

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 17 Will He Mourn For You

“Help... is anyone there?”

After a long time, she heard a woman screaming.

Cynthia woke up groggily, she bit her lower lip hard, and the pain made her conscious.

She tried to stand up, and then she felt her hands and feet tied with a rope and a pain in the back of

her head.

She had been kidnapped!

After realizing this, Cynthia suddenly became tense. She tossed her head and tried to be more conscious, but the woman's sharp scream was a disaster.

Cynthia was rather annoyed. “Shut the f\*ck up!”

The woman opposite finally stopped.

Cynthia finally found peace and felt much better. She looked at the woman opposite her.

The woman was also thrown on the ground with her hands and feet tied. She looked beautiful and wore luxury clothes with delicate makeup. Because of the kidnapping, she looked pale, flustered, and frightened.

“Who are you, and why were you kidnapped?” Cynthia asked, and she was puzzled. Her kidnapper probably brought her here to threaten Alston, but Cynthia had never seen this woman before, so why the kidnapper brought her here as well?

“My name is Hulda Taylor. I just came back from abroad. I was kidnapped as soon as I got out of the airport. They knocked me out, and I woke up here. I don't know what they are going to do!”

Hulda felt even more helpless, tears streaming down her face.

The whining voice made Cynthia feel more anxious. She shouted impatiently, “Stop crying! Nobody can hear you. Your tears can only spoil your makeup.”

Hulda was reprimanded, and she stopped crying soon. Her tears were still on her face, and she discontentedly stared at Cynthia in embarrassment.

The next second, Hulda realized something weird. She looked at Cynthia from head to toe and

suddenly said,

“I think you and I look alike!”

Cynthia suddenly looked up and stared at Hulda carefully.

She was surprised to find that Hulda looked very similar to her, especially their eyes, which were

almost identical.

Cynthia suddenly realized something, and her face turned pale.

Hulda was the woman in the photo inside Alston’s box.

Meanwhile, the Smith family.

Alston waited all night for Cynthia to come home. Just as he was about to send someone out to look for her, he suddenly received a phone call.

A man laughed wildly. “Alston, if you want to save your wife, come to the western suburb warehouse. Don’t call the police, or you will regret it.”

Before Alston could answer, the phone was suddenly hung up.

And then, Alston received a photo of Cynthia lying on the ground with her hands and feet tied.

He could tell from the photo that the back of her head was severely injured.

Alston suddenly tightened his fist. His eyes were cruel and dark.

The phone call just now only lasted for a minute, but the kidnapper talked in his own voice. Alston recognized that it was Jeff, manager of the Smith Group’s purchasing department.

He recently returned to the Smith Group, and the first thing he did was to investigate the staff placed in different departments by Uncle Clare, including Jeff.

Alston found that Jeff was addicted to gambling. By taking advantage of his position, Jeff purchased shoddy products and embezzled nearly 5 million of the company's public funds. As a result, Alston sued Jeff without hesitation. Jeff seemed to have been summoned, so he made the worst decision.

ever.

Alston immediately asked Greg to prepare the car and drove to the warehouse with some others.

It was Jeff.

He stood awkwardly in front of the warehouse and looked at Alston. "It took you less than an hour

to arrive, which is much faster than I thought. It seems that Cynthia is very important to you!"

Alston panicked after he heard Cynthia's name, forcing himself to calm down. His eyes were so cold that it seemed like a layer of frost was covering them.

"Jeff, don't say nonsense. Since you have investigated, you should know that it was her sister who

marry me, not her. Do you think I really care for an illegitimate daughter?"

should

His expression was indifferent, and he didn't seem like he was lying.

Jeff was a little stunned and shouted, "Impossible. How could you crush Ivan's right hand for her if

you didn't like her?"

Alston sneered and shrugged carelessly. "I did it to fool all of you. See? You've been tricked."

Jeff looked stunned and disbelieved. "Impossible, it's impossible! You're lying because you want me to let Cynthia go! You're daydreaming!"

"Whatever, kill her if you want," Alston said, then his eyes turned cold. "But I hate it when people threaten me, Jeff. You may have a chance to live if you're clever enough."

Jeff laughed, "Alston, I've been working for the Smith Group for almost thirty years. I know exactly how cruel you are, and you'll never let me go. Not to mention I have kidnapped your wife. Therefore, I'd love to see how panicked you can be."

Jeff turned around and shouted to the gate behind him, "Miss Miller, did you hear what Alston said just now? It seems that you are nothing to him!"

And then, Alston saw Cynthia being pushed out from behind the door.

She had been hidden behind the door just now?!

She must have heard everything!

Alston's eyes shrank, and his hand holding the wheelchair handle suddenly tightened!