

# My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

## Chapter 311 - 316

### Chapter 311 Worry

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"I heard that someone visited you today?" Clare recalled what his inmate told him when he came back, and he looked at Ivan.

Ivan nodded. "David came to see me and brought us something."

He gave Clare the things that David sent in.

Clare didn't look at the bag. He frowned and asked, "What did he say?"

David hadn't visited them once in three years. He didn't come here to give these things on purpose. He must have other purposes. Even though he had been in prison for more than three years, Clare was still very keen.

After the incident three years ago, Clare did not trust anyone, even David. Although David stayed by his side for many years and never betrayed him, people would change.

"He said he didn't have a good life these past few years, so he didn't come to see us.

He

gave some things and left." Ivan said some irrelevant things.

Although Clare didn't believe it, he didn't force Ivan. He patted his head. "Ivan, we still have a few years before we can go out. After we go out, we go abroad and start our lives

again. During this period, no matter what someone asks you for or says to you, don't pay

attention to it. You don't know what other people are thinking, so don't trust anyone."

He spoke earnestly to his son.

Ivan nodded. He didn't want to mess with Henry and David, and he just wanted to go out

of prison.

Seeing Ivan nodding expressionlessly, Clare sighed and asked him to dinner.

The Smith family didn't know about Henry and David's visit to the prison. They were busy with the young Mr. Smith and young Miss Smith going to kindergarten.

They had selected the kindergarten. It was not an aristocratic kindergarten, but the environment was very good. The teachers were very gentle and responsible, and the children in it seemed to be easy to get along with..

Alston was worried, so he asked someone to investigate it. He found that the kindergarten was impeccable in every way.

The kindergarten of two kids made the whole family worried.

Cynthia prepared all the things the two kids needed the night before and prepared a lot of snacks for them to share with the children.

In the evening, after Alston finished his work and went to bed, he found that Cynthia, who was supposed to be asleep, hadn't. slept yet. She was staring at the ceiling with her

eyes open.

He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips, and pulled her into his arms. "What's

wrong?”

Cynthia turned around, her eyebrows tightly frowned. “I’m worried about the kids. Tomorrow is their first day of school. What if they don’t adapt, don’t get along well with the children, and the teacher is not kind? How about letting them stay at home...”

“Stop.”

Alston pinched Cynthia’s cheeks and said with a smile, “It was you who offered to let them go to kindergarten, but you worried the most.”

Cynthia snorted and buried her head in his arms.

Alston touched her hair and said in a gentle voice, “Don’t worry. Keller is cute, and Desmond is smart. They will adapt well. I have asked someone to investigate, and the security and the teachers of this kindergarten are good. The children’s families are not all rich, but they are all well-educated families, and they are innocent and lively.”

Cynthia was worried about the two kids. They had been staying with the Smith family since they were young. They had no experience of getting along with other children.

She

was afraid that they would be bullied.

Alston looked at Cynthia who was lying in his arms and patted her on the back like holding a baby. “Go to bed. It’s getting late, and we have to send them to kindergarten tomorrow.”

When Cynthia heard this, she obediently nestled in Alston’s arms, closed her eyes, and forced herself to sleep quickly. If she couldn’t sleep well, her skin would not be good.

As Alston looked at her childish appearance, he smiled. When she just came back, she was stubborn, but now she was like a child.

He was satisfied with Cynthia’s change and enjoyed her dependence. He would give her

a complete sense of security, and let her be the princess in his arms forever.

Anyway, he would protect her.

In the early morning of the next day, Cynthia woke up before the alarm clock. She rushed into the bathroom and took a shower. Looking at her white and tender skin in the mirror, she showed a smile on her face.

Although she slept later than usual last night, her skin was in good condition.

The noise of her washing and drying her hair was loud, and Alston was awakened. He squinted his eyes and looked at the bathroom, with a helpless and doting smile.

Cynthia was in good spirits.

When Cynthia came out, she saw Alston still lying on the bed. She rushed over to lie on his chest, and pinched his handsome cheeks.

“It’s time to get up.”

Her voice was sweet. Alston deliberately didn’t open his eyes. “It’s still early.”

His hand grabbed her hand and held it tightly..

She had just finished taking a bath, and there was still steam on her body, which was fragrant. Alston looked at her cheeks.

“It’s already half past six. Dress up, be handsome.”

After Cynthia finished speaking, she was about to get up from him, but suddenly he wrapped around her waist, trapping her in

his arms.

Alston turned over and pressed her under him..  
He kissed her cheek. "Why do I look handsome? Do you want other mothers to stare at me?"  
"You are so narcissistic!" Cynthia giggled, her fingers pushing his face.  
Alston just wanted to tease her and kiss her cheeks, but the man's desire in the morning was strong, and he couldn't control it.  
Cynthia was only wearing a bath towel, revealing a large area of snow-white skin.  
Alston's eyes were deep.  
She seemed to feel something, and her face turned red all of a sudden. She turned her face away, not daring to look at him. "Shameless."  
The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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### **Chapter 312 Kindergarten**

Alston saw her pretty pink face, and his voice was a little hoarse. "Shameless?" He pressed on her and kissed her hard on the lips. After coming back to the Smith family, the two of them hadn't found a suitable opportunity to stay together. Cynthia pushed her palm against his chest. "Get up quickly. Don't delay the kids from going to school." Alston glanced at the alarm clock next to him, then turned around and kissed her lips again. "No, it's 6:50." Cynthia was short of breath from his kiss, and her face was flushed. Her hand that pushed his back slowly let go. When Cynthia turned her head inadvertently, she found two faces beside the bed, with dark eyes looking at her curiously. As Cynthia screamed, she quickly pushed Alston away with a blushing face. Alston was a little dazed when he was pushed away, but after being signaled by Cynthia, he realized that two kids had sneaked in. They were lying on the bedside and looking at him curiously. "Dad, are you bullying mom? I saw mom crying just now." As Keller looked at the tears on Cynthia's face, she stretched out her hand to pat her leg and looked at Alston angrily. Alston coughed. "Well, I didn't bully her. If you don't believe me, ask her yourself." Keller looked at Cynthia, who was extremely embarrassed. Cynthia shook her head and quickly looked away. Desmond looked at his sister and walked out helplessly holding her hand, and said to her, "Dad and Mom are kissing. Soon We'll have a little sister."

“Really?” Keller said excitedly, “I want a little brother.”

“I want a little sister...” Desmond frowned.

Keller tilted her head and thought for a while. “It doesn’t matter. I like both sister and brother.”

As Alston and Cynthia listened to the childish words of the two kids, they looked at each other.

“It’s getting late. Let’s clean up quickly.”

Alston said, and Cynthia nodded. “Yes, I have to make up and choose clothes.”

It was seven o’clock when the two of them washed and dressed.

Cynthia was wearing an elegant dress, with delicate light makeup. Alston was dressed in

a black suit, with the aura of a superior person. His indifference turned into tenderness when she saw Cynthia and the two kids.

