

Midnight III 191

Chapter 1673 - 191: No One Will Love You

Vic had been standing guard outside Nathan and Crystal's room all night, and by the time the sun began to rise, he was famished. There hadn't been any problems all night, and it seemed that everyone was asleep, so he didn't see any reason not to go downstairs and toast himself a bagel. He was only gone for about three minutes, but when he returned, he immediately regretted going. From the hallway, he could hear what was going on in the bedroom, and he knew right away what had happened: The medication that Christine had given him was not the antipsychotic his boss usually took. Now the other Nathan was in control; the He who called himself Gerald.

Vic let the bagel drop to the floor, and when he barged into the room, he was not surprised by what he saw. "Sir!" he shouted. "Stop it!"

Nathan lifted his head and turned around. Then he looked Vic in the eyes, smirked, and said, "Get the fuck out of here."

"I won't!" Vic exclaimed. He charged, but Nathan grabbed him by the arms, threw him across the room, and he hit the wall so hard that the plaster cracked.

"I'll teach you to mind your own business!" Nathan roared.

Vic's mouth was covered with blood, and because of the pain, he could barely speak. "You can't kill her..." he whispered.

"Can't I?" Nathan laughed. "There is no such word in my vocabulary," he said. "Nathan..." Vic groaned. "Don't do this... You'll regret it..."

"My name is not Nathan!" Nathan shrieked. "It's Gerald! Got it? Gerald! Gerald! Gerald!" Who the fuck is Gerald? - Crystal wondered.

Her head was spinning, but she was still alive. If not for Vic's distraction, though, she would have been dead already. She tried to wrap her head around the situation, but nothing seemed to make any sense. There didn't seem to be a reason for Nathan's behavior. Before, he had wanted to protect her. Now, though, he was trying to kill her, and he was no longer responding to his own name....

There was a knock at the door, and everyone turned to see who was there. "What do you want?" shouted Vic. "Haven't you done enough?"

Christine smirked at Vic but ignored his words. She turned to Nathan instead. "Brother!" she shouted. It appeared that she'd been out riding. She dropped her whip on the ground, took off her gloves, and leaned against the door.

Nathan glared at Christine. "Am I your brother?" he asked. He figured that the last thing he needed was kinship or love. Christine smiled devilishly. She wanted Crystal to die, but not like this. She wanted Crystal to suffer more so that she could get back at Nathan for what he did to Zeus. Once he came back to himself, he would realize what he'd done, and it would destroy him. "You are my brother," she replied. "And I won't allow you to kill this woman."

Nathan looked down at Crystal. Her face had turned a ghastly shade of purple, and her body was trembling. She was barely conscious, and he felt nothing for her. "Give me a reason to let her live," he said.

"My sister-in-law is pregnant with your child," Christine explained. "She provided you with this woman for you to use as a plaything. She is meant to satisfy your needs if you know what I mean." Wink. Wink.

Vic stood up suddenly, pointed at Christine, and called her a liar, but his outburst didn't faze her. She looked him in the eyes without fear, smiled, and took a brown medicine bottle from her trouser pocket.

When Vic saw it, he froze. She had him over a barrel, and he knew it.

Nathan turned to Vic and said, "Is it true?"

Vic bowed his head and said, "It is as she said. The woman is your plaything."

Nathan began to laugh hysterically when he heard that, and it took him a few minutes to settle down. Finally, he said, "What a coincidence. It just so happens that I'm hungry."

Christine smiled at Vic, and she ushered him out of the room. Once Nathan was alone with Crystal, he scooped her broken body off the ground and dumped her onto the bed.

"Wh-What are y-you g-going to d-do?" Crystal stammered.

"What do you think?" Nathan asked. He pulled his shirt over his head and said, "Since you are my playing, I intend to play with you!"

Crystal was terrified, but in the state that she was in, she could not move. She watched as his hands roamed over her body and stripped her of her clothes. She squeezed her eyes shut as he teased her breasts and tweaked her nipples. Her breasts were soft and plump, and they were two of the few places that remained undamaged. He placed his hand flat on her chest, and then he brought it up to her neck in a way that suggested that strangulation remained on his mind. His hand came away, though. Instead of throttling her, he grabbed her chin and ordered her to open her eyes.

"Wh-what d-do you w-want?" Crystal asked as she forced her lids open.

Nathan scowled at her and said, "Who did this to you?"

Crystal frowned. What game is he playing? - she wondered. "Why should I tell you?" she asked.

Nathan: "Only I can touch my things. All invaders must die!"

Crystal: "Whoever Did this must die?"

Nathan nodded.

Crystal: "Let me go, and I will tell you."

Instead of letting go, Nathan slapped her across the face. "Don't get smart with me!" he roared. "Tell me who it was!"

Crystal smiled coldly and said, "You did it!"

"Bullshit!" Without warning, Nathan slapped Crystal's wet core, and as she shrieked, he forced two of his fingers inside of her. "I told you not to play any games with me," he said. "Maybe this will teach you to tell the truth." He increased the pressure to emphasize what he was saying, and then he demanded to know if she'd been with another man.

Crystal had given up on the truth, though. She knew that no matter what she said, he wouldn't believe her. So, instead of defending herself, she spat a bloody wad of phlegm in his face and said, "No one will ever be loyal to you, and no one will love you. You are unworthy of love!" But, unfortunately, her last word was cut off as he began to throttle her again.

A minute passed, and Nathan looked Crystal in the eyes. "What do you have to say for yourself now?"

Chapter 1674 - 192: I Knew I Couldn't Trust You

Crystal looked up at Nathan and said, "I love Nathan, not you!" Nathan growled and said, "Nathan is dead, and I don't need your love. It is your body that I want."

Crystal: "I gave him my body, and I would rather die than give it to you!"

Nathan: How about if I take your body. And kill you?"

"No..." Crystal cried. "Please. This isn't you... Don't you know that you're Nathan?!?" As she struggled, her hand brushed past the glass of water on the nightstand. She focused on it, and by using what little strength she had left, she was able to splash it in his handsome face. Dripping wet, he was super sexy. Unfortunately, though, he was not acting very sexy.

Nathan tore the glass from her hands and smashed it against the table's edge, turning it into a deadly weapon. As he brandished it over her, though, one of the shards happened to fall into her open palm, and she wrapped her fingers around it. Then she lifted it in the air and pressed it against his jugular. "This needs to stop," she said. "If you don't leave me alone, I will kill you."

Nathan couldn't believe what was happening. He would never allow anyone to disobey his orders, let alone threaten him so arrogantly. He pressed his neck against the glass, and it broke his skin, causing a trickle of blood to drip down his neck. He smirked and said, "Do it; if you're going to kill me, this is your one opportunity. So, don't blow it."

