

Midnight Part3 1

Chapter 1483 - 1: Why Do You Care?

By the ink on her mother's will, Crystal Smith had become an outsider in her own house and had to live with her mother's 'toyboy,' Nathan Davis, under his guardianship.

What the Hell was she thinking about? Crystal seethed.

She held the steering wheel and turned back to Nathan, whose expression had not changed a bit. "Did that woman die under your enormous cock?"

It would explain why her mother had left her inheritance to a bloodless man rather than to her own daughter.

"I want you to get out of my house," Crystal said.

Nathan raised his eyebrow curiously,

"What if I say no?" he asked. Crystal was a little stunned by his direct words.

She held his life in her hands now, but it really did seem like he didn't care if his words would piss her or not! She frowned and brought the vehicle up to 220 mph. The cars next to them disappeared behind them like flashes of light as Crystal ran red lights and Stopped Signs with no concern for their or anyone else's safety.

Without warning, Nathan leaned over her and put his hand on the lever, covering Crystal's hand. He suddenly jerked the gear shift and turned the steering wheel hard with his free hand.

The wheels squealed as they "burnt rubber," and then there was a loud crashing sound as the Mercedes hit a Buick Regal and ran it off the curb and into the railing on the side of the road!

They were both thrown forward, and the airbags exploded to save them from near-certain death.

"Are you all right?" Nathan asked her with a grave expression on his face. And then he unfastened Crystal's seat belt and said, "Get out of the car. I'll handle this."

Crystal did as she was told. This is so surreal - she thought as she stumbled out of the vehicle.

Crystal walked over to the Buick and knocked on the window. A few minutes passed, but no one answered. And because the glass was tinted, she couldn't look inside, nor could she hear anybody, so she assumed that the vehicle was empty.

Then, just as she was turning away, the window rolled down, and Carlos - her boyfriend - was sitting in the front seat.

Carlos was not adequately dressed, his hair was messy, and there was a scratch on his neck.

It should have been happy and exciting to run into him, but all she felt was suffocating - breathtaking anxiety.

Crystal tried to speak, but all she could do was stare. Her brain hurt suddenly, and it felt as if it was exploding.

She remembered how, on a red rose petal path and under a setting sun, Carlos had held her hands and said, "Crystal, you are the apple of my eyes. I'll love you forever. I'll give you the world's most unique love."

Out of this love, Carlos had once driven a hundred miles to buy her favorite food for her. And to make her happy, he had purchased a license plate with her birthdate on it. Time had passed, though, and while the license plate remained the same, the love he had felt for her had changed.

At the time of the rear-end, Carlos was making love to another woman in this damn car.

It must be an exciting experience for them - Crystal thought absently.

Carlos smiled awkwardly. "Crystal?" he asked lamely. "Is that you?" He stepped out of the car nervously and began to fix his clothes.

"Car sex? You are really busy, Carlos," Crystal asked sarcastically. "How exciting is that?!?!!"

She was angry, but she tried not to show it because she didn't want him to know that he had that kind of power over her. She wanted him to think that their relationship meant even less to her than it had to him.

Carlos looked at the ground and shuffled his feet. "Look," he said. "I'm sorry."

Crystal frowned. He was still behaving gently and politely, but he didn't even bother to explain it to her.

Obviously, he could not deny that something had been going on. When Crystal peeked her head into the car, she saw the other woman was in a state of undress. Her ample bosom had been on display, despite how she'd tried to hide them while, at the same time, attempting to cover her neatly trimmed mons pubis.

Crystal couldn't see the woman's face.

She raised her hand to slap Carlos, but he grabbed her hand. "Enough," he said forcefully.

"We're breaking up. You can go now. Cry on your own time if you need to!"

Crystal was astonished, and her eyeglasses over with the tears she wished that she could have held back. His sudden cruelty had shocked her just like a slap would do to her.

The woman stepped out of the front seat. "Crystal Smith?" she laughed. "What are the odds of running into you like this?" She was wearing a yellow tight strapless T-shirt. She had gotten dressed, but the shirt was too tight that her breast bulged out so much, and her apparel was nearly as vulgar as her state of undress had been.

But Crystal didn't need to see the woman to recognize her. She would have recognized her half-sister's voice anywhere.

For fuck's sake! - Crystal seethed - Joyce Henry! They shared the same father, but they had different mothers.

The triumphant smile on Joyce's face was bright and dazzling.

Joyce spat on the ground, and then she sneered, "Do you know why Carlos broke up with you?"

Crystal shook her head, "I'm not interested."

Joyce laughed, "You're clever," she said.

"And smart. You should already know the answer - and you may not believe this, but I actually sympathize with you. Your father hates you, and your mother died, leaving her entire estate to a stranger. Boohoo! Poor Crystal Smith. You're such a joke. You think you're still a princess, but you're not. You're garbage. Human filth, and that is why Carlos didn't want to have anything to do with you. You're a loser. Look at me, though." Joyce used her hands to hoist up her heavy breasts, and she shook them in Crystal's face. "I'm a winner, and with me by his side, Carlos is going to go places!"

"Yeah..." Crystal argued back. "Places... like straight to Hell! You're a slut, and he's an asshole; what a perfect match between you two!" Joyce's words had wounded her deeply, but Crystal didn't show it.

"No matter what you say, Carlos and I have been together for a long time. It was just a matter of time before you found it out. And now that the cat's out of the bag, I'm so glad because you won't be around to haunt his life anymore!"

Crystal stared at her half-sister coldly. Her father had abandoned her and her mother because of Joyce's mother, and now her boyfriend was doing the same thing as her father had done.

At least my life's consistent- Crystal thought bitterly. She looked at Carlos and asked him if it was true, that they'd been messing around behind her back for a long time. Before he could answer, though, Joyce cut in. She said, "Why do you care? Didn't you spend last night on Nathan's bed? And he's supposed to be your GUARDIAN! How messed up is that? Were you fucking him, or were you looking for evidence to use against him?"

Chapter 1484 - 2: Have I Caught Your Attention?

Crystal froze, "How... how did you know?!" she stammered and backed up a few steps. Her face was as pale as a piece of white paper.

Carlos had known about her plan, but she had never imagined that he would tell anyone her secret or use it against her. Now that she thought about it, though - Hadn't the whole thing been Carlos' idea all along?

"You could climb onto Nathan's bed," Carlos had suggested. "Make it look like you've had sex. Once the evidence is clear, the Guardianship Order will no longer be legal, and the case regarding your inheritance will be reopened.

"Crystal," he pleaded, "This is the only option. You have to pretend to have sex with him. I know that you're not a frivolous girl, but you have to do this!"

She had always trusted Carlos, so she had done as she was told.

Crystal forced herself to recover from the shock. She clenched her teeth and said, word for word, "Mr. Foster, that's so kind of you. Should I say 'thank you?'"

