

Midnight III 391

Chapter 1873 - 391: It's Her

A little boy rode a bicycle straight across the road.

Eric hurriedly turned the steering wheel, the car nearly brushed past the boy, which would almost cause a car accident.

Crystal didn't dare to sleep anymore, "Can't you just concentrate?"

"I have always been thinking about the hickies you owe me, I can't concentrate."

"You are so horny?"

"I am only horny to you. Now I have no interest in anyone else except you."

Crystal frowned and looked away. She knew very well whether he had any sex life since they were together. He did not look for other women elsewhere.

The car drove out of the city and moved on the road leading to the suburbs.

The field of vision had gradually broadened, and it was spring now, everything was recovering, and the fields were full of rapeseed flowers.

Crystal lowered the car window and breathed the fresh air.

Only at this time, her heart would be slightly calm.

Suddenly a black sports car rushed out of the branch road ahead.

Eric frowned and braked sharply-----

Squeak!

The wheels were rubbing on the ground with a harsh sound.

Crystal leaned forward heavily because of inertia.

"What's the matter with you today? Are you absentminded again?" Crystal cursed coldly, "Eric, do you have to have a car accident?"

"It's not my fault this time. Someone suddenly rushed out from the branch road ahead." Eric checked Crystal's seat belt for the first time, "We met a desperate lunatic!"

The black sports car turned its direction, letting the front face them, and the driver stepped on the accelerator hard.

It slammed into this side aggressively! Eric's instinct felt something wrong, and he immediately reversed.

Crystal unexpectedly saw that the owner of the black sports car was Joyce.

Her face changed greatly, "It's her!"

"Darling, do you know her? What kind of enemy is so fierce?"

Eric only felt familiar. He had always had a bad memory of women except for Crystal. He backed up fast, but Joyce quickly chased him frantically.

Suddenly Eric made a beautiful rear drift and turned quickly, in the same direction as the black sports car.

Joyce was not Eric's opponent at all in terms of car skills.

Suddenly, a pistol protruded from the car window.

Bang, bang, bang—

Joyce shot at Eric's car randomly.

"Be careful."

Eric pressed down Crystal's head for the first time while the bullet passed through the car glass and shot directly above Crystal's head.

Crystal's mind went blank. How did Joyce know they were here? Where did she get a gun?!

Just at this moment, Joyce quickly seized the opportunity to turn around and make her car face Eric's car again.

Joyce's eyes were filled with bitter hatred, and she advanced the throttle.

Suddenly those humiliating memories appeared in Joyce's mind that the intercourse she had with the man for several rounds was made into a video, the scene when she was reviled by Carlos and finally abandoned by him, the moments when her friends ridiculed her, and she couldn't raise her head anymore...

Everything was caused by this woman, Crystal!

"Gun... Eric, did you bring a gun...?"

"No, darling."

Boom!

There was a heavy crash with a deafening sound.

Joyce's head slammed against the windshield when the two cars collided because of inertia.

The blood flowed down from her forehead, which was extremely shocking...

She was dizzy for a moment and quickly shook her head and backed the car.

Why could Crystal always have everything?

Since she was a child, she was always the best in everything, grades, appearance, piano...

She had got what all the girls wanted without much effort, including the love of Carlos.

Joyce cursed in her mind. That man was liked by her first! Why could she never be comparable to that bitch in Carlos's eyes...

Eric started the sports car again, which stalled because of the collision, and he immediately protected Crystal, letting her bend and raise her knees to cover her abdomen and chest.

"Crystal put your hands on your head, keep your head down, remember, don't raise your head no matter what happens."

"..."

"Don't worry, darling, don't be afraid, I am here."

There was another loud sound, and she could vaguely hear Eric's words.

The front passenger's seat was the most dangerous seat because the driver's instinctive reaction would usually protect themselves first, then the danger would be transferred to the front passenger.

The emergency technique for a crash was to hug one's head and lie on the seat. The passengers should curl up as much as possible to protect their organs.

If Eric wore a seat belt, he wouldn't have time to protect his body at all....

So...

Crystal looked down, and she saw his fastened seat belt...

At the most critical moment, Eric had given up himself to protect her...

It was another deafening crash!

Eric covered her with an umbrella posture.

The car glass was shattered, and a lot of shards had fallen and thrust into him...

Crystal was completely panicked...Suddenly she remembered that he had protected her by the same posture in Amos' manor.

If there were anything slightly wrong at the time, Eric would have died.

Blood flowed down from Eric's body. He was put into a coma.

"Eric, Eric..."

Crystal yelled, "Joyce, you maniac, you are crazy!"

"Yeah, I'm crazy, I have been driven crazy by you... hahaha..."

The startling blood dripped from Joyce's ferocious smiling face, "Go to hell, Crystal...I wish you to go to hell..."

Both cars had been dented on their entire front due to the collision. Joyce backed the car again, trying to take the last chance to smash Crystal's life.

"Crystal, I will accompany you to hell. Go to die-"

"Crack-"

The sports car was coming fiercely, with a crazy hatred.

The harsh sound rang for the third time.

When two cars were about to collide, the dizzy Eric slowly became sober. He held the steering wheel with his bloody hands and stepped on the accelerator.

The stalled car kept making sizzling noises.

Joyce's car was coming violently.

"Squeak, squeak..." He turned sharply.

The speed was so fast, and if they were one second late, Joyce would have hit them.

The black sports car rushed over because of the excessive force, and the front of Eric's car was dented heavily, bursting out sparks.

Joyce's eyes widened, she watched the sports car crash through the barrier and rush out.

Outside the fence was a steep terrace.

Joyce screamed, her whole body stained red with blood and rolled down with the broken sports car.

She fell onto one terrace, rolled to the next.

Joyce's eyes were widely open, with the decidedly angry hatred and unwillingness because of Crystal....

The sports car was face down.

Tick, tock...

It was the sound of oil spilling.

Joyce was completely suppressed under the car, and the pain was like a tide, which hit every part of her body from all directions.

She tried hard to struggle because Crystal hadn't been dead yet, she couldn't die now, she must pull Crystal to die together....

But her body was completely suppressed, and the sound of the oil leaking became louder and louder.

Tick, tock...

What Crystal heard was the sound of Eric's blood dripping.

Crystal was shocked but soon recovered, looking at Eric's dark and hollow eyes, which were staring at her deeply.

The purple lips were dyed red with blood, which was coquettish red, and some fresh blood was still slowly flowing out.

Crystal's brain was blank, "Eric-"

"Are you okay...?" When he opened his mouth, a mouthful of blood sprayed out.

At this time, did he worry about her first?

The big palm stroked her abdomen, he rubbed it gently...

The corners of his lips were hooked up, and he smiled slowly.

Crystal held his shoulder tightly and asked in her heart, "Why?"

Chapter 1874 - 392: Who Can Help Me?

If it were not to save her from the shot of Joyce, Eric could have completely gotten rid of Joyce's entanglement.

If it were not to protect her, he could have taken protective measures in time, and the person lying dying now would have been her... If it weren't for her, nothing would have happened today...

The clouds suddenly overwhelmed the clear sky while the thunder rolled over...

All sunlight was blocked.

"Eric, mobile phone, mobile phone..." Crystal recovered soon after a while, "I will call an ambulance now."

Crystal groped in his pants.

But all she could touch was sticky blood....

"Coat pocket..."

She took the mobile phone out of his coat pocket and found that it couldn't be used at all because of being soaked in blood.

"Blood? Why is there so much blood?"

Crystal exclaimed, only to find a bloody piece on his chest.

"Darling, you still owe me a few hickies..."

"You got shot? Where is it?"

"No one is here now..."

"Eric, have you got shot?"

"Yeah." Eric stroked her hair, "You look freaked out..."

Tears suddenly overflowed from Crystal's eyes, "You were shot, why didn't you tell me earlier!?"

Eric smiled weakly, "So what if I tell you..."

He had been shot long ago, but he was still protecting her.

Even if he had fainted, he could have suddenly become sober and avoided the final blow given by Joyce.

But she didn't realize that he had been shot until now!

"I, I will call an ambulance, Eric, I will call an ambulance..." Crystal's tears rolled down, and she panicked, "What should I do? I don't have a mobile phone, what should I do..."

"Don't worry... there is a public telephone booth along the roadside..." As Eric was speaking, the blood kept flowing out, "You can make an emergency call there."

"Stop talking, stop talking!" Crystal covered his lips.

She was afraid that he would have no more blood if he were bleeding more. Then Eric took the opportunity to kiss her palm... His narrow eyes were raised, smiling handsomely, "When you worry about me... you look so beautiful..."

