

Midnight Part3 11

Chapter 1493 - 11: Do You Like It?

Crystal was at a loss for words, and she didn't like the feelings of complete helplessness that were washing over her in waves. She recognized that her heart was racing, though, and that was one thing that she could control. She began to slow her breathing, and she counted backward in her head- ten, nine, eight, seven, and so on - hoping that if she could think straight, she could find a way out of her current predicament.

Crystal didn't know what to say to Nathan. It seemed like whatever she said, he twisted her words and used them against her. It doesn't help that he's much smarter than I am - a voice in her head whines so much smarter. After all, he is a teacher!

After a minute, Crystal said, "That vibrator was a gift from Serenity. Didn't you notice that it was still in its packaging? I don't use those.. Never have. They disgust me!"

"If you've never used one, how do you know that you won't like it?" After saying that, Nathan kissed Crystal on the lips, but she turned her head away immediately.

"How dare you," Crystal shouted. "You didn't even ask!" She stared at him angrily. "And besides, I'm under 18! Aren't you afraid of going to jail?!?!?"

Nathan seemed to think about that for a moment, and then he let her go. "I can wait a little longer to soil your virtue properly. After all, your birthday isn't that far away."

Nathan turned in the direction of his room, and as he walked away, he said, "Have fun with your toy," and then he began to mimic the sound that it likely made: "Bzzzzzzz bzzzzzz bzzzzzzzzzzz." And then he began to laugh hysterically.

Before he disappeared into his room, Crystal shouted after him: "What about your promise to move out and leave me alone?"

Nathan stopped, turned his head, and with an unfathomable expression, asked, "Are you so eager to let me go?"

"I am," Crystal said firmly. "If you need to, you can stay here for two more days, but only if you need to, and for no longer than that!" Nathan: "What if I can't find a place to live in, in that amount of time? Are you prepared to throw me out onto the streets?!?!?"

Crystal: "Don't worry, I can help you find an apartment online. What are your prerequisites for where you want to live?"

Nathan: "What prerequisites? I hadn't considered such things... I am used to being taken care of."

Crystal: "How about I figure it out for you?" Nathan didn't say anything and turned away in silence.

Now that that was settled, Crystal walked back to her room. She changed into her pink cartoon pajamas and sat cross-legged on her bed with her iPad. She turned it on and began to look for places where Nathan could live. Almost immediately, she found a half-dozen places that seemed suitable, and she

started to sing happily. Then, with her iPad clutched to her chest, she hurried to Nathan's room and knocked on the door.

Nathan told her to enter, and she found him sitting on the sofa, reading his email. Crystal sat down beside him, and she showed him the results of her search. "Look at this one," she said. "It has three bedrooms, one living room, one kitchen, and one bathroom. It is well decorated. Although it is a little far from the school, you won't have any trouble.

"There is also this two-bedroom apartment. It is a bit small, but it's right next to the school, and it would be more convenient for you because you would just have to cross the street in the morning, and you would be at work!"

Crystal showed Nathan each of the places she found, accenting the advantages and downplaying the disadvantages. Anything to get him out of the house - she thought this mother-fucking pedo has got to go! As Nathan watched her, though, he began to realize exactly how much he didn't want to move out and be away from her. And she couldn't make him leave if he refused.

Crystal noticed Nathan's cold expression, and she asked him what he was thinking. Nathan looked Crystal in the eye but said nothing. He could smell the scent of her shampoo mixed with her uniquely sweet, girlish body's fragrance, and he realized that he was becoming aroused again.

The inexplicably hot feeling in his groin began to swell. Only the scent of Crystal's body, he knew, could provoke all the desire buried in his body in this way. Crystal brought with her a life experience that he had never had before but had wanted for a long time.

Nathan calmly pushed away from the iPad in her hand, and then he showed her his notebook's desktop picture. It was a French-designed villa. The villa stood in the forest that was located on the edge of the city, and a sea of colorful flowers surrounded it. As the wind blew, the flowers swayed with the wind.

The whole villa was made of large pieces of glass, which had neat modern lines, but came with a fresh romantic feeling. It looked extraordinarily atmospheric and luxurious.

Crystal was utterly shocked by that. The house had actually been built according to her favorite style! She hadn't expected to find such a beautiful place in Huston.

"Do you like it?" Nathan asked.

Crystal nodded her head, and then she said, "It doesn't matter what I think, though. What do you think?"

Nathan smiled and said, "I choose this one."

"Can you afford it?" Crystal asked hesitantly.

She needed to know the answer, but she didn't want to offend Nathan by asking about his finances.

A voice in her head spoke up, saying - He has enough. He has all of the money that your Mother left him! If he takes this house, he will squander it all!!! Crystal's face froze, but she had no way of venting her anger. After all, this man had just promised her to move out.

"What's wrong?" Nathan asked her.

"Nothing," Crystal sighed. "The place looks nice. If you like it, you should take it."

The phone rang suddenly, then, and Nathan stood up.. "I'll answer the phone first," he said, "and then I'll make up my mind."

Chapter 1494 - 12: Didn't You Send It To Me?

As Nathan stepped out of the room, Crystal took the opportunity to peek into his more personal belongings. She looked around. This room that Nathan lived in had initially been a guest room in Crystal's home, and the patterns of black and white tones had not changed. Nathan had few personal belongings, she noticed. There was a book and a pen on the coffee table, though, which was something.

Crystal leaned over, picked it up, and was disappointed to discover that it wasn't a diary or journal. The title on the book's jacket read: Howard's Amazing Adventure- and according to the back cover, the book told the story of an alien rabbit that had accidentally broken into the earth. Crystal picked up the book, turned a few pages randomly, and finally put it down indifferently.

Nathan had walked out to the balcony, and Crystal tried to read his body language. He was in a state of deep concentration, and it seemed like it would be safe to rummage through some of his even more personal things. After making sure that he wasn't looking, Crystal opened the top drawer of his dresser, where she found a transparent plastic bag filled with some paper documents and receipts. Crystal did not see anything that might be useful to her.

After closing the top drawer, Crystal then pulled open the bottom drawer, where she found a red diary. Crystal gasped, and her heart began to beat fast. Then, after hesitating for a moment, she opened the journal.

The yellowed paper was filled with delicate handwriting that she recognized immediately as belonging to her Mother!! Before she could read more than a few words, she heard Nathan returning, and she closed the book, acting as if she hadn't recognized it for what it was. Nathan stood above her and, looking down probably down my shirt, she thought he asked her. "Do you want to sleep together tonight?"

