

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 61-64

Chapter 61 Confess Everything

When sitting by Alston, Cynthia noticed that he was carrying a big bag. She asked curiously, "What's in the bag?"

Alston drew his hands back nervously and his ears were slightly red. He stuffed the big bag directly into her

arms.

Cynthia was confused. The bag was hand-painted in cartoon and it looked a little strange when it was carried by an indifferent and handsome guy like Alston.

When she opened the bag, she saw all kinds of snacks inside, including chips, various candies, dried fruit,

and so on.

Cynthia froze for a moment. She suddenly remembered that she told Helen this morning that she didn't like the hospital's cooking and wanted to have some snacks.

Then Alston brought them to her in the afternoon!

"You... you bought it for me?"

Alston's ears turned even redder as if they were going to bleed. "I... I bought them on the way here."

Cynthia felt warm in her heart. Then she suddenly thought of something. She grabbed the bag tightly and asked, "You... also often buy for Hulda?"

"How could it be!" Alston's eyes were full of disgust.

Cynthia realized something was wrong. She said, "Don't you like her?"

Alston pursed his lips and told her every detail about his previous thoughts and plans.

Cynthia was dumbfounded. Her mouth was half open and her face was full of surprise. After hearing everything, her eyes looked a little strange. Then she subconsciously said, "Alston, you are a genius!"

She had been sad for so many days and her heart had been broken again and again. In the end, everything

was fake. Alston acted purposely for others.

"Did you learn it from the novel? How did you ever think of that?"

Alston was ashamed and annoyed. Seeing she was about to say something again, he pulled her into his

arms and kissed her. After so many days of longing, he gave her a kiss. After the first kiss, it seemed not

enough for him. Then he kissed her deeply and couldn't stop.

A kid who was squatting on the lawn and playing at the side stared blankly at the two of them. He pulled the hem of his mother's clothes and shouted tenderly, "Mommy, they are kissing. Kissing!"

When his mother turned her head to see this scene, she blushed and hurriedly left with holding her child.

Cynthia was so ashamed to be kissed by him in public. Her face was flushed, and even her neck was pink, which looked very alluring.

Alston's eyes were gleaming. He asked, "You will be discharged from the hospital tomorrow?"

Cynthia nodded slightly.

Alston's eyes became more earnest. "Then go home! Is that okay?"

He hadn't hugged her to sleep for a long time. He missed her so much.

Cynthia understood the hint in his words and nodded gently again. Her face became redder.

"Sorry for making you so sad these days. I've already handled Ivan. He and his father won't make trouble in

the next few years. You don't have to be afraid. To make up for you, I'll do whatever you want me to do in the

future.”

With Alston’s confession and apology, her suspicion and pain for many days disappeared instantly.

Cynthia felt relieved. She pointed to the bag of chips and said softly, “I want to eat this. Open it for me.”

Alston smiled fondly and opened the bag for her. Cynthia leaned in his arms and ate the chips.

They talked sweetly in low voices and didn’t notice a pair of vicious eyes not far behind them.

Hulda was wearing a trench coat. Her hat and mask completely covered her face, leaving only a pair of eyes,

which were full of viciousness.

She had no choice but to go back to her family. When she had some money, her parents and her brother ingratiated themselves with her and said they were a family. But when they saw that she was kicked out and

penniless, their despicable attitude came back again.

Her dad scolded her for being useless for she couldn’t even handle a man. Although her mother didn’t behave obviously, she was indifferent to Hulda. As for Burnell, he took every chance to laugh at her and even hit her.

She could see the disgust in their eyes. But she had nowhere to go and could only endure it.

She told herself that as long as she found a job, she would live out and leave the Taylor family. But when she went for interviews with her resume, no company was willing to take her.

Hulda didn’t give in. She came back from abroad and worked in the Smith Group. It should be easy to find a

job.

Later, a person in charge of a company sympathized with her and told her some information.

It turned out that Alston had already warned all the companies in Fort that they couldn't hire her. He was

forcing her to leave the city.

Hulda knew that Alston was ruthless, but she didn't know that he was so heartless that he left no room for

her at all.

She watched Cynthia leaning sweetly in Alston's arms. The tall and indifferent man had a smile on his face and fed her chips dotingly.

