

CRYSTAL'S ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Chapter 13

Is This How Wretched You Are?

Under Seth's insistence, Crystal took him to the hospital.

Seth was quite good at tormenting people. He merely suffered a minor injury, but he ended up staying at the hospital for over two hours.

It was already 9.00PM by the time he sent Crystal home.

Crystal was in a terrible mood, but she still apologized to Seth nonetheless. "I'm so sorry for getting you involved today, Seth."

Meanwhile, Seth's feelings were more complicated than hers.

He thought that he would have a chance after Crystal and Robert broke up, but Henry stepped in instead.

Even though Henry looked proper, he had undressed Crystal with his eyes not long after he arrived. Seth wasn't blind, and he had noticed that.

He didn't dare fight with Henry out in the open.

The Millers had the highest reputation in Barnwood, and Henry was a powerful man as well. Even though Seth was serious about Crystal, he didn't want to risk his entire family for the sake of a girl.

Seth turned to look at Crystal and said jokingly, "Crystal, if we're still single after a few years, you should consider me."

With Henry's hints, Crystal could more or less guess what Seth was thinking.

She didn't want to harm him.

Crystal shook her head and said, “Seth, once my dad gets released, I might leave Barnwood. For now, I... don’t have any plans in that respect.”

Seth stared at her quietly.

He suddenly smiled, and he looked quite cute when he did so. “I was just kidding! Did you take it seriously? It’s getting cold... You should go in. Don’t worry about your dad. I’ll talk to my father about it later.”

Crystal was grateful that he didn’t expose her.

When Crystal got out of the car and left, Seth suddenly called out to her, yelling, “Crystal!”

Crystal turned to look at him.

Seth sat in the car and waved at her. For some reason, Crystal felt moisture in her eyes.

She watched the car drive away before walking through the door.

Perhaps because the light bulb was broken, the ground floor was dimly lit. Crystal took out her phone, intending to shine some light around.

Suddenly, someone grabbed her waist and covered her lips with their warm hand.

Amidst the chaos, Crystal was dragged into the stairwell of the safe passage.

“Hmph... Let go of me!”

Just as she wished, the man moved his hand away. Right after that, something warm covered her lips.

The familiar man’s scent caused Crystal to freeze—it was Robert.

Crystal bit her lip and slapped him across the face. Following the loud slap, the lights around them lit up at once eerily.

The woman had used up all her energy, so she leaned against the wall and panted heavily as if she were a dying little fish.

Robert's expression darkened.

"Is this how wretched you are? That you can take anyone at all?"

Crystal looked up, her gaze burning.

Instead of getting angry, she smiled. "Yes, that's how wretched I am! I can take anyone but you, Robert. Are you happy with my answer?"

Robert's expression turned even darker.

He grabbed Crystal's neck as the veins on his forehead throbbed.

"How dare you?!"

"Why not? Robert, you've hurt me so much, so what else can I be afraid of?"

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All of a sudden, Robert released his grip on her.

He took out a cigarette pack, but it was empty. He crushed it and threw it onto the ground, then looked up at Crystal. "Leave Barnwood! I'll buy a villa for you, and your dad will be fine too!"

Crystal was so furious that she was shaking.

As her lips trembled, she questioned, "Are you doing all this so that I can become your lover? Robert, you're too much!"

Robert's expression was calm. "Crystal, you won't get anything by going against me. I have more than enough ways to deal with you."

Just then, Anna appeared at the stairwell with a mop in her hand.

At once, she began hitting Robert haphazardly.

Robert retained his pride and refused to fight the woman.

Anna was panting as she shouted in anger, “You b*stard! If you dare harass Crystal again, I’ll kill you!”

There were tears in Crystal’s eyes.

Anna turned around and said softly, “The Winterses are not selling any daughters.”

While standing opposite them, Robert smiled coldly.

Hah! Not selling any daughters, you say...

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