"No," Crystal replied. After putting the book away, she stood up and said, "I'm going back to my room."

"Have it your way," Nathan said, and he

began to laugh as she fled into the hallway.

Once Crystal was back in her room, she closed and locked the door behind her, and then she leaned against it and exhaled deeply, thinking - I am safe now.

Crystal had always been a level-headed girl, so she didn't know what was wrong with her recently or how Nathan was able to get under her skin so easily. It is probably because his aura is too strong-she thought wearily - if you let your guard down before you know it, he will have his sharp fangs in you.

Crystal thought back on the situation in Nathan's room, and she didn't understand why she had left without her Mother's diary. In retrospect, her intuition told her that it must contain the information she wanted. I must get it- she realized- If I go back tonight, though, he will definitely think I want to have sex with him...

But she had missed such an excellent opportunity just now, and there shouldn't be another chance tonight.

In an attempt to distract herself, Crystal sat down with her phone and used WhatsApp to start a video chat with Serenity, and after exchanging pleasantries, she said, "Serenity, you are such a slut, how dare you send me such a gift? Nathan saw it, and now I'm about to die from embarrassment. All because of you!"

When Crystal thought about the vibrator, she couldn't help thinking about how Nathan's prick had felt when he'd pressed it against her, and her body burned with an inexplicable heat that seemed to start in her groin and spread out to every other part of her body, making her limbs feel weak and her thoughts hazy.

Serenity: "Embarrassed? Why are you so embarrassed? It's not a shameful thing to have. Everybody uses them, and once you try one, you will know why! Look at your face, though, It is so red. Why is that? Is Professor Davis on your bed?"

"Shut up!" Crystal hissed. "Nobody is on my bed. My face is red because I am angry. Your gift almost got me assaulted tonight!"

Serenity frowned. "I just sent you some masks," she said. "Why are you so angry? How could a couple of masks get you assaulted?"

"What are you talking about?" Crystal shouted.

"I'm talking about the masks that I sent you," Serenity replied. "What are you talking about?"

Crystal rushed to her dresser, picked up the vibrator, and waved it in front of the camera. And when Serenity saw it, she laughed. "With such a handsome man in the house, the real thing! I can't imagine why you would settle for a toy. Where did you get it?"

Crystal: "Didn't you send this to me?"

Serenity: "Absolutely not. I don't even use one of them on myself, so why would I give one to you?"

Crystal: "Well, if it wasn't you, then who?!?!?"

Serenity shrugged. "How should I know? But when you do find out who sent it to you, what will you do?"

Crystal: "I will fuck him!"

Serenity laughed again. "And what if it is Professor Davis?"

Crystal: "Then I will let him play for us."

Serenity: "Oh, girl, you are so evil. I love it!" After happily chatting with Serenity for a long time, Crystal ended the call. It was late, and she was tired. She got up and began to get ready for bed, but as she was braiding her hair, she was struck with the realization that if Nathan moved out the next day, he would take her Mother's journal with him, and she would never see it again. No way am I letting that happen! - a voice in her mind argued so... I guess he can't move out until after I have the diary. It shouldn't be too

hard to get it. I could pick the lock on his door while he's away or hides in his closet. Or, if worse came to worst, I could negotiate with him for it...

These were the thoughts that followed Crystal into her dreams and kept her tossing and turning all night long.

Chapter 13: I Want You

The next day, when Crystal came down for breakfast, Nathan was already sitting at the head of the table in the dining room. And to the right of him, there was a man in a black suit. The stranger was standing over Nathan, slightly bowed, and he was handing a document to him. From the way that the stranger carried himself in Nathan's presence, it was apparent to Crystal that he was subordinate to him.

When Nathan heard Crystal's footsteps, he looked up from the papers and ordered her to join him at the table. Once she was seated, he introduced the man in black to her. "This is Mike," he said. "Mike is my lawyer. Say hello to Mike."

Suddenly Crystal felt like a child, which, she supposed, she was, at least as far as these men were concerned. Her cheeks turned pink, and she looked at her shoes. "Hello, Mike," she said shyly. "My name is Crystal Smith..."

Mike reached his hand out politely towards Crystal. Crystal hesitated for a moment, and then, as she brought her hand up, Nathan brushed it away. "No time for that," he said impatiently. "You and Mike have some details to finalize."

"What documents?" Crystal asked skeptically.

"Here," Mike said as he pushed some papers in front of Crystal. "Miss Smith, this document is a real estate transfer certificate.

Mr. Davis is transferring this house to your name. The other document is a statement of Mr. Davis' renunciation of your custody. The minute you sign it, it will take effect."

As Crystal looked at the pages, a thousand thoughts crowded into her mind, and she couldn't think straight. Things were moving much faster than she had imagined they would, and everything that was happening seemed too easy. Too good to be true - a voice in her mind cried out - Be careful! It's a trap! If it was a trap, though, it was very cleverly hidden.

Mike looked at Crystal curiously. "Miss Smith, if there is no problem, please sign here and this place: on the dotted line," he said. Mike's words interrupted Crystal's thoughts and forced her hand. She took the pen, brought it to the paper, and began to sign where he had indicated. Crystal was halfway through her signature when she seemed to remember something. She stopped, looked at Nathan, and asked, "Can I add a condition to this agreement?"

Nathan raised his eyebrows and said, "You can ask for one, but I probably won't agree to it."

"You!" Crystal gasped.

Nathan: "You want that diary, don't you? Well, too bad! I am taking it with me!"

Crystal: "Why? That belonged to my mother! It should belong to me now!"

Nathan: "Unfortunately for you, she didn't leave it for you. She left it for me!"

Upon hearing these words, Crystal felt as if she had been punched in the stomach, and she began to gasp for air. Panic Attack! - her mind told her - You have a Panic Attack!

Before things could get any worse, Crystal forced herself to finish signing her name, and she pushed the papers away from herself. Mike took back the documents. He handed her another set of documents and said, "Miss Smith, this is your real estate certificate, and, from today on, Mr. Davis is no longer your guardian."

Crystal's breathing began to slow, and she thanked Mike. Now that Nathan was no longer her guardian, she could finally relax. "If there's nothing else," she said, "I would like to go and make my breakfast now."

Crystal got up without waiting for an answer, but Mike stopped her. He said, "Wait a minute, Miss Smith, there are still some procedures to be done."

Procedures? - her mind reeled now?!?!?

