

## Midnight III 131

### Chapter 1613 - 131: Are You Crazy?

Leslie lifted her head and smiled. Then, instead of replying verbally, she stripped off her shirt. Underneath, she was naked, and when she leaned forward, her medium-sized breasts pressed against Arnold's chest.

Arnold stared at her in disbelief. "Are you crazy?"

Leslie:"? Weren't you the one who said I needed to start playing the part of a woman? Well? Is this woman enough for you?"

"Stop!" Arnold exclaimed. "You are my sister!"

Leslie: "Didn't you receive the DNA report? We are not related by blood."

Arnold: "Even if we are not related by blood, in my heart, you are still my sister, and you always will be."

When Leslie heard this, her heart nearly broke. "Fine," she said. "Set up the blind dates. I will be obedient to you."

"I'm glad to hear that you're willing to see reason," Arnold said. "Now, please put your shirt back on. You are making me uncomfortable. Once you are dressed, go and apologize to Nathan."

"I can't!" Leslie exclaimed. She smiled as she got onto all fours like a dog and lifted her rear end like a bitch in heat. "Your spanking was too hard," she said. "I can barely move. Maybe I should take off the rest of my clothes so that you can apply ointment to my buttocks."

When Arnold saw what she was doing, his ire began to rise. This time, though, along with the anger, there was an undeniable sexual urge. "Does it really hurt that much?" he asked.

Leslie: "You obviously don't know your own strength! I'll be out of commission for at least a week or two. Don't worry, though. I will still go on the blind dates. Of course, when people ask what's wrong, I will be forced to tell them about how you spank me..."

Arnold's face turned white, and when he opened his mouth to speak, he was at a loss for words. Ironically, now more than ever before, he wanted to put her over his knee. The thought of her naked rump stuck up in the air with her cunt exposed to the air while she waited for his hand's sting brought a rush of blood into his hard member.

"What's wrong?" Leslie asked. She chuckled as she slapped her ass. "Cat got your tongue?" She pointed to the bulge in his pants and said, "Don't worry. That tells me everything that I need to know!"

Arnold shook his head in an attempt to clear his mind of all its dirty thoughts. "I c-c can't d-d-do this," he stammered. "I'd b-better g-go and ch-check on N-Nathan..."

Leslie laughed and said, "After the drug I gave him, I am sure he is doing just fine. In fact, unless you plan on joining them, I would suggest that you give them some space."

Arnold: "If you ever do this again, I will break your legs."

Leslie: "If my legs are broken, I can't go on any dates, let alone get married. Then I will be forced to rely on you forever!"

"So what?" Arnold scoffed. "You aren't a burden or a bother. The review must be written, though. If it isn't in my hands tonight, you will be thrown into the mountains." After that, he picked up her shirt, threw it at her, and stormed out of the room in search of Nathan.

Arnold found his little brother in the spare room, and he was wearing a bathrobe. When Nathan saw him coming, he stepped outside and quickly closed the door behind him. Crystal was behind him and completely naked.

Nathan had intended to ask one of the servants to take care of their clothing and provide hygiene products for Crystal. When he saw that Arnold had come out of Leslie's room, though, he became distracted. He patted his friend's shoulder and asked him if he was okay.

"I'm fine," Arnold replied. "It's just that Leslie is too childish. It's no wonder that Eric and Alex didn't want to come."

Nathan: "Arnold, you spoil her too much."

Arnold shook his head helplessly. He couldn't deny the fact that he spoiled Leslie. He always had. "It is my fault that she is so undisciplined," he admitted. "I could never deny her anything. Anyways, I will ask one of my servants to bring you both clothes. As for Miss Smith, please apologize to her for me. This should never have happened."

Nathan chuckled and said, "It's fine. I am actually glad that Leslie drugged me."

Arnold's brow raised, but he didn't say anything.

Meanwhile, Crystal was hiding in the spare bedroom. She was in bed with the blankets pulled over her head. She was very ashamed of what had happened in the bathroom, and she was terrified by the thought that Arnold and Leslie might have overheard them.

Crystal had her phone under the blankets. She turned it on, entered the passcode, launched WhatsApp, and joined the group discussing the party that she'd opted out of.

To her surprise, almost 90% of her classmates thought she would not go, and the total amount of money that had been bet had passed the half-million mark. Joyce and Cecilia were the only two people betting that she would go.

Are they out of their minds? - thought Crystal-Why would they think that I would go?

Suddenly, the air conditioning kicked in. Crystal felt a cold wind blow over the blankets, and she shivered. Unbeknownst to her, Nathan had returned, and when he saw the blankets move, he climbed into bed with her. He snuggled up behind her, wrapped his arms around her waist, and kissed the back of her neck.

Nathan felt his cock stiffen, but he was sober now, and he had no interest in having sex with her while she was on her period. Thus, he suppressed his desire. Instead, he looked over her shoulder, and when he saw that she was on her phone, he said, "What's up?"

"I'm just checking my messages on WhatsApp, Crystal replied. "You wouldn't believe what is happening!"

Nathan could see Crystal's face reflected on the phone's screen.. It made it even harder for him to control himself, and it wasn't easy to focus on what she was saying.

## **Chapter 1614 - 132: You're Popular**

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Nathan had his arms around Crystal's waist, but he didn't dare to touch her breasts. If he did, he didn't think he could control himself. He tried to think about the last thing she'd said, and then he asked her, "Don't you have a party to attend tonight?"

"I do," Crystal replied. "But I'm not interested in going. There is a bet on whether I will show up or not, and the amount of the bet has passed the half-million mark. It seems rather silly to me." She pushed him away and sat up. "I am definitely not worth that much money..."

"Not worth that much money?!?!" Nathan exclaimed. "You are worth that and more. Much more!"

Crystal sighed, but before she could reply, there was a knock on the door. "What do you need?" Nathan asked, not unkindly. "We're naked in here, so please don't come in."

"I have fresh clothes for you," one of the servants replied. "I will leave them outside the door."

Nathan thanked the servant, and once he was confident that she was gone, he collected the clothes from the hallway. On top of the pile, there was a box of tampons. He handed these to Crystal along with the items that had been left for her, and they both got dressed.

As Crystal put on her socks, she received a text message. As she read it, Nathan said,

"You're popular. What now?"

