

## Midnight III 51

### Chapter 1533 - 51: I Want To Look Beautiful And Sexy

"My name is Downey," the cosmetician said. He pointed to a seat that faced a mirror.

"Why don't you have a seat?" As Crystal sat down, Downey asked her what her name was, and she said, "My name is Cristie."

"I really appreciate what you're doing for me." Serenity was relieved to hear Crystal offer an alias in lieu of her real name. She thought - In a place like this, the fewer people that knew her real name, the better it would be. After all, Crystal wouldn't want to be mistaken for a "Working Girl."

Downey: "Cristie? That's a cute name. Like Cristie The Night Beauty! Before we get started, do you have any ideas about how you'd like to look?"

"I want to look beautiful and sexy." Crystal laughed. "But I would also like the makeup to serve as a disguise," she said. "If possible, I would like to look like a completely different person."

"Anything is possible," Downey said. Most people don't know this, but I used to do makeup in Hollywood! So, of course, this is my strength."

About half an hour later, the makeup was finished. Downey stepped back to see his final work, and he was so satisfied that he almost applauded his genius skills.

Serenity looked at Crystal and said, "Wow, I really can't recognize you." Crystal's eyes had been widened, his sockets deepened, and she had been given chestnut-colored contact lenses. Her skin color had been changed so that she looked like a person with a multicultural background, and a mole had been placed in the corner of her eye. She had initially looked plain, but now she was gorgeous and sexy. If she stood outside, even the club owner would have to step out of her way.

Crystal looked at herself in the mirror with satisfaction. Even she couldn't recognize herself. Crystal pulled out her phone to take a picture, and when she saw what time it was, she realized that her time was running out. Sadly, she had no time to appreciate her sudden beauty. She turned to Serenity, grabbed her arm, and dragged her into the dressing room. And once they were alone, she said, "Serenity, take off your clothes."

Serenity: "What?"

Crystal: "Aren't you in charge of the private boxes tonight? If I am wearing your clothes, I can go straight in."

"That makes sense," Serenity admitted, and she began to undress. And while Crystal was dressing, Serenity told her everything that she needed to know about the private boxes. "And please, be careful!"

Crystal: "Don't worry. Even if I am recognized, I will be fine. Anyway, Professor Davis won't hurt me. By the way, he didn't recognize you, did he?"

"No," Serenity replied. "The lights inside the boxes are very dim." She put on her street clothes as Crystal adjusted her bunny ears and straightened her bowtie.

Crystal was a little taller than Serenity, and Serenity was slightly fatter than Crystal. The bunny girl uniform was originally tight on Serenity, but it fit Crystal perfectly.

The blue uniform was decorated with white lace trim and classical pink embroidery. It showed off Crystal's legs, and the bust was designed to make her breasts look more prominent and accentuate her cleavage. In addition, half of Crystal's long hair was tied up, which took advantage of her baby's face and made her look cute.

Serenity led Crystal to the private box, and as they walked, Crystal worked hard to maintain her balance in the high-heeled shoes she'd been given. Finally, Serenity offered her arm for support, and Crystal asked her if the clients would be asking for drinks.

Serenity: "No, unless..."

Crystal: "Unless what?"

Serenity: "Unless you encounter a difficult or aggressive customer. If someone asks you to drink with them, they might want to take advantage of you."

Crystal: "I thought about this. I should be safe because Nathan is inside, but what should I do if it happens anyway?"

Serenity: "You can tell the client that you will only drink with him if he orders a bottle of Lafite. Our guests are pretty stingy, so if you remember that, you should be fine. And I don't think that there is anything to worry about when it comes to Professor Davis. Just go in, take a picture, and get out."

Crystal nodded, thanked her friend, pushed on the door, and went in.

Under the colorful lights in the private box, the guests' laughter and charming voices were exaggerated. They created a festive atmosphere that was heightened by alcohol and other illicit drugs. When they saw Crystal, they assumed she was staff, and they paid little attention to her.

