

## Midnight III 381

### Chapter 1863 - 381: I'm Sorry For Everything

Crystal walked quickly to the old Mrs. Bush's room. Suddenly, a door opened, and the servant stood in the doorway with a tray.

The tray was filled with medical supplies, gauze, and alcohol.

It was Mabel who opened the door. She took the tray from the servant and said, "Leave it to me. You may go."

She saw Crystal walking towards her.

Mabel nodded slightly. "Good night, Mrs. Bush."

The address puncturing Crystal's eardrum made her extremely uncomfortable, especially coming from Mabel's mouth.

Crystal looked stiff and nodded. As she passed the door, her wandering eyes peeped through the crack.

She didn't see Nathan, but she knew he must be in the room, or he wouldn't need the medicine.

Crystal's heart ached, and she stopped at the front door.

She didn't realize that Nathan's room was next to the Old Mrs. Bush's.

The old Mrs. Bush was still in a coma, and some servants were taking care of her.

Crystal looked at her, and all she could think about was Nathan and Mabel in the same room. Didn't he eat Cupid's Arrow? If he had sex with another woman, that woman would die.

They wouldn't have children at all.

Did Mabel, as his fiancée, know this fact? Do the Davis know it?

Nathan probably knew it best. So, did he deliberately choose Mabel to stimulate her, or did Davis force this fiancée on him? Or was he just lonely and lacking a partner?

Crystal knew that Nathan looked so macho, but he was really clingy.

Thinking wildly, she wanted to slap herself in the face. No matter what happened to Nathan, it had nothing to do with her.

She had just done that to him in the hall and hurt him, although, in the final analysis, it was for him, how could he know that she had good intentions?

Crystal smiled bitterly. Although Nathan won that game, she couldn't see Nathan suffer any more in the next game.

The air around her was extremely depressed by her thoughts, and she was leaning on the huge sofa without any drowsiness.

Crystal pulled open the French window and went outside.

The night sky was cloudy with rain, and there was a sound of thunder from time to time.

Vaguely, she thought she heard a quarrel in the next room.

She must have misheard.

At that moment, the door of the next terrace swung open, and a cold figure came out, bottle in hand.

Crystal stared at him in surprise.

Nathan saw her at the same moment. On a rainy night, his deep eyes were bloodshot.

Between them, there was always an inextricable link. Wherever they went, they would meet.

Or that two hearts were so close together that they produced what was called telepathy.

Mabel's voice rang out in the room. "Nate, you are hurt, you need medicine..."

Her voice became more and more distinct. "It's raining outside. Will you come in quickly?" Then a flash of lightning flashed across the dark and threatening sky.

"Nate, you can't drink anymore." Mabel's footsteps were coming toward them.

"Go away!" Nathan's neat words brought Mabel to a halt.

She knew not to bother Nathan at this point. But she was really worried about him after all the blows he had taken today and how badly he had been hurt.

Normally, she would have taken the hint and shut up, but she was over it today.

Mabel bit her lip in silence. "Then shall I go out and have the servant wipe the medicine for you, or do you do it yourself?"

Nathan leaned against the railing and took a sip of wine. Just as he was about to leave for his room, Crystal snapped at him. "Wait a minute!"

"Master Davis, I have a favor to ask of you." Crystal clenched her fist.

Crystal knew she could leave it alone. But Amos wouldn't help, so Eric couldn't have begged Nathan. She was the only one who would.

Nathan was the old Mrs. Bush's only hope.

Nathan's tall frame flitted slightly. He said in a most sarcastic tone, "Favor? Did I hear you correctly?"

Crystal bit her lip. "Yes."

"Well, it's rare that Mrs. Bush asks me for help."

Crystal's eyes narrowed. "I am sorry, but you're the only one who can help."

Nathan leaned against the door, his face chilled, his eyes filled with disgust.

Crystal knew that she would probably make a mess of things again. She could have gone to Amos, but why did she choose Nathan instead?

She probably feared that rushing to Amos would make matters worse.

"The old Mrs. Bush listened to you, and she took you as the Amos of his youth."

Nathan knew exactly what she was going to do the minute he heard her speak, but he didn't bother to listen and turned to go in.

"Master Davis, I beg you, please," Crystal added.

Nathan paused in his steps, leaving only half his figure outside. "Mrs. Bush, your begging is now worthless to me."

"I know, it's just that it's so easy for you..."

"Well, it seems you have a great relationship with your mother-in-law. Mrs. Bush, I never thought you were a woman of great affection and loyalty." He meant that she was very affectionate to others but cruel to him.

"I confess I have wronged you in much, but that is the past."

"Past?" Nathan muttered the word with a sneer. His fingers whitened as he clutched the bottle. "You've had an easy time getting over it, but with me, it'll never get it past."

"So, what do you want to help me with the favor I've asked?" Crystal chuckled. "If you feel better, even if you hit me, I can take the blows you got tonight."

Nathan didn't speak.

"Or what do you want me to do?" Nathan came back slowly, his face cold in the darkness. "Hit you? It'll only get my hands dirty."

Crystal felt angina. She had never begged anyone so humbly.

And now she begged him, not knowing how. She withdrew her gaze and said, "Well, I'm sorry to interrupt you."

As she turned to leave, Nathan raised an eyebrow and asked, "Can you do whatever I want you to?"

Crystal lifted her eyes and heard him say, "Then just serve me for the rest of your life. Can you do that?"

Crystal's eyes had just brightened, then darkened again.

"You can't do that?"

Crystal didn't answer.

"Then what qualifications do you have to talk to me?"

He continued with a sneer, "When I was useful, you thought of me first. I'm no use now, so you kick me off like a ball."

"I didn't... You know nothing," Crystal clenched her hands and held back the tears that were about to slip.

"Mrs. Bush, you'd better see what kind of man you're playing with."

He was Nathan.

A man who could even manipulate the world was reduced to a toy in her hand. Crystal's eyes were dim, and she felt ashamed of herself.

She had already hurt Nathan like that, but she was still there, bothering him and using him.

"Yes, you are right, and indeed I ought to leave you alone." Crystal said quietly, "You really don't have any more reason to help me. "

"I am sorry." She wanted to say that to him every night and every day.

Crystal's mood changed slightly, but she managed to hold it in.

"Nathan, I'm sorry for everything,"

Nathan's eyes were as dark as night. His tall figure was cold, and his eyes seemed to be searching for the truth in her words.

"Even so, you are still the best. I believe, and I hope you will be happy in the future."

Crystal's thin voice drowned in the thunder.

Standing on the balcony for a long time, the rain came in and splashed her hair and shoulders. It was cold.

Exhausted, she turned to go into the room.

### **Chapter 1864 - 382: I'd Love To See His Reaction**

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"So you give up so easily?" Said a demonic overbearing voice from Nathan.

"You just pretended to sacrifice yourself for the old Mrs. Bush, which made me think that you could really be willing to die to save someone. But in the final analysis, you're selfish." Nathan scoffed.

That was right. In the eyes of others, and in his eyes, Crystal was just selfish.

But if she was really selfish, why should she care about those people?

She could live the life she wanted happily and unrestrained.

But how could she do it?

"Come to my room."

With that ambiguous remark, Nathan went in first.

Crystal was slightly surprised. Did he change his mind as she gave up?

Crystal went back to her room without thinking. The old Mrs. Bush lay in bed, still unconscious.

She withdrew her gaze, blaming herself for not being ashamed.

She knew that Nathan's feelings for her had not gone away, so did she take advantage of his feelings?

And now, in order to achieve her goal, she was doing so.

Why did her heart wrinkle?

Crystal's eyes were red. Through it all, she suffered no less than Nathan.

She took a hard breath, but she decided to go to his room anyway.

Crystal knocked hesitantly and found the door ajar. The moment she knocked, it opened.

"Close the door." Nathan's cold voice came out.

Nathan sat down on the couch and took a big swig.

"Don't drink it." Crystal reached for the wine and snatched it away. "You didn't mean to let me watch you drink when you asked me to your room."

Nathan put down the bottle, went to the big bed, naturally took off his robe, and lay down on the bed.

