

## Midnight III 404

### Chapter 1886 - 404: I Won't Be Angry With You Online - All Page - Full-Novel

As she was going to be in the hospital for several days, she went back to her room to pack her things.

Back in her room, she packed a few changes of clothes, and then the servant came in.

"Young Mistress, the old Mrs. Bush, is downstairs in the kitchen. She wants to cook for herself and doesn't want to be disturbed."

"Where's Mr. Davis?"

"He's with the old Mrs. Bush. The old Mrs. Bush said she was going to make him dinner."

So Nathan was staying for dinner?

He actually said yes?

"The old Mrs. Bush doesn't let anyone in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Then ask Mr. Davis to come and see me after dinner. You had the old Mrs. Bush taken care of."

The servant nodded and went downstairs, the repairmen called in by the servant had come. Crystal opened Eric's door, told them not to touch any personal belongings, and called two bodyguards to watch them.

Eric carefully designed this background wall.

So Crystal wished she could get it back to its old look.

Fortunately, the glass just cracked, and once replaced, it should not have any impact. Crystal went back to her room. Since the accident, she had only changed her clothes, and the smell of blood had been lingering on her body.

Nathan was still eating downstairs and wouldn't be up for a while. Crystal locked the door and went into the bathroom.

Crystal's mind flashed back and forth to the scene of the accident.

She had the impression that, despite her fierce arrogance, Joyce was a person who had a great fear of death.

A cut on Joyce's hand from a fruit knife would have made her nervous. How could Joyce have had the courage to die with her? Crystal thought it wasn't that easy.

She was lost in thought when she heard a noise outside the bathroom.

She gave it a quick rinse. She had been thinking that Nathan was eating downstairs, and she had locked the door, so she hadn't brought any clothes.

"Nathan, is that you out there?"

She dared not go out but leaned against the bathroom door and asked tentatively.

"Yes."

"How did you get in?" Crystal changed her face. "I've locked the door behind me. How can you come in?"

"The servant had the key, and she opened the door for me."

Crystal took a deep breath. "Are you fumbling again? I said I hated it when you went through things without permission."

Sure enough, there was a crack outside the door. It was the sound of a drawer being closed.

"Where did you put your watch?"

Watch?

How could she tell him that she kept it under her pillow and that she would take it out and listen to it every night when she could not sleep?

She bit her lower lip. "I don't know," she said. "It's already been lost. Please get out of my room."

"You let me in, and you think I'm the one who comes and goes when you tell me to?"

"You!"

Nathan looked down on the bed, stiffened, and lifted the pillow.

The watch that was his match was lying quietly under the pillow.

Crystal was leaning against the door.

Suddenly she heard the door open and close. "Are you still there?" she asked tentatively.

There was no response.

Wrapped in a towel, she listened to the room for a while, but it was still quiet.

She guessed that he must have left. Then she opened the door and went out.

As a result, she was so startled that she almost jumped.

Nathan stood at the bathroom door, silent, staring at her.

Crystal looked into his hand and knew what he was going to do. She could even guess what he was going to say.

She hurried back to close the bathroom door, but her arm was seized firmly.

The band-aid on Crystal's arm had just come off in the shower. The cut in her arm showed.

Nathan darkened his eyes. He had the same cut on his arm, so he knew exactly where the wound had come from.

Crystal yanked back her hand, covering it and trying to hold it off.

"Please remember whose house this is and stop messing about with my things."

Nathan took her hand again and growled, "What is this?"

The wound in her arm healed quickly because she didn't scratch hard at first.

She had given up this self-destructive behavior for a while. But since she broke up with him, she has had nightmares every day. Every time she woke up from a nightmare, she couldn't stop thinking about him, and she almost became depressed.

She carved Nathan's initials on her arm, trying to dilute the pain in her heart with her arm's pain.

Then Eric found out. He asked servants to look at her for 24 hours and gave her the best medicine to apply every day, and the scars became much lighter.

Nathan's hand touched her scar gently and asked, "Did Eric do all this to you?"

"No."

"He threatened you?" Nathan held her shoulder. "Does he make you do it?"

"No."

"When we were in Manor for the New Year, you left because Eric threatened you. Isn't it?"

He had wanted to ask, but he was afraid. Crystal would not like to answer.

Crystal pushed his hand away. "I said no."

"Now that I have him under control, what are you afraid of?" Nathan shouted, "I'll make him disappear any time you ask. "

"Nathan, please don't ask me."

"You think I'm stupid, right? Do you think I am easy to fool?"

Crystal bit her lip and said nothing. "Crystal, you keep everything to yourself. How can I help you if you don't tell me?" Nathan growled, exasperated. "You know, When I see you in the rain, and you're covered in blood, my heart stops beating. I can't let anything happen to you again."

Crystal's heart gave a jerk.

"We would have been together without Eric."

"Nathan, without Eric, I'd be dead." Crystal looked up.

"He's in the hospital because he wasn't able to protect you. He deserved it! If you were by my side, I would do everything I could to protect you."

"You can't protect me!" He didn't protect her on the manor, nor did he protect her in Amos's party when the chandelier fell.

"At least if I'm by your side, nothing will happen to you." Nathan tugged at her and asked, "Do you have a cut anywhere but here?"

The next second, Crystal's bath towel was taken off.

"I'm going to give you a thorough examination."

Just then, the door of the room was opened, and a servant entered.

She happened to see Crystal naked face to face with Nathan.

The servant stared at them, evidently aghast.

Nathan growled coldly. "Who let you in?"

Said the servant, shivering and hastening back. "I just came to remind you that the old Mrs. Bush was looking for you everywhere."

She was Crystal's personal servant, so she not only had the key to Crystal's house but also had free access to it.

"Get out of here."

The servant shut the door hastily.

"Eric's servant is so unruly? Did she go in and out of the master's room without knocking?"

"You're the one with no rules. Get out of here."

There were so many people talking about it that soon, the story got around. Eric was absent, and the old Mrs. Bush was not in a stable state. She, as Eric's wife now, always had concerns.

Nathan hugged her up, gently put her to bed, and checked her body up and down.

Crystal kicked him away.

"No. Beam your ass out of here," she said.

Unexpectedly, he just smiled in a low voice and said, "It's ok. You can kick me more.. I won't be angry with you."