One of the women said, "Come on, Master Smith; just one more drink."

Another said, "What, well... isn't it my turn?"

Suddenly someone noticed Crystal and said, "This girl has a slim figure." Because the lights were dim, Crystal couldn't make out anyone's face, but she felt their eyes on her like fire ants crawling on her skin.

Crystal inched a little closer to the table and glanced around the room. In the corner, she noticed a handsome man in solitude. There was at least a foot of space on either side of him, and he seemed out of place.

It's a pity that he is drinking alone - she thought. And she suddenly felt inexplicably lucky- But why? The door behind her was suddenly pushed open, and, unfortunately, she did not have the time to explore this abnormal emotion.

Several people walked in. In front of the group, there was a very handsome man in a mostly unbuttoned burgundy shirt. He held a goblet in his hand, and as he walked, the liquor swooshed up to the rim of the glass. The man had deep facial features, exquisite eyebrows, and a clear red lip print on his neck. Unlike Nathan's cold aura, this man's aura was dripping with arrogance and hubris.

One of the women looked up, smiled, and patted the seat beside her. "Master Bush," she said, "Come... sit."

Before Bush could move, though, a trio of women stood up and embraced him and then led him to another seat.. The first girl frowned but said nothing.

## **Chapter 1534 - 52: What Do I Do?**

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Eric Bush sat down on the corner of the sofa, leaned lazily on it, and put one of his arms on the back of the leather sofa. He looked at the man in the corner, lifted his glass with his free hand, and said, "To Master Davis." When Nathan didn't reply, he lazily pointed to the ladies. "You seem unsatisfied with the whores. Would you prefer something younger? Someone virginal, perhaps?"

When Nathan still didn't respond, Bush grabbed the closest prostitute and threw her at him. Nathan caught the girl as she landed in his lap and when he tried to push her off him. She did not want to go, though, and she made herself comfortable on his lap. "I just arrived today," she said. "I was brought in, especially for you, because of your unique penchant for young virgins."

Nathan looked the girl in the eyes, and in a firm tone of voice, said, "Go away!" His cold glare frightened the girl. She quickly got up and went to stand behind Bush.

Crystal stood in the corner. Her intuition told her that this position was the safest, and she could clearly see Nathan from there. She planned to wait for something of pornographic nature to happen and sneakily take a few photos. She had taken a few pictures of him when the girl was on his lap, but the angle was terrible, and nothing explicitly sexual had happened.

Crystal watched Nathan from the corner of her eye, and she could see that he was watching Bush. A tension between the two men felt dangerous to her - and palpable, like Mount. Vesuvius, in the dark hours, before it exploded and took out half of Pompeii. Crystal tried to ignore the feelings of impending doom. She did not care about the relationship between these two men. At the moment, she had bigger fish to fry.

The other girls could also sense the tension, and one of them said, "Weren't we talking about playing another game? Why don't we get back to that?"

The virgin clapped her hands together and said, "Yes, let's. Here, I'll turn up the music." And as the volume of the music went up, the atmosphere lightened.

Under the colorful lights, the oldest woman - she was in her late twenties - smiled charmingly. Then she stood up, walked in front of Bush, raised her hand, and gave him a hard push. Bush cried out as he fell backward in his seat.

Crystal thought, Wow! And upon seeing such a hot, sexy scene, the other girls cheered. Bush pushed himself up on his elbows and smirked evilly. The sly old fox's eyes narrowed slightly, and he eye-fucked the woman who had pushed him down.

The woman did a slow, sexy dance, and when she knew that she had everyone on the edge of their seat, wondering what she would do next, she went down on her knees between Bush's legs. Her pink tongue stretched out and coquettishly licked her upper lip. She waited a moment for dramatic effect, and then she lowered her head and undid the zipper on his pants with her teeth.

Once Bush's zipper was down, the woman stretched her tongue out again and licked the cold metal zipper from its bottom to its top. Her hands came up, and she was about to undo his belt buckle when Bush sighed and said, "That will be enough. If the game goes any further, I will have no choice but to eat you out, right here on the table."

