

## CRYSTAL'S ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

### Chapter 20

Mr. Miller, Is This Your Girlfriend?

In the midst of the chaos, Crystal felt herself being carried up.

She leaned into Henry's arms. His embrace was warm, and she could smell the faint yet pleasant scent coming from him.

They moved further and further away from the abandoned warehouse.

Crystal finally relaxed her tensed nerves. She slowly closed her eyes but was immediately struck with dizziness.

"Henry." She gripped his shirt and called out with great difficulty.

Henry lowered his head to look at Crystal's pale face.

Crystal leaned against him and said weakly, "I got hit on the back of my head. I might have a concussion."

Henry didn't hesitate as he immediately drove her to the hospital.

Crystal lay on the back seat, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

She wanted to throw up.

Meanwhile, Henry gripped the steering wheel with one hand as he dialed a number with the other.

"Dr. Lane, it's me, Henry. I'd like you to have a look at my friend. It might be a concussion."

After a while, he said, "Okay. I'll be there in 10 minutes."

After ending the call, Henry looked in the rearview mirror and asked gently, “Is it really bad?”

Crystal closed her eyes as she whimpered affirmatively in pain.

The short whimper sounded so broken that the man felt his heart aching for her.

Henry’s voice was low and hoarse as he said, “We’ll be at the hospital soon.”

In her discomfort, Crystal thought vaguely, I never thought that someone like Henry would be capable of gentleness.

Once at the hospital, thanks to Henry’s connections, Crystal was sent right to the emergency unit to get an X-ray scan.

When Dr. Lane received the film, he lifted it and took a glance, then smiled as he said, “Fortunately, it’s just a minor concussion. Let’s have you hospitalized for a few days to monitor your condition.”

Henry thanked him.

Dr. Lane looked at Crystal, then grinned as he asked, “Is this your girlfriend?”

Henry said reservedly, “She’s a client. I just happened to bump into her.”

“A client, I see.” Dr. Lane was still grinning. “Henry, bring your client to get the inpatient procedures done. I’ll ask a nurse to give her an IV drip later.”

Henry didn’t offer more explanations.

He carried Crystal to the ward, then paid for the hospitalization fees.

Crystal was extremely grateful. She wanted to transfer the money to him, but she was in such bad shape that she could only lie on the bed and watch the world spin around her. In a daze, she fell asleep.

When she woke up, the infusion needle was already removed from her body.

Crystal was feeling better now. She turned her head slightly to look out the window, realizing that it was dusk.

A slender figure stood in front of the window, holding a phone as he spoke into it. The person's voice was greatly suppressed.

It was Henry.

Crystal leaned against the pillow and watched him quietly.

Henry had a great figure. He stood at six-foot-one, which was a perfect build for females to lean against. After her few encounters with him, Crystal had to admit that even if Henry weren't rich, there'd still be loads of women who would pursue him.

After ending the call, Henry turned around and met Crystal's gaze.

She was very quiet as her snow-white face leaned against the pillow. She looked beautifully fragile.

Henry seemed slightly tempted, but he remained calm on the surface. "How much longer are you going to look at me?"

Crystal's face turned hot as she whispered, "I want some water."

She thought that Henry would call the nurse, but he poured out a glass of warm water for her instead. He walked up to the bed and sat down, then pulled her body close.

Crystal was forced to lean against his chest. She struggled slightly and said, "I can do it myself, Mr. Miller."

Henry gave her a look.

His emotions were hidden from his deep eyes, but he did look quite stern.

Crystal didn't dare resist, so she gave up and leaned on his shoulder, then sipped the water from the glass in his hand. Crystal didn't know if she had imagined it, but she felt him holding her closer to him.

Just then, the door to the ward opened,

Dr. Lane walked in to find the intimate scene. However, he simply smiled amicably as he asked, "How are you feeling, Miss Client?"

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