

Midnight III 151

Chapter 1633 - 151: Hold On

Leslie's tongue was like a beautiful snake, and she used it to entice Arnold. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not get him to open his mouth or return her kiss. He was like a marble statue, hard and cold.

Meanwhile, no one even noticed that Crystal was in the water or that she was struggling for her life. Nathan had a firm grip on her ankle, and he was trying to drag her down to the bottom of the pool. He had done it once, and he obviously thought it was a game, but there was no guarantee that she could survive a second round. Unfortunately for her, everyone was oblivious to her struggles.

Leslie was angry and annoyed, and when Arnold continued to ignore her sexual advances, she bit into his lower lip. The bitter, coppery taste of blood flooded her senses, and she smiled. Then, she put her hands around Arnold's neck, leaned in closer to him, and whispered into his ear: "Arnold, I am yours for the taking, but I won't wait for you forever."

Arnold's eyes shuddered for a second. He wanted to wrap his arms around her waist, and he longed to cup her firm buttocks in the palm of his hands, but he was hesitant. So, in the end, instead of doing what he wanted to do, he forced his hands into tight fists. As he did this, his ire began to rise.

Leslie frowned when she saw Arnold's expression change. She loosened her hands, took two steps back, and took a deep look into his eyes. Finally, she turned around, bent over, and reached for her bath towel. She knew now that no matter what she did, she would never win Arnold's affection, and when the realization hit her, her heart broke.

Crystal suddenly realized that what she was doing would not save her. She needed to change her tactic, and she knew exactly what to do. She stopped struggling and allowed herself to be dragged down, and she maneuvered her body so that she could reach his hands. She tried to pry his fingers off of her ankle, and when that didn't work, she dug her nails into his wrists.

Nathan's eyes bulged as the pain hit him, and little air pockets escaped from his nose and mouth. Then, when Crystal pulled her leg away, she was able to break his hold. She swam quickly to the surface and to the safety of the pool's edge, and Nathan emerged seconds after she did. Unfortunately for her, he was closer to the edge than she was, and he blocked her way.

Crystal began to tread water while she waited to see what Nathan's next move would be.

Suddenly, Nathan grabbed the edge of the pool and kicked it off so that he could rush at her with his back to her. Instead, he was on his back, and when he reached her, he pulled her on top of his body. This sudden attack did not feel unpleasant, though, and as long as his arms were occupied with the task of keeping them afloat, Crystal felt safe.

Now that Crystal had a second to catch her breath, she looked for Leslie, and she was dismayed to discover that she and Arnold had disappeared, and they'd taken their entourage with them. So we are

alone -she suddenly realized, and then she remembered how Nathan had tried to have sex with her on the deck. She was still determined not to go through with it, which meant that she needed to get away from him as quickly as possible. Crystal threw herself off of Nathan's abdomen, swam towards the edge of the pool, got out, and ran towards the women's change room.

"Hold on!" shouted Nathan. But his pleas fell on deaf ears.

At school - The next day, when Crystal walked into her first class, she saw that Serenity had saved a seat for her. She went over, and when she said, "Hello!" she was shocked by her friend's open hostility towards her.

"What the fuck have you been up to?" Serenity demanded.

"I beg your pardon?" Crystal said. She had no idea why her friend was upset with her.

"You missed school again yesterday!" Serenity replied. "You must be on the teachers' blacklist by now! I took notes for you, but they won't do you any good if you get kicked out of school."

Serenity offered Crystal a handful of papers, and she accepted them gratefully. Her cheeks were red. She knew that Serenity was right. "I'm so sorry," she muttered. "I'll t-try to do better. Anyway, thanks for the notes..."

"What were you doing, anyway?" Serenity asked. "I called you, but you didn't answer your phone. What's with all the secrets? Did you cheat on Professor Davis?"

Crystal just rolled her eyes and said, "If I want to cheat on the professor, I don't need to be secretive about it. I am a strong independent woman!" As she said this, she took out the documents related to the Assistant position they were both applying for. "Anyway," she continued. "Take this."

Serenity accepted the papers and looked them over. "What's this?" she asked. "Are these the answers to the TV station's written test?"

Crystal: "Yes... and no..."

Serenity frowned. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"These are questions and answers from previous exams," Crystal explained. "They won't let you cheat, but they are a great study tool."

"Oh, Jesus!" Serenity exclaimed. "You are the best! I heard that tens of thousands of people will take the written test and that at least thirty percent are expected to fail. These old tests will be very helpful." She began to review the tests quietly, and then a thought occurred to her. She looked up from the papers and said, "Crystal, did Professor Davis give you these documents?"

Crystal laughed and said, "No, way! I got them from Amy."

Serenity's eyebrows rose. "Amy? The new star at the TV station?"

Crystal: "Yeah! Who else?!?"

Serenity put down the documents, and in a mysterious tone of voice, she said, "I heard that her cousin will also be taking the exam and that she is the most likely candidate for the position. I hope that's not the case, though. If it is, why would they even bother with an open competition...?"

Crystal: "I don't know anything about that. All we can do is our best and cross our fingers that the competition isn't rigged. Let's focus on the written test.. Then, if we pass, there will be several interviews, so we need to spend as much time as we can preparing."

Chapter 1634 - 152: Her Curiosity About The Cufflinks

"Will you be at school for the rest of the day?" Serenity asked. "The school has invited the National Championship Fencing Team to give us a special demonstration and teach us a few moves. It will be a valuable opportunity, and I wouldn't miss it if I were you!"

Crystal poked her head with her index finger and said, "You seem to be quite dissatisfied with my absence from school lately. Don't worry. I won't skip any classes today, especially if the National Championship Fencing Team is here!"

After the first class ended, they went to the dressing room. Crystal put on her fencing clothes: a white suit with white shoes and a black and white protective mask. The outfit not only showed off her figure but also made her look elegant and handsome.

Crystal tied up her hair, helped Serenity buckle up her suit, and then the girls picked up their swords and entered the gymnasium.

Fencing is an elegant sport, and the students were inevitably looking forward to this class. In the gymnasium, the students arranged themselves in two rows according to height. Men and women faced each other, and they were separated by a road that ran between them.

Because the teacher had not arrived yet, many students gossiped in low voices while they waited. Finally, a female student named April said, "I heard that the fencing teacher is the National Championship Fencing Team leader and that he has won ten consecutive matches."

One of her peers, a boy named Archie, turned to her and said, "Really? Is the teacher a boy or a girl?"

