

Midnight III 291

Chapter 1773 - 291: Does It Hurt?

Nancy was taken aback when she heard the recording of Crystal professing her love for Nathan.

"O.M.G.!" she gushed. "You've finally admitted it! I've always known that you love him!"

Crystal was mortified.

Nathan turned to Nancy. He smiled and said, "Miss Carter."

Nancy was amazed. She had been friends with Crystal for a long time, but in all that time, Nathan had hardly looked at her, and he had never spoken to her. This sudden attention made her afraid. "Wh-Wh-What's the- m - matter?" she stammered. "Is the f-food not to your l-liking?"

"What has Crystal told you about me?" he asked with great interest.

"Err... What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," Nathan replied impatiently. "Do I need to repeat the question?" Nancy's face turned red, and she looked at her feet. "N-No," she replied. "To b-be honest, she hasn't said much. We're c-close, but she g -guards her heart."

"That she does." Nathan thought about her answer for a moment, and then he thanked her for her candor.

"Now that that is settled, what is to be done about her marriage to Eric?" asked Nancy.

Nathan turned to Crystal and stared deep into her eyes. "Yes," he whispered. "What do you plan to do about your husband?"

Crystal looked around the room frantically. She did not know what to say and felt very vulnerable, like a bug pinned to a corkboard. Finally, she opened her mouth to reply, but before any words came out, Clark and Wolf rushed over to the side of the bed. The boy looked up to Nathan and said, "Mister, what happened to you? Why are you in bed?"

"I have an owie," Nathan replied kindly.

"Does it hurt?" the boy asked excitedly. "It looks like it hurts!"

"I won't lie. It hurts a little bit." Nathan laughed and said, "I'll be okay, though. Thank you so much for being so concerned. Is Nancy your Mommy?"

"He's my son," Nancy murmured. "His name is Clark."

"I like that." Nathan turned back to the boy. "Just like Superman, right? Clark Kent!" He laughed again and said, "My name is Mister Davis."

"It's nice to meet you, Uncle Davis." Clark threw his arms around Nathan and gave him a big hug.

Crystal was shocked. She had assumed that Nathan didn't like children. Nancy was equally impressed. She nudged her friend and asked, "When are you two going to have a baby?"

"Never," Crystal replied.

"Very soon," Nathan replied.

"Really," Nancy ignored Crystal and responded to Nathan instead. "If you have a girl, then she could marry Clark one day!"

"Nancy Cater..." Crystal clenched her teeth.

Nathan smiled and said, "I think that is a great idea!"

"Really?" Nancy couldn't believe her ears. "It was just an idea. I didn't expect you to say yes."

"Why not!" Nathan exclaimed. "I believe in planning ahead."

Nancy was overjoyed. "With you and Crystal as her parents, she will be the most beautiful baby ever!"

"I told you guys that I'm not going to have a baby!" Crystal shouted. "Thanks for your soup and pasta." The implication of her words was obvious. She wanted everyone to leave.

Nancy scowled. "Am I interrupting you?" she asked.

"Yes." Crystal smiled politely.

"I understand," Nancy teased her. "You need some privacy so that you can get to work on making that baby!"

"Nancy..." Crystal warned.

"All right, all right." Nancy chuckled.

"We'll leave."

Wolf left first, followed by Clark, and then the two adults. Once they were gone, Crystal closed and locked the door. Then, when she turned around, she was caught off guard by Nathan's wolfish grin.

"What?" she asked.

"You really are anxious to get down to business," he replied.

Crystal rolled her eyes and said, "If you eat the soup and pasta yourself, I may consider it."

Without hesitation, Nathan picked the bowl up and began to scarf the food down as quickly as he could.

"Careful," Crystal warned. "You don't want to get indigestion, do you?"

Nathan grunted and did not slow down.

"Don't forget to eat the fish," she added. "It will help you recover quicker." There was fish in the soup.

Nathan swallowed and said, "Forget the fish. I am ready to eat you now!"

"You lustful jerk!" Crystal glared at him. "Behave yourself. Don't forget that you are still injured."

"If I'm not lustful, how can we have a big-eyed baby," Nathan wondered. He could not stop thinking about all the fun he had in "assaulting" her the night before, and his member was already rock hard. He finished the last few bites of soup, and then he was ready for the "next course."

Crystal looked at him for a moment, and then she said, "Let me give you a shave first." He had not shaved in days, and his face was a mess. Without waiting for a response, she went to the washroom and brought out everything that she needed.

Once she had his face lathered up, she ran the blade down the side of his face. Nathan sighed and asked, "Why are you suddenly being so nice to me?"

"It's just a shave," Crystal replied. "Don't overthink it."

"Well, it's a nice change from how you normally treat me..."

"Stop talking. I don't want to cut you." Nathan zipped his lips and stopped talking. However, as she took the scruff off his face, his hands were busy caressing her face. His fingers touched her eyebrows, nose, and lips, and he ran them through her hair. All the while, his breathing was so unstable that she could feel the hot breath spraying out from his nose. Suddenly, his nose twitched, and she accidentally cut him.

Crystal cursed and said, "I told you not to move, dammit!"

"Sorry," muttered Nathan sheepishly. Crystal continued to shave his face, and his face remained motionless, but his hands were getting more courageous. First, he touched her neck, then her collarbone, and before she knew what was happening, he had gotten ahold of her breast over her bra.

Crystal caught his hand and pulled it out of her shirt. "I'm telling you to stop!" she shouted. "Can you hear me?"

"You're taking too long," Nathan complained.

Crystal gave him a dirty look and said, "If your hands don't stop moving, I'll leave."

Nathan frowned. "Are you deliberately torturing me?" he asked.

"Torturing you?" Crystal scoffed. "Is that what you think I'm doing? A second ago, you said I was being kind. So, Mr. Davis, which is it?"

Nathan's ire began to rise, but he said nothing. He hated it when she called him Mr. Davis, but she was right. He had said that she was being kind.

Finally, the shave was over, and the second after Crystal finished wiping away the foam, Nathan spread his arms and prepared to jump on her.

"Not yet," Crystal chuckled. "I still need to trim your nails!"

"What the f**k?!?" Nathan exclaimed.

"What's wrong?" Crystal asked. "You should be grateful to have such attentive care."

Nathan sighed and said, "I appreciate the thought, but now is hardly the time..."

Crystal gave Nathan a hard look and said, "We are not doing anything until I've got you cleaned up! Do you understand?"

"Fine," Nathan grumbled.. He offered her his hands and said, "Let's get this over with then...."

Chapter 1774 - 292: Don't Bother Saying You Don't

Once Nathan's manicure was done, he sighed and said, "I suppose that now that you're done with my fingers, you're going to want to cut my toenails next...?"

"You're so smart," Crystal replied sarcastically. "Not! I wouldn't touch your smelly feet with a ten-foot pole!"

Nathan's eyes lit up when he heard that.

"So, can we start?"

Crystal pretended to think about it, and then she said, "I don't think it is a good idea. You have serious injuries, and you should not be overexerting yourself. We could still do it, but I would need to do all the work. To prevent your hands and legs from moving, I would have to tie you up. How does that sound?"

"It sounds great," Nathan replied. He was into BDSM, and she knew it.