Crystal's tears rolled down again, "I'm going now..."

She moved his body gently. What she touched were all blood and wounds.

She opened the car door, and a blast of cold wind came in... Several raindrops hit the ground.

Boom!

It was the sound of Joyce's sports car exploding.

Crystal looked over, the flames lit up the sky, and smoke rose in the rain.

Gritting her teeth, she told herself to be strong at this time.

As she was just about to get out of the car, her arm was grabbed tightly by Eric, "Darling...can you accompany me more...?"

"You have no time, I'll go and come back quickly, wait for me..."

"Just five minutes?"

Crystal's feet seemed to be tied to lead, which were too heavy to move.

Eric stretched out his hand, "Come on, give me your hand..."

Crystal's mind was blank, then she gave him a hand.

He held her hand and smiled slowly, "Promise me, you will... keep our child anyway."

"Our child..." Crystal choked.

"Huh?" Eric grasped her hand tighter, "You promise?"

Crystal nodded hard.

He smiled again and reached out to wipe the tears from the corner of her eyes, "Don't cry."

The blood on his hand rubbed her face, mixing with tears.

The rains kept falling.

Eric's gaze became more and more hollow and gradually unfocused.

Crystal pulled her hand out hard, "Eric, I will find someone to call an ambulance now. You must wait for me, wait for me!"

"I know well about my body, don't worry, you are still alive, how dare I die?..." He tried hard to raise his lips and smiled, "I won't scare you..."

"It takes time to wait for the ambulance to come, we can't wait! I have to call them right away..."

"Don't run, be careful about the child... Don't worry about me..."

"Okay."

"Slow down, don't fall..."

"Okay."

"Just go..."

Crystal nodded and slowly released his hand, "I will come back soon, I will definitely be back, Eric, wait for me!"

Crystal stepped back a few steps, suddenly turned, and ran forward cruelly.

When she ran to the end of the road, she couldn't help but look back and saw bloody Eric lying on the passenger seat.

But his eyes were looking at the yellow rapeseed flowers in the field...with divine detachment.

The rain was getting heavier. Crystal ran forward along the road, tears continuously falling down from his eyes, mixed with rain.

She had run for ten minutes, but where was the phone booth along the way? Her brain exploded suddenly, and her whole body froze.

It was as if a sleepwalker suddenly woke up.

Along the way they had come, she had looked at the ridges of the field outside the window. Never did she see a phone booth?

He had been lying to her. He had lied to her!

He knew his physical condition, and he couldn't wait for the ambulance, so he pushed her away on purpose.

Crystal suddenly turned around, wanting to run back, but what should she do after going back? Would she watch Eric die in front of her? Crystal did not expect that when Eric was about to die, she was still worried that his death would leave a shadow on her...

[Darling...can you accompany me more...]

[Be with me, only five minutes?]

[I know my body well... Don't worry, you are alive, how dare I die?...I won't scare you...]

Crystal suddenly looked like a lost child, staring at the road with confusion. There were only large fields, without anyone else...

"Help! Somebody there...?"

"Is there anybody...?"

"Who can help me...?"

Crystal was like a puppet without a soul.

The heavy rain hit her pale face, her loud voice was quickly drowned out by the rain.

Crystal slowly squatted down, she felt weak, and her mind was blank.

In heavy rain, she recalled everything about Eric....

[Crystal, marry me.]

[Crystal, as long as you want, as long as I have, I can give you the whole world, but you can only be mine.]

As if an evil man came towards her....

He hooked up his lips and smiled at her... [That's also a good start from not hating me, not having any feeling, to feel good, to like... then to love.]

[We still have a long way to go, it's okay, I can wait for you slowly. I can wait for you for a lifetime.]

She had always hated him so much, wishing him to die!

But why did everything happen in this way?

If he died because of saving her, she would not be peaceful in her life. She should have been the person to die! It should be her!

In the distance, there was the sound of a car coming in.

Crystal was agitated, watching a small car approaching through the rain and fog.

Crystal got up immediately and stood in the center of the road, "Stop-help!"

The fog light hit her. She was covered in blood, and her hair was messy. As she walked, the blood on her body was dripping on the ground.

The driver paused and braked sharply.

Crystal wiped her tears and said, "Please help me, we have a car accident, please..."

However, before she approached him, the car reversed abruptly, as if he had seen a ghost.

Crystal stiffened. It seemed that no one was willing to help her. In such a remote place, vehicles would only pass by occasionally...

If she had waited for the next car to come, Eric would have been dead! She couldn't just let Eric die...

Chapter 1875 - 393: Same Him, I'm Begging You

Crystal stumbled back.

It was still the scene of the incident, with the shocking blood...

If it were normal women, they wouldn't have had the courage to come back.

In the ridge was Joyce, who exploded and burst into flames, and on the road was the bloody Eric. This terrifying picture would inevitably become a memory that Crystal couldn't get rid of in her lifetime.

However, she bravely returned to Eric.

"Eric..."

She called him softly.

His head was hanging down, with one hand dropping outside the car.

The rain washed the blood far away...

Crystal squatted down and probed his breath with her hands.

He still had the breath, although it was very weak.

Crystal remembered that Eric had said that his bodyguard would keep in touch with him at any time....

Then he must have something to communicate with them.

In addition to the wedding ring, he would also carry a gem ring.

Just now, her mind had gone blank, so she hadn't thought so much.

She took out Eric's bloody hand and found the ring. Her hand was shaking while opening the gem cover...

Sure enough, she found the communication button.

"Help...we need help, come and save us now..." Crystal shouted tremblingly.

"Young master, we are already on the way." It seemed that Eric had already called for help when Crystal had just left.

He was not so stupid...

He let her away just because he was afraid that he would die at any time.

"Eric, didn't you say that you will wait for me? I'm back..."

The blood flowed down along Eric's arm and kept gathering on the ground.

"Open your eyes, you can't sleep, wake up quickly, can you hear me?"

The main fatal injury of Eric was the gunshot wound, and all the injuries on his back were surface injuries.

Crystal analyzed that the most important thing now was to stop his bleeding.

She tried hard to pull Eric's body, which was obviously too heavy for her to move.

Her hands pressed hard against Eric's heart, "Please wake up, come on..."

In the rain, a convoy seemed to be approaching.

Crystal looked at the front of the road, the fog lights shot through the rain and fog.

Crystal was very surprised, "Eric, have you seen them? They are coming, and people are here...they can save you soon..."

She stumbled out of the car and stood in the middle of the road again, directly stretching her hands.

More than a dozen cars came through the rain aggressively.

The leading car stopped abruptly, Crystal clenched her fists tight, fearing that they would also turn around and run away.

"Are you from the Bush? Come to save him..."

A driver opened the black umbrella and got out of the car. However, the man who sat on the passenger seat did not wait for the umbrella, directly got out of the car and strode towards her... with an evil and arrogant breath.

That resolute and sharp face...

At a glance, he had seen the blood on Crystal's body and the crashing sports car.

Nathan's heart was gripped as if he had just saved her from death.

Nathan quickly took off his coat as he walked, hugging Crystal, who was covered in blood, into his arms.

He finally found her again and held her tightly, hugging her, covering his coat on her shivering body, "Are you crazy? Why are you standing in the rain?! Do you know you are pregnant!?"

"Nathan...?"

Crystal thought that she saw wrongly.

"Get in the car."

"Save him..." Crystal grabbed his sleeve, "You've come just in time, save Eric."

Nathan stared at her deeply. His eyes were blood-red, full of pity for her, "Get in the car first... Let's talk about it later."

"Save Eric, save him, save him!"

Crystal struggled violently and shouted, "He is dying, help him stop his bleeding, he is almost dying..."

Nathan thought that she didn't care at all why he came? Were her eyes full of Eric?

"Save him, I beg you."

Crystal's eyes were hollow, holding his sleeves as if it were the only life-saving straw, suddenly her body softened, then she knelt on the ground.

Nathan froze all over with shock.

"I know he's your enemy; I know you wish him to die... I know, I know you don't want to save him..."

"You are probably here to mock us after knowing about the accident..."

"I deserve it. But please... please save him... for our old day's sake..."

"Stand up!" Nathan shouted at Crystal.

Exposed in the heavy rain, Crystal's body was as cold as ice.

It's spring, but there's still a chill in the air, not to mention getting wet in heavy rain.

Her every movement and expression touched a very raw nerve of Nathan, making his heart ache.

Without saying more, he picked Crystal up and was about to stuff her into the car.

Crystal was not obedient, however.

She hit Nathan on his chest, his face, and yelled like crazy.

