

Midnight III 181

Chapter 1663 - 181: Why Should I Show It To You?

In the dining room - While Crystal ate her breakfast, she watched the servants in the kitchen. They were gossiping about her, and they didn't even have enough track to keep their voices down. They thought that she'd tried to kill Helen's baby. Thus, in their eyes, she was a very wicked woman. She tried not to listen to them, but it was impossible to shut out their hateful words.

After eating, she went back into the living room to tell Nathan that she wanted to visit her father in the hospital. He had just gotten off the phone, and he was leaning back on the couch.

His eyes were closed, and he looked tired. She went over, sat beside him, and gently massaged his temples.

Her gentle movement softened Nathan's heart. He pulled her hands down and asked, "are you acting so nice today?"

"I want to see my father in the hospital," she replied. "It's no act, though...."

Nathan nodded and said, "Sure. Of course, it's not. Anyway, I see no reason why you shouldn't visit your father. Would you like me to accompany you?"

"I'll be fine," Crystal replied. "You stay here and take care of that headache; maybe have a bath with some of the essential oils in the cabinet?"

Nathan: "That sounds like a good idea. Thank you. I'll still send two of my bodyguards with you, though- just to be safe. You never know who might show up and start causing trouble..."

At the hospital, in the crowded elevator - Crystal quietly watched the television monitor that had been installed above the doors. It had been set to an entertainment news station, and the famous star, Elena Laurent, was being interviewed. Standing next to her was her daughter, Christine Laurent.

The girl had an oval face, and her features were sweet. Although she was not an entertainment personality, she looked prettier than many popular actresses and models.

A dozen reporters were scrambling to get their microphones as close to Elena's face as possible. She had just won a Grand Slam, so, for the moment, she was the belle of the ball.

"Miss Elena Laurent, how do you feel about being nominated for 13 awards?" asked one reporter.

"I'm very excited," Elena replied. "And I'm grateful to have so many fans supporting me."

"Are you going to help your daughter get into the entertainment industry?" Another reporter asked.

Elena: "My daughter is very talented. If she decides that she wants to follow in my footsteps, she won't need any help from me!"

Beside her, Christine's cheeks turned pink. She was obviously uncomfortable with being the center of attention.

Crystal stared at the screen. She thought that Elena looked familiar. It seemed to her that she had seen the star somewhere before. She thought about it for a moment, and then it came to her. She had run into the woman once while shopping for clothes. At the time, she had mistakenly thought that she was Nathan's mistress.

Elena wore exquisite makeup. Thus, people could hardly tell her real age. She was in her forties, but she was still charming, and she looked to be in her early thirties.

As soon as the elevator arrived, Crystal withdrew her eyes from the TV and stepped into her father's ward. The two bodyguards followed her with their robot-like expressionless faces.

She made her way to the room, and when she opened the door, Todd seemed surprised to see her, and she had a hard time reading his eyes. On the one hand, she saw malice in them. On the other hand, though, it looked like he was about to cry - and she had to remind herself that he'd always been a complex man. "Crystal," he said weakly. "There you are..."

Crystal nodded. "Are you feeling better?" she wondered. "You look well."

Todd: "Much better. Thank you for coming to see me."

Crystal smiled. He wasn't her real father, and they'd never been close. Suddenly, though, that all seemed like water under the bridge. They talked for a while, and she didn't start getting ready to leave until Joyce arrived. She didn't want to spend a minute longer than she had to with her spiteful half-sister.

Crystal said goodbye to Todd, and as she was making her way towards the door, Joyce stopped her. "Crystal," she hissed. "Where did you hide, Carlos?"

Crystal was taken aback. "Hide?" she gasped. "Why would I hide him? What's worth hiding? Can I sell him or eat him? Besides, he's your boyfriend. He has nothing to do with me."

Venessa scowled and stretched out her hand. "Give me the phone," she demanded.

Crystal: "What phone?"

Joyce: "Your phone!"

Crystal: "My phone? Why should I? Did you fall and hit your head or something?"

Joyce: "Don't play dumb with me. I want to see if he called or texted you."

Crystal: "He didn't!"

Joyce: "I don't believe you! After all, he broke up with me because of you!"

Crystal: "I have nothing to do with your parting. So, please don't involve me in it."

Joyce: "Even if it has nothing to do with you, you must still know where he is."

"I'm sorry, but I don't know where he is," Crystal replied firmly. "He and I aren't even friends!"

"Then why don't you show me your phone?" Joyce growled. She clenched her hands into fists, and the minute she stepped towards Crystal, the bodyguards grabbed her.

Crystal sighed and said, "Just drop it, okay. I don't know where he is."

Joyce: "Then why are you afraid to show me your cell phone?"

"I'm not afraid," Crystal replied. "It's one of my personal belongings. Why should I show it to you?"

Joyce spat at the ground in front of Crystal and struggled like a crazy person, but she could not slip the bodyguards' grip. "You wait, Crystal!" she cried. "I'll get even with you one day."

Crystal shook her head. This argument is so stupid - she thought - I don't know where Carlos is, and if I did, I would have no reason to withhold the information from you. After all, I still remember how he disappeared from me three years ago...

When Carlos had first confessed his love for her, it had been at their school, under the cherry blossom tree. White cherry petals were dancing in the wind, and when he'd kissed her, she'd felt like a fairy-tale princess.

Crystal frowned when she thought about how quickly their young love had died.

He had arranged the meeting under the cherry tree by sending her an email. She still had the message. It was saved in a special folder, not because she still loved him, but because it reminded her of her youth.

One of the bodyguards cleared his throat, and Crystal was drawn out of her thoughts. "Shouldn't we get going," he asked.

"Indeed," she replied. "You guys can let Joyce go now. She'll be good." She took a step forward and "Boop's" Joyce on the nose.. Then she smiled, and in the tone of voice that an adult would use on a very small child or a pet dog, she said, "You, be a good girl, okay," and then she patted her on the head and left her father's room.

Chapter 1664 - 182: I'm Longing For Your Love Again

When Crystal got into the car, the first thing she did was check her phone for any missed messages, and she was shocked to see dozens of texts from Carlos - and to her dismay, the first one said: "Crystal, I still love you, and I miss you very much." Crystal felt like throwing her phone out of the window when she read that, but she managed to stay composed. What is he thinking? - she wondered - Surely, he must know that we are not getting back together!

Crystal closed her eyes for a moment to gather her strength, and when she opened them, she started to read the rest of the messages.

Carlos: "The sun is shining brightly today. I am sitting under a large maple tree, shaded by dappled trees, and thinking of you. I am thinking about the day you walked into the classroom. I looked up. There you were, and in less than a second before we'd even spoken - you'd taken my heart captive."

Carlos: "There is a church here, and every day, when the bell rings at noon, I remember the promise I made to you. The promise I did not keep..."

Carlos: "I have countless regrets, but that is my biggest, I shouldn't have let you go. I regret not cherishing you. I loved you, but I gave you up to appease my family, and that was wrong."

Carlos: "Without you, I am a walking corpse with no soul and no tears."

Carlos: "I repent. I blame myself. And I even think about hurting myself. But none of this could make up for the harm I have done to you. And I know that now."