"You don't have to," Carlos replied cheerily. "After all..." he looked at Joyce. "... we're practically family!"

This was the third time that Carlos had attempted to break up with Crystal, so it shouldn't have shocked her to discover that he was cheating on her. After all, she truly had been haunting (Joyce's word) Carlos' life, hadn't she?

Carlos had tried to break up with her the first time when the Foster Group had been about to go bankrupt, and then again right before the SAT exams. Each time, Crystal had convinced him to stay with her and that she could change - for him.

Crystal began to tremble slightly, but she took a deep breath and clenched her fists hard for fear of being noticed, and her pointed nails sank into the palms of her hand. "I can't STAND you!" she hissed as she turned away from him and walked back to the Mercedes.

What are we going to do? - she thought as she approached the wreck - this will never happen...

Suddenly, a brand-new limited-edition silver-gray Maybach stopped by the Mercedes. A driver in a formal suit came down from the Maybach and respectfully handed a key ring to Nathan.

On seeing the Maybach, Joyce shouted at Crystal, "Tut, tut, tut. My dear sister, your mother, was so generous. Her lover drives a Maybach and wears private-customized clothes. I can see why she left everything to him!"

"Hey, stop it," Carlos shouted.

"I'm just telling the truth," Joyce laughed. "Look at that Maybach. It is worth tens of millions of dollars, and his suit, I bet it's more expensive than the car. Do you believe that?"

Crystal refused to acknowledge that. She opened the door to the Maybach, got in quickly. By then, Nathan had taken his seat behind the wheel. He turned to her with a curious expression on his face, "Boyfriend?"

Crystal denied it coldly, adding, "He's just a rat, a breeding pig!"

"He has terrible taste in women," Nathan exclaimed. "That girl was nothing but a dirty slut."

"You'll get no argument from me on that," Crystal agreed, "Not only does he have bad taste in women, but he also has poor business sense."

"What does that mean?" Nathan asked casually.

"If you want to do well in business, you need to know how to present yourself," Crystal explained. "Look at you, for example. The vehicle you drive, the clothes you wear, the way you cut your hair, the way you talk and hold yourself: that is all a part of the package that you need to sell to a potential client before they even look at whatever it is that your selling. In the case of Carlos, he doesn't look the part, so he

can never be a successful businessman - but I am sure none of this is new to you, Mr. Davis! Obviously, you have been successful, likely in business and with women. Am I right?"

"Well, you aren't wrong," Nathan replied, and then he laughed out loud. "What about you, have I caught your attention?"

"What does it matter?" Crystal replied. "I'm just a poor orphan. You can get nothing from me." Crystal paused and sneered. "Mr. Davis, don't waste your time on unprofitable people."

"Is that really how you see yourself?" Nathan asked, "Crystal Smith, don't underestimate yourself!"

Crystal observed Nathan's expression and found he didn't tease her, she said, "I don't get it. Millions of other girls are better looking than I am, smarter, and with more money to their name. Surely you see that!"

Nathan laughed, and then he said, "You are so young, no wonder you don't see your own potential. "

Impatiently, Crystal cut short his words, "Save it. Just tell me what you want from me."

Nathan raised his lips, "Marry Me." Crystal was so caught off guard by his words that she began to cough, and her cough began to choke her so severely that her face turned beet red. She could barely breathe. Tears streamed down her face, and when she bent over at the waist, her forehead hit the dashboard.

Nathan pulled over as soon as he was able, and he turned to her with a concerned expression. As he rubbed her back, he said, "There, there. Take it easy. Are you okay?"

Crystal pushed Nathan's hand away and glared at him. "What did you just say?"

"You aren't happy with the Guardianship Order," Nathan explained. "That is obvious. So, why not marry me? Then we can turn this passive "father/daughter" relationship that is typically between a guardian and his charge and have an equal husband-and-wife relationship instead? Don't you think that if we did that, it would be both preferable and profitable? If we did that, then you could also have an equal share of my property, which you could use to slap your ex-boyfriend and half-sister in the face. Who would turn down such a deal!"

"I would," Crystal blurted out. "I would!"

I can forget Carlos - she thought - but how would I know if Nathan's property is clean enough for my tastes? Or if he is an honest person...

Crystal hadn't known Nathan for long, nor did she know much about the relationship that he'd had with her mother. His offer seemed sincere, but her gut was telling her that he was playing some tricks. And if that was true, then the only reason her mother had left everything to him was that he must have somehow pulled the wool over her eyes. And if that is true, how many other women have been deceived by this exceedingly handsome face?

"Well..." Nathan opened the car door. "Be that way if you must." He jumped out of the car, walked around to where Crystal was sitting and ordered her out of the vehicle.

"Why?" Crystal asked. She looked over his shoulder and saw that they'd stopped in front of the University where she attended. "I'm not going! I don't feel good!" she shouted. "I'm on my period!"

Chapter 1485 - 3: What A Goody-Two Shoes?

The class was just about to start, so there weren't many seats left unoccupied by the time Crystal arrived at the room. She looked around, and when she found one, she saw that it was next to her friend, Serenity, who was sitting in an aisle. Typically, Serenity chose the aisle seat on the third row in the middle, which provided the best view of the professor, so as Crystal took the seat beside her, she had a funny feeling that something wasn't quite right.

As Crystal leaned over to whisper- "Good morning" - to Serenity, she heard her name called from the front of the classroom, and as she looked up, some of the other students snickered. "How kind of you to join us," Nathan said sarcastically. She looked to the platform and instantly frowned.

What is he doing here? - a voice in her head moaned. Is he a professor here? Has he always been one of my teachers, and I am only now noticing it?

Nathan had his hand on the teacher's desk, and his sleeves were rolled up so that they revealed an expensive watch on his wrist.

He was looking straight at her in a manner that suggested he was expecting something from her, but she knew not what. The man had natural energy about him that was powerful and undeniable.

As soon as Nathan was into the rhythm of teaching, Serenity leaned over and whispered to Crystal: "He can't be as bad as you've made him out to be! Can he?"

"He is!" Crystal replied emphatically, "and worse! You can't judge a person by how he looks or by the way they portray themselves in public. Most inherently evil people hide their true nature from the world."

As Crystal finished talking, Nathan asked everyone to hand over their homework projects to the Lesson Representative. "Who is the Lesson Representative?" he asked. "Raise your hand if that is you."

Crystal raised her hand, and he said, "Okay, Crystal. Collect the assignments. You can bring them to my office after class."

All of the other girls were envious of Crystal's place of seeming privilege, but it was a burden that she would have happily given up to her. However, one of these girls, Cindy, seemed particularly keen to take over the task, so after class, Crystal approached her. "Hey, Cindy," she said. "Could you help me take these to the office?"

