

## **My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols**

### **Chapter 165-170**

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 165 You Missed It

Wendy knew that the girl opposite was Alice Gehry. Her mother was the boss of Gehry group, and she was Alston's cousin. She was born with a silver spoon.

She was very beautiful and bright. Her dress showed her hot figure well. Her facial features were delicate and charming. And her eyes were attractive enough to draw men's attention.

Lucien had looked at her intentionally or unintentionally since he entered the door. She had not spoken since Lucien

came and looked cold.

As Lucien's girlfriend, Wendy couldn't let her boyfriend pay attention to other women. She talked to Alice, "Hello, I'm Lucien's girlfriend. You can call me Wendy."

Alice looked up at her coldly and said directly, "Sorry, I don't like talking to strangers."

Wendy didn't expect that she should speak to her like this in front of Lucien. She was choked. "Miss Gehry doesn't seem to like me very much," she whispered in Lucien's ear.

Lucien knew that Alice loved him, and her attitude towards Wendy was in his expectation.

He looked at Alice with soft eyes and said, "Alice has always had such a temper. Alice, say hello to Wendy, for my

sake."

When Alice heard the words, she raised her head and said sarcastically, "Lucien Williams, do you think you know me well? I am capricious, arrogant and unreasonable in your eyes. It's true that I am this kind of person. I don't even listen to my cousin. Why do I have to listen to you?"

She knew she couldn't make noise at the banquet, so she said this in a low voice.

Alice was very uncomfortable and sad. She liked Lucien so much, changed for him, and paid a lot. But in the end, she

found that it was just one sided love. She had given up after she knew Lucien was with Wendy, but he even brought

Wendy here and asked her to say hello to Wendy.

What did Lucien think she was?

Alice suddenly felt that Lucien was not as good as she thought. She bowed her head, sad and angry.

Suddenly, a piece of cold orange touched her lips. She looked over in surprise and saw Lorenz's slender fingers and

handsome face.

"Taste the orange. It's not sour, but very sweet."

Alice subconsciously bit the orange and chewed it. The cold and sweet orange juice burst in her mouth. It was really

sweet, mixed with a little sour, and was very delicious.

She immediately relaxed.

Seeing that she was eating happily, Lorenz took a piece, too. It was indeed delicious.

Lucien clenched his fists slightly and looked at this scene in surprise. When did Alice and Lorenz get so close?

He suddenly felt a strong sense of crisis in his heart. Although he didn't know why he had this feeling, he looked at Alice and said sorry, "I'm sorry, Alice. I didn't mean that just now."

Lorenz carefully removed the fiber from the oranges, and fed them to Alice naturally.

Alice ate them one by one. Hearing Lucien's voice, she mumbled, "I don't want to talk about it now. It will affect my good mood."

Lorenz was choked, and he had to stop. Seeing her lips stained with orange juice, he subconsciously wanted to pass the tissue to her. Suddenly he saw Lorenz picking up the tissue and pinching her chin.

"What are you doing?" Alice asked when Lorenz suddenly approached her. He pinched her chin with slender fingers. They were so close that she could even hear his breath.

When she got closer, she found that Lorenz was really handsome. Like Cynthia, he had delicate features, and his skin was fair and smooth.

Alice began to feel nervous, and she was even expecting something.

“Your lips are stained with orange juice.” His voice sounded in her ears, and then he wiped the juice from her mouth

with a tissue.

Alice let him wipe her lips, and his cool fingers brushed her soft lips from time to time.

The atmosphere between the two people was very strange. Lucien gritted his teeth. Alice had frequent blind dates before. He was just uncomfortable, angry, and did not have his sense of crisis. But when he saw her and Lorenz, he suddenly began to panic.

Lorenz was such an excellent man. Lucien knew well that he couldn't compete with Lorenz in all aspects, like faces, family backgrounds, or ability. No woman would refuse his love.

Wendy also noticed the intimacy of the two people opposite her. She was disappointed and sighed. It seemed that there was no chance to hook up with Lorenz. Lorenz obviously liked Alice. He was just telling Lucien that this girl belonged to him.

Cynthia and Alston looked at them with interest. Lynn was even more excited. She thought Lorenz had been single for so long and did not know how to flirt with girls, but he did well!

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After Lorenz wiped the juice on Alice's lips, Alice's cheeks were blushed. She looked more charming when she blushed.

She didn't dare to look up at Lorenz.