Carlos: "I'm sorry. I still love you, even though you don't love me anymore. I'm longing for your love again,"

Carlos: "One day, if I grow into the kind of man that is worthy of you, would you give me a second chance?"

As Crystal read the messages, she felt as if she had entered an alternate reality, where only she and Carlos existed. For a moment, he was there, whispering those sweet words into her ear. They were teenagers again, and she could smell the cherry blossoms in the air - but then she remembered the pain.

Crystal sneered. "Nice try," she muttered. "But, we are never getting back together."

The driver asked where she wanted to go, and she gave him directions to the airport, where Nathan was waiting for her with the helicopter. Then she leaned her head against the window and did her best to shut the world out.

They passed the mall, and she saw several enormous posters promoting different movies. One of them was for a film starring Elena, and seeing it made her think of the actress's daughter. For some reason, Crystal had always felt like she had a connection to Christine.

Her mind began to wander, and she began to think about Beverly Villa. When she was a child, she had thought that such places were for rich people to spend their holidays. There was lots of grass, trees, birds, and flowers. The first time she'd visited the place, though, she'd seen the truth: Villas weren't just for holidays. They were also for living in.

Of course, Nathan was rich, and he had many other places that he called home - and as lovely as Beverly villa was, it was the oldest and least kept of all the places he called home—knowing that Crystal didn't understand why he wanted them to live there.

At the Beverly villa - Helen was practically glowing. She had successfully manipulated Nathan into moving her into the minor mansion, and she was excited to see what the future had in store for her. After all, the estate was a small place, and now that it was packed with people, the house was pregnant with possibilities.

She was sitting in the living room when she heard the sound of Nathan's helicopter approaching, and she ran to the window. Although the helipad was almost a mile away from the villa, she knew the terrain well, and it was easy for her to imagine what was going on.

Nathan owned the world's most advanced commercial helicopter. It could comfortably carry up to 20 people. It had several luxurious bedrooms, bathrooms, and a dining room. It was like a mobile palace, complete with red carpets and fantastic tapestries on the walls.

Nathan would be the first to step out of the helicopter, and with the sun shining behind him, he would look like a king. Helen could see it all in her mind's eye, and it made her smile.

It wasn't long before the object of her obsession appeared on the horizon, and as she had imagined, his entourage followed behind him.

Helen felt a hand on her back, and when she turned, she saw her nanny, Elma, and she was taken aback. This was the first time she'd seen the older woman out of bed since Nathan had ordered the skin stripped from her back, from the nape of her neck to just above her ankles.

"Do you know why Nathan chose this place to stay?" Elma asked.

Helen shrugged and said, "I don't know. I guess I never really thought about it..."

Elma: "This villa was chosen by Mr. Davis for you so that you could have the baby in peace. The scenery here is so beautiful. It's warm in winter and cool in summer. It's a perfect place to raise a fetus, don't you think?"

Helen began to nod her head, but she saw who was beside Nathan, she froze. "No matter how close I get to him," she muttered, "Crystal is always there to keep me from getting closer..."

Elma sighed and said, "Have patience... Things will be different once the baby is here. I'm sure Master Nathan will choose you over that woman,"

Helen hung her head hopelessly, and she said, "I hope you're right, Nanny Elma.... I hope you're right..."

Chapter 1665 - 183: Arrival Of The New Enemy

The Beverly villa was more than just the moderate house that Nathan shared with Crystal, Helen, and all staff. What made it what it was, what made it special - was the grounds. There was the view, the trees, the animals, and the other buildings. These included servant accommodations, a shed, two guest houses, and the stables.

The stables were seldom used, though, so when Helen heard the sound of a horse-drawn carriage coming from that direction, she was more than a little bit surprised. Who is that? - she wondered. She looked around the room, but there was no one to ask. When Crystal and Nathan came in, he had gone directly to his study, and she had gone to her room - and after greeting them, Elma had drawn herself a mineral bath to help with her wounds.

The carriage looked European. It was fringed with gold, and there was a guard on either side of it, each on horseback. When it stopped, the guards got down from their horses. They opened the carriage doors, and a pretty woman proudly stepped into the sunlight.

Oh my God - thought Helen- What is she doing here?

Crystal was aimlessly wandering about the villa. Although she had been there many times, she hadn't seen much of it other than the common areas, her bedroom that she shared with Nathan, and their bathroom - and even though the house was on the small side, she had never explored the corridor on the main floor.

She had found a tapestry that caught her attention, and she got closer to examine the detail. Then, when she stepped back, she crashed into someone who had been passing behind her. She turned around to apologize, but when she saw who it was, she froze. What is Christine Laurent doing here?- she wondered. Christine smiled and offered her hand to shake. "And you must be Crystal," she said. "It is nice to meet you finally."

Unbeknownst to Crystal, Christine's grandfather had asked her to move into the manor to keep an eye on Crystal. After what she'd supposedly already done, a lot of people were worried that she might try to hurt the baby again, and although Christine had a smile on her face, she did not trust Crystal any more than they did.

She is even more beautiful in person than she is on TV - thought Crystal. A haughty, patronizing look on Christine's face, though, made Crystal feel uncomfortable. Furthermore, she felt an uneasy curiosity about her relationship with Nathan. Why is Christine here? She wondered - And does this have something to do with Elena?

Christine: "I just arrived. Maybe you can show me around the dining room?"

Crystal nodded and led the other girl to the dining room. Everything seemed normal. As they approached the next tapestry, though, Christine's gloved fingers touched the paint. Suddenly, a dark hole appeared, and Crystal fell into it. She hit the ground hard, and as the trap door closed, she was enveloped in total darkness.

Crystal cried out, but she instinctively knew that no one would hear her.

Above her, Christine smirked.

The manor was covered with traps, which was another reason Nathan had chosen the place to be their home. The walls of the villa were full of infrared alarms. Even the helicopters weren't verified so that nobody could get in. Furthermore, there were towers in each of the manor's four corners, and snipers were on guard 24/7. Even if the old Davis mobilized thousands of troops, he might not be able to conquer it.

Christine grinned like a Cheshire cat, and she thought - Crystal Smith, you're on my property, and you're going to enjoy my game.

There were two servants ahead of her, and when they turned around, they were taken aback. Where did Crystal go?- they wondered.

Christine's eyes narrowed, and she was about to deal with the servants, but then Vic suddenly appeared. "Miss Christine Laurent?" he said. "Is that you?"

Christine nodded but said nothing.

Vic: "Well, hello, miss. Excuse me, but when did you arrive?"

Christine: "Must I report to you when I arrive?"

Vic: "You misunderstand me...."

Upon seeing Vic, one of the servants said, "Vic, Miss Smith was following us just now, and then she suddenly disappeared. I think that something bad has happened to her!"

The other servant pointed to where they had last seen Crystal, but we didn't see anything out of the ordinary. That being said, he and Nathan were both aware that there were secret passages in the house, so he knew to look for certain clues.

A minute passed, and Vic spotted a smudge on one of the paintings. He touched it, and a hole opened in the floor. He looked down, and when he saw Crystal trembling below him, he shouted, "Miss Smith, I will send people to save you. But don't move. If you touch the wrong stone, you will be fired upon by thousands of arrows!"

