

## Midnight III 341

### Chapter 1823 - 341: Have You Finished Speaking III Of Me?

Crystal hated the naked, lustful eyes as if they wanted to eat her.

"You've got them interested." He raised his lips with satisfaction. "My woman is really attractive."

"Why do you bring me to a place like this?"

"Just wait for the show..."

Right away, someone asked Eric for an offer.

"Excuse me, our young master is very interested in the beauty around you. Would you like to sell it?"

"No."

"Our young master bid ten million."

"Ten million?" Crystal coldly cursed, "Get out of here."

That was all she was worth?

Eric laughed. "Don't get angry," he said. "The rules are like this. If you don't want to, you can refuse."

"He was just asking you, not asking for my advice!"

"Because you're so beautiful, they think you're a sale."

The so-called sale was the meaning of the bet.

If you lost the bet, you would lose the money, and if you won, you could take what you want at home.

"Crystal!" Nancy waved excitedly and saw Crystal from a distance. She was so dazzling. Paul coldly pulled Nancy's hand down.

"Hey, don't call out in public."

Crystal's eyes lit up when she saw Nancy, too, and she hurried over.

"You're finally ready to let your stupid girl out for a walk." Eric joked at Paul.

"This dress is so silly." Seeing her belt tied around her neck, Eric laughed again. "Paul, why don't you tie her bells? So that's more awesome."

Paul touched his chin as if considering the offer.

Ignoring the two men, Nancy took Crystal's hand. "I miss you so much, Crystal."

She was an emotional person, and immediately her eyes filled with tears, and she began to wipe them away.

Crystal whispered reassuringly. "What's wrong? Rat bullied you these days, didn't he?"

"Crystal, don't gossip every time you catch me." Paul barked. "Why do you cry in public? Watch your manners, Nancy!"

"Watch your horrible attitude. What kind of man are you, being cruel to women?" Crystal stared coldly.

"Exactly." Someone backed her up, and Nancy pulled herself together at once.

Paul raised his fist. "Tell me if you want a spanking."

"Crystal, he spanked me. My butt is swollen," Nancy complained. "I just had a bumpy ride, and it was killing me."

Paul snorted coldly. "You deserve it! You need to get a taste of butt pain."

He was bitten on the ass by a crocodile, fidgeting, more serious than her.

Crystal gave Paul a cold look. "Shame on you, Mr. Rat. "

Nancy leaned over and said, "Well, I punished Mr. Rat, too."

Crystal raised her eyebrows. "Huh?"

"I have so much to tell you. Let's talk over there."

She could amuse Crystal by telling her all about Paul slapping himself, calling himself Rat, and jumping into the lake.

"Nancy!"

Paul grabbed Nancy by the arm with one of his big hands and grabbed her back to him.

Paul found that he hated Crystal more and more because Nancy's endearment to Crystal made him very unhappy!

"Stay by my side, and don't wander off anywhere."

"Just let girls whisper around. Shall we talk?" Eric stood like a breeze in noisy casinos.

"No." Paul's squinting eyes hit Crystal in the face like lightning.

He hated the way Nancy made out to Crystal.

Eric smiled faintly. "I've seen people jealous. Why are you doing this because of Crystal?"

Paul raised his eyebrows unhappily. "Eric, is this the party you mentioned? I've never been interested in gambling."

"My friend just opened this new boat. I'll take you to see it. This is no ordinary betting boat. Trust me, and you'll be interested."

Crystal asked the waiter for tissues and then leaned over to wipe Nancy's eyes. "Wipe your tears."

Paul reached out and scratched Nancy's face.

He snatched up his paper from Crystal and wiped his hand.

"Stupid woman, you stained my hands!"

Nancy was glad she was not wearing makeup. Otherwise, Paul's smear campaign turned her face into a mess.

Crystal asked the waiter for two glasses of juice and handed Nancy one.

"Are you thirsty, Nancy?"

Paul lifted a glass of champagne directly from the buffet table beside him. "Drink this!" he said.

"But I like to drink the juice."

"It's not up to you." Paul forced it on her.

These two cute couples attracted a lot of attention.

What's more, many people knew Eric and kept saying hello to him.

Besides, someone seemed to recognize Paul and Nancy.

The people who came here were all of the upper class, so naturally, they were not curious about what they saw or heard.

They wouldn't gossip around them. Nancy insisted on walking with Crystal, and Paul insisted on going with her. So the four became side by side. The road was not wide.

Eric was very popular and soon stopped by someone coming over.

A row of four went into a row of three.

As they crossed the lane, Paul was pushed to the edge.

"Can't you guys walk properly? What do you do by walking in a row?" He yelled angrily.

Nancy looked at him strangely. "I didn't ask you to walk with me."

"You stupid woman!" He realized he shouldn't bring her here.

"Can't you just walk behind? The road is not wide, and you are so big that you block it!"

Paul raised his eyebrows coldly. How could he be so sick of his two best friends?

He didn't want Nancy to stick Crystal.

It was true that Nancy relied too much on Crystal. How could Paul, a stalwart guy, understand girls' sticky friendship?

"Crystal, let me tell you something." Nancy leaned in Crystal's ear again.

Crystal listened to her and then gave Paul a look of slight surprise. "Really? How could he do that?"

Nancy whispered something again and started laughing.

"Are you exaggerating it? Would he box his ears?" Crystal could not help laughing too.

"Hush, hush. Don't let him hear you. He'll be upset."

"Well, then, what else did he do?"

"Oh my, there is a ton of his stupid behaviors. He's been so cute and silly these days."

Women had an endless supply of whispers.

Nancy could not help laughing as she spoke, and Crystal's eyes drifted unconsciously toward Paul.

As they spoke, the three of them walked down a two-person aisle. There were gambling tables on both sides, and Paul's clothes were scratched in the corner of the table and almost ripped off.

He had endured to the limit.

"Have you finished speaking ill of me?"

### **Chapter 1824 - 342: You're In Love With Her**

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A thunderous roar went through Nancy's ears.

Her back stiffened. "We're not saying anything bad about you. I'm talking to Crystal."

"Tut, look at the stupid way you're smiling. If you're not talking about me, who are you talking about?"

Nancy rolled her eyes. "I didn't bother to mention you. I was asking Crystal about Clark."

Oh, her baby boy, Clark. How could she forget him!

"Crystal, I miss Clark so much."

"He misses you, too. But he's fine, and I've settled him." Crystal said quietly. "I'll get you back together when we get you out."

"Really? Crystal, can you save me? Will you help me get rid of Rat?"

"Well, yes."

"Is it enough, you two women?" Paul was furious again when he saw them blocking the sidewalk and having to get out of the way.

Eric stood at a distance by the fountain, a glass of champagne in hand, looking at the strange trio.

Marcos Garcia was standing next to him, and they were very handsome.

"I think there's a line that suits that couple," Eric spoke softly.

"What is it?"

"They loved each other but didn't know it."

Marcos gently sipped his mouth and asked him, "when did you become so literary?"