Hulda's eyes were full of jealousy.

"Why is she!" Hulda complained in her mind.

She and Cynthia both came from poor families. Why did Cynthia have so many people to help her every time she was in trouble? Cynthia didn't even need to ask and someone would help her clear all obstacles.

She was better than Cynthia. Why couldn't she win Alston's heart? She could only be leached by the Taylor family and sank into hell every day.

She refused to bend!

Hulda stared at Cynthia madly, as if the hatred in her eyes was about to drip out.

Alston seemed to feel something. He looked over sharply and Hulda quickly turned her back.

"What's wrong?" Cynthia lay on his arm, turning her head in doubt.

Alston frowned. "I feel someone is watching us!"

Cynthia looked in the direction of his eyes. There were many people on the lawn. It was a good day so many patients were pushed out to enjoy the fresh air.

"You might be wrong!" Cynthia blinked her eyes. Looking at his serious face, she quietly reached out and pulled his cheek gently..

Alston turned his head and looked at her helplessly.

With his cheek being pinched, he looked not serious but a little cute. Cynthia was tempted. She leaned over and kissed his thin lips lightly.

"This is no surprising. You are so handsome. There must be many girls looking at you!"

Alston's eyes became darker. He leaned over to kiss her for a long while. He said in a hoarse voice, "You're

also gorgeous."

Hulda hid behind the bushes. Watching the intimate interaction between the two, she scratched the bark

hard.

Her wish grew increasingly that Cynthia could disappear from Alston. In that case, Alston could only be hers.

Even if Alston had Cynthia in his heart, she would have an advantage over others when Cynthia was dead.

Because she had a face that resembled Cynthia's.

Hulda pondered with a frown and walked towards the hospital. When she reached the gate, her eyes rolled and she quickly thought of a venomous scheme.

Before she smiled, someone slapped her head hard.

"B*tch, what are you laughing at? You're sick!" Burnell exerted little strength while his slap made her dizzy.

After a while, she came back to her senses and handed the money to him from her pocket.

Burnell counted and pouted his lips in disgust. "That's all? Your blood is worthless. Well. This is the rent for

three months. I'll ask for it after three months."

After speaking, he left.

Watching his figure going away, Hulda lowered her head with gloomy eyes.

The three of the Taylor family were also on her list. Since they didn't show any mercy, she would take revenge.

once the time was right.

After Alston left, the doctor checked the wound on Cynthia's head and said, "It's healed. The stitches can be removed."

After the gauze was removed, Helen looked at it and nodded. Fortunately, the wound recovered well under her care.

Cynthia looked at her relaxed expression and smiled happily. "Now you can rest assured. You don't need to follow me anywhere. Do what you want to do."

"Be grateful. I have taken care of you for so long. Don't rush to drive me away!" Helen poked her nose gently and said, "Well. I have an appointment with Dylan tonight. I may leave you alone."

Cynthia felt a little guilty when she heard Dylan's name.

After Helen left, Cynthia looked in the mirror for a long time until she felt nothing unusual on her head. Then she got up to go to her mother's ward.

She was afraid that her mother would be worried when she saw the gauze on her head, so she asked Helen to lie to her mother that she was working overtime. She hadn't seen her mother for several days. As her wound had healed, she wanted to take a look at her mother.

As she walked to the floor of her mother's ward, she heard a loud noise coming from the front.

The nurse shouted, "Who let you in? This is a private ward. Turn off your camera!"

Cynthia tensed up. She had a premonition about it and hurried over.

Chapter 62 Unscrupulous Reporters

Cynthia quickly ran to her mother's ward. There were many people around the door. They rushed into the ward with microphones and video equipment.

They kept shooting at Lynn with constant flashes. Lynn had never experienced such a scene before. Her eyes stung due to the flash, and she tried to cover them with her hands.

The ward door was broken open. Those reporters saw Lynn lying weakly on the bed as if they found the treasure. They all surrounded her and put the microphone close to her face.

Surrounded by so many people, Lynn felt chest tightness and shortness of breath and she kept breathing

hard.

She was pale and visibly weakened.

But those reporters didn't notice it at all. They looked excited and crazy, trying to dig out some big news from

her.