Crystal was taken aback. Never in a million years would she have thought that he'd call her bluff. Not knowing what else to do, she grabbed the bowl of fish porridge from the nightstand and dumped it over her head and all over her naked body.

The porridge had a sickening smell, and it caused Nathan to gag when it hit him. Did this woman pour porridge on her head to stop me from touching her? - he wondered. It seemed like a ridiculous idea, but he could think of no better explanation for her actions. He gave her a stern look and said, "Tell me, who is this, Nathan?"

Crystal: "You don't deserve to know."

Nathan: "I will know."

Crystal: "Get me out of here, and I'll tell you!"

Nathan shook his head and walked out of the room without saying another word. Minutes later, three servants came in. They gave Crystal a dirty look, and then they carried her into the bathroom to get her cleaned up. Once they had her in the bathtub, they turned on the water and proceeded to scrub her body. They were very rough, though, so Crystal said, "You guys can leave. I can clean myself."

"We were told to do it," one of the servants said. "Gerald will be mad if we leave you alone."

Crystal frowned. She still didn't understand why Nathan was telling people to call him Gerald. "I don't care about Gerald!" she said. "Gerald isn't even real!"

When the servants heard that, they pinched her arms, thighs, and chest. Then, when they twisted her nipples, she shouted at them: "Don't you dare do this to me!"

"Miss Christine said you are nothing but a plaything," one of the servants replied. "And she said that we could play with you, too."

Crystal fell silent, and the servants thought that they'd finally put her in her place. They were wrong, though, and once they'd let their guard down, she tied their hair together.

"You, stupid bitch!" one of them yelled. "Let us go! If you don't, I'll go to Miss Christine and reveal your wickedness!"

Crystal ignored them, and after doing a quick body scan, she realized that the bath had rejuvenated her. Even her burst organs no longer hurt, and she was able to stand easily. She smirked at the servants as she rose. Then she tied them up with towels and stuffed wash clothes in their mouths. Once they were secured, she got dressed and returned to her bedroom. When she got there, though, she saw that it was empty.

I need to get out of here - Crystal realized, and she began to rummage around for anything that could help her escape. Unfortunately, her phone was gone. The money had been removed. I need Nathan - she thought - the old Nathan; the man I love; the man who loves and cherishes me. Unfortunately, he was nowhere to be found, and all that was left of him was this Gerald character...

Crystal heard a noise at the door, and when she turned, she frowned. "Vic," she said. "What's going on?"

"Everything is going to be okay," he replied. "I've come to fetch you."

Crystal: "How can I trust you? You said that I was nothing but a plaything!"

Vic sighed and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Please believe me. Christine forced me to say that..."

Crystal: "I will believe you if you tell me what's going on."

Vic: "I don't understand."

Crystal: "You do understand! What happened to Nathan?"

Vic: "I honestly don't understand. Nathan is Nathan. He is my master, and he will always be my master."

When Crystal heard that, he slapped Vic hard across the face.

Vic bowed his head and took the slap willingly.

"Do you know why I slapped you?" Crystal asked. "I slapped you for Nathan!" Then, she slapped him again and said, "That one was for me!"

Vic's cheeks were burning, but he kept his head down. "Miss Smith," he said, "the master is waiting for you!"

"I knew I couldn't trust you," Crystal hissed.

Vic: "You can come willingly, or I can drag you out. Your choice."

Crystal held her head high like a proud peacock. She said, "I'll come."

Helen was sitting beside the man that she was now calling Gerald. They were in the living room, and she felt like she'd finally been given the life she deserved. She watched as Vic led Crystal in, and she smirked at the other girl as if to say, "I win!"

"Is this the woman that made me fall off my horse?" asked Nathan.

Crystal's jaw nearly hit the floor when she heard that. "What is this charade?" she asked. Then, as she looked at Nathan, a thought began to form in her mind - What if this really isn't Nathan? Is it possible that Nathan has an evil twin, and his name is Gerald? But if that's the case, where is the real Nathan?

"Yes," Helen replied.. "This is the woman that made you fall off your horse."

Chapter 1675 - 193: She's Trying To Escape

Nathan turned to Helen and smiled. "How can I reward you for being so nice?" he asked.

Helen: "I don't want anything. I just want you to spend more time with the baby and me."

Nathan: "Sure. Why not? Do you have anything in mind?"

"Why don't we take Miss Helen for a walk, sir?" Nanny Elma interrupted.

Nathan stood up, and Helen took his hand. "But what about Miss Smith?" she asked.

Elma glanced at Crystal arrogantly and said, "Miss Smith is a servant. She'll come with us!"

Crystal smiled coldly. Of course, she couldn't refuse. At this point, she had no other options other than to do as she was told.

When Helen held Nathan's arm, she looked like a little woman. She was beaming with happiness and radiating joy.

Crystal was still in a daze, though, and when Elma pushed her, she tripped and fell face-first into a statue and fell on her ass. She had been hurt more these past few days than she had in her previous eighteen years combined, and she was numb to it. Still, when everyone started laughing at her, she was reminded that there was always another kind of pain, one that she was not immune to.

Crystal looked around. She assumed that someone would offer her a hand, so she was disheartened when she discovered she was alone. Finally, she got up and followed behind the others.

Nathan turned his head and glared at Crystal. He hadn't forgotten how she'd refused his advances.

Crystal knew that he was looking at her, and she looked away. She guessed that he would lead them to the city gate, through the fountain, to the sea. After all, they were walking along the cobblestone road - so where else would they be going?

Crystal felt trapped, and she was claustrophobic. It didn't matter how big the villa was. So long as she was being held against her will, it felt like her world was closing in on her.

Elma suggested they stop to pick some flowers. "Miss Helen loves flowers," she said.

Nathan frowned when he heard this. Few men liked flowers, and he was no exception. When he made this clear, though, it confused Crystal. Before today, he had always loved flowers. Tears welled up in her eyes when she thought about this. Where did my Nathan go? - she wondered, not for the first time.

When Helen saw the look on her face, she began to laugh. Then, in a baby voice, she said, "Oh, boohoo. Is Miss Smith going to cry?"

Crystal wiped her eyes and said nothing.

There's no point in starting an argument - she reminded herself.

Helen returned to Nathan's side, and they continued on their way. It wasn't long before they could hear the water, and Crystal said, "I hear fetuses like to listen to the sound of waves. It's their favorite sound."

Elma scowled and said, "Who told you to talk so much?" Then she slapped Crystal across the face. Crystal didn't move at all, so she hit her again. When Crystal still didn't do or say anything, Elma was at a loss for words, and she stormed off in a huff.

Nathan laughed as he watched the confrontation, and when it came to its inevitable conclusion, he shrugged and said, "That sounds like a fine idea. Let's give the fetus a treat and take it to the sea!"

