

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 31 Let's Get A Divorce

Alston drooped his eyes. It was a soft posture but he still looked indifferent and defiant.

He looked at Cynthia like her naughty child. "You don't have to worry about my business. If you like, I left your two villas at Maple Garden, which are bigger and better than the one she lives in!"

Cynthia frowned. "You know that's not what I meant."

"Alston, you know that I care about you. If you didn't accept me from the beginning, I wouldn't have been in love with you, but you accepted me!" Cynthia clutched her dress tightly. "But you decisively gave up on me after Hulda came back... I'm not a generous person. I can't share you with others."

She looked up at Alston. "Alston, I'm not so shameless. I won't pester you. If you want to be with Hulda, just tell me directly. I will agree to divorce you!"

Alston clenched her hand tightly. He felt a rage in heart..

He was angry as she always mentioned divorce and wanted to give up on him so easily!

"Hulda just got back. Many people are monitoring her. You're still useful to me. I won't divorce you. And your mother wouldn't want us to get divorced."

All of sudden, Cynthia seemed to feel her brain was exploded. No wonder that after Hulda came back, he was reluctant to divorce. She turned out to be just a pawn.

But his last sentence made her despair like a withered tree. She opened her mouth, and her voice was trembling. "... I get it. Our marriage was an accident. I can understand!"

"When you handle those people, I'll make a place for your beloved. Then we're quits. We don't owe each other

anything."

They were quits?

Looking at her stubbornness and resolution, he gritted his teeth with anger. He was shrewd businessman, who liked to settle accounts with everyone clearly, but he hated Cynthia's being so courteous with him.

"Cynthia, am I too kind to you? You think that if you divorce me, everything will be fine?"

Alston had been aggressive since childhood. He was used to taking everything under control. Although he loved Cynthia, his deep eyes were full of oppression when seeing her like this.

Looking at his expression, Cynthia suddenly became scared and subconsciously took several steps back.

“Your mother had some basic check-ups today. Her body was severely weakened. She needs expensive imported medicines and instruments to continue her life every day. Do you think you can afford it with your meager salary if you leave me?”

Cynthia frowned. She just read her mother’s inspection report. The situation was really serious, and the numbers on the bill were astonishing.

“I... I’ll figure it out by myself.”

She looked at Alston stubbornly. She occupied the position of his first love. Knowing that Alston didn’t like

her, she couldn’t spend his money anymore and didn’t want to be a gold digger.

Alston gave a sneering smile. “Let’s put aside the medical expenses. I took your mother from Beck’s hand. Do you

think he will let it go? If I guess right, he will always stare at the movements of your mother and you. As

I’m on your back, he dare not hurt you. But...”

When he said this, he approached Cynthia and whispered in her ear, “Believe it or not. If I leave you alone,

before tomorrow, Beck will take your mother away from the hospital and hide her so that you will never find

her.”

It seemed his words or his burning breath made Cynthia can’t help but shudder. Her heart was full of fear and

anxiety.

She finally knew why those people were afraid of Alston.

He always poked their weak spot and controlled them firmly.

It was just that Alston was too kind to her before. She never thought that Alston would use this trick on

herself.

Cynthia bit her lower lip tightly and couldn't refute anything. She found that she really couldn't save her

mother without Alston's help.

Looking at her lips trembling. Alston knew that he scared her. He soon put away his oppressive momentum.

He patted her hair and said softly, "Alright. As long as you are obedient and play your part, no one dares to touch you and your mother."

Cynthia clenched her hand tightly. She nodded clumsily. "I will!"

"Well. Let's go back to the ward!" Alston reached out with his big hand and wanted to pull Cynthia. She avoided him naturally. "Mom is already asleep. She had a light sleep. We'd better not disturb her."

Alston frowned slightly. He felt that there was something wrong with her attitude, but he couldn't figure it out clearly. He felt something begin to get out of control. This feeling made him very annoyed, even a little.

scared.

"I come to tell you that I'm going to stay with my mother today and won't go back at night." Cynthia lowered.

her head and her voice was soft.