"It's from Joyce," Crystal replied. "Here, let me read it to you. It says, 'I hope to see you at the party. I bet a lot of money that you'd be there.'"

Nathan sat beside Crystal so that he could follow the conversation.

Crystal: "I don't plan on going. Sorry."

Joyce: "Are you sure? I have a video that might interest you. You are in it. There are two Tibetan Mastiffs in it as well. I had no idea that you liked dogs so much!"

Crystal knew immediately what Joyce was talking about, and she was filled with rage. She gripped her phone so tightly that Nathan thought she might break it. "How did Vanessa get the video?" Crystal muttered. She felt utterly helpless and hopeless, but she refused to let her enemies see her underbelly. "So what?" she typed. "The video is a fake."

Joyce: "I know that, and you know that, but when I show it to our classmates, they will assume that it's real."

Crystal bit her lower lip fiercely, but she didn't feel any pain. "What do you want?" she asked.

Joyce: "All that I want is for you to attend the party. Come alone. If you do that, I will keep the video to myself."

Crystal: "Fine. I will go."

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The party was on a luxurious cruise ship, and when Crystal arrived, she immediately felt out of place. One of the reasons for this was that she had not followed the dress code. All of the other women were wearing evening dresses, but she was wearing a white t-shirt and light blue jeans. But, of course, she was not there to party. She was there because she had been given an ultimatum, and she didn't dare to go.

Onboard the ship, people were dancing, drinking, laughing, and having a good time. The place was alive with the chatter of people catching up with each other and reuniting, but all of that changed the instant Crystal stepped aboard. A silence descended, and all eyes turned in her direction.

Everyone was shocked. First of all, they hadn't expected her to show up. So, for her to show up in casual clothing was mind-boggling. For a while, nobody said anything, but then, as if on cue, everyone began to talk all at once. They wondered why she was dressed the way she was. Someone mentioned that her boyfriend was a gigolo. Another person brought up the egging incident that happened outside the hospital. As she approached the crowd, though, the talking stopped.

Judy was there, and she was as surprised as anyone to see Crystal. "We didn't expect you!" she exclaimed. "Didn't you say that you weren't coming? Are you alone, or did you bring your boyfriend?"

Crystal smiled and said, "He wishes that he could be here, but he works nights."

Judy: "He is a good singer, but he'll never get anywhere by singing in bars."

"Everyone has different ambitions," Crystal replied absently. She looked around, but she didn't see Joyce.

The women all had dates, but their men were all secretly admiring Crystal. Even though Crystal was dressed casually and wasn't beautiful in a traditional way, something about her captured their attention and held it.

Cecelia had overheard their conversation, and she strolled over. She smirked as she turned to Judy. "How could her boyfriend be a bar singer?" she asked. "He's the boss of a big corporation." She turned to Crystal to see what she'd say. "Isn't that right?"

"Not really," Crystal replied. She knew that even if she told the truth, there was no way to make anyone believe anything that they didn't want to believe. Thus, in this situation, it was easier to lie. To her surprise, though, Cecelia didn't call her out on her lie. She must be setting a trap for me - thought Crystal - I will need to be more vigilant than ever!

"If you do not have a wealthy boyfriend, then where do you get all of your money?" Cecelia asked. "Even if you were an escort, you wouldn't have as much money as you do!"

And there's the trap - thought Crystal.

Judy glared at Cecelia when she heard what she'd said. Then she touched Crystal's arm and said, "Be careful of Cecelia. She and her friends are thinking of ways to calculate you. Don't go off alone with them, okay? The more people that you are around, the safer you will be. Anyway, it was nice talking to you. I need to visit the little girl's room."

Crystal nodded and thanked Judy. She hadn't expected such frank advice.

A man called Crystal's name suddenly, and she turned around quickly. She smiled when she saw Carlos Foster's handsome face. He was wearing a black suit, and he had a champagne flute in each of his hands.

"Crystal Smith, as I live and breathe." Carlos smiled and offered her one of the glasses of champagne that he'd been carrying. Once she'd accepted it, he said, "Thank you for stopping the acquisition of the Henry Group."

"You don't have to thank me," Crystal replied.

"I had personal reasons for doing what I did."

#### **Chapter 1615 - 133: I Want You To Kneel**

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Carlos smiled at Crystal. "Do you like talking to me?" he asked.

Crystal shrugged, took a sip of wine, and looked around. "Where's your girlfriend?"

"She'll probably be late," Carlos replied.

"You know how she is. She likes to make a dramatic entrance. Anyway, did you hear my question? You should know that I'm breaking up with Joyce. She's too needy. Do you know what I mean?"

Crystal was a bit shocked by what Carlos said, but she didn't let it show. "That's not any of my business," she said. "Especially if she doesn't even know yet...."

Of course, the only reason that Carlos had said this was because he was still attracted to Crystal. He looked her over, and his heart began to race. "I did talk to her, but she's having a hard time with it," he said. "If we do break up, though, could you give me another chance? We used to be good together. Don't you think so? We were perfectly matched..."

"Perfectly matched?" Crystal scoffed. "Even if we were, you betrayed me! I will never forgive you for what you did, so you might as well give up. You are wasting both of our time!"

When Cecelia saw them together, she wandered over. She looked at Carlos and said, "What are you doing with this bitch? Aren't you afraid that Joyce will be jealous?"

Suddenly, Joyce appeared. She had overheard what Cecelia had said, and it made her laugh. "Why should I be jealous?" she asked. She was wearing a big red dress with a deep cut that pushed most of her breasts precariously out the top. Her lips were red, and her eyeliner was dark black. She thought that she looked like a queen, but Crystal and Carlos thought she looked more like a streetwalker.

Joyce hugged Carlos intimately and said, "I'm sorry for ignoring you. I had something to deal with. I hope you aren't unhappy."

Joyce offered Crystal a fake smile. In her heart, she wanted to kill Crystal. She thought that Crystal was behind Carlos, wanting to break up with her. She waited for Carlos to say something, and when he didn't, she began to pout. He didn't notice that either, so she patted his arm and said, "Dear, I need to talk to Crystal alone. I will find you later."

Carlos nodded and walked away. Once he was gone, Crystal turned to Joyce and said, "I'm here. Now, where's the video?"