Cindy shook her head shyly and said, "As much as I'd like to, I shouldn't. As you know, Professor Davis is particular about these things. If he wanted me to bring the assignments to him, then he would have named me Lesson Representative. Alas, though, he did not..."

Cindy's response annoyed Crystal a lot, and she found herself thinking - What a goody-two-shoes. Had I liked to push her into a fire pit? - and she was startled by the vile poison that her mind had dredged up.

Crystal asked another classmate the same question, but this one also said no. "I can't," he said. "I'm going to the library with my girlfriend."

"Fine," she sighed. "I guess I'll have to do it myself."

When Crystal arrived at Nathan's office, she knocked twice, but no one answered, and she couldn't hear any sounds coming from the room. No one was there, she realized. I better just go in quick, put the papers on his desk, and skedaddle!

When she opened the door, though, she was shocked by what she saw: Nathan had one of her other teachers, Ms. Ford, bent over his desk, and he was fucking her from behind. She was bracing herself with her hands, and her head was down, so she couldn't see that they had company. Nathan had one hand on the teacher's shoulder and the other on her thigh. Her top was open, and her bra had been pushed up over her medium-sized breasts so that they were fully exposed, and every time his manhood plunged into her, they shook violently. And Nathan's eyes were closed.

Crystal scolded herself for looking. For watching!

I should get out of here before I'm seen! She thought. But she was frozen in place, and before she could move, Nathan opened his eyes, and when he saw her, he grinned. It was the smile of a Cheshire cat, with teeth like a shark, and the demented look in his eyes broke the spell that the scene had over her.

Crystal quickly trotted over and threw the papers on the desk. "Well," she said, "I'm just going to put down the assignments. Sorry to interrupt you two..."

Crystal was just about to leave when Ms. Ford began to moan, and she realized that the older woman was about to climax, and as much as she knew that the right thing to do was to leave, Nathan had not ordered her out, and she was deeply curious about the female orgasm. Of course, she had some knowledge of her own body, but she hadn't ever experienced anything like "The Big "O," as it was called when it was whispered and giggled about in bathrooms and changing areas. Thus, instead of leaving immediately, Crystal closed the door and remained inside. Unfortunately, just as things were getting really exciting, Ms. Ford happened to look up from the desk, and when she saw Crystal standing there, she shouted at her: "What the fuck is wrong with you? Are you some kind of pervert? You've handed in the assignments! Now get out of here!"

"Yes, Ms. Ford," Crystal replied meekly, and she quickly slipped out of the room.

Once Crystal was in the hallway, she leaned against the wall, and after a few seconds, she slid down it and found herself, comically, in an uncomfortable sitting position. Crystal was breathing heavily, and her cheeks were hot, but she was also feeling other things. She shivered, and her arms broke out in gooseflesh, and when she wrapped her arms across her chest, she noticed that her small- oh so small, when compared to Ms. Ford breasts felt somehow heavier, and they were sensitive to the touch. As discreetly as possible, she explored that and was startled by how hard her nipples were. They were so hard that she could feel the Montgomery glands on her areolas even through her shirt. There was also a warm, tingly sensation that had started in her groin and seemed to have since saturated her bloodstream. And she could barely think with the throbbing in her head.

I wonder if it had felt like to be Tiffany, with Nathan inside her - Crystal wondered - Like this, maybe? Only with a sense of satisfaction, perhaps? Am I even close on the right track? She had no real way of knowing one way or the other, and her worldview suddenly felt like it was off-kilter. She wondered how a seventeen-year-old girl could compete with a teacher like Ms. Ford, and she had to remind herself that

she didn't want to compete with Ms. Ford! And she thought Now that he has her, maybe he'll leave me alone...

Tiffany had countless suitors at school. Students jostled over the opportunity to get into her class, and many media outlets called her one of the ten most gorgeous teachers in the country. They said that she was "Sexy."

Out of nowhere, Crystal was suddenly struck with an insane kind of Jealousy, and she stood up in a huff and barged back into Nathan's office.

Chapter 1486 - 4: Would You Please Let Me Go?

Ms. Ford and Nathan were putting on their clothes when Crystal barged in, and Nathan raised his eyebrow questioningly. Before he could say anything, though, Crystal looked him in the eye and demanded to know if he was attracted to her. "Nathan," she shouted, "are you fascinated with me? If that's the case, I'm afraid that someone will be jealous." She eyed Ms. Ford and then turned back to Nathan. "So, I suggest you make it clear."

"Make what clear?" Nathan asked.

Crystal gasped, and then she said, "That you have long been infatuated with me and that we are in love with each other."

Ms. Ford looked at Crystal incredulously and said, "What a joke! You and Nathan? Come on! As I remember, you attend our school as an accelerated student. Have you ever come of age? Look at your tits! Have you even hit puberty? I don't think you deserve Nathan!" Crystal puffed out her handful-sized breasts with pride and said, "Excuse me for a moment, but I am Nathan's type! What would he want with an old crone like you?"

As Ms. Ford flinched away from Crystal's harsh words, Crystal walked over to Nathan. She took his hand, and when she pressed it against her pubic mound, he gasped. This was a fatal temptation, she knew, and a cruel test for a man with normal physical needs, but it was even more tempting for a man with a penchant for younger adolescent girls. As Crystal applied more pressure to Nathan's hand, she moaned gently, and he turned to Ms. Ford and said, "Tiffany, I'm really crazy about Crystal, and she is more my type. You should go."

Nathan's surprising words made Crystal palpitate. She felt butterflies flitting about in her stomach, and her face turned red as her mons pubis warmed to his touch. Ms. Ford frowned and stamped her feet, and then she barged out the door, slamming it behind her. And the moment she was gone, Crystal pushed Nathan's hand away from her moist sex. I want him-she admitted to herself - but I will not let him know it!

"I did you a big favor," Crystal laughed. "How are you going to thank me?"

Crystal turned to leave, but Nathan wouldn't allow it. He grabbed her wrist, twisted it painfully behind her back, and pressed her against the wall. Crystal struggled to get away, but there was no hope of escape. "Please, don't," she whined. "If you let me go now, I will introduce you to other girls at another time, and they will be like me, except they will be eager!"

Nathan leaned around Crystal with his free hand and put it back where Crystal had put it, only this time he slid it into her jeans so that the only thing between it and her wet core was her thin damp panties. And as he applied pressure, now directly to her clitoris, he whispered in her ear: "Other girls, you say? For a threesome...?"

"No!" Crystal cried in pleasure and frustration. "I could be a matchmaker for you!

"I could befriend girls my age and send them your way!"

Nathan twisted Crystal's arm a little harder, and at the same time, he began to move the fingers of his other hand in slow circles, mixing pleasure and pain in equal measure. And one voice in Crystal's mind screamed for him to stop, while another voice begged him to - NEVER STOP!