“Do you still want to eat oranges?” Lorenz asked calmly. In fact, he secretly put the hand that had just touched Alice's lips under the table. Now there was still a soft feeling on his fingertips, which made him excited.

“No!” Alice lowered her head and said in a very low voice.

Lorenz put back the orange, chose a new fruit, and continued to peel it for Alice.

Before the meal, Greg specially brought the biggest table in the family. Everyone sat around. Except for Lucien, who

was absent-minded all the time, everyone was very happy.

After the banquet, the babies also fell asleep, and everyone left one after another.

Lucien was upset when he watched Alice and Lorenz leave together. Alston noticed the scene and called him in an

indifferent voice, "Lucien!"

Lucien turned his head and looked at Alston. He forced a smile, "Alston."

"I have reminded you many times before. Alice has shown her love for your countless times. She has really exhausted

her courage, but it's a pity that you don't cherish it. Now you missed it, and you will never have any chance!"

Alston

said all this. Lucien bowed his head and said nothing. He now understood that the person he liked was Alice all the time. He thought he regarded her as a brother and a boy. After he was attracted to her, he strongly denied his feelings and told himself that he liked sexy and mature women.

Now Alice left with a better man, and he had no chance anymore.

Chapter 165 You Missed It

Wendy came out of the bathroom, took his hand, and said excitedly, "The bathroom of the Smith family is so

luxurious. I was too embarrassed to eat at the banquet just now, and I'm a little hungry. Let's go to the restaurant

later..."

"I'm afraid that you have to go yourself. Show me the pill and I will pay. I'm a little tired and want to go back."

Lucien moved her hand away without any hesitation and kept a distance from her.

Wendy was stunned for a moment, and her face became cold. "Lucien, what are you doing? Alice is not here!"

"What do you mean!" Lucien's face turned cold.

Wendy sneered, and her beautiful face was full of sarcasm, "I know you don't really like me so much. You like Alice, which everyone knows. But she used to chase you so hard, and you don't care. Now a more excellent man likes her, and you feel uncomfortable. You can't always let a woman like you, but you never respond to her love!"

Lucien frowned and looked at her seriously.

Wendy didn't care, and then said, "You don't have to look at me like this. You know I'm telling the truth. Since you don't like me, let's break up. So many men like me, and I don't have to stay with a man who likes other women.

Goodbye!"

After she finished speaking, she turned around, waved to Lucien, and left gracefully.

Lucien stood there in a daze. His shadow stretched long by the sunlight, as if he had been abandoned by everyone.

He knew in his heart that it was all his fault. He let go of the girl who loved him so much, and he deserved it!

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 166 The Last Words

After sending everyone away, Joyce and the others started to tidy up the living room and kitchen. Cynthia put the babies to sleep. She patted Desmond's soft body lovingly while Alston stared at her face without blinking.

The baby's room was full of warmth and happiness. Mrs. Lewis came up to take care of the babies when Alston left the room while holding Cynthia. Suddenly, they saw Greg walking over in a panic.

"I have some bad news." He hesitated, wondering if he should tell them about it.

Alston's expression froze, "Greg, if you have anything to say, just say it!"

Greg had no choice but to say with a complex expression, "I just received the news that Mrs... Ms. Brooks was found fainted by the side of the road and sent to the hospital. She overdosed. Although she was rescued in time, I am afraid she will die any time."

Alston's pupils trembled for a moment and soon calmed down. Cynthia's face was full of surprise.

She subconsciously exclaimed. "How could that be!"

“Didn’t I find a drug rehabilitation center for her before?” Alston asked sternly.

Clare wanted to ruin Alston’s reputation, so he put drugs in Stella’s food. He deliberately made her look haggard and pitiful and wanted to blame Alson for abusing his mother.

After the matter was resolved, Stella was off her head at the press conference. After she sobered, Alston directly sent her to rehab. He hadn’t heard from Stella for a long time and thought she had quitted successfully. How did she overdose and faint on the side of the road?

Greg sighed. “Mr. Smith, let me explain. Halfway through the rehab, Stella couldn’t bear the pain and ran away. The people you hired couldn’t find her after searching for several days. They feared you would get angry, so they didn’t tell

1. us. They knew that you and Brooks had no relationship anymore, so they dared to conceal the truth for so many

days.”

Intense anger flashed in Alston’s deep eyes. “D\*mn it!”

Greg said, “Ms. Brooks is awake now and wants to see you. Do you want to go...”

Alston nodded. “Prepare the car!”