Christine frowned. Her assassination attempt had failed, and from now on, her character would be suspected.

By the time Crystal had been rescued, Nathan had heard about what had happened, and he was there to greet her the second she was safe. She staggered out of another hidden passage with a bodyguard on either side of her supporting her weight. He pushed them away and pulled Crystal into his arms. "Are you okay?" he asked.

Crystal was in a state of shock, and it took her a while to focus her thoughts. Even then, though, it was a struggle to speak.

Nathan turned to one of his servants and shouted, "Call the doctor!"

"I'm fine," Crystal finally said.

Vic: "The hole is only three meters deep. She didn't trigger the arrows, so she should be fine. I think she's more traumatized than physically hurt."

Nathan looked at the servant who had been closest to Crystal at the time of the accident and said, "Tell me what happened!"

"It was a trap," the servant explained. "I didn't see who triggered it, but it had to have been either Vic or Christine!"

"Can we check the security footage?" asked Nathan.

"I'm afraid not," Vic replied. "The circuits were fried during the last thunderstorm, and they have not been repaired yet..."

Nathan frowned as he realized how difficult things were about to get. He sighed and said, "This is very troubling..." Vic was his most trusted servant, but he had grown up with Christine. She was like a sister to him. He couldn't imagine either of them intentionally doing him harm.

"Why are you looking at me?" Christine asked doubtfully. "You know me. I wouldn't hurt a fly..." She nodded her head in Vic's direction. "...But look at him. He is violent by nature, and you know it!"

Vic scowled. He looked Nathan in the eyes and said, "I swear to you that I am not lying. I do not know Christine's character, so I cannot guess what she is capable of. Is it possible, though, that the trap was triggered by accident? Or perhaps there was a mechanical malfunction. The trap is old, so that is not outside the realm of possibilities. You should have the matter investigated before you start pointing fingers at people that you love and trust..."

Nathan nodded and said, "You are right. I am sorry, old friend, for jumping to conclusions." He turned to Christine.. "Of course, my apology extends to you as well. However, if it turns out that either of you was responsible for triggering this death trap, know this: There will be Hell to pay!"

Chapter 1666 - 184: How Dare You Talk To Me Like That

Once they were alone, Nathan examined Crystal from head to toe. "Are you sure that you are okay?"

"I'm fine," Crystal said. "I think I'd like to go for a walk, though."

Nathan scooped up her hand and said that he would join her. She pushed him away, though, and told him that she wanted to be alone.

"But it's not safe," Nathan argued.

Crystal: "I don't care. This villa feels like a prison, and it's not like I'm any safer in here than I would be out there, as today has shown us."

"Why do you feel like this place is a prison?" Nathan asked.

Crystal sighed and wordlessly turned away. She had thought that once she was a permanent resident of the villa, everything would be fine. But then Helen and Elma moved in, and now that she had Christine to contend with and the death traps, she felt overwhelmed - and if she couldn't leave, then was it any different from a Hellish prison? She didn't think so.

Crystal opened her mouth, and she was just about to explain all of this to him, but then the doctor interrupted them. He gave her a full examination, and then he said, "Other than the scrapes on your knees, it looks like you're fine. Young lady, I hope you know how lucky you are."

Crystal nodded sheepishly. She knew that things could have ended much worse for her, but she definitely didn't feel lucky.

Meanwhile, Helen and Christine were sitting at the dining room table, and servants were standing all around them. The two girls were like old friends who had reunited after being apart for a long time. They were holding each other's hands, gossiping, laughing, and whispering.

Christine: "I know a brilliant Chinese doctor. I can ask him to look into your eyes. He is also a licensed acupuncturist, and he is famous for his skills. He even fixed my mother's lumbar disc, so she didn't need to have surgery."

Hellen: "Really? That's great! Thank you,

Christine."

Christine laughed and said, "Don't worry. My grandpa told me to take care of you, and the ingredients that I gave you - the Vitamin C, Cinnamon, Dong Quai, and Parsley - they were in such a low dose that your baby was never in any danger-and anybody suspected that you were the one that poisoned the cookies!"

Hellen touched Christine's arm and said, "You are such a good friend. But let's never talk about that again. After all, loose lips sink ships. Am I right?"

"You're right," Christine said. She blushed and asked, "Can you feel the baby moving yet?"

Hellen: "Not yet. The fetus is only a month old..."

Christine: "What will the baby call me?"

Hellen: "Aunt, of course!"

Christine pursed her lips, smiled, and said, "I like that."

Hellen: "Do you truly believe that I will get Nathan in the end?"

Christine: "It's hard for me to imagine him choosing Crystal, but it is impossible to guess who he'll choose. There's something about Crystal that only men can see. Even Eric, who is typically difficult to deal with, fell in love with her at first sight. I don't get it..."

Hellen covered her mouth, nodded in the direction of the hallway, and whispered, "Speak of the devil..."

Christine turned, and they watched as Nathan and Crystal emerged. They came into the dining room and sat at the table with them - and much to their surprise, he put her at the head of the table, in the seat that was typically reserved for him. In this way, he confirmed her status as Queen of the Castle.

I should report this to my Grandfather - thought Christine - Not only is this man crazy, but he is acting like he's on drugs. She gave Nathan a dirty look, but either he didn't notice, or he didn't care.

Nathan sat down next to Crystal and spread a napkin on her lap. "What do you want to eat?" he asked her.

"I want to eat the noodles that you make," Crystal replied. As she was saying this, she noticed Christine watching them, but she wasn't concerned. She didn't know Christine's relationship with Nathan, but it seemed that she was not a rival. After all, if she were a rival, she would not be a friend of Helen.

When Christine saw that Nathan was about to stand up and make noodles for Crystal, she chuckled. "Do you even know how to make noodles?" she asked. "Why don't we make them?"

Crystal's face sank, and she grabbed Nathan's arm. "I don't want to eat now," she said.

Nathan sighed and said, "I will ask the maid to prepare the noodles." He knew why she had changed her mind. She didn't want others to share the noodles he made for her.

Christine looked at Crystal and asked, "When do you want to eat?"

Crystal's cheeks turned pink. She didn't know how to answer the question. Luckily, Nathan spoke up for her. He scowled at Christine and said, "You are too noisy."

"That is because I'm jealous on Helen's behalf," Christine explained. "I didn't expect that you would put your mistress above the Mother of your child..."

"I don't need this bullshit," Nathan hissed. "And neither does Crystal." He nodded to one of his bodyguards and said, "Get Miss Laurent out of here."

Christine: "Are you trying to drive me away?"

Nathan: "If you can't keep quiet, then there is no place for you at this table. If you want to eat, you need to shut up."

Christine was angry and wanted to argue, but Helen held her hand. "Keep your peace," she whispered.

Christine nodded and bit her lower lip.

Helen was afraid that Nathan was unhappy, so she quickly changed the topic. She smiled and said, "I heard that Christine's mother played in a drama recently and won more than a dozen nominations. She is an excellent actress."

Christine: "I can show you the movie after we finish eating."

