

## **Midnight III 361**

### **Chapter 1843 - 361: This Is For You**

However, Marcos remained cool and ignored him.

On the contrary, Nancy failed to stay calm.

"Paul Burnett, you're going too far. Do you think everyone in the world is as despicable and dirty as you?"

"Is sleeping with me equal to being despicable and dirty? That's a part of human nature," Paul stared at Nancy with erotic eyes, "if I'm not dirty, how could we have Clark?"

His sight was as if a hand stripping Nancy naked and stroking her.

Nancy blushed with shame at once.

"Paul Burnett, you!..."

"Nancy," Marcos said without emotion, "it's just a dog barking, just ignore it."

Before they came, Marcos had instructed her that if she quarreled with Paul, she would fall for Paul's trap.

He couldn't stop Paul from saying anything, but if Paul dared to touch the hair of his woman.

He squinted his eyes. A hint of cruelty flickered over his eyes.

If he took off the gloves, he would not be weaker than Paul.

Nancy shut her mouth and nodded, "I see."

Seeing Nancy be so obedient, Paul was irritated.

The intimate way Marcos called Nancy also made Paul uncomfortable.

"Nancy Carter," Paul continued provoking her. "I'm inquisitive whether he or I make you happier on the bed."

Nancy didn't even take notice of him.

For Paul, no response was the curliest torture. He would instead Nancy scold him, beat him, but could not stand her ignoring and coldness.

His fists hit the table hard, and the impulse to solve problems by force raised again.

"Whoever stirs the fight, get out, please," Eric reminded.

At this time, the servant brought out the jewelry Crystal had bought today upon Crystal's request.

"Happy Valentine's Day! This is for you, just open it," said Crystal.

"Wow! You've prepared presents for me?" Nancy's eyes glowed with excitement, but at once, she pouted, "But I forgot to prepare yours..."

"It's okay. The jewelry is in pairs. One for you and one for me."

Nancy opened the box and saw the beautiful shiny bracelets, necklaces, and earrings.

She picked up a bracelet, wore it on her slender wrist, and exclaimed, "How gorgeous it is... and it's even of the Brilliant brand! It must be costly, right?"

On hearing the brand name, "Brilliant," Eric froze at once.

He stared at Crystal with sharp eyes; great displeasure showed on his face.

Eric seldom touched Crystal's personal belongings. After Crystal had brought the jewelry home, he had just swept a glance at the bag, did not even take a closer look.

It wasn't until now did he know the jewelry was under Brilliant Group.

Nancy only knew that the "Brilliant" was an international luxury brand but had no idea that it belonged to Nathan.

Crystal had also not been well-considered enough when buying the jewelry. She should have bought in any store except for those under Brilliant Group.

Now she clearly felt the displeasure and fury from Eric's face.

"Take it off," Eric ordered coldly.

On finishing speaking, he seized Crystal's arms, dragged the bracelet down from her wrist with force, and threw it into the trash can.

"Darling, do you mean to satirize me on such a romantic holiday?" Eric questioned.

"I didn't mean that... I didn't think that much..." Crystal fiddled her clothes with fingers.

"Don't tell me you don't know that Nathan Davis owns brilliant."

She could have chosen other brands; why had she decided to buy the brand of Nathan Davis? Plus, it was the first time she had spent his money; it meant a lot to Eric.

Eric should not be blamed for getting angry.

The air in the dining room suddenly became grave.

Marcos couldn't help reminding Eric, "Mrs. Bush has just got pregnant, Eric, aren't you going to maintain your good-husband image?"

Eric curled his lips and clenched his fists.

"From now on, from clothes, bags, shoes, accessories to the articles of everyday use, you can only use and wear those of the exclusive brand under the Bush. I'll customize a brand for you, as for the name, you can discuss it with Nancy."

Crystal looked closer at him.

"You're not angry now, are you?"

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Nancy thawed the atmosphere, "That's wonderful! Crystal, you'll have your exclusive brand! Great!"

Marcos stared at Nancy, "Do you envy her?"

"Of course!"

Nancy answered without hesitation.

"I can build a brand for you, too."

As soon as Marcos finished talking, he pulled out his chair, stood up, and brought out a box from his pocket.

He turned Nancy's chair to face him and was about to kneel on one knee.

But suddenly, Paul kicked hard on Marcos' knee, forcing him to stand up.

Marcos ignored him, wanted to kneel on the other knee, but Paul kicked over again.

Even a gentleman like Marcos riled.

He caught the opportunity to kick Paul back.

The romantic proposal ceremony was turned into a battlefield.

"Eric, aren't you going to stop him?" Marcos couldn't help but ask.

No matter what Paul did to him, he tried to avoid but not counterattack since he did not want to ruin the party and his proposal night.

However, Paul didn't seem to intend to give up, even using fists and legs to harass him.

Eric frowned.

Because of the unpleasant episode of the bracelet, he was now in a bad mood. What Paul was doing was equal to asking to be a punching bag for Eric.

One to two, Paul was undoubtedly no opponent for them.

Soon, under the attacks of two sides, Paul was overpowered and pressed on the table.

"Paul Burnett, if you ruin the party tonight, I can't guarantee you can stay here anymore," Eric warned with serious eyes.

Nancy had her eyes wide open and did not understand why the three men fought without any reason.

All of a sudden, Marcos knelt on one knee, held her hand, and said, "Valentine's Day present."

Nancy was dumbfounded again.

Marcos opened the box; it turned out that there were five rings inside.

Nancy had seen four of them last time; the fifth one should have been made later.

"Do you like them?" Asked Marcos.

Nancy sat still and did not know how to react. Seeing the scene, Paul angrily pushed Eric away, who was stopping him, and tried to rush over to stop them.

However, it's too late. Marcos held Nancy's hand and proposed, "Marry me."

"Nancy Carter, how dare you!"

Paul roared in a loud voice.

As if not seeing him, Nancy's eyes kept fixing on Marcos.

It was the first real proposal in her life. The proposal Paul had made was too perfunctory; that time by Noah was fake.

How about this time? Is it true?

Marcos was like a prince who walked out from the fairy tales, no matter his appearance, personality, or figure, all fulfilled her fantasies about the man of her dreams.

She had to admit that she was almost drowning in his tenderness.

However, she was no longer an 18-year old girl.

#### **Chapter 1844 - 362: Even His Son Didn't Want Him**

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Nancy's eyes dimmed, she shook her head, "No, I can't marry you."

Her words took a load off Paul's mind.

Right! You're not qualified to marry anyone, Paul hummed.

"I have been tarnished by Paul Burnett. I'm not a good match for Mr. Garcia."

What is this damn woman talking in her mind!?

Paul was satisfied with her refusal but could not accept the reason.

"And, Mr. Garcia, you know that I was divorced and even had a 4-year-old child...." Nancy smiled bitterly.

Marcos gazed at her with affection, "What if I say I don't mind all of your past?"

"Why?"

"To love someone is to like not only her merits but also her demerits," when he spoke, he was still on his knees, "Nancy, I like and accept everything about you."

"Hypocrisy!" Paul snorted.

"Nancy, marry me." There's only Nancy in Marcos' eyes.

"But..." Nancy fiddled with her fingers.

She was not affected, but she was frightened by men and marriage after being hurt by a failed marriage.

It's too abrupt for her to enter into another marriage so quickly.

She was not prepared. Besides, the happiness was so sudden and unreal, making her feel unsettled.

"What are you hesitating about?"

"We... we've known each other for only a short time."

"We met a long time ago," Marcos said with determination, "it's just a pity that I remember you while you already forgot me."

"I'm a straightforward person, I like you now, and I'll like you forever," his eyes were clear and steady, "and don't worry, your son will be my son."

"Nancy, let me ask you again. Will you marry me?"

Marcos asked seriously and nervously.

"You stupid woman, think it out before you answer!" Paul interrupted.

"I..." Nancy stuttered.