Joyce smirked, and her eyes shone mischievously. "You just got here," she said. "I didn't promise that you would get it right away. You have to do everything I say while you are here. Then, at the end of the party, you will get it."

Crystal: "What do you want me to do? Aren't you afraid that if you fuck me over, I will fuck over The Henry Group?"

"I am sure President Davis would not allow that!" Joyce scoffed. "It's just not good business, and we both know it. Brilliant Group has already lost so much money because of your shitty decisions. I doubt he would let you lose any more."

Crystal had never thought about the losses that the Brilliant Group had suffered because of her actions. All she had thought about was Henry Group.

Joyce laughed and said, "I can't imagine why Mr. Davis would be interested in a reckless woman like you. All you think about is yourself. If you weren't so selfish, you would have realized that he is actually a very poor man." She pointed to a man that was sitting at the bar. "Anyway, take a look at Shawn."

"Shawn...?" Crystal was confused. "What does he have to do with anything?" she asked. Shawn Walker was a fat man with very few redeeming qualities, and everyone in school had always made fun of him. He had asked Crystal out once, but she had refused him. That night, he had attempted suicide. He had survived, but after that, he hadn't returned to school.

Joyce: "I want you to kneel and lick his shoes. Then I want you to apologize for rejecting him and laughing behind his back. Lastly, I want you to ask him for a second chance."

Crystal: "Why do you want me to do this? You must have a crush on him! Does Carlos know about it?"

Joyce was caught off guard by Crystal's resourceful retort, but it had little effect on her. "If you want to keep the video private," she hissed, "you will do as I say."

Crystal sighed and said, "Fine. I'll do it." Crystal got up and walked towards the bar.

When she got close enough for Shawn to hear, she called out his name. Shawn turned around, as did everyone else in the room. They were all curious to see what Crystal was up to. They all assumed that she would make fun of Shawn, like in the old days, so they were surprised by what actually happened.

Crystal knelt in front of Shawn, looked him in the eyes, and said, "Master Walker, you pursued me in High School, but I rejected you. I was wrong, but now Joyce is doing something worse. She said that you should kneel in front of me, like I'm doing, and lick my shoes. She sees you as a joke, but I see you as an inspiration because you didn't kill yourself. What do you think about that?"

Before Shawn could respond, like an angry bull, Joyce charged. "That's bullshit!" she roared. When she rushed forward, though, her breasts broke free from her dress and swung back and forth like two wrecking balls. Unfortunately for Joyce, she was too upset to notice her little "Wardrobe Malfunction."

"I told you to lick Master Walker's shoes!" Joyce shouted. Suddenly, everyone began to whisper to each other, and Joyce realized that she'd been tricked into saying far more than she'd intended to say. Everyone had always thought that she was kind and considerate, but now they were beginning to see her in a new light.

Joyce glared at Crystal.

Crystal did not look at her, though. Instead, she looked at Shawn.. She smiled and said, "Master Walker, I apologize for my actions and the actions of my peers, even Joyce."

#### **Chapter 1616 - 134: You Don't Want To Miss It**

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Shawn Walker had tears in his eyes, and he was smiling, "I appreciate your apology," he said. "You should know, though, that your rejection gave me strength. I was angry at that, and I used that anger to push myself forward. Now I have a very successful career."

There was a moment of silence, and then everyone began to cheer and chant Shawn's name. Not only had he turned his life around, but he had hosted the party on his boat, and they all appreciated it- everyone except for Joyce, whose heart had hardened to stone by then.

Joyce grabbed Crystal by the hair and yanked her backward, slamming her to the ground. Crystal shrieked in pain and outrage, and before she knew it, Joyce was standing over her with the sole of her shoe hovering over her face. "Lick my shoe!" Joyce roared. "You fucking bitch! Lick my Goddamn shoe!"

Unexpectedly, Crystal grabbed Joyce's ankle with both hands and pushed her away with all of her strength. Joyce stumbled backward and would have fallen if not for the people standing behind her. They caught her, and they helped her stand up. "You think you can stop this?!?!" Joyce laughed, but she suddenly realized that her breasts were fully exposed before she could do anything more. Her face turned beet red, and she quickly put her "babies" to "bed."

By the time Joyce had fixed her dress, Crystal was on her feet, and she had a giant grin on her face. "You are going to make a laughingstock of both of us," Crystal said. "I don't care, but maybe you do...!"

Crystal smirked as she took three glasses of wine from a nearby waiter. She handed one to Joyce, one to Shawn, and kept the last one for herself. "I propose a toast," she said. "To friends, old and new."

Joyce glared at Crystal as she took her first sip. "You had better not be playing any tricks," she said. "Don't forget that I still have your video."

"How could I forget?" Crystal drank from her glass and said, "But why not let bygones be bygones?" She turned to Shawn. "Master Walker, you are a businessman. You must know about networking."

After speaking, Crystal first finished her wine and then whispered to Joyce, "I can kneel and lick anyone's shoes. I don't actually mind. I was just giving you a hard time. But is it okay if I do it in private? The last thing I need is another video of me making a spectacle of myself!"

Joyce stood Akimbo and said, "You had better not play any tricks with me."

Crystal: "There are two of you and one of me. What could I do?"

Judy looked at Crystal from across the room and tried to remind her of the warning she'd given her earlier in the evening. Crystal got the message and shook her head. Why is Judy looking at me like that? - She wondered as she followed Shawn and Joyce into the lounge.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was chatting in the corner with Carlos. She wasn't actually interested in what he had to say, but she knew that the only way to keep him out of the lounge was to keep him occupied. Even without Carlos in the mix, things were going awry. They had hoped to get a video recording of Crystal licking Shawn's shoes, but this was proving to be more difficult than they'd anticipated.

Gigi approached Cecilia while she was talking. She led her away from Carlos, and then she said, "It is done."

"What did you do?" Cecilia asked.

"I sent the wine to the lounge," Gigi replied.

"Do you know how long it will take for the drug to begin to do its work? Joyce, Crystal, and Shawn are making a lot of noise. They don't know what they are doing."

"I have no idea," Cecilia admitted. "But thank you for the update. You are doing a good job. What about the other thing?"