And then, without warning, Nathan ceased his ministrations and whispered into her ear: "And what kind of girls do you think I would like?"

Rather than reply, Crystal threw her head backward, and there was an aggressive THUD as the back of her head connected with his forehead.

"Shit!" Nathan hissed. "You bitch!" But he didn't let her go. And now I am really in for it! - Crystal realized, and she began to squirm harder than ever. Crystal wasn't able to get away but to keep his hold on her, Nathan was forced to pull his hand out of her pants, and her senses were overwhelmed by the musky/sweet scent of her sex on his fingers as he used that hand to push her shoulder against the wall.

As she struggled, Nathan pressed his engorged member against her buttocks, and she could tell that the more she resisted, the more aroused he became, so she forced herself to go limp in his arms. Be still - she commanded her body - be passive.

Once Nathan realized what was going on, he released her shoulder and hooked his thumb into the waist of her jeans and the elastic in her panties so that he could push them down and force himself on her, but just as the jeans dropped past her ass and fell to the floor, the door opened, and someone gasped. And someone, a ghost-male, said, "Geez... You... You dirty man! And with a student!!!!!"

Nathan frowned and turned his head. "Get out!" he shouted.

The door closed quickly then, without Crystal knowing who the intruder had been. And as soon as they were gone, Nathan began to laugh. "You would think that after being interrupted once," he said, "I would have thought to lock the door!"

After a second, Crystal took a deep breath and said, "Would you please let me go?"

"Yeah, why not?" Nathan replied. He let her go, and once she'd pulled up her pants and panties, she turned around to face him.

Nathan looked at Crystal seriously and said, "Just don't try to tell me that you didn't like that!" He was wearing the same grin, now, that he'd had on when she'd walked in on him fucking Ms. Ford. It was half

Cheshire cat, half-shark. He winked and added, "This is just one of the benefits of being under a Guardianship Order!"

Crystal's mouth dropped open, and she was struck dumb. She wanted to deny his claim over her, but she could not. After all, if he could drive her to such a state of arousal once, he could certainly do it again.

Crystal looked at the clock suddenly and realized that she was running late for her next class. She told him that she needed to go and why, and this time he let her go. As she turned to leave, though, Crystal glanced at Nathan's white shirt to wear a strand of hair hung stubbornly to an amber button. She reached for the hair, held it in the air, and let it fall. "See you tonight," she whispered seductively, in a tone pregnant with implications.

Chapter 1487 - 5: I Didn't Kiss Him

As Crystal headed to her next class, she happened to run into her friend Serenity, who was sitting on the floor beside her locker. When Serenity saw that Crystal was in a hurry, she asked what her rush was all about. Before Crystal could reply, Serenity noticed that her face was red and that her clothes were disheveled. "Are you okay?" she asked. "Your lip is swollen."

Crystal scrambles for an answer, and when she begins to stammer, Serenity knew with certainty that something was up with her, and she suspected that she knew what it was. "What is the matter with you?" she asked reproachfully. "Does it have something to do with You Know Who?"

"No!" Crystal replied argumentatively. She bit her lips nervously and said, "Maybe I got attacked by a cockroach! Did you think of that?"

"It's Professor Davis, isn't it?" Serenity said. After a moment, she lowered her voice and said, "It was! You kissed Professor Davis." She giggled. "What a tramp!" Serenity didn't mean this literally. It was just a joke between two friends.

"I didn't KISS him!" Crystal said, and she touched her lips thoughtfully. I wonder what it would be like to kiss Nathan? - she wondered - and would I let him kiss me if he tried? Didn't know... She didn't know...

"Well, if you two didn't KISS, what did you do?" Serenity squeaked, her voice rising several octaves. Just now, she was guessing that there had been some foreplay that maybe included heavy petting or under the shirt but over the bra action, but her imagination didn't take her anywhere near what had actually happened. Crystal's face turned red when she heard Serenity's question, so Serenity knew she was on the right track, but she would have never guessed the full extent of the liberties her professor had taken with her friend. "Well," she said, "if you can get him to be infatuated with you, you may find a chance to get your mother's inheritance back."

"Jesus, Serenity!" Crystal hissed. "Did you take the class for nothing?"

"No way," Serenity replied. "I am listening very carefully. Look at yourself, though; you're one to talk! You've been daydreaming all semester."

Crystal laughed, and Serenity laughed along with her. "Fine," she admitted. "I haven't been concentrating, but you watch: I'll concentrate next time."

Serenity got up, and the two girls walked to their next class together, which was philosophy, and they took their seats as the teacher walked to the podium. Serenity opened her book while Crystal twirled her pen out of boredom. I didn't even want to be here today - she told herself - so why should I bother paying attention!

Furthermore, although the teacher worked hard to make the lessons easy for the students to understand, Crystal remained absent-minded, and the fact that she was two years younger than the other students was a constant disadvantage to her. Crystal managed to endure until class was over, though, and as she gathered up her books, she and Serenity discussed what to have for lunch.

Unfortunately, before they could make any headway, there was a sudden cry at the door: "Crystal, the president wants you to go to his office!"

Crystal's mind went blank, and she had to ask Serenity, "What did he say?"

Serenity looked at her friend curiously and said, "Where is your mind today?!?!? He said that the president wants to see you. You'd better go quickly! Maybe it is about another scholarship." If it were, it wouldn't be the first time that Crystal had won a scholarship. She had never received one from the president before, though, so she didn't think that that was what this was about.

"My mind was elsewhere, that's all," Crystal explained. She handed her books to Serenity and said, "Can you take these for me? I'll meet you in the cafeteria after this meeting."

Without waiting for a reply, Crystal left the room, and since she was in a hurry, she rushed down the hallway towards the office. And when she entered the office, the secretary looked up from her desk and said, "You can go right in, the president is waiting for you."

When Crystal entered the office, she said hello to the president. He said hello back, and he told her to close the door, which she did. There were two seats in front of the president's desk. One was empty, and the other was taken by Ms. Ford. The president pointed toward the empty chair and told Crystal to take a seat, which she did. And as she did, she noticed the name tag on the president's desk and gasped. His name was Mr. Ford! He was Ms. Ford's Father!

What the fuck is going on?- her thoughts began to spin out of control - This must have something to do with Nathan!

Am I in some kind of trouble? "Mr. Ford," she said nervously. "What can I do for you?"

"You're Crystal, aren't you?" he said. It wasn't a question, but she nodded her head as if it had been. "You are the first student to be recommended for admission to our school through the Advanced Program for High School Students, and your scholastic record is outstanding. Although there is not much schoolwork to do right now, it will increase, and I hope you will give full priority to your study. You are still young, and I hope you don't ruin your future unnecessarily."

Is that a threat? Crystal asked herself. His tone was flat, and his face lacked expression, so she had no way of knowing if this was anything more than friendly encouragement.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ford, but could you be more specific?" What unnecessary things are you talking about? I don't quite understand."

