

Midnight III 221

Chapter 1703 - 221: I Would Never Forgive You

Nancy's heart beat fast as Clark explained how he'd accidentally hung up the phone earlier that day. What if it was important? - she's worried. What was done was done, though, and she saw no point in punishing her son. "It doesn't matter," she said. "If it is important, they'll call back. Now, let's get your hair washed."

After the bath, Nancy helped her son get dressed, and then she handed him over to a servant. With that done, she went to find Crystal. At first, she could not find her friend, but that was only because she was playing hard to get.

Crystal was hiding in one of the spare rooms, and she was playing with her mobile phone. After the long morning that they'd had, she was trying to keep some distance between herself and Eric.

When Crystal saw Nancy, she looked up, smiled, and asked, "What's up?"

Nancy: "You received a call this morning. Clark answered the phone, though, and he accidentally hung up before he could get it to you. You can look at the number. Maybe you'll recognize it..."

Crystal sat up and took a look at the odd number on Nancy's phone. "I've never seen it before,"

Nancy: "Dial back to see who it is." Crystal nodded, but when she rang the number, no one picked up. "Maybe it's a wrong number," she suggested.

Nancy: "But he asked for you by name..."

Crystal shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "Nobody knows I'm here..."

"Okay, then." Nancy pulled Crystal up from the bed and said, "Let's go!"

Crystal: "Go? Where?"

Nancy: "To my place. Let's grab some clothes and articles of everyday use. Before you and Eric are married, we can live here. It will be more convenient for you to stay here, and I can spend more time with Clark."

Crystal: "Well... I guess so. And we can stop by the hospital on the way."

Nancy went to find the men, and when she told them her plan, she was surprised at how quickly they both agreed to it. She supposed that it was because Clark behaved better when she was there with him. And Eric didn't mind, either. Most likely, that was because he had promised to give her some freedom.

So, after planning to go to the hospital for the whole day, the two women finally set off.

Meanwhile, Nathan's private jet had just landed in Kuerto. After Clark had hung up on him earlier in the day, he had used his tech team to track the call, and then he had decided to come. From as far away as he was, though, his tech team had only been able to track the call to the city. To get an exact location,

he would need to get Nancy back on the phone. But, unfortunately, time after time, when he called the number, no one picked up.

There had been a series of black cars and an RV waiting for him at the airport, and all he could do now was drive around and keep calling.

Crystal had two small bags. One contained her hair, and the other held Paul's. She had pre-marked them so that when they got to the hospital, everything would be in order. The nurse who took the samples said it would take a week to get the results, which was about the same amount of time she had to plan her wedding.

It seemed everything was in order. In a week, she and Eric would go home, and Nancy and Clark would be free.

Crystal filled out a form and left her phone number so that the hospital could get in touch with her when everything was ready. The nurse clipped the form and the two bags of hair together, smiled, and asked if there was anything else.

"If I can't get to the hospital, can I get the results mailed to me?" Crystal asked. It was not easy for her to get away from Eric, and that worried her.

"It's not a problem," the nurse replied. "We have your address on the file that you just filled out. And if I'm not mistaken, the doctor is ready to see you now."

The nurse led Crystal into a consultation room, and something about it put her on edge. For one thing, the place was pitch black, which seemed a little suspicious to her. She took a step backward, but someone pushed her forward and closed the door behind her.

The smell of disinfectant was thick in the air, and it reminded her of the morgue, an autopsy room, and death. She tried the doorknob and was not surprised to find that it was locked. She began to panic, but the overhead light turned on before her anxiety got out of control.

And she came face to face with Nathan. "No! No! No! No!" she cried. She pushed him away with all her might. "What the fuck are you doing here?!?" she demanded.

Nathan did not respond right away. At first, all he did was look at her. But then he moved in closer and forced her into his strong embrace. "I missed you," he said. Then he freed her hair from the elastic that bound it and buried his head into her thick locks. "God, you smell good. Just like I remember!"

Crystal tried to get away with all of her might, but he was way too strong for her.

Ignoring her struggles, Nathan pulled off his tie and tied her hands with it.

"Are you a pervert?" Crystal hissed. She was angrier than she had been in a long time, but her struggle was for naught, and all she managed to do was rub her wrists raw.

Crystal started the day wearing a thin wool lattice skirt and black stockings, but Nathan ripped the stockings, pulled them off, and threw them on the ground. He knew that what he was doing was abominable, but he had to have her, and he could not wait another minute. He was afraid that if he did not take action now, she might be taken away by Eric and become Mrs. Bush.

The most direct way to reach a woman's heart that Nathan could think of was to force her. Better to ask permission than forgiveness - that was his motto.

"I said I would never forgive you," Crystal shouted. "I hate you! I am going to marry Eric, and that is that."

"That's not up to you!" Nathan said, and as he spoke, he unbuttoned his shirt.

Crystal bit her lips. She had to admit that Nathan had a gorgeous face, and his intense olive-black eyes were intoxicating. The closer he got to that moment when he would take her, the more devoted to him she felt.. She hated herself for that, but she could not deny it.

Chapter 1704 - 222: Let Him Do Whatever He Wants

Nathan's breath was hot on Crystal's face, and his breathing was more irregular than it had ever been in his life. His chest rose and fell in skips and jumps, like that of a horny teenager. He was out of control. His face was flushed, and he felt he had no choice other than to give in to his lust.

As overwhelmed by his manliness as Crystal was, she still longed to push him away. She knew, though, that if she tried to get away from him, it would only turn him on more. So, she closed her eyes and went limp in his arms, hoping it would make him lose interest. But, unfortunately, her actions had the exact opposite effect on him. Her soft, boneless response nearly drove him to go crazy.

Once Nathan had had his way with her, he finally stepped away. He had a cheeky grin on his face that was reminiscent of that of Little Jack Horner, that she could easily imagine him saying, "My, what a good boy am I!"

"Get out!" Crystal growled. Nathan laughed and said, "Not likely."

Then he embraced her again and bit her shoulder.

"Please," Crystal cried. "You got what you wanted. Can't you just leave me alone!"

Nathan held her tight and said nothing. He knew her weakness well and that if he continued to hold her like this, she would eventually stop fighting.

"I hate you!" She turned her face away and said, "Nathan, if you dare to do anything else to me, I swear that you will never find me again!"

Nathan smiled and touched her lips. "What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

For one thing - Crystal's mind raged - you forced me! Again! What a rascal!

