

## Midnight III 231

### Chapter 1713 - 231: You Bastard

Nancy struggled to get up, but the moment her feet hit the ground, her legs went limp, and she fell to the ground. What did that jerk do to me yesterday? - she asked herself. The scratches on her thighs were horrible. There were bloody cuts and teeth marks all over her body. Blood had crusted to the side of her leg and inner thigh, and her wet core felt like it was on fire. She hurt all over, but all the pain combined paled in comparison to the throbbing agony that radiated outwards from her genitals. She cringed as she gently probed the area, and she told herself, "If I can get through this, I can get through anything." She just wanted to leave.

It took her a long time to stand up, and when her legs went wobbly, she managed to sit on the bed. She tried to call out for a servant, but her throat was so dry that all she could do was a whisper.

Suddenly, the door opened, and as Paul walked in, she grabbed the bedsheet and covered her shame. He was wearing a perfectly tailored black suit with a red tie. "What do you want?" she asked.

Paul: "Are you finally awake?"

Nancy: "What does it look like? Obviously, I am awake. I wish I were dead, though?"

Paul: "Would you rather die than make love to me?"

"Make love?" Nancy was exasperated. "We didn't make love!" she hissed. "You forced me! I don't know what I've done to offend you or to deserve this!"

"Don't you?" Paul scoffed. He marched over to Nancy and looked down on her. His face was a mask of fury. "Did you forget my warning? I told you what would happen if you appeared in front of me again, so you must have a death wish or something. Otherwise, you would not be here. According to your actions, you are asking to die. You cannot blame me for what happened. I mean, what are you doing sitting on the bed? Are you waiting for me to get you out of bed? Were you hoping for another round? Because, if that is what you want, it can be arranged!"

"Do you think I don't want to go?" Nancy asked meekly. Her face was pale, and she was trembling. I can't walk. I can't even get up...."

"Cut the crap." Paul snorted and said, "You are no virgin!"

Nancy: "I may not be a virgin, but I've never been treated so viciously."

Paul: "If you are so delicate, how did you manage to satisfy so many men at one time?"

Nancy was taken aback by his cruel imagination. He was so full of shit that she did not know what to say.

"Quit playing dumb," Paul continued. "I heard you calling for a servant. Are you really that much of a nymphomaniac that you need the fucking help to service your cunt?!?"

Nancy gasped. "That is NOT why I called for the servant!" she exclaimed. "I needed help. I can't even stand..."

Paul reached down and tore off the bed sheet that Nancy was using to protect her modesty as she spoke. She closed her legs, and as she covered her breasts with her hands, she began to cry. She could not believe that the torture wasn't over. What else does this brute want to do to me? - she wondered.

Paul smirked and forced her legs apart with his hands, and Nancy was so desperate that she slapped him in the face.

Paul glared at her and said, "Don't be so ungrateful." As he spoke, he looked between her legs, and he took inventory of her wounds. He looked at her wet core. It looked a bit like ground beef, and the sheets around where she was seated were saturated with blood. He had not known how much damage he had done, and he suddenly realized that she was more delicate than he had thought she was. "Can you not stand up?" he asked her. "Tell me the truth."

Nancy: "I don't know why you would ask that question if you aren't going to believe my answer. Please, just go..."

Paul picked Nancy up and said, "I can't leave you like this."

Nancy: "What are you doing? Put me down."

Paul: "Didn't you say you couldn't walk?"

Nancy: "I'm all right. Just put me down!"

Paul: "Are you sure you want me to put you down?"

Nancy: "I'm sure. Put me down!"

Paul laughed and said, "As you wish." His hands fell to his sides, and she landed on her ass a half-second later.

"Paul!" Nancy shrieked, "You bastard!"

"Why am I a Bastard? You told me to put you down, and I did!" Paul knelt beside her and said, "Do what I say if you want to feel better." Then, he carried her to the bathroom without waiting for a reply and put her in the tub.

"If you think you are going to wash me clean and then..." She could not manage to finish her sentence.

"And then what?" Paul asked. Nancy saw him as a predator and pervert, and she was right; he was both of those things and more. Even now, he could barely suppress his desires.

"You know what will happen next," Nancy replied angrily. She turned her back to him, threw her arms around her body, and curled up into a fetal position.

Paul turned the showerhead on and tested the water's temperature with his hand. Once the water was warm enough, he ran it over her body. Then, when she looked up, he adjusted the pressure and blasted her in the face.

"Paul!" Nancy shrieked. "What the fuck?!?!" She felt like she was in Hell.

Paul laughed. Every time he heard her call his name while she was angry or in pain, his arousal increased. Water splashed on his shirt, and he rolled up his sleeves. He seldom bathed the women he slept with. He preferred to bully them. Thus, he was surprised by how horny he had gotten while bathing Nancy. The only thing that kept him from ravaging her right then and there were the bruises and cuts all over her body.

\*\*\*\*

There was a knock at the door, and Paul looked up. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Sorry, Sir." It was one of the servants. He said, "Mr. Noah Laurent is looking for Miss Nancy. He said that he sent her some pictures."

Paul frowned. "Tell him that I'm bathing Nancy," he said.

Nancy stared at him in disbelief.

Paul: "What? Do you want him to join us?"

Nancy: "Did you do this on purpose?"

"Wait a minute." Paul called the servant and said, "Ask Noah to send up some clothes for Nancy."

Nancy: "Paul! You mustn't go too far!"

"What?" Paul looked at her, smiled wickedly, and said, "We've done it all. Do you dare deny it? Didn't anyone teach you that it is bad to tell lies?"

Moments later, Noah arrived with the clothes. He handed them to Paul, and when Paul received them, he said, "She was so enthusiastic last night that she can't walk this morning. You are going to really enjoy her when it's your turn."

Nancy was left stunned and speechless.

### **Chapter 1714 - 232: Do You Dare To Deny It?**

---

Nancy's skin was very white, so her wounds stood out in stark contrast. Paul had never seen her look like this before. The sight of her caused his heart to beat fast. And for the first time in his life, he felt pity for one of the women he was screwing.

He touched her shoulder, and she flinched away from him. Her skin is so soft, and she is actually quite delicate - he realized. When they'd been married, he'd only seen her as a baby-making machine. Over the last couple of days, he'd decided that she was a wh\*re, just like every other woman. Now, though, she had somehow touched his heart, and he felt terrible about assaulting her. Now, when she cried out in pain, he seemed to feel it too. It was inexplicable and undeniable.

