

## Midnight III 331

### Chapter 1813 - 331: Are You In Pain?

Once Nathan was done eating, he pulled Crystal into his arms and gave her a giant hug. He seemed happy, but when he squeezed her, he flinched, and Crystal asked him, "Are you in pain?"

"It's my chest," he replied. "My wound opened when you were carrying me. It is your fault, so you should be the one to fix me up."

Crystal leaned back, looked at his chest, and said, "It doesn't look too bad. I will take care of it later."

Nathan gave Crystal a dirty look and said, "Do it now. I don't want to be in pain when you serve me later."

What is that supposed to mean? - Crystal thought - Has he thought of a new way to punish me?

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While Crystal was attending to Nathan's wound, a servant brought her something to eat. Then, when she was done eating, she stood up and made her way towards the door. She was only halfway there, though, when Nathan called her back. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm still hungry," she lied.

"Then have a servant bring something up for you."

Crystal's face turned red from anger. She did not like being told what to do, and she was sick of being pushed around by Nathan. Unfortunately, until he let her go, she was his slave. "Fine," she said, and she called the servants to have someone bring her a bowl of soup.

Crystal tucked her hair behind her ear, and her fingers happened to brush against the brand on her forehead, and she felt dizzy for a moment. It occurred to her then that she would never be free no matter how long she was away from him. People would see the mark wherever she went, and they would assume that she belonged to Nathan. This was exactly what he had wanted, and it drove her crazy to think that he had won. She hated him, but he hated her so much that he wanted her to hate him as well. Thus, even in this, he got his way.

The food came. Crystal had no appetite, but Nathan forced her to eat. "Waste not, want not," he said, and he would not let up if the bowl were empty. Finally, he took the bowl and set it down on the night table. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you full?"

"Yeah."

"Do you have all of your strength now?" The strength for what?- Crystal wondered.

"What do you want from me?" she asked nervously.

"Rinse your mouth," he replied.

Crystal nodded and went to the bathroom, and when she returned, Nathan ordered her to get on the bed. She nodded again, approached the bed, and began to undress. She thought that was what he wanted, but he told her to stop when he saw what she was doing. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Crystal frowned. "I thought you wanted to punish me," she replied.

As Nathan sneered, he gave her a look that was full of disgust. "Crystal, your body is so dirty. Why do you think that I would want to have sex with you? Do you think that you deserve to sleep with me again? I wouldn't touch you if you were the last woman on this planet!"

Crystal rolled her eyes. He had just been forcing her to kiss him, so this seemed like a whole lot of horseshit. "Don't worry," she said. "I don't want to have sex with you any more than you want to have sex with me!"

This reply seemed to make Nathan angry. He shouted, "Take off my pants!"

Crystal was puzzled. If he did not want to have sex with her, why would he ask her to take off his pants? It made no sense, but she knew better than to argue.

Dutifully, she took off his pants. He was not wearing underwear, and when she saw his manh\*\*d, she asked him if he needed to pee and if he needed a bottle to go in.

When Nathan heard her question, he grabbed her hair fiercely. "Do you think that I am willing to play Second String with Eric? Or are you obsessed with putting manh\*\*d into bottles?"

Crystal was taken aback. Without thinking, she said, "You, Sir, need to get your head out of the gutter. One day you'll regret all the maltreatment you've done to me," The words had barely passed her lips, and she felt the sting of his hand on her face. He had slapped her. She cried out in pain and brought her hand to her face.

Crystal told herself to take it in stride. This was her last day with Nathan, and then she would be free. "What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I want you to please me," Nathan replied. "With your mouth."

Crystal froze. Her face turned pale, and her heart began to beat fast. This was the one thing that she had not expected. It was low, even for him.

Nathan pointed at his d\*\*k - by now, it was as hard as a rock - and he said, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Crystal glared at his c\*ck. In her mind, this was something that only prostitutes did, and just the thought of his swollen member in her mouth made her feel like she was going to vomit.

"Oh, do you feel disgusted?" Nathan laughed at the expression on her face. He touched the brand on her forehead, and she winced. He smirked and said, "Now that you belong to me, you will do what I tell you to. Before you get to gobbling, though, I think that I would like you to put on some sexy lingerie. There are some in the closet. Now get going!"

"Wh-Wh-Why?" Crystal stammered.

"A wh\*re should dress like a wh\*re," Nathan replied. There was a wicked grin on his face.

Crystal swore silently and went to the closet. She put on the first outfit she found, but Nathan had her change several times before he was happy with her look. There was a nurse's outfit, a sailor outfit, a leopard outfit, and a bunny outfit, but he preferred a snow-white plush miniskirt with a beige push-up bra.

Nathan's eyes dimmed. "Do you know what you are wearing?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

### **Chapter 1814 - 332: Why Are You So Nasty?**

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"This is what Sugar Babies wear," Nathan explained. His eyebrows lifted provocatively, and he said, "And if you are a Sugar Baby, then I am your Sugar Daddy, and if you want, you can also have Sugar Brothers, Sugar Cousins, Sugar Uncles, and Sugar Aunts."

Crystal's brow furrowed. "Why are you so nasty!?"

"That's big talk for a wh\*re," Nathan scoffed. "Come here!"

Crystal numbly walked over...The warm morning light shone brightly through the window, and her skin looked elegant and angelic. Her cheeks were rosy red, and the color in her eyes shimmered.

She is such a charming woman - Nathan thought - as proud and holy as a queen. She is such a gorgeous beauty. Even if she isn't smiling, she is still attractive...

Nathan squinted his eyes narrowly. He could not tell whether he liked her because of her appearance, or because of her smart rebellious temperament, or maybe because he wanted to pursue a proud beauty, or because she had aroused his innate desire to conquer. The one thing he knew was that it was not because of her personality. He thought - This woman is like a fancy jewelry box with nothing inside of it.

He grabbed both sides of her head and forced it into his crotch without warning. "Kiss it!" he roared. "Kiss my d\*\*k!" She did not kiss it right away, and he slammed his fist into the side of her head. "Kiss it, you dirty wh\*re!"

She raised her face and looked at him fiercely. Her jawline clenched tightly, yet she didn't utter any words. This is the last straw of her patience, and she counts on her head from one to ten. Horrible monster - she thought.

Crystal tried to do as he asked, but she was frozen. She thought that this day would traumatize her for the rest of her life. She looked up again into Nathan's eyes. His expression was cruel and hideous.

Nathan looked back at her and frowned. "Why are you looking at me?" he shouted. "Don't look at me!"

Crystal smiled sadly. "Why are you doing this to me?" she asked. "Is this because of what your Grandfather did to you when you were a child? Are you happy seeing me like this and calling me wh\*re?"