The two kids were wearing the same style of suspenders and suspender skirts. The girl was beautiful and cute, and the boy was handsome.

When they stood at the entrance of the kindergarten, it was too eye-catching.

When the parents saw them, they talked a lot.

“Is this family a celebrity?”

“Yeah, they are so good-looking!”

“Look at their clothes, and they are all famous brands. Does anyone know where they come from?”

“I don’t know, but it’s not an ordinary family.”

There were a lot of discussions, but the four people didn’t care. They were used to this kind of life, so they were not affected at all.

The two kids looked curiously at the kindergarten, as well as the children and parents coming and going.

Desmond’s face was serious, and Keller shrank back behind her brother out of curiosity, showing a small head. “They won’t bully us, right?”

“No,” Desmond said coolly. “If someone bullies you, I will protect you.”

Keller smiled when she heard her brother’s words and boldly came out from behind him. Cynthia, who witnessed the interaction between the two, was full of tenderness. She and

Alston walked towards the school gate with the kids.

There were several teachers standing at the gate of the school. One of them with a cute and friendly face came over to Alston and Cynthia.

She bent down and looked at the two kids. “You are Desmond and Keller, right? I am your teacher, you can call me Miss Merton.”

Merton had a gentle voice and a kind smile. Keller looked up at her and smiled sweetly.

“Miss Merton, I’m Keller.”

When Merton saw her cute smile, she thought this little girl was so cute, and she wanted

to rub her little face.

Although Desmond was serious, he called out politely. “Miss Merton, I am Desmond.”

Merton was surprised for a while when she saw this little face, which was exactly the

same as Alston's.

"Say goodbye to Mom and Dad. I will take you to the classroom. Many children are in the

classroom. You can make friends with them and play with toys together."

Keller glanced at Alston and Cynthia and obediently held the teacher's hand. "Mom and Dad, I'm going to school. You go home. We'll be back tonight."

Her serious words made Cynthia's worries disappear, and she burst out laughing.

"Okay,

if you don't cry or make trouble, I will

ask Mrs. Lewis to make your favorite pancakes for you."

"Really?" Keller's eyes lit up all of a sudden, and she looked at Cynthia. She held her cheek and smiled. "Okay, can I eat ten pancakes?"

Usually, her mother would only let her eat up to three pancakes for a meal. It would be great if she could have a satisfying meal.

tonight.

Desmond looked at his sister with a cool face. "Mom, you go back. I will take good care of my sister."

Cynthia squatted down, kissed each of the two kids' cheeks, and helped them tidy up their school bags and clothes, Daily new chapters upload Only On Alaniz(dot)com

"You

should listen to the teacher's words and get along well with the children. Share the snacks with the children. Come back tonight and tell us about what happened in the kindergarten, okay?"

"Okay." The two kids nodded obediently.

Alston patted the heads of the two children, and said, "If someone bullies you, just beat them back. Dad is here."

Merton was embarrassed when she heard this and quickly said, "Mr. Smith, don't worry. We will not let the kids be bullied."

Cynthia glared at Alston. How could he teach children to fight in kindergarten?

After being stared at by his wife, Alston touched his nose and exchanged a look with Desmond. Cynthia hugged Keller and

didn't notice it.

Seeing Merton walking slowly towards the classroom with the two kids, Cynthia's beautiful eyes were watery, and she was

about to cry.

Alston put his arms around her shoulders and comforted her. "Don't worry. They will go home at night. They are the children of the Smith family, and they can handle it."

Cynthia sniffled. "Children grow up so fast. They were little babies not long ago, but now they grow up in the blink of an eye."

Alston felt upset for a while. As a father, he was absent from the lives of his two children for three years.

### **Chapter 313 Children's Worries**

Alston and Cynthia watched the two children enter the classroom. To avoid disturbing the

children, they just stood at the door and watched from a distance, Keller took out snacks

from the bag and gave them to the children.

They couldn't hear or see the specific situation clearly. They saw a group of children surrounding the two kids. The children were very polite and would only take it when Keller gave the snack to them.

Seeing the smile on Keller's face and Desmond's softened expression, Cynthia and Alston felt relieved.

"We did not make a mistake in choosing this kindergarten. These children are very friendly."

When Cynthia heard Alston's words, she smiled. "Children are born as a blank sheet of paper. It depends on how their parents teach them. There are no born bad children. They are just influenced by their parents. If parents don't pay attention to their children's education, when they grow up, they can cause a lot of trouble."

"Some children have already caused trouble for their parents." Alston sneered.

Cynthia remembered that when she went to the hospital to go through the formalities that day, she saw a few families in the next neighborhood that were moving out.

She didn't have much sympathy for these people. Parents didn't stop their children from bullying other children, but even praised them. She didn't sympathize with such people. She didn't dislike Alston's method. On the contrary, she even felt very happy.

After the two drove away from the kindergarten, Merton returned to the door, and the other teachers asked her about Alston and Cynthia.

"Merton, who are the parents just now?"

"I feel them a little familiar. Do you know anything? Share it with us."

Both Alston and Cynthia were outstanding in appearance and temperament. The teachers at the door had been paying attention to them for a long time. When they heard

someone discuss them, they quickly looked over.

Merton was the teacher of Keller and Desmond. Of course, she knew about the Smith family, but the other teachers didn't know.

Merton knew that the Smith family didn't want to publicize it, so they chose their kindergarten, so she didn't tell other teachers.

"I don't know." She smiled.

"Other children are here. Let's concentrate on our work."

Seeing that she didn't mean to say anything, other teachers didn't force her. They went to work one after another, but there

was only one new teacher who pestered Merton to ask questions.

Merton became a little impatient and looked at her seriously. "Miya, our job is to pick up the children. As for the parents'

affairs, don't inquire about them. You still have three months of internship. If the principal

knows it, you will be fired."

Miya walked to a place where no one was around and sneered coldly. "You didn't tell me

even though you knew it."

The more Miya thought about it, the more she felt that the two looked familiar.



Alston hadn't been back to Fort for three years, and there was very little news about him.

Cynthia had often appeared on TV in the past three years, but because she represented the Smith family, she was dressed in a heroic and professional style.

Cynthia wore a long light purple dress today with gentle and delicate makeup, which was

quite different from her previous appearance on TV, so no one recognized her.

Miya thought for a long time and walked into the kindergarten with a sullen face.

All morning, Cynthia was a little absent-minded in everything she did. Fortunately, there was no operation.

During lunch, Helen ate with her in the hospital cafeteria.

Helen had almost finished the food, and when she looked up, she saw Cynthia poking at

the food, and she didn't eat.

"What's wrong?"

Cynthia came back to her senses and shook her head. "I was thinking about Keller and Desmond. Today is their first day in kindergarten. I don't know if they will adapt, and if someone will bully them."

Helen smiled and patted her on the head. "You worry too much. With Desmond there, no

one can bully them. Besides, there are people from the Smith family near the kindergarten. Don't worry. Come on, hurry up and eat."

Cynthia sighed and quickly finished her meal. When they parted, Helen patted her head and comforted her. "Don't think too much. Concentrate on your work, and you will see your kids in the evening."