"I'm just improvising," Eric said, tossing his glass. "I'll leave that stupid woman to you."

Marcos clinked his glass gently and said, "No problem."

There was an unnatural shadow of gloom in his eyes.

When he saw Nancy's smiling face, he seemed to remember something.

This time he didn't make a move. He didn't think Eric would happen to deliver the prey to him.

Crystal and Nancy took a tour of the gambling boat, and sure enough, they found a lot of strange chips.

Along the way, many wolf-like eyes stared at Crystal.

Naturally, a lot of people came up to Paul frequently to ask if the beautiful woman next to him was for sale.

Although Nancy was pretty, standing beside Crystal, she was like a quiet star, blocked by the moon all luster.

Paul's response grew increasingly impatient.

Asked by another daredevil, he punched the man far away.

Did all these people have eye problems? Why would his woman go unattended?

Although he often made sarcastic remarks about Nancy, he was not at all comfortable with his own woman being ignored.

"Why did you hit him?" Nancy screamed in a low voice.

Paul stared at her fiercely. "I hit him because he couldn't see. Mind your own business."

"You are strangely apt to lose your temper."

"What on earth are you doing here?" Paul began to think about leaving.

Just then, suddenly, a voice sounded somewhere.

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

A swing fell from the high ceiling, and a voluptuously young woman sat with her legs crossed and a microphone at her ear.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Las Vegas on the Sea and have a nice evening here. As this boat is opening today, we have prepared an impromptu program for you."

Everyone's attention was drawn away.

The bunny girl, hanging from the wire, danced on the swing and went on, "Property for love."

A large screen in the center of a large turntable suddenly showed Huston's beautiful landscape.

The girl laughed lightly and said, "As long as you bring a girlfriend, you can take her as a sale. If you win, take all the real estate in a city, and if you lose, give up your love, of course."

As soon as this bet came out, it immediately caused an uproar.

Even though all the people who came here were rich, no one was rich enough to have all the real estate rights of a city at hand!

"If you win, you can keep betting on your offers..." The girl smiled and jumped into a swing seat, where a cascade of buds burst out in an instant.

She shook it gently, holding the ribbon in her hand. "If you're lucky enough, you can take a few cities in. It's so exciting, isn't it?" People who didn't bring a date began to regret it!

Unfortunately, they had no chance to turn back once the boat left port.

"This is an opportunity too great to miss."

The people below began to cry loudly, "What if we were all willing to give up our love? Does anyone with a sale have a chance to bet on it?"

"You will have a competition of the sale first, and the winning sale is eligible to bet." The woman's ethereal voice drifted away, off with the swing.

Apparently, there weren't many men with a date this time.

There were about a dozen couples here.

Eric sauntered over. "It looks like you got a great deal off the shelf, Paul."

"What do you mean?"

"You brought a date."

Paul said sharply. "Is she a woman? I don't think of her as a woman at all."

"It doesn't matter. In the eyes of others, she is a woman."

Nancy's ears moved. "Why am I not a woman?"

Paul gave her a sarcastic look at her chest. He didn't say anything, but the way he looked at her showed that she was flat.

Nancy said angrily, "Crystal, am I flat-chested?"

Crystal was thirsty and drinking champagne. She almost spat it out.

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"Nancy!" Paul grinned hard, and then he saw Eric's eyes shooting Nancy from the neck down and above the abdomen.

He lunged at Eric with his elbow. "Eric, where the hell are you looking?"

"I'm identifying."

Eric blew up in an instant.

"I think it's pretty big," Eric said honestly.

"She's womanly enough. She's skinny and petite. She's as good as she gets."

Nancy's eyes lit up. "Paul, did you hear that?"

Paul snorted. "Even so, it's because I've been taking care of it every day for years."

Nancy was speechless.

"You think you're where you are without me?"

"Indeed, you have toil as well as merit." Eric patted him on the shoulder and said, "Mr. Rat, you've been working hard."

Paul jerked his hand away.

"Look at her again with your eyes, and I'll dig them out."

"Tut, I wonder when you get petty. Why do you suddenly care so much about a woman?"

Paul's body froze.

"Is it love?"

Nancy opened her eyes wide!

"Paul, admit it. You're in love with her."

Paul laughed contemptuously. "Are you kidding me?"

Crystal knew that Eric's provocation had begun. Crystal knew it without saying anything.

"No wonder you've been after Nancy.. You're in love with her. But isn't the way you love her too perverted?"

### **Chapter 1825 - 343: Don't Call Me That**

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Paul smelled so bad that he couldn't admit it. "I'll never love this stupid woman."

Nancy looked at him in surprise and said, "You, you... Rat, so you love me?"

"Don't call me that!"

"Let's see, if you don't love this stupid girl, how could you give up everything and come to Huston from Kuerto and chase her down. Besides, when you caught her that night, and she tried to jump off a building, you slapped yourself ten times..."

"Shut up!" Paul felt it was the greatest humiliation of his life. "Don't ever talk about the past!"

He swung at Eric with his fists.

Eric's body swung sideways.

"If it wasn't for love, how could a man miss such a great opportunity?"

"Didn't you always want to get your power into Huston? Now is a great time. She's just a stupid woman. Without her, you can have any other beautiful woman you want."

Paul's thoughts snarled, and a burst of anger reached his throat.

He couldn't even explain his strange behavior recently.

He left the injured Michelle in Kuerto. Why did he come to Huston looking for Nancy?

"Crystal, what should I do? He's not really in love with me, is he?" Nancy said suddenly in a tearful voice.

"What are you doing that stupid face for?" Paul roared. "You have no shame. When did I say I love you?"

"If you don't love her, why don't you bet?" Crystal scoffed. "You still love beauty more important than property, right?"

"Is she a beauty? Come on."

Just then, a quarrel began to sound nearby.

A woman slapped her face on a man's face. "You said you loved me!" But now you're gonna bet me on it. You liar!"

"Honey, stop it. You know love isn't worth anything."

"Aren't you rich? Aren't you having lots of money? You still give a shit on this property?"

"This is half the country... If I'm lucky today, I'll bet on a few cities.

"Do you have any idea about this? If I am lucky today, I can gamble in several cities. The man hugged her shoulder and comforted her.

"We shall never have so much more."

"But you said you loved me!

"How about 50-50 for my bet?"

"No matter whether you win or lose, we are over, for sure." Said the woman firmly. "You make me sick."

Just as it was over, another woman picked up champagne and threw it in a man's face.

After hearing the rules of this bet, dozens of couples began to nest infighting just to compete for a PK quota.

"It's not like you're going to be chosen. It's just a chance. Why are you making such a fuss? I hate it when women cry."



Paul darkened his eyes. With the exception of Crystal and Eric, there were 18 couples, meaning Nancy had only a 1 in 18 chance of being chosen.

He glanced at Nancy, a woman who had taken on a "how could he love her" look.

The sight of her made Paul furious.

Eric saw Paul was shaken and added, "If you don't love her, do what men do."