Gigi nodded and said, "It has also been taken care of." Gigi had taken photos of Crystal and sent them to Eric. When he arrived and saw Crystal and Shawn making love in the lounge, she expected him to be pissed. After that, he would think that Crystal was disgusting, and he would hate her. At least that was the plan.

"Now that they are in the lounge," Gigi continued, "I have led our classmates to their hiding places outside the lounge."

Cecilia laughed and said, "This is going to be epic!"

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Nathan knew that something was wrong the moment he stepped onto the ship. There was supposed to be a party going on, but things were too quiet. He took a few tentative steps and froze when someone shouted, "Master Bush, Nathan Davis is here! Master Davis is here!" He heard giggling, and he followed the sound down a long corridor and into a large room. It was full of people. They were all silent, but they were all looking at him, and their smiles were like those of sharks and Cheshire cats.

The crowd assembled in front of Nathan to impede his passage, but he would not be stopped. He slapped one man across the face and kicked a woman in the stomach. She fell to the ground, and he crushed her fingers with his shoe as he walked over her. Eventually, Shawn's guests got the message, and they began to step out of his way.

All around him, people talked in whispers. Finally, one man dared to yell out, "A good show is starting! It's staring at a cheating slut and her oblivious husband! You don't want to miss it!" Nathan shut him up with a look. Terror welled up inside the man, and he urinated down his legs. The acrid smell permeated the air and mixed with the foul smell of alcohol and sweat. People began to gag and find reasons to be somewhere else until only the most perverted amongst them remained.

After passing through the partygoers, Nathan came to a door. He was about to kick it in, but when he heard the frantic cries of a woman climaxing, he froze.. He recognized the voice as belonging to Crystal.

#### **Chapter 1617 - 135: You Caught Them In Their Trap**

Nathan's hands clenched and uncleaned at his sides. He looked around at the faces of Crystal's classmates. For a moment, he felt helpless, and he didn't know what to do. Eric came rushing into the room behind him, though, and he felt no such hesitancy. He ran towards the door and kicked it open.

Inside, a woman could be heard crying out in ecstasy, "Yes... Yes... God, Yes...harder...give me harder!"

Inside, all of the furniture had been knocked over, and women's clothing strewn about all helter-skelter. There was a sofa against the back wall. On it, a man and woman were entangled - both naked. They were fucking, and the woman's groans filled the room outside.

Everyone was disgusted by what they saw. The woman was lying on her back, and her thighs were on the shoulders of the man fucking her. They had expected to see three people, though, so they looked around the room for the third person. Finally, their eyes landed on Crystal. She was sitting in the corner, fully dressed. She had headphones on, and she was listening to music with her eyes closed. Thank God - thought Nathan. When he'd heard the moaning, he'd believed that it was Crystal making the sounds. He had never been so happy to be wronged.

When the door burst open, Crystal looked up and removed her headphones. When Nathan saw her, he rushed over and embraced her.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

He knew that she was supposed to come alone, and he had been suspicious about that, but he would never have guessed the true nature of the party or how truly devious her classmates actually were. When he saw her looking at the couple fucking, he put his hands over her eyes and said, "Don't look at them."

When Cecelia saw Shawn on top of Joyce, she was flabbergasted. She tried to pry him off of her, but he was shameless. In fact, having an audience seemed to excite him, and he began to slam his swollen member into her harder and faster. It was the same for Joyce. Once she realized that she was being watched, she began to match each of his thrusts as she clutched his naked buttocks and begged for more.

Everyone could see that they were on drugs, but nobody guessed that they'd been drugged. Finally, Carlos intervened. He grabbed Shawn and threw him on the ground, and then he slapped Joyce across the face. "You!" he roared. "What a shameless slut!"

Joyce was too intoxicated to know what was happening, and she mistook Carlos's rebuke for some new sex game. She smiled wickedly as she got off the couch. She looked him in the eyes as she placed her hand over her vulva, and then she began to pleasure herself.

As the men in the room watched, they began to feel aroused.

When Shawn looked up from the ground, he was not himself. He was in thrall to the drugs he had been given. Cecelia was the first person that he saw, and he immediately wanted to mate with her. He jumped up, ran over to her, and began to pull at her dress. The seam split down the side, and in a matter of seconds, she was all but naked. Beneath the gown, she was wearing red lace G-string panties. Her brassiere had been built into her dress, so her breasts were fully exposed. She covered them with her hands, but not before her classmates had seen all that there was to see.

Everyone was excited to see what Cecelia had been hiding beneath her gown, even the women, and when Shawn tore away her panties, they were all secretly pleased by the sight of her clean-shaven wet core. They hadn't realized that she had such a good figure, and one person went as far as to say that she had a better body than Joyce. Unlike Joyce, though, Cecelia had not been drugged, so it was expected that she would put up a fight. Much to their surprise, though, she did not.

When Shawn pressed his swollen member against Cecelia's pubic mound, she took it into her hand and guided it into her wet core. Everyone held their breath. The room went quiet, and then the moist sound of him entering her echoed loudly in the room. And then he began to fuck her for all he was worth.

Meanwhile, Joyce was still on the couch, and she was pouting. I need a man - she thought lustily, and she began to look around the room. She was wetter than she'd ever been in her life. Then, suddenly, she spotted Carlos. He was standing by the door with his arms folded across his chest. She grinned as she slunk down to the ground, and she began to crawl towards him on all fours.

When Carlos saw her, he scowled at her and turned away. Thus, she turned to the other men in the room. She sucked their member and licked their shoes - anything to convince them to have intercourse with her. It was Gang Bang City, and she was the Palace of Pleasure. All of her doors were open for business, and the men were having a blast. Unfortunately, the women were not so excited by her behavior. In fact, they were so disgusted that they took photos and videos of everything that was happening. Judy walked over to Crystal. Her cheeks were pink, and it was apparent that she had been laughing. "This is great!" she exclaimed. "How did you pull this off? I had been worried about you getting hurt, but now I can see that you're more than capable of handling yourself."

Crystal took out a bottle of medicine from her pocket, handed it to a bodyguard, and said, "Give them the antidotes."

Judy: "What's that?"

Crystal: "It's the antidote. I took it in advance, and then I arranged for their drinks to have the same drugs that mine had in it."

"Where did you get these?" Nathan asked.

