

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 7 Why Are You So Shameless?

Cynthia froze and looked at Jane straight.

She lived with her mother since she was a child. When she was twelve years old, her mother suddenly disappeared, and then the Miller family came and took her back. Only then did she know that she was the illegitimate daughter of the Miller family.

Ten years. Cynthia had been looking for her mother for ten years, but she still didn't know where

her mother had gone.

They watched her look for her mother blindly for ten years, but now they told her that the Miller family had always controlled her mother.

The more she thought, the angrier she became. Her jaws are trembling slightly.

At this moment, Beck suddenly said, "Don't worry, your mother is in a very safe place. She is ill and needs the Miller family to cover her medical expenses. I will let you see your mother if you promise to help the Miller family!"

Then he took a video of Cynthia's mother accepting treatment in a hospital bed.

In Cynthia's memory, her mother had always been a gentle and beautiful woman. Still, the woman in the video was thin and pale, lying silently on the hospital bed. Cynthia wouldn't have recognized the woman as her mother if it weren't for the familiar outline.

Cynthia poked her fingers into her palms, a mixed feeling of sadness and anger constantly intertwining. "You knew where my mother was from the beginning, but you didn't tell me. You knew she was seriously ill, but you still didn't tell me. Did you try to threaten me by using her long ago?"

"Cynthia, I have no choice!" Beck pretended to sigh, full of pride in his eyes.

"The Smith family intends to terminate the cooperation with the Miller family. Our current profitable projects are all supported by the Smith family. The Miller family will not be far from bankruptcy if they suddenly terminate."

"Cynthia, your mother can live until now, ascribed to the Miller family. If the Miller family goes bankrupt, not only will we suffer, but your mother will have to die. You are so smart that

know how to choose!"

you should

Cynthia lowered her head, clenched her fist tightly, and said after a long time, "OK, I'll help!"

In the backyard of the Miller family, Alston leaned slightly against the wheelchair, looking up to the sky. He was not as stern and aggressive as before but was lazy and casual.

Cherry hid behind a big tree and stared at his handsome side face, looking almost obsessed with

him.

She was delighted when she knew she was engaged to him, but the car accident ruined the engagement. If it weren't for the accident, she should be the one who became Mrs. Smith, not that b*tch, Cynthia.

The more she thought about it, the more she got annoyed. Her fingers buckle on the bark, making a

sound.

Alston frowned and looked at her sharply. "Who's there?"

Seeing that she was found, Cherry carefully collected herself before she came out from behind the

tree.

She pressed her lips and looked shy. "Alston, it's me!"

"Alston?" Alston lowered his eyelids and tapped his fingers on the wheelchair handle. "I remember just now you called me 'the disabled.'"

Cherry's face turned pale, and then she acted innocent and pitiful. "Alston, it was Cynthia who deliberately stimulated me, so I was out of line at the moment. You know I like you and want to marry you. If Cynthia hadn't stepped in, your wife would have been me."

As she spoke, she went close to Alston carefully and put her fingers towards his face.

A trace of disgust flashed over Alston's eyes, and he turned the wheelchair to avoid her hand.

"Miss Cherry, respect yourself. I am your sister's husband now!"

Cherry didn't touch him, and she was blue in the face. But to maintain her image, she endured the

anger.

"Alston, could you divorce Cynthia and marry me? She's just an illegitimate daughter, and she has nothing. I have the Miller family at my back. If you marry me, the Miller family will support you unconditionally."

She looked confident and thought Alston would not refuse.

But the next moment, Alston's cold voice rose with a sarcastic tone. "The Miller family? What is the Miller family? It means nothing to me."

"You..." Cherry's expression froze. She was irritated by Alston's arrogance.

"It's Cynthia that I like. Even if there are ten Miller families at your back, I will not like you," Alston said, waving his hand to her behind, "Come here!"

Cherry turned her head and saw Cynthia standing nearby with a thin blanket and laughing at her, which looked like she said, "Even if you take the initiative to get close to him, he will not like you."

Cherry was so ashamed and angry that she couldn't wait to escape from this place.

Cynthia ignored her, trotted over, and put the blanket on Alston's leg. Before She stood up, her waist was suddenly held tightly.

Alston's cold hand buckled her waist closely and pulled her onto his lap.

A relaxed and pleasant smell surrounded her.

Cynthia threw herself on his chest and sat down on his leg. She was shocked and looked up at him.

Before she spoke, she saw his stern face approaching, and her heart couldn't help trembling.

When their lips touched, Cynthia froze and subconsciously tried to push him away, but he held the back of her head and continued the kiss.

His strength was getting bigger as if to squeeze her whole body into his arm.

Cynthia was dizzy because of the kiss and gradually gave up resistance.

Cherry gawked at them kissing in front of her, flushed with anger, and screamed, "Cynthia, why are you so shameless?"

After the kiss, Cynthia was released, panting with a red face. When she heard Cherry's cursing, she couldn't help chuckling.

"He's my husband. I can kiss him as I like. It's none of your business!"

Then she kissed Alston's lips lightly, full of pride.

She was so preoccupied with Cherry's anger that she didn't notice Alston's darkened eyes.

Cherry run away angrily.

Cynthia was thrilled. Cherry had bullied her for so many years, and she finally took revenge this

time.

Before she laughed, she suddenly felt a big hand pinch her soft waist.

Alston's cold voice rose overhead.