

Midnight III 141

Chapter 1623 - 141: Playtime Is Over

Carlos stopped in front of an old-style villa. Pink roses were growing outside, and the lawn was meticulously maintained. He looked up at the first window on the second floor and willed the drapes to open. Alas, he was no magician, and they did not bend to his will. He sighed as he whispered his love's name: "Crystal...."

He assumed that she was asleep, and he didn't dare wake her. Instead, he thought - I wonder what she dreams about, and if she dreams of me. This line of inquiry was painful, and he moved his feet around in his shoes, using the physical pain to distract his mind from the emotional pain. At this point in his life, there were few things that he didn't regret, and letting go of Crystal was number one on the list.

Carlos walked over to a sycamore tree that was on the lawn and sat beneath it. He looked at his watch and counted the seconds, and as they passed, he thought about a decision he'd been putting off. Finally, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number he knew by heart. The call went through, and when the person on the phone picked up, Carlos said, "I accept your condition. But in one year, you have to help me get what I want." Then, without waiting for a reply, he hung up.

Carlos looked up at Crystal's window. Again, he wondered - Does she dream of me, as I dream of her? He knew that it was a silly question to ponder. After all, there was no available answer...

Leslie shrieked as Arnold forced her into an SUV. "Arnold Lopez!" she cried. "You're infringing on my personhood!" She was frantic. She had made plans with Crystal, and he was fucking them up. He had caught her trying to sneak out of the house and had put them to bed the moment he had realized what was happening.

The fact that her plans had been overwritten wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was that Arnold was making a spectacle out of her. She was known for her strength and independence, but he'd easily overpowered her, thrown her over his shoulder, and made her into a potential laughingstock. If she were seen, she would never recover her dignity. "Will you put me down if I agree to be good?" she asked.

"Fine." Arnold let her make herself comfortable in the seat beside him, but he had his eye on her. He said, "I am trusting you. If there are any problems, I will spank your bottom so hard that you won't be able to sit comfortably for a year."

Leslie blushed. She hated it when he brought up her spankings. On the one hand, it hurt when he abused her. On the other hand, though, the spankings fostered sexual energy between them that was undeniable. Thus, her feelings toward this form of punishment were, to say the least, mixed. Finally, she nodded her head and said, "I understand. I will be fine. I promise."

Once Leslie had settled down, Arnold took a look at what she was wearing. "Why can't you dress like a girl for once?" he snapped. She was wearing ripped blue jeans and a military-issue camo t-shirt. Her hair was tucked into a cap, and he could see that she'd bound her medium-sized breasts to her chest. By all

outward appearances, she appeared to be a boy. "And you're not even wearing shoes or socks!" he hissed.

Leslie smiled mischievously and said, "If there is ever a doubt about my gender, we could always return to your bedroom. We could have a Gender Reveal Party. Would you like that?" She could tell by his tinted cheeks and by the growing bulge in his trousers that it was precisely what he wanted - even if he wouldn't admit it.

By now, they had been on the road for about five minutes, and when Leslie leaned over to rest on Arnold's shoulder, he shouted at her to get back in her seat. She could see that she was driving him crazy by how tightly he was gripping the steering wheel. His knuckles had turned white, and the veins popped out on the back of his hands. She didn't know it, but when she'd gotten close to him, he'd been tempted to pull the vehicle over and kiss her- and maybe even fuck her.

A voice in Arnold's head shouted at him - Get a hold of yourself, you pervert. She's your SISTER, for fuck sake!

A quieter voice timidly interjected, saying - Not by blood, she isn't... It was true, but this was a voice that Arnold refused to give in to. She is my sister - he told himself - SHE IS!

Without lifting her back from her seat, Leslie's arm stretched out and began to massage Arnold's upper thigh. He tried to reprimand her, but his mouth had gone dry, and when he opened it, nothing came out. All he could do was keep his eyes on the road, drive, and pretend that nothing untoward was happening.

Leslie's hand slipped closer to Arnold's groin, and the back of her hand brushed against his scrotum. He flinched but managed not to squeal. He knew that she was trying to seduce him, but he didn't know how to put off what was quickly beginning to look like the inevitable.

Leslie playfully squeezed Arnold's thigh, and in a seductive tone of voice, she said his name.

"Wh-wh-ut?" he stammered.

"Do you like my legs?" she asked, "I know that most men have an addiction to breasts, but I've seen you looking at my legs. Many times..."

Arnold scowled, and instead of answering, he put his hand over hers and applied pressure. She tried to pull away, but instead of letting go, he squeezed harder. Tears began to stream from Leslie's eyes, and she began to whine. "Arnold Lopez," she cried. "Please stop. Are you - trying to murder me?"

"Why not?" he snapped. "You were right when you said that I like your legs. I like them so much that I want to cut them off and soak them in formaldehyde. Do you want me to do that?"

Suddenly, Leslie's ire began to rise. "fuck you!" she roared. "Would it kill you to admit that you're sexually attracted to me? I've seen the way you look at me and the way your body responds when you put me over your knee!" His hand was on her hand, but her hand was still on his thigh. Thus, it was a piece of cake for her to move it up another inch and grip his massive erection. Now it was her turn to apply pressure. And squeeze.

"If you don't get your hand off of my manhood," Arnold yelled, "I will kill you and cut off your legs.

"You won't," Leslie said confidently. Arnold let go of her hand and said, "Just get your hand off of my thigh. Playtime is over."

Leslie lifted her hand obediently, but before he could appreciate the relief, she lifted herself out of her seat and sat in his lap. Right away, she could feel his erection pressing against her buttocks, and she giggled lasciviously.

Arnold cried out, "What the fuck?!?! I'm driving here."

"So? Drive," Leslie replied. Then she whispered into his ear in an incredibly sexy voice, "Would it kill you to admit that you're sexually attracted to me?"

Chapter 1624 - 142: That's The Spirit

Arnold pushed Leslie back into her seat and put his hand on her shoulder so she couldn't move. She struggled against him, hitting his arm, shoulder, and chest, and he shouted at her to stop. "You are utterly shameless!" he roared.

Arnold was pissed. His lips were pressed tightly together, and the veins in his forehead were popping out. Leslie had always done everything she wanted to do, and she had never been afraid of anything. But when did she get into the habit of sitting on men? - Arnold asked himself.

Leslie laughed and said, "I am not shameless, but you relieve me of my shame, and I think you do it intentionally. We both know that you have feelings for me!"

"Shut up!" Arnold roared. "You are my sister, for Christ's sake, so don't ever do that again! Do you hear me? It's not going to happen between us, and I'm tired of having to repeat myself. For the last time, I will not fall in love with you, so just let it go."