Crystal's eyes flashed with happy surprise. "You have good taste," she said. "Look, Miss Helen is so happy."

Nathan looked at Helen, and she forced herself to smile. All the while, she was cursing Crystal in her heart. Typically, she was a lazy person, and she had zero interest in walking all the way to the seat and back.

At the sea - The first thing Crystal saw as they approached the water was the private plane floating on the water. Near that, there was a speedboat. It is a pity that I don't know the manor's exact location - she thought - but maybe I can still figure something out...

There were picnic tables and chairs along the beach, and Elma began to set out the snacks and beverages that she'd brought. Nathan sat down with Helen and put his hand gently on her belly. She smiled and asked if there were any shells in the sand. He nodded and said, "Go ahead. Collect shells if that's what you want to do."

Helen took off her shoes and stepped on the sand like an excited child.

Nathan: "There are also conches and crabs."

When Elma heard this, she looked at Crystal, pointed to the shoreline, and said, "You, there. Go and fetch a conch for Miss Helen."

Crystal sighed happily. She had been trying to figure out how to get away from these people and get closer to the plane, and she had not expected the opportunity to arrive so soon.

Crystal nodded obediently and began to walk towards the water. Once there, she began to stroll along the coastline, gradually going deeper and deeper. She had a bag around her waist that had jewelry in it, and occasionally she'd bend down, pretend to pick up a shell, and add it to the collection. She looked back from time to time. Fortunately, no one was paying any attention to her.

Crystal wanted to get on the plane, but she couldn't fly it. She was not a pilot, so she walked out to the speedboat. Once there, she quickly got on to it and pulled the throttle.

The loud roar soon caught Nathan's attention, and when he saw what that was, he used his cell phone and ordered Vic to deal with the problem.

With the seat of the speedboat vibrating beneath her, and the wind blowing in her hair, Crystal felt free for the first time in a very long time. Unfortunately, the feeling did not last long. The minute she heard the Thwomp! Thwomp! Thwomp! Sound in the distance, she knew what it was. Nathan had dispatched his helicopter, and Vic was hot on her heels.

A minute later, Vic's voice assaulted her from the helicopter's loudspeakers: "Miss Smith, our young master, orders you to stop!"

Crystal smiled coldly and muttered, "Over my dead body!" She stepped on the gas, and the speedboat sped up. The waves beat her face and blurred her vision, but she didn't care. She would be free, or she would die trying to escape.

One thing she didn't know, though, was that Vic had picked up Nathan before giving chase.. Thus, she was in more danger than she realized.

Chapter 1676 - 194: Who The Hell Are You?

"This is taking too long," Nathan muttered, and he drew a pistol from a hidden holster. When Vic saw it, he was shocked. "Sir!" he cried. "Don't do this!"

Nathan ignores Vic. He aimed at the speedboat and fired three times. When he was done shooting, the boat spun in a half-circle and capsized.

Crystal was thrown from the boat. She hadn't been hit, but she almost wished she had been. She would rather die than return, but he'd taken that option away from her. She shook her fist in the air angrily as it settled overhead.

A minute passed, and a rope ladder dropped into the water. Then, from the loudspeaker, Nathan shouted, "Come with me, or stay here and die. It's your call. But, if you choose death, I won't make it easy for you. I will shoot you in the arms and the legs, and you will drown out here in unimaginable pain."

Crystal sighed as she grabbed the ladder, and she began to climb up to the helicopter. Nathan from the loudspeaker: "That's a Good Girl!"

Crystal cringed as she climbed, and the minute she was safely inside, he pistol-whipped her across the face. "You thought you could escape," he laughed. "That's funny!"

Crystal stared at him without fear. She had been trying to figure out what was going on and why Nathan was behaving this way. None of it made sense to her, but as he laughed, she was forced to believe that this man wasn't Nathan. It couldn't be. This man had the same face as Nathan, but his personality was very different from that of the man she loved. "Do you think I'm afraid of death?" she asked. "I'm not. Go ahead and kill me. I no longer care!"

Nathan raised an eyebrow and lowered his gun. He said, "If you were dead, I would be out of a plaything, and I wouldn't want that."

Crystal grabbed the gun and pressed it to his forehead. "Who the hell are you?" she shouted. "And where's Nathan? Tell me, or I'll kill you!"

When Vic heard that, his face turned white.

"Crystal!" he cried. "Don't do it. If you shoot Gerald, Nathan will be gone forever!"

"What the Hell is that supposed to mean?"

Crystal growled. She turned her head slightly, and while she was distracted, Nathan tried to swat the gun out of her hand. She was on edge, though, and she pulled the trigger.

She closed her eyes and flinched in anticipation of a gunshot that never came. Nathan began to laugh, and she slowly opened her eyes. "Had this been loaded," he said, "do you think I would have actually let you get your hands on it. What kind of a fool do you take me for?"

Crystal was speechless.

Nathan swiped the gun from her, and then he struck her with it again. Crystal cried out in pain, and she brought her hand up to her jaw. Already it was beginning to swell, and it was wet where her skin had split. "Why?" she gasped.

Nathan smirked and said, "There is no 'Why?' Only weak people ask 'Why?' Strong people do what they want." - and he hit her again.

Nathan was like a machine. He took a bullet out of his pocket, loaded the gun, aimed it at the collar that Eric had put around her neck, and fired at it. The gunshot's sound was loud in the enclosed space, but the sound of the collar breaking was even louder. Nathan took the collar and dropped it on the ground. Then he made a necklace out of rope, hung a bullet from it, and said, "Keep this. If you're ever serious about killing me, you can use this bullet."

"Kill you?" Crystal scoffed. "I'm afraid of getting my hands dirty! Now, give me back my collar!"

Nathan picked up the collar and studied the soaring eagle and the red jewel. Crystal reached for the necklace, but he was too quick for her. He slipped it into his pants pocket.

Crystal held her palm open. "Give it back to me!" she whined.

Nathan: "Let's make a deal."

Crystal: "Fine. You can have your stupid bullet back in exchange for the collar you stole from me."

Nathan smirked. "Tell me something," he said. "Whose plaything is you. Nathan's or mine?"

"I am nobody's plaything!" Crystal exclaimed. "Only perverts treat women like playthings. If I were, though, I certainly would not be yours! You're imprisoning me. I should have called the police when I had the chance. Furthermore, at this point, it doesn't matter who you are. I don't give a shit even though you are Nathan. He is almost as bad as you are. I was under his care when I fell into that death trap and when the horse trampled me!"

Crystal ripped her new necklace out of Nathan's hands and tried to throw it out the side of the helicopter, but he caught it. "How dare you throw my necklace away?" he growled.

