

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 26 He Smells Like Her

When Alston returned to the room, Cynthia had fallen asleep.

She curled up under the blanket like a baby.

It was a sign of extreme insecurity.

Alston sat by the window and noticed her face with tears. He sighed and gently wiped the tears from her face with his fingers.

He didn't want it either, but there were too many people staring at him in secret.

If he got close to her or even just showed some kindness to her, her situation would only get worse. Cynthia was lucky enough to not be hurt even though she was kidnapped. Alston couldn't even imagine what might happen to her in the future.

Alston thought about telling her his plan, but Cynthia was too pure and simple. She couldn't even hide her feelings for him, let alone keep his plan a secret.

He bowed his head and gently kissed her forehead. Alston actually watched her for quite a while, and after that, he left the house with the paper he needed.

Cynthia didn't know that. When she woke up, it was already dark.

Greg told her Alston worked overtime and didn't return.

Cynthia heard it, but she didn't believe it. She had all those thoughts in her mind. She wondered if Alston was with Hulda at Hulda's place.

The more she thought about it, the more bitter she felt. Jealousy nearly overwhelmed her, making.

her suffer.

A week passed, but Alston didn't return once. Stella stayed at home the whole week. Cynthia didn't know why. Stella still had that same mocking face when she saw Cynthia, but she didn't say anything mean, which was also confusing.

Everything was weird.

That day, Cynthia's phone rang after she just finished her lunch. It was a call from Beck, which was

quite rare.

Why did he call Cynthia?

Cynthia frowned and answered the call.

Beck sounded really anxious over the phone. He said, "Cynthia, only you can help the Miller Group this time. The Smith Group's bidding will be held tomorrow, and our competitors are all good. As you know, the situation in the Miller Group has not been very good in recent years. This bidding

meeting is a good opportunity for the rise of the Miller Group."

He continued without waiting for a reply from Cynthia, "Alston is so nice to you. Help me. Talk to him and get a chance for the Miller Group."

Cynthia lowered her head and grabbed her phone tightly, "Dad, I can't help."

"What are you talking about?!" Beck suddenly became angry, and his tone turned harsh. "You just need to talk to him. It's not really a tough job for you. I think you can totally help, but you just don't want to help because you hate me!"

Cynthia paused for a while and then said, "I haven't seen him for almost two weeks. He hasn't been home these days."

"Can't you just go for him? What? You just stay at home and wait for him like a fool? Why am I this smart, and why are you that stupid?"

Beck was outraged and accused her.

Cynthia's accumulated emotion broke out instantly. "Who do you think Alston is? How can my words affect his decision? You think too much of me. Dad, he doesn't love me. It's impossible for him to listen to me. Now that his beloved is back, I am nothing in his heart."

Beck was stunned for a second. "What do you mean his beloved? Aren't you his beloved?"

Cynthia felt extremely helpless. Everyone knew it, but her father didn't. Beck had never cared about her. He only called her when he needed to use her.

"Dad, I told you. It doesn't work for you to find her." It was Cherry's voice. She simply described the kidnapping thing.

She then took the phone and said mockingly, "I told you. He doesn't like me, and he won't like you. Now, his beloved is back. Just wait and see. You'll be kicked out soon. Remember, the Miller family is no longer your family. We won't receive you."

Cynthia leaned back in her chair and remembered what Cherry said before she left home. She was still for a while and then smiled bitterly.

Turned out that they all knew the face. Only Cynthia alone knew nothing about it like a fool. She was just waiting to be kicked out and waiting to be a joke.

After Beck knew those things, he was silent for a moment and added, "I don't care. You have to go to him now. Call him, or do anything you can. If you don't, I'll stop your mother's treatment."

Then he threatened, "You know that your mother is seriously ill now, and she can't live without medicines at all. Those medicines and treatments are very expensive. I think it's a waste to use

them on her, a dying person. What do you think?"

"How dare you?!" Cynthia was so angry that she felt dizzy. She slammed on the table and gnashed

her teeth.

She took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "OK, I'll try. I can't control the result."

After that, she hung up directly, and the phone snapped on the table.

Cynthia held her head. She had her eyes all red. Cynthia felt like she was collapsing. Those pressure were gonna knock her down.

Greg came up to send her fruit. When he saw her like that, he was shocked, "What happened, Mrs. Smith?"