Leslie smiled, and in a sing-song voice, she said, "Let it go. Let it go. I can't hold it back anymore..." She knew that Arnold hated that song, and it amused her to annoy him.

Arnold could tell by the look on her face that he hadn't gotten through to her. She would continue to do as she pleased, regardless of what he said, unless he found some other way to end her wicked shenanigans. He turned to look at her and scowled when he saw that she was batting her long, luscious eyelashes at him.

You are not allowed to fall in love with her-Arnold told himself- You can fall in love with anyone you please, with your sister being the exception!

A smaller voice spoke up in his mind. It reminded him that they weren't related by blood, and he firmly told it to - SHUT THE fuck UP!

Leslie folded her legs, one over the other, and the hole in the leg of her jeans exposed her knee. It was white as freshly fallen snow, and Arnold found himself drawn to it. "You shouldn't wear jeans like those," he scolded her. "You'll attract unwanted attention."

"Maybe I like the attention," Leslie replied.

"After today, I'm going to see if I have feelings for other men."

Arnold was appalled by what she'd said, but she'd put headphones over her ears before he could reply. He didn't know it, but she didn't put any music on. She didn't like listening to music through headphones. The only reason she ever put them on was to discourage people from talking to her.

Arnold's grip on the steering wheel got a little tighter. He could see Leslie in the rearview mirror. Her eyes were closed, and she looked peaceful.

They were getting close to Beverly villa, and as soon as they arrived, Crystal ran out to greet them. Then, when they got out, Arnold gave Crystal a stern look and said, "Please keep an eye on her today. Can you do that for me, Miss Smith?"

Crystal nodded and said, "Don't worry, I will watch her carefully. And you can just call me Crystal." As she spoke, she suddenly noticed a hand around her waist. At some point, Nathan had put his arm around her.

Nathan looked at Leslie. He smiled and said, "You're lucky. If it weren't for Arnold, I'd never have agreed to lend Crystal to you!" Nathan remembered that Leslie had drugged Arnold, so he didn't like her, let alone trust her. He turned to Crystal and said, "Don't get too close to her. Stand at least one meter apart from her at all times!"

Leslie's face turned red from embarrassment. "Don't worry," Leslie said. "I will be on my best behavior, and I will keep your woman safe." In her mind, though, she was thinking- I will protect her, but there is no way that I am going to give her that kind of space!

Crystal took the car keys from Nathan and gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek. Then she opened the door and got in the driver's seat. Leslie chuckled, called "Shotgun!" and climbed in beside her. Then, while they were still in the driveway, she rolled down her window and called out to Nathan. "Do men always like 'The Crystal Type'?" she asked.

Nathan looked at Crystal, and then he turned back to Leslie. He grinned at her like a hungry shark and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what other men like," he said. "I do know what men like, though: 'The Leslie Type.' He was utterly ruthless when he was angry or annoyed. "Not even your brother wants you," he added spitefully. He didn't know that Leslie was trying to have a relationship with Arnold, but he did know that he was trying to pawn her off on some unsuspecting man.

When Leslie heard what Nathan had said, all of the fights left her body, and she looked fragile suddenly. Tears appeared in her eyes as she closed the window.

Crystal hadn't noticed that she was upset yet. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"Anywhere," Leslie cried. "Just not here. How about Delly Square?"

Crystal could see now that Leslie was upset by what Nathan had said. "Never mind what Nathan said to you," she said. "He gets mean sometimes. He didn't mean it."

Leslie rubbed her short hair and said, "What he said is not enough to affect me."

Crystal knew she was lying, but she didn't want to further upset her friend by putting her nose where it might not belong. "What about Arnold?" she asked.

Leslie scowled and said, "Don't talk to me about him."

Crystal: "Well, you know that you can talk to me about anything."

They rode the rest of the way in silence, and as they arrived, Leslie said, "I'm going on a blind date tomorrow. I'm going to take it very seriously. If I find someone I like, Nathan and Arnold will be forced to eat their words!"

"That's the spirit!" Crystal chuckled, and as they got out of the car, she said, "And who knows? Maybe the man you find will be a woman!"

Leslie smiled when she heard that. Is she suggesting what I think she's suggesting? - she wondered hopefully. She turned in Crystal's direction to see if she could read her friend's expression. Unfortunately, Crystal was two steps ahead of her already, so it was impossible.

When they got into the mall, Crystal noticed that it was bustling, and she said, "I wonder if they are making a TV show here today? Look at that couple over there. The guy's not tall, but he's cool."

Leslie: "I like that girl better. She looks so shiny. Is she a Drama Idol?"

Leslie looks cool - thought Crystal, suddenly Her every move is tantalizing and charming.

Chapter 1625 - 143: I Can Do It Myself

Crystal wanted to tie her up and keep her in one place. It is no wonder that two chicks fought over her. I would fight for her too! -Crystal's cheeks turned red when she realized what she'd been thinking. Once the dam had been broken, though, they passed through her mind like a torrent, and she was suddenly very wet.

They went into a store, and Leslie attracted the female shop assistant's attention right away. Leslie wasn't usually the kind of girl who liked to dress up. She typically wore cool, masculine clothes. But, surprisingly, she was familiar with all of the brands that the attendant showed her, and she knew what looked good and didn't.

Crystal took a seat, and she tried to distract herself by texting with Serenity while Leslie shopped. Thus, she was startled when Leslie walked over, pointed to a long white dress with hollowed-out lace, and said, "Can you get that for me, please?"

Crystal was surprised by Leslie's suggestion. It was nothing like what she typically wore. "Do you like that?" she asked.

Before Leslie could reply, the assistant cut in. "It is very sexy," she said. "Your girlfriend has exquisite taste. This dress is tailor-made for a beautiful woman like her."

Leslie smiled and said, "I guess I will try it on. My girlfriend can tell me if it suits me."

Crystal chuckled when she realized that the store employee thought that Leslie was her girlfriend. She turned to her friend, winked, and then they both burst out into gales of laughter. Then, when Leslie walked out of the changing room with the dress accentuating her every curve, neither laughed anymore.

Leslie looked cool in a T-shirt and jeans, but she was stunning when she wore a feminine lace dress. Leslie smiled at Crystal. Then she pushed out her breasts and did a little twirl.

Crystal was amazed. "Not bad," she said. She would have said more, but words evaded her. It is no wonder that Nathan wanted me to keep my distance-she thought.

"Why don't you pick out a dress?" Leslie suggested. "If I am going to take this blind date seriously, I need you to support me by dressing up too."