"That's right." Cynthia took a deep breath. "I'll go to the bathroom to wash my face.

There are a few patients in the afternoon. I have to be responsible for my work."

"That's right." Helen smiled and said goodbye to Cynthia. She touched her stomach and frowned.

She counted her menstrual period and found that a week had passed. Could she be pregnant?

Helen was frightened by her own thought. She shook her head. Impossible. Every time she and Dylan were together, they took protective measures, and it was impossible to get pregnant.

Maybe it was just her period was delayed.

The director of the department was about to be promoted, and was selecting a new director. She must grasp this opportunity.

Helen grew up in an orphanage, and she had always relied on herself. In her opinion, everyone might betray her. Only when she was strong, she wouldn't feel inferior in the Carter family.

Mr. Carter and Mrs. Carter treated her very well, but when the rest of the Carter family knew that she was an orphan, they treated her very coldly and did not treat her as Dylan's fiancée at all. She had to prove to those people that even if she didn't have a good family background, she was no worse than other girls.

After thinking everything through, she hurried back to start work in the afternoon.

In kindergarten, Keller and Desmond had lunch and walked into the classroom hand in hand.

Since they gave snacks to the children in the morning, the children liked them very much. In addition, Keller was very beautiful and cute, and Desmond was very handsome.

Keller's lively personality could make many good friends, but because her brother kept a cold face and followed her every step, no one took the initiative to make friends with her.

Keller sat on the bench in distress, holding her face with her hands. She looked at the children gathered in twos and threes and sighed. "Why don't anyone come to play with me?"

Desmond frowned and said indifferently, "I will play with you."

"But you are too serious. I can't understand what you like." Keller pursed her mouth, her face full of grievances.

Desmond pursed his lips. He was afraid that his sister would be bullied, so he followed her every step of the way. But now her sister felt unhappy, and this unhappiness was brought on by himself.

He was a little distressed.

When Merton returned and saw the two looking distressed, she smiled and asked, "What happened?"

Keller hurriedly raised her hand to touch her eyebrows.

Merton laughed. "What are you worrying about? Can you tell me?"

After Keller told the story, Merton looked at Desmond.

This little boy was similar to his father, and he had such a strong aura at such a young age that even Merton would be terrified, let alone other children.

She thought about it, and said to Desmond, "I know that you want to protect your sister, but these children are very cute and will not bully your sister. Let your sister make friends, okay? Many children want to know you."

Desmond lowered his head, and it took a long time before he said, "But, since I was born, I only have my sister by my side, and we don't know how to make friends with others."

### **Chapter 314 New Friend**

Upon hearing this, Merton looked at Desmond's stubborn face and suddenly understood that Desmond didn't know how to make friends with other children.

Merton knew about Desmond from Cynthia. Since Desmond was a child, he had a mature personality and a high IQ, He had always behaved seriously and maturely, so he didn't even know how to play with children.

There was only his sister who was the same age as him, and he had no chance to contact other people at all.

Merton looked at him with affection, and looked at Keller. She was much more lively than

her brother, and she was always eager to make friends.

Merton had an idea. She knelt down, held Keller's hand, and said gently, "Desmond doesn't know how to make friends. Can you show him?"

Desmond thought it was not that he didn't know how to make friends, but he didn't like making friends with these little kids.

Desmond, who was mature in heart, forgot that he was only three years old.

Keller nodded after hearing Merton's words. "Okay, I'll show my brother. My mother taught me how to make friends at home before."

She was excited, and when she nodded, she was very cute.

Keller looked around and saw a little girl in a white dress in the corner. With tears in her eyes, she was sitting on a small bench, looking very pitiful.

Keller ran over and stood in front of the little girl. She took out a chocolate candy and handed it to her.

"Don't cry. I'll give you chocolate. It's sweet, and you'll feel much better after eating it."

The little girl was crying sadly. When she suddenly heard such an energetic voice, she raised her head in surprise. She stared blankly at Keller and stood up from the small bench.

She looked very cute, with a small round face, and she was not as tall as Keller when she stood up.

Keller looked at the little girl who was half a head shorter than her, and she was very excited. Whether in the Smith family or the Green family, she was the youngest child.

She had long envied other children who had younger brothers and sisters.

She quickly stuffed the chocolate into the little girl's hand and looked at her with sparkling eyes. "My name is Keller, you can call me Keller. You are so cute. Can we be friends?"

The little girl stared at the exquisitely packaged chocolate candy in her hand and said timidly, "Okay, my name is Fanny."

Fanny still remembered the scene of Keller sharing snacks with the children. She never thought that Keller would take the initiative to make friends with her. She blushed and was very happy.

Keller was happy. This was the first friend in her life besides her brother.

When Merton saw the two little girls holding hands and whispering to each other, she was very pleased, and said to Desmond, "Keller has found her friend. You can try it too. You can make a lot of friends in kindergarten."

Just after saying this, the principal called Merton. She hurriedly gave Desmond a cheering gesture and left.

Desmond looked at the two little girls with a cold expression. His sister was about to be taken away. He walked towards the

two.

As he got closer, he heard his sister's voice. "Fanny, why were you crying just now? Did you miss your mother?"

Tears welled up in Fanny's eyes.

Desmond frowned. This girl liked crying.

Fanny's voice was sweet. "Dad and Mom just moved here, and I don't know anyone. I miss Mom and Dad. No one plays with

me.”

Keller patted her on the shoulder. “My brother and I are your friends. You will not be alone. Mom and Dad will pick us up at night.”

When Fanny heard this, there were still tears in her eyes, but she smiled. “Yes, we are friends.”

Desmond thought that girls were so strange.

When Keller saw her brother coming, she dragged him over and proudly introduced him to Fanny. “This is my brother Desmond. We were born on the same day.”

Fanny exclaimed, and then asked curiously, “Are you twins? Why do you look different?”

“We are fraternal twins, so we look different.” Desmond explained impatiently.

Keller added. “Yes, one of us looks like my father, and the other looks like my mother.

My

brother and my father look exactly the same.”

Fanny looked at Desmond and suddenly said, “Your father must be very handsome.”

Desmond was stunned for a moment, with a blush on his cheeks. This little girl was praising him for being handsome. Besides his sister, he had to protect her.

Keller and Fanny went to play on the slide in the yard. Desmond took out a book and read it while sitting where he could see them.

Not long after, a shadow was cast on the page of the book. Desmond raised his head and saw a strange woman standing in front of him. She was wearing a kindergarten teacher’s attire, with an exaggerated smile on her face.

Desmond frowned tightly. For some reason, he didn’t like this woman.

“Teacher, you are blocking me from reading.”

When he said these words lightly, Miya felt a strong sense of oppression.

She moved away subconsciously. Desmond glanced at her and continued to read. Miya coughed lightly and said softly, “Desmond, you can’t read in the sun. It’s bad for your eyesight.”

Desmond raised his head. “I am not sitting in the sun.”

