

Midnight III 403

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"How can you smile so happily at another man when you love me so much?"

"I said, don't push me. Nathan, every time I hurt you, you forced me to do it."

Nathan sneered. "You've got to tell me what I forced you to do. Or, tell me how many other hurtful things you could have done to me."

"Will you leave here if I tell you?"

"Go ahead."

"I did love you," Crystal said, staring at him. "But no matter how strong a feeling it is, it can't hold up against time. My love for you is fading."

Nathan was obviously hurt. Under his eyes was an expression of sadness.

Crystal stopped talking and turned her back on him. "That's what you want to hear, and I said. You made me do that."

Nathan didn't speak.

"If you come near me, you'll only get hurt by me, so stay away from me."

Nathan hugged her fiercely behind her back. "You're lying to me."

Crystal lowered her eyes and could not speak.

"I have been deceived by you many times, and I no longer believe your lies."

"But you did get hurt by me, didn't you?"

Crystal said calmly, "Let's go out."

Nathan was silent for a moment, then took her by the hand and got ready to go out.

If he stayed any longer, he didn't know how much they would hurt each other.

"Wait, there's something left."

At this point, Crystal hadn't even forgotten to pick up Eric's things.

Nathan watched with pain as she carefully put the suit into the bag.

Crystal went to the background wall and pressed the switch.

The light hit the ceiling and reflected countless little stars.

Nathan smacked hard against the background wall.

The glass frame cracked.

"Are you crazy?"

Before Nathan tried to mess up the place completely, she hurriedly pushed him out.

Before leaving, she went to see the old Mrs. Bush.

In the room, the old Mrs. Bush was attended by several servants, and the doctor was also present.

The old Mrs. Bush looked much better as she lay in bed.

The voice of Amos was recorded by Eric and then edited to sound like he was speaking to Old Mrs. Bush.

The doctor said her mood had stabilized a lot. She must have had a nightmare. She jumped out of the window this morning as soon as she got up.

Fortunately, the second floor was not high. Otherwise, her injury was more than just a broken hand.

But that was not a long-term solution either. With each irritation, her condition worsened.

And every time she had a seizure, she went crazy. Several of the servants had been hurt by her.

Crystal saw that the servants had scratches on their faces.

"I gave the old Mrs. Bush a small dose of tranquilizer today, and she was about to wake up."

"You mean she's going to wake up?"

"Well, it's just that she was too excited in the morning. Try not to irritate her again."

Crystal nodded and got up immediately.

"Then I'll leave before the old Mrs. Bush wakes up."

She had wanted to bring Nathan over to talk to the Old Mrs. Bush, but the doctor told her not to, so she had to leave. As she turned around, she bumped into a firm embrace.

"Why did you get in?"

Nathan took hold of her body. "Didn't you tell me to see her?"

"Not today. Wait till next time."

Crystal had just finished when the nurse's voice came out, surprised. "The old Mrs. Bush is awake!"

Nathan's voice, a bit like that of the young Amos, came with inherent strength.

So the old Mrs. Bush woke up from her lethargy when she heard Nathan's voice.

A tall man stood on the edge of the bed in the gloom, with a stern profile.

"Amos? You come to see me?"

Crystal's back stiffened. Before she could pull Nathan away, the old Mrs. Bush was struggling to get up.

"Amos, is it really you?"

Nathan's eyes were sharp and unemotional. His indifference, and the sense of alienation in his eyes, are the same as in Amos's youth.

"She's awake. Shall we go?" Nathan held Crystal back.

"Are you leaving?" The old Mrs. Bush's voice trembled and cried, "Amos, please, don't go, don't leave me."

The old Mrs. Bush pulled up the quilt and was about to get out of bed.

"Amos, I'm not dreaming, am I? Is it really you? Are you really willing to come to see me?"

Crystal bit her lower lip. Now that the old Mrs. Bush was awake, she would let it go.

Crystal whispered to Nathan. "You promised me when you were in the hospital. Remember?"

Nathan raised his eyebrow and said, "Don't you think it's unethical for me to pretend to be your mother-in-law's lover and call me father-in-law?"

Crystal glared at him, but she was a little embarrassed.

"I'm just asking you to calm her down. I don't want you to be serious."

"Really?"

"Or what?" Crystal sighed. "You don't have to try too hard, just like you usually do with Helen." Being too deliberate makes her suspicious."

"Like with Helen?"

"You don't mind?"

"No. Do you remember the old Mrs. Bush's name?"

"Camellia Bush."

"Amos." The old Mrs. Bush was already out of bed and coming up to Nathan.

Crystal winked at Nathan and withdrew with the doctor.

In fact, she was a little uneasy about leaving the old Mrs. Bush to Nathan. Nathan didn't have to try to please the Old Mrs. Bush, but he was so egotistical.

But Crystal had no other choice now.

Standing on the balcony for a while, she suddenly remembered the mess in Eric's room, especially the closet and the background wall. She asked her servant to have the glass in the background replaced.

She went into Eric's room again, sorted out the drawers, and tried to put things back in the same place.

She held up the fallen picture frames one by one.

But when she saw the wedding photo inside, she also frowned.

No wonder Nathan was unhappy to see this. Nathan couldn't stand her smiling in Eric's arms. She suddenly thought it was a mistake to bring Nathan here.

Crystal smiled bitterly. In fact, no matter what she did, everything was wrong.

Eric's drawers contained some of his collection of watches and coins etc.

Crystal was packing one of the drawers when she saw that there was a lot of cash in it, which Eric should have prepared in case he needed money badly.

Crystal remembered that Eric had given her a bank card, and she could use the money and take it wherever she wanted.

Her ID card was held by Eric all the time. When she got married, Eric got her a new ID card.

Once Eric was out of danger, she would leave here.

Crystal took some cash, and she saw Eric's unregistered registration card under cash.

With it, she could leave without identity authentication.

People like Eric used it to get in and out of places in order to hide their whereabouts.

Crystal's eyes lit up. She held the card in her hand. She had a hunch she would use it.

She wondered where Nancy was at this moment.