"It's okay. I just accidentally touched the wound. It hurts a little." Cynthia raised her head, wiped away her tears, and smiled at Greg reluctantly.

Greg was worried and said, "Then I'll go get you a doctor."

"No, it doesn't hurt anymore." Cynthia stopped him and timidly asked, "Will he... come back. today?"

"The Smith Group has a bidding meeting tomorrow, and Mr. Smith has to work overtime today..." Greg somewhat felt embarrassed.

Well, Cynthia knew it already.

Cynthia was in a bad mood. She closed her eyes and sighed. "Greg, please contact Alston for me. Just say I have something important to talk to him about. It's very important! Please tell him to come.

back."

Greg looked at her with a solemn face and nodded his head.

After a while, Greg came back and said, "Mr. Smith said he would come back tonight."

In the evening, Cynthia cooked many dishes since she was the one asking for Alston's help. She

then started to wait for her husband to come home.

Cynthia sat alone at the table and waited. The food gradually got cold, but there was no Alston.

When she thought he would break his word, she heard honks. It was Alston!

Cynthia stood up from her chair and hurriedly went to open the door for Alston.

Alston was dressed in a custom-made suit. When he looked at her, he looked so chilly.

"You're back!" Cynthia tightly held the knob.

Alston strode in. And when he passed by Cynthia, she smelled of tobacco and sweet perfume.

Cynthia suddenly sank.

She smelled that perfume on Hulda once.

So... Alston was with Hulda before he returned home...

Chapter 27 You Are Ridiculous

"Greg said you want to tell me something important. What's up?"

Alston saw the dishes were on the table and remained intact. Hasn't Cynthia had dinner until now?

He looked at Cynthia and frowned. He worried about her as she hadn't recovered well yet.

Cynthia saw his expression and thought that he was blaming her for disturbing him to date Hulda.

She clenched her hands so hard that the nails were nearly embedded in the palm. Every time she breathed, she felt her heart being torn and painful.

“Yes, I have something to tell you!”

Alston casually put his clothes on the sofa and sat down. Her scent was all over the sofa, which

made him relax. He touched his nose and said, “Okay. Sit down first.”

Cynthia followed his words and sat opposite him in a very distant position.

“As you know, I am the illegitimate daughter of the Miller family. In fact, my mom is still alive. She is sick and has been controlled by Beck!”

Alston paused as he didn’t know about it.

“The Miller family will also attend the bidding tomorrow. He called me today and asked me to let you...” When Cynthia mentioned this, she fumbled for words. She pursed her lips and said, “He threatened me with my mom. I had no choice.”

Alston narrowed his eyes, which made her very tense.

“So you want me to rig the bid and let the Miller family win the bidding tomorrow?”

“No!” Cynthia shook her head hurriedly for fear he would misunderstand her. “I didn’t mean it. I have... the self-knowledge!”

She gave a wry smile. “I just want you to help me get my mother out.”

Compared with Beck, Cynthia believed Alston more. Although he didn’t love her and regarded her as another Hulda, he treated her very well just a month before.

Alston was cruel, but he was frank and forthright. Beck was a hypocrite and always calculated people behind their backs.

This time he threatened Cynthia with her mother. Next time he will be more greedy. It seemed to be a bottomless pit.

Cynthia was sure that even if she helped Beck, he wouldn’t be kind to her mother. It would be better to tell Alston the truth directly and seek his help.

Chapter 27 You Are Ridiculous.

With Alston's help, her mother should be rescued successfully.

She looked at Alston with hope in her eyes.

Her eyes were moist and bright. No matter how she tried to hide, there was deep love in her Alston was touched. He coughed lightly and looked away to avoid meeting her eyes.

"Okay, I..."

eyes.

When Alston was just about to promise, Cynthia suddenly interrupted him. "I know you won't do a bad bargain. I have nothing to give you. If you help me to save my mother, I... I will divorce you and make a place for Hulda."

She took a big courage to finish this sentence and felt heartbroken.

Alston suddenly became gloomy. Looking at her pretty face, he was very mad. "Cynthia, you are so

generous!"

What a generous wife to give her husband to another woman.

Alston was so angry that he wished he could slap her and teach her a lesson about her words.

Cynthia twisted her fingers tightly. She could hear that he was angry, but she didn't know what he was angry about. She thought he should be happy because she took the initiative to divorce and give way to his beloved woman.