Then, he was about to change clothes and go out. Cynthia grabbed his arm. “I’ll go with you!”

Alston glanced at her softly. “No, I’ll go alone. If she sees you and gets in a bad mood, she will hurt you.”

Greg interjected, “Ms. Brooks is now too weak to move!”

After hearing this, Cynthia looked up at Alston with her eyes full of pleas.

“Okay!” Alston agreed. “Stay behind me later.”

Cynthia nodded quickly, and went to the cloakroom with Alston to change.

Suddenly, Greg’s cell phone rang, and he walked aside to pick it up. “Hello!”

The caller said something, and a trace of dissatisfaction flashed across Greg’s face. “No. Mr. Smith has agreed to see

her, and she can’t ask for more... His children are still sleeping. He will not agree!”

The caller said something more. Greg's mood eased; he frowned tightly and was very distressed.

Alston and Cynthia came out and saw Greg's hesitant expression. "What happened?"

Chapter 166 The Last Words

1/3

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"Mr. Smith!" Greg, said with a complicated expression. "Ms. Brooks learned your children turned a month old today, and she wants to meet them!"

"No!"

Alston looked cold and refused without hesitation.

His reaction was as expected. Greg sighed. "I answered the same to the hospital, but they said Ms. Brooks insisted on seeing them. She would see the children personally even if she had to crawl back to the Smith family."

Alston's frown

deepened, and his eyes were full of impatience. "Has she forgotten what she had done? She drugged Cynthia, made a big fuss in the hospital, and almost killed the babies. How could she even dare to ask? She would probably hurt them. No, I can't let her see them."

Cynthia pursed her lips and lowered her head to think. She did hate Stella for many things, but now Stella was dying. Therefore, Cynthia decided to fulfill her wishes as much as possible.

"Alston!" She raised her head and shook Alston's arm. "After all, she is the children's grandma, so let her take a look. Mrs. Lewis, Greg, and I will take precautions to prevent her from hurting the baby."

After being persuaded repeatedly by Cynthia and Greg, Alston finally reluctantly agreed. He asked Greg and Mrs. Lewis to hold the children and get into the car together.

Alston suddenly stopped when they arrived at the door of Stella's ward and froze for a long time.

Cynthia held his hand and found his palms were covered with sweat. She looked up in surprise, and then she noticed his red eyes and his trembling arms. She quickly grabbed his hand with both of hers.

“Alston, I’m here with you.”

Her voice was soft and warm, but it gave him countless strengths. Alston held her fingers tightly and finally pushed open the door.

Stella leaned on the hospital bed sleepily. She closed her eyes, looking tired and haggard. Her face was sallow and thin, and her dark circles were huge. She looked thinner than before at the press conference, and she seemed like a mummy who was still breathing weakly.

Cynthia felt horrified. Drugs were so terrible that they could torture such a living person into this monster.

If it weren’t for her somewhat familiar face, she would never recognize that this woman was her domineering mother-in-law who always made things difficult for her.

After Alston entered the ward, he asked Cynthia to take Desmond from Greg’s arms and let her stand at the back with Mrs. Lewis, who was holding Keller.

Greg went forward to wake Stella up.

Stella closed her eyes and was in a trance when she suddenly heard the sound of the door opening and closing,

footsteps, and... Greg calling her.

She tried hard to open her eyes but found that no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t wake up. Suddenly someone

pushed her, and she could finally open her eyes.

She saw Greg’s serious and cautious face, yet this face was not young anymore. She suddenly remembered when she married into the Smith family. At that time, Greg was much younger than now, and there were few wrinkles on his face. He always followed Bryan and never showed a trace of disgust in front of her, even though he hated her a lot.

“Greg...” She called out weakly, and her lips turned pale.

Chapter 166 The Last Words

2/3

“Mr. Smith is here to see you!” Greg took a step back Alston was standing behind him.

Stella looked agitated. She looked at Alston while trying to support herself. Because she was too excited, she coughed a few times violently as if she was dying.



"Alston, you're here!" Her face was full of surprises. She wanted to pull Alston, but the distance between them was too far. She couldn't reach him, and her hand stopped in mid air embarrassedly.

Alston stood still expressionlessly. He did not take a step forward, and he was full of alienation.

Stella withdrew her hand, forced a smile, and touched her dry and gray hair. "I... I didn't clean myself up. I won't touch you, or your clothes might get dirty!"