Alston nodded. "Good. I'm going to go to Orleans on business next week for a week. You can stay in the hospital. This hospital was owned by our company not long ago. I have arranged someone else to protect

you. You don't have to worry that Beck will get you into trouble."

Alston never let people down. Everything was arranged in good order.

Cynthia's heart tightened. She nodded to him. "Got it. Thank you!"

After Alston left the hospital, he went to Orleans for a business trip as he said and didn't come back for a week. During this period, Lynn asked about him numerous times but Cynthia made an excuse and tricked her.

On Sunday, Cynthia went to her mother's doctor's office to find out about her treatment this week.

When she passed the front desk, she heard several nurses talking together. Cynthia didn't take it seriously. When she was about to walk by, she suddenly heard a few words.

"Orleans" and "Earthquake".

Her heart skip a beat. She suddenly had a bad feeling, so she hurried up and asked, "What are you talking

about? What happened Orleans?"

She rushed to speak and the nurse was startled. One stammered, "Just now, the news said... there was a magnitude seven earthquake in Orleans, which was particularly serious!"

Cynthia's mind went blank, full of buzzing sound, She couldn't hear anything around her.

She was keeping thinking about one thing.

Alston was on a business trip in Orleans and hadn't come back yet!!!

### **Chapter 32 You Did Very Well**

Cynthia's face turned pale. Even her lips looked pale.

Seeing that she looked not good, the nurse patted her shoulder and asked carefully, "Doctor Miller, are you all right?"

Cynthia suddenly came back to her sense. She hurriedly picked up the phone and dialed Alston's number. When typing the number, her hands were shaking.

Toot, toot, toot...

She held the phone nervously and listened carefully, but there was no response for a long time.

Alston's phone couldn't get through!

Cynthia asked the nurse to take care of her mother. Then she strode outside and called Greg as she ran.

After several phone calls, Greg finally picked up her call. She quickly asked, "Has Alston come back yet?"

Greg's voice was full of seriousness. "Mr. Smith's return flight is at 8 o'clock this evening. Because of the earthquake in Orleans, the flight was canceled. Mr. Smith... he ... he is still in Orleans."

Cynthia felt something exploded in her mind.

Holding the phone tightly with her fingers, she tried to take a deep breath to calm herself down. "I just called him, but I couldn't get in touch with him. Did you get any of his news?"

"I can't get through his call!" Greg replied. He noticed Greg's nervous tone and quickly soothed her, "Don't worry, Mrs. Smith. I have called the Smith family's private jet and arranged for a rescue team to go there. Mr. Smith will come back safely."

When Cynthia heard this, she became excited. "I want to go there too. When will you leave?"

Greg was awkward when he heard her. There was still the risk of aftershocks in Orleans. If he takes Cynthia and encounters any danger, Alston will not spare him.

"Mrs. Smith, it's too dangerous over there. Stay in Fort and wait for our news. I'll inform you as soon as I find

Mr. Smith."

Cynthia looked grim. She still kept running. "Where are you? I'll be right there."

When she heard that Greg wanted to dissuade her, she made an excuse that he couldn't refuse. "Greg, you

know that Alston has serious cleanliness. Even doctors are hard to get close to him. I've taken care of him for

so long. He won't reject me. In case he gets hurt, I can also help with the bandage."

Greg considered for a moment before he agreed. He asked Cynthia to wait outside the hospital. He sent

someone to pick her up.

There is a big apron in the backyard of the Smith family. The flying route had been approved. They can start

at any time.

When Cynthia arrived at the Smith family, she found a group of people standing on the apron, including

bodyguards, Greg and Hulda!

“She’s going, too?” Cynthia asked Greg.

Greg was in a dilemma. Before he answered, Hulda’s guilty voice sounded, “I, I won’t go. I’ll stay in Fort to help Alston take charge of the company. I’ll meet you when you come back.”

Her eyes dodged. She was scared, while she still pretended to be calm and thoughtful.

Cynthia sneered. If Alston saw her expression, he would definitely be disappointed. He was in danger in Orleans while Hulda didn’t even have the courage to look for him. Alston was really stupid to love her.

