

Midnight III 121

Chapter 1603 - 121: Cecilia's Evil Plan

Eric gave Cecelia a skeptical look, and after a moment, he asked her if she was an actress. She said that she wasn't. "And if you don't believe me," she added, "you can ask Crystal. We went to school together for three years, and I even gave her a bag recently!"

Cecilia didn't know that Eric had been nearby and watching them when she had been betting with Crystal. For the moment, though, Eric didn't unmask her. He wanted to see what she was up to, so he pretended to believe her. He smiled and asked, "What do you want to do to Richard?"

Cecelia smiled seductively. "I will tell you everything," she said. "And I will leave it to you to explain it all to Crystal."

Eric stared at Cecilia with interest. "Are you hitting on me?" he asked.

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Cecelia was surprised by Eric's straightforward approach, and she gasped.

"I am definitely not!" she exclaimed. "Crystal is my bestie. I would never try to steal her, man."

"Actually, you can hit on me if you want," Eric said. By now, they'd reached the parking lot, and Eric pressed a button on his key fob to help him locate his pink Lamborghini. The vehicle's lights flashed three times, and its horn honked in sync with them. "Before you do, though, I suggest that you take a look in the mirror."

Cecelia frowned. What the heck is that supposed to mean? - she wondered as she silently followed him to his car. He got into the driver's seat, and she waited patiently for an invitation that never came. Eric started his car, put it in reverse, and took off like a bat out of Hell, leaving her to eat his dust.

Cecilia began to cough as her lungs filled with dirty air. She looked down at her dress and clenched her fist in rage. It was filthy. Frowning, she made her way back into the hospital, and when she arrived at Richard's room, she began to cry. "Look at what Eric did to your beautiful face!" she wailed. She ran to his side, took his hands into hers, and asked him what they were going to do next.

"Next?!?" Richard roared. "There is no next!"

Cecelia: "But what about my plans?"

Richard: "fuck your plans! Look at me, Cecelia. I have no manhood. I have no balls. I have no face. If it weren't for your plan, I never would have kidnapped Crystal, and I wouldn't be in the position that I'm in!"

"You can't blame me for this!" Cecelia pointed to where Richard's cock and balls had been and said, "If you want to blame someone, blame Nathan." She gently touched his ear. "Blame Eric."

Richard sighed and said, "I suppose you're right..."

Cecelia: I have no idea what those men see in Crystal. She is such a bitch, and she's soooo ugly... Hey, do you think Master Bush would be interested in me?"

"Fuck you bitch!" Richard yelled. "Why would you want to be with the man who disfigured my face?!?"

"No! No! No!" Cecilia waved her hands in the air defensively. "You misunderstand me. I just thought that if he was with me, he wouldn't defend Crystal anymore. Then we could continue with my plan."

Richard: "You dirty whore! I don't believe you. Now that I have no genitals, you don't want to be with me. You're a traitor. Admit it!"

"That's not true!" Cecelia cried. "At least think about my plan, okay. It makes sense, but if you don't like it, we don't have to go through with it..."

After leaving the hospital, Eric drove straight to Beverly villa. He parked his car in the driveway, ran up to the door, and began to ring the bell. Then, when no one answered, he looked through the window. It was dark inside, and he could see that no one was home.

Eric walked back to his car and lit a cigarette. He took a long drag, held it for a thirty count, and as he let the smoke out, he looked up at the sky. He needed to know that Crystal was okay, and he wanted to comfort and protect her. He couldn't, though, and his feelings of helplessness were maddening.

Eric was suddenly startled by his phone buzzing in his pocket. He pulled it out and saw that he'd received a text message from Alex. It said, "Crystal is safe. She's at a concert."

Eric was overjoyed. Even if she was with Nathan, he was happy. All he cared about now was her well-being. He smiled as he flicked his cigarette to the ground and put it out with the toe of his shoe.

As he was getting ready to leave, the young couple next door pulled out of their driveway. He let them go first, and then he followed behind them.

By the time Crystal and Nathan returned, it was already half past midnight. She was exhausted, so she took a quick shower and went to bed. She fell asleep right away. She had planned to sleep in the next day, but she was woken up quite early by her next-door neighbors.

Frowning, she got up and got ready for the day. She used make-up to cover the bruises and wounds on her face and neck and a long sleeve shirt to hide the marks on her arms. Then she went downstairs, made herself a cup of coffee, and took it outside to drink on the porch.

Next door, she saw that the neighbors were moving new furniture into the house. She thought this was strange because the young couple that lived there spent most of their time overseas. They spent the minimum amount of time here that was required of them for them to maintain their visas. Thus, there was no need for them to have nice things in a house that was their home on paper but vacant in actuality.

She didn't have much time to think about this oddity, though. She had school to think about. As per her conversation with Nathan, she knew her bodyguards would be arriving soon, and she wanted to be gone before they got there.

Crystal smiled as she entered the classroom. The teacher hadn't arrived yet, and despite the noisy students all around her, Serenity was asleep at the back of the room. Her head was on the desk, and she was drooling. She's working too much-Crystal thought sadly - I wish she would accept my help...

Chapter 1604 - 122: Didn't Receive A Notification

As Crystal sat down, Serenity's eyes slowly opened. She smiled when she saw what Crystal was wearing and said, "It's so hot out today. Why are you wearing a long-sleeved shirt?"

Crystal shrugged, and after pulling her sleeves down, she said, "I don't want to get a sunburn." She was ashamed of what had happened, and she wanted to keep it a secret, even from her best friend.

Serenity had seen Crystal pull down her sleeve, though, and it made her suspicious. "What are you covering up?" she asked. She reached over to grab her friend's sleeve.

Crystal pulled her arm away and said, "Nothing. Leave me alone, okay!"

Serenity smiled mischievously and said, "You have rope burn on your wrists, don't you? What kind of sex games do you and Professor Davis play?"

Crystal playfully punched Serenity in the arm and said, "Up yours!"

Serenity chuckled and said, "I think you've been reading 50 Shades Of Grey.. Am I right?"

Crystal huffed and punched Serenity a second time, and then she began to scratch her friend's arms. Serenity immediately started begging for mercy, and she promised to quit asking questions about Crystal's sex life and her long sleeve shirt.

"Have you received the notice for the written test?" Serenity asked, changing the subject.

Crystal: "What written test?"

Serenity: "The written test for the Assistant Host position!"

"I didn't receive any notification," Crystal said. "I'll check to see if one came in, though." She pulled out her phone and checked her email, but she hadn't received notice. She shook her head. "There's nothing here..."

"That's impossible!" Serenity exclaimed.