"What are the rules of PK?"

"It's very simple. It depends on the points of the cards. Whoever gets the most points wins."

"What if I lose?"

Eric lit a cigarette, squinted, and chuckled. "If you lose, she's the property of the casino ship."

"What will happen to her?"

Eric shrugged. "It's up to Mr. Garcia's decision? whether she ends up as a dealer or is won by some other guy who wants her."

"Mr. Garcia was the one we had the last dinner with?" Paul recalled.

"That's right."

Then Paul thought things got easier now. He could bet Nancy back with this old friendship.

Besides, it was a 1 in 18 chance of being chosen. Nancy wouldn't be the one with her bad luck.

Eric seemed to know what he was thinking, but he smiled without saying anything.

"Have you thought it through?"

Paul coldly took away Eric's cigarette and took it in his mouth.

"I'm in."

Crystal breathed. She didn't expect Paul to be so easily hooked. He probably never expected to be cheated by his best friend.

Paul looked at Nancy again. "Who do you think you are? Would I really fall in love with a stupid woman like you? Wake up. Your mind is filled with fantasy and unreality."

Nancy wrinkled her nose. That was right. If he loved her, how could he have abused her for four years?

"Gentlemen ready to pk, please bring your girl over here." Said the fiery bunny girl standing beside the dealer.

Soon, 18 couples were taking up positions around the machine.

Crystal and Eric stood at the nearby viewing area.

"Why bother? This is your place. You can just take Nancy back."

"Wouldn't it be better for him to let her go voluntarily? You want her to run away?"

Eric laughed.

In fact, based on his position, he would prefer Paul to admit his love for Nancy at this time.

In that case, the bet doesn't have to be made. Paul, Nancy, and Clark would be reunited. Paul would have been happier if he had known his heart.

It was just a pity that Paul, the ass, was so deep in the fog that he couldn't see himself.

"I know what you're thinking," Crystal said coldly. "At this point, you're still thinking about him."

"Can't you see that Paul has changed?"

Of course, Crystal saw it.

"So what? He's too late to repent. Nancy used to like him, but now she doesn't."

"If Paul had turned over a new leaf, she might not have fallen in love again."

"I hope not."

"Why? He's Clark's real father."

"He was a man who abused his wife and abused his son. Even if he did fall in love with Nancy, he wouldn't get any better. Besides, there are too many bad memories between them, which can never be erased."

Eric reached out and pinched her chin. "What about you and me? I don't seem to have any bad memories for you."

On the second floor, near a carved table in a VIP stand, a man sat sipping wine.

He had been sitting here for a long time, and he had seen Crystal the moment she entered.

His thin lips curled up. He did not expect to meet her just after parting from her.

At first, he thought it was just another hallucination coming from his thoughts until he saw Eric right behind her.

The bones of his fingers were white as he held the glass.. His eyes were cold.

#### **Chapter 1826 - 344: This Is A Tactic**

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Crystal felt like a pain in her back. She always felt a pair of familiar eyes staring at her in the dark.

She coldly removed Eric's hand and turned to face the card table.

The bunny carried a black cane with a triangular diamond at the top.

She pressed the cane, touched the dealer, and the center disc began to turn and send out the cards.

Everyone looked so nervous that they were too nervous about picking up the cards. But Nancy, as soon as she saw it, reached for the card excitedly. Crystal had already told her about her plan for the evening and would use her as a wager to get her out, so she should be the most relaxed of all.

She was not stupid enough not to notice that Crystal and Eric were acting.

Nancy touched the card, and Paul gave her a good whack on the back of her hand.

"Hey, why did you hit me? It hurts!"

"Why do you touch it before it is dealt out?"

The machine was still dealing, and Nancy said crossly, "Nobody makes a rule that you have to wait until the deal is done before you see the cards!"

Paul gave his eyebrows a big squeeze.

Damn it. Why was this woman so excited and so desperate?

Why was his heart weighed down like a mountain?

He pressed her hard on the shoulder. "Do you know what it means if we win?"

"You should be happy. If you win, you get the property."

"I mean you."

"Me? What's wrong with me?"

"Are you stupid? I mean, did you ever think about what would happen if we lost?" Paul gave her a vicious look. "You'll be sold to be a dancer."

Then he shook his head vigorously.

"No, it's not your size to be a dancer. That suits you." Paul pointed to a nearby man in a thick furry bear costume. "You're only supposed to be funny."

Rat never got enough of laughing at her.

Nancy gave him the cold shoulder.

Then the Bunny said, "Please turn over your card in three minutes. Once you have looked at your card, you will have no chance to give up."

The rabbit's red lips moved in a very sexy way.

"Or are you going to dress like a bunny and deal cards to people every day?"

"No."

"Then, it's still too late for you to give up."

He hadn't looked at his card yet.

Nancy curled her lips. "Nope. I'd rather be a bunny-dealer than around you."

Paul got mad. This damn woman! What was she talking about?

People around them watched their cards gradually. Some people immediately showed a sad expression, while others kept silent.

"Well, please read the cards and turn them over to everyone."

One after another, people started flipping cards.

Paul pressed his card on the table and then lifted a corner of his card. He glanced at the cards that had been turned out of his desk, the biggest of which was the heart K.

That was to say, the only way to win was to get the king of spades, and the odds of winning were almost infinitesimal.

Nancy's little hand snuck up to the card and tried to get it.

Paul grabbed her by the wrist. For some reason, he had a very strong hunch tonight.

"There's one last couple that hasn't flipped the card." The bunny flipped her hair, looked at them, and said, "Please."

The man who had the heart K was getting impatient. "If you don't have the spade K, give it up while you can."

Eric raised an eyebrow and came over to him. "What, you can't even turn a card? Since when are you afraid of losing a woman?"

"This is a tactic! Who would care for that woman!"

"Don't bite your tongue. If someone takes her away, don't regret it. Now is your last chance to confess." Eric forced Paul to say, "Tell her that you love her, and then bring back your son. It will be great fun for the three of you."

Paul hissed, exasperated. He did not hesitate to pick up the card. He did not look at it and threw it on the dealer.

Well, it was Spade K.

That was a tiny chance. But it just happened.

The others were surprised, but the owner of the Heart K had no smug look at all.

"Wow! Crystal, do you see that? It's Spade K."

Nancy was unabashedly happy and clapped her hands. Winning meant she qualified for the finals, so she felt like she was really going to be rescued.

At the thought of this, she couldn't help but pick up the card and give it a few hard kisses.

"Clark, Mommy is coming to see you soon!" Nancy exclaimed in her heart.

The expression on Paul's face was hard to describe. He watched Nancy swoop up to Crystal and give her a big hug.

This damned woman! Was she so happy that she could leave him?

She was so stuck to him that she could not be shaken off in those days.

She spent every day trying to please him, hoping that he would admire her. Paul felt a dull pulling pain in his chest widen.

His lips went white, and his heart began to tremble. He always felt that he had lost Nancy before he knew it.