"It's up to me to decide who's my wife. Do I need you to make place?"

Alston sneered. His voice was low and hoarse. "I don't want this offer."

Cynthia's heart skip a beat. "Then what do you want?"

She didn't know what to do as she had nothing valuable for him to save her mother.

Alston took a deep look at her. He suddenly came to her side and clamped her chin hard with his big

hand, forcing her to look up at him. "At the wedding, you used yourself as an exchange to marry me. I don't want anything from you. As long as you sleep with me for one night, I'll help you get your

mom out.”

His movements were frivolous. He caressed her delicate skin intimately while Cynthia felt nervous and her hands couldn't help shivering.

“Alston, you know what are you saying?”

Alston withdrew his hand and stood up straight seriously. “I have everything I want. I'm only interested in your body.”

Cynthia took a deep breath and said with a trembling voice, “What about Hulda? You're not afraid she'll know we sleep together?”

When she mentioned Hulda, a disgust flashed across his eyes. Cynthia was in the bad mood and failed to notice.

“Forget it if you don't want to.”

Alston was about to leave after speaking. When he had just taken several steps, his clothing was pulled by her.

He looked back and saw Cynthia gripping his suit so tightly that her hand was even shaking.

Cynthia looked at him with a pair of watery eyes. She said softly, “I do!”

It was worth it to sleep for one night to win her mother's freedom. Moreover, the man was Alston,

her favorite man.

As she replied, Alston suddenly bent down and carried her in his arms.

She could feel his warm hand on her.

Alston was a little out of breath. He hurried up the stairs and rushed into the bedroom carrying her. Then the door was closed with his quick kick.

Cynthia was thrown on the soft big bed. Before she reacted, Alston pressed on her body with extreme desire.

Cynthia didn't expect Alston was so vigorous that they had sex all night. They stopped until it was

dawn.

Then Alston slept tightly. He didn't sleep well for these days. There were dark circles around his eyes. When he was asleep, his frowning brows disappeared.

Cynthia's waist was tightly hugged by him. Even though he fell asleep, he still held her.

She sat up, feeling sore all over. Then she carefully removed his arm and quietly walked into the

bathroom.

Under the light, there were bruises all over her fair skin. Alston must exert himself on the bed.

Looking at the woman in the mirror full of happiness, she felt very strange about herself. The tears suddenly fell down from her face.

"Cynthia, you're ridiculous."

Her voice was as light as a sigh.

When Cynthia woke up again, it was in broad daylight. Alston had already left.

She reached out and touched the quilt next to her. It was cold. He had been gone for a long time.

She sat up and felt a little headache. She picked up the phone on the side and saw dozens of missed

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calls.

All the calls were from Beck.

She sneered and called back to Beck.

He picked up the phone soon without waiting.

"Cynthia, the bidding will start soon. Have you asked Alston?"

His voice was full of anxiety.

Cynthia smiled faintly. "Of course. Dad, don't worry!"

“Excellent!”

Beck’s tone became relaxed. “Cynthia, well done. When it’s done, I’ll let you see your mother.”

He said it out as if he was doing good deeds to let her see her mother.

Cynthia replied nicely.

After hanging up the phone, she looked out of the window. It was sunny and peaceful outside.

She heard a ring on her phone and looked down at it. It was a message from Alston.

“I found your mother’s location, and arranged for someone to pick her up. She will be back this

afternoon at the latest.”

Cynthia got up from the bed. Her legs trembled excitedly. She looked at the message over and over

again to make sure it was true.

Alston did not break his promise. He went to pick up her mother so soon.

Cynthia’s face was full of joy. She bowed her head and replied to him word by word. She used her words carefully and was full of gratitude.

After sending it, she thought for a moment and send him a cute rabbit emoji.

Since her mother was rescued, she heaved a sigh of relief. Thinking of what Beck just said, Cynthia gave an ironic smile.

The furwas just starting...

Chapter 28 How Dare You Trick Me

At the bidding, Alston sat on the stage and kept looking at his phone. The department manager next to him was scared, wondering if he did something wrong.

He couldn’t figure out other reasons which made Alston so upset. Since he worked in the company for so many years, he only saw Alston’s indifferent and composed side but had never seen him like

this before.

“Ting-a-ling.”

When the phone rang, Alston immediately bowed his head and saw the interface of chatting with

Cynthia.

She replied!

