

Midnight III 41

Chapter 1523 - 41: Where Is Mine?

The restaurant owner took Nathan's black credit card, turned around, and told the waiters to invite all customers to leave politely. It wasn't a surprise, of course, that some of the customers were dissatisfied. A man in a black suit complained to his wife, saying, "Money is not everything. I'm enjoying my dinner..."

A man from the next table asked him, "How much did they give you to leave?"

"A million dollars," the man in the suit replied.

"Me too," the other man said. "What the fuck! Who is that man? If he is paying each table a million dollars to leave, it will cost him over ten million dollars to clear the place out -plus, he is paying for our meals!"

At this time, the waiter walked over to Nathan's table. He looked at Joyce and Carlos and said, "Excuse me, Sir and Madam, Mr. Davis has booked the whole restaurant. I'm sorry, but I will have to ask you both to leave."

Joyce frowned when she heard this, and just as she was about to start arguing, she noticed the two bodyguards that had followed the waiter. They were standing behind him, tall and strong, with their arms folded across their chests. Joyce thought about how embarrassing it would be to have the guards drag them out, kicking and screaming, and she knew it was pointless to argue. So, instead, she smiled and said, "Everyone else has received compensation. Where is mine?"

Nathan laughed and said, "To be eligible for compensation, you need to be human. In my opinion, you are sub-human, so forget about it!"

Carlos glared at Nathan and said, "Mr. Davis, watch your mouth."

Nathan: "You're not qualified to teach me how to talk. I want to thank you for one thing, though."

Thank me? Thank me for what? - Carlos stared at Nathan doubtfully as the man cuddled up to Crystal and kissed her on her forehead.

Nathan: "Thank you for breaking up with Crystal. If you hadn't, I wouldn't have had the opportunity to woo such a priceless treasure."

Carlos suddenly felt as if he couldn't breathe. He clenched and unclenched his fists at his sides, and his fingernails turned white. He felt as if a heavy rock had been placed on his chest, and he could not remove it.

Carlos was and had always been unwilling to admit his feelings for Crystal. He had thought and hoped that the love he felt for her would eventually fade. After all, love never lasts forever. So, he had tried to treat Crystal like a sister, and he was trying to love Joyce, not for who she was, but for the benefits that came from being with her. Only now did he realize his mistake. Crystal really was a priceless treasure, and he'd blown his chance with her. A priceless treasure, these three words echoed in his mind.

Carlos stood up and pulled Joyce out of her seat. "Let's go," he said. "I can tell when I'm not wanted."

Once Carlos and Joyce were gone, Crystal pulled away from Nathan. She gave him a dirty look and said, "That was a waste of money. You didn't have to do that."

"Why? Does your heart ache?" Nathan asked.

"I've already lost my heart, so that's not possible," Crystal replied. However, her heart did ache not because of Carlos but because of the three years of her youth that she had lost. And though Nathan didn't know why her heart ached, he saw through her lie easily.

Instead of saying something to comfort or tease Crystal, Nathan looked deeply into her eyes. On the outside, he looked calm and collected, but he was doing the Jitter-bug on the inside.

Crystal: "The money... Can I pay you back when I am able?"

"No," Nathan replied. "There is no need. You can't afford it anyway." Although Nathan was speaking the truth, his playful attitude and arrogant tone pierced Crystal's heart like an ice pick.

Of course, I can't afford it! - Crystal thought scornfully. But whose fault is that? If her mother hadn't given her inheritance to Nathan, Joyce would not be able to look down her nose at her, and she would not have had to endure the inborn superiority of the man in front of her.

The restaurant owner returned and gave the black card back to Nathan. Even though these cards came with exorbitant fees, they were in high demand because they allowed their carriers to enjoy this kind of first-class service globally.

Black cards were not publicly issued, nor could they be applied for. The banks would take the initiative to select a few people from among the platinum card users and invite them to join the program. Furthermore, one would not get a black card just because they were rich. Typically, they were reserved for dignitaries, billionaires, and celebrities.

Black cards used the real name initial system. On Nathan's card, though, it said "ES" on the lower-left corner, which was not the abbreviation for his name. Instead, it was that of Crystal's Mother, Elsa Smith - and when Crystal saw that, she was furious. Unfortunately, though, she couldn't do anything. Her mother had left everything to Nathan, so he was within his rights to use her Mother's money in whatever way he wanted.

Crystal still didn't understand why her mother had left everything to Nathan. Unfortunately, it was not the right time for her to take action against him, not if she didn't want to wake a sleeping dog. After all, even if Crystal discovered the truth, she couldn't do anything about it. At the moment, the only thing that she could do was to try to live with this man as tranquility as possible.

Once the waiter was gone, Crystal grabbed the black card and said, "How dare you swipe this card as if it were your own! How do you sleep at night?"

"Quite peacefully," Nathan replied. He leaned back on the chair, took a slight sip of his red wine, and asked, "Is it important who the card belongs to?"

When Crystal heard that, her fingers trembled, and she became so angry that her eyelashes shook. She had not expected him to admit his sins so readily. But why would I expect anything different from him? Asked herself -? Is it because he saved me yesterday, and he didn't take advantage of me, even though I

was drugged? Is it because of what happened in the supermarket? Or is it because he said that I was a priceless treasure?

Crystal quickly hid her disappointment and

put the card lightly on the table. She pushed it forward and said, "Of course, it is not important. I was just surprised when you paid everyone to leave. It must be nice to have so much of someone else's money."

Nathan didn't understand why Crystal was so sensitive about the credit card, and he thought that she was acting like a hedgehog.

Chapter 1524 - 42: Try It If You Want

Nathan thought for a minute, and then he took another credit card from his pocket. He smiled and showed it to Crystal, but she scowled and said, "Big deal!" The card was more impressive than her mother's, but she refused to be impressed. "So what?"

"This is my salary card," Nathan explained.

"From now on, it's yours."

Crystal smiled wryly and said, "You're not afraid that I'll take your money and run?"

Nathan, "Try it if you want. If you succeed, then there's nothing I can do about it. It is a risk that I am willing to take."

Crystal pushed the card away. She didn't want to have anything to do with this man, financially or emotionally. To her surprise and dismay, though, Nathan aggressively grabbed her hand and slapped the card against her palm.

Crystal took the card, then she ground her teeth together and tried to destroy the card. Much to her disappointment, though, the card was much more durable than it looked, and it would not break. Nathan knew what she was thinking and added: "If I were you, I would take as much of your mother's legacy back as you can. By the way, the password is my birthday, so it should be easy to remember."

Maybe for you - Crystal thought. She sighed and put the card in her pocket without thanking Nathan. I won't even use it - she told herself - After all, I don't even know his birthday!