"You're nothing; no man will like you. It's just a show if you take it seriously, you lose," Paul's ghost-like voice floated over.

"Mr. Garcia, I..."

"If you marry him, you'll ruin him. For God's sake, don't harm others anymore," Paul chipped in again.

Nancy finally could not stand Paul; she turned back and shouted at him, "Shut up!"

"Shut up!" Of one accord, Marcos also scolded with impatience.

The two parties and even Crystal also wanted to seal Paul's mouth with tape.

Paul's face turned gloomy instantly. He stared hard at Nancy.

"Nancy, say yes?" Marcos pressed about her.

Nancy took a deep breath, turned to look at Crystal for help.

"I can't help you with this. But no matter what decision you make, you have to think about the consequences. And, you should know that I'll support you no matter what," Crystal spoke.

"Thanks, Crystal."

Paul began to be anxious.

"You're so dead. Damn woman, what do you mean?!"

That was a prelude to saying "yes."

Again, Nancy gasped hard and looked into Marcos' eyes.

"Mr. Garcia, you've been really nice to me these days. No man is as thoughtful as you are to me."

"Nancy Carter!!" Roared Paul.

Her words were like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky for Paul.

"I feel very comfortable around you. Even If I'm silly, stupid, you would not detest me. You always help me up when I fall; remind me when I do stupid things..."

"Nancy-Carter!!!" Paul shouted again.

"However, I'm not alone now. I have a son. I can't just think about myself, I have to think about my son, too. So, I need time to think about it."

"Nancy Carter!!!" Paul cracked his knuckles.

Is there a need to think about that? You should reject it at once! Paul roasted in mind.

"How long do you need? I'll give you enough time," said Marcos.

Crystal also agreed with Nancy. After all, Marco's appearance was bizarre.

Why did he treat Nancy so well? She believed that there must be some secret or even trick in it.

After a while of hesitation, Nancy replied, "I want to ask about Clark's opinion, can I?"

Paul did not know they had picked Clark back; he thought Clark was still in Nathan's hand.

"Fine," Marcos nodded, "I'll take you to him now."

"No! We can't see him now."

"We can talk on the phone."

Eric chuckled, "It seems that you can not wait anymore."

Nancy turned to Crystal again to ask for her advice.

Crystal hesitated for a moment and said, "Just make the call. But you only can take Clark's opinion for reference. Most importantly, you have to follow your heart. Nancy, you have to learn to make your own decisions."

Nancy nodded and picked up the phone.

"Didn't you say Clark is in Nathan's hand?" Paul squinted his eyes and doubted.

"Yes, he is. But that doesn't stop him from receiving calls," Crystal explained cleverly, "do you think everyone is as sadistic as you?"

These days Nancy had often called Clark. "Nancy Carter, turn on the speakerphone. I'd like to hear what the lad will say." Paul narrowed his eyes again.

Who would expect Clark to have the power to decide Nancy's marriage?

Damn! Paul somehow had a sense of foreboding.

As soon as getting through to Clark, Nancy turned on the speakerphone.

"Mommy, where are you? When will you pick Clark up? I miss you so much."

Receiving the call from his mother, Clark appeared to be very happy.

"Err... Clark, listen, I miss you too. But I'm calling you for a very important question."

"Is Mommy going to find a new daddy for me?"

New daddy? Paul flew into a rage.

This stupid woman must have mentioned it to Clark, or how would he know about the new daddy thing as soon as he picked up the phone!

"Baby, you're so smart!?" Nancy marveled, "Why do you know? I haven't said anything."

"Because Mommy has kept praising Marcos, you said he treats you very well..."

The foreboding in Paul's heart became stronger and stronger.

Didn't see Clark for a while, Paul found that his thinking and speaking became clearer.

Nancy took a quick look at Marcos.

Everyone in the dining room was listening to their conversation, making Nancy a little embarrassed.

Clark's naive voice sounded again, "So, will we drop daddy?"

"Err... you can say so... Will Clark be sad?"

"Yay!" To everyone's surprise, Clark shouted happily, "Mommy's finally going to change a daddy for me! I hate him the most..."

Paul knitted his brows hard; his heart seemed to be pricked by thousands of needles. All the sights in the dining room focused on him in an instant.

Sarcasm and sympathy were shown on everyone's face as if saying, "What a loser, even his son didn't want him..."

"Mommy, change Daddy!" Clark said excitedly, "Change him, change him!"

Failing to bear any longer, Paul gave out an angry roar, "Clark! You're so dead!"

As quick as a cheetah, he rushed over, aiming to rob Nancy's cell phone.

Fortunately, Marcos was agile. He stopped Paul in time.

"Mommy...? I seem to hear Daddy's voice?"

Clark muttered in a weak and timid voice.

Marcos was covering Paul's mouth, and he could not utter exact words.

Nancy scratched her head.

"You heard it wrong, baby. So, you agreed to have a new daddy?"

"Yes! I want a new daddy. Mommy, buy me a new daddy!"

"We can't buy a daddy... So, is it okay for you to have Uncle Garcia be your new daddy?"

"As long as I don't have the daddy I have now...."

That was to say, he didn't care who his new father would be, as long as not Paul.

Paul bit hard on Marcos's palm when he struggled, making it bleed.

### **Chapter 1845 - 363: Give Me An Exact Time**

8-10 minutes

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Marcos frowned slightly and had to loosen his hand.

Nancy hung up the phone timely and finally let out a sigh of relief.

Paul got rid of Marcos, flew at Nancy, and snatched the phone in her hand away. He had to teach the lad a lesson.

"Paul Burnett, you know why... Why does Clark hate you? You... always frighten him, threaten him! You're... not qualified... to be a father!" Nancy panted and said while jumping up to snatch the phone.

Paul stopped suddenly. Nancy's words stabbed into Paul's heart like a knife.

Nancy rebuked him, "Did you just hear your son's mind? He wants anyone to be his father except for you."

"I heard it!" Paul yelled, "You don't need to remind me again and again!"

"Then can't you take a good look at what you did wrong?"

"What did I do wrong?" He hummed coldly, pointed at Nancy's nose, "You climb on the men's bed like a rutting bitch. Do you think you're a good mother? Stupid! Slutty! Shameless!"

Every time he said a word, he took one step forward with his finger still prodding at Nancy's nose, forcing Nancy to step back.

"And, your stupid, son..."

At this moment, Marcos held Nancy's waist, squinted his eyes coldly, and said, "Mr. Burnett, I respect and tolerate you because you're Nancy's ex-husband; and I manage to have peace with you for the sake of Eric. But, if you dare to touch Nancy again, don't blame me for being impolite."

The two men's eyes gave out sparks as if the collision of thunder and electricity.

"Paul, I think you're forcing the silly woman to make the decision," Eric said leisurely, "what you're doing is equal to pushing her into the hands of Marcos."

Eric's words were like cold water pouring at Paul, waking him up at once.

Paul was not stupid. He knew he was doing wrong. But when he's irritated, he just can't keep his head cool.

Accusing Nancy was no different from pushing her to Marcos' arms.

"Paul Burnett, it's my business whether to marry Mr. Garcia or not," Nancy was firm in attitude, "I don't understand what standpoint you're from to play God in my life?"

"Whether I marry or not, whoever I will marry and whether I'm slutty or not, you have no right to meddle in or finger-point me!"

Paul's heart was aching very much. He could not breathe, seeming to be suffocated in the next moment.

His lips trembled, and his hand reached for Nancy, dying to hold her in his arms.

However, Marcos quickly stood in front of Nancy to guard her...

Nancy also avoided him as if he had been a beast.

The glow in Paul's eyes wholly disappeared.

"Nancy Carter, for Clark's sake, I'd like to give you advice."

Nancy stared at him stubbornly, "Great! Just shoot! And leave after you finish. Though I'm not necessarily listening to you."

"How long have you known him? Do you even know who he is?"