Nathan: "Will you marry Eric?"

Crystal: "Yes. And nothing you do to stop it."

The look in Nathan's eyes made him look like a panther hunting for food. "Don't you want me?" he asked. "Huh?"

Why would I want you? - thought Crystal. "Of course, I don't!" she replied uncomfortably. "And this is highly inappropriate of you, Mr. Davis. You are Helen's fiancé, and I am to be your sister-in-law!"

Nathan smiled again as he gripped her chin with his fingers and forced her to look at him. "You are jealous," he said.

Crystal sighed and said, "You think too much."

"Do I?" Nathan asked, "Or do you think too little?" As he spoke, he dragged her over to the table. He pushed everything on it aside, spun her around, and pressed her against it. Then he held her down by the back of her neck, slapped her ass, and said, "Know this: Even if you belong to another man, I will still be able to fuck you whenever I want!"

Crystal wanted to say something, but her head was pressed so tightly to the table that all she could do was groan uncomfortably. Her entire face hurt, and tears began to fall from her eyes in torrents.

Meanwhile, behind her, Nathan ran his tongue up her spine. "Mmmmm," he moaned. "Your sweat is like wine, and your struggles are intoxicating." He kissed the back of her neck, and as he lifted his head, he felt a sudden urge to bite her shoulder - so he did.

Crystal shrieked as she felt his teeth press into her tender flesh, and the pain gave her the boost of the energy and strength that she needed to break away from him. She was not able to do much more than turn around before he captured her again, but at least if they were face-to-face, she would have a little bit of leverage." fuck you!" she growled, and before he could guess what she was thinking, she leaned over and bit his shoulder.

Much to her surprise, though, he did not resist or complain. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked. "You may tell me to fuck off, but your actions tell a different story. You want me so badly that you're giving me Love Bites."

"These are not Love Bites!" Crystal shouted. She was furious. "And I Do Not Want You."

"Really?" Nathan took out his mobile phone, opened it, and clicked on an audio recording. Almost immediately, Crystal's voice played through the speakers, and it sounded like a man was pleasuring her.

Crystal bit her lower lip as her moans droned on. It sounded like a pornographic movie, and she did not want to admit that it was her.

"Do you still want to marry him?" asked Nathan.

Crystal: "Yes, I do. Even if I wanted you, I couldn't have you. You didn't forget that Helen is pregnant with your baby, did you?"

Nathan sighed and said, "That little bastard in her belly is not mine."

When Crystal heard that, her jaw dropped open, and her mind went blank. She was so surprised by what he had said that she did not react when he started kissing her. He kissed the corner of her mouth first, then her lips, and it wasn't until he began to lick her tears from her cheeks that she started to struggle.

Nathan was undeterred, though. He held her hands behind her back with one hand and continued to kiss her. He kissed her earlobes, her neck, and her chest. Then he began to suckle at her bosom.

As he kissed her, he would whisper and praise her delicate, soft skin, but his flirting only made her struggle harder. No matter what she did, though, she was his prisoner, and she could not escape his clutches. Finally, her mind told her to give up.

Let him do whatever he wants - a voice in Crystal's head whispered. But her body refused the message, and she begged him, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!"

Nathan released Crystal for a moment, just long enough so that he could turn her around and press her against the table again. His hand returned to the back of her neck, and there was nothing she could do. He had broken her down, and she was as weak as she had ever been. It was time for her to accept her fate.

Finally, she went limp, "Do what you want," she muttered passively. She wasn't even crying anymore, "I won't fight you..."

Nathan laughed as he spread her legs. To him, this was a significant victory in a war that he planned to win, and it was especially poignant because he was recording the whole thing. When they were done, he planned to send a copy to Eric. We will see if he still wants her then! - he thought gleefully.

When he was done with Crystal, he took her to the consultation room. He laid down on the couch and had her cozy up with him with her head on his shoulder. She wanted to leave, but she had no energy to walk, let alone argue - and she just knew that he would turn it into a fight. He turns everything into a fight - she thought bitterly.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. It was Nancy, "Crystal, are you in there?" she asked. "The servant called me just now.. Eric has run away with Clark...."

Chapter 1705 - 223: Don't Hurt Yourself

When Crystal heard the news, she sat up straight and pushed herself off the couch. Nathan was taken aback for a moment, but as soon as he realized that she was about to leave, he scrambled to his feet to stop her. Before he knew what was happening, though, she had picked up a pair of scissors. "Stay back," she warned.

"What are you doing?" Nathan took a step forward but froze when she pressed the blades in deep enough to draw blood. "Don't hurt yourself," he cried. "Just tell me what the problem is. I'm sure that we can work it out together!"

Crystal: "I need you to let me go and not come after me!"

Nathan could tell that she meant what she said, so he stepped back. "I will let you go!" he said. "Just don't hurt yourself..." He knew that if she left, he would never stop looking for her, but he was willing to say whatever it took to keep her safe.

Crystal watched Nathan closely as she backed out of the room. Then she ran into the consultation room to get her clothes. Once she was dressed, she stole two hundred dollars from Nathan's wallet - "A service fee for the sex," she muttered - and made her way towards the front door.

By then, Nathan had joined her at the front entrance, and he was distraught. "I didn't mean to hurt you..." he said. "You know that I won't let you marry him, don't you?"

Crystal sighed and said, "Please don't make this difficult. Why can't you just be happy that I'm happy?"

"Do you think he will still marry you?" Nathan scoffed. "You are damaged goods!"

"He won't judge me!" Crystal snapped. "And he won't hurt me as you do."

Suddenly, Nancy entered the room.

"Crystal!" she exclaimed, cutting off whatever response Nathan might have had.

Crystal embraced her friend and asked, "What happened?"

"Eric took Clark away," she replied. "He's holding my son hostage!"

Crystal: "What does he want?"

"You!" Nancy exclaimed.

Crystal: "Me? What do you mean - me?"

"He said that if I bring you to him, he will return Clark," Nancy replied. As she spoke, she noticed the strange man watching them. "Who is this?" she wondered.

Crystal: "This is Nathan. He is my ex-husband..."

What is he doing here? - she wondered. "Um... okay." She turned to Nathan and said, "It's nice to meet you, but we really need to get going."

Nathan nodded and said, "Well, don't let me hold you up. It's not like I can stop you from going..."

Nancy drove as fast as she dared, and Crystal tried to keep a conversation going in the hopes of alleviating some of her friend's anxiety. "I can't believe Nathan would show up like this," she said.