What is happening? - he wondered. All he knew was that Nancy was really annoying. He was so distracted that he didn't notice that the water had run cold until she mentioned it. Then, without thinking, he turned it as hot as it could go.

"It's too hot!" Nancy shrieked.

"Seriously?" Paul exclaimed. He thought This woman was in more trouble than she's worth! He shut off the water and said, "If you're going to be difficult, you may as well dry off."

Nancy closed her eyes and held out her hand for a towel. When he didn't give her one, she put a hand on either side of the tub and tried to stand up. Just as she began to push, though, Paul put his hand on her shoulder and held her down.

"I need a towel," Nancy whined. "Water hurts my eyes."

Paul looked over his shoulder. The towel was far away, and as she cried out in pain, he began to panic. He grabbed the hem of his shirt and dried her eyes. Nancy was surprised by this, and she thought - What's the matter with him today? One minute he is hurting me, and the next, he's helping me... "I'd better let a servant help me," she said.

Paul: "Do you want everyone to know that we had sex?"

Nancy: "Do you think that's what I want?"

Paul: "I think you want Noah to help you."

Nancy nodded and said, "Better him than you; that's for sure."

Paul squirts water in her face. "What? Do you want him to see this?" he asked.

Nancy: "What are you talking about? You did this to me!"

Paul: "You came into my room and seduced me!"

Nancy: "I didn't seduce you. I didn't do anything wrong!"

Paul: "Are you sure? If you weren't down to fuck, why weren't you wearing a brassiere?"

Nancy's face turned red. She couldn't believe how easily he was twisting the situation in his favor.

Suddenly, Paul cupped her left breast in his right hand. He kneaded it gently, and when she tried to pull away, he twisted her nipple, not too hard, but just hard enough to keep her in line. The feel of her breasts caused him to fall in love with her, and he could not stop playing with them.

Paul: "Every time I have sex with you, you fight me and cry. If that isn't seduction, what is it?"

Nancy: "That's the last thing I want to do with you."

Paul: "Does that mean that if I tried to have sex with you again, you would fight me?"

"That is exactly what I mean!" Nancy shouted. When she saw the look in his eyes, she knew immediately that she had said the wrong thing. He looked like the Big Bad Wolf, and she felt like Little Red Riding Hood. She gulped when she saw the enormous bulge in his pants.

"If you didn't want it, then why are you seducing me now?" Paul asked.

Nancy was speechless, and she did not know what to do. The more she protested, the more he thought she wanted him. All she could do was wait and see what he would do.

Paul turned the water back on, and he poured some bath lotion on a loofah. Then he began to rub her body with it. He scrubbed vigorously, and she dared not protest, no matter how much pain she felt. After several minutes, she forced herself to quit fighting or complaining. She knew that his brain circuits were different from others and that he misunderstood her struggles against him as an invitation to have his way with her.

Paul chuckled and said, "You are such a dirty girl."

Nancy scowled and said, "You are sick in the head!"

"Me? Sick?" Paul smiled and said, "If you say so." Then he leaned in to kiss her on the lips. She tried to pull away, but there was nowhere to go. She was trapped in the tub.

Paul kissed her hard on the mouth, forcing his tongue into her mouth, and sucking her tongue into his mouth, and the more he kissed her, the angrier he became. She should be mine! - he thought. He wanted to kill Noah so that she could not marry him.

\*\*\*\*

While Nancy dried off, Paul took the First Aid Kit out from underneath the sink. He had her sit on the toilet, and then he began to treat her wounds. He didn't know what to do, and he was going to call the doctor for advice, but she said, "Don't ask him. I know what to do. Do you have any anti-inflammatory medicine?"

"It's in the medicine cabinet," Paul replied. "I'll get it for you."

Nancy: "Can I have some water, please?"

"Sure." Paul handed her several medicines and went to get her a glass of water from the kitchen. When he returned, she took two anti-inflammatory pills and two extra-strength Advil.

After she had taken medicine, Paul stared at her for a long time. "Do you want me to apply some medicine to your wet core?"

Nancy: "No, I've already taken care of that."

Paul: "What? When?"

Nancy: "When you went to pour the water."

Paul: "So soon?!?!"

Nancy: "What's the big deal?"

Paul opened the medicine cabinet and said, "Which ointment did you use?"

Nancy: "Why do you ask?"

Paul: "I'll reapply it."

Nancy: "Well, no. One application is fine."

Paul: "I'm sure you didn't apply it well. You were in a rush. Let me do it again."

He held her down when Nancy still said no, pried her legs apart, and reapplied the medicine. This time, though, when he touched her, he was unexpectedly gentle. He watched her face as he did it, and when he was done, he kissed the sore area. There was something about the look on his face that made her uneasy, though.

There was a knock at the door, and Paul looked up. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Sorry, Sir." It was one of the servants. He said, "Mr. Noah Laurent is looking for Miss Nancy. He said that he sent her some pictures."

Paul frowned. "Tell him that I'm bathing Nancy," he said.

Nancy stared at him in disbelief.

Paul: "What? Do you want him to join us?"

Nancy: "Did you do this on purpose?"

"Wait a minute." Paul called the servant and said, "Ask Noah to send up some clothes for Nancy."

Nancy: "Paul! You mustn't go too far!"

"What?" Paul looked at her, smiled wickedly, and said, "We've done it all. Do you dare deny it? Didn't anyone teach you that it is bad to tell lies?"

Moments later, Noah arrived with the clothes. He handed them to Paul, and when Paul received them, he said, "She was so enthusiastic last night that she can't walk this morning. You are going to really enjoy her when it's your turn."

Nancy was left stunned and speechless.

## **Chapter 1715 - 233: Please, Give Me Some Space**

---

From the way that Paul laughed - arrogantly and triumphantly - Noah and Nancy could tell that his actions were deliberate. Unfortunately, Paul was not the type to let an opportunity like this go to waste. He turned to Noah, smiled wickedly, and said, "Don't worry. I've applied the medicine that will ensure that what we have done doesn't affect your bridal night. Be careful, though. Her secret place is very delicate."

Noah clenched his fists, and blue veins stood out on the back of his hands. His eyes had already turned a terrible shade of red.

Meanwhile, Nancy had wrapped herself in a bathrobe. She picked up a bottle of shampoo and glared at Paul. She could not believe that he could say such dirty words, and she cursed at him as she threw the bottle at him.

Paul dodged the bottle very easily, but he was surprised that she had the audacity to attack him in front of another man. It seems that last night was not enough - he thought - not if she still has the strength to attack me!