Alston frowned but said nothing. He just asked coldly, "They said you want to see me. What do you want to tell me? I won't take you to the Brooks family!"

Stella paused. She lowered her hands and looked flustered, and then she quickly explained, "I, I didn't mean that; I just

wanted to see you."

She continued as her voice gradually weakened, "You are my only son. I know I won't live long, so I want to see you

before I die."

Alston's expression was full of suspicion. She had done too many bad things before and had never cared about Alston since she was a child. When Alston grew up, she even joined forces with Clare to target and frame him.

Stella had never been a loving mother, and Alston had every right to doubt her words.

Stella noticed Alston's suspicion. She leaned heavily on the pillow because she couldn't support herself. Then, she said dejectedly, "I know I'm not worthy. When you were young, I suspected that your father didn't love me and he was with other women. Whenever I got angry, I would vent my anger on you. I used to scold you and even beat you..."

Stella thought of Alston when she was a child. He was so tiny and didn't even beg for mercy whenever he was beaten up. His stubborn appearance was exactly like his father's. The more he acted like this, the angrier Stella became. And his body was always bruised.

Alston had countless opportunities to tell Bryan, but he didn't say anything. Bryan knew nothing about it until Rosalia Brooks discovered Alston's bruises.

If Stella were in the past, she would definitely hate Alston and think he let Rosalia discover his bruises on purpose. But after she left the Smith family and experienced almost everything, she started to think more about the past. It turned out that Alston had longed for her to love him when he was a child.

She had always complained that Alston was cold-blooded and not close to her at all. She thought Clare was kind to her. But after she was kicked out of the Smith family, Clare considered her a stumbling rock and wanted to get rid of her. And at last, he even drugged her to use her.

As for Alston, even if their relationship were broken, he would send her money every month. She helped Clare to frame him, but Alston still sent her to rehab to cure her addiction.

As a son, he was benevolent and righteous. But she hadn't done anything, not even the most basic love of a mother.

"Alston, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!"

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 167 Atonement

When Stella said this in a hoarse voice, she couldn't hold back anymore. Her teary eyes were full of remorse and guilt.

After so many years, she finally apologized to her son.

But there was no emotion on Alston's face. It had been so many years, and an apology wouldn't change anything because he had already put everything aside. But the harm Stella had done to him would never be erased.

Stella kept crying in the quiet room. After a long time, she calmed down and wiped away her tears.

"Alston, I know you won't forgive me, and I didn't expect you to forgive me. I'm not worthy of being a mother. I'm content to see you before I die."

Stella smiled without the slightest meanness on her face.

After a full minute, Alston spoke in a low voice, "I sent you to rehab. Why did you run away?"

If she hadn't escaped, she might have successfully quit. She wouldn't have become like this, and her life would have

been saved.

"Alston, it's too painful!" Stella smiled wryly. "I tried it, but I wanted to die countless times. When the drug addiction kicked in, I could only be suppressed forcibly. They tied me to

the bedpost, let me bite the towel, and held on. The pain was endless and hopeless. I really couldn't hold on anymore..."

Stella kept repeating while covering her face. Tears couldn't stop streaming down again.

Those people were all strangers. She had no relatives or friends around her, and she could only get through it alone.

She had never suffered like this since she was a child, so she didn't hold on. At that time, she only wanted to escape. After she ran, she hid somewhere and bought drugs with the living expenses that Alston gave her. At last, she overdosed and fell on the side of the road.

"I regret it, I really regret it..." Stella muttered.

She had too many regrets.

She cried so loudly that she woke up the sleeping babies. Keller babbled, and her soft sound directly stopped Stella's crying.

Mrs. Lewis was afraid that Keller would cry, so she hugged her and coaxed her for a while. Keller didn't cry and looked around the strange environment in curiosity, which seemed smart and cute.

Desmond also woke up and rolled his eyes lazily in silence. His white and tender face was very similar to Alston's, and he rubbed in Cynthia's arms lazily when he smelled her.

Stella was stunned by the movement of the two little guys. She couldn't believe it until she realized that Cynthia and Mrs. Lewis were standing behind holding the baby. She kept talking to Alston just now, so she hadn't noticed them.

"Alston, you brought the babies here!" She became even more excited and stretched out her hand to Cynthia. "Come

here! Let me hug them!"

Cynthia glanced at Alston, saw him nodding, and walked to the bed with Mrs. Lewis.

Stella looked at the cute baby in their arms. Her eyes were red, and she was very excited. These were her grandchildren.

