

Midnight III 371

Chapter 1853 - 371: The Number Is Invalid

At night, Crystal woke up sweating from her nightmare.

The servant somehow slipped down on the carpet and fell asleep by the door.

Crystal opened her eyes in tears. It was dark and still. She looked down at the overlapping lights, her heart aching as if she had been sliced open by razor blades.

She tiptoed out of bed and picked up the phone from the bedside table.

She walked barefoot into the bathroom, sat on the toilet, and stared at the black screen for a while.

A week before, she had lost control of herself and seemed to have unconsciously dialed the number she had branded at her fingertips.

But there came a female voice without feeling:

"The number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the number and dial again. "

Well, the number was invalid.

At that moment, her heart suddenly fell into the ice, and her blood was frozen.

Nathan used to tie her down and hound her, and he wouldn't let go no matter how hard she fought and struggled with him.

She thought that if she turned around, he would still be there, ready to seize her.

Crystal smiled wryly and comforted herself.

Fortunately, the number was not in service. Otherwise, when she got through, what should she say? What else could she say?

She was so hard on Nathan. She had broken his heart. At this moment, would she say that she regretted it and made everything she had done become a failure?

Fortunately, the empty number gave Crystal another vent hole.

She was afraid of talking and disturbing the servants, so she sent a lot of messages.

Almost every message, she said she was sorry to him.

"I dream about you again, Nathan. I dream about the day you lived in Villa Beverly and how bad you were to me."

"I miss you very much. I miss you every day."

She would also talk about what happened when he wasn't around. She talked about Carlos.

"I was really scared. I was afraid because of me, a good person's whole life would be ruined."

"I feel very useless. I tried to protect all of you, but I didn't protect any of you."

"Nathan, I deserve all this pain, right?"

"But Nathan, I'm so tired, I don't think I'm going to make it. What should I do?"

"Fortunately, your mobile number is not in use anymore. Or I'm afraid I'll go mad if I don't say it."

Crystal was typing on her cell phone and suddenly remembered something. She called until she heard the voice of the cold robot girl.

She breathed a sigh of relief, and her heart sank. She looked out of the window. It seemed to be dawn.

Was he awake?

Was he still dreaming?

Was he still alone?

Would anyone wake up in his arms and say good morning to him?

"Good morning, Nathan. It's so nice to wake up every day with you and the sun." Crystal said into her cell phone.

With a rustling sound outside, Crystal quickly put away her phone.

It was the servant who had been sleeping by the door that woke up.

"Miss Smith, are you in there?" The servant patted the door.

Crystal woke up in the middle of the night and stayed in the bathroom for a while. This time, she was talking to herself in the bathroom, which made the servant feel eerie.

"I want to take a bath." Crystal stood up. "You don't have to come in. I've got the water ready myself."

If she went out in this state, the servant would see something and tell Eric again.

So, she washed for a while. The servant came in and gave her a towel to wipe her body.

Eric told the servant to do so, and Crystal guessed it.

Suddenly there was a crash of something hitting the ground outside.

Crystal gasped for a moment, then a series of bangs sounded on the floor.

Crystal grabbed her bathrobe and put it on, and hurried out.

Paintings and vases were smashed all over the corridor, scattering everywhere, and even the floor lamps were smashed to pieces.

Crystal looked down the road at the broken pieces and heard the servant shouting from below, "Mrs. Bush, are you all right?"

Mrs. Bush?

Was that Eric's mother?

Mrs. Bush was running so fast that she missed the last few steps and rolled straight down.

She had a picture in her hand, and the canvas rolled down with her. She crawled to get it.

As soon as the servant came near, she cried violently, "Don't come here, get out of here, all of you! Amos, don't do this to me, please."

Crystal met Mrs. Bush for the first time, but her disheveled hair made her back sweat.

Crystal was shocked.

"My child! Mrs. Bush muttered to herself, her eyes wandering. "That's right, our child, where is our child?"

"It's you! You killed our child..."

Crystal could not slow down on the banister.

"Mrs. Bush?" she called tentatively.

She looked carefully at the broken glass at her feet, and suddenly a large hand seized her wrist.

Eric, who heard the voice rushing out of the study, pulled her behind him.

"That's my mother. She's ill. Don't go near her."

Crystal guessed, from her state of mind, what the illness might be. In a vague way, she had heard some remarks from the servant's that she had been shaken and that her spirits were up and down.

Sometimes she got emotional, like now, and she would hurt people without realizing it.

At that moment, Mrs. Bush had pushed over a large antique vase near the stairs.

The debris immediately scattered on the ground, some splashing and cutting Mrs. Bush's hand.

Mrs. Bush became alarmed. She picked up a fragment of the vase from the ground and waved it at her bodyguard, who was about to approach her. "Any of you dare come here! I'll kill anyone who comes and hurts my child."

Mrs. Bush stroked her belly and became loving again.

"My dear baby," she whispered, "Mommy will protect you."

When all the people saw this, they dared not move forward. They were not afraid that she would hurt them but that she would hurt herself in the heat of the moment.

Eric told Crystal not to go down, and he hurried downstairs, trying to get close to Mrs. Bush.

How did Mrs. Bush let Eric come near her?

Just as he reached out to grab her hand, which was holding the piece, she shook it, and the piece struck hard at Eric.

Of course, Eric did not dare to hurt his mother, so he ran up to her and held her by the wrist. So, it crossed the palm of his hand, and he quickly grabbed Mrs. Bush.

He grabbed his mother in her arms and went upstairs.

Mrs. Bush was held up and still kept trying to reach out.

She shouted, "Let me go, Amos Davis! Let me go! You can't do this to me!"

Mrs. Bush's eyes were wandering, and she was holding on to Eric.

"Call the doctor." Eric had several scratches on his face.

The servant hurried back, and several bodyguards helped open the guest room door. Then they found towels and quickly tied Mrs. Bush up.

'Who brought her here?'

One of the bodyguards dropped his head and said, "She asked the driver to bring her by herself. She arrived in a good state of mind. But..."

The doctor came and sedated her.

Chapter 1854 - 372: Mrs. Bush Emotional Break Out

Crystal looked at Mrs. Bush in a trance.

"Amos Davis is..."

Eric stood up and pressed the wound with a swab of alcohol.

"Is Amos Davis Nathan's father?" Crystal asked again.

"Yes." Eric looked down at her. "Are you surprised?"

"So you and Nathan..."

"You have a good imagination. We are not related."

"What about the child?"

"Isn't it obvious? The child's death was the main cause of her nervous breakdown." Eric held out his injured hand and said, "Honey, aren't you just a little too curious? My hand hurts, shouldn't you be concerned about me?"

So, that was why Eric's always trying to get even with Nathan?

Eric, still in a daze, raised his hand and said, "Please dress my wound. I will tell you when you finish dressing it."

Crystal stared at him quizzically.

"I always mean what I say."

Crystal pressed her lower lip in silence and pointed to a nearby chair. "You can sit there."

She had done a lot of dressings now, each time for Nathan. But every time he got hurt, it was because of her.

Crystal shook her head. Why did she still think about Nathan at this point?

It was as if her world could not be separated from that man. She thought of him in everything she did now.

Crystal took the medicine, alcohol, and gauze from the doctor and examined Eric's wound with an alcohol-soaked cotton ball.

The wound was a little deep.

"Sew up this cut?" She asked, looking up as if it were a matter of little consequence to her.

Eric chuckled. "No. It's just a small cut."

"You'd better sew it and make it quick to heal."

"Can you sew?"

"No."

"Never mind."

"What?"

"I only want you to sew."

Crystal gave him a dirty look.

The man was still joking at this point, but her expression soon returned to indifference. What does it matter to her about his wound?

"Since you don't want to sew up the wound, I'll dress it for you. But remember not to let the wound touch the water."

"Do you care about me? I've been waiting for a day for a long time."

"What do you mean? "

"You dress it for me."

"Psycho." Why would anyone want to get hurt?

Crystal bandaged it carefully for him. Then she handed the tray to the servant and took it down. "Can you tell me now?"