Crystal nodded and encouraged him to lay spread-eagle so that she could bind him to the bed with her stockings. Once he was secured, she climbed on top of him, and she got a little surprise when his swollen member "Boop's" her between her butt cheeks. "What's this?" she chuckled. "You must really want me..."

"I do..." Nathan gasped.

"Well, maybe you will get me..." She smiled at him wickedly. "Eventually..."

"What does that mean?" Nathan asked nervously.

"You'll see," Crystal replied. The tables had turned, and finally, after all this time, it was her turn to torture him. For the next six hours, she dry-humped him, rubbing up against him until she had rubbed him raw and he was begging for her to f**k him already, or just stop. She was as relentless as he had been with her, though, and she showed him no mercy.

When she was finally finished, she was shocked to discover that he still wanted to make love to her. "Crystal," he moaned. "I'm waiting for you."

Crystal gave him a seductive smile, and she drew circles on his chest with her fingers. She looked into his eyes, and she felt like she was being drawn into them. It was inconceivable to her that he was still hard, but he was, and when she adjusted his manh**d, she was startled to discover that he was sopping wet. At first, thought that he had an orgasm, but then she realized that it was a vag*nal discharge. She had

soaked through her clothes, and it was all over him. She could smell it, and it made her want to f**k him.

"Crystal, I want you..." Nathan's voice became hoarse.

Finally, Crystal gave in to her carnal nature. She bent down, kissed him on the chin, and said, "I want you too..."

Nathan's face turned cold, and he said, "Well, now it is your turn to want something and not be able to get it!"

"What is that supposed to mean?" Crystal asked. But as soon as the words came out, she understood everything. "f**k you!" she growled. "Didn't you say that you loved me?"

"I only remember the cost of your love," Nathan replied. "You love me, but you treat me badly..."

"I love you," Crystal cried. "But that doesn't mean that I want to be with you forever. You ask too much of me. Are you really going to deny me now?!?!"

"Poor baby!" Nathan mocked her. "It's not fun to be teased and denied and treated like an animal. Maybe you'll learn something from this!"

"Whatever," Crystal grumbled. She gave him one last look, and then she climbed off of him.

Nathan's eyebrows furrowed angrily. "You want to leave?" he asked.

Crystal nodded and said, "From now on, we will have nothing to do with each other." She smoothed her wrinkled dress and sighed. "Goodbye, Nathan."

"Do you think I'll let you go?" he shouted. He began to thrash about, and the stockings dug so hard into his wrists that he began to bleed. Finally, the nylon snapped, and he jumped out of bed.

Crystal was amazed, and by the time her brain had processed what had happened, he had stepped between her and the door. "Let me out!" she shouted.

"And why would I do that?" Nathan laughed. He picked her up and threw her back on the bed.

Crystal watched in amazement as a spring-loaded knife emerged from Nathan's watch. Her face turned white, and she thought - If he had this blade all along, why didn't he use it to free himself while he was being held captive in the castle?

Another thought occurred to her, and she said, "With all the devices hidden in that watch, you must be able to communicate with the outside world. You have been in touch with Vic all along, haven't you? Why didn't you ask him to save you?"

"I was too weak," Nathan admitted. "I had been shot, then dr*gged, and I wasn't thinking clearly. Furthermore, the watch is new. I didn't even think about it until much later.... and then I wanted to see what you would do to me if you thought that I was helpless."

"Don't I feel like a fool?" Crystal sighed.

Finally, everything made sense. "You pretended to be weak, and it gave you the opportunity to cheat Eric and steal my heart. Even after being exposed, you have lost nothing, and I am still stuck in your trap. You are quite the evil genius!"

Nathan smirked.

"And I can see that you are quite proud of yourself too," Crystal added.

"Indeed, I am!" Nathan exclaimed. He pressed his body against hers and said, "This turned out better than I could have ever hoped it would. Who would have guessed that after escaping, you would send someone back to rescue me? That was a real shocker for me!"

Crystal clenched and unclenched her fists at her sides, "So, you are triumphant? So what? At the end of the day, you are still alone!"

"It never would have ended this way if we had fucked." Nathan sighed and said, "What I did was very stupid. Crystal, do you know that I am very angry at myself right now?"

"Good!" Crystal spat on the ground. "But I am way angrier than you are!"

Nathan gave her a skeptical look. "Oh, Really? If that is so, why don't we vent our anger together?"

"Let me go!" Crystal growled. "You had your chance, and you blew it!"

Crystal was so annoyed that she accidentally punched him on his chest.

Nathan began to tremble as he clutched the place where she had hit him, and a moan escaped her lips. Realizing that she had hit his wound, Crystal tried to retract her hand, but he grabbed it. Then he grabbed her other hand and lifted them both above her head. Next, He tore open the bow-shape strap on her waist and tied her to the bed.

"No!" Crystal began to cry.

"You want it," whispered Nathan. "Don't bother saying you don't."

Crystal glowered at him and cursed. "Nathan Davis!" she hissed. "You are a real jerk!"

Nathan leaned over, kissed her on the lips, and said, "I may be a jerk, but I'm your jerk!"

"Get off of me!" Crystal shouted. "I hate you!"

"From now on, if you say that you hate me, I will know that you are trying to say that you love me." His eyes glowed. "I know how you like to play The Opposite Game."

"f**k off!"

Nathan grinned and said, "If you tell me to f**k off, it means that you want me....."

Chapter 1775 - 293: What Crawled Up Her Ass?

As Nathan spoke, he stroked Crystal's thigh. He started at her knees and slowly made his way to the hem of her panties. He had wanted to do this to her for a long time, but up until now, he had been at her mercy. But now that the table had turned, he was free to do to her what he wanted to. And now, after everything she had put him through, he felt like hanging her up and slapping her ass until she begged for his mercy.

Too much work - he thought, and without further delay, he pushed her panties aside and forced himself inside her. She was sopping wet, and he slid in easily, but the expression on her face suggested that she was in a great deal of pain. There was a measure of pleasure in her pain, though it vexed her to know that he knew that.

"Do you know what I want to do to you now?" Nathan whispered. "I'll give you a hint: Once I'm done, you won't be able to walk for three days."

"Please, can't you get your thing out of me?" Crystal begged. Her eyes were swollen, and there were tears streaming down her face.

"Nathan smiled. "My thing is already in you," he replied. "Am I not deep enough?" As he spoke, he arched his back, and then he forced himself inside of her with all of his strength.

For an instant, Crystal's brain went blank, and then she began to shriek. "Get your thing out of me!" she shouted.

"It's as deep as it will go," Nathan explained. How deep do you want?"

He is making a mockery of me - she realized. "You are a real bastard..."

"If you say so." Nathan wriggled his eyebrows playfully. "When you call me a jerk or a bastard, I know that you intend those names as terms of endearment."

Crystal wanted to shake his head and asked him if he was suffering from hallucinations, but before she could open her mouth, her sex drive kicked in, and her body was overwhelmed by an overwhelming desire to f**k.

From then on, for the rest of the night, her brain was enveloped by fog. Her pleasure centers took control of her body, and she could not think straight. And when the fog cleared, she did not know how long she had been tortured. All that she knew was that her body felt like it was about to fall apart.