She had done so many bad things before and almost killed them.

The two babies had never seen Stella before, so they looked at her curiously. They were not frightened by her frightening appearance, and Keller even babbled to her.

## Chapter 167 Atonement

1/3

The soft voice made Stella burst into tears, “These two children are wonderful. Unfortunately, I have no chance to see you grow up.”

Cynthia was touched. Although Stella had done many bad things, she still felt rather sad seeing her in such a miserable state.

Stella raised her head, looked at Cynthia, and pursed her lips. “Cynthia, I did a lot of bad things to you sorry. I will definitely pay for my sins if there is an afterlife.”

before. I’m

Cynthia shook her head quickly, “The past is the past.”

Although these bad things were tricky, they didn’t hurt her. Stella was dying, so the punishment she had received was enough.

“By the way, your children are a month old. I have something to...” She reached under the pillow, trying to get something.

But at this moment, both Cynthia and Mrs. Lewis subconsciously took two steps back with the children in their arms, looking at Stella warily.

Stella paused. Then, she took out a small package from under the pillow and took off the handkerchief wrapping, revealing two exquisite small boxes. She gently placed them beside the bed and seemed at a loss.

“I just... I just want to give the babies a gift. These are two small silver bracelets. Since I knew the babies were born, I have been saving money. Even if I longed for drugs, I didn’t spend a penny. Here they are. These are rather cheap, and I hope you don’t mind...”

Cynthia pursed her lips, feeling a little guilty. “I’m sorry, I thought, I thought...”

She didn't know how to say it. She thought Stella wanted to harm the baby, so she stepped back subconsciously.

Stella smiled bitterly and shook her head, "It's okay to be on guard against me. I was vicious, and I even hated myself."

Cynthia looked at the two small boxes beside the bed. She learned that Stella was unkempt and dirty when she was discovered, but the two boxes were well-preserved and clean.

"Alston, help the babies wear the bracelets." Cynthia shook Desmond in her hand and said to Alston with a smile.

Stella thought Alston would refuse, but he only hesitated for a second before picking up the boxes and putting the

bracelets on the babies' arms.

The silver bracelets were exquisite and small, and small bells were hanging on them. When the babies raised their hands, the bells made a crisp sound.

When Keller heard it, she kept shaking her little hand curiously, making herself giggle. Desmond was rarely interested in anything, but he also kept staring at the bracelet on his little wrist.

Stella looked at the clever and lovely grandchildren. Although she wanted to hug them very much, she didn't have much strength now. She was afraid she would hurt the babies, so she didn't reach out and just leaned on the pillow to

look at them.

Desmond looked almost identical to Alston when he was a baby.

Stella kept staring at Desmond and was lost in her memories. When Alston was born, he was cute and chubby as well.

At that time, he was the child she gave birth to after all the difficulties, and she used to love him so much.

She knew that Bryan first set his sights on her younger sister Rosalia, and Stella stole this marriage from her.

However, Bryan treated her pretty well after he married Stella. Although he didn't have much love, he still protected her all the time. But Stella kept doubting that Bryan had an affair and even made herself a psychopath.

While looking at the baby, Stella suddenly froze. Her eyes widened, cold sweat broke out on her forehead, and her limbs began to twitch.

Her drug addiction kicked in again. Stella gritted her teeth tightly, and her face flushed as she tried to control herself. Fearing that the babies would see her terrifying appearance, she hurriedly asked Cynthia to take the children away.

Cynthia and Mrs. Lewis quickly left the ward. Alston and Greg immediately called for a doctor to rescue Stella.

They all stood in the corridor gravely, knowing that Stella might not make it this time.

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 169 Fever

"Alston, are you crazy? It's raining so heavily. Where's your umbrella!" Cynthia said anxiously and quickly held the

umbrella above Alston's head..

He stood motionless in front of the grave for a long time. The rain wet his hair and slid down his face.

Cynthia looked at his pale face. His lips were purple from the cold, his whole body was stiff, and his eyes were red. Her eyes flickered. Did Alston cry?!!

"Why are you here?" Alston's voice was hoarse. He took the umbrella from her hand and protected her from the rain.

Cynthia became angry. "If I didn't come, I wouldn't know that you are ruining yourself like this. The weather is so cold, yet you still stood in the rain. If you get sick, don't touch the babies until you recover. And don't even think of hugging Keller!"

Alston looked at her face. She was angry, but her face was full of concern. He suddenly felt less sad than before. "I'm in good health. I'm fine!"