"Don't touch me! Save Eric... save him! If you don't save him, I don't want to live either..."

"I didn't say I wouldn't save him!"

Nathan's roar overshadowed the thunder. At this time, a group of bodyguards got off from the cars behind Nathan's car, lined up in the rain in orderly rows.

Nathan issued an order, "Save him! Now!"

If he dies, I'll make all of you go down with him!"

The bodyguards ran up to the spot in uniform steps, and those with medical skills instructed the others to assist them in helping save Eric.

"See? I'm saving him. Can you rest assured and get in the car now?"

Nathan hugged her in the arms hard.

Instead of answering, Crystal stared blankly in the direction of Eric.

The driver was holding a big black umbrella over their heads to keep off the rain.

"Crystal, I promise you. I'll save him, I won't let him die," Nathan abruptly softened his voice, "can we get in the car?"

"There's no stretcher, no first aid equipment..." Crystal murmured, "will he survive?"

"He will," Nathan said with determination.

"You're lying..."

"He will survive! Crystal Smith, and you'll be fine!"

Crystal responded with a sneer.

"You should be satisfied with the result, shouldn't you? As you wish, I'll be in pain forever. This must be your revenge on me... Just laugh, why don't you laugh? It would be best if you were laughing at me heartily..."

Every word was the sharpest knife, stabbing Nathan's heart deeply.

He parted his thin lips, unable to explain or defend himself.

Ignoring Crystal's will, he stuffed Crystal into the car.

The tragic accident spot also astonished Vic. It's obviously not an ordinary car accident.

"Look into the accident! Right away!" Nathan coldly commanded, "And get me towels and blankets!"

Crystal still looked out of the window with dull and empty eyes.

The pictures of Eric protecting her, the images of him bleeding kept flashing in front of her eyes.

Why? Why did it turn into this...

Fearing that she would get cold, Nathan quickly took off Crystal's coat.

Luckily, Crystal was wearing a down coat with a waterproof layer. Thus the clothes inside didn't get drenched, though her hair and collar were completely wet.

Nathan gently wiped Crystal's hair with a towel, took off her soaked shoes and socks, and wrapped tightly around her shivering body with blankets.

Also, Nathan took off his coat to cover her, placed her on his thighs, and held her tight.

"Crystal, it's me..." he whispered in her ear, "I'm Nathan."

"I'm here."

"Crystal, look at me." Nathan pinched her chin, forcing her to look at him.

However, her eyes were as hollow as a doll, no matter what Nathan said. She was looking at him, but her attention seemed to be focusing somewhere far away.

Nathan felt his heart empty.

"Crystal, Crystal Smith!"

She was always brave, never showed her weakness and fragility in front of others, even Nathan had never seen her be frightened like that.

She looked as if she had lost her soul.

When Nathan rubbed Crystal's hands to warm them up, Vic knocked at the window and reported, "We've rescued Master Bush and are going to send him to the nearest hospital. But, Master Bush's condition is not optimistic...." Vic went on after hesitation, "I'm afraid he's not gonna make it...."

Chapter 1876 - 394: Did I Do It Wrong?

Nathan lowered his eyes and ordered, "Return to the downtown."

The cars started to head back, only leaving some bodyguards at the scene to investigate the accident.

Eric was now on the verge of death; Joyce was dead, and Crystal was still suffering from shock.

There was no other witness at the scene, so Nathan had no way to know about the accident process.

He had been late.

"Crystal, I'm here... I won't let you suffer again...."

Nathan cuddled her and kissed her on the forehead.

Still, Crystal did not react at all. Her nonresponse made Nathan's heart sink to the depths.

"Crystal Smith, look at me!"

Nathan held her chin again, trying to wake her up; Her mental state was worrying.

All of a sudden, Crystal seemed to come to herself. She googled her eyes and stared at Nathan.

"Nathan Davis?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Where am I?" She looked around, finding herself in the car; the car was moving, and it was raining heavily outside.

Nathan grabbed her hands and replied, "You're in my car."

"Where are we heading to?"

"Hospital."

"Why do we go to the hospital?" As she spoke, she supported her head with one hand, rubbing on it, and seemed to have a headache.

Nathan took her hand anxiously, "Does it hurt? Did you hurt your head?..."

Crystal's reaction scared him; she forgot what had happened in the twinkling of an eye!

"Speed up!" He yelled at the driver.

The car they were in and those following them advanced at full speed in the drenching rain.

Nathan quickly checked her head.

There's no wound.

Then he examined her body and found no cuts at all, though there were a lot of bloodstains.

By contrast, Eric was severely injured in the car accident.

Why was Crystal safe and sound while an alert and cautious man like Eric almost died?

Nathan could not figure it out.

"What on earth happened? Did you forget everything?" Nathan probed again.

Blood, the picture of the car crash, and Joyce's ferocious and angry face were filled with Crystal's mind, making her tremble with fear.

The scene where Eric had been protecting her in his arms and his blood flowing out was still vivid before her eyes.

If only she could forget those...

Eric's blood seemed to be dripping drop by drop on her; she stretched her hands and muttered, "Blood...all is Eric's blood..."

Nathan picked up the towel and wiped her hands.

However, Crystal saw more and more blood.

"Eric's blood... all over my hands..."

"Crystal Smith, don't scare me!"

Nathan gazed at her. He wished he could have suffered all these for her.

"Forget it; it's best to forget it."

"I want to forget it, but I can't..." Crystal seized Nathan's shirt and questioned, "tell me, I'm in a nightmare, right?!"

"I see you in my nightmares every night. You're here, so it must be a nightmare. Everything is all a fake...right?"

See me in the nightmares every night?

Nathan knitted his brows.

From the moment of seeing Crystal with blood all over her, his heart ached without a moment's pause.

He patted her on the back gently, consoling, "Yes, you're in a nightmare. Sleep, my dear. When you wake up, everything will be fine. I promise."

Crystal seemed to be exhausted. She leaned against Nathan's chest, slowly closed her eyes.

The storm outside did not stop.

At the hospital

When Eric was pushed into the emergency room, Crystal was also sent into a ward.

In the VIP ward, the doctor was examining Crystal.

She turned over Crystal's eyelids, then closed the medical record.

"According to your description, I believe that the accident was so horrible that the patient could not accept the fact, thus resulting in nerve stimulation," the doctor diagnosed.

"Nerve stimulation?" Nathan repeated.

His expression was as cold as frost. A hint of cruelty flickered over his eyes.

He was extremely sensitive to the two words because as long as he heard the words, he would associate them with the old Mrs. Bush.

"Er... I mean, this is temporary, she'll be fine after waking up."

"No more problems?" Nathan asked.

"There's no big problem. Her condition is good."

When the doctor answered, he stole a peek at the bodyguards behind Nathan.

Nathan's momentum was terrifying enough, not to mention with the expressionless bodyguards standing behind him.

The whole hospital was shrouded in gloom and caution.

The doctor hastily added, "She's caught in the rain and is in weak health. I'll put her on a drip with glucose. She will recover soon."

"Are you sure all her organs and viscera are fine?" Nathan pressed.

"As for internal injuries, we need to make further examinations..." the doctor answered timidly.

"Do it now!"

"It's better to wait until the patient wakes up!"

"I said, do it now! And her brain, examine it in detail!" His strong voice startled the doctor.

"Okay, okay, I'll do it!"

A few hours later, the doctor showed Nathan the X-rays and CT images and made a detailed explanation to him.

Only when hearing all Crystal's organs and viscera were as good as new did Nathan finally relax his taut nerves.

He drove the bodyguards and doctors who were crowded in the ward out. The room eventually regained quiet.

Crystal's breath sounded in the ward, even but heavy.

She must be tired out.

Nathan sat by the bed, holding her hands, and fixed his affectionate gaze at her for a long time...

Later, Vic brought the sketchbook over.

"Master Davis, Master Bush is still in surgery," reported Vic.

"How is he?"

"He's alive when being pushed into the emergency room, but whether he could go through it or not depends on himself..."

Nathan's eyes turned cold.

He certainly did not care about Eric's life and death. It's just that what Crystal had reacted before the coma indeed frightened him.

She had freaked out to be mentally disordered...

As Nathan closed his eyes, the scenes of Crystal kneeling to beg him to save Eric leaped before his eyes.

By reminding himself that his jealousy was the prime culprit that pushed Crystal away from him, he managed to suppress the wild envy inside his heart.

He opened the sketchbook, looked over the confession on each page repeatedly; they were the proof of Crystal' love for him.

In their relationship, Nathan was undoubtedly in an inferior position.

He never trusted Crystal's love, so he continuously verified it by all means.

He sneered weirdly.