Crystal's eyelashes trembled as she looked about the room. The place was a mess, and when she looked at her body, she saw that it was covered in love bites. She looked at Nathan, and she could not believe that he had the strength to cause such destruction.

Crystal sighed. She had lost again, and there was no point in denying it.

Nathan watched passively as Crystal stumbled off the bed and struggled to get her clothes on. She stumbled to the door, opened it, and slipped into the hallway.

After everything that had happened, Crystal was more desperate than ever to get away from Nathan. She thought - I should have taken the plane Noah had arranged to take me to a place where he would never find me... In life, though, there were no mulligans.

Nathan looked fresh and energetic. He was wearing a clean suit, and he was sitting at a European-style coffee table, talking with Nancy. Meanwhile, Noah was playing Frisbee with Wolf, and Clark was watching them.

Vic was standing behind Nathan, and he had several bodyguards waiting in the next room.

Crystal could not believe her eyes. After leaving Nathan's room, she took a long shower. Then, when she came out, this was the scene that she had walked into. Everything felt surreal. What could Nathan and Nancy have to talk about? - she wondered. Until now, Nathan had only spoken to her once, and now they looked like they were best friends - And what is Vic doing here?

As it turned out, Nathan had approached Nancy and asked if they could talk. At first, she was afraid, but when he said he wanted to talk about parenting, her inhibitions slipped away. When it came to the topic of parenting, Nancy could go on for hours, and the fact that Nathan had come to her for advice impressed her. She thought - If he cares about children, he can't be half as bad as Crystal said that he is.

When it came to children, Nancy had endless words to say.

Nathan noticed Crystal and said, "You were in there for a while. I was beginning to get worried."

"I'm sure you were," Crystal replied sarcastically.

What crawled up her ass? - Nancy wondered.

Crystal looked around the room, and she realized that everyone was looking at her, and she suddenly felt very out of place. "How did Vic get here?" she asked.

"It should be obvious," Nathan replied. "His boat has been following ours ever since we left the dock. I bet that you feel pretty foolish right about now, don't you?"

"You!" Crystal growled. "How dare you talk to me like that?" She walked over to him and raised her fist. Before she could punch him, though, he grabbed her wrist and squeezed it.

"Are you flirting with me in front of everybody?" Nathan asked. "You are so adorable. I'm afraid that I can't help but kiss you."

Crystal's face turned red.

Nancy saw that she was unhappy, and she cleared her throat. "Crystal," she interrupted. "Would you like a cup of tea? Also, I made some delicious cakes."

Nathan smiled and said, "That sounds wonderful, but before my lazy little kitten eats anything, she needs to wash her hands."

"My hands are clean!" Crystal argued. "I just got out of the shower!"

"They can never be too clean," Nathan explained. "Don't worry. I will help you." And before she could reply, he picked her up and carried her towards the bathroom.

Crystal's face turned white. "What about your wounds?" Crystal worried. "You shouldn't be carrying me!"

Nathan smiled and said, "I'll be fine. My strength has returned, and the wound on my abdomen is fine."

Once they were in the washroom, he placed her on the counter and washed her hands. Then he brushed and braided her hair, and when she looked in the mirror, she was amazed. The braid was perfect.

To complete the look, Nathan took a white camellia from the vase on the table and inserted its stem into the end of the braid. "What do you think?" he asked.

Crystal had to admit that it was stunning.. The bangs on her forehead were combed into the braid to reveal her smooth forehead, and the camellia added an element of pure elegance to her appearance.

Chapter 1776 - 294: Sounds Good

Nathan smiled as he picked Crystal up. "You must be hungry," he said. "I'll take you downstairs. Nancy should have the tea and cake set out by now."

Although Crystal's legs still hurt, she could walk, but since Nathan insisted on carrying her, she saw no point in making a fuss about it.

As they descended the stairs, a thought occurred to Crystal, and she said, "A man who can weave braids must be a sissy or a homosexual. Isn't that right?"

Nathan frowned. "Do you really think so?"

"I do," Crystal replied. "That's what my father always said."

"I don't think so." Nathan smiled and said, "At least not in every instance. I, for example, learned how to do it so that I could do it for you. I thought that you would like it."

Crystal did not say anything.

"This hairstyle suits you well," Nathan continued. "I saw a woman with this hairstyle, and I wondered what it would look like on you, so I learned how to do it. Honestly, I thought that you would appreciate the effort..."

Am I going mad? - Nathan wondered. Before, when he saw a pretty woman, all that he could think about was having sex with her. Now, though, he had begun to pay more attention to women's accessories, and when he saw something nice, he would think of Crystal. For example, if he saw a woman with a sexy dress, he would think - I wonder how Crystal would look wearing that... And if he was able, he would buy it for her.

Nathan sat Crystal down at the table, and when Nancy saw her braid, she said, "Crystal, you've got your hair done up in a braid. How beautiful! It really suits you."

Crystal pursed her lips uneasily. She thought - It's just a braid. Is it that big of a deal?

Nathan placed his hand on Crystal's thigh and said, "You should learn from your friend's honesty."

Crystal coughed. "Do you two have to make such a big deal about everything?"

"What do you mean?" Nancy was puzzled.

"It was Nathan who did my hair," Crystal replied. "Didn't you know that?"

"What?" Nancy glanced up at Nathan. "Him?"

"How does it look?" Nathan was clearly in a good mood.

Nancy clapped her hands. "It looks great!" she exclaimed. "I am impressed! What a sweet and romantic gesture! Maybe you can do my hair one day!"

Nathan shrugged noncommittally. "Maybe..."

Crystal felt a headache coming on, and she rubbed her temples.

"He is so nice to you," Nancy continued.

"You are hardly the greatest judge of character!" Crystal scoffed. "You said the same thing about Eric!"

"Did I?" Nancy thought about it for a moment, and then she said, "Maybe I was right on both accounts, maybe they are both good to you!"

"Or maybe they are both bad to me!" Crystal glared at her friend. "Did you ever think about that?!?!"

"Nathan and Eric are still both better than Paul," Nancy argued.

"Do you have to keep bringing up Eric?" Nathan asked. "It's killing the mood!"

Crystal raised her eyebrows and said, "In that case, I will have to mention him more often. He is my husband, after all, and in the future, he will be the one braiding my hair!"

Nathan's pupils dilated, but he kept his anger in check. Instead of lashing out, he pressed a button on his watch, and Crystal's voice could be heard saying, "I lied when I said I do not love you."

"Nathan!" Crystal shouted. "That is enough!"

Nathan shook his wrist and said, "If you bring up another subject that makes me uncomfortable, I will make you listen to the recording one hundred times!"

Nancy laughed. "That's funny. You two are really a quarrelsome and loving couple - like Lucy and Ricky Ricardo from I Love Lucy!"

Crystal glared at her. "This isn't funny. Nancy, you set me up."

"No, I didn't," pleaded Nancy. "Don't ever think that!"

"Then why are you talking and laughing so early in the morning?" Crystal asked angrily. "How much did you tell him about me?"

"I didn't say anything about you," Nancy cried. "He was just asking me questions about what it's like to be a parent... I swear!"