"Do you think you are made of iron? You are a mortal!" Cynthia glared at him angrily.

Alston lowered his head and apologized. "I'm sorry. I won't do it again!"

Cynthia looked at him, and her anger suddenly disappeared like a broken balloon. He looked awful, and his body was

full of coldness. Cynthia felt her heart had broken.

Then, she wrapped his cold hand with both of hers.

She felt like she was holding a chunk of freezing iron and even started to feel the pain of coldness in her bones.

Alston felt the warmth in her palms, and his whole heart softened. He noticed Cynthia was shivering from the cold and silently pulled out his hand.

"It's getting late; let's go back. I want to see the babies." He walked down while holding Cynthia.

"Wait!" Cynthia grabbed him and turned to look at Stella's tombstone.

The photo on the tombstone was taken before. It was Stella's appearance when Cynthia married into the Smith family and saw her for the first time. She had fair skin and delicate facial features and seemed quite young. At that time, she was fierce and arrogant.

She bowed to the tombstone sternly. "Mom, I will take care of Alston. Rest in peace."

Then, she turned around, took Alston's arm, and smiled at him. "Let's go home!"

Alston's eyes were full of tenderness. "Okay!"

He believed that as long as Cynthia was by his side, he would live a very happy life.

Not long after they left, a luxury car drove towards the cemetery. The door opened, and Clare came down holding a bouquet...

While in the car, Cynthia had already forced Alston to change his wet clothes. After they went back home, she pushed him upstairs to take a hot bath.

Alston obeyed. After taking a bath and changing into pajamas, Cynthia brought him warm ginger tea.

"Drink it!"

Alston smelled the spiciness of ginger, and his handsome face wrinkled. He looked at Cynthia and seemed very

Chapter 169 Fever

1/3

unwilling.

Cynthia somehow saw a hint of pity in his sharp eyes.

Alston didn't like spicy food and hated ginger.

Cynthia raised her eyebrows. "Don't give me that look. You have to drink so that you won't get sick."

"You did it on purpose." Alston picked up the ginger tea and muttered.

Cynthia smiled. "That's right. I did it on purpose. Blame yourself for not taking good care of your own body."

Alston sighed and took a sip. However, the ginger tea was pretty sweet, and the pungent smell of ginger was acceptable.

He quietly looked up at Cynthia. She was always more bark than bite, so she must have put a lot of sugar in the tea.

Cynthia noticed his gaze and blushed. She was annoyed and said sternly, "What are you looking at? Hurry up and

drink!"

"Okay!" Alston smiled and drank the whole cup.

Cynthia put away the cup, snorted, and went into the kitchen.

After drinking the tea, Alston felt warm and happy.

Cynthia thought Alston would definitely not get sick. But unexpectedly, Alston had a fever that night.

She nestled into Alston's arms at night and accidentally touched his cheek. Then, she realized that Alston's body temperature was unusual, and his forehead was burning hot..

Cynthia quickly turned on the light. She found that Alston's face was flushed red, and he was unconscious. She rushed downstairs and called Greg to find a doctor.

For an entire night, everyone was busy except for the babies.

Alston was in good health and rarely got sick. He used to lie in bed for four months because of the car accident. This fever was the only serious illness he had in these years. However, his illness came suddenly, and he didn't recover for



several days.

Cynthia was so anxious that she cried several times. Under the doctor's treatment and Cynthia's meticulous care, Alston finally recovered.

As soon as he opened his eyes, he met Cynthia's eyes which were red and swollen like walnuts.

Cynthia cried!

Alston realized this and suddenly woke up, struggling to get up from the bed. "Cynthia, who bullied you!"

He just got up but was very weak after running a fever for several days. He couldn't support himself and fell on the

bed.

Cynthia quickly supported him and patted his chest lightly. "Don't move. You're still on a drip. Be careful!"

Alston lay obediently on the bed. His memory only stayed on the night of Stella's burial, and he had no memory of everything after that.

"What's wrong with me? By the way, who bullied you? Your eyes are swollen!"

Cynthia subconsciously covered her eyes, but then she put her hands down because Alston had already noticed it. Her

5/2

eyes were so swollen that there were only two little gaps left, which looked pitiful and cute.

"Who else can bully me? Alston, do you know that you have been in a coma for three days? You have been running a fever for a long time! Do you know how much I worried? I feared you would become a fool if you couldn't recover!"

Cynthia was clearly exhausted. But when she scolded Alston, she was full of energy.