"Is he really that bad?" Nancy asked. "He is the best-looking man that I have ever seen."

Crystal snorted. "Looks aren't everything," she said.

Nancy: "Does he want to take you away?"

Crystal: "Why else would he be here?"

Nancy: "Do you love him?"

"No..." Crystal shook her head and said, "My heart has been broken so many times that it is dead to love. I just want to live a peaceful life; ordinary, simple, and, if possible, single."

Nancy: "I feel you, sister. fuck all men."

"fuck all men," Crystal agreed. "Eric isn't all bad, though. He won't do anything to Clark. He isn't capable of harming a child."

"That's a relief," Nancy said. But she did not seem relieved, and she refused to ease up on the gas pedal. It was not long before she attracted the attention of the police, but she refused to pull over when they turned their sirens on.

At the Burnett Mansion, Eric and Paul were playing chess while discussing Eric's upcoming wedding to Crystal. He planned to hold the wedding in Kuerto, and he had paid a wedding planner to rent the largest church on the island.

As Paul moved his Bishop forward three spaces diagonally, he looked up and said, "Nathan is on the island."

"I am aware," Eric said. "I am not worried about him. In fact, I am inviting him to my wedding. After all, before all this, we were friends, and hopefully, when things settle down, we still will be."

"What if Crystal sleeps with him?" asked Paul.

"Love covers a multitude of sins," Eric replied. "Isn't that what the Bible says?" Paul nodded. "I forgot that you were religious."

"Not a problem. Besides," Eric continued. "I, too, have a past. So all that matters is that I make her mine."

Paul didn't think that the wedding would go smoothly, and he felt guilty about notifying Nathan about Crystal's presence, so he was doing everything that he could to tighten up security for the event. "I think that it is good that you are marrying her here," he said. "I have a lot of leverage here, so I can help you in ways that I couldn't if you took her home and held the ceremony there."

Eric patted his shoulder and said, "I owe you."

"No," Paul laughed. "You owed me," he said. "You owed me your life, but now we are even."

Eric: "As you wish. We are even."

Paul: "Have you thought about staying on the island? Crystal seems to like it here, and she gets along well with Nancy."

"I have," Eric admitted. "If we decided to stay, would you be able to help us find a place to live?"

Paul: "Mi casa es su casa. You know that you are always welcome here."

Eric: "I know, and I appreciate that. I want my own place, though. As you know, I value my privacy."

Paul nodded. "Just say the word, and I'll get on it."

Eric thanked his friend, and then he said, "Listen, I'd like to change the subject for a minute. Why haven't you gotten remarried yet?"

Paul: "I have all the women I want. And servants. What do I need a wife for?"

Eric: "I saw the way that you looked at Nancy at the aquarium..."

"That's nonsense," Paul scoffed. "I have only ever loved Michelle."

Eric slid his queen across the board and knocked over his opponent's king. The game was over. "Why didn't you marry her?"

Before Paul could reply, Nancy's car sped into the driveway. As soon as it came to a stop, she jumped out and ran towards the building.

Crystal was right behind her. "Slow down," she shouted. "Paul is also here. He wouldn't let Eric do anything to Clark. This whole hostage situation was a bluff!"

Nancy was too upset to hear her friend's good advice. All she could think about was getting her son back.

When they entered the villa, they saw Paul and Eric right away. "Where the fuck is my son?" Nancy roared. "If you have harmed even one hair on his head, I will kill you. Both of you!" Paul looked at his watch and said, "You are ten minutes late. I told you that if you were ever late again, you would never see your son again."

Nancy was speechless. She wanted to throw the chess game to the floor and toss the table. She did not dare, though - not while Clark was in his care. "Please," she begged. "I am his Mother. You must let me see him..."

Paul: "I don't have to do anything that I don't want to."

Chapter 1706 - 224: This Is Your Big Day

Nancy looked Paul in the eyes and said, "Fine. If we cannot come to a compromise, I will go. I will mind my own business, and you will never see me again."

When Paul heard what Nancy said, he was confused. Clark had always been her weakness. "Do you think that you can treat my house as a hotel?" he asked. "You come and go as you please. Obviously, you don't want to leave."

Nancy: "You don't really believe that. Do you? Need I remind you that we are divorced?"

Paul was speechless, and the room fell into an awkward silence. Finally, Crystal turned to Eric and said, "Eric, we need to talk. Is there somewhere we can go?" She was anxious to explain what Nathan had done to her. If he heard it from her first, she was confident that he would not blow it out of proportion.

Eric stood up. He did not want to listen to Paul and Nancy quarrel, so he was happy to have an excuse to leave the room. "This way," he said, and he led her to the porch in the backyard. There was a wooden bench swing, and they sat down together.

Not wanting to beat around the bush, Crystal said, "Nathan is on the island."

Eric: "If you want to help Nancy with Clark, you know what you have to do. And you have to come to me willingly. Are you willing?"

"I am," Crystal replied. "Nathan and I had sex, though. He forced me..."

Eric pulled her into his arms and said, "If you sleep with me, then I will forgive you."

Crystal pushed him away and crossed her arms beneath her breasts. She knew that she had to marry him, and she was not rejecting him. What she was doing was trying to increase his arousal by putting up some resistance. Much to her surprise, though, he did not push her into having sex with him. "We don't need to do this now," he said. "There will be plenty of time when we are married."

Crystal: "What about Nathan? Surely, he will not let me go without a fight."

Eric smiled and said, "You let me worry about him. Everything will work out. You will see. In fact, he will be a guest at our wedding, and he will be on his best behavior. He won't even make a peep!"

The news pierced Crystal's heart like a knife, but Eric seemed not to notice that her expression had changed, which was probably for the best.

Eric tilted his head and smiled wickedly. He knew that the road he was on was not an easy one to travel, but it was one that he had committed to taking. He pulled her into his arms, and she was startled, but she did not resist, and when he ran his hand through her hair, she rested her head on his shoulder.

Eric turned his head so that he could kiss Crystal on the forehead. "I am willing to fight your battles for you," he said. "And I can even forgive your past, but I need you to promise me your future. Can you do that?" Eric was extremely cautious with his words. Crystal was like a frightened doe, and if she became suddenly startled, he knew that her walls would go up immediately, taller and thicker than ever.

It seems that he was saying and doing all the right things, though, and he could tell that his words had moved Crystal. He touched her cheek with the back of his hand and said, "I will give you a grand wedding. You will like it. You will see."

