

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 51-60

Chapter 41 Banquet Invitation

After learning about Lynn's situation, Dylan tried the first course of treatment, and the effect was very good.

Lynn became much better, and she could even walk several times.

Cynthia was very excited to see that.

After hemodialysis, Lynn was helped to rest in the ward by the nurse.

Dylan took off his mask, revealing his face, looked at the medical record in his hand, and told Cynthia, "The treatment is very successful. She should take more rest and can't eat anything high in protein and salt..." **Chapter 51 Slander**

Alston turned sideways and dodged it. The ornament hit the door and was smashed into pieces.

"Alston, how dare you come back!" Stella rushed out furiously and cursed at Alston, "Your Uncle Clare told me that you let Ivan slap himself for Cynthia. Are you still one of our family..."

"Ms. Smith!" Alston interrupted her indifferently. "I've said it countless times. Cynthia is my wife and my family. Ivan needed to be taught a lesson since he dared to mess with her. I only asked him to slap himself, and if he dares to do it again, I'll crash him!"

Stella was frightened by the fierceness in his eyes. She flinched for a long time, thinking about what Uncle

Clare had said. Then, she pretended to be worried and persuaded Alston.

"Then at least show some respect to Uncle Clare. There are only three men left in our family. You should help

each other instead of fighting, so our family can have a promising future. You're still young and need to rely

on Uncle Clare..."

Alston was not in a good mood when he heard Stella constantly talking about Uncle Clare. Then, he looked at her gloomily. "This is the Smith family's house, and I own it. If you don't want to stay, I will ask Greg to take you back to the Brooks family!"

Stella stopped talking and pointed at him tremblingly. "You devil! I'm your mother! How dare you want to drive

me out!"

Alston snorted coldly. "Oh? Then why do you bias toward Uncle Clare since you are my mother?"

Stella's face suddenly turned pale. Her expression was full of guilt, and she didn't dare to look at him. She felt

that Alston seemed to know everything.

She sat down on the ground like a shrew, pounding the ground, trying to squeeze out a few tears and howling

to distract him.

"Alston, how can you live up to your father by saying that? Bryan Smith, look at your son! Look what he did to me! You passed away and left me alone in this world, yet our son dares to slander me! I don't want to live anymore..."

The tranquil house was full of Stella's piercing cries. A few servants who hadn't left stood aside and looked at each other. They all looked down and dared not to step forward for fear that they might be taken out on.

Alston frowned, loosened his tie impatiently, and walked upstairs. "If you want to die, do it as soon as possible. The servant can clean up the blood before getting off work."

Stella paused and looked at Alston in disbelief. She didn't believe that this little b*stard actually didn't care

about her at all, and her threats didn't work on him.

"By the way..." Alston suddenly stopped walking upstairs and turned to look at Stella. "I'm the same as my dad, who hated betrayal the most. If he can actually hear us, he will definitely crush anyone who betrays him. What *do* you think?"

Stella looked at Alston's deep eyes and seemed to see another person through them. That man was mature

and stable but also vigorous and decisive.

Alston and his father's personalities had always been precisely the same!

She didn't dare to make a fuss anymore, fearing that Alston would actually find out her secrets. Then, she quickly got up and returned to her room in despair.

Greg watched the whole scene, sighed, and shook his head.

Stella had suffered so much while dealing with Alston and Cynthia, but she never learned a lesson, She

could've enjoyed a peaceful life, but she always messed with them repeatedly.

Just as he was thinking, Alston suddenly called out to him, "Greg!"

Greg shuddered and replied after suddenly coming back to his senses.

However, he didn't hear Alston's order for quite a while. He looked up and saw Alston grasping the railing

repeatedly.

Greg had taken care of Alston for years, and he could tell at a glance that Alston was feeling uneasy while

pretending to be indifferent with a tense face.

"Help me find a luthier. I want to order a special violin."

Alston said with hesitation. Then, he rushed to the second floor and slammed his door shut immediately.

Greg looked at Alston rushing away and smiled gratifiedly. It seemed like Alston finally understood how to

please a girl, and Greg wondered when he would make actual progress.

Greg hoped that day would come very soon!

In the following days, Cynthia continued to work and live normally. Her mother's situation had improved, and

everything was becoming better.

On this day, she had just given a pregnant woman a check-up and informed her of some precautions. Suddenly, there was chaos in the corridor, and a woman screamed in a piercing voice that could almost burst through the office door.

“Cynthia Miller! Where is that vixen? Cynthia, come out!”

Her voice was sharp, and she was getting closer to Cynthia’s office.

Cynthia’s patient looked at her and asked confusedly. “Doctor Miller, is that woman outside *looking* for you?”

Cynthia frowned and asked the patient to stay away from the door, fearing that people outside would bump into her. Then, she stood up and wanted to check it out.

As soon as she reached the door, it was suddenly knocked open. Helen rushed over and hurriedly pulled her out. “Cynthia, someone wants to mess with you. Come with me.”

Cynthia was confused but still followed Helen and ran. Several people suddenly blocked her way when she

was about to go out.

The woman shouted angrily, “Cynthia, where are you going? Do you feel guilty knowing that we’re looking for

you?”

Cynthia looked up at the woman with a pointed chin and huge eyes and found her face somewhat familiar.

She frowned and pondered for a while, then suddenly remembered that this woman was Ivan’s internet

celebrity girlfriend.

She had gone too far with Ivan and lost her child. As a result, she had a curettage, which made her unable to

conceive again.

More precisely, she was Ivan’s ex-girlfriend.

Ivan dumped her the day she had a curettage, and Cynthia never saw her again. She didn't expect this woman

to show up again and come to the hospital with others to mess with her.

"What are you doing here? Did Ivan ask you to trouble me?" Cynthia looked at her doubtfully and asked.

Pera suddenly stepped forward and pushed Cynthia as if Cynthia's question had suddenly made her out of

her mind.

Pera used a lot of strength, and Cynthia's back hit the wall heavily.

Heart-piercing pain rose directly from her spine, and Cynthia felt that her back was completely numb.

Helen pushed Pera away and helped Cynthia up from the ground. Then, she scolded angrily, "Don't you know

how to talk properly? Why did you push her?"

Pera crossed her arms and looked down at them. "Cynthia seduced my boyfriend, and there is nothing wrong

with me venting my anger."

Both Cynthia and Helen were stunned.

Cynthia pointed at herself, feeling ridiculous.

"I seduced your boyfriend? Are you serious?"

"I saw it with my own eyes!" Pera snorted coldly. Then, she turned around and shouted to the onlookers, "Everyone, come and have a look. Doctor Cynthia Miller of the obstetrics and gynecology department is a

shameless vixen!"

Although Pera was not well-

known, she was still a famous internet celebrity. Many people recognized her and

started to take photos of them.

Cynthia and Helen hated being exposed on public platforms, so they subconsciously covered their faces.

On the contrary, Pera and her friends had no scruples. They wanted to be famous and were not afraid of exposure, so they started posing and arranging their hairstyles.

“Some of you know I once posted my boyfriend’s photo online, and our relationship was quite good. I was pregnant by accident and came here for a prenatal checkup. Cynthia was my doctor, and I trusted her even though she was young!”

“But!” Pera’s tone became fierce. She often performed in front of the camera and was good at fake crying. “I

didn’t expect this quack doctor to say that I had signs of miscarriage. She tricked me into having a curettage,

which made me never able to conceive again.”

The surrounding patients all exclaimed and began to speak ill of Cynthia.

Most of the patients were pregnant women who hated this kind of behavior. Some were too impulsive; they picked up things and threw them at Cynthia.

Helen protected Cynthia and helped her to hide away.

Pera continued arrogantly, “I’m not done yet. She was hooking up with my boyfriend outside when I was still lying in the operating room. A few days later, she even invited my boyfriend to meet in private...”

Speaking

of this, Pera was emotional and kept wiping her tears. She looked pitiful and aroused the sympathy

of the onlookers.

“You are talking nonsense!” Cynthia couldn’t bear it anymore and stepped forward. Although she seemed weak, she would never let anyone bully her, and she walked toward Pera with a freezing aura:

Pera was startled. She stepped back and screamed at the crowd, “She’s angry because I told the truth. She

wants to hit me!”

Cynthia laughed angrily. “You intentionally slandered me and ruined my reputation. I wish I could slap you!”

Pera flinched for a moment but kept struggling. “I didn’t slander you. My boyfriend told me about this when

he broke up with me.”

“Your boyfriend? Ivan has always had a grudge against me. How could I seduce him!” Cynthia looked disgusted. “Did he ever tell you I am Alston Smith’s wife?”

Alston often showed up in various business magazines. He was young and rich and more handsome than many celebrities. He was well-known and had fans of almost all ages.

Cynthia sneered and asked, “Now you’ve known who I am. Do you still believe that I seduced that piece of

trash?”

Chapter 52 I Didn’t Protect Her Well

Pera didn’t know how to answer. Even though she took Ivan’s money, she still couldn’t lie that he was better

than Alston.

Alston’s appearance, character, and career were all perfect. Ivan had a good family background, but he was

notorious and couldn’t compare with Alston at all.

The onlookers froze in doubt, then began to whisper.

“That’s true. How could she seduce other men with a husband like Alston?”