"Do you know where his real home is? Has he shown you to his parents? And do his parents accept you?"

"No?" Paul puffed up with triumph, "He's a liar!"

"Yes," Nancy glared at him, "I should have considered these when I married you, in that case, I could have seen through your true colors earlier."

Instantly, Paul was stiff and speechless.

"Am I wrong? Did you do even one of those you said?"

Paul's face turned gloomier and gloomier.

"You didn't even make a decent proposal... and you're not as gentle and considerate as Mr. Garcia."

That's the truth.

Nancy goggled at him, "I even married such rubbish like you, after experiencing those pathetic days, what else should I be afraid of anymore?"

"Nancy Carter!" Paul scolded.

"Paul Burnett!" Nancy roared his name more loudly, "I always wanted to tell you something," she added.

"Shoot!" Paul answered with anticipation in his eyes.

"I'm not deaf, I can hear you always have to shout..."

Nancy's words amused Crystal; she did not mean to laugh, though.

Even Marcos also couldn't help a suppressed giggle.

On the contrary, Nancy looked stern, "I hate those who speak as noisy as thunder."

The others in the dining room nodded to show agreement.

At this moment, Paul's face was as pale as a dead man's.

He was used to being a superior and powerful king who gave up the noble identity in Kuerto and chased Nancy to Huston.

Everyday living in Huston was like self- persecution, despised by Crystal, satirized by Eric, ignored by Marcos, and disdained by Nancy.

Why the hell do I have to torture myself? If I want women, it's just a piece of cake for me to have the prettiest women in Kuerto; if I want a child, they scramble to climb onto my bed to give birth to one for me... he thought.

Indeed, if he had a backbone, he could just return to his country. It's not necessary to stay here to suffer wrong...

However, his feet seemed to be nailed to the ground, unable to move a step because he knew that Nancy would entirely belong to others as long as he left.

"So? Just admit it! You're fucking wanting to marry him. Don't make those fucking excuses!"

Nancy was disappointed. Even at this time, he did not reflect on himself but kept finding the faults of others.

"If you want to marry him, I won't stop you, but don't pretend to be noble. You're just a bitch!"

"Hey, you, love rat, you're going too far. How can you scold Nancy as a bitch?" Crystal hated this word the most, so she could not help but chip in.

"Don't think Nancy was still the helpless and weak girl who's at your beck and call. Do you want to bully her? Ask my fists first!"

Paul sneered and took a dismissive glance at Crystal.

Her fists? Paul could crush her hand bones only with a little force.

"Crystal Smith, I still have an account to settle with you! Thanks to you, Nancy Carter has become a shrew."

"You're unreasonable!" Crystal condemned.

It gave Crystal a headache every time she saw Paul, she wished to stuff him into a cannon, fired it, and launched him back to Kuerto right now.

It's just that Eric did not give him up yet, living in the hope that there's still a possibility for him and Nancy to reconcile with each other. Otherwise, she couldn't have allowed him to stay, walking around and making noise in the villa every day.

"Mr. Garcia, I'm sorry to let you see this," Nancy muttered with sadness, "from the first day we met, I've always been a joke."

She felt embarrassed and ashamed of herself in front of Marcos.

She had never expected he would be willing to marry her, not to mention entertained an extravagant hope of marrying him....

Marcos looked into her eyes, with gentleness and affection, "Just right. My world needs jokes and joy, as well as you."

Beneath the gentle, there's also faint cruelty at the bottom of his eyes.

If not for fear of scaring Nancy, how could he have tolerated Paul to clamor and provoke Nancy and him again and again?

In an instant, Paul quieted down, fixed his eyes on Nancy without blinking.

Something pained him.

He didn't know since when his heart ached from time to time, which he had never suffered before.

He felt suffocated as if drowning in water but didn't know why.

"I haven't figured it out. Would you give me a little more time?" Nancy said softly.

"How long? Give me an exact time."

"Three days."

"Fine," Marcos stroked her hair, "I've waited for you for more than 20 years. Surely I can wait for another three days."

**Chapter 1846 - 364: Nathan Must Have Already Forgotten Me**

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"More than 20 years?" Nancy didn't understand.

"That is to say, I've been waiting to meet you since I was born," he gave Nancy a charming smile, "You're in a cold sweat, am I so horrible?"

Nancy shook her head, "No..."

"I don't want to be someone you're afraid of," he kissed on the back of Nancy's hand, "I just want to be a big tree, to provide shade and shelter for you."

Nancy lowered her head in a panic, dared not look at him.

That's so unreal, and such dreamlike happiness would catch everyone unprepared, especially someone a boy crazy like Nancy.

Marcos was like a noble prince; no woman could resist his charm and tenderness.

However, Nancy would not know that Marcos's tenderness was exclusive to her.

After hearing the result, the pain in Paul's heart was finally reduced.

He sighed in relief, turned around, and walked to the balcony with depression.

Nancy took a deep breath and blew, then ran to Crystal and whispered with her head on Crystal's shoulder, "Crystal, what should I do?"

Crystal chuckled, "You're excellent; it's not surprising that there are men who like you."

"But... I feel so surprised..."

"He's been so nice to you these days. You should have known his heart."

"I thought it was for you and Master Bush's sake," Nancy buried her head in Crystal's neck, "didn't you say that you'd help me out? And Mr. Garcia is a friend of Master Bush, so..."

"You're stupid sometimes..." Crystal sighed.

"Yes, I am stupid, I'm the stupidest. So, just help me out, tell me what to do." Nancy swung Crystal's arm to beg her.

"How do you feel about him?"

"I've never thought about it. I'm afraid of starting a new relationship," Nancy confessed, "I've never thought of getting married again."

"Then think about it from now on," Crystal smoothed back Nancy's hair and went on, "I know what you're afraid of a lot of things. I'll help you see his sincerity. Don't worry; I'm always with you; no one can bully you again."

"Crystal, it's so nice of you..." Nancy acted coquettishly, rubbing against Crystal's arm with her face.

It seemed that Nancy would always be a little girl and could never make decisions herself.

In these three days, Nancy would live in Eric's villa for the convenience of the two women to exchange ideas anytime.

Marriage is a significant event in a woman's life; Crystal would not let Nancy meet another scumbag this time.

In the evening, when Crystal was going to get ready to rest, the cell phone next to the pillow vibrated.

No one knew the number of this cell phone except for Nancy... and the jewelry store...

Crystal picked up the phone.

"Sorry to bother you so late, Miss Smith. We've got in touch with the designer of the watch, and he said he could fix it for you. But there's a small problem, and the designer wants to confirm with you face to face. Could you come over, please?" The caller said.

"Confirm what? I know nothing about watches."

"I don't know, either. The designer told me to inform you of this."

Crystal took a look at the clock. It's almost 10 o'clock.

Eric had said that sleeping earlier was good for the baby, so the party had ended at around 9 o'clock.

"It's a little late now. Does it have to be tonight?"

"In fact, he's going to go abroad for a business trip tomorrow; he plans to fix it tonight. He's the only designer we've found in Brilliant Group who can fix your watch. If we miss the chance, I'm afraid..."

"Tell me the address. I'll set off now."

"That's great. I'll send you the address by message. Please hurry... and be careful."

Although Crystal had doubts about the call but eagerly looked forward to repairing the watch, she had to seize the chance.

It was a specially-made watch, and general designers were not able to deal with it.

However, Eric would certainly stop her from going out and ask her why or request to go with her.

He had been so sensitive when he heard the brand "Brilliant"; if he knew that she was going out to repair Nathan's watch, he would be furious.

He would not only not let her go but would also probably destroy the watch. Crystal rolled her eyes and came up with an idea.

Nancy lived on the first floor; she could secretly escape from the first floor's window!

So, she told the servant that she was going to sleep with Nancy tonight.

Paul was sitting by the window and spending his night in solitary drinking. His long legs hung on the edge of the window, and his eyes kept staring at the lights of a window.