"Can Nancy be my bridesmaid?" Crystal asked.

"It's up to you," Eric replied. "This is your big day."

As Nancy argued with Paul, she felt an inner strength that had never been there before. She did not know where it came from, but she was glad it was there. It gave her the confidence and stamina to stand up to her ex-husband for the first time. In retrospect, she would think - That is a power that God reserves for Momma bears for when their cubs have been threatened.

"Paul," she growled. "You don't deserve to be Clark's father."

Paul: "I don't deserve him, eh? Then who does? You? That's a joke!"

"Anyone is better than you!" Nancy shouted. "Forget you." She rushed upstairs to find Clark to make sure that he was okay.

When Crystal and Eric returned, they saw that Nancy was not there, so Crystal went upstairs to check on her. She checked the bathroom, but no one was there. It was the same with the next room. It was not until she reached the last room that she found what she was looking for.

Clark had fallen asleep while playing with a puzzle. Nancy was sitting beside him. She ran her fingers through her hair, and tears of joy and relief flowed down her face. "Mommy is here," she whispered. "Mommy loves you. You are safe..."

Clark opened his eyes, and when he saw that Nancy was crying, he said, "What's wrong, Mommy. Why are you crying? Can I kiss your booboo?"

Nancy laughed and said, "Mommy is crying because she's happy."

Clark looked confused, and they could see that he did not understand why someone that was happy would cry. Nancy kissed his cheek.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Clark frowned and said, "No one plays with Clark. I can only play with myself."

Crystal came in behind Nancy and said, "Eric said that he could take us all away after we get married."

Nancy nodded. God knew that she did not want to stay there for a moment longer than she had to. "Thank God," she said. "Is there anything that I can do to thank you?"

Crystal: "Can you be my bridesmaid?"

Nancy: "Is it appropriate? I am divorced, and I have a child..."

Crystal: "Why not? You are one of my best friends. You are like a sister to me. Please, don't refuse me."

Nancy: "Okay... But who will be the groomsman?"

"You will find out tomorrow when we try on the wedding dresses and take the wedding photos."

The wedding was less than a week away, and although Eric had said that she only needed to be responsible for being a beautiful bride, she still needed to try on gowns and stand for photos. She did not look forward to the wedding, but she did not feel like their marriage would be legitimate without it, so she was willing to do what was needed to make it memorable.

The next day was chaotic, but there was an undeniable air of festivity wherever the bridal party went. The wedding dress was handmade by a famous French designer, and the headdress weighed several kilograms. Even the flower bouquet was unique. It had been imported from Mexico for the occasion, and Nancy volunteered to help Crystal with it.

They were taking photos by the lake, and Nancy held the bouquet carefully. She was so focused on the flowers, though, that she did not see the wet spot on the grass. She slipped, and she would have fallen on her ass if not for the gentleman that caught her.

Who? She wondered. And when she looked up, she could not believe her eyes.. "Why are you here?" she asked.

Chapter 1707 - 225: Don't Be Ridiculous

"Are you here to get the towel?" Nancy asked. It was the only reason she could think of that would explain why Noah, the employee from Sea World, would be there.

Noah laughed, and when he did, dimples appeared in his cheeks.

He is a fucking hunk! - thought Nancy, and her face turned red.

Noah helped her to her feet and said, "No, no. Don't worry about the towel. Consider it a gift to your son. I am here because Miss Smith invited me here to be the best man at her wedding. Is there a problem?"

Nancy: "No... I'm surprised, that's all... I thought she would have asked someone that she is more familiar with, like a family member or a friend. I'm sorry. I hope I haven't offended you."

Noah: "No worries. I admit that this is highly unorthodox. Your friend asked me to do this favor for her, and I thought - Why not? It could be fun! I sent you a message yesterday, but you didn't respond..."

"I must not have seen it," Nancy lied. "She actually had seen it, but she didn't want to have any contact with anyone of the opposite sex anymore."

Noah: "Your foot... Does it hurt?"

Nancy: "Probably, yes. It doesn't matter, though. It shouldn't be a problem."

Noah looked at the bouquet of flowers in her hand and said, "May I help you?"

Nancy frowned and said, "You must think I'm pretty stupid if you don't think I'm capable of handling a fist full of flowers."

Suddenly, Noah picked Nancy up and held her sideways.

"What are you doing?" Nancy cried. "Put me down!" When he did not set her right, she began to struggle.

Before Noah could reply, Paul appeared on the lawn, and when he saw what was going on, he gave Noah a dirty look.

Nancy was embarrassed, and her back stiffened. Since they had returned from Sea World, Paul had been acting very weird. His temper had become more and more unpredictable, and he often snuck around his own home like a ghost. He would appear out of nowhere, and at the worst possible times, with a sarcastic word ready on the tip of his forked devil's tongue.

"Miss Smith paid me to put on a good show," Noah whispered. "She said that you want to frustrate your ex-husband. Is that your ex-husband?"

Nancy nodded. She stopped struggling and decided to let him hold her. After all, with her hurt foot, it made sense for someone to help her.

Noah glanced at Paul. "If he tries to hit me, will you help me?" he asked.

Nancy: "If I don't help you, what are you going to do?"

"This is a job," Noah replied. "So, if I am injured, I will apply for Worker's Compensation."

Noah and Nancy looked at each other, and when they smiled, they looked like a couple in love. Paul's face got dark, and he turned away. What he saw bothered him.

Noah chuckled and said, "Even if your ex-husband doesn't love you, it makes him unhappy to see another man hugging his ex-wife."

Crystal stood by the lake, and the water reflected her beauty. Her white wedding dress was spread out around her like the petals of a daisy, covering a large area of grass. Noah stood nearby with Nancy in his arms and a bouquet of flowers in hers. The scene was picture-perfect. The only thing that seemed out of place was Nathan.

Why did Eric invite him? - Crystal wondered. She shook her head bitterly - Wouldn't it be better if he didn't come?

"Why is your smile so stiff?" Noah asked her. "You want to have wedding photos that you will be proud to show off, don't you? Of course, you do! So, try to smile more beautifully."

Nancy turned to her friend and said, "He is right, you know. When you are old, you will want to be able to show these pictures to your grandchildren! Anyway, you should be happy. I envy you."

Crystal: "What do you envy?"

Nancy: "I didn't get to have a wedding dress or a grand ceremony."

