She didn't know much, but she could recognize a few dresses that cost tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands which were randomly hung together. She didn't

know how much this dress that was hung alone cost.

Just as she was thinking, a cold voice suddenly came from the door. "Gigi, who allows you to go up to the second floor?"

Gigi's heart skipped a beat, and she turned her head quickly. When she met Cynthia's red and cold eyes, she was startled and, said quickly, "I... I... I'm here to say goodbye to

you. I'll leave this afternoon, and I am very grateful that you arranged for someone to take care of me for so many days... So.."

An inveterate liar.

Cynthia looked her up and down and sneered, "Gigi, can you tell the truth? There is no one else here, so you don't have to be so hypocritical. I don't like you from the beginning, I treat you not well these days, so I don't believe you would specifically express gratitude to me. To be honest, what is your purpose?"

Chapter 299 Questioning the Truth

Cynthia was already in a bad mood and didn't want to pretend to be polite, so she asked

impatiently.

Gigi saw her thoughts being seen through, so she dropped the act, and the jealousy in her eyes was about to overflow.

"Indeed, Cynthia, I didn't come here to express my gratitude but to ask why you wanted to kick me out of the Smith family. You said something to Alston, didn't you? Otherwise, why did he make this decision for no reason?"

"Humph!" Cynthia snorted coldly, "You can't help it so soon? I initially thought you could bow and rise at will."

Gigi clenched her fists tightly, and her face was full of resentment, "D*mn! You occupied the position of Mrs. Smith and tortured me for many days. I suffered endless grievances Enter title...

and humiliation. I hate you!" She thought resentfully.

Cynthia didn't miss the anger in Gigi's eyes and said casually, "Well, since you asked me, let me tell you. You live in the Smith's house, which really makes me extremely uncomfortable. I don't like it very much. I have thought of sending you to live somewhere

else many times. As long as you don't get in the way of me, you can live everywhere..."

"Ha! I knew it was you..." Gigi shouted excitedly, but Cynthia interrupted her before she could finish her words.

"I haven't finished speaking yet. Don't speak until I finish my words."

Cynthia glanced at Gigi lightly, sending a chill down her spine, and she didn't dare to cut in Cynthia's speaking for a moment casually. She secretly sighed and wondered why Cynthia had such a powerful aura, similar to Alston, making her frightened at a glance. Seeing Gigi obediently shut her mouth, Cynthia continued, "Alston told me about the child in your belly."

Gigi's eyes widened suddenly, and her face was full of disbelief. Then she trembled with furiousness and shame. She didn't expect Cynthia to know the most humiliating thing about her.

Seeing her reaction, Cynthia bit her lower lip. "I didn't want to say anything at first, but

you repeatedly threatened me with the child in your stomach and even said it was Alston's child. Gigi, I know what you are scheming. I'll tell you. If I am here for a day, don't attempt to get close to Alston. The Smith family has no place for you."

Gigi opened her mouth but didn't know what to say after meeting Cynthia's eyes.

Cynthia's voice softened. "Alston feels guilty about you, so I turn a blind eye to you and allow you to live in our home until you give birth to your child. If you don't show your presence in front of me, the Smith family will take good care of you. But you are so silly and not knowing what good is. You provoked me repeatedly. That's why Alston made this decision."

"Nonsense! You are the one who instigated him!" Biting her lower lip tightly, Gigi couldn't

believe it. Alston didn't reveal the intention to drive her out of the Smith family before, so she couldn't think Alston would suddenly make such a decision.

"I don't need to lie to you because you are not worth it. If I want to drive you out, I don't need to rely on Alston. He will listen to me as long as I speak out my thoughts. I think you should know this point."

Cynthia said these words lightly.

Gigi froze. Indeed, she knew that, as long as Cynthia wanted to drive her out, Alston would never say a word to refute.

She was like falling into an ice cellar, finally realized the truth, and became flustered. She

thought that, although Alston didn't like her over the past three years, at least he would have a hint of feeling for her. It could be not the love or friendship, but family affection was enough, but he had nothing toward her.

Gigi thought it was afraid keeping even a pappy for three years might have feelings toward it.