Eric smiled calmly. "What's wrong with you? You won the pk match, and you look so miserable?"

Paul, distracted, tugged at his bow tie and took a deep breath.

The bunny smiled and waved her cane and said, "Sir, congratulations. You're in the final tonight."

This final was in the form of a roulette.

The wheel came in three forms: the star, the moon, and the sun.

The glass ball would decide if he won or lost.

If the ball rolled to the sun, he would get the property rights of a city at random.

If it was the moon, it meant he could turn the wheel again.

If it was a star, he lost and ended the game.

Crystal knew they were going to get the Spade K because Eric's friend was behind the scenes.

As for the roulette, of course, the guy was going to let Paul win two rounds, give him a sweet taste, and then make him lose.

On the one hand, it didn't make Paul suspicious. On the other hand, it could be Paul's compensation for losing Nancy.

Eric had walked back to Crystal, and Nancy was pulled over to the roulette wheel by Paul.

"Honey, what are you thinking about?" Eric asked cheerfully.

"I've been thinking that by giving him two wins, they're going to give him two properties. It seems like a terrible deal."

Eric said quietly, "There is a city-sponsored by me."

"Out of Mr. Garcia's generosity."

Crystal thought it was so weird. Not only did Garcia want to play this scene for Eric, but would he be willing to lose a city?

Eric knew nothing could escape Crystal's eyes and smiled faintly, "Do you want to know why?"

He didn't wait for her answer but hung her head. "Kiss me, and I will tell you."

Crystal gave him a disgusted look and wanted to slap him.

She didn't bother talking about him and looked away.

Eric said mysteriously, "Because Mr.. Garcia is interested in Nancy."

### **Chapter 1827 - 345: Can You Tell Me Now?**

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Crystal looked at Eric with wide eyes, repeated, "What? Mr. Garcia is interested in Nancy?"

"Or else why do you think I asked him for help? And why is he willing to help despite the trouble?"

Eric took out a cigarette, offered his lighter at full stretch to Crystal, and said, "Darling, light a cigarette for me, I'll tell you everything you want to know."

"You are not disabled; can't you light it up yourself?" Roasted Crystal.

"I prefer your help."

On the second floor, a pair of cold and lackluster eyes were focusing on the two far away.

The two were talking and smiling happily in his eyes, exactly a harmonious picture. Crystal took over the metal embossed lighter, lit the cigarette dangling from the corner of Eric's mouth.

Eric naturally held her hand, kissed her on the back of it.

"Thanks, Darling."

"Can you tell me now?"

"Originally, I was hoping Nancy would be with Paul again, and that's the best. But since Paul is so stubborn and refuses to confess his true thoughts, he can't blame me for pushing Nancy to others. Marcos is also a powerful eligible bachelor, it's not bad for your friend to be with him," explained Eric.

In this way, Crystal would no longer have to worry about Nancy, and at the same time, it could probably stimulate Paul to face his heart.

Of course, if Paul kept being a lame duck, he deserved to lose Nancy.

Crystal hummed.

She did not expect Eric to care about his brother so much.

On the other side, Paul held Nancy tightly in his arms as if it were the last time he hugged her.

The bunny girl explained the rules with a sweet smile, "The game is divided into three rounds, that is, you can not consider whether to continue or give up until rotating the roulette three times."

Onlookers surrounded the roulette with curiosity, everyone was looking forward to the outcome of the gamble, except for the couples. Different from the other onlookers, more than a dozen couples were now looking on with complex emotions.

They had failed to obtain the qualification for the gamble and lost their love.

"Nancy, wheel it!"

Paul grabbed Nancy's hand, his eyes were serious.

He had three chances, and as long as he won, he could stop the game.

The casino suddenly fell into silence, everyone's eyes focused on them.

Holding the roulette wheel and being covered by Paul's hand, Nancy didn't know why she was particularly nervous.

The big hand drove her hand with force. The roulette wheel started to rotate at high speed clockwise.

"Nancy, where do you want it to stop?"

"Stars!"

Answered Nancy.

In an instant, booing and laughter burst out.

"Ha-ha! Did she want stars? What a silly woman!"

Paul seized her shoulders and shook her hard, cursing, "Are you a fool? Do you want me to lose?"

"I like stars!" Nancy refuted.

"You can only like the sun!" Paul pressed her, "Say, what do you hope it to be?"

The force on Nancy's shoulders was getting stronger and stronger. Nancy felt pain and could only say, "The sun..."

The roulette wheel was getting slower and slower, the tension in the room rose, and everyone's eyes were rolling with the glass ball. Then, slowly, the glass ball stopped at the "sun."

Paul picked up Nancy, spun a few turns, and kissed her repeatedly with immense relief.

While he kissed, Nancy kept wiping her face with disgust.

"Put me down! There's saliva all over my face," Nancy protested.

Seeing the fun couple, the crowd couldn't help laughing, some even whistled at them.

The bunny girl smiled at them, "Congratulations. You've acquired the property rights of a city."

Paul raised his eyebrows, feeling today was his lucky day.

"Let's have another round."

He couldn't wait to win the second city.

The two's hands folded so tightly together that Nancy could feel the sweat in Paul's palm.

His chest was clinging to her back. His heart was beating so fast that it made Nancy nervous too.

"One, two, three, go!"

After Paul counted out, the roulette wheel rotated again.

Crystal was sitting at a table with interest, drinking a glass of wine elegantly.

Oddly enough, she always felt an invisible sight at her back.

She looked around, there were only onlookers in the casino.

She smiled bitterly, no matter where she was, she was used to having Nathan around.

When she lowered her head and noticed the diamond bracelet on her wrist, she began to fall into a trance.

All of a sudden, cheers came from the stage.

It's "the sun" again!

"Sir, you have the Midas' touch tonight."

The bunny girl shook her head.

Paul put on a bright smile.

Again, he lifted Nancy and turned a few circles.

Crystal sneered, slightly shook the wine in the goblet.

Just laugh, laugh as much as you can. I'm waiting to see you cry in the next round.

She could hardly keep her balance when Nancy was put down after spinning.

"If we win the last round, I'll give you something," Paul whispered, biting her earlobe ambiguously.

"What?"

"Something you can see but can't touch. Something you dream of having."

Nancy knitted her brows.

What will it be? But whatever this bastard gives could not be good things.

"I don't want it," Nancy rejected while shaking her head hard.

Paul was in a good mood tonight, so Nancy's decisive rejection did not ruin his interest.

What he was going to give Nancy was his last name.



He was going to marry her again...

Although he did not love her as his belongings, Paul would like to keep her home rather than let her "harm" others. He took Nancy's hand and rotated the roulette wheel again.

"Sun!" He shouted at the wheel with determined eyes.

The atmosphere stirred the hearts of the onlookers.

They followed Paul, "Sun! Sun! Sun..." The roulette wheel slowed down under everyone's anticipation.

Nancy clenched her fists, Paul held her tightly, even Crystal was infected by the tension. Would the wheel go wrong?... Please, we sacrifice the two cities in vain...