"Every applicant was notified. It doesn't make sense. You should ask about it."

Suddenly, someone shouted Crystal's name, and both girls looked up. It was Tiffany, and she was standing expectantly in the doorway with a bag in her hand. Crystal got up and walked over to the teacher. Tiffany handed her the bag when she got there and said, "Here are the books I promised. I hope that they help."

Crystal peeked into the bag and said, "Thank you, Miss Ford. I was going to come looking for you."

Tiffany: "Huh? For what? Is it urgent?"

Crystal: "About the Assistant Host position. I heard that every applicant received a notification to take the written test, but I haven't. Do you know anything about that?"

Tiffany: "You didn't receive one? That's strange. We submitted the application forms to the TV station, and then they did a preliminary screening. Of course, your notice could still come, but it is also possible that you were eliminated from the competition... Try not to get your hopes up, okay. You knew from the start that there were only two positions available."

"I know." Crystal sighed sadly and said, "Thank you for your honesty. If I don't get the notice, can I pass your books on to one of my classmates?"

Tiffany: "Of course."

Crystal thanked Tiffany again and returned to her seat with the books, and with her back to the teacher, she didn't see the smug expression that had appeared on her face.

The more Crystal thought about what Tiffany had said, the weirder she felt. Finally, she picked up her backpack and turned to Serenity. She said, "Serenity, I've got to go. I'm going to the TV station." If she had been eliminated from the competition, she felt she deserved to know why.

When Crystal arrived at the TV station, the receptionist took one look at her and said, "Hello, may I help you?"

Suddenly, Crystal felt like a deer stuck in the headlights of an oncoming car. She didn't know what to say, and she knew that she wouldn't be allowed in if she said the wrong thing. So she looked around frantically, with her eyes finally landing on a poster of Amy Fowler. She smiled and said, "I'm here to see Amy Fowler."

"You and everyone else." The receptionist chuckled and said, "I assume you have an appointment..." Crystal admitted that she didn't and was quickly told that she wouldn't be allowed in without an appointment.

As soon as the receptionist finished speaking, she took out a nail polish bottle and began to paint her nails. Crystal tapped lightly on the desk to get the woman's attention, "Could you please give her a call?" she asked. "You can tell her that Crystal Smith is looking for her. She knows me."

"Sure, sure," the receptionist sneered.

"And I'm the Duchess of Wales!" Crystal frowned. What does Camilla Bowles have to do with anything? - she wondered. "What are you implying?" she asked sincerely.

The receptionist laughed and said, "You give me your name as if it should mean something to me. That's hilarious. People are dying to see Amy, and you think you'll be the lucky one to get through. Ha! There was one guy who threatened us to jump off a building if he didn't see her, and he died unsatisfied!"

Crystal was shocked. She wanted to see Amy, but not that bad.

The receptionist returned to her nails, but Crystal wasn't prepared to let her off the hook that easily. Instead, she pulled her phone from her pocket, knocked on the desk to get the woman's attention, and played the first video on her phone. Then, when it was over, she said, "I originally wanted to give Amy an exclusive interview. But if this is the way this station is going to treat me, forget it!"

The receptionist was shocked. Have I made a huge mistake? - she wondered. "Have you made an appointment with Amy for an interview?" she asked.

Crystal ignored the question, and as she began to walk away, she put her phone to the side of her head and pretended to make a call.

"Hello," she said. "Is this Worldwide Entertainment? My name is Crystal Smith, and I have a story for you."

The receptionist's face turned white.

"Wait!" she shouted. "Please, hang up. There's been a mistake. I'll get you in to see Ms. Fowler right away."

Chapter 1605 - 123: I Wanted To See You

Crystal was led into a large office and offered a seat and a coffee. She accepted the drink with thanks, and it wasn't long before Amy Fowler joined her. The woman chuckled as she sat down. "I heard you put the fear of God in our receptionist," she said. "Good for you. Now, what can I do for you?"

Crystal leaned back in her chair, folded her legs, and relaxed. "I signed up to audition for the Assistant Host position," she said. "But I wasn't contacted about the written test."

Amy: "It sounds like you were disqualified. Why are you wasting my time?"

Crystal: "That may be true, but I doubt it. And I don't think that I'm wasting your time either. I am a student of Professor Davis, and I am the only one in our school to apply but not receive notice.. Professor Davis is very embarrassed. He said that you are nice, though, and that if I ask you kindly, you might tell me what I did wrong so that I can improve and do better in the future."

"Nathan said that I was nice?" Amy was a little surprised, and her cheeks flushed slightly. She had thought that he was in a relationship with Tiffany. "Perhaps your notice is still coming," she suggested. "Or your registration information was lost..."

Crystal: "Honestly, it doesn't matter. I just hate that I let Professor Davis down. I'm a little embarrassed."

Amy: "If you're so close to Nathan, you could ask him for help, couldn't you?"

Crystal: "Well, I am his student, and he does think a lot of me. He is my guardian, after all. He takes good care of me, but I don't want to rely on him for everything. He's such a busy man..."

Amy: "I can't help but wonder what happened to your application. You handed it to Miss Ford, Right?"

Crystal: "That's right. And she handed it to the TV station."

Amy stood up and said, "Wait here. I'll go take a look for it."

Of course, Amy didn't do what she'd promised. Instead, she went to the restroom, had a cup of coffee, and returned empty-handed. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's not there."

"Really?" Crystal was stunned. Did Tiffany intentionally sabotage my chances? - she wondered - If so, why did she take the initiative to be friendly with me and lend me her books? "What can I do now?" she asked. "Is it too late?"

Amy thought about it for a second, and then she said, "With your qualifications, you should be given a chance to take the written test. There must be something that I can do to help."

Crystal nodded and said, "Tiffany has gone too far. She had no right to do this! I can't even think of why she would have done it!"

Amy pretended to empathize with her. She patted her on the shoulder and said, "Tiffany must be jealous of you. After all, Professor Davis is really nice to you. However, there is one thing that you should know."

Crystal: "What is it?"

Amy: "Rumor has it that Miss Ford is Professor Davis' girlfriend..."

Crystal: "Really? Why would people be saying that? Even if it was true, how would they know?"

Amy: "Well, they've been photographed together. Miss Ford was even seen at Beverly villa. I think you should let Nathan know about this. A scheming girl like Tiffany doesn't deserve a man like him."

Crystal: "You're right. I will tell him as soon as I see him. Miss Ford has gone too far! But what about my application? You said that you might be able to help me."

Amy smiled and said, "The registration date has passed, but because of your special circumstances, I will apply for an exception on your behalf and see that you get a notice."