"Apply the medicine for me."

Crystal saw the jars on the floor that Nathan had knocked over as Mabel tried to apply for the medicine.

Fortunately, there was a thick carpet on the floor, and the medicine jar was not broken.

Crystal picked up the medicine bottle and went to apply it.

Nathan's entire back was covered with red streaks and bruises, and it was swollen up.

Crystal thought he would hurt just looking at it.

Crystal's shoulders trembled, and her heart ached as if being whipped.

She could imagine how hard Eric beat him. Of course, Eric also suffered a lot.

She rubbed the medicine in her palm until it was hot, and she gently rubbed it over his bruised area.

"Harder."

Crystal paused.

"How can the medicine get in if you can't do it harder?"

Crystal tried harder, and his body began to tighten with pain.

Crystal gathered her strength.

"I told you to do it harder!" Was he torturing her or himself?

Crystal took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

But she could not get her hand down.

"What's wrong with you?" Said Nathan evilly. "Do you want to heal the old Mrs. Bush or not?"

"Nathan, why are you torturing me like that?" Crystal said in her heart.

"Rub it for me," he said as if it were not his

own. "Use whatever strength you have."

Crystal still couldn't do it.

"If you can't do it, get the hell out of here."

Crystal could not get down. All she wanted to ask was if he was hurt.

Of course, he did, but the pain stung him, paralyzed him, and made him forget the pain in his heart for a while.

"Crystal, I want you to rub it harder!"

Crystal ignored him at all and only applied for the medicine according to her own frequency and strength. Even if he refused to help her in the end, she helped him finish the medicine and left.

Crystal's fingers touched every part of his wound, and her eyes were already fogged up.

Tears seemed to fall at any moment. She quickly stood up and pushed back her tears.

Nathan sniffled. "Done? You may forget a crucial part."

Crystal didn't know what he was talking about.

"What, Mrs. Bush? Do you like to do things by halves?"

Crystal bit her lip. She knew that if she didn't do it for him, he wouldn't let anyone do it for him.

His back and waist were so badly hurt, so must his hips.

Crystal hesitated, taking off his only boxers.

Sure enough, the injury was serious but not as serious as the waist.

Crystal poured out the medicine and wiped it on him. Suddenly, a big tear fell down uncontrollably.

Her tears fell on the bruise on his waist.

Nathan's body stiffened visibly, and he felt the hot tear.

Crystal bit her lip and stood up to leave.

The next second, her wrist was gripped hard.

Nathan ground his feet, clutching her.

Crystal struggled hard. "Let me go!"

Her body was banged hard against his chest. Nathan's long fingers lifted her chin.

Crystal's red eyes fell into his.

Eyes met. Two tears fell from Crystal's eyes.

Nathan looked at her strangely for a long time. He fingered the tear in the corner of her eye. "What is this?"

Crystal tried to hold back her tears. But she failed.

Look what stupid thing she did! She made a mess of everything.

Nathan growled. "I am asking you, Crystal, what is this? Why are you crying?"

Crystal couldn't say anything now.

"You want to win my sympathy, loosen my vigilance, and then cast me off so cruelly?"

"Tell me." Nathan tugged at her thin lips, his smile growing eerier. "What are you going to do with me this time?"

He had seen enough of her hypocrisy!

She was gentle with him, and the next moment she was cold and hard.

Her performance was comparable to that of a first-rate actress, able to make her emotional tears come at once.

Nathan would never trust her again. "You liar."

Suddenly, Crystal's lips were cruelly stuffed.

Nathan's lips pried open hers with the smell of wine.

Her eyes were glazed, like a puppet in his lap, letting him play with her lips and teeth. Crystal's fist was tied between his chest, and she forgot to struggle.

Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes.

She had never been so miserable. She longed for his kiss. She missed him so much. His hot touch keeps her wanting more.

Salty tears flowed into her lips, mixing with his taste, so bitter.

Crystal's brain suddenly cleared, and she began to struggle.

Along with his soberness, Nathan jerked her off and laughed eerily.

"Guess how Eric would feel if he knew you'd come into my room in the middle of the night and make out with me?"

Crystal found him almost naked.

A pair of faded briefs hung from his lap. And the symbol of his male rigidity squeezed between her legs, he lifted her body and held it close to each other.

Crystal stared at him, her eyes misty.

"Will he see clearly who you really are?" Nathan's smile became crueler.

"You are still misbehaving when you are married. You are still with me in my room." He rubbed it maliciously. "I'd love to see his reaction."

Nathan picked her up and rubbed her back and forth with greater force.

The smell of her still fascinated him.

Why did her smell so easily excite his desire?

### **Chapter 1865 - 383: You Spy On Me? Online - All Page - Full-Novel**

Crystal was cradled on the bed, and she pushed him violently.

Nathan's lower back was hurt, and he tightened his eyebrows painfully when he moved. He gripped her body hard. "Don't move."

"Nathan, how could you do this to me?"

"You brought it yourself."

"Over and over again, you came to me." He pinched her jaw. "I put up with you because I had feelings for you. And now, what do you think you are?"

Crystal had a pale lip.

"Who do you think you are that you can come to me at will?"

"I..."

He pressed her lips viciously again, and his big hand was wantonly removed from her body, tugging at her clothes.

Crystal dodged her body.

His lips scratched back and forth on her face with a demonic smell of alcohol.

"Nathan, I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant. "

"So what?"

"You know what's going to happen to me if you forced me to have sex with you."

"Oh, yes?" He grabbed her by the hair. "Do you think I care?"

Didn't he care? Yes, he must not care about the child. He hated the child.

But such an abortion would cause heavy bleeding and even endanger her life.



Her life may be cheap and insignificant, but she didn't want to be killed by him.

"I'm gonna die, Nathan, I'm gonna die." Crystal looked at him holily. "Do you want me to die?"

Nathan's hand stiffened a bit, and the next second, his even greater force exploded, tearing her fabric apart.

It was anger, it was hatred, and it was rage! Nathan tore wildly at her clothes. "In my mind, the old Crystal is dead."

Crystal's eyes went red.

"And you are Mrs. Bush now."

He put his hand on her chest and kissed her white neck, leaving hickeys that belonged to him.

Nathan's kisses were imprinted on Crystal's fair skin after another.

He was breathing thin heat, moving around his waist, rubbing her hard across his clothes.

In spite of this, he did not really encroach on her.

Crystal, heartbroken, grabbed him by the hair.

Sweat dripped from the end of his nose. "This is my last warning to you."

"Don't blame me for taking you back if you dare meddle with me again," he stroked her pretty cheek.

"But don't think you'll get what you used to when you come back to me."

A warning voice sounded in her ear, as if from hell.

"You will taste the most terrible torture. I have had enough of your lies!"

Crystal's eyes were blank, passing through him. For some reason, she saw the portrait on the wall facing the big bed.

There was a man in the picture. The black eyes were not so deep and seemed to reflect the light.

Crystal suddenly understood. "You spy on me?"

He was just gasping.

"You hid the camera in the picture?"

Nathan said nothing, pulled her face, and kissed her again.

He didn't hide the camera, but there was a picture in every room with the camera hidden.

He just opened it.

His close kisses muffled her words, and no more sound came from her.

The smell of Crystal lingered before his breath.

He was so in love with her. Nathan gave her a wild kiss because he knew it would probably be the last time he kissed her.

She was a woman who never deserved the slightest bit of nostalgia from him. If she ever appeared in front of him again and disturbed his peace, he would strike her mercilessly, making her wish for death and making her see clearly the consequences of provoking him again.

He would play with her and throw her away. He would give her a taste of what it felt like to be trampled, give her back ten or even a hundred times what he had suffered.

The long friction did not subside his desire but made it more painful and swollen.

Nathan was hungry for more. Nathan lifted her skirt and tore off her pantyhose.

Crystal suddenly stopped struggling and closed her eyes.

The rain was falling harder and harder outside, and the thunder was thundering in her ears.

She felt only a burning heat trickle down her inner thigh.

Nathan didn't enter her eventually but let her handle his desires with her hands.