“I know Ivan is just a rich kid who spends his days drinking and partying. As long as Cynthia is not stupid,

she can hardly abandon Alston and seduce Ivan.”

“Yeah. Did we wrong Doctor Miller?”

Pera saw that public opinion had changed and became worried. A trace of nervousness flashed in her eyes.

Ivan was a b*stard. When she lost her child, he broke up with her without even notifying her and threw her

away like trash. She had been with him for more than a year and was pregnant with his child. In the end, she

didn't even get the breakup fee.

Later, Ivan used her fame to bully Cynthia. However, Alston broke Ivan's hand and even made her blocked by

the platform. As a result, her reputation and popularity plummeted.

She lost all her incoming and lived a miserable life. She could hardly feed herself, let alone buy the luxury.

When Ivan found her again, she knew that her chance had come.

She rubbed her shirt nervously and touched the card in her pocket, and she became more determined.

As long as she completed Ivan's task, she would get enough money to leave Fort, and nobody would find her

by then.

"Who knows what you thought? Maybe you were tired of Alston and wanted to try my boyfriend." Pera stepped forward boldly with a fierce look. "You don't admit that you once met my boyfriend in a private box?"

"I..." Cynthia paused and frowned. "Your boyfriend used your name to trick me."

Seeing her admitting, Pera interrupted her on purpose, not letting her finish. She shouted and covered Cynthia's voice. "Look, everyone. She admitted! She's such a cheap woman who cheated while having a good

husband. How did she become a doctor in the obstetrics and gynecology department? Be careful! If you

come to her for a checkup, you might lose your husband before giving birth to your kid!"

Pera used to be an internet celebrity, so she was especially good at guiding public opinion.

Pregnant women were often very sensitive. They were very fond of their children and nervous about their husbands. They would look down upon themselves subconsciously, fearing that other women would seduce

their husbands.

The pregnant onlookers instantly became restless, and even Cynthia's patient began to look at her

suspiciously.

Helen trembled with anger. "What nonsense are you talking about? Cynthia was always the best student in her major, and she has been the youngest and best doctor in the department. She has never violated medical ethics or harmed her patients. Why are you lying?"

"I'm telling the truth! My boyfriend dumped me because I had become infertile after that operation!" Pera shouted as loud as she could, "She doesn't deserve to be a doctor. I can't give birth to my child, then at least

let me slap her!"

"Do it!" Someone was incited by her words and shouting while looking at Cynthia with hatred.

"I knew the young doctors are unreliable. And this one doesn't even know what medical ethics are!"

"That's right. This kind of person shouldn't come to work in the hospital. They would only harm patients!"

"Let's get her fired so no more people would suffer!"

The crowd was furious.

The pregnant woman who had just finished the prenatal examination was so angry that she threw the

medicine at Cynthia.

Cynthia was caught off guard and was hit in the forehead.

She gasped in pain, and a bruise appeared instantly.

Helen was taken aback and quickly stood before Cynthia. She used her body to block the furious crowd,

fearing Cynthia would be hurt again.

Pera was even more arrogant when seeing the crowd's reaction. She didn't dare to hate Ivan, so she could

only target Cynthia, and seeing Cynthia being bullied delighted her.

Cynthia's face was cold as ice. She was not afraid of being fired because she was slandered. This was an

indisputable fact. If it were in the past, maybe the hospital would ignore her explanations and fire her for the

sake of its reputation.

But now, the Smith family had become the shareholder of this hospital, and nobody dared to fire her.

However, she was not a coward and couldn't stand Pera slandering her deliberately. Cynthia came out from behind Helen and smiled to comfort her.

"Everyone, be quiet!" Cynthia's clear voice was like a spring, making the noisy crowd fall silent and look at her.

'She's lying. I can swear to all of you that I didn't seduce her boyfriend, and her infertility is none of my business. She knew she was pregnant, yet she still slept with her boyfriend, which caused massive bleeding and caused her placenta to fall off. I had no choice but to perform curettage on her.'

Cynthia told the truth calmly without the slightest guilt in her eyes.

"Before the operation, I asked her about her condition. She deliberately concealed her physical condition. When I operated on her, I found out that she had had multiple abortions before, and only a thin layer of the

uterine membrane was left. It would be difficult for her to conceive in the future."

After saying that, Cynthia looked at Pera oppressively. "This is the truth. I dare to be responsible for my every word. What about you?"

The corridor was quiet, and everyone was dumbfounded. They didn't expect this to happen. Could it be that they wronged Doctor Miller? She dared to swear in public, so it shouldn't be a lie!

Cynthia revealed the truth that Pera had concealed. Pera felt humiliated, and her face flushed with anger.

She gritted her teeth and used the most ruthless move. "Everyone, don't believe her words. This woman is too eloquent. You probably don't know that the Smith family controls this hospital. Whatever Cynthia has done, and no matter how many people she hurt, Alston will always support her. That's why she is so confident."

All ordinary people subconsciously hate the privileged class. After hearing Pera's words, the crowd's anger reached its peak. Knowing that it was useless to seek the head of this hospital, they all lost their minds and rushed toward Cynthia.

Helen wanted to drag Cynthia away but was dispersed by the crowd. Cynthia was pushed out of the office

and to the stairs.

She watched so many ferocious people approaching her while Pera and her friends stood behind the crowd and smiled triumphantly.

She was at a loss for a while because she couldn't fight public opinion alone.

Suddenly, someone in the shoving crowd stretched out his hand in the chaos, pressed Cynthia's shoulder, and

pushed her hard.

Cynthia had already been pushed to the stairs by the crowd, and this push made her fall down.

When she was pushed, she was face up and full of panic. The back of her head hit the hard floor heavily, and

then her slender and fragile body rolled down the stairs.

The clean white floor was stained with blood.

Everyone upstairs was stunned, and none of them expected such an ending. They just wanted to take the

moral high ground to attack Cynthia, but they never considered harming her.

Seeing her fall downstairs, the crowd dispersed in a panic and fled as fast as possible.

Before Pera and her friends could react, they were dispersed by the crowd.

“Cynthia!”

Helen’s terrified cry made Pera come back to her senses. Just as she was about to escape, a group of bodyguards rushed up and seized her.

“Dylan, come quickly!” Helen rushed forward but stood aside helplessly, fearing that she would worsen her injury with some stupid moves.

She had always been calm. But whenever something happened to Cynthia, she would always get confused.

Dylan hurried forward and found that Cynthia had lost consciousness. He quickly did a checkup and sent

Cynthia to the operating room.

The hospital’s president knew Alston valued Cynthia greatly, so he immediately operated on her and stitched up the wound.

Outside the operating room, Helen leaned against the wall. Her face was pale and full of tears. She kept murmuring, “I didn’t protect her well. I was right beside her; how did I fail to protect her?”

Chapter 53 Alston’s Rage

Dylan helped Helen sit on the bench and comforted her when she almost collapsed. “No matter how powerful

you are, you can’t fight the whole crowd. You came to seek me instead of stand against them, which was a

wise move.”

“But Cynthia is still injured!” Helen covered her face and sobbed.

Dylan sat down beside her and leaned against the wall. “It was an accident that we hadn’t expected. Cynthia

is considerate, independent, and strong. You know her well, and you should know she won’t blame you!”

“I know. That’s why I feel guilty. If I was by her side...” Helen was emotional. She turned to look at Dylan in

tears but failed to finish her words.

Dylan somehow felt distressed. When he realized his feeling, he panicked, stood up quickly, and turned his

back to Helen.

Helen pursed her lips and lowered her head again. There was an awkward and slightly ambiguous

atmosphere between them for the first time. Nobody spoke again, and both of them remained silent.

A few minutes later, they heard someone rush over hurriedly.

It was Alston. He learned that Cynthia was injured during the meeting and rushed over immediately. He was

still wearing a suit, and his shirt was sweaty after running, which made him seem embarrassed and sexy.

“How... how is she!” Alston breathed heavily and grabbed Dylan’s collar.

Dylan felt the pressure on his neck and looked down. He frowned when he saw Alston clenching his collar as

hard as he could. “She’s still in the operating room. It’s been fifteen minutes, and she hasn’t come out yet.”

Alston frowned, and his eyes seemed to be covered with ice. “Aren’t you in the same hospital as her? Why

didn’t you protect her?”

“It’s my fault! I didn’t take good care of Cynthia!” Helen quickly stood up and looked at Alston with a pale face.

Alston ignored Helen and stared at Dylan. “I’ll settle the score with you later!”

Then, Alston let go of Dylan’s collar and guarded at the door of the operating room.

Thirty minutes later, the door finally opened, and the president came out wiping his sweat. As soon as he

came out, he saw Alston who was full of hostility. He was so frightened that he almost had a heart attack.

“Mr... Mr. Smith!”

“How’s Cynthia?” Alston glanced behind him.

The president replied immediately, “When Doctor Miller was pushed downstairs, she was hit on the back of her head. Fortunately, she knew how to reduce the damage, so she only has a slight concussion. But the wound on the back of her head is big and needs to be stitched. Be careful that she needs to eat simply and

rest well for a month.”

He explained the precautions, and Alston listened to him carefully. Then, Cynthia was sent out of the

operating room.