The light here was just right, and he could see his sister and Fanny. It was the most suitable place for reading. Desmond didn’t know what this teacher wanted to do.

As Miya smiled, she took out the fruit from behind and said, “This is the fruit that I specially prepared for you. It’s very sweet.”

This teacher was weird.

Desmond closed the book and looked at her. “Do all children have this?”

Miya quickly said, “No, this is the fruit that I prepared for you, and no other children have it.”

She wanted to please him.

Desmond frowned and suddenly asked, “Why did you give it to me? To please me? But

I

am just a child, why do you want to please me?"

Miya didn't expect him to be so keen at such a young age. When he looked at her, a cold

sweat suddenly rose on her back.

"I see you were reading here alone, and I'm afraid that you will be bored. If you don't eat,

I will take it away."

Miya made a move to take the fruit away, but Desmond remained unmoved. This little boy was really difficult to deal with.

But Miya didn't give up. She handed the fruit to Desmond. "Come on, open your mouth. This fruit is sweet. I'll give it to other children later."

"What's the matter with you?" Desmond turned his head impatiently and refused her feeding.

Miya's expression was gloomy for a moment, but she quickly hid it, and asked, "Desmond, I saw your parents today and thought they looked familiar, but I couldn't remember them. Can you tell me?"

### **Chapter 315 The Strange Teacher**

Desmond suddenly realized.

It turned out that this weird teacher wanted to know his family background.

There was a coldness in his eyes. This teacher was pretending to be gentle, but the curiosity and greed in her eyes were almost overflowing. Desmond pursed his lips and smiled, pretending to be innocent and ignorant.

"I don't know. I only know my mother works in the hospital and my father is very busy."

Did his mother work in the hospital?

Miya's face collapsed. It turned out that his mother was just a doctor, but she remembered that his father looked very imposing. He looked like a businessman.

After she chatted with Desmond, Miya found that she couldn't get anything.

This little boy had a tight mouth.

Miya wanted to say a few more words, but she saw Merton walking towards this side, so she left in resentment.

Desmond looked at her fleeing back, and his eyes were full of coldness. He had to tell his sister and Fanny not to get close to this teacher.

Merton saw Miya talking to Desmond from a long distance.

Merton was afraid that Desmond would be cheated by her, so she hurried over.

"Desmond, did Miya say anything strange to you just now?"

Desmond didn't hide anything, and said, "She especially gave me fruit alone, and asked me about my family background."

Merton's complexion changed. Alston and Cynthia came here to hide their identities.

They didn't want to cause trouble. The teachers who knew the inside story kept the family background hidden. She didn't expect that on the first day, Miya was shameless to

ask Desmond.

Fortunately, Desmond was smart. If it was another kid, he might have told Miya about his

family background.

The more she thought about it, the angrier Merton became.

Desmond shook her arm and said, "Don't worry. I didn't say anything to her."

"That's right." Merton touched his hair and squatted down. She knew that Desmond was very smart, and she didn't treat him like a normal child.

"Desmond, you know that your family background is quite special. Your parents sent you

and Keller to this kindergarten because they want you to have an ordinary and happy kindergarten life. They don't want to reveal your identities. So no matter who inquires about your family background, you must keep your mouth shut, you know?"

Desmond was serious, knowing that Merton cared about the safety of him and his sister.

He nodded. "I know. I will tell Keller."

"Good boy." This kid was too smart. He was only three and a half years old, but he knew

too much.

Merton liked Desmond very much. When she was about to leave, Desmond grabbed her

skirt and asked, "Who is Miss Miya?"

When Merton thought of Miya's behavior, a trace of disgust flashed in her eyes. "She is a

relative of the vice president. She just graduated this year and is doing an internship here. She has a bad mind. You should stay away from her."

Miya had been here for two months, but she had an affair with the fathers of the two children.

Whenever Merton mentioned her, she felt angry and disgusted.

Alston was perfect both in appearance and figure. After seeing him this morning, Miya wanted to hook up with him.

How shameless she was.

Merton snorted coldly. Desmond's mother was beautiful, had a good family background, gentle personality, and was very capable. How could Miya compare with Cynthia?

Miya was shameless, and sooner or later she would suffer.

After Merton left, Desmond looked indifferent. If Miya plotted against them, he would never let her go.

Kindergarten ended early. Cynthia was at work, and Alston was busy, so it was Greg who came to pick up the kids.

Parents took their kids home one by one at the door.

Fanny's parents were professors at Jadney City University. They came to pick Fanny home together.

Fanny dragged her new friend, sobbing. "I don't want to go home. I want to play with Keller."

Her parents were helpless. Seeing their daughter's hand tightly holding a beautiful and cute little girl, they had no choice but to persuade. "Fanny, play with her tomorrow, okay?"

"No!" Fanny hugged Keller's arm and shrank behind her.

Her parents were helpless. They had always spoiled their daughter.

Seeing this scene, Keller grabbed Fanny's hand, rubbed it, and said, "Fanny, go home. Don't you miss your parents very much in kindergarten today? They haven't seen you for

a day. Go home and have a good sleep. We will continue to play together tomorrow, okay?"

When Greg heard Keller's words, he was so excited that he almost shed tears. He felt that not long ago Keller was just a little baby, who didn't understand anything, but now she had grown up in the blink of an eye, and she was comforting other kids.

Fanny nodded after listening to Keller's words. She reluctantly let go of her hand and her

eyes were red. "I'll wait for you and Desmond in the kindergarten tomorrow."

When Desmond heard his name, he was taken aback for a moment, then raised his head with surprise in his eyes.

Fanny would wait for him?

Just now, when Fanny was crying, he hid aside and pretended not to know her, but he didn't expect Fanny to think of him before she left.

He blinked and said, "Okay, we will play with you tomorrow."

Fanny nestled in her parents' arms and was carried away.

Greg witnessed the whole scene and thought Desmond and Keller liked the little girl quite a bit. It seemed that she was a new friend they had met today.

That little girl was cute, and her parents looked good.

"Grandpa Greg?" The two kids saw Greg and walked over hand in hand.

Greg said with a kind smile, "Young Mr. Smith, Young Miss Smith. I'm here to take you home."

The two kids nodded, and they were held by Greg and walked towards their car.

Young Mr. Smith and Young Miss Smith?

Miya hid behind the tree at the school gate, and heard these two names clearly.

It seemed that the family of these two children must be rich. The more she thought about

it, the more excited she became.

When she thought of the couple who looked not ordinary, Miya's eyes started to turn red.

When she thought of Alston's handsome face, figure, and nobility, Miya's heart beat faster.

If she could get this man, she didn't have to be a teacher anymore. She could spend her whole life leisurely.

Thinking of this, Miya smiled. She had to plan how to get close to that man.

### **Chapter 316 Belle Is Missing**

Yvette blacked out and her legs went weak.

"Kamila, what do you mean?"

Kamila explained in a sobbing tone.

"Yvette, I came to kindergarten with the driver before school ended.

"However, the entrance to the kindergarten was full of people who said that they were looking for the child of the bad woman.