Crystal thought it over and finally said, "Alright, I will do this, but just this once, and on the condition that you really do take the date seriously. Dressing up for you is not something that I want to get in the habit of doing."

Leslie agreed to Crystal's terms, and then, together, they picked out a smoky gray dress that wouldn't attract much attention but would highlight her temperament. Once Crystal was back in her street clothes, they took both dresses to the front, and Leslie told the cashier to ring them up. Then she turned to Crystal and said, "Did you bring your card?"

Crystal was stunned. She couldn't believe that Leslie would take her shopping and not bring her card with her. She huffed as she pulled out the card Nathan had given her and handed it to the cashier. When Leslie saw the card, she was stunned. "I am surprised that Nathan gave you that card," she said. "After all, he barely even knows you!"

Crystal shrugged. She thought Leslie was acting very weird, and she didn't know how to respond to her strange behavior. She watched in curious silence as her friend pulled her handy phone out of her purse. She dialed a number by memory, and when the call was answered, she said, "Hi. This is Leslie Lopez. I'm at your mall. I am ready to have my face scanned."

"What was that about?" Crystal asked the cashier to hand them their bags.

"It was nothing," Leslie replied. Then: "You'll see."

Leslie took Crystal's hand and led her to a modeling studio. The agency had a membership system that was inaccessible to ordinary people because its annual membership cost was unreasonably high. Nevertheless, the receptionist smiled and welcomed them when they got there, saying, "Miss Lopez, please come in. H.J is waiting inside."

The receptionists were required to remember each member's face and name. If they couldn't, then they were fired.

The stylist's studio was decorated in a modern style with black and white spots as the theme. Leslie pulled back her chair, sat down, and said, "I want my hair dyed maroon and curly with extensions. Also, tress my hair on the sides, please."

H.J. nodded and went to work, and Crystal picked up a magazine to read while she waited. Before she could crack the cover, though, Leslie said, "Nathan's birthday is coming up. What does he like?"

Crystal shrugged and said, "Regular stuff."

"You don't know what he likes, do you?" Leslie said incredulously.

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. "But so what? Men are easy to please."

Suddenly, Amy walked into the room. She looked at Leslie and said, "I'm going to an awards party tonight. Is Vivian here? I like the way she styled my hair the last time that I was here."

So far, Amy hadn't seen Crystal. As soon as she walked into the room, though, she did. "Crystal!" she exclaimed. "What a coincidence. What are you doing here?"

Crystal: "I'm with my friend."

Amy: "Ah. That makes sense. The stylists here are good. By the way, how are you getting on with the written exam for the Assistant Host position?"

Crystal: "I don't know yet, but Miss Ford lent me some books to study."

"She gave you some books? Would she have the right books that you need? She's not a professional!" Amy had a contemptuous look on her face as she took a stack of materials from her LV bag and handed them to Crystal. She said, "One of my Cousins will also take part in the exam, so I printed this out for her today. Here are the materials for the exam for you to refer to."

Crystal refused to accept them, and she said, "No, thanks. Give them to your cousin. I'm sure I can do it myself."

Amy: "Don't worry, I can print off another copy."

"In that case," Crystal said, "I will take them. Thank you very much."

"It's not a problem," Amy replied. "I wish you the best of luck."

H.J.. was putting the finishing touches on Leslie's hair, and with a face as red as a beet, Crystal told her she looked gorgeous. The stylist stepped back so Leslie could see herself in the mirror and said, "Ta-da!"

Chapter 1626 - 144: Care To Make A Wager?

They chatted for a few minutes more, and then Leslie dragged Crystal back into the mall to find a birthday present for Nathan.

The couple wandered through boutiques and clothing stores, and people turned to check Leslie out wherever they went. With her new hairstyle, she really was as beautiful as Crystal had said she was.

As they searched for a gift for Nathan, Leslie bought many things for herself, and each time she brought an item to the cashier, she insisted that Crystal pay with Nathan's credit card. She had become such a high spender in no time at all that several store managers were following them around.

Crystal was unhappy with her friend's behavior, and she said, "Leslie, are you going to empty the whole mall?"

Leslie: "When I buy gifts for Nathan, I'm actually buying gifts for myself, and I use his money. Smart, right? What are you going to get him?"

Crystal shrugged and said, "I have no idea... Anyway, how are we going to get all of these purchases home?"

"You are so silly." Leslie laughed and said, "The mall will deliver them for us."

At the Beverly villa-Nathan and Arnold were playing chess, and they had been for a couple of hours already. They were pretty evenly matched in skill, so the games between them were rather intense, and quickly the time had gone by. They were just finishing up what they'd agreed would be their last game when Leslie and Crystal walked through the door.

Arnold was the first to see Leslie, and his eyes lit up when he saw what she'd done to her hair. He had never seen her looking so feminine, and he almost didn't recognize her.

Nathan chuckled and said, "Leslie, did you have a sex-change operation?"

Leslie smirked, showed him her middle finger, and told him to go fuck himself. Same old Leslie- thought Nathan. He went over and stopped Crystal in the doorway. He bowed his head, and then he kissed her. Damn it -she thought - He hasn't seen me for half a day, but he acts like it has been half a year! She pushed him away and looked to Arnold for help, but Arnold was preoccupied. Leslie had his full attention.

Suddenly, Nathan grabbed Crystal's chin, and he forced her to look at him. "You're such a bad kisser," he snapped, "After they leave, I'll punish you." Then he leaned forward to kiss her again. Instead of giving her the smooch that she was anticipating, though, when their skin was just about to touch, he opened his mouth, bit her lower lip, and drew blood.

Crystal squealed and jumped backward. The coppery taste of blood quickly overloaded her taste buds, and she brought her free hand to her face to touch her swollen lip.

Just then, Nathan noticed the papers in Crystal's other hand. "Are you going to take the written test for the Assistant Host position at the TV station?"

Crystal nodded and said that she was. When Nathan heard that, he offered to help her, but she said she didn't need any help. If she had wanted his help, she would have asked. Of course, she didn't say that quite so blatantly, but Nathan got the point. He knew that she liked to think of herself as an "Independent Woman."

Crystal was watching Leslie and Arnold from the corner of her eye. "Do you see what's going on over there?" she whispered. "Now that Leslie looks feminine, Arnold can't keep his eyes off of her. I wonder if he has a problem with women, though...."

Although she had her eye on Arnold and Leslie, she kept on letting her eyes stay to the bulge in Nathan's pants, and it was impossible for him not to notice.

Nathan smirked and said, "Why are you looking at me? I don't have that problem, and even if I did, you could fix it for me. Their problem has nothing to do with his sexual orientation. Even if she jumped on him, though, he would never accept her."