Crystal turned back to the table as Mike began to lay out some other papers on the table. As he placed them where she could see them, he explained what they were: "This is the authentication certificate for the Night Lotus Vase, which is celadon and belongs to the late Yuan Dynasty and the early Ming Dynasty. This one is for the Multi-colored Peach Pattern Olive Vase, which was produced in the Kangxi period. And this is for the Banana Leaf Hollowed-out Vase from the Qianlong Qing Dynasty..."

Crystal frowned and said, "This... I'm not interested in antique collections, not to mention art that I can't afford."

Mike sighed and said, "Miss Smith, on behalf of my client, Mr. Davis, I must formally claim compensation from you."

"Compensation?" Crystal hissed. "What compensation?" Crystal looked at Mike with a dumbfounded expression on her face, and then she looked at Nathan.

Mike: "Miss Smith, please stay calm and be reasonable. You broke several items from Mr. Davis' collection last night. These are the assessments of worth and authentication certificates. The total amount of damage adds up to four hundred and eighty million dollars!"

Upon hearing this, Crystal began to panic again. Her heart began to beat rapidly, she began to gasp for breath, her head began to spin, and tears began to fall from her eyes like rain on the legal documents below her.

"What did you say?" she cried as she remembered throwing a vase against a wall. It had felt so satisfying then, but now? Not so much. "I must not have heard you right...."

Nathan looked at her, and through Cheshire's grin, he said, "You owe me four hundred and eighty million dollars. How would you like to pay for that?"

Crystal looked at Nathan in disbelief. He was: cool and calm, and she wanted to rush over and tear him into pieces.

Mike: "Considering that Ms. Smith and Mr. Davis have no guardianship relationship, I hope Miss Smith can make restitution as soon as possible."

Crystal: "I can't afford it..."

Mike: "If you can't afford it, your house will be sold. The profits will go to him, and your wages will be garnished until your debt is paid in full, plus interest. In all likelihood, your debt will not be paid off in your lifetime, and it will be passed down to your children, and perhaps to your grandchildren as well."

I have no future - Crystal realized - and I am about to be homeless, penniless, and alone. I won't even be able to pay my tuition fees...Crystal would have cried then if she weren't already crying.

"You set me up!" Crystal shouted spitefully. Nathan chuckled and said, "Did I ask you to throw those things? Was I the one that asked for the Guardianship Order to be terminated? No. You did that. You made your bed, and now you have to lie in it."

Nathan's words rang true in Crystal's ears, and she was struck dumb by them.

He masterminded this- she told herself- but he is too smart for me to see how or what to do about it!

Crystal forced herself to calm down by taking slow, deep breaths and counting backward in her heart, from - Ten to nine... Eight... Seven... And so on. Finally, she was able to look at Nathan with some semblance of control. "Nathan Davis, what do you want?" she asked.

"You are a smart enough woman," he replied. "Don't tell me that you don't know what I want: I want you!"

Chapter 14: He Must Be Pretending

"All you want is to fuck me?" Crystal asked skeptically. "And then you will forgive my debt?"

"No, not just fuck," Nathan laughed. "I want you to give yourself to me, fully, as my wife!"

Crystal gasped as Mike produced a marriage certificate. Nathan had laid a much bigger trap for her than she could have ever imagined. Crystal contemplated the proposal for a moment before addressing Mike, his lawyer. "I only have two questions," she said. "The first question is this: if I sign it, does it mean that I don't need to pay my debt?"

Mike: "Yes. And your second question..."

Crystal: "Okay, I haven't reached the legal age for marriage yet, so even if I sign it, it won't take effect. Is that right?"

Mike was just about to open his mouth to answer the question when he was interrupted by Nathan. Nathan raised his hand and said, "If I say that it is effective, no one will dare to say that it isn't. Do you believe that?"

"I suppose so," Crystal admitted. She hesitated for a moment, and then she signed the marriage certificate. What other options do I have?- she asked herself - None!

Mike was overjoyed as he gathered the papers, and as he left, he kept saying, "I will help you two with the rest of the procedures. Congratulations to you, Mr. Davis. And Ms. Smith, I wish you a happy life with Nathan."

Crystal sighed as Mike left. I had better start making the most of my situation - she told herself, after all, who knows what the future will hold for us? And even though we are married, we may get a divorce in the future.

Just then, Susie appeared with a bowl of oatmeal for Crystal, but she'd lost her appetite. "I'm sorry, Susie," she said, "but I'm running late. I have to go."

Crystal grabbed her backpack from the living room and rushed out the door.

I am married! - Crystal realized as the sun hit her face. She had promised herself that she would only marry for love - but now look at me! And at that moment, all of the energy in her body left her, and she collapsed on the ground. She was crying harder than she ever had in her life, but she was barely aware of it.

Her mind had gone completely blank. And after a moment, she lost consciousness altogether.

After a while, Nathan came out and joined her. He sat down beside her, picked her up, and placed her in a sitting position on his lap. He wiped the tears out of her eyes, ran his fingers through her hair, and eventually, Crystal came back to him. And when he saw the light return to her eyes, he said, "There, there, do you think being my wife will be so terrible?"

"I do," Crystal admitted. "You have been so cruel to me. I don't know why my mother left this house to you or why she would leave me in your care -"

Nathan suddenly reached out to grab her chin. She was caught off guard, and she had no recourse when he kissed her delicate lips. Next, he kissed her sensitive eyelids, and then he began to kiss away her tears. His lips were soft, and his actions were tender, but they did nothing to alleviate the profound helplessness and unhappiness that Crystal felt at that moment. And even though Nathan intended to comfort his new, young wife, his gesture was just another form of rape, and perhaps it was even more intrusive than the way he had sexually assaulted her in his office the day before. "I am not a bad man," he whispered as he kissed his way along her neck. "You will see, and you will come to love me."

"No," Crystal cried, and she tried to push him away. Crystal began to panic again when she realized that Nathan wasn't going to let her go, and she began to look around for help when she suddenly realized that she was in his room! Apparently, when he'd found her on the lawn, he had carried her inside, and she had been out of it to realize what was happening.

Nathan's room was exactly as she remembered it: it was neat and tidy. The floor was spotless, and there was no hair anywhere. His clothes were as he liked them, ironed and smoothed flat. A man like this - Crystal realized - with an obsessive-compulsive disorder would have no reason to want to be with me. He must be pretending! And she hoped that he wouldn't be able to maintain the charade for long.