"Yvette, the bad woman they were talking about is you. They also said that they had a video.

Enter title...

"I didn't know what happened either. When I went through the crowd, the teacher told me

that Belle was missing!"

Yvette felt like she was struck by lightning.

In an instant, her face turned pale and she lost her balance.

"Kamila, keep looking for her. I will be there soon."

Stephen also heard it. Without hesitation, he started the car.

"Don't panic. Belle must be fine. Let's go see what is going on now."

Behind him, Lance stood in front of the car.

He heard Yvette's shout just now.

Even from a distance, he could feel her panic.

What happened?

He saw Stephen's car leaving.

In an instant, his face turned dark. He immediately got in the car and ordered, "Follow him."

In the car...

Frankie checked and reported, "Mr. Wolseley, something has happened!"

Seeing that his face was so serious, Lance suddenly had a bad feeling.

"What is it?"

"The video of Yvette's banquet last night was out. Everyone is saying that..."

Frankie paused, not knowing if he should continue.

Lance's face was cold and he shouted in a low voice, "What?"

Frankie wiped his sweat and said, "They are saying that Yvette wanted to sleep with Pearce from Freshness Entertainment. She wanted to drug Pearce and threaten him to get more resources. They are saying that it was Yvette's trick."

Frankie paused. He said it under great pressure.

"They are saying that Yvette is a prostitute."

In an instant, Lance's expression changed drastically.

Frankie continued, "Moreover, it is trending in just two hours. It seems that someone is behind this. Even Pearce's wife made a statement that it was not the first time for Yvette to be..."

Frankie stopped speaking again.

Each of these words seemed to be going to kill him, so how dare he say it?

But in the end, he still forced himself to say, "Homewrecker."

He didn't look at Lance's face and finished his words in one go.

"Pearce's wife is an unfamous actress. Some of her stupid fans found Yvette's address and Belle's kindergarten.

"People are saying that no one knows who Belle's father is and Belle is a bastard.

"Some people are saying that they will go to the kindergarten to find Yvette's daughter and tell her what her mother is like!"

Frankie said in one breath and felt that he was about to suffocate.

Finally, after a terrifying silence, the man in the back seat said in a low voice.

"Get rid of the news in half an hour!"



The man's voice was like a messenger from hell, cold and ruthless!  
Bang...

Frankie was so scared that his phone fell to the ground.  
Half an hour! He would rather use an atomic bomb to destroy everyone.  
Frankie looked troubled. "Mr. Wolseley, this is not possible."  
Under Lance's terrifying eyes, Frankie trembled and explained.  
"The main thing is that the news is still trending. It will be difficult to settle it in half an hour."  
"Contact William Thornton of Palmet Entertainment and ask him to release a bigger piece of news to suppress this limelight. Then let all the members of the Wolseley Group make the news disappear in half an hour!"  
Palmet Entertainment was the largest entertainment company in the country, and it was more powerful than Freshness Entertainment.  
If the news came from Palmet Entertainment, it would be more interesting.  
However, the boss of the entertainment company would rather die than release bad news about himself.  
Frankie had no choice but to call William. As soon as he offered this proposal, William roared on the phone. Everyone in the car could hear it.  
"Why didn't Mr. Wolseley ask me to die?"  
"How can I destroy my own company? Where did he get this idea?"  
"You can let him just kill me!"  
William and Lance had known each other for many years because of their families, so William was not afraid of offending Lance.  
"Give me your phone," Lance said from behind.  
Frankie hurriedly let Lance take care of the trouble.  
"William, I'll give you 5 percent more of the Wolseley Group's annual endorsement."  
5 percent!  
It meant that Lance would give William over 150 million dollars more,  
In an instant, William's attitude changed greatly.  
"Okay, boss, the news is on its way!"  
Lance threw the phone back to Frankie and ordered coldly, "After getting rid of the trending news, find everyone behind it. Don't let anyone get away with it!"  
Meanwhile, in another car....  
Yvette had no time to read the news at all.  
She was worried about Belle.  
Finally, the car arrived at the road near the kindergarten.  
Stephen looked at the crowd in front of him. Although the kindergarten sent security guards to stop those people from entering, none of these crazy fans left..  
They were all walking around the door.  
Some people were holding printed photos of Yvette in their hands, and some people were shouting online.  
"The child of a home wrecker is not worthy to enter the school!"  
"Look, this is the noble kindergarten in New York. Are they teaching the children how to

become home wreckers?”

“Did they teach a child’s mother not to seduce someone else’s husband?”

Stephen frowned. “It’s too dangerous. Wait in the car, I’ll go look for Belle.”

“No, I want to go in and look for her.”

Yvette knew that when Belle was angry, she would hide. No one could find her. Only Yvette could call her out.

“Stephen, wait for me here. I’ll go in and find Belle.”

Yvette put on a mask and opened the car door to get out of the car. Stephen could not stop her, so he also got out of the car.

“I’ll go with you.”

Yvette contacted the teacher in advance and went through the back door.

However, just as she reached the back door, some fans got the news and rushed over.

When they saw Yvette, they said excitedly, “It’s her! She is that homewrecker!”

Even though she was wearing a mask, she couldn’t cover her eyes, so they instantly recognized her.

In an instant, a few people rushed over. Stephen quickly stopped them and turned to let Yvette go in first..

Yvette had no time to refuse. She hurriedly wanted to enter the door.

However, a fan took the chance to rush over and grab Yvette’s hair.

“Bitch! Where do you think you are going?”

Yvette was so worried that she didn’t see that woman. She was suddenly pulled back by that woman and her face was about to hit the iron gate.

She was going to hit the gate!

Her head would be injured, and she might be disfigured!

Yvette turned around to pinch that woman’s arm, but another person came to help.

They pushed Yvette toward the gate.

Bang!

A sound let out!

A woman was thrown out by someone’s hand.

Then, another woman was also thrown out.

Yvette immediately turned her head and saw Lance’s handsome face.

She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

“Don’t panic. Go in and find Belle first.” Lance pressed her shoulder, and his face was cold.

## **Chapter 417 The Fire**

Although the plan was relatively detailed, with three rings of encirclement, it would be difficult for David and the others to escape, but there was a new problem.

“We don’t have enough people.”

There were too many paths around, and they couldn’t block them all.

At that moment, Jakson and Lorenz came to the door.

They immediately knew the seriousness when they saw the scene in the yard.

The two looked at Alston and Cynthia with very dissatisfied expressions and asked, "Why didn't you tell us about what happened?"

Seeing that Lorenz was furious, Cynthia trotted over and grabbed his sleeve, and said with reddened eyes, "Desmond was kidnapped. Alston and I were too nervous, so we didn't have time to inform you."

Looking at how worried his sister was, Lorenz couldn't be angry with her. He knew that she didn't want to worry him.

"Okay, I know what you're thinking, but I'm Desmond's uncle, and Desmond was kidnapped. How can I sit still?" He pointed to a group of people behind him.

"I brought all the available people from the Green family and Alice's family. You can ask whatever you need."