Crystal: "It is not a big deal; I promise you. How difficult is it to wear a wedding dress? You can wear one too if you'd like. Then we would be matching!"

Nancy laughed and said, "That's hilarious. It is your wedding. I can't wear a wedding dress."

Crystal: "What's the matter? I don't mind. Who made it a rule that a bridesmaid can't wear a wedding dress? Or, if you would prefer, you could get married on the same day. Then you would finally get the wedding of your dreams! I think that would be great."

Nancy: "Please, stop it. Who am I going to marry?"

Crystal looked at Noah, winked, and said, "I can think of someone..."

Nancy: "Don't be ridiculous!"

Crystal: "I'm not ridiculous. Why don't you stop arguing for a second and give the idea some thought?"

Nancy was stunned when she realized that Crystal was serious. She had never done such a wild thing, but, suddenly, the idea began to appeal to her. She watched silently as the photographer started to pose for Crystal. Her veil trailed behind her, and a fan had been set up to create the illusion of wind.

Noah helped Nancy to sit on the grass. Then he sat down beside her and took off her white high heels. "Let me see your injury," he said. "I know First Aid. I can help you." Nancy nodded, and he began to rub her foot.

Eric finally arrived, and much to Crystal's surprise, he was wearing a white suit. He typically wore leather or denim suits, and she had never seen him looking so slender and handsome. Paul followed him, but he was a few meters behind him.

When Eric arrived at the lake, Crystal smiled and said, "I'd like Nancy to get married the same day as us. Is that okay?"

Eric felt like he was caught between a rock and a hard place. He had made a promise to Crystal, but he didn't have to look at his friend to know that he was probably furious. "Who does Nancy want to marry?" he asked.

Crystal: "Noah. From Sea World."

Eric: "Okay. The more, the merrier, I guess."

Nancy opened her mouth to refuse the proposition, but then Noah grabbed her hand and said, "Marry me!"

"What?" Nancy looked confused. Noah smiled wickedly and whispered in her ear: "We're acting; remember? This is an additional service.." As he spoke, he pulled a prop ring from his pocket and put it on her finger.

Chapter 1708 - 226: I Will Take What Is Mine

As Noah slipped the ring on Nancy's finger, he suddenly froze, and his face turned white.

"What's the matter?" implored Nancy.

"You haven't said yes yet, and already I'm putting a ring on your finger," he muttered. "I'm sorry, that was presumptuous of me..."

Nancy could see the disdainful look in Paul's eyes, and it made her laugh. She thought - I did not realize that I held so much power over him. If I had known sooner, I might have done something with it... Oh, well. There's no time like the present!

With a giant grin on her face, Nancy touched Noah's hand and said, "You are so silly.

Of course, I will marry you."

"This is great!" Crystal exclaimed. "Now, the two of you can be in the wedding photos!"

There had been nothing to Nancy's first wedding. It was just a means to an end. She had told herself that if they loved each other, nothing else was important. She had lied to herself, though. Like every woman, she longed to have the wedding that she had dreamed about ever since she was a little girl. The worst part about not having that ceremony was that Paul could have afforded the grand to give it to her, but he refused to do it. It was not until much later that she figured out why he had been so cheap. It was because he had not loved her, and he had planned to drop her as soon as she dropped a child.

Since then, Nancy had given up on having the wedding of her dreams. Thus, she was ecstatic to be a part of this wedding, even if it was a hoax. She stood up quickly, but she forgot about her injury in her excitement, and Noah had to steady her with his hands.

Noah: "Are you this anxious to marry me?"

Nancy: "I'm excited to wear a wedding dress and to have you help me into it."

Noah hugged tightly, and the grin that appeared on his face was like that of a hungry Cheshire cat. "I can do that," he said.

His words made her swoon, and she bit her lower lip lustily. It was evident why Crystal had chosen Noah to be her partner. Not only was he ruggedly handsome, but he was also a real charmer. Nancy took his hand and said, "Alright, let's go."

Crystal had been about to change into her second wedding dress, so she followed them to the area that had been designated for changing. She had not made it far, though, when Eric grabbed her from behind. He pulled her into a warm embrace and said, "You are pretty. Kiss me."

"Crystal rolled her eyes and gently punched him in the face. It did not hurt, and as her hand returned to her side, he grabbed it and kissed it.

Meanwhile, Paul was beginning to feel like the fifth wheel. He could not believe that Nancy was willing to marry a complete stranger, and as he watched them together, he thought - She doesn't know anything about him! Suddenly, he found it hard to breathe, and it seemed like the world was closing in on him. For the first time in an exceptionally long time, he had a panic attack.

The fitting room door opened, and Nancy came out wearing a white wedding dress. Her skin was shining white, and the similarity between her and a porcelain doll made everyone in attention tremble uncontrollably.

Paul was aghast. He had never seen this side of this woman. While they were married, she dressed conservatively. She had the same hairstyle for several years. She was in her twenties, but she dressed like she was in her thirties. She acted like she was in her forties, and she had the world view of a woman in her fifties. Now, though, she shone like a brilliant diamond exuding radiant light. The dress made her look beautiful, but he hated it- hated what it represented.

Nancy loved the gown, though, and she did not care how upset it made her ex-husband. She let the look on Noah's face be the judge of her appearance.

Paul was giving Nancy dirty looks, but he was secretly in awe of her beauty.

Crystal quietly approached Nancy and whispered into her ear: "Good job. Paul is going to regret treating you the way that he did. That's for sure!"

"Even if he doesn't, I am still going to get married," Nancy said. Then "Remember not to mention other men in front of Noah, okay. After all, they are all in the past. I don't want Noah to get the wrong idea."

Crystal: "You haven't even married him yet, but you are worried about his opinion of you?"

Does this mean something?" Nancy blushed and said, "Let's talk more later. First, we should get to the bridal shop."

By the time Noah arrived at the bridal shop, Nancy and Crystal had been there for almost an hour. They had begun to get worried, but their questions were all but forgotten when he appeared with a fresh bouquet of flowers for Nancy.

Noah kneeled in front of Nancy and said, "A ring is not enough. You should have flowers. It is only proper for a bride to have flowers."

Nancy smiled and said, "Thank you."

Eric was nearby. "Women love sweet words," he said.

"They certainly do," Nancy agreed. "Noah obviously knows what he is doing."

Noah laughed and said, "I studied this subject, especially for Nancy."

Nancy: "For me? Surely, you jest..."