Ms. Ford turned to Crystal and scowled. "What my Father - Um... What Mr. Ford said," she hissed, "was about you and Professor Davis. I told him all about your little 'relationship' with him, and that is not the kind of thing a young student like yourself should have time for!"

Actually - Crystal wanted to say the RELATIONSHIP takes up very little time, thank you very much! - but she remained silent, obeying the more reasonable voice in her head that was saying - Let the adults talk, and then you can go on your way, living your life in whatever manner you please. After all, you aren't beholden to this dysfunctional woman or her father in any way!

Chapter 1488 - 6: He Was Adopted

Mr. Ford stood up so that he was standing over Crystal. "Crystal," he said, "our school does not object to students falling in love, but we try to encourage our teachers not to enter into sexual relationships with students, and if they must, then they should at least wait until the students are of legal age. Surely, you must understand that if this got out, it would tarnish the reputation of the school."

Ms. Ford whined, "Dad... Mr. Ford, I mean... Her behavior has already been a bad influence on other students. Furthermore, although she keeps saying that she and Professor Davis are in love with each other, it is clear that she is the one who seduced Professor Davis, and not the other way around! Young girls have ways of mesmerizing men, as I am sure even you know, so how could he resist the provocation of this naughty vixen?!?!? I think that since this kind of thing has never happened in our school with a girl so young, it is necessary to make an example of her."

Mr. Ford nodded approvingly and asked, "What do you think is an effective way to control something like this? Should we circulate a notice of criticism?"

Off with her head! - Crystal thought wildly, and she was barely able to contain her laughter.

"That's too serious," Ms. Ford replied. "I think it would be better to expel her."

Mr. Ford looked at Crystal thoughtfully and said, "These are some heavy charges that have been made against you. But I know that you have been through a lot lately, what with your Mother's death and your Father's remarriage, so I don't want to be too quick to give up on you, particularly because of your previous exemplary record. Do you have anything to say on your behalf before I pass judgment?"

Crystal looked first at Ms. Ford and then at Mr. Ford. "This is hard to talk about," she admitted, "but my relationship with Professor Davis is not one that is comparable to that of the love that is sometimes made between a man and a woman, but -"

"Ugh, I knew you'd say that," Tiffany interrupted cruelly. She rose and grabbed her laptop, plugged in her hard drive, and an image of her and Nathan appeared on the computer screen. He had her pressed up against the wall with her arm twisted behind her back, and his free hand was down the front of her pants. "What excuse do you have now, Miss Crystal? Isn't this evidence of a relationship between a man and a woman or a man and a little GIRL, as is the case?"

Mr. Ford looked away in disgust and said, "Geez! You really are shameless. You will disgrace our school. I have made up my mind: for seducing a teacher, you are being expelled. You can empty your locker!"

Having nothing to say, Crystal stood up and left the office. On the way out, Ms. Ford yelled at her to "STOP!" but Crystal paid her no mind.

After all, now that she was no longer a student here, the staff no longer had any hold over her.

What a bad day - she thought to herself - my boyfriend cheated on me. My guardian sexually assaulted me. And now I've been expelled from school. Damn it! What is the point of even living...?

Crystal found Serenity in the cafeteria, and she ordered a large lunch for herself. Why despair when you can eat?!?!?! When Serenity saw how much food she'd purchased, she nearly choked. "Did Mr. Ford offer you a double scholarship?" she asked.

"No," Crystal replied flatly, "he expelled me.

This isn't a celebratory meal! It is a consolatory meal! Can't you tell the difference?!?!?!

Serenity frowned, and tears welled up in her eyes, and Crystal felt bad for speaking to her friend in such a harsh manner. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm upset, but it wasn't fair to take it out on you."

"It's okay," Serenity replied. "I forgive you. We all have bad days, and yours sounds particularly bad. Why did the school expel you, though?"

"Because of Nathan," Crystal replied.

Serenity: "So, your affair with Professor Davis was exposed?"

Crystal: "It isn't an affair. I may have been a bit of a cock-tease, but he sexually assaulted me, and they've turned me into the villain!"

Serenity: "Why don't you ask Professor Davis to explain it to them? Maybe they'll let you stay in school."

Crystal: "The evidence is conclusive. How could he explain it away? Let's end this talk, shall we? I want to eat my lunch. When I'm full, then I will have the strength to think about what to do next."

As they were eating, Crystal's big brother, Evan Henry, came and sat with them. Crystal looked at him uncomfortably and asked him what he was doing.

"Surprised to see me?" he asked. He was wearing a light blue shirt and black pants.

"Shouldn't I be?" Crystal replied.

"Not really," Evan replied. "Who did you think Dad would send after he discovered that you were expelled? He cares about you. You know that, don't you?"

"Cut the crap," Crystal replied coldly.

"He does!" Evan insisted. "And he plans to contribute five million dollars to this institution to keep you enrolled, and I finally persuaded Mr. Ford to reduce your sentence from expulsion to probation."

"How about if I accept the dismissal, and he can transfer the money to my account," Crystal replied snarkily. "How does that sound? And why would a man that didn't want to raise his own daughter set aside five million dollars to keep her in school? Can you answer that question for me?"

Serenity listened quietly, not daring to interrupt. She had heard Crystal's story about their family and felt sorry for her.

Evan frowned and said, "Crystal, you can come to me if you need money. Don't be angry at Dad. He has his reasons for abandoning you, and they are reasonable. Can you believe me?" Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "Of course... NOT."

Evan nodded as if he hadn't expected any other answer from her, which he likely hadn't... "Dad hasn't been feeling well lately," he said. "Go and see him whenever you can."

Crystal was about to excuse herself by saying she wasn't available, but Evan saw through her. He said, "Dad asked that you come and see him tomorrow. Your Mother left something at his place for you to have."

Then, without saying goodbye, Evan rose and left.

"Is he your half-brother?" Serenity wondered.

"No," Crystal replied.. "He was adopted."

Chapter 1489 - 7: Can Elaborate On That

Mr. Ford was at a loss about what to do with Professor Davis. He knew that Ms. Crystal Smith had been responsible for what had happened between them, but that didn't completely exonerate him. After giving it much thought, he called Nathan into his office and said, "Professor Davis, you may have been recommended by the board of directors, but that doesn't mean you can do whatever you like with the students! You should pay a little more attention to your behavior, and perhaps you need a little discipline to help you keep your mind out of the proverbial gutter."

Ms. Ford was also there, and she stood up for Nathan, saying, "Dad, don't blame Professor Davis. The girl is a tramp and a trollop. Professor Davis can't help it." Ms. Ford gave Nathan an irritated look and added: "Isn't that right, Professor Davis?"

Nathan folded his long legs, shrugged, and smiled calmly.