Jakson also said, "There are some people at the door, all of whom are my friends from the past. They are the best at dealing with such people. They have different thinking styles from the police and bodyguards. Maybe they can help."

Cynthia gazed at them misty-eyed and said with a smile, "It's a great help. It happens that we are short of men here."

As he was looking at them, Alston's expression softened a lot. Although he didn't like Jakson, seeing that he could come to help, he could feel that Jakson was sincere to the two children, so he

nodded to him.

A simple "thank you" wouldn't be enough, and he would definitely repay him in the future.

After arranging this group of people, they were all dispatched.

The night was gradually falling. The dark brought convenience to the kidnapppers and also provided an excellent cover for their people.

Fifteen million dollars of cash were too heavy to take. The kidnapppers asked them to exchange part of it into cash and part of it as a check. After the inspection, they would release Desmond and Fanny

if there was no problem.

Cynthia carried her things to the appointed place.

This was the junction of two villages, surrounded by weeds and trees, and a dilapidated small house

was in the middle.

It was already twelve o'clock in the middle of the night, and the old in the village were already asleep. There was no light in the villages on both sides, and they could only walk by the moonlight.

It was quiet at night, especially in the village, where strange sounds of unknown birds and the noise

of wind blowing branches made Cynthia terrified.

She hated the darkness and was afraid of this environment, but to save Desmond and catch those

people. She had to brace herself up and move forward.

A dim yellow light was installed at the door of this dilapidated house, reminding her to put her

money in this place.

Cynthia put the bag at the door. She didn't know if the kidnappers were around, so she just yelled, "I put down the money, a total of two million with 40 thousand in cash and a check. Let the two

children be released if there is no problem after checking."

This sound was very clear in the silent night. After a long time, no one responded.

Cynthia frowned, was the kidnapper not around here?

She thought, pursed her lips, looked around vigilantly, and bent down, making a gesture of

pretending to take the money away.

The small man of the two people who came to take the money couldn't stay calm. Seeing her action, he thought she would take the money away. He became anxious and shouted, "Put the money

down."

Cynthia smiled with a cold expression. As expected, they were beside her.

She glanced in the direction of the voice. There were only the black shadows of shaking trees. She

didn't know where they were hiding or how many were there.

She wore a miniature camera on her skirt with a radio function. When she moved, she had already

transmitted the surrounding scene back.

The responding person analyzed the transmitted image and told her, "There are two people 50 meters ahead of you on the left. It seems they were the only people there, be careful."

Hearing the voice in her headset, Cynthia pursed her lips nervously and raised her voice, "I thought you were not there, or I misplaced it. I have no intention of repenting. Don't get excited, and don't hurt the kids."

Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke as if she was terrified, and all her words were comforting

The two men heard her scared voice and looked at the slender figure in front of the door. They could see the surroundings clearly from their hiding place, and they didn't find any police or the Smith family members following her, so they immediately felt relieved.

Now that the hiding place had been exposed, they stopped hiding and yelled at Cynthia, "Now, you should leave the bag about ten meters away. We will check the amount of money."

Cynthia walked back obediently without any resistance, which made the two brothers feel more at

ease.

They thought if there was no ambush around, keep this woman ten meters away from them, so if the money was wrong, they could directly notify Menace or retreat quickly. If they got the money but got ambushed, a distance of ten meters would allow them to hold Cynthia hostage quickly.

In this way, they could have hostages and find a way to escape.

Cynthia walked to their designated location, and after a while, she saw two men coming from that

direction.

In the darkness, two figures, one tall and one short, stooped to the front of the house quietly and

quickly.

The dim lights in front of the house made their figures more obvious. Cynthia saw that they were all holding knives in their hands.

While she was nervous, she also breathed a sigh of relief. At least, it was not a gun.

After confirming the money in the bag, they were delighted. It seemed like those Smiths didn't cheat them or play tricks, which means they really valued that boy.

Seeing that they had fastened the bags, Cynthia quickly shouted, "Have you confirmed the money? Can you let the two children go if there is no problem?"

She made a sudden noise, which startled the two men. They picked up the bag and prepared to run,

"When we are safe, we'll let the child go."

Cynthia's eyes were full of coldness, and she was about to get them arrested when suddenly, one

person's mobile phone rang.

The

man picked the phone up quickly and heard the two brothers who were waiting for them shout, "Run, the police surround our whole village. There are many people, many people, you..."

Before he could finish speaking, a scream came from the other side of the microphone.

The two men's hearts sank. They rushed towards Cynthia and yelled, "B\*tch, how dare you lie to

us."

They knew that they could not escape on their own, and the only chance for them to escape was to

catch this woman.

Cynthia tried to run out, but it was dark, and on the ground were many obstacles, making her unable to run fast. The two men, however, were very familiar with this

environment and were soon about to catch up with her. They pulled out their knives, and the expressions on their faces were like crazy dogs.

There was no other way but to use the gun.

Cynthia quickly took out the gun and threatened, "Don't move, or I'll shoot you."

Seeing the thin girl hold a gun, the two of them were stunned. One of them didn't believe it and said, "Don't think you can deal with us with a gun. Do you know how to use it?"

Before the man finished speaking, Cynthia fired a shot with a calm expression.

The shot hit the man directly in the arm.

This made the two of them freeze. The three of them were in a stalemate. The two men's foreheads were covered with sweat, and they did not dare to act rashly.

Cynthia's condition was not very good either. It was too dark, only the faint outlines of these two people could be seen, and it was impossible to aim precisely.

At that moment, a nearby village suddenly burst into flames, and the air above there was filled with

smoke.

The two brothers glanced in that direction and were stunned. They shouted to Cynthia, "Don't shoot. Go to the house which is on fire. That is my cousin's old house, your son and that little girl

were locked in it."

Hearing their words, Cynthia looked over and found that the fire was so bright that it illuminated the night sky of the whole village.

Her heart sank.

Seeing her stunned, the two quickly fled away.

Cynthia didn't care about these two people. She knew they couldn't escape. Everything in her mind was Desmond now, and she frantically ran towards the house on fire.

She desperately shouted, "Help! Come and put out the fire!"

Cynthia rushed to the burning house and watched the fire soaring into the sky. People from the nearby village heard the sound, and some policemen also came to put out the fire.

“My son and Fanny are inside. This is Menace’s house.”

Hearing that, the police were also stunned.

Cynthia looked at the smoke and fire at the door and was about to collapse. She saw a person next to her holding water to put out the fire. She grabbed it and poured it on her head and then was about to rush in to save the two children.

### **Chapter 318 She Is Alive**

Everyone said Isabel looked like Yvette.

Yvette compared Isabel’s appearance with Lance’s.

Isabel’s chin, nose, and ears were smaller but the same as his.

Isabel’s eyes were like Yvette’s the most. However, her pupils were surprisingly identical

to Lance’s.

Yvette was frightened by her thoughts.

“Mommy, I’m sorry,” Isabel said timidly as she hooked Yvette’s finger.