Paul took a cigarette from a pack that he kept on his dresser, lit it, and took a couple of casual drags. Then he said, "You should thank me for helping you by training her in advance. A woman should know how to please a man. I'm sure you agree..."

"Paul!" Nancy growled. "You are such a bastard!" Suddenly, she began to pick up everything she could, and she threw the items at Paul.

He saw that she was angry, and he was slightly confused. "What is this about?" he asked. He thought - Is she afraid that Noah will despise her for what we've done and reject her? If so, does that mean that she really wants to marry him?

Nancy felt very frustrated. She did not know why Paul had forced her. But he had. Thus, she didn't think that he had the right to humiliate her. She wondered - How could this man slander me in front of Noah like this? He acts like I am a slut, and he looks down upon me!

Although Noah knew that Paul was acting, he still felt uncomfortable, and he did not appreciate Paul's provocations. He had a good education, though, and he was able to control his anger. "Nancy is the kindest and most innocent girl I have ever met," he said calmly. "Although she has been married, I believe that she did not give her consent. Even if she had, as long as she does not give me up, I will not give her up. I love her, and I would not toss her aside over something that you said."

"Tut..." Paul's contemptuous tone sounded more casual than Noah's.

Noah turned to Nancy and said, "I believe that what happened last night was non-consensual. Am I right, babe?"

Paul frowned. Originally, he had planned to attack Noah fiercely. Now that he had seen his demeanor, though, he felt like he was the one being attacked. Why is that? - he wondered - And how can he be so calm about his fiancée being with another man?

Paul had deliberately let Noah into his room, and after seeing Nancy's dirty look, he had thought that he would turn around and leave. At the very least, he thought Noah would see what was going on and gave up on Nancy....

"Non-consensual?" Paul chuckled as he approached Nancy. Then he reached out and tried to rip off Nancy's bathrobe.

Nancy gasped. "W-What are you d-doing?" she stuttered. She pulled at the robe, and when she realized that it was a losing battle, she kicked him between the legs. As her foot connected with his genitals, he shrieked in pain and let go of her robe.

Once Paul was over the worst of the pain, he glared at Nancy and said, "Are you afraid to let him see the evidence of your debauchery?"

Nancy was extremely furious. She had a hard time believing that a man could be this shameless.

While they were arguing, Paul kept a constant eye on Noah. He could tell that the man was getting angrier and angrier, and he did not want to be caught off guard should there be an attack. And he was thinking - If Noah hits me first, then I will kill him!

Paul was so distracted by his murderous thoughts that he was caught off guard when Nancy struck him. Her fist connected with his jaw, and he nearly fell to the ground.

Nancy clutched her clothes and backed away. Her shoulders were shaking, and she pointed to the door. "Get out!" she roared. "Both of you! Get out of here! Right now!" She was tired. Her hands clenched and unclenched at her side. Her entire body was trembling now, and she did not have the energy to face either of these men - especially Noah.

Nancy cared about her reputation, but she was too tired to defend it at the moment. If she were to marry Noah, they would need to talk about the things Paul had said, but now was not the time. Thankfully, Noah seemed to understand. He nodded and said, "I will put your clothes by the door. You can put them on and come out when you are ready. I'll wait outside."

After speaking, he backed out and disappeared down the hallway. When Paul did not follow suit, Nancy sighed and said, "You too. Please, give me some space."

Paul chuckled as he stepped forward and forced her to the wall. Then he grabbed her hands and pinned them above her head. "Did you see? He asked. "If not, you had better open your eyes so that you can see what kind of a person you are going to marry."

"That is pretty ripe, coming from you!" Nancy scoffed. "Open my eyes?" She laughed in his face and said, "Compared to you, any man is a God. I don't need to open my eyes! I can find a man that is better than you with my eyes closed!"

## **Chapter 1716 - 234: I Want To Go Home**

Paul squeezed Nancy's wrists until she cried out in pain. "How dare you talk to me like that?" he hissed.

"I'll talk to you any way I please," Nancy replied. She was in a tremendous amount of pain, but she refused to be cowed. "You aren't even half the man that Noah is," she continued. "At least he knows how to respect people. He knows what it means to have good manners. You, on the other hand, are a Charlatan and a cad. If I could go back in time, I would not marry you. In fact, I would stay as far away from you as I possibly could! Anyway, we're both single, right? And we both have significant others. You have Michelle, so why can't I have Noah? Don't I deserve to be happy?"

When Paul heard that, he wanted to clutch her neck and shake the life out of her.

"Can't we just go our separate ways?" Nancy asked. "I can forget what you did to me and wish you and Michelle happiness. Can't you do the same for Noah and me?"



Suddenly, Paul felt like the room was closing in on him, and he struggled to catch his breath. When they had been married, she would have never dared to talk to him like this. Well- he thought - I will have to teach her a lesson. He raised his hand, pinched her jaw, and said, "You have quite the glib tongue right now, eh?"

Nancy bit her lower lip. She had never said this much to Paul at one time, so she was not surprised when he squeezed her chin so hard that it made her cry. "I meant no disrespect," she whined. "But you must know by now that our relationship is over... First, you divorced me, and now you have assaulted me, and all the while, you have been treating me like garbage. Worst of all, you allow Michelle to abuse Clark!"

"Stop right there!" Paul growled. "For a second, I felt some pity for you. But, then you brought up that lie about Michelle. We both know that you made that story up to try to destroy our relationship! So, what do you have to say in your defense?"

"I didn't lie," Nancy replied. "Michelle is a monster!"

Paul laughed and said, "You never were much of an actress, so you may as well cut it out. Do you want me to believe that it was a coincidence that you showed up while Michelle was away? Don't tell me that the only reason that you are here is to see Clark. After last night, you don't have a leg to stand on!"

"The only reason I am here is to see Clark!" shouted Nancy. "And the only thing that happened last night was assault. Do you know how annoying you are? How about this: Since you doubt me, I will leave. I hope that you will not stop me this time. If you do, I will look down on you."

Nancy pushed Paul away and walked towards the clothes that Noah had left for her. Her legs were still a little shaky, though, and she had to use the bed for support. Paul did not expect that she would leave like this, and he turned so that he could watch her.

Finally, Nancy reached for her clothes. But when she crouched to pick them up, a bolt of pain shot through her body. Her face turned white. She bit the inside of her mouth so hard that she drew blood, and then she collapsed.

Paul had originally had no intention of helping her, but he could not control himself when she fell to the floor. He picked her up, along with her clothes, and helped her stand up.