She was in a panic for the first time after she came to Jadney City. Her father left, and she had no one to rely on. She only knew Alston, but he had a wife and children and had

no affection for her.

With a pale, tearful face full of pleading, she looked at Cynthia, held her stomach, and staggered to her. "Mrs. Smith, please. Please persuade Alston to let me stay here. I only

know him in this city. I'm really, really scared. Please don't drive me away. If you can let me stay here, I will be obedient and won't go anywhere. I will stay in my room. I listen to all you say."

Cynthia's almond eyes swept across her tearful face, and she didn't have any fluctuation of emotions.

"I'm sorry. I can't trust you. You promised me before but forgot it in a blink of an eye. You

like Alston and want to replace me. How could I allow this uncertainty to stay in the Smith

family? I'm not so tolerant."

Cynthia continued coldly, "Besides, Alston's decision cannot be easily changed by

others, so I can't help you, and it's impossible for me to refute my husband's kindness. I'm not a fool."

"You!" Seeing Cynthia's straightforward refusal and exposing her thoughts, Gigi became angry with embarrassment. "Cynthia, how could you not help me? I was humiliated and conceived because of Alston. It's what he owes me, so he can't drive me away!"

Gigi used the child in her stomach to threaten Cynthia again.

Cynthia's eyes turned cold, and she said sharply, "You said this is what Alston owes you,

not me! Just go if you dare to tell him your thoughts and change his mind. Don't be arrogant in front of me! Do you think I will listen to you?"

"You! Don't come here!"

Gigi backed away in fright, but Cynthia didn't let her go easily. If Cynthia didn't suppress Gigi's arrogance this time, Gigi might use her child to threaten Alston and her in the future.

She approached Gigi step by step and stretched out her hand to touch Gigi's stomach, making Gigi tremble with fright. For no reason, Cynthia's eyes made Gigi's flesh creep. Cynthia lowered her head and touched Gigi's protruding belly, her movements and expression being very gentle.

"Gigi, when I saw you at the airport for the first time, I was the one who helped you, but why did you react so weirdly when you saw my face?"

Gigi didn't expect Cynthia would suddenly ask her this question, making her face pale instantly and her eyes fluster.

Seeing her expression, Cynthia sneered, "Two days ago, I was distracted by various things, and I didn't think about it carefully. I suddenly recalled this matter last night. I felt something wrong, so I wanted to ask you."

Gigi felt her cold sweat almost break out, trying desperately to think how to reply to Cynthia.

"Although I usually have appeared in various interviews and magazines in Jadney City for the past three years, the spreading scope is narrower, and you don't look like a person liking to read business magazines. Why do you know me and are so scared when you see me?"

"1... Because... Because... I was afraid that you would hurt my stomach..." Gigi made up a reason in a panic.

Cynthia smiled. "Is that so? But you were grateful for me saving you at first, and your expression changed drastically only when you saw my face. You even kicked me in the stomach. What made you so scared? Let me guess!"

Cynthia pretended to think for a while and then chuckled. "Is it because you already knew Alston's identity and I was his wife? You didn't expect to see me on that occasion, so you were so frightened and wanted to pull Alston away for fear of him seeing my face, right?"

Gigi's face was pale, and she even had difficulty breathing. "No, it's not..."

"That's it!" Cynthia stopped smiling and was expressionless, but there was hatred in her eyes. "Gigi, when did you know Alston's identity? Your father was so anxious to take Alston away at that time. Is it also because he knew Alston's identity, isn't it?"

"No, no. My father was sick and had to go to a place with good scenery to recuperate,

so..." Gigi desperately explained, trying to dispel Cynthia's doubts. She was terrified. She didn't know why Cynthia would realize it and wondered if it was her weird reaction at

the airport arousing Cynthia's attention.

She was flustered and frightened. She couldn't let Alston know about these things. was

"Ill?" Cynthia sneered, "Since you came to the Smith family, I have sent someone to investigate you. Your father diagnosed with cancer much earlier than when he left Jadney City. Why did he happen to leave when the Smith family looked for Alston? I won't believe it if you say there is no secret."

She stared at Gigi, paying much attention to her every expression, and continued, "He found out Alston's identity and knew you liked him, so he wanted to take him away for fear of the Smith family finding him. Then you could develop a relationship with him smoothly. Am I right?"