An extremely ambiguous special smell diffused in the room.

Nathan grabbed her by the hair. "Don't expect me to help you anymore," he said. "And you better hope you don't fall into my hands again."

Crystal opened her eyes.

"Do you want me to help the old Mrs. Bush? Keep dreaming. She deserved all this," Nathan sniffed. And you, if you don't want to be more miserable than she is, you'd better get the hell out of here."

There seemed to be nothing but burning hatred under his eyes.

"Crystal, I feel sick just looking at you now."

His face seemed to say that falling in love with her was the worst thing that had ever happened to him.

Crystal laughed. It wasn't her choice to meet him.

She wished she had never met him.

If time could be turned back, she would go back to the womb and strangle herself. If she hadn't been born, she wouldn't have involved so many people in trouble.

Carlos, her parents, Nathan and Eric.

"Get out of here at once! Now!"

Crystal didn't react yet. She was grabbed by him and thrown away. She fell out of bed with a thud, disheveled, tears still visible on her cheeks.

Nathan sat on the bed and yelled at her, "Get out!"

Crystal sat up numbly, opened the door, and went out.

She walked along the corridor like a zombie. The servants looked at her with wonder.

Outside the window, the thunder was still unrelenting. She really wanted to run into the rain and disappear from the world.

But as soon as she had taken a step out, she thought again of those whom she had implicated.

In an instant, she drew back her feet and walked back.

When the servant heard the knock, she opened the door and saw Crystal with glazed eyes.

She walked into the room and glanced over at the old Mrs. Bush, who was lying unconscious on the bed.

"Help me get a change of clothes," Crystal said hoarsely and went into the bathroom.

She seemed to feel very cold. She made the water very hot and washed it again and again.

Her skin was red and hot, but she didn't feel it.

Suddenly, Crystal's hand felt across her chest.

She was not qualified to keep the ring on her finger, but fearing that it would fall off again, she ran up on a chain and hung it around her neck.

Now the chain and the ring are gone. She guessed it was Nathan tearing her dress when the chain came off.

Crystal smiled with empty eyes. It didn't belong to her in the first place, so no matter how well she kept it, it was going to go away.

Besides, what was the use of her keeping it?

Was it buried with her in her coffin when she died?

She probably would not have a coffin or a cemetery.

Crystal looked at the hickeys. They could be hidden from Eric, but what if Nathan showed the video to Eric?

No man would allow his wife to behave like this, let alone Eric.

She ignored Eric's injuries and told him to go out. Then she ran off to Nathan's room to apply the medicine for him and made out with him.

Crystal held onto her hair. Her skin was burning red, and she didn't even know what she had done.

She just wanted all the people she loved to be safe and happy. But why was this little wish so difficult to achieve?

She didn't ask for more from God and even forgot herself. Why is it so hard for her to have such a small wish granted?

**Chapter 1866 - 384: Christine Vicious Plan**

Amos's birthday party was in the bustling center, sitting in a resplendent palace. The palace was also a symbol of the Davis' wealth and power, magnificent and luxurious.

It had white Phnom Penh walls in the Gothic architectural style.

After the accident of The Old Davis, he transferred all the power in his hands to him. It was conceivable that this position had offended too many people. Amos was wary of being poisoned when he drank even a glass of water, not to mention being kidnapped.

Eric explained to Crystal with a smile, "After Amos got to the top, not only could no one see him, but no one could get close to him for half a meter."

"Not even Nathan?"

"Sure." Eric picked up the comb from the table. "Isn't it sad that he has no one to trust, including his wife?"

Crystal looked at herself in the makeup mirror. "Yes, that's too pathetic."

"Nathan won't make a rash act about it."

"Why?"

"Amos had one thing better than the Old Davis: he was on good terms with the other families. When Nathan makes a move, he unites his family to take Nathan down."

Crystal's back stiffened. Amos was so defensive that he was ready to go. No wonder, then, that Nathan was kept down by Amos.

"Honey, you look so different today."

Crystal was stuck. Did he see it? She tried to cover up the hickeys, and she tried to act as usual.

"You are quieter than usual." Eric smiled and combed her hair.

In the past, she would never let him into her dressing room. She would be eager to get him out of the room with him, not to mention allow him to comb her hair and touch her.

Crystal's eyes sank, her eyes full of guilt. She thought she'd wake up in a mess, but Eric looked the same as usual.

Nathan didn't show him the video? Or was Eric faking it too well?

No man was comfortable with the idea of his wife cheating on him. If he had known the truth, his spirits would have been burned by anger, and he could not have pretended to be calm.

If Eric was faking it, it just proved that he was too strong inside.

There were warm yellow lights around the floor makeup mirror. Crystal was wearing an orange lace dress in the mirror, with Eric in a white suit behind her.

Two people reflected in the mirror as if a cover painting.

Eric combed her long hair.

Crystal seemed to see his figure overlap with Nathan's in a trance.

Her heart ached, and her eyes darkened.

To be honest, Eric was not bad, and he was like Nathan in some ways.

It was just that she met Nathan first, so there was no room for anyone else.

Eric pinned her bowler hat on her head, glanced at his wristwatch, and said, "Honey, it's almost time. Let's go."

Crystal was led to her feet by him. Today, she purposely made the makeup artist put on a lot of makeup, barely covering her dark circles.

As they approached the banquet hall, Crystal looked around for Amos, for her. She didn't know anyone else, and she wasn't interested in them.

Eric took her by the hand and explained patiently as he walked. "This is a dinner party with famous families and collateral relatives."

Crystal had no idea that there would be so many people at this family dinner, and the banquet hall was overflowing with people.

Christine Laurent leaned against the white European-carved railings on the second floor and looked down to see Crystal.

Christine squinted slightly. She was surprised to hear that Eric and his new wife had come yesterday to Amos's birthday party.

Amos's birthday party used to be small, and he only invited his family.

Actually, Eric was not qualified to attend at all, but it was said that Amos invites Eric every year, and he didn't come once.

This year, he came unexpectedly.

Did he want to show off with Mrs. Bush? Christine smiled and stared at Crystal downstairs. Does Eric really mean to send the prey to her?

A bodyguard came and leaned over her ear and whispered, "Miss, I had arranged according to your instructions before the banquet began."

Christine gave a flickering smile as if to say that tonight was Crystal's death.

Instead of Amos, Crystal saw Christine on the second floor.

Her face suddenly changed.

Christine greeted Crystal by raising her goblet across the air and slowly lifting it to her mouth to drink, looking relaxed and comfortable. Crystal had a foreboding when she saw her cheerful appearance.

She guessed that Christine wouldn't do anything outrageous at Amos's party.

Eric looked up at Christine, too, and whispered in Crystal's ear. "What's wrong? Mad at her?"

"Nothing."

"Next time, I'll catch her and give her a piece of my mind."

Crystal looked at him in surprise.

Eric smiled playfully and said, "I'll teach anyone a lesson you hate."

"But I shall leave her to her wretched breath. Let's not make a scene." Eric laughed and said, "I guess your kind personality won't allow me to hit her hard."

Crystal squeezed her juice glass. "You know me well?" she asked.

"Better than you know yourself... Maybe a little less."

"Self-righteous."

"Do you want to hit her?"

"Sure." "Crystal said maliciously." "If anything happened, you would take it."

"Good." Eric squinted slightly. "Your mess, of course, is your husband's."

For some reason, Crystal decided at that moment that he didn't seem to bore her so much!

At least Nathan knew she hated Christine but never took her side.

She fled to Kuerto partly because of Christine, of course.

Crystal's mood was darker and lonelier. But luckily, she didn't see Nathan and Mabel.

"Why are you unhappy again?" Eric took care of her emotions. "Are you hungry?"

Crystal recovered her senses.

"You got up so early in the morning and haven't eaten. You look listless." Eric snapped his fingers and asked the waiter to take the food. He made a special note not to take the food for pregnant women.

Crystal may have screwed up last night. The nicer he was to her, the more guilty she became.

Soon the servant came with food. Eric took it over and fed her himself.