"He is a man," the girl replied. "If it is who I think it is, he is quite handsome. Unfortunately, he is a little old, though. I watched one of his matches on YouTube. He is good at the Epee Attack, and he can hit the opponent's key points quickly and accurately every time."

Archie: "Is the Epee Attack that effective?"

April: "Totally. If done properly, it can open up all of an opponent's weaknesses."

Archie: "If that's the case, when we go against him, won't we die?"

April: "Don't worry. If that happens, you will be honored. Not everyone will have a chance to face off against him, though."

As time passed, the whispering voices grew louder and louder. Then, after about ten minutes had passed, a group of people walked into the gymnasium. In front of the group was Johnny Angel, the school counselor. A man in a white shirt and dark casual pants walked beside him. From a distance, the man looked strong and slender. His hair was slightly curled, and although his face couldn't be seen clearly, he looked like he was about forty years old.

Judging from his temperament, Crystal assumed that he would be their teacher. As the group approached, though, the man's facial features became clearer and clearer, and she noticed that he was not nearly as handsome as April had said that he was. He had a very masculine face, but there were deep laugh lines at the corners of his eyes.

The group made their way to the front of the gymnasium, and Johnny Angel held his hand in the air. This was the agreed-upon gesture that staff used when they wanted students to be silent, and before long, they were.

Johnny Angel: "Hi, everyone. Today we are honored to have Professor Warren Kim with us. He is the leader of The National Championship Fencing Team. Professor Warren Kim will teach you today. Let's give him a warm welcome."

Warren smiled and nodded as the students cheered and clapped.

Johnny Angel raised his hand again, and once everyone had stopped cheering, he continued: "We all appreciate Professor Kim taking the time out of his busy schedule to spend time teaching us. He was running behind, though, and he didn't have time to change into his fencing outfit. So, let's give him some time to get suited up."

The students began to chat again as the instructor made his way towards the men's change room, but Crystal's eyes never left the man. There was something about his cufflinks that had attracted her attention. They were made of amber, and they were inlaid with small black spiders, but the reason they had caught her interest was that they were identical to the ones that Tiffany had given her.

Tiffany had said that the cufflinks were very rare and that only ten had been made. When she'd shown them to Nathan, he'd said that they had probably belonged to her mother, but that hadn't made sense to her. After all, why would her mother have men's cufflinks?

Crystal felt like her heart had been struck by lightning, and her mind was no longer on fencing. What could this mean? - she wondered.

It wasn't long before Warren returned in his fencing outfit. He had his sword in hand, and once he had everyone's attention, he began to show off some of his moves. Of course, he was only warming up, but already he had some of the students shaking in their boots.

After the brief demonstration, he faced the students and said, "I will teach you a few simple moves, and then I will pick someone to go against me. After that, you will be free to face off against each other."

Serenity leaned over and whispered into Crystal's ear: "Do we need to fight against each other? Isn't there only one outcome? Someone has to lose, and I don't want it to be me!"

Crystal knew what Serenity was joking about, and she gently nudged her. "Come on," she said. "Be serious. Who knows? Maybe you will be lucky!"

Serenity: "Can I refuse to fight?"

Crystal: "Probably not. Anyway, pay attention to the teacher. If you don't pay attention, you will definitely lose!"

Serenity nodded and faced forward to watch as Warren explained, in detail, the different fencing techniques, stances, and maneuvers. Then he asked who wanted to fight him. Of course, nobody did, so Johnny Angel suggested they choose one randomly from among the boys. However, the boys all stepped back, and they refused to look him in the eyes.

The counselor was speechless. He couldn't believe that they were all such cowards, and as the school counselor, he was embarrassed.

Suddenly, Crystal stepped forward, and everyone turned to stare at her.. "I'll do it," she said.

Chapter 1635 - 153: My Question Is Personal

Serenity was shocked. She grabbed Crystal's sleeve and said, "Hey, are you crazy? Do you want to get your ass handed to you?!?"

Crystal laughed and said, "Lady, I am wearing protective clothing, okay?"

Johnny Angel, the school counselor, began to clap his hands to encourage her, and pretty soon, everyone else was cheering her on. "She looks just like Mulan!" Archie shouted, and someone else called out, "You go, girl!"

Crystal drew her sword indifferently and walked towards the fencing master. They crossed swords, and the match began. Warren struck first, and as his sword swung at her, he said, "Be warned, my sword does not distinguish between men and women or young and old."

Crystal smiled as she blocked his attack. "Be warned," she said, "My sword doesn't distinguish between teachers and students."

The students laughed at Crystal's witty retort, and Warren laughed right along with them. Then he said, "It's kind of interesting. The reason why I won the championship ten times in a row is that I am so serious. If you regret volunteering, you can surrender at any time."

Crystal nodded, posed, and said, "If I win, can I ask you a question?"

Warren: "You can ask me a professional question at any time, regardless of if you win or lose."

Crystal smiled and said, "My question is personal."

When Warren heard that, he paused for a moment, and then he laughed out loud. "Fine," he said. "If you win, you can ask me a personal question. You won't win, though, so don't get your hopes up."

After a series of offensive attacks, transfer counterattacks, and cross counterattacks, it was clear that Warren had the upper hand. Crystal backed off, dodged her opponent's sword, and moved to the opposite line. Then she returned to the defense line and counterattacked.

Warren remained on the offensive, and after three consecutive strikes, he did not retract his arm. Instead, he moved in for a fourth attack. He grinned as he pushed Crystal back to her last line of defense, which was behind her.

Crystal stumbled backward, and Warren's sword struck her in the shoulder, and due to the force behind Warren's attack, it went through her protective gear. This hardly ever happened, but it was always possible. After all, the gear was puncture-resistant. It was not puncture-proof.

People were horrified, and Crystal was stunned. Even Serenity was shocked. When she saw the blood begin to ooze out of her friend's shoulder, though, she was able to jump into action, and she ran over to Crystal to see if she was alright.

Crystal touched the blood, and she was surprised to discover that she didn't feel any pain. When she looked up, she found Nathan hovering over her with his hand stretched out to offer her a hand up.

Crystal: "Professor Davis?"

Johnny Angel pointed to one of the students and said, "Go and find one of the school's doctors."

Crystal touched her shoulder again. It still didn't hurt. She turned to Nathan to ask why it didn't hurt, but when she saw that his shoulder was bleeding, she knew right away what had happened. He had stepped in between her and Warren's blade, and the blood on her shoulder was his. It had dripped onto her shoulder while he'd been standing over her.

Crystal gasped. "Are you okay?" she asked.

