

Midnight III 402

Chapter 1884 - 402: You Looked So Happy Online - All Page - Full-Novel

Crystal also went into Eric's room for the first time. It turned out to be a duplex, completely connected to the second floor, with an absolutely luxurious style.

Next to the door was a wall that curved all the way to the top, stacked on top of each other.

The windows of the room opened to the ceiling, and high curtains hung down. Some light came in, facing the desk.

Besides the computer and books, there were many picture frames, hourglasses, and globes on the desk.

On the wall, there were pictures of Crystal and Eric's wedding.

Crystal had no idea that his room was hung with so many of their wedding photos.

On the background wall of the bed was a single picture of Crystal. The picture was apparently taken in Villa Beverly with a red triangle plum in the background as she looked back at the camera.

It was a snapshot, without her knowing it.

The whole picture was made into a huge background, with a few small lights on the ceiling pointing at that background. Under the light, the picture would be very clear.

Crystal looked away from the background wall with mixed feelings, went to the wardrobe, and pulled open the door.

Inside was a hidden cloakroom with men's clothes, hats, watches, sunglasses, and ties.

Eric was a finicky man, so everything was well organized.

Crystal took Eric's cell phone and wallet out of her pocket. In fact, she came into his room to give these things back to him.

Then she wanted to pick out some clean, comfortable clothes and take them to the hospital for Eric, as well as towels and socks.

For some reason, she always had a feeling that Eric must have survived this time and would surely wake up.

How could a man like him fall down so easily?

Thinking of this, she brought him another shirt he wore when he was discharged from the hospital, as well as a suit.

She sighed slightly and found that there was so little she could do for Eric. During his critical period, she should take care of him from any standpoint.

Besides, he saved her, each time risking his life to save her.

When she came out of the locker room, she saw Nathan going through Eric's bookcase. "Hey, didn't I tell you not to go through his stuff?"

But Nathan didn't stop. Instead, he pulled open another closet as if in search of something important.

The wardrobe was turned upside down by him...

Crystal put down the clothes and walked a few steps to cover his hands. "Stop! Don't turn over."

Nathan bent down and noticed a small drawer on the right with a combination lock on it.

"Nathan, I told you to stop! What on earth are you looking for?"

Nathan raised his eyes and stared hard at her.

Crystal tugged at his clothes and tried to pull him to his feet. "Come on, let's go now and get out of here."

Nathan took Crystal's wrist with a backhand.

"You don't want to treat the old Mrs. Bush anymore?"

"I can have her taken out and meet you somewhere else, as long as it's not here."

"Let's go." Crystal didn't know what he was looking for, and she couldn't pull him.

Nathan's whole heart sank.

"Do you care about him?" Do you care about him so much? "

"It's not at all a matter of whether I care about him or not. This is Eric's house. You can't touch his things without his permission. "

"I won't leave until I find what I want."

"What are you looking for?"

"What do you think I care about?" He lifted her chin. "I want his household registration and your marriage license."

"Is this what you want?"

Nathan persisted in pulling the drawer, but he couldn't pull it even if he pulled it hard.

Crystal couldn't laugh or cry when he looked so hairy.

"Even if you're looking for this, you can't rummage through his stuff."

Nathan stared at her and suddenly asked, "do you have the password for the drawer?"

"How do I know that? I only know the password of the door. "

"Tell me the password for the door?"

"I can't tell you." If she told him, wouldn't he know the password of the door?

"Come on, try it on the drawer."

Crystal thought carefully.

To be honest, she used to dream of divorcing Eric. But Eric is still in the hospital. To save her, he was now in limbo. If now she stole the marriage license and divorced him without his knowledge, it was too despicable. She couldn't do such a despicable thing.

Crystal shook her head. "Even if you steal them, what will you do? He had to sign the divorce."

"He was in a coma, and fingerprints were easy." Nathan smiled grimly.

"No. He's not out of danger yet. It would be best if you didn't think so. I beg to differ."

"What if he wakes up? Are you going to be called Mrs. Bush for the rest of your life? Do you want to be his wife all your life? Do you want that?"

"I don't think that much, Nathan. He is the man who has saved me many times from death. How should I repay him for saving my life? What choice do I have, even if I need to be his wife all my life?"

"What shall I do? Have you ever thought about me?"

"You want me to get a divorce. Do you want to marry me?"

"You bet. If you say yes, I will marry you."

Crystal kept her face down, not daring to look him in the eye. She imagined a future without him and Eric. Only in this way would they be able to end the complicated relationship.

"Have you found out what's going on? The Old Davis did everything he could to break us up. Have you forgotten? If you would marry me now, your father would probably not agree."

A divorced woman with a child is a woman with a stain in his family.

Nathan darkened his eyes.

"See, you can't marry me after all," Crystal grabbed him by the sleeve. "Let's go."

"I said I wouldn't leave unless I could find what I wanted."

Crystal was well aware of his personality. She stared at him and said, "Then let's try it. If it doesn't open, we'll go."

He acquiesced, and Crystal typed in a password at random, prompting a mistake, of course.

Nathan wasn't stupid, of course, his sharp eyes fixed on Crystal. "You pressed eight numbers, and it should be six."

There were electronic clicks on the combination locks, and Crystal didn't expect him to notice even that.

"You're so sorry to part from him. So you'd rather be his wife all your life?"

"What do you want me to do? Nathan, put yourself in my shoes."

"I don't understand."

"You know it, you know it better than anyone. And I just want to be fair to Eric."

"What about me? Who is fair to me? You were once mine. He took you away from me!"

"I shouldn't be the one who decides whether you get fair or not. Don't push me here."

Why did she always try to avoid being caught between these two men but always leave herself in a dilemma?

If she was fair to one, she is unfair to the other.

No matter who she was on the side of, she was wrong. What could she do?

"There's Eric between us. Are we never going to get through?"

"Don't make me answer questions like that. Don't push me, Nathan." Crystal shook her head.

Nathan's eyes darkened. He casually pressed down the picture frame on the desk.

That was the wedding photo of Crystal and Eric.

Subsequently, there were seven or eight picture frames on the table, all of which were knocked down by him one by one.

Every time he put one on, the angrier he became.

Nathan suddenly picked up a picture frame and said, "You looked so happy,"

"Yes."