The pointer slowly stopped at... the "sun."

Just before Paul cheered, the pointer trembled and fell on the "stars" next to it.

### **Chapter 1828 - 346: You Have It Coming**

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Crystal heaved a sigh of relief; she had thought that Eric cheated her.

On the contrary, Paul stared blankly at the pointer, could not believe his eyes.

Booing sounded again.

For the onlookers, they didn't care whether Paul won or lost at all. What they enjoyed was just joining in the fun of gambling.

In an instant, Paul won two cities, with Nancy in exchange.

The charming bunny girl shrugged with regret.

"I'm sorry, sir, you lost. But you've gained the property rights of two cities. The future development rights of the two cities from now on belong to you!"

Another bunny girl walked over with a tray with documents, pens, and ink pad on it. "Sir, please sign your name on the document."

The bunny girl presented the documents to Paul.

"What's this?"

Paul finally came to himself.

"This is the property rights you won. As long as you sign the document, the two cities will be yours," the bunny girl explained in patience.

Paul leafed through the document and did not want to sign at all.

But it was like an arrow on the bowstring, he had no choice but only to sign it. Besides, only fools would reject such a pie in the sky.

"Paul, what are you hesitating about?" Eric urged Paul while playing with the chips in his hand, "Just sign it. Bet is a bet. Besides, you've won two cities so easily."

"I didn't expect that silly woman could bring you such a big benefit," added Eric.

Without retreat, Paul forced himself to pick up the pen.

His fingers paused in the air, and finally, he signed his name on the document.

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The contract was in triplicate. The bunny girl gave one copy to Paul and let the other two be taken away.

Then she took out another document.

"This is the selling contract of your plus one, please sign your name here, at the "Guardian" column."

Paul stood still.

"Miss, please sign here," the bunny girl turned to Nancy.

Without hesitation, Nancy picked up the pen.

However, Paul suddenly gripped her wrist tightly.

He gazed at her with meaningful eyes. A tide of emotion rose in his mind.

"Do you know what it means if you sign it?" Asked Paul.

"I know. You've told me," Nancy blinked.

"Then why are you signing it?!"

Paul didn't understand.

Nancy gave him a bright smile. "Why not? Paul Burnett, I'm fed up with you! Every minute, every second staying with you is a torment. I don't know what's the point of you keep pestering me. If you want a son, countless women queue to have your baby, you don't need to cling to Clark and me. Though I know you're just trying to create difficulties for us..."

Nancy broke away from Paul's hand, added, "I have to thank you for taking me as a bet so that we can end everything between us. Please, don't pester me anymore!"

A trace of surprise and appreciation flashed over Eric's eyes, the woman was not as silly as he had thought.

Her words undoubtedly added fuel to the flame, it's the last blow to Paul.

She cut off their retreat in full view, and if Paul urged her to stay beside him, his pride would be trampled under Nancy's feet.

End everything? Great!

"Fine. Stupid woman. You have it coming! I shouldn't stop you!"

Paul severely dropped her hand, smiled evilly, "If you can't bear the torments someday, you can come to beg me for recycling you."

Nancy raised her chin, goggled at him with stubborn eyes.

"Don't worry, I will never beg you!"

Paul's heart ached like being drilled. Nancy signed her name on the contract smoothly and neatly and made a fingerprint on the name at the request of the bunny girl.

"Okay, I'm done. Your turn!" Nancy urged.

Paul coldly took over the pen. The expectant looks on Nancy's face completely angered him.

He sneered, thinking that Nancy had been captive all the time, did not go through any waves or storms. It's a good chance for her to experience the danger of society so that she would realize how good he was.

Finally, he signed.

The bunny girl took over the document and said to them, "Now that you've signed the agreement, you have to abide by the items of it."

Paul did not speak, while Nancy nodded with obedience, "Um! I will!"

At this time, a loud burst of applause came from above.

A refined and courteous good-looking man in black suits appeared.

Marcos held the goblet, with one hand thrusting in his pocket, proposed a toast to the guests, and drank up the glass of wine.

The guests were all friends of Marcos. They raised their goblets one after another.

"Keep having fun, my friends. Today is the opening of my gambling yacht. Everyone can get a million-dollar chip as a welcoming gift for my dear guests. If you lose, just keep it on my account. Wish you good luck!" Said Marcos.

A great cheer went up from the crowd, obviously, the guests were satisfied with Marcos' generosity.

As soon as Marcos finished his speech, he walked towards the gaming tables.

After gaining million-dollar chips without effort, the crowd scattered away to the gaming tables to have fun.

It's just that a few couples were still grumbling about the roulette he had arranged.

"Mr. Garcia, you're too cruel-hearted. You screwed us over," a guest said to Marcos.

"Take it easy, it's just the touchstone of your love... If you two are not in true love, you'll break up sooner or later. Why waste each other's time?"

"No one could resist such a temptation."

Marcos raised his chin, took a glance at Eric.

"See? There is one."

As soon as they entered the casino, they had already noticed Eric, who had a magnificent aura, as noble as a king.

And the woman beside him was exceedingly stunning. Every man was desperate to possess her...

The man quipped, "With such beauty in arms, I would be willing to give up everything."

His ex-girlfriend heard his words, picked up the goblet, and poured another glass of wine at his face.

Marcos giggled, "Help yourselves, I gotta greet my old friends.. Excuse me."

### **Chapter 1829 - 347: He Looks Familiar**

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After he turned around, his smile disappeared, a hint of cunning flickered over his eyes.

Except for Eric, no one knew that the invitation cards sent to some of the guests had specially requested them to bring a plus-one.

These more than a dozen couples had ever had grudges with him.

In the business world, even if there is strife, business people give tacit consent to maintain the fake politeness between them and always show a smiling face to each other.

The waiters and waitresses all greeted him with respect wherever Marcos passed by.

The bunny girl bent her knees on one leg, supported herself with the cane, and saluted Marcos.

"Is this called killing people without spilling blood?" Eric bantered.

He was leaning back on the chair, playing with the lighter.

"It's just a small lesson for them," answered Marcos.

Nancy frowned, looking at Marcos strangely.

He looks familiar. Have we met somewhere?

Marcos held Crystal's hand and kissed her gentlemanly on the back of her hand.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Bush."

Crystal gave him a polite smile as a response, suspecting that he must be a sinister and cunning man like Eric.

Birds of a feather.

He's Eric's friend, he couldn't be an ordinary man. And an ordinary man could not gain the power and wealth he owned.

Seeing Nancy staring at Marcos without even blinking her eyes, Paul showed great displeasure.

"Nancy Carter, do you want to lose your eyes?" He scolded Nancy.

"You've lost me in the game. Does whom I look at have anything to do with you? Mr. Rat. Do we know each other well?" Nancy taunted him.

You damn woman! Paul cursed in his mind.

Marcos then turned to Nancy with a smile.

He suddenly leaned forward to Nancy and kissed her cheek to everyone's surprise.