Crystal thanked Amy and offered her hand to shake.

"No thanks are needed," Amy said as she shook Crystal's hand. "You're Professor Davis' student, and I am supposed to help you. But what Tiffany did was abhorrent. Shame on her."

After Crystal left, Amy received a call from her receptionist. "How did the interview go?" the woman asked.

"What interview?" Amy frowned and said, "Crystal Smith was here to play smart."

"What does that mean?" the receptionist asked.

Amy: "It means that when it comes time for her to do her written test, she will pass, regardless of the results."

Crystal was relieved when she received an email notification from the TV station. She was in! It seemed like things hadn't been going well for her lately, what with her being kidnapped and almost assaulted by two dogs, but things finally appeared to be looking up.

However, when she got home, she noticed a familiar-looking pink Lamborghini parked in the neighbor's driveway. After a second, she realized that it belonged to Eric, but before she could question why his car was there, he called her name.

Eric: "Hey, Crystal!" He was on the neighbor's lawn, waving to her.

Crystal scowled as Eric walked over to where she was standing. What the fuck is he doing here? - she wondered. Before he could explain himself, she began to stomp on his foot with the heel of her shoe.

"Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!" Eric complained.

"Stop that, will you?" He was surprised by how strong she was.

"Why should I stop?" Crystal growled. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see you," Eric replied. He pulled out his phone, pointed it in her direction, and said, "At least let me show you some pictures."

In the first picture, Richard was lying on a hospital bed, and she could see that his face had been carefully cut off. It was bloody and grizzly and gross.

"You did that?" Crystal roared as she knocked the phone out of his hand. "It's so childish," she muttered.

Eric was flustered. "Nathan shot him four times," he cried. "Did you call him childish too?!?" He definitely did not like being compared to a child.

Crystal took a minute to get control of herself. Then she took a deep breath and said, "Look, Eric, I have had a long day. Please, just tell me why you're here."

Chapter 1606 - 124: What A Coincidence?

Eric looked at Crystal. Others might not think so, but he thought she was beautiful, and he didn't want to spend another minute without her. He touched her cheek gently and pushed her hair behind her ear. He was there because he wanted her to be his wife, but he still hadn't worked up the courage to ask her.

After an awkward moment of silence, Crystal stomped her foot and said, "Tell me why you're here, or I'm going inside."

A minute passed, and since Eric hadn't said anything about his intentions, she turned and began to walk towards her front door. She hadn't taken more than a step or two, though, before he ran in front of her and walked into her house. Crystal was aghast. She yelled out - "You are trespassing!" as she ran after him.

By the time Crystal got inside, Eric was halfway up the staircase that led to her bedroom. "Don't go up there!" she shouted.

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Eric: "Why not? What are you hiding? Is there evidence in your room that you've been fucking Nathan?"

Crystal: "What business is that of yours?"

Eric shrugged and said, "None, I suppose. Fine. I will not go upstairs. I am hungry, though. I could go for a Sammie."

Crystal stared at him in disbelief. She thought - If he thinks that I'm going to feed him, he's out of his freaking mind! She rolled her eyes and said, "Keep dreaming. Mi casa is not su casa!"

Eric chuckled and said, "After what I did to Richard, don't you think that you owe me?"

Crystal was amused by his response. "Fine," she said. "I'm not going to make you anything, but I'll order you something from Uber Eats.. What do you like?"

Eric: "I prefer a home-cooked meal over take-out. As I said, though, even a sandwich would do."

Crystal scowled. She didn't even have bread, let alone the makings for a sandwich.

"Alright," she said. "Go sit in the living room. I'll make you something to eat."

Eric sat down on the sofa obediently, and Crystal went into the kitchen. There was beef in the fridge and vegetables, cheese, and spaghetti; all of the ingredients for fried steak, vegetable salad, spaghetti, and French onion soup. She wasn't a professionally trained chef, but she had learned a lot when she was younger from watching her mother cook, so she was more than capable in a kitchen.

She served Eric in the dining room when the food was cooked and crossed her fingers behind her back. She hoped that he would eat quickly and leave soon after.

When Eric arrived at the table, he saw that only one plate had been set. He looked up. "Aren't you going to eat?" he asked.

Before Crystal could reply, the front door opened, and Nathan walked in. Due to the layout of the house, Nathan couldn't see Eric, but he did notice the men's shoes at the front door. He called Crystal's name and asked if they had a visitor.

As soon as Crystal heard his voice, she began to panic. There was no way that she could forget the beef between the two men. She didn't know what to say, so she said nothing. Unfortunately, the silence

made Nathan suspicious. He stormed into the dining room, and when he saw what was going on, he pointed to the food and demanded to know if she had cooked it.

Before she could reply and potentially defuse the situation, Eric grinned wickedly and said, "She did, and it's delicious!"

Nathan went into the kitchen to wash his hands, and Crystal followed him. She could tell that he was upset, and she said, "He came in without being invited. I couldn't help it."

Nathan glared at her and said, "Bring out two sets of cutlery." Then he went to sit at the table with Eric. Once he had his utensils, he stabbed his fork into the other man's salad and shoved a large bite into his mouth.

"Hey!" Eric exclaimed. "What are you doing? This is my food!"

Crystal's face turned white. "Nathan," she gasped. "There is enough food in the kitchen for everyone. Let me bring you out a plate of your own, okay?"

"Never mind that," Nathan replied. "Look at all the food you made for this fine fellow. There is enough on the table for everyone. You'll see." He grabbed the onion soup that was in front of Eric and placed it in front of Crystal.

"Sit down and eat," he ordered.

Crystal nervously did as she'd been told.

Nathan took another bite of Eric's salad and said, "She's a great cook, isn't she? I feel so lucky to have her!"

I hope you both get indigestion! - thought Crystal.

With the three of them sharing one meal, the food was quickly gone, and Crystal brought the dishes into the kitchen to wash. While she did this, the two men went into the living room to watch television. They sat down on opposite sides of the couch, and once they were settled, Eric turned to Nathan and said, "I wonder how Crystal's collar affects your performance in bed. There's no doubt in my mind that it will eventually cause you Erectile Dysfunction."

Nathan sighed and said, "I wonder if saying that made you feel better about losing."

Eric: "What is that supposed to mean?"

Nathan glanced back into the kitchen to where Crystal was finishing up. "You know what I mean," he said. "There's no point in playing dumb. Crystal is my woman. Your interference doesn't change anything. You'd save some face if you just gave in and moved on."