Even he could not believe that a proud and arrogant man like him turned out to feel inferior in terms of love.

He was like a child afraid of being robbed of his beloved toy, thus wished to hide it and let no one covet it.

"Did I do it wrong?"

Vic did not answer.

"I'm asking you!"

Nathan was getting impatient.

Vic confirmed cautiously, "Young Master, are you talking to me?"

"Who else is in the room in addition to you and me?"

"I thought you were talking with Miss Smith..." Vic murmured with his head lowering.

Then he raised his head and looked at Nathan, added, "Young Master, you're always right. Even if you did wrong, you're right."

That was the creed and consciousness for a loyal servant to his master.

Nathan ridiculed himself, "You're satire me, aren't you?"

"How dare I do that..."

"What does Eric have that makes him better than me?" Nathan grasped the sketchbook and put the question to Vic again.

This question put Vic in an awkward situation....

"In terms of appearance, family background, and talent, Young Master, you're neck and neck with Master Bush. It's difficult to say who's better and who's inferior. You have your personality charm, and he has him, it's not appropriate to make a comparison."

Vic thought his answer was to the point and safe.

However, Nathan seemed not to think so.

"Neck and neck? Difficult to say who's better?" Nathan gave a brittle laugh, "That's to say, I have no advantage, right?"

Vic dared not speak again. At this moment, no matter what he said was wrong.

The only advantage he had was that Crystal loved him, yet, he had ruined it in person.. Furthermore, he wasn't confident whether Crystal still loved him after being cruelly treated by him.

Chapter 1877 - 395: I'm Going To See Him

Gently, he fingered her hair away from her forehead, caressing the scar on it. Nathan jerked back his hand as if the scar had still been hot.

He was afraid that she would open her eyes suddenly, fearful of facing the resentment and accusation at the bottom of her eyes, and even scared that she would call Eric's name...

The sneer on his face became bigger and weirder.

Am I not only inferior but also a coward?!

He groped for the ring from his pocket, held Crystal's hand, and wore it on her left ring finger.

What he wanted to give her most was the happiness that everyone in the world envied, but in the end, he had given her irreparable pain...

However, even so, he was unwilling to and would not let go!

"You can leave. Tell me immediately if there's any news about Eric's condition."

"Yes, Master Davis."

Vic left the room.

All night, Nathan sat still by the bed, guarding Crystal in a stiff posture.

The light of the operating room was also on for the whole night.

In the early morning

Nathan gradually woke up.

He got up slowly, walked to the terrace, and lit a cigarette.

After raining all night, the air was cold and wet, making the atmosphere in the hospital more cheerless.

When Nathan took out his cell phone, he heard some noise from the ward.

He jerked around and went back, finding Crystal getting off the bed.

"Where are you going?" Asked Nathan.

Crystal froze for a moment and went on walking without taking a look at him.

"Crystal Smith, don't ever think about leaving me!" Nathan shouted at her in anxiety.

Instead of leaving the ward, she was just heading to the bathroom.

Hurriedly, Nathan followed up; but he was shut out of the door with a loud slam.

"Crystal!" Nathan knocked on the door.

"Let's talk."

"You really scared me last night..." He knocked again and said patiently, "We should have a good talk. Stop making me worry, okay?"

However, there's no response.

Nathan clenched his fists, the just-lit cigarette was scrunched and dropped to the ground.

Nathan saw Crystal leaning against the door through the translucent door, then slid down and squatted on the floor.

"Don't torture me like this..." Nathan knocked again, "Crystal Smith, how are you going to torture me?..."

The force knocking on the door was getting stronger and stronger. The sound was as loud as thunder.

"Open the door!"

Crystal had to cover her ears with force to lower the noise.

Finally, Nathan stopped knocking and said, "I'll give you three minutes to calm down." As soon as he finished talking, the door opened to his surprise.

Crystal looked very haggard and worn in front of him without any expression.

Without thinking, Nathan pulled her arm and brought her in his embrace.

He hugged her so hard that it seemed as if she would disappear in the next second.

"Do you know who I am? Do you remember me?!"

"Is he dead?" Crystal asked peacefully, seeming to accept the fact eventually.

"No, he's alive."

"I know he's dead. Eric is dead..." she murmured in a hollow voice, "everything that happened last night was not a nightmare, it's true..."

Nathan hugged her more tightly and repeated, "Listen, he's not dead."

"Get out. I'm tired. Nathan Davis, for God's sake, can you spare me?"

Crystal's voice sounded exhausted.

"What should I do to let you spare me?"

Nathan's Adam's apple rolled hard.

He forced a bitter smile, "What do you think I'm here for? Do you think I'm still getting back at you?"

"Or else?" Crystal responded with unusual calmness.

"I saw your drawings," explained Nathan.

Crystal's heart skipped a beat.

"The sketchbook you buried in the manor beach," Nathan said word for word.

"No way," Crystal refuted in an affirmative tone.

The sketchbook should have been washed away by waves. He did not find it even after digging for hours that day...

Instead of arguing, Nathan picked her up, put her on the bed, took out the sketchbook on the bedside table, and opened it.

Still, Crystal's eyes were as calm and emotionless as usual.

"It sounds impossible, right? But I found it.

Isn't it destiny?" Nathan gazed at her with deep eyes.

"You can't escape from me, forever. Crystal Smith, you are my destiny."

"Fated?" Crystal gave out a sneer.

She felt heaviness rather than happiness to hear this word.

Nathan opened the first page of the sketchbook, touching the paper stained with her tears and full of her love.

He looked into her eyes and responded to the words under the sketch, "I don't need the so-called future because you're my future."

He turned to page two and said, "If I smile or even laugh, it must be because you're with me."

Page three.

"Crystal, I've been there with you. I've never left."

When he turned to Page four, Crystal reached for the sketchbook and tore it with force.

In a twinkling of an eye, she tore off a few pages.

Nathan's black pupils shrunk in shock in an instant, he jerked up to grab Crystal's wrists. She clenched the sketchbook in her hands, and as long as Nathan tried to snatch it, the rest of the drawings would also be doomed to be destroyed.

"Let go!" Nathan ordered.

"They're my drawings. I have the right to destroy them!"

As she spoke, she tore another page apart.

Crystal was not so much tearing the drawings as tearing open Nathan's heart.

Without hesitation, Nathan snatched the sketchbook back. Even if they turned into pieces, he would stick them together.

Crystal pounced at him madly, trying to retake the sketchbook.

However, she was no match for Nathan. Just as the fight between a tiger and a deer, Nathan pressed Crystal's shoulder on the bed with no effort and threw the sketchbook away. Crystal wriggled to get rid of him, but in a moment, she regained peace.

Looking down at Crystal with complicated eyes, Nathan whispered, "Crystal, let's start over."

To Nathan's surprise, Crystal bent her legs and hit his abdomen with the knee with great force.

Yet, Nathan did not dodge. Crystal did not stop; she hit him again and again.

Moreover, she raised her hand, gave a slap on his face, crisp and loud.

The depressed grievances in Crystal's heart were finally released. If she suppressed all emotions longer, she might get depressed.

"Are you out of strength? Be forceful," Nathan lowered his eyes, "I owe you that! Just slap me hard. After venting your anger and grievances, let's write off all our old scores, okay?"

With a slap, Crystal's hand fell on his left face.

"I know you won't hit me hard," Nathan provoked.

Crystal lifted her hand again, another louder slap sounded.

"Very good. Go on," Nathan smiled weirdly, "keep hitting me. After giving vent to what you've suffered, let's make peace."

On hearing Nathan's words, Crystal's hand froze in the air.

Make peace?

"Why do you stop? Are you reluctant to hurt me?" Nathan held her hand, wondering. Receiving no response from Crystal, Nathan grabbed her hand to hit himself in the face.

"I've done wrong. I deserve it. Hit me, hit me hard... You can punish me whatever you want."

"Master Davis, I remember that you changed the potion yesterday and made the plastic surgery fail. You're ruthless, heartless, and you harmed innocent people just to achieve your goal..." Crystal condemned.

"I just wanted you to beg me," defended Nathan.

"I begged you, but what did you do to me? Instead of meeting my request, you left me only humiliation and shame. And you even recorded the process of... and showed it to Eric!"

"I was so angry to see you and him be so close..."

"Right, you can humiliate me just because you're angry, and you can even kill people just because you're jealous..." Crystal watched him indifferently.

Eric had saved her at the risk of life twice; on the contrary, Nathan always put her in distress.

She did not demand Nathan to treat her as well as before after breaking up, but at least he should not have humiliated and hurt her like that.

"Tell me, how can we start over?"