Nathan's body began to tremble, and tears began to fall from his eyes. "Hate me! Hate me as much as you want because I'm humiliating you again and again,," he begged.

Crystal did not move, and when Nathan couldn't handle her looking at him anymore, he flipped her over so that she was on her back, and he pressed a pillow over her face. "Look at what I am doing to you," he shouted. "This is the price you pay when you betray me. By all rights, you should hate me. But if you refuse to hate me, then I will kill you!"

Crystal felt her strength ebbing. The pressure on her face was so heavy that she could not move her head, and it was getting harder and harder to breathe. She was doing everything she could: Kicking, punching, grabbing, and scratching. But it was useless. She was helpless.

Even though Crystal did not want to live anymore, she was determined to fight for her life for as long as she could, if not for her own sake, then for Carlos and Noah and Nancy and Clark. Once she had her affairs in order, she could reassess her situation and decide if she wanted to live or die.

I wonder why I don't hate Nathan; instead, I pity him for being ruthless but living like an empty shell- that was Crystal's last thought before her body went limp and she lost consciousness.

A moment passed, and Nathan threw the pillow across the room. "What have I done?" he cried, and he tried to wake her up.

Almost immediately, Crystal found herself looking down on Nathan. He had been sitting on her chest and pressing the pillow against her face. All the while, he had been cursing and crying and trembling all over. Now, though, he appeared despondent. His face was a mask of grief. What is going on here? - she wondered. It took her a while to realize that she had an out-of-body experience. Her body felt light, and her body was completely free of pain. She had heard about people having out-of-body experiences when they died, so she was not afraid. She looked around for a light, but she did not see anything - nothing to go into! She thought - shouldn't my dead relatives be here to greet me? And where is Jesus?

Moments of Crystal's life began to flash before her eyes, and they made her smile. She saw herself as a child. Her mother was holding her hand, and they were walking on the front lawn. Her mother tilted her head slightly and smiled at her. She was teaching her daughter how to walk.

She saw herself as a teenager. She was in her room, and Serenity was waiting outside for her. Their bikes were on the lawn.

She saw herself with Carlos. It was their Senior year, and they were sitting in a movie theater. She remembered how he had passionately pursued her. He had acted as if the fate of the world would be determined by whether he could catch her eyes. Every day he had put an apple and a milk bottle in her drawer. He had been a real charmer.

Countless other memories flooded in. They ignited a desire to live in her, and she forced her spirit to settle back in her body.

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Crystal's eyes opened slightly. The sun hit them like shards of glass, and she quickly closed them again. Her head hurt like a son of a bitch. How much time has passed? - she wondered. She hoped that enough time had passed that Nathan would let her go. She could feel his body next to hers. He had an arm lying on her stomach. His fingers had slipped under the elastic band of her panties near her hip, and they made her feel uncomfortable.

Crystal turned her head away from the window - towards Nathan - and forced her eyes open. The light still hurt her head, but now it was manageable. She stared at him for a long time. "You could have had the world, once," she whispered. "But you threw it all away. And for what?" She thought about how he had her crucified and flogged until the flesh was stripped from her body. She thought that it was a pity that he would never understand how much he had lost. Only then would he truly feel the kind of pain that he deserved.

Crystal quietly removed his arm and got out of bed. She went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. She rinsed her mouth with Scope and touched some of her injuries, lingering on the bruises on her neck.. She felt like a piece of meat that had been tenderized, and there was not a part of her body that did not hurt.

### **Chapter 1815 - 333: You Didn't Deserve The Truth**

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Suddenly, the bathroom door was pushed open, and Nathan appeared in the doorway. Crystal was startled. She had been drinking water from a glass, and as a reflex, she yelped and threw it at his head.

Nathan dodged the glass, and it bounced harmlessly off the carpet in the bedroom. He raised one eyebrow but said nothing. He stared at her with sullen eyes. He thought that she was like a frightened bird, but that did not make sense to him. In his eyes, she had always been impervious to fear, but she had not even batted an eye when he pointed a gun at her.

Nathan was determined to get to the root of this fear. He looked Crystal up and down, acknowledged cuts and bruises, and wondered if they had anything to do with it. He walked over and pressed his hands on the counter in front of her. Then he casually leaned over and whispered, "Did you sleep well? For a while, I wasn't sure if you were going to wake up?"

What the f\*\*k! - thought Crystal. He was acting as if he had not just about killed her. The truth was that he actually had killed her, only she had been able to revive herself by sheer strength of will.

"Are you comfortable?" He asked. He smiled, and he gripped her buttocks with his strong right hand.

Crystal looked down at her apparel and frowned. She was still wearing the lingerie that he had picked for her, and there was no doubt in her mind that he was in the gutter. He let her go, and then he spanked her three times. She cried out in pain each time, but she knew that it could be worse; she feared that it would get worse, but for now, her bum was the only part of her body without any previous injuries, so the pain was less than it might otherwise have been.

Crystal wanted to leave, but she knew that he would not let her go. Not only that, but if she struggled, she knew that it would only further fuel his lust.

Nathan put his arms around her, and she bit her lower lip to keep from crying out in pain as he embraced her. He nibbled on her earlobe and whispered, "We still have six hours left, and we are going to make them memorable."

Crystal groaned. She could not help it. All of a sudden, she wished that she had stayed dead. Six more hours with him sounded like an eternity.

Nathan walked behind her, wrapped his arms around her waist, and grabbed both of her breasts. "You know that I have ruined you, don't you?" He traced her right nipple with his thumb, gave it a squeeze, and said, "Since you have taken Cupid's Arrow, you can never be with another man, and the abstinence will kill you. As you know, women are like flowers. If they aren't watered, they will shrivel up and die. But do not worry, I will make sure that you are good and 'watered' before you leave. But how does it feel to know that you will have to live like a nun for the rest of your life." He chuckled and asked her if she knew why nuns were called 'nuns'?"

Crystal shrugged and said that she didn't.

"It's because NONE is all they get!" he explained. He laughed out loud, and the volume of his voice pierced her eardrums like hot poker. Despite the pain, though, she could not help but smile. He obviously did not know about Cupid's Arrow Loophole. If she had a baby with Eric, she would be safe and could imagine how much that would upset Nathan. And the promise of his dismay gave her the strength she needed to carry on.

"Are you going to live as a widow forever?" Nathan asked.

Crystal shrugged and said, "Whatever you say...." His eyes bulged when he heard her answer, and she could not help but laugh.

Crystal did not want to rile him up any more than he already was, so she said, "I was laughing at my own stupidity. I'm sorry."

"Why would you think that you're stupid," Nathan asked. "You are the most cunning woman in the world!"