Being startled by his sudden enthusiasm, Nancy did a double-take.

At last, Marcos kissed her on her lips at the end of the greeting.

Cheek-kissing is usually a greeting between family and good friends, and strangers don't need to do that.

Paul was clear about this.

Nancy was frightened to be stiff all over by Marcos's passionate offensive and did not know how to respond.

While Paul's fists were creaking, had it not been for Eric's sake, he had given Marcos a punch on the face.

"I'm Marcos Garcia," Marcos only introduced himself to Nancy.

Crystal narrowed her eyes, waiting to see an interesting show.

"Hello, I'm Nancy Carter," Nancy made a brief introduction stiffly.

"I know," Marcos smiled.

"You know?" Nancy was confused.

"I know more about you...." his pretty face approached her, "Have you forgotten me?"

Nancy stepped back to enlarge the distance between them.

"Indeed, you look a little bit familiar, but I just can't remember who you are...."

Normally, she wouldn't forget such a handsome man even if she only met him once. She didn't understand why she couldn't recall the man in front of her.

Marcos raised his eyebrows.

"Really? Think again."

Nancy knitted her brows, seemed to be trying to recall something, but finally shook her head and gave up.

"Hospital," Marcos whispered to remind her.

"Hospital?" Nancy stupefied for two seconds and exclaimed, "You're the one who dropped the key?"

Marcos's smile turned bigger.

"I can't blame you. At that time, I had had a car accident and was in the hospital. My head was wrapped in gauze, and my hands were in a cast. When I took out the car key from my pocket on the way to escape from the hospital, it fell into the sewer by the side of the road. Then you helped me hook it up with a branch and even sent me home. But what a pity, you don't remember me...."

Nancy widened her eyes. That day she had just gone to get medicine for Clark and happened to see a man with gauze and cast wrapped all over staring at the sewer.

Thus, she had walked over to offer to help him pick the key up and send him to his destination.

What a coincidence...

When she was in a daze, recalling the past, Paul pulled her behind him, saying in an aggressive tone, "Come here!"

Marcos leisurely looked straight at Paul and reminded, "Don't forget, you've lost her at the roulette."

Paul took a fierce glance at Eric.

"How did I know they've known each other before," Eric spread his hands.

"It's not important whether Nancy and I have known each other or not before, the important thing is that," Marcos looked at Nancy before going on, "from now on, she's mine."

Now that he had taken the bet and signed the agreement, he must obey the rules. A bet is a bet, he had to accept the consequence.

So, he could only force his anger down. "Come here," Marcos extended a hand to Nancy.

Paul turned to gaze at her with horrible eyes, which seemed to be roaring: just go over, if you want to die!

Nancy took a peek at the abominable Paul, and another peek at the smiling and gentleman-like Marcos, chose the latter without hesitation.

Paul could only watch Nancy walk forward and give her hand to Marcos.

There's a small stage in the center of the hall.

Music sounded, Marco took Nancy's hand and went towards it.

"Can you dance? I'm wondering if I have the honor to invite you for a dance?" Asked Marcos in a soft voice.

"Err..." Nancy had completely lost her thought.

She bowed her head, dared not to see Marcos' eyes, like rejecting but at the same time agreeing.

Looking at Nancy's coy look, Paul punched hard on the gambling table next to him with force.

The pile of chips on the table fell to the ground.

"Eric Bush, you betray me!"

He glowered at Eric.

Eric shook the wine in the goblet.

"I'm helping you."

"Helping me?"

"I've created countless opportunities for you to confess, but you keep pushing her away yourself. If you love her, how would you take her as a bet?"

Eric looked back in Paul's eyes and went on, "Since you don't love her, and she's the bestie of my wife, of course, I have an obligation to help her get out of the abyss of misery."

Get out of the abyss of misery?!

#### **Chapter 1830 - 348: Did I Hear It Wrong?**

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What Paul wanted to do now was exactly kick Eric into the abyss.

"What kind of woman do you want? I will find you the best one," Eric asked.

He had no interest in any other woman, he just wanted Nancy.

Damn it! Paul couldn't help cursing.

He seemed to fall into an infinite loop. He didn't love Nancy but wanted to possess her.

Why?

He asked himself.

He looked at the stupid woman who had a hand like a foot.

She stepped on Marcos' feet several times and even almost fell into Marcos' arms.

She must be on purpose!

Nancy was always obsessed with handsome men. Now, her eyes were glued to Marcos' good-looking face.

What a shame! How can that stupid woman attract that Marcos Garcia!?

Fury and confusion were full of Paul's eyes.

But thinking that after Marcos saw Nancy's true colors and how stupid she was, he must be disappointed, Paul was less angry. Sure enough, before the dancing was over, Nancy's stomach began to growl.

"Are you hungry?" Marcos bowed his head to ask her.

Nancy blushed and muttered, "I... didn't eat a lot today..."

After waking up, she had just eaten a potato salad and then came here and began to gamble. There's no chance for her to eat.

"You should have told me earlier," Marcos smiled brightly, took Nancy's hand, walked down the stage, and walked to the dining area.

Paul stood up from his seat and walked over.

He pushed a plate with roast lamb chops in front of Nancy, smiled evilly, "You must be hungry. Isn't this your favorite?"

Every time Nancy saw lamb chops, she would overeat on them regardless of her image.

As expected, Nancy swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

But immediately, she turned her face away.

"I don't want to eat lamb chops today!"

"Really?" Paul provoked her.

"The lamb chops are too big unless someone helps me pick the meat out."

Did I hear it wrong?!

Blue veins bulge on Paul's forehead immediately.

Marcos snapped his fingers, and a waiter came over at once.

"Pick the meat out of the lamb chops," Marcos ordered.

Nancy squinted her eyes with a sweet smile, "Thank you, Mr. Garcia."

"What else would you like to eat? How about roast beef?"

"Um! I like roast beef!"

The roast beef was cut into pieces and easy to eat so that Nancy would not be afraid of losing face in front of Marcos.

Paul understood what was in Nancy's mind. At this moment, he wanted to pour the plate of beef on her head.

Marcos's eyes didn't remove from Nancy for more than three seconds, and he even picked up several foods for her in person.



He's in a black suit and a pair of white gloves, extremely noble and elegant.

When he smiled, Nancy felt as warm as the sunshine in the Spring.

The man in front of her was so charming.

Suddenly, Paul patted her on the face with force.

"Hey, Woman! Your saliva is about to flow down. Come back!"

Until then, Nancy came to herself, finding that Marcos was handing over the plate to her, while she didn't take it over but was staring at his face.

That isn't very pleasant.

After so many years, her boy-crazy faults did not change a little bit.

Due to the fault, she had married Paul and reaped what she had sown.

However, after meeting gentle and considerable handsome men, she still lost her reason.

Fire blazed in Paul's eyes.

He picked up a fork, stabbed the beef on his plate hard.

They've just known each other for half an hour, which allows him to call her "Nancy" and be so intimate with her!?