Crystal gave him a bitter smile, "Eric died! He's dead! How could we make peace!?" Her voice rose with emotion.

"I told you, he's not dead," Nathan repeated.

"He's now in the emergency room."

"Emergency room?" Crystal's eyes brightened instantly, "How's the operation?"

"Still underway, we can only trust in luck."

"I'm going to see him. Let me see him..."

"You're weak now.. If you don't want your baby, go ahead!" Nathan threatened.

Chapter 1878 - 396: I'll Pick It Up For You

"Baby?"

Crystal went blank and then touched her upper abdomen.

She always forgot the baby. On the contrary, it was the only hope for Eric. She had used to be so determined to have an abortion and had even thought of various means to kill Eric.

Once Carlos recovered, she had planned to remove the airbags of Eric's car and then deceived him into traveling alone with her.

Eric, her, and the child who was not supposed to come to the world would have died together.

Had Eric not saved her at the banquet held by Amos Davis, she would have probably already implemented the plan.

Ironically, she didn't put the ploy into practice. The car accident had still happened, though the result was different from her imagination.

Nevertheless, if she had carried out the plan at the emergent moment, Eric would absolutely also be desperate to save her. How despicable and vicious I am...

Crystal was stiff all over with regret and guilt.

It wouldn't have happened if she hadn't insisted on going out without bodyguards...

If Eric hadn't protected her to the final second, she would have been the one who's dead.

"Do you care about this child?" Nathan took her hand and led her to the bed, "If so, lie down to rest."

This time, Crystal did not struggle.

Nathan supported her to lie down on the bed and tucked her in the quilt.

Seeing Crystal being so obedient because of Eric and her child, Nathan's eyes dimmed.

"Is the child alive?" Crystal asked, "Is it fine?"

She had been exposed to the heavy rain for a very long time last night, after all.

"How about I call the doctor to have a check-up for you?" Nathan rang the service bell when asking.

Crystal remained silent but nodded.

Eric was still in danger; the only thing she could do for him was to keep his child safe and healthy.

"I'd like to get a cigarette." Nathan stood up, left the words, and went out of the room.

Crystal looked away, ignoring him.

At the door of the ward, Nathan was waiting for the doctor.

The doctor who rushed over did not feel flattered, but by contrast, he was frightened. In particular, Nathan was fiddling with a gun, with no expression on his face.

Following instruction, two bodyguards pressed the doctor's face against the wall.

After whispering something in the doctor's ear, Nathan confirmed, "Are you clear what to do?"

"Yes..." the doctor replied in a trembling voice.

"Great."

Nathan waved his hand, motioning the bodyguards to let go of the doctor.

Then he opened the door and went in with the doctor.

Crystal was staring at the ceiling with empty eyes; her mind wandered.

The doctor walked up to her and casually checked her belly with a stethoscope, pretending to conduct examinations.

"How's the child?" Crystal looked at him and questioned with an impassive countenance.

"The baby is very healthy, but Miss Smith, you're too weak. You can no longer afford any stimulation," the doctor stole a peek at Nathan, then looked back at Crystal, "if you get too excited or sad like you were yesterday, you will probably lose your baby."

Crystal knitted her brows, "Am I so fragile?"

"Yes. You were drenched in the rain for so long yesterday, which is very bad for pregnant women. And you even suffered from violent mood swings... so, you'd better rest in bed for a few days."

As soon as the doctor finished speaking, Nathan's sharp gaze swept over him.

The doctor hastened to add, "And you should have meals on time and sleep on time. Besides, try not to get off the bed and walk; you must adjust your mood as well..."

"You mean I have to lie on the bed until I deliver the baby?"

"That's not the case. After your recovery, everything can, of course, get back to normal."

"How long does it take?"

"Er..." The doctor turned to Nathan again because Nathan did not tell him the answer to this question.

"Hey, you're the doctor. Why do you always have to look at him when answering my questions?" Crystal blamed him impatiently.

At this moment, Nathan simply wanted to throw the stupid doctor out of the ward.

The doctor felt a murderous momentum.

He hurriedly said, "Er... about half a month to a month, it depends on your physical quality."

"Get out!" Nathan roared in a low voice.

"Yes... Master Davis." The doctor saluted in a hurry and trotted out of the ward.

The door of the ward closed.

Crystal interrogated Nathan, "Did you force him to say those?"

"I didn't."

"He kept looking at you and seemed to be following your instructions."

"Everyone is afraid of me. It's normal that he looked at me," Nathan said softly, "only you are not afraid of me... and I don't want you to be afraid of me, either."

Crystal looked away, changed the subject.

"When can I see Eric?"

"After the surgery is over and he gets out of the emergency room. You can't help anything if you insist on seeing him now."

Crystal took a gentle breath.

It had been more than twenty hours since Eric was pushed into the emergency room.

Not only she but also Nathan hadn't expected the surgery to take so long. If Eric died, she intended to pay for Eric's life with her life.

Nathan bent down, collected the pieces of the sketches on the floor, and put them on the coffee table together with the sketchbook.

Later, a bodyguard brought breakfast in for Crystal and glue, cardboard, and other tools for Nathan.

Crystal had little appetite to eat, but she forced herself to drink some milk for the sake of the baby.

The ward fell into silence again.

Nathan cut the cardboard to the same size as the sketchbook, pieced the torn drawings together out of the approximate shape, then applied glue on the cardboard and attached the pieces onto it.

When drinking milk, Crystal could not help looking back at him.

With his face lowered, Nathan looked earnest and attentive.

Seeing him like that, Crystal's heart started to ache again.

She didn't know why she would be heartbroken no matter what the man did.

He's ruthless, bloodthirsty, and cruel; however, when in love, he's at the same time serious, soulful, and as childish as a child.

"Are you thinking about my good or bad?" Nathan suddenly looked up to meet her eyes.

"You can glue the drawings, but you can't repair the cracks. Do you think everything in the world can be repaired?"

"It's better than doing nothing."

"Nathan Davis, are you a pig?"

"Crystal, don't you know all men lose their wits when falling in love with you?"

"Don't find an excuse for your stupidity."

"Yes, I'm stupid. But you're the one who made me a fool," Nathan gave her a fond smile, "Better a fool man in love than a wit in business."

In a split second, Crystal's eyes misted. She lost her tongue.

She wondered what was wrong, who was wrong; they should have a different ending.

"Whatever you do is in vain. I would not be moved or cheated by you again. I've seen too many tricks you played!"

Nathan could spoil her and make her feel like a princess, but at the same time could trample her, torture her at will...

Crystal had lost all her energy and patience; she could not afford to suffer from the pain once more.

Being absent-minded, Nathan cut his finger with the scissors.

It's no big deal for him, of course. He raised the corner of his lips without looking up. "I know as long as I let go, you'll leave me without hesitation."

"So, I won't let go," he added.

Noticing the watch on Nathan's wrist, Crystal could not help but think of that night.

Didn't Vic say that he had thrown the watch? She was confused.

Being conscious of Crystal's confused sights, Nathan explained, "It was just when I looked for the watch that I found the sketchbook."

"Now that you threw it away, why pick it up again?"

"I was reluctant to throw it from the beginning."

"Do you think that the relationship you've thrown away can be picked up as long as you want?" Crystal took a quick glance at him, went on, "I threw my watch away, too. And I won't turn my head to pick it up!"

The two watches were in pairs. When they had worn it, they had sworn to spend every minute, every second, for the rest of their life together.

Ironically, they had both thrown the watches away one after another.

"I've let people salvage it."

Crystal's face suddenly turned a little green.

"I'll pick it up for you."

"Whatever.. But I'll throw it away again," Crystal replied ruthlessly.

Chapter 1879 - 397: You Didn't Save Me

She dared not tell him that after he had turned away, she had jumped off the lake to search it. And later, Eric had salvaged it.

Now, the watch was in Eric's room.

Nathan did not speak but continued to keep his head down to stick the drawings.

"Did you hear me? I don't want it. I'll throw it away again, even if you find it!"

In the face of Nathan's ignoring her words, Crystal's mood slightly swung.

"Eat something first." Still, Nathan did not respond to her.

"Do you forget what the doctor just said?" Nathan got up and picked up a glass of milk to feed her.

Hurriedly, Crystal took it over and went on drinking it herself.

At this moment, Nathan's cell phone rang.

He answered the phone, talked about something on the phone when he took a look at Crystal, then hung it up.

"Is it about me?" Crystal stared at him.

"There's no monitor equipment on the road to the countryside," Nathan put down the phone, adding, "I'm investigating the cause of the accident."

Crystal had originally no appetite. Hearing that, the milk in her mouth became more tasteless.

