

Midnight Part3 21

Chapter 1503 - 21: Was It Your Wife?

Nathan thanked everyone for coming to welcome Owen back, and then the two men took a seat on the sofa, with Owen on Nathan's left and Amy on his right. Once they were comfortable, Amy took Nathan's hand and asked him what he had been up to lately. "You have so much going on," she said. "You must not have a lot of free time. Am I right?"

"Busy, busy, busy," Nathan agreed, "but you have been busy too, yes? I saw your broadcasting show yesterday on TV. Who would have guessed that you would become a television anchor? I am proud of you. When will you introduce us to your boyfriend?"

Owen winked at Amy and said, "Come on. Be serious. Amy is a very popular television star. She can afford to wait for her dream man to come along.

Amy was somewhat embarrassed by what Owen had said, and she didn't know whether she should deny what he'd said or admit that it was true. So, instead of saying one thing or the other, she remained silent and smiled instead. Of course, none of the other guests cared about this conversation. They were looking for their own opportunities to talk to Nathan. Unfortunately for them, Nathan was not a man that was easily cornered.

Owen handed Nathan a cigarette and lit it for him. "Are you in a good mood today?" he wondered.

Nathan nodded, but before he could reply verbally, the vice-president of Brilliant Group interrupted their conversation. "I heard that your company is about to make some big moves," he said, "Will you be unveiling some new projects in the near future?" Brilliant Group was the leading enterprise in the country.

"Big project?" Nathan took a drag on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke from his mouth. "There is indeed a big project underway," he said.

"Can you share some of the details with us?" the vice-president wondered. "It must be a great project. Otherwise, I am sure you wouldn't be involved with it. At the very least, could you tell us how much you've invested in it?"

"Sure." Nathan smiled. He shrugged and said, "It's a four hundred and eighty-million dollar project, and I am the primary investor."

The vice-president gasped, and then he called for everyone's attention, "Hey, guys!" he shouted. "Nathan's got a hundred and eighty million-dollar project underway!"

Nathan frowned, but everyone was so caught up in the excitement that only Owen noticed his mood shift. For Nathan, this project wasn't as big of a deal as they were making it out to be, nor was his expenditure, and he would never have mentioned it to the vice president if he'd known that this is what he'd do with the information. Nathan had never been a fan of this kind of attention.

Amy put her hand on Nathan's leg and said, "Nathan, congratulations on the success of your project. Cheers!" Amy lifted a glass of wine flirtatiously, took a sip, and offered a sip to Nathan. Much to her

dismay, though, Nathan turned her offer down, explaining that he did not usually clink glasses with women.

The triumphant expression on Amy's face froze instantly, but she recovered quickly. She put down the wine glass, pretending not to be embarrassed, and said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know. It's no wonder that everyone says you're: a good man." As she spoke, she noticed that Nathan's sleeve was dirty. "Oh, Nathan!" she exclaimed. "Your sleeve is dirty. Let me help. you..."

Suddenly, everyone in the room turned to

look at Nathan's sleeve. It was well known to all of them that he was meticulous about clothing and personal hygiene and that all of his suits had been hand-made and customized in Italy. Thus, they were surprised to discover that there was a stain on his sleeve.

Nathan pulled his arm away angrily, "Leave it alone," he hissed. "Someone did this to me this morning, and I don't want to talk about it!"

The room went silent suddenly. Who would do such a thing? - they were all wondering. They all looked at each other with astonished expressions on their faces. They couldn't believe that someone would do such a thing to such an important man.

"Was it your wife?" someone suddenly asked. "Was your wife the one who caused the stain?"

When Amy heard this question, her face turned red, and she asked to be excused-and she went to the ladies' room.

A few people chuckled as she left, and then they turned back to the question at hand. One of them said, "That's impossible." No one thought that Nathan was married, but they were all very curious to hear how he would respond to the question. He didn't say anything, though, and the room fell into a long silence until one person turned to another and asked, "Is Nathan married?"

"If he is, it's news to me," one person replied.

One of the women gasped and said, "There's no way our dream man could have gotten married without our knowledge!"

A second man said, "You guys are really behind the times. People like to call their girlfriends their wives all the time now."

"Is that so?" a third man wondered. "But everybody says that Nathan doesn't even like women that he's a homosexual..."

A fourth man scowled and said, "Shh!

Watch out. He could hear."

Owen was the last among them to speak. He looked at Nathan and said, "I didn't know you were married. Why didn't you tell me? I thought we were friends?"

Nathan still remained silent. After a moment, Owen said, "Shit! Tell me it's not true! Is she the girl in the picture? I only asked you for a painting. There was no need for you to make her unavailable so quickly.

You didn't even give me a chance... As he spoke, he glanced at Nathan's dirty sleeve. "What the hell is that thing on your sleeve anyway? And why haven't you cleaned it yet?"

"It's snot and tears," Nathan answered casually.

Owen was so startled by Nathan's answer that he began to choke on his wine, and some of it shot out from his mouth and nose.

Chapter 1504 - 22: Your Choice

As chance would have it, Crystal and Tiffany were dining at the same restaurant where Owen's Welcome Back party was being hosted, and they were arriving at the same time that Amy was rushing off to the Ladies' Room. Once they were seated, Crystal excused herself to use the washroom, and as she finished at the sink, she was accosted by Amy, who was just coming out of one of the stalls.

"Hey!" someone shouted at Crystal. "Stop it!"

Crystal looked up and saw the woman behind her in the mirror. The woman wore a black Chanel silk dress, and she was frowning at her.

Amy was annoyed after having been humiliated twice by Nathan, and she saw the appearance of the meek girl as an opportunity to vent her anger. "You got water on my dress. just now!" she hissed. "My dress was imported. from France. Now you've made it dirty. It is ruined! Are you able to pay to replace it?"

"I'm sorry," Crystal replied, "but I think you've made a mistake. For one thing, I did not do anything to your dress. And for another: it's only water. It will dry."

"Don't give me any of your lips!" Amy shouted. "I'm attending a very important party, and this dress is made of silk. But you spilled water on it! You can see how ugly the water stains are!" Amy glared at Crystal, crossed her arms beneath her breasts, and stepped between her and the door.

Crystal knew that this woman would be hard to get rid of, so she began to try to figure out how she would do that. Before the altercation could get out of control, though, another woman walked into the restroom, and Crystal was able to get out of there while Amy was distracted. What a bitch! - Crystal thought as she returned to her table- I wonder what crawled up her ass and died!

As Crystal sat down, Tiffany closed the menu. and pushed it to Crystal, "Crystal, what would you like to eat?"