Finally, Nathan let Crystal go. "I have to go to work now," he said. He cupped her left breast in his right hand, gave it a gentle squeeze, and said, "but we can pick this up tonight, where we left off. Don't worry about going to school if you don't want to, not on the day of your wedding."

Nathan escorted Crystal out of his room and locked the door behind them, and he left her there without another word.

The company that Nathan worked for was called Brilliant Group. It was located in the center of the city, and it was so tall and robust that it dwarfed all of the other buildings around it in comparison. Nathan wore a pure black suit, and compared to the other company elites, he was as majestic as an emperor.

When Nathan got to work, he went straight to his office and called for his assistant, Andy, who came straight away. Even though Andy had worked with Nathan for five years, he was still intimidated by Nathan. Thus, when he arrived, he was nervous. "I am here, boss," Andy said, with a slight tremor in his voice. He thought that, since he had been called to Nathan's office, he had done something wrong, and he was afraid that he was about to lose his job.

Nathan asked Andy to close the door and take a seat, and then he asked Andy how long he'd been married. "Married?" Andy stammered. The question had been so unexpected that he was struck dumb by it. His boss had never asked about his private life before. In fact, he hadn't even known that his boss knew that he was married.

"How long have you been married, Andy?" Nathan asked again. And he sounded somewhat annoyed to have had to ask twice.

"One...one year, boss," Andy stammered.

"That's interesting," Nathan said contemplatively. "Can you think of a reason why a woman wouldn't want to marry someone?"

Chapter 15: It Is All Legit

Before today, Nathan had been completely confident that every woman in the world would want to marry him if they were given the opportunity. He had good looks, popularity, and money. What more could a woman want? - he wondered. The sight of Crystal crying on the lawn had thrown him for a loop, and nothing about the things she'd said had made any sense to him - But maybe Andy knows a little bit more about this than I do - he thought - After all, he's been married for a year!

Nathan eyed Andy impatiently as he waited for an answer. Finally, Andy said, "There... There are many reasons why a woman wouldn't want to marry someone. For example, if they were short, ugly, fat, poor, lazy, opinionated, stubborn, violent, or if they were a disgusting pervert."

"But I have none of those shortcomings," Nathan insisted. "It must be something else."

One thought occurred to Andy, but he doesn't say it - Perhaps she sees what everyone else around here sees: that you're a homosexual. Andy honestly could not imagine there is a woman who wouldn't want to marry Nathan, except for this reason.

Andy squirmed a little bit in his seat, and then he said, "Well... President Davis, if there is anything wrong with my work, you can just tell me directly..."

"Answer my question," Nathan bellowed, "or I will hold you personally responsible if my relationship fails!"

Well fuck! - Andy thought-and if I told him what I really think, he'd probably fire me! Finally, he said, "I... I'm sorry, but... I can't think of any reason why a woman wouldn't want to marry you... A man as perfect as yourself, any woman would want to marry you with your assets and qualifications. But is there a chance that she's holding out for love? I have heard some women like to do that..."

After speaking, Andy closed his eyes nervously. He had the feeling that after what he'd just said, his boss might want to kill him. A few minutes passed, though, and when Nathan still hadn't physically attacked him, Andy dared to open his eyes. Then, Nathan said in a low tone of voice, "So, Crystal doesn't love me... That is what you're saying...?"

Andy swallowed hard. "No, no," he said. "I don't mean that. I was just saying that that is another reason why a woman might not want to marry a specific man. I didn't mean to imply that this was Crystal's reason for not wanting to get married to you!" After saying this, Andy really did want to die.

Nathan silently waved his hand and said, "Get out."

Andy ran out of Nathan's office as fast as he could. He felt like he had just been released from prison or like he'd gotten a new lien on life. Unfortunately, that feeling soon disappeared. Crystal doesn't love him- he thought to himself- But of course, she doesn't!

Back in his office, Weasley was having similar thoughts. He knew that Crystal didn't love him, but he didn't see what that had to do with anything.

Crystal sat in detention with her head on her desk. Even though Nathan had told her she didn't need to go to school, she'd gone anyway, and then she'd gotten in trouble for being late. Again. So, after the final bell had rung, she'd gone to the detention room. Serenity was also supposed to be in detention too, but she hadn't arrived yet. Thus, once she'd taken her seat, she put her books on the desk next to hers to save them for her friend.

Crystal hadn't slept well the night before, and her morning had been exhausting, so she was very tired, and almost as soon as she put her head on her desk, she fell asleep.

It wasn't long after that, though, that someone sat beside Crystal, and when she half-opened her eyes, she was surprised to see that it wasn't Serenity. It was Frank, one of her schoolmates. He was handsome, and when he smiled, two shallow pear-shaped dimples appeared.

"Excuse me," Crystal said sleepily, "this seat is reserved."

"There is no name on it," Frank replied belligerently.

"I am too tired for your shit," Crystal sighed.

"I'm uncomfortable with you sitting there, and there are many other vacant seats. Please choose one of them. This one is reserved for my friend, Serenity."

Frank's face turned red suddenly, and he said, "I know, I came here just to..." But before he could finish speaking, he saw Serenity walk in.

He stood up quickly and banged his knee on the desk. "fuck!" he cursed as he switched seats.

Serenity was baffled by Frank's actions. "Well, what happened?" she asked. "Why did he run away like that? Did he want to flirt with you?" "Who knows!" Crystal snapped. "Don't talk to me. I need to sleep for a while."

Serenity: "Okay, you can sleep if you want, but I will continue with my questions."

"Please let me go to sleep," Crystal wined.

Serenity: "How can you sleep? Haven't you heard the news about our new headmaster?"

Crystal. "Whatever. I don't care."

Serenity: "Do you think that it has something to do with you?"

Crystal: "Don't be ridiculous. I don't have that kind of power. And why would I want to fire Mr. Ford? He was a good enough principal. And if I did have that kind of power, I would make myself principal, not somebody else!"

Serenity: "Come on, you are not suitable to be a headmaster. Anyways, it's too coincidental when you think about it: Mr. Ford is being fired right after accepting a five-million-dollar bribe!"

Crystal: "That actually makes sense. They say that the new headmaster used to be the vice-chancellor of Saint University. Are you hoping that he is more handsome than Mr. Ford?"

"I would settle for younger," Serenity laughed.

Crystal: "Don't be silly. There are no young headmasters!"