"Hello, there are rumors on the Internet that your daughter kept meddling in other people's relationships and using dirty tricks to become Mrs. Smith. Is it true?"

"The Internet celebrity Pera is your daughter's patient. She coveted Pera's boyfriend and intentionally caused Pera to have a miscarriage and infertility for the rest of her life. Do you know this?"

"We heard that you are also a mistress who cheated with the president of Miller Group. Did your daughter

learn it from you?"

"Aren't you ashamed to have such a daughter?"

Every question was filled with extreme malice. Lynn wanted to avoid those questions and didn't say anything. Hearing their dirty words and slandering her daughter, Lynn angrily pushed the reporters away.

As she pushed them hard, there was an abnormal blush on her pale and thin face, but her eyes were extremely determined.

"You... *you* are talking nonsense. Cynthia has been a good girl since she was a child. She has never done... the dirty things *you* said!"

She finished her words with great difficulty as she had to rest after every sentence. Her words were full of

protection for her daughter.

"My daughter is excellent in character and learning. As I am in poor health, she undertook housework early when she was a child... She is gentle and kind. Because of giving birth to her, I became weak. She gave up her favorite violin, went to medical school, and entered the obstetrics and gynecology department. She

wishes to make every mother give birth safely!"

"My daughter didn't do anything wrong. Why do you criticize her harshly?"

Lynn yelled at the group of reporters. Her eyes were flushed with excitement. She tried to open her eyes wide

and stared at those reporters in front of her, with her tears rolling down uncontrollably.

When they saw her tears, some felt a little sorry, but more people became frantic and kept shooting her.

"What Cynthia did was so disgusting. Her mother even cried with anger!"

Hearing their evil speaking, Lynn was outraged that her heart throbbed. She covered her chest and her face

was full of pain.

The reporters didn't notice her. They were full of greed and wanted to take a step closer. The nurse tried to

stop them and yelled, "The patient's condition is worsening. This is a private ward. You can't take pictures.

Please get out!"

But no matter how she shouted, those reporters kept pouring in.

"Get out!" A clear female voice suddenly came from the door, full of anger.

Those frantic reporters froze for a moment and became even crazier when seeing it was Cynthia.

"It's Cynthia!"

"It's her. Hurry up!"

Cynthia saw that her mother was pale and looked not well. She tensed up and wanted to rush over while the

reporters came forward and blocked her way.

The microphones and the cameras were put in front of her, with chattering voices surrounding her.

Cynthia was already very anxious. When she saw them blocking the way of nurses and doctors, she was

instantly out of rage.

She rushed forward, grabbed the camera of one of the reporters, and threw it on the ground hard. The lens

was smashed to pieces.

The videographer was stunned for a moment. Then his eyes were full of anger. "Why did you smash my camera?"

Cynthia looked over. Her watery eyes were no longer as gentle as before. They were full of sternness. "You

guys want to kill my mother!"

"When did we kill your mother? Isn't she alive?" The videographer felt a little guilty and didn't know what else

to say.

Cynthia's eyes became ferocious. She couldn't wait to cut these reporters into pieces.

"Get out of the way. If something happens to my mom today, everyone present will not be able to escape. I have shares in the Miller family and I'm the wife of Alston. I swear I'll let you pay for this at all costs!"

The reporters were frightened by her words. They subconsciously made way for the doctor to go in. Cynthia

also rushed over to Lynn's bed and shouted tremblingly.

"Mom, wake up. I'm here. Don't be afraid!"

Lynn opened her eyes hard and saw Cynthia's eyes filled with panic and worry. She was distressed and her tears kept flowing down. "My good girl. I'm useless. I didn't protect you well and put you in such a situation.

I'm so sorry."

"Mom, don't cry. It's not your fault. They are evil!" Cynthia felt sorry for her mother. She stretched out and wiped Lynn's tears.

The reporters behind looked at each other. After being threatened by Cynthia, they didn't dare to make any

sound.

The identity of the reporter was repressive for those powerless ordinary people while it meant nothing in front of power.

In Fort, no one dared to provoke Alston. As Cynthia was disgusted by Alston before, they were unscrupulous and had nothing to fear. But seeing her attitude now, they were a little flustered in an instant.