"Why not?" asked Crystal. "He has feelings for her, so why would he refuse her? It makes no sense. If she jumped on him, I think that he would accept her."

Nathan grinned and said, "Care to make a wager?"

Crystal: "I'm in. How about this: if I lose, I'll call you Daddy."

Nathan grimaced. "Why would I want you to call me Daddy?" he asked. "That's perverse!"

Crystal's face turned beet red. Up until now, Nathan hadn't known that she had Daddy Issues. In her excitement, though, she had accidentally let it slip. "Never mind," she muttered. "I was just kidding."

Nathan sighed and said, "Okay. Fine. How about this: if you lose, you'll wear an outfit of my choosing."

Crystal nodded. "And if you lose...?"

Nathan: "If I lose, I will lend you my most important thing, and it will be at your disposal what to do with, as you please."

When Crystal heard that, an image of his erect hard member appeared in her mind, and she felt like spitting in his face. He seemed to have no shame, and he never hesitated to talk dirty in front of her. "How dare you?" she hissed.

Nathan chuckled and said, "Hey! Get your head out of the gutter. I was talking about my strength!"

Crystal looked at him angrily. "If you lose," she said, "I'll record your striptease on my phone and post it online."

Nathan: "If you want to see me take my clothes off, all that you have to do is ask."

Crystal was flummoxed. How does he always get the better of me? - she wondered.

Leslie and Arnold were oblivious to Crystal and Nathan's conversation on the other side of the room. They were sitting on the sofa, but so far, they hadn't said much to each other. Then, finally, Leslie turned to Arnold and said, "Brother, I had my hair done today. Do you think I look pretty?"

Arnold's hand twitched. This was the first time she had called him "Brother" in years, but it didn't please him like he'd thought it would.

"Yes," he admitted. "You look pretty."

Leslie touched his leg and said, "If you have any regrets, it's not too late to... you know..."

"Regrets?" Arnold scoffed. "I have no regrets. You will, though, if you don't behave yourself on your date. And don't sit so close to me. We should keep an arm's length between us!"

Leslie sighed and stood up. She looked sadly down at Arnold. "You'll be sorry," she said. "One day, you'll realize that I was what you wanted all along, but it will be too late."

Leslie walked away, and Arnold showed no sign that anything she'd said had impacted him.

When Nathan saw that, he smirked. Then he "Booped!" Crystal on the nose and said, "You may as well admit defeat. It is obviously not going to happen between those two. Why don't we go up to my room? You can pay up now and get it out of the way."

Oh, fuck - thought Crystal - He got the better of me again...

Chapter 1627 - 145: He Loved He Very Much

By the time they got up to Nathan's bedroom, Crystal was practically shaking. She had no idea what he had planned for her, but she was pretty sure it would be indecent. Her thoughts run wild, and she's thinking of a way to escape from him.

As he closed the door, she took the initiative to open his wardrobe, but she didn't see anything out of the ordinary there.

"Here," Nathan handed her something. He was behind her, and when she turned around and she saw what he wanted her to wear, she began to panic.

"No," she gasped. "Not that. Please! Not that one! I can't wear that kind of dress,"

"Are you trying to go back on your word?"

Nathan asked as he pushed the white package into her arms. It was the "dress" that Serenity had given her for her birthday: a garment she had never worn and didn't know if she had ever intended to wear. She had almost forgotten about it. How on earth did he had it here?

"Don't be such a wisenheimer," she said.

"How did you get that, anyway? You had no right to go through my closet! How dare you touch my personal closet?" She suddenly sneered at him, and she was blushing.

Nathan approached Crystal, wrapped his arms around her, and grinned. "Are you going to get changed, or am I going to have to change you?" he asked.

Crystal's eyes began to fill with tears. There is no way out of this except through it - she realized. "I can dress by myself," she said coldly but a bit nervous. "Thanks, but no thanks." Without waiting for a response, she grabbed the package and ran into the bathroom.

Once Crystal had the door closed behind her, it occurred to her that there was a loophole to their agreement, and she began to grin. If she lost the bet, which she presumably had, she had said that she would wear whatever he wanted. She had never said that she would show herself to him while she was wearing the said garment. With that in mind, she began to change.

Outside, Nathan leaned against the bathroom door with an evil expression on his face. "Do you want me to help you?" he asked.

Then without waiting for an answer, he turned the doorknob and barged into the bathroom.

Crystal shrieked and covered her naked breasts with her hands. Unfortunately, she had forgotten to lock the door. She was mostly dressed, though, and all she had to do to complete the ensemble was pull the black straps over her shoulder. The dress was a black satin nightie. It was translucent in most places, and there were flowers hand sewn along the hems and on the lace trim. The nightgown stopped at her hips, and the shoulder straps were thin, so her neckline, shoulders, and arms were fully exposed.

Nathan went hard the instant that he saw her in it. His Adam's apple rolled, and he felt like a fire was burning inside of him. Crystal could see the flames in his eyes, and she knew that all of her connivings were for naught. Now that he had seen her in the lingerie, there would be no escaping his wicked plans. Thus, when he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her into his room, she knew better than to fight.

Crystal allowed her body to turn to putty in Nathan's hands, and she sent her mind away, disconnecting herself from whatever he was about to do to her. She was stunned, then, when he said, "Don't worry. I won't do anything to you. I'm not going to force myself on you. I'm not a beast,"

What is this new game?- wondered Crystal. Nathan led her back to his wardrobe, and he showed her a short, white, gauze dress. The shoulders were open, and there were layers of white yarn dangling from them. It was covered with diamonds and shone in the bedroom's light. "Initially, I wanted you to wear this," he said, "but then I remembered the lingerie, and I assumed you wanted to wear it for me."

"Then why didn't you say so!" Crystal shouted. She thought that he would dress her in something shameful, but she hadn't expected that he would turn her wardrobe against her. Now that this other dress was in front of her, she didn't know what to think. She could tell by the dress's design and quality that it had cost a fortune. He spent too much money on a single dress. She suddenly felt embarrassed.

"Never mind that," Nathan said. "It turned out that I wanted to see you in both dresses!" He held up the white dress. "Anyway, I had this made in France, and I want you to wear it to my birthday party. Is that all right?"

"It's too grand," Crystal complained. "I am too ugly to wear something like this. People will giggle behind my back and say that I am undeserving of such a garment."

"Let them talk," Nathan scoffed. You are beautiful in my eyes, and that is all that matters. Ignore those people who aren't important,"

When Crystal heard that, her heart began to beat faster, and she suddenly felt exhausted. "I'd like to go to bed," she said.