Crystal casually glanced at the bill and made a mental note of how much Nathan had spent so that she could repay him later. She had said that she would pay for their meal, and she intended to be true to her word.

As Nathan drove away from the restaurant, Crystal watched the world go by outside. The sun shone through the window. It warmed her face, and it helped her relax. Gradually her eyes closed, and she fell asleep.

When Crystal woke up, she felt dizzy. She was still in the car, and she could hear Nathan talking on the phone. The window on the driver's side was open, and Nathan was resting his arm on the window frame. He held a cigarette between two fingers, and he was talking with Andy through the car's Bluetooth.

Andy sounded nervous. He said, "Mr. Davis, I've completed my investigation. The people who are stalking you are not members of the media. They are Private Investigators. They have been commissioned to take photos near the Beverly villa."

Nathan: "How long have they been there? And what do they want?"

Andy: "Two hours. Luckily, the bodyguards discovered them. They are investigating your marital status."

Nathan: "Don't drive them away yet. Give them four more hours and then drive them away."

Andy: "Ah? Okay... I got it,"

Andy could not imagine why his boss would allow the Private investigators to remain for four hours, and that made him so nervous that the hand holding the cell phone was sweating. His boss had always valued his privacy, so this decision was out of character for him.

Andy got more and more confused as he thought about his boss's decision.

As Nathan ended the phone call with Andy, Crystal closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Nathan: "Are you awake?"

Crystal didn't answer Nathan, and she continued to pretend that she was sleeping. Nathan stared at Crystal. He thought that her skin looked fairer in the sunshine. Her eyelashes slightly quivered, and they reminded him of a cicada's wings in motion. Her skin was as fair and delicate as porcelain. She had a small, high nose, curling full lips, and was cunning and smart. Not only that, but her provocative eyes were also very attractive. Of course, he knew that most people thought that Crystal was ugly, and he didn't understand why they didn't see her the way that he did.

Nathan took a drag of his cigarette and blew the smoke over Crystal's face, and she began to cough so hard that tears appeared in her eyes.

Crystal sat up, glared at Nathan, and snatched the cigarette out of his fingers. Nathan glowered, but he held his tongue. He was curious to see what she would do.

Crystal held the cigarette between her index and middle finger. She smirked at Nathan and brought it to her lips. She struck a sexy pose, and then she took a drag off the tip. Normally, Nathan wouldn't have let Crystal smoke, but watching her now, he found that he was too aroused to scold her. Damn! - he thought - Doesn't this woman know that she's playing with fire?

Crystal leaned forward as she took a second drag, and Nathan was able to see down her shirt. Her smallish breasts were pale, and her push-up bra gave them a look of fullness that generally wasn't there. Then, as he leaned forward to get a better look, she blew a lung full of smoke into his gaping mouth.

After exhaling the smoke, Crystal had planned to retreat. To her surprise, though, Nathan seized her hand and pressed her body against the car's door.

"An eye for an eye," Crystal squealed. "That's fair!"

Nathan laughed and said, "Life isn't fair!" Crystal raised her chin and asked, "What's your point?"

"My point is that I don't want you smoking," Nathan said. He lifted his hips, pointed to his crotch, and smiled. "If you want to suck on something, you can suck my dong." Crystal couldn't help but look where he had pointed, and her face turned red. "You bully!" she shouted. "Hooligan! Scoundrel! Beast! I am not going to smoke or suck anything." A wicked smile appeared on Crystal's face suddenly. She bared her teeth and chomped down on the air in front of her. "But if you offer me the chance again, I might BITE!"

Nathan's face turned white, and he flinched. A few minutes later, he pulled over, turned off the car, and said, "Get out."

Crystal looked around with a confused expression on her face. She looked at Nathan and asked, "Where are we?" She thought that they were going to the Beverly villa, but he'd parked outside an upscale mall. Does he want to go shopping? - Crystal wondered. That seemed unlikely.. After all, Nathan didn't like shopping. And he had never brought her to the mall before!

Chapter 1525 - 43: Not This Time

When Nathan saw the expression on Crystal's face, he laughed and said, "Obviously, we're not here to shop for me. We're here so that you can get some practice using a credit card."

Nathan led Crystal into the mall, and their first stop was a luxury brand store that had a good reputation in the fashion world. When the salesgirl saw Nathan, she got excited. After working for the store long enough, the salesgirls had all learned to tell who had come in to spend money and who was just "Window Shopping."

The salesgirl approached Nathan and Crystal and asked if she could help them. Nathan pointed to Crystal and said, "Wrap up everything she wants. Money is not a concern of mine."

Crystal laughed and said, "You're making me feel like a mistress."

Nathan bit Crystal's ear and whispered, "So, you want to be my mistress, do you?"

"Nathan!" someone behind them suddenly shouted. Nathan straightened up, turned around, and walked towards the woman.

Crystal turned and saw a forty to a fifty-year-old woman who must have possessed great beauty in her youth. Crystal thought that she looked very familiar. "Who's that?" she asked one of the salesgirls.

The salesgirl smiled and said, "That's Elena Laurent! She's an actress in a night-time drama. She plays a wicked woman, but in real life, she's very nice. There is gossip, though, that she keeps company with a sugar baby."

Crystal frowned as she watched the older woman interacting with Nathan. Nathan was standing with his back to her, so she couldn't see the expression on his face, but side by side, they looked exactly how she thought a sugar momma might look with her sugar baby. Crystal rolled her eyes and turned to take several dresses into a fitting room.

Nathan took the black card out of his pocket and exchanged it with Elena for another card. The last time they had dined together, there was a mix-up, and they'd accidentally ended up walking away with the wrong credit cards, "I made a few purchases," Nathan admitted. "Send me the bill when you get it, and I will have my accountant make the payment."

Elena: "Oh, don't worry about it. We're family."

Nathan: "No, I insist."

Elena smiled and let the matter go. They chatted for a few more minutes, and when they were about to part ways, a salesgirl emerged from the back of the store. She looked at Nathan and said, "Sir, the lady you came in with is requesting your help in the fitting room."

Nathan thought for a minute and concluded that Crystal must have an ulterior motive for summoning him. He smiled knowingly and said, "Aunt Elena, please excuse me."

Elena nodded, and instead of leaving, she followed Nathan into the shop. Once they were at the back of the store, Nathan pushed open the fitting room door, where he found Crystal, neatly dressed and waiting for him. Nathan frowned and asked, "Is this a trick?"

Crystal quietly walked towards the door and leaned against it. "It is," she said. "Is there a problem? Leave your sugar momma outside and stay in here with me. Or are you afraid of what she might think?"