Crystal looked over the menu, and when the waiter came, she ordered several dishes at once, and then she handed the menu back to the waiter. Once that was taken care of, Tiffany poured her a glass of water and started to flatter her. "You know," she said, "when I first saw you, I liked you. You looked pretty, and you seemed intelligent enough. If it wasn't for that misunderstanding, we might have become friends."

Crystal smiled politely. She knew what kissing ass looked like and that Tiffany was not sincere. Crystal took a sip of the water and said, "You should know that the relationship between me and Professor Davis is not what you think it is." She deliberately paused to observe Tiffany's reaction to her words.

Tiffany: "Oh, I understand. You don't need to explain anything to me. I am the one that owes the apology. If I knew you were in that kind of relationship with Nathan, I would never have had sex with him. Let's forget the past and have a toast to our new friendship!"

Tiffany drank her glass of water to the last drop and immediately added, "Could you do me a favor, now that we're friends? Would you plead my Father's case with Professor Davis? My Father is not young anymore. If he is assigned to the remote mountain regions, he won't live long. So, please..."

Tiffany seemed sincere, which made Crystal a little hesitant to say what she'd planned to say. She wasn't unwilling to plead for Principal Ford, but she doubted that Nathan had the power to do what Tiffany and her Father wanted him to do. In fact, she didn't even understand why Mr. Ford had been demoted in the first place.

Crystal took a sip of her water and said, "This is all a big misunderstanding, Mr. Davis is my guardian."

Tiffany's pupil suddenly enlarged. "Do you mean that Professor Davis is your guardian legally?"

Crystal nodded but said nothing.

Tiffany lowered her voice and whispered, "Crystal, stop joking with me. Don't worry, you can tell me the truth, and I'll keep your secret."

The food arrived just then, and after Crystal had taken her first bite of food, she looked up at Tiffany and asked her if she liked Nathan. Tiffany did not come right out and say that she did, though, and instead, she said, "Professor Davis is handsome and able. I believe no woman could resist his charm."

Crystal nodded in approval. Indeed, Nathan had a charming appearance. Crystal believed that that was why he had been able to cheat her of her Mother's legacy so easily. She also thought that many other rich and naive women had been enchanted and deceived by him. "If you really like Professor Davis," she said, "I can create opportunities for you to get to know him better."

"Really?" Tiffany was overjoyed, but she immediately realized that she had acted too obviously. She forced herself to laugh and said, "You're such a naughty girl. Please don't tease me. It's unkind."

"I'm serious," Crystal said sincerely. Crystal hoped that if she could help foster a relationship between Nathan and Tiffany, he might allow her a divorce, and since Tiffany came from a wealthy family, he might also let her retain control over her Mother's legacy-or at least enough of it to meet her daily needs.

Tiffany frowned suddenly and said, "I have implicated my dad because of what happened between Nathan and me. This indicates to me that Professor Davis doesn't have a crush on me... I appreciate the thought, though. Thank you for that. All I want is for my Father to be able to keep his job."

Crystal smiled cunningly and said, "Don't worry, I'll handle it. And in the meantime, you can start thinking about ways to win Nathan's heart. Okay?"

Tiffany smiled hopefully and said. "Okay. I trust you."

As they were talking, Crystal received an Instagram text from Serenity asking about her whereabouts. She texted her back when she was able, saying, "I'm at Rossini Restaurant?"

Crystal took a quick photo and posted it below her reply, and almost immediately, a comment from Nathan appeared below it. It said, "I'm in the Aries Room at the Rossini Restaurant. Come find me!"

Crystal's heart suddenly skipped a beat. She had thought that Nathan didn't use Instagram, so his comment caught her off guard. She would have been more careful about what she posted if she had known that he would be watching her every move.

Tiffany saw that something was wrong, and she asked Crystal what it was. Crystal said that nothing was wrong, and she closed her phone, determined to ignore his summons. After only a few minutes, though, her phone rang - and the call was from Nathan!

After hesitating for a moment, Crystal answered her phone, and before she could even open her mouth, Nathan's voice came through the speaker, loud and clear and cold: "You come here right now, or I will come to your room tonight. Your choice!"

Chapter 1505 - 23: Come Here

Crystal did not want Nathan to visit her later that night, so she agreed to visit him at his table. She sighed as she put her phone away and turned to face her companion. She smiled and said, "Ms. Ford, as chance would have it, Professor Davis is also here at the Rossini Restaurant, and he has invited us to join him."

When Tiffany heard this, her face lit up, and she said, "Really? Let's go." Tiffany immediately grabbed her bag and took the lead.

In the Aries Room, no one except Nathan knew that Crystal was coming, so when Crystal and Tiffany entered the room, they were surprised, and they focused their attention on the two women that stood before them. One looked mature and intellectual, and the other looked plain and malnourished.

Nathan looked towards Crystal, whose hair was unexpectedly braided, revealing her thin neck, and when Crystal felt his eyes on her, she turned to look at him and frowned. She didn't appreciate the manner in which he'd summoned her.

Nathan raised their eyebrows slightly and smirked lightly. His bright eyes were like glazed tiles, and his lips looked like they'd been carved with a thin gold pen, and in a room full of people, he stood out. He smiled at Crystal and said, "Come here." Nathan's voice sounded like the echo of a ghost, and it would not be denied.

Crystal immediately understood Nathan's intentions. She turned to his guests and said, "Hello, everyone, my name is Crystal. I am one of Professor Davis' students." She put stress on the last word, so there would be no question about her relationship with Nathan.

Crystal gave Nathan a complacent glance. Nathan naturally knew what she was up to, but he did not get angry. Instead, he laughed, and the smile lines in the corners of his eyes stood out as evidence of his good humor. He didn't say a word, but his smile caused Crystal to tremble uncontrollably - and when she heard about their marriage agreement, she felt faintly uncomfortable.

One of the men looked at Crystal and said, "Wow, she is so beautiful. I thought she was the wife of a god. Who would have guessed that she was just a student?"

A second man turned to the first and said, "Thankfully, she is just a student. That means that we still have a chance with her!"

Some of the other people turned to Tiffany, and one of them said, "So, this must be Nathan's wife?"

Wife? - Cold sweat appeared on Crystal's forehead. Did he already announce our marriage? - Crystal wondered - I thought he was going to keep this on the down-low...

Tiffany immediately shook her head and said, "No, I am not."

One of the women said, "Stop staring at her, or she will be shy." She turned to Owen.

"Owen, you are close to Nathan. Is this other woman his wife?"