The curtains of that window were suddenly pulled open.

Nancy opened the window.

"Crystal, you're pregnant, it's dangerous to go alone. I'm going with you!"

"Just stay, I'll be back soon," Crystal refused.

"No! I'm going with you. We can take care of each other in case of accidents." Finally, Crystal agreed.

Paul watched the two women sneak out through the window at midnight, and Nancy even wrapped her head in a scarf as if a thief.

Crystal was also amused by her look, "What are you doing?"

"Well, I'm a celebrity now, of course, I have to hide so as not to get found."

"It's late at night; no one can recognize you... You now look more suspicious."

"You're right."

At the gate of the villa, Crystal made up an excuse, and the guard opened the door for them without doubting them.

Fortunately, Eric never restricted her freedom. She always had free access to getting in and out.

Perhaps because he had Carlos in his hand or because he knew that imprisoning Crystal would only raise her rebellion and resistance.

The two women ran out of the neighborhood and caught a taxi smoothly.

The destination was a shallow lake.

The soft light of the European-palace style lamps reflected in the clear lake even at night, the soft sand and swimming fish could be seen in the water.

"It's gorgeous and high-end here."

"Are you Miss Smith?" A man who looked like a steward came over when Crystal was paying for the taxi.

"I am," Crystal answered.

"I'm the chief steward here. The young master asked me to pick you up. Please follow me in. Forgive my asking, this is...?"

The steward gestured towards Nancy.

"I'm her friend," Nancy replied before Crystal.

"I'm sorry, our young master can only meet one guest. I'm afraid that you could go no further."

"Why? We came together, I..." Nancy pouted.

"Young master is eccentric; he doesn't like to meet strangers."

"But... Crystal is also a stranger, and she is also afraid to see strangers!"

Crystal hadn't expected Nancy to be so brave.

"Forget it, Nancy, wait for me in the car," Crystal leaned over to whisper in Nancy's ears, "If I don't come out after half an hour, call me; if I don't answer the phone, call Eric to send people to find me."

Nancy thought it over.

Crystal is right. I can't help even if I go in with her. It'd be better for me to stay outside to be her backup.

"Okay. Be careful. I'll call you after a while."

After arriving here, Crystal somehow felt uneasy and flustered. The luxury style of the villa was very familiar.

Besides, asking her to have a meeting late at night was also suspicious.

Today's Valentine's Day, will it...?

The idea flashed in her mind, but she got rid herself of it at once.

How is it possible.... Nathan must have already forgotten me.

#### **Chapter 1847 - 365: My Hunch Is Right**

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A man was sitting with his legs crossing on the dark blue leather sofa, silent and noble in the living room.

Crystal stood at the door, only by seeing him at a glance did she want to run away. However, her feet were like a tree with deep roots, so steady and heavy that she could not move it a little.

Every night, the man she saw in her dream was now sitting in front of her. The man put out the cigarette and said casually, "Miss Smith, here you are."

The voice was like thunder, which immediately woke Crystal up.

She jerked around to leave...

"Miss Smith, don't you want your watch back?" Nathan's cold voice sounded again.

It's him! Sure enough! It's him! My hunch is right!

Has he known about the watch? Why does he lure me here?

Countless doubts filled her brain in an instant.

Crystal stopped.

She knew that if Nathan did not let her go, she would be unable to leave here. Whatever she did would only be useless.

In this case, it's better to give up struggling and see what tricks Nathan was going to play this time.

The steward caught up with her, "Miss Smith, why are you running? The young master is waiting for you."

Crystal's brain was blank, and her face was pale.

She turned around and talked herself into following the steward. She had no option, after all.

Nathan was sitting still on the sofa, calm and relaxed, and did not intend to chase her at all.

"Sit down."

His voice was with no emotion; his eyes were full of overbearing.

"I wonder, why is Mr. Davis here?" Crystal put on a boldface.

"What a coincidence, I'm the designer of this watch," Nathan played with the thing in his hand and said.

"Only I can fix it," he added.

Crystal kept calm, smiled with sarcasm, "Oh? Really? Didn't you send your men to stalk me, then find me fixing the watch and misunderstanding something?"

Nathan's eyes dimmed in an instant.

"Seems that I'm right, you misunderstand." The satire on Crystal's face became stronger.

"I'm sorry for the misunderstanding between us, Master Davis."

There's an invincible spirit in Nathan's eyes.

He mocked, "Miss Smith, you always like to flatter yourself, why do you always imagine that I stalk you? You're not only suitable for acting but also directing."

"If you didn't stalk me, why would the watch fall in your hand? Don't tell me it's a coincidence again!"

That time we met on the gambling yacht was an accident, and so is this time?

"The watch is my exclusive design. You sent it to my store, isn't it a sure thing that it finally fell in my hand? It's not for sale, after all. Did I make myself clear? Miss Smith."

Crystal nodded, "That makes sense. I just want to state my position. I don't wish the misunderstanding between us to continue.

Nathan smiled, exceedingly charming.

Does she hurry to disassociate herself?...

"I heard that the watch is significant to you," Nathan launched the attack.

"I did not say that. The salesgirl must have misunderstood my words," denied Crystal.

"Really?" Nathan queried, then knocked on the armrest of the sofa.

Two bodyguards brought the salesgirl into the hall.

What the heck is this? Interrogation? Crystal roasted.

If they illuminated her with a light and forced her to kneel, that's precisely an interrogation.

Crystal walked up to the salesgirl, looked her into her eyes. "Think it all out. I remember I only said that the watch meant a lot to me."

The salesgirl stole a glance at Nathan, then at Crystal.

Finally, she nodded in panic, "Yes, that's what you said."

Nathan raised the corner of his mouth. "Well, I'd like to hear what it means to you."

"I just accidentally pressed the button and played your recording." Crystal panicked and made up an unconvincing excuse.

"So, you accidentally listened to it 101 times?" Nathan obviously didn't buy it.

Even Crystal didn't notice that she had heard it 101 times.

Crystal didn't count it. All she knew was that she had listened for a long time without thinking.

Crystal looked unimpressed. "I picked it up by accident when I took it down. By the time I found it, I had put it on many times."

"That's a lousy excuse. Can you come up with something better?"

"What do you mean better?" Crystal opened her eyes wide. "I see. You just want to hear me say that I can't help listening to the tape because I miss you."

"Do you miss me then?" he asked in his cold voice.

"Yes, I do."

Nathan's heart started throbbing. Crystal then said, "Once I look in the mirror now, I'll think of you and what you did to me that night."

Nathan's breath was cold, and he reached out to touch her bangs.

Crystal turned her face away.

"Didn't you know that I hate you? If I hate you, how can I not think of you?"

Nathan's heart broke as he listened to her cold words.

"I've been dreaming about when you'll come after me again and take me back. I wonder if you regret it again." Crystal smiled wryly. "The more I thought about it, the more afraid I became, and now my worst fear has worked."

Crystal was terrified, her body twitching slightly.

She did have nightmares every day, waking up every night and sweating profusely. She dreamed that Nathan was cruel to her and himself or that something had happened to him.

Nathan's heart was in sudden pain.

"Crystal, I want you to tell the truth." His voice was cold as ever.

"That's the truth. I know you just want a reason to get me back! And now I haven't given you that reason. Do I piss you off? "

Nathan grabbed her by the wrist.

"I suppose you had accidentally touched the mechanism and seen the secret inside. But why do you wear my ring when you are married?"

Crystal didn't answer him.

"In memory?" Not loud, but powerful enough, he said, "In memory of our parting?"

"No, on the contrary. I do it so I can always remember it."

"Didn't you put the hot scar on my forehead just to remind me of you when I looked in the mirror? It's the same with this ring. It reminds me of what I've been through with you." Crystal smiled sadly.

"Looking at it, I think of how happy I am now, and I will cherish my happiness."