The room went silent after that, and Christine glared at Crystal. This is all your fault - she thought. Somehow, though, she still couldn't figure out how Crystal had managed to wrap Nathan around her finger. It was a real mystery to her, and she hated mysteries.

Crystal felt Christine looking at her, and it made her feel uncomfortable. Finally, she gave her a dirty look and said, "It's rude to stare!"

Christine chuckled wickedly. "So what?" she scoffed, "You were rude, first!"

Crystal: "How dare you talk to me like that?!?!"

Christine looked at Nathan and asked, "Can you control such an unruly woman?" Nathan stroked Crystal's hair and said, "ignore her. You have my permission to do whatever you want while you're here."

Christine was taken aback. If Nathan wanted to spoil a woman, who could stop him? At first, she thought the situation was hopeless, but then she remembered who had sent her here in the first place.

As coincidence would have it, the moment Christine thought of her Grandfather, her phone rang, and he was the one calling.. She passed the handy to Helen and said, "It's Grandpa."

Chapter 1667 - 185: It's Funny And Cute

Helen smiled as she brought the phone to her ear and said hello to her Grandfather.

The old Davis: "Helen, have you settled down? How is everything? Are you used to living there yet?"

Helen: "I'm fine. Christine is here. Everything is good, so don't worry."

The old Davis: "Okay. I feel better knowing that Christine is there with you."

Helen: "Thank you, grandpa."

The old Davis: "Does Nathan treat you well?"

"Um..." Helen hesitated for a moment too long.

The old Davis: "Put him on the phone."

Helen paused for a moment, and then she handed Christine's phone to Nathan. "Here," she said. "Grandpa wants to talk to you."

Nathan accepted the phone but said nothing. He was waiting for the old Davis to speak first.

The old Davis: "Don't think that just because you are at the manor, I can't control you. If you dare to bully Helen, you will be punished. Furthermore, you don't want what happened to Rose to happen to Crystal!"

Nathan gasped. The old Davis had punished a girl named Rose by having someone shoot her in the head and feed her body to the wolves. His heart began to beat faster, and as he thought about Rose, all emotions left his face, and he snorted perfunctorily.

Suddenly, he was nine years old again. The great boar was bearing down on him, and he was bringing his rifle to his shoulder. He could no longer hear what the old Davis was saying. His words were nothing more than white noise.

Nathan screamed into the receiver: "Shut up, you old fuck!"

Everyone at the table was shocked. As far as they knew, nobody had ever talked to the Old Davis like that. It was unheard of.

"Watch your tone!" the old Davis shouted back. "People have died for less..."

Suddenly, Nathan smashed the phone against the table. It shattered into a million pieces, and Helen cried out in fear. Christine hugged her immediately, though, and said, "Don't be afraid. It's okay."

Nathan's eyes were shot through with blood. He looked at Crystal, and much to her surprise, he pushed her chair over. She shrieked as she fell with it, and when she landed, she began to cry.

When Vic saw this, he rushed forward, pulled out a bottle of medicine, yanked the cap off, and said, "Master, it's time to take your medicine." Nathan was out of his head, though, and when he saw the pills, he swatted them out of Vic's hand.

Vic cursed as the pills fell to the ground and scattered. Then he dropped on all fours and scrambled to pick two of them up. Once he had them, he stood up and shouted at Nathan to take his pills.

Vic thought that it was too late for a second, but then Nathan grabbed the pills, shoved them into his mouth, and dry swallowed them.

The medicine took effect immediately, and Nathan was in control again. He had been subdued. They were all safe, at least for the moment...

Nathan looked at the shattered phone on the table with eyes filled with fear. He heard Crystal crying on the floor, and he looked down. "Wh-What h-h-happened?" he stuttered. His body was trembling, and he had one of the worst headaches of his life.

Crystal: "Don't worry. I'm fine. But I think you need to see a doctor..."

Nathan shook his head and said, "I won't." He knew that if he saw a doctor, he would be put in an institution, and he didn't think Crystal would be safe in the villa without him there to protect her.

"Are you sure that you don't need to see a doctor?" Crystal asked. She was distraught. She didn't know what the old Davis had said on the phone to make him so angry.

Nathan ordered the servants to serve the noodles, and then he turned back to Crystal. He rubbed her hair and said, "I'm fine, now that I've taken my medicine. I must have missed my morning dose. But don't worry. Everything is fine now, so let's eat."

Crystal nodded and said, "Okay."

Once the food was on the table, the servants cleaned up Nathan's mess, and nobody said anything for the rest of the meal.

Then, when it was over, everyone went their own way. Nathan and Crystal went to the stables. Elma took Helen back to her room, and Christine asked a maid to make a cup of coffee for her.

Once there was no one in the dining room, Christine bent down and picked up one of the pills that had been missed during the clean-up. She smiled as she wrapped it in a tissue and put it in her pocket.

One of the stable boys had prepared the horse-drawn carriage for Nathan and Crystal, and he helped her into it like a gentleman. This was the first time they'd taken the carriage out together, and Nathan had thought that Crystal would be tickled pink. But, instead, she looked sad, out of sorts, and in a world of her own. He let her be at first, but when her spirits did not improve, he said, "You are not looking well... What are you thinking?"

"I was thinking about Christine..." Crystal replied.

Nathan frowned. "What kind of relationship do you think I have with her?" he asked.

Crystal: "Who knows, you have so many little lovers, and now you are going to have a child..."

Nathan rolled his eyes and chuckled.

Crystal glared at him for a second. Then she punched him in the arm and shouted: "What are you laughing at?"

"You're jealous," Nathan replied. "It's cute. And funny."

Crystal crossed her arms beneath her breasts and looked out the carriage window.

"Forget it." She sighed and said, "I don't want to talk to you anymore."

For the next ten minutes, neither of them spoke, but Crystal could feel his eyes on her. Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore. She turned around and shouted, "Stop looking at me!"

Nathan smiled and said, "I can't help it. I want to imprint your jealous looks on my heart."

"I'm not jealous!" Crystal cried. "I wonder why I fell into the death trap, though. If Christine is one of your little lovers, it will make sense that she would want to make me disappear..."

Nathan nodded and said, "I'll get to the bottom of this. As for Christine, she is my cousin. My uncle's daughter. Elena Laurent is her mother and also my aunt."

When Crystal heard this, her heart leaped for joy. When she'd met the actress at Air Cosme, she'd been so sure that the woman was Nathan's lover.. Never in her life had Crystal been so happy to be wrong about something.

Chapter 1668 - 186: They Won't Hurt You

The carriage stopped at a white building, and Nathan helped Crystal down.

In front of the building, there was a fountain with a statue of a mermaid. She was holding a shell and spraying pearls.

The building's door was a crystal curtain, and the ceiling had been designed to reflect the sun's light into the building. Where am I? - Crystal wondered.

Nathan nodded to a servant, and she pulled open the crystal curtain to reveal a large, indoor, natural hot spring. Mermaids surrounded the pool, and each of them held shells, which, like the one outside, spewed water.