"If I were so cunning, you wouldn't have been able to con me so easily," Crystal argued. "You didn't tell me the truth about Cupid's Arrow. You had no right to lie to me like that!"

Nathan gritted his teeth and said, "You didn't deserve the truth. Furthermore, I only keep my promises to women who deserve my love. You, Crystal, definitely don't deserve love!"

Crystal shrugged and said, "I am okay with that. Since you don't want me, there should be no problems when I go to Eric."

"If he dares to touch you, be ready to prepare his grave!" Nathan snarled.

"You don't make any sense," Crystal cried. "You are like a child in a field of daisies, chanting rhymes as you pluck petals of flowers. You love me. You love me not. You want me. You want me not. Give me a

fucking break." She tore away from him. She felt so dirty, and she had wanted to take a bath, but now she knew that it would not be possible until she was with Eric.

Crystal took off her lingerie and put on some clean clothes. Fortunately, it was wintertime. No one would question the turtleneck sweater that she had put on to cover the bruises.

By the time Crystal was dressed, Nathan had returned to the bedroom. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and smoking. But for the tick-tock of the clock on the wall, the room was silent.

Crystal stood as far away from Nathan as she could. Will this day ever end? - she wondered. It felt like every minute was an hour.

Nathan finished his cigarette and looked up. He checked the time on the clock and thought - It is time. He got up, walked across the room, opened the door, and went out into the hallway. His actions frightened Crystal. They made her worry that would break his word.

Suddenly, Crystal felt weak all over. Her heart felt fuzzy, and her legs began to tremble. It felt as if they could not support her weight.. She thought she was going to collapse, but then Nathan returned. He threw a key at her and said, "There is a helicopter on the top floor! Let's go!"

#### **Chapter 1816 - 334: Goodbye, Nathan Davis**

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The key bounced off her chest and landed on the floor in front of her. Crystal stooped to pick it up, and as she put it in her pocket, he asked her if she knew how to fly a helicopter. She wanted to say no, but she was afraid that he would get angry, so she nodded and said that she did. Anyway - she thought - I had seen pilots on television. It looks easy enough. That being said, a licensed pilot seemed preferable to her, and she said so.

"Are you saying that you don't know how to fly a helicopter?" Nathan demanded angrily.

"I c-can..." Crystal replied. "But I'm not very skilled at it."

Nathan gave her a strange look, and then he laughed weirdly. It seemed that he knew that she could not fly a helicopter and that he was trying to embarrass her. "Aren't you afraid that you will crash?" he asked. He took a step forward, and when she took two steps away from him, he sneered. "Why are you afraid of me? Are you afraid that I won't let you go?"

Crystal sighed and said, "Nathan, I am begging you to stop torturing me like this. You promised to let me go. Why can't you just be a man and do what you said you would?"

Nathan's face turned red from anger. He did not appreciate her questioning his manliness. A part of him wanted to deny that he had ever promised to let her go, but he thought better of it. He asked, "Do you have the key?"

Crystal lifted one eyebrow but said nothing.

"You don't love me at all, do you?" Tears fell from Nathan's eyes. One day, you will love someone as much as I loved you. When that happens, I hope that he tramples on your heart, and no matter how much you beg him, I hope he still leaves you and that he doesn't look back... Only then will you understand how much you have hurt me... It is a pity that we will never have a child together."

Crystal bit her lower lips until they bled. It seemed that Nathan was waiting for her to respond, but she had nothing to say. She just wanted the conversation to end, and she wanted to be as far away from this place as possible.

Finally, Nathan nodded. He said, "Go," and then he turned away so that he did not have to watch her leave.

Only then did Crystal realize that he was giving her a helicopter. That is what the key was for. If she could figure out how to fly, she would be free to go wherever she wanted. For a second, she was frozen in place. She quickly thawed, though, and she ran to the stairwell and made her way to the tarmac on the roof. She ran as fast as she could. She was afraid that, at any moment, he would change his mind and come after her. After all, for all she knew, this could be another one of his games.

When Crystal got to the helicopter, she was greeted by a bodyguard. "Who are you?" she asked. "And what do you want?"

"Miss Smith, I am your pilot. I will take you where you want to go."

Crystal was stunned. Nathan had been playing games with her. He had never actually intended for her to pilot the helicopter.

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In Nathan's imagination, he could already hear the helicopter's blades cutting the sky. He knew it was too soon, though. There was no way that she had made it to the tarmac this quickly. The thought of being alone made him laugh. Why? Because sometimes it was either laugh or go crazy. He wanted to chase after her, and it took all of his strength not to. He knew that she was not good for his mental health, and the sanest part of him was anxious to cut her out of his life. Then, if they happened to meet again, they would be strangers.

Nathan looked out of the window in time to see the helicopter streak across the sky. From where he was, he could see Crystal. Suddenly, he remembered his final trick, and he smiled.

"Goodbye," he whispered. Then he took off his watch, kissed it one last time, and threw it out of the window. The recording that he had once regarded as a treasure was gone...

Before long, the helicopter had left his field of vision. Finally, he turned around and returned to his bedroom. Then he took off his clothes and went into the bathroom to take a shower. Once he was clean and dry, he put on one of his most handsome suits. He picked out a tie, fastened it, and checked himself out in the mirror. He smiled arrogantly and chuckled. Without Crystal in his life, he suddenly felt stronger. Even so, his heart still hurt. He just lost her beloved woman, and it brought him so much pain.

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Crystal watched the world pass beneath her, but her mind paid little attention to it. She was too lost in thought. She was glad to be free, but a part of her wished that Nathan had come after her. Without knowing why she began to laugh, and then she began to cry. In her secret heart, she had not believed that Nathan would ever let her go, and now that he had, she did not know how to feel. For the most part, she felt numb. She turned to the watch on her wrist, sighed, and whispered, "Liar! You said you loved me, and you will die without me in your, but all are just part of your game. Goodbye, Nathan Davis!" She assumed that Nathan was still listening to her and that he would hear it.

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The helicopter landed at the International Airport. From there, one of Nathan's drivers brought Crystal to the mall where she had been picked up three days prior, and on the way, she called Eric to arrange for her pick-up. However, it was not until she stepped out of the vehicle that she realized that she still had a chain clasped around her ankle. She had been afraid that he had one final trap set for her, and here it was. Crystal's face turned white when she realized that the only way to remove it would be to contact Nathan.. "f\*\*k!" she moaned. "Will I ever be free from all these evil men?"

### **Chapter 1817 - 335: I Am Not Like You At All**

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Eric was waiting for Crystal in the parking lot, and he smiled when he saw her. He got out of his car, walked towards her, gave her a big hug, and said, "It is so good to see you. You wouldn't believe how much I have missed you!"