Crystal took Nathan's hand and said, "Since you get along so well with my friend, shouldn't you do her a favor?"

"What can I do for her?" he asked.

Crystal smiled and said, "Her father was in a car accident, and he is in the hospital in Seattle. Her ex-husband is going to bring him to Kuerto, but she wants him to be with her. Will you help?"

"If you come home with me, I will help her and her father," Nathan replied.

Crystal gritted her teeth. She knew that the cruise ship was now full of Nathan's bodyguards. So, even if she didn't agree to return with him, he would make her go with him. She forced herself to smile and said, "Alright, back home it is."

"What a perfect choice." Nancy was grinning from ear to ear. "Home is where the heart is, right? This is so great! If you don't mind, Clark and I will come with you."

Crystal nodded indifferently.

"Sounds good." Nathan smiled and said, "Once we're back, Crystal and I can get to work on making a bride for that boy of yours!"

Crystal glared at Nathan. "I said that I didn't have children!" she shouted. "Are you planning to cheat on m -"

Nathan cut her sentence short with a passionate kiss. Sometimes he wanted to sew up Crystal's mouth so that she couldn't speak, but before he could do it, he always remembered how much he loved to kiss her.

Later that day, a series of videos were leaked to the press, and by the next morning, they had gone viral. The first video was the one that Crystal had taken from Clark's watch. In it, Michelle was abusing the boy and refusing to feed him. The pièce de resistance was when she grabbed the boy's arm and burned his hand with boiling water.

The world was shocked by these images, and once she was linked to Paul, the public was able to put two and two together, and they realized that he had been the one that had assaulted Nancy in the video from her wedding.

This theory was confirmed by the other videos that were released that day.

The second video contained an interview with Nancy. She was teary-eyed and pathetic-looking.

Nancy looked into the camera and said, "My ex-husband is a perverted maniac. He likes to chew on his socks, tie himself to a chair, and be abused. He's a masochist, and the more masochistic he gets, the more excited he gets."

She held up images of Paul tied to a chair in a frog pose, and then she continued: "His private life is very messy. He has numerous mistresses, one of whom he allowed to abuse our son, as you saw in the previous video."

Suddenly, Nancy began to cry, and the screen went to black.

The next video was similar to the one before, except in this one, Crystal was reading a letter that Nancy had written: "Why do you all condemn me and beat me? I have done nothing to deserve it, and it is unbearable. If not for my son, I would not have come forward to explain. I would have just ended my life. I do not want to be a public figure, and I don't want anyone's sympathy.. I just want you all to stop attacking me so that I can give my son the normal life that he deserves...."

Chapter 1777 - 295: The Medicine Soup

In less than a day, everything changed. All the negative press that Nancy had been getting had been redirected to Paul and Michelle, and for the first time in what seemed like forever, Nancy was able to breathe a little easier. Not only was Paul in the doghouse, but she and her son were on their way to safety.

Nancy would have been no surprise to know that Paul nearly had an aneurism the first time he saw the videos. And it would have pleased her.

What would have surprised her, though, was that he had never endorsed Michelle's behavior. Never in a million years would he have suspected that she was abusing his son, and he was shocked. He wanted to confront her, but all of the servants had fled the castle in fear of retribution, and Michelle had disappeared right along with them. He had not been able to reach her on her cell phone, and the company she worked for had not heard from her either.

"Inconceivable," Paul muttered as he used the remote control to turn off the television. There was nothing to watch, here or on the web. It seemed that wherever he looked, all anybody was reporting on was what had happened between him and Michelle. He understood that people got upset when they heard that a child had been abused, but this seemed over the top.

Paul suspected that he had been targeted and all the attention he was receiving as part of a conspiracy to bring him down.

Suddenly, his cell phone rang, and after checking the Caller ID, he accepted the call. "What's the news?" he asked.

"You were right," Eric replied. "You have been targeted - It's Nathan! He is behind all of this!"

"Nathan!" Paul gritted his teeth. "I thought it might be him. This is such bullshit! My reputation is ruined. My wife has run away, and I've lost my son."

Eric was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I can relate. I lost my wife and some of my men."

"I also lost a lover," Paul whined. "I don't know what will become of me now...."

When Nancy woke up the next morning, she had a sinking feeling in her stomach that something was wrong. She had dreamt that Paul had climbed out of Hell and that he was trying to drag her back with him. There had been flames everywhere, and she had kicked him back into them, and as he fell back, he shouted, "I'll be back."

Nancy shivered. She thought about the videos that they had released the day before, and she wondered what the repercussions for her actions would be.

When Crystal came out of her cabin for breakfast, she noticed that Nancy seemed out of sorts, and she asked her if there was a problem.

"I'm fine," Nancy replied.

Crystal sighed. She did not believe her friend, but she decided not to push it. "It's going to be a cold day," she said. "Make sure you and Clark are dressed warmly. You do not want to catch a cold... Where is that boy anyway?" The dog was curled up under the table, and Clark barely ever left his side.

"Clark and Noah are still in bed, Nancy replied."

"What?" Crystal was surprised.

"Last night Clark wanted Noah to play with him, and they fell asleep in his room," Nancy explained. "But I will bundle him up when he wakes up."

By the time they had reached the end of their journey, it had been decided that they would all live together, and Nathan bought a modest two-story apartment. Nancy, Noah, and Clark were given the first floor, Crystal and Nathan took the second floor, and there was a dog house in the backyard for Wolf.

Nathan kept his word to Nancy. Her father was transferred to a nearby hospital, and much to everyone's surprise, the media continued to follow Paul around. Nearly every day, he made front-page news.

One morning, Crystal showed Nancy an article in the newspaper. She pointed to a photograph and said, "Look! A waiter in Kuerto recognized Paul. He had also assaulted her, and she was so outraged that she took some leftover soup from the kitchen and poured it over his head."

Nancy's eyes went wide when she saw that. "No way!" she exclaimed.

Crystal smiled and said, "He deserves it!"

"Oh my gosh! He must be furious."

"Who cares?" Crystal's expression was cold. "That man deserves to be castrated and locked away. You have to know that he'll offend again!"

You are right," Nancy admitted. "Of course, you are. But I am getting sick of seeing his face everywhere. That chapter in my life is over, and I want to focus on the next one."

Shortly after the soup incident, Paul boarded a plane out of Kuerto. It had taken him longer than he had expected to find Nancy, but now that he knew where she was, he was determined, not only to retrieve her but to force her to clear his name and publicly apologize to him.

Even though he was seated in the first-class cabin, he still had to wear sunglasses and a scarf. If he were recognized, he knew that the flight crew would make his trip a living Hell - And all thanks to Nancy!

Crystal scowled at the bowl of medicine soup that had been placed in front of her. "The soup is ready," the servant said. "Drink it while it's hot."

Crystal wrinkled her nose. For three days straight, Nathan had made her drink this soup at least three times a day. He had delivered it to her personally the first few times, and when she had refused it, he had threatened to kill Nancy.

Now that the servants were delivering the soup, though, Crystal felt empowered to refuse it. "I don't want to drink this," she said.

"You must drink it." The servant frowned and said, "It is good for you, and it will be good for the baby."

"I don't even want a baby!" Crystal exclaimed. She was afraid that her heart would be shaken again if she had a child, and she would go back to her old ways. "Can't you just say that I drank it?"