Even Warren was looking at him with a concerned look on his face.

Nathan glared at the instructor. He couldn't believe that this man had almost stabbed his woman, and he felt like kicking his ass right there and then. "I'm fine," he replied. "It just needs a simple treatment."

Crystal wanted to hug Nathan, but she knew it was not convenient to show any signs of affection in public. So, she just nodded indifferently and said, "That's good. And by the way, thanks for saving me."

Warren wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand and said, "Well, that is a relief."

"It is," Crystal agreed. "Now, how about we finish our match?"

When Nathan heard that, his heart sank. He couldn't stand the thought of Crystal getting hurt, so he said, "This is not a fair fight. I will stand in for her."

Warren frowned and said, "But you are hurt..."

"I'm fine," Nathan argued. "Just give me a few minutes to change into my gear."

Without waiting for a reply, Nathan walked off in the direction of the boy's change room, and when he returned, he was ready to fight.

Nathan waved his sword in the air, made a few practiced moves to warm up, and then he pointed it at the fencing master. He chuckled and said, "Come at me, bro."

Warren scowled. He had won the world championship ten years in a row, and he did not appreciate Nathan's disrespect. Nathan was an amateur, but he was acting like he was King of The Hill. Warren couldn't wait to knock him off of his pedestal.

Warren stepped forward, made an advanced and complicated attack, but Nathan blocked them and executed his own graceful counterattacks.

Nathan did not stop. He attacked, and then he attacked again, forcing Warren into a position where all he could do was defend himself. After a few minutes of this, Nathan finally found his opening and thrust his sword into his opponent's arm.

Warren swayed, and his sword fell out of his hand.

Johnny Angel shouted, "Bravo!" and everyone began to clap and cheer.

Johnny Angel lifted Nathan's arm and shouted, "We have a winner: Professor Nathan Davis!"

Nathan smirked at Warren and said, "Some champion you turned out to be. Maybe instead of teaching a fencing class, you should be taking one!"

Warren was angry and offended by Nathan's words, but he was speechless. All he could do was hang his head and walk away.

Crystal watched in dismay as Warren began to walk toward the exit. She still hadn't asked him her question! Crystal knew what she had to do, though. She ran after him, shouting his name.

Warren turned around angrily. "What do you want?" he shouted.

"You promised to answer my question," she replied.

Warren: "You are very interested in me, aren't you?"

Crystal quickly shook her head and said, "No, I am not. I am interested in one of your possessions."

Warren raised one eyebrow. He had no idea what she was talking about, and he said so.

Crystal: "I want to ask you about your cufflinks."

Before Crystal could finish her question, he interrupted her. "If you had won, I would have answered your question," he said. "But you lost, so fuck off and leave me alone." Having said that, he turned around and walked away.

Crystal was shocked.. She hadn't expected to be treated so rudely.

Chapter 1636 - 154: I Can Be Your Driver

In their rush to leave the gymnasium, the rest of the student body quickly caught up to Crystal. Serenity was the first one to reach her, and when she saw that Crystal was upset, she hugged her and said, "Don't look so gloomy. If Professor Davis is forced to hug you, then everyone will know your relationship status. Is that what you want?"

Crystal rolled her eyes and ignored her friend. Then she turned to Nathan and said, "Are you okay?"

Nathan lowered his voice and said, "Call me, 'Honey.' I think that would make me feel better."

Crystal: "When we get home, I will make it up to you."

Serenity giggled when she heard that, and she leaned into Crystal's ear and whispered: "Are you going to make love to him?"

Crystal's face turned red, and she said, "What are you talking about?"

Serenity winked and said, "Don't play dumb with me, Chicky-Poo. I can read you like a friggin' book, so I know that you know exactly what I'm talking about."

Crystal blushed and said, "Screw you!"

After school, Serenity still went to work, and Crystal waited outside the school for a taxi, taking her to the supermarket. Nathan had said that he wanted to pick her up, but he was injured, so she didn't want to let him drive her, and she didn't want a ride from any of his drivers either. It was peak hours, though, and after waiting for a half-hour, she gave up on the taxi and started walking to the store.

Unfortunately, she was wearing high-heeled shoes, and before long, her feet hurt a lot. Then, when she was about halfway to her destination, she sprained her ankle. In dismay, she looked around for a taxi, but there were none available.

Crystal sighed as she sat down on a nearby park bench, and when she took out her cell phone, she saw a text message from Leslie. It said, "Crystal, let's grab a drink tonight?" Crystal considered inviting Leslie to have dinner at her home, but she thought better of it after some consideration. Leslie was such a troublemaker, and there was only so much of the girl she could handle in a short period of time. Finally, she replied: "No, maybe another time. I've got something to do tonight."

Crystal put her mobile phone back in her bag and looked around. There was a subway station nearby, so she slowly limped along in that direction. She had almost reached the stairs that led down to the station when a car pulled up beside her. It slowed to a stop a meter ahead of her, and its driver honked the horn. She turned her head, and when she saw that it was a taxi, her eyes lit up.

This seems to be my lucky day! - thought Crystal. She quickly climbed into the car's back seat, greeted the back of the driver's head, and asked him to take her to Safeway. As the car merged into traffic, she wondered - Should I call Nathan and ask him what he wants for dinner? After a moment of hesitation, she decided that she should, so she pulled out her handy phone and dialed his number from memory.

The phone rang in her ear, but another phone also rang in the front seat. What a coincidence - Crystal thought - Just as I called Nathan, someone else called the driver...

Crystal ended the call, and when the driver's phone stopped ringing, she looked up at the back of the driver's head in confusion. Suddenly, she realized that she had recognized the driver's hairstyle. She gasped and thought - It couldn't be... Could it...? She looked into the rearview mirror, and when she saw Nathan's familiar face reflected back at her, she covered her mouth with her hands in astonishment, and her eyes widened incredulously.

Nathan winked at her and said, "Pretty lady, where did you say you were going?" His low magnetic voice sounded as comfortable and intoxicating as a spring breeze, and his well-defined facial lines, commanding bushy eyebrows, and deep, alluring eyes were as familiar to her as the nose on her face.

Nathan smiled and repeated the question, but instead of answering it, Crystal said, "I don't understand... What are you doing here?"

Nathan laughed and said, "You refused a ride from me or my drivers, but you said that you were willing to take a taxi. So, I did the only reasonable thing I could do and bought a taxi. What do you think? Do you like it? It's a Honda Civic." His face glowed as he talked about what he had done, and Crystal thought he looked like a proud Father.