"This afternoon, after Leslie drugged you, I asked her for the drug and its antidote," Crystal explained. "She felt bad about what had happened, so she was more than happy to do as I'd asked." Unfortunately, there had been a condition that went along with the drugs, but she dared not tell him about it.

Nathan chuckled and said, "That's ingenious. You caught them in their trap!"

Judy said, "Well, they deserve everything they got today!"

### **Chapter 1618 - 136: I Can't Let You Get Hurt**

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Suddenly, Chris walked through the door, and when Judy saw him, her eyes lit up. "Talk to you later! My darling has arrived!" she exclaimed, and then she ran to greet him.

Once she was gone, Eric wrapped his arms around Crystal. He laughed and said, "I knew you'd be fine. You're tough, and you don't put up with anyone's bullshit. That's my girl, you never failed my expectation,"

Nathan couldn't bear the sight of Crystal in another man's arms, so he grabbed her arm and pulled her towards himself. Eric would not let go, and she felt like they were tearing her in two.

"Stop it!" she cried. "You guys are hurting me! What are you guys doing here? I was told to come alone! You are fucking everything up! I didn't ask any help from both of you," she yelled, but the two men kept dragging her on both sides; no one wanted to give up.

"I was in the hospital," Eric explained. He let go of her arm and said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you. When I discovered that you were in danger, though, I had to come. I can't let you get hurt,"

Nathan let go of her other side and said, "It was the same for me." His eyes were on Eric, glaring at him.

Eric ignored Nathan and turned to Crystal, then said, "Now that I know that you're fine, I had better get back to the hospital."

Crystal: "Why do you need to go to the hospital? Are you okay?"

Eric hesitated for a moment, and then he said, "I am fine. It is my friend that is in the hospital."

Crystal gave Eric a quick hug and said, "Well, then; I guess you'd better get going. Thank you so much for being so concerned, but for next time, you should know that I can handle myself!"

Eric smiled, and before leaving, he leaned into her and whispered, "You're often in danger. I wish I could keep you at my side at all times. Please wait for me. I won't be long..."

Suddenly, Nathan grabbed Eric and yanked him away from Crystal. Then he glared at her and demanded to know what Eric had said.

"I didn't hear him clearly," Crystal replied. It was true. She hadn't understood his instructions.

"Go home and change your clothes," Nathan commanded. He couldn't stand the smell of Eric on her.

"Why?" Crystal sniffed her sleeves and said, "I'm clean."

"Don't be so defiant!" Nathan roared. "Just do as I say!"

Crystal was speechless. She had no idea that he could be so domineering.

Suddenly, all of her classmates began to cheer, and she turned around to see what all of the commotions were about. On the opposite side of the room, her peers had formed a circle around Judy and Chris, and Judy looked prouder than she'd ever seen her. Her chest was puffed out, and she looked like she was on top of the world.

Judy was smiling. "You guys are too kind," she said. "Louis also belongs to Starlight Entertainment, which is subordinate to the Brilliant Group. The company has signed up a lot of superstars. If you tell me who you like, I'll get you their autographed photographs."

Nathan looked at Crystal and smirked. "Did she help you just now?" he asked. "She hardly seems like the helping type."

"She did, though," Crystal replied. "She looks pretty vain, but she has a good heart."

"She's the only one who helped me."

Nathan put his arm around Crystal's waist and led her towards Judy. "Then we will have to do something kind for her and Chris," he said. His bodyguards walked on either side of them and pushed her other classmates out of the way. Nathan's perfect figure was stunning, and everyone was shocked to see him with Crystal. As they passed through the group, Judy pointed him out to Chris and said, "Chris, this is Crystal's boyfriend. We met him at the concert. Do you remember? He took the stage and played a song!"

Judy turned to Crystal and said, "After the concert, Chris's agent talked to me. He said that he wanted to sign your boyfriend." She turned to Nathan and asked what he thought about that.

Nathan ignored Judy. He turned to Chris and said, "Starlight Entertainment has a big-budget production in the works. It is called Beyond the Sky. If you're interested, the lead role is yours."

Chris's face turned red. "I've heard about Beyond the Sky," he admitted. "But aren't there a lot of A-List actors vying for that role? I wouldn't want to embarrass myself, but thank you for thinking of me."

"Would you at least consider it?" Nathan took a card out of his pocket. He handed it to Chris and said, "Here is my business card."

Chris took the card out of politeness, and when he saw Nathan's name on it, he was stunned. He hadn't realized that Nathan was Nathan Davis, the president of Brilliant Group. He's my boss! - he realized in dismay. He immediately offered his hand to shake.

"President Davis," he said. "I'm sorry for not recognizing you."

Judy was as shocked as Chris was. "You're the President of the Brilliant Group?!?!" she exclaimed in near disbelief.

Instead of answering her question, Nathan looked at Chris and said, "Bring my business card to the office, and someone will arrange everything for you."

Chris thanked Nathan. He had never imagined that the company president would take a personal interest in him, and he was thrilled. What a lucky day! - he thought.

Now that everyone knew who Crystal's boyfriend was, they began to talk loudly amongst themselves. They had thought that she was a Sugar Baby, but it turned out that the truth was far more interesting than the rumors had been. And now that they knew who she was connected with, they were eager to please her.. They all regretted the bad things they'd said about her, and some people even wanted to lick the soles of her shoes.

#### **Chapter 1619 - 137: You Are Too Adorable**

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Judy was on Cloud Nine. With a smile on her face, she called for everyone's attention and said, "We should always watch our tongues from now on. Crystal's boyfriend is a man of stature and renown. You said he was her Sugar Daddy, but you were wrong! You are lucky he is a forgiving person. He is not without his limits, though. From now on, anyone caught gossiping about Nathan and Crystal will be sent to Gossiping Jail! Furthermore, you shouldn't drug, rape, or plan to kill Crystal either."

Afterward, Judy approached Crystal and said, "Don't worry about them. If anyone dares to spread any rumors about you on WhatsApp, I will help you put them in Gossiping Jail. We are friends after all,"

Crystal smiled and shook her head. "Don't worry about it. I don't care what they say. Neither of us does." After saying this, she turned to Nathan and said, "Right, Dear?"