"I'm not afraid," Nathan replied. "Aren't you going to take off your clothes?"

Almost immediately, Crystal began to doubt the wisdom of the trap she'd set. "I-I d-don't want to change yet," Crystal stuttered. Suddenly Nathan made her think of the proverbial fox in the henhouse, and the hungry expression on his face scared her. Nathan: "If you don't want to change, then why did you summon me?"

Crystal crossed her arms beneath her girlish breasts and said, "Can't you see? I'm here... of course... to seduce you!"

Cheshire's grin appeared on Nathan's face, and as he laughed, he said, "I know!" Lightning quick, Nathan grabbed Crystal's wrists, twisted them, and pressed them to the wall above her head. There was a loud THUMP, and outside the fitting room, Elena and the two salesgirls looked at each other in astonishment.

The salesgirls opened their eyes wide and made eye contact with each other. Elena was very embarrassed. She had watched Nathan grow from a child into the man he was, and in her eyes, he was a cultivated gentleman, strict with himself in words and deeds. Today, though, it seemed that Nathan was intent on shattering his aunt's good opinion of him in this public space.

Elena took a nervous step forward and knocked on the door. She said, "Nathan, do you need any help?"

On the other side, Nathan was sucking on Crystal's neck, bringing up the little bruised marks that would identify her as belonging to him. He still had her hands held above her head, and she was struggling with all her might. After a minute, without warning, he released her.

Crystal lost her balance, then fell, and hit the bench with a CRASH that was louder than the THUMP.

The three people outside the fitting room were too frightened to look at each other. They could all easily imagine what was going on, and no one dared to stop it.

Nathan helped Crystal to her feet inside the fitting room, and then he ripped open her T-shirt. He smirked as he ran his finger along the top of her exposed breasts, "Nice figure," he said.

Crystal stared at him and scolded him, calling him a beast.

"You think I'm a beast now?" Nathan scoffed. "I'll show you what a beast looks like!" As he spoke, he stripped Crystal naked, bowed his head, and began to suckle her breast. And the minute his lips found purchase against her nipple, she lost control of her body and began to moan.

Outside the changing room, Elena's face had turned as red as a beet. She had heard the two young lovers crash against the wall, the sound of Crystal's clothes being torn from her body, and the low moaning noises that they were both making. She coughed twice in an attempt to cover up the embarrassing sounds, but the sounds did not stop.

When Crystal heard Elena coughing, though, it brought her back to her senses. By then, Nathan was as naked as she was, and she could feel his swollen member pressed against her belly. Crystal raised her knee with the intent of attacking Nathan's crotch, but he blocked her and seized her thigh, and pulled her closer. He wrapped his free hand around her buttocks and slightly lifted her; then, as he lowered her, he tickled her clit with the tip of his manhood.

"Put it on me," Crystal moaned.

"Not this time," Nathan laughed. He pushed her away and said, "You thought that you could get the better of me and seduce me, but you are just a child.. You are not qualified to seduce me. Now put on your clothes before you catch a cold!"

Chapter 1526 - 44: Good Men Are Rare

Once Nathan and Crystal were dressed, he pulled her out of the fitting room. Ignoring his aunt, he handed the clothes she'd brought in with her to a salesgirl and told her to ring it up for them. After paying for these items, Nathan dragged Crystal out of the store, across the mall, and into an elevator. Once the doors had closed behind them, Crystal glared at Nathan and said, "What did you mean when you said that I wasn't qualified to seduce you?"

Nathan smiled, and instead of answering her, he pressed her against the wall. After a moment, he cupped her left breast in his right hand, gave it a gentle squeeze, and said, "Your tits are too small."

Crystal frowned, and her cheeks turned pink. "They are as big as they were ten minutes ago," she said, "and they seemed to suit you just fine when you were sucking at my nipples!"

The elevator reached the first floor, and Nathan let go of Crystal's breast as the door opened. Some people boarded, and Nathan leaned into Crystal so that he could whisper into her ear without being

overheard. "When I said that your tits are too small," he said, "I meant that you are too young. Don't you know that I could go to jail for having sex with a minor?"

The elevator stopped again, and Nathan stepped away from Crystal. Then he walked out of the elevator, and she followed him into the parking lot. He had long legs, so she almost had to run to keep up with him.

In the car, neither of them said a word at first. Crystal was ashamed of what had happened in the fitting room, and she wanted nothing more than to put it behind her. And as soon as the car stopped at the villa's courtyard, she couldn't wait to unfasten her seat belt, unlock the door, and rush into the house.

When Susie heard that they'd returned, she rushed out of the kitchen and shouted Crystal's name. Crystal turned and asked, "What's up?"

Susie sighed and said, "Miss Tiffany Ford was waiting here almost all afternoon. She just left!"

Crystal stopped, thought for a moment, and said, "I wonder why she came here without telling me first. She must have come for an update on her father's affair. Well, it must not have been that important if she didn't leave a message."

Crystal went straight to her room, and Susie watched her with a scowl on her face. Susie wasn't sure whether Crystal had understood her words. She stood still and thought about what she should do. A moment later, Nathan walked through the door.

Susie walked quickly to the door and took the bags from his hands. She wanted to repeat what she had just told Crystal, but unexpectedly, Nathan was one step ahead of her. He asked, "Has Miss Ford gone?"

Susie: "Yes, sir."

Nathan made a "Hmm" sound, and then he went into his study.

Susie noticed some tension between Nathan and Crystal, but she couldn't tell what was wrong. After a moment, she went back into the kitchen to continue the dinner preparations. The main dish would be a hamburger. She took out a piece of meat from the fridge, put it on a cutting board on the counter, and began to chop it up with a Henckel 8" Chef Knife.

By now, Crystal had changed into a set of sweats. She walked into the kitchen, reached out to take the knife out of Susie's hand, and said, "Susie, let me try."

Susie: "No, I'll do it. You don't want to dirty your clean clothes."

"It's fine," Crystal said. "Let me try." And she grabbed the knife and started to chop the meat. With each slice, she chopped harder and harder until the meat was flying all over the table and floor.

Susie was a little frightened by this. To her, Crystal did not look like she was chopping pork. Instead, she looked like she was carving out the guts of a mortal enemy.

Finally, Crystal put down the knife and spread out her arms. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, and with a hint of mischief in her voice, she asked, "How do you like my cutting skills?"

Susie helped her clean up the meat, smiled, and said, "Maybe You should stick to your day job."

Crystal stuck out her tongue playfully. In truth, it wasn't that she wasn't good at cooking, it's just that she hadn't taken the task seriously and had been more interested in venting anger, and now she felt a lot better.