Once she was gone, Nathan took a bath, put on his grey silk pajamas, went into Crystal's room, and climbed into the bed behind her. Then he took her in his arms, stroked hair with one hand, and whispered into her ear: "Good night, my dear wife."

Crystal exhaled, found a comfortable position in his arms, and fell into a deep sleep. Nathan did not fall asleep right away, though. Instead, he held her in his arms like a little pet and thought about how perfectly their figures fit together. He loved her very much, and he wanted her to have the best of everything that life had to offer.. He will protect her for the rest of their life.

Chapter 1628 - 146: It's All Fake News

At the Davis mansion, Mr. Davis and Eric Bush sat across from each other in the old man's living room. Eric had just arrived, and he seemed genuinely happy to be there. It had been a while since they'd seen each other, and he asked, "How have you been feeling lately? You seemed so busy lately,"

Mr. Gate's smiled at him, "A bit better," Mr. Davis replied. "I received your gift, the premium Colombian coffee beans. Thank you."

Eric smiled and said, "That's just the beginning." He nodded to one of his bodyguards, and the man retrieved a blue brocade box for him and handed it to the old man.

Mr. Davis smiled as he tested the weight.

"What is it?" he asked.

Eric motioned his hand, "Open it and find out. Hopefully, you'll like it,"

As the box opened, the old man's face lit up. Inside the box, there was an antique coffee maker. "This thing is older than I am!" Mr. Davis exclaimed. "If I'm not mistaken, this is a Rancilio Silvia brand. Thank you."

Eric nodded and said, "You're welcome."

Mr. Davis studied the parts on the coffee machine carefully and marveled at its good condition. "They sure don't make them like this anymore," he said reverentially. "You must have gone to a lot of trouble for this. Am I wrong?"

Eric chuckled and said, "Never mind that. Besides, that is not the kind of question you are supposed to ask after having received a gift!"

The old man put down the coffee machine, put his hand on his stomach, and laughed. "I watched you grow up." He said. "And I have never seen you as happy as you are now. Are you in love? Tell me, who is the lucky woman?"

Eric: "Is it that obvious?"

"It is," the old man replied. "And the timing is perfect. If you hadn't found a girl soon, I would have started looking for one for you!"

Eric forced himself to smile. It was a touchy subject because even the old man was pleasant enough, he was dead serious. If Eric hadn't found someone soon, he would have eventually had the house packed with would-be future wife, and that would have been the last thing he needed. Eric chuckled, "Well then, I am glad I found someone," he said. "No offense, but I wouldn't have liked anyone you would have arranged for me. I wanted to choose my own woman, after all, this is my life,"

Mr. Davis was stunned hearing his words, "Oh? What kind of girl do you like? Is your girl better than the girls I know? The girls I know all come from royalty, or they are the descendants of aristocrats."

"That may be so," Eric admitted, "But no one can compare with the girl I've found." Of course, Crystal did not have the qualities that Mr. Davis looked for in a woman, but she was amazing in all the ways that mattered to him. And after getting to know Crystal, he knew that he could never love another woman. She's the one he wanted to be with.

Unfortunately, as of yet, she did not return his feelings. The last time he'd seen her, she had given him the cold shoulder.

Ultimately, though, that didn't matter. He would take her any way he could. All he wanted was to stay by her side and give her a lifetime of security.

Eric's words aroused Mr. Davis's interest.

"You were always such a player," he said. "I always wondered what kind of woman would have what it took to pry you away from those tramps you hung around."

Eric chuckled and said, "I've never been the player that people say I am. It's all fake news. Trust me!"

Mr. Davis: "Is this love of yours a good girl?"

Eric: "Of course, she is! Didn't I just tell you that she's the best?"

Mr. Davis: "Do you love her?"

Eric's face turned red, and he didn't say anything for a couple of minutes. The word 'Love' was almost foreign to him, but now that it had been brought up, he realized that he did love her. "I do love her," he whispered.

When Mr. Davis heard that, he sighed and said, "Now if only Nathan could find a good woman. Helen is a good girl too, but... Nathan is such a heartbreaker, and all he does is hurt her. When I think about it, it keeps me up at night."

Eric: "I am sure he will do the right thing. Give him time."

Mr. Davis: "You are probably right. Forget I said anything. I'm thrilled that you met someone you love. We should focus on that for now. There is no point in spoiling this happy moment with gloomy thoughts!"

Eric: "Will you support me unconditionally?"

Mr. Davis: "As long as you've known me, I always have, so why wouldn't I now? Is there something that you're not telling me?"

"There might be," Eric admitted. He hung his head and said, "What would you say if I told you that Weasley and I both had a crush on the same girl?"

Mr. Davis: "If that happened, I would tell Nathan to back off. After all, he should be with Helen. Is this the situation, though?"

"Not at all," Eric replied. "I'm just kidding." Eric was satisfied with the old man's reply, but the question had just been a test. If it came to a fight, he needed to know where Mr. Davis's loyalties lay.

The old man gave Eric a serious look and said, "After what happened with Helen, it is hard for me to support Nathan. I ordered him to wait for four years before he got married or fell in love. During that time, he was supposed to seek atonement through repentance and penitence. He never listens, though, does he? Now that time has passed, he will be brought to hell. You'll see."

Eric: "That's good. It's been four years.. I am sure that Helen will be grateful for what you did for her."

Chapter 1629 - 147: All Men Are The Same

Although Crystal was curled up in Nathan's arms, she slept restlessly. This was due to a recurring, ongoing dream that she was having, where she was being chased. She couldn't see who was behind her when she looked behind her, but she could hear their footsteps. It was dark in her dream, and she was barefoot. There were thorns and shards of broken glass on the floor, but she knew that she couldn't let her pain impede her flight. She was panting and sweating, and her feet were cut and scraped, but she kept running. It was so bad that she was exhausted when she woke up, and her limbs were sore.

As Crystal sat up, she was startled to discover that Nathan was no longer in bed with her. She sat up, and she was about to call his name, but then her phone rang. She picked it up from off her nightstand, checked the caller ID, and saw that it was Leslie. She accepted the call, brought her phone up to her ear, and said, "Hello?"

Leslie: "Crystal, I'll be there in about twenty minutes. Be ready."

Crystal: "Okay. I'll see you soon."

As soon as the call was over, Crystal got out of bed, and she began to get ready. She had a quick shower, brushed her teeth, straightened her hair, put on a smoke-gray dress, and applied makeup. Then, after checking herself out in the mirror, she went downstairs to wait for Leslie.