Owen only knew Crystal from Nathan's painting, and he had only seen the canvas once, and that had been a few years ago. It seemed to him that she must be his wife, but he couldn't confirm it. "I don't know," he admitted.

Crystal hadn't been listening to the conversation. She was only thinking about how to get herself out of the private room as quickly as possible.

Crystal recognized the woman that had just spoken to Owen. Her name was Amy, and she was the one whose dress had gotten wet in the bathroom. At that moment, Amy was staring at Tiffany and giving her the Evil Eye. It was apparent to Crystal that Amy was interested in Nathan, and she saw the other woman as a rival. From the way Amy was looking at Tiffany, Crystal thought that she wanted to strangle the other woman half to death.

Crystal had not expected that bringing Tiffany over would cause such a disturbance. It didn't bother her, though, because the most important thing to her was keeping her identity from being exposed. Furthermore, Tiffany seemed to be happy to be the center of attention, so this was a win-win situation for them both.

When Crystal saw the way that Amy was glaring at Tiffany, she raised her eyebrows and happily smiled at Nathan. After a moment, she said, "Professor Davis, I accidentally splashed some water on this lady's dress in the bathroom, and she was unhappy about it. I want to apologize to her again and help her dry it. Her dress looks quite expensive. She had originally wanted me to compensate her, but I can't afford to."

Some of Nathan's guests turned to Crystal, and they felt some sympathy and pity for her because of her innocent tone. Amy frowned when she saw the way everyone was looking at Crystal, and she said, "It's fine. Don't worry. It's just water. It doesn't matter."

"Didn't you say that it's made of real silk?" Crystal asked. "You said that it would be ugly if the watermarks didn't come out. You also said that it was imported from France, specifically for this party..."

Amy's face turned red. She hadn't wanted anyone to know that the dress was new or that she'd purchased it specifically for this party - and now that the cat was out of the bag, she was so embarrassed that she felt like ripping off her clothes and standing naked in front of everyone.

Nathan did not appreciate the way that Crystal had shamed Amy, and after apologizing to his guests, he turned to Owen and said, "Get on the phone with the Chanel Dress Company and order the lady a new dress!"

Owen: "Boss, the one you want is out of stock."

Nathan: "Then have the designer brought here tonight from France so that a new one can be made!"

One woman gasped and said, "Wow! Not only is he compensating for the cost of the dress, but he is sending it to the designer from France to make her a new one. He is so charming."

"I wish that water had spilled on my dress," another woman said. "I would also like a new designer dress!"

Despite Nathan's attempts to smooth out the situation, Amy was still upset that Crystal had shamed her in front of her friends, and she was determined that she would not let the matter go so easily. She turned to Crystal and said, "Crystal, you are lucky that your Professor has your back.. I suggest that you raise a toast in his honor."

Chapter 1506 - 24: I'm Not In A Hurry

Everyone turned to Crystal, and they began to demand a toast. They banged their fists on the table in unison and shouted, "Toast! Toast! Toast! Toast!"

Amy handed Crystal a glass of wine, and she accepted it nervously. She lifted it in the air and said, "A toast to Professor Davis," but Nathan refused to raise his glass.

Owen looked up at Crystal and said, "Nathan won't accept your toast."

Crystal: "Why?"

Owen: "Because you are a woman."

The room went silent, and Amy smirked. She was unable to hide her pride or her feelings of victory over Crystal. Amy watched as Crystal stood awkwardly with her glass held in the air, and because Nathan didn't raise his glass, no one else raised theirs either.

No one understood why Nathan wouldn't drink. Just as Crystal began to put the glass down, though, Nathan took it from her, and he drained it in one long sip. Everyone gasped. He had just told everyone that he didn't accept toasts from women, so this made no sense.

A million questions ran through Crystal's mind: First, the dress, and now the Toast; why does he keep helping me? Does this have something to do with my Mother's legacy? Or with our marriage? Or... something else entirely?

Crystal stood behind Nathan, and she was

thinking about this problem when she heard him say, "It's getting late. I'm going to go now. Have fun, you guys."

Nathan left the room, and Crystal and Tiffany followed him. Once they were out of the private room and the door had been closed behind them, Nathan stopped. He turned to Tiffany and said, "You are free to go. I will ensure that Miss Smith gets home safely."

Tiffany frowned. She did not appreciate being dismissed so casually, but she had no recourse other than to do as she'd been directed. "Fine," she muttered. She turned to Crystal and said, "I had a good time with you tonight. I'll see you at school."

Crystal said goodbye, and once Tiffany was gone, Nathan turned to Crystal and said, "I was surprised when you introduced yourself as my student. I didn't realize that you liked being my student so much!"

Nathan took two steps towards Crystal. She took two backwards and quickly found herself pressed against one of the restaurant's walls. A cold feeling came upon her when she realized that she had nowhere to go. Crystal pressed her palms against the wall and looked up at Nathan stubbornly. She looked him in the eyes and said, "I thought the idea of being with a student might excite you."

Nathan rested his hand on top of her head. He looked down on her, smiled, and said, "Don't you think that having a sweet young thing like you as a wife is all the excitement I need?"

Crystal was surprised when she realized how tall Nathan was. He was so tall that she had to look up at him. She tried to return his smile, and she said, "Although it's exciting, I still haven't adapted to our new relationship yet."

Nathan shrugged his shoulders and said, "We have enough time for you to adapt. I'm not in a hurry. I will wait a lifetime if that's what it takes."

When Crystal heard these words, her toes curled up nervously, and her whole body trembled. Her face remained calm, though. "A lifetime is a long time," she said. "Who can say what will happen?" After Crystal finished speaking, she tried to push Nathan away, but he refused to budge - and instead of moving away, which is what she wished that he would do, he pressed his body against hers so that she was sandwiched between him and the wall.

Crystal's heart began to beat faster. Suddenly, an idea occurred to her. She took a deep breath and said, "Professor Davis, do you! want to make love to me right here?"

Nathan: "What if I say yes?"

Crystal: "Then we should. Why not?"

Nathan grinned wolfishly, and Crystal felt his manhood grow hard against her. She looked at the waiters nervously as they came and went. She had assumed that he wouldn't want to have sex in a public place. But what if I was wrong? - she thought as she realized that she very well could be.

Nathan put his hands against the wall, one on either side of her head. He had a fearless expression on his face, and his smile was playful. He said, "Kiss me."

Crystal: "What?"

Nathan: "We've never had sex before, so I'd like you to kiss me first."

Crystal's face turned red. She felt trapped, and not just by the wall but by her own innuendo. She retreated a little, pursing her lips in shame. She didn't want to take the next step.

Nathan: "Oh? Are you afraid?"