Crystal said, holding out her right hand. On her ring finger was the wedding ring Eric had given her.

"My left hand is wearing a sad ring because of you, and my right hand is wearing a happy ring because of Eric."

Nathan's heart ached more and more.

His face, however, was blank and frosty.

Crystal felt the same way.

"You taught me that." She tried to look at him firmly. "For me, one is pain, and the other is happiness. When I compare them, I appreciate what I have more."

Her words cut like a sharp knife into Nathan's heart, tearing him to pieces.

So he was desperate to come to her just to get her to stab him again?

"Is that explanation satisfactory to you?" Crystal's cold voice echoed in the hall. "If you're satisfied, can you let me go right away? My husband is still waiting for me at home."

She said it on purpose to irritate him.

Apparently, Nathan's bloodshot eyes showed that he was irritated.

**Chapter 1848 - 366: I've Lost Weight**

---

Crystal pulled away from his hand hard and turned to leave.

He instantly retrieved her body, and she hit him hard on the chest.

Nathan held her tightly, his last icy line collapsed.

"Don't go. Don't leave me." He said.

This man, who had just been proud and arrogant, was momentarily weak again.

Crystal was not feeling any better, and her heart was trembling.

"I miss you so much. I've been thinking about you, Crystal, every minute of the day. My life was dull and sad. I function every day, but I'm dying inside," His voice, with the hot air, blew in her ear.

Crystal felt as if her heart was in his mouth, melting away.

She tried to assert her voice. "Didn't you say you were going to forget me?"

"I can't forget you. I've tried, but I can't."

"Didn't you find a date on the gambling boat the other day?"

"When you turned away, I let her go."

"Didn't you say you'd be happier than me?" Crystal's mind was blank.

"Crystal, only you can give me happiness!"

The salesgirl watched the dramatic scene. She did not expect that the two people who had been indifferent to each other one second before had now become passionate lovers.

"Let me go! Don't make me despise you, Nathan, you coward!" Crystal struggled.

The harder she struggled, the tighter her clasped hands tightened.

Nathan's deep eyes flickered with a faint smile. Right! He was a coward. He lost again. Whenever he met Crystal, he would lose his strength.

"You said you'd let me go!" "Crystal cried. "Are you really going to kill me?"

"You care about me." He asked bravely.

"You are flattering yourself!"

"If you didn't care about me, you wouldn't be sad when I stabbed myself; You won't give me the last three happy days. You won't listen to the recording of the watch, and you won't wear the ring I gave you." He took her hand, convincing her, convincing himself. "Crystal, you can't hide it from me. I know you care!"

Crystal stared at him, then shook her head and smiled. "What's the point of all this now? Why didn't you think of it then?"

He was greedy and didn't think she loved him enough.

"Nathan, I admit I cared about you before, but after what you've done to me, I hate you so much. You made me hate you." Crystal closed her eyes. "I don't just hate you now. I'm afraid of you. Please, please let me go."

"I will pay you back all the pain I gave you." He took her chin. "You can torture me all you want as long as you don't leave me. I'll do whatever you say."

It was just too late. If he had said so on that day, she might have believed him without hesitation and told her troubles.

Now, they couldn't go back.

"Okay, now let go of me and give me the watch."

Nathan moved slightly.

"Don't you listen to me? Give me the watch!"

Nathan said to the bodyguard in a cold voice. "Get it!"

The bodyguard quickly brought the watch over on the coffee table.

Crystal took it in her hand. It was fixed and running smoothly.

They happened to be standing not far from the window, which was open.

Crystal waved and threw the watch.

"It was the watch that caused the misunderstanding, for which I formally apologize to you." Crystal took a big breath and pushed back her ring. "I did the wrong thing to give you the illusion you shouldn't have. I'm going to end it now!"

He held her little hand tightly and wrapped her hand in his palm.

Nathan hugged her so passionately.

"It's okay that you threw it. I can do it for you again."

Crystal looked at him in slight shock. "I know you're mad at me." His deep voice murmured, "I did it wrong. I was wrong."

For some reason, Crystal thought of Nathan's letters in her mailbox as she heard him say he was wrong.

Her heart was as sick as a thousand hands scratching it.

Nathan tugged her body to face him. "Don't you see?"

Crystal didn't know what he was talking about.

"I've lost weight."

"What?"

"I lost weight because I missed you." He had never thought of her that way.

She had left him before, and he knew that one day she would return to him and that if he did not let her go, he would search her, and she would not escape.

But this time, it was different. He was in the same place as her, but he was helpless. He could only think of her wildly.

Crystal looked at him coldly.

"Nathan, listen to me. After I have said this, you will immediately take back all that you have said."

Nathan took her hand. "I won't."

Crystal took a deep breath and said, "I'm pregnant."

Nathan's eyes suddenly changed.

"Of course, I'm not carrying your baby." She felt as if the bones of her hands were about to be crushed.

Suffering the pain, she went on. "Yes, it's Eric's."

"How did you have his baby after you ate Cupid's Arrow pill?" Nathan sneered, "Crystal, can you think clearly before you lie?"

"It's an artificial conception."

Crystal heard her fingers rattle, and she frowned in pain.

"I had artificial insemination about a week ago. I found out this morning that I was pregnant."

"A week ago, we had sex for a few nights on the manor, too," Nathan growled indignantly. "How do you know the baby isn't mine?"

"Because I took birth control pills after I left you."

Nathan just stared at her strangely, as if to explore the truth of her words.

"If you don't believe me, you can call a doctor to test me immediately." Crystal smiled gratuitously. "Of course, it doesn't matter if you kill my child in your anger now. I can make a new one with Eric when I go back."

Every cruel and heartless word she uttered was a bloody whip to Nathan.

"By the way, you know that the way to crack Cupid's Arrow is to have a baby. After the first child, the medicine goes away."

Crystal reached out and lovingly stroked his face. "Which means that your plan failed. I can have other men besides you."

Her words struck him harder and harder like a whip.

Nathan's tall figure quivered a little, his face gradually returning to cruelty and coldness.

"I'm not going back to you because I'm pregnant with Eric's baby. I want to live my happy life, and you can't stop me unless you kill me. Nathan, kill me if you can."

He slowly put down Crystal's little hand.

When he took two steps back and was about to turn away, his arm gave a slap. Crystal received a heavy slap in the face.

Her body immediately bumped to the ground, blood flowed from the corners of her mouth, and she felt her teeth tremble.

Nathan stood silent, staring at her. "I must have been crazy to let you trample me like this." He said.

Crystal lowered her eyelids, and she didn't know how brave she was to say that in front of him.

The ringing phone cut through the eerie silence.

Crystal's eyelashes quivered, and she knew it was Nancy calling.

She fumbled to take out her phone, and before she could answer, Nathan grabbed her arm.

"What do you do?" Crystal struggled. "Let me go!"

"Didn't you say you were pregnant?" Nathan tugged her relentlessly in the direction of the bathroom.

Crystal stumbled, the pain still burning in her cheeks.

#### **Chapter 1849 - 367: Are You Satisfied?**

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Vic came in from the outside and was quite surprised to see this scene.

He had expected Nathan's return to make up with Crystal.

Crystal was thrown into the bathroom, and her body crashed against the cold porcelain wall.

Nathan hadn't given up yet, even though she had made it so clearly.

He picked up a birdbath and jabbed it into her hand. "Pee."

Crystal held the basin. "Do you want to check, and then you give up and let me go?"

"Now!"

He tugged at her trousers.

Crystal went out today wearing suspenders, and Nathan took off her coat and stripped off her pants.

His action was rude, and he played Crystal, watching his face close to hers. Her lips trembled. In fact, she wanted very much to hug and kiss him.

As soon as she saw him, she saw how haggard he was and how much he had lost.

The thick dark circles under his eyes showed that he had not slept well for days.

But Crystal told herself that even dr\*g addicts had the hardest time at first.