Much to her surprise, when she got downstairs, she saw that her friend had already arrived. And as soon as Leslie saw Crystal, she struck a model's pose. "What do you think?" she asked. Her wavy chestnut hair framed her face beautifully, and her white-rimmed sunglasses accentuated her cheekbones. She was wearing red high-heeled shoes and a matching leather handbag. Crystal thought she looked like a queen, and she said so.

"If you dressed like this all the time, you wouldn't need to go on Blind Dates," Crystal continued. "Men would be falling at your feet in the hopes of getting your attention."

Leslie sighed and said, "The only male attention that I want is Arnold's, and no matter how I dress, he won't give me the time of day..."

Crystal frowned. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to upset you. Let's forget about him for today and focus on having a good time. Can you do that?"

"I'll try," Leslie replied. "Why don't we get going? I've got the Maserati convertible waiting outside."

Crystal nodded, and when they got to the car, Leslie took a sexy Selfie beside it. Then she sent Arnold a text message. It said: "I'm sending you a Friend Request on WhatsApp. Accept it."

Arnold: "Hell, no!"

Leslie: "If you want to know how my Blind Date is going, you will accept my request. I'll send you pictures from my date once it is over."

Arnold: "Fine."

Leslie chuckled as she launched her WhatsApp. Once it was open, she posted a photo of her beside the red Maserati.

Once they were in the car, Leslie started the engine and set the radio to her favorite station. Then, as they pulled out of the driveway, she began to sing along to the song that was playing. It was "Betty," from Taylor Swift's new album, and she knew it by heart.

In no time at all, the wind was blowing through their hair. The music was loud, and both of the girls were in a good mood. That quickly changed, though, as two cars matched their speed, and men inside them began to utter rude comments at them through their open windows.

Leslie gave the men the middle finger, and Crystal tried to ignore them, but they were persistent. Eventually, Leslie turned to Crystal and said, "What do we do? I'm starting to feel afraid. What if they follow us to the hotel, where my Blind Date is waiting?"

Crystal scowled and said, "Let's change seats. I'll drive."

Leslie nodded, and she quickly found a place to pull over. But, unfortunately, the pursuers stopped a short distance ahead of them. As soon as Crystal was behind the wheel, though, she took off like a bat

out of Hell, and they were able to get away. Leslie was shocked by her driving skills, and as she clutched the door handle, she said so.

Crystal caught a glance of Leslie through the rearview mirror, and she couldn't help but smile. When She'd first met Leslie, she'd been wearing a chest wrap that deliberately hid her breasts. Now, though, her breasts were on proud display, and the outlines of her nipples were visible through her dress.

Leslie noticed Crystal's eyes on her, and she smiled.

Crystal's face turned red, and she quickly looked away.

Leslie chuckled and said, "I finally know why Nathan and Eric like you."

Crystal: "Why?"

Leslie: "You are a fascinating woman."

Crystal: "You are much more fascinating than I am, and you're reckless as Hell."

Leslie: "I'll take that compliment. Thank you."

The two girls smiled at each other. They had lost the catcallers, and their destination was in sight.

When they got to the hotel's door, Leslie Pinged their current address and sent it to Arnold. Crystal gave her a curious look, and she said, "Better safe than sorry."

Crystal nodded and sent Nathan an identical Ping. Then she double-checked Leslie's date's profile and said, "Not bad. "William Wright, right."

Leslie nodded but said nothing.

"It says he's twenty-eight," Crystal continued.

"And that he's the CEO of a listed company. He also studied abroad...".

Leslie: "So what? All men are the same.

They all want the same thing, and it's not our brains!"

"You're wrong," Crystal argued. "Not all men are dogs. Some are lions, and others are wolves. Surely, you know that!"

"I suppose you're right," Leslie admitted.

They had just reached the window, and they used William's Profile Picture to identify him. He was wearing a suit and tie.

"Is he an eagle?" Crystal asked. "It's hard to tell the difference between male and female."

Leslie grinning and said, "That's actually pretty funny." Then, with a smile on her face, she approached her Blind Date.

Unbeknownst to them, the hotel belonged to the Brilliant Group. Thus, Nathan had remote access to all of its security cameras. And at that very moment, he and Arnold were drinking wine and watching their every movement.

"This should be interesting," said Nathan.

Chapter 1630 - 148: Would You Like One Of These Men?

Leslie's beauty was undeniable. In fact, she was so beautiful that people almost suffocated because of her beauty. Her thick, long, wavy hair brought out her snow-white skin color, and she was wearing a white, hollow lace, form-fitting skirt.

From the control room, though, Crystal had Nathan's full attention.

Suddenly, Leslie looked straight into the camera. She pointed it out to Crystal, and she whispered into her ear. "Do you think someone is watching us?" she asked.

Crystal shrugged and said, "Maybe. But who cares?"

"You're probably right," Leslie smirked and walked over to William. She smiled and said, "Mr. Wright, I'm sorry for making you wait. I hope you don't mind that I brought my best friend, Crystal."

"That's fine," William replied. "And you can call me William."

Leslie nodded, and then she went around the table and sat down. Crystal followed her and sat down next to her.

Leslie had no interest in this man at all, but William was incredibly happy with what he saw, and the more he looked, the more satisfied he was. As they waited for the waiter to come, he talked about his ideal life, the family he hoped to one day have, and the type of education he wanted for his hypothetical children.

Leslie found this all incredibly dross, and when she couldn't stand it any longer, she interrupted him.

"Mr. Wright," she said, "you may see some incredible future for us, but I am not as I appear. I have to confess something to you."

William watched as Leslie turned and smiled at Crystal. Something about the look she gave her friend made him nervous, and he began to fidget with the cutlery while he waited for her confession.

"My family kindly asked me to go on this blind date," Leslie finally explained. "I try my best to cooperate with them, but I can't control my heart. I don't want to lie to myself or anyone else. My heart belongs to Crystal."

Crystal's mouth was full of water, and she almost sprayed it across the table when she heard that. She hadn't expected her friend to take the date seriously, but this was too much.

William was just as stunned as Crystal was. He didn't know what he was doing wrong. In his eyes, everything had been going great. He liked Leslie, and he'd even planned out their future together. Before he could say anything, though, Leslie stood up, took Crystal's hand, and left with her.

As the two girls neared the entrance, Leslie's phone rang. She checked the Caller ID, and when she saw that it was Arnold, she accepted the call. Then, instead of saying, "Hello," she said, "I take it you are watching us with the security cameras..."

"Don't give me any attitude," Arnold snapped. "Return to your date!"