Lynn's condition aggravated. The doctors sent them all out and gathered around the bed to check on her. Looking at the reporters who were kicked out, Cynthia's eyes returned to coldness. She scanned the badges they wore one by one and kept the names of all the media present in her mind.

The reporters were flustered by her staring. Some couldn't stand it and retorted, "The rumor about you gone viral on the Internet. Our interview can also help you clarify it!"

"Clarify?" Cynthia sneered, "Whether you are clarifying or smearing, we all know it well."

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She glanced at the people present and said loudly, "I am not a public figure. Even if the rumor is true, you have no right to interfere with my life. If anything happens to my mother, all of you cannot get away with it."

After listening to her words, the people present were a little nervous. They were afraid they might get into big trouble for what happened today.

At this moment, Alston's men, who stayed to protect Lynn, hurried back. Seeing Cynthia's stern face, they had cold sweat on their foreheads.

They walked up to Cynthia and lowered their heads.

“Mrs. Smith!”

Cynthia frowned slightly. “Where did you go? Why didn’t you guard the door? Do you know the reporters broke in directly and grilled my mother? If I didn’t come in time, my mother might...”

She couldn’t finish her words when speaking of this.

Those bodyguards were even more terrified. They quickly apologized, “Mrs. Smith, we’re so sorry. We were tricked by someone and didn’t fulfill our responsibilities. Please forgive us.”

“What’s going on?” Cynthia hurriedly asked. She thought the reporters accidentally got the news that her mother was in this hospital. But hearing their words, she suddenly felt someone might scheme all of this.

“Just now, a woman wearing a nurse’s uniform and a mask came over and said Mr. Smith was in trouble downstairs. We trusted her and went down. When we got to the place, she said no one was there. We were

trapped there and just found our way out.”

As they explained, they felt more guilty. If they had been more careful or left two people behind, the reporters wouldn’t be able to break in.

Cynthia was furious. It seemed that someone deliberately distracted Alston’s men. But who called those

reporters?

Thinking of this, she turned her head and looked at the nervous reporters beside her.

When the reporters saw the Smith family’s badges on the bodyguards, they regretted coming here today. These men were obviously the bodyguards of the Smith family, who were specially sent by Alston to protect Cynthia’s mother.

Cynthia must be an important person for Alston!

They were blinded by the fake news spread on the Internet, and they were wrong this time!

Among them, a smart reporter quickly apologized, “Mrs. Smith, we entertained an angel unawares and disturbed you. We’re sorry.”

Cynthia’s eyes moved slightly. She looked at them with her arms crossed. “I may give you a chance as long as you tell me who told you to come here.”

Chapter 63 Lynn's Secret

Hearing this, the reporters at the scene quickly checked their mobile phones, and then their faces changed.

"Mrs. Smith, it's a public phone number. We don't know who it is."

"Yeah, so are mine."

"It's a woman. I just heard her hoarse voice. It sounds cold."

Cynthia frowned and thought. She has offended many women these days. It was hard to determine who

leaked the news.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. When no one stopped them, the reporters ran away.

Seeing them leave, Cynthia sneered and turned around to look anxiously at the ward.

A little later, the doctor came out. She rushed up to ask, "Doctor, how's my mother?"

"The patient is weak. She was severely stimulated just now, which led to palpitations. If not treated in time,

she may die suddenly."

Hearing this, the sudden weakness in her legs made Cynthia stumble. She fell backward. At that moment, a pair of strong hands put their arms around her waist and lifted her up.

She leaned against the man's hot chest. All of a sudden, she woke up and turned around.

It was Alston!

He hurried to Cynthia. As a result of strenuous exercise, his cheeks were red, his chest fluctuated and his

heart beat faster.

"Are you all right?"

Cynthia broke away from him and shook her head. She stood up straight and seemed to have found support.

Seeing that she was in a mood, the doctor comforted her, "Pay more attention to the patient, don't irritate her, there is no big problem, and after finding a kidney source, the patient will recover soon!"

Cynthia bit her lower lip and nodded.

Although her mother's condition has improved, she couldn't feel at ease even if she hadn't found a kidney source for a day.

Then the doctor left with a group of nurses.