They wouldn't be able to resist from the beginning.

But over time, they could gradually forget the feeling of addiction and become less painful.

Nathan was in that state of losing himself right now, and he needed time to heal. Crystal had expected him to come back.

Nathan frantically pulled down her pants and pushed her down.

Nathan opened the cabinet and grabbed a handful of pregnancy tests.

He tried the first one, which showed double lines.

Obviously, Nathan had done homework before knowing what double lines meant.

His hand froze, tore down the second bag. Then he tried a third and a fourth.

More than a dozen pregnancy tests were put into the urine, and the result was that she became pregnant.

Crystal was cold, holding her trousers stiffly in one hand, not daring to move.

Nathan crouched there, doing the test mechanically and repeatedly.

He made Crystal feel a sudden sore nose and almost burst into tears.

Finally, the last one was tested.

Nathan clenched his fists and hung his head. Crystal couldn't see his face.

Crystal didn't have the strength to stand here facing him, leaning against the wall.

"You see the evidence. Are you satisfied?"

Nathan rose without a word and turned away.

Crystal's heart was in pain as she watched his lonely back.

Suddenly Nathan stopped at the bathroom counter and looked at himself in the mirror.

His face was thinner than ever, slightly dented, his hair unkempt, and he had made a special preparation to see her, wearing her favorite coat and the tie she had given him.

As for the gloves, he did not wear them for fear of losing them.

He looked at himself in the mirror and suddenly turned to look at Crystal.

She was well-nourished, with a plump, reddish face. She seemed to be having a good time these days.

Nathan gave a weird smile, then turned on the faucet and vigorously washed the hands that had accidentally splattered her urine.

Now everything in her made him sick.

It was as well to come back this time, to turn his mind completely off.

She already had Eric's baby in her tummy! That was good.

If he did not know this fact, maybe he would continue to miss her and hurt his body for her. Now he was completely free, and he would not waste half a second of his life worrying about her.

"Crystal, I am officially breaking up with you."

This time it was an official parting.

"I dumped you. I didn't want you anymore."

He wiped his hands with a towel, turned, and strode away.

This time, he walked out without looking back.

Crystal leaned against the wall and crouched slowly to the ground. She bit her lip tightly, one hand clutching the ring on the other, and tears welled up in her eyes,

She and Nathan weren't meant to be together. The relationship was completely wrong.

There was a noise of footsteps outside, and the door slammed shut. Nathan left.

Crystal stood up slowly and walked out of the bathroom. There was no one in the empty hall.

Even the butler here was taken away.

It seemed that Nathan was not even going to live in this house anymore.

In other words, Nathan would never appear in front of her again.

Crystal wanted to go out at once, and she was afraid of bumping into him. She stood at the window, watching from a distance as his car was ready to leave.

Fearing that he would turn around, Crystal shrank back into the window.

Suddenly, she found the restaurant opposite the window, decorated with a warm candlelight dinner.

Crystal could not help walking to the table. There were red roses everywhere, but there were a bunch of white camellias at the table. The candle was burning and was about to come to an end.

The food on the table was thoroughly cold, too, all Crystal's favorite food.

There was also a gift box in Nathan's seat.

He came back today to meet her because of the special occasion of Valentine's Day.

Crystal didn't dare touch it all. Her feet backed away.

She wanted it to remain as it was and become a dream.

Crystal turned sharply away, and Nathan's car was already gone.

She stood cold on the wooden bridge in the cold wind.

Her eyes fell on the shallow water of the lake, and she seemed to see something gleaming white in the soft sand.

Crystal's foot gave a sharp thud. Was that the watch?

No! It must be her imagination! It didn't even make sense, Crystal. Don't pick it up!

Don't pick it up. Don't!

She tried to stop herself, but her body couldn't.

By the time Crystal felt cold, she was already in the water.

Fortunately, the water was only knee-deep.

But when she came down, she had no idea that the soft sand of the lake might cave in, that the depths of some lakes were like swamps, and that her whole body might be swallowed up.

Besides, how could she enter the water on such a cold day when she was pregnant!

But Crystal didn't think of any of this. At that moment, her inner reason was overcome by emotion.

All she knew was that the watch recorded everything about her and Nathan.

The watch had taken so much of his fancy that she could not afford to throw it away.

So she did crazy things!

Crystal trudged through the bright light but found nothing.

Perhaps it was only the bright reflection of the light on the water that made her think it was a watch.

She smiled sadly. She should have thought she wasn't so strong as to see what had fallen into the lake.

But Crystal was not willing to go ashore now that she was in the water.

She looked in the direction of the window and estimated where her watch would fall.

Actually, the lake was not very big. The villa was built in the middle of the lake, where the bridges were illuminated on all four sides.

The light shone clear on the lake.

Even so, Crystal still couldn't find it.

She looked so hard that she did not know that a car had stopped on the road in the dark.

A man saw Crystal through the lowered window, slammed open the car door, and ran toward her, followed closely by the bodyguard.

"Crystal!"

A surly voice came from above her.

Crystal shuddered and looked up at the figure on the bridge, looking back at her.

Her whole body was trembling with cold, and her little face was white, with tears all over it.

## **Chapter 1850 - 368: Don't Push Me**

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Crystal seemed to see Nathan staring at her with an angry face in her bewilderment.

Her heart was beating wildly across her chest. She broke down and wanted to reach out and let him take her away.

Suddenly, she didn't want to take care of anything. She was not as strong as she thought.

She just wanted a man who loved her, and she loved. She wanted to be cared for, have a child, and live a simple life. But the next second, the figure turned into Eric.

He held down the handrail of the wooden bridge and jumped into the lake.

Splash! Splash!

Several bodyguards also jumped down one after another.

Eric quickly walked over to her, took off his suit jacket, and put it over her. He immediately picked her up and handed her to his bodyguard.

"Send her up!"

Crystal shivered. Her body was cold.

"What are you looking for, Crystal? What's so important that you come here in the middle of the night to get it? Can you tell me?"

Crystal trembled and said nothing.

"Just tell me, what do you want that I won't give you?"

Crystal remained silent.

"If you tell me, won't I help you find it?"

Eric's eyes were as dark as night.

Crystal's teeth were shaking, and she could not speak.

"What are you still doing? Send her up at once! Eric rubbed her cold hands, his eyes bloodthirsty as if he wanted to spew out man-eating monsters from his eyes.

Crystal had rarely seen Eric so angry.

She was angry with herself, too. Finally, she finished the show with Nathan, but she couldn't hold on immediately after he left.

She was a real loser.

She was just used to pretending to be strong and unimpeachable in the face of anyone.

And once she was alone, she was weak as a little girl waiting for a helping hand.

Nancy watched Crystal follow the butler up the wooden bridge and into the villa. She watched for a while, feeling cold on the night wind, and was about to wait in the taxi.

Suddenly, an arrogant silver sports car came in the dark.

"Squeak-"

The car braked only half a meter away from her.

Nancy almost thought it was going to hit her, and she freaked out.

Paul got out of the car coldly, with an air of aggressiveness.

Nancy was dumbfounded and didn't expect to see him here.

"What do you want!"

"Cut the crap!" Paul grabbed her by the collar. "You dead woman! How arrogant you have been to me these days; now that you are in my hands, I will get it all back. "

"Where are you taking me? Stop it! I'm going to find Crystal."

Nancy couldn't resist at all. She was bundled into the car immediately.

The sports car roared away and pulled up a hill.

A very beautiful sycamore tree was planted on the hill.

Standing here, one could see the whole city at night.

Paul braked hard again and nearly hit the sycamore tree.

Nancy screamed over her ears, her little face pale with fear.

"Where on earth are you taking me!" Nancy screamed.

"Don't you yell again!"

Paul's face turned dark. Nancy screamed as she struggled, revealing a shiny white waist and delicate white skin. Paul's lower abdomen felt hot and hardened.