Nathan's facial expression amused Crystal. His custom-made clothes were worth millions of dollars, and there wasn't a single thing that he wore that wasn't more valuable than the taxi.

Nathan grinned. "If you're impressed," he said, "you can just tell me."

Crystal frowned and said, "I'll never understand rich people."

"Is that all that you have to say?" Nathan asked. He seemed to be dissatisfied with her answer.

"I don't know what you want me to say," Crystal replied. When she glanced at him, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was like a primary student, asking the teacher for a golden star to reward good performance.

When Nathan heard this, he looked like his heart had been broken. "I'm sorry," he whined.

"I put a lot of thought into this gesture, and I thought that you would appreciate it..."

"Fine," Crystal said. She felt bad about hurting his feelings. "I do appreciate the gesture, but I am confused. Now you are stuck being a taxi driver. Is that a career you want? You can't refuse to carry any passenger."

Nathan: "Why not? The whole rental company is mine. I can do what I want. I just bought it!"

Crystal was speechless. She looked out the back window and saw that they were being followed by several limited-edition luxury cars.

"Are they all yours?" she asked.

"They are," Nathan replied. "But never mind that. Have you got a sprained ankle? Is it serious?"

"I'm fine," Crystal replied. "It's my own fault for wearing these shoes to school, and the injury is nothing compared to what happened to your shoulder."

Nathan: "Don't worry about my shoulder. I need to ask you something: Why don't you ever listen to me? I told you that it's not safe to take a taxi, didn't I?"

Crystal smirked and said, "Which is why I'd intended to take the subway."

"Cut the crap!" Nathan snarled.

Chapter 1637 - 155: How Deep Is The Wound?

Nathan glared at Crystal through the rearview mirror and said, "From now on, if you need to go somewhere, I will drive you. You will not walk, take a taxi, or ride the bus. Do you understand me?"

Crystal gave Nathan an incredulous look. "How will you hold up your end of the deal?" she asked. "You are a busy man. You can't just drop everything and be available to be my driver 24/7!"

Nathan grunted noncommittally and didn't say anything. When they arrived at the supermarket, when Crystal got out of the car, he followed her. "Hold on!" he shouted. "Do you think you can leave without paying your fare?"

Crystal was stunned. She had not expected him to ask for a payment for the ride. "How much do I owe you?" she asked.

Nathan grinned and puckered his lips.

"The price is not high," he said. "All that I ask is for a kiss."

Crystal looked around her, and she suddenly realized that Nathan's newly acquired fleet of cars had formed a circle around her and him. Outside of the ring, shoppers had gathered to witness the spectacle. "People are watching..." she whined.

Without warning, Nathan dragged her into his arms and forced her to kiss him. Once the kiss was over, Crystal pushed him away. "You...you...cad!"

Nathan shrugged and said, "Fare's fair." Then he grabbed her again and planted a second kiss on her lips, and this one was ten times more passionate than the first.

As he kissed her, she felt her mind go hazy, and her vision blurred. Without thinking, Crystal circled her arms around Nathan's neck, and they kissed until they were both breathless. Finally, they parted, and Nathan went inside with her to buy groceries.

When they got back home, the first thing Crystal did was gather the things she would need to clean Nathan's wound. She filled a tub with warm water, grabbed the First Aid Kit, and headed into the living room.

Meanwhile, Nathan had made himself comfortable on the couch, and he was playing on his Smartphone. When Crystal came into the room, he looked up, and when he saw what was in her arms, he frowned. "Leave those things on the coffee table," he said. "I'll do it myself."

Crystal: "Don't be silly. You can't do it by yourself."

"Then I'll have Vic do it," Nathan said. He called Vic's name, and the man materialized as if from thin air. "Come and dress my wound," he ordered.

Crystal's facial expression changed subtly. Admittedly, she had little experience dressing wounds, but she had seen enough of Grey's Anatomy to know how to do such a simple procedure. Why doesn't he trust me? - she wondered.

When Vic saw the troubled expression on her face, he said, "Don't take it personally. The young master is just afraid that the sight of the wound will make you woozy."

Crystal was stunned. How deep is the wound? - she wondered. The realization that he had been hurt much worse than he'd let on nearly broke her heart. "Rest assured," she said, "that I am not timid."

As she spoke, she reached out to unbutton his shirt so that she could see the wound. There was some gauze on it, but the blood had soaked through it, clotted, and the crusty surface was brown, green, and yellow.

The first thing Crystal did was soak the gauze with the warm water. Then she cut around the wound with the surgical scissors from the First Aid Kit and gently pulled it away from his tender flesh. She had not realized how severe the damage actually was, and even though it didn't make her woozy, she couldn't help but gasp.

When Nathan saw the expression on her face change, he sighed and said, "Why don't you just let Vic do it."

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "I can handle it!"

What a stubborn woman! -thought Nathan.

"You shouldn't have come between me and the sword," Crystal said. "I was wearing protective clothing, so the sword wouldn't have hurt me."

Nathan: "If I can't protect you, then I'm not qualified to be with you."

Crystal laughed as she washed out the wound. "Men are so silly," she said as she pulled away the rest of the gauze. "Everything is about being macho to you guys, but most girls don't even care about stuff like that..."

Crystal had stray hair hanging in front of her face, and Nathan tucked it behind her ear. He knew she was right, but he wouldn't give her the satisfaction of admitting that he'd been wrong.

Without warning him, Crystal applied Hydrogen Peroxide to the wound, and he flinched.

"You okay?" Crystal asked.

Nathan nodded but said nothing.

"The worst is over." Crystal reassured him as she applied Polysporin to the wound, and then she said, "That will help with the infection. Now all that's left is to wrap the wound."

"Do you know anything about aftercare?"

Nathan asked Vic.

Vic nodded and said, "The wound cannot get wet, so be careful when you take a shower."

"How can he keep it dry in the shower?" Crystal asked. "That doesn't make sense..."

Vic: "You will have to help him, of course. And while he recovers, you will need to do everything you can to keep him comfortable and happy."

Crystal: "How will I do that?"

Vic: "Just do whatever he asks without hesitation. If you do that, he is sure to have a speedy recovery."

When Nathan heard that, he couldn't help but smile.

Crystal didn't know if she understood Vic's directions, but the implications of what he'd said made her uncomfortable. She looked at him and said, "Vic, maybe you had better be responsible for Nathan's recovery. I fear that I am under-qualified."

Nathan glared at Crystal. "What's the problem?" he growled. "Don't you want to help me take my showers?!?!"