"My mother had an affair with Amos Davis, ended up having an abortion, and married my father. Because of the miscarriage, she had nightmares that got worse and worse until she had to be medically treated."

"So his father hurt your mother, so you're going to take it out on him and me?"

"Why do you always think of me that way?"

"Because I know you too well."

Eric stroked her face and laughed innocently. "Honey, you know me," he said.

"You're really mean."

"Honey, come on, don't get mad." Eric stroked her tight face. "I'm helpless, too."

Crystal slapped his hand away and chuckled. "What good does it do you to have me? Are you happy, having separated others by your own hand?"

"I'm happy now. It's enough that I care about you being around me."

"Eric, you're really complicated."

Eric's eyes darkened.

"All my complexity is only for one simple purpose. Why do you always not believe me?"

"Well, your object is nothing but revenge."

"You know what?" Eric said, "I'm complicated because I love you."

"You are wrong." Eric looked at Crystal with hurt eyes, "Because - I love you."

Crystal's body suddenly shook. He had said that he loved her many times but never once was so serious and solemn as this time.

She stared at him deeply, his eyes were so unfathomable that she couldn't see through what he was thinking.

"I can't see any love in your eyes."

"One day, you will."

Crystal turned her face away, she didn't want that day to come.

In the evening, after eating, Crystal saw a servant in and out of the guest room and asked, "Mrs. Bush is awake?"

The personal servant of Crystal ran upstairs and said, "Yeah, she is."

"How is she? Did she get better?"

"She looks normal, but...." The servant frowned, "But she seems to be a bit weird, we can't tell what's wrong exactly."

"Weird?"

"Her mannerism, her eyes, and..."

"Call the doctor."

"Young mistress, are you going to see Mrs. Bush? The young master ordered, you can't go..."

Crystal didn't listen to her, opened the half-covered door straight, and saw Mrs. Bush stood by the bed, stroking her abdomen, looking out the window.

Hearing the door opening, she whispered, "Amos, are you here?"

Crystal did not reply and softly approached her.

"Amos, I have good news for you. You are going to be a father, we have a baby..."

As she turned around and saw Crystal, her face changed drastically, "Who are you?"

Crystal thought that Mrs. Bush's expression looked a little strange and was about to ask, only heard that Mrs. Bush said coldly, "Did Amos let you come?"

"I..."

"You must know where Amos is. Did he ask you to pick me up?"

"..."

"Wait a minute, I will change my clothes first, then I'll leave with you."

"Mrs. Bush, it is not Mr. Davis who asked me to come."

"Why don't you let me see Amos? You are his mistress!"

"No, I am not. I am Eric's wife..."

"You are lying! You are obviously the mistress who took Amos away!"

"Mrs. Bush, calm down."

Crystal stepped back but saw Mrs. Bush suddenly knelt down for her, "Please, please let me see Amos. I have a lot of words to say to him personally. I have no other requirements, I just want to see him..."

"Please get up first." Crystal tried hard to help her stand up.

However, Mrs. Bush cried heartbreakingly and said, "I beg you, can you take me there? I won't ask for too much. I just want to see him and tell him that we have a baby..."

Mrs. Bush started to kowtow to her after speaking, "Please, let me see him-"

She kept kowtowing frantically on the ground, making heavy noises one by one.

How could Crystal watch the elder kowtow to herself? She hurriedly shouted at the servant outside, "What are you doing? Help Mrs. Bush get up."

"Please, let me see Amos, please."

At this time, the doctor came.

"Don't come here. If you don't let me see Amos, I will jump from here."

The more people were here, the more agitated Mrs. Bush was. Seeing that she had climbed onto the window sill, the servant exclaimed, "Madam, don't go up, it's dangerous."

"Let the security guards pull something below to catch her." Crystal secretly ordered the servant.

"Take me to see Amos, otherwise, I will jump down with my child!"

"Mrs. Bush, go down first. I promise that I'll take you to see Amos."

"Really?" Mrs. Bush fixed her eyes on Crystal, tears still hanging in her eyes.

Chapter 1855 - 373: Why Not Stop Her?

Crystal nodded, "He sent me to pick you up, come down first. Mr. Davis is very busy now, so when his time is arranged, I will take you to see him."

Mrs. Bush was suspicious, hesitating for a while. Crystal immediately winked at the servant, and the servant hurriedly went up to let Mrs. Bush get down.

"You are pregnant now, so you need to rest first, okay?"

"When will you take me to see Amos?"

"After he finishes his work, okay? Just these two days."

"You are lying!"

"No, I am not lying. You can trust me."

It seemed that with this guarantee, Mrs. Bush's mood had stabilized slightly.

"You were so excited just now, let the doctor see your child, okay?"

Mrs. Bush nodded slowly.

The doctor immediately stepped forward and pretended to check for Mrs. Bush, "You are fine, and your child has no problem too."

Then Mrs. Bush was relieved and lay back on the bed obediently.

The doctor said to Crystal, "Madam has just calmed down. It is not suitable to have too many people here. I will stay here."

Crystal nodded and went out.

Eric came back in the evening, sat on the sofa, and pulled off the uncomfortable collar.

The doctor stood in the front and said, "Now Mrs. Bush is deranged, and her memory goes back to before she was stimulated."

"So?"

"So we can't reveal her no matter what she says, and she can no longer be stimulated."

"What are the consequences if she were exposed?"

"She is living in her own imagination, and there is still hope for her life. It would undoubtedly break her hope once it was revealed, and she was forced to accept reality. Once there is no hope of living, she will be completely crushed."

"Crushed?" Crystal asked in a low voice, "Can't we use dr*g treatment?"

The doctor shook his head, "The reason Mrs. Bush would be like this is that she has received too much stimulation before. She used to avoid it subconsciously. Now she is reluctant to face it. The medicine can only calm her down, but if she wants to recover, she still needs some positive solutions."

"For example?" Eric swept away coldly.

"As long as she is willing to open her heart and accept the facts slowly, she will naturally get better."

"How to open her heart?"

"There is an old saying that whoever started the trouble should end it."

Crystal calmed down, "I have promised Mrs. Bush to see Mr. Davis."

"Crystal, you are too naive. Do you think you can see Amos if you want to? Why do you think that Amos will be willing to help my mother?"

"How do you know if you don't try? You are so smart. You can definitely find a way."

Eric turned his face away.

Those old events, let alone Amos, didn't want to touch, even himself didn't want to think about.

"She is your mother, don't you want her to be good?"

"Of course I want her to be good, I would think of a way." He pressed his temple hard, "It's not difficult to see him. I'm afraid that it's not so easy to ask him for help."

When his words fell, a servant rushed downstairs in a hurry, "Young master, Mrs. Bush starts clamoring to see Mr. Davis, and she said that if she couldn't see him, she would jump downstairs."

The doctor got up immediately, "I will calm the patient."

After the doctor left, Eric thought for a while and said, "Three days later, it will be Amos' birthday party. He sent me the invitation letter a few days ago."

Amos would send someone to send an invitation letter every time of the year, but he had never attended.

This year he had originally wanted to refuse as usual but was afraid that he would attend this time.

"Do you want to come together?"

"You want me to go?" Wasn't he afraid that she would meet Nathan?

Amos' birthday party was held abroad.

This was a romantic country, embracing

couples, flowers all over the ground, champagne and wine, cafes....

The mansion of Amos was located in the vineyard, which also belonged to the Davis. Because it was relatively remote from the city, the environment was elegant with pleasant scenery.

Just thinking that Nathan was also here, Crystal's heart was beating inexplicably wildly, looking at the same sky.

The black luxury sedan drove into a tree-lined path, the wind blew, and the leaves rustled.

This peaceful experience made people feel particularly comfortable.

Crystal was a little nervous.

One hand suddenly held the back of her hand, and Eric laughed softly, "Are you nervous?"

"I am not nervous. I am just worried whether Mrs. Bush will lose control when she sees Mr. Davis."

"That's also nervous, since Amos promised to see her, he will be prepared."

Crystal bit her lip, "Why do you want me to come? You are not afraid..."

"You already have my child, what am I afraid of?"

Crystal stared at him suspiciously.