Nancy was imprisoned in his arms. He was a full head taller than she was. She bit his shoulder fiercely and begged him to let her go.

"Let you go?" Paul raised his eyebrows and asked, "Go where?"

"I want to go home," Nancy replied.

Paul squeezed her shoulders and shouted into her face: "How dare you!!"

"How dare I?" Nancy scoffed. "The minute I am free to go, I will go. Since you hate me so much, you should be happy to see me go!"

Paul did not know why, but her words enraged him. He threw her on the sofa, pointed to her nose, and said, "Nancy, if you leave, I will send your son to a place where you could never find him!"

Nancy felt like she had been stabbed in the heart. "Where are you going to send my son?" she asked.

"I will send him to the poorest country in the world," Paul replied, "where he will spend the rest of his life in abject poverty and die at a young age."

Nancy gaped at Paul in disbelief. "You are really annoying," she said. "And you are likely the worst father in the world. You do not deserve Clark. Was your childhood like this? Is that why you are such a psychopathic bastard?!?" She knew that he had suffered a lot during his childhood, and she was using it against him.

When they were still together, Paul often had horrible night terrors, and he talked in sleep. She had always done everything in her power to comfort him, but now she wanted to hurt him. She believed that he would do what he said, though, so she did not dare to push him too hard.

Paul was a cruel man. While they had still been together, he threw Clark into the water at a swimming pool to teach him to swim. The boy had been too young, though, and he had almost drowned. The next day, Paul had wanted to throw him in again, but Nancy had been able to convince him not to.

Nancy shook her head. This painful memory, and the many others like it, was like a tap that could not be shut off. "Please, don't send Clark away," she begged.. If he did, Crystal's plan would be ruined.

#### **Chapter 1717 - 235: So, This Is The Famous Michelle**

---

Paul stared at Nancy for a long time without speaking. Finally, after a long time had passed, he took out a brassiere from his pocket and said, "Raise your hands."

Nancy gave him a nervous look and asked, "Why?"

"Don't ask why," Paul replied. "If you don't want me to take Clark away, then be obedient." Although Nancy did not know what he was going to do, she felt like she had to do what he said. She raised her hands, and he put her bra on for her. Then he took out a pair of panties and helped her step into them. This made her feel weird. It was the first time that he had dressed her, and not only did it make her feel like a helpless child, but it also made her feel like he had a hidden agenda.

Once Nancy's underwear was on, Paul helped her put on the clothes that Noah had brought with him. Paul was very satisfied with Nancy's obedience, and he rubbed her messy hair in the same way that someone else would rub their pet cat or dog.

Nancy wanted to run, but she was on a very short leash as long as Paul had Clark.

"Do you still want to leave?" Paul asked.

"As if what I want matters," Nancy complained. "Why do you even bother to ask...?"

"Too true." Paul put his hands on her head and rubbed it for a while. "I do like to make a point, though," he explained. About half an hour later, he stopped petting her, and he said, "You treat my home like it is

a hotel, and you think you can just leave whenever you want? It is not a hotel, though, and you cannot leave whenever you please. Unless I let you go, you will not be allowed to leave."

Nancy was about to say something, but before she could get a word out, there was a knock at the door. "Who's there?" asked Paul.

"It's me, Crystal," said Crystal. "Is Nancy awake?"

Nancy took a quick look at Paul, and she hoped that Crystal's appearance would open an opportunity for her to get away. "I'm awake!" she replied quickly.

"Do you feel better?" Crystal asked. "I'm coming in...."

"Wait a minute!" Nancy exclaimed. The evidence of her being assaulted surrounded the bed. If Crystal came in, she would definitely see what had happened, and she would probably laugh at her. "I need to put on my clothes. Can you wait for me in the living room?"

Crystal heard a hint of nervousness in her friend's voice, so she insisted. She said, "There is a guest downstairs, so I should wait for you here."

"A guest?" Nancy glanced at Paul, and when she saw that there was no change in his expression, she realized that he already knew. Paul rubbed her head like a pet dog, and he showed no sign that he would stop.

"Your guest is here," Nancy said. "Are you going to do this all day?"

Before he could reply, a servant knocked on the door. "Master," she called. "Michelle is back..."

When Paul heard Michelle's name, he threw Nancy on the ground and went out to greet her. Now that the door was open, Crystal walked in, and she could tell right away that her friend had been brutally assaulted. "Are you okay?" she asked.

Nancy was sitting on the floor, and she had a blank expression on her face. The knowledge that Michelle was back had really caught her off guard.

Crystal hunkered down beside her and waved her hand in front of her eyes. "Earth to Nancy," She said. "Earth to Nancy. Come in, Nancy. Come on. Tell me what's wrong."

Finally, Nancy told her everything.

"Well, that's great!" Crystal exclaimed. "If Michelle is here to distract Paul, he will be less interested in assaulting you, and it will be easier to take Clark away."

Nancy nodded, but she said nothing. She did not know why, but her heart hurt.

Crystal looked her friend over, and she saw the bruises and cuts. This is not good - she thought.

"What now?" asked Nancy.

Crystal grabbed Nancy's hand, helped her stand, and then she said, "Let's go downstairs. Noah is still waiting for you. We should go and find him."

The thought of Noah waiting downstairs made Nancy smile, and she allowed Crystal to lead her out of the bedroom. Noah was waiting for them at the end of the hallway, and when Nancy saw the gentle way that he looked at her, she could not believe that she had ever loved a hard man like Paul.

Crystal hoped that Nancy and Noah would fall in love for real, but she knew that it couldn't happen unless they had some alone time together, so she turned to Nancy and said, "Well, I'll go down first. Eric is waiting for me. Why don't you two get to know each other a bit?" After speaking, she hurried downstairs.

\*\*\*\*

Eric was sitting on the floor in the living room with his legs crossed and playing games on his phone. At the door, the bodyguards were holding a woman captive. The woman's eyes were blurry. Her cheeks were red and were drunk.

She probably doesn't even know how terrible she looks - thought Eric. Her make-up was smeared so badly that she was barely identifiable. Her hair was also messy. Her clothes were wrinkled and torn. The bodyguards had needed to dress her in a long jacket to cover her genitalia, but she was so drunk that she was not ashamed of her appearance.

When Crystal came down the stairs, she was shocked by the woman's appearance. So, this is the famous Michelle - she thought - Not at all what I had expected... She was so shocked that her jaw dropped open, and it nearly hit the floor.

Soon, she felt Eric's gaze on her. She looked at him, and in a tone dripping with sarcasm, she said, "Your friend has such great taste in women!"