Crystal turned her face. She was hungry but not in the mood to eat. "Honey, I know you're hungry."

"But I have no appetite."

"You can't starve our baby." Eric smiled, but his voice was soft, and he looked like a nice guy.

Crystal sighed softly and asked, "How is your wound?"

Eric froze slightly. Did he hear correctly? Was she worried about him?

"Did you ask a servant to wipe your medicine last night?" Crystal asked in guilt.

Eric became quite happy because Crystal took the initiative to care for him.

## Chapter 1867 - 385: Honey, Are You Okay?

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Crystal had rarely seen him smile so happily.

"What are you smiling at?" Crystal was not at ease. She wanted to stay away from him, but there were strangers everywhere.

Eric laughed and said, "You've changed your attitude toward me."

"Is it?" Crystal said coldly. "I just don't hate you that much."

"So, as long as I continue to be nice to you, you will see my kindness one day, right? You don't hate me now, so this is a good start. It will slowly develop into favor, then to liking, and finally to love."

Crystal just took him as being whimsical.

"We still have a long way to go. It doesn't matter. I'll wait for you slowly. I have a lifetime to wait." Eric assured her.

Crystal was stiff, and a chill came up her back. No way. She wouldn't fall in love with anyone but Nathan.

If she fell in love with any man she met with, how skittish was she?

Carlos wasn't really someone she had ever loved. She only had a vague appreciation for him when she was young. They were more like relatives.

But Nathan was the first and only person she fell in love with.

Everyone would have a lot of people to like and appreciate their life. But there was only one they loved and engraved in the heart.

If Nathan hadn't shown up, Crystal might have thought that she loved Carlos for the rest of her life.

"Honey, what are you thinking about? Come on, have something to eat." Eric insisted on feeding her.

She turned her face away and grabbed the plate. "I'll eat by myself."

As she finished, uniformed servants were simultaneously saluting at the gate on the ground floor.

They were well trained.

Nathan and Mabel appeared, their eyes fixed on Crystal's face.

Crystal had her back to Nathan. But even if she stood in a crowd of thousands, he could see her at a glance.

She and Eric were so close to eating something. Were they supposed to feed each other?

Nathan darkened his eyes and gave a sneer.

Crystal felt Nathan's gaze.

His presence was so strong that even when her back was turned to him, she could feel the heat in his eyes as if he were going to burn her to ashes.

All around, it was a lot quieter because of Nathan. Everyone looked at him consciously or unconsciously.

No one dared look at him directly.

But his aura still caught everyone's eye, especially the unmarried women present.

The young master of the Davis was known to all unmarried women. This is because Nathan was so beloved, noble, and handsome. These people did not usually have the opportunity to see him, and this was the only opportunity to see him every year.

Of course, single women want him to take a look at them, preferably love them at first sight.

Unfortunately, Nathan had his fiancée, Mabel, by his side, which broke their hearts. But as long as they were not married, it didn't stop them from loving Nathan.

Crystal felt Nathan's aura and did not look back.

She just pushed the food that Eric gave her. "I'll get it myself."

"Okay."

Eric was in a good mood when Crystal showed him so much concern just now.

Actually, Eric was no less handsome than Nathan. It was just that he had her by his side, and everyone knew that Eric was showing up with Mrs. Bush, so those young ladies didn't show much interest in him.

Crystal felt how aristocratic ladies looked at Nathan, so naked that she could tell where Nathan was even when she didn't look at him.

Her mind was absent, and she kept away from Nathan and away from the crowds.

Crystal looked around. Amos was not there yet. It was so hard to meet him.

No wonder even Eric couldn't help it.

Crystal ate something and felt people looking her way.

She frowned slightly. Was Nathan walking toward her?

Crystal started off somewhere else, and Eric, of course, followed her wherever she went.

He could see, too, that Crystal was not herself today. She seemed to be hiding something.

Crystal kept her distance as far as she could, for Nathan had warned her last night of the consequences if she appeared in front of him again and provoked him.

On the second floor, Christine had been watching Crystal.

Crystal walked up and down without walking into Christine's trap.



Now, Crystal's head was muffled, and she saw that she was heading for the trap.

Christine narrowed her beautiful eyes as she waited for her prey.

"Mrs. Bush." A voice suddenly called to Crystal. It was Mabel.

Crystal looked up and saw a pair of figures appear in front of her.

Mabel wore a black tuxedo, and Nathan was in a black suit. The two pairs are wearing matching outfits again today.

A voice came over Christine's headset. "The target is in position, Miss, but so is Mr. Davis."

Above Crystal's head, a huge Swarovski crystal lamp had been tampered with.

As soon as she passed this position, the crystal lamp would fall down immediately.

But then, of all things, Nathan and Mabel appeared.

"Miss, what do we do next?"

Even Nathan wouldn't have been spared such a huge lamp.

Cruelty was creeping up in Christine's eyes.

Having missed the opportunity, she would hardly have found the time to start again.

Helen wouldn't have gone crazy over abortion if it hadn't been for Crystal, and the President wouldn't have grounded the Old Davis.

"Follow the plan." A bloodthirsty voice sprang from her lips.

She believed Nathan's skill should save his life. If he got hit, it was his bad luck.

She thought that in Nathan's mind, she and the Old Davis were no match for Crystal, who had just appeared on the way.

And he imprisoned her for Crystal. But for Amos, she would have remained imprisoned and isolated.

How could Christine forgive so much?

The light in the hall flickered slightly, and a crystal fell right into Nathan's glass.

He frowned and looked up. He found the whole chandelier shaking and could fall down at any moment.

"Mrs. Bush, it's a pleasure to meet you here." Mabel reached out to hold Crystal.

As soon as Mabel finished, her arm was tugged. Nathan grabbed her arm and lifted it hard. Mabel and Nathan fell out together and fell heavily to the ground. At that moment, all the distinguished guests looked at them.

The headlamp flickered off suddenly, and even sparks popped out, and all of a sudden, it fell. Eric shielded Crystal, and they both fell and rolled several times.

The headlights came crashing down with a loud noise, and countless crystals began to splash.

Nathan was too strong, and the two were too far apart. Nathan had the experience of using a suit jacket to ward off the splinters and escape unscathed.

Eric's situation was different.

Crystal was pregnant, so he didn't feel up to pulling her out of danger by brute force.

Eric had to hold her and roll around a few times. He covered her with his back, and a lot of broken glass splashed on his back.

"Honey, are you okay?"

Crystal's face was pale and frightened. She looked at the face staring at her. The shadows of her eyes crossed unclearly.

"Honey, tell me, did you get hurt anywhere?" He began to sweat. "Are you scared?"

"No, I don't think I'm hurt." She wasn't sure. She just didn't feel any pain.

"Any stomach trouble?"

"No.. I am fine."

#### **Chapter 1868 - 386: He Grabbed A Wrong Hand**

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Eric picked Crystal up and looked up and down to see if she was hurt.

She was fine, except for a small cut in the bare leg, which was not deep.

But as he squatted down to examine Crystal's leg, Crystal saw that there was blood coming out of his back.

"Eric, your back..." Crystal put her fingers to her lips in disbelief.

"What's wrong?"

"Your back is hurt!"

At this time, Christine trembled with anger on the second floor when she saw this. She didn't expect that Crystal would be so lucky and didn't get hurt at all.

Eric was in a trance as if he was just beginning to know the pain.

He hurt his back yesterday. It hurt at the touch, not to mention the glass.

Suddenly Crystal looked at Nathan.

Nathan wasn't her savior at this critical moment, but Eric was the one whom she always hated.

How ironic was this?

In the most critical juncture, a person would subconsciously reflex to save their favorite one. That was a completely mindless action because time was running out.

So, she was not Nathan's beloved one anymore.

Nathan's bleak eyes shone through the ruined hall, and he faced her.

"Nate." Mabel stood up. "Thank you for saving my life."

Nathan lowered his eyes. Damn it, Mabel reached out to shake Crystal's hand at the critical moment, so she covered Crystal's arm.

He grabbed the wrong hand and saved Mable instead of Crystal that he meant to save.