Crystal hugged him back, but she waited until he let her go to say anything. "Do you have Noah's medicine?" she asked.

"I brought it with me," Eric replied.

"Will you accompany me to the villa so that we can pick up Noah and Clark?" Crystal asked.

"Let's discuss it in the car," Eric replied. "It's very cold outside. Why aren't you wearing more clothes?"

"It is what it is." Crystal sighed, and she allowed herself to be led to the car.

Before getting in, Eric put his coat on her shoulders and said, "This will keep you warm." Eric got in on the other side, and once they had their seatbelts on, Crystal reminded him about his promise: If she came back in three days, he would help Noah, and he would set Carlos free. When she was done talking, Eric smiled and touched her cheek. "My darling," he said, "You have kept your promise. Of course, I will keep mine." He took her hand, rubbed her palm, and did not say anything about Nathan. "I am surprised that you came in person," Crystal said. "Weren't you afraid of an ambush?"

"Not really." Eric shrugged. "I think that Nathan would be reluctant to use you as bait. I don't think that he would expect me to pick you up in person anyway."

Crystal thought about that for a minute, and then she nodded. He is right - she realized. Not only that, but Nathan thought that she was choosing to go. He did not know anything about Carlos or Noah or that she would have stayed if the choice had been hers. Thus, he had no reason to ambush Eric.

"He never actually cared about you," Eric continued. "You must know that. He was just on a power trip. That guy is selfish. The only person he thinks about is himself."

"You're wrong," Crystal whispered. "Nathan is not as selfish as you think, and even though he imprisoned me, it was only because he was trying to protect me."

Eric scowled, and his face turned red from anger. "Why do you insist on pissing me off?" he hissed. "You are my wife, but you speak up for other men!"

Crystal did not know why she had defended Nathan. In retrospect, she realized what a stupid thing it had been. "I'm just stating the truth," she replied lamely. "You don't need to make such a big deal about it."

"Whose side are you on, anyway?" Eric asked.

"You are such a hypocrite," Crystal muttered. "Sometimes, there aren't any sides." She looked out the window and said, "Look out on the street. You said that you were not worried about being ambushed, but I've just noticed that you have your men planted everywhere."

Eric began slow sarcastic applause. "Nice!" He forced himself to smile and said, "You think that you are so smart... You think you know everything, don't you?"

"Yes!" Crystal exclaimed. "From the first time that I saw you, I have seen through your lies, and your hypocrisy is as plain to see as the nose on your face! And do you know why?" Crystal turned her face away. She no longer wanted to look at him, and if it were not for Carlos and Noah, she would have tried to kill him. "Do you know how I can read you so easily?"

Eric smiled magnetically. "It is because we are cut from the same cloth. That is why you understand my thoughts so easily. We are Soul Mates!"

"Bah!" Crystal shook her fist. "I am not like you at all!"

"Then who do you like? Are you like Nathan?" Eric laughed. "I could see it. He is a self-centered person, arrogant and defiant. He never puts others first. He thinks that he is the king of the universe. He has a fierce temper, and he is extremely conceited. Anyone who dares to provoke him is severely punished. This is why he has no friends. He has lovers, but nobody loves him. And his lovers are not really lovers, are they? They are ra\*e victims!"

The car went silent, and it took a while for Crystal to formulate a response. Finally, she said, "How do you know him so well?" He knew him even better than she did.

"Actually, I know everyone," Eric explained. "I was born with a unique insight into human nature. I also took psychology as an elective."

That makes sense-thought Crystal.

"Besides," Eric continued. "I am an outgoing person. I am nothing like that lonely weirdo."

Eric's rant was draining Crystal's Chi, and she was beginning to feel faint. "Why do you have to keep saying bad things about Nathan?" she asked. "I get it already! You do not like the guy. Can we move on already?"

"I'm just telling you that you made a very wise choice when you returned," he replied. He leaned over to kiss her, but she scowled and pulled away.

"Whether it was wise or not is to be seen." She glared at him and said, "I am in a bad mood today, so stay away from me. If you do not, I might lose control of myself. You wouldn't want that to happen...."

Eric chuckled. He remembered her temper clearly, but he was not afraid.

Finally, the driver started the car, and they were on the road pretty soon. Crystal looked out the window and watched the other cars. She was exhausted, and Eric's proximity to her was making her so nervous that she thought she would have a panic attack. The thought of being his wife and bearing his children made her sick to her stomach.

A few minutes passed in silence. Then Eric handed Crystal a bottle and a pill, and for a moment, she just stared at them. "What are these for?" she asked.

"Just in case."

"In case of what?" she asked.

"In case you got pregnant while you were with Nathan, Eric explained. "If you did, then this will kill the baby." He rolled his eyes and said, "Jesus! You really are dense..."

Crystal took the medicine numbly with a shocked expression on her face.

Eric watched her indifferently. He lit a cigarette and said, "Tell me, how did you escape this time? I can only imagine how many times he fucked you - not that I want to imagine it..." he grimaced. "I can smell him on you, you know?"

Crystal's back stiffened. She said, "You must have known what would happen while I was away..."

"I did," Eric nodded. "Thus, the pills. You need not fear me. Consider this your Last Hurrah. You have promised to end everything with Nathan. If you have done that; if you have removed him from your mind and forgotten him, then we are even. Of course, if you have not..."

"What does that mean?" Crystal asked nervously.

"If you have not removed him from your mind, then I will have him killed," he replied. "And you would be punished.. From now on, you are a one-man woman, and I am that man. Do you understand?"

**Chapter 1818 - 336: Maybe It's For The Best**

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Crystal felt very tired. She wanted to hit Eric, but all she could do was nod her head. She promised him her loyalty, but she was reluctant. She was only doing it in exchange for the lives of Carlos and Noah.

When Eric saw how tired she was and that her eyes were red and swollen from crying, he decided to stop pestering her. He smiled at her and said, "Why don't you call the apartment and have a servant send Clark and Noah out. We are almost there."

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Noah's pain was enormous, and it never let up. He was seldom hungry, and when he did eat, he threw the food up half the time. Thus, he had lost a lot of weight in a short amount of time, and he appeared haggard. He was lethargic and out of shape, and he was so weak that he could not get out of bed to meet Crystal. Not knowing what else to do, he asked one of the servants to contact Vic and ask for help.

The servants thought it was odd that he would choose Vic as the person to call, but they did as they were told. Little did they know that Noah was slightly delirious, and he had meant to ask for them to contact a bodyguard for help - "Anyone but Vic!"

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Vic was surprised to hear that Noah had called him for help. He glanced at Nathan through the rearview mirror and turned on the car's Bluetooth so that he could hear the conversation.