Because Mr. Ford was being paid five million dollars to cover this up, he decided that the penalty for this teacher would be slight. "Just be careful you don't let anything like this happen again," he said. "This is a matter of honor for the school, so I hope that you will cooperate."

"Oh?" Nathan lit a cigar and asked, "Can you elaborate on that? On what it means to cooperate with you? By that, I mean, what are your expectations of me?"

Mr. Ford sighed and said, "The school frowns upon relationships between teachers and students. If that wasn't obvious before, it should be now. If you need a girlfriend, I can introduce you to plenty of girls. You can choose whichever one you want. You don't have to ruin your career over a student."

At this point, Tiffany pretended to cough. Nathan flicked the ash off his cigarette and said, "What if I said that I don't want anybody but her?"

Mr. Ford was stunned for a moment. Then, he frowned and asked, "What do you mean?"

Nathan laughed. "I thought I had made myself clear. Are you so dense that you didn't get my meaning?"

"You really are an insolent prig, aren't you?" Mr. Ford hissed. He pounded his fist on the desk and said, "You will abide by my word, or I'll have to ask you to leave - and not come back!"

"Try it," Nathan said disapprovingly. "Fire me. If you dare!"

"Well, you asked for it," Mr. Ford shouted. He sat up straight, and he was about to call the board to report the arrogant man in front of him when, suddenly, there was a knock at the door. The door opened, and a man of about fifty entered, followed by three men.

Nathan nodded his head and said, "Hello, Mr. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson paid Nathan no mind as he turned to Mr. Ford. "I'll take care of Professor Davis myself," he said. "You can rest assured that we would never tolerate a teacher like Professor Davis at this school!"

Mr. Ford's face turned pale, and he asked, "So, what are you going to do about it?"

"To prevent something like this from happening again, I think we should publicize the scandal," replied Mr. Wilson. "Hopefully, his punishment will act as a deterrent to others."

Mr. Ford gasped. Such a scandal would be bad news for the school and his bank account - but he didn't know what he could say to reverse the course of this conversation. As a last-ditch effort to turn the tide, he glared at Mr. Wilson then asked, "Who are you anyway?"

One of the men who had come in with Mr. Wilson said, "This man represents Mr. Owen Lane, the man who is standing beside him. He is the Vice President of Saint University. He is here to take care of Mr. Davis. And you." Owen nodded to Nathan and said, "Nice to meet you, Professor Davis."

Mr. Ford looked at Owen in desperation and asked, "What is going on right now? I am so confused!"

Mr. Wilson snorted, "From today on," he said, "Mr. White will take over all of your work. As to how the board of directors will handle you, you will be informed." He smiled slyly. "You should never offend a man like Professor Davis. Why don't you apologize to Mr. Davis? If you are sincere, then maybe you will get off with a lighter sentence."

Mr. Wilson's words were like a slap in the face to Mr. Ford, but he had no other choice but to lower his head and do what he was told to do. His face turned red, and he said, "Er, Professor Davis, forgive me for being rude to you and being too hasty in dealing with this matter. I am terribly sorry. I pray to god that you will give me one more chance."

Tiffany just stood where she was, too scared to say a word.

Nathan: "Mr. Lane used to be the youngest professor at Saint University, and I am sure his participation will certainly bring more advanced teaching ideas to our university. Also, your decision to expel Crystal is too hasty, but that is not the main reason why you will be stepping down as president."

Mr. Ford: "Quite so, Professor Davis, but please be lenient to my misbehavior,"

Nathan: "I'm sorry, Mr. Ford. I'm just a teacher. Mr. Wilson will take care of it."

Without giving Mr. Ford a chance to beg for mercy, Nathan left the room.

After a few minutes, Owen caught up with him, and once he had his attention, he said, "Nathan, I'm a Green Horn here, but I gave you what you wanted. Aren't you going to give me something in return?"

Nathan put his hands in his pants pockets and asked, "What do you want?"

Owen: "Can I ask anything?"

Nathan: "Spit it out. You can ask for anything, but that doesn't mean you'll get it."

There was one thing that Owen really wanted, but he was scared to ask for it. Nothing ventured, nothing gained - he thought, and after a moment of deliberation, he said, "Can I have the painting?"

As he had expected, Nathan's eyes went cold. Those familiar with Nathan knew that he would give up his life before he gave up his favorite painting, which was the one he assumed Owen was asking for. It was one of his own paintings, and even though it wasn't a masterpiece, it was worth over two hundred million dollars. The reason that it was worth so much was that it was his last painting. A collector had already offered him two hundred million dollars for it, but he had rejected the offer without hesitation.

Nathan was never short of money, so even though he had a great talent for painting, he had firmly announced that he would never paint again. Thus, there would be no more works by the famous Nathan Davis forthcoming.

"You should know better than to ask for that!" Nathan hissed.. There was a moment of silence, and then Owen apologized, and they moved on to another - safer-topic.

Chapter 1490 - 8: Don't You Believe Me?

Susie had already prepared dinner, and when she saw Nathan enter the door that evening, she hurried to put out slippers for him. "Mr. Davis," she said, "dinner is ready, but Ms. Crystal hasn't come back yet. Would you like to have dinner first or wait for her?"

"I'll wait for her," Nathan said. "Susie, you can go home now."

Susie's daughter-in-law was pregnant and needed to be cared for, so Susie had to go home every night. So after Susie left, Nathan took a shower and went straight to the study, where he waited until nine o'clock, which was what time it was when Crystal arrived home.

Nathan heard a noise at the door, and then the study door was pushed open. Crystal staggered through the door. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were dim, and there was a murderous look in her eyes. When Nathan saw her, he frowned and asked her if she was drunk.

Rather than answer the question, though, Crystal pointed her finger at him and shouted, "You! You! You! You..."

"What about me?" Nathan asked innocently. And when she didn't reply, he asked her how much she'd had to drink.

"What about YOU?!?!?! "Crystal hissed.

"Your question is hilarious!" And then she grabbed an ashtray and threw it at Nathan's head. Nathan dodged the porcelain projectile, and it smashed through the French windows behind him. "What gives you the right?!?!?!?"

"Crystal?" Nathan cried as she began to pick up other things to throw at him: a cell phone, a book, a pack of cigarettes; anything that was within reach, and not attached to something, seemed to be fair game. "What's gotten into you?"

As Nathan took shelter behind his desk, a deck of cards hit him in the forehead, and he cursed. A potted plant hit the bookcase that was beside the window, and a rain of shrapnel came down upon his head and shoulders.

"You bastard!" Crystal bellowed. "It is all because of you. You got me kicked out of school and stole everything from me. Why are you doing this to me? Why? What did I ever do to you to deserve this treatment?"