Time did not allow him to hesitate, and he could not tell whether he had saved the wrong person.

Soon the servants gathered around, and the guests looked quite shaken.

The servants tried to help Eric to the restroom, but he held out his hand to Crystal.

"Honey, help me."

Crystal hesitated for a moment and took his hand.

For an instant, her heart felt pain as if it had sunk to the bottom of the valley.

Every step she took to help him forward seemed unreal. She had only the impulse to cry.

Nathan wouldn't have liked Mabel.

In that case, however, he preferred to save Mabel and ignored her.

Crystal thought again about what he had done in his room the night before and what he had said to her. Nathan could easily have helped the Old Mrs. Bush, but he chose to embarrass her instead.

Yeah, how could she deserve him to do anything for her?

In his mind, Crystal was dead, and she also felt that her innocent and beautiful self had died.

"Why did the light suddenly fall?" Nathan growled coldly. "Check!"

"Yes, sir!"

This episode soon passed, and the party resumed, but Amos still did not appear.

Crystal helped Eric out of the hall and went to the restroom.

With a lot of glass sticking into Eric's back, Crystal took out a pair of scissors and cut open his coat carefully.

Even so, his body strained and gasped in pain as she touched the wound. Crystal was afraid to move when she saw him sweating all the time.

Eric chuckled softly. "Honey, your hand is shaking. What are you afraid of?"

"Are you dizzy with blood? Just let the doctor take care of it."

"I thought you would insist that I deal with it for you." He wouldn't let anyone get close to him if Nathan were hurt except her.

"You can deal with small wounds, but not big wounds. I'm afraid you will be scared." Eric smiled.

Soon the doctor ran quickly carrying the medicine box, followed by several nurses.

Crystal was afraid that she could not handle it well, so she stepped aside.

However, Eric refused the treatment and said, "My wife's foot is injured, please help treat her wound first, in case she gets tetanus."

"I am fine, check him first."

"Check her first! By the way, see if the baby is fine or not."

"I'll check both of you at the same time..." The doctor seemed to be unable to bear their humility, letting the nurse help him too.

The baby was safe, so the nurse disinfected her wound with alcohol and put on a hemostatic bandage. In fact, this was just a small wound, and Crystal could even treat it by herself.

But Eric was much different.

A bruised and swollen back was exposed when his clothes were cut out. A dozen pieces of glass shards of various sizes were inserted on his back, with deep and shallow wounds, blood flowing, which was extremely shocking.

Crystal just glanced at it, then looked away quickly because she couldn't watch it anymore.

"Darling, don't worry, it doesn't hurt."

"..." At this time, he still cared about her mood...

Crystal clenched her fists and walked close to the window to breathe.

She was so depressed that she almost suffocated.

"Mr. Bush, now we are going to pull out the glass. It will be more painful when we pull it out. If you really can't bear it, we can use an anesthetic..."

"Don't bother, just pull it out."

Crystal heard the sound of each piece of glass thrown into the tray. She closed her eyes forcefully, no matter how hateful things Eric had done to her, he had saved her life today.

"Master Davis."

The servant at the door called Nathan respectfully, then the door was pushed open.

Nathan came here, holding Mabel together.

Why was he here?

To add insult to their injury?

Did he come to laugh at them?

Crystal's back stiffened, she stared out of the window without looking back.

Nathan's sharp eyes scanned Crystal' body, like a scanner, to check Crystal' body from top to bottom...

She was standing while Eric was lying down.

Eric was surrounded by medical staff, which meant that Crystal was fine.

His eyes suddenly became fierce, then he hooked up the corner of his mouth coldly.

Eric turned his head slightly, saw Nathan, and sneered, "It's rare that Master Davis will come back to see me."

Nathan replied coldly, "I come to see if you are dead or not."

"It seems that you will be disappointed. I will live for a long time." Eric lay down leisurely.

With one hand in his pocket, Nathan looked at him coldly. He didn't speak, nor did he mean to leave.

Eric suddenly called Crystal, "Darling, I'm thirsty, can you pour me a glass of water?"

Crystal was startled for a while, turned around and poured water, and brought it to Eric.

The nurse stopped the treatment.

"Can you drink it by yourself?" Crystal bent over and asked him.

"If you could feed me, I would be very happy."

Crystal forced herself to hold the water glass and feed Eric in front of Nathan.

Eric took a sip slowly, "The water that my darling poured is so sweet."

As Eric called 'my darling, let alone Nathan, even Crystal couldn't stand it.

Mabel obviously felt that the atmosphere was wrong, and the man beside her was stiff.

After Crystal fed Eric the water, Eric seemed to be thinking about something, "Darling, why the water you poured me so sweet?"

Nathan naturally knew to whom Eric showed off his love and said mockingly, "I admire your sacrifice today."

"It's my duty."

"But isn't it unworthy to almost die for this kind of woman?"

Eric narrowed his eyes, "Whether it's worth it or not, it's completely up to me."

Nathan took out a small hard drive from his pocket, "If you see this, I am afraid that you will immediately regret and know how stupid you were today."

Crystal's body stiffened, "Nathan-"

Of course, she knew what was in the hard drive, how he could actually do this!

In the hall, the moment the chandelier fell, Crystal didn't care that he had just stood by and watched. But she had just escaped from death, why did he want to push her into hell again?

He just couldn't see her live well, right?

### **Chapter 1869 - 387: Throw It Away**

8-10 minutes

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The hard drive was brought to Eric, but he squinted his eyes leisurely, "I'm not interested."

"You are not interested in this time, but aren't you afraid that there will be another one next time?"

"If I'm afraid, I won't marry her." Eric held Crystal's stiff hands, "Darling, why are your hands so cold?" Then he turned around and ordered the servant to get her clothes.

Nathan, "..."

However, at this time, Crystal felt her hands cold, but her whole heart seemed to be frozen.

Nathan coldly handed the hard drive to the

bodyguard, "It is very wonderful, I suggest Master Bush not miss it."

The bodyguard respectfully took it in front of Eric.

Eric looked at the hard drive coldly, without reaching out to pick it up.

The bodyguard handed it in the air, not knowing whether to take it back or continue to hand it.

The nurse had taken the last piece of glass out, and Eric's back was bloody and stained with alcohol for disinfection.

Crystal's body was stiff, and her face was pale as a sheet.

Compared to the fear that Eric might see the video in the hard drive, the hurt feeling given by Nathan made her even sadder.

That he stabbed her once would hurt dozens of times more than others slashed.

The bodyguard gave Nathan an embarrassed look and finally put the hard drive on the coffee table next to Eric.

Crystal wanted to snatch it, break it, and throw it to Nathan's face.

But what was the point? Nathan must have a backup. There would be thousands of ways if he wanted Eric to see it.

Today, he just used the ugliest and most direct method.

"Master Davis, if you made a special trip to send the hard drive, I think your goal has been achieved." Crystal tried hard to calm herself, "Then, can you leave now?"

Nathan squinted coldly, "This is the Davis' place."

It was not her turn to ask him to leave. Crystal nodded, "Fine, I will leave, don't worry, I will go far away soon."

"But can you please go out now?"

She stressed the word "please" hard.

Nathan smiled coldly, "I was going to leave, but now, I don't want to go anymore."

Crystal looked at him angrily.

He took the cigarette straight away and sat with his long legs crossed on the sofa.

Mabel walked over and took the lighter to light for him.

Because of his existence inside the room, the atmosphere had become particularly depressed.

The bodyguard took the coat and put it on Crystal. But she still felt herself falling into the ice cave and couldn't help but shiver lightly, "What the hell should I do, then you can leave?"

Eric's injury obviously made them unable to leave this room immediately.

And here were all the servants and bodyguards of the Davis family, so no one dared to ask Nathan out.

He smoked hard, his sharp face looked very profound, "After watching the show."

Crystal's eyes fell on the hard drive...

He just wanted to see Eric punishing her in a rage. Was this his so-called revenge?

"Okay, where is the computer?" Since she couldn't dodge it, it was better to face it directly.

The bodyguard handed the box to her, "This box can play it directly."