Eric held her hand and kissed, "My mother is also your mother. Besides, I want to cure her too."

Crystal didn't understand what Eric was thinking, but his explanation had relieved her tension a lot.

To be honest, because she knew if she came here, she might meet Nathan, she hadn't slept well all night.

The car stopped in front of the manor, and the gate slowly opened.

In front of them, there was a wide lawn, divided by a road, and several servants were watering and mowing the lawn on both sides. The road in the middle led to the manor castle.

As Eric's car drove forward, Crystal saw several horses eating grass and several servants brushing the horses' backs.

This manor rarely had guests, so the servants looked at them curiously when they saw the car.

Suddenly a few hounds smelled of strangers and barked.

Others broke off the chains and rushed towards them, but the breeder tied their chains halfway through.

Crystal looked at the hounds grinning and barking at them. She pulled the curtain down.

The car finally stopped in front of the castle.

The butler and servants came out to greet them, "Young master Bush, Mr. Davis invites you to wait in the living room for a while. He went to the mountain in the morning, and it is almost time to get down."

Since they had arrived here, Eric was not in a hurry, he went in with the butler.

After waiting for almost an hour, Amos hadn't come yet. Crystal was sitting on the outdoor lawn, looking at her watch from time to time.

The servant sent a message apologetically, "The signal is not good in the mountain. Some people have gone to pick them up. I am sorry that you may have to wait for more time."

"Take your time." Eric took coffee slowly.

However, Mrs. Bush couldn't sit still anymore. She got up and said that she wanted to see the horse.

Crystal squinted, full of thoughts. She didn't want to be seen through, so she looked down at her mobile phone.

Suddenly they heard the servant's exclamation.

Crystal looked up and found that Mrs. Bush was riding a sturdy maroon horse, galloping outside of the manor.

"What happened?"

"She wanted to ride a horse, so the servant let her ride, but we didn't expect her to ride out while we were not paying attention."

"Why not stop her?"

"She is our guest, we should naturally give her enough respect."

Eric had selected a black horse and jumped on it neatly, "I'll chase her. You stay here."

"I am coming too."

Chapter 1856 - 374: Was That Her Hallucination?

Eric held the reins and reached out to pull her up.

"I can ride." The servant happened to bring a maroon horse over at this moment.

Crystal leaped on horseback handsomely.

The butler also followed them, in case their guests would have any trouble, he had sent a dozen bodyguards to follow them.

The mountain road was very narrow, which was inconvenient to drive, so they all rode horses.

Soon they arrived at a bifurcated road with horseshoe prints on the ground. It was impossible to tell where Mrs. Bush was going.

Eric had no choice but to divide the people into two groups and let the butler take one group to the other side.

"I'm going with the other group." Crystal wanted to go with the butler.

"It's very dangerous in the mountains, there are all kinds of beasts."

"With so many people together, what are you afraid of?"

"You just want to be separated from me?"

"It's nice that you know it." After leaving these words coldly, Crystal had already raised her whip and rode into another way.

Eric saw that her riding skill wasn't inferior to his at all, so he just let her go. In addition, she was not in a good mood for a long time, so it was a good opportunity to let her relax. She might feel better after appreciating the beautiful scenery of the mountain.

The mountain was very large, it was too inefficient to search together. So the butler suggested finding different ways. If anyone found Mrs. Bush, they would come back here and fire shots to notify other people.

Crystal also agreed, so they separated. It was said that there were venomous snakes and beasts here. Crystal had to be vigilant. Once she found out something was wrong, she would immediately run back.

At this moment, the leaves were rustling by the wind, which had an indescribable gloomy feeling in the empty mountain.

Crystal looked ahead and suddenly felt a pair of murderous eyes staring at her in a certain direction.

She suddenly looked in the suspicious direction and vaguely saw a tall figure riding a horse between the cracks of the bushes.

Crystal's heart skipped a beat suddenly.

That figure seemed like Nathan, was that her hallucination?

Or was it Amos?

"Who is there?" Crystal pulled the reins tightly.

Her heart was beating wildly.

She was ready to run at any time, but just like her heartbeat, her heart was out of control. She tightened the reins, walked slowly towards that direction, around the bushes, and walked to the place just now, where it was empty and no one at all.

Sure enough, it must be her illusion.

As she was about to turn around to leave, she noticed the footprints of a horse on the ground, the original vigorous grasses were stepped into the dirt. She dismounted and saw a purple wildflower stuck in the dirt.

Then she bent down to pick it up.

The wildflower was fresh, that was to say, it had just been stepped on.

Was it Amos or...?

At this time, a strong breath approached her. She turned her head abruptly and saw a tall steed appear in front of her.

Crystal still saw him after almost a month.

She had thought that she would have never seen him again.

Nathan wore a white riding outfit with a sharp face and an indifferent expression.

Against the light, his eyes were so gloomy, as if he were going to absorb her soul.

Crystal felt her heart suffocate fiercely, staring at him like that as if his eyes were magnetic.

She fiercely clutched the purple wildflower in her hand as if she had forgotten to breathe.

Nathan hooked up his lips and laughed mockingly, "It's my dizziness, am I right?"

"..."

"How do you know that I am here?" He asked indifferently, "You regret it, so you come to find me?"

Crystal's face was as pale as a sheet.

It was the first time that they had been separated for so long, even after they had announced their breakup.

Only at this moment did Crystal find that seeing him was so precious, and talking to him was like dreaming.

"You are really a bitch." She cursed herself, and now she couldn't even say anything to deny.

"Miss Smith, won't you tell me that you are traveling here?"

"I..."

"Nate-" At this moment, a female voice came from a distance.

Crystal frowned and saw a woman riding a white horse passing by the trail she had just come.

They were a little far away, but Crystal could still see that the woman was wearing a riding uniform of the same style as Nathan, with several bodyguards behind her.

Crystal didn't know why, from the woman's dress, temperament, and the way she called Nathan, an inexplicable hostility surged in her heart.

Women always have a natural sixth sense.

That woman called him Nate instead of Nathan or Master Davis.

It was obvious that their relationship was unusual.

"Someone is looking for you." Crystal was finally able to say a complete sentence.

"Is this relevant to your appearance here?"

Nathan stared at her with a sullen look.

"It's not relevant at all, but she is calling you. You should go back as soon as possible."

Nathan mocked, "Miss Smith, I don't like going around in circles. If you have anything, let's be straight."

"What do you mean?"

"Why are you here?"

"Nate?" The woman seemed to hear their voices and was walking towards them.

Crystal fixedly looked in that direction. These days, she had thought about countless scenarios when they met again, perhaps in front of a certain shop window, or a corner of the street, or...

But she had never thought it would be here...

She also laughed mockingly, laughing at herself.

She had never known that she would have looked forward so much to meeting him again.

Crystal crushed the flower in her hand and jumped on the horse to move forward.

The cold figure sat on the horse and said, "Who allows you to go?"

It was still an arrogant tone.

"You haven't answered my question yet." His whip was suddenly thrown over, wrapping around Crystal's waist, "If you don't answer me, you will fall off the horse."

"I'm here to see your father."

Nathan's hand suddenly stiffened, "Why are you seeing him?"

"My husband and I need his help for something."

Her husband? Was Eric here too?

Nathan's eyes narrowed dangerously. This damned woman would always suddenly appear in front of him when his life returned to calm.

"Nate." The woman had already ridden behind Nathan, "This young lady is?"

Crystal then saw the woman's appearance clearly.

The black hair was pulled sideways at will, with a centipede braid. She had black agate-like eyes, fair and clean skin.

Crystal saw her hairstyle, which was actually the one Nathan helped her tie in the cabin...

At the time, he had said that she looked very good with that hairstyle, so he had especially tied it up for her.

This hairstyle was also very suitable for the woman in front of her.

Although they looked very different, the quiet and charming temperament they exuded was somewhat similar, and they belonged to the same type.

Crystal did have a very special temperament, and women like her type were relatively few.

Unexpectedly, for Nathan, there were too many options.

Crystal suddenly felt her heart uncomfortable.

Chapter 1857 - 375: Why Do You Have To Follow Me?