"According to our investigation, it's a nasty accident. The car that rushed down to the field burnt down in the fire completely, leaving an unidentified female corpse on the scene."

Crystal got more nauseous on hearing the words "burning" and "corpse."

Nathan hastened to stride to hand the bin to her.

As soon as reaching for the bin, Crystal began to vomit. The thought of the bloody accident scene made her sick.

Nathan gently patted her on the back and apologized, "My fault, I should not bring it up."

"Do you know who the woman is?"

"I've asked them to confirm her identities by investigating her belongings, but they haven't come up with the result yet."

"It's Joyce Henry."

Nathan was suddenly stunned.

Is it her?

"Do you remember her?" Crystal mocked, "I thought you'd forget her."

Nathan did not answer directly; he did not want to stir up an argument with Crystal.

"Why is she clear about your route?" Asked Nathan.

"It puzzles me too. And she had a gun."

"I'll look into it thoroughly."

Now that he knew that the murderer was Joyce Henry, he was going to start to put his hand to inquire into what she had been doing lately.

"I'm going home." Not just him, Crystal also wanted to make things clear.

"No way!" Nathan flatly disagreed.

"Why?"

"The doctor told you to rest in bed for the time being. As for the accident, I'll give you a satisfied reply."

When he talked, his hand did not stop stroking her back.

"Better now?"

Crystal fell into silence. She hadn't gone home for a long time.

Joyce's death must be a massive blow to Henry, especially her father. She thought she should go back to Henry and inform her father of the whole thing no matter what.

All of a sudden, a knock on the door sounded.

Vic opened the door in a hurry, "Young Master, the surgery is finally over, and Master Bush has left the emergency room."

Crystal stiffened immediately.

"How is he?" She asked.

"He's survived but is still in danger. The doctor has transferred him to the ICU; further close observation is still needed."

Crystal put her legs down and got up.

"I'm going to see him."

"Let me take you there."

Nathan picked her up.

Again, Crystal is lost in a trance.

She was now in the familiar embrace, which she missed day and night.

If only all the mess hadn't happened, if only they could go back to the past.

She wished time could have turned back...

Outside the ICU.

Crystal saw Eric laying on the bed on an oxygen mask through the thick glass.

His body was covered with a quilt, so Crystal could not see the wounds on him.

And his head was wrapped with thick bandages. Even so, Crystal recognized him at a glance.

She was mortally afraid that Nathan had lied to her. She was fearful that Eric had died.

Thus, seeing Eric lying inside, though he's still in danger, Crystal's tense nerves finally relaxed a little.

Nathan kept holding her in his arms while Crystal stuck her face on the glass and kept staring at Eric with complicated eyes for a long time.

"Enough?" Nathan gave out a hollow cough to disturb her.

"He won't get better right away even if you look at him for the whole night!" His tone was obviously jealous.

"Crystal Smith, if the one who's lying inside were me, would you be so worried?"

"What the heck are you talking about? Cut the craps. I don't answer hypothetical questions," Crystal scolded.

"If it had been me who saved you, would you also have knelt and begged him to save me?" Nathan pressed her on the question.

The force of his embrace became stronger.

"Unfortunately, there's no 'if' in the real world," Crystal gazed at him, "in your father's manor, you didn't save me either, did you?"

"I grabbed the wrong arm at that time."

"Oh?" Crystal looked at him with doubt, "You're Master Davis, known to be rigorous. Would you make such a big mistake?"

"You don't believe me?"

"I do..."

In fact, it didn't matter whether she believed it or not.

The reluctance in Crystal's tone was so apparent that it was impossible that Nathan could not hear it.

"It's true. I really saved the wrong person."

"Fine. Let's suppose that you intended to save me, but didn't you know that you couldn't pull a pregnant woman like that?" Crystal snorted sarcastically, "If I had been saved by you that day like Miss Garcia, after rolling around, I would have miscarried."

"This is common sense, and you should know about it," after taking a breath, Crystal added.

"It's in critical condition. How could I consider that?"

Of course, Crystal's safety was always in the first place for him.

"What about Eric? Why could he protect me, as well as the baby?"

In the same critical situation, knowing Crystal could not be treated roughly, Eric had rather risked his life to protect her and the baby.

"Crystal, that's not fair to me. The baby is his," Nathan confessed his real thought.

Crystal zipped her lips.

Nathan is right... If the baby were his, he would have protected it at the risk of his life as well, probably.

Yet, when Nathan gave this reason so bluntly, the sorrow in her heart was nothing less. Does the child deserve death just because it's not his child?

"Even if it's not your baby..." She raised her face, emotionless, "it's mine, after all."

"I admit that I'm narrow-minded and selfish, and I don't deny that I wish to have you had an abortion right away..." he recognized his mind frankly.

"Then why didn't you kill it by taking the opportunity of my coma? You could just lie to me that the baby already miscarried."

Nathan fixed his eyes upon her, a flicker of disappointment in his cold eyes. "In your eyes, am I so bad and vicious?"

"Indeed, when you're bad, you're like a devil."

Nathan frowned.

"And when I'm nice?"

Crystal heaved a sigh, "When you're nice, you're really sweet."

"You're finally willing to say something true," Nathan suddenly cheered up. He kissed her on the cheek, "I thought I'm totally a bad egg in your heart."

Crystal pushed away his face, speechless.

The nurses who passed by in the corridor could not help looking at the hunk.

He was whispering with Crystal, looking at her with affectionate eyes, as if he could see nothing and no one else except for her.

The bodyguards hurried to walk over to drive the passers-by away.

"Crystal, before meeting you, I'm a complete villain. But you make me better; don't give up on me."

"Once you give up on me, I'll become a bloodthirsty devil."

It's not his will to become a devil, but that there's vicious and evil blood flowing inside him.

Crystal's love was the only medicine to purify his blood, move and inspire him.

Vic stood behind Nathan, feeling the aura around Nathan become incredibly soft and tender after having Crystal back.

After a while, they went back to Crystal's ward.

Nathan put Crystal down on the bed gently and carefully, as if he were putting down a valuable antique.

Surrounded by Nathan's embrace for so long, the smell on Nathan left over her clothes and skin, enveloping her.

In a trance, everything seemed to go back to the past.. Those sad, horrible things seemed to have not happened at all.

Chapter 1880 - 398: Give It To Me

Crystal came to her mind and found Nathan's lips turned pale.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling sick? Does your stomach hurt again?" She asked.

Because of worry, she was not aware of exposing her real emotion.

At once, her anxious tone attracted Nathan's surprise and excited states; a glow shone in his eyes.

"Are you a child? Can't you have meals on time? Or do you need someone to keep an eye on you for 24 hours?"

Nathan indeed had a faint pain in his stomach, but he tried hard to conceal it and not to be found by Crystal.

"Why do you know?" Nathan wondered.

"When you held me, your hands gradually lost strength." As Crystal spoke, she avoided his eyes.

"You pay attention to me?"

For Nathan, this was undoubtedly an ecstatic discovery.

He jerked up to pounce at Crystal and kiss her.

"Don't touch me."

Crystal turned her face away to dodge his "attack."

"Go eat something!" Crystal reproached him grumpily.

Instead of being grieved, Nathan chuckled, "Even if you're nasty to me, I know that's just because you care about me."

Crystal frowned, turned her back to him, and gave him the cold shoulder, "You're overthinking; it's none of my business."

"I'll eat now."

There was a leftover breakfast of Crystal on the coffee table, so Nathan directly grabbed it and began to eat.

Crystal sighed. She could never be cruel to Nathan.

She did not know why, seeing Eric survive, her hanging heart suddenly calmed down.

No matter what, Nathan had saved Eric.

Had he not arrived at the scene in time, Eric would have died.

At this time, Vic knocked and came in again, with the news of the watch.

"Master Davis, we've been salvaging in the lake for almost six hours but found nothing."

Nathan was sticking the drawings on the sofa while Crystal was leaning on the bed, casually playing on her cell phone.

Receiving no response, Vic went on, "But, when we checked the surveillance videos, we found..." Vic paused and stole a glance at Crystal.

Crystal's back stiffened; the cell phone in her hands slipped out of her grasp and dropped on the quilt.

Vic took out a small hard disk from his pocket and handed it over to Nathan.

"What's this?" Nathan took it over.

"I thought that since we couldn't find it, it should have probably been picked up by someone. So, we checked the surveillance video," Vic took a look at Crystal again before going on, "as a result, I found it an incredible video. So, I captured a clip and copied it to you."

Nathan's eye lit up in an instant; hurriedly, she plugged the hard disk onto the laptop on the coffee table.