She was lying on the hospital bed, and her face was pale, without a trace of blood. Her eyes were tightly closed, and her head was wrapped in gauze. She was looking very fragile.

Alston felt very upset and even more distressed when he saw Cynthia defensively clenching her fists in a

coma.

He stepped forward, gently held her hand, and carefully wrapped it in his palm.

Helen burst into tears again when she saw Cynthia. She didn’t understand why an excellent girl like Cynthia

would always get hurt. It was so unfair!

Cynthia’s accident had a big impact, so the hospital concealed it.

Alston feared that Lynn’s condition would worsen if she found out, so he blocked the news and arranged

Cynthia’s ward far away from Lynn’s

Cynthia was under anesthetic and still in a coma.

Alston looked at her for a while, then asked someone to take care of her before leaving. Helen and Dylan were standing at the door. Seeing Alston coming out gloomily, they hurriedly followed.

“Where’s that woman?” Alston’s gloomy voice was full of rage.

Dylan’s gentle and handsome face also turned cold. “In the morgue!”

Alston paused, then turned around to look at Dylan and narrowed his eyes.

Dylan seemed quite gentle, so Alston didn't expect him to be merciless.

The two walked toward the morgue on the second floor underground, with Helen following closely behind. Her beautiful eyes were full of fierceness, and she would never spare that d*mn woman who dared to hurt

Cynthia.

The people in the hospital saw the furious trio rushing over and hurriedly avoided them.

Soon, they arrived at the morgue.

Even though the lights here were exactly the same as those upstairs in the wards, they still seemed very dim under the depressing aura of the morgue.

It was extremely quiet, and it seemed even scarier with a trace of wind coming from nowhere.

But among the three of them, two were doctors who were used to taking anatomy classes, and one was calm and tough as if he was wandering in his own garden.

The morgue was locked, and a woman was crying and screaming while pounding the door.

"Help! Somebody helps me out!" The woman was panicked.

"I warn you! This is against the law! I will call the police and arrest *you* after I go out!" Her voice was harsh.

"I'll give you money, a lot of them! Please let me out!" Eventually, she started to plead.

"I'm sorry... I'm very sorry. I won't do it again. Please let me out; there are so many bodies here. I'm so scared!"

The arrogance in Pera's voice vanished. She stayed in the morgue for an entire hour, surrounded by dead

bodies, and the door was locked.

She was confident at first, feeling they dared not keep her locked up for too long.

However, she was surrounded by bodies, and there was no sound outside the door for an hour. Peral

collapsed; she curled up at the door and leaned against it, not even daring to open her eyes. She knocked on

the door in a panic, and her voice was hoarse after screaming for help. Yet nobody came over.

She was devoured by despair bit by bit.

Pera truly regretted everything. She shouldn't have troubled Cynthia for money because the people around

her were all lunatics. She should never mess with Cynthia!

Just when she was desperate, she suddenly heard someone opening the door.

Pera became excited and staggered toward the door while staring eagerly at it.

The door finally opened, and the light came in. Pera thought she was saved until she looked up and met

Alston's gloomy eyes, which made her collapse instantly.

She thought she would see her savior, but she saw her worst nightmare instead.

Helen looked at the panicked and desperate woman lying on the ground with disgust.

Pera was wearing an expensive suit and delicate makeup. She stomped her high heels, and her voice was thunderous when she cursed. Helen wondered how she became like this after being locked in the morgue for

one hour.

Pera's hair was disheveled, her clothes were dirty and wrinkled, and her makeup was covered with tears and snot. She looked like a ghost, and even the corpses in the morgue looked much cuter than her.

"Mr. Smith, I'm so sorry! I shouldn't be greedy for Ivan's money, and I shouldn't trouble your wife. I'm so sorry!"

Pera knelt and begged for mercy. She took out the bank card and handed it to Alston nervously.

Alston kicked the card away without looking at it. "Ivan sent you?"

"Yes! It was Evan!" Pera nodded and flinched in fright when she saw his fierce eyes.

“Do you have any evidence?” Alston said coldly, “Only a fool would believe your words. After all, you have a

grudge against Cynthia!”

Pera was stunned for a moment, then quickly came back to her senses. She took out her mobile phone and promptly handed it to Alston. “I... I have a recording!”

After Alston took the phone, Pera breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, she had something prepared. She only kept the recording to prevent Ivan from breaking his promise, and she didn't expect it to save her life.

Thank goodness for that!

Alston clicked on the latest recording and heard Ivan's bitter voice.

“Go to Cynthia's office tomorrow morning to make trouble. Remember to spare no effort to slander her and

make everyone...”

Alston smiled, but his smile was so frightening that nobody dared to look at him.

Obviously, Ivan hadn't learned enough lessons. This time, there would be no excuse to spare this b*stard

again!

Chapter 54 Not an Accident

“Well... You have the recording now. Can I leave?”

After an hour of fright, Pera was on the verge of collapse. She looked at the three of them tremblingly, desperately wanting to escape.

Alston held the phone and took a step back without looking at her.

Pera

thought Alston agreed to let her go. She was ecstatic, and when she was about to say something, she saw a tall woman coming out from behind.

The woman looked heroic, and her long, narrow eyes were full of coldness and hatred.

Pera recognized this woman was the one who had been standing by Cynthia's side to protect her. She was Cynthia's friend!

“What... what do you want to do!” Pera took a few steps back in fright, looking at Helen warily.

After what happened in the morning, she knew how much Helen valued Cynthia. Pera caused Cynthia to be pushed downstairs, and she knew Helen wouldn't spare her.

“Don't come any closer! You can't hit me... I'm sorry! I already gave you the evidence! Why can't you let me go!”

Pera's eyes were red. There were four people here, three of whom were at odds with her. Nobody could help her, and with many cold bodies blocking her way, she had nowhere to escape.

“You caused everything, yet you think I can spare you after being locked in the morgue for only an hour?”

Helen gritted her teeth with hatred. “You incited so many people to besiege Cynthia. Have you ever thought about letting her go? Do you know you could ruin her life with a few words you made up? Were you satisfied when Cynthia was pushed downstairs?”

“No... I wasn't. I just wanted to ruin her reputation, but I never thought of hurting her; I didn't expect anyone to do it!” Pera looked at Helen pleadingly and begged for mercy. She was frightened to the extreme.

Cynthia's friends were all insane and dangerous; she shouldn't have messed with Cynthia from the beginning!

Helen didn't listen to her explanation. She stepped forward and grabbed Pera's collar, and slapped her hard twice.

Before Pera could react, she was slapped into a daze. Two handprints appeared on her messy face, which

made her face seem like a colorful palette. Under the dim light, she seemed even scarier than the bodies.

behind her.

“You... you actually hit me?” Pera screamed.

Helen threw her to the ground and sneered. “I wanted to slap you this morning and tear up your rumor-spreading mouth!”

Then, she turned around and left like a trace of wind.

Dylan stared at her from behind for a long time until she disappeared. Then turned around and looked down

at Pera

lying on the ground. "You should be thankful that the two of us don't hit women. Otherwise, you won't

be able to leave here."

The room suddenly quieted down.

Pera curled up in fear but didn't dare to leave without Alston's words.

After a long time, Alston held the phone and looked at her. "I don't want to see you in Fort again!"

His words were like

a pardon, and Pera immediately agreed. Fort had already become her nightmare, and she

couldn't wait to escape from this city as soon as possible. Alston's words were exactly what she had wished

for.

Then, Alston left the morgue with Dylan.

Pera was about to relax when a cold wind seeped in from nowhere. She shuddered and suddenly remembered

that she was in a morgue, so she screamed and rushed out as fast as possible.

Alston and Dylan came out from the morgue, and Dylan was just about to go to Cynthia's ward to check her

1. up. But when he turned around, he found that Alston was heading in the opposite direction.

Dylan froze for a moment and hurried to catch up. "Where are you going?"

"The control room!" Alston answered coldly.

Dylan frowned. "So you don't believe it was an accident."

Alston stopped suddenly with a stern look on his face. "The surrounding people were basically patients and their family members. They were not so-called victims and had no interests. So no matter how excited the crowd was, they wouldn't push her downstairs."

Dylan pondered after hearing Alston's words.

Alston continued, "I heard about what had happened. They forced Cynthia to the stairs and did nothing else, but somebody rushed out and pushed her. I know Ivan is a cruel man. He asked Pera to slander Cynthia and probably asked someone to take advantage of the chaos to hurt Cynthia as well."

They arrived at the control room, where Alston's men were already waiting.

There was a camera opposite Cynthia's office and another above the stairs. Every detail of the accident was

recorded clearly.

Alston watched the surveillance video and saw Cynthia was wrongly besieged repeatedly. His face darkened,

and he clenched his fists tightly.

He was already furious when he heard about it, and now he wished he could kill all of them after seeing it

himself.

Soon the video showed the scene when Cynthia was pushed downstairs. Alston paused the video, and everyone looked over.

The one who pushed Cynthia was a middle-aged man with big glasses. He was so ordinary that he couldn't be recognized in a crowd.

He was looking down, so Alston couldn't see his face clearly.

Alston frowned and rewound the video. The more he watched, the deeper he frowned.