As Crystal washed her hands carefully with liquid soap, she turned to Susie and asked her if her mom and Nathan had lived together. At the time of her Mother's death, Crystal had been living on campus, and she hadn't gone home very often. In retrospect, she felt guilty about that. If she had known that her mother would die, she would have made more of an effort.

Her mother hadn't allowed her to be with Carlos. She had said that Crystal would eventually be betrayed and hurt by someone as ambitious and heartless as Carlos. Crystal had been rebellious, and she never listened to her Mother.

To be with Carlos, Crystal had been willing to give up everything, and that included her life with her Mother. Time had proved her Mother right, but now it was too late to apologize.

Susie put the minced meat into a bowl, and then she said, "No. I never saw him until after your Mother's funeral. He moved here on the same day that you did."

Crystal: "Oh..."

Susie: "Your Mother spoke highly of him, though. I remember she mentioned once that Mr. Davis was a rare and good man."

"Good men are rare," Crystal murmured. "He must have been good, though. Otherwise, my mother wouldn't have left him my inheritance. Don't you think so? He wouldn't be my guardian after all,"

Susie: "Indeed, but let's change the subject..."

Chapter 1527 - 45: Please, Don't Mention It

Susie turned to Crystal and asked, "What did Tiffany want?"

Crystal: "I think she wanted to thank Nathan for helping her Father. I should probably call her to find out for sure, though. Please excuse me."

Crystal left the kitchen and went back to her room. Once the door was closed behind her, she took out her mobile phone and quickly dialed Tiffany's phone number.

When Tiffany saw who was calling, she answered right away and said, "Crystal, I waited all afternoon for you at your home! Where were you?"

"I was with Nathan. What is the matter?" Crystal asked.

"I just wanted to thank you. Thanks to you, my Dad can stay in Huston. I was going to thank you both today, but you weren't home!"

Crystal lied and said, "I didn't do anything, actually, so there is no need to thank me. Nathan just changed his mind." She didn't want Tiffany to know how she'd degraded herself. It was too embarrassing to talk about.

Tiffany: "You are lucky to have a guy like that around. I am so lucky to have the opportunity to try to win his heart! You're not regretting your decision not to pursue him, are you?"

Crystal sighed. "Do I regret my decision not to pursue him?" she wondered. "I suppose I do, but so what?"

Tiffany was startled. She hadn't expected Crystal to be so frank. She forced a hollow laugh and said, "It's too late for you to change your mind."

"Are you going to pester him?" Crystal asked.

Tiffany: "As long as the Professor doesn't explicitly reject me, I will be on him like white on rice."

Crystal was not surprised by Tiffany's direct approach. She was silent for a moment as she thought about the predicament she now found herself in. If Professor Davis and Tiffany finally hooked up, her situation would improve. Nathan would have committed adultery, and he would have to give her the divorce she thought she wanted. "It sounds like a plan," Crystal said.

"Really?" Tiffany probed. "Then would you mind if I stayed at your house for a few days?"

"Of course, I don't mind," Crystal replied indifferently.

"Okay," Tiffany said. "I will see you soon." Crystal was shocked by Tiffany's efficiency when, an hour after receiving her approval, she arrived at the Beverly villa with all of her luggage.

In the courtyard, the setting sun was slowly going down, but Tiffany was just getting started. Crystal watched as she laboriously dragged and pulled her suitcases up the sidewalk. Crystal walked to the door.

The door was several steps higher than the yard, and from her angle, Crystal could see Tiffany's voluptuous breasts shaking inside the black strapless one-piece dress she wore-and it made her painfully aware of her smaller, pubescent breasts. "Nubbins," is what Carlos had affectionately called them when they were together, but Nathan had shamed her for them.

Tiffany struck a seductive pose from time to time, and as she panted, she said, "I did not expect these suitcases to be so heavy." Crystal leaned against the door. She did not intend to help her.

Suddenly, Nathan appeared at Crystal's side. He stepped into the yard and took the suitcases from Tiffany's hands, and as he did this, their fingers briefly touched. Tiffany withdrew her hands shyly and held them in front of the chest, like a super-fan who is reluctant to wash their hands after shaking hands with their idol. She smiled and said, "Thank you, Professor Davis. My Father is traveling overseas. Don't worry. I will go home in a few days. It's just that I am afraid to be home alone. Crystal is so understanding. She invited me to stay with you. I'm sorry for any inconvenience I might cause you..."

Nathan did not give any sign that he had heard a single word that Tiffany had said. Tiffany turned to Crystal next, and she said, "And thank you, Crystal. Thank you for giving me this opportunity."

"It's not a problem," Crystal replied. "Please, don't mention it."

Tiffany: "Okay. Anyway, I need to go back and get the rest of my luggage."

As Nathan made his way towards the door, Crystal stepped back and leaned against the door to make way for him. As he passed her, though, he suddenly turned to look at her. The sudden movement scared Crystal and forced her to take a step back. Unfortunately, there was not much space between her and the door, and she practically fell into it. There was a loud BANG as her head hit the wood.

Nathan leaned in and whispered into Crystal's ear: "Are you allowing me to be with another woman until you come of age? That's so generous of you!"

Crystal gasped, and her mind went blank, and by the time she had thought up a witty retort, he had disappeared up the stairs. Crystal felt a sudden rush of terror grip her heart. No matter what she did, Nathan always seemed to be two steps ahead of her. As soon as he saw Tiffany, he knew why Crystal had invited her into their home, and now he would use it against her!

The smell of a strong perfume permeated the air as Tiffany reappeared with two more suitcases, one in each hand- and her face lit up with joy when she saw Crystal. She smiled and said, "Professor Davis is really handsome, and he's a gentleman too. I'll pursue him to the best of my abilities and mark my words: he will be mine! If you're not willing to help me, that's okay, I can do the work myself."

"Who told you I'm not willing to help?" Crystal asked.

"Really?" Tiffany exclaimed. "Thank you so much!" Tiffany stretched her long, charming neck, and she kissed Crystal. By then, Nathan had come back downstairs, so Tiffany moved to stand at his side. She looked up at him and said, "Professor Davis, thank you again for everything!" Tiffany stood in front of Nathan, smiling.. She was one and a half heads shorter than him, petite and lovable.

Chapter 1528 - 46: I Hope You'll Like It

Nathan helped Tiffany carry in the rest of her luggage. He brought it upstairs and put it all in the empty room next to his own. While he was doing that, she made herself at home, helping herself to a coke bottle. And when Nathan finished, she went up to her room to unpack. Once that was done, she came back down and went into the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee.