Alston looked at the cute rabbit emoji on the screen, he smiled involuntarily with happiness.

This rabbit was as adorable as she was.

Until the manager next to him reminded him softly, Alston looked away from the screen. He put away his mobile phone and turned frosty again.

“Let’s get started!”

The bidding officially started. Beck was sitting in the audience, full of confidence.

He had no idea what would happen next.

Although Cynthia was sore all over, she still got up early and actively prepared something for her mother. They hadn’t seen each other for ten years, and she was not sure if her mother could recognize her.

Cynthia estimated the bidding might be in the end so she stopped preparing things. As soon as she turned on her phone, it rang frantically.

It was Beck!

He was calling to blame her!

Cynthia gave a sheering smile. As soon as she picked up the call, a roar came across the microphone, which made her eardrum ache.

“Cynthia, how dare you trick me. Didn’t you say that Alston promised to help? Why did the Williams. family win the bid in the end?”

Beck hit the ceiling. He wished he could strangle Cynthia immediately.

Cynthia moved the phone away. When he had vented his anger, she put the phone near the ear

again. She said calmly, "Dad, I only said that I mentioned it to Alston, but I didn't say he promised me. You must misunderstand my words. How could you blame me?"

Beck paused. He recalled what she had said this morning. He realized she really didn't mention that the Miller family would definitely win the bid.

He was duped by her small trick!

He looked gloomy. All fake friendliness on his face was gone. He looked terrified.

"Cynthia, did you forget that I still have your mother? Since you fooled me, I'll cut off your mother's medicine. Your mother is in a serious condition. Do you know what the consequences will be if she stops taking the medicine?"

Then he gave an insidious smile. "If your mother dies, it's all because of you."

Cynthia was holding the phone and listening to his insane words. She was glad inside that she asked for Alston's help and she didn't choose to help Beck.

For such a selfish, hypocritical, and ruthless man, he would only keep pushing her and wouldn't let them go easily.

"Whatever. Beck, I don't owe you anything. From now on, I renounced you. You're not my
anymore."

"You d*mn..."

When Cynthia was done, she hung up the phone directly and blocked his number.

dad

Everytime she called him dad, she felt sick and disgusting. What she only wanted now was to break up with him and stay away from him.

As for Beck.

Before Beck finished speaking, the phone was hung up by Cynthia. Hearing the beeping sound, he

was more furious.

How could that be? Didn't Cynthia care most about her mother? Why was she so fearless just now?

After the anger, Beck got more suspicious about it. He had a sense of foreboding in his heart. He hurriedly drove to the sanatorium where Cynthia's mother lived.

This sanatorium was run secretly by the Miller family. He put Cynthia's mother in captivity for ten

years, and no one knew it.

If it was in the past, he has absolute confidence that Cynthia wouldn't find it here. Now he was not

sure.

Because Cynthia was so calm and it was not normal!

As soon as he got off the car, the dean had received a message in advance to meet him at the gate. "Mr. Miller, why make you come here?"

"Where's Lynn? Is she good?" Beck didn't have time to greet him and asked directly.

The dean was stunned. "Didn't you send someone to take her out this morning?"

"When did I... d*mn it!" When Beck was in the middle of his speech, he thought of something. His eyes suddenly showed rage. Then he punched hard on the trunk next to him.

The dean was startled. Looking at his expression, he knew that something might have happened.

"Did... did those people use your name..."

Beck looked at him with gloomy eyes, "Didn't I say you can only let her go after I come here? Don't you remember what I said?"

The dean felt embarrassed. "Those people said that you were going to attend a very important bidding and you didn't have time to come. They also brought a lot of your relevant documents. I called you but I couldn't get through. So I asked them to take Lynn away."

"Oh yes. They also left this letter, saying it was something very important. They asked me to keep it and give it to you next time you come."

Then he took out an envelope from her white coat pocket.

Beck opened the seal and there was a note in it.

“Mr. Miller, it’s illegal and criminal to detain others for ten years. In order not to put you in jail, I took her away. No need to worry about her.”

The handwriting looked aggressive and delicate.

As Beck had cooperated with the Smith family for so many years, he knew the letter was from Alston. He was so angry that he directly crumpled the paper into a ball, threw it to the ground, and stepped on it fiercely.

Alston was just a green boy for him. He must overestimate himself to trick Beck.

As he lost two pawns at once, he beat his breast in anger.