The flames of fury in Paul's eyes were warning Marcos to stay away from Nancy.

However, Marcos took no notice of him nor cared about him.

They were in Huston and Marco's gambling yacht.

Again, Paul picked up a few knives and forks.

And then, Eric and Crystal could see an extremely incongruous picture:

Marcos was feeding Nancy with food gently. Nancy ate with a glow in her eyes while Paul was stabbing the steak with knives and forks.

The poor steak was soon stabbed into a dozen holes.

Seeing this scene, Eric laughed so happy that his eyes turned to a beautiful falcate shape.

On the contrary, Crystal looked absent-minded all night and wasn't in the mood to enjoy a good show.

"I'd like to wash my hands," Crystal stood up and said.

"Darling, escaping can not solve problems," Eric's cold voice sounded behind her, "you can only play for time for the last night!"

Eric had met all her requirements, he would catch her to the hospital tomorrow even if she wasn't willing to.

Crystal closed her eyes hard and strode away.

Wherever she went, Nathan's face kept lingering around in her mind.

When she took a bath, she would think of Nathan's favorite smell of the shampoo, though he seemed to like her body fragrance.

When she dressed, she would wonder how Nathan would like her to wear it.

When she ate, she would worry about the idiot Nathan's bad stomach, wondering whether he ate on time.

Even when seeing Nancy and Paul bickering, she would fantasize that the two were her and Nathan.

How could I carry Eric's baby in such a condition?

Ignoring Eric, Crystal strode forward.

Suddenly there were fireworks. Someone was setting off fireworks outside the gambling yacht.

She went upstairs to see the fireworks but unexpectedly heard Vic's voice. She stopped, wondering if she had heard it wrong.

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"Miss Smith," Vic greeted. Crystal frowned.

Sure enough, Vic was standing in front of the door of a private room, with two bodyguards behind him.

The bodyguards were wearing the familiar straight suits, with their hair neat and combed sleek.

It's self-evident that they were Nathan's men.

Crystal looked around, asked in surprise, "Why are you here?"

Relative to Crystal's surprise, Vic looked a lot calmer.

"What a coincidence. I accompany Master Davis to come and have fun and happen to see you and your friends here."

A bang sounded in Crystal's mind.

Is this just a coincidence? How could there be such a coincidence?

She didn't believe it.

He must be stalking me!

"Is he in there?!" Questioned Crystal.

"...Yes..." Vic answered.

Crystal knitted her brows, wondering if it was fate.

There were restrooms on the first floor, but she had walked while thinking nonsense and unconsciously arrived on the second floor and met Vic.

She turned around to leave. But on thinking of the chain bracelet in her hand, she still pushed the door in with hesitation.

Vic reached out to stop her but finally put down his hand.

### **Chapter 1831 - 349: Did He Throw The Watch Away?**

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Nathan had been in low spirits all day. The problems between them could only be solved by themselves.

The door was unlocked.

Being pushed gently, it opened.

As soon as the door opened, Crystal caught sight of a lonely figure sitting on the chair by the window.

"Master Davis, here comes Miss Smith," Vic reminded Nathan.

Nathan's figure trembled slightly, but he did not immediately turn back.

There were some empty wine bottles on the table, and the room was filled with the smell of alcohol.

Crystal knew that the wine was not enough to make him drunk.

The window in front of Nathan was a huge screen for the people on the first floor. But seeing from the window in the room, each move on the first-floor hall was clear. Crystal's heart sank.

"You are stalking me, aren't you?" She tried to make herself sound indifferent, "You promised to let me go but stalk me the next day?"

Vic gave a low hollow cough, "Miss Smith. I told you, this is a coincidence."

"How could it be a coincidence?"

Crystal did not believe it, no wonder she always felt a pair of eyes looking at her tonight.

The air around Nathan was as cold as ice. He stretched his hand, poured himself another glass of red wine as if he didn't see Crystal. "Nathan Davis, a man should put it down and go ahead."

"Don't you remember what you told me at the manor? It has just been one day, and you already can't stand it?"

Crystal did not want to get entangled with him anymore, and she wanted to cut everything off.

Crystal's original intention was to minimize the harm to him, but he stalked her like that, watching her be with Eric was the cruelest torment for him on the contrary.

"Miss Smith..." Vic coughed again, "you misunderstood Master Davis."

At this time, a woman's voice sounded behind.

"Is this the room?"

Crystal turned around.

A sexy woman in a "professional" uniform walked in.

She had seen such kinds of women when she went on board, Eric had especially introduced her to what service those "professional women" offered...

Seeing Crystal in the room, the woman was a little confused.

"Fuck off!" Nathan's low voice sounded.

Receiving the order, the woman turned around to leave.

Nathan's eyes kept fixing on the window, but there were as if another pair of eyes at the back of his head.

"Not you, another woman," he spoke in a cold and indifferent voice that Crystal had never heard.

The horrible aura given out from him was warning Crystal about the consequence of staying.

"Miss Smith, please leave," Vic hurried to say.

A boom roared in Crystal's brain instantly. Vic had thought that Crystal's appearance could solve the problem, but it seemed that he had underestimated his master's determination this time.

"Miss Smith, please leave. Young Master is in a fit of anger. No matter what misunderstandings you two have, I think now is not a good time to clear it up."

Vic hastened to invite Crystal out and closed the door without further delay, leaving the "professional woman" and Nathan inside. Crystal stood still at the door, stiff all over.

"Of course I'll leave, but there's a locator in this chain bracelet."

"Master Davis already threw the watch away. He won't be able to see your whereabouts anymore," said Vic.

Did he throw the watch away?

Crystal didn't believe her ears.

Vic had heard it from the servants in the manor. It seemed that this time, Nathan's determination was unshakable.

Crystal seized her wrist, pressing hard on the chain bracelet.

The chain bracelet didn't match her dress at all, but she remembered what Nathan had warned her:

"Never take it off!"

"You have to wear it every minute, every second!"

But ironically, the one who took it off first was Nathan himself.

"Besides, it's really a coincidence that you meet the Young Master here," Vic explained, "Mr. Garcia is one of his business partners. They used to be in a good relationship. So, after receiving an invitation from Mr. Garcia, I proposed to the Young Master to adjust his mood by attending the party."

So, is it indeed a coincidence?...

Vic showed Crystal the invitation card.

"Look, we received the invitation card a few days ago. If Miss Smith doesn't believe me, you can seek proof from Mr. Garcia."

In an instant, Crystal blushed with shame.

Do I misunderstand him?...

Indeed, there's no need for Nathan to stalk her and spy on her in such a sneaky way.

Moreover, if he didn't mean to put their past down, he would have shown up when seeing her be with Eric together.

But he hadn't, his attitude towards her was so cold, even he hadn't felt like taking a look at her.

Now, Crystal regretted that she had rushed into the room very much.

Nathan must have already put down everything, he threw the watch, came here to have fun, and even had a woman on a date ...

He's really going to let it go...

Crystal smiled bitterly.