Crystal grinned and spat a wad of bloody phlegm at Nathan's hand. Some of it splattered in his face, but most of it dripped down his fist and coagulated on the necklace. She laughed and said, "That is what I think of your necklace. Now kill me. If you have the guts!"

"You will wear the necklace!" Nathan roared. "And you will never take it off! You will not die, and you cannot run."

Crystal rolled her eyes, but instead of getting angrier, Nathan's expression softened. He playfully "Boop's" her nose and said, "If you want to see that man again, behave yourself. If you make me happy, I'll consider letting you see him."

His words gave her cause to pause. Finally, she said, "Where has he gone? Who the hell are you? And what is your relation to him?"

"Are these your only questions?" Nathan asked. He puts the necklace around Crystal's neck, and her mucus saliva oozes slowly down her chest. He dipped his finger in it and smeared it in a circle. He tasted it, and then he said, "You have more personality than Helen. Did you know that?"

Crystal: "What the Hell are you even talking about?"

Chapter 1677 - 195: Have You Not Seen Him?

Nathan looked Crystal in the eyes and said, "You are the first woman to hit me. You should be afraid."

Crystal: "I won't be the last. There are lots of people that want to hit you. After all, you look stupid."

Nathan chuckled and said, "Stupid is as stupid does."

Crystal: "Then you must be the stupidest man on the planet. Here, let me ask you a few questions: Am I a plaything when I am called a plaything? They say Helen is your fiancée. So, is she your fiancée? What if I said I was your mother and Helen didn't have your baby? If you could not answer my questions, wouldn't that prove that you are stupid?"

Nathan had been able to laugh it off the first time she had said that he was stupid, but his ire began to rise as she repeated the insult over and over again. "Are you done yet?" he growled. Suddenly, he flung the door open, grabbed Crystal by her collar, and hung her outside the helicopter. "Call me stupid one more time," he said. "I dare you!"

Crystal looked down and thought -? If he dropped me, I would land in the water. I could swim away. So, what have I got to lose?

"Stupid. Stupid. Stupid." She sang these words in a way that was reminiscent of a child's nursery rhyme. "You are fucking stupid. You say - say you'll kill me, but you don't dare. Stupid - fucking - Stupid!"

Suddenly, and much to her surprise, Nathan let her go. His grip loosened, and she dropped into the sea. A wave washed over her, and she disappeared from his view. A minute passed, and she reappeared, coughing and spitting up water while she trod water.

Crystal glimpsed a stationary raft not far away, and she swam towards it. She climbed on the board and lay on it. She was exhausted, and her head hurt. The helicopter was still hovering over her, and when she turned her head, she could see the man she'd now come to think of as Gerald. For a second, she thought he would leave her alone, but she wasn't surprised when he didn't. Instead of returning to the villa, he dived in after her. He hit the water like a pro, and he swam towards her.

Crystal jumped back into the water and tried to swim away, but he was a better swimmer than she was, and she hadn't fully recovered from having her organs ruptured. Once he caught up to her, he grabbed her ankles and said, "You've put me in a bad mood."

Crystal scowled and said, "You seem rather narrow-minded."

Nathan: "You will never see the person you want to see again."

Crystal: "Why must I go through you to see him? Who do you think you are?"

Nathan laughed. "You really don't get it," he said. "That's hilarious. I can't believe that they didn't tell you!"

Crystal: "Tell me what?"

Nathan: "That I am HE, and he is ME."

Crystal: "I don't believe it. You're nothing like Nathan."

"Be that as it may..." Without finishing his thought, Nathan put his hands on Crystal's head and pushed her under the water, and he held her down as she thrashed about. When he finally let her up, she was half-dead, and her weakness aroused him. He cupped her left breast with his right hand and leaned forward to kiss her neck.

Meanwhile, Crystal was still choking and coughing up seawater, and by the time she could talk or resist, he had his hand under her shirt. He was twisting her nipple and sucking on her collarbone.

"It takes a real man to assault a helpless woman sexually," she hissed sarcastically. "You think that just because you're a man, you can do whatever you want?"

Nathan: "I can do what I want to you because you are my plaything. It has absolutely nothing to do with my gender."

Crystal: "Does doing this make you happy?"

Nathan shrugged and said, "Happy enough."

Crystal: "You said that if I made you happy, you would think about letting me see Nathan."

Nathan: "Have you not seen him?"

Crystal: "I'm not in the mood to joke around with you."

Nathan: "I'm not in the mood to joke around with you, either; just answer the question. Have you not seen him?"

Before Crystal could reply, Vic's voice boomed overhead: "There's a big wave ahead. I'm dropping the ladder. You'd better get up here quick. Both of you."

Nathan grabbed the ladder and carried Crystal up with him, and they were able to return to the shore without any further incidents.

Helen, Nanny Elma, and several bodyguards were waiting for them, and when they saw the condition that Crystal and Nathan were in, the servants hurried forward to wrap him with bath towels. She did not receive such kindness, though. Nobody there gave a shit if she lived or if she died.

Once Nathan was dry, he called Vic over and asked if the doctors had arrived yet. "They did," Vic replied. He looked hesitant at Nathan and said, "But..."

"Out with it!" Nathan roared.

Vic: "It turns out that the DNA cannot be tested until the fetus is eight weeks old."

"Give them a week," Nathan growled. "It is a simple procedure. If they cannot do it by then, I will have their hospital shut down."

Helen looked pale. She was the only pregnant woman there. "What is the DNA test for?" she asked.

Nathan, "If you have my baby in your belly, I will give you my surname. But if not, then I won't, and I will be displeased. Unfortunately, the baby is at risk when you try to collect peripheral blood through an umbilical blood puncture. With world-class experts, though, the risk is drastically reduced."

When Helen heard this, she froze in place, and her mind went blank. She completely zoned out, and by the time her cognizance returned, only Nanny Elma was there.

Elma: "Are you all right, miss?"

Helen: "I'm fine, but can I ask you a question?"

Elma nodded, but she didn't say anything.

Helen: "If Nathan and Gerald are the same people, then why is he testing my baby?"

Elma: "Don't worry. The Old Davis said that, even if the test is done, Christine will help us forge the results."

Helen: "'I'm afraid he knows something, and who knows what he would do if he discovered that the baby isn't his.... and that we've been lying to him all along."

Chapter 1678 - 196: Give Me Some Time To Think About It

At the Davis Mansion - the old Davis was sitting on a couch, studying his antique coffee machine. He put a cup of coffee under his nose and sniffed, and he felt refreshed. As he took a sip, the butler came in and said, "Christine is here, Sir."

Christine walked over, and she sat down in the chair across from the old man. She looked sharp in her sleeveless black shirt and white tights. She smiled at him and said, "Grandpa, how will I be rewarded this time?"

The old Davis: "What do you want?"

Christine took a stack of photos out of her bag, put them in an envelope, and said, "I'd like a brownie cake."