When he was extremely angry, Beck suddenly thought of something. He hurriedly took out his phone and made a phone call.

The call quickly got through. He held his phone in a sullen face. “Mr. Clare, I’ve thought about it. Our family will fully support you...”

Seeing that it was already afternoon, Cynthia packed up her things. Different from her past simplicity, she put on delicate makeup. She wanted her mother to see that she lived well these

years.

She was wearing a mauve dress. She had a neat figure with delicate features. When she stood there quietly, she was like a lilac in the bud, quiet and charming.

At four o’clock in the afternoon, she got a call from Alston.

A deep and mellow voice came through the microphone. “Your mother has come back. She was in the central hospital, which had our shares. You don’t have to worry about Beck making trouble.”

His simple words made her settle down.

“I’ll come right away!” Cynthia’s eyes were full of joy. She ran out carrying her bag.

“Wait for me at home, I’m on the way back. I’ll take you to the hospital later.” Alston could feel her extreme happiness, which made him happy at the same time.

“Alston, thank you.” Cynthia stopped running. She looked down at her leather shoes and thanked him quietly.

“Not at all. I’m just on my way.”

In less than ten minutes after they hung up, a black car drove up.

It was Alston's car.

Cynthia waved excitedly and trotted over. When she opened the back door, she found there was a woman sitting in the passenger seat.

Hulda held her injured finger and looked at her with a big smile. "Cynthia, you also go to the

hospital!"

Cynthia's good mood was totally destroyed. The smile on her disappeared and she looked at Alston

with confusion.

Alston had been staring at Cynthia for a long time when she came over. He was so surprised as he had never seen her dress up seriously. Her usual face was pretty enough and her makeup today

made her more charming.

The collar covered her neck tightly while the bruise he left on her fair skin last night could be

vaguely seen.

Alston's eyes become deeper as he looked at her.

As it was dark inside the car, Cynthia didn't notice him. But Hulda could clearly see his expression.

Hulda clenched her teeth, trying to suppress the jealousy in her heart. She pretended to look at

Cynthia kindly.

"I accidentally cut my finger. Alston insisted on taking me to the hospital. I heard you're also going to the central hospital, so I asked the driver to pick you up. I don't need to go to the hospital. He's just making a fuss."

The car was Alston's car and Alston was her husband. But Hulda was acting like a hostess and pretended to be considerate for her.

Cynthia's eyes suddenly became cold. She pulled the door to the maximum and pointed directly to

the outside.

"If so, get out!"

"What?"

Hulda suddenly froze.

Chapter 29 Cynthia Meets Her Mother

"Cynthia, what do you mean?"

Hulda's eyes widened in disbelief. "I asked Alston to take you out of kindness while you want to drive me out of the car?"

"Alston, look at her!" She turned around and complained to Alston like a bratty girl.

Cynthia looked at her affectation and turned impatient. "Save your breath. Didn't you just say Alston made a fuss? I also saw that the wound on your finger will heal in one minute. So don't waste

the doctor's time."

She fumbled in her carry-on bag and found a band-aid. Then she threw it to Hulda.

"Here. Take it

and get off!"

Thanks to her doctor experience, she always carried a band-aid in her bag, which should come in handy!

Holding the band-aid, Hulda's chest was constantly fluctuating with anger. "You..."

"What? Do you want me to patch it for you?" Cynthia looked up with her sharp eyes. She had been with Alston for such a long time, who was good at giving frosty looks. That frightened Hulda as expected.

Cynthia didn't want to waste time with her. She looked at Alston with a straight face. "If you really want to give me a ride, don't do this to disgust me. I'm pressed for time!"

Then she turned away and was about to leave.

Before she stepped forward, she was stopped by Alston. "Wait. I'll take you to the hospital!"

Cynthia turned around and saw Hulda getting out of the car reluctantly. Seeing Hulda look over, she instantly put a smile on her face.

"Cynthia, I had sat in that seat. Hope you don't mind it."

Cynthia glanced at her. Looking at her like an Angelic b*tch, she sneered, "It doesn't matter. You even didn't mind the man I've slept with!"

"You!" Hulda was so angry. The smile on her disappeared again.

"Come here!" Alston gently patted the seat beside him casually, as if he didn't see the embarrassing scene.

Cynthia didn't refuse. She got in the car quickly and slammed the door. Then she asked the driver to drive to the hospital.