Crystal was watching TV in the living room. She kept her eyes on the screen, but she watched Tiffany from the corner of her eye and kept track of what the woman ate and drank. After a few minutes, Tiffany came out of the kitchen. She cleared her throat to get Crystal's attention and said, "I heard that, Professor. Davis likes coffee. I made a cup of Blue Bottle for him. I hope he'll like it."

Crystal sighed and changed the channel. She turned to face Tiffany and said, "He likes iced coffee."

Tiffany smiled and said, "Yup. I know that. And he takes it black. He also likes to wear Italian handmade black shirts, he likes to wear Patek Philippe watches. Don't worry. I've investigated all his hobbies. I've got my bases covered."

Crystal was startled by Tiffany's full understanding of Nathan, and she could not think of anything to say.

"I also know that his birthday is on the 7th, next month," Tiffany added. If not for the fact that Crystal had personally signed the marriage agreement, she wouldn't have believed that Nathan was her husband. With Tiffany's uncanny knowledge of his likes and dislikes, she seemed much better suited to be his wife. Crystal watched as Tiffany walked to the study, knocked at the mostly closed door, and pushed it open. Once she was inside, she closed the door behind her.

Inside the study, Nathan was concentrating on his computer. He had his back to the French windows, and he did not look up. Tiffany knew that he was focused on his work and that he didn't like to be disturbed, so she moved as quickly and quietly as possible.

Gently, she put the cup of coffee on the table and whispered, "Professor Davis, I made you a cup of iced coffee. If it does not suit your preference, I can make you another cup."

Nathan glanced at the coffee and quickly turned back to the computer screen, and his silence made Tiffany uncomfortable. He didn't even thank me! - she thought indignantly. She didn't know whether to retreat or stay, and she ended up standing there for almost five minutes. In the end, Nathan could no longer bear her presence. In a low voice, he said, "Miss Ford, your perfume is making me sick to my stomach."

Tiffany was shocked by what Nathan had said. After the way he'd helped her Father, she had expected him to be more respectful of her. And more welcoming. Furthermore, she had deliberately chosen the most seductive perfume she had. It was called "Opium" and was also known as "Liquid Diamond. A lot of female celebrities liked to use this expensive perfume. Unfortunately, Nathan thought her well-chosen perfume smelled like shit. "I didn't know that you don't like perfume," she said. "While I am here, I won't wear any. I understand why you think the body's natural fragrance is the best perfume." As she spoke, she pulled her collar down, revealing her deep cleavage.

When Nathan heard the words body's natural fragrance, his hands paused on the keyboard. The words made her think of Crystal's girlish fragrance, which was sweet as oranges, and he began to feel aroused.

Tiffany was disappointed when Nathan

didn't seem to notice her breasts, and she worried that she might be pushing him too hard. After all, she wanted to use her sexuality to reel him in. She did not want to push him away. With this in mind, she bent down and looked at Nathan. "I'm not going to bother you anymore," she cooed. "I'll be in the living room. Call me if you need anything." She laughed. "While I'm here, I'll be your Huckleberry."

Nathan did not answer. He didn't even blink. Thus, Tiffany could only twist her slender waist and walked away. Before she reached the door, though, Nathan called out to her: "Wait!"

His voice activated all the cells in Tiffany's body, and she felt her sex begin to heat up and dampen. She had always believed that no man could resist her charm. She turned around expectantly. Nathan looked to the sofa and said, "Sit over there."

With great anticipation, Tiffany walked over to the sofa. She sat down as she had been told and undid the top three buttons of her blouse.

In the living room, Crystal was channel surfing and shifting positions restlessly. She wasn't concerned about what was on the television. All she could think about was what was going on in the study. Tiffany had been in there for fifteen minutes, and she still hadn't come out.

Another five minutes passed, and then ten more, and Tiffany still hadn't come out. Finally, Crystal couldn't stand it anymore. She threw the remote control down on the coffee table and tiptoed upstairs.

Crystal felt like a thief in the night as she pressed her ear against Nathan's office door. Unfortunately, Nathan's office had been soundproofed, and all she could hear was muffled noises, which could have been anything, or nothing at all.

On the other side of the door, Tiffany was still sitting on the sofa, twiddling her thumbs. She looked at the clock on the wall and saw that nearly forty-five minutes had passed since she'd brought Nathan his coffee. Her eyes found Nathan for what seemed the millionth time. He hadn't said a word to her since he ordered her to sit there, nor had he even glanced in her direction. - I need to get his attention- she told herself.

Tiffany bent down, grasped her ankle, and let out an exaggerated moan. Nathan looked up, and she said, "Professor Davis, my foot has cramped up."

Before he could reply, they heard a cell phone ringing in the hallway. They both turned in the direction of the hall, and Nathan said, "You can leave now. There is an ice pack in the freezer.. You can use that on your ankle."

Chapter 1529 - 47: You've Got It All Wrong

The minute Crystal's phone began to ring, her face turned red, and she scurried back down the hallway and into her room. Once she had her door closed and locked behind her, she pulled her phone out of her pocket and checked the Caller ID. The call was from her friend, Serenity Jordan.

As soon as Crystal answered the phone, she began to scold her friend. "Serenity Jordan!" she hissed. "I know it's you! Could you put a little thought into your timing before you call me? You always pick the wrong time to call! Do you do this on purpose?"

Serenity: "Give your head a shake, girl. Don't be ridiculous, I have no way of knowing if it is a good time or not. Why don't you take a deep breath and tell me what happened? Did I interrupt some sort of sexual activity?"

Crystal: "As a matter of fact, you did, and not just any sort of sexual activity, but extreme sexual activity!"

Serenity: "Oh! My bad. Carry on. Next time don't answer the phone! I'll call you later."

"Wait!" Crystal exclaimed. "I'm not the one that's having sex!" She walked to the window, put on her slippers, and sat down on the windowsill.

Serenity giggled at said, "If he's not having sex with you, then who? Or is he pleasuring himself?"

Crystal: "He's having sex with Miss Ford."

Serenity: "Which 'Miss Ford?' Tiffany Ford? Our English teacher?"

Crystal said that she was the same Miss Ford and Serenity squealed, forcing Crystal to pull her phone away from her face. Crystal scowled, and when she brought the phone back to her face, she said, "Settle down, girl!"

Serenity: "Okay, okay, but you have to tell me what happened? Why is Miss Ford hooking up with Professor Davis again? I thought that ended. I wish I were there. Then I could take a picture!"

Crystal: "Are you addicted to catching people in the act?"

