

Midnight III 261

Chapter 1743 - 261: Let Him Starve

Nancy felt helpless. She worried about Noah constantly, but other than keeping him comfortable, there was nothing that she could do to help him.

After the wedding, both couples had settled down in a castle in Kuerto, and they had each chosen a room for themselves on the second floor. Noah, who was still barely holding on, was given the room closest to the bathroom. They had brought Nathan with them as well, but he was put in the servants' quarters on the main level. A week had passed since the ceremony, and both men had shown signs that their conditions were improving, but the ladies were still nervous. The doctor had said that neither of them was completely out of the woods yet.

In the kitchen, Nancy was brewing turkey stock from the bones that had been saved from Thanksgiving dinner. She scooped some out with a spoon, tasted it, and added some more pepper. Crystal was leaning on the counter beside her, but for a long time, neither had spoken.

After taking a second taste, Nancy began to weep quietly. Crystal came over, wrapped an arm around her, and said, "There, there. Everything will be alright. You'll see."

"You can't know that," Nancy snapped.

"Even the doctors don't." She pulled away from Crystal and said, "I don't know why I'm even bothering with this broth. It's not like it will make a difference..."

Crystal returned to Nancy's side. She touched her arm and said, "Don't give up hope. It's not over yet. And no matter what happens, you are not alone. We will get through this together."

Nancy wiped the tears from her eyes and recomposed herself. She forced a smile and said, "I appreciate that, but I cannot always rely on you. I have to learn to face my problems and handle them on my own."

"But what about Paul?"

"What about Paul?" Nancy scoffed. "I have nothing to lose, so why should I be afraid of him?"

"Nancy!" Crystal's eyes went wide, and she said, "You don't need to put up a false front; not around me at least..."

Nancy nodded. "Crystal, I'm fine. Why don't you let me support you this time? Since you don't love Eric, I do not think it will work between you, and I think you know that as well as I do. So, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. Nancy was right. She could not go to Eric's bed, but up until now, she had refused to dwell on the matter. All she could think about was Nathan. "I really don't know," she said again.

Nancy drained the stock into a smaller pot, and then she ladled the broth into two bowls. She offered one to her friend and said, "Do you want to feed Nathan?"

Crystal shook her head sadly. "I had better not," she replied. "Eric has eyes everywhere. If he found out that I had been in Nathan's room, there is no telling what he would do..."

Nancy sighed and said, "I understand." Then she summoned a servant to do the task. Once the bowl was on its way to the servant's quarters, she turned back to Crystal. "What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I need to find a way to get in touch with Nathan's people so that they can rescue him." She was thinking about Vic when she said this.

Noah was lying in bed. His whole body was bound and bandaged, but he had finally regained consciousness. He would still need a plethora of surgeries, but now that he was awake, his chances of surviving had increased tenfold. He looked up as the door opened, and when he saw Nancy, he smiled.

Nancy smiled back nervously. "I've brought you some turkey broth," she said. "It will help with your recovery."

Noah tried to sit up, and when she saw that, she rushed to his side and said, "Don't move. You will only make things worse. I can help you if you want something."

Noah nodded and relaxed.

"I'm sorry about what happened," Nancy said as she fed him a spoonful of broth. "It was all my fault. I guess what they say is true: No good deeds go unpunished..."

"It's not your fault. I knew what I was getting into. And besides, a Gentleman has to stand up for a damsel in distress."

Nancy leaned over and kissed his forehead, and then she offered him another spoon full of broth. He had a few more bites, and then he said that he had had about as much as his stomach could handle.

"Can we try again later?" Nancy asked.

"I would like that," Noah replied. "But I would like to get some rest now."

Just make sure that you wake up - Nancy thought. "I will stay by your side for a while," she said. "That way, if you wake up needing anything, you won't have to try to yell for help."

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to them, Crystal had been watching them from the doorway. She had seen the way that Noah looked at Nancy, and she could tell that he was very much in love with her. Unfortunately, she was not overly optimistic about their relationship. They have not known each other long enough to make it work - she thought dismally. She would not say anything about this to her friend, though. She wished her friend all the happiness in the world.

Crystal had been thinking about knocking, but when she heard Noah say that he wanted some rest, she decided to leave the couple alone instead.

She crept back downstairs as quietly as she could, and when she went into the kitchen, there was a servant anxiously waiting for her. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"The gentleman will not eat," the servant replied. "And he beat the servant that tried to feed him!"

"Then let him starve," Crystal replied. "I am sure that the gentleman will be more civilized after having missed a meal or three."

"But he keeps calling your name, and he wants to get out of bed."

"What is wrong with you people?" Crystal growled. "In his weakened state, you should have no problem keeping him under your control!"

Before the servant could reply, another appeared. This one's face was white, and she was sweating profusely.

"Now what?" Crystal shouted.

Chapter 1744 - 262: Are You Reluctant?

The servant dropped her eyes, and it seemed that she had been struck dumb.

"Well?" Crystal hissed. "Out with it, or away with you!"

"M-M-Miss S-Smith," the servant stammered. "The g-gentleman has been p-pounding on his w-wounds with his f-fists."

"Do I have to do everything myself?" Crystal growled. She gave the servants a dirty look, and then she stormed off in the direction of the servants' quarters. "I should just let him die," she muttered. "After all the trouble we went to in saving his life, this is how he shows his gratitude?!?!"

When she reached the room that he had been recovering in, she pushed open the door and barged in.

The interior smelled of blood, bandages, antiseptics, and perspiration. Crystal's nose crinkled in disgust. She looked around the room and took note of each servant's: frightened face, and then she turned to face Nathan.

He was hunched over in bed, and his thin white robe was stained with blood. His hair was sopping wet, and his face looked pale. She glared at him for a moment, and then, in the calmest voice she could manage, she asked, "What seems to be the problem, Mr. Davis?" She knew that he hated it when she addressed him in this formal way, but this time it seemed like he didn't even notice the slight.

"You've finally come," Nathan replied, "I knew that if I made enough of a ruckus, you would." He puckered his chapped lips and blew her a kiss. "Why didn't you kill me? Was it because you still love me?" He smiled coldly and asked, "Are you reluctant?"

Crystal smirked and said, "Those are big words for such a little man."

Nathan's face turned red as his ire began to rise. He tried to stand, but he lacked the strength, and he fell back into the bed. "If I am wrong," he hissed, "you would have killed me. Isn't that true?"