The mighty and fierce Mr. Smith lowered his head and dared not to look at his wife. This scene was hilarious.

Lorenz enjoyed seeing this show. He leaned against the table and said casually, "Alston, it's a good thing you woke up. Cynthia took care of you for three whole days without sleeping. Her eyes are swollen, and I feel distressed watching her become like this."

Alston felt even more guilty and lovingly touched Cynthia's red and swollen eyes, "Cynthia, I'm sorry. Thank you."

Before Cynthia could speak, Lorenz snorted coldly. "You actually made Cynthia cry. If you couldn't wake up or become a fool, I would ask Cynthia to take the babies back to the Green family and find her a new husband."

"How dare you!" Before he finished speaking, Alston's weak and pale face suddenly turned cold, and he looked at Lorenz fiercely.

Lorenz was not frightened by him at all. He glanced at Alston. "Why not? You can't take care of Cynthia if you become

a fool. I have to think for her. I can't let her live with a fool forever."

Alston frowned and pursed his lips, not knowing how to talk back.

Cynthia sighed, dragged Lorenz's arm, and pulled him out of the ward. "Lorenz, Alston is already awake. You still have

work, don't you? Go back to your company first, and come to eat at my place after Alston recovers!"

Lorenz was dragged outside.

He tapped Cynthia's forehead. "Cynthia, you don't even care for me anymore. You only care for Alston. So sad."

Cynthia lowered her head guiltily. "What? No, that's just your illusion. I like you very much as well!"

"Huh. Yeah, I believe your words." Lorenz said ironically.

Cynthia said, "When you marry Alice, she will prefer you instead of Alston."

Lorenz's ears suddenly turned red, and even his handsome face was flushed. He said annoyedly, "What nonsense are you talking about? I won't talk with you anymore. I have something else to do, and you should go back to Alston!"

After speaking, he ran away in a panic.

Cynthia looked at Lorenz and smiled slyly. She always knew that Lorenz liked Alice, and his reaction had proved her

guess.

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols Chapter 170 The slightest Clues

Cynthia returned to the ward. Just as she walked to the bed, Alston wrapped her waist and dragged her onto his bed.

Her body was tense, and she didn't even dare to move. She shouted, "Alston, what are you doing? You're still on the

drip!"

Alston took her into his arms and found that she had lost a lot of weight. She had gained some weight after she gave birth to the children, but now her waist was even thinner than before she was pregnant.

The distress on his face was almost overflowing, and he buried his face in Cynthia's neck. "The IV bottle is empty, and I pulled out the needle."

Cynthia looked down and saw the needle hanging beside the bed. She breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed.

"I heard from Lorenz that you haven't eaten or slept properly for several days, no wonder you are so **thin**." His voice was hoarse and gentle. "Close your eyes now and have a good sleep. I will let Mrs. Lewis prepare some food, and you can eat when you wake up."

He touched her bloodshot eyes gently. "I'm sorry, and I will take good care of my body in the future. I am not alone now because I have you and the babies. I'll think twice before I do anything, and I won't make you worry again."

As he spoke, he kissed Cynthia lightly on her forehead. He didn't hear her reply, so he looked down and found that Cynthia had already fallen asleep. Her white and tender face was buried in his arms, and she slept soundly.

Alston sighed and took her into his arms. Soon, they fell asleep together.

Greg thought the infusion might be over, so he came in with some doctors. However, he saw Alston and Cynthia were sleeping soundly, and the needle on Alston's hand had been removed.

He backed out silently and left the ward with the doctors.

They slept until nightfall. Cynthia opened her eyes and found that Alston had disappeared. She sat up in a daze, hugging the quilt. And her mind was still in a buzz because she had just woken up.

Alston came in and smiled when he saw her dumbfounded look. "Cynthia, you're up."

“Yeah.” Cynthia turned to look at him. “Where have you been?”

“I just went for a checkup. The doctor said I needed to stay for one more night. If everything is fine, I can leave here

tomorrow.”

Although his fever was severe, Alston’s health was in good condition. Therefore, he recovered rapidly..

Alston was holding a lunch box. “I met Greg just now. He came here to deliver the meal. Mrs. Lewis made a soup for you, as well as some dishes that are easy to digest.”

Cynthia was fully awake. Her eyes lit up, and she left the bed and walked over.

Alston had already poured her a bowl of soup and placed it in front of her. It smelled delicious, and Cynthia was starving. So she took the spoon and started to eat.