It turned out that she was flattering herself... She felt tight in the chest. Even the air around her became thin.

So she walked out of the cabin to take a fresh breath on the deck.

The sea breeze was cold at night, and her dress could not keep her warm at all.

She hugged herself with folded arms, trembling and breathing out.

The night was really cold, but she did not want to go back to the cabin.

Upon looking at the sea in darkness, her eyes were empty, seeming like they were losing direction.

Is my choice right or wrong?

She didn't know, but maybe someday, when she recalled all the past, she would get the answer.

All of a sudden, a steady string of footsteps sounded behind her.

Step by step, the footsteps were approaching her.

Crystal was nervous. Her hands grasped the railing tightly.

A coat with a masculine smell was draped over her shoulders. The smell was like a basin of cold water, putting out the fire of expectation in her heart.

Eric whispered, "Darling, don't forget that we have to do the check-up tomorrow. You can't catch a cold."

A trace of mockery appeared at the corner of her lips.

Crystal Smith, what on earth are you looking forward to? She questioned herself.

Eric held her hands, finding her fingertips were as cold as ice.

"Don't get sick," he exhorted.

"Eric Bush, do you care about me or care that I can't do the check-up if I get sick?"

"Of course, I'm caring about my wife's health."

"Really? Then you must hide your regard so well that I can't see it at all..."

### **Chapter 1832 - 350: Did I Sleep Long?**

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Crystal shook her head, drew back her hands, and strode away.

After a few steps, she felt that she couldn't breathe, everything seemed to be rotating, and in the next second, she blacked out and fell on the ground.

The continuous fatigue and torments exhausted her, and she hadn't taken a good rest for a long time; thus, she finally couldn't stand it.

Crystal fell ill, seriously ill.

Her cheeks were abnormally red, her breathing also got more and more difficult. When she woke up in the morning, she found herself in Eric's villa.

Day already broke.

She jerked up, the servant who looked after her was dozing off and was alarmed by her.

"Mrs. Bush, what happened?" Asked the servant.

"Did I sleep long?" Crystal asked in a hoarse voice.

She was weak and powerless all over.

"You slept for two days and nights...."

Two days and nights? Shouldn't I had gone for a physical check-up yesterday? But I slept for so long...

"I'll call the young master."

The servant trotted out of the room.

Eric was just in the next room.

After they married, they never slept in the same room because Crystal hadn't allowed that before, but now it's because of Cupid's Arrow.

Eric couldn't have sex with her, and thus he had to keep his distance in fear that he could not be able to control himself.

The door was pushed open with a bang, Eric rushed in a while, putting on a shirt.

"What are you doing?" Asked Eric in anxiety.

"I've promised you to do the check-up. Let's go now."

Eric frowned, "How can you do it now!?"

"I'm fine. And I don't want to wait any longer. Carlos could not afford to wait, too. Send me to the hospital..." Right after she finished speaking, she gave out a few coughs.

Eric strode over, pressed Crystal down on the bed.

"There's no need to check to know that you're not healthy. Just lie down. We can wait until your recovery."

As he spoke, he noticed the love bites on Crystal again, making his face turn gloomy instantly.

That's why he hadn't stayed to look after her at night.

When the servant had changed pajamas for Crystal, he had seen those love bites and almost overturned the bed.

He had clearly guessed what would happen as long as Crystal returned to Nathan. He had thought that he had prepared for that, but he could hardly control himself when he saw the reality himself.

Eric pulled over the quilt to wrap her to avoid seeing the eyesores.

The blue veins on the back of his hands bulged.

"Don't move, lie down."

"No, I must do the check-up right now."

"We can do it anytime after your recovery."

"But... if it takes too much time for me to recover, it will delay the time to cure Luca's..."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to do the check-up and cure Carlos as soon as possible."

"Crystal, stop pretending," Eric's pupils were as dark as a bottomless hole, "do you think I can't see through your little trick?"

"What do you mean?" Crystal's lips went pale because of guilt.

"It's all your plot. To avoid the inspection, delay the time to do the IVF, you're playing the sympathy-getting ploy."

Crystal shook, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know, you know it well."

Eric suddenly straightened up, waved his arm, and swept the lamp at the bedside onto the ground.

He gripped his clothes with his arms crossed, walked heavily around the room, and even kicked down a chair, trying hard to suppress his temper.

Crystal seldom saw Eric being so irrational like that.

But quickly, Eric managed to calm down.

"I can excuse all your tricks. But I warn you, Crystal Smith, if you hurt yourself again, that's equal to forcing me to take actions that you won't hope for."

The room fell into a weird silence.

Crystal's face was as pale as a white paper, she closed her eyes to avoid Eric's sight.

The night before last, before attending the party, she had bathed in cold water for half an hour until she shivered all over with cold.

She hadn't expected her body to be so strong; otherwise, she would have bathed in iced water.

After she had met Nathan on the second floor of the yacht, she had also blown cold wind on the deck on purpose.

She had thought that if she got sick, Eric would cancel or at least delay the check-up for the sake of her illness.

So, she had intended to take a cold bath secretly every day so that her illness could not recover in a short time.

But unexpectedly, Eric saw everything through so quickly.

"When did you know that?"

After a long silence, Crystal finally asked in a soft voice.

Eric buttoned up his clothes coldly and asked in reply, "Does that matter?"

"Then what matters?"

"Your health matters the most."

Crystal licked her lips, did not speak.



In fact, Eric had become suspicious only when he saw Crystal blowing winds on the deck. He knew that Crystal kept thinking of bad ideas and that she wouldn't be at his mercy.

It's just that he had never expected that she would choose the stupidest way and hurt herself.

However, she was sick now, Eric could do nothing but forgive her.

Eric held back his anger and took a glass of water to her.

Being extremely thirsty, Crystal stretched out an arm to take it over.

"Hide your arm back in the quilt!"

Eric ordered with his harsh eyes staring at her arm.

"Don't let me see the dirty marks on you, otherwise...."

"Otherwise, what?" Crystal looked at him, raised the corner of her lips, "I don't know that Master Bush is so jealous and possessive. I thought you were big-minded."

Eric gave her a stony look.

Crystal looked up and down at him with strange eyes, "You knew that once you let me return to Nathan, we would..."

"Shut up!" Eric sternly warned, "I'm now in a very bad mood. Don't provoke me to anger any more!"

He had let her go back to Nathan, knowing that she would have to have sex with Nathan, and he had even given her pill calmly, but why did he so furious when seeing the love bites on her?

Crystal had no idea.

After feeding her with water, Eric touched her forehead to check her temperature. He had given Crystal the best antipyretic, so she's getting better.

"As long as you stop torturing yourself, your fever will go away in a few hours."

"What if it doesn't?"

"If you're so fond of torturing yourself," Eric went on before pausing, "I will torture the people you care about."

"Don't!" Crystal bit his lower lips, "I will be fine. Don't hurt him."

There's a voice echoing in her mind: accept the fate, Crystal Smith.. Carry Eric's baby, everything will be fine.