Nathan was really thoughtful.

Eric suddenly said, "Throw it away."

"Throw it away?"

"Since you don't like me seeing it, it should be thrown away."

"Don't you want to know what's in it?" Crystal laughed dumbly and honestly said, "There is something inside that makes you angry at me when you see it, which is also Master Davis' purpose."

"In that case, why should I make myself unhappy to ruin our relationship?"

Crystal was slightly surprised.

Then she saw that Eric stretched out to make a stop gesture, the nurse paused to apply for the medicine, and he took the hard drive from her hand and broke it forcefully!

The hard drive was made of iron, but it was broken like this by him.

"Snap-"

His movement was neat and swift, then he threw it out directly.

"Master Davis, since you can't hold the sand in your hands, it's better to let it go." Eric said indifferently, "No matter how tightly you hold it, it will finally fly with the wind."

Nathan took a hard breath of cigarette. Maybe he had done it too much that he choked and coughed slightly.....

Nathan's pupils squinted like a beast, which was a sign of anger.

"Master Bush, deceiving yourself can't solve the problem." He quickly smiled, "I will send another copy to your mailbox. If you regret it, you can watch it again."

"..."

He stood up coldly, flicked off the soot from his pants, and strode out.

"Young master Bush, Young Mistress Bush, see you next time..." Mabel said goodbye politely and followed Nathan closely.

After Nathan left, that suffocating atmosphere finally disappeared, and Crystal finally relaxed...

But as long as she thought that he would send an email to Eric and all his actions that he did today, she raised her mouth in despair.

Instead, Eric's reaction today surprised her.

She thought that she had known Eric very well, but sometimes she couldn't understand him.

"Darling, give me your hand." Eric's lazy voice came again.

Crystal gave him her hand.

He held her hand and hooked up the corner of his mouth slightly, "Your hands are getting warm now, do you feel better?"

Crystal had mixed feelings in her heart, "Eric, in fact, in that hard disk... "Hush, I don't want to know."

"But I want to confess." Since he would know it sooner or later, "It's rare for me to be in such a good mood, so do you have to ruin my good mood?"

"I will be upset if I don't say it out loud."



"Then, that will be the best punishment for you." Eric looked sharply, "Guilt is the best prerequisite for maintaining a marriage."

Crystal looked at him in astonishment.

"If you feel sorry for me, you will treat me well..." He said lightly, "For example, I am very satisfied with your performance today."

She was not looking coldly at him anymore.

Rather than look at him with hatred.....

"You start to feel guilty for me. This is my biggest gain." He seemed to be in a very happy mood. "This trip is not in vain. At least our relationship has improved."

Crystal frowned and declared, "Eric, I won't 'love you!"

"Love or not is something later, don't say so absolutely."

"But I really won't love you." She didn't want to pour cold water on him, but she didn't want to give him unnecessary hope.

"If this is the case, I will treat you better and make you guiltier... then you will be so guilty that in the end, you will be reluctant to hurt me." He calculatedly said, "I will wait patiently, so happiness can come slower, as long as it is true."

Crystal frowned tightly. She was completely speechless.

She just felt upset, like a mess in her head....

She hated Eric, but sometimes she pitied him. She loved Nathan, but sometimes she hated him.

Why were her feelings so complicated!

The injury on Eric's back was so serious that he had to stay in the manor to recuperate for a few days before returning home.

Amos appeared at his birthday party, and he personally visited Eric in the evening.

The problem was just that a large number of bodyguards always guarded him...

Before he entered the room, everyone was cleared out, including Crystal.

He was really like an emperor, except for his cronies, no one was not allowed to approach.

Crystal had no chance to approach him at all.

As for Mrs. Bush, she had been in a coma

and high fever after that day, while she was occasionally delirious when she woke up.

They could only rely on tranquilizers to calm her down...

However, too many tranquilizers were not good for her body, which would also corrode the brain and damage the nerve center.

"The old man doesn't agree." Eric's lazy voice came.

"Then, we just watch your mother's condition worsen?"

### **Chapter 1870 - 388: Can We Leave At Any Time?**

8-10 minutes

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"After returning back, I will find a better doctor for her," Eric said after a pause, "We can find someone who is similar to Amos."

"Do you think that you can find such a similar person casually without any blood relationship?"

"I would create one anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"Cosmetic surgery."

Crystal frowned, "Can you make an identical Amos?"

"There are no two leaves that are the same in the world, and of course, they can't be exactly the same," said Eric seriously, "It is enough to have sixty percent similarity, plus my mother's consciousness is not good. It will be fine."

"Since you know this way, why didn't you say it before?"

"I have racked my brains these last two days before I have this idea. It is also an inspiration that she mistook Nathan for Amos."

Crystal bit her lower lip and looked out the window.

Well, in this way, she didn't need to turn to Nathan. Their only relevance would be eliminated.

"Don't worry, it will be soon. I have asked someone to look for the candidate as soon as possible."

At this moment, the bodyguard knocked on the door, "Young master, the car is ready, we can leave at any time."

This time, Eric kept everything simple, with only one bodyguard.

Also, they were naturally escorted and protected by Amos here.

Nathan would not be so stupid to hurt Eric at this time...

However, there was no need for them to hurt each other again, right?

Crystal suddenly smiled, "We have to leave now? You haven't recovered yet."

"When can I completely recover?"

"But..."

"What's wrong? Do you still want to stay here?"

Crystal knew that Nathan lived in the same castle with them.

But the castle was very big, so in order to not meet him, Crystal didn't go out at all....

No matter what the reason Nathan stayed here, Crystal didn't want to see him again. She must leave as soon as possible, in case they met each other again, which was good for both of them.

"Darling, come and help me." Eric stretched out his hand.

Crystal walked over to help him while he seized the opportunity to kiss her on the cheek, "If my mother is cured, we will never see him again."

Crystal suddenly looked at the painting on the opposite side of the bed, "Fine, never see him again."

Eric also squinted slightly and looked at the painting, "What's wrong? Do you like this painting?"

"Nothing, let's go."

Nathan leaned on the black swivel chair and looked at the screen on the wall, which showed the actions of Crystal and Eric.

He was like a voyeur.

These days, as long as he had time, he would open it and see what this woman was doing!

He held the remote control tightly, watching every intimate moment of them.

How they dared sleep in the same room!

Fortunately, Crystal slept on the sofa all the time...

Every time Eric called her 'Darling, it seemed to be a thorn that penetrated into his body.

On the screen, Eric kissed Crystal on the cheek.

[If my mother is cured, we will never see him again.

[Fine, never see him again.]

Crystal suddenly looked back at the screen.

The two of them stared at each other through the glass screen.

Nathan grabbed the remote control at hand and slammed it on the ground...

Then, water cups, books, tea sets.

Anything that could be thrown had been used to vent by him.

[I would create one anyway.]

[What do you mean?]

[Cosmetic surgery.]

Nathan stood up coldly. He had been confident that Crystal would definitely come back to beg him in the past few days because he knew that she had always been a selfish person, racking her brains for her own benefit.

However, what he had waited for was her taking good care of Eric by his bed.

What he had waited for was that - she finally left with Eric mercilessly.

All his hatred stemmed from his deep love.

Such complicated emotions made him unable to let go. He wanted to let her go, and he ordered himself to forget her!

The room was dark. Nathan walked to the window and pulled the curtains hard.

The sunshine suddenly came in. He was in the dark for a long time and couldn't adapt to the light, so his eyes narrowed...

Then, he saw Crystal and Eric walking out of the castle.

Eric's arm was on her shoulder, followed by a group of bodyguards. Naturally, Amos sent them to escort them to the airport.

In the other window, Christine folded her arms and squinted viciously.

How could she let Crystal leave safely? She had sent someone to follow them, looking for the best time to act.

Amos thoroughly investigated this crystal lamp incident...

However, Christine had made all-out preparations long ago, so even Amos investigated it, he could only find that the crystal lamp incident was detected as a fall in disrepair, and it was impossible for him to find out the truth.

Crystal seemed to sense Nathan's gaze, but she straightened her back and told herself not to look back.