Crystal: "I'm not afraid. I just don't want to." Nathan stared at Crystal intently, and she felt as if he could see into her soul. "No," he said, "You are afraid."

"I am not," Crystal said, and before he could argue his point, she stepped up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips to his. She had meant it to be a chaste kiss, but before she could pull away, he had the back of her head in the palm of his hands, and he held her close to him. He opened her mouth with the force of his kiss, and he pressed his tongue past her teeth.

This is nice - Crystal realized, but her body would not allow her to enjoy the moment. As he kissed her, she began to panic. She felt like all of the oxygen in her body had been plundered by him. She had only kissed him to prove a point, but it had not been a point worth proving because Nathan had no scruples. Not only that, but he was a very experienced man, and if something didn't happen quickly, it was very likely that he would fuck her right there, up against the wall, for the whole world to see.

Crystal tried to calm down so that she could

think clearly. Nathan had his left hand around her waist, and his right one was on her left breast, above her shirt, cupping the fatty tissue, squeezing, and playing. She struggled against him, but he paid her no mind. In fact, he seemed to find pleasure in distress, and his kisses intensified.

He is going to assault me - Crystal realized - right here, with all of these people watching!

Chapter 1507 - 25: Didn't You Say That You Will Perform Well?

It occurred to Crystal, then, that her situation was hopeless, and she stopped struggling. Then, instead of fighting off his advances, she began to return them. Her hands began to climb up his neck, her fingers passed through his hair, and she returned his kiss with vigor-and they continued to kiss passionately until they were both breathless.

Crystal's lips were red and swollen, and when Nathan brought his hand up to touch them, she bit down hard on his fingers. Nathan shouted out in pain and anger as he pulled his hand away. "You bitch!" he hissed. "Are you a dog? Is that the reason why you like biting people so much?"

Crystal growled and said, "I am a she-wolf, and I do like biting very much, but I never bite humans. I made an exception for you, though, because you're not much of a man!"

Nathan laughed and said, "If you are a wolf, and I am some sort of humanoid beast, I can only imagine the love we will make when I have you on all fours!"

Crystal glared at him. "You pervert!" she yelled, and if looks could kill, he would have been either dead or dying at that moment.

Finally, Nathan took a step backward. "This isn't over," he said.

On the way back to the hotel, Crystal looked at Nathan and asked him, "Will you actually have a designer brought in from Paris to replace Amy's dress?"

Nathan: "Of course. What would become of you if I didn't? After all, you can't afford to replace it."

Crystal: "It's not a big deal. I am a big girl. I can compensate her for her losses myself. Anyway, it was just a few drops of water."

Nathan: "Didn't you say that you couldn't afford it?"

Crystal: "Sure, I don't have money, but you do. And since we're married, what's yours is mine. I can benefit from our marriage, right?"

Nathan saw the reasonable and vigorous look in Crystal's eyes, and he laughed. "So," he said. "At this moment, you will admit that what's mine is yours?"

Crystal stared at Nathan but said nothing in reply.

Nathan rarely smiled. He always looked like a ten-thousand-year-old iceberg;- so cold. that it could make an in-home air-conditioner useless. Since he was in a good mood, she said, "I was thinking about Mr. Ford. What is to become of him?"

"I don't care," Nathan replied. "I will never change my decision."

Crystal didn't know why Nathan was so stubborn, but she thought she might get the results she desired if she changed her tack. She curled up beside him and said, "Wouldn't you reconsider, for my sake, or the sake of our marriage?"

"For the sake of our marriage, you say?"

Nathan laughed. "We haven't even made love yet! What kind of a marriage is that?" Crystal: "But I haven't taken your last name yet. Marriage isn't legal until I have your last name!"

Nathan looked at Crystal skeptically and said, "Be that as it may, Mr. Ford's future is in my hands, and what I do with it relies entirely upon your willingness to please me and your performance."

Performance? Crystal wondered - what does he mean by "Performance?" To Crystal, it sounded like he was hinting at something specific, but she didn't know what it was. Nathan was looking at Crystal seductively, and she was forced to admit, if only to herself, that he was a skilled master when it came to the art of seducing women. His wicked smile was heavenly, alluring, shocking, and charming.

Crystal pulled her eyes away from Nathan's soul-stirring smile. She reminded herself about Mr. Ford and the promise that she had made to Tiffany. She clenched her fists at her sides and said, "If it is a performance that you want, then I will give you a performance that you will never forget!"

"I had hoped you would say that," Nathan said. He wrapped his arm around Crystal's waist and drew her even closer than she had been. He ran his finger up her bare leg, under her skirt, and halfway up her thigh. Crystal shivered, and her skin broke out in gooseflesh.

Nathan: "Are you afraid of me?"

Crystal: "No."

Nathan brought his hand up a little closer to her panties, gave her leg a gentle squeeze, and said, "Why don't you come and sit on my lap, then?"

Crystal nodded nervously and pushed herself off the seat and into his lap. The temperature of his legs was hot, like fire, and she could feel his hard manhood pressed against her buttocks. His heat quickly spread to her skin, her blood, and her bones until every molecule in her body felt like it could boil over at any minute. Crystal's scalp felt numb, and when she realized how embarrassingly damp her panties were, her back stiffened suddenly.. She felt as if a bolt of lightning had hit her, and

her entire body was tingling all over.

Crystal had not expected that his body temperature would make her feel so unbearably hot. She could feel the side of her left breast pressed against his chest, but she didn't care. Her nipples stood out like sore thumbs, and they ached.

Crystal turned to look out the front window, and her face turned red when she realized that the driver was watching them. She tried to pull away, but Nathan restrained her. "Didn't you say that you will perform well?" he asked her, and after she'd nodded her head dutifully, he said, "Well. Then perform."

Crystal closed her eyes tightly to block out the driver's hungry eyes and to keep back the tears. She laughed suddenly, and the sound of her voice seemed insane to her. Is this how I always sound? - she wondered as she forced herself to get control of herself. She tried to smile like a normal person, and she asked Nathan, "How do you want me to perform?"

"Like this?" She nibbled on his earlobe. "Or this?" She began to kiss her way down his neck.

"Maybe this?" She ran her fingers down his chest.

Nathan turned his head and said, "Just like that, sweet one.. Keep going."

Chapter 1508 - 26: It Doesn't Matter To Me

Crystal raised her eyebrows as she ran her cold fingers across the top of Nathan's silky shirt. She paused in the middle when she came to the top button, and she rolled it like a gem between her thumb and

forefinger. She looked him in the eyes, smiled, and slipped the button free from the eyelet. One button - she thought to herself, and then two.