Cynthia went into the ward. Lynn was leaning back on the bed. She looked very weary and pale. Her breathing

was weak, and she seemed lifeless.

Cynthia felt pain in depth with tears rolling in her eyes.

Cynthia had been separated from Lynn for ten years. It was a hard time for her to look out for her mother. She

didn't want to lose her again.

"Mom!" Cynthia asked softly. Lynn heard it, slowly opened her eyes, stretched out her pale arms, and

beckoned to her.

"Come here."

Cynthia jogged over to Lynn. She lay face down on her bed.

Lynn was about to talk to Cynthia when suddenly she noticed Alston. Her expression changed.

She thought that Alston was a good man who could take care of Cynthia for the rest of her life. But after

today's event, she realized that being with a too-excellent person was not a good thing.

Cynthia would be in pain in the future.

Lynn suddenly looked at Alston and said, "I want to have a talk with Cynthia alone."

Alston stunned, glanced at Cynthia and nodded. Then he went out and shut the door of the ward.

Then he leaned against the wall of the hallway. His eyes were dark, and nobody knew what he was thinking.

Lynn took out a small box from under her pillow, and handed it to Cynthia, "For you!"

Cynthia froze for a moment. Before she could react, Lynn had already stuffed the box into her arms.

It was a small, red velvet jewelry box, which was heavy to hold.

"Open it!" Lynn looked at her lovingly.

Cynthia opened the box. There was a necklace. The chain was simple and elegant, and the pendant was a drop-shaped ruby. The color and shape were perfect. It stunned Cynthia.

"Mom, this... where did you get it?"

Cynthia's hand trembled slightly. Such a top-notch gemstone was not ordinary at first glance.

Lynn had lived with her for years. Although their life was not poor, they were not able to get such perfect

gemstones.

Looking at the necklace, Lynn seemed to think something. She stroked the gem, and her eyes were filled with

tears and nostalgia.

"I didn't intend to tell you if it hadn't been for today's incident..." She looked a little hesitant when she said this. But when she met Cynthia's eyes, she made up her mind.

"Alston treats you very well now, but no one can guarantee what will happen in the future. If... if he changed one day, you can take this necklace to Coast City and find the Green family. There will be someone to help

you."

Lynn breathed a sigh of relief after she finished speaking.

Cynthia was a bit stunned. She didn't know anything about the Green family in Coast City. But the one that could be compared with the Smith family was not a small family.

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She looked at Lynn thoughtfully. It seemed that her mother's background was even more mysterious than she thought.

They talked for a while, and Lynn felt sleepy. Cynthia took care of her to sleep, then left the room.

Just after she closed the door, suddenly a man came from behind, hugging her..

Cynthia was startled at first, but when she smelled the familiar smell of that man, she relaxed and patted him lightly. "What are you doing? You scared me."

Alston didn't speak, but buried his head in her neck and rubbed. Cynthia trembled as the tip of his nose

touched her.

"You won't leave me alone, right?"

After a long time, she heard Alston's muffled voice.

She felt his deep anxiety soften at once.

"If you don't make me sad, I'll stay."

Alston turned around, bent down, and looked at her delicate face, and an intense love welled up from his

heart. He kissed her hard over and over.

This kiss lasted for several minutes.

The breathing of both of them was a little disordered. The bodyguard nearby coughed. Cynthia felt shy and

buried her face in his arms.

"I will never make you sad," Alston said in a low, hoarse voice.

Cynthia looked up and smiled at him. A dimple appeared on her cheeks. "I'll remember your promise. Don't let

me down. Otherwise, I'll leave you, serious."

After they hugged for a while, Cynthia started to deal with the affair.

She didn't know who the whistleblower was, so she just put it on hold for now and solve it later.

Now, she has to deal with those unscrupulous media!

Cynthia said coldly, "Those reporters violated their professional morality. They are not worthy of reporters."

Alston gently patted her head to comfort her, but his eyes were fierce. "Do you still remember these media?"

"Of course, I remember!" Cynthia sneered and said the names of those media one by one.

The bodyguards who heard it on the side trembled. Mrs. Smith looked weak and tender, but she held a grudge. They had to brace themselves and carefully guard the ward.