"Hi, I am Nathan's fiancée." The woman said again.

Crystal had already guessed it and nodded stiffly.

"My name is Mabel Garcia, how about you?"

Mabel Garcia?

Crystal raised her eyebrows slightly, only to realize that the woman looked a little familiar.

"What's your relationship with Marcos?"

"Do you know my brother?" Mabel looked happy. "We are twins. He is 3 minutes older than me."

"..."

Crystal only thought that it must be a big joke of God.

However, after thinking about it for a while, she was quickly relieved. The Garcia family was prominent, and Marcos was Nathan's friend, so they were normal to have an alliance.

Besides, Mabel's face, appearance, and temperament were all the demeanor of the celebrities, which was understandable for Nathan and even the Davis to choose her.

"Are you my brother's friend?" Mabel looked at Crystal, "You are so beautiful. Are you his girlfriend?"

"You misunderstood, I am not very familiar with him..." Crystal said distractedly, "But he is very famous, so I've heard of him."

"Oh, I see..." Mabel smiled smartly.

"Anyway, it's nice that we can meet here. Are you here to hunt?"

"I am a guest here." Crystal gave Nathan a glance.

"Are you the guest invited by Uncle Davis?"

Crystal didn't want to chat with her anymore, but Nathan didn't mean to interrupt them.

She just remembered that she had been with Nathan for so long, but she had never heard of his fiancée. He took only a month to find a fiancée.

Crystal felt that she couldn't breathe, her legs clamped the horse, and she said, "Master Davis, Miss Garcia, I have to leave now, see you later."

"See you." Mabel smiled politely with pity.

Nathan was silent, watching Crystal waving the whip and leaving.

Crystal actually wanted to hurry up and stay away from Nathan's sight.

However, she could only ride slowly when she thought of her pregnancy.

Unfortunately, the people behind her just followed her, without the intention of catching up with her, who also slowed down and followed behind.

Crystal tightened the reins to let the horse walk on the left path.

Nathan actually went that way with Mabel.

Was it a coincidence, or did he do it deliberately?

Crystal frowned but couldn't say anything, after all, she didn't make the road.

It was just annoying that there were so many roads to go back, she had deliberately not walked back straight, why did they still follow her?

She could vaguely hear Mabel talking to Nathan.

Nathan even didn't stop her noisy voice.

Crystal suddenly raised her whip, and she just wanted to stay away from them quickly, so she couldn't care so much.

Whip after whip, she hit the horse hard....

She didn't know how much force she had used, but because her whole body was too nervous that her mind went blank.

The wind was roaring along with Crystal's ears.

She was so panicked that she ran close to a stream.

The strong horse raised its two front hooves high, almost stepping into the water.

Fortunately, the water was very shallow, so Crystal could control the horse to return to the safe area. She was pale and finally relieved. She stroked her abdomen, which was still fine. It seemed that Eric had given her very good medicine.

But she really couldn't mess up anymore. Carlos hadn't been cured yet, so at this time, she couldn't make any mistake...

Crystal got off the horse and suddenly heard the sound of horse hooves coming from behind.

Crystal turned back, sure enough, she saw Nathan, who came with Mabel.

"Why are you following me?" Crystal said loudly, "I have told you that I come here as a guest!"

Nathan raised his eyebrows coldly, "Do you own this hunting ground?"

"The forest is so big that you can hunt everywhere. Why do you have to follow me?"

"Miss Smith, don't flatter yourself!"

Crystal choked, "Fine, you are hunting, so what are you doing here?"

Nathan dismounted from his horse coldly, the riding clothes made him look gorgeous, and he took the horse to the river.

The horse lowered its head and began to drink.

Nathan said coldly, "It seems that I am not the only one who thinks too much."

Crystal seemed to get hit by a heavy hammer on her chest.

Only at this moment did she understand how much Nathan had suffered when she said that.

Yeah, since they had no future, she shouldn't give him hope!

Thinking of the scene on Valentine's Day, Crystal regretted and felt guilty, but she could never make up for it....

Suddenly Nathan walked towards Crystal.

Crystal's body stiffened, she stared at him with wide eyes.

Nathan coldly raised his hand...

Crystal only felt a gust of wind around her. He leaned over and picked a leaf from her head when he was very close to her.

Crystal then found a tree behind her!

"What did you think I would do?" Nathan looked at her very closely, "Do you think I will kiss you?"

At that moment, Crystal did think so.

"Miss Smith, I hope you can understand that some ambiguous actions will cause misunderstandings."

"..."

"If you don't want me to misunderstand, it's best to stay away from my world."

Crystal's breath was very close to him because, at this moment, they were very close to each other, almost nose to nose.

If they were getting closer, their lips would press together...

He had always kissed her without warning and caught her off guard in the past.

Now, the difference was that his face was carved exquisitely, with complete strangeness and alienation.

His appearance had not changed at all. He was not thinner nor more haggard. The only thing that had changed was that when he looked at her, the affection and favor in his eyes had completely disappeared.

However, how did a woman like her deserve his favor, his affection, and his love?

Just at this moment, Mabel's voice sounded, "Look, there is a person in the water."

Crystal turned her head to look at the opposite bank. It was Mrs. Bush who was riding across the river.

After Crystal had been looking for so long, it turned out that Mrs. Bush was here!

But what was she doing?

She tightened the reins, and the horse seemed to be irritated by her, and its front legs rose high into the air, which made Mrs. Bush almost thrown into the water several times.

Crystal's face changed drastically, "Mrs. Bush, don't move."

Mrs. Bush?

Nathan then recognized that she was Mrs. Bush, so Mrs. Bush was here too?

Mrs. Bush probably heard someone call her suddenly, she was frightened. When she wanted to turn back, the horse neighed unwillingly.

"What is she doing? Is she crazy? This is very dangerous!" Mabel exclaimed, "The water is so deep and urgent, what if she falls..."

Crystal wanted to shout loudly to stop Mrs. Bush, but she was afraid that she would scare her. Crystal could only see her enter the deepwater area while the water had already gotten over the back of the horse.

Nathan asked coldly, "Why did you bring Mrs. Bush here?"

Crystal just realized that she was still stuck under the tree by him and quickly pushed him away, "Do you know that she is sick? Don't you save her?"

"How can I save her?"

Crystal pushed him away and ran to the river bank quickly, "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Bush. Mr. Davis is here, he asks me to pick you up."

"Mr. Davis?" Nathan had already walked to her side, "Amos?"

"Don't ask more! Think of a way to save her!"

At this moment, Mrs. Bush heard their voices and looked at them. She suddenly shouted, "Amos, are you here to pick me up? Wait for me, I am coming."

Soon Crystal understood that Mrs. Bush was talking to Nathan, who was somewhat similar to his father; it turned out that Mrs. Bush mistook Nathan for Amos.

"Ask her to come over, she will definitely listen to you."

"Will she listen to me?"

"Hurry up, there is no time."

The horse couldn't stand the cold anymore, let alone Mrs. Bush's whipping. It suddenly stood up, threw Mrs. Bush off, and ran ashore alone.

Mrs. Bush fell into the river and was almost immediately submerged by the river.

"Save her." Nathan lets the bodyguards go into the water to save Mrs.. Bush.

Chapter 1858 - 376: He Did Come

At this time, the current was a little urgent, it was still difficult to save people.

Crystal anxiously stood on the shore.

Nathan fiercely turned her shoulders, "You haven't answered me yet, why are you taking her here?"

"Mr. Davis' birthday...."

Nathan frowned, "Do you have to say that rhetoric?"

Crystal looked at him, "Can we talk later?"

"No!" He said cruelly, "What else are you hiding from me? Make it clear all at once."

"Do you know that Mrs. Bush and Mr. Davis had a relationship before?"

Nathan frowned, he looked stunned, with a hint of astonishment flashing in his eyes.

It seemed that he didn't know before.

At this time, the bodyguard had rescued Mrs. Bush.

Crystal hadn't had much time to talk with Nathan, she pushed him away and ran over.

It was very cold now, Mrs. Bush had been in a coma because she had inhaled some water.