After Crystal had left, Nathan had doubted his decision to let her go so easily, so he had set after her in his private Lockheed SR-71 Blackbird. The Blackbird is the fastest plane in the world. It can go over two thousand miles per hour, whereas the Marine One - the helicopter that Crystal had taken - only went one hundred and fifty miles per hour. Thus, he easily beat her to her destination. He could easily locate her with the clamp around her ankle. At the moment, though, he had just been cruising around and formulating his next move.

Vic felt very puzzled, but he did not dare to ask about his boss's personal affairs as a subordinate.

Nathan was not happy to hear that Crystal was on her way to pick up Clark and Noah. For some reason, it felt like a major betrayal.

"What is this all about?" Vic finally asked. He could no longer contain his curiosity. "I thought she was with you and imprisoned. But now I hear that she has returned and that she is up to her old shenanigans...? Why did you let her go?"

Nathan's frown deepened as his depression turned to despair. But then he had an idea, a homicidal flare flashed across his eyes, and a satirical smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his mouth. The moment the idea appeared, though, he gave it up. "Maybe it's for the best," he muttered. "I don't need to kill her to get my revenge."

"What's that?" Vic asked. "I didn't hear what you said...."

"Never mind," Nathan replied. "I have an idea. I was hoping you could pack up all of the things at the apartment where Crystal and Noah are staying. Do not leave anything. I want them to return to an empty home. And from now on, Crystal Smith's name is never to be spoken in my presence."

Vic was shocked. He remembered all of the things that Nathan had done to prove his love for Crystal, so this seemed completely out of character for him. Of course, he was not privy to the events of the previous 72 hours. "Did the two of you have a falling out?" he asked. He was careful not to mention Crystal by name.

Nathan's expression darkened. "Mind your own business!" he growled.

"I am sorry, I care about you. That's all..."

"Save your fake pity!" Nathan hissed. "And if you mention her again, by name or otherwise, I will shut you up forever!"

Vic closed his mouth, but he was not buying his boss's false bravado. If it ever came down to it, he figured that he would be the one making the killing, not the other way around. Big talk for a little man - Vic thought. He smiled. Although he would never say it to his boss, he secretly believed that real men could take care of themselves and they did not need bodyguards.

When he had a moment alone, Vic called the servant back and said, "An order has been given to clear your house. I cannot say anything more than that. I am giving you this warning so that you can save the child's belongings." And then he ended the call.

This is the first time he had ever gone behind Nathan's back, but Clark was innocent, and he was not even related to Crystal or Nathan. Thus, he did not think it was right that he was getting caught in the middle of all this petty squabbling.

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Crystal felt a stirring in her stomach as she got out of the car. It became worse as she took her first step, and she vomited all over the lawn. Thankfully, her stomach was mostly empty, and after the initial deluge, she went straight to dry heaving.

The driver hurriedly got out of the car and came over. "Mrs. Bush, are you okay?" Crystal nodded, and once she was standing straight, he said, "Mrs. Bush, hurry up, Master Bush is waiting for you."

"Alright." Crystal sighed and began to walk towards the house.

Clark had been waiting at the window, and when he saw her, he ran outside and met her halfway. He gave her a giant hug and said, "Auntie Crystal! I have missed you so much!"

Crystal returned his hug and kissed his cheek. She held him for slightly longer than necessary, and they were both crying before long. For the first time in over 72 hours, they felt safe. Eventually, she wiped the tears out of his eyes. "Where's Mommy?" she asked. "Has she returned yet?"

Clark shook his head sadly. He said, "I think she's gone forever, and I was worried that you were gone too. What would have happened to me then, Auntie Crystal? I think Noah is going to die...."

"I don't know what's going on with your Mommy," Crystal admitted. "But I will never abandon you, and I brought some medicine that will make Noah well again."

As if on cue, Noah appeared in the doorway. A servant on either side of him supported his weight and several more behind them. They were carrying large and small bags of luggage. Except for some clothes,

they were filled with Clark's gifts. When Crystal saw them, she said, "We don't need those. You can take them back inside."

"We were ordered to send them with you," a servant explained. "Whatever is left will be thrown away."

Crystal's body stiffened. She had a feeling that Nathan was behind this, and that scared her. If she was reading the situation correctly, it meant that he was still meddling with her life, and there was no knowing if he would ever stop. "Fine." She muttered. "There is plenty of room in the trunk." Her heart was beating fast, and her chest hurt so badly that she thought that she might be having a heart attack.

Clark seemed to sense that something was wrong, and he asked her if she was okay. She assured him that she was and told him to get into the car. Then she continued walking towards the house so that she could help Noah.

Crystal felt like she was in a trance. Her body was shaking. A million thoughts were spinning around in her head, and she was barely holding herself together. The thought of what would happen to Noah if she broke down gave her the strength to continue. I can break down later -she promised herself.

She took a deep breath, counted backward from ten, released the Carbon Dioxide from her lungs, and continued to put one foot in front of the other.

#### **Chapter 1819 - 337: You Are As Cold As Flint**

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The more she was at this time, the less she could be defeated.

Crystal hugged Clark and asked him how he had been these days. Nathan's servants were very kind to him and would accompany him in playing games and making delicious food for him.

But Clark quietly wiped a tear. "I don't like the evenings the most,"

"Why?"

"I miss Mommy very much in the evening. I miss Aunt Crystal, too. I feel pain here!" Clark covered his little heart.

This time he covered his heart instead of his stomach. It seemed that he was sorrowful.

Crystal smiled and wiped the little fellow's eyes.

Maybe he had left Nancy so many times and been dumped so often that he had a reflex arc of being discarded at any moment.

"I'll get your mommy soon, okay?"

"Okay."

Eric opened the car door and greeted Crystal.

Seeing her patience with the little boy, he raised his eyebrows. "Well, you will be a good mother."

Crystal looked slightly shocked. "You promised me you'd leave Noah and Clark alone."

"Where do you want to send them?"

"Send them abroad and pay them alimony."

"They can also be given shelter."

"No, if you are generous, you can give them more alimony, and they will buy the house they want to live in."

Eric burst into a funny laugh. "You clever little thing. You're afraid I won't keep my word, are you?"

Crystal pressed her lips slightly and said nothing.

Clark, after all, was a stranger to Eric and looked at him curiously.

Eric had a harmless face. He asked Crystal, teasing the child. "When are you coming with me to the hospital to do the tests?"

Crystal's arm tightened unnaturally.

Cupid's Arrow had forbidden Crystal from having sex with men other than Nathan.

But if they wanted to have children, they could have in vitro fertilization, which was not difficult for Eric.

Even though it was just sperm on her own body, Crystal resisted. She didn't want her future child to have Eric's blood at all!

