

## CRYSTAL'S ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

### Chapter 8

Aren't You Here to Be With Me?

When Crystal woke up again, she found herself leaning against Henry's shoulder, and a large hand was supporting her waist. Crystal took a whiff of his scent, which was a mix of some woody scent and aftershave. It smelled so nice that she thought it was one of the best aphrodisiacs in the world.

Meanwhile, Henry was on the phone.

His voice was suppressed, but he sounded quite stern.

He wasn't supposed to be making calls in the infusion room, but he was so handsome that all the ladies nearby were staring at him. Their gazes were so strong that they bore into him.

When Henry hung up the call, he realized that Crystal had woken up.

Her pale face was tinted pink, and her eyes had an innocent look in them because she had just woken up; it was quite alluring.

Henry asked calmly, "How long are you planning to lean on me?"

Crystal hastily got up, blushing.

Henry picked up his coat and put his phone away. Then, he looked at her and said, "I'll send you back."

Crystal didn't want to trouble him again, but Henry insisted.

He received another call on the way to her house. After a few exchanges, he said to Crystal, "I have to go back to my apartment for a fax. I'll send you home when I'm done."

Crystal was a little hesitant.

She knew what it meant for a woman to visit a single man's apartment, but she thought in self-depreciation, Someone like Henry isn't short of women, so he doesn't need to use any tricks if he wants something!

Crystal didn't say anything, and her silence was considered an affirmation.

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Henry's apartment was situated in the elite area of Barnwood. It was about 2,000 square feet, and it was decorated so lavishly that it looked like a showroom.

Henry told Crystal to wait in the living room while he went to the study.

After receiving the fax, he called up his assistant and gave the latter some tasks.

When he was done with work, Henry was about to send Crystal home when his phone rang in his pocket.

The custom ringtone was reserved for a certain someone.

Henry's expression shifted slightly as he tensed up and took out his phone. Just as expected, it was a call from that person.

After a long while, he rejected the call.

Out of pride, the person on the other end of the line didn't call back.

Henry's mood crashed as he took out some strong liquor from the wine cabinet.

After downing two and a half glasses, he stood in front of the French windows, holding a wine glass as he silently looked into the darkness outside.

Meanwhile, Crystal waited for a long time.

At first, she could still hear noises coming from the fax machine, but after Henry's phone rang, she couldn't hear anything else. She was a little worried, so she quietly opened the door to the study.

Henry had his back to her.

Crystal couldn't see his face, but his figure was filled with loneliness.

Her sixth sense told her there was someone in Henry's heart, and he was currently thinking of that person.

She didn't want to interfere, so she tried to leave discreetly.

"Stop right there!"

Behind her, Henry's slightly hoarse voice sounded.

Crystal turned stiff, then felt someone lightly embracing her.

Henry nibbled her exquisite neck as his burning breaths spilled over her ear. "Didn't you come here to make out with me?"

Crystal couldn't deny that.

A voice in her heart told her that Henry's mood wasn't stable at the moment, so even if they slept with each other, he might not admit to it.

However, her limbs were turning weak, so she couldn't even resist.

The night was alluring.

In front of the French windows of the luxury apartment on the 24th floor in the heart of the city, Crystal was lifted by her slender wrists and pinned against the glass window.

Henry was good at tormenting people, for his detailed moves almost drove Crystal crazy.

He was the one who got drunk, but he watched her soberly as she gave in to passion.

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Yet, Crystal didn't receive the conquer she was waiting for.

She opened her eyes slightly as she parted her red lips, asking in a husky voice, "What's wrong, Henry?"

All traces of desire had disappeared from Henry's eyes.

He took a step back and said calmly, "Miss Winters, I'm sorry you had to see me like that. I had a little too much to drink."

Crystal's face turned pale, and she felt unbelievably embarrassed.

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