As soon as the words came out of Cynthia's mouth, Gigi finally couldn't hold on anymore

and Then the door of the cloakroom behind the two was pushed open.

knelt on the ground with a thud.

Chapter 300 Restoring the Truth

The sound of opening the door brought Cynthia and Gigi up short at the same time.

Then they turned their heads and found a tall, straight figure standing at the door.

It was Alston!

Gigi's face suddenly turned pale, and her fingers trembled in a panic. She didn't expect Alston would appear here. "Did he hear the conversation? How much did he hear?" Gigi thought in a flurry.

But she harbored a fluke thought that Alston didn't hear what they had said. After all, there was a distance from the cloakroom door to them.

Enter title...

Gigi's eyes moved quickly, and she decided to strike first. Thinking of this, she immediately covered her stomach and acted with a painful expression. Her face happened to be pale because of being frightened, so her painful look was a bit authentic.

Seeing her move, Cynthia had a bad premonition.

As she expected, in the next second, Gigi screamed with a cry, "Mrs. Smith... I sincerely

express my gratitude to you and bid you farewell. Why... why did you push me?"

"Gigi, when did I push you?" Cynthia instantly understood her intentions. She saw Alston

standing outside and wanted to frame her. But unfortunately, this trick was too old, too stupid.

Gigi's face was ashen, her brows tightly frowned, and there was sweat on her forehead, looking like her stomach really got hurt. "You are afraid that the child in my belly is Alston's, aren't you? I explained it to you a long time ago countless times. Why don't you

believe it? Could it be that you don't believe Alston?"

Cynthia laughed angrily. She didn't expect Gigi not only frame her but also demean her in front of Alston. "What a stupid woman!" Cynthia couldn't help but think

"Gigi, I don't care what tricks you are playing. Let me tell you. This trick won't work. Therefore, don't make trouble. Otherwise, if I find out the truth, the consequences will not

be as simple as driving you out."

She looked at Gigi with a sharp look and said word by word, "I will make it difficult for you

to stay in Jadney City. Even if Alston protects you, it will be useless."

Gigi was frightened into a cold sweat in an instant. She knew what Cynthia said was severe, so she panicked. Avoid other websites because I am the only one who worked hard and providing the novel: My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols. If You guys interested to read this novel then follow this website 'NovelsReads(dot)com' . Also Please bookmark this page to get update. Thank you. However, she couldn't stop. She had already made this choice, so she could only gamble Alston didn't hear those words just now and that he

still felt a bit guilty about her.

She lowered her head and smiled miserably, looking very pitiful. "Yes, you are Mrs. Smith of the Smith family and the daughter of the Green family. I'm not your match. I don't even have a place in Alston's heart. You can make me disappear if you want. But...

Cynthia, I am also a human being, an alive person! I'm also Alston's savior. You treated me poorly. Aren't you afraid the people in Jadney City will say you are a vicious woman?

Aren't you afraid your reputation will be ruined?"

Cynthia sneered, "It's a pity you don't go to acting. If you enter showbiz, maybe you can become a movie queen. But you

choose a wrong way

that you

choose to be someone else's mistress."

After speaking, she ignored Gigi and turned to look at Alston. "I didn't push her. Do you believe it?"

Alston came over, stroked her hair, and said in a hoarse but firm voice, "Yes!"

Gigi's eyes goggled suddenly, crying mournfully, "Alston, she wants to hurt the child and me in my womb. Do you still want to protect her and cover her up?"

After hearing this, Alston looked at her expressionlessly with sharp eyes, exuding aggressive coldness, and even his eyes were full of cruelty.

Alston's reaction sent a chill down Gigi's spine. She couldn't believe Alston had the intention of killing her.

She couldn't believe it. Even though Alston didn't like her before, he had never looked at her with this kind of eyes. She didn't know what had happened and changed.

"Al... Alston... You..." She tentatively called Alston's name with a trembling voice.

Alston said coldly, "Gigi, you're not qualified to call me by my name!"

Alston's words brought Gigi up short, and then she heard him continue, "I heard what you said."

The expression on Gigi's face froze instantly, and her fingers trembled.