Noah: "For my future wife is what I mean, and here you are."

Nancy was taken aback by his sweet words, but then she remembered that this was supposed to be an act, and she frowned. She had begun to have feelings for Noah. She whispered into his ear: "Is this an act?"

Noah: "No way."

Crystal could overhear what they were saying from where they were standing, and something important occurred to her. She pulled Eric aside and said, "Don't forget your promise!"

Eric nodded, smiled, and kissed her on the cheek. "I won't forget," he said. "But I expect a bonus upfront. We understand each other, right?"

Crystal tried to push him away, but he would not budge. "Let me go," she whined. "I understand, and you know that you will get what you want eventually..."

Eric sighed and let her go. "I am looking forward to the day when you belong to me completely," he said. "I can be patient, but know this: I will not wait forever. If need be, I will take what is mine."

"I know," Crystal whispered. "I am just not ready yet..."

I can bide my time now, but you are going to have a rude awakening once we are married - thought Eric - Once I have imprisoned you, things will change.

Chapter 227: It's Time To Take More Photos

Crystal took a step backward so that Eric could not reach her. She did not know why, but the thought of being intimate with him while Nathan was in the same country as they were in had her worried. She wished that Eric had not invited him to their wedding. Just the thought of his steely eyes on them as they said their vows had her in a panic.

Nathan seemed to pop up wherever Crystal went, and his ability to know where she would be next scared her. She had thought that by escaping to the island, she would be free of him and Eric, and then she would be fully autonomous. But things were right back to the way they had been at the Beverly villa, or nearly so.

Crystal took a deep breath. She hoped that after she married Eric, Nathan would give up, and things would settle down. She did not think it was probable, but it was not outside the realm of possibilities. Thus, she refused to give up hope, and she was determined to look for the good.

If not for Crystal's wedding, Nancy would not have found Noah. Instead, she watched as he picked her friend up and spun her around. They were both laughing like happy children, and their relationship seemed pregnant with possibilities.

Paul, on the other hand, was gloomy. He wanted to rage, but he knew that in this situation, he was impotent. He had divorced Nancy, and now he had no hold over her. Thus, if he tried to intervene, he would look like a fool. If that happened, he knew that she would lord it over him for the rest of his life.

The store's air was beginning to feel stuffy, and Paul was beginning to sweat, so he sprang to his feet and headed towards the exit.

When Eric saw Paul leaving, he said, "Hey! Where are you going?"

Paul: "Out for a smoke. What of it?"

Eric: "Again?"

Is he counting my cigarettes? - Paul wondered. It was true that he had been going out for one every few minutes - But how many cigarettes I have had is none of Eric's business! "I'm a grown man, and I'll smoke as many cigarettes as I please, thank you very much!"

As Paul walked away, Eric laughed. "What crawled up his ass?" he asked.

The clerk brought out some suits for Noah to choose from. He did not know which one to choose, though, so he asked Nancy for help, and she picked out one that was royal blue, which happened to be his favorite color.

Now that the suit had been chosen, Noah took it into the change room and began to undress. He had just taken off his shirt when his phone buzzed. He pulled it out of his pocket and read the text message. It said: "If you are sure that the woman you are with is Paul's ex-wife, then you need to close the deal as quickly as possible."

"She is, and I know," Noah replied impatiently. Then he turned off his phone and shoved it back into his pocket. He changed into the royal blue suit, and when he came out, everyone agreed that he looked very dashing.

Crystal smiled and said, "Clothes make a man just as a saddle makes a horse. Even your temperament has changed since you changed your clothes."

Nancy's cheeks turned red as she nodded her head. "You are really handsome." He had looked handsome in his casual clothes, but now he looked like a prince. She laughed and said, "Are you a prince in distress?"

Noah paused for a moment, and then he laughed along with her. "How did you know?" he asked.

"Just a guess." Nancy thought he was joking, and she was happy to play along. "So, when I marry you, I guess I will be a princess..." she said.

Noah: "You are indeed a princess in my eyes."

Crystal folded her arms and laughed. She wondered if marriage was contagious. She looked at the happy couple, and a pair of eyes like those of a black panther catching its prey suddenly came into her mind. She remembered that Nathan had asked her, "Are you over me?" The words were like invisible hands tugging at her heart, causing her inexplicable pain.

Crystal was lost in her thoughts, and when Nancy shouted for her to join them, she nearly jumped out of her skin. "What is it?" she snapped.

"It's time to take more photos!" Nancy exclaimed. "Get your head in the game!"

Crystal nodded and joined her friend. When Paul returned from having his smoke, he saw the two couples taking photos, and he frowned. Once again, he felt like the fifth wheel.

After the session was over, everyone retired to Paul's house, and a servant brought Clark downstairs as soon as they heard Nancy's voice. The boy was wailing and flopping about, and it took all of the servant's strength not to drop him."

Nancy rushed over, embraced her son, and asked what was wrong.

"Daddy said that you don't want me anymore!" Clark wailed. The little guy was so insecure that he cried whenever he heard that his Mommy did not want him.

Nancy was heartbroken. She picked him up and said, "Clark, honey, Mommy will never leave you." She rubbed his back as she carried him back upstairs, and she laid him down in bed.

Crystal was standing on the balcony when her phone rang, and she did not need to check the Caller ID to know that it was Nathan calling. So she pulled out her phone, and sure enough, the LED screen said: "Unknown Name Unknown Number."

He had gotten her number at the hospital, but she blocked his number the minute he started texting her. But he was resilient. Throughout the day, he'd been calling and texting her from various other numbers. "He must have a number generator App," she muttered. It was infuriating.

Finally, she accepted the call.. "Nathan, what do you want from me?" she demanded.

Chapter 1710 - 228: Did I Ever Tell You That I Love You?

Crystal waited for Nathan to reply, but he did not. She could hear him breathing on the other line, but he remained silent.

What the fuck?!?! - thought Crystal. "What do you want?" she demanded for the second time. "I'm tired, and I don't have the energy to put up with your bullshit!"

"Don't marry him," Nathan finally replied.

Crystal: "Why not? We are over. You had your chance, and you blew it!"

Her words struck him like a sharp knife to the heart, and there was another long silence during which all she could hear was his heavy breathing.

Once it became apparent that Nathan would not reply, Crystal said, "I am so happy that I left you. I don't want to go back to the past. In fact, I have forgotten it. From now on, I'm Mrs. Bush. It would be best if you remembered who I am and who you are. I don't mind you calling me your sister-in-law, but that is where our relationship ends."

