

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 15 You Can Stand Up

She was pitiful but seductive.

Alston's voice was hoarse. "Don't regret it."

The two of them rolled down on the bed, all their clothes removed. Alston held her hand and asked, "Cynthia, who am I?"

Cynthia couldn't get what she wanted, and her eyes narrowed with discomfort. Looking at his handsome face in front of her, she said all her heartfelt words, "You are Alston, the man I love."

Surprised, Alston couldn't help kissing her gently and blocking her voice.

Their fingers entwined.

After a long time, Cynthia got back consciousness. She suddenly sat up in bed, and the pain and discomfort made her gasp.

She looked down at the strange surroundings. The room was in a mess, the red on the white sheets was harsh, and all traces made her realize what had happened.

Cynthia was stunned. She had slept with Alston!

She didn't expect it would happen.

What would Alston think of her? Would he think that she was a shameless woman who slept with men by dirty means?

Cynthia sighed and buried herself in the quilt again. She felt ashamed and didn't know how to face

Alston in the future.

When she was hiding in the quilt, suddenly there was a crackling sound of broken bottles in the

bathroom.

She got up quickly and rushed over regardless of the pain in her body.

Did Alston fall down in the bathroom?

The bathroom door was ajar, and she entered without knocking at the door.

Cynthia saw the bathroom was filled with hot air.

Through the hazy water vapor, she saw that Alston's lower body was surrounded by a bath towel. Standing in front of the washstand, he was holding pieces of glass and frowning.

Water drops fell from his wet hair, and his face was handsome. When he heard someone come in, he looked up.

"You..." Cynthia pointed to his legs in disbelief. "Alston, you can actually stand up?"

Looking at the woman who was stunned, Alston smiled and lifted his feet.

"Wait a minute!" Cynthia stopped him and squatted down to clean up all the debris on the ground.

Alston was warm in his heart, and he picked her up and walked to the bedroom.

"Wait, your legs..." Cynthia looked at his legs with worry. She was struggling to get down but was held by Alston in his arms.

"Don't move." His voice was hoarse.

Feeling his muscles tense instantly, Cynthia's face turned red, and she stayed in his arms.

Alston laughed. "Don't worry, my legs have almost recovered, and it's all because of you."

He gave a simple explanation, and Cynthia realized that Alston's legs were already in the recovery period, and he would be the same as a normal person soon.

Her face was full of joy, and she was really happy for him, without any selfish thoughts.

Alston put her on the bed.

The pain between her legs made Cynthia remember what happened to her and Alston, so she

hurriedly explained.

"I didn't mean to... Ivan set me up. I didn't know he had put the drug in the wine."

She explained with a cautious face, lest Alston didn't believe her.

Alston's eyes were deep. "I know, leave this matter to me, and I will never let Ivan go."  
"

When Cynthia heard this, she breathed a sigh of relief quietly. When she found Alston staring at her, her heart thumped. "What's wrong?"

Alston took a deep breath. "Do you remember what you said at that time?"

"What did I say?" Cynthia couldn't remember what happened after she got out of the box. All her memories were vague, and she didn't remember what she had said at all.

Looking into his eyes, Cynthia was nervous. Did she say anything?

Alston toyed with her white fingers and laughed. "You said you love me."

Cynthia's face flushed, and she didn't expect that she would say the words from the bottom of her

heart.

Now that she had confessed her love and slept with him, there was no turning back.

She took a deep breath and stared at Alston with her watery eyes.