Nathan rubbed her hair indulgently. He had been so entranced by the movement of her lips that he'd forgotten to listen to what she'd been saying. Nevertheless, he was so happy that Crystal managed to save herself from her classmates' trap earlier.

Meanwhile, Carlos sat across the room. He was alone, and he had a sad look in his eyes. He had a glass of whiskey in his hands that he brought to his mouth. He took a sip, and as he watched Nathan and Crystal, his grip on the glass tightened. He looked at the clock on the wall and began to count the

seconds - "One wooly-mammoth-Two-wooly-mammoth-Three wooly-mammoth." And times seemed to go by very, very slowly. He was so jealous of the couple that it felt like he was dying.

After everything that he'd been through with Crystal, he saw her as one of his possessions. Thus, if she belonged to him, then Nathan was a vile thief. Unfortunately, he recognized that he was inferior. The usurper was more powerful. He was physically stronger and better looking. He knew that Nathan was capable of doing many things than him.

Carlos clenched his teeth and refused to let his anger show on his face. He waited until no one was looking, and then he left the party. It wasn't long after that Crystal and Nathan also left. Before Crystal left, though, she stole Joyce's phone. She needed to delete the video that Vanessa used to threaten her earlier.

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Once the boat was out of sight, Crystal took Joyce's phone out of her pocket. Unfortunately, it was locked, so she asked Nathan if he could find someone to unlock it for her. Nathan just shrugged, though, and said, "It's not necessary. Pass it over here."

Crystal gave him the phone, and after a few seconds, he'd broken the lock. She was amazed, and she clapped her hands. Nathan smiled and said, "Ta-da!"

Crystal laughed and asked, "How did you do that? I didn't know you're such a genius on cracking difficult phone passwords,"

Nathan smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders, "Magic!"

"As if!" Crystal scoffed. "There is no such thing as magic. I don't believe in magic; it's just an illusion being used by few people who perform in the carnival,"

Nathan laughed and handed her the phone. Then he "Booped" her on the nose and said, "You are too adorable. Sometimes I want to eat you up!"

Crystal smiled seductively and said, "Maybe later, I'll let you do that!"

As Crystal began to go through the phone, Nathan said, "You knew they were going to try to drug you, didn't you? Otherwise, you wouldn't have had the antidote. I'm right, aren't I"

"I knew about the drugs," Crystal admitted. "But don't be mad. I knew that I could handle those people, and I did."

Nathan held Crystal in his arms. "I won't be angry," he said. "But only if you promise to make better choices in the future."

Crystal sighed and said, "Fine. I promise."

Nathan: "Then we don't need to talk about it anymore...."

They were both silent for a few minutes, and then Crystal said, "Joyce told me that my actions cost your company a lot of money. Is that true?"

Nathan: "If I said that they did, would you make it up to me?"

Crystal: "I'm broke. How could I make it up to you?"

Nathan: "Pay the debt with your body. When we go into the bedroom, I want full use of your body to do whatever I want with it. You can't say no to anything. And every time you allow me that freedom, I will knock one hundred thousand dollars off your tab. You've cost me one hundred million dollars, so you owe me one hundred nights of pleasure."

"But I'm not good with numbers!" Crystal exclaimed.

Nathan: "Don't worry. I will keep track of your debt."

Crystal smiled seductively and said, "You really are an evil capitalist, aren't you?"

"I am," Nathan admitted. "And as a Capitalist's wife, it's about time you learned your duty."

Crystal admired Nathan for what he'd said, and she couldn't wait to start paying off her debt. Of course, they still had business to discuss. "Why did you say that I would regret halting the Henry Group's acquisition?" she asked.

Nathan sighed and said, "I may as well tell you. The money that your Mother invested ended up in Jessica Green's account. And the person who had those eggs thrown at you... she was being instigated by her."

Crystal: "So, it's her, then?"

Nathan gave Crystal some papers to read, and as she read them, her ire began to rise. Her face turned white, and she handed the papers back to Nathan. "How could there be such a vicious person?!?" She asked. "Jessica already has my father. Why isn't that enough? Why did she need to steal my Mother's money as well?"

Nathan looked at Crystal seriously. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I want to get revenge," Crystal replied.. "And now I have God on my side."

#### **Chapter 1620 - 138: Aren't You Just Full Of Surprises?**

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When Crystal looked through the videos on the stolen cell phone, she was disgusted to find erotic photos of Joyce and James, the middle-aged director. Then, under her breath, she muttered, "Isn't that Cecelia's Father?"

Nathan nodded, verifying Crystal's suspicion.

"Gross," Crystal muttered. She couldn't stomach the photos for very long, and she quickly turned off the screen. She had initially intended to return the phone, but she hadn't found the video with her in it, so she decided to keep it handy as insurance.

Nathan had his hand on hers, and he said, "Penny for your thoughts."

Crystal: "Leslie asked me to accompany her on a blind date, and I said that I would."

Nathan gave her a stern look. "Did you promise that you would go?" he asked.

Crystal nodded. "Is that a problem?" she asked.

"Probably not," Nathan replied. "The date must be what Arnold's doing, though. I wonder what he is up to. He's never been a match-making type..."

Crystal: "Does he like Leslie?"

Nathan shook his head and said, "He doesn't. But she is too possessive of him. That must be why he's trying to get rid of her. She is always blocking him."

Crystal frowned. "Aren't they siblings?"

Nathan: "Nope. In fact, he is looking for his sister! Didn't you know that?"

Crystal shook her head and said that she hadn't.

Nathan: "It's true. Their nanny abducted his sister at the age of five, and she was sold on the black market. Later, Arnold found a girl with the same birth date as his sister, and he thought she was his sister. He brought her home and treated her like a sister, but a DNA test showed that she was not his sister."

Crystal: "Was that girl Leslie?"

Nathan: "It was."

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In the military's villa - After spending the evening in bed, Leslie finally got up, got dressed, and got ready to write her self-criticisms. As a child, she had shown a great talent for languages, so she had learned many tongues. That didn't mean that she was anxious to get down to business, though. She knew that no matter how hard she tried, Arnold would be critical of her work. He had perfect handwriting, but hers had never been very good.

Of course, one of the things she loved about Arnold was his skill with a pen. In her opinion, the ability to write neatly was very sexy, and just thinking about his cursive made her wet.