Crystal laughed. "Killing you would have been a mercy, like putting an old dog out of his misery. The reason I did not kill you is that I wanted to make you suffer like you made me suffer. I want to find new and exciting ways to torture you each and every day." She walked over and pressed her thumb into his wound. "Do you see?" she asked. "The student has finally become the master."

Suddenly, Nathan grabbed her hand and pulled her thumb deeper into the hole in his chest.

Crystal was aghast. So far, this had been a game- a charade - but Nathan was raising the stakes. She gasped. "What are you doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing?" He pulled her thumb deeper into the wound until her palm was flush against his chest. She could feel his sternum and the pressure of his blood as it seeped out around her digit. She gagged, and she was sure that she was going to be sick.

Nathan snickered. "Does it hurt you to hurt me?" he asked.

Crystal yanked her hand away from him, and she held it in front of her body as if it had gone gangrene, and she could not bear to look at it.

"Does it hurt you to hurt me?" he asked again.

"Hell no!" Crystal sneered. "You're crazy! You know that, don't you? When I look at you, I don't even know who I'm talking to from one minute to the next. Are you Nathan, or are you Gerald, or am I talking to some other fucked up personality that I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting?"

These words struck Nathan like a slap across the face. His color drained away, as did his will to fight - or so it seemed.

Crystal smiled, confident that she had won this round. She did not like having to use his schizophrenia against him, but she had been desperate. She looked him in the eyes and said, "If I call for the doctor, will you allow him to treat your wounds? I would hate for you to die before our games are through..."

Nathan nodded sheepishly, and Crystal sent one of the servants to fetch the doctor. While she was distracted, though, he took her hand and kissed it.

Crystal felt his lips on her skin, and her mind went blank for a second. As soon as she caught her breath, though, she snarled and pulled her hand away. "What the fuck was that?" she shouted.

Nathan smiled coldly. "I look forward to being tortured by you," he replied. "If you spent the rest of your life torturing me, I would never ask for anything ever again."

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "We'll see if I can't change your tune."

Nathan smiled. "I welcome whatever tune you choose to play." He made another grab for her hand, but this time she saw it coming and pulled away in time.

Crystal gave him a hard look, and then she turned to leave. Before she made it to the door, though, he called her back. "Don't you want to torture me a bit before you leave?" he asked. "Can you at least tell me what you've got planned?"

What a scoundrel - thought Crystal. She could not think of a single thing to say that would put him in his place, but then she remembered how Paul had tortured Nancy, and her face lit up. She turned around and said, "Have patience. Once Eric returns, he and I will make love, and I will force you to watch. How does that sound?"

Suddenly, Nathan began to feel dizzy. His heartbeat increased. He began to perspire, and it felt like the room was closing in on him. He had a panic attack.

Nathan could tolerate all manner of torture, but this was beyond anything he could endure.

As if on cue, one of the servants entered the room and announced that Eric had returned. "Will you go to him?" she asked. "I'm on my way," Crystal replied.

"Meanwhile, please ensure that he doesn't self-harm.. Bind his wrists to the bed if you need to."

Chapter 1745 - 263: Go Make Me Something To Eat

Eric was sitting on the sofa in the living room. His feet were on the coffee table, and he was watching a surveillance recording that had been taken from the room Nathan was occupying. He was watching Crystal's performance, and so far, he was pleased with what he had seen, that is until he saw the kiss that Nathan had given her.

His cold eyes filled with anger, and when he heard Crystal coming down the stairs, he turned and said, "I saw the kiss. Do you mind telling me what that was about?"

Crystal's face turned red from shame, and she said, "He caught me off guard. It won't happen again."

"It had better not!" Eric growled. He abruptly got up from the sofa, strode towards her, and picked her up. He threw her over his shoulder, and then he carried her into the bathroom.

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

"You'll see," Eric replied ominously. Once he had the door shut behind them, he sat her on the toilet, and he used a wet cloth to scrub away Nathan's kiss from her hand. He was using too much force, though, and when Crystal could no longer stand the pain, she begged him to let her wash her own hand.

When Eric heard that, he added soap to the cloth and scrubbed even more fiercely than before.

"Please," Crystal whined. "You are scraping the skin right off me!"

"It will grow back," Eric said cruelly. "You are my wife, and nobody else's lips should be touching your skin! And if you think this is bad, wait until you see what I do to him!"

Crystal sighed without any further complaint. Then, after having scrubbed her dermis down to her hypodermis, he finally let up. Then he gently rinsed the back of her hand off with warm water, towel-dried it, and tenderly kissed the place that had so offended him. "There," he said. "Clean slate."

"What about every other place that has been kissed by men that are not you?" Crystal asked nervously.

"Those don't matter," Eric explained. "We were not married at the time. Anyway, what do you think we should do to punish Nathan? If you don't have any better ideas, I think I will cut out his tongue and soak it in wine!"

Crystal was taken aback. "How dare you?!?"

"I just do." Eric chuckled. "Is there a problem?"

Crystal sighed and said, "I don't know. Can I think about it for a while?"

"Why not?" Eric patted her on the bottom and said, "In the meantime, why don't you be a good little woman and get me my dinner?"

Crystal was speechless. She did not appreciate the way he had spoken to her, but she did not want to rock the boat.

Eric patted her on the bottom again.

"Don't just stand there lollygagging," he said. "I'm hungry. Go make me something to eat!"

Crystal nodded wordlessly, turned towards the kitchen, and walked away.

Eric called after her: "Call me when you're done." And then he returned to the sofa and picked up his newspaper.

Nancy was in the kitchen, and when she saw Crystal, she said, "I heard what happened. Did Nathan eventually eat?"

Crystal shook her head. "It doesn't matter, though. When he gets hungry enough, he will eat. Anyway, since you are here, can you help me cook supper? Eric is hungry, but you know what a bad cook I am..."

"Sure." Nancy smiled and suggested that they use the turkey broth and make a soup. Then, while she was instructing Crystal on how to make the soup, she made a plethora of other dishes on her own.

The meal took an hour to make, and when it was finished, the servants laid it out on a table in Nathan's room. This seemed an odd choice for a place to eat, but this is where Eric wanted everyone to eat, and he was the master of the house. When Nathan saw the servants setting up the meal, though, he just turned away, and he refused any of the food that was offered to him.

Then, when he heard that Crystal had prepared the meal, he reconsidered his resistance. Did she make this all especially for me? - he wondered. If so, then he would eat - How could I not?