In the center were two naked angels. Their wings were spread, and they were hugging each other. Above the pool, the ceiling was transparent. It was made from white tempered glass. At the flick of a switch, it could block the sunlight but not the beautiful scenery.

Crystal was in awe. "What is this place?" she wondered.

"It is a natural hot spring," said Nathan. "The water contains minerals that are beneficial to the human body."

"It is also helpful for treating headaches," the servant added.

Nathan nodded. "Yes," he said. "That too."

He waved his hand. "You can leave us now."

The servant nodded and said, "Just holler if you need me."

Once they were alone, Crystal and Nathan took off their clothes. There was no need for modesty. They were alone, and they weren't expecting company.

Crystal squatted by the hot spring. She spotted fish in the hot spring, and she was a little nervous about disturbing them. They were red koi carp, which were one of the few heat-resistant fish that she was aware of, and they fed on necrotic skin tissue. Thus, they would instantly suck their skin and eat their dead flesh when people entered the water. It sounded gross, but it didn't hurt.

Nathan had already entered the water, and he was leaning against the pool's wall. The air was hot and moist, and the steam made him look handsome.

Nathan reached out to Crystal and said, "Come in. It's nice. You'll see."

Crystal shook her head, but Nathan grabbed her hand and pulled her in. There was a giant splash, and all of the mermaids were soaked - not that they cared. Crystal, on the other hand, was furious. As she came out of the water, coughing and gasping for air, she roared: "You asshole!"

Nathan laughed and put his hands on her waist. "I didn't bring you here so that you could stand on the edge and not come in," he said. "Now stand still so that the fish can get a taste of your flesh."

"Is it okay?" she wondered. She knew that it was, but she couldn't help but ask.

Nathan nodded, and before she knew it, she was surrounded by fish. They began to attach themselves to her skin, and she couldn't help but giggle. "It tickles," she laughed.

"It does," Nathan agreed. He, too, was surrounded by red koi carp.

Suddenly, something touched Crystal's vulva, and the smile on her face died. "Get them off of me!" she shrieked.

Crystal tried to swat the fish away, but Nathan gently restrained her. "Don't worry," he said. "They won't hurt you."

Crystal wasn't worried about them hurting her. She was just uncomfortable with the idea of fish feeding off of her wet core. She struggled to get away, but Nathan would not let her go. She looked around for help, but they were alone. It wasn't long before she started crying, but he didn't seem to care.

Finally, Crystal accepted her fate, and she stopped struggling. "There, there," Nathan cooed. "If you relax, the fish will take care of the rest."

Crystal took a deep breath, and in a matter of seconds, she was no longer crying. Once she'd stopped trembling, the fish became more invasive as they explored the secret crevasse between her legs. She twitched as one of them attached itself to her clits, and Nathan asked her if she was comfortable.

Crystal was incapable of replying. Her discomfort had turned to pleasure, and from pleasure had bloomed le petit monde - and she thrust her hips forward as she moaned.

Nathan bowed his head and bit her earlobe. "Should I fuck you now?" he whispered.

Crystal: "Yes! Fuck me!"

Nathan needed no further encouragement. He took hold of his manhood and lined it up with her wet core, and as he pushed himself into her, the red koi carp scattered.

Inside the Beverly villa on the white European-style balcony - Christine had just finished talking to the old Davis on the phone. He had agreed to investigate the medication that Nathan had taken to quell his manic rage, and she had arranged for one of her special servants to deliver the sample to him for her.

The phone had startled the pigeons, and they'd flown away. Christine had a unique whistle, though, and when she blew it, one returned. She tied the medicine to one of the pigeon's legs, content with the fact that neither infrared nor ultraviolet defense systems would detect the bird.

Christine's slender fingers stroked the pigeon's white feathers. The old Davis would have the medicine in less than two hours, and the most famous pharmacist was standing by.

Christine cackled as she lifted the bird into the air, and it took flight.

Below her, Helen and Elma were taking advantage of the rose garden. Whichever way you looked at it, it was a spectacular sight to behold. From the balcony, though, it was truly majestic.

Nanny looked up, and when she saw Christine, she whispered something to Helen. Then Helen smiled, looked up, and waved.

"Why don't you come down?" Helen shouted. "We're picking roses!"

Christine: "No, thank you. I enjoy watching you from the balcony. You guys look like characters in a beautiful painting."

Helen: "Do you want me to pick some flowers for you?"

"Maybe," Christine replied. "Is there a fragrance from a flower that I could use to make a man fall in love with me for a long time?"

Helen thought for a while and then nodded enthusiastically. "Yes," she replied.

"There is."

Before committing suicide, Helen had studied with a very excellent perfumer who had developed a special kind of aromatherapy.

If a heterosexual smelled the fragrance for at least one week, he would develop a strong interest in any heterosexual wearing the same perfume.. Unfortunately, even though she knew the ingredients by heart, she did not know how to mix them properly.

Chapter 1669 - 187: Crystal Fell From The Hoarse

When Christine heard that it was possible to mix a love potion, her face lit up. She looked down at Helen and said, "This is such great news. Where can I get it?"

"You can't get it," Helen replied sadly. "Sorry to get your hopes up..."

"That's a pity." Christine pouted and said, "Such a potion could have come in handy...." Then, seeing Helen on the balcony, one of the maids brought her a cup of rose tea. She accepted it with thanks, and then she said, "I haven't seen Nathan and Crystal for a while. Do you know where they are?"

The maid nodded and said, "They went out to the stables, and they've taken the carriage out. Perhaps they went to the hot spring..."

Christine's face darkened, and she said, "If they took the carriage, then they must have taken my favorite horse!"

"But that's your favorite horse!" the maid exclaimed!

"That it is," Christine agreed. Then, without saying another word, she walked back inside, put on her riding clothes, and grabbed the whip that was hanging on the wall.

The horse's name was Zeus, and it had been a gift from the Prime Minister to the Old Davis. But when Christine saw it, she'd begged her Grandfather to let her keep it, and eventually, he'd caved.

She often came to the manor to visit Zeus, and she seldom let anyone else ride him or use him to pull the carriage.

When they were done swimming, Nathan suggested that they unhitch the horses from the cart and go for a ride, and as relaxed as she was, Crystal thought that it was a novel idea - and so it was that they were coming over a hill when Christine spotted them.

Nathan was riding a black horse, which was his special riding horse. It had black fur with a white marking on the forehead, making it look noble and elegant.

Crystal was riding the brown horse, Zeus, which was Christine's special horse, and when she saw the other woman riding her horse, her ire began to rise. She brought her hand to her mouth and whistled.

When Zeus heard his master's call, he began to stomp and buck like crazy. Crystal quickly lost control, but Nathan rode up beside her and tried to reign Zeus in. It was useless, though. The wild horse would only listen to Christine, and he finally managed to throw Crystal off his back before long. Then he reared up on its hind legs and plodded on Crystal's body.

Crystal felt one of her organs burst, and her body began to seize.

Now that Zeus was free, he trotted triumphantly over to Christine.

Nathan jumped down from his horse and picked up Crystal, and the servants surrounded them. "Get out of here!" Nathan roared. His face was red, and the veins in his forehead were bulging. "Get out of here before I kill you!" He knew that some of them were only there to hinder his attempt to save Crystal's life.