Dylan's face also darkened. "The surveillance cameras didn't capture his face. Not even a single frame did. This man avoided the camera deliberately."

What Alston said was indeed correct. Cynthia's accident was not accidental!

After searching through all the surveillance videos, they finally found a few pictures of the man's face.

However, his face was white and blurred as if it was overexposed.

"How could this happen!" The people in the control room murmured in low voices.

Alston's voice was low and gloomy.

"This man came prepared. The glasses he wore had an

infrared-

photosensitive coating. They seemed like ordinary glasses, but the coating could interfere with the photosensitive elements of the cameras. That's why his face is blurred."

Everyone finally understood.

In that case, it would be much more difficult to find him. All the videos were useless. Alston asked someone to check thoroughly, yet none of the cameras captured this man's face. Then, the man walked to the

surveillance blind spot and disappeared.

There was no information about this person whatsoever. He seemed like a man who suddenly appeared and

suddenly vanished.

Alston slammed on the table hard and caused a dent in it.

Greg looked nervously at his bleeding fingers. "Mr. Smith, you are injured. I'll have someone prepare to

bandage you."

"No need!" Alston wiped his blood with a paper towel with a cold and scary smile.

"I can't believe Ivan actually thought of this method. It seems he has improved a lot since the last banquet, and he even invented some new tricks to mess with me."

Greg was nervous. Ivan had always been a wreck, but Greg felt that Ivan had changed a lot recently, and he also feared that Ivan would cause more trouble for Alston.

"Mr. Smith, what should we do next?" Greg asked, "We only have evidence that Ivan asked Pera to slander Cynthia, but we can't prove

that it was Ivan who sent that unknown man. If we go to Ivan, he would only apologize and make compensation for spreading rumors and nothing else.”

“Don’t worry!”

Alston’s voice was firm.

Greg looked up at Alston and didn’t see any worries on his face. He wondered whether Alston had already

come up with a plan.

Alston stood straight and sneered coldly. “Last time, he suffered greatly from the surveillance cameras, so he was prepared for this time. However, he forgot something. The high-tech is indeed powerful, but we still have

traditional methods!”

Greg and Dylan stared at him. “You mean...”

“Send someone to ask the doctors, nurses, and patients in the obstetrics and gynecology department today. Ask them if they saw this man!” Alston made an order, then turned around and left the control room.

Since there were many people to ask, Greg didn’t return until the next morning when Cynthia woke up. He rushed into the ward with a sketch and said excitedly, “Mr. Smith, there’s news.”

Chapter 55 Fermented

Because it was a day off yesterday, there were a lot of patients coming in, so it was more difficult to

investigate.

But at the same time, many people had seen that man, and one of them was an art teacher. That man was in

front of them when the art teacher accompanied his wife to a prenatal checkup.

At that time, the art teacher was still wondering, “Why didn’t he bring his wife over?” So he took a second look

at him.

That was when he remembered the appearance of that man.

"What's that?" Cynthia awoke, groggy and not quite conscious. The back of her head ached very much.

Alston explained, took the sketch, and sat with her in her hospital bed.

That man looked so ordinary that if he had been in a crowd, he would have been inconspicuous.

Greg gave basic information about the man he had found.

That man was Caleb Hayes. He worked as a truck driver. He had a dull personality. People who knew him

said he was not articulate but honest and easy to be with.

No matter what they thought, they could not believe that he would push someone down the stairs.

Alston looked up. "Check that man's account to see if there has been any special amount of remittance."

Greg frowned, with a perplexed expression on his face. "I have already checked, and there is no special remittance in his account. I also checked the accounts of his wife and parents, and there is nothing unusual."

Cynthia looked at the portrait and frowned. "Ivan didn't promise him any benefits? Did he remit the money to him after he had done this? Or did he give him cash?"

Alston shook his head. "I let people spy on him since the last banquet. He has been staying at home and has never gone out. He didn't go in person this time. He should have sent someone else there."

"We need to check whether Caleb has contacted any suspicious persons during this period of time. Ivan will pay more attention after suffering from the loss at the last banquet. Perhaps all the information and evidence of their meeting and transaction between them had been destroyed. That's why he's so confident."

"So now there is *no* evidence?"

Cynthia thought and frowned, looking pitiful.

Alston smiled. "Who said that we must have some evidence to teach him a lesson!"

Cynthia looked at him. Her eyes lit up.

Seeing her expression, Alston touched the gauze on her head, and said in a hoarse voice, "Is your head still

hurt?"

Cynthia was a little taken aback. Alston had always stood up for her and helped her to teach those who

bullied her a lesson these days.

Cynthia thought, "If he's just acting now, there is no one else here, so there is no need for him to be

concerned about me."

"I'm sorry to trouble you!" Cynthia paused after saying that, then looked at him and said, "There are only three

of us here, so you don't have to be nice to me."

"What?" Alston was taken aback for a moment.

Cynthia looked down. "You saved my mother, and I was Hulda's shield. You have done what you could, and

you have helped me to teach those who hurt me a lesson. You don't have to force yourself to be gentle with me."

She liked him, but the person he liked was Hulda, so she tried hard to avoid him, but every time he was gentle

and protective, she could fall for him again.

Hearing what she said, Alston remembered that at that time Cynthia had been mentioning the divorce. He

was angry, so he lied to her that he wanted her to be Hulda's shield.

He was so angry that he said say those words, but Cynthia remembered it.

Alston was a little dumbfounded and didn't know how to explain it to Cynthia.

After going through those things, Alston realized that the so-called shield was useless. Although Hulda was

able to get others' attention, he underestimated Ivan, his cousin, who was always useless.

His cousin was very sensitive to the romance.

Alston did not love Hulda, in spite of his tenderness for her. Although he had deceived most people, he hadn't

deceived Ivan.

For several days Ivan had kept his eye on Cynthia, and, in addition to his jealousy of the last incident in the

box, he knew that she was Alston's favorite.

In that case, Hulda would be of no use. He had only to protect Cynthia well.

Alston made up his mind and was going to tell Cynthia everything, including the deal between him and

Hulda. Just as he was about to speak, Helen rushed into the ward in a hurry.

She was holding her cell phone and was anxious. "Sh*t, the video of that internet celebrity making trouble in

the hospital before was uploaded to the internet by some b*stard!"

Alston became nervous and picked up the phone.

The Central Hospital was a large hospital, and the person who caused the trouble was a well-

known celebrity. That video became popular all of a sudden, and it became a trending topic on social media.

The netizen was ignorant of the truth, Pera didn't have a single word of truth, and she was

ruining Cynthia's reputation everywhere. The video had been edited to portray Cynthia as a woman who was seducing a

patient's boyfriend, who had no medical ethics, and who was irresponsible.

Netizens were all talking about that!

The doctor–
patient relationship was tense, and after it was fueled by others, the video was retweeted more

than 10,000 times in an instant, with countless comments. Most of the comments were scolding Cynthia.

Alston browsed through, clenched his fingers, and there was a crack on the screen.

Seeing that, Cynthia reached out for the phone. “Let me see what’s going on.”

Alston stepped back and threw the phone at Helen. He didn’t want Cynthia to see those disgusting

Alston watched her as she lay back in her hospital bed. Her delicate, beautiful face was pale. Her forehead,

wrapped in a thick sheet of gauze, was still soaked in blood. She looked so pitiful.

The corners of his eyes were red, and his gaze was hostile. He thought, “If Ivan dared to touch my girl, I would

never let him go!”

“It’s nothing. You rest at ease. I will take care of these things.”

After Alston had finished speaking, he looked at Helen and signaled to her to come out. After he told Greg to

take care of Cynthia, he left the ward.

Helen was waiting at the door of the ward, and when she saw Alston coming out, she felt a little guilty. “I’m sorry. I thought Cynthia wasn’t awake yet!”

Alston ignored her, worried that Cynthia would hear it, so he walked away from the ward and went outside.

Helen followed. “What should we do next? Too many people have now reposted the video. Those people are tracking Cynthia down online. What if they find out that Cynthia is in the hospital and sneak into the hospital to make a fuss...”

She couldn’t imagine what would happen.

Not only was Cynthia in the hospital, but Cynthia's mother was there, too. If it got serious, her mother would be exasperated, and if anything happened, Cynthia would break down.

Alston's eyes were cold. "When I checked the surveillance before, the middle-aged man didn't take pictures with his mobile phone. Among those who besieged Cynthia, there may be other people hiding."

"Ivan is too vicious!" Helen said, eyes full of resentment, "Why does he hate Cynthia so much? He schemed the last time. Why could he not let her go this time!"

Alston sneered. "Him? He doesn't have so many sinister thoughts."

Alston thought, "Ivan was indeed unscrupulous, but arranging Pera to cause trouble and letting Caleb take advantage of the chaos to push Cynthia down the stairs was too much. He was not the one who exposed this

video on the internet."

"Why are you so sure?" Helen was a little puzzled.

Alston said, "He knows the truth about Pera's miscarriage and can no longer bear children. Taking this to

make a big fuss in the hospital will help him implement his next plan, but it will be fermented on the internet."

"The hospital had Pera's medical records at that time. So many nurses were involved in the operation at the time. Rumors are not self-defeating if they are clarified. If he is still involved, then things will not be good for him."