Once the food was laid out, the servants filled the glasses with wine and lit the candles. After that, they called for their master.

Crystal and Nancy walked into the room first, and Eric followed behind them.

When Nathan saw his enemy, his pupils dilated, and he felt the temperature drop.

Crystal refused to look at Nathan. She just sat at the table and tried to keep to herself. She had not realized that Eric could be this cruel.

The meal was delicious, but Crystal had lost her appetite. Eric smiled up at her after having a couple of bites and said, "Darling, I didn't know that you were such a great cook!"

Crystal was speechless.

Eric touched her hand and said, "Darling, I want a piece of beef."

"Don't you have hands?" Crystal muttered. "I'm not your mother..."

Eric frowned.

Crystal tried to control herself. She forced herself to smile, and as she served him three slices of beef, she said, "My love, I was only having a bit of fun. You should have seen the look on your face, though." After he'd had a bite, she asked him if he liked it.

"Everything you give me is delicious," he replied. "Keep it coming."

Crystal wanted to poke him in the face with her fork.

Eric took her hand suddenly. He stroked it and kissed it, and then he said, "In the future, though, you can leave the cooking to the servants."

Crystal was speechless. What is he up to? - she wondered.

Eric cut a piece of pork that was in his place and brought it to his mouth. Then, at the last minute, he changed his course and offered the meat to Crystal.

Not knowing what else to do, Crystal opened her mouth and accepted the food. Her cheeks turned red from embarrassment, though.. She did not like it when he treated her like a helpless child.

Chapter 1746 - 264: You Will Be My Queen

Nancy was shocked by Crystal and Eric's behavior. She knew how Crystal felt about him, so it did not make sense that she was letting him feed her.

Eric smiled as Crystal chewed. "Do you like it, Darling?"

"It's not bad," Crystal replied. "But can you please not call me that?"

"Alright," Eric thought for a while, and then he said, "You can be 'My Little Pretty! 'Now get me a bowl of soup, My Little Pretty!"

Crystal gazed at her fork on the table. "I don't like that either," she grumbled.

"Be my baby, be my baby," Eric sang. It was an old Phil Spector song that had been made popular by The Ronettes in 1963. "Will you be My Little Baby?"

"Don't call me that either," Crystal hissed. "People will think that I am your child."

Eric chuckled. "My little princess, if you please?"

"What is wrong with you?" Crystal hissed.

"What's wrong, My Little Princess? "He touched her chin playfully and said, "A little Princess depends on her parents. The Queen depends on herself, and the Princess depends on her husband... From now on, you will be My Little Princess."

Crystal raised her eyebrows. "What if I want to be a Queen?" She asked.

"Then you will be My Queen."

"Fine." Crystal folded her arms across her chest and said, "Call me what you want, just don't call me late for dinner. I am famished."

Nathan stared at the cozy couple. Since he had been shot in the abdomen, he had been having trouble holding down his food, but with all this food on the table, the scents were driving him crazy with hunger. His stomach growled, and when Eric heard it, he seemed to remember Nathan suddenly, and he said, "Oh, I forgot about Master Davis. I don't think that he has eaten anything yet."

Nancy stood up and said, "Should we serve him some food?"

"Maybe later," Eric laughed. Then he turned to Crystal and said, "Queen, feed me more meat."

Crystal nodded, and then she began to feed him patiently.

With the smell of food in the room and the sound of Nathan's stomach from time to time, Eric seemed to be in a good mood. In contrast, Nathan had begun to withdraw. He looked ill, but Crystal could see strength in his eyes. It was a power fueled by hate. If he gets the chance to kill Eric, he will do it - Crystal realized.

Nancy was eating quietly, and she was doing her best to keep to herself, but when her phone rang, everyone turned to stare at her. Eric glowered. He did not approve of cell phones at the table. At first, she ignored the phone, but it kept ringing, and Eric told her to answer it.

When Nancy pulled her phone out of her pocket, she saw that the call was coming from her father. She accepted it and said, "Daddy, I wasn't expecting this call. Is everything alright?"

"Is this Miss Carter?" asked the voice on the other end of the line. It was not her father.

It wasn't even a man.

"Uh, hello. Who are you...?"

"Never mind that," the woman replied.

"Your father, Mr. Carter, has been in a car accident. We found his mobile phone in his pocket and called you. Are you his daughter?" Nancy felt like she had been punched in the gut. Suddenly, she found it difficult to breathe, and she could not process the words that she was hearing. The room seemed to be spinning, and she had to grip the table to prevent herself from falling out of her chair.

Crystal could see that something was wrong. She put her hand on her friend's arm and said, "Nancy? What happened? Is everything alright?"

"It's my Dad..." Nancy murmured. She passed the phone over to Crystal and said, "You talk to them."

As soon as Crystal was done talking on the phone, she said, "Don't worry, your father is not dead."

Nancy's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"That was the Seattle police department, they said that your father has been sent to the hospital. He is safe now."

"And everything is fine?"

"Not quite," Crystal admitted. "He is in a coma, and he might be paralyzed from the waist down."

"Why was he in Seattle?" Eric asked. Nancy sighed and said, "He was there for work..."

"The police think the accident was caused because her father was distracted," Crystal explained. "There was a newspaper in the car, and there was an article about her and her mother on the front page."

Nancy frowned. "What do my problems have to do with my mother?" she asked.

"I also think it's weird," Eric said. "Don't worry. I will have one of my servants book our tickets to Seattle, and Crystal can have a copy of the newspaper faxed to the castle ASAP."

Crystal smiled. "Thank you for helping my friend book a plane ticket. What's the fax number here?"

Eric leaned over to whisper in her ear. "I can tell you," he said. "But how will you reward me?"

"Will a kiss suffice?"

Eric's eyes lit up, and he smiled wickedly. "I want a tongue kiss."

Crystal felt her body tense up. She thought - But I don't even want a peck.

Eric stared at her gloomily. He had hoped that once they were married, she would loosen up. By now, he had thought that he would be fucking her, but she still balked at the thought of a little bit of tongue action. He wanted to force her the way that Paul had forced Nancy, but he was afraid of Crystal's temper, and he knew that it would give Nathan a measure of satisfaction to see her refuse him. What am I going to do? - he worried.

Suddenly, Eric remembered that the ball was in his court. "I am going to touch you now," he whispered. "And if you resist me, I will not help your friend."