"I've done everything you asked me to do. What else do you want?"

"There's one more person you didn't help me save."

"Carlos? Don't worry. He'll be back to normal soon."

"Nancy."

Eric frowned slightly. Paul had the stupid woman in his hands now, and judging by Paul's stubbornness, Eric knew that Paul wouldn't let Nancy go.

"You promised me that you would save the child if I married you. Now the child's out, and Nancy is in again." Crystal just wanted to buy time. It would be better if everyone got out and then she ran away.

"It was foolish of her to fall into Paul's hands."

"Whether she's stupid or not, you need to settle her and her child first."

Eric rubbed his chin. He was also clear about Paul's personality.

It was easy to rob a man on his turf now. But Paul's temper was fiery, and Eric couldn't play hardball. So the best way to do that was to challenge himself.

This allowed Paul to let Nancy go, not to blame Eric.

"Just give me a day, and I'll bring Nancy back."

Crystal frowned. Only in one day could he make it?

Eric gave a scheming smile and said, "My dear wife, because of you, I have to do something to my brother."

"That is a matter of your character, not of mine!" Crystal was in no mood to make fun of him.

"You are as cold as flint."

There was a cry of pain from the room, the door was flung open, and the servant rushed out.

Crystal hurried over and nearly ran into the servant.

Eric walked behind her, lip raised. "What? Didn't you sedate him? Not enough?"

"We did. He's awake now."

"Try again."

"No!" Crystal stopped him. "Too much of that stuff isn't good for his brain!"

"He's a brute now," Eric reminded her. "Crystal, don't you forget he bit you twice. I'll give him another chance to bite you?"

"Not this time." Crystal dashed into the room.

Carlos was squatting against the window. The whole room was a ruin. The sheets were chewed and tattered, and goose feathers flew everywhere.

A chain was fastened to the iron window, and Carlos had a collar around his neck.

He was trying fiercely to break the chain.

"Carlos," Crystal ached every time she saw him. "What are you doing?"

Carlos's figure jerked and turned his handsome face. As soon as he saw Crystal, he made a few quick leaps from the window to the bed and jumped at Crystal.

But the length of the chain allowed him to move only so far.

He held it on the bed, his hands outstretched toward Crystal.

Crystal was about to step forward, her shoulder pinned under Eric's.

"Don't get close to him. He has no sense."

"But he knows me."

"The medicine has turned him into a beast. How can he remember you when he doesn't even know who he is?"

"I knew he knew me by the way he looked. at me," Crystal said doggedly. "When are you going to get him back to normal?"

"Look at him. I didn't put him in the Wolf house. I treated him very well. As soon as you're pregnant, I'll give him the antigen."

Crystal looked at him coldly. She knew Eric wasn't that easy to fool.

Carlos howled at Eric, showing his terrible teeth and claws.

"Carlos, sit down."

Carlos gave a slight pause, hands down naturally, and sat down like a dog.

"Look, he listens to me. He really knows me. Let me go!" Crystal forcibly removed Eric's hand and strode over.

Eric narrowed his eyes and tried to grab Crystal's hand, but it was too late.

She already walked up to Carlos, reached out, and stroked his head. "Good boy." Carlos rubbed his head against her palm.

He looked at Crystal with clear amber eyes.

He had a few more marks on his face and a cut on his hand.

Crystal touched his wound gently. "You're hurt."

"Howl..."

"Eric, did you have him beaten?" Crystal asked.

Eric leaned against the door and said in a cold voice, "how could I let someone beat your pet? I'm afraid he hurt himself when he destroyed the room."

"How could you hurt yourself?" Crystal snapped. "You mustn't do that again!"

Eric squinted at the interaction between the girl and the animal.

It was a miracle. Carlos completely lost his mind and forgot himself, but he could still recognize Crystal.

It could be seen that in the depths of Carlos's heart, the person with the most profound imprint was Crystal.

Carlos once said that "I won't forget you, Crystal, even if one day I forget the whole world, even myself."

Crystal bit her lip. He really made good on every promise he made to her.

"Well, you've seen your pet. Shouldn't you be in the shower and getting dressed for the party tonight?"

"A party?"

"Didn't you want to rescue Nancy? Success or failure hinges on tonight. "

Crystal was exhausted. She just wanted to have a good rest, but the thought of Nancy still languishing outside made her feel sorry.

She was covered in bruises, which Eric didn't see.

Her hair also covered the scar on her forehead.. If Eric saw it, it would be another storm.

### **Chapter 1820 - 338: The Luxurious Dresses**

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Crystal gritted her teeth, lowered her head, and said to Carlos, "I'll see you later. Wait for me."

"Honey, remember to dress up for the evening party,"

"Can't I just dress like that?"

"This is our first public appearance since we got married. We should dress more formally."

"Did you call the reporters again? Are you going to have a live world broadcast again?"

Eric shrugged. "It's a party tonight. It's a gathering of high society. And a lot of my friends couldn't wait to see Mrs. Bush."

"It's none of my business."

"It would be better for you to get Nancy out if you had been dressed nicely." Eric had the carrot and the stick. It was a threat to her!

Crystal knew too much about Eric. As soon as he snatched her from Nathan, he couldn't wait to show his results and happiness.

Crystal wished she could hide from Nathan at such times and never be seen again.

And yet, at this time, she had to appear in public at parties of high fashion. He was bound to see her, and this was no doubt another irritant in his wound.

She already hated Eric deeply in her heart, but there were so many people in his hands that she could not wholly follow her own mood until she rescued them.

Crystal dismissed the servant and went to the bathroom by herself.

Out of the bathroom, Crystal went into the changing room next door.

Apparently, Eric had made this locker room for her. A floor-to-ceiling cabinet against the wall was filled with shoes.

And the clothes cabinet was like a small shopping mall.

Crystal walked into the rows of clothes.

Clothes were also classified into daily clothes and special formal dresses. These clothes were brand new, and the logos hadn't been taken off yet.

Crystal could see that every dress was luxurious and of great value, no matter in style or fabric.

Crystal frowned slightly. She did not want to thank Eric for his generous treatment of her. However, judging from the styles of the clothes, she found some of them were prepared months ago.

In other words, Eric was so determined to get her back into his hands. Yet, he also knew that one day she would wear everything he had carefully chosen for her.

Crystal thought of this and felt a pang. The man's mind and deliberate strategy were reflected in the clothes, which made her resist the clothes in front of her. She would rather go out naked if she could.

Only the thought of those who had fallen into his hands made her repress these feelings.

Crystal chose a small white lace dress with long sleeves that reached from her legs to her ankles and covered every inch of her skin.

Even the collar was high.

She wore a purple jewel necklace with a warm oval stone hanging at the front of her neck.

