

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 20 You Misunderstood

"Mrs. Smith, you are awake!"

Greg heard her scream and rushed over in surprise.

Cynthia stared at the ceiling, and there was still despair and panic in her eyes.

After a long time, she rolled her eyes, looked at Greg, and asked in a hoarse voice, "I'm not dead?"

"Of course, you're not dead." Greg looked at her pale face, and she was no longer as lively as usual.

you die?" His heart was a little sour. "Mr. Smith is always good at shooting. How could he let

Mr. Smith?

When Cynthia heard this name, she looked behind him but didn't see Alston. Her eyelashes drooped, covering the sadness in her eyes.

"Where is he?"

Before Greg could answer, the nurse on the side replied, "Miss Taylor's nurse came just now, so Mr. Smith is probably in Miss Taylor's ward."

Hulda?

Cynthia was short of breath and coughed violently. The wound tore again, and the blood suddenly

flowed out.

The nurse was startled. She had stayed in the hospital for two days and saw Mr. Smith take care of Cynthia without resting. She knew that Cynthia was very important to Alston, so she felt very sorry when she saw Cynthia had such a big reaction to her words. Thus, she called the doctor to treat Cynthia's wound immediately.

Greg gave the nurse a reproachful look and explained to Cynthia, "Don't listen to her nonsense. Mr. Smith has stayed with you for two days. He went to Miss Taylor's ward because she had some other matters. He will be pleased to know that you are awake. I'll go and find him."

“No need!” Cynthia waved her hand and stopped him with an indifferent expression. “Greg, you have taken care of Alston for many years, so you must know this Hulda. I want to know her relationship with Alston.”

She came straight to the point and asked. Greg paused for a second and said, “Mr. Smith and Miss Taylor had a relationship when they were in school...”

Cynthia smiled coolly. No wonder he couldn't get it over for so many years. It turned out they were a student couple.

The Miller family treated him with the worst attitude, yet he still kept her around as a replacement.

It seemed that Hulda indeed meant a lot to him.

Greg saw her expression and panicked, and he quickly explained, “Mrs. Smith, although Mr. Smith had a relationship with her, it was old-time history. He really likes you now, and he...”

“All right, don't say it anymore.” Cynthia interrupted Greg directly, looking pale and tired. “I already got the answer I need. Please go out. I want to be alone.”

When Greg saw this, he sighed and left the ward with the nurse. Before he left, he explained to Cynthia, “Mr. Smith saved her only for the old time's sake and nothing else.”

How ironic. Alston even liked a similar woman for the old time's sake.

Cynthia smiled, lay down, and looked at the ceiling expressionlessly, thinking about what she

should do next.

For a whole month, she actually believed that Alston fancied her deeply. Until yesterday, all of her fantasies were shattered when he pointed the gun at her to save Hulda without even the slightest

hesitation.

Now it seemed that his one true love had returned, Cynthia wondered if she should give up being

Mrs. Smith as a replacement.

Cynthia clutched the quilt tightly, and her knuckles turned white. She had no other relationship with Alston except for their marriage. If they got divorced, she would never get close to him again.

Alston would have another woman around him. This woman would become his wife, be intimate with him, and even carry his child.

When she thought of this, her heart felt as if it had been abruptly torn in two, and her eyes were red

in pain.

Her thoughts were making her miserable when suddenly, the door was forced open, and a tall figure rushed in.

When Cynthia saw the visitor, her feelings collapsed instantly, and tears streamed down her face.

“Helen...”

Meanwhile, in Hulda’s ward.

Hulda stood at the door and looked outside anxiously. Since she was hospitalized, she hadn’t seen Alston. She heard he had been in Cynthia’s ward, taking care of her for two days.

She had urged the nurse to invite Alston many times, but he didn’t come.

Hulda gnashed her teeth with anger. She secretly prayed that Cynthia would never wake up.

And then, she saw the nurse come back, followed by a tall man.

Hulda was delighted, hurriedly ran to the bed to lie down, and tidied up her hair. Her expression was shy and a bit excited.

Alston walked into the ward and looked at the woman in bed. “The nurse said you had something urgent. What is it?”

Hulda pretended to sit up from the bed weakly and looked at the tall and handsome man in front of her. Her heart fluttered. “Alston, we haven’t seen each other for ten years. I didn’t expect this to happen again.”

“I’m sorry to trouble you with this matter.”

Alston also didn't expect her to return at this time, and she was even involved in this kidnapping case. "The Smith family will pay for all your medical expenses, and you can ask for any compensation you want."

Hulda hurriedly waved her hand. "No need, you weren't who kidnapped me. You saved my life despite the danger, and I should thank you. I didn't expect you to give up your wife and choose to

save me..."

She thought that Alston certainly wouldn't remember her after ten years. But she didn't expect she was still in his heart, and Alston chose her instead of his wife without hesitation.

Hulda blushed and glanced at Alston ambiguously.

He stood there with the influential aura of a superior. He was tall, handsome, and even more

attractive than ten years ago.

Any woman would like to hop on an excellent man like him.

If only she had come back a month earlier. Hulda's fingers clenched, and her heart was full of

reluctance.

Cynthia only became Mrs. Smith because she looked similar to her. She was the one who should become Mrs. Smith, and Cynthia should be satisfied for being Alston's wife for a month.

Now that she had returned, she would definitely kick Cynthia out of the Smith family.

Thinking of this, Hulda tried to control her expression and showed a worried look.

"Mrs. Smith hasn't woken up yet, and I feel very sorry. She wouldn't have suffered such a serious injury if it weren't for me. It's all my fault. When she wakes up, I will definitely apologize to her and ask for her forgiveness."

Alston frowned because Hulda's words were wide of the mark. "Miss Taylor, I think you may have

misunderstood!"

Hulda heard Alston calling her "Miss Taylor" in an alienated way, and the emotion she had worked

hard to pretend was interrupted. Her expression was somewhat dumbfounded.

"What?"

She looked into Alston's deep eyes, only to find that his eyes had always been indifferent from beginning to end since he entered the ward.

There was no tenderness and love in his eyes as she imagined.

Alston was looking at her like a stranger.

Hulda suddenly panicked. Then, she heard Alston's cold voice, "I didn't give up my wife to save

you!"