Eric cupped Crystal's left breast with his right hand, and he was stunned when she pushed it away. "How dare you?" he growled.

"I will not allow you to take your liberties with me!" she hissed. "If you do not help Nancy, then so be it. I can figure out a way to help her without you. I am not some helpless woman. I don't need you. The reason I came here was in part to get away from you, or did you forget that."

As a matter of fact, he had forgotten that.

Eric struggled to speak, but nothing came out of his mouth, and when Crystal walked away from the table, there was nothing that he could do to stop her.

Chapter 1747 - 265: A Man Cannot Serve Two Masters

It was not hard for Crystal to get the castle's fax number. After all, most of the servants knew it, and after making a few calls, she had tickets booked for an eight o'clock flight to Seattle and a copy of the newspaper in her hands.

On the front page, in bold letters, were these thirteen words: AND THE AWARD FOR THE MOST UNFAITHFUL WOMAN OF THE YEAR GOES TO:

Beneath that, there were a series of indecent images. All of Nancy and Paul's private parts had been censored, but there was no mistaking that the main person in the images was Nancy. Along with these photos, there were others with Nancy and her mother.

Nancy was sitting beside Crystal, and she traced the subtitle with her index finger and cringed. It said: Like Mother, Like Daughter According to the newspaper, a year ago, her mother had an affair with a married man, and they fled the country together.

"How could this happen?" Nancy shook her head, "I never knew... I always thought that my parents' divorce was over a personality clash. My Dad loved my Mom so much, and he gave up everything for her. I can't believe that she dared to treat him like this..."

"Don't be so hard on her," Crystal said. "She is still your mother, and you don't know her side of the story. Don't condemn her until you've talked to her."

"You're right." Nancy sighed and said, "This is all Paul's fault. He said that he would ruin me... But it never occurred to me that he might also come after my parents..." She had never hated anyone as much as she hated Paul at that moment.

Coincidentally, half a mile away, Paul was sitting in a pub reading the exact same article. Once he was done with it, he pulled out his phone to check if he had missed any calls. He had not.

He frowned for a minute, and then he chugged the rest of his beer. A week had passed since the wedding, and he had expected to hear from Nancy by now. He sent a text message to Eric: "Is Nancy with you? Is she alright?"

"She's fine," Eric replied, and as if to prove the point, he sent Paul a picture of Nancy cooking turkey broth. He glowered at the image for a while. Nancy looked particularly kind and calm, as if she didn't have a care in the world.

"Why haven't you called yet?" he muttered. He had paid his servants to plant copies of the paper all over the castle where Nancy was staying. Unbeknownst to him, though, Eric's servants had been quietly cleaning them up and incinerating them.

Nathan's lawyer, Mr. Carter, was on a business trip in Seattle, and when he saw the newspaper featuring Nancy and her mother, he went into a rage. He was so angry that he drove to the airport immediately. Unfortunately, because he was in such an emotional state, he got into a car accident.

Michelle snuck up behind Paul and wrapped her arms around his waist. "You've spent an awfully long time staring at your phone," she said. "What's up? It seems like your phone hasn't left your hand in a week..."

Paul grunted but said nothing.

Later that night, it was the same, and Michelle did everything that she could to get his attention. "I'm not used to you acting like this," she told him. "And you're starting to scare me."

Michelle had seen him ignore Nancy, and she had known what that meant. Now she knew how it must have hurt Nancy, and she had a small measure of guilt. She said his name, and when he didn't reply, she took a step backward and crossed her arms over her breasts. "Fine," she said. "But if you're going to act this way, I am leaving!"

"Leaving?" Paul turned around abruptly.

"Where are you going?"

"To a place where you will never find me," Michelle hissed.

Paul scowled. She had disappeared once before, so he knew what she was capable of. His brows furrowed, and he said, "No. I will not allow you to leave."

"I just want to go..." Michelle whined.

"I will never allow you to leave me again," Paul solemnly vowed.

"Really?" Michelle scoffed. "I don't think you need me that much anyway."

"What?" Paul frowned. "Who told you that?"

"Does it matter?" Michelle shrugged. "You are not as good to me as you used to be...."

Paul walked over to her and picked her up.

"I do want you," he told her.

Michelle sighed and said, "A man cannot serve two masters. It says so in the Bible."

"What do you mean?" Paul was confused by her words.

"If you want me," she explained, "you can only have eyes for me."

"Okay." Paul laughed softly and said, "I only have eyes for you."

Michelle let her arms swing low, and she stroked his manh**d eagerly. Once she was sure that she had his full attention, she said, "Then I don't want to see you moping and fantasizing about Nancy all day. Do you hear me? It is pathetic! Are you a man, or are you a dog?"

"I am a man!" Paul explained angrily.

"Then act like a man," Michelle moaned. And she cupped his genitals in the palm of her hand.

Lately, she had sensed that he had lost interest in her, and she hoped to be able to resurrect his lust for her with her hand. But he did not rise to the occasion. Instead, his manh**d remained limp in his pants.

This is not a good sign - Michelle thought. Typically, Paul let his manh**d do all his thinking for him, and it took little more than a stiff breeze to rouse his attention. Now, though, nothing she did seemed to make a difference.

Eventually, Paul pinched her jaw and kissed her. Then he stepped away from her and said, "Wait for me." Then he went into the next room.. When he came back, he had a condom in his hands.

Chapter 1748 - 266: This Is Too Much Of A Coincidence

Michelle glared at the condom in Paul's hands. "What's that for?" she asked.

Paul smirked. "With a bit of protection, I think I might be able to manage an erection."

"I don't want this!" Michelle exclaimed.

"Aren't we trying to have a baby?!?"

Paul sighed and said, "I don't like it either. But not enough time has passed since your miscarriage. It is too soon to try again."

"But I want a baby," Michelle whined.

"And you will get one," Paul told her. "You need to be patient, though."

"Fine," she humped. "It will be as you say."

Michelle lifted her skirt and lay on the bed, seducing Paul with her thighs and their promises. "What are you waiting for?" She asked. "Come on..." She was exceptionally good at seducing men, and most men could not resist her charm. She was the opposite of Nancy, who was conservative and boring.

Paul's pupils dilated, and a predatory look graced his face.

Michelle threw the skirt over his head. "I'm waiting for you," she laughed.

Paul gripped her panties with his teeth, but just as he began to pull them down her legs, his phone rang, and he froze. Almost immediately, his interest in sex disappeared. He slipped out from under her dress and grabbed his phone.