After Cherry gave birth to her child, she became a great hero in Clare’s family. She went to Tansy Group, and everyone knew she was famous because she gave birth to a son.

She felt a bit smug because everyone admired her and respected her. And she felt that her mom’s idea was brilliant.

She took the time to go back to the Miller family and found that everything was different. The flowers and trees in the

Get Bonus

courtyard were neglected, and the house was also quiet. Only a few servants were busy

“Where is my mother?” Cherry frowned, looking at the simple furnishings in the living room. In the past, they would buy new furniture every year. But these were still the same as a year ago, and some even seemed old.

“Why these haven’t been changed? They are dirty.” She asked the servant.

The servant looked embarrassed. “Mr. Miller used to change them, but he never came home recently. He didn’t send money back home, so we don’t have enough outlay. Plus, our salary wasn’t paid last month. Miss...”

Cherry couldn’t bear the shame of being asked for the salary by a servant. She succeeded in Tansy Group, but her family couldn’t even pay the servant’s salary. People would jeer at her if they found out.

She took out the card that Clare had given her and handed it to the housekeeper. Then, she asked him to pay the servant's salary and change the furniture in case someone would come over and jeer at her.

After dealing with these matters, she asked again, "Is my mother at home?"

"She is not here and often stays out at night these few days." The servant received the salary and became more enthusiastic.

Cherry frowned and wondered if her mother cheated as well.

She let the servant leave and went upstairs to her parent's room. Beck's stuff was all gone. Her face darkened, and she snorted coldly. It seemed like Beck had already moved to live with that mistress.

What a shameless man.

She sneered and called her mother. After a long while, someone finally answered it. However, it wasn't Jane, but a man she was extremely familiar with.

"Raglan? Why are you with my mother?"

She was startled. She gripped the phone tightly, and her face was full of disbelief. What happened between her mother and Raglan??

Raglan laughed and said hoarsely, "You overthought. Although I'm quite despicable, I'm not insane."

Cherry felt relieved. Thank goodness. Otherwise, she wouldn't know how to face Jane in the future.

"Then why are you holding my mother's phone?"

Raglan looked at the middle-aged woman who was drinking and having fun with a group of men; his eyes were cold and mocking. "Your mother is in our clubhouse, and she is having fun now. But she is a little drunk. Do you want to come here to pick her up?"

Cherry sighed. Jane actually went to that kind of place. "Look after her. I'll be there soon. Don't let the others bully her."

Raglan agreed and hung up the phone. He threw it on the table, sat on the sofa, and looked opposite at Jane, who was forced to drink by some men. He was silent, but he was smiling, ironically..

Cherry grabbed her sunglasses as a disguise and sneaked into Raglan's clubhouse. When she entered the box Raglan mentioned, she found that only Jane and Raglan were left inside.

The table was full of wine bottles. It seemed that they had drunk a lot.

Raglan was sober, but Jane was so drunk that she was hanging on Raglan's body.

Cherry's pupils shrank, and she rushed over to help Jane up. Then, she looked at Raglan sternly. "Did anything happen

between you and my mother?"

"What do you think?" Raglan smiled mischievously. He was handsome, but he didn't look like Alston at all.

Cherry said impatiently, "I'm not joking with you. Tell me."

Raglan shook his head. "No. I slept with you before. How could I have anything to do with your mother!"

"Good!" Cherry said. She helped Jane to stand up and walked out slowly.

Raglan followed behind her. "Do you want me to help?"

"No need!" Cherry refused. She had just given birth to Raglan's child. At this moment, she didn't want to have anything to do with him at all. "Stay away from me."

Raglan smiled, pretending to be pitiful. "You're so heartless. I helped you so much, yet you became so rude."

While speaking, Cherry had already reached the entrance of the clubhouse. She said impatiently, "It's just a deal. I asked you for help, and I gave you the money. Don't contact me again, no matter what happens!"

Raglan raised his eyebrows and felt disgusted when he saw Cherry's chubby waist. "I heard you had a premature birth a few days ago. You should've been staying in bed instead of coming here."

Cherry felt guilty, and she immediately exploded. Her voice was sharp. "It's none of your business! The Tansy Group is wealthy, so I recovered rapidly. What's the problem? Raglan, you're just a dirty gigolo. You have no right to mind my business!"

After speaking, she put Jane into the car and drove away.

She fled away without noticing Hulda's shocked face opposite the clubhouse.