Crystal frowned. She didn't want to help him have his showers. She thought it would be better if a man did that, but she felt uncomfortable saying so.. Not knowing what else to do, she stood up and said, "I have to go get the potatoes cooking!" And then she ran into the kitchen.

Chapter 1638 - 156: I'm Not Your Biological Father

Once the potatoes were boiled, Crystal turned off the stove and took out the butter and milk from the fridge that she would need when she mashed them. Then, as she was reaching for the strainer, her phone rang. She answered it without checking the Caller ID and was shocked to hear Lucy's unusually anxious voice on the other end. Lucy was her parents' housekeeper.

Lucy: "Crystal, come to the hospital quickly! Your Father is dying!"

When Crystal heard that, it was as if all of her bones had turned into spaghetti, and she collapsed onto the floor. Upon hearing the noise, Nathan rushed into the kitchen and crouched down beside her. Then he wrapped his arms around her and asked her what was wrong.

"My father is dying...." Crystal replied lamely. Although she was not close to her Father, there was a bond between them that was undeniable. He was, after all, her Father.

"Come on," Nathan said. "Let's go to the hospital."

Jessica and Joyce were snuggled up together in the Waiting Room, and Evan was pacing back and forth in front of the door to the Operating Room. Lucy was a devout Christian, so she was on her knees in prayer.

When Crystal and Nathan arrived, they went to the Nurse's Station first. She asked about her Father, and the nurse said, "He is still in O.R. The doctor had Mrs. Henry sign a Notice of Critical Disease, though, so... I would hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst...."

If it weren't for Nathan's strong arms around her, Crystal would probably have collapsed when she heard that. The thought that she might not see her Father before he died terrified her.

Crystal was aware that Jessica and Joyce were watching her, but she didn't care. They didn't seem like their usual bitchy selves anyway. Evan walked towards her. He glanced at Nathan, and then he said, "You're finally here. Before Dad went into the Operating Room, he told me that he wanted to see you as soon as he woke up."

Crystal nodded calmly, but on the inside, she was a bundle of raw nerves.

Two hours passed, and the nurses finally pushed Todd out of the Operating Room. Everyone who had been waiting outside crowded around him, and they asked for an update from the doctors.

The lead physician took off his mask and said, "The surgery was a success, but we are not out of the woods yet. The patient is still very weak. We need to send him to the ICU."

Evan followed the nurses and Todd to the ICU, and he didn't return for half an hour. Then, once he had everyone's attention, he said, "Dad's condition is temporarily stabilized."

Mom, Joyce, you can go home to rest. Aunt Lucy will take care of you. I'll stay here."

Lucy nodded, and she helped Jessica into the elevator.

Once they were gone, Evan took out a large yellow sealed envelope from his briefcase. He handed it to Crystal and said, "Dad told me to give this to you."

Crystal took the envelope and frowned. It was heavier than it looked.

Evan looked at Crystal expectantly. He was obviously anxious to see what was inside the envelope. She was hesitant to open it, though. Might it be better to wait until I have some privacy? - she wondered.

Just then, a nurse walked over with a pile of bills, and Evan excused himself so that he could deal with them. Once Evan was gone, Crystal unceremoniously tore open the envelope.

She looked inside and was taken aback by what she saw.

She pulled the red diary out and ran her fingers over the maple tree embossed on the cover. It was the same diary that she had seen in Nathan's room. She frowned and turned to look at Nathan. "Tell me what is going on!" she demanded.

Nathan nodded and said, "Your Mother instructed me to give this to your Father. Now, it seems that your Father is passing it on to you."

Crystal sighed. This answered some questions, but it left so many unanswered. She still didn't know why her mother had left her legacy to Nathan or why the diary had gone to her Father first. She hoped that some of these lingering questions would be finally answered once she started reading the books.

Crystal went to sit in the waiting room. She began to read, and she didn't stop until a nurse came by and told her that she could see her Father if she wanted.

To visit her Father, Crystal had to don a sterile mask, gloves, and gown.

Todd was lying on the bed with various tubes attached to different parts of his body. From just looking at him, Crystal could tell that he was frail. However, when he saw her, he smiled, and in the slightest of whispers, he asked her if she'd gotten the diary.

"I read it all," Crystal replied.

"Good," Todd said. "Now, there's something I have to tell you. If I don't tell you now, I'm afraid that I won't have another chance..."

Crystal held his hand and smiled.

After a few minutes, Todd continued. "I'm not your Biological Father," he said.

When Crystal heard these words, she was not shocked. She had read all about it in the diary. "But who asked is my Biological Father?" she asked.

Todd: "Your Mother was raped when she was twenty-one. When you were born, I felt bad for her, so I married her."

Crystal: "Okay! But you didn't answer my question!"

Todd: "I'm sorry, Crystal, but no one knows who your Biological Father is... your Mother said that she pulled off one of the man's cufflinks, but she didn't see his face. That cufflink is the only clue we have..."

Crystal gripped the diary tightly with trembling hands.

Todd: "Well, I've said what I needed to say. I have to rest now."

Crystal staggered out from the ICU, and when Nathan saw her, he wrapped his arms around her. "Are you all right?"

Tears began to run down Crystal's eyes.. "How long have you known my Father's secret?" she cried.

Chapter 1639 - 157: I'll Take Care Of Her

Nathan ran his fingers through Crystal's hair as she cried into his muscular chest. "I've known about Todd's secret for a long time," he admitted. "And don't worry, I've been trying hard to find your Biological Father. Soon, we will find him,"

"But why did my Mother leave you my inheritance?" Crystal asked. "Was it because you paid off all of her debts?"

Nathan nodded. "There was that," he said. "But there was more to it."

Crystal raised her head and looked at him in confusion.

"There was also the matter of you," Nathan explained.

Crystal had already been crying, but when she heard that, she remembered what her Mother's note to Nathan had said - "Please love her for me."- and she began to really bawl. How can she face life without this man?

Suddenly, Crystal saw that Evan was returning. Straight away, she covered her face with her hands to cover her shame, but it was of no use. Thankfully, for once in his life, her brother showed her a little empathy. Instead of addressing her directly, he turned to Nathan and said, "Mr. Davis, why don't you take Crystal home so that she can get some rest? I'll stay here."

Nathan looked at Crystal, smiled, and said, "I'll take care of her. If anything happens, call me right away, regardless of what time it is."

Evan nodded and said that he would.

