

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 9 Stand Up for Her

Be a good Mrs. Smith...

Cynthia lowered her head with darkened eyes and whispered, "Okay!"

Alston liked quietness. Besides Greg, there were only a few servants at home. The whole house was

in silence now

The lunch in the Miller family was too plentiful and greasy, and Cynthia knew that Alston didn't get a few bites. She was afraid that he was hungry, so she went to the kitchen to cook some food as soon as she returned to the Smith family.

As soon as Cynthia put the food on the table, there was a clatter of high heels at the gate, which was particularly harsh in the quiet house.

"Alston..." With a shrill voice, a middle-aged woman wearing delicate makeup and famous brands suddenly rushed to Alston's wheelchair.

Cynthia was afraid that the woman would hit Alston's legs, and she hurriedly separated them, blocking the woman.

Suddenly blocked, Stella Smith was unhappy and looked Cynthia up and down. "Are you the illegitimate daughter of the Miller family? No wonder you are so uncultured that you don't deserve

my son!"

Son?

Was she Alston's mother?

Cynthia paused and frowned. Alston had already woken up yesterday, and Greg called her several times, but she didn't give a response. But now, she was pretending to show her fake love for her

son.

Such a kind of mother... It was better not to have such a mother.

Her heart was full of pity for Alston, and she firmly guarded him as a calf.

Looking at her slim body, Alston smiled and ate his food gracefully, in an unprecedented good

mood.

Looking at the simple dishes on the table, Stella changed her face. She suddenly slapped Cynthia without warning.

Cynthia's head was beaten to one side, and her face was burning with pain.

"That's how you take care of my son? Look at what you cook! As a doctor, you didn't take good care of a patient. Do you want to kill him? What's the use of marrying you?"

Alston suddenly expressed a gloomy look at the redness and swelling on Cynthia's face. He turned his wheelchair and dragged Cynthia behind him, posing as a defender.

"She is my wife! I didn't hit her. What qualifies you to slap her?"

Identifying Alston's apparent anger in his voice, Stella was surprised and angry.

Initially, she wanted to warn Cynthia as a mother-in-law. Still, she didn't expect her heartless son to defend Cynthia, an illegitimate daughter.

Had this woman played an essential role in her son's heart within two days?

Stella looked at Cynthia carefully. Cynthia was burying her face. Although there was a conspicuous palm print on her face, it did not reduce her beauty, adding a weak and pitiful feeling.

Stella was angry and secretly scolding Cynthia, It couldn't imagine that Alston would be seduced by such a woman. She was good at luring men.

"Alston, I am your mother and I love you. Cynthia didn't take good care of you. I slapped her just

for..."

When Stella was about to show her fake love, Cynthia suddenly interrupted her. She said,

"Excepting for the liquid food, Alston didn't eat anything within four months. If you let him a feast, you want him to die. If I don't know you are his mother, I think you wanted to harm him deliberately!"

"You..."

Stella was too angry to speak. Looking at Alston, she looked a little guilty.

Although Cynthia looked weak, she knew how to fight back. She really surprised Alston.

Alston loosened Cynthia's soft hands and continued to eat his food.

Stella didn't dare to bully Cynthia in front of Alston, but she couldn't endure her anger. She slumped down in a chair and said, "I'm hungry. I don't want to eat that. Cook something new for

me."

Cynthia did not move, and Stella was ready to criticize her. Then Alston suddenly slammed the bowl

on the table.

Seeing his darkened eyes, Cynthia and Stella were afraid to make a sound.

"Don't eat if you don't want to. Greg, clean the table." He turned his wheelchair and was ready to go back to his room. Before he left, he frowned at Stella tightly. "Cynthia is here to take care of me, not

a servant. You can't handle her!"

Looking at their backs, Stella trembled angrily and swept all the dishes on the table.

Cynthia quietly pushed the wheelchair, thinking that Alston had just defended her. Even if it was just acting, she still blushed secretly.

It looked that Alston didn't get along well with his mother. Cynthia didn't know what had happened between them and didn't intend to figure it out. What she needed to do was stand firmly behind him.

Alston went to take a bath and didn't let Cynthia follow. She asked Greg to find some books on nursing and massaging for her, and she read them intently.

When Alston came out, he saw her reading the books. She looked very concerned about his legs.

He couldn't help laughing in his heart with a cold face. Even his mother was indifferent to him, and he didn't believe that a woman who was forced to marry him and only got along for two days would try her best to take care of him.

She just wanted something from him, fame or interests.

He would give her whatever she wanted if she could obediently stay with him without any evil plan.

Otherwise...

Alston narrowed his eyes, revealing his cruelty.

“Turn off the lights and go to sleep!”

Cynthia closed the books and then massaged his legs carefully according to what she read. When she was ready to help him go to bed, he did it with the wheelchair handle's support and lay on the bed with his quilt.

After turning off the light, Cynthia cuddled herself in the bed on the ground. Although she spread several layers of blankets under her body, she still felt cold. She huddled tightly, and she took a long

time to fall asleep.

Alston suddenly opened his eyes when he heard a gentle breath on the ground and turned to look at her on the floor. He frowned when he remembered she cracked her back quietly in the car.

After a long time, he lifted the quilt, stepped barefoot on the cold floor, and stood up slowly.

Although his movements were stiff, he walked towards Cynthia slowly.