Christine handed Zeus' reins to the servant, and then she came over. "Is she okay?" she asked.

"What does it look like?" Nathan roared. Crystal was still having a fit, and her eyes had rolled into the back of her head. "If she doesn't live, there will be Hell to pay! Now go away! Go and call the doctor!"

Christine nodded, and as she rode off in the direction of the manor, some of the servants began to reattach the horses to the carriage. By the time the doctor arrived, Crystal's seizure had stopped, but she was still unconscious, and she had a fever. The doctor looked her over and said, "A horse has trampled her. Fortunately, it stepped on her hips. She'll be fine."

Nathan scowled. "That's bullshit!" he growled. "Look again. She has a fever! Are you blind?"

"It's because she has been frightened," the doctor explained.

Nathan grabbed the female doctor's collar. "If she's fine," he hissed, "why is she unconscious?"

"I'll give her a fever-reducing needle," the doctor said. "Just to be on the safe side. Will that be all?"

"Fine." Nathan nodded and said, "You may go."

A servant approached. She got Nathan's attention and said, "Master, Miss Laurent is outside. She wants to apologize to Miss Smith."

"Apologize?" Nathan scoffed. "Tell her to fuck off. She can apologize to Crystal once she's recovered!"

Nervously, Nathan touched Crystal's forehead with the back of his hand. "You're burning up," he whispered. "You're even hotter than before..."

By then, Vic had arrived, and when he heard what Nathan had said, he ordered the Doctor to return. This time, when she took Crystal's temperature, she seemed to take the injury seriously finally. Her face turned white, and she said, "She's hotter than ever. If she gets much hotter, she might die...."

Nathan glared at the doctor. "This is your fault!" he shouted. "So, save her!"

"It's too late," the doctor winced. "Her body is very weak. There is nothing that Modern Medicine can do. It is up to her now..."

"What is your role as a doctor?" Nathan argued. "If you cannot cure your patient, how can you say that you are a doctor?"

"I'm sorry," the doctor said.

"Well, sorry is not good enough." He turned to Vic and said, "You know what to do."

"I do," said Vic as he drew his pistol from his holster. He pressed it to the doctor's forehead and forced him to his knees. "We have done everything we can," the doctor mumbled. "She is going to die..."

When Nathan heard that, he kicked the doctor in the stomach.

Meanwhile, in the depth of her coma, Crystal had a dream. In it, she was a little girl, and she was holding her Mother's hand. She was learning to walk. She took two steps, and then she stumbled and fell.

Her mother smiled at her and said, "Crystal, get up. You can do it. Be brave, child." Her knee was scraped, and she was bleeding, but she did not let that stop her. Slowly, she stood up and took two more steps.

When Elma and Helen saw Christine on the horizon in the main courtyard, they ran out and met her halfway. It took them a second to catch their breath, and then they asked about Crystal's health.

"It's not good." Helen sighed and said, "She has a severe fever, one of her organs is crushed, and now she's unconscious. The doctor said that she might die..."

Helen took a deep breath. She didn't expect the situation to be so terrible. "Did Nathan say anything to you?" she asked.

Christine: "No."

Helen: "Shall I call grandpa..."

Christine: "Don't worry. Crystal is hotter than ever, but even if she does wake up, it will be at least a few days before she wakes up."

Helen: "But..."

Christine: "Why are you so worried about Crystal? You need to take care of yourself and your child. I will deal with any other problems. That's why I'm here."

"Let's change the topic," Elma suggested meekly. "Dinner is ready, anyway."

"What's for dinner?" asked Helen.

Elma: "Steak. Your favorite!"

Christine: "It smells delicious. I am so glad we do not have noodles. I almost vomited this afternoon!"

Helen smiled and said, "Well, you won't have to worry about that tonight because tonight we're having steak!"

Chapter 1670 - 188: Where Are The Pills?

Elma came over to Helen, and as she cut her steak, she said, "You'll like this. The chef said that it's cut from superior Grade A Alberta Beef."

Christine cut a piece, put it into her mouth, chewed, and swallowed. "Mmm..." she moaned. "Fresh and juicy." Hers was cooked medium rare, which was how she liked it, but she felt like the texture of this particular cut of meat was different from all of the other steaks she had eaten before.

Helen's steak was well-done, though, and she did not notice any difference. She enjoyed the steak, but since she'd gotten pregnant, she'd had a poor appetite. Thus, she didn't know if the reason she was enjoying her steak was that it was delicious or because she was so hungry that, at that moment, she would have enjoyed anything she put into her mouth. Thus, to set the record straight, she requested another steak.

While everyone was waiting, Christine's phone buzzed. She checked the screen and saw that she'd received a text message from the old Davis. He had just finished dinner and was getting ready to go for a walk in the yard with his birds.

Typically, the old Davis didn't allow anyone to disturb his leisure time, so the message surprised Christine. She elegantly put down the utensils and gently wiped her lips with a piece of tissue. Then she picked up her glass of wine, excused herself, and walked out onto the front porch. Once she was alone, she dialed the old Davis's number from memory, and when he picked it up, he said, "The pharmacist analyzed Nathan's medication, and we have the results."

Christine smiled. From the tone of the old man's voice, she could tell that he was pleased. "What are the pills for?" she asked.

"Essentially, they're antipsychotics," the old Davis explained. "They suppress a side of Nathan- an amazing side! - that very few people are familiar with. You may not believe it, but at the age of nine, he shot a five-hundred-pound boar. The tusks are still hanging in my room. And he is strong too! Once, he knocked down ten boxers in a minute. Do you understand what I'm saying? When the conditions are right, he is bold, cold-blooded, and without weakness. He is perfect!"

Christine shivered because of his words. She looked down at her arms and found that they were covered in goosebumps.

Christine: "Do you mean th-"

The old Davis finished her thought. "- that there is another person locked inside Nathan's head?" he said. "Yes! That is exactly what I am saying!"

"Another Nathan...?" Christine pondered the idea as she drank from her glass. "And the medication is...?"

The old Davis: "It's a mood stabilizer: An antidepressant, anti-anxiety, antipsychotic. Nathan uses it to control the other Nathan. It's not good."

"I need some time to process everything you've just told me," Christine said. "Is that okay?"

"Go ahead," the old Davis replied. "I'm training my birds now, anyway. Call me when you're ready to talk."

Christine thanked the old man and said goodbye. Then she finished her wine and threw the glass into the yard with all of her strength. She listened for the satisfying sound of glass shattering, but it never came, and she frowned. It felt like an ill omen.

She took off her shoes and socks and looked at the scarlet nail polish on her toes. The color was bright and dazzling, and it matched her lipstick. She hopped off the deck suddenly and wiggled her toes in the grass. It felt nice, wet, and cold, and she started to walk in the direction of the hot pool.

As Christine walked, she slipped her hand into her pocket and gripped the medicine bottle, and she wondered what Nathan would be like if he didn't take his medication - and if she would prefer that other Nathan.

When she arrived at the pool, she dipped her foot in the water and wiggled her toes. The bottom of the pool was as blue as the sky, and the fish swarmed to her. She smiled, and after looking around to make sure that she was alone, she took care of the medication, stripped off her clothes, and eased into the water.