Leslie: "No. Now that I have left, there is no reason to return. That man is a real snoozefest! Don't worry, though. You don't need to find a husband for me. I will find a man by myself, and I promise you that I can find a better one than you can."

"What do you want to do?" Arnold asked. He had a vague feeling that Leslie was going to make trouble.

"I want to look for a man," Leslie replied. "There are more men than women in this world. Are you worried that I can't find a man?"

Leslie hung up the phone without waiting for a reply. Then, as she put away her phone, she leaned into Crystal's ear. "Find some strong men for me," she whispered.

Did she ask me to find men for her? - Crystal wondered. Before she could properly process the request, though, Leslie pulled her into the hotel.

Crystal knew that this seven-star hotel was a comprehensive entertainment site. The lobby on the first floor was a restaurant. The second floor contained a guest room and a leisure place, and there was a Sunshine Bath on the top floor.

Crystal narrowed her eyes and asked Leslie, "Are you planning to go wild tonight to get back at Arnold for being so controlling?"

Leslie shrugged and said, "We're here, so we may as well have some fun. You aren't going to ditch me, are you?"

Crystal: "I'll stay, but I wouldn't be surprised if Arnold came to get us..."

Leslie: "He won't do anything to me."

Crystal and Leslie went up to the Sunshine Bath. They made themselves comfortable on the beach chairs, and before they knew it, Leslie had five or six admirers mooning over her. Many men hovered around Crystal, but she didn't give them the time of day, so they eventually moved on. Leslie, though, was a social butterfly.

After having a couple of drinks, Leslie put on a black one-piece bikini that accentuated her long legs, slender waist, and medium-sized breasts. With her arrogant posturing and seductive gestures, she was like a peacock. She walked proudly by the pool and lazily fiddled with her chestnut curls. Meanwhile, in the swimming pool, men and women of all ages stopped and stared.

Crystal was wearing a bathrobe, and she chuckled as she watched her friend. At this moment, she didn't want to do anything except watch Leslie prance around on deck. Thus, she didn't notice when Arnold stepped out of the elevator.

Before Arnold did anything, he stood in the shadows and assessed the situation. He saw Leslie prancing around in her bathing suit, and he scowled. There were six strange men following with towels, cakes, and drinks. She winked at a muscular man in a sports bikini, and when he ignored her and jumped into the water, everyone laughed.

Leslie smiled playfully. Then she walked to the diving board and dived into the water.

Leslie swam like a mermaid, and before long, several men followed her into the water.

Then, when she returned to her seat next to Crystal, they joined her on the deck.

Crystal gave Leslie a funny look and said, "So now what?"

Leslie laughed as she leaned back in her chair. She held her hand in the air, and one of the men put a wine cooler into it. Another man began to rub her shoulders. Then, after taking a sip of her drink, she said, "Isn't it obvious? These men can take me on blind dates. What do you think? Do you like my idea?"

Crystal shrugged noncommittally and said, "It's not bad. I guess..."

Leslie: "Would you like one of these men?"

Crystal: "Ummm....No, thanks."

Chapter 1631 - 149: I Must Decide On Your Marriage Partner

When Leslie's phone rang, she was not surprised that it was Arnold that was calling. She picked up on the third ring and said, "Can I help you?"

"Where are you?" Arnold roared.

Leslie: "I'm on a blind date. Aren't you pleased?"

Arnold: "You are on a blind date at a pool?"

Leslie: "Yup! And I have six potential suitors. Maybe you can help me decide which one to choose. There is the eldest son of Evergrande, the second master of JOINASIA, the young master of the Walmart Group, and three popular stars, all of whom are candidates for Best Actor at the Oscars. Which one do you think I should choose?"

Crystal couldn't help but be surprised by what Leslie had said. She didn't realize that her friend was familiar with all of these people, and she was blown away.

When Arnold saw the muscular men clinging to Leslie, though, he was not impressed. Instead, he saw the men's hands moving all over her body, and it made him want to hurt them. "This is bullshit!" he roared.

"Don't you just say that you want me to get married?" Leslie asked innocently. "Don't worry. I will pick out a good man for myself. Anyways, since you don't want me, you shouldn't care who I decide to be with, right?"

"I must decide on your marriage partner!" Arnold exclaimed.

Leslie: "Why? Don't you know that I can sleep with a man without you knowing?"

Arnold: "How dare you!"

Leslie: "Why not?"

Arnold ended the call without replying. Then he pressed his thumbs into his temples. He couldn't believe how disrespectful Leslie had been acting towards him lately. She had even tried to drug him!

Crystal watched Leslie put away her phone. Her friend was smiling, but the smile looked fake, and even with all of these men around her, she seemed lonely. Maybe I can cheer her up - she thought. She pulled her bathrobe open to reveal a peacock blue swimsuit. Then she jumped into the swimming pool.

The cold water shocked her system, but her body quickly got used to it, and she began to swim through the water like a mermaid. It had been a long time since she'd been to the pool, and she allowed her mind to clear as she swam around.

Crystal was just about to come up for air when someone grabbed her ankle and began to pull her to the bottom of the pool. She started to panic, and whatever air she'd been holding in her lungs, began to bubble out of her mouth and nose. Her first thought was that she was being attacked by one of the men who had kidnapped her or by the woman that had arranged for her to be egged, and she began to kick with her free foot frantically.

She didn't know if anyone had seen her go under, so she didn't think anyone would save her. She waved her hands desperately, but it was useless. Then, just as she was about to give up, her foot was released. Someone put their arm around her waist and swam up to the surface with her. They hauled her onto the deck and began to give her air by Artificial Respiration.

Whoever it was, Crystal could tell that they didn't want her to die. As the air was forced into her lungs, she felt her body's temperature gradually increase. A moment later, her head turned, and she vomited up what seemed like gallons of water. After that, she began to cough. Someone put her into a sitting position and rubbed her back, and once the coughing fit had passed, she started to breathe normally again.

When she opened her eyes, though, her vision was blurry. Thus, she was caught off guard when someone pressed their mouth to hers and began to kiss her. At first, it was just a peck, but it quickly became more passionate as the stranger forced his tongue into her mouth.

Crystal blinked her eyes repeatedly, and her vision slowly returned. Unfortunately, the man's face was so close to her that she couldn't identify him. His eyelashes seemed familiar, though, as did his unique mint perfume.

The man continued to kiss Crystal for a long time, and at first, it didn't occur to her to resist him. She was too exhausted to think straight, and she was happy to be alive. However, it eventually occurred to her that everyone must be watching them, and she began to feel embarrassed.