As if on cue, Crystal walked into the living room. She quickly assessed the situation, and then she said, "Eric, I fed you. I think it's about time for you to leave. I'll walk you to the door. I need to tell you something anyway."

Eric smiled. "What a coincidence," he said. "I have something to tell you as well."

Crystal led Eric to the door, and when they got outside, he said, "It's too hot out here. We should go and sit in my car to talk. As you probably know, I have air conditioning!"

Chapter 1607 - 125: I Have A Surprise For You

Once they were in the car and the air conditioning had brought the temperature to a comfortable level, Crystal gave Eric a stern look and said, "I'd like to have this necklace off. I don't belong to you, and I don't like people thinking that I do."

Eric laughed cruelly. "Forget it," he said. "It looks good on you. Besides, you may not belong to me now, but you will. You'll see."

He leaned back, pulled out a cigarette from a pack in his pocket, and casually lit it up. He brought the fog to his mouth and inhaled.

"Nathan and I are married," Crystal said earnestly.

Immediately after hearing these words, Eric began to choke, and smoke billowed out of his nose and mouth. His mind rejected her words, despite their ring of truth. Finally, though, he forced himself to come to terms with what she'd said. Petulantly, he whined: "I don't mind. Why would I?"

Crystal's brow furrowed. She had thought that he would mind. "You have been chasing me all this time," she said. "How can you say that you don't mind? I don't know if I believe you or not... In fact, I don't think that I do!"

Eric shrugged and said, "You are the first woman that I have ever been attracted to. I would rather try to win you and fail than give up and never know if I could have won your heart. You say that you are married, but all I see is another challenge. And what is life, if not a series of challenges to overcome?" He took another drag from his cigarette, held the smoke in his lungs for half a minute, then blew it out in a series of meticulous O's. "Anyway, quit bothering me about the collar. It's not coming off."

Crystal knew it was pointless to argue, so she tried to think of another approach that might be more successful. "Nathan told me all about this collar," she said.

Eric leaned back in his seat and laughed. "Nathan's not as smart as he thinks he is," he said. "I'm surprised that you haven't realized that by now!"

Crystal: "What's that supposed to mean?" "Never mind." Eric reached into the back of the car and retrieved a large bouquet of orange flowers from behind his seat. He handed them to Crystal and said, "Here. These are for you. They're orange Juliet roses. I ordered them from France."

Crystal accepted the flowers and sniffed the petals. "I'll accept these as payment for your meal. They mean nothing more to me. Is that understood?"

The corners of Eric's mouth twitched. The bouquet had cost millions, but she thought that it was no more valuable than a plate of food. He forced himself to swallow his pride, and he nodded. "You should know that I am better for you than Nathan is," he said. "How much do you really know about him anyway?"

Crystal froze when she heard this question. She felt as if he'd read her mind. In truth, she knew almost nothing about Nathan. "I don't know anything about you, either," she argued.

Eric: "Everything about me is transparent. Ask me anything you want."

Crystal chuckled, pushed open the door, and stepped out of the car. She thanked him for the flowers and told him to drive safely. Then she turned back in the direction of the house.

Eric watched her as she walked away. He enjoyed the sight of her hips moving back and forth, and he remembered how sweet it had felt to have her arms around him when they'd gone for a motorcycle ride together. She had loved the rush he'd given her. It was an experience Nathan could not duplicate, and he couldn't figure out what she saw in his old rival.

As Crystal was putting the roses in a vase, Nathan came up behind her. "I was starting to wonder if you were ever coming back," he said.

"Don't be silly." Crystal laughed and said, "That wasn't so bad, was it. Maybe your relationship with Eric isn't irreconcilable after all..."

Nathan: "Is that what you consider civil behavior? We were practically at each other's throats! Or maybe you just get off on watching two men fight over you, is that it?"

Crystal said nothing as she walked over to him. She placed her hands loosely at his wrists and smiled. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. "That's not it," she said. "I promise. Now, how about we forget this ever happened, okay...?"

"That works for me," Nathan said, "so long as you get rid of those horrible flowers. I don't like them stinking up the place. And it will be a cold day in Hell before I'm ready to see fried beef on the menu again. Are we in agreement?"

"It would be a real pity to throw these flowers away," Crystal argued. "They are beautiful, and I like the smell. Furthermore, they really brighten this place up!"

Nathan touched Crystal's cheek and said, "You brighten this place up. And if it needs more brightening up, you could always lower the neckline on your dress...."

Crystal followed Nathan's gaze down to her cleavage. He cupped her left breast with his right hand and smiled. Typically, in this situation, she would pull away, but she wanted to appease him so that she could keep the flowers. So, instead of pulling away, she unbuttoned the top two buttons on her dress so that the tops of her milky white orbs were plainly visible. Since she was on her period, she felt safe. There was no way that he would force her while she was bleeding.

"Is that enough?" she asked innocently. "Can I keep the flowers?"

Nathan: "What if I said that it wasn't enough?"

Crystal: "Then I would tell you to close your eyes."

Nathan smirked. He tweaked her nipple playfully and said, "And what if I refused?"

Crystal smiled calmly and began to undo the buttons on his shirt, and she didn't stop until she'd reached the bottom. Then she pressed both hands flat against his chest. "You are so strong," she purred. Looking down, she could see the bulge of his erection through his jeans, and she covered his eyes with her left hand. "Don't move," she said. "I have a surprise for you."

Nathan: "Mmmm... I like surprises!" Crystal's bra was clasped together in the front, and she deftly snapped it open with her right hand. The two cups fell to either side of her body, and her nipples tightened and throbbed in the cold air.. Now that her breasts were fully exposed, she leaned forward and pressed them against his chest.

Chapter 1608 - 126: He Is Sick

Nathan gasped as Crystal's breasts pressed against his skin. He could feel her breath on his neck, and his cock was harder than it had ever been in his life. "Can I open my eyes now?" he begged.

Crystal giggled and said, "Hold on a second." She leaned back again, and there was a wet sound as their skin parted. Suddenly, Crystal turned around and ran up the stairs.

"Hey!" Nathan shouted as he realized he'd been had. "What the fuck?!?!"

Once Crystal was in her room, she closed and locked the door behind her, and she couldn't stop laughing.

By now, Nathan knew he'd lost. He didn't even bother with throwing out the flowers. Instead, he went upstairs and threw himself into an ice-cold shower. He stayed in the tub for two hours, and that night, when he went to bed, he hardly slept a wink.

Crystal, on the other hand, slept like a baby. In the morning, she woke up in a great mood. She jumped out of bed, stretched, and checked her messages. There was one message, and it was from Judy. It said: "Honey, I'll see you later tonight."