The car drove past Hulda.

Unlike Hulda who tried to cling to Alston, Cynthia tried her best to be close to the door and there was a long distance between them.

Looking at her sitting far away from him, he frowned and looked unhappy.

Cynthia accidentally saw his expression, thinking that he was dissatisfied with her driving Hulda out of the car. She felt uncomfortable and pursed her lips. "Do you like her so much?"

"Huh?" Alston looked over, with his eyes still glowing with cold light, which made Cynthia sad and

afraid.

Suddenly, she didn't want to ask anything, so she changed the topic directly. "Beck would know that you took my mother away. Will you be in trouble? I know that he has always been ruthless and likes to calculate people behind their backs."

"No!" Alston relaxed his sitting position. His right hand naturally rested on the back of her chair, which narrowed the distance between them.

"It's illegal to captivate your mother. He dare not tell. As I disrupted his plan, he won't let me go easily. But according to the current situation of the Miller family, he still can't hurt me!"

When he said this, his brow was full of confidence and a little aggressive.

Cynthia was relieved.

As it wasn't the rush hour yet, they arrive at the central hospital soon.

Cynthia walked to the door of her mother's ward with something in her hand. She was very excited.

but also afraid of seeing her.

She kept murmuring, thinking about how to greet her mother. The door was opened with a crack,

but she was too nervous to go in.

Alston had been following her. When he looked at her hesitation, he gave her a gentle push.

Cynthia didn't notice it and was directly pushed into the ward.

The ward was specially arranged by Alston. It was very big and luxurious. The windowsill table was filled with flowers and plants. There was even a fish tank. It looked full of vitality and made people feel very comfortable.

Alston must have spent many efforts on it.

Cynthia didn't have the mood to take care of these. She stared at the thin woman in the bed without

even blinking her eyes.

When Lynn heard the movement, she turned around and saw a beautiful young girl in a mauve dress standing at the door. She smiled weakly and greeted softly, "Hello. Who are you looking for?"

Before Cynthia spoke, her tears fell first. She threw herself on Lynn's bed. Her voice was hoarse. "Mom, I'm Cynthia. Why can't you recognize me?!"

Lynn froze at once. She reached out her thin hand and touched her hair lightly. Her tone was full of disbelief. "You? You're Cynthia?! You become a big girl!"

Cynthia rubbed her finger fondly and smiled, "Yes! Ten years have passed, and your little girl had grown up!"

“Yes, it’s been ten years. I haven’t seen my girl for ten years.” Lynn’s eyes were full of excitement with tears flowing down. She combed his daughter’s hair over and over again with her fingers.

She was hidden by Beck in an unknown sanatorium for ten years. The ten years ruined all her hopes, and she thought she would never see her daughter again.

When she was taken out of there today, she thought it was just another place to be captivated. She didn’t expect such a surprise.

She had seen her daughter. Cynthia had grown up and become more pretty.

“Mom, I’m sorry. I’m useless to let you stay in that sh*t place for ten years.” When Cynthia

mentioned this, she was full of guilt.

Lynn smiled softly, “It’s not your fault. You’re so young. How can you fight that beast!”

She had been tormented for ten years. As she had been sick for many years, she looked pale and older than her peers. But from her eyes, it could see that she was charming at a young age.

Looking at her withered face, Cynthia was in extreme bitterness. It made her hate Beck even more, and couldn’t wait to rip him off.

How could that b*stard be her father?

Looking at them talking intimately, Alston’s heart was sour.

Cynthia had never bonded with him like this.

He thought that Cynthia was born to be shy and introverted. But looking at her with her mother, he found that Cynthia was also a naughty girl, because she knew that her mother loved her and would

tolerate her.

Lynn held Cynthia and talked for a while. Suddenly, she saw a tall man standing behind Cynthia. She

was a little stunned, “Who is this?”

“He’s my…” Cynthia frowned, not knowing how to introduce him.

Alston adjusted his suit and stepped forward. A smile appeared on his cold face. "Ms. Lynn, glad to see you. I'm Cynthia's husband, Alston!"

Chapter 30 She May Be Monitored!

Cynthia was shocked by his self-introduction.

She didn't expect Alston would actively introduce himself as her husband.

"You're married?!" Lynn was surprised and guilty. "I didn't even see your wedding.