"Is that all," the old Davis asked, startled. When she didn't reply right away, he began to look at the photos. Each one was magnified. Everything could be seen clearly, and from a variety of angles. There

was one of Nathan strangling Crystal, another of him pressing a gun against her forehead, and a few of him trying to drown her. He could tell just by looking at them that they weren't fake.

As he was looking at the photos, a servant appeared with a tray of brownie cake. Christine took one, had a bite, and moaned as she chewed it up and swallowed it. "So fucking good," she sighed. "Thank you."

"I'm glad you like it," said the servant. He put the plate on the table and left them alone.

The old Davis put the photo down. Then, without looking up, he said, "To prevent Crystal from escaping again, I've sent more than a dozen bodyguards to keep an eye on her. She will not be allowed to leave the grounds without my or Nathan's say so."

Crystal did not know who to expect at the Beverly villa when she learned that they were expecting a distinguished guest. All of the servants were helping in the kitchen, and the only one paying attention to her was a bodyguard. This gave her some hope that, maybe just maybe, there might be an opportunity for her to escape.

She thought about twisting her sheets into a rope and escaping through the window or knocking a servant out and pretending to be that servant. She didn't think either of these ideas would pan out, though, so she gave up on the idea of running away.

At dinnertime, Crystal was forced into the dining room by the bodyguard. By then, most of the seats were full. Everyone was laughing, and she quickly learned who their guest of honor was. It was the old Davis, and he gave her a dismissive look as he drank his wine.

When Nathan saw her, he said, "What are you doing? We're short-handed. Get the salad from the kitchen."

Crystal nodded, and when she returned with the salad, a figure stopped her and took it from her.

"I'll take that," Eric said.

Crystal gasped. She didn't expect Eric to be there.

Eric: "Hey, Pretty. Did you miss me?"

Crystal: "What are you doing here?"

Never mind that," Eric replied. He touched the red marks on her neck and asked if Nathan had been hurting her.

Crystal shook her head and said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't give me that," Eric whispered. "It's obvious that someone's been strangling you. Not only that, but you're no longer wearing my collar. Tell me everything."

Crystal nervously looked at Nathan. She sighed and said, "Nathan has a psychotic disorder and multiple personalities. He's supposed to be taking drugs, but he was denied his medication recently, and his second personality has taken over."

"Are you talking about Gerald?" Eric asked. Crystal was shocked to learn that Eric knew about the other Nathan. She nodded her head and asked, "How can I get my Nathan back?".

Eric smiled and said, "Trust me, this will all work out, and you will have your Happily Ever After."

Crystal gave him a skeptical look and said, "How do you figure?"

Eric: "The Old Davis has been looking for a successor, and of all his students, Christine is his favorite. Unfortunately, she is a girl. He thinks that only a ruthless, cold-blooded man could be qualified to be his successor, though. He wants Nathan to marry Helen, and he is using her pregnancy to force his hand. The Old Davis doesn't care if Nathan loves her not. All that he cares about is having his own people around him."

Crystal sighed and said, "I don't understand..."

"You will in a minute," Eric said. "Here is the critical part: Nathan had a twin brother. The Old Davis gave each of them a gun and told them to try to kill each other. And because they were twins, no one knows for sure who lived and who died.

"This other Nathan is a man with no heart and no desire, which suits the old Davis, and that should make you happy. Nathan has been treating you badly, but you have no way of knowing if it was Nathan's psychotic dual personality or if it's Nathan's twin!"

Crystal was distraught. "I don't know why that should make me happy," she cried.

Eric: "If Nathan is dead, and this impersonator is willing to be with Helen, then the old Davis has no reason to keep you prisoner or do you harm!"

Crystal was in shock. She began to feel dizzy, and she would have fallen if Eric hadn't been there to catch her.

Eric sniffed her hair and said, "Do you want to get out of here?"

"I'd like to," she replied, "but the manor is a fortress. No one gets in or out without Nathan or the old Davis's say so..."

Eric: "You let me worry about that. When I tell the old Davis that I want you, no one will stop me."

Crystal: "Give me some time to think about it."

Eric: "I will return in seven days, and I will ask you for your hand in marriage."

Crystal was shocked. She looked up at him, but she couldn't tell if he was serious or joking from his expression. "Can you get something ready for me?" she asked.

Eric agreed immediately. If she went with him, he would do anything for her. He would even give her his life.

Suddenly, Eric grabbed Crystal's hand. She tried to resist, but he was too strong.

Eric: "Don't you want to know the true identity of the man who you know as Nathan but is calling himself Gerald?"

Crystal nodded and stopped resisting. Eric led her into the dining room, and as they approached, everyone stopped to look at them. The old Davis frowned, and Christine raised her eyebrows. Nathan caught sight of their interlocked fingers, and he glared at them fiercely.

Eric looked at the old Davis and said, "You must remember the girl I told you about."

"Is that her?" asked the Old Davis. He eyed Crystal and thought - It is no wonder Eric and Nathan both fell in love with the same woman at the same time. This woman is something special.. If Eric hadn't taken a fancy to her, I would consider taking her for myself.

Chapter 1679 - 197: Can You Groan?

Eric looked to Nathan, then to the old Davis, and he said, "I want to take her away in a few days. You don't mind, do you?"

"She's just one of my playthings," Nathan replied. "She's not good enough for you, Master Bush." As he spoke, he gave Crystal a look that was both playful and predatory.

"If you want her, you have my full support. Just take her away," said the old Davis decisively.

Crystal thought they were all crazy. She hadn't reached a consensus with Eric, and they were talking about her as if she were a commodity- she thought - Who do they think they are, and why do they think they can decide my fate? That's funny!

Eric smiled and said, "Thank you, old Mr. Davis. On the day of our wedding, it will be my great honor to have you be our witness."

"You're going to marry her?" Christine asked skeptically. She eyed Crystal disdainfully.

"Yes," Eric replied. "I am going to marry her." He narrowed his fox-like eyes, sat down, and signaled for Crystal to sit beside him.

Crystal bowed down her head. She wanted to pull her hand out of Eric's tight grip, but he would not let her. She felt very uncomfortable, and there were goosebumps all over her body.

Eric let one of the servants set the utensils for Crystal. Then he cut a piece of steak and lifted it to her mouth. "You cook a lot better than this," he said. "But have a taste anyway. I think that you'll like it."

Crystal tilted her head. She wanted to dodge him, but he winked at her, reminding her to cooperate with the performance. Taking the hint, she ate the steak and showed him a sweet smile. "I'll cook for you every day," she said coquettishly, "once we're married."