Crystal immediately went over to give her artificial respiration.

"Cough-"

After coughed out a sip of water, Mrs. Bush glanced around in a daze and finally fell her eyes on Nathan's face.

She stretched out her hand hard, "Amos."

Nathan stood still and looked at her coldly, he was still lost in shock at the news just now, with the terrifying expression.

"Amos... we, we have a child..."

Mrs. Bush put one hand on her abdomen, and the other hand tried to attract Nathan's attention.

But the cruel man just looked at her condescendingly.

She sadly wept, "Amos, please don't abandon our child and me..."

Crystal took off her coat, pushed Mrs. Bush's hand back, and put it on her.

"Take us back, she is sick. She can't be stimulated anymore."

Nathan ordered the bodyguard to take Mrs. Bush hurriedly back to the manor.

Crystal was about to get on her horse to follow up, but a tall figure stopped her, "You haven't made it clear yet. Mrs. Bush is Eric's mother, you care about her so much?"

"I have told you everything I know, what else do you want me to say?" Suddenly a gust of wind blew Crystal, who had already taken off her coat, shivering heavily. She only wore a woolen plaid dress, pantyhose, and boots.

It was too little for such a cold day.

Nathan mounted his horse, stretched out a hand to pull Crystal.

But Crystal shook her head and said, "I can ride a horse by myself."

"Where is your horse?"

Crystal looked back and saw that her horse had been taken away by the bodyguard with Mrs. Bush.

She hesitated for a moment and finally gave him her hand helplessly. Nathan lifted her hard and got her on horseback.

She had stood in the cold wind, which almost had frozen her bones just now, while now she was sitting in front of Nathan, leaning against him. The breath of his body immediately surrounded her, making her feel very warm.

While Nathan could smell the fragrance of her hair as long as he lowered his head, he unbuttoned the belt with one hand, then unbuttoned the riding uniform jacket and wrapped her in his clothes.

Before Crystal reacted, he had started to button his coat....

Crystal was very thin and small, so it was not too crowded even if Nathan had buttoned her into his clothes.

"Hey!" Crystal was startled and subconsciously looked at Mabel.

She was riding a white horse, waiting for them under the tree, her expression was quiet, and her black and white eyes were secretly looking at Crystal.

She was not stupid, since she first saw Crystal, she had seen through that Nathan's eyes on Crystal were very special.

It was so special that no one could ignore it.

Crystal twisted her body, "What are you doing? Your fiancée is over there."

She wanted to break free, but she was afraid that they would both fall.

Nathan said coldly, "Don't worry, she is very considerate. She knows what she is supposed to say and what would not."

"..."

"Unlike you, she doesn't talk duplicity, and she won't say something that she is not supposed to say, not like someone who will only increase my aversion." His hot breath blew on her head.

Crystal's heart sank like being stabbed by a needle.

No wonder she thought that she was different from Mabel.

Nathan rode a horse in front, Mabel followed him silently.

Crystal wanted to tell him to hurry up because she was embarrassed to be like this. But she knew that he did so to take care of her body.

This made Crystal can't help but feel sad again, at this time, he was still considering it for her.

The blue sky was still studded with white clouds as if they could be picked up as long as people reached out.

On the lawn, two horses moved slowly, one after the other. Except for the sound of hoofbeat, there was seemingly a bird sound. The emptiness was a bit terrifying, especially with the strange silent atmosphere.

Crystal smelled the unique mint fragrance of his body. They were physically close to each other, but their hearts were as far apart as they were thousands of miles apart.

The throbbing pain in her heart had never stopped since she met him.

Crystal wondered in her heart, "Why was it so painful? Nathan, what should I do to stop the pain in my heart?"

She only hoped that this journey could be a bit longer. If it never ended, how good would it be?

But how could it be possible?

The manor was just in front. They rode until the gate, Nathan hadn't dismounted yet. Because he didn't get off, Mabel also sat on horseback obediently, and the servants came over to tie the rope.

Crystal bit her lower lip. How did she want to get off? But if someone came, what would they think about them when they looked at this?

"Let me down." She moved. She wouldn't be able to get out if he didn't unbutton his coat.

Nathan's body was slightly stiff, and his arm slowly raised.

He seemed to exhaust all energy to untie one button.

Crystal finally left his embrace, and the cold wind poured in at once, but how could it be compared with her heart?

He jumped off the horse abruptly and naturally reached out to her. She hesitated for a moment but still let him hug her.

There was a loud sound of hoofbeat at this moment outside the manor. It was probably the owner of the manor, Amos.

Sure enough, all the people at the gate stood up straight and even bowed to salute.

Crystal looked over nervously, dozens of bodyguards accompanying him, walking off toward them majestically.

Amos was riding in the middle, dressed in a dark riding uniform, majestic and noble. Crystal vividly saw his appearance as he walked in, which was somewhat similar to Nathan.

While Nathan's eyes fell on Eric, he thought in his heart, "He did come!"

Crystal only felt a pain on her shoulder, and a cold air spread from Nathan.

He took off his coat suddenly and rudely threw it aside.

The servant nearest to him quickly caught it.

Nathan's sullen gaze swept away, and he said, "Why did you pick it up? Throw such dirty things away."

The servant responded and was about to throw it into the trash can.

"Wait!"

The servant stood still, "..."

"Burn it!"

Burn it?

The servant widened her eyes in confusion. Nathan seemed to have some terrible virus stuck on his whole body, turned around, and walked in quickly.

Mabel also hurriedly got off her horse, following Nathan, but she had given Crystal a meaningful look before leaving.

Crystal, "...."

Chapter 1859 - 377: What Exactly Did He Bring?

Mabel slowly turned her gaze back to Nathan.

It could be seen that she had good etiquette, received a very good tutor, and even the way she walked and behaved was so generous and decent.

This should be the woman loved by the nobles.

Crystal watched the two disappear at the gate of the manor one after another, she felt her body frozen in an instant.

Eric saw Crystal from a distance, speeding up and stopping in front of her.

"Darling, how is my mother?" He jumped off his horse naturally, as if nothing had happened before.

But Crystal knew that he must have seen everything.

And he seemed to have known everything in advance.

So he let her come together because he had known that Nathan had a fiancé, so he wanted her to see it with her own eyes? She certainly knew that he was not a kind person.

Just now, he had clearly seen her being hugged by Nathan but still pretending to be blind. So she also pretended and asked him, "How do you know that we have found her?"

"The bodyguard has come to inform me."

"Oh, she mistook Master Davis for Mr. Davis," Crystal replied skillfully.

"Where is she? Let's go and see her."

"How about Mr. Davis...?"

"He doesn't want to help, and he is very unhappy that I have brought you here."

"Why?"

"The matter between you and Master Davis seems to be an unpleasant thing for him."

Crystal sneered, "Neglect the dying people? He is really ruthless."

"Darling, thank you."

"For what?"

"For treating my mother as your own mother."

"It has nothing to do with you, I will also help if it were someone else."

"..."

"Let's go and see my mother first." Eric pulled her inside.

Mrs. Bush was taken care of by a servant in the guest room. She had changed into clean clothes, but she was still in a coma, and she also had a low fever because she was drenched in cold water earlier.

The doctor had given her an infusion and suggested that she rest more and be taken care of.

Crystal leaned against the window and looked out. Thinking of what Eric had said just now, she felt somewhat guilty. She would also help if it were other people, but it must be a lie that she regarded Eric's mother as her own.

At least she couldn't deny her selfish motive to see Nathan.

But even if she had met him, so what?

"Amos..."

Crystal turned back abruptly. She thought that Mrs. Bush must be awake, but the servant whispered to her that Mrs. Bush was only talking in sleep.

How much would a person love the other, even calling his name in her dream?

Crystal could understand now because she had called Nathan's name every day in her nightmare a few days ago.

In comparison, how much better was she? She might rather like Mrs. Bush who live in a dream.

In the evening, the servant came to inform her that the dinner was ready.

In the European-style dining room, the end of the long dining table couldn't be seen at a glance.

Crystal first saw that the host's seat was so far away from the guests.

There were several serious bodyguards with guns standing in the middle.