Crystal allowed Nathan to lead her out of the hospital. He took her home, and in the days that followed, she walked through life in a daze. Thankfully, though, as Nathan shuttled her back and forth from the hospital, her Father's condition gradually stabilized.

Time flew by. Nathan's birthday quickly approached, and Arnold suggested that he celebrate with his brothers at the military's villa, And he agreed that it was a great idea.

When the night of the party arrived, Crystal put on the customized light blue yarn dress that Nathan had prepared for her. The dress was embedded with diamonds, and it shimmered under the light. Crystal liked the color. It reminded her of the sea, and it had a calming effect on her.

Crystal looked like an elf with the dress on, and everyone was stunned when they saw her in it. A few of the men were playing Fortnite on a PS4, and when they saw her, one of them said, "Wow, Crystal, you look amazing!"

Crystal smiled at them and said, "What are you playing?"

"Fortnite," he replied. "Do you want to join?"

Crystal shrugged and said, "Sure. My name's Crystal. What's yours?"

"I'm Elmo," Elmo replied. "And this jerk-off is Cass. If he drinks too much, you want to stay clear of him!"

Crystal felt her cheeks turn red. "Thanks for the warning..." As she sat down, she looked around the room. "Where's Leslie?" she asked casually.

Elmo: "I don't know. She went out early this morning. It's a good thing that she's out, though. All she ever does is cause trouble."

They had only been playing for a little while when Alex and Owen joined them. Owen gave Crystal a long look, and then he said, "Crystal, you dressed so beautifully tonight. Is that because you know that Nathan has something important to announce?"

Owen pushed Alex as if to remind him not to spill the beans.

Crystal shook her head. "What are you talking about?" she asked. "You might as well tell me!"

Alex suddenly realized that he had said too much. "I have somewhere to be," he muttered, and then he quickly disappeared back into the crowd.

Crystal chuckled as she turned to Owen. "I supposed you aren't going to tell me anything..." she said.

Owen grinned, and as he buttoned his lips, he said, "I'm a vault."

Crystal nodded and said, "I figured as much."

Suddenly, an engine revved outside, and after a moment, Leslie sauntered in. She had a smarmy grin on her face, and there was a strange, handsome man a half step behind her. They were dressed in matching outfits, and in his left ear, there was a black diamond earring, which was a match to the one in Leslie's right ear. They walked into the living room, sat in the love chair, and Leslie asked them what they were playing.

"Fortnight. But never mind that" Crystal giggled. "Who'd you bring with you?"

Leslie: "Oh, he's my friend."

Crystal was not satisfied with Leslie's answer, but Arnold and Nathan walked over before she could press her for more information.

When Arnold saw Leslie, he shot her a dirty look but didn't comment on her appearance at the party. Instead, he pointed to the man beside her and said, "Who's this?"

Leslie smirked and said, "He's my friend."

When Alex heard it, he laughed and said, "Don't you recognize him? This man is Hugo Perez!"

Owen was stunned. Hugo Perez was the son of the president of a huge company.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "I never would have guessed that you had such affluent friends!"

Leslie: "There are lots of things that you don't know about me."

When Hugo heard that, he put his arm around Leslie's shoulder and whispered something in her ear. As he spoke, her eyes widened, and once he was done talking, she rushed off in the direction of her room. She was gone for a few minutes, and when she returned, she had three dresses in her hands. One was a simple, blue, silk evening dress. One was a black, fluffy, witch-like dress. And the last one was a strapless, white, beautifully feminine dress with lace around the collar and three-quarter lace sleeves.

Leslie held each dress up for Hugo and said, "Which one do you like better?"

Hugo: "The white one. I think you look stunning when you wear that dress,"

Leslie smiled and said, "Give me a few minutes to change, and I'll be right back down!"

No one could believe what they'd just heard.. Apart from Arnold, no one there had ever seen Leslie in a dress.

Chapter 1640 - 158: She Is Nathan's Fiancée

When Leslie returned, she was wearing her white strapless dress. She looked stunning, and even Arnold had to admit that the garment suited her. Dressed as she was, she appeared delicate and charming, and her short blonde hair radiated femininity.

When Arnold looked at Leslie, he recalled the kiss that she had given him in the bathroom, and his desire for her was undeniable.

Leslie had said that she would bring a decent boyfriend home, but Arnold hadn't taken her seriously. By bringing this decent, extraordinary man home, she had really surprised him. He didn't expect that Leslie would be entangled with someone coming from a rich family.

When Leslie walked past Arnold, there was a coy smile on her face.

Arnold stared at her without blinking his eyes. Her stunning eyes tugged at his heartstrings.

When Leslie stopped in front of Hugo, she did a little twirl to show off her gown, and she said, "Am I pretty?"

Instead of replying, Hugo seized Leslie's arm and pulled her into his arms, making her sit on his legs. Then he said, "You look very beautiful, but I would prefer to see you naked."

Everyone was shocked by what Hugo had said, but no one was more shocked than Arnold. Not only was he shocked, though. He was angry. He thought to himself, Nobody talks to my sister like that and got away with it!

Arnold walked towards Leslie with cold, heavy steps, intending to drag her away from him. Before he could touch her, though, she smiled and said, "This is my boyfriend. Isn't he good-looking?" As she spoke, she wrapped her arms around Hugo's neck.

Arnold's body suddenly stiffed. He felt like his heart had been stabbed by something sharp. Suddenly, the air in the room seemed very thin, and the quiet was oppressive.

Alex coughed twice deliberately to diffuse the tension. "Why hasn't Eric and Antony arrived yet?"

"They said they are already on the road," Owen replied. "Oh, by the way, Nathan, Eric said that he had prepared a big gift for you, you know, for your 26th birthday."

Nathan raised his eyebrows. He couldn't imagine what Eric would buy him.

As Owen finished speaking, the front door opened, and Eric walked in. Owen laughed and said, "Speak of the devil..."

"...and he appears!" Eric chuckled as he finished Owen's sentence.

Everyone looked to the door, and when they saw the girl that came in behind him, they were all stunned. Alex rubbed his eyes in disbelief. Then he turned to Owen and said, "Owen, is there something wrong with my eyes?"

Owen: "The girl next to Eric is..."

Eric had a gentle hold on the girl's hand. His eyes swept over everybody's surprised faces, and there was a look of satisfaction on his own face. Then, finally, his eyes landed on Nathan's face.

When Nathan saw the look on Eric's face, he clenched and unclenched his fists, and his nails dug into his palms.

Suddenly, Eric pushed the girl forwards.