Serenity ignored the question. "Professor Davis is your legal husband," she said. "Please tell me that you're not thinking of divorcing him. Are you? Dang! You are, aren't you! I should have guessed. That's why you took a photo with Frank-to force Professor Davis to divorce you."

Crystal: "You've finally figured it out. It took you long enough!"

Crystal looked out the window. Outside the courtyard, a few children were picking the roses that Nathan's private landscaper had planted. A child looked around, and when he was confident that no one was looking, he tried to pick a rose and immediately withdrew his hand. He had been bitten by one of the thorns. Crystal chuckled, That's what you get, you little hoodlum!

After a minute, Serenity said, "Professor Davis is pretty good, and he's handsome, but if you're not happy, you're not happy."

"I'm not happy," Crystal admitted.

Serenity: "Well, if you divorce him, can you get half of your mother's legacy? So, there is that..."

"Where are you, anyway?" Crystal wondered. "Shouldn't you be at work?"

"I'm on my way to sub in for my cousin," Serenity replied, "so let's not talk about it. I'm annoyed right now. I don't like clubhouses."

Crystal: "Maybe clubhouses don't like you either."

Serenity: "I don't care. Would I get more money if clubhouses liked me?"

Crystal: "You're such a miser! Try hard to sell more bottles of wine for your cousin tonight. If you do, you'll come to love that kind of place."

Serenity: "I suppose you're right. If I sold eight to ten bottles of 1982 Chateau Lafite Rothschild, I would be rich! I don't know why I never thought about it before?"

Crystal: "Are you mad? A bottle of 1982 Chateau Lafite Rothschild is worth about one hundred thousand dollars! Get real!"

Serenity sighed gloomily and said, "Forget it.. You're right. I don't have the kind of luck it takes to be successful. I haven't even won the lottery once. Anyways, I'm at the clubhouse now. I'll talk to you later."

Crystal hung up the phone, leaned against the wall, and gradually fell asleep. When she woke up, it was completely dark outside. She stretched out and walked out of the room. She went downstairs, and when she walked into the dining room, she nearly walked into Tiffany.

Tiffany was dressed in a maid's uniform, and she was setting the table. Crystal scowled and asked her what she was doing, and she explained that she'd baked a pizza. "It will go well with the steak and pasta," she said. "It's almost time for dinner."

"Where's Susie?" Crystal asked. Whatever game Tiffany was playing, she didn't like it.

"I told her that she could go home early," Tiffany replied.

Suddenly, Crystal felt like she was the guest, and Tiffany was the hostess.

Tiffany spun around to show off her dress and asked, "Crystal, what do you think of my dress?" The wind lifted the skirt suddenly, and Crystal saw her garter stockings and lace underwear.

Crystal: "So-so."

Tiffany rolled her eyes at Crystal and said, "You should know that men like women in uniforms."

"Men prefer naked women," Crystal argued.

Tiffany laughed and said, "You've got it all wrong. Just wait and see!" A timer went off in the kitchen, and Tiffany's face lit up. "Dinner's ready!"

Tiffany called Nathan down to eat, but he didn't even look at her when he emerged from his office. Crystal was already seated at the table, and he went and sat beside her. When Tiffany saw this, she refused to let it defeat her. She smiled and said, "Professor Davis, I know that you like steak and pasta, so I cooked both especially for you. It is my first time cooking these dishes, so I hope that you'll like them. And I also made pizza!"

Nathan casually looked at the delicately set table, and then he looked at Crystal. He put some food on his plate, cut the tender meat into small pieces, and put one into his mouth. He chewed, swallowed, smiled, and said, "Not bad."

Tiffany smiled and said, "If you like it, I'll make it for you again some time."

The friendly banter between Tiffany and Nathan irritated Crystal, and she glowered at her food. She held her fork in one hand and her knife in the other, and her grip was so tight that the blue veins in her hands stood out. When she cut her steak, the pressure of the blade against the plate squealed, but Nathan didn't even seem to notice the noise.

Crystal's steak had been cooked to medium-rare, so when the blood oozed out of the grey-brown beef, it pooled on her plate like a poorly handled period. She gave Nathan a naughty look as she brought a sliver of the pink flesh to her mouth. Then, smiling, she let out the tip of her tongue, and she licked at the meat as one would lick a lollipop or in the manner that a man might taste a woman. In her mind, Crystal was as alluring and enchanting as a vampire.

When Nathan saw this, he could not pull his eyes away from her, and he stared at her seductive, blood-stained, jelly-like, pink lips. He felt the temperature of his body rise as blood rushed into his nether regions, causing his member to swell and harden.

At that moment, all he could think about was pressing Crystal against the table and entering her body as fiercely as possible.

Chapter 1530 - 48: Are You Jealous Of Her

Because of Nathan's good looks, he was often thought to be unapproachable, and especially by women. His assistant was a man, and women were generally unable to arouse his interest. Thus, it was rumored that he was a homosexual.

Crystal was the only woman who had ever broken Nathan's barriers and ignited his carnal desires. He watched closely as her tongue ran up the length of the most raw meat, and at the last minute, before she put it in her mouth, he snatched the fork out of her hand and said, "You can't eat that. It is too bloody. It's bad for your stomach." By now, Nathan had lost his appetite. He was still hungry, but not for food.

Tiffany frowned and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know that. Crystal, don't eat the steak. Why not have a slice of pizza or some pasta instead?" Tiffany handed the pasta to Crystal.

Crystal shrugged, but she did not make the pasta. Instead, she got up and snatched the wine glass out of Nathan's hand. When Tiffany saw that, she said, "Careful, Crystal. Professor Davis has already drunk from that glass."

Crystal ignored her. She put her lips where Nathan's had been and finished the red wine that had been in the glass. "I am not interested in eating any of this," she said. She pointed to the pasta and then the pizza. "The wine was good, though. I won't disturb you guys. I'm going upstairs. Enjoy your meal."

As Crystal walked away, she noticed that Tiffany and Nathan were eating, and she began to fret. Then, when she got back to her room, she flung herself on her bed. She didn't know why, but she was suddenly very angry.

Crystal closed her eyes and replayed in her mind what had happened between her and Nathan in the dressing room at the mall. She remembered how his teeth on her breasts had made her nipples sensitive to the touch. Crystal grabbed her pillow and clutched it against her chest, and tried to siphon her anger into it, but it didn't work. I will have to take more drastic steps-she realized.

Crystal quickly thought of something. She jumped out of bed and slipped quietly into Nathan's room. During her previous excursion, time had only permitted her to look for her Mother's diary on the bedside table. Now, she hopes to do a more thorough search.

The first place Crystal looked was in the closet. There was a built-in safe there, on the ground. She tried her Mother's combination and was surprised to discover that Nathan had changed it. What now? - she asked herself- it could be anything!

