

## My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

### Chapter 5 Asking for Dowry

Alston looked at her with a straight face; his dark eyes were like a bottomless abyss, exuding intense hostility and hatred.

Cherry was so scared that she instantly broke out in a cold sweat.

“Cherry, what are you talking about!” Beck reprimanded her and turned to Alston.

“Cherry is still young, and please forgive her impetuosity.”

Alston looked at two of them with a half smile. “She is right. I am disabled, and she is out of my league. But fortunately, the engagement was lifted, or the Miller family heir’s lifetime would be

wasted on me.”

His cold voice made Cherry more embarrassed.

“No, it’s not...” She mumbled, trying to defend herself. Alston didn’t intend to listen, so he directly let Cynthia push himself out of the kitchen.

Jane held Cherry’s hand with an anxious look. “How could you say that? Even if Alston’s leg is broken, we can’t provoke him.”

Cherry recovered herself and said with a sharp voice, “Mom, it was Cynthia, that b\*tch provoking me. I couldn’t have said that if she hadn’t induced me. It was all her fault.”

Jane soothed Cherry with a pat on her shoulder and then turned to Cynthia’s back, full of hatred.

After returning to the living room, all the gentleness Alston had faked before disappeared. Instead, he looked cold and glum, full of an oppressive atmosphere.

Cynthia thought that he was provoked by Cherry’s words and whispered, “The doctor said your leg

can be cured.”

“If it can’t cure?”

Alston interrupted her.

“If it can’t be cured, I can only stay in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. When everyone laughs in your face for you having a disabled husband, what will you do then?”

He gazed at Cynthia; his eyes looked like a bottomless abyss devoid of emotion.

Cynthia suddenly chuckled. “Not a big deal. You just used a wheelchair a few decades earlier than

1. When I get old, I might have to rely on you.”

Alston looked at her bright smile, and the gloom of his heart suddenly disappeared.

He stroked Cynthia’s hair with a satisfied expression on his face.

It seemed that it might be the right decision to keep her.

Beck returned to the living room and was relieved after seeing their interaction.

“As Cynthia’s father, I am relieved that you can like her. She was not with me since she was a child, but she was quiet and gentle, the most respectful and clever girl in the family. She is much better.

than Cherry...”

Listening to her father’s false praise, Cynthia felt disgusted. She stayed in the Miller family for many years but never received recognition. Now, to please Alston, he said anything flattering he

could say.

“Well, it seems that Mr. Miller loves Cynthia very much!”

Alston suddenly interrupted Beck and said meaningfully.

Beck paused. “That... that’s for sure. She is my youngest daughter, and I absolutely love her.”

“Well...” Alston gently tapped on the desktop and said, with danger in his eyes, “When Cynthia came to the Smith family, I was still in a coma. Now I feel ashamed of not giving her a formal

wedding.”

“No, Cynthia doesn’t care about these things at all. I know Cynthia adores Mr. Smith, and she is pleased to marry Mr. Smith. Cynthia, right?”

As Beck spoke, he looked at Cynthia frequently, hoping she could say something.

“No!” Alston suddenly smiled. “When the engagement was confirmed, we gave you several big projects to show our sincerity, and Mr. Miller, you also gave Cherry 15% of the Miller Group shares.

as dowry...”

When Beck heard this, he suddenly had a sense of foreboding.

“Since the fiancée has changed, should this 15% share be given to Cynthia?”

At the same time, Cynthia looked up at him in amazement.

Was Alston helping her ask for her dowry?

“Well... well...” Beck suddenly felt dizzy at the moment.

When he let Cynthia marry Alston replacing Cherry, he was happiest that he saved the 15% stake in the Miller family. Unexpectedly, as soon as Alston woke up, he began to set his sights on the stake.

It would be a significant loss for him if Alston took the stake. As he was just about to speak something, Cherry rushed out angrily.

“Dad, no! The shares are mine. You can’t give them to this b\*tch!”

“Miss Cherry, please shut up!” Alston said with a deep and stern voice, looking at Cherry coldly, “Cynthia is now my wife, Mrs. Smith, in the Smith family. You called her a b\*tch. Are you looking down on the Smith family?”

Cherry’s eyes were afraid red, and she quickly hid behind Jane. “Mom, Cynthia wants to take my shares. You tell dad not to give them to her.”

Jane was also in a panic. She couldn’t let an outsider take the shares, so she said, “Such a big thing,

we should discuss it...”

Alston interrupted her impatiently and looked directly at Beck. “It seems Mr. Miller can’t deal with the business independently in the Miller family?”

Beck would never allow himself to lose face in front of Alston, so he reprimanded Jane and Cherry not to interrupt him. Then he turned to Alston slightly obsequiously.

“Mr., Mr. Smith, I also prepared a dowry for Cynthia before!” He said vaguely, trying to fudge the

issue.

Alston had a long involvement in the world of business since he was 16 years old, so he understood Beck’s intention early. “Cynthia didn’t have to take this 15% share, but I heard that Cynthia was sent to the Smith family just by a little black car without anything valuable.”