Suddenly Serenity remembered why Crystal was in detention. She asked her friend why she had been late, but Crystal said that she didn't want to talk about it. Unfortunately, Serenity was too nosey to let it go. "Did it have to do with Professor Davis?" she wondered.

Crystal frowned and said, "He forced me to marry him this morning."

Serenity's jaw nearly hit the floor when she heard this. "But you are too young," she said. "You aren't even of legal age. Can he get away with this?"

"He likes 'em young," Crystal replied bitterly, "and I'm young. Since I'm still a child, I guess he can do whatever he wants with me. At first, I thought that he couldn't get away with it, but on the way to school, I checked with the Civil Affairs Bureau. It is all legit. Oh, it is so annoying. I don't want to be married to anyone, let alone Nathan Davis. He really makes my skin crawl!"

Serenity shuddered and said, "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when he comes to consummate the marriage."

Crystal cursed so loud that everyone heard, and when she realized what she'd done, she covered her mouth and apologized to the class. Then she leaned over to Serenity and said, "I hadn't thought of that..."

The Accounting teacher/Dungeon Master, which was what the students always called the Detention Monitor, interrupted them then, saying, "Crystal, Serenity, if you have any questions, you can discuss them at the podium."

Otherwise, keep silent. This class is for detention, not recess. Let's keep that in mind."

Finally, the day was over. Crystal said goodbye to Serenity and prepared herself to pay a visit to her Father's Mansion.. Evan had told her that her mother had left some things there for her, so she had to go and fetch them.

Chapter 16: What's The Difference?

The Henry household lived in an independent villa with a big courtyard, and when Crystal arrived, the European-style patterned iron door was tightly closed to her. After taking a deep breath, Crystal put her hand on the doorbell, but before she actually pressed it, she found herself hesitating. To press it or not to press it, that was the question. She would not be here except for the fact that her father had said that her mother had left something important for her.

None of the people living inside the villa had a good relationship with her. Her father hadn't even picked her up after her mother died. Her Stepmother, Jessica, had been the reason why her father had abandoned her and her Mother. Her half-sister Joyce had stolen her boyfriend, and Evan was Jessica's son from her first marriage, so they weren't even related by blood. Out of all of them, she hated Evan the least. That being said, behind his golden frame glasses, she thought she saw the eyes of a venomous snake.

Lucy, the housekeeper, happened to be taking out the trash, and when she saw Crystal, she said, "Oh, look! You're here!" She finished her task, walked over to the gate, and after giving Crystal a once over with her eyes, she said, "My poor child. You look thinner than ever. You should eat more and take better care of yourself."

Lucy had worked for the Henry household for almost twenty years, so she knew everything there was to know about their family, and she felt sorry for Crystal, so much so that when Crystal's Mother had passed away, her heart had nearly broken for the poor girl. "Did you come here to see your Father?" She asked.

"No," Crystal replied meekly. "I was just passing by..."

Lucy looked at Crystal curiously and said, "Are you sure about that? Master Evan said that you would be stopping by today to collect something that was left here by your Mother... and here you are!"

Crystal sighed and said, "Never mind. I doubt it's important..."

Lucy: "You're here already, you may as well

take it with you - whatever it is. Don't you think so?"

Jessica came around the corner just then. She said, "Well, lookee here, our wild child has returned. Fancy that!" and Lucy and Crystal turned their heads in her direction.

Jessica was a delicately dressed woman with neatly permed hair. She had a crazy obsession with evening dresses. Even at home and at all hours of the day, she wore evening dresses. She was always magnificently decked out as if she were a queen that was about to attend a banquet.

She was the complete opposite of Crystal's mother, Elsa, who had always been unkempt. Thus, every time she saw Jessica, she somewhat understood why her father had abandoned her mother and her.

After receiving no response from Crystal, Jessica became annoyed. She puckered her scarlet lips and went on provoking Crystal. She smirked at the poor girl and said, "I heard that your Mother left her legacy to some gigolo. You. must be here to ask your father for money!" Jessica laughed with scorn as she opened the gate.

Jessica led Crystal across the lawn and into the house. Crystal hadn't originally intended to go in, but now that Jessica had inserted herself into the equation, she felt like she had no choice. As they walked, Crystal began to smile as a thought occurred to her. She looked at the back of Jessica's head and said, "You're right. I've run out of money, and I was hoping that my father would help me... and I think that he will. After all, he recently said that he wants to leave the Henry Group to his three children when he dies. He said that he hopes that one day we will find a way to get along.

"Does it bother you to know that he doesn't plan on leaving you anything?"

When Jessica heard these words, she faltered and nearly tripped over her own feet.. She turned and scowled at Crystal. "Bullshit!" she hissed. "Mark my words: Not a single dime will fall into your hands!"

Crystal laughed and said, "Don't be so sure. I am, after all, his biological daughter."

"You have some nerve to come into my house and talk to me like this!" Jessica shouted. "What a sharp tone! One day, I'll tear your mouth apart, you... you... motherless.... wild child!"

A motherless wild child? - Crystal couldn't believe that Jessica had gone there. Crystal didn't think that it was nice to speak ill of others, especially if they were dead. That being said, she didn't want to escalate the situation, so she kept her mouth closed and allowed it. Jessica led her into the living room, where Carlos and Joyce were. They were sitting on the sofa flirtatiously, kissing each other as if no one was present.

Joyce was sitting on Carlos' legs, facing him, with her long, white legs exposed. She wiggled her waist coquettishly and moaned shamelessly.

Crystal put on a pair of slippers and stomped on the floor to get their attention, but they didn't care that she was there. After a moment, Joyce glanced at Crystal triumphantly and began to exaggerate her movements and the sound of her satisfaction. When it became apparent to Crystal that they would not stop, she took out her mobile phone. Then, she opened her Instagram account so that she could send a voice message to her friend. Serenity: "Serenity," she said, "do you know the difference between humans and animals?"

Serenity: "What's the difference?"

Crystal: "Humans know how to choose the right places to make love. As for animals, they can copulate anytime and anywhere."

Serenity: "Ha-ha! That's a fabulous speech!"

Don't tell me; - you're referring to that scumbag, Carlos, and that bitch, Joyce, aren't you?"

Instead of sending a verbal response, Crystal sent her friend two Thumb Up emojis.

Carlos didn't even look at Crystal, so Joyce's slut face and the back of his cheating head were all she could see.. It's like High School all over again - Crystal thought wearily.

Chapter 17: Who Would Visit Me Here?