Crystal frowned. At first, she didn't know what Judy was talking about, but then she remembered the class reunion party that she'd been invited to. Judy was acting like she was going for sure, but she still hadn't decided if she even wanted to go. She was offended by a post that had been posted to the event. According to the post, people were placing bets on whether she would show up or not. At the moment, 99% of those invited thought that she would not. She did not like being the target of this kind of attention, but she did think it would be fun to prove all of the haters wrong.

Crystal got up, and when she saw that Nathan's door was still closed, she went down the kitchen to where Susie was busy cutting ginger. She crept up behind the housekeeper, and when she was half a foot away, she tapped her on the shoulder and shouted, "Boo!"

Susie jumped, turned around, and scolded Crystal. "You really are a little horror," she said. "Why are you sneaking about like that? You shouldn't be playing games at a time like this!"

"At a time like what?" Crystal asked.

"Mr. Davis has a cold," Susie replied.

"That's why I'm making him ginger tea. Didn't you know that he was sick?"

"I didn't," Crystal admitted. "But are you sure that ginger tea is the best remedy for him? What if he has a wind-heat cold?"

Before Susie could reply, Nathan joined the conversation from the top of the stairs. Apparently, he had been listening to them the whole time. "I had a long cold shower last night," he said. "I was in the tub for two hours, and that's why I'm sick!" The ladies were silent as he came down into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. He was wearing a pale blue shirt, and his sleeves were slightly rolled up.

Susie: "Why did you take such a long cold shower?"

Nathan looked at Crystal and said, "You can ask her."

"How should I know!" Crystal exclaimed as Susie turned to her expectantly.

Nathan walked over to Crystal, bowed his head, and blew hot air into her ear. Then he said, "Ten Times."

Crystal's brows furrowed. "What is that supposed to mean?" she asked. I wish he didn't say that in front of Susie - she thought, but it was too late for him to take it back.

The innocent expression on Crystal's face filled Nathan's heart with hate. He thought - How dare she play dumb! He was angry now, but instead of letting it out, he held it in. Ignoring Crystal, he nodded to Susie, and then he went into the living room.

Susie was taken aback by what she'd seen. "C-C-Crystal," she stammered. "Y-you and M-Mr. Davis..."

"What happened between us?" Crystal asked doubtfully.

Susie could see that there was something special about the way that Mr. Davis had looked at Crystal just now. She was a veteran, so she could tell that the look in Mr. Davis's eyes, beneath the hate, was flirtatious and indulgent. "You and Mr. Davis are a perfect match," she said. "But you are much younger than he is. You are still a child, while he is a grown man. There are some things you should refrain from doing. Ten Times is one of them."

"But we didn't do that!" Crystal exclaimed.

"If we had, it probably would have killed me!"

Susie chuckled. "You are so young," she said. "You have so much to learn. Why don't you start with this ginger?" She handed Crystal the ginger she was cutting for Nathan's tea and placed the knife on the

cutting board. Crystal bowed her head and cut the ginger. She thought that Susie had found the truth, but she couldn't help but wonder - What on earth is Nathan thinking? She had teased him and left him with blue balls. Then he had needed a two-hour cold shower to cool down - But what does that have to do with Ten Times?

Crystal sliced the ginger and boiled it in brown sugar water. When it was done, she served Nathan in the dining room. "Drink it while it's hot," she said.

Nathan looked at Crystal, smirked, and said, "There's a way to get better faster."

Crystal guessed what Nathan was implying, but she didn't want to give him any satisfaction, so she ignored the comment and put her hand on his forehead. "It's a little hot," she said. "The tea should be all you need."

She removed her hand, but before she could step back, he grabbed her head, pulled her to him, and forcibly kissed her. She tried to resist, but he was too strong.. She began to have a panic attack as his foul tongue ravaged her mouth, and she couldn't breathe. Then, as her vision began to swim, she thought - He's killing me!

Chapter 1609 - 127: A Bouquet Of Flowers

When Susie walked into the dining room, she saw Nathan forcing himself on Crystal and thought - This is not an appropriate place for sex play. She cleared her throat loudly and said, "Excuse me, but do you want to take this upstairs? Some people have to eat at this table!"

When Nathan heard Susie's reprimand, he took a step back, and his face turned red, and as he let go of Crystal, she began to weep uncontrollably. When Susie saw this, she was embarrassed. "I have to go check on the laundry!" she exclaimed, and she disappeared down the hallway.

"P-P-Please," Crystal begged. "Just drink your tea and leave me alone."

Nathan looked at Crystal and sighed. At the moment, there was nothing attractive about her at all anyway, so he agreed with her request and began to drink his tea.

The doorbell rang, and Susie rushed out of the laundry room to see who was there, but there was no one there when she opened the door. She looked down, and when she saw a bouquet of flowers on the step, she smiled and picked it up. There was a note on it that said, "For Crystal."

Susie brought the flowers into the dining room and handed them to Crystal. "These are for you," she said. "But I don't know who sent them. I'm so excited! Open it up!"

Crystal looked at Nathan nervously, and he gave his head a grim nod as if to say, "Do as she says." Thus, she nervously opened the package.

The flowers were bright pink on the outside, but their interiors were much darker. Susie touched one of them and said, "They're so beautiful. What kind of flower is it? Do you know?"

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. "They must be from Eric, though."

Susie frowned and looked around the room. "That is very kind of him," she said. "But what happened to the Juliet roses he gave you yesterday?"

Nathan: "I threw them away while you guys were making my tea. The flowers in your hand are Begonia-Riegers. They are from Germany, and they are not from Eric. They are from me. If you want flowers, I will send you flowers every day, but you will not accept them from anyone else. Is that clear?"

"Clear!" Crystal replied. Nathan watched as she casually put the flowers in a vase. He thought about how their beauty accented her beauty, and he felt a stirring in his loins. He got up, walked over to her, and put his hands on her hips. This public display of affection made Susie uncomfortable, so she quickly returned to her laundry.

Nathan leaned forward, and he helped Crystal arrange the flowers. He is very good at it - thought Crystal, and she asked him if he had been professionally trained. He said he hadn't been, and she asked him if he was ashamed of his skills.

"I am not," Nathan replied.

Crystal: "Then why haven't I seen you do anything like this before?"

"I have many talents, and you have only seen a fraction of them." Nathan leaned forward and kissed her neck. "Would you like to see what else I can do?" he asked seductively.

Suddenly, Crystal's internal alarm bells began to go off like crazy. "I don't!" she cried. "In fact, I can't! I think I am too sick to see anything like that! I think I just now caught your cold!"