As Crystal tried to figure out what the combination was, she heard Nathan's footsteps approaching and froze. If she left now, she would be discovered - and who knew what he would do to her if he found her there! The only thing she could think to do was crawl into the closet and hide behind the clothes.

As Nathan ate, all that he could think about was the way Crystal had looked while she was manipulating the raw meat with her tongue. She had awoken every cell in his body, and he was so aroused that he couldn't think straight. Finally, in order to suppress his desire, he decided to go upstairs and have a shower.

When Nathan got to his room, he went to his closet to get his bathrobe, but he saw a pair of pink slippers when he looked down. He quickly swept the clothes to one side, and Crystal was exposed.

Crystal began to panic. She had been discovered. She tried to step past Nathan so that she could run back to her room, but Nathan grabbed her and threw her on his bed. And as she fell, she suddenly felt dizzy; whether it was from the wine or the sudden excitement, Crystal knew not.

Crystal was wearing a white dress with a low neckline, and when she hit the bed, it pulled tight, exposing one pale white breast. When Nathan saw this, his heart rate began to go up. His face and chest flushed, and his eyes could not look away.

Nathan leaned over and nuzzled his face in Crystal's neck, but before he lost complete control of his body, a thought occurred to him, and he pulled away. He glared at her and said, "You seem too experienced for someone your age. Who taught you how to seduce men like this? Was it Carlos?"

Crystal thought that Nathan would have questioned her about why she was hiding in his closet, so she was surprised by his line of inquiry. Luckily, she was a quick thinker. She said, "I thought you said that I couldn't seduce you because of my age, but I guess you were wrong! Anyway, I'm glad that you left Tiffany alone downstairs."

Nathan: "Why? Are you jealous of her?"

Crystal: "Not hardly. I invited Tiffany here so that she could seduce you. Are you not satisfied with her? You said I'm too young for you. Is she too old?"

Or maybe we are both too young - Crystal thought in dismay. She had seen the way he was with Elena, and if that was the age bracket Nathan was most interested in, neither of the girls had a chance with him.

Nathan snorted, "Do you want me to date, other women?"

Crystal: "Yes. I'm very generous. I am all for an 'Open Marriage. You may have sex with whomever you like."

What happened next was outside of Nathan's control, and he regretted it afterward. He'd heard what Crystal had said, and the next thing he knew, she had her hand to the side of her face, and she was crying. He'd hit her, he quickly realized. "I-I d-d-didn't m-mean it," he stammered.

Nathan couldn't bear to look at Crystal. He felt too ashamed of what he'd done. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean it. Really!" Without waiting for a reply, he ran out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house.. Once he got to his car, he jumped in, turned the ignition, and sped off into the night.

Chapter 1531 - 49: Take A Load Off

Alex Smith met Nathan at the club, and he was shocked when his old friend asked him to find him some sexy prostitutes. After all, Nathan was famous for being disinterested in women. Once he got over his disbelief, though, Alex assured Nathan that he could arrange it for him.

Nathan and Alex were led to a VIP box. They sat across from each other on the sofa, and Nathan undid the buttons on his shirt, revealing his attractive chest muscles. On the table in front of him, there was a bottle of red wine. Nathan quickly finished half of it. He poured himself another glass, lifted it in his hand, offered a toast, and finished it in one go.

Within seconds, the waiter was there to refill it.

Alex was shocked by Nathan's behavior. They had grown up together, and in all the years they'd known each other, he had never seen his friend behave like this. It must be a girl—he reasoned probably Crystal! Alex took a sip from his own glass, and then he said, "You've got to get over this girl. There is plenty of fish in the sea, right? And most of them are much better looking than Crystal. You don't need to drown your sorrow in alcohol, not when there is so much to be positive about!"

When Nathan heard Crystal's name, he glared at Alex as he downed another glass of wine.

Alex sighed and said, "Try to see things from her side. You stole her inheritance, moved into her house, and made her your child bride. Surely you see that you came on way too strong!"

Nathan's hand twitched, and Alex flinched. He was afraid that if he said the wrong thing, Nathan would beat him. Nathan did nothing, though, and Alex took that as a sign that it was safe to continue: "Crystal is stupid. Why would someone as rich as you care about such trivial things as a teenager's inheritance? But she still doesn't know your true identity yet, does she? By the way, why haven't you told her the truth?"

Nathan scowled and said, "If you value your life, you'll stop asking questions." Alex's face turned red, and he pretended to pull a zipper across his lips. In an attempt to change the subject, he asked Nathan if he was excited about the prostitutes. He said, "I'll find you some of the most beautiful, spiciest, purest whores available. I could even find you one that looks like Crystal if that is what you'd like?"

Nathan nodded but said nothing. He was anxious to find a woman to let him vent his lust. She didn't need to look like Crystal, though. Any port would do.

After a while, a knock came from outside the box. The waiter walked over and opened the door, and several sexy women walked in. One of them looked at Alex and said, "Master Smith, it has been too long. I thought you forgot about us." She sat beside him and kissed his neck. She put her right arm around his waist and placed her left hand high up on his thigh, mere inches from his groin, and gave it a light squeeze.

Alex touched her chin, and with a roguish smile, he said, "How could I forget you? My dearest, you haunt my dreams. Anyway, let's get down to business. The old rules still apply, okay. If you please, my friend, to his satisfaction, you can choose whatever you want from my shop: Smith's 4S shop."

The girls' eyes lit up when they heard that. There were thousands of luxury cars available at Smith's 4S shop, and if they each had one, it would change their lives. They all turned to look at Nathan, and they

couldn't believe their eyes once they had a good look at him. He was the most handsome, well-built man that they had ever seen - and a few of them recognized him too!

The woman beside Alex turned to him and said, "Your friend is THE Nathan Davis? The second richest man in Huston? The mystery, in the flesh!"

Alex: "Could there be another Master Davis?"

Several of the women looked at each other with confused expressions on their faces. These girls had never heard of Nathan, but they were quickly coming to understand that he was an important person - and that was really all that they needed to know.

"You ladies are lucky," Alex said. "Many girls have tried to get into this man's pants, but only a very few have been successful. In fact, so be a homosexual. But, as you ladies will soon see, he is definitely not."

Despite Alex's words, the sight of these women eye-fucking Nathan disturbed him a little, and he asked himself Couldn't these whores act a little bit reserved?

He was embarrassed because they looked too eager to take off their clothes and have Nathan inside of them. A small part of Alex was Jealous of Nathan. Nobody had ever treated him with this much reverence or deference... It wasn't fair, or so he believed.