Eric approached her and whispered, "Mr. Davis has been kidnapped recently, so he is very vigilant."

No wonder when they entered the dining room, the servant took out the instrument to check whether they were taking sharp weapons.

Crystal thought it was just 'run after a shadow.'

Eric took out a gun from his waist and handed it to the servant.

After Crystal and Eric had just finished the security check, there were footsteps behind them.

It was Nathan and Mabel.

Seeing them walking together, Crystal felt uncomfortable again.

They had already changed into formal suits, and the colors and styles looked like a couple of costumes...

Crystal felt so painful as if a stick beat her heart, she just turned her head back silently.

As Crystal and Eric walked a few steps forward, they heard the sharp sound of the alarm behind them.

The servant stopped Nathan, "Young Master, your gun."

Nathan said with a cold face, "I didn't bring it today."

Amos was getting more and more cowardly. He had been kidnapped some time ago and almost killed. After returning, he had been suspected of persecutory delusion, and he had always felt that someone wanted to hurt him.

"But the alarm is ringing, young master..." the servant said embarrassingly, "Can you take off your coat?"

Nathan took off the coat of the white suit impatiently. Inside was a white vest and light blue shirt, just like a noble prince.

The servant used the instrument to scan him again, then the alarm still sounded.

Crystal turned around in doubt. What exactly did he bring?

Nathan sneered coldly, "Could I hide anything in my shirt?"

"I am sorry, young master, I just act under orders."

Nathan glanced at Crystal suddenly, took off his vest and shirt, revealing his strong upper body.

Several servants shyly turned their heads away.

Eric's cold voice reminded Crystal, "Have you seen enough?"

Crystal then realized her gaffe, so she immediately turned her head away.

But the instrument was still ringing...

"Young Master, it might be your pants..." Suddenly the servant's neckline was lifted up.

At this moment, the bodyguards standing everywhere in the dining room took out their guns and pointed at Nathan.

Crystal was shocked by such a situation, was this really a private residence? It was more like a heavily guarded prison.

"Young master, please cooperate with us." The servant said innocently, "Otherwise, you cannot go in."

Nathan's eyes darkened. He didn't care to eat with Amos. Then he glanced at Crystal, who had turned away and didn't look at him now.

Nathan took off his belt fiercely, pulled down his pants chain, and took off his pants.

The servants dared not look even more, and all bowed their heads.

Nathan slammed his pants to the ground fiercely, "Is it enough?"

But the instrument was still ringing...

Nathan smiled cruelly, "Can I hide something in my body? Can you tell me how to hide it? Huh?"

"..."

"Would you like to dissect me?"

The vicious voice scared the servant to quickly remove the detector, "Young master, don't be angry, we just act according to the rules."

Mabel asked tentatively, "Is there something wrong with the instrument?"

"But it worked well when we checked Mr. Bush and Mrs. Bush."

"Then check me." Mabel took the initiative to stand forward.

The servant seemed to have an amnesty, he swept Mabel a few times, it rang no matter where he scanned.

In order to confirm whether the instrument was broken, he scanned himself a few times, it certainly kept making noises.

The servant looked embarrassed, "Young master, I am so sorry that the instrument is broken."

"..."

"The instrument is broken?" Nathan repeated coldly, "Are you sure that it wasn't your brain broken?"

"Nate, don't get mad, okay? They can't control this kind of thing."

Nathan coldly threw his hand and walked towards the dining table, sitting in the opposite position to Crystal.

Crystal heard the sound of the chair moving. She raised her eyes and saw Nathan sitting half-naked even opposite her.

Mabel hugged the clothes and came over, "Nate, can you put on your clothes? You will catch a cold..."

Nathan hooked up one corner of his mouth and kept silent coldly.

But he was exuding a powerful and terrifying aura, which already made people understand how unhappy he was.

Chapter 1860 - 378: I Will Definitely Win

Mabel was a smart woman, she immediately knew that if she rushed over at this time, she would be hated.

Crystal really couldn't bear that the man sitting opposite was basically naked except for a pair of underwear. Moreover, this man was Nathan.

Eric was still sitting next to her.

The atmosphere of this dining room was depressing enough, and Nathan still wanted to make it worse.

"Master Davis, please put on your clothes," Crystal said coldly.

"..."

"Please don't affect everyone's mood for dinner."

Nathan pursed his thin lips coldly and said nothing.

Crystal stood up indifferently and pulled away from the chair...

As she walked out of her position, Nathan said in a cold voice, "Pants."

Mabel was taken aback for a moment and immediately handed him his pants.

Crystal just wanted to change her position, she didn't want to eat face to face with him, but Nathan thought she was leaving.

Crystal turned her back to him, leaned on the chair, and heard the rubbing sound of clothes behind her. Soon Nathan had put his clothes on and buttoned them up.

At this time, the servant began to serve dishes.

The gold tableware was filled with delicious food.

However, Amos had not shown up yet at this moment.

When Crystal looked back, Nathan had already put on his clothes, and she quietly returned to her place.

A coquettish smile appeared on Eric's face, and his eyes flashed slyly, what he was planning was unknown to everyone.

Based on Crystal's understanding of him, his plan would definitely not be friendly.

The dishes were gradually served, but the seriousness and depression in the dining room never disappeared. Was it because of the bodyguards standing around?

At this moment, some footsteps came again. Crystal thought it was Amos, but his personal bodyguard and his servants were there.

He was just a subordinate, but there were several servants behind him.

He walked to the dining table and bowed, "Mr. Bush and Mrs. Bush, welcome. I am Mr. Davis' butler. Mr. Davis is not feeling well today, so he lets me inform everyone that he is not coming for dinner. I wish you all a pleasant meal."

After finishing speaking, he ordered the servants to serve dinner.

Crystal noticed that this person's voice was similar to that of the person who called her last time.

There was a servant standing by everyone to serve them.

The servant wanted to serve Crystal some soup, Eric said faintly, "My wife is pregnant, please give her a glass of milk."

"Yes."

Crystal was used to drinking something while eating.

In Eric's villa, the milk produced by the cow he raised was too smelly. In order to let her eat well, Eric often lets people make some pure juice. Sometimes she even wanted to drink wine, Eric would also find a way to get the champagne that pregnant women could drink.

Nancy had always said that he was very considerate.

Crystal picked up the silver spoon and was about to drink some soup, but she found that Mabel, who was sitting opposite, nodded to them and prayed with her hands together.

After praying, she picked up the spoon, moved gracefully, and ate with a standard posture.

The servant standing aside, began to introduce various soups, including their ingredients and nutrients.

Mabel smiled softly, like a celebrity, even the way she took the soup was very elegant.

Crystal looked at herself again. Although her sitting posture was very decent, it looked pale in comparison to Mabel's innate elegance.

They were born noble, if Crystal wanted to say that they didn't match up, it would be against her conscience.

The order of tasting each dish was different, and the servant would put the specific dish in front of each guest.

Crystal thought that this form was too rigid, as if everything had rules.

She couldn't eat what she wanted at first, and she couldn't eat more of what she thought was delicious, she had to follow the special order. In this way, even the most delicious dishes would become tasteless.

Crystal had a meal absent-mindedly, and Amos didn't come to dine with them, probably because of Mrs. Bush.

Unexpectedly, he only allowed Mrs. Bush to see him from a distance, and he didn't even want to say anything to her. It seemed impossible for him to untie Mrs. Bush's heart knot.

Eating in an extremely serious atmosphere, no one dared to make a sound.

It was simply depressing to the extreme.

After the last dish, the dinner was finally over. Crystal took the napkin handed over by the maid, wiped her mouth, and instantly felt relieved.

Crystal hadn't eaten anything since this morning, this meal really made her relieved. She started to sympathize with Nathan, who had grown up in such an atmosphere. Then they all went out of the dining room, Eric and Crystal walked ahead.

When they walked through the corridor, there were richly painted oil paintings on both sides. At the thought of it, Crystal was in no mood to appreciate them.

Then she heard the sound of footsteps coming from behind.