Nathan: "Did I ever tell you that I love you?"

Crystal's heart throbbed, and it radiated pain into her bloodstream until she hurt from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. "I thought you stopped loving me..." she whispered.

Nathan: "How can I stop loving you? I have loved you since I was sixteen, and now you tell me that you are going to marry someone else. What do you want me to do?" His voice began to tremble with emotion.

Crystal was confused. "You say that you've loved me since you were sixteen, but I don't believe it!" she said. "I would have only been nine! And if you are telling the truth, it does not look good on you. What kind of pervert would you be to have lusted after a child like that? I don't want to have anything to do with you!"

"Everything I've done is because of you," Nathan begged. "And I would do anything to prevent you from marrying Eric!"

Crystal: "Anything? Would you die?"

Nathan: "You want me to die?"

Crystal: "I want you out of my life. If you were dead, then you would be out of my life, and I wouldn't have to marry Eric. The only reason I'm marrying Eric is that, between the two of you, he is the lesser of two evils."

Nathan: "I don't believe it. If you wanted me dead, you would not have used a tranquilizer gun when you left me. You would have used a real one."

Crystal: "I assumed that the tranquilizers would have been enough of a deterrent, and you would have left me alone once you realized that I was serious. Obviously, I was wrong. If I could go back in time and do it again, I would use a real gun!"

Nathan: "Well, we don't have a time machine, but it's not too late to get the job done. I will ask Vic to prepare a gun for you. You are welcome to come and kill me if you wish. My door is always open to you, as is my heart, to love or to destroy. If you are going to marry Eric, you may as well kill me. So, when will you come and shoot me? If you don't kill me, then I will know that you can't bear to lose me and that you are meant to be mine."

"You are a lunatic!" Crystal said.

Nathan opened his mouth to tell her that he loved her, but it was too late. She had already ended the call. "And I didn't even get the chance to tell her that I paid off her Mother's debts..." he muttered. He hadn't even had the chance to tell her how it was that he had come to love her when he was sixteen while she was still a child.

Almost ten years ago, Nathan had received a cat as a gift, and he loved it with all of his heart.

One cold winter day, while he was at school, the cat fell into the water. Everyone thought that it was dead, except for Crystal, who was nine years old at the time. She jumped into the water and saved it.

When Nathan returned from school, he learned about the little girl's heroic deed. She was holding the cat, and they were both trembling. He was amazed that it was not dead, and he said so.

Crystal looked up at him with big eyes that sparkled like stars in the sky, and she said, "It did die, but cats have nine lives. This one has eight left."

Nathan thought that she was very brave, and he wanted to have her for the rest of his life. He had fallen in love with her, and he desperately wanted to protect her.

Before he could say anything, he made her a picture, and when he finished it, he vowed never to paint again.

After ten years, he could not believe that it could all come to naught. For a long time, he just sat there, not moving, with his phone in his hand. It felt like the room was spinning, and if he tried to stand, he thought he might fall. Absently, he traced the scabs on his arm. The cuts were healing well, but that was not what he wanted. He wanted the pain, and he wanted the scars that spelled out her name to stand out.

Nathan dug his fingernails into the scab and slowly peeled it away, destroying the healed and healing flesh. The wound didn't bleed much at first, so he dug his fingers into his arm. Before long, blood was oozing down his arm.

This is nice - he thought, and he began to laugh maniacally.

By the time Nancy arrived at the door to Paul's bedroom, she was fuming. She could not believe that Paul had told Clark she didn't love him, and she was ready to give him a piece of her mind. She knocked twice, and when no one answered, she tried again. When there was still no answer, she became convinced that he was ignoring her, so she turned the knob and let herself in.

Much to Nancy's surprise, the room was empty. She went in a little further, and when she heard the water running in the adjoining bathroom, she called out Paul's name. No one answered so she went into the bathroom to turn off the water. As she reached the doorway, though, Paul stepped into the bedroom, and he was completely naked.. His hair was wet, and there was water dripping off his massive muscles.

Chapter 1711 - 229: Now And Forever

Nancy's eyes nearly bulged out of her skull at the sight of her naked ex-husband. "You!" She exclaimed. He smirked, and she hurriedly looked away.

Paul had a towel in his hand and was nonchalantly drying his hair.

Nancy's face turned red as she wondered whether she should run or start arguing with him. "I didn't know you were taking a shower," she said.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Paul raised his eyebrows and said, "This is my room. There's no reason to be embarrassed, though. We've seen each other naked plenty of times before. Anyway, why did you barge into my room?"

Nancy bit her lip and said, "This is my room too. Isn't it?" On such short notice, this was the best answer she could think of.

Paul walked over to her. "How do you figure?" he asked. As close as he was to her, the smell of male hormones was overwhelming. "Did you forget that I divorced you? This may have been your room before, but those days are in the past."

Nancy: "I didn't forget."

Paul: "Then what are you doing here? You are about to get married, and yet you barge into the room of a single man late at night. What are you up to?"

Nancy: "I... I came to talk to you about Clark's education."

Paul: "Liar! You are clearly here to seduce me."

Nancy: "Seduce you? I just barged in while you were taking a shower. I didn't do anything. It was you that walked up to me!"

"You want to deny it?" Paul shook his head and said, "Nancy, I finally understand you. I thought you were a conservative, simple-minded woman. Now I realize that you are nothing but a c*ck-teasing wh*re. Are you tired of that guy from Sea World already, and now you want a real man?" He put his fingers on her lips and rubbed them hard. The thought that the man might have kissed her made him want to do this.

Nancy knocked his hand away and said, "I don't know what you're talking about. Get the hell away from me!" Though she was free to leave at any time, she felt guilty. After all, it was she who had burst in, and she felt some regret for not having been able to restrain herself. My entrance was bound to bring a shower of shame - she realized. She had known that it was no longer her room and that she had no right to enter without his explicit consent.

"I shouldn't have barged in like this," Nancy admitted. "After living here for so long, it seemed natural just to walk in. That was my bad. It will never happen again. But I really want to talk to you about Clark."

Paul: "You came in to talk while I was in the shower!"

Nancy: "I didn't know you were taking a shower."

Paul: "Did you use the same trick with Noah?"

Nancy: "I don't know what you're talking about. You're being unreasonable."