Nathan smiled and rubbed her head. "Then we should be sick together," he suggested. "Is there any more tea? If so, you should have some."

"Maybe there is!" Crystal exclaimed, and she pushed him away so that she could run into the kitchen to pour herself a cup of tea. After drinking the tea, Crystal didn't know if she should go back to the dining room. She did know, though, that she couldn't go to the reunion party later that night. Thus, she sent Judy a message telling her that she would not be attending out of politeness.

That night, Nathan took Crystal to see his older brother, Arnold. Arnold lived in a place where there were many loaded guns, and his position was complicated. He was surrounded by many bodyguards, all of whom had a military background. Nathan said he was more powerful than his brother, but Crystal wasn't sure if she believed him, not based on what she saw as they pulled into the driveway. When Arnold came out to greet them, he was dressed entirely in camouflage, and his black military boots were stained with dust. This led Crystal to believe that he had just returned from the training ground.

The first time they'd met, he had not been wearing a military uniform, and she was impressed, now, by how it accentuated his manly physic. Standing akimbo, he radiated arrogance and authority.

Arnold seemed like a hard person to talk to. Thus, Crystal didn't even know how to say hello to him. When Nathan went to high-five him, though, she managed to whisper, "Hey, I'm Crystal."

Arnold gave her a sideways glance. "Yes," he said. "We've met before. Anyway, make yourselves at home."

Crystal's face turned red from embarrassment, and she didn't say a word as Arnold led them into his home. Although Arnold's villa was not lavishly decorated, everything he did have was of immense worth. Once they were inside, he looked at her and said, "Why don't you look around? I need to talk to my brother. Alone."

Crystal nodded, and as she walked away, she heard gunshots coming from behind the house. Curious, she walked in the direction of the sounds. Out behind the house, she found a shooting range and about twenty or thirty soldiers with drawn weapons. As she approached, a handsome boy about her age turned and smiled. He was one of the few boys there not wearing camouflage, so he stood out in his white T-shirt, black bullet-proof vest, and black ripped jeans. His hair was short, he had a black pendant pinned to his right earlobe, and she could make out the writing on his tag: "Peter Vance."

Suddenly, Peter grabbed a gun, aimed, squinted, and hit the bull 's-eye with a bang. Show off - thought Crystal, and when she realized that he was showing off for her, she giggled. What would Nathan think if he saw this? He would be furious!

When the boy saw that he had Crystal's attention, he grinned and shot off a few more bullets. Each one hit the bullseye, and his peers cheered him on enthusiastically. There was one woman amongst them, though, who wasn't so impressed.. Once the smoke had cleared, she laughed and said, "You got lucky, Peter. Don't let it get to your head!"

Chapter 1610 - 128: Did They Know She's Bisexual?

Peter turned to the naysayer, smirked, and said, "Give it a rest, Leslie! You are just jealous of me. Why don't we have a push-up contest to see which one of us is the strongest?"

Instead of a verbal reply, Leslie dropped to the ground. The young man dropped beside her, and once they were both in position, the competition began, with one of their peers counting off each push-up. As they passed fifty, though, it seemed like the event could go on forever. Then, suddenly, someone shouted, "Hey! You two had better give it a rest. The Commander could show up at any minute, and then you'll both be up shit creek!"

"I'm not stopping until I've put this punk kid on the ground!" Leslie snapped.

"Whatever." Peter laughed and said, "I could do this all day, and it'll be a cold day in Hell before I lose to a girl in a strength competition!"

Leslie suddenly looked up in Crystal's direction. A shark-like Cheshire's grin appeared on her face, and she said, "Hey, there! I see the way that you are admiring me. I recommend that you don't fall in love with me, though. I'm like a wildfire, and a little thing like you would be consumed in no time!"

Crystal smirked. She hadn't been watching Leslie. She had been watching Peter. The boy didn't have Nathan's poise or Eric's wild personality, but he seemed to have a cool personality. Furthermore, the way that he carried himself made her want to scream.

She tried to ignore Leslie, but the woman was persistent. Finally, she abandoned the competition, stood up, and walked over to where Crystal was standing. Leslie was taller than she was. She had a thin frame and long legs. Her medium-sized breasts were pressed flat to her chest by a sports bra and barely noticeable beneath her army-issue camo shirt, but her nipples stood out like sore thumbs.

When she reached Crystal, she sniffed her body and asked her if she was with Nathan.

Crystal frowned. "How did you know that?" she asked.

Leslie: "You smell Nathan."

Crystal: "You smell, too."

Leslie: "Like what?"

Crystal: "Sweat."

Leslie laughed and said, "What you meant to say is that I smell like a man, isn't that so?"

Crystal shrugged. "How many push-ups have you done so far?" she asked.

Leslie grinned and said, "Seventy."

Crystal: "Do another hundred. Don't think I didn't see you slacking off just now."

Leslie: "I could do another hundred, but wouldn't you prefer it if I taught you how to shoot a gun instead?"

In the study - Nathan and Arnold were sitting on the sofa. Nathan lit a cigarette and threw his lighter to his brother, who caught it and used it to light his own cigarette. After taking an initial drag, Arnold said, "I'm glad that you brought Crystal with you. Are the two of you very serious?"

"We are married," Nathan replied. "So, yeah. I would say that we're pretty serious."

Arnold was so surprised by what his brother had said that he began to cough on the smoke that he'd just inhaled. Once he was able to talk, he said, "That was quick. Does Father know?"

Nathan: "No. And I don't want him to know yet."

"That's good." Arnold nodded and said, "He always wanted you to marry Hellen. She left for four years, though, so, understandably, you didn't wait for her. Of course, there will be trouble in a year - when she returns...."

Nathan nodded and asked, "Is Leslie's back?"

Arnold: "She is. She almost died, but two foreign girls sacrificed their lives to save hers."

Nathan: "Did they know that she's bisexual?"

Arnold smiled bitterly and shook his head. "These days, she's practically a lesbian," he said. "I can't remember the last time I saw her with a man, but I plan to remedy that."

Nathan thought that Arnold was probably the only person in the world that could hold Leslie down, but he didn't seem interested in the task. Leslie had been sent overseas to train, but she had spent the entire time flirting and fucking. Girls went crazy for Leslie, even the ones that didn't know her true identity. When she was younger, she would have been kicked out of school a million times if Arnold hadn't been looking out for her.

Nathan: "Do you have any plans for her?"

Arnold: "I'll set her up on a blind date in a couple of days."

Nathan gasped. He knew that Leslie was a Man-eater, and he pitied whoever was set up with her. "We should go and see her," he said.