He had been thinking about her for days, and his lust had been simmering for days. He slept all night dreaming about this stupid woman shaking her ass to seduce him.

"Go away! Don't touch me!" Nancy realized what Paul was going to do, and she rebelled violently.

Paul put his hand on Nancy and asked her fiercely, "Are you going to marry Marcos?"

He was going to take her tonight and not let her marry that hypocritical man.

But he wanted to know what was going through her mind.

Nancy hated the way he pushed her around.

She hated the instant slander of his mouth.

She hated the way he threatened her. "Let me go! If you make another move, I'll scream!"

"Go ahead and scream!" Paul stared at her angrily. "There's nobody here, and nobody can hear your scream."

"If you touch me again, I'll kill you!"

"Kill me?" Paul laughed. "You don't have the strength to tie up a chicken. Are you sure you can kill me?"

Paul pulled a dagger out of his boot.

"By the way, even if I gave you a knife, you would not dare to do it to me."

Not only did he carry a gun at all times, but he also took a knife at all times.

The hilt of the knife was thrust into her hand. He stroked her cheek and said with a cold smile, "There's no one here. You killed me, and nobody noticed."

Nancy was a little shocked.

"Kill me so you can have fun with other men."

"Don't push me. I can do it."

She had told herself never to have anything to do with the man who cheated on her. Even if she died, she didn't want to be involved with him again!

But now, he had caught her again.

Nancy pulled out the blade, and her grip began shaking with the cold light.

Paul pinched her chin and said defiantly and playfully, "Don't you dare? Or are you reluctant to kill me?"

Nancy was trembling.

"You'll never see Marcos again, Nancy. I'll take you back."

Bringing her back had become a nightmare in Nancy's mind.

He pulled down her pants and squeezed his c\*ck between her legs.

Her eyes widened as it burned her.

"You still have a chance. On the count of three seconds, you give up..."

Nancy pressed a knife to her chest.

She knew she could not beat him.

Paul's face changed. The red blood had quickly penetrated her white skin.

Paul's heart began to panic, watching the red blood slide down, her hands shaking and straining.

"Are you mad?" He quickly grabbed her by the wrist.

"I don't want you, even if I die," Nancy said with firm determination in her eyes. Paul's heart seemed to be pierced with a knife at that moment.

"Let go!" Paul held her wrist tightly, afraid that she would do something stupid.

The knife had gone in part and could not be knocked out at any time, and he was afraid that she would bleed if he pulled it out.

"No. I won't." Nancy clung to the knife. Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes.

"What the hell do you want me to do, Paul?"

Paul's eyes were blank, the veins on the back of his hand twitching furiously, afraid that if he strangled her too hard, the bones of her hand would break.

But if it were too light, she wouldn't let go of the knife.

"I won't touch you. Stop it!"

Paul slipped back into his pants and pulled on the chain. He lost all interest in being stirred by her like this.

Nancy shouted in silence. "Put on my pants, too."

He had no idea that she had become so strong.

Paul carefully moved her body, put her trousers on, but rubbed her blood down.

Frankly speaking, his heart ached badly, preferring Nancy's knife to stab him.

She was so weak. He didn't know she could survive.

"Nancy!?" Paul discovered her sight began to wander and tried to pat her cheek.

Nancy said in a daze, "I... I feel faint with blood..."

"You're getting dizzy now?"

She was only now beginning to be afraid. All this bleeding was her blood.

The thought of it made Nancy completely faint.

**Chapter 1851 - 369: Nathan, I'm Sorry**

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Inside the villa, doctors came in and out. Luckily, Eric sent Crystal into his car, and he gave her warm measures in time and kept her cold feet warm.

"Miss Smith and the baby are fine. But Miss Smith was cold and somewhat weak. As for her feet, it's taboo to touch cold water in this weather," replied the doctor. "You'd better help her now, help her to activate her blood lest she might fall off rheumatism when she is older.

Eric had Crystal's feet rubbed by himself with the best essential oil.

Crystal fell asleep in a daze. Her tears never stopped, as though she had dreamt of something sad.

Her dry lips moved, calling someone's name.

Eric got close enough to hear her.

"Nathan..."

"I'm sorry."

"Nathan... I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

Every word she said was glass into Eric's heart.

Eric froze his face and did not stop rubbing.

The bedroom was fully heated, and Crystal poached and slept under a thick woolen blanket. She was like a newborn baby with the white fur against her white skin.

Eric sat stiffly on his back, rubbing Crystal's feet all the time.

The two servants waited on Crystal's other foot and were surprised to see how Eric looked.

In the middle of the night, the bodyguard knocks on the door.

"Sir, we found something in the lake."

Not knowing what was to be fished for, they fished out the bottles, the pretty stones, and the shoes that had fallen into the lake. Finally, they saw the watch.

"It should be this one." The bodyguard presented it to him carefully.

Eric paused stiffly to get up and washed his hands before taking the watch.

The quality and style of the watch looked familiar.

Eric took a closer look, and sure enough, he saw the Brilliant Group logo on the dial.

His figure stiffened in anger. If he knew what she was looking for had something to do with Nathan, why did he order his men to find it in the middle of the night?

Crystal didn't bat an eye when he threw away the bracelet she had bought last night. And this watch almost cost her life.

A hunch told Eric there was something wrong with the watch. He found the switch button.

Then he heard the vow of love of Nathan and Crystal.

Eric's eyes grew dark, and he stared hard at Crystal.

His arm rose, and he was about to smash the watch!

But in an instant, his hand dropped feebly again. He went to the bedside and placed the watch on the bedside table.

"Crystal, I haven't had time to be a part of your past," he said, leaning down and holding her face. "But, you must have me in your future!"

And she could only have him in her future.

He might allow Nathan to be a part of Crystal's memory.

Most of the time, it was not that he didn't care. He just knew that his caring would only push her further.

So he pretended not to care.

He noticed that Crystal's cheek was beginning to swell as he approached. This was her reaction to being slapped.

Eric saw that there was blood on the corner of her mouth that split open. He knew at once what she had been through.

At the villa, she met Nathan again.

Eric's eyes darkened. But he could probably imagine that they had had another fight, or Crystal wouldn't have cried.

Eric understood the personalities of these two people. He knew why they were fighting and the fact that they had no future.

But he could no longer tolerate Nathan getting between him and Crystal.

Eric smiled darkly and immediately ordered the servant to bring the medicine. He wanted to put some swelling on Crystal's cheek. Crystal shrunk unconsciously because the medicine hurt.

Eric's unquenchable anger rose again. No one can ever hurt his woman again, not even Nathan.

"Give her a good foot massage and don't stop," Eric told some of the maids and marched out of the room.

He went to the study, picked up his cell phone, and called the Davis House.

The tall figure stood beside a curtain that drifted in the wind. "You'd better control your son."

Eric slightly tilted his head, eyes gloomy and faced evil.

"If he ever lays hands on my wife again, I'll get even with him. You don't want to lose him and me, do you?"

"He's the only son you have, and you want your family to be childless?" Eric sighed and said, "It doesn't matter to me. I can have your style in those days if I have to."

"You were ruthless when you were young. I never thought you'd be in such a funk now." Eric's handsome face was covered with a vicious smile.

"I have nothing to do with you. And please don't talk about the past, not to mention my mother. Because you don't deserve it."

Eric turned away, his face blurred in the darkness.

He lit his cigarette, slowly breathed out as if he thought of something, and smiled viciously and sadly.

\*\*\*\*

Crystal looked out of the window and shivered. She could feel a chill coming from nowhere.

Her mind was very flustered, and she always had a terrible foreboding.

She didn't know she was like this because Nancy disappeared or Nathan.

Or she still couldn't heal her wounds that night?

She suddenly had a coat on her shoulder.

"Miss Smith," Reminded the servant. "You had better rest in bed, for you are weak."

Crystal turned, feeling the pain in her heart.

She missed Nathan whenever she was awake, and her guilt was overwhelming.