Crystal sat in front of the dressing mirror.

The dressing room was surrounded by delicate European style, with beautifully carved flowers in the frame and a large crystal chandelier shining brightly.

Makeup tables were filled with makeup and accessories.

A dazzling variety was enough to reflect Eric's intentions. However, Crystal was dismissive and even disgusted with it.

Crystal sat in the chair, reflecting every side of her in the four mirrors perfectly.

In fact, such extreme luxury was probably every girl's dream. But what could she not be satisfied with?

She tossed her hair high with a cold smile, and a few bangs dropped at random. But it would show the scar on her forehead.

Crystal stared at herself in the mirror, lifted up her bangs, looked again, pulled open the drawer, and took out the full set of cosmetics. Half an hour later, Crystal appeared in the hall.

Everywhere she passed, she was a great surprise. The servants were even more surprised.

Although they had seen Crystal on TV, from the wedding broadcast live around the world, they knew she was breathtakingly beautiful. But they did not expect that Crystal, with all this dressing, would refresh their view of beauty once again.

Eric sat with his legs crossed on the luxurious leather sofa, forced to look up at the sound of his servant's screams.

Crystal, who was coming down the stairs, was as beautiful as a queen and made his eyes light up.

Eric today was wearing a white suit with a blue shirt. He was a man of great stature.

He stood next to Crystal, making a perfect match with her.

"What's that on your forehead?" Eric's eye fell on Crystal's forehead.

Crystal did not speak.

Eric saw her forehead clearly.

It was a rose of fiery red color with a gold rim, looking breathtaking.

If he didn't look at it carefully, he'd think she'd drawn it with a pen.

"Why do you draw a rose on your forehead?"

"I accidentally cut my forehead, so I did some make-up to cover it up. Isn't that nice?"

Eric took her hand and gave her a pious kiss on the back of her hand.

"I am more and more glad to have married you."

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On the other side of town, Paul received a dress from Eric, opened it, and was about to change it for Nancy.

"Don't come over here! I'll change it myself." Nancy held her chest tight.

She came to get the antidote from Paul, only to be imprisoned by him. He said he was taking her to some party when she woke up.

"Tut, I've seen all you look. I have no interest in your flat chest." Paul scoffed at her response.

Nancy had been told off for feeling inferior before, but this time she popped up two cups and said, "Do you get it? I'm C Cup."

"I'm so thin, and it's nice to have a C cup. They all say I'm nice."

Paul frowned and gritted his teeth. "They?" Seeing her getting beaten up for saying the wrong thing, Nancy called out, "That's what the waitress at the clothing store said, and Crystal as well."

When Crystal took her shopping for clothes, she was ashamed of her figure.

Paul snorted. "If the clerk doesn't say nice things about you, how can you buy something from her? And as for Crystal, do you believe her comforting words?"

'I'm not bad!'

"At least you're the smallest cup size among the women I've ever had sex with."

Nancy, momentarily deflated, grabbed her dress and said, "I'll go to the bathroom to change."

Paul put his hand on her shoulder, stripped her naked, and helped her into her dress.

**Chapter 1821 - 339: Why Would You Take Me Out?**

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Then, both were stunned by the effect of the dress!

The dress had an oversized V-neck, which showed off Nancy's big breasts.

"Eric!" Paul gritted his teeth. "What rags did he send?"

"Well,"

"If you dare to walk around in this, you'll die! Who is the designer?" Paul fumed, taking out his cell phone, ready to question him. "I'm going to rip his brain open and see what dirty thoughts are inside."

"Excuse me," Said Nancy carefully. "I think you're putting it on backward."

Paul was stunned.

"Look, this is supposed to be in the back." Paul reacted and dropped his phone coolly.

"Is it? Your front and back are the same, so it's no wonder you wear them all the same."

Paul, you mean man!

He didn't even know the front and back of her dress. But he went out of his way to humiliate her.

Nancy took off her dress and wore it on the other side. It was her bareback that had so displeased him! Even though it was just showing her back.

If he could, he wouldn't even show her arm.

Paul glanced coldly at her as Nancy pulled a lacing out of the box.

She skillfully tied a bow around her waist.

The beauty of her waist became apparent, and her figure became protruding.

"Nancy! Who gave you permission to tie this?" Paul's face turned black.

"Err... It's supposed to be a costume."

"Untie it!"

"But when I take it off, the dress is too roomy...."

It was a full skirt, narrow at the top and wide at the bottom, with several layers under it.

If she didn't tie a bow, she was a lovely girl.

If she did, she was a charming little woman.

Paul obviously didn't want her to turn from a girl into a woman...

Only he could see her curvaceous!

He immediately tugged at the bow, pulled it off, and tied it around her neck.

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"Who would tie a belt around her neck?"

"That's the way it's supposed to be tied."

"Come on. It's clearly meant to be tied to the waist. "

Paul frowned fiercely. "Nancy, when I say tie to the neck, I mean tie to the neck. You have a problem with that?"

Forget it, Nancy quit arguing with such an unreasonable man. She couldn't win even if she were right.

Nancy jumped out of bed while he went to the bathroom and ran into the mirror. Not bad, actually. She didn't think it would be nice to tie it around the neck.

This way of tying the bow was special and suited her very well.

Nancy held two hemlines and looked around in front of the mirror. She found out that she still had a good figure, which was not as flat as Paul said.

Paul walked out and saw the woman standing in front of the mirror, coquetting. He coldly hummed, "Don't you ever fear having nightmares after you look at yourself in the mirror?"

Nancy shrugged off his taunt. "Seeing such a beautiful woman only makes me feel good. How can I have nightmares?"

Crystal had told her to show him confidence when he discouraged her.

"Rustic's tastes are tacky. Do you call yourself a beauty?" Paul suddenly appeared behind her and looked at her in the mirror. He had a pen in his hand and drew several lines in the mirror.

In the mirror, three cat whiskers appeared on each side of her cheek, and on her forehead were the words: Ugly Woman.

"Aren't you afraid to shame yourself by taking me out to parties when I'm so ugly?" Nancy got angry. "I'm not going."

"Do you dare to act up with me?"

"You've been humiliating me all the time. I'm not going! "

As she spoke, she grabbed her hair and rubbed it vigorously, turning it into a mess. "Let me stay like this."

She could run away until Paul went away.

"You are not bent on getting your death, are you?"

"You said I was ugly, and my butt hurts. Why don't you just give me a good rest."

"You have slept all day and all night. You can still sleep. Are you a pig?"

No matter what he said, she wouldn't go to the party with him.

Nancy threw herself on the bed and tried to get away from her dress.

A big hand grabbed her wrist, and Paul tried to hit her, but he couldn't get his hand down.