Lance was domineering. Yvette didn’t expect him to be able to coax a child.

Enter title...

Yvette touched Isabel’s head and said, “Baby, I won’t blame you.”

Stephen helped Frankie send those men to the police station. When Yvette and Isabel were about to leave, Marlon arranged for a car to pick them up.

The driver was a girl with short hair and a capable appearance.

“Ms. Lynn, I am Ayana Collins. Mr. Lynn told me to protect you.”

Marlon knew Yvette didn’t like to have bodyguards with her. After the incident, he was worried, so he arranged a female bodyguard for Yvette.

Yvette thanked Lance and was about to get into the car.

Unexpectedly, Isabel let go of Yvette’s hand and hugged Lance’s thigh.

“Mommy, I want Daddy Lance to send us home.”

Daddy Lance?

Yvette’s eyelids twitched when she heard the title.

“Belle.”

Yvette frowned and became solemn. “Be obedient. Let’s take our car.”

“No.”

Isabel ignored Yvette and hugged Lance’s leg to climb up.

Seeing that, Lance carried Isabel up with one arm. And Isabel sat on Lance’s strong arm

in a second.

Suddenly, Isabel giggled.

“Belle.”

Yvette was somewhat anxious. Because of the strange thought, she did not want Isabel



to be close to Lance.

However, Isabel hugged Lance's neck tightly.

She said, "Mommy, let's go home in Daddy Lance's car. There are stars on the roof of his car. I want to see it."

Lance had ordered someone to change into the car with the starry roof. And Isabel had taken a look at it.

At that moment, Isabel wanted to know how many stars there were.

"You can take this car and tell your driver to follow us."

Lance swallowed and looked at Yvette. His voice was deep and magnetic.

Since Lance had said that, Yvette could not refuse him and got into his car.

On the way, Lance hugged Isabel and told her the name of each star.

Lance even made up stories, which made Isabel giggle with her arms around his neck.

It was the first time Yvette had seen Lance be gentle.

Lance always looked cold. Yvette didn't expect him to like a child so much.

The car arrived at the West Lake Villa.

Yvette got out of the car and took Isabel over from Lance. Then, she told Kamila to take Isabel in.

Isabel was sleepy. Carried by Kamila, she suddenly called out.

"Hold on."

The next second, Isabel left Kamila's arms and ran to Lance.

Lance reached out to hold Isabel into his arms.

Looking at Lance's handsome face, Isabel felt proud.

Her classmates' dads were less handsome than hers.

Isabel thought her daddy was as handsome as the prince in a fairy tale.

Isabel giggled.

Then...

She gave Lance a kiss..

"Daddy Lance, I love you."

Isabel's voice was soft and cute. Lance was touched.

He hoped Isabel could kiss him again.

At that moment, Lance felt Isabel was his child.

Daily new chapters upload Only On NovelsReads(dot)comHe liked Isabel not because he loved Yvette. He treated Isabel as his child.

"Belle, Daddy..."

Lance hesitated and said with his hoarse voice, "I love you too."

The two of them were reluctant to part.

Yvette had mixed feelings when she saw the scene. She was somewhat jealous.

Yvette had painstakingly raised Isabel, but Isabel liked a strange man in just a few days.

The psychiatrist was right. Isabel's autism was because she was lack of love.

If Isabel had a father she liked, her psychological problem would be solved.

If it were another man, Yvette might accept him.

However, the man Isabel liked was Yvette's ex-husband. Yvette could not accept him.

"Belle, be obedient. If your mom agrees, I will take you to the amusement park this weekend."

Lance said that as he looked at Yvette.

Isabel was excited. "Mommy, can I?"

Yvette looked at Isabel and could not say anything to refuse. She said, "That depends on whether I am busy this weekend. Belle, go in with Kamila. I want to talk to Lance."

Although Isabel was not happy, she nodded obediently.

"Mommy, Daddy Lance, good night."

Isabel went into the house.

Then, Yvette said, "Thank you for your help."

"You're welcome."

Yvette looked down and said, "I'm sorry for what happened yesterday."

The police officer had told Yvette everything. Caiden saved her. With Lance's help, she got out of the hotel safely.

Hearing Yvette's words, Lance swallowed and said peacefully, "No need to thank me. Actually, I hoped I could do that."

As a man, Lance must be impulsive when Yvette behaved that way.

Yvette was surprised and couldn't believe what she had heard.

Since Isabel wasn't there, Lance was frank.

"I was afraid you wouldn't forgive me, so I hadn't done it."

Lance was so frank that Yvette couldn't scold him.

Yvette looked up and found Lance fixing his eyes on her.

Lance was tall and slender, and his black suit made him look cold at night.

Lance's top shirt button was buttoned, and his Adam's apple was sharp, which made him

attractive.

Yvette suddenly blushed. "What do you mean about the recording?"

"Well, do you want to hear it?"

As Lance spoke, he found the recording on his phone.

There came a hot conversation.

"Do you want to do that?"

"Yes. Why don't you let me bite you? I just want to bite your chest."

"OK. When you become sober, don't be angry with me."

"Well..."

The woman with a soft voice was muddled and couldn't speak. There was only the sound of sucking.

Yvette couldn't hear it any longer.

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

Yvette wondered whether the woman was she.

However, it was her voice.

Yvette blushed. Seeing that, Lance was somewhat happy.

He curved his lips and said, "I knew you would deny it, so I had to keep the evidence."

Yvette took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "Can you delete it?"

"Yes,"

Lance was affable, which made Yvette feel somewhat guilty.

However, Yvette knew she was wrong the next second.

Lance looked at Yvette and said solemnly, "I don't like suffering losses. I'll delete it if you

allow me to do what you have done."

Yvette was stunned.

“Stop daydreaming.”

Yvette was so angry that she gritted her teeth. How could she think Lance looked like an

angel when he talked to Isabel?

Lance showed his colors in just a few minutes.

“Well, you have time to think about it.”

Lance looked down to hide the aspiration in his eyes.

He knew he had to do something that he was ashamed of in the past.

Lance had made up his mind to do anything he could do.

All in all, he would not give up on Yvette.

Yvette received Marlon’s message from Luxembourg in the morning.

It was some information about Pearce.

After Yvette read it, she had a plan. She prepared to go out.

Before going out, Yvette applied makeup to cover the dark circles under her eyes.

She became angrier and angrier.

Lance was ill-intentioned. How could he record her and send her a copy?

Yvette felt so ashamed that she could not fall asleep after hearing the recording.

It was worse than having nude photos in others’ hands.

When Yvette got into the car, she saw Ayana in the driving seat.

Ayana reported the information she received to Yvette. “Ms. Lynn, I received a message saying Pearce’s wife will hold another press conference at ten o’clock to expose you.”

“Don’t worry. We have time.”

Yvette was determined to have Pearce’s wife pay the price.

At that moment, Yvette’s phone rang.

It was a piece of explosive news from Frankie.

Frankie said, “Mr. Wolseley told me to give it to you.”

“Okay. Thank him for me.”