Alston nodded, thought for a while, and said, "Okay, leave this matter to me. Don't worry, I'll do it."

Cynthia was convinced of him. She didn't believe others, but Alston was fine. He was powerful in Fort. If he

couldn't handle it, then no one could.

At night, when everyone was sleeping, no one knew what would happen in the media field tomorrow.

The next day was the day when Cynthia was discharged from the hospital. The wound on her head had almost healed, and she didn't need to stay in the hospital.

Alston came here early in the morning to help her finish the discharge procedures.

Seeing the darkness under his eyes, Cynthia was filled with distress. She touched it gently. "You didn't sleep well last night. Why didn't you get more rest? I know the hospital so well that I can handle the discharge formalities myself."

Alston smiled with a coddling expression on his face. "I just want to see you."

He was usually cold. Cynthia was a little uncomfortable hearing his honeyed words.

Alston was also a little embarrassed. He changed the subject. "Yesterday, there were a lot of media, and some tabloids had closed down. Those big newspapers had great influence and were difficult to deal with. Only their manager and journalists involved were fired."

As soon as he finished speaking, he received Cynthia's adoring eyes, which eliminated his exhaustion.

When they finished the discharge procedures, Alston went to the ward to help her pack up. Then Helen came.

She looked in a hurry. Her hair was a little messy, as if she was running over. She was different from her usual image of calm.

Cynthia was a little strange. She walked over and patted Helen, "Why did you come late today?"

Helen had never been late. She was so weird today.

Cynthia just patted lightly, *but* Helen seemed to be frightened. Her face was full of panic.

"You..." Cynthia frowned and was about to speak when she saw the bruises on Helen's neck. She was stunned!

Chapter 64 Accident and Betrayal

Cynthia was not an ignorant girl as before. She has been with Alston for so long. She knew what it was.

"You..." As soon as she asked, Helen noticed her gaze, buttoned up her collar, and covered up the bruises on her neck.

Helen looked a little weird and avoided Cynthia's eyes.

She drank with Dylan last night. They got drunk and had sex.

After she woke up, she was totally confused. She dared not look at the familiar Dylan, took her clothes, and hurried away.

Helen felt ashamed when she looked into Cynthia's gentle eyes. Dylan confessed to Cynthia a few days ago,

but she had sex with Dylan.

She felt that she had betrayed Cynthia!

"I have something to do. I... I'll go!" Helen dared not face Cynthia and ran towards her office in a panic.

Cynthia sighed when she looked at her back. She could guess that Helen had a drink with Dylan last night, so

Dylan made those hickeys.

As soon as she turned around, she saw Dylan who was also in a hurry. Seeing him making the same

movements as Helen, she couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Cynthia... you... Stop laughing!" Hearing the laughter, Dylan awkwardly walked past. There was a blush on

his face.

"Well!" Cynthia stopped laughing and looked at him, "Helen was late just now!"

"Helen!" Dylan's expression froze. "Did she... well, did she have any special emotions?"

"Like what?" Cynthia asked.

Seeing her expression, Dylan knew that she had guessed something. He asked directly, "Did she cry?"

He didn't expect such a thing to happen. He had a strange feeling for Helen, and he couldn't help it because

of the alcohol anesthesia last night.

Well, anyways, the two had sex, and he was responsible.

Cynthia looked at him and got serious, "She didn't cry. She just looked guilty when she saw me."

Dylan was relieved. He was not very good at reassuring girls, especially a crying girl. If Helen was in a stable mood, he should consider how to explain it to her next.

Just as he felt relieved, Cynthia continued in a serious voice, "Helen has always been in dependent and strong in front of us, but she is a girl, and she is not as strong as we thought. I hope you can handle the relationship between you seriously. Don't let her hurt."

The scene of Helen crying flashed in his mind. Dylan suddenly felt his heart tighten, and his voice was low, "I

got it."

While they were talking, Alston went downstairs with Cynthia's luggage. His eyes narrowed slightly when he

saw this scene.

"Hey, what are you talking about?" He walked quickly and separated Dylan and Cynthia without any trace.

Seeing his guarded look, Dylan felt angry and funny. Alston was too jealous. He couldn't even talk to

Cynthia?!

