

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 1 Marry A vegetable

The Smith Family.

Cynthia Miller followed Greg through a dark corridor carefully.

Her new soft clothes, beautiful white skin, and elegant features all seemed to be mismatched with this gloomy villa.

“You are a medical student and should know how to care for patients...”

“But, I’m an obstetrician...”

Cynthia subconsciously argument caught the attention of Greg’s eyes. Her voice weakened, and she continued to follow him.

After a while, Greg’s footsteps stopped.

Cynthia looked up. There was a big room in front of her. The door was wide open, and it was pitch black inside, Like a beast with its mouth wide open, ready to swallow her whole in an instant.

For some reason, Cynthia felt a little nervous.

Greg’s cold voice sounded, “Today is the wedding night of you and the young master. I hope you will take good care of the young master.”

“What wedding night?” Asked Cynthia in shock.

Before I could react, I was pushed into the room, and the door behind me slammed shut.

She got flustered and hit the door repeatedly.

“There must be some kind of mistake! It’s true that I’m here to take care of your young master, but I never said I would marry him. Cherry Miller is the one who’s engaged to him, not me!”

It didn’t matter how she explained. The door didn’t open, and instead, there was the sound of the

door locking.

“Miss Miller, please stop joking. Your father said you agreed to this marriage. If it weren't for the young master's accident, as an illegitimate daughter, you wouldn't have been able to step onto the Smith family's doorstep.”

When Cynthia heard these words, her whole body fell like a freezer, and a chill rose from her feet to

her head.

She was fooled by Beck Miller! Her own father had set her up.

The Smith family is the most powerful family in Fort, and Alston Smith sat on the top of it. His net worth was over billions and looks handsome as well, but all that was until four months ago.

Alston had a car accident four months ago and

vegetative state for the rest of his life if he dop. “In a coma. The doctor said that he might stay in a

wake up soon.

The Miller family was indeed related to the Smith family through an arranged marriage, but it is Miss Cherry Miller, the eldest daughter of the Smith family, who was engaged to Alston and not Cynthia, who's just an illegitimate daughter who was taken in by the Millers ten years ago.

A few days ago, Beck Miller asked her if she could go take care of Alston instead of Cherry Miller. This way she could repay the ten years that she was under the Miller's wings.

Leaving the Miller Family was like a dream to her, so she agreed without much thought.

She didn't expect that this was waiting for her.

Cynthia slowly calmed down after a while.

This was actually not a bad thing. Instead of being forced into marriage by those group of Miller monsters in the future, it is better to use this situation to leave the Miller family formally.

After thinking about it, she looked at her “wedding room.” The dim room felt damp and empty. Only the bedside instruments made a ticking sound.

Alston was lying quietly in the bed, only his chest was making weak up and down movements.

Cynthia looked at his thin body and felt pity in her heart.

She saw Alston once from afar. At that time, he was sharp-edged, cold, and oppressive. Who would have thought that he would be in such a state now?

She took a deep breath, went to the bathroom, and filled a basin with hot water from the faucet.

Alston has been lying in bed for four months. To prevent muscle atrophy, he must be massaged and scrubbed every day.

Although the skin under my hands is thin, but the muscles are tight. It doesn't feel like he's been in a vegetative state for four months at all.

After massaging his muscles, Cynthia is going to help him scrub his body.

It was the first time ever that she touched a man's body so directly.

Alston might be in a coma now, but he is still a healthy man.

Cynthia cheeks were reddish, and she pressed down her shyness, hinting to herself again and again, He is just a patient! Just a patient!

She slowly stripped off Alston clothes, and firmly wiped his upper body.

With her eyes closed, her trembling hands slowly reached up to his waistband.

When her fingers touched Alston's tight waistline, preparing to pull his pants down in one breath. Her slender wrist was suddenly grabbed by a powerful hand.

Cynthia was startled, looked up, and was met by a pair of eyes as black as obsidian.

"Who... are you?"

Alston haven spoke for a long time, so his voice was hoarse and deformed. With his face looking excessively thin and pale, Cynthia suddenly thought of vampires living in the deep dark night.

The grip of his hand was strong. The stabbing cold made Cynthia suddenly react.

Alston was suddenly awake!

## **Chapter 2 I Give Myself to You**

The news that Alston has woken up shocked the whole Smith household.

In the middle of the night, the Smith family's establishment was brightly lit, and the doctor in a big white coat was busy giving Alston a thorough examination.

Cynthia was standing at the door of the room. She still hasn't recovered from the shock yet.

Greg, who was cold to her before, suddenly has a huge smile on his face.