"I cannot lie to my master!" The servant was aghast. "Anyway, there is nothing wrong with Mr. Davis. He is sweet to you. He even carefully arranged every aspect of your life for you."

Crystal folded her arms beneath her breasts and said, "That sounds like Hell!"

"Crystal Smith!" Nancy exclaimed. She had been standing at the doorway, and she said, "All you ever see is the negative! Most girls would be happy to be in your position, but all you do is complain!"

"Whatever.." Crystal sighed as she picked up the bowl and began to eat.

Chapter 1778 - 296: You Are Acting Like A Child

After having been out of the office for so long, Nathan had a lot of catching up to do. Thus, for the first week or so, he was seldom home. He left before dawn every day and came back late at night, which meant that Crystal seldom saw him. Unfortunately, he called her on the phone all the time.

Sometimes Crystal thought about ignoring his calls, but she never did. She knew better than to risk upsetting him.

Crystal spent most of her time on the first floor with Nancy and Clark. She and Nancy would sit on the couch, talking and drinking tea while the boy played with his toys on the floor.

There were toys everywhere.

"Mommy, look at me!" Clark had a transformer in his hand, and he was flying it around the room.

"Bumblebee is flying!" he shouted gleefully.

Nancy applauded. "Sweetie, you are amazing!"

This had all been arranged by Nathan, and Crystal knew that it was another component of a trap that he was setting for her. Nancy would be grateful to anyone who was kind to her son, and he knew that Crystal cared about her friend. He was doing all of these nice things to get closer to her. He did not really care about Clark or Nancy.

Suddenly, Clark grabbed Nancy's hand and said, "Mommy, I want to go on the merry-go-round."

"Okay, Mommy will take you!" There was a miniature merry-go-round in the center of the room. It had two seats, and they were adorned with red gems and blue crystals. One was blue, and the other was red.

Clark was dressed in a white suit, and when he was sitting on the ride, he looked like a handsome prince. He held on to the little blue horse and pointed to the little red horse, and said, "That seat is for my sister."

"Who? Which sister do you mean?" Nancy was confused by what Clark had said.

"Uncle Davis told me that I would have a sister," Clark explained.

Nancy touched her son's head and said, "Okay, I'll get started on making one for you right away."

"Thanks, Mommy." Clark grinned. "I will play with my sister later."

"Sounds like fun." Nancy turned to Crystal. "I'm going to the hospital this afternoon to see my Dad. Can you take care of Clark for me?"

"No problem. But where is Noah going?"

"I have no idea," Nancy admitted. "I haven't seen him since last night."

"What do you think of him?" Crystal asked.

Nancy's brow furrowed. "What do you mean? Why do you ask?"

"He is your husband?" Crystal replied bluntly.

"That is true." Nancy laughed. "I forgot about that. He is nice, but I don't have feelings for him."

Crystal frowned. "What kind of person do you have feelings for? Are you looking for another Paul? You loved him so much, but what did you get at the end other than a failed marriage?"

"I don't want to be with anyone," Nancy explained. "I've got Clark, and he is my entire world."

"You are my world too," Clark interrupted.

"Yes, Clark." Nancy smiled and gave her son a kiss. "And soon, you will be an adult. Then you will be able to take care of me, so why do I have to get married?"

"That's a long time to wait," Crystal remarked. She picked up her cup of tea and said, "You seem to have a problem taking care of yourself. Even if you don't have feelings for Noah, he could be useful. Do you disagree?"

Nancy frowned. "Why would I need a man when I have you?"

Crystal was taken aback by her friend's words. "Did you think that I would stay with you forever?"

Nancy burst into tears. "You... w-want to l-leave me?" she stammered.

Crystal sighed. "I didn't say that, but you are acting like a child!"

Nancy turned away. "I thought you were my friend..." she cried.

"Don't be like that," Crystal grumbled. "I came here to give you a surprise, but all you want to do is give me the cold shoulder!"

Nancy's eyes lit up, and she forgot her frustration. "What's the surprise?"

Crystal snapped her fingers, and Serenity walked through the door.

"Serenity!" Nancy was so excited that she jumped up and embraced her old friend.

"I missed you so much." Serenity welcomed her with open arms.

Nancy turned to her son and said, "Clark, this is your Aunt Serenity."

Serenity booped his nose and said, "The last time I saw you, you were just a bump in your mother's belly, now you're nearly a man!"

Clark's chest puffed out with pride, and for a moment, he looked like the man he would grow up to be.

Once they were done catching up, Serenity handed Crystal a sealed envelope. Inside it was the DNA test that would prove if Paul and Crystal were related one way or the other.

Crystal was hesitant to open it. On the one hand, she did not want to be related to Paul. If she were, though, then it would be a major step towards discovering more about her heritage.

"Come on. Open it!" Nancy was more anxious than Crystal was.

Finally, Crystal cracked the seal, and after reading the results, she said, "The test results are negative. We're not related."

Nancy and Serenity were going to the hospital, and Crystal was staying behind with Clark and Noah. On their way out the door, Serenity hugged Crystal and asked, "When are you going back to school?"

Crystal shook her head sadly and said, "I'm not sure." Nathan had suspended her from going to school.

Serenity nodded. She did not approve, but she understood.

Shortly after they left, a servant picked up the phone and said, "Mrs. Davis, Mr. Davis wants to speak to you. "

"I'm not Mrs. Davis!" Crystal snapped. That train had passed ages ago!

"He's still on the phone..."

"Just say that I'm sleeping."

By the time Nathan returned home from work, everyone was eating. He was late because he'd stopped to purchase more toys for Clark, a baby cradle, and an assortment of baby clothes.

Clark was excited about the toys, and as he took them out of their bag, he showed Nancy. "Mommy!" he exclaimed. "Uncle Davis bought me more toys. This time he brought me a remote-control car, a small plane, and a train."

"Did you say thank you to Uncle Davis?"

Clark's cheeks turned red. He turned to Nathan and said, "Thank you, Uncle Davis."

"You're welcome." Nathan chuckled. He patted the boy on the head and said, "Now why don't you sit back at the table. You can play with your new toys once you have finished eating."

Clark nodded. "Yes, Sir."

Nathan hung up his coat.. He joined them at the table, and as he poured his first glass of wine, it began to snow outside.

Chapter 1779 - 297: I'm Married To Someone Else

Dinner was about halfway through, and it seemed that the evening would pass without incident. The falling snow had put everyone in a jovial mood, and everyone was exchanging stories about winters from their childhood. And for the moment, all was forgotten, and there was only this moment. Even Clark seemed to have forgotten his bag of toys.

But then Nathan's brow furrowed, and he turned to Crystal. "Why didn't you answer my phone call from earlier?" His tone was cold. "And why didn't you eat the medicine soup that was prepared for you? Do

you think that you can get away from me? That is nuts, by the way. By now, you should know that I am not that easy to get rid of!" As he spoke, he reached forward and began to manhandle Crystal's breasts.

Crystal was aghast. She shoved his hands away, and then she looked around the table. Thankfully, everyone was paying attention to the snow. No one had seen what had just transpired between them. "What is your problem?" she hissed. "Have you no decency?"