It was Nancy. Paul pressed the hang-up button indifferently, knowing that she would call again.

Sure enough, a moment passed, and the phone rang again. Paul picked it up, and before Nancy could say anything, he said, "I can't talk right now. I am swamped."

"You bastard!" Nancy shouted. "You sent those pictures. Didn't you?"

"Me?" Paul asked innocently. "Why, I have never been so insulted. Have you considered that the pictures were taken by one of the many reporters that were on hand? If you want to blame anyone, maybe you should blame Eric. After all, he was the one that invited everyone..."

The line went quiet for a long time after Paul finished speaking, and for a minute, he thought that they had been disconnected.

Finally, Nancy said, "Fine. Even if you didn't submit the pictures, I know that you were responsible for the show. If it were not for you, there would not have been anything to report on. Will you admit to that at least?"

"If I do, then what?"

"Then I will hate you forever!"

"My poor naïve child." Paul chuckled.

"What is hate? Isn't it true that you cannot hate something unless you first love it? Love. Hate. They are two sides to a coin."

Michelle could hear Nancy's voice, and the longer Paul talked to her, the angrier she became, and she became more aggressive than ever.

Michelle took off all her clothes, and as she rubbed her naked body against Paul, she moaned. "I'm so hot..."

Paul pushed her away. "Wait. Be patient." "No, I want you now... I am so wet..."

When Nancy heard Michelle's voice, she felt like she had been struck by lightning, and she hung up the phone. She felt stupid. Why can't I stop thinking about Paul? - she asked herself - After all, he is a piece of shit, an abusive husband, and a deadbeat dad!

Crystal patted her shoulder. "What do you want to do?" she wondered.

Nancy thought about it for a moment, and then she said, "Since he cares so much about Michelle, I will ruin her."

"Then what?"

"Then I will kill myself." Nancy rolled her eyes. "Isn't that obvious?" she asked.

Crystal was slightly surprised. "Nancy, tell me that you are kidding."

"I'm not." Nancy closed her eyes to keep the pain in. "I couldn't do it before. I was too much of a coward. But I am stronger now."

Before Crystal could say anything about that, Nancy's phone rang. It was Paul.

Nancy accepted the call but said nothing. "Are you declaring war on me?" he asked.

"You'll see," Nancy replied ominously. "I didn't call to beg you to take me back if that is what you were thinking."

Paul was taken aback. That is exactly what he had been thinking. A few seconds passed, and then he said, "You should be begging me to take you back. You would be if you knew what was good for you."

"I already begged you," Nancy shouted. "How much good did that do? I still don't even know what you want from me, but I don't care. Do you know what I want from you? To be free of you. If I begged you, would you let me go? No, you would not. So, why should I pointlessly degrade myself?"

"Shut up!" Paul roared, cutting her off mid-sentence. "Nancy, you are the most annoying person on this God-forsaken planet. Did you know that?"

"I hope I annoy the shit out of you," Nancy replied. "And Paul... if my Dad has any problems, you had better start sleeping with one eye open. If anything happens to him, I might burn down your villa!"

Paul frowned. "What's wrong with your father?"

"Don't play stupid. I know what you did!"

"Oh, tell me. What did I do?"

"My father was distraught about what he read in the newspapers, and it caused him to get into a car accident."

"That is a bit of a stretch," Paul argued. "Your old man was a bad driver, and bad drivers get into accidents. So you are lucky that he's lived as long as he has. And besides, he deserves whatever he gets for impregnating your wh*re of a mother!"

"How dare you? Nancy roared. "Say what you want about me, but my mother is off limits!"

"Off-limits?" Paul scoffed. "That bitch is on the cover of every newspaper around the world. From now on, her reputation will precede her wherever she goes - and it will be the same for her little wheel -..."

Suddenly, Paul felt Michelle take his manh**d into her mouth, and he lost his train of thought. He groaned and grabbed her hair. "Michelle," he muttered. "D-Don't..." and then, "D-Don't s-stop."

His member had finally risen to the occasion.

On the other end of the line, Nancy could hear slurping and moaning, and she had a fairly good idea of what was going on. She felt like she was going to be sick. "Goodbye," she snarled. And then she terminated the call.

That evening, Crystal accompanied Nancy to the airport, and Eric's bodyguards followed in a car behind them. Crystal had set up everything in advance, but when they got there, a Spanish clerk said, "I am sorry, but there are no tickets under your name, and the flight is sold out."

"No tickets?" Crystal frowned. "Are you sure? We booked them over the phone."

The clerk gave them an apologetic look and said, "I double-checked. Nothing. Nada. De nada. Now can we get this line moving, please?"

Nancy frowned and looked at the board. Then she asked if there were any indirect flights. "I don't care how many transfers I need to make," she said. "I need to get to Seattle!"

The clerk sighed impatiently and said, "I'm really sorry. This is very unusual, and there is nothing that I can do... Now can you please move along?"

Crystal touched Nancy's shoulder and said, "Come on Nancy. We will figure something out".

"Yes, we will." She shot the clerk a nasty look and said, "This isn't over."

Nancy was not stupid. She thought - This is too much of a coincidence. Paul must have had something to do with this.. And then she allowed herself to be led away.

Chapter 1749 - 267: The Bad Controversy

Nancy and Crystal stood at the window facing the tarmac, and for a while, they were silent. One plane took off, and then another. Crystal sighed, and in a voice that was barely audible, she said, "This is bullshit...."

"You think?" Nancy growled sarcastically. "Who the hell does he think he is? And what gives him the right to fuck with my life like this?"

Crystal shrugged. She knew that nothing she could say would help improve her friend's disposition, so she said nothing.

"What are we going to do?" Nancy asked.

"We're not without options," Crystal replied. "If we took a direct flight to any of Washington's neighboring states, once we landed, we would have a plethora of options."

"That is a good idea," Nancy admitted. "I can't believe that I didn't think about it first..."

They walked over to the flight board, and as they scanned the list for options, they were both thinking the same thing. They were trying to figure out why Paul had gone to such trouble to keep them on the island.

Once they figured out where they would go, they returned to the clerk. When they told her their destination, though, she said, "I am sorry, but every flight leaving the island over the next 48 hours is booked."

"Every flight?" Crystal scoffed. She could not believe what she was hearing.

"This can't be," Nancy grumbled. "I don't believe it." She looked the clerk in the eyes and said, "I have been put on a 'No Fly' list, haven't I?"