"The Miller Family always believed that you are lucky, and it's apparently true. Mrs. Smith is really blessed. It's the first day of marriage and my young master suddenly woke up."

Uh... In order to get her to marry, Beck Miller even came up with such nonsense.

Cynthia sniffed coldly, and then her heart sank.

Now that Alston is awake. If he knew she was a substitute, would he drive her back to the Miller family?

Her heart tightened at the thought.

No, she finally got out of the Miller family's evil lair, and she will never go back again.

Cynthia made up her mind. If Alston let her leave later, she would fight for her life to stay and leave as a corpse if it comes to.

After a while, the doctor left. Greg came out of the room and said to Cynthia, "Young Master wants.

you to go in."

Cynthia clenched her fingers and walked into the room with a solemn and stirring face.

Alston was named the most desirable bachelor of Fort. He was tall, muscular, and had a sublime appearance. At the moment, he was sitting on the bed with his head slightly lowered, his forehead blocking his deep eyes, and his whole body full of alienation and indifference.

"You... you wanted to see me?" Cynthia spoke carefully.

Alston looked up at her and said, "Pack your things at once and go back to your family!"

As expected!

Cynthia knew he would make her leave, but didn't expect him to be so merciless.

She smiled wryly, "What are you saying... we are husband and wife now. How can you send the bride back to her family on our wedding night?"

"Husband and wife? Bride? Do you think you deserve to? The eldest daughter didn't want to marry, so she asked an illegitimate daughter to take her place. An apple doesn't fall far from the tree. You

and your family are very calculating, aren't you?"

Alston's eyes were cold and stern. Cynthia's back immediately broke out in a cold sweat. She was

speechless.

She forced herself to calm down. She looked at him with a pale and sad face. "Please don't drive me out. My father won't forgive me... I'm a doctor, and your body still needs to recover. I promise I will

take good care of you."

Cynthia looks exquisite and beautiful. Her pair of almond eyes were reddish as she was in tears. The delicate and touching appearance makes people want to hold her in their arms to ease her sorrow.

But Alston was expressionless and unmoved, "I have many servants, so there is no need for you to take care of me. Cynthia, I'm not a good person, and I have no compassion. Your tricks are useless

to me."

Cynthia's eyes were dark.

Alston looked at her with her head down and suddenly changed his tone, "I am a businessman, and I believe in the exchange of equal value. Unless you can come up with something that pleases me..."

Cynthia was frozen. She was just a simple obstetrician. Her father didn't care about her, her mother was gone, and she had no power or potential. She has only herself.

Her heart sank and she made up her mind. Her slender fingers gripped her neckline tightly,

"Alston, I have nothing. I will give myself to you."

After she finished her sentence, she closed her eyes. Her white fingers slowly unbuttoned her

clothes little by little.

Cynthia's white and transparent skin could be seen under the light as she had taken off nearly all her clothes and was about to take off her last piece of clothing.

"I'll give myself to you as long as you can let me stay. I'll be yours only. You can do anything you

want me to do."

She

put

her hands around his shoulders. Her young body trembled with fear, but she still looked at

him stubbornly.

Alston was in a trance, and this delicate little face and his memory of when he was a child suddenly somewhat overlapped.

His eyes were deep, he casually opened them, and his voice was coldly ironic. "Cynthia, you know I am disabled now and can't do anything, right."

Cynthia's heart chills. She had already reached this point, yet he was still going to drive her out.

Suddenly, a big coat fell on her, covering her white skin.

"Put on your clothes, get out, and call Greg in."

Cynthia gawked at him, dressed her clothes woodenly, and was about to go out when Alston stopped her, saying, "I'm hungry."

"Huh?" She didn't react and looked at him in confusion.

"Didn't you say you would take good care of me? I'm hungry!"

Cynthia was suddenly pleased, and her eyes smiled into a crescent shape. "You... you promise to let me stay?"

Alston asked indifferently. "You don't want to?"

Hearing this, Cynthia hurriedly trotted to the kitchen to prepare food for Alston, and asked Greg to go upstairs, by the way.

Watching as her back disappeared, Alston's tight body suddenly relaxed. He looked down at his pants, and his eyes turned dark and mysterious.

He had reacted to her. Just looking at her body, he responded to her.

How was that possible?

It must be because he has been asleep for too long!

Greg pushed a wheelchair through the door, Recalling the appearance of Cynthia's caring young master's clothes just now. His face was somewhat in thought.

"Young master, Mrs. Miller looks very familiar. I've got this strong feeling that I've seen her somewhere before."