And he tried to curse her, but this woman was immune to it and didn't care.

"Do you want to see Crystal?"

Paul pulled out his trump card.

"You're lying! I don't believe you anymore!"

"What do you want?" Paul frowned fiercely and growled.

The man was so temperamental in his mood. He was nice just now, but he suddenly got fierce.

Nancy never promised him that she would go out. She had been waiting for Paul to leave, and she was running away. If she had been with him, she wouldn't have had a chance to escape.

As for her willingness to wear a dress, it was because it was so beautiful that she could not help trying it on!

Just because she was wearing a dress didn't mean she was going with him.

But if she said no, she didn't have a justified reason.

Paul had been calling her ugly for so long that she could excuse herself from going to the party.

"Stupid woman! What do you want?"

"You told me I was ugly. Why would you take me out?" Nancy muffled her words.

Was the woman asking him for a compliment in disguise? Paul clenched his fist. "Well, you're not ugly!"

"Why do you have to say that so reluctantly..."

"You want your ass beaten again, don't you?"

"I really have a sore butt. I don't want to go."

"All right," he said coldly. "If you don't go, take off your dress. Please me, and then I'll go."

Of course, Nancy knew what he meant, and her body immediately strained in resistance. She would not let him touch her.

"Take your choice. If you don't want to do that, then come with me." After a pause, he said, "You think I don't know what you're up to? Do you think you can run away alone when I'm gone? I'll have my bodyguards watch you 24 hours so you don't freak out and go out on the terrace and do something stupid again."

He was very thoughtful. All the windows were sealed. Hearing that she couldn't get away with it, Nancy crumpled up.

"All right, I'll go."

Paul hooked his lips.. "Help me change."

## **Chapter 1822 - 340: It Was So Haunting**

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During these days, many people began to light fireworks. Now and then, there would be fireworks exploding in the sky.

Inside the apartment, Nathan, drunk, heard the noise and moved slightly on the big bed.

He smelled of wine, his eyes were bloodshot, and his whole body was full of terrible rage.

The sound of the fireworks made him feel so noisy.

He opened his eyes as if Crystal was sleeping next to him, smiling slightly.

"Crystal," he said, reaching for her and trying to hug her. But he failed to get her.

His heart sobbed with pain.

She was gone. She was never coming back. He felt the pain of dr\*g addiction. How was he going to go through all this?

He pressed the bell hard, and soon the servant ran up to him.

"What do you want, sir?"

"It's noisy."

"There are fireworks going off outside."

"Silence it."

"But..."

"Get out of here."

The joyous sound pierced his ears, and he could not sleep at all.

Nathan stared coldly at him.

"What are you doing? Are you waiting for me to throw you out the window?"

The servant rushed out and happened to meet Vic head-on and complained to him.

"The young master said that the fireworks outside were too noisy and should be silenced immediately. He also said that he would fire me."

"You go down first." Vic's eyes were dim.

The servant nodded, "Well, my job..."

"Leave it to me. I'll take care of it."

Nathan sat down on the couch with a splitting headache and temples. He saw two books lying beside him, one still open.

He picked it up and looked at it. It was a book about pregnancy. Crystal was reading and taking notes.

He leafed through the book and saw that many of the key points had been marked.

She wanted a child, their child.

What did she want to do with these books?

Did she want her and Eric's baby? Unfortunately, it would be wishful thinking for her life.

As soon as Vic came in, those two books were thrown at him.

Nathan rose sulkily and rushed to the bathroom. He threw Crystal's towels, toothbrush cups, and cleaning supplies into the Vic one by one.

Soon he rushed out and opened the wardrobe room. Sure enough, the contents of the wardrobe room were not cleaned.

There were also two women's pajamas hanging.

It was like Crystal curled up in that wardrobe room.

Nathan jerked back a few steps. He seemed to see her come out in her nightgown and throw her arms around him. He yanked the clothes from the wardrobe and threw them on the floor with a slight frown.

That's something to forget. Of course, she only lived here for a few days, but why are there so many memories of her everywhere?

"Get all her things out."

Vic stood up silently.

"Right now! What are you doing standing there? I told you to clean up!"

"If I had to, Miss Smith touched everything in this apartment."

Nathan paused. Why would he want to come back when Crystal's memories were all here? The apartment was bought for her.

Nathan gave a low, cold breath.

And if he did, where would he go?

It was not the apartment that was full of her memories, but he carried them with him!

Wherever he went, he saw everything, and he thought of her.

It was so haunting.

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He thought of her everywhere he went now.

When it rained, he wondered if she had an umbrella. When it was cold, he wondered if she would put on more clothes; he would guess if she liked it with this firework outside.

Also, he would wonder if she had taken care of the burn on her forehead.

Nathan tried hard to press down his mind and heard Vic whisper.

"Sir, do you want to go out? I heard that Mr. Garcia's casino is opening today. He invited you a few days earlier."

Nathan's eyes went dim.

Since he had Crystal, he had not appeared in public for a long time, as if he was out of touch with society.

He could have any woman he wanted. He gave Crystal every chance, and she didn't cherish it.

It would be a waste of affection for him to grieve for her any longer.

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The huge gambling boat belonging to The Garcia's was sailing slowly in the open sea.

It was a different kind of boat. There were so many different kinds of bets. Except for gold and silver, you could bet on anything you thought was more important than money, such as love, loyalty, and human life.

The gambler's vessel, richly decorated and furnished with all kinds of gambling, was a paradise of high society.

There were several expensive wines and champagnes, music, saxophone playing, bunny girls everywhere.

The enchanting beauties were dressed in bunny suits and silk stockings at the gaming table, tempting the entire body across the desk to deal with the cards.

Rich boys cuddled with their girlfriends while pyramids of chips piled up at their tables. They indulge themselves in sensual indulgence.

"I want someone to disappear."

"I want to enjoy romantic love."

This boat could satisfy all odd demands.

The money was decided by the stake. If someone couldn't pay enough for the stake, they would be turned down.

The boat's owner, Mr. Garcia, was said to be the leader of a black gang of killers.

No one dared to stop him from taking someone's life. He could steal everything he wanted, such as treasures, organs, and antiques.

Someone wanted to buy love, and this boat could provide them with trained female professional lovers. Those girls specialized in analyzing men's psychological world and meeting men's needs, so they could absolutely give men the most exciting love course.

In short, there was nothing the ship couldn't do, but you couldn't imagine. Of course, such things as death and rebirth, which only gods could do, were not included.

Crystal didn't expect Eric to bring her here.

As stunning as her, she immediately aroused many men in the casino coveting as soon as she entered.

Because at this casino, anything could be a bet. Everyone had a chance to win what they wanted!