At the Villa - Crystal had been brought to the room she shared with Nathan. Her breathing was shallow, her temperature was high, and she was still in a coma. Nathan gently wiped her forehead with a cold cloth. He hadn't left her side since the accident, and he was exhausted.

Crystal had been in a coma for more than five hours, and she showed no sign that she would be waking up any time soon. Vic passed a bowl of tomato and beef soup to Nathan and said, "Master Davis, you have to eat something. All that you've had since the accident is a sip of water!"

Nathan waved him away. He had no appetite. He blamed himself for what had happened, and he was so sick with worry for Crystal that anything he ate would come right back up. So eating was as pointless as living would be if she died.

"I will eat when she eats," he said.

Vic frowned. He didn't think Crystal would ever eat again, but he wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

If she dies, then I will follow her into Death's warm embrace - thought Nathan. He was determined to be with her forever, and the cryptic look on his face made everyone in the room uncomfortable.

Vic reached into his pocket to search for Nathan's medicine, but his hand came out empty. When Nathan saw that, he grabbed the bowl of soup and quickly ran out of the house in search of Christine- and Vic trailed behind him.

Christine was bathing in the pool, completely naked, and it didn't take them long to find her.

Vic walked straight to her clothes. He began to rummage through them, but he didn't find what he was looking for.

"What the fuck are you doing?!?!" Christine roared.

"I'm looking for the pills!" Vic shouted, "Tell me where they are!"

"Pills?" Christine smiled innocently and said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't give us that bullshit," Vic hissed. "You're the only one who had physical contact with me today." As he spoke, he approached Christine and squatted down by the side of the pool.

"I'm innocent until proven guilty." Christine leaned back and spread her legs playfully. "Isn't that how the law works?" Her breasts floated on the surface of the water, and the men could make out the faint outline of her vulva. "I don't know anything about any pills," she said. "But if they're so important, why not just ask the doctor to give you more? What are they for anyway?"

Vic sighed and said, "Let's make a deal."

"What kind of deal?" asked Christine.

Vic: "Tell me where the pills are, and I'll tell you a secret."

Christine smirked, and she gestured for Vic to get closer. Then he whispered the location of the medication into his ear. As she spoke, Vic's face turned as red as a beet, and she began to laugh hysterically. "Well," she said. "Now you know where the pills are. The only question is whether or not you have the courage to snatch them!"

Christine spread her legs open a bit more, and she winked. Vic clenched and unclenched his fists. He looked at Nathan and then back at the girl in the pool. Then, without even bothering to take off his clothes, he jumped into the water.

With nothing left to lose, he attacked Christine. He grabbed her shoulders, and he shook her, and he didn't stop roughing her up until she was crying and begging for him to stop.. Then he let her go, held his hand up to her with his palm open, and said, "Give me the goddamn pills."

Chapter 1671 - 189: That's Pathetic

"Aren't you going to take the pills yourself?" Christine asked. She looked Vic in the eyes and said, "I bet you want to take them, you pervert!"

Without warning, Vic backhanded Christine across the face. "No more games!" he shouted. "Give me the fucking medicine. If you don't, there will be more of that in your future!"

Vic raised his hand in the air to show that he was serious, and when Christine saw it, her whole body began to shake. "Alright," she cried. "I'll give it to you," and without any further action, she retrieved the bottle from her private pocket and handed it to Vic. "There. Are you happy?!?!"

Vic shrugged and held the bottle up for Nathan to see. "Happy enough," he replied. Now that he had taken the bottle, he made his way back to the pool's edge. Then, once he was out of the water, he grabbed her clothes, rolled them into a ball, and tucked them under his arm.

"Give me back my clothes, you freak!" shouted Christine.

Vic laughed and waved the small bottle in the air to provoke her. Much to his surprise, though, it made no sound. He opened the cap and was shocked to discover that the bottle was empty. "Where are the pills?" he growled.

"I threw them away!" Christine replied nonchalantly.

"Well, now you're definitely not getting your clothes back," Vic said. Then he nodded to Nathan, and they began to walk away.

"Stop!" Christine cried. "You can't leave me like this..."

Vic smiled as he turned around. "Oh, yeah," he said. "I forgot to tell you my secret!"

Christine scowled and said, "I don't give a flying fuck about your secret! I want my goddamn clothes!"

"I think that once you hear what it is, you'll care plenty," said Vic. "Before I tell you, though, let me ask you a question. Did you enjoy your dinner? Did you notice anything different about it?"

"The s-steak?" Christine stammered. Her face turned white, and she asked, "What ab-b bout it?"

Vic: "It did taste different, didn't it? I'm so glad you noticed."

At first, Christine thought that maybe she'd been poisoned, but then something much worse occurred to her she gasped, and her face turned white. Then, without another word, she pulled herself out of the water. Once she was standing, she used her right hand to cover her breasts and her left to cover her pussy.

"A little late for modesty," laughed Vic. "Don't you think?"

"Oh, fuck off!" hissed Christine, and she began to speed walk towards the villa. On the way, she met a maid. The maid saw her running around naked, and her eyes went wide. She asked, "Where are you going, Miss Laurent?"

Christine did not bother to answer the maid. Instead, she ripped the woman's apron off and used it to cover her body. Then she ran into the stable and began to search for her horse, Zeus. She couldn't find him anywhere, but all of his gear was there. Thus, by the time the stable boy returned, she was in full Panic Mode. "Where's Zeus?" she cried. Please, tell me he's okay!"

The boy took a second to admire her mostly naked body before he answered. Finally, he said, "Master Davis ordered the chefs to kill Zeus and make him into steaks for you... as a treat..."

When Christine heard that, she bent over and vomited on the ground in front of her. Some of it splattered onto her feet and legs, and she could see chewed-up bits of her friend in the sick. Her heart broke, and she began to scratch at her arms with her long fingernails - and it was a long time before she was able to move from the spot.

Vic was anxious about what would happen if Nathan didn't get his medication, and as soon as they got back to the house, he contacted Barrett. Unfortunately, it would take at least 24 hours to get the replacement drugs. Nathan wasn't nearly as worried as he was, though. Crystal was Nathan's only concern now. Her antipyretic infusion was complete. The doctor had changed her nutrient solution, and to everyone's relief, her fever had finally broken.

Vic brought a glass of water to Nathan and said, "Master Davis, since Miss Smith's fever has gone down, you can finally get some rest."

Nathan's eyes didn't look away from Crystal for even one minute. He was reluctant even to close his eyes. He feared that if he slept, her condition would worsen.

There was a knock on the door, and everyone was surprised to see Christine standing in the doorway. She was wearing a red lace dress, and she had a bright smile on her face. When Nathan saw her, he frowned and asked her who had let her in.

"Never mind that." Christine laughed and said, "Brother, you gave me such a big gift. It only seemed right that I thank you in person!"

"Thank me in person?" Nathan was startled. He said, "You must have really enjoyed your meal..."