Helen suddenly realized. "Yes, indeed, he didn't need to do that! But if it wasn't him, who would it be?"

Alston's eyes were cold, and he pursed.

He knew who that person was. He underestimated the one before!

Chapter 56 Who Do You Like?

"Do you know who posted the video?"

Seeing his expression, Helen knew that he had an idea in his mind, so she asked.

Alston said, "This video has been edited. You can tell if you watch it. What is the focus of this video?"

Helen held the phone and watched the video again, only to find that there had less content about Pera making a fuss in the hospital, saying that Cynthia's lack of medical ethics. The more of the content was... that Cynthia seduced Ivan?!!!!

"This video is trying to say that Cynthia seduces Ivan, and Pera tells patients to seize their own husband?" Helen was a little puzzled. Compared with lifelong infertility, such a thing as a mistress was more obvious in

the video.

The video emphasized that Cynthia seduced Ivan, which was not reasonable.

Helen was still waiting for his answer when she heard the phone vibrate, and looked down to see another

news being topped in the trending search.

Seeing the content of the news, she became nervous and looked up at Alston with strange eyes.

Alston tilted his head, and Helen handed over the phone. He glanced at it. His dark eyes were gloomy, and his

breath became even colder.

According to that trending news, Cynthia and Alston's marriage was also the result of Cynthia's painstaking

efforts to interfere in others' love affairs.

A person who claimed to be Alston's high school classmate told about the relationship between Alston and

Hulda back then, saying that they were each other's first love, and they didn't separate until Hulda went

abroad.

In addition, that person posted photos of Hulda in high school.

At that time, Cynthia also appeared in the video of Pera rioting in the hospital. Everyone could see how much

she looked like Hulda.

After Hulda's photo was posted, some said she was a business partner of Smith Group and had seen Alston

treat Hulda tenderly and considerately.

Someone made up a complete story from that information.

After Hulda went abroad, Cynthia used her resemblance to Hulda to gain access to Alston, and thus

succeeded in becoming Mrs. Smith. Now that Hulda was back, Alston and Hulda would get back together.

However, Cynthia didn't leave Alston.

The comments under that trending search were almost scolding Cynthia.

"In that video, she acted like a whore, pretending to be pitiful. This kind of woman just likes to seduce others'

boyfriends."

"Hulda has come back, and she still insists on not leaving. How thick-skinned is she."

"Alston is so good to his first love, sooner or later he will divorce Cynthia."

"After seducing elder brother, then seducing younger brother, Cynthia is so good at seducing!"

"What nonsense!" Helen

flushed with indignation at the remarks. "Cynthia is not such a person, it was the

Miller family who planned for her to go there when you were in a coma. How did she seduce you? When did

she do that?"

Alston's voice was cold. "I was just guessing before, but now I see this trending search, so I'm more sure..."

"It was Hulda who asked someone to post the video!"

The previous video made netizens have a bad impression of Cynthia, and then Hulda took the opportunity to

bring out the so-called relationship between her and Alston, making netizens even more convinced that Cynthia intervened in the relationship between them.

Hulda was so vicious. She had done such a trick behind Ivan's back, Ivan didn't expect it either!

Hearing his words, Helen looked at him. "Alston, what do you mean? Do you like Cynthia or Hulda!"

Thinking of those netizens who scolded Cynthia, Helen couldn't help feeling a little angry at Alston.

"Alston, if you like Cynthia, clear up these rumors as soon as possible, and don't let Cynthia get hurt. If you

like Hulda, you should divorce Cynthia and let her go. There are so many people who like Cynthia, so don't

hinder her happiness."

As soon as she said that, Alston looked at her with dark and cold eyes. "I like Cynthia, so I will never divorce

her."

He then told Helen about his deal with Hulda.

Helen didn't know what to say, "Alston, why did you do that... I'm afraid Cynthia would rather get hurt than see

you being nice to Hulda!"

Alston was a little uncomfortable. He didn't know anything about feelings before, and he didn't care about

Cynthia's feelings at all.

Helen stared at him for a long time before confirming that he was not lying. His words gave her a shot in the

arm.

She thought, "Since he likes Cynthia, it's easy to solve the matter. As long as he doesn't defend Hulda, this

matter will be easy to handle."

Thinking about it, Helen picked up the phone. "I'll find my friends in the media industry and see if I can..."

Before she finished speaking, Alston interrupted, "You don't need to worry about this matter. I have already contacted the company's public relations department, and they have already taken action."

After Alston finished speaking, he glanced at her. "Your main task now is to hide Cynthia from it until I

resolve these matters. Before that, I don't want her to see these nasty comments on the internet."

Helen nodded, checked her phone and saw that the trending search was gone, as was the previous video.

"Smith Group... did it so fast!" Helen started a little. Things would become very simple after Smith Group intervened. It only took a few minutes.

But at the same time, she had some concerns. "If we remove these, will the netizens think it's a guilty conscience? What if it causes them to fight back?"

"What are we guilty of?" Alston sneered. "These are slander and nonsense. I will send a lawyer's letter to everyone who posts such news. They will never hurt her!"

After saying that, he *took* a deep look in the direction of Cynthia's ward, then turned and left.

Helen looked at his back and was somewhat touched by him. Helen thought, "Cynthia had suffered too much before, and I don't want Cynthia to have any troubles in the future. Maybe Alston can give Cynthia good protection now."

She breathed a sigh of relief, and turned to meet Dylan's eyes.

Helen felt a little guilty. She had sworn before that she was optimistic about Dylan....

With the medical records in his hand, Dylan stood behind her and watched her turn her head. His eyes were averted for a moment, and he did not know why he had made the move.

When Cynthia was injured yesterday, he saw Helen break down and cry. He had always seen Helen as a calm,

brave woman, ever since they had met. Her sudden fragility made him feel a little distressed... and attractive.

That feeling made him flustered. He always felt that he liked Cynthia, so how could he have feelings for

Helen?

"Are you holding her mother's medical records?" Helen asked, and she took a step forward, and was about to

approach him, when Dylan drew back as if startled.

Helen was a little confused and wondered, "Am I so scared?"

After Dylan realized what he had done, he panicked for a moment. "No... This is the operation record of the

internet celebrity, Péra, as well as the testimony and signature of the nurse who participated in the operation

at that time."

Helen showed a smile on her strained face. "So you were doing this instead of coming here just now. That's

great. Let me see!"

She was still worried about whether the video would provoke suspicion and malice would from netizens after

it was withdrawn, but now that the evidence had come to light, Dylan had helped her a lot.

The smile on Helen's face relaxed, for she was happy, not as mature and tough as usual. Dylan was a little

dazed, and when he realized it, he stuffed things into her hands.

"I still have to go to Lynn. Please say hello to Cynthia for me."

After speaking, he was ready to leave.

Helen, remembering what Alston had told her, caught him by the arm. "Dylan, when you go, you must hide it from Lynn, and tell the nurses who take care of Lynn not to say anything."

Lynn had been cut off from the world for a decade. She had no habit of using electronic devices. She had no idea how to surf the Internet.

Dylan felt his arm start to burn. His ears were red. He responded, and left without looking back.

Looking at his weird posture, Helen was a little puzzled.

She thought, "Why is Dylan acting weird today?"

With the evidence in her hand, she had no time to think much, so she took pictures of them all. Cynthia kept her wits about that matter as she performed the operation on Pera.

After Cynthia learned that Pera had suffered many miscarriages, she was afraid that the operation would be risky, or that Pera would regret and blame her afterward, so she asked her to sign a certificate.

At that time, Pera was in a hurry to have the operation, maybe she herself forgot that she had signed that certificate, and that was why she was so confident.

After taking the photos, Helen found an internet celebrity with a decent reputation and got him to release the

evidence.

After doing that last night, she turned off her phone.

Another round of storms on the internet had begun.

Chapter 57 Void Deal

As soon as Alston entered the office, he called the public relations department manager to come over. As soon as he hung up the phone, Hulda broke into the office.

Hulda, who had been aggressive before entering the door, saw Alston's cold eyes, and all her spirits were

drained.

She smiled, with a soft tone of dissatisfaction. "Those people in the public relations department are too

arrogant...”

Alston sneered, and sat back in his chair, pretending to listen.

Hulda seemed encouraged. “Smith Group’s relations department should solve Smith Group’s crisis, but they waste their time on such trivial matters. This is a waste of the company’s resources. I went to their manager

to argue, but was kicked out.”

“I’m your personal assistant. They kicked me out, which is dissatisfaction with you.” Hulda gave a look of

righteous indignation as if she were trying to stand up for Alston. “Is it possible that the person in the public

relations department is Ivan’s man? I suggest you act first and disband all the people in the public relations

department...”

As she spoke, the manager of the public relations department arrived at the door. Todd had just heard

Hulda’s last words, and his grave face wore an angry expression.

“Hulda, you are here!”

Hulda, startled by his sudden appearance, turned to meet Todd’s angry eyes, her face full of embarrassment.

Todd ignored her, took a step forward, and handed the information in his hand to Alston. “This is the next

countermeasure formulated by our department. Please check it.”

Alston took a closer look, his brows stretched, and he nodded to Todd. “That’s okay. You can follow your

plan.”