Nathan raised his lips into a playful, sexy smile.

Three buttons - Crystal was counting each in her head and using it as a device to keep herself calm- Keep Calm and Chive On- she told herself.

The tip of Crystal's finger accidentally touched Nathan's chest muscles as she exposed them to the air, and he flinched- Four Buttons. His chest was flat and hard, and it felt very hot. Suddenly, Nathan grabbed Crystal's hand, and she couldn't move. She looked up, and tears appeared in her eyes. She cried out, "Professor Davis, your pulse is racing too fast. Be careful. You could be in danger of having a heart attack!"

Nathan laughed cruelly when he heard that. He said, "My sweet young thing, you are so naive. I am not going to have a heart attack. The reason that my heart is racing so fast is because of how badly I want to fuck you! Right here, on the spot!"

Crystal froze. She didn't know how to react.

It felt like no matter what she did, she ended up in one of his traps.

After a while, Nathan leaned back into the seat lazily. He frowned frivolously and looked at her quietly, Crystal felt a little concerned about what might happen next. She looked into his aphrodisiac eyes and said, "You wouldn't."

A wicked grin appeared on Nathan's face, and he said, "I would. Wouldn't you? And why not? This is a good quality car!"

In the back of her mind, Crystal asked herself, is this some sort of a test? Is Nathan trying to test my boundaries? The scary thing was that Crystal didn't even know where her boundaries lay. I must have some limits though, she told herself-surely, I do!

Crystal felt like she had a devil on one shoulder and an angel on the other. The Angel was shouting at her to get away, to "Get out while you still can!" But the Devil was singing a much sweeter song, one of lust and depravity, and of hunger sated - and then there was Mr. Ford to think of. If she gave in to her carnal desires, she would also be doing something noble for a good man- but that isn't right, or is it?

Crystal wanted to help Mr. Ford, but she didn't want to get in trouble. What am I to do? Without making a decision, she popped open the fifth button, and Nathan's navel was clearly visible. She could see a tuft of hair and a trail that led further down his abdomen.

The sixth button was the last, and after popping it, Crystal spread open Nathan's shirt so that she could get a good look at his chest. Nathan radiated masculinity. He was lean and powerful, and there wasn't a trace of fat on him. His body was a chiseled work of art, and. Crystal's fingers were drawn to the master lines that defined his pectoral and abdominal. muscles. But when she ran those fingers along the waist of his pants, he hastily grabbed her wrist. "You're playing with fire," he admonished her.

"Maybe," she sighed, "but I feel like I'm fireproof right now." Crystal began to pull Nathan's shirt off his shoulders, but he commanded her to stop.

Nathan looked up at the driver and said, "Pull over and stop the car!" The driver slowed down, and once he'd pulled over, Nathan looked at him in the mirror and said, "Get out! Now!"

The driver saw impatience in Nathan's eyes and got out as quickly as he could. "Go get a coffee," Nathan said. "I'll call you if I need you. Otherwise, find your own way home."

The driver nodded as if this was routine, and then he took off down the street. Once Crystal and Nathan were alone, she looked at him nervously and asked, "Are you angry? It seems that you weren't satisfied with my performance?"

"Where did you learn to perform so well?" Nathan asked.

"I taught myself," Crystal replied nervously.

Nathan scowled, and he said, "I don't believe you. A girl cannot just learn to behave like this. She needs to be guided by a man. Did Carlos teach you these tricks?"

"He did," Crystal admitted. "You can't get angry, though. I may be damaged goods, but I never claimed not to be! If you want to return the goods, you are free to do so. Carlos has already told me that he would take me back!"

"Return the goods?" Nathan gasped. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Without warning, an unquenchable fire began to rage within him, and he felt like he could quickly lose control if he weren't careful.

"Of course, I can return the goods," he growled, "but before that, I want to inspect the goods and sample the merchandise."

Nathan grabbed Crystal's hand as he had in his office, and he twisted it violently behind her back, causing her to cry out in fear and pain. Her back arched, and his eyes swept over her body, and a wolfish grin appeared on his face. He chuckled and said, "So, my sweet young thing isn't as sweet as I thought she was."

Crystal had been through a lot with Nathan, and she had finally reached her breaking point. She pushed her face close up to Nathan's and said, "Fine! Inspect the goods all you want. If you do, though, then I get to check your goods - tit for tat! Is it a deal?"

Nathan sat back for a moment. He was intrigued. "Sure," he said. "It's a deal."

Crystal hadn't expected him to agree so readily, and his sudden amicable attitude gave her an idea. She leaned forward and gave him a quick, chaste kiss. Then, as she pulled away, she whispered into his ear: "Professor Davis, do you like to be kissed with your eyes open because I'd like to kiss you with your eyes closed."

Nathan shrugged.. "It doesn't matter to me," he said, and he closed his eyes dutifully - and the minute his eyes were closed, Crystal opened the door of the car, grabbed Nathan's shirt, and rushed out into the street.

Chapter 1509 - 27: I Don't Need Anyone's Charity

Nathan knew immediately what was going on, and he reached out to grab Crystal, but he was yanked back into the car by his seatbelt. And before he knew it, she was free. He shouted after her, "Crystal, get back here!" Nathan quickly undid the seatbelt, and even though he was half-naked, he got out of the car. Crystal was about half a block away from him, and she was waving his shirt in the air so that, instead of a shirt, it looked like a victory flag - not only had she escaped his clutches, but now she was mocking him!

The cold wind blew hard, it hit Nathan's bare chest, and he flinched away from it. He had never been outside without a shirt before. However, from his education, he knew what would happen if he did not rectify the situation quickly. Furthermore, if one of his peers were to see him, he would be deeply embarrassed.

Nathan watched in dismay as Crystal threw his shirt into a trash bin. She spread her hands innocently, smirked, and just as he was about to rush towards her, she stopped a taxi and quickly got into it. "Crystal!" he shouted. He was so angry that when he punched the Maybach's window, it shook, and a small crack appeared.

A convertible car passed behind Nathan, and a glamorous, sensual, large-breasted woman whistled at him. She batted her eyelashes and said, "Hey sexy, do you need a ride?"

Nathan turned and glared at her. "fuck off!" he shouted. "I don't need anyone's charity!"

The woman was so frightened by the look in Nathan's eyes and his tone of voice that she stepped on the car's accelerator and took off like a bat out of hell.

Nathan ran around to the driver's side of the Maybach, climbed in, started the car, and took off after Crystal's taxi.

Crystal turned in her seat, and when she saw Nathan following after her, a cold chill ran down her back. She had thought she would be safe in the taxi, but she didn't feel safe - and she was afraid.

