

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 3 Wedding Night

Alston's fingers trembled for a moment. He suddenly looked sharply at Greg, "Who told you to call

her Mrs. Smith?"

Greg tried to explain for Cynthia, "She looks very simple, pretty and mild-tempered. She is much easier to get along with than her sister."

Alston gave a sneering smile. "The woman is quite capable of building a base of support. She has

only been here for one day. Even you tried to defend her."

Greg froze and was afraid to continue.

Alston propped himself on the handle of the wheelchair. With a quick turn, he sat in the wheelchair, looking more agile even than normal.

"Do they know Cynthia was not the real bride?"

Greg quickly replied, "It was Clare Smith's idea, and madam agreed."

"Clare?" Alston tapped on the handle. His eyes showed mixed feelings. He snorted coldly for a long

time, "I was in a coma for only four months. How dare he step in my marriage."

"When you were in a coma, Clare bought all the shares of the bottom shareholders. They thought

you wouldn't wake up anymore so they all stood by him."

Greg's eyebrows knit in a frown as he continued. In four months, too many things had happened in the company, and the situation was very unfavorable to Alston.

Alston listened to him without a trace of worry on his face. He even smiled slightly, "He's really

something."

But Clare underestimated Alston. When Alston's father died accidentally, Alston was only 16. He shouldered the responsibility bravely and developed the Smith Group into one of the best big groups in the country.

How could such a dandy be comparable to Alston?

Alston pushed a button and his wheelchair slid forward.

Greg was stunned. "Where are you going?"

"Go to the bath!"

Alston didn't look back. He hadn't calmed down yet. He kept thinking of Cynthia's shivering body,

which made him tense and uncomfortable.

When Cynthia came back with a bowl of soup, Alston sat by the window in a bathrobe with wet hair. Apparently he just had a shower.

"Mr. Alston, dinner is ready!"

Greg heard what she called Alston. He looked at Alston and then at her, but he said nothing and went out quietly.

Looking at the bowl of soup on the table, Alston stayed still for a long time.

Cynthia explained, "You haven't eaten for a long time. The soup was easier to digest and nourishing. Give it a try. It had been cooked for a long time."

Alston gave her a look, then he bowed his head and drank slowly.

He ate gracefully which made Cynthia a little obsessed.

He finished the soup soon and wiped his hands with a towel. He suddenly looked at Cynthia, "I suppose tonight is our wedding night..."

"Yes." Cynthia was getting nervous. What did that mean? Did he want to sleep with...