Alex looked at the girls and said, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched. The prize goes to those that have earned it. If Nathan isn't satisfied, nobody gets anything!"

"Are you done talking yet?" one of the girls asked.

"I am," Alex replied. "He's all yours." Then, like the pride of lionesses, the whores leaped upon their prey.

One of the women sat next to Nathan, and she ran her finger down his chest. Before she had even gotten to his belt buckle, though, Nathan shouted, "Go away!"

The woman was so terrified that her whole body began to shake. She looked into Nathan's hard eyes and said, "M-Master D-Davis, y-you look unhappy. Perhaps you would l-like to share a d-drink with m-me?"

"Yes," one of the other women purred, more confidently than the first. "The alcohol will calm your nerves. Let's all have a drink. What can you say?"

"If you are unhappy," a third woman said, "you can tell us your troubles. Take a load off. Sometimes, talking can help."

A fourth woman eased herself into Nathan's lap. She ran her tongue seductively along her upper lip, smiled, and said, "Of course, there is nothing like a proper shag to chase away the blues!"

The first woman squeezed in closer and leaned into his ear.. "What do you want?" she whispered. Will you let us take care of you?"

Chapter 1532 - 50: Do It By Yourself

Nathan gave the whore in his lap a disgusted look, and when he stood up, she tumbled to the floor. The woman cried out in pain, indignation, and rage. "What the fuck?!?!?" she shouted.

Alex was just as confused as he saw the woman on the floor. He looked up at his friend and said, "Nathan, what are you doing? Didn't you ask for me to get these women for you? To have sex with?"

"I changed my mind," Nathan said. "I guess I'm not this desperate. They're all yours. Have at 'em." And without another word, Nathan turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" Alex shouted. Without turning around, Nathan said, "I need some fresh air."

Back at the Beverly villa, Crystal was taking a bath. She rubbed her hair with a towel as she came out of the bathroom. Tiffany was sitting on her bed, but she ignored her as she walked over to her dressing table to get her hairdryer.

Tiffany casually took one of the pillows from Crystal's bed and hugged it. She sighed and said, "Professor Davis has not returned yet. Does he usually stay out late?"

Crystal plugged the hairdryer in, adjusted the heat to the highest level, turned on the switch, tested the temperature, and said, "No.

Since he moved in, this is the first time."

Tiffany: "Is this because of something that I said or did?"

Crystal didn't answer. Instead, she ignored Tiffany and let the sound of the blower drown her voice.

Tiffany waited patiently for Crystal to dry her hair. She needed to know Nathan's routine so that the probability of offending him would be lower. She hugged the pillow tighter. Eventually, she got bored, and she turned on Crystal's laptop computer.

Crystal was still drying her hair, but when she saw that Tiffany had her computer, she turned the hairdryer off and set it aside. Then she walked over to her bed, grabbed the laptop, and began to shout at Tiffany. "Can you please get out of my room?" she roared. "If you want to know more about Professor Davis, why don't you go to his room and wait for him, then you can ask him directly?"

Tiffany gave Crystal a curious look and thought about what she'd just said. A moment later, she said, "Crystal, why are you looking for a divorce lawyer?"

Crystal clutched the laptop to her girlish breasts, gave Tiffany a curt look, and said, "It's none of your beeswax!"

Tiffany: "If you need one, I know many local professional lawyers. Do you need me to introduce you to one of them?"

Crystal: "Don't bother."

Tiffany examined Crystal's face, and after a moment, she asked, "Are you and Nathan married?"

Crystal: "Are you kidding? Or are you dumb?? I am just a child and far too young to get married!"

Tiffany shrugged, put down the pillow, and stood up. "Okay," she said. "I won't disturb you anymore. I'll go back to my room. Or maybe to Nathan's. Anyway, good night."

"Good night," Crystal replied, and as soon as Tiffany was gone, she closed and locked the door behind her.

Crystal sat on her bed and opened her laptop. She had already found several lawyers, but she hadn't had time to contact any of them. Then, when she finally had the time, Tiffany had interrupted her. Oh, well- she thought there was no time like the present.

Crystal pulled out her cell phone and turned it on, but before she could do anything productive, she saw that she'd received an Instagram message from Serenity. It said: "Crystal, Professor Davis is in a private box at the Merah Club. He has ordered a lot of wine, and his box is full of prostitutes."

Crystal was stunned. She was so shocked that her phone fell from her hand - and for a full minute, she was unable to move. Once she recovered, she messaged Serenity to say that she was on her way. Then she changed her clothes, grabbed her phone and backpack, and rushed out of the house.

It was not easy to catch a taxi at night, so when Crystal finally stopped a car, she urged the driver to go as fast as he could. Fortunately, the traffic was light, and it took her less than twenty minutes to get to the club.

Serenity was waiting at the door for her. She was wearing a blue one-piece bathing suit that pushed up her breasts, blue bunny ears, and a black bow tie. When she saw Crystal getting out of the car, she immediately ran to meet her. Before she could say anything, though, Crystal looked her up and down and asked, "What are you wearing?"

"This is my uniform," Serenity replied. "It helps promote wine sales."

"That's creative," Crystal said. "Anyway, what's going on with Nathan?"

Serenity: "He's in the box, and the whores are still with him."

Crystal cringed. "That's so gross," she said.

"By the way, where is your dressing room?"

"Why do you want to go to the dressing room?" Serenity asked. "Are you hoping to beat those sluts at their own game?"

Crystal smiled and silently nodded.

Serenity: "Alright. Let's do it. My cousin works here, and he'll set you up. We also have a world-class, famous cosmetician here. I can ask him to help you with your makeup. By the time he is done, you will stand out as being far more: beautiful than the prostitutes."

Several tables were leaning against the wall in the dressing room, and there were many outfits strewn about the place. Several women were lounging about. They wore heavy, gorgeous makeup, and they

smoked cigarettes as they made idle chit-chat. When Crystal and Serenity came in, they took a look at them and then turned back to their conversations.

In the corner of the room, there was a man in a tight black T-shirt. He was leaning on his chair and sleeping. Serenity ran over and touched his shoulder. He flinched and started to complain: "Oh, hey! I had a marvelous dream. I was out on the Shuswaps in British Columbia, driving a yacht, skipping across the water, and there were beautiful, bare-chested men in speedos all around me..."

"Forget about your pretty boys," Serenity laughed. "They can wait. I need you to help my friend with her makeup!"

"No, I am off work," the cosmetician said.

"Do it by yourself." But then he looked up, and when he saw Crystal, he changed his mind. "I can see that you need a lot of friggin' help, more than Serenity could provide - and I like a challenge.. I'll do it."