Todd responded, turned around, and was about to leave. Seeing Hulda standing aside, he sneered. “I didn’t

expect you are so arrogant!”

Hulda knew she was wrong and dared not say a word in the face of his cynicism.

After Todd left, she looked at Alston. "Did you order those people in the PR department to do those things?"

"Smith Group is all mine. Besides me, who else can order the people in the PR department!"

Alston smiled, but Hulda felt flustered when she saw it.

"Alston... Alston..." She was interrupted by Alston when she spoke. "You should call me Mr. Smith."

Hulda panicked even more and thought, "After we made a deal before, I kept calling Alston by his name. He

never asked me to change that. Why did he say that now?"

"Alston, didn't we agree before that you pretended to be nice to me, and I attracted the attention of those

people? Now we are more than halfway there. If you take such a lot of trouble removing those trending searches, those people will know about your feelings for Miss Miller, then haven't all our previous efforts been wasted?"

The more Hulda talked, the more excited she became. She was angry. After learning of Ivan's plans, she arranged for someone to follow up, take the videos and get her former friends to spread the rumors. Netizens were outraged, but with Alston's actions, all her efforts were in vain.

"Didn't you push Miss Miller into danger again by doing this?"

After she finished speaking, she looked at Alston with sincerity on her face.

Alston sneered. "Hulda, I underestimated you before!"

"What do you mean?" Hulda couldn't help but take a step back. Looking at his expression, she panicked even more and thought, "Wouldn't he know something?"

"I thought you made that deal with me because of the money." Alston stood up with oppression all over him. "But the things you did these days make me sick."

"Alston... Alston!" Hulda's lips trembled. She knew that Alston did not like her, but this was the first time she had ever heard him say it. All her expectations were shattered.

"The videos on the internet were posted by you!"

Alston's words made her break out in cold sweat, and Hulda's face turned pale. She tried to read something

in Alston's expression, but he kept his face straight, and she could read nothing.

Alston had just come out of the hospital, Hulda heard that Cynthia had just woken up, and she felt that Cynthia

must have said something, so that Alston would treat her like that!

She forced herself to calm down, looked into Alston's eyes, and said neither humble nor overbearing, "I don't

know if Miss Miller said something to you. I know you like her, but she has misunderstandings and prejudices

against me. It's not fair to me if you take her word so easily."

Seeing that she was still scolding Cynthia, Alston had a trace of hostility in his eyes. "Hulda, stop pretending. The video was only released for a short while before rumors spread that you were my first love. You think I'm

a fool?"

Hulda's heart skipped a beat, but she insisted. "All of this is your guess. I didn't do these things at all. You have no evidence to prove that. I will never take the blame for this."

"Oh!" Alston sneered. "You think I'm here to discuss with you that you haven't done these things?"

Hulda froze for a moment. Her expression changed.

Alston looked at her. "My deal with you is void. You can go to the personnel department to settle your salary

later."

"What!" Hulda exclaimed. "You can't do this. We had a deal before. I've been targeted by a lot of people in the company these days. Alston, you can't treat me like this."

"Hulda!" Alston's voice increased. He had a look of impatience. "I said before that the promise of our deal is that you can't have other thoughts. Are you not sure about the things you did?"

Hulda paused, and heard him continue to say, "Before Buck's 50th birthday, you were the only one who knew that I put Cynthia's dress in Kevin's studio! You were also responsible for the tires on my car."

"Hulda, you are scheming. In making a deal with me, you are also working with Ivan. Have you pictured your bad ending before?"

His eyes were piercing, and Hulda felt as if she had dropped into a sea of ice. Her hands and feet were cold.

Alston knew everything she did. She thought that Alston had not noticed, and she was glad of it. She did not expect that all her movements would be under Alston's control.

In his eyes, she might be like a clown.

"Get out now, or I'll let the security drag you out, and then you'll be even more ashamed!"

Hulda stood, watching Alston's fists tightening. "Okay, I will take the initiative to resign, but before that, Alston, let me ask you one more question..."

Alston looked up, and his eyes were full of cold disgust.

Hulda felt sad. "You never liked me?"

"Not for a second!" Alston didn't hesitate.

Hulda was frustrated. She took a deep look at him, with hatred in her eyes, and rushed out of the office.

Employees, who had never seen her like that, stepped aside one by one. Hulda dashed to the company gate

before stopping. She supported herself on her knees and turned to look at the building behind her with ambition in her eyes.

She had liked Alston since high school. He was handsome and had a superior family background. He was an

existence that she couldn't reach in her whole life. She wanted to have him and tried getting close to him.

But there was a woman named Cynthia stealing him.

She thought, "It would be great if there was no Cynthia in the world. As long as she is gone, with my appearance and talent, it will be a matter of time before Alston likes me."

The more Hulda thought about it, the more she believed it. She straightened up and took a last look at Smith Group's building.

She thought, "Alston, Mrs. Smith can only be me!"

Chapter 58 Kicked out

Cynthia had just awakened and was still so weak that she could only stay in the ward to recover.

She looked at Helen who had been sitting next to her hospital bed, and asked, "Aren't you going to work?"

"I asked for leave from my director and came here to take care of you. I don't rest assured of letting other people take care of you." Helen smiled and helped her peel the apples. Her fingers were very flexible.

Cynthia looked down. Her mobile phone was confiscated. Helen said she was concerned about the radiation.

She and Helen had been friends for years. Cynthia knew her very well and thought, "She must have

something to hide from me."

Cynthia remembered that she had just woken up when Helen burst into the ward and said that videos of Pera

causing trouble in the hospital had been posted on the internet. Seeing Helen's angry expression at the time,

Cynthia did not need to think about it. She knew that she would be edited into a horrible image in the video.

"The video..."

As soon as Cynthia said that, Helen interrupted her, "It has been solved. This video is full of loopholes. We

have already posted the truth about Pera's surgery on the internet, so you don't have to worry."

Cynthia only knew about the video, not about Hulda's later planned first-love affair, and Helen did not want

her to think too much about it, so she did not tell her.

"Then why don't you let me look at my phone? I can bear it." Cynthia looked at her with a smile. "You are the

one who worried too much. I am not as fragile as you imagined."

Helen patted her on the shoulder. "Cynthia, those keyboard warriors on the internet have never had any

scruples in speaking. I don't want you to see those dirty remarks. Your main task now is to recover from your

illness. Don't let us worry."

Her eyes were full of sincerity and worry, Cynthia nodded, took the apple in her hand and gnawed it.

Seeing that she was in a stable mood, Helen checked her phone while she was in the bathroom, and all the trending searches had been removed.

Even searching for keywords like Cynthia and Pera, she could find nothing. Helen breathed a sigh of

relief. After a few days later the matter would be forgotten by all, but the men who had hurt Cynthia, neither Alston

nor she would let them go.

Not long after, the new

news was updated. Smith Group had already sent a lawyer's letter to those who fanned the flames, as well as netizens who spoke vicious words in the comments. They all came out to

apologize out of fear.

Helen sneered when she saw that and thought, "They should never talk bad words without knowing the whole

truth."

After Hulda left Smith Group, she returned to the villa of Maple Garden. As soon as she walked to the door,

Get Bogus

she found that all her luggage had been thrown out and scattered all over the floor.

She hurried forward and opened the door with her key, only to find that the lock of the door had also been changed, and that the previous key could not open it at all.

“Alston... How could you!”

Hulda’s face was full of astonishment. She had spent almost all her money abroad. She met Alston just after returning there. She had no place to live at all. Alston let her live in the villa of Maple Garden, and Smith Group covered all her expenses. After being back here so long, she had never been short of money.

She had always believed that she would become Mrs. Smith, and she had left no room for herself. The money she gave to the Taylor family before was all her savings.

She thought, “Now that I have been kicked out, how should I live?”

Hulda panicked, and called Alston, only to find that she had been blocked by him.

She grabbed the doorknob and tried to open the door. All the people living in the Maple Garden were either

rich or expensive, and there were people patrolling 24 hours a day.

Hulda made too much noise, which attracted the security guards.

Seeing the daily necessities and sundries all over the floor, the security guard froze for a moment and hurried

forward to restrain Hulda.

“What are you doing? Let me go... Don’t touch me with your dirty hands!” Hulda struggled, furious as she

watched them twist her arms.

“We received a complaint from the owner next door, saying that you want to invade, which has threatened the

safety of the owner’s property. Please go out now.”

The security guards knew all the owners. Ever since she moved in, she had looked superior and look

ed down on the security guards. Now she was being kicked out, and all those who came to drag her away were men

whom she had despised before.

“Are *you* blind? I’ve lived here so many days. I don’t believe you don’t know me. This villa is my home. I can go

in whenever I want. Why do you drive me away?”

Hulda was so angry that she cursed. All the grace she had been pretending to was gone, and her face was

full of mischief and rascality.

The security captain sneered. “This villa belongs to Alston. We received the news, so we are here to kick you

out.”

“Impossible! You lied to me! He won’t drive me away.” Hulda shook her head, not believing his words. “You low and dirty people can only tell lies.”

She had been so pitiful, and yet dared to despise them. The security captain’s eyes showed anger. He could

bear it no longer, and winked sideways at his men. They nodded and dragged her out.

