

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 19 Unwilling

Central Hospital, VIP ward.

The room was warm under the sunshine, but the people in the ward were silent, and none dared to speak. They all lowered their heads and didn't dare to look at the angry man in front of the bed.

"It's been two whole days. Why hasn't she woken up yet?"

Alston had dark circles around his bloodshot eyes. He twisted his eyebrows, stared at the woman in

the bed, and asked.

Alston was very obsessed with cleanliness; his clothes had always been clean and tidy. Greg had

never seen him in such a mess.

His chin was covered with stubble, and he didn't have time to change his clothes because he kept sitting in front of the bed. His shirt was wrinkled and stained with blood.

"The doctor said that Mrs. Smith was only traumatized, and the bullet didn't hurt her organs. She should be awake within a day," Greg looked at the equipment around with a serious expression. "However, she had a serious psychological injury, and now she has no desire for survival, which means she's unwilling to wake up."

"Mr. Smith, we have to do something. It will be bad if Mrs. Smith can't wake up herself!"

Alston was shocked and clenched his fist tightly. It seemed that what he did really hurt her.

He went to Cynthia after a long while, squatted down, and held her hand gently. He seemed full of

tenderness, but his voice was cold as ice.

"Cynthia, if you don't wake up, I'll let Greg send you back to the Miller family, and then... I'll marry your sister Cherry! Do you hear me!"

Whenever he said these words, Cynthia would compromise and try her best to stay with the Smith

family.

However, they didn't work this time.

Alston said these words twice, and Cynthia still showed no signs of waking up.

Greg was speechless. "Mr. Smith, I think you should say something nice this time..."

Before Greg could finish talking, Cynthia's eyelids trembled slightly. A nurse saw it and exclaimed,

"She's about to wake up! Mrs. Smith's eyelids just moved!"

Alston was shocked and hurriedly let a person call the doctor.

Those doctors had been waiting, and when they heard the news, they immediately came to Cynthia's bed.

After the examination, the attending doctor breathed a sigh of relief and said to Alston with a smile, "The patient's consciousness has awakened, and it won't be long before she wakes up. What have you just done that made her suddenly have such a big desire for survival?"

Greg was speechless again.

He didn't expect Alston's words to be powerful like this!

Alston carefully put Cynthia's hand into the quilt, and he finally relaxed after being tense for two days. Soon, he felt rather sleepy.

Greg was distressed to see him like this. He went forward and advised, "Mr. Smith, do you want to go back to freshen up and have a rest? Miss Miller will soon wake up, and I'm sure you don't want her to see you like this."

Alston lowered his head, only to find that his white shirt was stained with a large amount of blood, and he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Okay, I'll go back and change clothes. You must call me as soon as she wakes up."

Greg nodded, and Alston was about to leave the ward when a man hurriedly came in.

It was the nurse hired by the Smith family to take care of Hulda.

The nurse was pleasantly surprised. "Mr. Smith, Miss Taylor wants to see you!"

"What's the matter?"

Alston's eyes were full of impatience because of his tiredness.

The nurse didn't notice it and continued, "Miss Taylor said that her wound hurts..."

Alston interrupted her directly before she could finish talking.

"What does she want from me if her wound hurts? She should call a doctor."

Alston frowned. Hulda only had her arm scratched by shrapnel; why would she exaggerate such a

small wound?

The nurse was too scared to look at him, but she dared not ignore Hulda's request.

"Miss Taylor has something important to tell you."

"Let her wait!"

Then, Alston left the hospital at once.

When he returned to the Smith family, Stella was also at home. She had already learned the news that Alston's legs had recovered, and now she still couldn't believe it even if she had seen him herself.

"A... Alston... you can walk now?"

Her tone was more surprised than happy. Alston sneered. "Yeah. Are you disappointed?"

Stella was aware of her inappropriate words and laughed awkwardly. "Of course not. I'm happy for you... By the way, I heard that Cynthia was kidnapped?"

"Yes."

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Alston replied carelessly, pulling his crumpled and blood-stained shirt in disgust.

Stella smiled with relief. "I knew she was not a good girl. She must have been kidnapped because

she had always been playing around. By the way, the kidnapper detained her for a long time, and she's quite pretty; do you think the kidnapper couldn't control his desire and..."

Stella's words became more and more awful. Alston was furious; he turned around and stared at her with red eyes.

"How dare you speak ill of Cynthia!"

Stella saw the look in his eyes and dared not say anything more.

"When I was in a coma, and the Miller family asked Cynthia to marry me, you and Uncle Clare agreed with them," Alston deadpanned and gave Stella even more pressure. "I woke up when she married me. I couldn't walk, so I had a bad temper. No one dared to approach me. She took care of me for a whole month without complaining."

"What were you doing by then? Now she was kidnapped because of me; why are you speaking ill of her?"

Stella stepped back in fear. Alston was mostly indifferent to her, but he had never been so furious. She was frightened, but she still struggled hard to explain,

"A... Alston, you were in a coma, and Cherry couldn't take care of you, so your Uncle Clare and I agreed on Cynthia being the replacement. But now that you're awake and you can walk, I... I think Cynthia isn't good enough for you."

"Huh!" Alston sneered. "Only I can judge that. Forget it this time. If you dare to mention this in front of her, don't blame me for being ruthless."

And then, he went upstairs without looking at Stella.

Stella watched him leave. She was so angry that she could hardly breathe.

What a b*st*rd. Alston was not close to her since childhood, but she didn't care much. If she knew he would be like this when he grew up, she should have strangled him when he was born!

Alston wanted to have a rest, but after being angry with Stella, he suddenly changed his mind. He took a shower, changed his clothes, and rushed to the hospital immediately.

When he arrived at the ward, Cynthia still didn't wake up, and Alston was somewhat disappointed.

At this moment, Hulda's nurse came and urged him again. Alston finally got impatient and went to

Hulda's ward.

Alston hadn't left for long before Cynthia's right knuckles moved, and her delicate eyebrows

wrinkled in pain.

It hurt... it hurt so much....

A bullet penetrated her chest, and blood gurgled out. Cynthia felt the world around her become.

blood-red.

Alston's handsome face was emotionless, his gun pointed straight at her, and there was no warmth in his eyes.

"No, don't!"

Cynthia screamed, suddenly opened her eyes, and saw the snow-white ceiling.

She was not dead!