She went into the bathroom and flipped through a drawer. The blade she had been keeping in it was gone.

Crystal opened the door and asked the servant, "Did you put the blade away that I put in the drawer?"

"What blade?"

"Forget it. Please don't touch my things anymore!"

Crystal closed the bathroom door and frowned. The sudden pain was more than she could bear.

She paced up and down the room, grabbing hold of her hair. She thought she might be experiencing symptoms of mania because she was depressed at a certain time of day.

She found an electric razor. Crystal opened the slot and took the blade out.

It turned out that even pain was addictive.

Since she first cut a blood bank in her arm to relieve the pressure, it had been her most normal way.

Crystal seemed to see her name on Nathan's arm again.

She pulled up her sleeves and slashed at her white arm.

She scratched her arm with a razor blade and then glued it carefully with a band-aid.

She drew a slow breath. The pain made her close her eyes and made her feel less guilty about Nathan.

The door of the bathroom was suddenly pushed open and hit the wall with a bang. Before Crystal could respond, her hand, which was holding the blade, was clenched hard!

Crystal looked slightly startled as Eric stared angrily into her eyes!

"What are you doing?"

Crystal was slightly surprised.

"Tell me, Crystal, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? What does it matter to you?" Crystal took a heavy breath.

"You're my wife. Everything you do is my business."

"Am I your wife?" Crystal sneered. "I'm just your revenge and fertility tool!"

### **Chapter 1852 - 370: So Mesmerized?**

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Eric looked at Crystal in shock.

"You can rest assured that these small cuts will not affect the child's physical health. And it won't affect your revenge on Nathan!" Crystal said happily, her jaw suddenly strangled.

Eric clutched her jaw tightly. "I thought you were a strong woman, but you're just so vulnerable."

"That's right. I'm vulnerable. Didn't you know that?"

That was why Eric asked the servant to put the blades away.

Just now, it was also the servant who heard that Crystal was looking for the blade, so she rushed to find Eric immediately.

Looking at the sweat on his forehead, the way he was out of breath, still breathing heavily, Crystal smiled.

What did he care about?

"Give me the blade." Eric grabbed her by the wrist.

Crystal squeezed it tightly and refused.

"Crystal!" He growled.

"Shouldn't you feel good to see me so ill? Getting even with Nathan and not making me feel good...."

Eric's eyes darkened, and he grabbed the blade from her hand.

It was sharp as it had been; it was only a slight stroke, and blood was dripping from the palm of his hand.

Crystal shivered and let go of her hand. The blade fell to the ground.

Eric bent down to pick it up the first time, threw it into the trash can, and immediately let the servant come in to clean it up.

Crystal smiled at his nervous look.

"It's only a skin wound. How can you be so nervous?"

Her hand had been involuntarily pulled onto the sink. Eric turned on the tap to rinse the blood off.

Eric ripped the bandage off her arm. He didn't suspect at first, but he didn't understand why she kept the band-aid on her arm.

Later he remembered that the band-aid had been on her ever since she had been rescued from the manor.

Later, he became wary, so he sent a servant to keep Crystal close to him 24 hours a day and put away all the sharp blades.

Two nights earlier, she had left the house with Nancy.

The guard reported him at once. Eric caught up with him for the first time, but he got off the road. When he got there, it was already too late.

Eric's eyes were dim. He said suddenly, "Do you want to see Carlos?"

Crystal gave a shock at him.

"Would you like to see him now?"

Crystal was stiff. "What have you done to him?"

"Why do you think I am like that? He just cries when he hears your name."

"No way."

"There are ways to make him cry, aren't there?" Eric's handsome face lifted an evil smile.

Crystal narrowed her eyes and finally realized that he was only threatening her.

"Why do you have to do this?"

Eric took her hand and looked lovingly at her wound. "I don't want anything from you. I only want you to take good care of yourself. I will naturally love you all."

Crystal didn't say anything.

"Your family, your friends, and your old lovers."

Crystal's eyes flashed, and she stared at him.

"If I love you, I will love all of you, and they are part of you." He smiled.

Crystal turned away coldly and said nothing.

He said he loved her. Of course, she didn't take his words seriously.

And she was disgusted that he had said it in a threatening, frivolous way.

His voice rang over her head. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes. I will take care of myself."

"Good girl." He held out his tail fingers with satisfaction and hooked hers. "Don't forget, this is our mutual love agreement."

In the depths of Crystal's eyes burned the fiercest flames, and the hatred grew unbridled. Had it not been for Carlos's uncured illness, she would have loved to let the devil man die and drag him into the darkest hell of pain.

Crystal's chest was stuffy, as if there was an explosion in her ear!

The flames all over the sky engulfed her and Eric, completely igniting the flames of hatred in her eyes.

So she couldn't see the tenderness that filled Eric's eyes as he stared down at her.

After that, Crystal became calmer and calmer.

She had a bad appetite these days. She would almost throw up if she ate anything, especially greasy food.

Eric asked his servant to make porridge for her, along with boiled vegetables.

Crystal sat alone in the huge dining room, eating porridge quietly. Nancy wasn't there. She was kind of alone with Eric in the room.

She would often stare at the porridge until the bowl of porridge slowly cools, only to find that she did not eat a bite.

Sometimes she would stare at her phone, but the screen was always black. The servants didn't know what she was looking at.

When Nancy had not been taken away by Paul, she would come to see her from time to time and ask endless questions, which helped to divert her attention. But now the days are lonely. It seemed to her that the seconds passed so slowly.

So in a trance, her head could be blank for a whole day. She couldn't hear anyone speaking.

Sometimes she looked in the mirror and brushed her hair for a whole day.

Crystal lifted her fringe to reveal the burn on her forehead. She stared at it, and before she knew it, tears came to her eyes.

She no longer dared to face the mirror but went out into the yard and sat on the swing in the sun.

Eric was coming down the stairs when he saw her staring at her own shadow.

She didn't even know when he came up to her.

The servant could only whisper to her, "Miss Smith, Master arrived."

Crystal couldn't hear, watching her shadow gently dangling along with the swing.

Eric suddenly stood in front of her and stepped on her shadow. She looked up.

"What are you thinking about? So mesmerized?"

Her eyes had lost their usual look, and she was more like a doll without a soul.

Eric was not used to her being so sluggish. She used to drive him crazy with her quick tongue. Now he wanted her to hit him or scold him.

But after that night, she was horribly quiet, like a walking corpse.

"If you're not happy, tell me." Eric froze her: "Don't be bored by yourself."

"I want to see Nancy."

"You'll see her soon."

"Don't you have a lot of power? Why do you put it off again and again? Is it because you can't?"

Eric raised his eyebrows. Of course, he could get Nancy back right away, but the time hadn't come yet.

He half crouched down and looked her in the eyes.

"I promise I'll get Nancy back to you safe and sound. Trust me, my dear."

Crystal looked at him coldly, cold to assimilate the sunshine.

"You depend on her?" Eric lifted his lips.

Nancy was vaguely opinionated and liked to clingy to Crystal all day.

But he could see that Crystal, who looked powerful, was really more dependent on Nancy than anyone else.

As if her mind was being read, Crystal snapped her hand away and looked away.

"In your heart, do you trust Nancy more?" Eric felt that he couldn't match her friends no matter how much he did.

"Because I trusted that Nancy would never leave me, never betray me, never threaten me."

"Crystal, I didn't realize you were such a coward not to fight for your affections!"

Crystal moved her lips and said nothing. She wanted to fight for it, but it was not Eric's feelings she wanted to fight for. And, besides, she did not believe him to have any real feelings for her. Where was this fight to begin?

In her opinion, she needed Nancy more now and needed her to keep talking to distract her.

On the other hand, Eric would only suffocate her, make her live in the memory of the past, and remind her of Nathan all the time.

Nathan was the guy she tried to forget but couldn't get him out of her soul.