"None at all," he replied. "I want to have a baby. Until you are pregnant, nothing else matters. By the way, have you seen the cradle that I bought?"

Crystal glared at him. "I'm not even pregnant. Why did you buy a cradle?"

"Don't worry." Nathan chuckled. "It will come in handy, and sooner rather than later. You'll see!"

Crystal's ire began to rise, and her cheeks turned red. "Nathan, did you forget that I'm married to someone else."

"You could divorce him just as easily as you married him," Nathan argued. "Then we could get married! We were happy once, weren't we? So, why can't we be happy again?"

Crystal shook her head sadly and said, "No. It's not going to happen. We cannot go back. And besides, I was never happy with you. I was your prisoner!"

"At the very least, you should divorce Eric!" Nathan shouted. "You don't love him either!"

"Eric's not going to let me divorce him," Crystal replied. "He is nearly as possessive as you are!"

Nathan lit a cigarette. He took a long drag and blew it into her face. Then, while their faces were close, he whispered into her ear: "What do you want from me."

"I want you to let me go," she replied.

Nathan's pupils dilated. "You know that I can't do that."

Crystal felt like she was about to explode, but Clark grabbed her hand, and she had to force herself to calm down and force herself to smile. "What is it, little guy?"

Clark smiled and said, "Aunt Crystal, it's snowing outside."

Crystal was stupefied.

"Shall we go and see the snow?" he asked.

Crystal could not help but smile. His innocent excitement had served as the perfect antidote to her anger, and his insertion into the situation had forced Nathan to back off.

Nathan looked at Crystal with Clark. He saw that she was good with the boy, and he was more determined than ever to have a child with her, to serve as a mediator between them.

Crystal scratched Clark's nose and said, "Little thing, you haven't even finished your meal yet. If you do not eat it up, you will get hungry later."

Clark turned to Nancy and said, "Please, Mom... Please! Please! Please!"

"Sure." Nancy shrugged. "I can make you a pizza later. It's not a big deal."

Crystal gave Nancy a skeptical look. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure." Nancy nodded. "This is the first time he has seen snow. Of course, he is excited. Would you like to go out and play?"

"Pizza and Snow!" Clark clapped his hands. "Come on, Auntie! I love pizza, and I love snow!"

Nancy smiled at Crystal and said, "By the way, I made you something delicious to celebrate the fact that you're not related to Paul."

Nathan looked startled. He raised his eyebrows. "Are the results in?" he asked.

"They are," Nancy replied. "And Crystal and Paul are not related. We can celebrate later, though. For now, let's go play with Clark in the snow!"

It only took a few moments for everyone to get dressed, so it was still snowing when they got outside. Wolf had been sleeping in the doghouse, and when he heard the door open, he jumped to his feet and ran over to greet them. When he got to Clark, he started jumping around and wagging his tail like crazy.

Clark gently tugged at the dog's tail, and he began to shout, "Clark rides Wolf! Clark rides Wolf! Clark rides Wolf!"

"Are you going to ride him again?" Crystal asked. "He's a dog, not a horse..."

"Clark is so little that Wolf is a horse to him!" Nancy explained, and she helped her son mount the dog.

Clark squealed with glee as the dog carried him about the yard.

"Be careful!" Nancy shouted. "Hold on tight, and don't fall."

"He's quite the dog!" Crystal exclaimed.

Nathan laughed. "Dogs are intelligent animals. Crystal, I'm surprised that you didn't know that..."

"Nathan, you are such an asshole sometimes." Having said that, she crouched down, formed a snowball, and threw it at Nathan. Unfortunately, it missed, and the one that he threw back at her did not.

"Nancy!" Crystal shouted for backup. "You've got to help me!"

Nancy clumsily formed a snowball and handed it to Crystal. She threw it at Nathan, but because it had not been packed well enough, it split apart into a million pieces. Noah was better at making snowballs, though, and he handed Crystal one that was the size and weight of a hardball. "Don't aim for his head," he whispered. "It's an ice ball!"

Crystal felt its weight, and after a second, she said, "It's too heavy. You throw it!"

Noah nodded, took aim, and threw the ice ball at Nathan with all of his strength. Nathan turned and ducked at just the wrong moment, and it hit him in the back of the head, forcing him face first into the snow.

The minute he hit the ground, everyone started laughing. "Are you going to surrender?" Crystal asked.

"Never!" Nathan snarled. He had an angry expression on his face, but everyone could tell that he was having fun. Suddenly, Vic came around the corner. He had two snowballs, and he gave them both to Nathan. Both snowballs missed their targets, though, and they all erupted into fits of laughter. Even Nathan and Vic were laughing.

Crystal had not been so relaxed for a long time. She lay back in the snow, looked up at the sky, and thought - This will be my first Christmas with Nathan.. She remembered previous Christmases with Carlos, and she marveled at how much had changed since then.

Chapter 1780 - 298: Don't Leave The House

Suddenly, a shadow fell across Crystal, and she looked up. It was Nathan, and he was offering her his hand. "Silly girl, it's too cold to lie here. What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about my father," she lied. She knew that if she told him the truth - that she had been thinking about Carlos - it would ruin his good mood.

"Were you thinking about your DNA test?" he asked.

"I was," Crystal lied again.

Nathan took her cold hand, and when he realized how cold it was, he lifted his shirt and pressed it against his chest. "I could be your father until you find your real father," he suggested. "I will make sure that you are always safe and warm."

Crystal's body stiffened. First, he wanted to marry her, and now he wanted to be her Daddy?!?! What is wrong with his brain? - she wondered.

Nathan saw the look on her face and frowned. He asked, "What's wrong? I just want you to be warm."

"I don't need your help," Crystal grumbled. "Can you leave me alone already? Go back. inside!"

"Now?" Nathan's brow furrowed.

"Yes! Now!" Crystal pulled her hand away and pushed him away from her. "Go away!"

"As if!" Nathan leaned over her, grabbed the furthest shoulder away from him, and rolled her over so that she was on top of him.

Crystal tried to get away, but he wrapped his arms around her and held her with all of his strength. "Why are you doing this?" she cried.

"Have you forgotten what I said before?" He had an impish grin on his face. "When you tell me to go away, what you really want is for me to have sex with you."

Crystal frowned. "That's not what I meant!" Nathan pinched her bum playfully. "So that is what you meant!"

"What should I say if I actually want you to go away?" Crystal asked. She felt like things were spinning out of control, and she was getting nauseous.

Nathan raised his eyebrow and pressed his thumb against her lips. "In that case, you must say that you want me."

"Nathan! You're trying to trick me!" She seized him by the hair. She wanted to pull it out by the roots, but she could not bring herself to do it.

"It's not a trick." Nathan smiled and said, "It's only a game. I am just trying to lighten things up." He wanted to make it easier for her to open her heart and show her love for him.

"Why should I believe you?"

"I will prove it to you."

While this was going on, Nancy had been building a snowman with Clark and Noah, and she wasn't really paying attention to the other two. Thus, when Nathan grabbed Crystal and threw her over his shoulder, she was shocked. "N-N-Nathan," she stuttered. "Wh-What are you d - doing? D-D-Don't you want to p-play in the s-snow?"