The bodyguard pulled the car door.

Crystal's body paused for a moment before getting into the car, but soon she got in the car without hesitation.

Every time she left, she was always like this, never looking back.

After Crystal got in the car, her neck straightened, and her body didn't relax slightly until the car drove far away.

"How is your injury?"

The car was padded with super thick velvet, which sat very softly.

In the huge space of the car, Eric occupied a long position alone, lying on his side, like an emperor over the world.

It seemed that Amos was very thoughtful to arrange such a good car for them.

"Darling, you are caring about me more and more." Eric seemed to be very happy. Crystal had cared about his injuries from time to time these past days.

"Don't think too much. You are injured because of saving me - I should care about you."

"It's too late, I have already thought a lot about it." Eric coquettishly stared at her, "Darling, isn't it normal for a wife to care about her husband? You don't need to be shy."

Crystal seriously changed the subject, "What is the relationship between you and Amos?"

"What do you mean?"

"He has taken more care of you than Nathan!" Crystal was serious.

"Probably out of guilt."

"So why doesn't he help us if he really feels guilty?"

"Amos is very vigilant, plus he thinks that this is the best result for them."

Crystal coldly snorted, "It's just an excuse for irresponsibility."

"Darling, I'm tired." Eric closed his eyes sleepily, seemingly reluctant to discuss this issue in detail.

Eric didn't know all about the past, while he didn't want to discuss it more either.

Crystal leaned on the window and looked at the vehicle behind them. Mrs. Bush was given a tranquilizer, but she couldn't always live on the tranquilizer until the plastic "Amos" was made.

In Huston.

Eric's people picked them up at the airport, and they returned to the villa smoothly.

Christine's people followed them all the way to the villa, but they failed to find a good opportunity to act, so the action failed.

In Amos's manor, Amos' people closely guarded them, and when they returned to Huston, they were all people from Eric.

Christine smiled coldly, "Send someone to watch near the villa, looking for opportunities."

As long as she knew Eric's foothold, the action would be sooner or later. She was not in a hurry.

The door was ajar. When Crystal was about to knock, she heard people talking inside.

"The operation failed?" It was Eric's voice.

"The potion prepared for the operation has been changed..."

Crystal pushed the door quietly.

Eric sat on a French sofa chair with a French table lamp beside him in the luxuriously decorated bedroom.

The warm light illuminated his extremely cold face, and the smile at the corner of his mouth was completely gone.

"Have you investigated, who did it?"

### **Chapter 1871 - 389: You Didn't Sleep Well Last Night?**

8-10 minutes

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The bodyguard knelt on one leg and pressed his hand on the ground to report, "It should be Master Davis."

"It's him again." Eric was not surprised, as if Nathan had been making trouble in many ways recently.

The soup in Crystal's hands was almost unstable, and the open door was moved by the wind, making a creaking sound.

When the bodyguard came in, he forgot to close the door.

Eric looked up and met Crystal's eyes.

Crystal saw that she couldn't hide anymore, she opened the door with her shoulder and walked in with the tray, "I made some soup for you...."

Eric nodded and waved his hand. The bodyguard, who was kneeling on the ground, got up and retreated.

Eric's serious face changed into a relaxed smile, "Darling, I can't believe that you will make me the soup by yourself, I'm really flattered."

He got up personally, took the tray, and placed it on the table.

"Darling, don't do this kind of dirty work yourself. What if you fall?" He turned around and held her hand.

Crystal unnaturally took her hand back, "What were you talking about just now? The operation failed? Did the cosmetic surgery fail?"

Eric frowned slightly.

"It's Nathan?" Crystal shook her head, "I don't believe it."

"After we came back, he opposed me in many ways."

"How do you know that it's him against you? Not someone else?"

"Don't forget that I can check it, not to mention that he didn't want to hide it." Eric picked up a small empty bowl and filled half of the soup, "He did openly."

"Why did he do that?"

"Jealous."

"He is jealous?"

Eric smiled magnetically, "Because I am happier than him."

Crystal pinched her fingers, "He doesn't need to be jealous at all. He can be happier."

"But he is jealous of me - he is jealous that I have you." Eric declared a cruel fact.

With Nathan's extreme character, he could really do it....

"Take this first." Eric gave her the bowl and picked up another small bowl for himself. Such a large bowl of soup was definitely enough for them.

How could Crystal be in the mood to drink soup now, "It's really him?"

"Why should I lie to you? Apart from Nathan, do I have other mortal enemies? No one dares to provoke me."

Sure, only Nathan and Eric dared to pluck each other's heads. How would anyone else dare to provoke them? They were too late to dodge them.

However, Crystal could understand why Nathan was against Eric, but she couldn't understand why Nathan had to hinder the operation.

Mrs. Bush was innocent....

He knew that she had begged him for this matter.

Did he deal with her indirectly?

"Honey, the soup will be cold if you don't drink it."

Crystal's face looked very bad.

"Are you okay?"

"Eric, don't you understand the consequence of his hindering the operation?"

Crystal finally couldn't help asking.

He could refuse to help, but how could he even add fuel to the flames?

How could Nathan do so? "You could not believe it," Eric said with a cold expression, "But he has always been cruel. Believe it or not, it is your freedom."

"..."

"You can think whatever you feel more comfortable... I didn't plan to tell you this. It's because you've eavesdropped on what you shouldn't that you feel very uncomfortable."

Crystal's mind was in a mess.

"Well, don't think about it. I will find a way to deal with my mother's affairs." After a pause, Eric said, "I have good news for you."

Crystal was completely absent-minded.

"Carlos' treatment is very successful, and he will be sent home tomorrow."

Crystal finally looked a little better.

"But his situation is not very stable yet, I believe that he will get better soon." Eric arranged her hair, "Are you happy?"

Crystal couldn't believe it and asked, "The treatment is very successful, and he will be sent back tomorrow?"

"I set him in the country to recuperate. You can visit him now."

This was the only good news in recent days.

Crystal let out a sigh of relief, and Carlos finally got out of control.

Eric did not break his promise to her. He had really given everything she wanted...

How could she still be unsatisfied? What else was she still asking for?

"In that case, should you drink the soup and rest earlier?"

Crystal nodded numbly, finished the soup in one breath, and turned away numbly. Just as she was about to walk out of the door, Eric stopped her, "After Carlos' affairs are finished, we can go abroad to settle. What do you think?"

"Going abroad?"

"If you want to stay, I have no opinion."

"Well, it's good to go abroad...then let's go abroad." Crystal' shoulders shivered slightly, "As long as it's not here, it will be fine."

Eric smiled softly, "Have a good rest." As long as she was not in Nathan's sight, she could go anywhere.

She wanted to leave, stay away from him....

In this way, they would no longer have any

chance to meet again.

Nathan leaned in the bathtub. The mist was rising.

There was a beautiful face faintly in the mist...

He held a ring tightly in his palm.

This was given by the servant when he left. It was in the room where Crystal had slept in the vineyard.

Also, a torn silver chain was given to him.



[The day after you left, I found it after I cleaned the room.]

Nathan clutched the ring fiercely.

Just by looking at it, he knew whom the ring belonged to.

Nathan hooked up the corner of his mouth and sneered. The sentence 'pain in the left hand and happiness in the right' made him angry like a fire.

She kept wearing the ring, always reminding herself how terrible it was to meet him?

The crazy fury burned in his body as if it were about to explode.

That was his love that had been accumulated for Crystal, all turned into a fire of hatred.

He suffered in the hell of resentment while she and Eric were bathed in the heaven of love. Why should he leave the pain to himself and let them live better?

After returning to Huston, he would definitely launch a series of revenge since he knew that Eric would let people have the cosmetic surgery in order to treat Mrs. Bush, how could he make it smooth? How would he let them live happily?

At this moment, his mobile phone rang by the luxurious bath.

He picked up the phone lazily and pressed the loudspeaker key.

Vic's voice came, "Young master, Master Bush's cosmetic surgery failed."

Nathan's pupils dimmed and shrank for a while, soon a kind of comfort after revenge spread all over his body.