"Am I unreasonable?" Paul snapped. "You're the one that has to flirt with every man that you see!" He had been putting up with her all day, and this was his last straw. "How dare you barge into my room and accuse me of being unreasonable when it is you that is acting unreasonably?!?"

The look in Paul's eyes scared her, and she turned to run away. She was too slow, though, and before she had even taken a step, he grabbed her collar and yanked it backward. The material was not strong, and the dress ripped down the middle, fell to her waist, and caused her to fall on her ass. All that was left was her black lace underwear. Her breasts hung exposed like udders, and she began to cry as she covered her shame with her hands.

Nancy wanted to wrap herself in a quilt or something, but he got the wrong idea when she looked at the bed. He assumed that she wanted to fuck. He smirked and said, "Now I know why you're really here. You picked that dress intentionally, didn't you? And not wearing a brassiere was a nice touch, but I'm surprised that you're wearing panties. But I guess you left them on so that I'd have something to take off. Tell me I'm right."

Nancy was speechless. She would never have guessed that Paul was capable of such filthy thoughts. Not knowing what else to do, she shuffled backward until her back was against the sofa. By then, she had given herself a bad carpet burn on her ass, but the pain barely phased her.

The sofa was not far from the door, and she carefully measured the distance between her and Paul to see if she could escape. After some consideration, she did not think she would make it. He had a hungry look in his eyes, though, and his manh**d was rock hard. "I have to try at least," she muttered. She knew that if she didn't make it, she would be in a world of trouble.

Nancy jumped to her feet and made a mad dash for the door, but Paul was too quick for her. He grabbed her around the waist, and as he lifted her off the ground, she squirmed and struggled against him.

"Stop it!" Nancy shrieked. "Let me go!! don't want you!"

Paul tossed her onto the bed, and she bounced a couple of times before she settled. Immediately, she rolled over and began to crawl away, but he grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her back.

Nancy: "Let me go. I'm going to get married soon, and I don't want to cheat on my fiancé! Please!"

Not only did she not want to cheat on Noah, but she also did not want to be forced by Paul. Every time he forced her, she felt like she was being tortured.

Paul began to laugh as he dragged her to the middle of the bed. Then he sat on her back and pinned her hands behind her back so that she had no chance of escaping.. "You're mine now!" he exclaimed. "Now and forever!"

Chapter 1712 - 230: Get Out Of Here

Every cell in Paul's body was activated as Nancy struggled beneath him. She cursed his name, and the more of a fuss she made, the more he longed to possess her.

He would never tell her about this, but he had an unspeakable dream about her the night before. In it, he pressed her under him and forced her to have sex with him over and over again. The dream had struck him as bizarre because he had neglected her for years. Lately, though, he had begun to feel dissatisfied, and it seemed that he only found what he wanted in his dreams; with her.

Paul laid down on Nancy and gnawed fiercely on her shoulder. She began to bleed, and as he dry-humped her buttocks, his desires were vented. She had never fought so hard, and her desperate wailing fueled his passion.

Eventually, it was not enough for Paul to dry-hump her, so he spread her legs and hiked up her ass so that he could fuck her from behind. She was unprepared, though. Her cunt was as dry as a desert, and he could not penetrate her. But he was not one to be easily deterred, though. He ordered her to friggle herself, and he watched patiently while she got her juices flowing.

Finally, Nancy was ready. Paul could tell by the sound her fingers were making as they went in and out.

"That's enough," he said, but just as he was about to try again, he noticed how small she was. She was so little that, compared to him, she looked like a helpless child. Paul frowned at this realization. He folded his larger hands over the backs of her hands, and he noticed how dainty her fingers were.

He remembered then that even her vag*na was small, and he pitied her. I cannot do this - he realized not to the mother of my child. He sighed as he stood up. His c*ck was standing at attention, waiting to go into battle, and he felt awkward with it between them.

When Nancy realized that she was not going to be forced, she clutched the sheets and shouted, "Get out of here! Get out of here! I don't want you here! I hate you!"

"Do you really want me to leave?" Paul asked. He didn't believe her. "Look at how wet you are... If you don't want me, why are you so wet?"

It was true that her body had responded to her masturbation, but that was no indication of where her head was at. The problem was that she didn't know how to get this message into Paul's head. Finally, all she could think to say was, "No, Paul. Just no..." and then she began to cry. He had never been gentle to her. From their first time until now, he had only been concerned with satisfying his perverted desires.

The first time he fucked her was on their wedding day. He put her through Hell that night, and when she woke up, there were bruises, scratches, and teeth marks all over her body, and she was in so much pain that she wanted to die. When she got out of bed, she could not stand, and she collapsed. She called out for help, but no one came, so she had to crawl to the phone. Only then was she able to call for help.

After that, she had not been able to get out of bed for two weeks, and she'd need help bathing and going to the toilet. Sex had gotten more comfortable over time, but she had never forgotten how he hurt her.

But Paul had no idea how she felt. He thought that she liked it rough and that all of her begging and screaming and yelling for him to stop was all a part of a game. Furthermore, he only had sex with her for one week out of every four, which gave her plenty of time to heal.

To have a child, Paul had sex with her when she was ovulating, and when she wasn't, he left her alone - and apart from the rough sex, he was generally kind to her. That all changed after Clark was born, though. He began to sleep with other women. He brought them to their marriage bed, and he treated her like a second-class citizen. Worse still, the women bullied Clark, and when the boy spoke up, his father pretended not to believe him.

Paul showed no sign that he would be leaving, so Nancy laid on her stomach. She did not like him staring at her private parts. She looked forward to the day when he lost interest in her body. Only then would she be free.

Paul thought that the only reason Nancy was behaving this way was because of Noah, and his ire began to rise. He looked at her, and suddenly all that he saw was a wh*re. Without warning, he grabbed her by the ankles and yanked hard, pulling her half off the bed. Her feet touched the floor, and he grabbed the back of her neck and pushed her face into the mattress. Then, with his free hand, he spread her legs, and this time, when the tip of his c*ck touched her vulva, he did not hesitate.

It hurts so much - Nancy thought as she woke up the next morning. Everything hurt, and if she had not known how she was hurt, she might have thought that she had been run over by a car. She slowly sat up and looked around the room. Everything was a mess. The sheets were stained from blood, and the smell of sex was strong, and their clothes were all over the place.

She picked her phone up off the nightstand, checked the time, and frowned. It was 10:30.. If she did not get a move on, she would be late for her appointment to choose her wedding photos.