The clerk's cheeks turned red, but she fervently denied Nancy's accusation.

"Tell me the truth," Nancy growled.

Crystal pulled at her arm and said, "Nancy, calm down. We will figure this out. Don't do anything you will regret later."

"I am calm!" Nancy snapped. Obviously, she wasn't. "I just don't understand why he is doing this to me. I just want to see my father!" A moment passed, and then she said, "Why don't you call Eric?"

Crystal nodded and pulled out her phone.

After explaining what was going on, though, he apologized to her and said, "There is nothing I can do. Everything in Kuerto is outside of my sphere of influence."

"Cut the crap!" Crystal shouted. "This is urgent, and I know what you are capable of when you set your mind to it. Now, can you please set your mind to this?"

"Hmmm." Eric chuckled and said, "I think we can work something out if you agree to fulfill your duties as my wife... If you agreed to my terms, Nancy would be allowed to go, but you would stay here with me."

When Crystal heard this, her ire began to rise. "Y-Y-You b-bastard," she stuttered angrily.

"That is not the only requirement," Eric continued. "If Nancy wants to leave the island, she must beg Paul for permission. He is here with me, so I can give him the phone when she's ready."

Crystal was confused. "Are the two of you in cahoots?" she asked.

"We are friends," Eric replied. "There is a difference."

"This is too much," Crystal croaked. "Nancy. will never beg Paul for anything!"

Suddenly, the line went dead, and Crystal looked at Nancy in disbelief. "He hung up on me..."

"Let's go to the train station," Nancy suggested. "We could take a train to another city and try to get a flight out of there."

Unfortunately, when Nancy and Crystal arrived at the station, they discovered that Paul had been two steps ahead of them. As a result, not only were they denied passage, but the attendant confiscated their ID cards and kicked them out of the building.

For a while after that, they just stood there. They were like shell-shocked soldiers returning from war. Their minds were mostly blank, and when they tried to think about what they should do next, they found it extremely difficult to concentrate.

Suddenly, one of the men on the boardwalk that surrounded the station looked up from his paper, and when he saw Nancy, his eyes practically bulged out of his skull. He pointed to her and shouted, "Look, everyone! It's the slut from the cover of the newspapers!" And to emphasize his point, he closed his newspaper and held it up so that everyone could read the caption on the front page: AND THE AWARD FOR THE MOST UNFAITHFUL WOMAN OF THE YEAR GOES TO: "Oh. My. God." Nancy groaned. "Not this again..."

Crystal grasped her hand and said, "Ignore them. They have no right to do this to you. You were a victim of ra*e, but they don't know that, so you cannot blame them. If you don't make a scene, this will all go away. I promise."

"Don't worry." Nancy turned, looked her in the eye, and said, "I don't blame them. This is all on Paul. He was the one who ra*ed me. He secretly recorded it, and then he made it public. So, I will not make a scene here. When I see Paul again, he is going to wish that he had never been born."

"That's a good girl." Crystal smiled and picked Nancy up. And as she carried her towards the car, she said, "Now, let's get out of here."

Not knowing where else to go, Crystal took Nancy back to the castle.

That night, Crystal could not sleep. Whenever she closed her eyes, she saw images of Nathan on the back of her eyes, and he seemed to be calling to her.

In the middle of the night, a storm rolled in, and that did not help. Every time she started to fall asleep, lightning lit up the room, and the thunder was so loud that it shook the castle to its core.

"Nathan, Nathan, Nathan," she muttered. "Where art thou, Nathan. "Compared to Paul and Eric, Nathan was a saint. And she felt a longing for him in her loins that was undeniable.

Once upon a time, he held her tenderly and whispered sweet words in her ears. She remembered a time when he had cared for her and what it had been like to share a bed with him and have him inside her. He had been forceful, but he had never left her unsatisfied.

Crystal bit her lower lip as she tried to force these thoughts out of her mind.. When that didn't work, she tried to dwell on all of the times he had hurt her, but her mind insisted on minimizing the events.

Chapter 1750 - 268: He Is In A Bad Shape

There was a razor blade on the night table. She looked at it for a minute, and then she picked it up. "To cut or not to cut," she murmured. "That is the question..." And then she began to giggle.

What is it about Shakespeare and me this evening? - she wondered. Still smiling, she brought the knife to her Radial Artery. Back and forth, not up and down - she reminded herself.

Just as she was about to begin cutting, someone knocked on the door. "Miss Smith! Miss Smith! Are you asleep?" It was one of the servants.

There must be an emergency - Crystal thought, and she immediately assumed that it had something to do with Nancy. "Come in!" she shouted.

The servant entered the room, bowed, and said, "I'm sorry to bother you so late, but I am worried about Nathan. He is still refusing to eat, and he will not take his medicine either. He is in bad shape."

"Where is Eric? Has he not come back yet?" The servants were supposed to notify him if there were any problems with Nathan. This was because he did not like her spending time with her ex-lover.

The servant shook her head and said, "Mr. Bush has not yet returned. So, it would be best if you came quickly. I am afraid that Nathan will die if you don't. He vomited two mouthfuls of blood. The last time I checked, he wasn't breathing, and his heart wasn't beating either. All I could think to do was come and get you!"

Crystal nodded and said, "We'll let's get going. Time is obviously of the essence."

Then, as she took the stairs two at a time, she shouted for another servant to call for a doctor.

Crystal was in such a rush that her foot caught on the last step as she reached the landing, and she fell flat on her face. A servant hurried to help her. Grasping her arm, the servant said, "Miss Smith... Are you alright?"

Crystal stood up, and without answering the question, she hurried off in the direction of the servant's quarters. When she got to the door to Nathan's room, though, she dared not go in. She gasped as she pressed her palms against the doorframe. Her hair was wet with sweat, and her face was horribly pale. She had never run so fast in her life, and her heart was beating so fast that she thought that it might burst.

The servant caught up to her, and after giving her a curious look, she said, "Go inside and have a look..."

Crystal could not, though. She was too afraid. "I-I-I..." she stuttered, and as she tried to talk, her body began to tremble, and tears welled up in her bloodshot eyes.

The servant seemed to understand what Crystal was going through. She gently touched her arm and said, "Let me go first."

Crystal nodded and stepped aside.

The servant went in, and when she came out, she had a slight smile on her face. "Miss Smith," she said. "He is alive. It turned out to be a false alarm."

"What? A false alarm?"

"It's true. You can come in and see him. His heart beats once more."