Leslie staggered to the desk, sat down, and rummaged around for a pen and paper. If she hadn't opened her big mouth, she would have only had to write one article. However, she had to do five - one in English, French, Arabic, Russian, and Chinese. This is such a waste of time! - she thought as she wrote - Arnold won't even be able to understand these.

Leslie thought about how she could get her peons to do the work for her if she were at school. She wasn't at school, though. She was isolated and helpless. After working at it for about fifteen minutes, she thought - this is bullshit, and she downloaded a self-criticism from the Internet. She changed a few things to personalize it, and then she used Google translate for the other four languages. When that was done, she printed them off, and she was incredibly happy with her work.



Without hesitating, she hurried to Arnold's room to hand over the printouts. Much to her surprise, though, he was not there. The room was empty. She walked towards the open window, and it wasn't until she'd been in the room for a couple of minutes that she heard the sound of water running in the connected bathroom.

Leslie turned towards the bathroom, and a smile appeared on her face when she saw Arnold's naked outline in the shower. She chuckled as she went to lay in his bed, and she brought his pillow to her face so that she could take in his manly musk. Finally, and without meaning to, she fell asleep.

While Arnold had a shower, Leslie dreamt of the day he had brought her home. She had been the same age as his long-lost sister would have been. He said that he would take care of her and make up for all of the time that had been lost. She had been fifteen at the time.

The smell of scented soap permeated her dream, and she woke up. She opened her eyes, and Arnold was on the edge of the bed, watching her. He was half-naked. All that he wore was the towel wrapped around his waist.

Arnold was well aware of her eyes on him, and he smirked. "Have you seen enough?" he asked.

"I brought you the self-criticism you ordered me to write," Leslie said. "They're on the windowsill."

Arnold turned and snatched them up, and when he turned, Leslie saw that he'd been injured. Leslie pointed to the cut along his abdomen and asked what had happened. He was bleeding, and she offered to get the First Aid Kit.

"It's nothing," Arnold said. "Never mind the kit. I hurt myself while in training. It had scabbed over already, but the water in the shower reopened it."

Arnold brought the self-criticisms to his face to smell the ink, and then he began to read. He read the one in English first, and Leslie was shocked when he started reading the other ones. I had no idea you knew so many languages! - she thought - Aren't you just full of surprises? As she watched him read, she felt a rush of heat in her groin. It spread out into the rest of her body, leaving a tingling feeling in its wake. And she couldn't keep her eyes off of the wound in his side.

The truth was that Arnold didn't speak the other languages, but he didn't want Leslie to know that. Even if she knew, he didn't think that she'd play tricks on him.. After all, he could find a translator to check her work.

## **Chapter 1621 - 139: You're The Crazy One**

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The room was so quiet that Leslie and Arnold could hear each other breathing. She was still lying in his bed, gawking at his wound, and he was focused on her self-criticisms.

Leslie watched his abdominal muscles twitch every time he moved, and she drew closer to him. Then, when she was within kissing distance, like a man lapping up a woman's menstruation, she dipped her tongue into the bloody gash in his side.

Arnold's body instantly tightened. Every muscle of his body stiffened. The muscles on his face twitched, and Leslie could hear his teeth clench. And then he struck her, and she flew across the room, and her back smashed against his dresser. Her head cracked against the metal handle on the drawer, and when her ass hit the carpet, she made no sound.

A minute passed - meanwhile, Arnold seethed. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides, and then Leslie began to whimper. It took her a few minutes to collect herself, and then she sat up as if nothing had happened. She lifted her short hair, which was incredibly sexy and seductive, and said, "You didn't need to do that. I heard that saliva could act as a sterilizer. I just wanted to see if it was true."

Arnold scowled and threw her papers to the ground. "Get the fuck out of here!" He roared.

Leslie got up and rushed out of the door as quickly as she could. Even though she was in pain, and he was rejecting her, she couldn't help but smile. When she'd dipped her tongue into the slit in his side, his cock had come to attention and saluted her for her ministrations.

Leslie slunk back to her bedroom once the door was closed behind her and climbed back into bed. She picked up the small doll that she kept next to her pillow. There was a turtle beside it with a green shell. She'd had both of them for over twenty years, and when she'd first discovered her sexuality, she'd spent many a restless night pleasuring herself with one or the other pressed tightly against her pubic mound. Finally, she looked into the turtle's eyes and said, "You've missed me, haven't you? Admit it." She giggled, adding, "Don't worry, I might still have some use for you yet."

Leslie picked up her phone, turned it on, and launched WhatsApp. Her only local friend was Crystal. She sent her a quick message - "Keep your day free tomorrow. I'll pick you up." - and she logged out without waiting for a reply.

When Crystal received the message, she was rendered speechless, and she thought - Leslie really only does things her way. She is so self-centered and selfish! While she was putting away her phone, Nathan walked into her room with a glass of water. "Take a painkiller," he said. "Dysmenorrhea is a disease. All women have it, but none of you have to suffer. I'll find a doctor for you when your period is over."

Crystal took the painkiller with thanks. "If I have you, why do I need a doctor?" she asked.

Nathan laughed as he warmed her lower abdomen with his big hands like he had been doing every night lately. She didn't sleep well when she was on her period, but this helped. "You are so silly," he said. "Anyway, I am glad this helps, but there are other ways I could help. All you need to do is ask..."

Crystal had a feeling she knew what that meant. She turned to look him in the eyes and said, "Nathan! You are such a beast!"

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In the Henry villa - It was one o'clock in the morning when Joyce woke, just in time for someone to toss her into bed. What is going on? she wondered as she flopped about. She sat up and looked around.

Carlos was standing at the foot of the bed. He is the one who brought me here, she realized. "C-C-Carlos," she stammered. "Wh-What h-happened?"

Joyce didn't see Carlos's slap coming. It was hard, and it threw her back onto her bed. She covered her face and began to whimper. "Why did you h-h-hit me?" she whined. "Carlos F- Foster... Are you c-crazy? I d-d-didn't d-do: anything..."

"Didn't do anything?" he snarled. He grabbed her right hand and pried it away from her face with his left. Then he slapped her again. Her head snapped to the left, and she began to wail. And if she said anything after that, it was utterly incomprehensible.

