

My Sleeping Beauty Husband by Lyanna Nichols

Chapter 8 You Like Alston

“Get off my lap!”

She looked up and met his indifferent eyes.

“It’s just a play in front of Cherry. You take it seriously?”

Looking at Alston’s cold and heartless eyes, Cynthia suddenly felt sad. The instant affection for him

had to be hidden.

She hurriedly got up to her feet. Remembering that Alston’s legs didn’t recover, she was afraid she had hurt him again, so she squatted down to rub his legs gently.

Alston already had some discomposure, and now his thigh was massaged and rubbed by her slender fingers, which made him feel stranger.

He subconsciously pushed Cynthia away but didn’t expect his strength wasn’t well controlled. She suddenly sat down on the ground.

Cynthia felt hurt because she thought Alston was not willing to let her touch him.

Looking at her reddened eyes, Alston pressed his lips, but he didn’t explain anything. “Push me back!” he said coldly.

When eating lunch, everyone has his mind.

After the meal, Alston and Cynthia were ready to go back. After Alston’s wheelchair was carried in the car, Cherry, who hadn’t been talking, suddenly grabbed Cynthia, saying in a low voice that only

the two could hear,

“Cynthia, I know you liked Alston from an early age.”

Cynthia’s face turned pale, and her eyelashes trembled. “Nonsense! I... I am...”

Before she finished, Cherry interrupted her, “Don’t deny it. I just found the notebook in your room, and I read everything written there..”

Cynthia got annoyed, and her face flushed. Cherry went through her room and looked at her

notebook!

“Don’t be proud. Do you think you can feel relaxed after marrying Alston? Cynthia, you have to recognize your own identity. You are just an illegitimate daughter of the Miller family, and the Smith family will never regard an illegitimate daughter as Mrs. Smith.”

Cherry seemed to think of something and smiled strangely. “Alston doesn’t like me and will never like you. You will never feel easy in this position.”

Cynthia’s face changed. She didn’t know what Cherry wanted to do and didn’t want to continue the

talk with her. She got in the car directly and left the Miller family.

The scenery outside flashed past the window, and Cynthia stared out of the window silently, lost in

thoughts.

Cynthia was right. She liked Alston, and she wanted him a long time ago.

The first time she met Alston was at Cherry’s 16th birthday party.

Cherry invited many friends to her birthday party that day, and she dressed like a little princess. surrounded by people. However, Cynthia, dressed in dusty clothes, huddled in the corner and looked at Cherry pitifully.

Jane and Cherry had abused her as they could because of her father’s ignorance, and she hadn’t

eaten for two days.

Cynthia, the

poor little girl, greedily looked at the cakes in the middle of the hall, hoping she could get a small bite.

However, the cakes that were extremely precious in her eyes were tools for fun for those dress-up children. The cakes were thrown all over the floor, and there was no complete piece.

There were so many people in the hall. Excepting Cherry, the star of the birthday party, Alston was

the most notable one.

Alston, who was already a teenager then, was dressed in an expensive and well-cut suit, exuding extraordinary elegance and indifference. He was as radiant and distant as the sun in the sky. Even Cherry, who had always been arrogant and overbearing, took the initiative to get close to him.

But it was he who found her hiding in the corner. When he discovered her embarrassment, he

handed her his cake.

Cynthia couldn't remember the taste of the cake, but she would never forget the radiant and

handsome boy.

She knew a massive gap between Alston and her and didn't dare to have any expectations. What she could do was write down her secret crush in her diary.

However, since then, she never saw him again. When she heard Cherry was engaged to him, she had to bury her affection and the diary deeply.

"Cynthia! What are you thinking about? I am talking to you."

An impatient voice interrupted her thoughts from her ear. Cynthia turned her head and saw a handsome face very close to her, and her face turned pale with fear.

Was she scared by that?

Alston frowned and looked at her wet eyes. He felt impatient but softened his voice.

"What's with the injuries on your arm?"

Cynthia looked down at the bruises on her white arm. The bruises were made by Beck before.

She didn't notice the bruises. The wounds were swollen, which looked a bit scary on the flawless

skin.

"It's okay. I scratched them accidentally."

Cynthia casually put down her sleeves to cover her wounds.

Looking at her accustomed expression, Alston felt uncomfortable. He said without consideration,

“You are Mrs. Smith. The Miller family does not welcome you, so you don’t need to come back.”

Cynthia gawked at him. He looked indifferent, but his voice was gentle as if it could make her restlessness settle down at once.

She felt mixed happiness and sadness, and she smiled gently at him, full of sweetness in her dimples.

Seeing her smile, Alston felt his heart touched gently by furry paws. It was a feeling that he had never experienced before.

This feeling made him panic a little. Then he turned his head irritably and said gruffly, “You’d better behave yourself and be a good Mrs. Smith in front of other people, or you’d better pack your things and get out of my home.”