There was a bit of sauce at the corner of Eric's mouth, and when Crystal saw it, she drew a tissue from her pocket and wiped it off for him. Then, as she withdrew her hand, he held her chin with his hand, lowered his head, and leaned into her. Their noses pressed together, and everyone at the table thought that they were kissing. Their movements seemed to be natural and real.

Nathan scowled and said, "Get a room for Master Bush." Beside him, Vic was angrily clenching and unclenching his fists at his sides, and his face was red.

Crystal knew the Nathan in front of her was no longer the man who loved her and spoiled her. That man would never let another man touch her. Even so, when she heard him say such words, her heart hurt.

Eric smiled and said, "Master Davis is always so thoughtful." He looked at the old Davis, whose head was nodding heavily. The old man seemed to not care very much about the conversation anymore. Any suspicion that he'd harbored in his heart about Eric had already disappeared.

Suddenly, Eric picked Crystal up, and he carried her to the room that the servants had prepared for them. As soon as the door was closed behind them, she struggled to get out of his arms, but he would not let her go. Instead, he pressed her against the door. The ambiguous assault made Crystal uncomfortable, and she tried to push him away. Much to her surprise, though, instead of letting her go, he pressed himself against her with more force. "Stop," she cried. "You're hurting me."

Eric smiled and said, "I like that. Can you groan?"

Crystal: "Why?"

Eric: "Aren't we going to have sex?"

Crystal looked straight into Eric's eyes, and she instantly understood his meaning. She shook her head and said, "How can I groan in a situation like this?"

Eric: "Come on. Don't be such a prude. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Right?"

Crystal bit her delicate lips so hard that they almost bled. "Fine," she sighed. "Hmm..." she groaned. "Ah... Your cock is too big... You're going to break me..."

Eric was startled by her groaning, and he hurriedly covered her mouth with his hand. "Be professional," he scolded her. "Those don't sound like sex noises. They sound like the noises someone would make while being abused!"

Crystal thought about it for a minute. She tried to remember what the heroines in porn sounded like, and she tried again. "Hmm..." she groaned. "I'm hot... Yes, yes... that's it... that's it... That's what Momma likes..."

Eric pressed his body to the door, but the coldness of it could not put out the fire of desire that Crystal had ignited inside of him. Her groaning was like cat claws. They scratched him and made him itchy.

Crystal: "Ah...Great... Awesome... I want more... more... Hmm... Ah..."

Eric could barely control himself.

Suddenly, Crystal punched him on the chest, which sobered him up instantly.

"Why don't you groan?" Crystal protested.

Eric: "Men don't groan until they reach orgasm."

Christine put her mobile phone back into her pocket on the other side of the door with satisfaction. Then she walked back to the dining room, sat down, turned to the old Davis, and said, "Grandpa, Eric is so cheeky. How can he do that while we're having dinner? He needs some discipline."

The old Davis took a leisurely sip of wine and said, "Young men are always energetic. Just let him be."

The old man watched Nathan's ruthless persona - the man he called Gerald - from the corner of his eye. This side of Nathan was cruel and bloodthirsty and entirely unlike his weaker persona.

The weaker persona was talented and knew how to run a business, but he was a disappointment to the old man because he had no interest in the regime. If the coldblooded Gerald persona remained in control, though, things could be different, and his position in Huston would be impregnable.

Before today, the old Davis had thought that more observation would be needed to see which persona would win the war over his Grandson's body, mind, and soul, but it seemed that the answer was obvious. He smiled and thought-Nathan was dead. Long live, Gerald!

Christine frowned when she heard the old Davis's reaction. She wasn't willing to let the matter go, so she walked over to Helen and whispered something in her ear. Then she placed her phone on the table, turned up the volume, and played the audio she had just recorded.

As the groaning began, Vic glanced nervously at Nathan. He expected an outburst. But, much to his surprise, one never came.

By now, Nathan was a little bit drunk, and he excused himself to go to the bathroom. He took a piss, and after washing his hands, he splashed some cold water on his face. Then, as he leaned over the sink, he looked at himself in the mirror, and he felt out of sorts. He felt a doubling effect in his mind, and his reflection seemed somehow foreign to him.

For no good reason, he found himself thinking about Christine's audio recording. He thought - Damn it! As soon as I'm not by her side, that woman hooks up with another man. And so quickly! And she even intends to marry him...?!?!

Where did that thought come from? - he wondered.

Chapter 1680 - 198: Are You Please?

It took an enormous amount of effort on Nathan's part not to smash the bathroom mirror. When he closed his eyes, not only could he hear Crystal and Eric screwing, but his mind played an X-Rated picture show behind his eyes. The only thing that he could think to do to make it go away was to hurt himself.

After rummaging through the bathroom, he finally found a straight razor. He put it to his arm and drew several harsh, red lines. Blood oozed from the cuts, ran down his arms, and slowly dripped onto the sink - and as he stared at his face in the mirror, his Gerald persona was put to bed.

Nathan looked at the cuts, and he was numb to the pain. It was nothing compared to the pain he felt over losing Crystal. He wanted to confront the old Davis, but he knew that he needed to play for time. Only by gaining the old man's trust could he hope to find evidence of his monopolizing power. Until then, he could not let anyone know that he had reverted to his old self.

Ten minutes later, Vic knocked at the door and said, "Master Davis, the old Mr. Davis, and Master Bush are going home."

When he came out of the bathroom, he saw that Eric was holding Crystal's hand. Her face was flushed, and there were bruises on her neck. These were tell-tale signs that they had sex.

After seeing Eric off, Crystal went back to her room, but she didn't turn the light on. It had been a long night, and the darkness offered her some comfort. She leaned against the door and sighed in relief.

Gradually, she felt a chill creep over her. The way that Nathan was behaving was incredibly hard on her. She tried not to think about the love that they had shared, but her mind would give her no peace. Part of the problem was that she was confused. She thought - If Gerald is Nathan's second personality, what happened to the first personality? Is it possible that it will come back?

When no answers came to her, she began to weep. She held her head between her hands and applied as much force as she could. She thought how nice it would be to squeeze her head until it exploded. Then she wouldn't need to think about anything ever again.

Suddenly, the light in her room turned on, and when Crystal saw who was in the room with her, her face turned white. "Wh-Wh-Why are- y - you here?" she stuttered.

Nathan: "Mrs. Bush seems very unhappy."

"Why are you here?" Crystal asked again, this time with more confidence.

Nathan: "This is my bedroom. Why can't I be here? Don't forget that as long as you're here, you're still my plaything."

"I'm nobody's plaything!" Crystal sneered.

Nathan: "You could have fooled me. After all, weren't you just playing with Eric?"

"Whatever," Crystal replied. "Master Bush has a better figure than you do, and he is more skilled at the art of lo-"

Nathan didn't allow her to finish her sentence. Instead, he grabbed her by the back of her head, pulled her close, and began to suck on her tongue and gnaw on her lips. She started to bleed, and the coppery taste of blood mingled between them, but he did not stop his assault on her. Then, when he finally did let her go, he twisted her nipple as hard as he could and did not let go. "Who has better skills now?" he hissed.