"How dare you insinuate that I'm crazy!" Carlos roared. "You're the crazy one! And a shameless slut to boot! Joyce Henry, I didn't know that you were so cheap, but you showed me your true colors tonight, that's for sure. You were like a bitch in heat. Do you even remember how many men you fucked?"

Joyce's head was buzzing, but her fear of Carlos gradually turned to rage. "fuck you!" she roared. "How dare you say that and hit me! I am Joyce Henry, and I demand respect!" She grabbed the pillows on the bed and threw them at Carlos, but they bounced impotently off of his chest, and her energy slipped away as quickly as it had come.

Joyce slumped back into her bed. "That wasn't me tonight," she explained.

"Then who was it?" Carlos scoffed. "It certainly looked like you!"

Joyce looked at Carlos and said, "Crystal drugged me. I was drugged by that dirty bitch, and instead of saving me, you blamed me. And you even hit me! How could you believe that I would act that way? Don't you know me at all? What happened tonight is all your fault. If you had intervened, none of those men would have been able to have sex with me. What am I going to do with you now?"

Carlos was in shock.. His face turned white, and his heart began to beat fast. I'm dying - he thought - I am having a heart attack!

## **Chapter 1622 - 140: You're Nothing**

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Joyce glared at Carlos. "Without me," she hissed, "you're nothing! You have no abilities and no money. Your company is getting back on track, but now you've betrayed me. If you have any backbone at all, leave me. But don't expect any support from me for the Foster Group in the future."

This was an idle threat. When faced with an ultimatum, Joyce assumed that Carlos would cave and get off her back. But, instead, she was about to have a very rude awakening.

Carlos stared at her with his mouth open. He was at a loss for words for a moment, but he wasn't dying, as he'd thought he was. He was as far outside of his comfort zone as a person could go. He allowed his body to collapse to the floor, and he ran his fingers through his hair in dismay. "Well," he finally

muttered. "You've had your say. You look down on me now, don't you? You think that I don't deserve you, but that's ridiculous!"

Suddenly, Carlos's eyes lit up, for the first time in his life, he discovered how resilient he actually was. Like a Bozo inflatable, he bounced back with a giant grin on his face. He chuckled as he got to his face.

Joyce's face turned white. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"You are," he replied. "Funny and stupid."

And the best part is that you are too stupid to know how stupid you are. You think Crystal is out to get you, but in her eyes, you're nothing. You want everything that Crystal has, and if you can't have them, you make a fool of yourself trying to get it! You're just a stupid bitch, and you're trapped in Crystal's shadow. You think you can compete with her, but you can't, and you will never be able to. The only reason I left her for you was to use you. You wouldn't believe how liberating it feels to say that out loud finally!"

Joyce opened her mouth, but Carlos cut her off before she could say anything. "Did you scheme against Crystal with Shawn Walker?" he asked. "If Crystal hadn't had the antidotes, had you hoped to make a sexual spectacle out of her? I think you did. But you didn't take divine justice into account, did you? I hope you've learned something tonight. If you continue to do evil, you won't have to worry about Crystal's retribution. Of course, if anything like this happens again, I will be the one you'll have to worry about!"

Joyce tried her best to hide her emotions so that she could defend herself. "The drugs weren't my idea!" she exclaimed. "It was all Shawn Walker's idea."

"You could have refused," Carlos argued.

"You have always been strong-willed and independent." He glared at her silently, and after a minute had passed, he said, "I'm breaking up with you."

Meanwhile, in the next room, Jessica had been asleep. When they started arguing, though, she was woken by the noise. When they didn't quiet down, she went into the hallway, knocked on the door, and said, "You guys need to keep it down. It is past midnight, and some of us are trying to sleep!" When no one answered, she pushed open the door and looked at them. "Besides," she continued, "you are unlikely to solve anything in the middle of the night."

Joyce felt like she had been thrown a lifeline. Tears were streaming down her face. "He hit me," she cried. "Please, Mommy... Help me."

Jessica sighed. She could see the marks on her daughter's face, but she could not pick sides. That being said, she disapproved of violence. So, instead of blaming Carlos, she made a blanket statement condemning all violence. "Well," she said. "Everyone knows that violence has never solved anything. It is much better to talk things out. Why don't you guys tell me what's going on?"

Carlos smirked and said, "I think I had better let your daughter give you the details. As for me, I am breaking up with Joyce. It's time for me to move on. I'll explain what I can to Uncle Henry in the morning." After having said that, he got up and left the room.

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Joyce was so angry that she was trembling. She took off her slippers and threw them in Carlos's direction. They missed, though, and they hit the door with a bang. She turned to her mother and began to wail. "Do you see how ungrateful and vicious he is?" she whined.

"Without our help, the Foster Group would have gone belly up! Who the hell does he think he is? He must be in thrall to that dirty bitch, Crystal Smith! I don't want to break up with him, but what can I do...?"

Jessica's heart was breaking. She sat next to her daughter, patted her on the back, and said, "Don't cry. I'll talk to your Father. From now on, not only will we not help the Foster Group, but we will actively work against them. Carlos wasn't good enough for you, anyway. There are other-better-fish in the sea. What's so good about Carlos Foster? He has no money, no power, and now he has betrayed his benefactors. It's a good thing that you aren't with him. In the end, he would have only brought you down."

Jessica tucked Joyce's hair behind her ear and sighed. She could tell that her daughter was too upset to hear what she was saying. In fact, Joyce was so upset that she could barely breathe. "I'll never forgive her," she wailed. She pounded her right into the palm of her left hand for emphasis and said, "I will never forgive that bitch, Crystal Smith!"

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Carlos felt like he was in a trance as he walked out into the cold night air. It was two o'clock in the morning, and the dim streetlights elongated his lonely shadow. He couldn't go back to the Henry villa, and he didn't feel like returning to the Foster villa. Thus, he had nowhere to go. So, with no other option available to him, he wandered the streets aimlessly until dawn.

By the time the sun rose, Carlos was dead tired. The soles of his feet had blistered, broken, and they were bleeding in his shoes. Every step was a painful act of self-flagellation.

As morning broke, Carlos found himself in an old community.. The security guard was sleeping on the job, so he was not seen slipping past the gatehouse.