There were several servants gathered around Nathan's bed, and they all looked relieved. Still, though, Nathan looked more dead than alive. He was pale. His body was covered in a sheen of sweat, and Crystal could not tell if he was awake or asleep. "But he's breathing," she muttered. "And that's the important thing."

Crystal turned to the servant that had disturbed her and said, "You roused me for nothing. He does not need me. He needs a doctor!"

The servant bowed and apologized. "I have erred on the side of caution," she said. "Next time, I will make sure he is dead before I call you."

Crystal noted a sarcastic slight in the servant's voice, and she uttered an unhappy, "Hmph."

One of the senior servants stepped between them and said, "I am sorry. I was the one who sent her. He was not showing any signs of life, but he must have been in shock for a few minutes. Sometimes people go into shock like that."

"Shock?" Crystal asked in a tone that implied disbelief.

"Yes," the nurse replied. "Shock."

Crystal sighed. She was exhausted, and after all this excitement, she doubted that she would get any sleep. At least Nathan is fine - she told herself - That is what matters. She realized, though, that if he died, her situation would be much easier. After all, her relationship with him was the biggest cause of all the chaos in her life. Without him in her life, she would be able to turn her attention to the biggest mistake of her life: Marrying Eric.

It did not take long for the doctor to arrive, and the first thing he did was check to see if Nathan had gone into shock. Once he was done, he said, "Shock comes in different forms. Sometimes, the man has a heartbeat but isn't breathing. Sometimes, he has no heartbeat and isn't breathing. Shock is a funny thing."

"Why did he go into shock?" asked Crystal.

"These things happen." The doctor shrugged. "Maybe he was lying on his back, and when he started coughing up blood, it blocked his throat..."

Nathan's hands and feet were bound because they did not want him to hurt himself again. They did not realize that his limited movement was what had caused him to cough.

Crystal told a servant to untie him and asked the doctor, "Why is he coughing blood?"

"He has a nasty stomach problem. It's getting worse and worse..."

"He has a stomach problem?" Crystal was shocked. "Is there anything that can be done to stop him from getting worse?"

"He has to take medicine and eat some food. It can be something as light as soup or porridge, but he has to take in some calories." The doctor smiled and said, "It doesn't help that he was shot in the abdomen and doesn't seem interested in recovery. As I said, he should be eating regularly, taking his medicine, and getting lots of rest.. This isn't rocket science."

Chapter 1751 - 269: Is That You?

Crystal nodded, and then she turned to a servant. "Go and cook a large pot of porridge and keep it hot. If he does not eat now, maybe he will eat later." Then she took wet clothing that was on the night table and wiped off the blood around Nathan's mouth.

"I tried to do that," one of the servants said apologetically, "But he wouldn't let me. He even spat blood on my uniform. It should be easier now that he is asleep."

Crystal turned and saw that it was true. He was asleep, after all. "Nathan. Nathan, Nathan," she murmured. Then, she sighed and said, "You are such a troublemaker. And so stubborn too." She knew that he would not let either of them bathe him while he was awake, so she quickly fetched a new basin of water and began to unbutton his clothes. Once he was naked, she started to clean his body.

Suddenly, as she was scrubbing his legs, he woke up, and he grabbed her wrist.

Crystal felt his slight grip and trembled all over. She looked up and saw that Nathan was smiling. Unbeknownst to her, he had started waking up while she was washing his mouth. Up until now, though, he had been playing possum.

"Crystal," he said. "Is that you, or do I have a beautiful dream?"

Crystal's body froze. She was speechless.

"Crystal, is that you that is taking care of me?" Nathan asked again.

"Yes, it's me." She took a step away from him. "You've startled me. That is all. "Anyway, you've got blood in your mouth. Will you rinse your mouth for me?"

"I will if you help me," Nathan replied.

A servant handed Crystal a glass of water, but as she stepped closer to the bed, Nathan knocked the glass out of her hand. "You don't care about me, do you?" he hissed. "If you did, you would have visited me by now!"

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "Hush, now, and don't talk stupid."

"I will not hush," Nathan growled. "Why didn't you want to take care of me? Are you ashamed of me? Or are you afraid that Eric will be unhappy?!?"

"You think too much!" Crystal scoffed. She threw the bloody rag in his face and said, "I am not your nurse, and I am not your wife, so I do not owe you anything! I only came because I thought you were dead. Now, I almost wish you were. Now that I can see that you are not, it seems like a good time for me to leave!"

Nathan silently seethed. If he had his strength, he would have put her in her place with the back of his hand. As it was, though, he didn't even know if he could sit up.

Crystal took a deep breath to help calm herself down. "I will say one more thing before I leave," she said. "If you want to live, you are going to need to be more agreeable. Eat the food that is offered to you. Take your medication. And chill out."

Nathan smirked and said, "Ah, so you want me to live after all."

"Oh. My. God." Crystal clenched and unclenched her fists. "You are infuriating." Then, without saying another word, she turned and stormed out of the room.

As Crystal reached the doorframe, a final thought occurred to her, and she spun around to face Nathan. "You are going to recover," she said confidently. "I will make sure of it, and it will not be because I love you. Rather, it will be because I hate you. I am sure that you remember how I promised to torture you? Well, that is still on the docket."

"You w-wouldn't," Nathan stammered. "That's indecent..." She had said that she would make love to her husband before him, and he knew that this was the one form of revenge he could not bear.

Crystal saw the look of anguish on his face, and she chuckled. Then she turned to a servant and said, "It's late. Take good care of him and remember to give him something to eat. I'm going back to my room."

"What if I refuse to eat?" Nathan shouted. "I can do that, you know!!!"

Crystal froze mid-step. "What do you want?" she asked. "You must know that I'm not going to let you go, and I am not going to change my mind about your punishment. Of course, I could strap you to a tube, but I don't think either of us wants that."

Nathan was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I understand, and I will eat. All that I ask is that you visit with me after my meals..."

Crystal gave him a skeptical look. "That's it?"

"That's it," he replied. "There are no tricks up my sleeve. If you sit with me, I will eat, and as I recover, you can do whatever you want to me."

"Fine." Crystal nodded and said, "I will come as soon as you finish your meals. If you do not eat, I will not come."

"And I would like it if you would make me a puppet," Nathan added. "I think that is also fair."

"A puppet?" Crystal's brow furrowed. He is audacious as ever - she thought - Even now, he is calling the shots... And I am actually considering his request!