Cynthia was silent. She and Alston didn't have a wedding at all. She was a bride hidden from the public and a pathetic substitute.

"When you get well, Cynthia and I will hold another wedding ceremony." Alston said in a gentle way. His words made Lynn very happy.

If Alston wanted to please a person, it was not difficult for him at all.

He was smart, elegant and good-looking.

Lynn was really satisfied with him. They bantered with each other until Alston took a phone call and left the ward. Lynn seemed she still wanted to talk something more with him.

"Mom, you are nicer to him than me. I'm going to be jealous." Cynthia pursed her lips and pretended to be dissatisfied.

Lynn tapped her nose. "Silly girl, I'm friendly to him cause I hope that he can be kind to you. He looks really nice. He is candid, imposing and polite. You two are a good match. I believe he'll take

care of you."

Cynthia felt grieved. Alston was really good, but it was a pity that he didn't belong to her in the end.

She was afraid of her mother to know her feelings, so she changed the subject quickly. "Mom, why did you love Beck?"

This question had been in her mind for many years, and now she had finally asked her.

When Lynn heard the question, she didn't hide it and told her in full detail.

At that time, Lynn ran away from home in order to escape the engagement arranged by her family. She came to Fort alone. When she just got off the train, all her money and phone were stolen. As a

young girl who had just grown up, she was weak and helpless. She renounced her family and became homeless.

Then Beck appeared at this time. When he was young, he was handsome and well-educated. He had a crush on Lynn at first sight, and they soon fell in love.

Lynn always felt lucky to meet such a perfect partner.

But when she was four months pregnant, Jane found her and told her Beck was married and they had children. Lynn finally realized she was cheated on by Beck.

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Jane didn't listen to her explanation. She dragged Lynn out and humiliated her in public.

Lynn had always been proud and arrogant. She didn't want to be humiliated so she left Beck and hid in the countryside to secretly give birth to the child by herself.

She was stubborn and persistent. Even in the most difficult time, she pulled through and brought

up Cynthia.

Before the age of twelve, Cynthia always thought she had no father. Until her twelfth birthday, Beck found them and was determined to take them back to the Miller family.

Lynn refused and wanted to call the police. Then she was captivated by Beck for ten years.

Cynthia's eyes turned red with anger as she listened. "Beck is a j*rk who cheated me!"

"Straight-up facts!" Lynn was calm. She sighed, "It's a pity that I was too young at that time, and I didn't know that I was cheated. Cynthia, fortunately, you met Alston. He is a good guy and will take

good care of you."

Cynthia pursed her lips uncomfortably. She was afraid of Lynn to know the truth and didn't say

anything more.

Lynn was very weak. After talking for a while, she was tired. Her eyes were almost closed, but she

held Cynthia's hand tightly.

She was afraid that this was a dream. What if she woke up and found her daughter was gone?!

"Mom, I won't leave. I'll stay here. You'll see me when you wake up!"

Cynthia gently soothed her until she fell asleep. She tucked the cover for her and perched on the bed. She looked at her for a long time before carefully leaving the ward.

Alston was still on the phone in the corridor, and Cynthia went directly to him.

He turned his back on her and faced the window. His tall figure looked calm and reassuring.

Alston didn't notice her arrival. Listening to the other end of the phone, his eyes were full of

gloominess.

"Mr. Smith, Clare has been suspecting your relationship with Hulda. Mrs. Smith may have been

monitored. You should be careful and don't let it out."

Hearing that Cynthia was being monitored, Alston's eyes became darker, and his aura was intense

and horrible.

"Greg, arrange for her to live in the villa at Maple Garden these days."

When Cynthia approached, she happened to hear this sentence. She paused and smiled ironically.

7/17

Maple Garden!

It was a famous rich villa area in Fort. The price of a villa has been fried to hundreds of millions of dollars. Without connections and power, people couldn't buy it even if they had money.

Alston was really generous to her!

Somehow she began to get angry, deliberately stepping on the floor heavily with high heels, making a rattling noise.

Hearing the sound, Alston turned around. He was a little stunned but didn't panic when seeing Cynthia coming. He said a few more to Greg and hung up the phone.

"You have finished talking with your mother?" He inquired.

Cynthia stood opposite him and didn't answer him. She said, "I'm sorry. I just overheard what you

said on the call."

She gave a chuckle but it was not a real smile.

"Alston, are you trying to hide your mistress?"