After dinner, Crystal had to leave the manor with Eric. However, Mrs. Bush did nothing except look at Amos from a distance. During dinner, it suddenly rained. After a dull thunderstorm, the rain was getting heavier now...

When they arrived at the hall, the servant ran over, "Mr. Bush, the weather forecast says there is torrential rain and a typhoon. Mr. Davis suggests that you'd better stay overnight."

Eric pursed his lips and glanced at Crystal, "Darling, what do you think?"

"The thunder and lightning will unavoidably stimulate Mrs. Bush, and it's too late..." In fact, she was thinking about how to persuade Amos to help Mrs. Bush.

"Darling, so you want to stay?" There was a dim and unknown light in Eric's eyes.

Crystal bit her lower lip, "Do whatever you want, if you have already decided in your heart, why do you still ask me?"

"Of course, I will listen to your opinion." Eric said profoundly, "If you want to stay, we will stay, if you want to leave, we will leave."

The servant knew what Eric meant, so he stretched out his hand and said, "Mr. Bush and Mrs. Bush, please rest for a while in the hall. I will prepare the guest room for you immediately."

Eric took Crystal's hand, walked naturally, and sat down on the jacquard sofa in the hall. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at Nathan, "Master Davis, it seems we haven't played cards together for a long time."

Nathan paused.

Crystal was also startled.

The last time when they played cards was at Merah Club, she had sprayed Eric's face with wine.

Eric picked up a deck of cards on the coffee table and raised it towards Nathan, "You want to play?"

Nathan walked towards them with one hand in the pocket and with an evil ironic smile.

Mabel certainly followed Nathan with an elegant posture.

Crystal frowned, probably guessing what Eric was going to do.

He had just asked her whether to stay or not, in fact, he had made a secret decision. If she wanted to stay, he would retaliate against Nathan with a card game. If she decided to leave, he would let Nathan go.

He did this because he knew that this was Amos territory, he couldn't play hardball.

Crystal warned him, "What do you want to do?"

"Darling, after a nice meal, men always like to gamble a few rounds to kill the time."

Nathan sat on the sofa coldly and seemed to be ready to take the game.

Eric glanced at Nathan meaningfully, "Just playing cards is boring, how about playing more exciting games?"

"Eric!" Crystal shouted coldly, and she knew clearly what he wanted to do.

"Don't worry, darling! I think I am very lucky today, I will definitely win."

Crystal glared at him. How would she care whether he won or not? She just didn't want him to make trouble.

Eric naturally put his arm around Crystal's shoulder, leaned his lips against her ear, and said frivolously, "Seeing my wife and her ex-husband flirting makes me feel very uncomfortable."

"..."

"If you don't let me vent, I'm afraid that I will be bored to death."

Chapter 1861 - 379: Stop Playing It

Crystal's hands on her knees tightened.

Eric had already begun to explain the rules of the game, "Whoever loses will get hit by a stick."

Eric looked at a model in armor in the corner of the hall, holding an iron rod in his hand, which was really made of iron.

It could be imagined how painful it would be to be hit by that.

They played blackjack and had two chances to add cards. They could choose to add or not. Points would be deducted if they exceeded 21 points.

(For example, if it were 23 points, only 2 points would remain, and so on.)

The servant quickly returned with the iron rod.

The whole rod was thick, with black lacquer and exquisite workmanship.

Eric took the rod and weighed it in his hand, "Master Davis must have been beaten a lot when you were a child?"

"I don't mind helping you recall the taste of childhood."

Nathan stared at Eric fiercely like a wolf, "It depends on whether you have good enough luck or not."

"My gambling luck has always been good, I am always God's favorite." Eric smiled and began to deal cards.

Sure enough, after only two cards, Eric had taken a Q of Spades and a 9 of Hearts, which added up to 21 points.

He didn't need to add more cards, and he had already won.

"Darling, look at my cards, do you think it's good or not?" Eric put his arm around Crystal's waist and let her look at his cards.

Crystal's heart immediately became cold... It would be a draw unless Nathan also got 21 points; otherwise, he would be beaten.

Nathan had got 4 and 7, which was 11 points in total.

Eric directly put the blackjack out, "You still have one chance to get a card."

Nathan then took another card, which was J.

It added up to 22 points.

Eric shook his head and laughed, "You are only 'one point' away to draw with me. It's a pity that you have 'one point' more."

Nathan's eyes were dark and terrifying.

There was thunder appearing in time outside the window!!

"Master Davis, it's time to get punished." Eric picked up the rod and waved it in his hand.

When Nathan stood up, the servant immediately took a super thick cushion and put it at his feet.

He knelt down on one leg and supported the ground with his hand, which was the same posture when Davis got punished.

Crystal turned her face away.

Then she only heard a heavy voice, Eric had used great strength to hit his hips.

Crystal pinched her fingers tightly. If she shouted to stop at this time, it would definitely give Nathan unnecessary expectations.

She had already given him too much expectation, and every time after she had given him hope, she would have pushed him into hell again.

Eric put down the rod and felt it was not enough, "Next round."

Nathan stood up coldly and returned to his seat.

Obviously, this hit wasn't a big deal for him, he could still sit there without changing his face.

Mabel looked at him with a nervous and worried look, "Nate, are you thirsty? I'll get you a glass of water."

"..."

In the second round, Eric took 3 of Hearts, 9 of Spades, and 9 of Clubs.

He did actually get full points so easily again.

Eric couldn't help but say with a big smile, "Darling, I am so lucky today, right?"

The second hit.

Eric hit towards the position where Nathan had just been beaten, it was another fierce hit!

Crystal still didn't have the courage to look, her lower lip had been bitten pale by her. If she had to sit here like this, watching Nathan lose and listening to him being beaten, she couldn't make it. She couldn't help at all!

Her heartache was so painful as if a knife were stabbing, because of which she could hardly breathe.

Eric was about to deal in the third round...

Crystal said coldly, "Wait, I'll deal the cards." Eric stared at Crystal with a smirk, "Oh, darling? Are you also interested in gambling?"

Crystal coldly took over the cards in his hand. How could he have so much good luck? She strongly suspected that he had cheated.

She had clearly kept an eye on his every move when he dealt the cards, but she couldn't find any flaw.

Or was it because Eric had cheated when shuffling the cards?

"I'll deal the cards, it's fairer!" Crystal said stubbornly.

Eric smiled like a wolf and said cunningly, "If you kiss me, I will let you join...."

Crystal wanted to slap Eric in the face, but after a while, she endured it.

She gave Eric a quick kiss on the right cheek.

Eric looked at Nathan defiantly and asked Crystal, "Honey, you kissed me so fast. Are you shy?"

"Eric, keep your cool." Crystal reminded him. Eric took her hand and kissed her on the back of her hand.

"This card is very sharp, you should be careful not to cut your hand when shuffling."

This deck of cards was really hard, not thick at all, with thin edges. It was very easy to cut the hand.

Crystal shuffled the cards over and over again, still shuffling the cards after more than a dozen times.

Eric looked at Crystal with glowing eyes.

How could he not know what was on her mind?

Nathan was hit twice just now, and Crystal was distressed.

Crystal was too heavy-hearted to look at Nathan's eyes.

She dealt a card to each of them.

"One more!"

"One more!"

Nathan and Eric said at the same time.

Crystal gave them each.

Nathan got a 4 and a 7.

Mabel was almost immediately disheartened, staring anxiously at Nathan and wanting to take his place.

Nathan threw his cards on the table. It was a total of 11. Crystal froze.

Nathan got up, ready to be tortured.

Eric slowly put down his cards, two A and a 2.

That was a total of 4.

"Honey," Eric said, staring at Crystal curiously, "I wonder how you do it?"

She was able to get him to hold the smallest card in history.

Mabel laughed almost immediately but was quick to remain polite.

"Mr. Bush's cards are very funny." Crystal breathed a little relief that Eric finally capsized.

Nathan raised the corners of his mouth coldly and took the stick from the servant.

Eric walked leisurely to the big mat and knelt down on one leg.

Nathan took a hard-swinging with a strong stick, and Eric shivered. He quickly got up and calmly returned to Crystal, and sat down.