"Nathan," he said. "This is your birthday present. Do you like it?"

The girl looked a little frightened. There was a lackluster look in her eyes, and she seemed confused, as if she didn't know where she was or what was happening.

Crystal gave Eric a suspicious look. Did he say that the girl is a birthday present for Nathan? Is he crazy? This man is without shame!

And this wasn't even the first time he'd gifted a woman to Nathan! Crystal was disgusted by the way Eric treated women as objects.

Eric didn't see anything wrong with his behavior, though. He nodded to the girl and said, "Helen, don't be afraid. Nathan still remembers you."

Everyone gasped when they heard Helen's name. Was this Helen Bush?!?! - they wondered.

Crystal stared at the girl in front of her in surprise. It can't be her! - she thought - Helen Bush is dead. She committed suicide over something that Nathan had done.

Eric was grinning. "Nathan!" he exclaimed.

"You must be surprised. Helen wasn't doing very well, but when she heard it was your birthday, she perked right up!" Then he looked at Helen and said, "Helen. Your big brother, Alex, Owen, and Leslie are all here."

Helen smiled shyly and said, "Hello, everyone."

Alex walked closer to Helen and looked at her carefully. "Helen, is it really you?"

Helen squinted, and it looked like she was having a hard time seeing straight, but her hearing was just fine. "Alex," she replied, "long time no see."

Alex frowned and asked her if there was something wrong with her eyes.

Helen: "Well, three years ago, I jumped off a cliff, and although a fisherman rescued me, my eyes were damaged...."

"Hey, don't just stand there," Alex said.

"Come and sit down." He wanted to lead her to a seat in the living room, but Helen stepped back and asked, "Can I sit next to Nathan?"

Everyone turned to see how Crystal would respond to her request. Before she could do anything, though, Leslie stood up and pulled her out of the room.

Crystal scowled once they were alone and said, "What the heck was that all about?"

Leslie sighed and said, "Do you know who she is?"

Crystal: "Helen Bush?"

Leslie nodded and gave her a severe look.

Crystal began to feel anxious suddenly. "What's the problem?" she asked nervously.

"Isn't she Eric Bush's sister?"

Leslie: "She is, but besides being Eric's sister, she has another identity."

Crystal had no idea what Leslie was talking about, and she was getting impatient. Finally, she gave her friend an aggressive look and said, "Whatever it is that you have to say, please just say it! I'm a big girl. I can handle any of the news that you have to give me!"

Leslie swallowed and said, "Well, you're going to hear this eventually, so I guess it's better coming from me... Helen is Nathan's fiancée... Or she was, at least..."

When Crystal heard that, her mouth nearly hit the floor, and she was utterly speechless.

Chapter 1641 - 159: I'll Wait For You

Once Crystal recovered from her shock, she said, "If Nathan is engaged to Helen, where does that leave me?"

Leslie shrugged and said, "I don't know. I can see now why Eric hasn't been around lately, though...." She produced a pack of cigarettes, took one for herself, and offered Crystal another. "Want one?"

Crystal looked up and nodded. She knew how bad she looked now, and it made her feel like a harlot.

Leslie lit up a cigarette and placed it directly into Crystal's mouth. Then she said, "Everyone knows how much Helen loves Nathan. She would die for him. It is quite the triangle you've landed in. If Helen still loves Nathan, though, he will have to marry her. So you have to be prepared for that."

Leslie blew a cloud of smoke in the air and squinted at Crystal. At this point, Crystal didn't know that the most trouble would come from the old Mr. Davis. He liked Helen, and he had made it clear that she was the only one worthy of marrying Nathan.

Crystal had never smoked before, so the cigarette in her hand was her first. She began to cough as she took a drag, and she quickly decided that smoking was not for her. She hated the smell of cigarettes, with one exception: when it was Nathan that was smoking. She butted the cigarette into the ashtray and said, "Let's get back to the party."

The two went downstairs, and Leslie sat down beside Hugo.

Crystal looked around, and at first, she didn't see Nathan. That was because he was standing on the balcony with Helen.

Helen looked up at Nathan, smiled shyly, and said, "Nathan, how have you been all these years?"

Nathan slightly lowered his head and sighed. From this angle, he could see the small beads of sweat on Helen's nose. She seemed to be really nervous.

"I'm fine," Nathan replied.

"That's good," Helen said. "I thought I'd never see you again. I didn't expect to be rescued. Unfortunately, though, I might be blind forever...."

Nathan: "Don't think too much about it. It's good to be alive."

Helen: "Nathan, I heard that you've..."

Nathan: "Um, I'm married."

"Congratulations," Helen muttered. She fiddled with her fingers, and after a minute of silence, she said, "I'll go and talk to Grandpa."

"I'll go with you tonight," Nathan said.

"Grandpa will be glad to see you." He knew that, in all the world, the only person that his grandpa would listen to was Helen.

Now that Helen was at the party, the atmosphere changed, and it suddenly looked like a scene of bloody slaughter.

When Crystal got up and went to the kitchen to wash her hands, her mind was so preoccupied that she didn't realize that Nathan was behind her.

The kitchen was big, and Nathan's movements were light, like an elegant cheetah. He leaned against the refrigerator and watched Crystal wash her hands. She picked up a towel to dry her hands and brushed a wisp of hair behind her ear with her fingers.

This simple action was a temptation for Nathan, and it made his Adam's apple move slightly. He stretched his long legs and walked towards Crystal lazily and slowly, like a night hunter hidden in a thicket of long, thick grass. Then, suddenly, he circled Crystal's slender waist with his arms and buried his face in her neck.

Crystal' body stiffed, and she tried to create some space between them. "Your fiancée is outside," she said. "Aren't you afraid of being found?"

"Are you afraid?" Nathan asked.

Crystal: "Do you think I'm afraid?"

Nathan: "You're my wife. There's no need to be afraid."

Crystal tried to push his hands away, but he wouldn't budge. "Don't move!" he said. He smiled as he took her hand and pressed it against his erect manhood.

Crystal drew back her hand instinctively, then she pinched the head of his cock and said, "You need to learn to control your lower body, Professor Davis,"

Nathan sighed as he lifted her chin with his free hand. "I just can't control the little guy when I'm with you," he said.

Crystal withdrew her hand and said, "So...should I say thank you?"

Nathan: "Nah, I'll deal with it."

Crystal looked him in the eye and said, "Great. Because, if you don't, I'll have you charged with bigamy."

Nathan chuckled and said, "Never mind that. Where is my birthday present?"

"I didn't get you anything," Crystal answered coldly.