Arnold nodded and said, "Why not?"

The atmosphere at the shooting range was unusually lively. Crystal raised the gun and squinted as she set the sights on the bullseye. Leslie put her arm around Crystal's waist, held her hand, and adjusted her position. Leslie's chin was resting on Crystal's shoulder, and they were close enough to hear each other breathing.

Crystal was uncomfortable with such an intimate gesture, especially from a girl. She looked sideways at Leslie and then back at the target.

Leslie pressed herself against Crystal's back and whispered in her ear. "Are you attracted to me?" she asked.

Crystal gasped in surprise and said, "I think there has been a misunderstanding." She tried to pull away, but Leslie held her in place.

Leslie: "I'll tell you a secret."

Crystal: "Go ahead."

Leslie: "I prefer women over men, and I think you might too..."

Crystal was shocked by what she'd just been told. The men around them were cheering at the girls, but they stopped immediately when Nathan and Arnold emerged from the house. Arnold took one look at the situation, and he saw all that he needed to see to understand exactly what was going on. "Leslie!" he growled. "Let her go!"

"What did I do?" she replied innocently. Then she reached up and tweaked Crystal's nipple through her shirt. "She has a nice figure. Don't you think so?"

"You!" Crystal exclaimed. She pulled away from Leslie, turned around, and tried to slap her across the face, but she grabbed her hand.. This caused the men around them to laugh harder than ever, so Arnold commanded them to do ten laps around the nearest mountain.

Chapter 1611 - 129: He Was Being Drugged

At this point, Leslie suddenly realized that her commanding officer meant business. Thus, she released Crystal, stood to attention, saluted him, and said, "Should I join the men, Sir?"

Arnold: "We will get to that. For now, though, there is your discipline to attend to. You have two choices. Would you like to do one hundred leapfrogs, or would you like to write a Confession Report?"

Leslie: "A confession report, Sir. Sir, would you like it written in Italian, French, German, or Arabic?"

Arnold smirked and said, "Since you think you're so smart, you can do one of each!"

Leslie: "Sir! Yes, Sir!"

Arnold turned to Crystal and said, "I am so sorry about that. Why don't we have dinner and try to put all that nastiness behind us, shall we?"

"That would be nice," Crystal replied. "And thank you for coming to my rescue."

Arnold smiled and said, "It's not a problem."

Nathan gently cupped the breast that Lesley had touched and said, "In the future, stay away from that girl. As you may have noticed, she's a bit unstable."

After walking a few steps, Arnold turned back to Leslie and said, "You may join us for supper. You can make your confessions later this evening."

Leslie: "Sir. Yes, Sir. Thank you, sir."

Crystal's thoughts raced as they walked towards the house. She had been hit on by men many times, but she had never had a woman treat her with the same deference. Even as they sat down to eat, she found it difficult to find anything to say, especially with this strange woman making eyes at her from across the table.

I don't know how I feel about a girl being attracted to me - thought Crystal.

Leslie pulled out a chair, sat down across from Crystal, and smiled wickedly. "Are you interested in women?" she asked. "Surely, if you aren't bi-sexual, you must be bi-curious. And I doubt Nathan would mind if you experimented a bit with me, especially if we let him watch. What do you think? Are you in for this game?"

Crystal's cheeks turned red, and she said, "No, thank you."

Leslie frowned and said, "You are so bori -"

"Stop making jokes!" Arnold interrupted. He looked at Leslie and said, "You should go on a blind date. I could set you up with a decent man. How about that?"

"Are you trying to marry me off?" Leslie asked.

"I just want you to stop fucking around," Arnold replied. "Is that too much to ask?"

"Of course not." Leslie smirked and said, "But what you actually want is for me to be a 'normal woman' - a heterosexual woman. That is what you mean when you say that you want me to stop 'fucking' around, but I am not willing to pretend to be something I'm not!" After saying this, she stood up, walked into the kitchen, and took a few wine glasses out of the cupboard. "Since we are finally all in one place, let's have a drink and celebrate our little reunion." As she said this, she popped the cork on an expensive Merlot and began to pour the wine into the goblets.

Leslie returned with the wine glasses. They were all filled with wine, except for one, which was filled with orange juice. She handed the orange juice to Arnold, smiled, and said, "I know that you still have training in the afternoon. We will not laugh at you if you drink orange juice instead of wine."

Arnold glared at Leslie. "Are you trying to provoke me?" Without waiting for a reply, he switched goblets with Nathan and said, "This is more appropriate for you. After all, you still need to drive home."

Nathan looked at the orange juice. It annoyed him that he was being treated like a child, but he decided not to make an issue out of it. Smiling, he picked up his glass and said, "A toast to Leslie's safe return."

They all raised their glasses and drank deeply from their goblets. Leslie thanked them for their kindness, and then she asked why Eric and Alex weren't there.

Nathan: "They are busy looking for their amulets. Also, they were worried that they couldn't hold you."

Leslie: "But you weren't afraid. Why is that?"

"I have an amulet," Nathan replied. Then he looked at Crystal and coughed. Crystal knew that Nathan was talking about her, but she was not an amulet, and everyone could see that Leslie was a troublesome person.

Leslie: "Nathan, you finally lost your virginity. Good for you! Originally, you had no interest in women. You must give us all the details. Otherwise, my brother will never lose his virginity!" Leslie turned to Arnold with an expectant look on her face.

"Mind your own business!" Arnold snapped.

Leslie chuckled and said, "You see, it is not nice having someone meddling in your sex life!" She finished her wine and sighed. Her cheeks and chest had turned pink. Already, she was feeling the effects of the alcohol in her system.

Although Nathan was drinking orange juice, he also felt a little drunk. His head was spinning slightly, and he felt very warm suddenly. Crystal touched his hand, and she, too, felt the heat radiating off of him.

"Are you okay? She asked. "Is your cold worsening?"

Nathan shook his head, and then he turned to look at Leslie. "What did you put in the orange juice?" he asked.

Leslie shrugged and said, "I've drugged you. Take it easy. If you relax, I will help you, and all will be well."

Suddenly, Arnold threw his glass on the ground, and it shattered into a million pieces. He turned to Crystal and said, "Miss Smith, please take Nathan upstairs so that he can get some rest." Then he grabbed Leslie by the arm and shouted, "You, come with me!"

As Leslie was dragged out of the room, she called out, "Sorry, Nathan. That glass wasn't intended for you!"

Crystal helped Nathan up the stairs and into the bathroom. Once there, he sat on the toilet seat, and she gave him a glass of water to drink. After a few minutes, his head cleared a bit, and he asked her what had happened.