Crystal looked out the window and tried to distract herself by watching the scenery as it passed by her, at the people, the stores, and the intersecting streets. The things she saw through the window were fascinating, but they made her feel tired. Her eyes began to droop, but before she could fall asleep, the driver cursed and pumped on the brakes. The car jerked, and Crystal was thrown forward into the back of the front seat, and the seatbelt she was wearing across her chest bit into her shoulder. "Ouch!" she cried. "What was that all about?"

She looked up and saw Nathan's silver-gray Maybach parked horizontally in front of the taxi. "The car cut me off," the driver explained. He pumped the horn twice and frowned. He turned to look at Crystal and said, "And now he's refusing to move."

The driver was angry, but he hadn't lost his temper yet. He calmly opened his window and shouted at the Maybach, "What the hell?!?! Do you have a death wish?!?!? What were you thinking?!?!? Get out of my way, asshole!!!!"

The door of Maybach opened, and Nathan stepped out of the vehicle like a king emerging from his chariot. His facial features were: impossible to read, but there was an undeniable rage burning behind his eyes, and as he walked slowly over to the taxi, the driver's curses died in his mouth. Keep your mouth shut! the driver told himself- this man is not safe!

Crystal opened her door and tried to run, but Nathan was faster than she was, and before she'd made it more than a few steps, he'd grabbed a fist full of her hair. He pulled her backward, and she screamed - in pain, indignation, horror, and rage - as he reigned her in.

Nathan pulled Crystal's head backward and gripped her chin with his free hand. "Damnit," he growled. "Don't you know that it is dangerous for a woman to ride in a taxi alone after midnight?"

"What?" Crystal was a little confused. She had thought that he would scold her for teasing him. Is it possible that he was looking out for my safety all along? - she wondered.

Before Crystal could properly process this thought, the taxi driver leaned out of his window and said, "Miss, can you please pay your fare?"

"I've got it," Nathan said as he released Crystal. He took out his wallet from his right trouser pocket, pulled out a twenty-dollar bill, and threw it through the window. "That should be more than enough. Now get lost." The driver thought that Nathan was a madman, and he was more than happy to comply.

Now that Nathan knew that Crystal was safe, he was able to relax. He took out a cigarette and lighter from his back pocket. With a click, a burst of fire lit up the night, and Nathan lit his cigarette. He brought it to his mouth and took a long drag off his fag. The smoke rose from between his fingertips, and he blew it off into the night.

Even though Nathan was topless, he maintained his usual carefree demeanor. He took another drag off his ciggy, made an O with the smoke as he exhaled, and smiled. He turned to Crystal and said, "So, have you had enough fun for one evening, do you think?"

Crystal stared out into the night and didn't answer for a while. So much had happened in a very short amount of time, and there were many things that she was confused about. Finally, she took a deep breath and said, "I suppose so. But what about Mr. Ford?"

Nathan smiled and said, "Based on your poor performance, I see no reason to change my mind, but if you want to try again, then I might reconsider. Do you care to rejoin me in the car?"

Crystal grumbled in dissatisfaction, but in the end, she saw no choice but to do as he suggested. After all, if she wanted to help Mr. Ford, Nathan had made it clear that this was the only way.

Crystal climbed into the passenger seat of the car. Nathan walked around the car and jumped into the driver's seat, and as he started the car, he glanced at Crystal through the rearview mirror.

Crystal looked him in the eyes and said, "Professor Davis, I have naked pictures of you.." She opened her phone and showed him a series of photos of him topless that she'd just taken.

Chapter 1510 - 28: Is Nathan A Painter?

Nathan looked at the topless pictures of himself on Crystal's phone and laughed. "So what?"

"Aren't you afraid that I will upload them to my Instagram account?" Crystal asked.

Nathan smirked and said, "If you do, then you will have to explain why you were in a car with a half-naked man, and you will face more ridicule than I will!"

Crystal was surprised by Nathan's quick answer. She sat silently back in her seat and pouted all the way back to the house. As the car was stopped in front of the yard, Nathan gently touched her hand, and then he clamped his fingers tightly around her wrist. He stared into her eyes and said, "The past is over. It is better. to look forward to the future and enjoy the present."

Crystal tried to pull her hand away, and when he wouldn't let her go, she began to panic. Even if he got away from him, now that they were home, there was nowhere for her to go, and if he wanted to force himself on her, she would not be able to escape. Even God can't help me now-she realized, and she swallowed softly. Crystal smiled gently and asked Nathan if he wanted her to get him a shirt, but he said, "No. Don't bother. I would just have to take it off, so why would I put one on?"

Crystal: "Don't you know how charming you are when you're fully dressed? And besides, it's more fun to put clothes on than to take them off. Furthermore..."

Nathan: "Furthermore, what?"

Crystal: "Furthermore, I'm very good at... at... taking clothes off."

Nathan: "Ah."

Once they were inside, Nathan led Crystal to his bedroom. He laid down on his bed, on his back, and pulled Crystal on top of him. He looked at her excitedly and said, "Let's get started." Crystal: "Get started?"

Nathan forced Crystal's hand to Armani's belt around his waist and said, "You said that you're good at taking off clothes, and now you have to prove it!"

With no other options at her disposal, Crystal undid the clasp on Nathan's belt. Once it was open, she looked at him nervously, and he nodded his head. "Go on," he prompted.

Crystal's hands trembled a little, and as she pulled the zipper on his pants down, her fingers brushed along the length of his stiff manhood, and she pulled away as a reflex. Nathan didn't give her a chance to retreat properly, though. He leaned into her and kissed her lips, and while she was distracted, he grabbed her hands and subdued her. Crystal struggled, but Nathan was too strong, and she could not escape.

Nathan's kiss was fierce and domineering, and Crystal had to admit that he had an excellent technique. Even if she had never kissed a man before, she would have been able to recognize his superiority. Crystal's head began to spin, and she lost all sense of time. Eventually, though, the kiss did end, and by that time, she had no idea if the saliva in her mouth was hers or his.

Crystal had given up struggling, and she lay softly on Nathan's body. She stared at him for a long while. She felt lost - as if she were in a trance, and she was utterly fascinated by his natural smile.

Nathan gripped Crystal's buttocks and raised his hips so that she could feel every inch of him as he pressed his girth hard against her mons pubis. Crystal shuddered, but she didn't pull away, and Nathan gave her a curious look. "Are you afraid of seeing it?"

"Yes, I am afraid," she admitted.

Nathan looked into Crystal's innocent eyes.