Eventually, Crystal ran out of steam. She began to weep, and she collapsed on the floor in a fit of despair. "What do you want from me?" she cried. "Why can't you just move out? I don't want anything other than this house. This is the only home I have. I grew up here, and all of my memories are here! Why don't you move out? It would be best if you weren't my guardian. I'm almost eighteen! Why do I even need a guardian? We don't even know each other!"

Now that it seemed safe to come out, Nathan crawled over to where Crystal was sitting with her knees drawn to her girlish-flat chest, bawling like an infant. Nathan grabbed Crystal by the arms and forced her to look him in the eyes. Her tiny face, he saw, was wet with tears, and only then did he realize how much she hated him. "Do you want me to move out?" he asked hoarsely. "Truly?"

Crystal flashed her innocent eyes and nodded without hesitation.

Nathan: "Do you want me to have the Guardianship Order overturned?"

Crystal nodded again.

Nathan: "Okay. I will. I promise."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'd like to record that." Crystal found her phone. It was on the floor, near Nathan's desk. She'd thrown it at him, but it still worked. She found her camera App, quickly pointed it at Nathan, and said, "Could you please say that again?"

Nathan scowled. "Don't you believe me?" he asked. "You don't need the camera. Look me in the eyes and see if I'm lying."

Crystal looked Nathan in the eyes, and when she didn't see any lies in them, she put her phone away and said, "Professor Davis, I hope that you keep your word."

Nathan smiled and said, "I always keep my word."

Crystal: "You swear that you will give up custody of me and move out."

Nathan: "I swear it! You impossible girl!".

Crystal sighed and thanked Nathan. Maybe this will all finally be over, she told herself. But she was afraid to count her chickens before they hatched. That being said, for the first time since her mother had died, she was hopeful. All of a sudden, Crystal felt claustrophobic- I can't breathe. I need to get out of this room! She stood up quickly, and without saying another word to Nathan, she ran to her room.

Once Crystal was in her room, with her door closed and locked behind her, she called up Serenity to tell her the good news. Dorris had been plotting to get rid of Nathan for a long time, and his concession was like a dream come true, and she felt silly for drinking the two beers earlier and getting drunk when all she'd needed to do was ask him to leave with conviction so that he knew she was serious.

When Crystal told her friend about the fit she'd had and how she destroyed his office and hit him in the head with a deck of cards, she was stunned. "And after all that, he's giving you what you want?" Serenity couldn't believe it.

"And he's just going to give up custody and move out?" she asked incredulously. "Just like that? It sounds too good to be true. Do you think he's tricking you?"

"It's crossed my mind," Crystal admitted. "I looked him in the eye, though, and I didn't see any lies there. Anyway, whose side are you on? You are a real bummer..."

Serenity apologized and said, "Of course, I'm on your side. I was just playing the Devil's Advocate. I am your friend, and I don't want you to get your hopes up, just to be let down..."

"Don't worry," Crystal sighed. "I am just trying to stay positive: hope for the best and expect the worst, you know?"

There was a moment of silence, and then Serenity said, "Let's change the subject. Did the thing I ordered for you online arrive?"

Crystal looked at the package on the dresser. "Yes, I got it this morning. What's in it?"

Serenity: "Just open it and see."

Crystal: "Well, I'll open it later. I'm going to take a shower now. Talk to you later. Bye."

Serenity: "Bye-bye."

After turning off her phone, Crystal took off her T-shirt and jeans and stood in front of her long mirror, naked except for her pink cotton Hello Kitty underwear. She raised her hand and rolled up her hair, clamped it in place with her other hand, and turned to look at the package lying quietly on her dresser.

What's in it?- she wondered. She was curious. It felt like too much effort to tear off the packaging to see what was inside of it, but her curiosity finally got the better of her.

Crystal brought the package to her bed. She sat down and made herself comfortable, cross-legged on her comforter, with her back against her headboard.. She placed the package between her legs, and then she began to pull at the tape.

Chapter 1491 - 9: The Amazon Parcel

The parcel was from Amazon, which meant that the box opened easily. The package was rectangular, and there was a single strip of packing tape holding it shut. Crystal pushed one side of the box in, hooked her finger underneath it, tore it, pulled it away from the box, and tossed it into the wastebasket beside her bed.

After sitting up straight again, Crystal pulled open the cardboard and wasn't surprised to discover that the box was half-filled with bubble wrap. Just like Amazon to use an oversized box and stuff it with bubble wrap- Crystal thought - What a waste. It is no wonder the package was so light!

Crystal pulled out the bubble wrap, and when she saw what was underneath it (Serenity's gift!), her face immediately turned red, which made her feel extremely hot, and she pushed the box away from her as if it were a plague blanket. "What the hell?" she gasped.

Crystal thought that Serenity was a carefree, innocent little girl, but she was actually a slut. How dare she think that I would have any use for such a thing! - she thought angrily. Crystal thought that Serenity must have done a lot of secret research, though, before being able to send her such a gift, so she wasn't able to stay angry for long. What a bohemian girl - Crystal thought, and she laughed. Even if it was a prank, this thing was too much, or was it?

Crystal found her eyes inexplicably drawn to

the box and its foul contents, and she admitted to herself that disgust had not been the only feeling she'd had when she'd pulled away from the bubble wrap. There had been hunger, too. Hadn't there?- she wondered.

Forget about it!- she told herself sharply - Get rid of it! When she considered its shape, she realized that it had been embarrassing just to look at it. It made her think of how Nathan's body had felt this morning, naked and pressed against her.

Crystal's heart began to beat fast, and her eyes returned to the box. Are you thinking what I'm thinking? - a voice in her head wondered.

I AM NOT! another voice snapped back THAT THING IS DIRTY! And you ARE NOT a dirty Girl!

Crystal swallowed hard and patted her head to calm herself down. She turned and looked in the mirror. Her chest was flushed, and her nipples were hard. She brought her right hand up to her left breast, clutched it, gave it a good squeeze, and then she frowned at her own reflection in the mirror at the end of her bed. "Oh, Crystal," she cried. "What the hell are you thinking about?" And she grabbed her clothes and ran naked down the hall and into the bathroom.

After closing the bathroom door, she turned on the shower and threw her clothes into the basket by the toilet. As she took off her panties, she tried hard to ignore the damp spot. at the front, but the musky, sweet odor made it impossible. "I am horny," she finally admitted to herself, but as soon as the words were out,

the voices in her head began to clamor for her shouted attention. AM NOT! AM NOT! AM NOT! - they shouted.

"I am not," she muttered in agreement.

Crystal turned the water to cold before climbing in, and the freezing water brought her back to her senses, and by the time she started to turn up the heat, she'd all but forgotten about the Amazon box on her bed.