"Leslie tried to drug Arnold," she explained.

"He switched glasses with you, though, so you were drugged instead.

"Why did Leslie want to put drugs into Arnold's glass?" Nathan asked. And why do I feel so amorous all of a sudden? - he wondered.

Crystal shrugged and said nothing. She suspected that the drug that Leslie had put into the orange juice was Rohypnol, which was also known as the Rape-Drug. But why would Leslie want to rape Arnold? - Crystal wondered -unless she is secretly in love with him!

Chapter 1612 - 130: I Want You So Badly Right Now

7-9 minutes

(Triggered Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene and inappropriate words. If you're not comfortable reading it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

Suddenly, Nathan picked Crystal up and climbed into the bathtub with her in his arms.

Then he turned the water on. They were both fully clothed, but he didn't seem to be bothered by that fact. Crystal was wearing a T-shirt, which, once soaked, clung to her skin, and her nipples poked through the fabric like two sore thumbs. He pushed her up against the wall, and when he pressed his right hand against her left breast, she shivered.

Nathan ran his free hand through her hair. His slender fingers traced the curve of her ear. They ran down her neck and along her collarbone. He could feel her trembling under his ministrations, and he felt his manhood stiffen. He couldn't bear it. To release some of the tension, he began to suckle her exposed flesh lustily, and she felt as if she were being consumed, eaten alive, even.

Nathan slipped his hand down Crystal's body, stopping at her midsection. He slipped his hand beneath her waistband without waiting for permission, and he gasped as his fingers tickled her light down. "My God," he moaned. "I want you so badly right now...."

Before Nathan could go any further, Crystal grabbed his hand. "Hold on," she said. "I'm still on my period!"

Unfortunately, with the Rohypnol coursing through his veins, Nathan wasn't thinking straight. His hand slipped lower, and his fingertips brushed against her clits. He was breathing heavily, and as he touched her, her body convulsed. "You are so wet," he moaned.

Crystal gasped as Nathan forced two fingers into her wet core, and she climaxed almost immediately. She cried out, "Don't stop!" And to his credit, he didn't. This went on for a few minutes, with him finger-fucking her with all the force he could muster. Then, without stopping what he was doing, he began to undo the buttons on his trousers. He pushed his pants down and stepped out of them, and then he pushed her skirt and panties to the bottom of the tub.

Nathan pulled his hand out of Crystal's wet core, and her entire body cried out in revolt.

"No!" She begged. But before she could make too much of a fuss, she felt his swollen member press against her vulva. He moved it up and down between her labia. He was teasing her, but she had no patience for it, so she used her hand to bring herself to climax while waiting for him to get down to business.

Finally, Nathan turned her around. He bent her over so that she had to hold on to the wall to keep her balance. He spread her legs.

Then pushed his full girth into her from behind, and at the moment of penetration, she cried out in pleasure and pain. For a moment, he didn't move, and then he began to fuck her relentlessly, leaning over her so that he could reach around and grab her breasts.

Crystal was lost in a sea of ecstasy. As he screwed her, she repeatedly came right up until the end, when he shot a steaming load of semen into her birth canal. Almost immediately, he slumped over her. He was utterly drained but completely satisfied. He kissed her back and said, "I love you so much."

When Nathan pulled himself out of her, his cock was pink from her menstruation and frothy from his seed. He turned around - embarrassed - and quickly washed himself off.

When he turned around, he saw the same mess seeping down her legs, and he instructed her to do as he'd done.

Arnold was sitting in a leather chair in his study. Leslie was standing across from him. Her hands were behind her back, and her head was slightly bowed. She knew that she was in trouble.

Leslie had hoped that once she drugged him, he would give up the idea of sending her on a blind date. Unfortunately, her plan had gone to shit in the worst possible way. The only upside was that he now

knew how far she was willing to go to get out of going on a blind date. Arnold was the only man she would consider as a potential mate. Thus, there was no point in playing the field.

Since Arnold did not seem interested in her, Leslie planned to return to her home country. At least there, it was more acceptable for a woman to be with another woman.

Arnold looked at Leslie and said nothing. He was so angry that he didn't know what to say. He stood up abruptly and pushed her so hard that she fell and hit the floor. Her ass hit the ground, and she cried out in pain. Her cheeks turned red, and she quickly got up, but he slapped her across the face as soon as she was standing.

Arnold roared, "How dare you try to drug me!"

Leslie smirked and said, "How dare you try and set me up on a blind date!"

"Why wouldn't I?" Arnold snarled and slapped her again. "You dress and act like a child. If I don't look out for you, who will?!?"

"It doesn't matter," Leslie replied. She touched her face where he'd hit her, and she glared at him, accusing him with her eyes. "I am twenty-one years old, and I am not your responsibility. Even if I act like a child, you have no right to spank me or force me to do things that I don't want to do. Besides, you are much older than me. You're thirty, and you don't have a girlfriend, so quit being such a hypocrite! Or are you a faggot? Is that why my sexual orientation bothers you? Because you're gay?!?"

This wasn't the first time someone had suggested that Arnold was a homosexual, and the accusation drove him crazy. He was so angry that he grabbed Leslie and pulled down her pants and panties. Then he threw her over his knee and gave her a bare bottom spanking. Once he was done, he looked her in the eyes and said, "I am setting up two blind dates for you. You will go, and that is an order. Now get out of here!"

Leslie quickly pulled up her pants and panties and hurried out of the room. Tears were streaming down her face, but she hadn't cried out when he hit her, and for her, that was a win.

Leslie went straight to her room. She often dressed as a boy, and when she bound her breasts, she even passed for a boy at school. Thus, her room was also very masculine. Sometimes, she had girls from school over.

They would make out in her room, but she would never let them undress her. She knew that if they discovered that she was a girl, then they would completely commit suicide.

Leslie wished that she was a boy, then she would be able to fuck all of the girls in her school. The only upside to being a girl who screwed other girls was that she never had to worry about getting pregnant or getting another girl pregnant.

As Leslie reached her door, she suddenly realized that Arnold was behind her, and before she knew what was happening, he'd picked her up. Leslie gasped. "What are you doing?" she asked timidly.

Arnold didn't say anything. Instead, he opened her door, carried her to her bed, and gently lowered her down. After she'd left, he'd immediately regretted being so hard on her, and he wanted to make it up to her by carrying her to her bed. Once she was on the bed, he pulled away, and he was caught off guard

when she pulled him on top of her. Then she wrapped her legs around his and rolled him over, and pinned him to the bed with her body.

"What are you doing?" shouted Arnold.