Crystal wailed in pain as she tried with all of her might to pry his fingers off her breast, but it was of no use. Not knowing what else to do, she bowed her head to bite his hand. When she did this, though, she happened to see the cuts that he had carved into his arm. At first, she thought that the wounds were

random, but then she realized that he had carved her name into his flesh. Why would he do that?- she wondered.

When Nathan saw where she was looking, he let go of her nipple and covered his arm with his hand. It was too late, though. She had seen the markings, and she understood what they meant.

"You're not Gerald! Crystal shouted. "You're Nathan!"

"I am not!" Nathan roared. "Never say that name again! Do you hear me!"

Crystal laughed and said, "Stop pretending! I don't believe that. Only Nathan would carve my name into his arm!"

Nathan refused to acknowledge what she had said. Instead, he ordered Vic into the room and demanded that he bring Helen to him.

Helen had been taking a bath, but it wasn't long before Elma ushered her in. There was a faint smile on her face, and it got bigger when Nathan invited her to sit on the sofa with him. He let her sit on his lap, and he carefully brushed her hair behind her ears. He looked into her eyes and said, "Has anyone ever said that you're very beautiful?"

Helen shook her head. Even if someone had, it didn't count. There was only one person's opinion that she cared about, and that was Nathan's.

Crystal wrinkled her brows. She was more confused than ever. She had seen her name carved into Nathan's arm, and she was confident that she knew what that meant. Not knowing what else to do, she turned around and began to walk towards the door. Time to leave - she thought. Before she got even halfway there, Nathan said her name.

Crystal froze in place, and then she slowly turned back around. What now? - she wondered - If he is hoping to have a threesome with Helen and me, he can shove that idea up his ass! Once she was facing Nathan, she stood akimbo and said, "What now?!?!"

Nathan smiled as he ran his fingers through Helen's hair. "Is she pretty?" he asked.

Crystal: "Sure. She's Mrs. Davis. Of course, she is pretty."

Nathan: "You were my woman, too. So, how about you? Are you pretty by default?"

Crystal did not want to answer his boring and meaningless question, so she turned back around to leave.

Nathan frowned, and Vic took the initiative to stop her.

Vic: "Miss Smith, please answer Master Davis' question. It's not an unreasonable request."

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "I am pretty too, but not as pretty as her. There. Are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," Nathan replied. "Tell me this: In what ways are you not as pretty as Helen?"

Crystal sighed and said, "Look, she is better than me in every way. Her figure, character, everything. Are you pleased?!?!"

Nathan laughed as he ran his hand over Helen's belly. "Did you hear her?" he said. "She is worse than you in every way. Only you are qualified to stand beside me. In my eyes, she will never be anything more than a plaything. To me, or to anyone else...."

Chapter 1681 - 199: I Can Do This

Helen was confused. She did not know what was going on in Nathan's head, and she felt extremely uncomfortable suddenly. She looked up at Nathan and said, "Miss Smith is also good, and she has a better personality than I do. Many men like her type. My brother, for example, is one of those men...."

Crystal could no longer bear Helen's condescending attitude. She looked at Nathan, and in a cold tone of voice, she said, "You should stop trying to humiliate me! I'm about to be Mrs. Bush, and I'll be your sister-in-law, so you should show me some respect!"

"Humiliate you?" Nathan laughed and said, "Mrs. Bush, I'm just giving you a chance to see yourself for what you truly are. I don't want people to say that I did not teach you well, and I hope you won't cause me to lose face after you marry into the Bush family. After all, you don't need me to humiliate you. You humiliate yourself on your own just fine!"

"I won't be humiliating anyone!" Crystal shouted. "So you don't need to worry about that!" She could no longer stand to be in the same space as them, so she pushed Vic aside and ran out of the room.

Once Crystal was safely away, she took a few deep breaths to calm herself down, and then she went into one of the spare bedrooms where she could be alone with her thoughts. She still could not figure out why Nathan was behaving the way that he was. It made no sense to her.

Crystal was exhausted, and she thought about going to bed, but then she felt a rumble in her stomach. She had not eaten much at supper, so she headed towards the kitchen to get some food. To get there, though, she had to pass her bedroom.

From the hallway, she could hear people talking and laughing, and she peeked inside. Helen was sitting on the sofa in her pajamas while Nathan was seated opposite her. Vic was standing by the door, and he spotted her almost immediately. He greeted her in a friendly manner, but when Helen saw her, she said, "Miss Smith, it's late. Why don't you go to sleep?"

Crystal scowled and said, "Why don't you go to bed? Doesn't the baby need extra rest?"

Helen: "Gerald said that a little wine before sleep would help improve the quality of our sleep. We'll go to bed after having a small glass."

Crystal nodded and walked away without saying another word. Once she was in the kitchen, she rummaged through the cupboard for a bag of instant noodles and cooked it in a pot. Pretty soon, the smell of the noodles had filled the kitchen. Unfortunately, she had lost her appetite. She had a few bites, and then she returned to the spare room.

Along the way, she stopped outside her bedroom. The lights were out, and the thought of Nathan and Helen sleeping together tore her apart inside.

After helping Helen to bed, Nathan laid down beside her. The fragrance of her shampoo drifted into his nose, but he would never touch a pregnant woman. Furthermore, he would never have sex with any woman other than Crystal.

Vic had told him that Crystal looked unwell, and he assumed that it was because she hadn't eaten enough at supper. That worried him, and it made it impossible for him to sit or stand. Finally, he told Helen he needed a cigarette, and he walked towards the kitchen. Then, from a secret hiding place, he watched Crystal cook noodles.

As he watched her, he played out the events of the last few days in his mind, and he felt guilty. He had put Crystal through a lot. He noticed that she had lost some weight, and he traced the cuts on his arm with his tongue. The wounds were deep, and they hurt, but they were a comfort to him.

Finally, he went back to his room, and when he climbed back into bed, he fell asleep right away.

Crystal got up very early the next day. She had been up most of the night anyway, so she saw no point in staying in bed. She thought about peeking into her bedroom on the way to the kitchen, but the door was closed. She assumed Nathan and Helen were still sleeping, but she found Helen and Elma cooking up a storm when she got downstairs.

When Helen saw her, she looked up, smiled, and said, "Good morning, Miss Smith."

Crystal nodded and returned the greeting.

Helen: "I've made some toast for Gerald. And coffee. There is a lot of food. Do you want to join us?"

After some hesitation, Crystal declined the invitation, and she decided to get some milk from the refrigerator.

Elma looked at Helen and said, "Miss, you must be tired from last night. I'll finish up with the toast so that you can rest."