#### **Chapter 1718 - 236: Don't Look**

---

Eric squinted at Crystal, but he kept his peace. He knew that, because of the way Paul treated Nancy, her impression of Michelle would be bad no matter what he said. Now, he assumed that it would be impossible to build a case against Crystal's prejudice with the way things were.

He picked up a cigarette, lit it, and took a couple of casual drag. He blew the smoke into the room, and when he saw Crystal frown, he realized that she did not like the smell of cigarette smoke. He smiled and said, "If you don't like the smell, I can put it out..."

Crystal gave him a curious look. "So, if I do not want you to smoke, you won't?" she asked. "Is that correct?"

"It is," Eric replied. "I told you that if you agreed to marry me, I would do whatever you want."

"Then I want you to quit smoking," Crystal said. She knew that he was addicted to cigarettes, so she doubted that he could do as he said. After all, smoking is an extremely hard habit to break.

Eric nodded and said, "As long as you are with me, I won't smoke... So, you should never leave me..."

"What if you can't quit?" Crystal asked. "Lots of people try to quit smoking, but they fail..."

"Failure is not an option," Eric replied. "Anyway, I was already thinking about quitting."

"Why is that?" Crystal asked.

"If we want to have a baby, I have to quit smoking three months prior to you getting pregnant," Eric explained. "If I don't, it could affect the health of the fetus."

"A baby...?" Crystal was stunned. She had not thought much about being a mother.

"Of course," Eric laughed. "I will also ask the doctor to prescribe you some folic acid. You must take it every day."

Crystal did not know what to say for a while. She had been very resistant to getting pregnant while she was with Nathan. Now that she had seen how worried Nancy was about Clark, the thought of having a child of her own scared her. Furthermore, she was not sure that she wanted to marry Eric, let alone have a baby with him. "Can we talk about this more later?" she asked.

Eric nodded. "Not a problem."

Crystal thanked him, and then she asked him for a cigarette. Without thinking, he passed her one, and then he gave her the lighter. She was a little surprised that he would allow her to smoke, but then she remembered his vow. He had said that if she agreed to marry him, he would do whatever she asked. However, she knew that men often changed after they were married, so she was suspicious of his promises.

Paul watched in dismay as Crystal lit the cigarette and took her first drag. I thought you hated cigarettes - he thought. Before he could question her, though, Paul came down the stairs. Then, without acknowledging Eric or Crystal, he turned to Michelle. By now, she had passed out. One of the guards had her in his arms, and he had been about to put her on the sofa.

Paul frowned and asked, "What happened?"

"Michelle drank too much, and she passed out," the bodyguard replied.

"Where were you?" Paul asked as he approached them. Then, before the bodyguard could answer, he pulled out a gun, pressed the barrel to the bodyguard's forehead, and forced him to the ground.

"Wh-Wh-What d-did I d-do?" the bodyguard stammered.

"I asked you to protect her!" Paul roared.

"Is this what you call protecting her?!?"

"Michelle said that she wanted to eat ice cream," the bodyguard explained. "What was I supposed to do? I am not her mother! And look: She is safe!"

Paul's hand shook furiously. "You are the worst!" he exclaimed. Then he pulled the trigger. The bodyguard fell backward, and Michelle slipped out of his arms and onto the floor. The sound of the

gun's blast was deafening, and Crystal was shocked by the sight of the bodyguard. He had a hole in his forehead, and blood was pooling around his head.

Eric walked over, embraced Crystal, and covered her eyes with his hand. "Hey," he said. "Don't look."

Crystal pulled his hand away. Already, the other bodyguards were cleaning up the mess. She turned to Paul and was surprised to see that he had put his gun away. He was sitting on the floor beside Michelle, and he had her head in his lap. "It's okay," he whispered. "Everything will be okay."

The sight of Paul's show of affection made Crystal extremely angry. From how he treated Nancy and Clark, she assumed that he was a psychopath, incapable of true empathy or affection. She had been wrong, though. Paul truly favored Michelle over his son and ex-wife, even though she was a worthless party-girl.

Crystal felt awfully bad for her friend, and when she looked up at Eric, she could tell that he knew what she was thinking. He turned her head and pressed it against his chest. "I know," he whispered. "Don't worry. I will help Nancy and Clark."

Crystal suddenly felt a little dizzy. She did not know how Eric had known what she was thinking. Indeed, until that moment, she hadn't understood that when a man loved a woman as much as Eric loved her, it was possible for him to read her thoughts, anticipate her every move, and meet her needs before they had been expressed. In this way, when she needed help, she did not need to do anything. A look and a movement were enough for him to know what she wanted.

But how long would this kind of love last? She wondered.

Paul picked up Michelle and made his way towards the stairs. As chance would have it, though, Noah happened to be carrying Nancy down the stairs. The two men passed each other uncomfortably, each man glaring coldly at the other. And much to Nancy's surprise, Paul did not even look at her. It is as if I do not even exist - she thought - All he cares about is his mistress...

Crystal ground her teeth together when she saw how easily Paul had dismissed her friend. She turned to Noah and whispered, "I refuse to tolerate this."

"And you won't have to," Noah said. "He will get what's coming to him.. You'll see."

#### **Chapter 1719 - 237: Special Watch**

---

Crystal met Nancy and Paul at the bottom of the stairs. The fact that Nancy's face was pale and that she still was not walking bothered Crystal. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Are you unable to walk?"

Nancy shook her head and said, "I am fine. I just feel a little dizzy."

"Okay. Good." Crystal looked at Noah, thanked him, and said, "Put her on the sofa." Noah cautiously put Nancy on the sofa, and he took a deep breath as he looked at her. "She'll be fine," he said. "She just needs some rest."

Nancy looked around the room but did not see her son. "Where is Clark?" she asked in dismay.

"I didn't see him," Crystal admitted. "I looked around, but I couldn't find him..."

Nancy frowned and called one of the servants into the living room. "Where is my son?" she asked.

The servant was hesitant to reply. "He was begging to see you," she finally said. "The master told him that he was being disobedient, so he locked him in the Black Room."

Nancy took a deep breath. "The Black Room...." She thought for a second. "Are you talking about the utility room?"

The servant nodded silently.

When Crystal heard that Clark was in the Black Room, she could not help but tremble.

She had been taken to another Black Room once. While there, she had been crucified and flogged. "Why didn't Paull lock him in his own room?" she asked. "A Black Room is no place for a toddler..."