Hulda wanted to stay there, but her strength couldn’t match theirs at all, and she was dragged out of the gate

howling.

As soon as she went out, the security guard threw her on the ground as if they had touched something dirty.

Her luggage was also taken out and dropped beside her, with bits and pieces scattered all over the floor.

“I’ll complain!” Hulda got up and glared at them.

They sneered. “Only the owners here can sue us. You are not!”

Hulda was so angry that she jumped up and down and cursed.

The captain of the guard grew a little impatient. "You have nothing now. If you cannot find a place to stay tonight, you may have to sleep on the street. You are poorer and more miserable than us. What right do you

have to look down on us!"

Hulda was stunned for a moment and then came to her senses. Her eyes were still gloomy. She gave them a

hard look, turned around, put away her things, and left with her heavy suitcase.

She thought, "Although those security guards are hateful, they are right. I need to find a place to stay,

otherwise I will sleep on the street tonight."

After thinking for a long time, she called Ivan, feeling uneasy.

No one answered the phone for a long time, and when she was impatient, Ivan answered the phone.

The unpleasantness in his voice had frightened her.

"I was kicked out of Smith Group by Alston, and now I can't go back to Maple Garden. I had no money with

1. me. Can you... Can you find me a place to stay?"

Hulda held the phone, said those words with difficulty, and waited for Ivan's answer.

Heavy breathing came from the phone, and after a long time, Ivan's hoarse voice sounded, "Are you

homeless?"

"Right... right!" Hulda nodded as she held the phone.

It was already winter. It was cold outside, and the wind was strong. She was wearing a thin windbreaker because she wanted to look good, and now she was shivering from the cold, and even her fingers were

bruised.

After waiting for a long time, Ivan's hoarse voice sounded, "None of my business!"

“You...” Hulda was angry. “Aren’t we cooperating? Why do you say that? I have done so many things for you.”

Ivan sneered and said, “Alston has kicked you out. You are no longer of any use to me! Oh, by the way, from the moment you betrayed me and posted the video on the internet, you should have thought about your ending.”

Hulda was almost going crazy and thought, “I just posted a video and spread some rumors. Why did it end like this?”

“I didn’t expect you to be so thick-skinned and dare to come to me!” Ivan snorted.

Hulda’s eyes were stern, but her tone softened, and she begged. “Just for one night. I beg you to help me, and when I have money I will give it back to you... This night, you can do whatever you want to me.”

When she said the last words, she was filled with disgust. Her goal was always Alston. She despised Ivan, and the thought of making love to him made her sick.

But she could not care about those things now. She wanted money, wanted a place to live, and she did not want to lie on a park bench like a homeless person.

She thought she had sacrificed much, but Ivan dismissed it. “If Alston slept with you, I’d be interested, but it’s a pity... I don’t like you.”

After speaking, he hung up the phone.

Hulda heard the beep of the phone and became so angry that she threw the suitcase on the floor.

After a long time, she picked up her suitcase again.

There was only one place for her to go now, and that was the place she hated most after all these years.

As the sky darkened, Hulda dragged her suitcase toward the poorest and dirtiest street in Fort...

Chapter 59 I’ll Tell You Everything

After Alston took care of the online rumors, he planned to focus on dealing with Ivan.

Ivan was in a good mood these days. As long as Alston was troubled, he would be very happy. Alston knew that he did all of this, but he had no evidence. So the more madder Alston was, the happier Ivan was.

Usually, Ivan wouldn't be there for the meeting, but this time he unexpectedly came early. He sat down and looked at Alston, smiling wildly.

Alston gave a glance at him and looked away again.

After the crowd dispersed, Alston was about to leave when Ivan suddenly came up to him. Ivan said in an annoying tone, "Alston, why are you not with your assistant?"

Alston stood up, who was half a head taller than Ivan. He gazed down at Ivan with his eyes full of arrogance

and contempt.

That was what Ivan hated most about Alston.

Seeing Alston turn around to leave, Ivan said, "By the way, how's Cynthia? I heard that she was pushed down from upstairs. That sounds awful."

Alston paused. His tall figure stood upright.

Ivan's eyes were full of excitement. He knew this would drive Alston mad and he knew Cynthia was always a

trusted bait to provoke him.

"What's your problem?" Alston turned his head, with a hint of sternness in his cold eyes.

Ivan pretended to be innocent and said, "Alston, I just want to care about Cynthia. Why are you angry?"

Alston said with a sneer, "Watch yourself. I guess you haven't learned your lesson from the last time you

slapped yourself?"

Hearing what he mentioned, Ivan's eyes changed.

That was the deepest disgrace in his life. Thinking of being forced to slap himself in front of everyone, he

wished he could kill them all.

After that banquet, he didn't go out for a whole month. He didn't dare to come out until everyone had almost forgotten about it. But Alston mentioned it again.

When he was angry, Alston had already walked away. Looking at his leisurely pace, Ivan was furious. He threatened, "You'd better take good care of her. Don't let her get hurt again."

The malice in his words was obvious.

Alston's eyes darkened in an instant. When returning to the office, he threw his fist on the desk.

Greg happened to come in. Seeing this scene, he tensed up. "Mr. Smith, we have found Caleb Hayes."

"Take me there!" Upon hearing this, Alston walked past him towards the door.

Greg gave a glance at the dented desk and calmly told the new assistant to replace it. Then he followed Alston away from the company.

In the suburbs, there was an empty warehouse.

Caleb was lying on the ground with his hands and feet bound. The cold ground made him wake up suddenly.

He was terrified and didn't know why he was here.

The surrounding area was empty. When the wind blew, it seeped in through the small gaps and made a whimpering sound as if a ghost was crying.

Caleb's face turned pale with fright.

A good conscience is a soft pillow. He pushed a woman down not long ago and was still panicking. How could he not be afraid?

When he was in extreme fear, the door was opened. The strong wind blew in and the clothing of the man standing at the door made a rustling sound.

Although Caleb was bound tightly, his mouth was not sealed. The surrounding was empty. No one could hear

him at all.

"Who... are you... Why... you kidnapped me? It's... against the law!"

The outskirts were much colder than the city. Caleb's lips were blue and he spoke intermittently.

After hearing this, Alston smiled sarcastically. "This is not kidnapping. I just want to ask you something."

His tone was cold and his eyes looked dark. Caleb felt even colder after being glanced at.

"What do you want? What do you want to know?"

Alston approached him, with the clatter of his shoes when stepping on the ground.

The person behind brought a chair in time. Alston sat down leisurely and stared at Caleb. "A few days ago, you pushed Doctor Miller downstairs in the hospital, didn't you?"

Caleb's heart skipped a beat. He knew that was why he was caught.

He shook his head quickly and said, "No, it's not me. I didn't go to the hospital that day."

"Who can prove it!"

Caleb showed a bitter expression. "I'm at home alone. I divorced my wife a few days ago. I've been drinking at

home and never went out."

"Oh, I see."

Seeing that Alston didn't believe it, Caleb struggled to sit up. He said, "Believe me. I really didn't do it. I only heard the news from the Internet. I don't even know her. How could I do that?"

Alston was indifferent. "Caleb, I don't have enough patience. If you admit it and tell me about your deal with

Ivan, I can make you suffer less. Otherwise..."

Get Borus

Caleb frowned. The man in front of him had a pair of sharp eyes. Caleb didn't doubt what he said at all, but

he couldn't admit it.

Caleb gritted his teeth and looked at Alston. He said resolutely, "I didn't do this. I also don't know Ivan!"

Alston ran out of patience. He moved his fingers. Then a bodyguard stood up behind him, walking towards Caleb aggressively.

Looking at the bodyguard's strong muscles, Caleb subconsciously trembled. Before he reacted, he had already been punched in his waist, making him feel his ribs were about to be broken.

Alston looked coldly at him writhing in pain. He asked again, "Are you going to say it or not?"

Caleb's forehead was full of cold sweat. "I don't know. I didn't do it. You have no evidence. When I get out, I will definitely sue you!"

Alston stroked the delicate crystal cufflinks on his sleeve and said casually, "Do you think I'll let you out alive

if you don't tell me?"

His careless glance made Caleb feel chills in his spine. Thinking of what Ivan had promised him, Caleb

gritted his teeth and drooped his head without saying anything.

The bodyguard bashed him black and blue and he looked helpless and miserable.

Seeing that Caleb was out of breath, Alston gently raised his hand. Then the bodyguard stopped beating and

stepped aside.

Alston stood up and looked down at Caleb as if he was looking at a poor clown. He said in a hoarse and cold voice, "Caleb, you went to the hospital a month ago and you're in the later stage of lung cancer."

Caleb, who was not swayed at first, suddenly raised his head from the ground when hearing this.

Alston remained poker-faced. "Let me guess what Ivan promised you..."

Caleb looked hideous. The veins on his neck were bulging because of excitement.

“Ivan must promise to give you enough money. After you die, he will ask someone to take care of your wife and son. Find the best school for your son until your son grows up.”

Alston kept looking at Caleb as he said this. Seeing his pupils dilating, Alston smiled faintly.

“I said it right, didn’t I!”

Caleb struggled. He stared at Alston and wanted to punch him.