Cynthia looked at him in surprise, "You heard that?"

"Yes!" Alston nodded in response. Then he looked at Gigi. "Your father saved me before and treated me very well, so I never thought about anything else and never doubted your

motives. Even your father proposed to travel, I was worried about his condition, so I followed him without hesitation..."

The more Alston said, the paler Gigi's face became, and cold sweats broke out on her forehead.

"Gigi, I also want to ask. Why did you react so weirdly when seeing Cynthia at the airport? Why did you harbor such strong hostility and viciousness toward Keller and Desmond? You knew about their existence in advance, didn't you? Be honest!"

Gigi was frightened by Alston's roar, and her tears streamed down her face at once. With

a crying voice, she half-kneeled, half-crawled to Alston, and grabbed his trousers. Her face was full of prayers.

"No, no! Please don't listen to Cynthia's nonsense. I'm not in the same social class as you. I'm just an ordinary person. How

could I get news about you? I don't know. I don't know anything..."

Alston's eyes were icy, like the ice and snow that could not melt in Antarctica. He retracted his legs, and his face was full of disgust. "Liar! You and Beau are liars!"

Alston wasn't even willing to call Gigi's father Uncle Beau. Gigi opened her mouth, tears streaming down her face. She knew she was doomed. Alston didn't trust her and even ignored her father's life-saving grace.

Alston looked down at Gigi, who was in a mess, and said in a gloomy voice, "Be honest. I can still let you enjoy a good life. You can still have what you have now. Eat and drink well. If you still lie to me... Gigi, you don't want to know the consequences."

Gigi's body trembled, and she clenched her fists tightly. She didn't know whether to say it

or not. If she told the truth, not only would his father's life-saving grace be lost, but it would also make Alston think she maliciously prevented their family from reuniting.

Instead of being grateful and guilty, Alston dislikes and even hates her.

She racked her brain, searching for a pretext to cover her lie.

Alston seemed to know what she was thinking and said instantly, "If you dare to talk nonsense, I will make you unable to speak for the rest of your life. Consider it."

Gigi didn't dare to fabricate a pretext instantly. She covered her stomach, trying to escape Alston's questioning by pretending to have a stomachache.

Just when she covered her stomach and was about to howl, Cynthia sneered, "If you want to pretend to have a stomachache, don't waste your time. Don't forget I am an obstetrician. I know all about you."

Gigi was about to collapse. They forced her to tell the truth, making her go crazy in her heart.

Under the cold gaze of the two, she finally said with trembling lips, "Yes, my father knew Alston's identity a long time ago. He came to Jadney City for business that day, and after

checking the price of Alston's watch, he knew his identity was not simple..."

Alston frowned and recalled this thing. He gave his watch to Beau as a thank-you gift for saving his life. That day he went to Jadney City with the watch and returned it to him in a flurry when he returned, not daring to want it again.

"My father went to ask a friend and found out he was the president of the Smith Group. He also knew Mrs. Smith was sending

someone to look for Alston. I heard it was because they were afraid of causing panic, so they didn't scour without care... It was that day. My father knew Alston was from a high-class Smith family, and we were not in the same circle."

As Gigi said this, she hurriedly looked at Alston. Discovering his expression was unbelievably cold, she hastily said, "After I found out, I persuaded my father to send you back home when you recovered from your injuries. But... But he knew I liked Alston and that he was dying of cancer. Considering he could no longer take care of me, he came up with the idea of going to

Southside to recuperate with Alston."

"He wanted us to develop feelings. Then even if Alston returns to the Smith family, he won't abandon me."

Cynthia clenched her fists tightly, wishing to punch Gigi hard. But one punch couldn't dispel the hatred in her heart.

Alston heard something wrong. He sneered with cold eyes, "Are you sure it's your father coming up with this idea? Not you?"

He knew Beau and Gigi very well. Beau was relatively righteous, and his worldviews were not twisted. During the two years in Southside, he tried his best to make up for Alston. Now, Alston knew he did it out of guilt.

Because of Beau's endless doting, she was capricious, stupid, and selfish.

If Alston guessed right, it should be Beau who wanted to let him go back home, but Gigi stopped him on the pretext of her liking him and forced Beau to take him away from Jadney City.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!