"I want to put a recording in the puppet," Nathan explained. "In the recording, I want to hear the most beautiful sounding words in the world. Can I have one?"

"Don't push your luck!" Crystal replied. "I have agreed to visit you, which is more than you deserve after everything that you have done to me. Now, why don't you focus on eating and getting better?"

Just then, a servant appeared with a bowl of porridge. She came to stand by the side of the bed, and Nathan accepted the food that she offered. He chewed, swallowed, and asked for more. All through the meal, though, his eyes remained fixed on Crystal. It was as if he were afraid that she would leave him at any minute.

Crystal frowned. She felt like he was holding her hand to swim, and she suddenly felt very confused. She thought - If he didn't care about me, why did he come to my wedding? And why does my love for Eric irritate him as much as it does?

She thought that it might be because he was possessive by nature, but she was not convinced.

Chapter 1752 - 270: Nancy's Revenge

Eric and Paul sat at the bar a half a mile away from the castle, and they were both half-drunk. "You aren't much of a man," Paul scolded. "A real man knows how to keep his woman in her place."

"She has a very strong temper," Eric growled.

"Perhaps that's not it." Paul snickered. "Perhaps you are having problems.... Down there... There are dr*gs for that, you know? Have you ever heard of Viagra?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Eric hissed, "You and I both know that isn't the problem. You and I have gotten into enough trouble together that you should know better than to even say that!"

Paul sighed and finished what was left of his beer. He belched contentedly, and then he said, "Ahhh, those were the days... When a man could be a man, and a woman knew better than to say no."

"You can say that again." Eric sighed. "I have a suggestion," Paul popped up. "Get her drunk and dr*g her. Then make a video of you assaulting her. Then, when she wakes up, you can show her the video and show her what a despicable slut she is. After that, she is sure to comply."

Eric squinted. Why didn't I think of that? - he thought.

"What do you think?" Paul asked. "It's a good idea, right?"

Eric laughed and said, "Paul, do you know your nickname?"

Paul frowned. "What is it?"

"Paul, the rat."

Paul pondered this for a while. Am I a jerk? - he wondered. It was a thought that had never occurred to him before. "Who called me that?" he asked. "Was it your wife?"

"It was your ex-wife." Eric smiled and said, "I would have thought it was obvious!"

"Hey! What gives?" Paul glared at Eric. "I'm giving you good advice. Must you insult me? You should be thanking me!"

"Thanking you?" Eric scoffed. "I can't dr*g my wife. I don't have the dr*gs!"

"Is that your problem!" Paul laughed and said, "Shall I get you some good, myrtle? I guarantee that it will be colorless, odorless, and tasteless."

"Thanks." Eric smiled. "I'll leave it to you."

Nancy tossed and turned all night. She could not stop thinking about her father, who had been in a car accident, Clark, who had stayed with Michelle, her mother had run away with some other man, and Paul, who was a jerk. How can I sleep with all these troubles and worries? - she wondered. She suspected that she was going to be depressed the next day.

If she saw Paul, she swore that she would torture him.

Eventually, the sun came up, and she got up and went downstairs.

The first thing Nancy heard when she came downstairs was Paul snoring away on the couch. "What the fuck is he doing down here?" she muttered. His hair was disheveled, and he smelled of alcohol, so she guessed that he must have been drunk when he came in. As she approached him, her ire began to rise.

"Paul!" she hissed. "Wake the Hell up!"

There was no response from him, which was not a surprise. Paul typically slept like a log when he was drunk, and even after you woke him, he seldom remembered what had happened.

"You are a Rat!" she growled, and she gave him a tentative kick in the ribs. Then, when he was still unresponsive, she became emboldened. She went straight to his head and crushed his face with a pillow.

Suddenly, Paul could not breathe. He felt like a mountain was pressing against his face, but his brain was so muddled that he could not fight back.

Nancy had wanted to kick Paul for a long time, and now that she had done it, she regretted that she was wearing slippers. She looked around, and she noticed his big shoes sitting at the foot of the bed. She smiled as she kicked off her slippers and put his shoes on. Then she pulled the pillow away, lifted her foot, and stomped on his face.

Paul grabbed Nancy's foot - as a reflex - and he pushed her so hard that she nearly fell on her ass. "You r-r-really crossed a l-line this t time," he stammered drunkenly. "I am g-going to k-kill you for this!"

Nancy stumbled backward, but she caught her balance at the last second. She turned to Paul, and when she saw that he was serious, she ran upstairs and grabbed a pair of scissors from the bathroom. Just in case he manages to come after me- she thought. She waited for a while, and when he did not come after her, she snuck downstairs to check on him, only to discover that he had passed out again. Well, well, well - she thought - Such a dirty man should be punished!

She cautiously approached Paul, and when she reached the couch, she began to cut his clothes. The first thing she did was cut the crotch out of his trousers. Then she slipped a hand into his underwear and pulled out his genitals.

Nancy wrinkled her nose at the sight of his shriveled-up worm, and she covered it with a pillow. Even with them covered, though, he could smell the musky smell of his genitals, and she cringed in disgust. Never mind that - she thought - You have bigger fish to try.

Nancy smiled as she cut into Paul's shirt. When she was done, she put the scissors in Paul's hand. Let him make of that what he will - she thought giddily.

Dawn had come, and the sun was shining through the window. Throughout the house, Nancy could hear the servants preparing the house for the day, and she ran out the front door before any of them could figure out what she had been about.

The morning air was cool and refreshing, and invigorating. She felt particularly good about what she had done to Paul, but in retrospect, she wished that she had stabbed him in the heart. If she had done that, there would be nothing to stand between her and Clark.

When the servants saw Paul lying on the sofa with his genitals exposed, they were shocked. They saw the scissors in his hand and asked each other, "Why did he do this?" and, "If he was drunk, how did he make such precise cuts?" They could not believe their eyes, and before long, every one of them had made their way to the living room to inspect their master's manh**d.

Gradually, Paul opened his eyes. His head hurt. The room was spinning, and it took him a full minute to get his bearings. It surprised him to discover that he was not in his bed and then that his servants had surrounded him. Their eyes were wide open in shock, and they seemed more surprised to see him than he was to see them. What is going on? - he wondered worriedly. "What are you all looking at?" he growled. "Get back to work!"

The servants looked away shame-faced and scurried off to their regular duties.

Paul had a terrible headache.. He had drunk so much the night before that he could not remember anything that he had done.