Then, as the hot water washed over her naked body, Crystal began to relax. She was completely sober, but it had been a long day, and she was tired. While she scrubbed a two-in-one shampoo/conditioner into her hair, she replayed the highlights. There was her failed attempt to trick Nathan into thinking that they'd had sex, her car accident on the way to school, discovering her boyfriend was cheating. on her and that Nathan was her teacher, him sexually assaulting her, getting drunk at the bar, throwing a fit in his office, and... Serenity's gift.

Crystal lathered her armpits with her shaving gel, and suddenly, as she reached for the razor, the lights went out, and she screamed out of reflex.

As a child, Crystal had been terrified of the dark. Although she had eventually gotten over the phobia, to have it sprung upon her unexpectedly like this still made her nervous. There was some light, though, coming through the half-open door, but then it closed, and the bathroom became pitch black. Crystal couldn't even see her fingers.

Crystal turned off the water, pulled the curtain aside, found her towel, and wrapped herself in it. She had been extremely afraid, but now that her nudity had been covered, some of her courage returned. Crystal stepped out of the tub, dried off, and began to make her way towards the door. The bathroom wasn't very big, and she quickly found the door handle. She pulled the door open, but it didn't help. That was because it was as dark in the hallway as it had been in the bathroom. Perhaps there has been a

power outage-she thought to herself - if that was the case, though, then who closed the bathroom door?

Crystal's first reaction was to go back to her room and get her mobile phone. However, as she turned around, she banged her knee on something. Crystal shouted as she dropped to the floor in pain. And as she grabbed her throbbing knee, she didn't even realize that she'd dropped her towel.

When the pain finally began to subside, Crystal realized that she was sitting in the hallway-naked- and she began to feel around on the floor for it. It couldn't have gotten far, she thought, but she couldn't find it.

Crystal began to crawl along the hallway, feeling for a towel. She made it about two feet when she came upon a foreign object, "What's this? She muttered, and she began to feel it to get a sense of it, starting at the ground and slowly making her way up.

Eventually, she came upon something sack-like, hairy, and gushy, but it wasn't until she found the hard, tube-like projectile above it that she realized that she'd discovered Nathan....and Nathan's prick!

Chapter 1492 - 10: Don't Be Afraid It's Me

Crystal screamed at the realization that she had been, for all intent and purposes, playing with Nathan's genitals, and she pulled her hand away quickly, as a child might do after accidentally touching a hot burner. But, like a cruel mother who thinks that her child hasn't quite learned their lesson yet, Nathan grabbed her hand and held it where it was.

"Who's there?" Crystal shouted as she tried to withdraw her hand.

"It's me," Nathan replied, and then he began to laugh. "Who else would be wandering the hallway with their dingus hanging out?!?!?" Crystal stopped screaming and stammered in confusion: "Prof... Professor Davis?"

"Yes," Nathan replied. "Don't be afraid it's me."

Crystal began to calm down, and she was surprised by how easily Nathan's words had settled her nerves. The feelings she got when he spoke were like those she'd had when she was climbing a tree as a child. When she got too high to come down, her grandfather had always stood under the tree, reached out his hands to her, and said, "Crystal, don't be afraid. Grandpa is here."

In another way, Nathan's voice also reminded Crystal of her Mother's. Crystal remembered how, when she'd walked for the first time on her own, her Mother had taken her little hand - just like Nathan had her hand now - and said, "Darling, don't be afraid. Mommy is here." And it seemed like, with Nathan, Crystal had suddenly found a safe place. Without thinking it over, Crystal stood up and threw herself into Nathan's arms. "I am a little bit afraid of the dark," she admitted as he wrapped his arms around her.

Crystal felt her naked body against his naked body and found that the urge to pull away from him had disappeared. That being said, his prick poked uncomfortably at her belly, causing her to frown. She looked up at Nathan shyly and said, "Your thing is hard, even harder than before..."

"You did that," Nathan said. "It got harder when you were touching it."

As hard as Nathan's manhood was now, it very much reminded her of the gift that Serenity had sent her. So, maybe it isn't as disgusting as I'd initially thought it was- Crystal thought absently, and the idea of it inside her made her quiver.

Momentarily, the lights flickered, and then they came back on, and suddenly the position that they were in felt very wrong to Crystal. She pushed Nathan away and was surprised to see that he wasn't naked. He was wearing a bathrobe, and he'd simply opened it up. He closed it quickly now, and Crystal realized that she was naked, and he was not, and she was humiliated. She could feel his eyes on her. He is taking a mental scan of my body - Crystal realized so that he never forgets what I look like naked!

Crystal's skin was white and pink, like a baby's skin. Her wet hair stuck to the back of her slender neck and flowed, unruly, over her round, sexy shoulders. Under her beautiful collarbones, there were two perfect arcs, each like a peach. Her breasts are small but perky.

Her skin was tight, and her nipples were puffy. She had slender arms, and a small, barely noticeable pouch of fat over her stomach that rose and fell with each breath. Her hips were girlish still, and her pubic hair was sparse and light, which allowed Nathan to see through it to her labia.

Clothed, Crystal was nothing special to look at; naked, though, that was another story, and to Nathan, she was a masterpiece, a woman child, and unlike any other student that he'd been with before.

When Crystal saw his eyes down there, she covered herself and turned around, inadvertently giving him a good look-over on the other side. Her buttocks were slightly larger than one would expect for a girl her size, but they were tight. And although she wasn't very tall, her legs were slender.

As Crystal turned around, she spotted her towel to the left of her, pressed up against the wall. How did it get there? - she wondered - and how did I miss it?

Crystal grabbed the bath towel, wrapped it around her body, and tried to get back to her room. But, unfortunately, she had to get past him to get there, and he was not ready for her to play her disappearing trick on him again.

Nathan smiled at her, and his eyes were cruel. He grabbed her by the arms, threw her against the wall, and pressed her wrists against the wall. He leaned in to whisper in her ear, and she could feel his prick pressed against her once more. "What is your game?" he hissed.

"One minute, you're practically jerking me off, and the next, you're acting like I have the plague. Don't you realize that if you keep this up, I will eventually take what I want? Or is that what you want me to do? Do you like it rough?"

"No!" Crystal cried. Tears began to run down her face, and she said, "It isn't like that. It was an accident. The lights were out, and I was looking for my cell phone! I don't know that you will also coming out from your room,"

"And you think 'Little Nathan, down there, feels like a cell phone?'"

"No," Crystal groaned. "I mean, I was looking for my towel so that I could go for my cell phone..."

"What about the vibrator in your room?" Nathan sneered. "You must be hungry for the 'D'! So why settle for a toy when you could have the real thing?!?!?"

Crystal reeled. fucking Serenity - her mind screamed - I didn't even use the toy, and look at how much trouble it's gotten me into already! Crystal had no idea how she would get herself out of this predicament, but she thought that she'd kill her friend the next time she saw her.. fucking Serenity - she thought again, this time with less angst - fuck! fuck Fuck.