He paused for a moment and ordered Vic to go to the manor on the Isolated Island to find the watch he had thrown away.

If he found it, he could know the location of Crystal.

There was a positioning system in her bracelet!

The cruel color condensed in his pupils, Nathan shook the liquid in the goblet as if tasting blood.

In the Manor on the Isolated Island.

The waves crashed against the rocks.

There was a tightly wrapped sketchbook lying in the crack of the reefs. Although it had been soaked in seawater for a long time, blown by the wind and beaten by the rain, it was still intact. Everything was like fate, just waiting to find its owner...

\*\*\*\*

Crystal looked haggard in the mirror. She had cried last night and suffered from insomnia all night. Her eyes were very swollen.

If Carlos saw her like this, he would definitely be worried about her. She didn't want him to worry about her.

She wanted to show that she was very happy and let him recover in peace.

"Young mistress, what kind of makeup do you want today?" The servant combed her hair, and the makeup artist adjusted the makeup palette.

Crystal's eyes dimmed, "A little thicker, I want to look more energetic."

"Yes."

"You didn't sleep well last night?" Eric's voice suddenly appeared above her head.

### **Chapter 1872 - 390: Sketchbook Was Found**

8-10 minutes

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The servant saluted respectfully and dispersed.

Eric put his hands on the backrest, "As long as I leave a few passionate hickeys on your neck, I believe that you will be full of energy immediately."

Crystal rarely didn't refute him, "Fine."

Eric was suddenly stunned, then he smiled, "Darling, you are getting more and more obedient."

"Don't you like it?" Didn't they all try to tame her?

"As long as it is you, I like it."

As long as Eric spoke, it must be sweet talk. Crystal had become accustomed to it now.

When she went out, she was suddenly pressed at the entrance.

"Darling, didn't you say you want me to leave a few hickeys on your neck?"

Crystal looked at the servants who were walking around the room and then at the bodyguards following him.

"Not here, just wait where no one is there."

"In the car?"

"There is also a driver in the car!"

"When have you become so conservative?" Eric squinted, like a big tail wolf, "When we are alone, aren't you afraid that I will lose control of myself?"

"If you dare to touch me, your child will be over."

"Darling, you are so cruel." Eric thought for a while, "I will be the driver."

"Can you drive with your injury?"

"I've recovered, if you don't believe it, you can touch me." He took her hand, put it on his back, and let her touch him.

The swelling on his back had already disappeared, and the wound was gradually healing...

Crystal whispered, "Let's not bring bodyguards this time."

"Why?"

"I don't like the feeling of being in jail, I really feel enough of it. Besides, the farm is full of your people. What are you afraid of?"

"I am afraid of nothing - I will do as you want."

If it were in the past, when Crystal asked him

not to bring bodyguards for the sake of her safety, Eric would have definitely disagreed.

But since he would go out with her today, he would be a strong bodyguard for her...

Moreover, those hickeys became an extreme temptation for him.

But Crystal would never know that this time she asked to go out alone would just give the people who had been secretly monitoring them a chance.

Christine picked up the phone and put down the delicate teacup.

"Miss Laurent, Master Bush, and Mrs. Bush went out alone without any entourage this time."

"Will Eric be so careless? Look again and be careful of ambushes."

"We have checked it clearly. They really didn't bring..."

It was so great, she had waited for so long, and finally, this day came.

A murderous intent flashed across Christine's eyes, but it was very quick. She was afraid that she would fail like the previous chandelier incident this time. If Eric survived, he would thoroughly investigate it...

Christine suddenly thought of a good candidate who could be the scapegoat. Even if she failed, she would be able to get away with the matter.

"Keep an eye on their whereabouts and report it to me in real-time."

\*\*\*\*

In the manor on the Isolated Island, after a night of searching and salvaging, the bodyguards still had not found the watch but had found the sketchbook from the crack between the reefs.

Nathan stood with his hands on his back, looking at the distant view of the sky and the sea.

As if yesterday had reappeared....

He had seen Crystal for the first time here, and he had spent the first Christmas with her here.

All the past memories were still fresh. He had never done anything for a woman, but he had done everything that he could to her, except for taking his heart out to her....

"Young master," Vic said softly, "We didn't find the watch, but we found a sketchbook."

Nathan looked back.

The package in Vic's hands was open, revealing a sketchbook.

Unexpectedly, what he had dug for so long would suddenly appear.

Nathan stared at him coldly, "Who opened it?"

"The bodyguard found it without knowing what it was, so he opened it to check..."

Nathan looked at the beach coldly, "Burn it."

Now that he had decided to replace love with hatred, he didn't want to see anything related to the past.

Vic hesitated and said, "But inside are the portraits of the young master..."

"I have told you to burn it!" Nathan growled in a low voice, and the scarlet pupils were frightening.

Vic turned and left.

Nathan's heart suddenly started to hurt inexplicably

He clenched his fists tightly and shouted sharply, "Get back here."

Vic had just reached the door but came back miserably.

Before getting close, Nathan shouted again, "Get out, and burn it."

Vic, "..."

When Vic walked to the door, Nathan's loud voice sounded again like thunder, "Get back!"

Vic returned back again, and he had been prepared to deal with his master - after working with Nathan for so long, he had always been a resolute man and had never been so entangled with anything.

It was conceivable that the contradictions in Nathan's heart were fighting fiercely at this time.

Finally, Nathan still took the sketchbook from Vic.

He seemed to open it very casually.

He immediately saw that the first page was wet with tears. The tears had dried up and turned into raindrop shapes, and the sketch on that page was also blurred.

It was a profile face of Nathan with his eyes closed. A handsome face, with long eyelashes, just like a perfect masterpiece of God.

However, there was a sentence below the painting,

[Thanks for letting me meet you, whether we have a future or not.]

Nathan's heart suddenly seemed to be injected with a stimulant, and the blood in his body immediately became mad. He pressed his lips tightly and opened the next page...

It was a front view of Nathan when he was sleeping.

The corners of the thin lips were slightly raised as if he had dreamed of something pleasant. His smile was very light but full of radiance.

[I just hope you will always smile when you think of me.]

Nathan's body was tight, as if the strings of his brain were stretched into a line.

He turned to the next picture, having no mood to look at the painting, he just looked at the words under the sketch.

[Perhaps I am really useless, unable to protect everyone I don't want to lose.]

\*\*\*\*

[If one day, you find that I have done something sorry for you, will you hate me?]

\*\*\*\*

[I chose to give you up because I only want to owe you and just remember you until the last breath I may have.]

\*\*\*\*

Every piece of painting paper had a trace  
of being soaked with tears...

The last one was almost wrinkled, and its words were also blurred.

[You always say that I have no heart. Actually, I have, and every place of it is filled with you.]

Nathan's breath suddenly became heavy with a nasal sound, his tears dripped down, falling on the drawing paper, on the places that Crystal' tears had flowed...

Nathan's face was tense. He was holding the sketchbook tightly.

Crystal, why?

If he hadn't come back here to look for the watch, and they hadn't found this sketchbook by mistake, then it would have become a secret forever.

No matter what he had done to her, she would have never explained or refuted. She had just kept silent all the time!

Why?

As if God had heard the cry in his heart, the waves suddenly became fierce, crashing on the reefs, breaking into thousands of spindrift.

The sky that had been sunny just now was suddenly obscured by the dark clouds, indicating that a rainstorm was coming soon...

At this moment, a bodyguard stood on the rock and waved to this side, "Young master, the watch is found."

\*\*\*\*

Crystal didn't sleep the whole night, so she quickly fell asleep after she got in the car. Crystal was leaning her head against the window. Because of the vibration of the car on the bumpy road, her head would keep bumping on the glass.

"Darling? Is it so boring to be with me?"

Eric tried his best to drive the car as slowly as possible, but it did not stop the car from shaking.

Crystal tried hard to cheer up, "Go faster, it seems to be quite far from the farm?"

"I don't mind lending you my shoulder."

"Focus on driving. How can you drive if I lean on your shoulder?" Suddenly Crystal's face changed, and she pointed to the front, "Be careful!"