Crystal frowned. She just looked at the stick, and it hurt. She could imagine how much Eric was in pain.

Of course, those two sticks Eric gave Nathan weren't nice either.

It was just that Crystal didn't dare watch the scene.

"Honey, you look happy, huh?" Eric suddenly put his lip closer and bit her ear. "Are you so glad to see me getting hit?"

Crystal elbowed him away, her figure distant.

But Eric's hand was around her waist, and he wouldn't let her go.

"Keep shuffling." Eric didn't seem to mind that Crystal's shuffle had taken away his luck. Crystal shuffled and dealt again.

Mabel saw Nathan take first a Spade Q, then Diamond 9.

It was blackjack, which meant it was a sure thing that Nathan wouldn't lose.

Crystal glanced out of the corner of her eye at Eric's card. It was over blackjack, and after deducting, Eric had three points left.

It seemed that the tables were turned.

Now it was Nathan's lucky time.

Eric took off his coat and got punished. He got a strong blow.

Next, Eric was hit with 8 more sticks, a total of 10.

Nathan had seven sticks.

Both men were ruthless, as if they were going to beat each other to death.

Eric's initial ease was gone, his forehead was sweaty, and he was no longer sitting on the sofa. It seemed that his buttocks were severely hurt.

Mabel asked for so many soft pillows for Nathan so that he could sit.

Two men were crazily angry.

Crystal was holding a playing card and felt that Eric was in luck because Nathan had already lost three games in a row, that was, he had been hit three times in a row.

"Do you still want to play? It's getting late. Let's go and have a rest. "

Eric said calmly, "Of course. Nathan, what do you say?"

Nathan answered in his cold voice, "Anytime."

The two men were now at loggerheads. They wouldn't stop until they beat one of them down.

"How childish you are!" Crystal shouted, "stop playing it."

Chapter 1862 - 380: I'm More Afraid Of You

"Honey, if you are sleepy, you can go back to your room and go to bed first." Eric seems to have taken it hard.

Nathan's lips were cold with combativeness.

Eric was about to pull the cards from Crystal's hand. Crystal knew she couldn't stop them, so she shuffled the cards vigorously. Suddenly the sharp edge of the card cut Crystal's finger, and a drop of blood trickled down.

Eric immediately took her wrist and put her finger in his mouth.

Crystal didn't even notice. Eric had sucked her finger and spit out the blood. "I told you to be careful. The cards are sharp."

Crystal did it on purpose.

"Go and rest, won't you? Any more competition, and you will lose both."

"Honey, you really care about me. I know you don't want me to be beaten." Eric gave me a wry smile.

"But I have a personal bone to pick with him. Anyone who looks into my things will pay!"

Crystal's eyes shone.

She was a thing to them, not a person. She had always been the object of the struggle between the two men.

But it was Eric who took her from Nathan, using mean tricks.

Either way, they never respected her feelings.

Crystal took the cards quickly and shuffled them, clashing and cutting her hand again.

Eric saw that she did it on purpose. He snatched the card and threw it into the trash can.

How could he have dared to gamble on a card stained with her blood?

He took Crystal's hand and wiped the blood with a tissue.

"Bring a band-aid now!"

Crystal dropped her eyes, and Nathan sat perfectly still, unmoved by her wounds.

She hurt herself because she was afraid of Nathan getting hit, but Nathan might think she was afraid of Eric getting hit.

All right, she could do anything as long as they wouldn't gamble anymore.

The servant brought a band-aid, and Eric helped her wrap her fingers.

"Bring the dice," he said coldly.

The dice?

Crystal stood up coldly and asked, "Eric, are you going to keep playing?"

Eric looked at Nathan with bloodthirsty eyes. "As long as Nathan continues, I will accompany him to the end."

He knew that Crystal hurt her finger to save Nathan.

Instead, it hit him like a hammer on the chest, arousing his fighting spirit.

Crystal looked at Nathan.

He played with the ring on his finger coldly.

"I am in."

The servant brought the dice quickly. And they continued their game.

Nathan got a 4, a 5, and a 6, while Eric got a 1, a 2 and a 6. Obviously, the former was big.

Eric shrugged and said, "Well, I lost."

"Wait a minute!" Crystal shouted suddenly, "I'll take the stick for him."

With these words, all eyes fell upon her. Crystal stood up, her shoulder pinned back by Eric. "Don't be ridiculous! You're pregnant, and you want to have a miscarriage with a stick?"

Nathan looked at Crystal with cold eyes.

Crystal said pertinently, "If you were clubbed to death and the baby was born without a father, what would I keep it for?"

Eric chuckled. "You think I'll be dead?"

"If you go on playing, let me take the stick,
or else,"

Crystal stood up forcefully.

Suddenly, Nathan whipped out his hand, and the dice flew out. One of them bounced in Crystal's face.

Nathan stood up and took two steps. He turned around again, picked up the bottle on the table, and threw it hard on the floor!

The bottle splintered and splashed.

Nathan strode out of the hall, his gait stiff from the wound, his back ghostly cold.

Crystal pressed her fingers tightly. She was relieved to see Nathan go.

Eric watched her expression change coldly.

He knew why Crystal had done it the moment she said she would take the stick for him.

Of course, she did not grudge him being beaten.

"Honey, you're so good at using people to get what you want." Came Eric's sarcastic voice.

At first, she cut her finger to get him to stop gambling; Then, knowing that the stick would never fall on her, she tried to make Nathan mad.

And so she made it.

Crystal stood up coldly and looked down at him.

"Eric, don't forget what you're doing here. You forced my body and mind to give in to you, and I did it, so you can't let Nathan go?"

Nathan lost her. He had nothing left. She could not understand why he should be punished.

"Do you pity him?" Eric said angrily, "Then who's going to pity me?"

"You deserve it! You know well what you've done to get me," Crystal said in a cold tone.

Crystal was about to walk when Eric snapped at her wrist.

"Did I deserve it? You're the one who showed up in my world. You're the one who made me crazy."

Crystal looked at him in disbelief.

"I believe that no one can ever get into my heart as easily as you. You know what? I'd tear my heart out and show it to you if I could. Then you will know who I have in my heart and what it thinks!"

Crystal's figure quivered slightly.

What was good about her? Why did he fall in love with her?

Just because they were in the same world? Because they had similar souls?

It was raining cats and dogs outside, and the castle stood alone in the suburbs.

Amos had only one room arranged for them to stay.

Crystal couldn't help wondering if Nathan and Mabel shared the same room.

"Go out. You ask the servant to arrange another room for you!"

"We're husband and wife. What do you think people would think if we slept in separate rooms?"

"I don't care what they think. Get out! Get out."

Eric lay down on the bed and said brazenly, "Honey, wipe the medicine for me."

Why would Crystal care about him? She grabbed a pillow and threw it at him.

"Get out! Get out! "

Eric's buttocks, back, and arms were all hurt with sticks. Even if he was hit by a pillow, he still bared his teeth in pain.

"Hiss! Honey, you are so cruel!"

"If you don't go out, I'll be more ruthless. Do you believe it?" Crystal threatened him.

Eric snorted, "Don't think you can hit me right now because I'm covered in bruises. I can beat you in a minute."

"We made a deal that we would be in different houses before the baby was born."

"What are you afraid of? You're pregnant now. I know how far to go and when to stop."

"I'm a light sleeper. I can't sleep with someone by my side. You better go."

"You probably don't know Amos. No matter how many rooms there are, there won't be one left for me unless he arranges it."

"Then you sleep in the hall."

"You want me to sleep in the hall when I'm so hurt? What do people think?"

"I don't care what other people think. Are you leaving? If you don't go, I'll go!" Crystal walked to the door and opened it.

And Eric immediately got up and said,

"Okay, I'll go down the hall."

"Or I can go to your mother's."

"Aren't you afraid of her?"

"I'm more afraid of you."

Eric just propped up half of the body and lay back softly.

There was a dull pain in the wound on his hip.

He hit Nathan, but he was beaten, too. It was a fair bet.

But he forgot that he had lost at the starting line from the very beginning.. No matter how fair, Crystal kept only Nathan in her heart.