Nancy stood up abruptly, but her legs trembled beneath her. She shook her head in despair, and Noah reached out to support her. "Master said that a boy shouldn't cry all day long," the servant explained. "He said that the Black Rook would toughen him up."

Noah turned to the servant. "Oh, shut up!" He snapped. "We are going to get him out of the Black Room, and there is nothing you or Paul or anyone else can do to stop us!" Then he pushed her out of the way.

\*\*\*\*

When they opened the door to the Black Room, they found Clark shirking in a corner. His cheeks were still wet with tears, and he had a hollow look in his eyes.

Nancy rushed forward to hug Clark. He was so small, and his body was trembling. She patted his back gently to comfort him. "Clark, don't be afraid, your Mommy is here, and so is Aunt Crystal." It was hard for her to keep her composure, but she knew that she had to be strong for her son.

Why did Paul want me to give birth to his child, only to treat him like this? Nancy - wondered - This is all my fault...

Nancy blamed herself for being weak. "No child should have to experience such a terrible thing!" she exclaimed.

Crystal helped Nancy take Clark into his bedroom, but he could not stop sobbing even though he was safe. The pain in his eyes broke his mother's heart, and it made her want to kill her ex-husband.

Noah helped Nancy sit down by the bed so that she could continue to comfort Clark, and then he and Crystal left the room. Crystal was only gone for a short time, though, and when she returned, she had a gift box in her hands. She handed it to Nancy and said, "Here. It is an electronic watch. It is for Clark. I

asked Eric to modify it. It should have arrived long ago, but there was a problem with the program, so it had to be reset."

"What kind of programs?" wondered Nancy.

Crystal laughed and said, "The usual. Mostly recording and video apps. Now, if Michelle abuses Clark, he can record it. Then you will have evidence against her, and Paul will have to believe you!"

"What a great idea!" Nancy exclaimed. "And it's shaped like a dolphin- Paul's favorite animal! Why didn't I think of this?"

Crystal shrugged and said, "You are a good mother, but you cannot be expected to think of everything!"

"How does the camera work?" asked Nancy.

"It is equipped with a motion sensor," Crystal explained. "Whenever someone approaches Clark, the recording function will be automatically activated. The video will be automatically saved for seven days, and then it will be deleted."

Nancy hugged her friend and said, "This is great, and it's so high-tech! How did you make it?"

"I designed the style," Crystal replied, "and

Eric did the rest. He is very Tech-savvy."

"He is so nice to you." Nancy lowered her head enviously to conceal her loneliness. She knew that everyone's fortunes were different, and she refused to hold her friend's success against her.

Crystal smiled sadly and thought -Eric might be nice to me, but his goodness comes at the cost of my autonomy... In her heart, she felt like she was as much a victim as Nancy was.

Nancy helped Clark with the watch. "Do you like it?" she asked. "Aunt Crystal sent you this watch. We should thank her..."

Clark smiled shyly and thanked Crystal.

Then raised his wrist so that he could get a better look at the watch. "I love it!" he exclaimed.

Nancy sighed suddenly as a thought occurred to her: "Even with the evidence, what if Paul doesn't believe me?"

"It doesn't matter," Crystal replied. "If we have good evidence, then we can take it to the police, and they will be forced to take action. And if it were to go that far, your case against Paul for custody of Clark would be stronger!"

Nancy smiled. "I hadn't thought of that," she admitted.

They began to show Clark how to use the watch, and he was just beginning to get a handle on it when Noah returned. He had a giant smile on his face.

"What is it?" Nancy asked.

"It's dinner time," he replied. "Before we go down, though, would it be okay for me to give you a hug?"



Nancy's body was still relatively weak, and her legs were like jelly. Therefore, she did not refuse Noah's request. "That would be fine," she said. "And you can help me down the stairs, right?"

"Of course, I can!" Noah replied.

## **Chapter 1720 - 238: Don't Dare Lie To Me**

---

Before Noah could hug Nancy, Clark grabbed her hand and shook it. "Mom," he said. Do you want uncle Noah to hug you? Why do you want him to hug you? Can't you hug me instead?" The boy was jealous, but because he had an immature face, he looked lovely.

Nancy gently squeezed his small face. "I feel a little uncomfortable," she explained patiently. "So, I don't have enough strength to hug you anymore. When I recover, I can hold you again. Is that okay?"

"I can hug you, Mom." After speaking, Clark reached out his hands to hug Nancy. He stretched his arms as far around her as he could and buried his face in her stomach.

Nancy was amused. She kissed her son on the cheek and said, "Clark, when you grow up when I am too old to walk, will you help me?" She hoped that Clark would grow up quickly. Once he was a real man, no one would be able to bully him.

Noah helped Nancy downstairs, and then he left. Nancy would have invited him to dinner, but she did not have the right. After all, this was Paul's home.

Nancy was not surprised to see Michelle waiting at the foot of the table. It was a place of honor, and it had once been hers. By now, Michelle had sobered up a bit, and she was wearing the silk nightgown that Nancy and Crystal had vandalized. It had a cut in the armpit, and if she raised her hand, everyone would be able to see her breasts.

Nancy and Crystal had not thought that she... would wear the gown. She wore it with pride, though. She must not be aware of the damage - thought Crystal- She must have been drunk still when she put it on...

Michelle had removed her makeup to reveal her delicate facial features, and she was barely recognizable as the supermodel that she was.

Eric watched silently as Crystal approached the table. He could smell the scent of battle in the air, which was extraordinarily strong, and it seemed that there would be a good show today.

In a women's war, the men stood by and watched. Then, when the curtains closed, they could applaud and help with the clean-up. That being said, Eric was a little bit worried about Michelle. Crystal was a vicious contender. "Is this absolutely necessary?" he asked. "After all, we are visitors here, and I, for one, would not like to lose face."

"You want me to save face? Crystal snarled.

"For whom?"

"Who do you think?" Eric asked sarcastically.

Crystal spat on the ground and said, "Paul, obviously. But why would I care what Paul thinks about me?"

"Touché." Eric sighed. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"You know what I am going to do," Crystal replied. "Don't play dumb with me!" Paul frowned. Sometimes, it seemed that he could read her like a book. Now, though, he had no idea what she was thinking. Finally, he admitted defeat. "Whatever you are going to do," he said. "Do it. See if I care..."

Crystal turned to look at Michelle. She had stood up already, and when their eyes met, sparks flew between them. They looked at each other with contempt, and Crystal was not afraid of her opponent. Michelle was not so confident, though. As they prepared to spar, she glanced at Nancy, and then she looked at Eric.