Crystal turned her head to the side to break the kiss, but then she felt his lips on her ear. She thought he was going to start nibbling on her earlobes, and her cheeks went red. He didn't nibble on her earlobes, though. He whispered something, but it was very quiet, and she only caught one word: "...clear..."

Crystal recognized the voice immediately. It belonged to Nathan! She pressed her hands against his sturdy chest, and she thanked the Gods that he'd been there. Of course, she didn't know why he was there, but she didn't care. 'But what did he mean by 'Clear?'- she wondered.

Crystal was shocked when, suddenly, Nathan began to grind his flaccid manhood against her. She gasped as she realized what Nathan had meant when he whispered into her ear, and she said, "No!"

Nathan glared at her. "Why not? Hmm? I just saved your life! So you should be eager to have sex with me here?"

Crystal looked at Nathan doubtfully.

"Please... I am grateful, but don't ask all of these people to clear out. Okay? We can have sex somewhere else if that's what you want..."

Nathan: "Arnold is here too, and things are about to get loud. Of course, if you are feeling shy, I can tell Arnold and Leslie to leave with everyone else..."

"No way!" Crystal exclaimed. She couldn't believe that Nathan would want to have sex on the deck of a public pool. She lowered her voice and said, "You're not even hard, anyway..."

Nathan chuckled and said, "Sweetie, you know that it will get hard once you touch it!"

Suddenly, Crystal realized that the pool area was emptying out and that Nathan's bodyguards were escorting them into the elevators. She glared at him, and her light fists pounded on his chest. "You already gave them the orders!" she snarled. "Didn't you?!?"

Nathan shrugged and said, "What is done is done, so we may as well take advantage of this

Chapter 1632 - 150: What A Rascal

Finally, Arnold made his presence known. He stepped out of the shadows, and two rows of bodyguards followed behind him. Leslie was lying on the deck chair at the time, and when she saw him, she began to tremble. He looked angrier than she had ever seen him.

A dozen would-be suitors were hovering around Leslie in their speedos, and when they saw Arnold approach, masks of fear appeared on their faces.

Arnold glared at Leslie. "What's all this about?" He snarled. "Who are these people?"

"I told you." Leslie shrugged and said, "They are my suitors. May the best man win."

When the men heard this, they looked at Arnold. They were used to getting what they wanted, and they weren't accustomed to backing down. Thus, in a situation like this, they didn't know what to do.

"Don't be frightened by his appearance," Leslie said. "He's not as tough as he looks." She waved her hand at them. "Go on. You guys have got this. I have faith in you."

Leslie's confidence in them empowered several of the men, and as they stepped forward, she offered a prayer to the Gods on their behalf. She didn't actually care about their well-being. However, she knew that Arnold would spank her or force her to write a review if they were defeated.

A strong man stepped in front of the others. He had massive muscles on his body, and his skin was bronze. He looked like a gladiator, but he was no match for his adversary. Arnold pursed his lips, put his hands in his pockets, and kicked the man into the pool.

Arnold had been training for a long time, and he was confident that, even if a dozen men rushed him at the same time, they couldn't hurt him.

Leslie was shocked. She didn't think that one individual could defeat Arnold, but she hadn't realized how casually he could beat them. "You pussy!" she roared. "Attack him together!"

The men looked at her, she pointed at Arnold, and then they all ran towards him. When Arnold's bodyguards saw this, they moved it to protect their boss, but he stopped them with a word.

In a matter of seconds, the men were on him, and it looked like he had no chance. When Leslie saw this, she took a sip of her drink and smiled.

In the swimming pool, the strong man who had fallen into the water splashed about, and Nathan held Crystal in his arms to protect her from the commotion. "Has Leslie always been so rebellious?" she asked. "Why is she acting this way?"

"I don't know," Nathan admitted. "I guess it's because Arnold spoiled her too much..."

Crystal sighed and said, "To be honest, I envy her a lot. It must be nice not to have consequences for your actions...."

Nathan: "What do you mean?"

Crystal pointed to the commotion and said, "Look at that. It's ridiculous. Arnold is always cleaning up her messes." By this time, Arnold had won the fight. The men were all on the ground, and he was viciously kicking them. Nearby, Leslie was clapping and cheering, and she had an evil shark-like Cheshire grin on her face. "Arnold!" she exclaimed. "You have beaten them all, but now who will I pick to go on a blind date with me?"

Arnold looked at the men scornfully and said, "These aren't the type of men you're into, are they?"

Leslie laughed and said, "Of course not! They are too weak!"

Arnold: "You are wearing me thin, woman. Do you know that? And my tolerance is limited. If you want to find a husband by yourself, I won't stop you. Go ahead and find that man. I will give you a week to do that and bring him to me. If you don't, then don't blame me for taking over the search."

Leslie: "A week? Fine. I will show you a man to your satisfaction."

Leslie stood up and threw her bath towel on the ground. When Arnold saw what she was wearing, he scowled. Her black swimsuit barely covered her exquisite figure, and her fair skin shone under the sun. She pushed out her breasts seductively and grinned.

Suddenly, Arnold realized that the other men were staring at her. "Turn around!" he snarled.

Crystal looked at Nathan, and it made her happy to see that his eyes hadn't once strayed to Leslie's half-naked body. That being said, his gaze made her feel self-conscious. "Is there anything on my face?" she asked uncomfortably.

Nathan laughed at that. He "Boop'd" her nose and said, "You are too adorable. I could eat you up!"

Crystal smiled. They had been sitting by the edge of the pool, with their feet in the water. "Should we go inside now?" she asked. After soaking in the water for so long, the skin on her feet was wrinkled.

"Nah!" he said. "Let's swim a little more." Without waiting for her to reply, he pushed her into the water and jumped in after her. Crystal began to wave her arms frantically, and just as she found parches in the water, Nathan dived down, grabbed her ankle, and began to pull her towards the bottom of the pool.

Crystal couldn't believe it.

HeHe, must have been the one that almost drowned me! - she realized - What a rascal! This time, though, she was able to keep her head above the water. She thought about calling for help, but she saw a stand-off between Leslie and Arnold, and she wanted to see how it would play out.

Arnold was one point seven meters tall and muscular. Meanwhile, Leslie was short, and even though she was strong for a woman, she was weaker than most men. He glared at her, and it looked like he was going to start shouting, but then she touched his cheek, and he froze. Then she stood on her tiptoes and pressed her lips against his, and his face turned beet red.

Arnold's back stiffened, and it looked like lightning had hit him. He seemed very uncomfortable, but he gave no sign that he was going to pull away.. Then, suddenly, Leslie's pink tongue slipped out of her mouth, and she began to lick his lips.