Frankie replied, “Mr. Wolseley said he wouldn’t accept a verbal thank.”

Yvette didn’t know what to say.

She gritted her teeth as she typed. “Alright, forget it.”

Yvette would not allow Lance to push his luck.

When Yvette arrived at the press conference venue and was about to go in, someone held her arm.

Yvette turned around and saw a woman with red lips, a pair of sunglasses, and waved hair. It was Ellen.

“Ellen?” Yvette said in surprise.

“If someone wants to bully my friend, I will stand on my friend’s side,” Ellen smiled.

They had dealt with an evil woman together when they were abroad.

“Alright.”

Yvette and Ellen went in together.

They didn’t see three men walking in behind them.

There was a charity auction, and many political celebrities had been invited.

Lance, Marvin, and Jamie were also there.

Marvin had good eyesight. He pointed ahead.

“Is that Yvette?”

Lance was not surprised. He knew Yvette would be there.  
The information Lance asked Frankie to give Yvette was enough for her to deal with Pearce's wife.  
Marvin raised his eyebrows and twitched his mouth.  
"Does the woman beside Yvette look familiar? Why does she look like..."  
Marvin thought for a long time and came up with a name, but he dared not say it.  
"Jamie, does that woman look like the daughter of the Robbins family?"  
When Marvin finished his words, the woman took off her sunglasses and looked back.  
Her lips were red, and she was as beautiful as a flower.  
"Oh my gosh!"  
Marvin was shocked.  
The woman didn't look like Ellen. She must be Ellen.  
Ellen had jumped off the cliff. How could that be?  
Marvin was so surprised that he could not speak. He turned to look at Jamie, but Jamie had disappeared.  
Ellen followed Yvette and was about to enter the elevator.  
However, her wrist was grabbed by a big palm. It grabbed her so hard that her hand was about to be crumbled.  
Ellen turned around and saw a man's handsome face. The man looked forbiddingly cold.  
"Ellen."  
Jamie's eyes were red. He grabbed Ellen tighter and tighter as if he wanted to swallow her in.  
Then, Jamie repeated.  
"Ellen!"

### **Chapter 319 Is It Interesting to Fool Me?**

Ellen was wearing a sexy black dress. She was very thin, but it was not that thin. Her figure was as hot as ever.  
Jamie's eyes fell on her face.  
He had long known that she was back.  
However, when he saw her in person, he felt huge pain.  
This kind of pain was no less than five years ago when he hugged her dead body and accompanied her every night. Every night he was in so much pain that he wanted to die.  
Now that he thought about it, it was ridiculous.  
He didn't know where this woman picked up a nameless corpse to fool him.  
Enter title...  
After he met her that night, he went to verify the DNA of the corpse. There were no clues.  
That corpse must belong to some homeless woman.  
However, he had been fooled by Ellen once again.  
This cruel and vicious woman fooled him like this. Jamie felt that he wanted to strangle her at this moment.  
But why couldn't he control himself and wanted to hold her in his arms?  
His heart ached again and again.

Ten thousand arrows pierced his heart. That was what he felt now. Ellen was not surprised to meet Jamie. She only frowned slightly. "Can you let me go, Mr. McBride?"

She calmly called out his name, without the slightest guilt or embarrassment.

She was so indifferent that it seemed like they were strangers.

Why was she still so calm after fooling him?

Why!

Jamie gritted his teeth and said word by word, "Ellen, is it very interesting to fool me?"

Without waiting for Ellen to speak, Yvette frowned and said, "Sir, she asked you to let go.

Did you not hear it?"

Jamie acted as if he did not hear it, his hands still clenching tightly.

Yvette reached out to pull Jamie and said angrily, "Let her go!"

Jamie waved his hand without thinking, but he was grabbed by a thin arm.

Ayana was not tall, but she spoke in a simple and imposing manner.

"Don't touch Ms. Thiel."

Jamie did not put Ayana in his eyes. He wanted to shake off that hand but found that the

small arm was like a vine, tightly holding his arm.

He could not shake it off.

It seemed that she knew how to fight.

At this time, Lance was already standing behind Jamie. Lance's eyes were cold and gloomy. "Jamie, calm down. We can talk about it."

Yvette finally knew.

"You are Jamie who hurt Ellen?"

She said with some disdain, "As expected, like attracts like."

Lance was speechless.

I did nothing. OK?

Marvin smiled, "Yvette, I used to be good to you. Don't push me into the camp of playas."

Yvette had no impression of him, but Marvin had a smiling face and was the kindest of the three.

"I hope you are not," Yvette nodded and replied kindly.

Marvin smiled happily, but Lance's face darkened visibly.

Yvette pulled Ellen's arm and said angrily to Jamie, "Let go of her."

Jamie could not let her go..

Five years!

The whole five years!

In the depths of countless dreams, he had imagined himself grabbing this woman's hand.

But every time he woke up from a dream, the bones in his hand cruelly reminded him that everything was just a dream.

It was just his illusion.

Unlike Lance, who had been harboring thoughts in his heart the entire time that Yvette didn't die..

Jamie had seen it in person and had carried that mangled corpse.

Ellen had done it flawlessly and meticulously, leaving him no room for hope. Jamie really wanted to ask her why she was so ruthless to him! Jamie stared at Ellen for a moment, as if he was afraid that the person in front of him would disappear again in a blink of an eye. He asked, "Do you want to talk here, or do you want us to talk alone?" Ellen was already prepared. Meeting Jamie was actually all in her plan. Ellen raised her eyes and said, "Let's talk in private." Yvette frowned. She didn't want Ellen to come into contact with that jerk and shouted, "Ellen." "It's fine." Ellen patted Yvette's arm and smiled at her, "You go up first. I'll come and find you later." "Then Ayana, you follow Ellen." When Ayana made her move just now, it looked like she was capable. Presumably, the person Marlon chose for Yvette was not bad. Yvette was worried that Ellen wouldn't be able to deal with this man. With Ayana here, at least Jamie wouldn't hurt Ellen for a while. "Not necessary. Thank you." Ellen refused and raised an eyebrow at Jamie, mocking him, "I believe that Mr. McBride wouldn't do terrible things to a girl!" She compared Jamie to a vicious and desperate criminal. However, Jamie did not care. His gaze from the beginning to the end fell straight on Ellen's face, not moving at all. He could not listen to anything else. "Alright, go." Ellen pushed Yvette and said, "With Ayana following you, I am relieved." "Okay, come and find me later." "Yes." At this time, Frankie also stepped forward and said, "Mr. Wolseley, the auction is about to begin." Just as Lance was about to step in, he saw Yvette press the elevator button and point the direction for Lance with a smile. "Mr. Wolseley, the elevator for the auction is over there." She became angry when she thought of his threat last night. Even the gratitude that she had felt for him before had disappeared. However, she would not take his favor for free. All the expenses would be doubled to the Wolseley Group's account. Presumably, Lance had already known her attitude. The elevator door closed in front of the man. Lance frowned slightly, and the hands hanging by his side gradually tightened.