

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 12 | Hate Betrayal

His voice was low and cold, with a feeling of disgust and anger.

She was at a loss. She frantically checked her fingers, which had just been carefully cleaned. They were fair and not dirty at all.

Looking at her ignorant eyes, Alston remembered the scene he had just seen at the window.

Why were they so close? When did they meet? Yesterday, she begged him to go to work. Was it that she just wanted to see Ivan?

The more Alston thought, the angrier he became.

When Cynthia came over, he grabbed her neck with one hand. His eyes were full of anger.

“I hate betrayal, Cynthia. If you dare to betray me, I will make you suffer.”

Cynthia was short of breath and looked at that demon-like man in horror. She grabbed his wrist with her slender fingers tightly.

She didn't know what she had done wrong. She loved him so much that she never thought of betraying him, and she just slapped Ivan for him.

Why would he doubt her? She took care of him for a whole month. Did he never trust her?

Her breathing became weaker and weaker, and she felt wronged. Her tears fell on Alston's hand.

Warm tears let him become sober again. His eyes slightly darkened, and he let go of his hand.

Cynthia was thrown on the ground. She coughed violently and her face flushed.

“What are you crying for?” Alston asked.

She was the one who was close to Ivan and betrayed him. He couldn't understand what she was

crying for.

He felt grumpy.

“I, I’m sorry!”

Cynthia thought he hated her crying, so she wiped away her tears and tried to squeeze out a smile, “I just came back from the hospital with the smell of disinfectant. Maybe you’re not used to it. I’ll take a shower first, and then I’ll massage your legs.’

She didn’t wait for Alston’s answer and rushed into the bathroom with clothes for her to change

into.

Hearing the noise in the bedroom, Greg came and saw Alston leaning on the bed. He had never seen such an expression on Alston’s face, and he was worried.

“Mr. Smith, what’s going on? Are your legs hurting again?” He asked.

Alston’s eyes were a little confused, “I feel like I’m sick!”

“What is ailing you? I’ll contact the family doctor right away.”

Greg was nervous, he took out his phone and was about to make a call. Alston continued,

“I think there may be something wrong with my heart. When I see her with someone else, my chest

will feel uncomfortable. Is it the sequela of the car accident?” He said.

Greg breathed a sigh of relief, put down the phone, and felt a little funny. He had been with Alston

for so many years. Except for that woman, he had never seen anyone make Alston be like that.

He wanted to tell Alston that he might be enthralled by Cynthia. Just as he was about to speak, he heard Alston say in a low voice,

“She cooked all my meals. Did she drug me with something that made my heart feel wrong?”

Greg was speechless. “Forget it, let him find out for himself.” He thought. It had been rare for Alston to be so funny since he grew up. Greg wanted to see more.

Cynthia rubbed her hands vigorously in the bathroom, and her fingers became red. After a while,

she laid her hands, and her tears fell.

After keeping her emotions, she went out of the bathroom. Alston didn't refuse her again.

They didn't say anything. After massaging his legs, Cynthia got into the bed on the ground. She felt

upset and didn't fall asleep after a long time.

Alston didn't hear her breathing and dared not get out of bed to pick her up as usual.

He quietly looked at her back, thinking.

For as long as he could remember, he had lived alone in the Smith family. No one cared about him except his father. Since his father's plane crash, he's been in charge of the Smith Group. Everyone close to him was trying to please him, even his mother Stella was the same.

But Cynthia wasn't!

For a whole month, she didn't ask him anything and took care of him wholeheartedly. Her emotions were always easy to be seen on her face.

He was a little impulsive, which might have hurt her.

He wanted to say sorry, but he didn't speak out in the end.

After a sleepless night, Cynthia was tired and depressed to go to work. As soon as she got to the

office, she suddenly saw the vice president of the hospital hurrying towards her.

He was serious, looked Cynthia up and down, and gave her a meaningful look.

"Did you operate on a pregnant woman yesterday? The online celebrity!" He asked.

"Yes!" Cynthia nodded, feeling confused. It was just a normal operation. Why did the vice president come and look for her?

After listening to that, he looked solemn, "Is there any accident during the operation?"

That was a strange question. Cynthia's heart did a flip and she hurriedly said, "I operated in strict accordance with the operating regulations. As usual, the operation was very successful without any accidents!"

The vice president sighed, "There's a problem. Now the patient insists that you did something wrong during the operation and caused her to be infertile for life. As you know, she is a celebrity. If this thing becomes messier, it will definitely affect the reputation of the hospital, and you won't work here any longer. You may not even be able to go into the operating room in the future."

"What?" Cynthia's face turned pale, "It's difficult for her to get pregnant because she has had many abortions before. It has nothing to do with my operation."

"Everyone knows this truth, but gossip is a fearful thing. If she says something maliciously, nobody

will believe what you say." He said.

Cynthia couldn't think of a way and looked a little flustered. Seeing her appearance, the vice

president said, "Don't worry, I'm here to help you. The patient said that you can handle it in private. I've booked a box for you at noon tomorrow. I hope you can persuade her and don't make a negative

impact on the hospital."

"Okay!" There was no better way, Cynthia could only agree.

At noon the next day, she came to the box, lingered at the door for a long time, took a deep breath,

and pushed the door.

The box was empty, and there was only one man sitting at the table. It was not the online celebrity. before, but Ivan!