He patted her butt and said, "If you don't want to continue, then get up. We can stop here for today."

Crystal uttered a sigh of relief when she heard Nathan's words. She quickly got up, but as her feet hit the ground, a thought occurred to her. She turned to Nathan and said, "You said that if I performed well, you would forgive Mr. Ford. Have I performed well for you?"

"Of course," Nathan replied, and as he said this, he suddenly realized that Crystal was a complete mystery to him. She was sometimes choleric, sometimes sultry, sometimes cute, and occasionally stubborn. Most women were unpredictable and given to quick changes in moods, but, in that regard, Crystal was worse than any woman he had ever met- and she was full of surprises!

Crystal went into the kitchen and poured herself a glass of milk. She offered Nathan one, but he said, "I don't drink milk. Could you make some coffee, though?"

Crystal smiled meekly, and she lowered her head. "Yes, my lord. I'll make it for you."

Nathan looked at Crystal's breasts and said, "Wait. I want you to drink the milk first. And put a lot of sugar in it. Milk is good for you. You should be drinking more of it. And when you make my coffee, don't forget that I like it cold!"

Crystal picked up the glass of milk on the table, added five spoons full of sugar, and brought it to her mouth. After taking a sip, she said, "The taste is so sweet that I can practically feel my teeth preparing to fall out."

Nathan nodded, and Crystal obediently drank the rest of the milk. After that, she hurriedly drank several glasses of water to get the taste out of her mouth. After that, Crystal prepared a pot of coffee for Nathan. When it was done, she filled a mug with ice cubes and poured the coffee over them. It was the first time that she had met someone who liked iced coffee, so she wanted to make sure there was enough ice.

Crystal brought Nathan his coffee, but he didn't drink right away. Instead, he raised his head from his notebook and said, "I am hungry."

Crystal clenched and unclenched her fists. "Okay," she said. "I'll cook for you." Before she could leave, though, Nathan grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her onto his lap.

She was shocked, and she tried to get away, but he wouldn't let her go. "Aren't you hungry?" she asked him. "What do you want to eat?"

Nathan: "You."

Crystal: "..."

Nathan: "Just stay like this for a while." Crystal quit resisting, and Nathan slowly loosened his grip on her wrist. She glared at him, but he paid her no mind. His attention had returned to his notebook and his lesson preparations.

After a while, Crystal's gaze softened, and she began to appreciate Nathan's handsome face for what it was. She finally understood why so many women were so eager to be with him - why they were so crazy about him. If it weren't for his tricks, few people would be able to resist his charm.

Nathan seemed to feel her eyes on him, and his focus shifted back to her.

Crystal's face turned red, and she looked away. She noticed for the first time that he'd cleaned up his study, but without the things she'd broken, the room seemed strangely empty. She looked at the paintings on the wall. Their style was mature and smooth, and the transition between the shades of colors was extraordinarily natural and stunning. She looked at the bottom left corner of one of them and saw Nathan's name printed there, and she was startled. Is Nathan a painter? - she wondered. She thought about it for a moment and realized that if he was, it made sense. After all, if he wasn't good at music and art, how could he have won the heart of a rich woman like her mother? - It seems that I have underestimated him!

Gradually, Crystal's eyelids began to feel heavy.. She rested her head on Nathan's shoulder, and without meaning to, she fell asleep.

Chapter 1511 - 29: You Should Ask Me What I Don't Like

With her head resting on Nathan's shoulder, Crystal dreamt that she was a young girl again. She had been afraid of the dark, and her Mother was comforting. Her Mother gently hugged her, patted her on the back, and hummed a lullaby.

Crystal wanted more of her Mother's warmth, so she pressed her body against her and nuzzled her head against her chest. She could smell mint on her breath, and she began to feel dizzy. Why does my Mother smell like mint? - Crystal wondered. Her Mother had never smelled like mint before!

When Crystal opened her eyes, she found herself in her bed, with Nathan hovering over her. And she began to panic. She tried to get up, but Nathan had her pinned down. She watched in horror as he lowered his head. "What are you doing here?" she cried.

Nathan smirked and said, "Ask yourself."

Crystal had no idea what had happened after she'd fallen asleep. What had happened, though, was that by the time they'd arrived at her house, she'd been so soundly asleep that he hadn't been able to wake her, so he'd had to carry her inside her and tuck her into her bed. Then, when he'd tried to leave, she'd grabbed his hand and refused to let him go. Thus, he had been forced to spend the night with her. It wasn't until she'd begun to wake up that she'd finally released her hold on Nathan, and by then, his hand had gone numb.

Crystal took a quick look under the blankets and was pleased to see that she was still dressed. Nathan seemed to misunderstand her intent, though. He said, "You seem a little disappointed to see that you are not undressed. You were so insistent that I "be." with you last night. Where did that passion go?"

Crystal's face turned an embarrassing shade of red, and she said, "I didn't do anything to you last night, did I, dear Professor Davis? I suffer from Sexsomnia. It is a medical condition that causes me to engage in sex acts while in NREM sleep. It is not something that I can help with!"

"I guess you'll never know what happened." Nathan laughed, and then he asked her if she would have sex with him for Mr. Ford's sake. Crystal sighed and said that she would.

"He brought this on himself," Nathan reminded her. "If you could intercede for him in another way, though, would you prefer that?"

Crystal swallowed and said, "I don't know. Mr. Ford is in his fifties, which is still very young. Perhaps the move would actually be good for him. He could use the exercise, that's for sure." "Oh? Have you given up on pleading for him?" Nathan asked, surprised.

"Yes," Crystal replied. "I quit." She could not bear being subservient to Nathan for even one more minute. He had been pushing his luck for a long time, and it had finally gotten to be too much. As a consequence of her decision, Mr. Ford would be demoted, and Tiffany would not help her, but she thought she could live with that and she could find someone else to help her get a divorce.

Nathan frowned and said, "It's not like you to give up so quickly, Crystal."

"It's also not like me to do things that go against my conscience!" Crystal snapped back. "Or to put up with bullshit!"

Nathan gave Crystal a serious look and asked, "What do you like?"

Crystal looked him in the eyes, smirked, and said, "You should ask me what I don't like."

Nathan's frown deepened. It was clear that he was what Crystal was referring to - she did not like him! Nathan slowly released her and got out of bed. He walked out and slammed the door behind him.

The door made a loud BANG! Sound and Crystal found herself staring at it. What is Nathan up to? - she wondered - Had he always intended to let me go? It was a long time after that before she finally got up and went downstairs, and by then, Nathan was gone. Thank God for minor miracles!