Crystal had always sat behind Carlos in class, so this was a familiar view of her. In the self-study classes, they had worn the same style of headphones, and Crystal had often stared at the back of his head for the whole class, with no sense at all of the passing time.

Crystal looked away in disgust, and when Joyce saw that she no longer had an audience, she quit performing. After a few minutes, she looked at Crystal and said, "I heard that you almost got kicked out of school. yesterday" she laughed. "If it weren't for Daddy's money, you would be long gone. Isn't that correct?"

Unlike Joyce, Carlos was a little embarrassed by the situation, and now that the two girls were talking, he nudged Joyce back onto the couch, and his cheeks turned pink as he covered his pants with a pillow. Joyce patted the cushion playfully and said, "Isn't it exciting to stage a Passion Play? When you dated this prude, she wasn't even willing to kiss you in public. What a phony. I knew all along that she was the biggest slut of us all!"

Joyce turned to Crystal and said, "I'm sure, you were just afraid of losing face, and the professor was just a rebound, but look how much it is going to cost you! You didn't have to do that, my dear sister. Trust me. You're still young. You will find someone better than Carlos,"

Crystal: "Thank you for your concern. And you're correct. It won't be hard to find someone better than him."

Joyce: "Well, you're right. It's too bad, though, that you settled for that gigolo. It would be best if you were careful. I know that you're afraid of being abandoned, but you are going to piss away what little value you have if you don't start making some changes in your lifestyle! I must ask you something, though, my dear sister: Why would you have thought that once your money ran out, Carlos would still want to be with you? He was obviously using you - and everyone saw it except for you!"

Crystal was prepared for a counter-attack, but Carlos interrupted her assault. He looked at her with a cold expression on his face and said, "Crystal. Mr. Henry is waiting for you in the study. You'd better not keep him waiting."

After giving bitch and the scumbag a disdainful glance, Crystal slowly walked toward the study.

There's a sofa in the middle of the study. Todd Henry sat on the couch with his legs crossed and a cigarette between his fingers. White-grey smoke rose slowly and gradually filled the room. "Crystal," he said, "come and sit here."

Crystal sighed and said, "No, thanks. I don't think we're close enough to sit together and talk about the old days. I'm just here to get my mom's stuff and go."

Todd leaned forward and pushed a photo album across the coffee table that was in front of him. Crystal picked it up and turned to the first page, and then she quickly flipped through it. Unexpectedly, every photo was of her. Her first smile. Her first steps. And in each picture, she was slightly older than in the previous one. Some of the photos had notes underneath them, recording things like her weight and her first words. Is it an illusion?- she wondered.

She felt that the photo album had been compiled with love - but if my mother loved me so much, why did he leave me in the hands of a man like Nathan Davis - she wondered. Crystal closed the photo album and forced her face to remain emotionless. She watched her father as he took his last drag off his cigarette, and after he'd snuffed it out in the ashtray, he said, "Your mess at the university has been taken care of, but you need to understand that five million dollars is no small sum, not even for the Henry Group. I helped you this time, for your Mother's sake. I hope that you've learned your lesson and that you can behave yourself from now on because this is your last bailout." Todd pulled a contract out of a drawer in the coffee table and handed it to Crystal.

"After what I have done for you," Todd. continued, "It is only right that you sign away your rights to any of my post-mortem rights to the Henry Group."

So, this is why he invited me here - Crystal

thought to herself and why he bailed me out of trouble with the university. He is trying to pay me off so that I won't compete with Evan and Joyce for shares in his company after he's dead! What a bastard. He has gone too far this time!

Crystal laughed and said, "You needn't have gone to so much trouble. I've never intended to take a penny from the Henry Group. My last name is Smith, not Henry - you haven't been my Father for a long fucking time. You stopped being my Father the day you abandoned my Mother and me!"

Todd shrugged and said, "In that case, let's call the contract a safety precaution."

After scanning the contract, Crystal stooped to pick up the pen, and she signed her name without hesitation.

Now that Todd had what he wanted, he was suddenly in the mood to celebrate. He looked up at Crystal, smiled, and said, "Would you like to stay for dinner?"

"No, thanks," Crystal replied. "Trust me, you and your family won't be happy having dinner with me, and I wouldn't be happy having dinner with you and yours either. Trust me. And now that I've signed the contract, I see no reason to associate myself with you."

Todd frowned and said, "Have it your way, then. You can see yourself out."

Before Crystal had reached the door, though, Lucy appeared. She looked at Crystal and said, "Mistress Crystal has company."

Who would visit me here? - Crystal wondered And for that matter, who even knows that I'm here?

Chapter 18: Wasn't Davis Her Mother's Gigolo?

Crystal was taken by surprise, and she was bewildered. She looked at Lucy, the housekeeper, and said, "Who would come to see me, HERE?!?!?"

Lucy: "I'm not sure. He didn't say. He has a lot of belongings with him, though. He brought a coffee table, a sofa, and all kinds of famous brand bags and cosmetics like Chanel, Dior, and Louis Vuitton...."

Upon hearing that there was a guest - a stranger! -in his house, and that it sounded like he thought he was moving in, Todd stood up quickly and rushed into the next room, with Crystal, Carlos, and Joyce

following right behind him. And as Todd turned the corner, he gasped. "Principal Ford," he whispered, "what are you doing here, and what do you want from my daughter?"

Todd quickly regained his composure, and before Mr. Ford could reply, he asked, "What happened? Didn't Evan make it clear that we're willing to invest in the university? I know that Crystal has brought a lot of trouble to the school and shamed the school's good name. I'm very sorry that that happened, and I am ashamed to have such a daughter. I had hoped, though, that you could do me a special favor and give her a second chance. Of course, if she does something wrong again, you could consider expelling her then."

Shame the university... ashamed to have such a daughter - These words ricocheted through Crystal's mind. They were like slaps across her face, and they were extremely hurtful.

Mr. Ford sighed, and he said, "No. Mr. Henry, it's all my fault: everything is. I shouldn't have expelled Crystal. The university has withdrawn the decision, and I'm here to apologize to Crystal in person. I am returning the money to you. Some of it was spent, and these things you see before you are the things that I purchased - except for the handbags and cosmetics, which are gifts for Crystal.

"You should know, too, that I have been relieved of my position at Saint University, and I am being relocated to a remote mountain where I will teach younger students."

Todd: "Isn't demoting a headmaster of a well-known business university to a teaching position in a remote region equal to killing him?"