Nathan chuckled and said, "We're going to go make a little snowman of our own..." He winked. "...If you know what I mean!"

Crystal was sitting on the bed with her legs hanging over the edge, and Nathan was sitting behind her. Four hours had passed since he had brought her in from the cold, but it felt like much more time had passed.

He kissed her on her shoulder and neck as he massaged her shoulders. "Did you like that?" he asked.

"I did not," she replied.

Nathan grinned. "So, you did like it..." He was still playing The Opposite Game.

Crystal bit her lower lip and looked away from him. He had already f****d her several times, and she was burnt out. Now more than ever, she wanted her privacy. She wanted to shower in peace and go to bed. Is that too much to ask for? - she wondered

Apparently, it was.

Nathan had been serious about making a baby, and her opinion had been taken out of the equation. Not only had he refused to wear a condom, but he had chosen specific positions to facilitate a pregnancy. Beforehand, they had washed, and he had checked their temperature. "Everything has to be in order," he had explained, and he had gone so far as to calculate her ovulation period. She was furious and fought him. But in the end, he took that which she would not give freely.

A few of the times, Crystal was able to pull away at the last moment, and his spunk soiled the sheets. When that happened, he held her tight, and her strength began to ebb. And his stamina seemed to know no bounds.

He kissed her earlobe. "Shall we go again?" he whispered.

Hell no! - she thought but did not say. When Crystal did not respond, he got off the bed and stood in front of her. He pressed her back to the bed, forced her feet behind her head, and he forced her from a standing position. There was nothing that she could do, so she took the abuse passively, and she sent her mind to her Better Place.

Unfortunately, even in her Better Place, she could not stop worrying about what would happen if she got pregnant. If she had a child, she would be stuck with Nathan for the rest of her life.

A fate worse than death - she thought absently. She couldn't believe that, not so long ago, she had lusted after him.

Once Nathan had ejaculated, he rolled off of her. "See," he said. "That was nice, wasn't it?" He curled his lips contentedly. His forehead was dripping with sweat.

Crystal mustered up the last of her strength and sat up. "I'm getting up now," she said. "I'm getting dressed, and I'm leaving."

"You can leave when I permit you to leave." Nathan grabbed her arm and chuckled.

Crystal sighed. "May I be permitted to leave?"

"You may leave this room," he replied. He let go of her arm. "But don't leave the house. And do not even think about sneaking off. My guards will have their eyes on you 24/7."

Almost immediately after Paul's post went live, it went viral. The whole world had been waiting to see how he would respond to Nancy's accusations, and now he had. He was suing her for Defamation of Character, and he was charging her with Kidnapping, Assault, Attempted Murder, and there were a few other minor accusations listed.

As evidence, Paul provided a series of photographs. Among these, there were images of him being tied to a chair, getting his hair shaved, and being rolled into a rug. Finally, he was locked in a secret room for two days with only drinking water. Apparently, these images had been taken from the castle's security monitors.

Many of the pictures included images of Nancy and Noah, and they did not look good. So, by the end of the day, they had replaced Paul and Nancy as the internet's newest Villain and Villainess.

According to the post, Nancy had pushed Michelle to the ground while she was pregnant, and it had caused her to miscarry. This suggested that the video of Michelle abusing her son was a fake, which made everything Nancy had said unbelievable.

Not only did the public forgive Paul for his supposed indiscretions, but they began to think that, if there had been any abuse, Nancy probably deserved it.

Unlike Nancy, who had been unstable in her video, crying and trembling, Paul remained calm and confident. He said, "I have complete faith in the Judicial System. There will be a trial. When it is over, I will have my son. As for Nancy, she will be in jail. So, to those that still believe that I am at fault, I would

ask you to reserve your judgment until the judge has made his ruling.. Of course, if Nancy refuses to defend herself in a court of law, then you will know without a doubt who the guilty party is."

Chapter 1781 - 299: Mommy, Don't Cry

The next day, when Crystal discovered what Paul had done, she was furious.

Crystal reread Paul's post for the third or fourth time, and with each reading, her anger grew. Of all the ways that Paul could have drawn Nancy out of hiding, this was the most despicable.

If Nancy did not show up at the courthouse, the public would see it as an admission of guilt. She had already lost their approval, and the only way to redeem herself would be to stand up for herself. Of course, if she did that, then she would be vulnerable.

Until this moment, Nancy's life had begun to show some improvement, and it was hard to believe how quickly things had turned to shit.

Crystal pounded the table with her fist. "Eric must be involved in this," she muttered. Between him and Paul, he was the more capable one, definitely, the more intelligent one. "But what is his motivation?" Paul's was apparent, but there was no reason for Eric to get involved in this way, especially if he was still trying to prove his love for Crystal.

The snow was still falling, but the heat from the hot springs warmed the snowflakes before they touched the water. The pool was half full, and everyone was having a good time. Only Eric seemed out of place.

Eric lounged in the corner of the pool with a glass of champagne in his hand. There were half a dozen half-naked women on the other side of the pool. He watched their breasts bounce about enticingly, but he did not join them. Occasionally, one of them would blow him a kiss, but his d**k did not respond.

Paul waved to him. "Come on!" he shouted. "Have some fun, why don't ya?"

Eric frowned, took a sip of his campaign, and said, "No thanks. Maybe later."

What's the matter?" Paul laughed. "Is somebody hiding a hard-on?"

"Not me," Eric replied sadly. "How about you?"

Paul scowled. "I don't have one either." And as they faced each other, it occurred to them that they both had the same problem: They were both impotent.

"This is all Nancy's fault!" Paul complained. He looked down and punched himself in the d**k. "That little bitch!"

His friend's show of aggression disheartened Eric. He looked at the girls and thought - Why not? He waved two of them over, and they obediently joined him on the other side of the pool. The first one

stood behind him and began to massage his neck and shoulders. She moaned into his ear. "You are so tense... Let me help you with that."

The second girl gave the first the evil eye as she sat down beside Eric. She brought his right hand to her breast and encouraged him while her right hand slipped into his swimming trunks.

"Do you think she'll show up in court?" Paul wondered.

"Who?"

"Nancy!" Paul exclaimed. "Who else?!?!"

"I am not sure," Eric admitted.

"Aren't you always sure?"

"I used to be, but I'm not anymore. With Crystal in my life, I feel like I'm riding a roller coaster backward. Everything seems to catch me off guard, and I'm always on the verge of throwing up... Does that make any sense?"

"It does," Paul replied. "Nancy makes me feel the same way. That is why this little war between us is so aggravating. I called her, but she didn't call back, and she blocked me on all of her Social media."

Eric smiled and said, "It sounds like you are in love with her. They are likely with Nathan. Go to his home and bring her back with you. If you do that, your erection is sure to return!"

"I will do that!" Paul exclaimed. "But not because I love her. I will do it because I want to torture her. I can't let her be happy."

"Good for you, buddy!" Eric smiled and casually told the girl beside him to "Get the f**k away from me." Finally, he was ready to go inside.

Nancy began to tremble at the sight of Paul on the television. This was supposed to be over - she thought. But with Paul, nothing was ever over.

Clark was quietly playing with his Legos, but when he heard Paul's voice, his eyes lit up. He looked at the TV and said, "Mommy! Look! It's Daddy! He's on TV!"