Alston squatted down and looked at him. “How can you trust a guy like Ivan? Smart people won’t make a deal with him. Believe it or *not*. He will not take care of your wife and children after you die. If they put his interests under threat, he will even kill them.”

“Impossible!” Caleb yelled, “Mr. Ivan gave me ten thousand. He said he would take care of my wife and children, and he won’t go back on his word.”

After saying this, Caleb was stunned when a smile showed on Alston’s face.

Alston tricked him so he blurted out the deal between him and Ivan.

Caleb was flustered. He quickly explained, “No, I don’t know Ivan. I’m talking nonsense! I lied!”

“It’s too late!” Alston clapped his hands. A few people with recording equipment came out beside him.

Caleb became more excited. He struggled fiercely and wanted to kill Alston. “Alston, you are despicable. You tricked me!”

Alston turned around and looked at him indifferently. “Yeah, it was a trap. But what I said is the truth... Besides, do you think I can’t do what Ivan can do?”

Caleb was puzzled. “What... what do you mean?”

Alston threw a few photos in front of him, all of which were of his wife and son.

Caleb’s face turned pale. He raised his head in panic and said, “How is it possible? I have already sent them abroad. No one can find them. How do you...”

Alston said with a sneer, "Your son is very cute. I thought that if you don't confess, I will bring them to catch

up with you."

"Don't touch my son." Caleb roared excitedly. When looking at Alston's cold eyes, he lowered his voice. "Mr. Smith, please, don't hurt my son. I will tell you everything!"

Alston stood upright and said unsympathetically, "Your son is the one you care about. You don't want others to hurt him. For me, Cynthia is also the one I care about the most. How could I allow others to hurt her?"

Chapter 60 Ivan Was Arrested

Ivan thought that what he did was foolproof and he was secretly in smug satisfaction right now.

After staying at home for so many days, he finally couldn't hold back and invited a group of people to go to

the club for entertainment at night.

In the past, he always went out with Dave. Since the last banquet, Dave had never been with him again. Dave

seemed like a different person since then and even started to work for his family's company.

Ivan was very disdainful of him. He thought Dave was doing a show and he didn't believe Dave could persist

for long.

After dressing up carefully, he took the car keys and walked out leisurely.

As he arrived at the garage, he heard footsteps coming from behind him. He immediately became alert. But

before he reacted, someone covered his head with a broken sack, and the sour smell made him sick.

"Who! Which b*stard!" He shouted angrily, but no one answered.

Then they threw their punches in his face. After a while, Ivan was hit hard with white spots booming in his

vision.

He gritted his teeth and shouted angrily, "Did Alston send you here? Once I find out who you are, I swear I will

kill you."

As soon as he finished speaking, someone stepped on his crotch. Feeling the pain down to the bone, he had

a blackout suddenly.

After a long time, Ivan opened his eyes slowly and met his father's concerned eyes.

"Ivan, you're awake!"

Ivan propped himself up painfully and called out, "Dad..."

When he spoke, he felt a burning pain at the corner of his mouth. But what hurt more was his crotch. The overwhelming pain made his whole face hideous.

"Dad, call the doctor. Call the doctor. It hurts!"

Ivan was Clare's only son. Seeing him in great pain, Clare felt distressed and resentful. He hurriedly comforted Ivan. "Ivan, calm down. The doctor had checked and put medicine on your face. You should feel

better later."

As Clare spoke, his anxious eyes were locked on Ivan's crotch, revealing a bit of regret and heartache.

Ivan noticed Clare's glance. His heart skipped a beat, and he grabbed Clare's arm tightly. "Dad, tell me. Am...

am I done?"

"No!" Clare said immediately, but he tried not to meet Ivan's eyes.

"Dad, don't hide it from me. I want to know what's wrong with me." Ivan grabbed the sheet and looked at Clare earnestly. He felt the pain down there getting more fierce and he had a premonition about it.

Clare frowned. He sighed after a long while, "You were trampled by those b*stards a few times. The doctor

said it still works. You can still have children in the future. But... it may not work as good as before.”

In other words, he might have... premature ejaculation!

Ivan was stunned and couldn't accept the truth. After a long time, his face became more ferocious. “Who the

hell did it? Who!”

His gloomy face became more fierce. He looked up at Clare and said, “I was attacked in the garage. Check

the surveillance!”

“I already checked it...” Clare also looked awful. He said, “The surveillance in the garage has been destroyed!”

Ivan was taken aback for a moment. This was his usual trick and now it came back to make him suffer.

“Dad, it must be Alston. I provoked him in the morning and was attacked in the evening. He must do it. Dad,

avenge me. I want to make his life a living hell!”

He looked crazy and roared angrily. Clare tried to appease him, but to no avail.

When the ward was in chaos, the door was pushed open. Several people in police uniforms walked in.

“Hello, is this Mr. Smith? You are involved in a crime of intentional injury. The evidence is solid. Now...”

Before they finished speaking, Clare hurriedly interrupted them. “Sir, what are you talking about? My son never hurt anyone. Instead, he was beaten today. He is the victim!”

The leading policeman frowned. “We don't know what happened today, but Ivan incited Caleb to hurt Cynthia. We have irrefutable evidence. Sorry, we may need to take him away.”

“My son is injured. He can't leave the hospital!” Clare yelled to stop him. The leading police beckoned his

companion to push the wheelchair over and wanted to take Ivan away forcefully.

Ivan looked at Clare in horror. He resisted desperately, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Dad, help me. I don't want to go to jail!"

But his resistance was useless. He was taken away neatly by those people.

Clare held the door of the ward. Watching his son being taken away, his eyes were full of anger.

When Ivan was taken away by the police, Cynthia was taken downstairs by Helen to the garden to bask in the

sun.

It was warm and sunny today. Cynthia and Helen were sitting side by side. They enjoyed the warm sunlight and felt very comfortable.

Looking at Cynthia leaning on the bench with her eyes closed serenely, Helen's hanging heart finally smoothed down.

They were chatting leisurely when suddenly there was a figure in front of them. Helen looked up and saw it

was Dylan.

They looked at each other but Dylan's expression looked a little weird.

In just a few days, he lost a lot of weight. On his fair face, two big dark circles were too obvious.

Helen looked at his dark circles in surprise and asked, "Dylan, you didn't sleep well recently?"

Hearing this, there was a slight blush on his face. Every day when he closed his eyes these few days, he would dream of her crying and couldn't sleep every night.

He liked Cynthia. But why he dreamed of Helen every night?!

This tortured him and made him a little panicked as if he betrayed Cynthia.

"Well. I want to talk to Cynthia. Could you..." He frowned and didn't continue.

Helen smiled knowingly. She raised her eyebrows and said with a teasing smile on her face, "Okay, call me

when you're done!"

After speaking, she got up and walked to the distance.

Seeing her walking away, Dylan pursed his lips and sat next to Cynthia.

Cynthia opened her eyes which were gleaming like a diamond. Her fresh and innocent eyes could always

attract him.

Dylan braced himself and turned to look at her. "Cynthia. Actually, since college, I've been having a crush on..."

Before he finished, he was interrupted by Cynthia, "Dylan!"

Cynthia looked at him. Her eyes looked serious and earnest. "I only regard you as my friend."

Dylan's eyes darkened when hearing her words.

Cynthia felt that it might be a bit cruel, but she had to make it clear. "And I have someone in my heart. I like Alston. Always. No matter how he hurts me or uses me, I still like him deeply. Do... do you understand?"

Her voice lowered on the last word, with a hint of nervousness.

Dylan smiled and rubbed her head, "I got it."

He knew very well that this secret love was fruitless. But he wanted to speak out so he could give a complete

ending to this love.

Cynthia's words made him disappointed but also relieved somehow.

He turned his head subconsciously and gave a glance at Helen's tall figure in a white coat. When she looked

over, his eyes quickly moved away.

Seeing Dylan's response, Cynthia knew that he was relieved. She also showed a relaxed and sweet smile.

"You're an excellent man. I believe you will find a perfect girlfriend!"

Looking at her petite and delicate smile, Dylan's heart softened. It wasn't bad to be her friend although not

her boyfriend.

Just as he was about to pat her head, his wrist was suddenly clamped by a big hand.

Dylan turned his head and met Alston's deep eyes. He was stunned for a moment.

Alston said in a magnetic voice with a hint of threat, "You can't touch a girl's head like that!"

Dylan smiled coolly. He pulled out his wrist and said, "Alston, come on. Don't be jealous!"

Alston looked at him coldly. They looked at each other as if their eyes would collide with countless sparks.

"Why are you here?" Cynthia asked with confusion.

Looking at her frowning brows, Alston felt a little upset.

"She didn't want me to come? She just smiled sweetly at Dylan."

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. His coolness seemed to be overflowing, which made Cynthia feel cold even though she was sitting under the sun.

Dylan didn't stay for long. After saying goodbye to Cynthia, he walked towards Helen.

Alston seized the chance and sat next to Cynthia.

Seeing Dylan's expression, Helen thought of something. She asked cautiously, "You... told her?"

Dylan nodded. "She rejected me!"

Helen was not surprised. She sighed and patted him on the shoulder. "Don't be sad. Let's go to the bar later. Alcohol is a good thing to drown your sorrows."

Dylan glanced sideways at hand on his shoulder and said, "Alright!"