Mr. Ford: "It is. But it is what it is... and it all happened very quickly. All I can say is that Mr. Davis must know some very powerful people to have pulled this off! I tried to do a background check on him, but I couldn't find anything. I don't even know who hired him or if he has legitimate teaching credentials!"

Todd: "That is terrible, but I still don't see what this has to do with Crystal or why you would buy her all of these beautiful/expensive bags and cosmetics."

Mr. Ford: "I heard that girls like cosmetics and bags, and -"

Before Mr. Ford could finish his sentence, Joyce interrupted him by shouting to her Mother: "Mom, come and see!" She held up one of the bags from the pile. "This is Chanel's latest model! I've wanted it for a very long time, but it's always out of stock!"

Jessica walked in slowly as if she were putting on a performance. She was wearing an evening dress, and her perfume was so strong that it caused Crystal to sneeze twice. After that, she rubbed her nose, leaned against the stair rail, and said, "I don't think that Principal Ford did anything wrong. And besides, I didn't even care that I was expelled, so this is much ado about nothing."

When Ford heard what Crystal had said, he began to panic. He turned to Crystal and said, "Although you did something wrong, your mistake was not that serious. You should never have been expelled. I admit that I made the decision for personal reasons. I hope that you don't take this affair to heart."

Joyce smirked and said, "Tut! Tut! Something is seriously wrong with this world if seducing a professor in a university is not a serious enough offense to get expelled for!"

Mr. Ford looked at Joyce and said, "After our investigation, we've confirmed that Crystal and Professor Davis are in love with each other, and our university is a strong advocate for democratic civil rights."

"Professor Davis?" Joyce scoffed.

"Wasn't Davis her Mother's gigolo? And you say that they are in love with each other?!?!?!? What a joke!"

Mr. Ford. "Anyway, I didn't come here to talk about Professor Davis, I'm no longer the principal anyway. The reason I came here was to return Mr. Henry's money and apologize to Crystal."

Joyce laughed and said, "It sounds to me like you are afraid of Mr. Davis!"

Mr. Ford began to sweat, and Crystal felt terrible for him. She knew what it was like to be on the receiving end of Joyce's abuse. She turned to him and said, "Principal Ford, I appreciate your apology, and if it is forgiveness that you are seeking, then I give it to you freely. You needn't have purchased all of these gifts. I am sorry to hear that you are being relocated.

You were good at your job. Is there anything that I can do for you? I can't help but feel responsible for what is happening to you..." "You don't owe me anything," Mr. Ford replied, "but if you could put in a good word for me with Professor Davis, I would appreciate it." "Consider it done," Crystal replied. "I do have two requests, though."

Mr. Ford: "Name it, and if it is within my power to do so, it shall be done.

Crystal laughed and said, "Please return all of these bags." Crystal had roughly calculated the cost of all of the bags and determined that their total value was over a million dollars - and it didn't feel right to keep them.

Mr. Ford: "And your second request...?"

Crystal: "Your daughter, my teacher, Tiffany, she was very abusive to me. She is the one that owes me an apology, not you."

Mr.. Ford: "Done and done. And thank you very much!"

Chapter 1501 - 19: Don't Be So Sure About That

After Mr. Ford left, Crystal's Father confronted her about the true identity of Nathan Davis. He believed that because she had signed away her rights to his fortune, that there must be something about him that she wasn't saying- and Venessa's constant grumbling only made matters worse. She had assumed that the expensive handbags that Mr. Ford had brought were for her, and it had been hard for her to watch when he'd taken them away with him. After all, there was one bag in particular that she had wanted for a very long time.

As she and her Mother watched Crystal leave from an upstairs window, Joyce complained to her mother, saying, "Mommy, did you see how arrogant that bitch was? Who would have thought that the presents would be for her! And that Principal Ford must be a fool, otherwise why would he have begged Crystal for help! After all, what could she do for him?!?!?"

"I agree," Jessica murmured. "We invested in the university to help the little skank, and she didn't even thank us! But at least she signed away her rights to Daddy's assets, so we are finally done with her."

Joyce: "Whatever. She wouldn't have gotten much anyway."

Jessica: "Don't be so sure about that. Your grandpa liked her a lot when he was alive. I heard that he left a secret will that is supposed to be opened on her eighteenth birthday. If he didn't leave her much, why would he keep it a secret?"

Joyce: "In that case, I am convinced that he left millions behind- and when Crystal learns the truth, it is going to drive her crazy! You are so clever!"

Jessica: "Of course I am! It wasn't easy to talk your dad into asking Crystal to sign that contract, but now that it's done, I can finally give your Father the son that he's been asking for."

Joyce was thrilled when she heard that she would have a new baby brother, and she hugged her mother, and she told her how much she loved her.

Meanwhile, outside their window, Evan and Crystal were talking. He'd caught her on her way out and was curious to know how things were going. She told him everything that had happened, he told her that she'd been a fool to sign away her share of the family fortune, and when they parted ways, they were both frustrated.

Evan told Crystal that she would come to regret her decision, and as she walked away, she couldn't help but wonder- Will I regret my decision? Of course, for now, there was no way of knowing, so she tried to put the question out of her mind.

Crystal did know, though, that it felt good to have finally severed all ties with her Father. Now, if only I could do the same with Nathan - she thought glumly.

Crystal hadn't gone far when she noticed that there was a piece of chewed gum stuck to the sole of her shoe. Gross-she thought as she began to scrape her shoe on the sidewalk in an attempt to scrape it off. Unfortunately, it did not want to come off. She had just about come to terms with the fact that she'd have to pull it off with her bare fingers when Carlos appeared with a tissue. "Let me," he said, and then he hunkered down to remove the pesky piece of garbage.

Once the gum was off her shoe, Carlos stood up and walked the tissue over to a nearby trash can. Crystal watched him for a moment, and then, without even thanking him, she turned around and began to walk away. Before she got more than three steps from where she'd been, though, Carlos grasped her arm and gave it a good, hard squeeze.

Crystal turned around and, without hesitation, she slapped Carlos across the face. The street was quiet, making the slap sound very loud, and Crystal assumed he would let her go. But he didn't. "Please let me go," she said with a tone of voice that was indifferent and emotionless.

"I just want to talk," Carlos said.

Crystal spat on the ground and said, "I don't think we have anything to talk about."

"Crystal," he whined, "come on and... be reasonable."

Crystal: "What do you want me to do? Go on dating you behind Joyce's back, as if nothing had happened? No way! I'm not like you that way!"