Nancy nodded.

Paul was speaking to a reporter, and in the top left-hand corner, a video of Michelle abusing Clark was being shown.

Nancy could not believe her eyes. She had always suspected that Paul knew what Michelle was doing to their son. Now that it had been exposed, though, she never would have thought that he would come to her defense.

Paul cleared his throat, and then he said, "By now, I am sure that everyone has seen the shocking images that my ex-wife posted. If they were real, I assure you that I would be as livid as you all were when you saw them, so I do not blame anyone for the angry things that have been said about me."

Thankfully, the videos were fake. None of the things that were shown in the videos were real, and my son was never harmed while he was in my care.

"Unfortunately, he is no longer in my care, and I have no way of knowing if he is safe. We have all seen what Nancy is capable of, and it scares me to think that she could use our son to hurt me."

Tears welled up in Nancy's eyes, and before long, she was wailing into her hands. Clark climbed up into her lap and wrapped his arms around her. "Mommy, don't cry."

"Don't worry, honey. Mommy loves you, and everything will be alright."

Suddenly, the television clicked off, and they both looked up. Noah was standing in the middle of the room, and he had a sad smile on his face. "I think we've seen enough of that," he said. "I think we need a media blackout."

Nancy nodded. "Agreed."

"Agreed," laughed Clark.

Chapter 1782 - 300: I Never Lie

Crystal had been taking a nap when Nancy started crying, and the noise woke her up. By the time she got to the stairs, though, Nancy, Noah, and Clark were hugging it out. She paused to catch the moment on film, and then she joined them.

Nancy's face turned red when she saw her friend. "I suppose you saw all of that...."

"Not really." Crystal shrugged. "But I've got a picture of you guys hugging. A blind man could see how much you love each other."

As Clark climbed onto the sofa to comfort Nancy, Crystal took out her cell phone and took a few more photos.

"What's with the photos?" Nancy asked.

"I want to show the world what a happy life you've given Clark," she replied.

"It won't work," Nancy argued. "Paul will just say that the pictures are fake."

"He might," Crystal admitted. "But I still think it's our best defense against his accusations. We can also use older photos and videos like the ones the servants took of us playing in the snow yesterday."

"The more photos the better." Nancy smiled hopefully. "Isn't that right?"

"Exactly so," Crystal agreed. "Let's stay positive. I have a feeling that everything will work out in the end."

Nancy frowned and said, "I wish I had your ability to stay positive."

Nathan arrived home that evening as per his usual time, with Vic walking in front of him. Today, though, when he reached the door, it opened automatically.

Crystal had a giant grin on her face as she pulled it inward. "You're back!" she exclaimed.

And she held out her hand for his coat. Feeling a little surprised, Nathan raised his eyebrows slightly and asked, "What's all this?" hung it up. "You must be cold," she said.

Crystal brushed the snow off his coat, and "The snow melts when it sees you." Nathan shook his head and chuckled. "So, how could I ever be cold?"

Nathan kicked off his shoes, and Clark offered him a pair of warm slippers. "Uncle Davis," he said. "Put on your slippers." Then, while he was putting the slippers on, the boy put his shoes on the shoe rack for him.

Nathan could not figure out what was going on, but he liked it. Multiple times, he asked them why they were being so nice, but they evaded the question. He was about to try again, but as he opened his mouth, Nancy called from the kitchen: "Dinner time. Everyone up to the table!" And as she spoke, the scents struck him, and his mouth began to water.

There was a box of toys under Nathan's arm, and he handed it to Clark. "These are for you," he said. "Now, let's go and eat!"

They sat down at the table, and as Nathan dished his food onto his plate, Crystal asked him how his day went. Nathan frowned and asked, "Why are you so nice today?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Crystal grumbled. "You make it sound like I am usually a real bitch..."

"No, no, no." He gave her a kiss and said, "That's not what I meant. You have to admit that you are being a lot more attentive to me than you usually are."

"Well, okay." Crystal smiled. He kissed her again, this time more passionately, but when he tried to gnaw on her lip, she pulled away. "What the heck?"

"We can't do this in front of Clark," Crystal replied. "We can't be bad role models." She pointed to the porch. "Let's go over there. Don't you think that it will be exciting to sneak off to kiss?"

Once they were on the porch, they embraced, and he pressed her against the wall. They kissed passionately as they explored each other's mouths with their tongues and their bodies with their hands.

As they were kissing, Nathan noticed that Crystal was keeping an eye on what was going on in the house. He bit into her lip, and she yelped.

"What was that for?" Crystal hissed.

"You are very distracted," Nathan replied. "Stay with me." He slipped his right hand into her dress and caressed her left breast. "Why are you being so kind to me today?"

When Crystal did not respond, he lifted her skirt and rubbed himself against her thighs. She wanted to resist, but she was afraid of making a big noise and drawing everyone's attention. "Don't you dare!" she hissed.

Nathan chuckled. He pressed his index finger against her lips and shushed her.

"We can't do this here," Crystal whispered. "We could be found out at any time..."

Nathan wriggled his eyebrows and said, "That's what makes this so exciting."

He pushed her panties aside, and he was about to insert two fingers into her wet core when Wolf came around the corner. He was barking and wagging his tail, and Clark was on his back.

Crystal hastily pushed Nathan away so that she could greet the happy intruders. "Clark!" she exclaimed. "Look at you! You are such a big boy!"

Clark's brow furrowed. "Aunt Crystal, what were you doing with Uncle Davis?"

The color drained from Crystal's face. For a moment, her mind was completely blank, and just as an appropriate answer came to her, Nathan said, "We're making a little sister for you!"

Crystal glared at Nathan. "Why did you say that?!?" she shouted.

"I never lie."

"Where will my little sister come from?" Clark asked.

Nathan grinned and said, "Girls are born with a hole, and boys have a duty to fill it. That is what you crawled out of: the hole. And your little sister will do the same, and she will also have a hole."

Crystal gritted her teeth and pinched him. "What are you talking about?"

Nathan grunted but said no more on the matter.

Clark stared at them for a moment, considering what had been said, and then he rode away on Wolf.

Later that night, Nancy noticed that Clark was rummaging through his clothes, and she asked him what he was doing. He looked up at her, smiled, and said, "Uncle Davis said Aunt Crystal has a hole..."

"Oh?" Nancy was shocked, but she hid it as best she could.

"I crawled out of your hole," he explained. "My baby sister will crawl out of Aunt Crystal's. But you must mend your hole, Mommy. Let me fill it for you."

Nancy's mouth dropped open. She almost fainted. She began to blush, and she did not know what to say to her son.

Crystal and Nathan were in the next room, and they heard everything. "Look what you've done!" she growled.

Nathan just shrugged. "He'll have to know sooner or later."

"He's just a toddler!" Crystal exclaimed. "If I get pregnant, I won't let you near the baby, not if this is the kind of parent you'll be!"

Nathan's eyes lit up. "So, you're going to get pregnant! Oh, happy day!"

"What the f**k?" Crystal could not believe what she was hearing. He was like a child.. He only heard what he wanted to hear. "If you want to have children," she said, "you will have to have them with someone else!"