Susie was vacuuming the carpet in the living room, but she turned off the machine when she saw Crystal, and she said, "Good morning, Crystal. I hope you slept well."

Crystal: "I did, thank you... Susie, how is Alice doing these days?"

Susie: "She's fine. She is going to have a baby. Her legs are a little swollen, though, and she can't walk much."

Crystal: "Boy or girl?"

Susie: "Well, we don't know yet. Of course, it doesn't matter if it is a boy or a girl, so long as he or she is healthy. But we hope it is a girl so that she can be as pretty and smart as you. If it's a boy, though, that is okay too. He can be handsome and upright like Mr. Davis."

Crystal: "Maybe she'll have twins! A boy and a girl!"

Susie: "You are so sweet, Crystal. Oh, wait a minute. Mr. Davis asked me to give you this."

Susie wiped her hands with her apron, and then she handed Crystal a white paper bag. Crystal accepted the bag and opened it up. Inside, there was a white box with a mobile phone inside of it.

On the night that she'd gotten drunk, not only had she broken four hundred million dollars worth of antiques, but she had also broken her cell phone, so this was a pleasant surprise.

"Is it a cell phone?" Susie asked. "Mr. Davis is very attentive to your needs."

"He has an ulterior motive," Crystal muttered.

"He always does." She sat on the sofa and opened the box. She was hesitant to accept any gift from Nathan. But if he can take my Mother's legacy, why can't I use his phone? she asked herself.

Crystal took the cell phone out of the box, plugged it into the wall, and began to scroll through her contacts. Nathan had already taken the liberty to download everything she needed from the Cloud, and when she saw her husband's name, a chill ran up her spine. She tried to delete the contact, but it was locked, and she was unable.. "What kind of stupid phone is this?" she grumbled. "I can't even edit my Contact List!!!"

Chapter 1512 - 30 Could You Do Me A Favor?

Crystal started and restarted her phone, but she was still unable to edit her Contact List, so she posted her problem to Instagram, and within minutes she was flooded with suggestions.

Re: What is the phone model? Why can't you edit it? Try rebooting the phone and try again.

Re: Look at the manual and click on the Contacts. You are supposed to edit them directly from there.

Re: Show me the model.

Crystal took a picture with her old phone and added it to the comments, and the replies continued to fly in.

Re: Isn't this the latest and most expensive model?

Re: Yes. It's an iPhone Princess Plus!

Re: The phone is studded with diamonds!

Wow! It is so beautiful.

Re: It is inlaid with 318 expensive diamonds!

Re: Crystal, stop showing off!

Crystal was frustrated because the problem was being ignored. Now that she'd posted the photo, all anyone wanted to talk about was how expensive the phone was. "That's not the point at all," she wrote. "All I want to do is edit the Contact List. Do any of you know how to solve this problem?"

When it came to the critical question, nobody seemed to have a solution to her problem. In the end, "The Electronic Maniac" wrote: "I think there is something wrong with the program. You should contact a seller and ask them to solve it. By the way, did you buy it yourself, or did someone else give it to you?"

Crystal: "Someone gave it to me."

The Electronic Maniac: "He may have set this up intentionally. If so, he should have a program that would resolve the issue."

Crystal thought about that possibility and quietly turned off Instagram. If Nathan had tampered with her Contact List, she wondered if there were any other programs that he had tampered with. If so, she would not dare use the phone, not if she couldn't guarantee her privacy. Crystal sighed as she put the phone back in the box. Despite the new phone's fancy features, she preferred her old one.

Crystal had no classes in the morning, so she called Serenity and asked her to go with her to get her old phone fixed. Crystal had just woken Serenity up, but she agreed to go. "If you get there first," she said, "wait for me. I'll get up right now."

Serenity hung up and went back to sleep. Thus, Crystal arrived first.

The mobile phone store was in an old alley near her school. There was a big slate bluestone road, and the store was between two rows of old houses. Out of all the buildings in the downtown area, this was one of Crystal's favorites. It had been built in the 1800s, and it had been preserved because of its historical value.

As Crystal approached the store, a bicycle braked and stopped beside her. It was Frank. He looked at her and said, "Hey! Crystal, are you waiting for someone?"

Crystal: "I'm waiting for Serenity."

Frank: "My friend owns this store, and I happen to have business with him. Why don't I take you in? You can wait inside for Serenity."

"That is what I was going to do," Crystal said, and they went into the store together.

Other than the owner, Frank and Crystal were the only people in the store. The shop owner leaned on the counter and said, "Hey, Frank! Is this your girlfriend?"

Frank blushed and said, "Don't be ridiculous, Reg. She is my classmate. Her name is Crystal."

Crystal took out her cell phone and showed it to the shop owner. The shop owner was very polite, and he offered them some water to drink while he looked at the phone.

Crystal noticed that Frank was blushing, and she asked him if he was nervous. Frank said that he wasn't, but Crystal didn't believe him. "Why do you get so nervous every time you're with me?" Crystal asked.

Frank ignored the question. He turned around and said, "I'm going to go look at phone cases." He had only taken a few steps, though, when he stumbled and almost fell. To Crystal, he looked like a shy young boy with a childhood crush."

"Wait a minute!" Crystal said. "Could you do me a favor?"

Frank nodded, and Crystal walked up to him. "May I borrow your cell phone?" she asked.

Frank shrugged and said, "Sure." Then he took his phone out of his pocket, unlocked it, and handed it to Crystal.

As soon as Crystal had the phone, she turned on the camera, grabbed Frank, and asked, "Would you like to take a selfie with me." Frank was startled, and he pulled away. Crystal chuckled. "If you don't want to take a picture with me, I'll find someone else."

"I want to!" Frank sputtered. "You surprised me. That's all."

Frank stood next to Crystal, and she held up his phone to take the selfie. Then, after taking a few pictures, she paused to look through the album. She selected one that she was relatively happy with and posted it on Instagram, along with a photo of her broken phone and another of the iPhone Princess Plus that Nathan had given her. Beneath the images, she wrote, "All I that women want is a happy destination to call their own, or a mobile phone - whatever suits them best!"

Almost immediately, people began to comment on her post. Someone asked her what was going on, and another person wished her happiness. She waited for half an hour, and then she deleted the post. By then, she assumed that Nathan had seen the pictures, which had been the post's purpose. Once that was done, she deleted the photos from Frank's phone and handed them back to him.

.After examining Crystal's phone, the shop owner said, "I can fix this, but your mobile phone's accessories are out of stock. I can have them in by the end of the day. I hope that isn't too much of an inconvenience."

"It's fine," Crystal said. "I'll come and get it tonight.. Thank you."