Of course, Christine was devastated, but she refused to let him see how much he'd hurt her. She maintained her smile and said, "I'm very satisfied. I heard that you hired the well-paid Michelin 3-star chefs to cook for Miss Smith, and I have to say that you got your money's worth. The steak they made really impressed me. I'll remember this for the rest of my life!"

Nathan: "Well... good. There is plenty more where that came from. For now, though, you need to leave. Crystal needs a quiet environment."

"Don't worry," Christine said, and as she stood up straight, she lifted her hands over her head. "I just need two minutes." She clapped twice, and two servants entered the room with a big gift box.

The present was wrapped in the white paper, and there was a pink bow on the top. "This is for you," Christine said. "It's my way of saying, 'Thank you.' I hope you like it."

The servants put the gift on the ground in front of Nathan, and he gave Christine a menacing look. He was convinced that the gift was a trap, so he told the servants to throw it away.

Christine was aghast. "What's your deal?" she asked.

"I'm not interested in any gift you might have for me," Nathan replied. "I don't trust you, so go away!"

Christine looked Nathan in the eye for a minute, and then she began to laugh hysterically. "I get it!" she roared. "You're so afraid of me that you dare not open a gift from me! That's pathetic!"

Nathan scowled at Christine and kicked the gift box at her, but she dodged it easily. "Look at you!" she continued. "You're so pathetic. You can't even control your temper!" As she said this, she plucked the bow from the box. "This isn't from me, though. I lied about that. Grandpa asked me to give this to you, so why don't you open it? I'm curious to see what it is. Aren't you curious?"

Christine tipped over the box without waiting for a reply, and its contents rolled out onto the floor.

Chapter 1672 - 190: Gerald Emerged

Nathan's ire began to rise when he saw what was in the box. It was a tusk from a wild boar, the 500 kilograms boar that he'd killed when he was only nine years old. As he stared at it, his mind began to flood with images from that day, and his head began to ache. "My pills!" he cried. "I need my pills!"

Nathan pressed against his temples with his knuckles. It felt like his heart was in a clamp, and it was getting tighter. He grabbed at Vic's jacket as the pain brought him to his knees.

Vic turned and glared at Christine, and when he saw that she was smiling, he wanted to kill her. "You little bitch!" he roared. "You did this! It is all your fault!"

Christine chuckled and said, "Chill your tits, Daddy-o." Then, much to his surprise, she produced a brown bottle from between her breasts and threw it to Vic.

Vic caught the bottle with a confused look on his face. He quickly unscrewed the cap, took out two pills, examined them, and passed them to Nathan. He dry-swallowed the drugs, and within a couple of minutes, the pain began to subside, and his breathing returned to normal.

Christine: "I guess you don't like the gift..."

Nathan glared at Christine and said, "Get the fuck out of here, and take that tusk with you!"

Christine snapped her fingers, and several servants came in to retrieve the tusk, and Christine left with them. Once they were gone, Nathan turned to Vic and said, "I'm tired, and I would like to be alone with Crystal."

Vic nodded, and he ushered the servants out of the room, closing the door behind him. Then he looked around the room. Once he spotted Christine - she was leaning against a wall in the living room - he seized her by the neck and smashed her body against the wall. "What medicine did you give me?!" he demanded.

Christine: "Does it matter? What's done is done."

Vic: "Know this: If anything bad happens to Master Davis, there will be Hell to pay!"

"Tut, tut, tut." Christine smiled and said, "Aren't you the ever-loyal lap dog? Who's the good doggy? You're a good doggy! You deserve a gold star, but where would you like me to pin it?" She lifted her knee and gently rubbed his genitals. Much to her surprise, though, his cock remained flaccid.

Is he a man? - Christine wondered. Any time she had ever given a man this kind of attention, their little soldier had always risen to attention - Maybe he just needs a little extra help...

"Cut the crap!" Vic roared. "Tell me! What was in the bottle?"

"Poison!" Christine hissed.

Vic's face turned white, and he tightened his grip on her throat.

"Am I that horrible?" Christine gasped. "I was kidding. If I tell you that it was the same medication that you're looking for, will you believe me?"

Vic slowly released Christine. "You had better not be lying," he whispered.

Christine: "Don't worry. If something was going to happen, it would have happened already. The only thing that happened, though, was that his condition improved. His headache went away, and his anxiety levels improved. When you think about it that way, shouldn't you be thanking me?"

Vic: "Don't push your luck. None of this would have happened if you hadn't stolen his medication or brought him that horrid gift. So, I don't want to see you prancing around this place like some kind of hero!"

Christine could help but smile. She brushed his genitals with the back of her hand and said, "If I helped you with your Erectile Dysfunction, then would I be a hero?"

Vic's face turned red, and he opened his mouth to deny his problem, but before he could say anything, she walked away. Vic sighed and went to stand guard in front of the master bedroom.

In the morning, Crystal moaned weakly, her long eyelashes trembled, and her eyes gradually opened. She was finally awake. She hurt all over, and her burst organs hurt the most, but she was alive and glad to be.

She tried to recall what had happened to her, but she only remembered riding the horse and falling off him. There was nothing after that. It was all black. She turned her head, and she smiled when she saw Nathan. He was holding her hand, and she felt like he'd been holding her hand the whole time that she'd been comatose. He was asleep now, though, and she was able to take in his features without feeling self-conscious.

Nathan had bags under his eyes, and he looked exhausted. Poor baby - she thought - he is still extraordinarily handsome, though. No amount of lost sleep could ever steal his looks. That's for sure! She reached out, and when she touched his forehead, she was shocked by how cold it was. She quickly withdrew her hand. Why is he so cold? - she wondered. She leaned forward to get a second reading, but before she could, Nathan grabbed her wrist and threw her off the bed.

The pain from her burst organs exploded, and she nearly passed out again. Why is he doing this? - she wondered - Am I just a toy to him? She cried out for mercy, but he seemed not to hear her.

He got up and stared at her coldly, without a trace of human emotion. Instead, his eyes were bloodshot and full of resentment. "Does that hurt?" he asked as he ground his heel into the back of her hand.

"How about that?"

"Why are you doing this?" Crystal cried. He was breaking her fingers, but he didn't even seem to care.

Nathan: "Woman, you woke me up! You should know the consequences of waking me up!"

"Please..." Crystal whined..

Nathan smirked as he crouched beside her. "Please, what?" he laughed. And before she could answer, he seized her by the throat. The scarlet in his eyes made him look like Satan himself.

Crystal: "Please... Nathan..."

Crystal could barely breathe, and she was too weak to fight him off. I am going to die - she realized. She was terrified. She did not want to die.

Nathan tightened his grip on her throat and said, "It's Gerald Davis."

Crystal didn't understand what he meant.

Nathan: "My name is Gerald Davis. Not Nathan. Nathan is weak and cowardly. Gerald is a strong warrior, and he doesn't take shit from anyone, especially not sniveling, weak women! My name might seem difficult to remember, but don't worry, I've got everything figured out. You see, you aren't going to live long enough to get my name wrong again!"

Blood began to foam at the corners of Crystal's mouth, her eyes rolled up to the back of her head, and her body began to shake as it prepared to give up its ghost.. All the while, Gerald Davis laughed.