It is almost as if she is waiting for someone to intervene- thought Crystal.

When no one came to Michelle's rescue, she took a step backward and hung her head in shame. Then, after a moment of silence, she said, "Welcome to Kuerto. You must all be distinguished guests. Help yourself to whatever you see. Mi casa es su casa."

Crystal nodded and sat down beside Eric. He put his hand on her leg, and she smiled.

Michelle walked towards Paul and said, "Paul's friends are also my friends. I hope that you can all feel at home here. If you have any needs, please do not hesitate to ask me. I hope that you can all have a fun time while you are here." Once she was finished speaking, she smiled and looked around. It was obvious that she was finally completely sober, and she was embarrassed about her appearance earlier that day.

A servant pulled out the chair at the foot of the table for Michelle. It was across from Paul, and she quickly sat down. After sitting down, she nodded to the guests one by one and said, "Dig in. Get it while it's hot."

The food had been set already, and when Michelle reached for the potatoes, she froze, and her face turned red.

Paul looked at her and asked, "What's the matter?"

"There seems to be something on the chair," she replied. "It seems that I am stuck..."

One of the things that Nancy and Crystal had done when they had vandalized Michelle's gown was cut a hole in the bottom. Then, when Nancy saw what she was wearing, she put superglue on her chair. Because Michelle was not wearing any underwear, her bottom and private parts were stuck to the chair. She did not know what had happened, though, and when she tried to get up again, she screamed in pain.

Crystal and Nancy looked at each other. They wanted to laugh, but they were able to restrain themselves.

"What's the matter?" Paul asked for the second time.

Crystal began to eat casually, and after swallowing her first bite, she looked up and said, "I accidentally broke the chair. I asked a worker to fix it. When the glue was being applied, I accidentally spilled some. I was just about to tell Michelle, but everything happened too fast. It is not a problem, is it? Once we are all done eating, we can give her some privacy, and she can slip out of the nightgown and run upstairs to change."

Crystal blinked her big eyes innocently. She was not afraid of Paul's furious glare. She turned to Eric and said, "I am sorry. It seems that your friend is very angry. I am very afraid."

Eric pinched her nose and smiled. Because of him, Paul would not attack her. He knew, though, that the "mishap" had been an intentional attack. If it had been an accident, the glue would have dried already.

Paul shot Nancy a dirty look. "Do you know anything about this?" he snapped. "And don't you dare lie to me!"

Nancy remained silent, and she refused to look him in the eyes. It was obvious that she was at least partially responsible, but she would never admit it. The place where Michelle was sitting had once been reserved for her, and she was bitter about being reduced to a second-class citizen in what had once been her home.

The day that Paul had given Michelle her seat, that had been the day she realized that she had lost her place in his heart.

#### **Chapter 1721 - 239: Help Yourself**

---

Crystal was enraged by the things that Paul was saying to Nancy, and she was unwilling to let it continue. She stood up and said, "Paul Burnett, this has nothing to do with Nancy. It's just a misunderstanding, so please don't make such a fuss."

Paul rolled his eyes at Eric and chuckled. "Look after your wife," he said. "She's getting more and more arrogant every day. Aren't you going to put her in her place?"

"I can't," Eric replied. "I have a weakness for my wife."

"Are you willing to lose a friend over a woman?" Paul asked.

"I don't know," Eric snapped. "Are you?"

The two bickered like kids until Michelle finally interrupted them. She turned to Paul and said, "Forget it. They are our guests, and I don't want the atmosphere to be ruined because of me."

Paul frowned. "But... Are you alright?" he asked.

"At the moment, no." Michelle shook her head, forced herself to smile, and said, "I will be, though, after the meal."

Crystal smiled back at Michelle. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable." She picked up her glass, lifted it in the air, and said, "To show that my apology is genuine, I would like to make a toast. Here's to you and your generous hospitality!"

Crystal drained the glass in one swallow. The toast had been disingenuous, but she felt like it was important to put on a show of gratitude for Paul.

Michelle also picked up her glass. She smiled and took a hesitant sip. Because of how much she'd already drunk, it made her feel nauseous. Her face turned white, and she began to perspire heavily. She wanted to get up and go to the washroom. She did not think she was going to vomit, but she wanted to play it safe. Unfortunately, her buttocks were still stuck on the chair. She tried anyway, and she ended up hurting her private parts.

Paul gave her a concerned look and asked, "Where are you trying to go? Are you okay?"

As Michelle turned to Paul, the wine she had that moment came up, and she puked all over him.

"What the fuck?!" Paul shouted. He took a towel from a servant and wiped his face. "You only had one sip. So, what gives?"

"I d-don't know..." Michelle stammered.

Crystal pointed to a servant and said, "Could one of the servants accidentally put some paprika in the glass? I remember seeing her set the table today."

The servant immediately shook her head and denied it. She was the one who had broken Paul's favorite cup and blamed Clark. The boy had been punished, and she did not even care, so Crystal was more than willing to get her into it. "Why are you shaking your head?" she asked. "Am I wrong? Wasn't it you who set the table?"

"It was m-me," the servant stuttered, "b- b-b-but... I didn't do anything t-to the g-glass."

Paul frowned again. He could see what was going on, and he said, "Miss Smith, I know you want to help your friend, but I suggest that you look at where you are. You are in my territory."

Crystal smirked and said, "When women talk, men had better not interrupt. I suggest you learn from my husband."

Paul did not expect Crystal to cause him to lose face like that. He turned to Eric with a gloomy expression on his face and said, "Eric, seriously, I don't like your woman."

Eric picked up his glass and took a sip. The red wine moistened his lips, and it made them look evil but beautiful. Casually, he said, "It doesn't matter. She is my woman. I like her, and that is enough. Anyway, you are taking things too seriously. Since when do men meddle in the affairs of women?" He raised his glass, and I invited Paul to drink. "Come on, let us drink a toast."

Paul was about to lose his temper, but he did not think that getting angry with his friend's wife would be very gentlemanly, so he suppressed his anger.

Michelle watched irritably as the two men drank. She was covered in vomit, and she wanted to leave, but with her buttocks glued to her chair, there was nothing that she could do. She glared at Nancy and

Crystal. She knew that they were responsible for her predicament, but she could not make the accusations she otherwise would have as the hostess. She forced herself to smile and said, "Help yourself."

\*\*\*\*

Once everyone had served themselves, Michelle stabbed a potato with her fork and brought it to her face. Before she had even opened her mouth, though, Crystal snatched it away from her.