Helen: "No, I'm not tired."

Elma: "The Young Master loves you so much that he is even loath to make you tired."

Helen shrugged dismissively. "Well..." she said. "I am pregnant. So, what do you expect?"

Elma lifted her fingers to cover her mouth as she giggled.

Crystal looked in the fridge, but the milk was not there. She looked around and saw that Helen had it at the table. She walked over to get it, but Helen stopped her.

Helen: "Elma will serve you the milk if you eat some toast. Drinking milk on an empty stomach is not good for you."

Crystal sighed and said, "Fine. Then I'd like some strawberry jam on my toast."

Helen smiled brightly and said, "No problem."

Crystal: "Have a servant bring it to me in my room."

Helen nodded without comment.

When Crystal turned around to leave the kitchen, she found Nathan blocking her way, and her heart missed a beat. Every time she saw him, her heart ached, and she had to bite the inside of her mouth to keep her feelings in check. She told herself to be strong and not to let him push her around. I can do this - she told herself.

Crystal looked Nathan in the eyes and said, "Get out of my way!"

Chapter 1682 - 200: How Much Do You Need?

When Nathan refused to get out of Crystal's way, she tried to push past him. As she did this, though, he leaned into her, and she was overwhelmed by his warm, familiar breath.

Crystal frowned and asked him, "What are you doing?" She hated the fact that when he approached her, she was always powerless to resist him.

Nathan glared at her. "How dare you enslave Mrs. Davis?" he hissed.

Crystal winced and took a few steps backward. "Wh-Wh-What do y-you mean?" she stammered.

Nathan: "How dare you force Helen to cook for you?!?"

Crystal's face turned white, and she was too surprised to speak. Luckily, Helen was nearby, and she hurriedly explained: "I made too much food, and so I invited Miss Smith to have some."

Nathan nodded. Then he walked behind Helen and hugged her slender waist with one arm, just like how he had cuddled Crystal in the past. He propped his chin on Helen's shoulders, and in a gentle voice, he said, "Why do you still call her Miss Smith? She's going to marry your brother, so we should call her Mrs. Bush."

"I'm just not used to it yet," Helen admitted. She turned to Crystal and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bush. You don't mind, do you?"

Crystal took a deep breath, shook her head, and said, "No worries. I don't mind."

Nathan held Helen's hands and asked her, "Did you hurt your hands?"

Helen: "No."

Nathan brought her hands to his chest and said, "Every part of your body is mine. You are not allowed to get hurt unless you have my permission."

Helen: "Hmm. I see."

The display of affection between Nathan and Helen was uncomfortable for Crystal to watch, so she tried once more to go back to her room. Unfortunately, he stopped her again. "You haven't thanked Helen," he said. "We call you, 'Mrs. Bush, but you don't even have the most basic etiquette?"

"It doesn't matter," Helen argued. "Mrs. Bush is my elder. It is not necessary."

Nathan snorted and said, "She is not a patch on you."

Crystal's face turned red from anger when she heard that. "I didn't even want the fucking toast!" she growled. "And if you do not like my etiquette, then quit provoking me. I am warning you; if you keep it up, I can be even more impolite. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going upstairs!"

Nathan laughed as Crystal stormed up to their room. He was only pretending to be HE, and it was more fun than he had imagined it would be. And it will all work out in the end - he reminded himself.

In Crystal and Nathan's bedroom - "No matter what you do to me," Crystal muttered. "I will not forgive you. Never!"

She went to her bed, picked up a pillow, and hit it hard against the bed. She did this repeatedly until she had vented all her rage, and, finally, she laid down. She closed her eyes and tried to put her troubles out of her mind. She had only been resting for a few minutes, though, before her phone rang.

Crystal sighed as she sat up and checked the Caller ID. It was her real estate agent. She accepted the call and said, "Hello?"

"Miss Smith," the agent said. "This is your real estate agent. The villa you've commissioned me to sell attracted a lot of buyers, but when people learn that it's your house, they don't call me back."

Crystal: "Why?"

The agent: "You can ask Mr. Davis for the details. After your discussion, if you still want to sell your house, feel free to call me again."

Crystal hung up the phone without saying goodbye, and she rushed to the study.

Nathan was sitting behind his desk as if he didn't have a care in the world. Crystal glared at him and said, "Why did you stop me from selling my villa?"

Nathan shrugged and said, "Do you need money?"

Crystal: "That's none of your business!" Nathan shrugged again and said nothing.

Crystal took a deep breath and tried to soften her tone. "Listen," she said. "My friend's Father - Serenity's Father is sick. She needs money to pay for his medical expenses. Without it, he'll die...."

Nathan: "So? What is Serenity or her father to me?"

"So?!?!" Crystal exclaimed. "They mean something to me!!!" She didn't dare to look in his eyes for fear that he might discern the truth, that she was lying. "I want to sell the house and lend money to her!"

Serenity's father was sick, but not to the extent that he needed her to sell the house. She just wanted to save some money for the life she planned to live after she left Nathan.

Nathan: "How much do you need?"

Crystal: "Five million."

Nathan was not stingy, but he wasn't stupid either. He knew that nobody would sell their house to lend 5 million dollars to a friend, even if it were a life and death situation. Nathan thought she must underestimate his IQ.

Crystal: "How about you lend the money to me? Or, if you prefer, I could sell you the house..."

Nathan was thinking - It seems that she is determined to marry Eric Bush. Obviously, she wants to sell the house and disassociate herself from me. For her, the house doesn't have any memories worth treasuring. That doesn't mean that I have to make this easy for her, though! "The house does not have any investment value," he said. And the reason why I won't allow you to sell it is that the true owner is not yet known."

Crystal: "Then lend me the money."

Nathan: "If you need money so badly, why don't you ask your fiancé?"

"Give me a break!" Crystal snapped. "Will you or won't you lend me the money?"

"I'm not a charity!" Nathan snapped back. "When will you pay it back?"

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. "Could you treat it as a gift to me?"

Nathan: "Why would I do that?"

Dorus: "I'm your ex-wife. As my ex-husband, you should pay me alimony."

Nathan laughed and said, "You're not my ex-wife. As I know, you are Nathan's ex-wife."

Crystal was taken aback. "We're not back to that again, are we?" Suddenly, she wanted to smash his teeth into his face with her fist. Instead, her left eye twitched, and she said, "Fine. If I am your plaything, you should pay me for my labor."

Nathan smirked, and he said, "As my plaything, you should be servicing me and me alone, but who have you been performing for these past two days?"

Crystal: "Don't you have Helen? What do you want me for?"

Nathan: "It's not her that is asking me for money. And besides, she is pregnant! What am I going to do with that? Isn't her pregnancy the reason why you were brought to me?"