Carlos: "Listen to me, Crystal. The reason why I'm with Joyce is that the Forster Group needs the Henry Group's investment. Furthermore, I never wanted you to climb into Nathan's bed. That was all Joyce's idea. She said that she would invest one hundred million dollars into the Forster Group if I could get you to do that, so I hope you can see that I had no choice..."

Crystal stood akimbo and scowled at this pathetic man that stood before her. She looked straight into his eyes and said, "Fine. What's done is done. So, what is this all about? What do you want?"

"C-C-Crystal..." Carlos stammered. "D Don't... t-talk to me like that. I know that I'm very selfish, and I don't expect to get your - forgiveness. B-But can you wait for me? When the Forster Group gets back on track, I'll..."

As Carlos unrolled his proposal, Crystal's jaw nearly hit the floor. She could not believe the gall of this man. She had once thought that no matter what happened, as long as they faced it together, everything would work out - but he had gone and fucked it all up!

After a moment of silence, Crystal smiled and said, "Okay. If you want me to wait for you, then I will wait for you."

Carlos was so stunned by her reaction that for a minute, he could not react, but once he regained control of his faculties, he burst out into gales of joyous laughter.. "Really?" he wondered. "Are you really willing to wait for me?"

Chapter 1502 - 20: Never Mind Them

Carlos stepped forward to hug Crystal, but she stepped backward. She gave him a look of disgust and said, "Did you honestly think that I would wait for you?"

Carlos flinched at her words as if he'd been struck. "I know that my proposal is very selfish," he mumbled, "but why are you so hard on me? Is it because of Nathan Davis? Are you two serious? I know you're not actually together. You just want to make me jealous, right? Crystal, an unreliable man like him, is not suitable for you. He will never take you seriously!"

"He's unreliable?" Crystal hissed. "Compared to you, he is a saint!"

Carlos's face turned white as Crystal's words sunk in, and he finally let her arm go, and when Crystal walked away from him, he made no further attempt to pursue her.

I hate this! - Crystal thought to herself, as she crossed the street at the next corner- it wasn't supposed to end this way for us!

By the time Crystal arrived home, the sun had set, and when Susie saw her, she walked out of the kitchen to greet her. After exchanging formal greetings, the housekeeper said, "Your husband, Mr. Davis, has gone out for dinner. There is food in the kitchen."

My husband-Crystal thought morosely.

"Thank you," she replied. "Susie," she added, "do you have a spare key to all of the rooms in the house?"

Susie: "Yes. I have a ring of keys in the locker in the storage room, I'll get it for you." Susie went back to the storage room and took out a ring of keys. Before leaving, she said, "Crystal, hurry up and eat, or your food will get cold."

"I'm not hungry," Crystal replied. "Thank you, though. I'll heat it later."

"That's fine," Susie replied as she returned. with the keys. "I'll put it in the fridge for you." Crystal took the keys from the housekeeper with thanks and then went up to Nathan's room.

The door to his room was open, as it usually was, so Crystal went right in. The room was neat and tidy, and the bedside table's bottom drawer was locked uptight. Fortunately, she had a key. Crystal hunkered down and began to try the keys one by one. Some were too small. Others were too big, but she finally found the one that fit perfectly. She turned the key nervously, and once she heard the click that meant the lock was open, she pulled at the drawer, only to discover that it was... empty- EMPTY? And the diary was gone!

"How can this be?" she cried. "It was just here!"

Crystal cursed Nathan in her mind - That fucking lowlife! That scum! That perverted child fucker! That good-for-nothing whore-of-a man! - but the drawer remained empty, and all of her effort and anger was for naught.

Once Crystal had regained her composure, she returned the keys and went into the kitchen to get her dinner. Then, just as she was taking the food out of the refrigerator, her phone rang. She took the phone out of her pocket and answered the call: "Hello?"

A soft and flattering voice sounded through the receiver: "Hello, is this Crystal? My name is Tiffany Ford. I'm one of the teachers at the university you attend. Anyway, at my father's request, I have called to apologize to you. What happened yesterday was all my fault. I would like to invite you to have a meal with me so that I can apologize to you in person. When are you available? How about right now?"

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "I'm busy. I've only just now arrived home."

Tiffany: "How about I drive over and pick you up? If you just got home, you must not have eaten yet. You must be hungry. There is a restaurant very close to your home. Please, give me a chance to apologize in person. I feel terrible about what happened."

Crystal did not want to go out again after the tiring day that she'd had, but she didn't know how to refuse Tiffany's sincere attitude, especially because she was one of her teachers, so she felt like she had to accept the offer. "Okay fine, Crystal said.

Tiffany was there in under ten minutes, and she took her to the Rossini Restaurant, where she had booked a private room in advance. The room was called The Aries Room.

Meanwhile, Nathan was throwing a Welcome Back party for Owen, and as irony would have it, he was running late. He was the host, and he was going to be the last one to arrive!

Owen thought that it was delightfully hilarious, and he couldn't wait to tease Nathan about it. While he waited, he leaned back on the sofa, took a grape from the fruit plate, and threw it into his mouth.

Nathan had originally only invited a few old classmates, but someone had spilled the beans, and the guest list had grown exponentially, and their enthusiasm moved Owen. Unfortunately, after meeting with a few of his female classmates, it seemed that they were not all that interested in him after all. They had only come because they wanted to see Nathan. And the other two or three male classmates were there to talk about business with Nathan. Thus, Owen felt decidedly Unwelcome at his Welcome BackParty.

Nathan was a low-key guy, and he didn't like such large gatherings, so Owen was trying to think of ways to make Nathan feel less uncomfortable. Unfortunately, he didn't have many ideas, and when the crowd arrived, chaos ensued. Everyone got up, and they all began to clamor for his attention. One person said, "Oh, my god! Nathan! Nathan Davis is here!"

A second person said, "He's getting more handsome by the day! How can he be so good-looking?"

A third person turned to one of the ladies and said, "Amy Fowler, why don't you say something?"

Amy said nothing, and a fourth person said, "She is entranced by Nathan. Everyone knows Amy has liked Nathan since High School."

Amy stared at the man at the door. He's more dazzling than ever! - she thought The aura around him was too powerful and charming to be ignored.

Nathan sensed Owen's discomfort, and he patted him on the back, saying, "Never mind them. They are like coo clocks strung up too tight, and they will never get what they want. You wouldn't want that kind of attention. It is pathetic and annoying! Do you see what I see?"

"I suppose so," Owen replied without much conviction.