Cynthia didn't want to tell Alston about this matter. It was a private matter between Helen and Dylan.

She chuckled and shook her head, "Nothing!"

When Alston saw the scratches on Dylan's neck, he felt relieved.

"I just heard that Lynn was not in good health last night. I'm sorry I wasn't here last night."

Dylan felt a little guilty when he said this.

Cynthia didn't blame him. He was only her mother's attending doctor, and he had no obligation to look after

her mother all the time.

"She's fine. It's not your fault. After all, it was a sudden. We didn't expect it."

Alston stood aside with his arm around Cynthia's waist. Hearing this, he glanced at Dylan, then looked down

at Cynthia fondly and said, "There are many people in the hospital, and we have offended too many people."

Lynn's condition has stabilized a lot. So it is no need to stay here. Let's bring her home."

Cynthia's face was full of anxiety. "Stella is in the Smith family, she will annoy my mom all day long. It's not

good for her to recuperate." Cynthia thought.

As if knowing what she was thinking, Alston smiled, "The villa where Hulda lived in Maple Garden before has

been taken back. I have prepared all the medical equipment needed for Lynn. She can live there."

Dylan wanted to object to him, but he didn't say a word when he heard this.

The medical equipment prepared by Alston was better than that of the hospital, and the Maple Garden was

peaceful, which was suitable for Lynn.

Cynthia's eyes lit up/She looked at Alston with attachment and filled with joy, "That's great. I'll go find my

mom!"

She ran fast and disappeared in a twinkling.

Dylan looked at Alston's cold eyes and shrugged, "You don't have to be so hostile to me. I indeed confessed to Cynthia, but she turned me down. Now, she is just my friend."

Alston sneered, "I know that. If she liked you, you'd been together since college. You've known each other for so many years. You're her friend, and that will never change."

With these words, Alston left.

Staring at him from behind, Dylan felt angry for a while. Although he couldn't refute what he said, it was

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really annoying.

Lynn was brought to Maple Garden. Alston specially arranged for some nurses to take care of her. The security of this community was good, except for the owners, no one else could come in.

Cynthia looked there for a long time and finally felt relieved. Then she followed Alston back to the Smith villa where she had been away for a long.

Just getting off the car, they saw Clare coming out of the villa. All of them were shocked.

It was no use denying the case for Ivan. Although Uncle Clare had tried every means, Ivan was still sentenced to one year in prison and was still in prison..

Since Ivan was imprisoned, his family stopped their little tricks. Clare even denied himself to visitors and

didn't come out for a long time.

"Uncle Clare, when did you come back?" Alston said coolly.

Clare was no more kind-hearted after Ivan had been imprisoned. He gave them a stern look and said, "This is my home. Even if I move out, I can come whenever I want, and you have no right to ask me."

Hearing this, Alston paused for a moment and felt a bit funny. His uncle Clare didn't even bother to hide it, so

he ripped his face open. He thought he would be in disguise for some time. Just let it go. There was no need

to see him again.

"After grandpa passed away, the Smith family already separated. I'm the right owner of this villa. It's my

property. I'll overlook your intrusion this time. If there is another time, I will call the police. Don't blame me for pushing your face."

"You!" Clare blushed, pointing angrily at Alston. Suddenly remembering something, he smiled strangely. "All

right. I am an elder, and I don't care about your rudeness. Come in, your mother is waiting for you!"

Hearing this, Alston tightened his grip on Cynthia.

Cynthia groaned in pain and looked at Alston with a frown. Although he was expressionless, she could see

that he was angry.

Clare hummed the tune and left, arrogant and proud.

Alston looked at the quiet villa, his face was taut with anger and his eyes were full of sternness and disgust.

Cynthia sighed in her mind. She pinched Alston's palm and patted it lightly. Her voice was as gentle as

coaxing a child.

"It's okay. Don't be angry with him..."

Alston felt her gentle hand and only then came back to his senses. The harshness of his face away. He held her hand, and then he pushed the door open.

As soon as they entered, they heard a female voice come from the sofa in the living room.

"Why are you back again? Did you forget..."

Stella's voice trembled when she saw the two people standing in the doorway. Her rosy face turned pale.

"Alston... Why did you come back?!"