Cynthia didn’t say anything. She followed Greg and strode up the jet. She put a middle finger through the

window towards Hulda.

When the plane took off, Hulda saw her and was so angry but helpless.

After flying for nearly two hours, the jet finally landed slowly.

When Cynthia looked down through the window, she saw many buildings in Orleans collapse. Many places

were directly in ruins, looking desolate and miserable.

She was distraught and worried about Alston.

After getting off the plane, Greg protected her to Alston’s location.

Along the way, some older houses collapsed and were completely reduced to ruins. Although the modern

high-rise buildings did not collapse, the stairs were full of cracks and crumbling.

Medical staff and soldiers came to the rescue in a hurry, looking very anxious. Some people knelt in the ruins.

and frantically dug slates with their hands, trying to rescue their buried relatives and friends.

The sight of these scenes made everyone feel depressed and grim.

Orleans, which used to be prosperous, was reduced to purgatory on earth in an instant.

Cynthia grabbed Greg nervously. She constantly looked around for Alston's figure, "Greg, he will be fine,

right?"

The situation at the scene was more severe than they expected. Greg also began to worry about Alston. "Mr. Smith's mobile phone has a GPS. As long as he has it with him, we can find him soon. Don't worry, Mrs.

Smith."

Then the locator came out with a short beep. Greg and Cynthia listen to it carefully.

"I found Mr. Smith's phone!"

The bodyguard picked up a black mobile phone from the ruins. Cynthia recognized it was Alston's phone,

which brought her heart in her mouth.

"The phone ran out of charge. It powered off automatically." Greg operated the phone and said to Cynthia,

"Mr. Smith should be around here. Let's look for him."

"Let's find it separately. It will be faster." Cynthia said. She turned around and looked for Alston in the crowd, shouting his name while looking for him.

After searching for half an hour, she couldn't find him.

Cynthia was anxious and impatient. Suddenly, he was hit in the back. A man covered in mess ran anxiously opposite the injured man. He shouted, "Help! There's a man whose hand seems to be broken. He needs to be

patched up."

There were only a few doctors who came to the rescue, and the situation at the scene was serious. At that

time, no one came.

Cynthia reacted and hurriedly shouted, "I'm a doctor. I can patch him up. Lay him down."

The man quickly followed her words. Cynthia found clean bandages and medicines from her medicine cabinet. She stopped his bleeding and cleaned up other wounds on the injured. Fortunately, it had entered late

autumn. The weather was cool and the wound had not festered.

After dealing with that injured man, one after another people were rescued. Cynthia was busy helping to

make some simple bandages.

As time passed and when the last patient's wound was handled, Cynthia became relaxed. She suddenly felt dizzy and unconsciously fell back.

When she thought she would fall to the ground severely, she suddenly fell into a wide embrace, and the

familiar smell lingered on her nose.

The man hurriedly took a few steps back with her in his arms. Suddenly a slate fell from where she had just

stood.

Cynthia looked at the cracks smashed out of the ground, she felt as if she experienced death for a while..

She was too pale. The man holding her gently patted her shoulder and coaxed, "Relax. Relax. It's okay."

Cynthia looked up and met Alston's nervous eyes. She finally was relieved and her tears burst out instantly.

"Where have you been? I've called you so many times. Do you know how I worried about you?" Cynthia cried fiercely and couldn't stop her tears. She wiped her tears desperately but she couldn't wipe them all clean.



She looked like a foster child. The moment she saw him, she felt like she had found her place.

Alston's turbulent feelings in his heart finally got out of control. He held her head with his hand and held her

tightly in his arms.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't let you worry. You did very well just now."

He always thought that Cynthia was weak and needed protection. When watching her deal with the wounded calmly, he found that she had such a strong heart, which made her more attractive.

He couldn't help but want to hide and didn't want anyone to take her.

Cynthia tightly grabbed his waist with her slender arms. Her tears fell into his neck, and the scorching

temperature was directly coming to his heart.

All people who came to Orleans were trusted by Alston. He didn't have to worry about being monitored by

Clare.

Alston missed Cynthia so much. He held her in his arms tightly, feeling that his whole heart was occupied

with her!