"Don't watch it!" Crystal suddenly sprang up from the bed to stop him.

In haste, she rushed towards Nathan, without even wearing shoes, and accidentally hit the corner of the coffee table.

Fortunately, Nathan reacted quickly and caught her at once.

Crystal lifted her calf and rubbed it to reduce the pain.

Hugging Crystal, Nathan waved Vic with the other hand, motioning him to get out. "Why are you in such a hurry? You're pregnant now, don't be so reckless. Where did you hurt?"

Nathan put her on his thighs, looked down at the place she was rubbing. The fair skin was now bruised.

Taking advantage of the opportunity to lower his head, Crystal reached out to pull out the hard disk.

However, Nathan was one step ahead of her. He pushed the computer away to where she could not reach.

He rubbed on the bruise with tenderness and asked, "Is it hurt? How about letting the nurse in to apply for medicine on it."

Nathan's gentleness almost melted Crystal's heart. She clenched her teeth in order not to fall in the tender trap and commanded, "Give me the video back!"

"Sure, I can give you. But I can also get another copy if I want. I can give you as many copies as you want."

Crystal cast a stern glance at him and could not utter a word.

"I'm interested in what's inside? What makes you so reckless that you even forgot that you have a baby in your belly."

"It's about Eric and me. Do you want to see it?" When Crystal lied, she peeked at Nathan to see his reaction.

"After you left that day, Eric came. Trust me, you don't want to see what happened to us. Give it to me," added Crystal.

The smile on Nathan's face disappeared. "If you watch it, you'll regret it, you'll be furious. Do you still insist on watching it?" Crystal deliberately misled him and irritated him, trying to lead him to give up. That's because, once he saw her desperate to jump into the lake to look for the watch, everything was self-evident; she could not deny her love to him anymore.

In this case, this scarred relationship would be dug out, and they would have to continue to hurt each other due to all sorts of difficulties between them.

Nathan squinted at her, smiled triumphantly.

"If you're telling the truth, why would Vic give it to me?"

Vic has followed me for more than ten years. He knows well about my temperament. If it were something I shouldn't watch, he would not hand it to me," Nathan analyzed reasonably. That's out of Crystal's expectation; she had thought that he would have been blinded by anger and jealousy.

Nathan pulled the computer over.

"Since you lied to me, I will punish you for watching it with me."

Taking the chance, Crystal hurried to reach the hard disk, though she knew she was only putting up her deathbed struggle.

Nathan's arm was a lot longer and more robust than hers.

He lifted the laptop, stretched his arm so that Crystal could not reach it.

Fixed by Nathan, no matter how hard she tried, the laptop was still beyond her reach.

Nathan then placed the laptop on the edge of the coffee table and clicked open the video.

The scene of that night immediately emerged.

The moonlight sprinkled on the sparkling water; Crystal was staggering out from the villa with tears rolling down her cheeks, staring in the direction where Nathan disappeared.

It was originally a long-range shot, but Vic had asked professional personnel to switch it to a close shot.

Crystal's face was now slowly magnified, becoming clearer and clearer.

The enlarged video pixels were a little fuzzy, but Crystal's face tears were still legible.

Nathan's expression suddenly altered.

Crystal freed herself from his hands, rushed to the bed, and directly climbed into the quilt out of shame and embarrassment. Seeing her climb onto the bed instead of leaving the ward, Nathan finally rested his heart.

He wished to hug her, to embrace her tightly at once, but at the same time, he wanted to finish watching the video first to see what he had missed.

Crystal covered her head in the quilt, escaping from the "cruel" reality.

She had thought it would become a secret for the rest of her life; however, unexpectedly, Nathan knew about it so quickly, and what's worse, he even watched the video.

She had no idea how to face him, nor how to face herself. She buried her head into the quilt as if an ostrich burying its head into the sand.

She didn't know what to do next; she didn't want to give Nathan hope and then a heavy blow again.

Eric was still in the ICU; Carlos had just recovered, and Eric's mother could only rely on her care; everything was in a mess.

Perhaps Nathan could help cure her, though.

Nathan knew all the difficulties Crystal was facing, and he could probably solve them quickly.

It's just that Crystal felt that something somehow seemed to already change between them.

The ward fell into silence while Crystal's thoughts were in a whirl.

Although Crystal hid in the quilt, she knew that Nathan was still watching the video. She had no idea what expression he had, nor did she want to know.

After a long while, just when she thought Nathan had left the ward, footsteps sounded behind her and got closer and closer to the bed.

Crystal closed her eyes hard nervously.

Suddenly, two hands held her from behind together with the quilt.

Crystal's heart gave a great thud against her chest.

Without saying a word, Nathan cuddled her harder and harder, as if she would disappear in the next second.

There's a kind of oppressive and complicated air flowing in the ward.

Chapter 1881 - 399: Will You Forgive Me?

Suddenly, Nathan forced open the quilt while Crystal exerted all her strength to seize it to stop him.

She had no idea how to deal with him.

"Crystal, look at me. Look at me...." Nathan whispered in a hoarse and broken voice.

As long as she heard Nathan's hoarse and affectionate voice, her tears simply somehow could not stop falling.

Nathan dragged the quilt away violently and shouted, "I'm asking you to look at me!"

There was a significant disparity in strength between the two, and Crystal's head was finally exposed.

She kept her head lower, dare not look at him.

"Why don't you tell me?" Nathan pinched her chin and lifted it, forcing her to meet his eyes.

There was deep love and regret glittered in his eyes.

"Without you, I'm nothing. Look at me, look at my eyes! You could only look at me. There only can be me in your eyes..." As he talked, he wiped away the dripping tears on Crystal's face.

Nathan's eyelashes were sparkling under the light with tears in his eyes.

Without warning, he leaned over Crystal and pressed hard on Crystal's lips.

Two tears trickled down Crystal's cheeks from the corner of her eyes.

She didn't know when she cried so easily and didn't even understand what she cried for sometimes.

Nathan kissed her like mad, salty tears mixed in their mouths.

However, Crystal's eyes were as if a tap that turned on, tears kept streaming down. She tried so hard to refrain from crying, but her tears were simply out of control.

There's a kind of inexplicable sadness in her heart, devouring her like a tsunami, choking her heart from time to time.

"Crystal, I love you," Nathan kissed her on the forehead and said.

"Sorry. I'm sorry... I'm a jerk. Does it still hurt?" His voice grew deeper.

Even he did not know what the "it" referred to.

In the whole world, he's most reluctant to hurt her, but in the end, he's exactly the one who let her hurt.

"I'm so damn!" While cursing himself, Nathan slapped himself in the face.

Crystal clutched his hand and shouted in astonishment, "Hey! What are you doing?"

"I hurt you so hard, so many times, shouldn't I deserve slaps? I should have beaten myself to death..."

As he spoke, he raised the other hand and gave a slap on the other face.

He's grave, the slaps sounded in the room as loud as thunder.

Crystal hurried to grab his other wrist.

"You're crazy!" Crystal railed at him.

"Yes, I am crazy! I'm crazy for you!"

"You! Hmm..."

Before Crystal could finish her words, Nathan pressed over and sucked her lips again.

The kiss came violent and urgent, mixed with a variety of emotions. Guilt, miss, and the fanatical love poured out at the same time, occupying Crystal's whole mind.

He forced her lips apart with tongue overbearingly and aggressively. His tongue tossed and turned in her mouth, plundered her breath, and snatched her reason away.

Nevertheless, right before she lost the last hint of her wit, those that had happened these days flashed through her mind.

How could she forget those dark days?

How could she forget the sorrow and the shame she had suffered?

And how could she forget the wound on her forehead and in her heart? With all her strength, Crystal pushed him away.

"Get away!"

"No way."

"You're hurting me. Go away!"

Crystal puffed. She almost lacks oxygen because of the kiss.

In fear of hurting her baby, Nathan propped himself up with elbows.

"Crystal, you can punish me severely, whatever ways you want; and I can let the past go, I won't ask you about anything that happened between you and other men. Just stay with me, okay?"

Getting no response from Crystal, Nathan added, "Let's start over. I can give up everything, as long as I have you."

"We can not turn back."

Again, Crystal burst his bubbles.

Loving a person was exhausting, especially loving a person in such inexplicable chaos.

Nathan shook his head and refuted with confidence, "You love me."

"And so what?" Crystal sighed, "From that moment, everything has become irreversible."

"That moment?" Nathan was confused.

Crystal grabbed his hand and pressed it on her forehead.

The brand on her forehead still ached, not physically but mentally.