Michelle had to give up the potato, so she turned her fork to the other items on her plate. Once again, Crystal snatched the item off her fork. When Paul saw this, he immediately placed the plate of stewed beef with potatoes in front of Michelle. "Eat up," he said.

Crystal rolled her eyes at Paul. She had thought that this Love Rat liked to bully women, but it turned out that he only liked to bully Nancy.

Paul hand-fed Michelle. Eric hand-fed Crystal. Crystal hand-fed Nancy. Nancy hand-fed her child, and Michelle smiled triumphantly.

When Crystal saw the triumphant look on Michelle's face, she lost her appetite.

After dinner, Paul asked someone to deal with Michelle's buttocks. He ordered everyone else to leave the room, but Nancy hid behind the door so she could watch. As Crystal passed by her, she said, "She will be alright, right?"

"Don't worry." Crystal chuckled and said, "I'm afraid that we didn't use enough glue. "After all, we intended to hurt her genitals, right?"

Nancy sighed and said, "I suppose. Paul must hate me very much, though. Don't you think so?"

"Why do you care what that Love Rat thinks?" asked Crystal.

"I don't know," Nancy admitted. "He's like a bad habit that I just can't break. Speaking of habits, though... What is Eric doing? I thought he promised to quit smoking!"

"He did!" Crystal growled.. She turned, and when she saw that Eric had a lit cigarette in his hand, she said, "I'll be right back. I have to put Eric back in line!"

#### **Chapter 1722 - 240: Michelle Is A Vicious Woman**

---

Eric was used to smoking after a meal, so he had not even thought about his promise to Crystal when he sat down on the sofa and lit a cigarette. Crystal was infuriated, though. She marched over to him and said, "You said that you would quit smoking for me. It seems that men take their vows about as seriously as they do their farts."

As soon as Crystal began speaking, Eric remembered his vow, and he immediately snuffed out the cigarette. He threw it in the ashtray and said, "I forgot. I am sorry. This isn't easy. I am trying, but you will have to be patient with me. I am doing my best..."

"This is your best!" Crystal scoffed. Now that she had him in a corner, she asked him if he had given Michelle the bracelet that she wore on her wrist. "I know you did," she insisted.

Eric frowned. The question had come out of left field. "H-H-How d-do y-you know that?" he stuttered.

"I saw it at dinner!" Crystal hissed. "It was on her right hand, and I had to look at it every time she lifted her fork!"

Eric's face had turned white. "What makes you think it's from me?" he asked.

Crystal glared at him and said, "Last night, when I was in your room, I accidentally opened a gift bag, and I saw a bracelet in a gold velvet jewelry box." Thinking that it had been a present for her, she hadn't given it much thought. But today, the bracelet was on Michelle's wrist.

Crystal knew why Michelle was wearing it. Typically, women did not wear this kind of jewelry while wearing a nightgown. Michelle was clearly showing off. While she had been having dinner, she had even touched the bracelet a few times on purpose as if to draw attention to it. This proved to Crystal that she was not as gentle and kind as she pretended to be. She is nothing but a scheming bitch - thought Crystal.

Eric put down the mobile phone, smiled, and said, "Do you think you know everything?"

"I know enough." Crystal scowled and said, "Don't try to change the subject. I saw that the bracelet had diamonds in it. Tell me why you would give her such an expensive gift."

"It is just a welcome gift," Eric replied.

"A welcome gift?" Crystal scoffed. "Really? And there is nothing else between you two?"

"What do you think?"

"Who knows. You are a man, and men are always drawn to beautiful women."

"That's not my style. I would never hook up with a friend's woman."

"Really?"

When Eric noticed that Crystal was unhappy, he held her hands and said, "I have no interest in her. I'm only interested in you."

Crystal was not pacified so easily. She said, "If that were true, you wouldn't have given Michelle such an expensive gift... Michelle?!?! Of all people, why would you give anything to her?!?! You know how she abuses Clark!"

Eric took a deep breath and said, "Be rational. We all know that you want to help Nancy, but do not let something so trivial affect our wedding plans, okay? You know that we've received a lot of help from Paul. Thus, it is not appropriate to bully his woman. We have to save his face." He gently pinched her wrists, and in a low voice, he added: "If you want to play with Michelle, I can help you, but not now. You do want to play with her, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?" Crystal's eyes brightened with curiosity. Eric raised his eyebrows naughtily. "Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" Crystal exclaimed. "Speak up!"

"Kiss me, and I'll tell you."

Crystal did not kiss him, of course, but he told her anyway. "Have you wondered why Michelle is so important to Paul?" he asked. "Well, it has to do with his past. Michelle was Paul's childhood sweetheart, but she left him four years ago. Are you curious about why she left or what happened during the years that she was gone?"

"Not really." Crystal shrugged and said, "I'm not interested in that woman. Why should I care if she was Paul's childhood sweetheart?"

"If you don't know your enemy, you cannot defeat them," Eric explained.

"What are you going to do?" Crystal asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," Eric replied. Crystal looked at the portentous and mysterious expression on Eric's face, frowned, and said, "I don't like your answer." She clenched her teeth together and wished that she could bite him.

Eric touched her leg and said, "Once Clark and Nancy are safe, and we are back home, I will give you a more satisfactory answer."

Crystal had no clue about what his plan entailed. If he were going to betray his friend, though, she could not think of a better time than the present.

\*\*\*\*

Nancy watched Michelle from the safety of her secret hidey-hole. Finally, the moment of truth was upon them. Michelle began to pull away from the chair, and one of the servants was pulling the chair away. A moment passed, and then she began to scream.

Nancy felt guilty suddenly, and she looked away. Crystal and Eric were talking in the living room, and she suspected that they were gossiping about her. She walked over and said, "What are you guys talking about?"

"We're talking about how we're going to get Clark back for you," Crystal replied. Nancy sighed and asked, "What are we going to do in the meantime?"

"Don't worry." Eric laughed and said, "As long as we're here, we can protect you and your son from Michelle."

Nancy smiled and thanked them both. "It's not a problem!" Crystal exclaimed. "Now, why don't we go find that son of yours?"

Nancy smiled and said, "Yes. Let's." As the ladies stood up, a few of Eric's men happened to pass them. They stopped in front of Eric, and one of them handed him a file.

"What's this?" Eric wondered.

"This is the information you requested," the guard replied.

Eric nodded and opened the file. Inside, the documents pertaining to Michelle's recent history. As he read the first page, he thought - It is just as I thought. That woman is not as simple and gentle as she appears to be.. He nodded to the guard, smiled, and said, "Thank you."