When Nathan heard that, he grabbed her wrist and said, "Well, if you don't have a gift for me, you will have to give yourself as a replacement for your gift!"

Crystal giggled as she went on tiptoe to whisper in his ear. "Tonight," she said. "I'll wait for you."

Once the party was over, Nathan sent Crystal home so that he could take Helen to see the old Mr. Davis.

Nathan didn't know it, but the old man already knew about Helen's return. Eric had contacted him over a week earlier to tell him everything. Thus, when they pulled up to the Davis' villa, he was not surprised at all. In fact, he had been expecting them.

The old man was excited to see Helen. He had felt guilty about her death, and he knew he would sleep easier knowing that she was alive. Today is a good day! - he thought when Nathan had called to say that they were on their way. Once he got off the phone, he had the maid prepare a light meal. That way, the three of them could share a meal together.

Once they were all seated at the table, the old man lifted his glass to propose a toast. He said, "Today, we have two things to celebrate! It is Nathan's birthday, and Helen has returned! Now, there is no reason why two should not become one!"

Nathan had been going to drink a toast, but when he heard the old man's last words, his cup slipped through his fingers and shattered on the ground.

Chapter 1642 - 160: She Is Pregnant

Helen was sitting next to Nathan, and although she couldn't see the expression on his face, she felt his body stiffen up. She didn't know what he was going to say. She was afraid, though, that it wouldn't be good, so she spoke up before he could. She turned to the old man and said, "I just got back. Why are you so anxious to send me away? Besides, Nathan deserves a better person than me. I am not good enough for him."

The old Mr. Davis: "Bullshit. He must be responsible for you."

Helen: "It's not his fault. I blame myself, and you should blame me as well."

The old Mr. Davis: "How can I turn a blind eye to this? You are the person that I worry about the most. I will take care of your business. It's Nathan who is not good enough for you, so don't worry."

"Old Davis!" Helen exclaimed. She was a little anxious. She suddenly stood up and said, "Can I say a few words to you alone?"

"Sit down," the old Mr. Davis said. "We can talk after you're done eating. You haven't eaten anything yet, and it's better to talk on a full stomach." When he finished talking, he scowled at Nathan, threw his fork at him, and said, "Come with me."

The old Davis led Nathan into the antique study room, which was decorated with Calligraphy, famous pictures, antiques, and collections. Once they were alone, he pounded his fist on the table fiercely. "Did you say anything to Helen?" he shouted.

"I won't marry her," Nathan said. He had a casual air about him, but he was on full alert and ready for anything.

"You must marry her," the old Mr. Davis said. His eyes were red, and his voice was full of ire. "This is your responsibility. Besides, she is the only person that the Davis family will recognize as our granddaughter-in-law."

"Unless I die," Nathan said seriously.

"Bastard!" the old Mr. Davis threw a pen holder full of pens and pencils at Nathan. "Do you want to hurt her again?" he demanded. "Didn't you hurt her enough?"

"Didn't you hurt us enough?" Nathan shouted back. "Most of this is your fault!"

The old Davis stood with his hands behind his back, pacing back and forth in the small space between the table and the chair, and the mechanical sound of the pendulum clock on the wall sounded louder than ever. A minute passed, and then it chimed ten times. It was ten o'clock.

The Old Davis stopped pacing and raised his eyes. He glared at Nathan and said, "Helen is pregnant."

Nathan's eyes went wide, and then they narrowed suspiciously. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The old Mr. Davis: "Helen is pregnant."

Nathan smirked and said, "I don't see what this has to do with me. It's none of my business. Do you love her so much that you would force me to marry her and raise another man's child?"

She committed suicide over me, and I know that you feel guilty about that, but I don't love her, and I am not interested in living in a loveless marriage. Why don't you marry her if you want her to be a part of our family so badly?!?!"

"It's none of your business?" The old Davis laughed arrogantly. He glared at Nathan and said, "Of course, it is your business. After all, it is your child!"

"Don't talk stupid!" Nathan growled. "If you want to tell lies, you should put a little more effort into your stories. I never touched her, so how could it be my child?"

The Old Davis picked up the small pen holder on the table. The white marble was transparent, but there was a trace of an impurity under the light. He ran his finger along the line. Then he said, "Do you think that there is only one way to get pregnant?"

Nathan frowned. "Did you use the sperm that I donated to the sperm bank to fertilize her womb artificially?" His face turned red as his ire began to rise. Of course, he did! - Nathan realized - It would be just like him to go to such an extreme to get what he wanted...

The Old Davis smiled as his head bobbed up and down. "So, now you must marry her!" he said.

Nathan kicked the pen holder at his feet, and it hit the coffee table with a "Bang!" and broke into two pieces. "No way!" he shouted.

"This is about Crystal, isn't it?" The old Davis hissed.

Nathan felt his body stiffen, and it felt as if his body was under a spell. He could no longer move.

"Crystal is no match for you or the Davis family," the old Davis continued. His serious expression was firm. "I have ordered people to appeal to have your marriage invalidated."

"How dare you!" Nathan cried. His scarlet eyes were covered with red blood, and he looked like a beast trapped in a cage. He said, "If you insist on fighting against me because of her, you know what; you know who will be hurt the most; you know who will die and be denied a burial? It will be her!"

The Old Davis: "If you hurt her, I will die with her! Is it worth losing me over a woman?"

"Of course!" Nathan replied without hesitation.

The Old Davis: "Fine! I'll give you time. Before Helen gives birth to the child, though, you must break up with Crystal. I can promise not to hurt Crystal, but you must get divorced and marry Helen."

"Oh, are you forcing me to have a harem?" Nathan laughed wryly. Then he put away his smile and said, "I, Nathan, promise you this: I will only ever love one person, and that person is Crystal Smith!"

The Old Davis: "But what about your child with Helen?"

Nathan: "The success rate for artificial insemination is only about 20%. How can you be so sure that this child is mine?!?! You can't!!!"

"We'll see," the Old Davis replied. "After he is born, he will take a DNA test. If it is your child, what are you going to do?"

Nathan laughed and said, "If it is mine, then I will marry her, but if it is not, then you will have to stop interfering with my life. If you do, I will fight you, no matter what the cost." The gestation time was his opportunity. The world changed so rapidly that the facts could be reversed from black to white in three days. In this case, he had nine months, so he was not worried. He could obey the old Davis for now and then disobey him later.

"Don't have a crooked mind," the old Davis said. "If the child dies, even if you don't want to marry her, you will have to!"