"We broke up at that time, Nathan. The least I want is to live alone peacefully,"

It was true that two people could break up and could be together again. But what happened during Nathan's breakup with her made her timid.

Crystal was now timid to never have the courage again to experience a profound and unforgettable love.

Every on-again, off-again relationship with Nathan was like going from heaven to hell for her, and hell was feeding her soul and her heart.

"Nathan, your love is too much for me." Crystal lifted his face. "We've been through our breakup before," she said. "Why should we go back again?"

Were they going to get back together and then go through a more painful breakup than the one before?

Nathan was stiff and pale.

"I see," He said.

"You really do?"

"I will make it up to you for all the pain I have caused you."

Crystal knew he wouldn't understand it.

Nathan pressed her down again, carefully avoiding her belly.

"I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you." He looked at her earnestly.

Crystal had never thought of the way such an arrogant man had said he was sorry for so many times before her.

Absentminded, Crystal felt a pair of thin lips pressed on her.

Another deep, suffocating kiss seemed to deprive her of the last breath of oxygen.

Nathan wiped the tears from her eyes, picked up the phone, went outside, and ordered something.

Crystal leaned blankly against the bed, guessing he understood her meaning.

Nathan put the phone away and went to the bathroom, where he took a wet towel and wiped Crystal's face.

It was evident that he had washed his face inside, too, and that his fringe of hair had been wet with water, and several drops of water had rolled off it.

He wiped her face carefully with a towel, soft and light, in a way that she was not used to.

He even tried to wipe her nose.

"I'll do it myself," Crystal said, turning her face away.

She grabbed the towel and hesitated for a moment. "Don't you understand what I just said?"

"I said I'd make it up to you."

"What are you going to do? I don't want it back. Please just get out of here."

Nathan's eyes grew deeper and deeper. Such a conceited man who had been expelled repeatedly after expulsion orders did not refute and did not go.

Shortly after, Vic knocked at the door with a bodyguard carrying a small iron bucket in his hand.

Crystal's eyes went blank as she saw the object.

She glimpsed a light in the iron tunnel. The little stove was brought up to the bedside.

Thus the memory of the manor burst into her mind.

It was a painful memory that she would never forget until the day she died.

"Nathan, are you crazy? What do you want?" He said he would give her back all the pain he had given her, so what was he trying to do?

Nathan looked at her and said nothing, which made her even more anxious.

"If you're crazy, go see a doctor. Are you really normal?"

"I am normal." After his bodyguard withdrew, Nathan took off his suit coat and unlocked the buttons of his shirt.

Crystal soon knew what he was going to do.

She gasped and said savagely, "Nathan, I'll never forgive you for your missteps."

"So, will you forgive me?" Nathan had starlight in his eyes, but his hands didn't stop moving.

"Don't do this. Get the stuff out of here!"

"I can't take back the pain I gave you, but I can, and I want to make it up to you." The stove was burning red carbon, and red reflections shone on his face.

"This will make me feel better," he said with a big smile.

Nathan had already taken off his shirt.

Chapter 1882 - 400: I Like The Way You Smell

Nathan had a knife wound in his chest that went into his heart when he forced her to confess her love for him.

The wound had already stuttered and was now a raised cut.

"Here it is." He said, "It's the closest to my heart. It's where you say you love me."

"Please stop that now, Nathan. You are out of your mind." Crystal shook her shoulders, her hand somehow caught in his.

She shuddered.

Nathan took her hand to the cut. He said it was the nearest to his heart.

"I'm not kidding. I really want to make it up to you." He never took his eyes off her, smiling. "I don't know if I can wash away some of your bad memories in this way or if I just want to feel the pain for you."

"You don't have to feel it, and you don't have to dilute it. I don't want you to make it up to me. There's nothing wrong with that, I beg you. Take the things out of here."

"I must do it."

"Why are you always so vain and obstinate? Why don't you listen to me once? Nathan, you don't know what you are doing."

Nathan saw that it was almost done. The charcoal crackled in the stove, and he picked up his tongs and pulled out the rose ring.

Crystal jumped at him and tried to stop him, but he pushed her shoulder with only one hand, separating her.

"Crystal, do you think anyone can stop me from doing what I want to do?"

"I wanted you to brand it on me. It was perfect." He gave a malicious smile from his lips. "If you won't, I'll do it myself."

Crystal shook her head. She knew she could not stop him. She had never stopped him from making any decisions. For example, she had no say as he loved her and hated her.

It seemed that his fiery love and his hysterical hatred were all his own thing.

No one could stop or intervene.

The red-hot ring and the rose-shaped pendant pressed against his scar.

He did not hesitate to print directly on it in a plume of smoke.

Crystal turned away, clutching the sheets with both hands.

For a long time, she struggled to speak and asked hoarsely, "Nathan, why do you always do that? Please wake up."

"I don't want to wake up when I am with you." His voice was so seductive.

Crystal quickly smelled something burning. Seeing the new wound in his chest, Crystal pressed the service bell.

"You must take medicine at once."

"Will you forgive me now?" Nathan pinched her chin and tentatively kissed her lips.

Crystal turned her face hard. "Yes, I forgive you."

Nathan's eyes glowed as he drew her into his arms.

"I forgive you, but that doesn't mean I want to be with you."

"Nathan, we don't really fit."

"In what way?"

"We don't fit in every way."

"Then you still won't forgive me."

"No, that's not what I meant."

"In the world, there are no two completely suitable people. There are only two people who complement and accommodate each other." Nathan squeezed her hand and said. "You don't have to change anything, and I can accommodate you."

Crystal could not speak, and she did not know what to say. Nothing seemed to convince him.

"Believe me. Take a chance on me, and I'll change."

But Crystal knew that he was still Nathan, no matter how he changed.

Moreover, she did not want him to change his character. That way, he wasn't Nathan, the person she loved.

Love?

She could not help laughing bitterly. Was she strong enough to love him again?

"Don't dismiss me out of hand because of these things. Will you at least give me probation?"

While she was distracted, he buried his head in her neck and gave her a strong kiss.

Crystal smiled sadly. This man was really like a child emotionally. He was always incredibly single-minded.

There was a knock on the door, and the nurse came in and caught sight of Nathan bending down to kiss Crystal.

She didn't come in, and she didn't go out, staying where she was awkward.

Crystal pushed his head away. "He's burned," she said. "Please get some burn medicine."

"Okay."

The nurse saw Nathan's face, blushed, and retreated shyly.

The door closed, and Crystal was pinned to the bed by Nathan, fingers crossed.

Crystal's eyes naturally fell on his chest.

Nathan knew that she looked back at the wound he had burned and smiled. "We're all branded the same, Crystal, and you'll never be anyone else's for the rest of your life."

Crystal moved her lips and finally said nothing.

"I want you to remember, every time you see the brand, not that you hate me, but that I love you."

Crystal sighed and gently fingered the tiny bangs that had fallen on his forehead.

Anyway, Nathan made the painful memories of the brand less painful and let go of the obsession.

She used to look in the mirror and think of his cruelty to her, but now, looking in the mirror, she would probably think that they all bore the same mark.

There was something indescribable in her.

Crystal's finger was caught by his hand.

He took her hand and rowed across his lips.

Suddenly he opened his mouth and put her delicate fingers in his mouth.

She jerked back, and he caught her again.

The nurse knocked on the door, pushed it open, and was again shocked by what she saw. She began to wonder if she had gone to the wrong place. This wasn't a hospital. But a love hotel?

Crystal pushed Nathan away, embarrassed.

"Have you got the medicine?"

"Yes, I did." The nurse walked up to them, handed the medicine over, and watched the man bury his head in the woman's neck.

The nurse's face flushed. She quickly put the medicine on the bedroom cupboard, turned, and rushed out.

"Nathan, stop that now!" The man treated the nurse as air.

Nathan teased her earlobes and didn't want to let go.

"I'll give you some medicine." Crystal gave him a push.

"Kiss me, and I'll get up."

"If you don't want me to give you medicine, forget it. You can do it yourself later!"

Crystal wanted to kick him with her legs, but she could not move.

"Then, let me kiss you again."

Crystal raised her hand and tried to slap him. Her hand went up in the air and finally fell. After all, she could not bear to beat him.

"Can't you be serious?"

"I like the way you smell."

"Get up!"

Nathan kissed her for a while before getting up and asking her to apply for the medicine.

She applied the cold white paste to his wound. She knew it hurt, but he didn't frown and stared at her fingers, sliding on his chest. "Let's leave the hospital this afternoon."

"Why?" Crystal wondered. "Didn't the doctor say that I should rest for half a month?"

"You can rest just as well when you go home."

"What about Eric?"

"What? You want to stay here with him?"