With this image of cruelty in everyone's mind, except for the sound of the music, the box fell silent. There was a long pause, and then Nathan began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" the older woman

asked. She smirked and said, "I think it is time for us to see how well you play the game!" Nathan looked at the two whores; the young one first and then the old. Then he turned to the corner where Crystal was standing. He lifted his hand, curled his finger - come hither and said, "Come here."

Crystal froze in place, and her mind began to race. This is not what I came here for - she thought - What do I do? What would Serenity do if she were in my shoes? If I tried to run away, would they even let me through the door?

Before this moment, Nathan hadn't even looked at her, and she hadn't been sure that he had noticed her. Now she knew that he had, and he had summoned her, and she did not know what to do. Crystal's face drained of color, and her body began to shake. She was so scared that her toes curled up in her shoes, and she didn't know where to put her hands.

Crystal looked around the room and discovered something that she had already suspected: Everyone was watching her. She could feel her heart rate rapidly increasing, and she suddenly found it hard to breathe. The room began to spin, and she felt like she was going to vomit.

"Wow, what a beautiful lady," the older prostitute said. She turned to Bush. "Where did she come from?"

Bush shrugged. "Where does anyone come from?" he asked.

"Never mind that," the woman beside him said. "It turns out that Master Davis likes this type. That is all that matters."

"Then why wasn't he into me?" the younger girl pouted.

"You never can tell about these things," Bush laughed. He took a long look at Crystal, and then he said, "She seems familiar. Why does she seem so familiar?"

"You must have seen her in bed before," replied another one of the girls. She laughed, adding, "Am I right?"

Bush brought a fag up to his mouth, lit it, took a drag, and exhaled a perfect O. He poked his finger through it, smiled, and turned to the girl who had just spoken. He glared at her for a moment, and then he said, "If you value your life, you won't laugh at me like that."

"I-I w-was j-just k-kidding," the girl stammered.

"Never mind," Bush said. Then he turned his attention to Crystal. "You're up? now, kitten.. Daddy wants to hear his little girl purr."

### **Chapter 1535 - 53: He Prefers Married Woman**

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Crystal walked towards Nathan and sat down next to him. He put his arm around her waist, and after looking at her for only a second, he said, "Master Bush is right. You do look familiar.

He really doesn't recognize me! - Crystal couldn't believe it. "I have that kind of face," Crystal admitted. "People tell me that all the time."

"You remind me of someone in particular," Nathan said, "but you are more beautiful than she is."

Crystal's body shook a little. She didn't feel happy about that compliment. She touched his arm and pouted. "Who is she?" she asked, "You can tell me."

"It doesn't matter who she is," Nathan said as he began to rub her back. "You are the only one that matters to me right now."

The thought of Nathan flirting with other women sent a chill up Crystal's mind, and she shivered. Of course, she didn't want to give away her true identity, so she smiled sweetly and said, "That is nice of you to say. Do you want me to accompany you forever?"

Nathan looked at the mole in the corner of Crystal's eye and said, "Sure. How much will it cost?"

Crystal: "Why don't you make me an offer that I can't refuse?"

Nathan's hand slid down Crystal's back, and it slipped beneath the elastic of her mini skirt and her thin cotton panties. He gripped her buttocks with his large hand and traced the crack of her ass with his thumb. "How about ten million dollars...." he suggested. "...a night?"

Crystal gasped, and she thought Ten million dollars for one night? That is a lot of money!

"I would like to take you up on your offer," Crystal said, "especially because I want to see you lose control. It's a pity, though, that..." Crystal stared intently at Nathan as she deliberately dragged out the last word.

Nathan: "What's a pity?"

Crystal: "It's a pity that I can't play!"

"Why?" Nathan asked. His voice was casual and only half-serious. "Are you married? Are you afraid of cheating on your husband? Or you're afraid to be enchanted by my charm,"

Crystal looked around the box, and it suddenly occurred to her that most of these girls were married. The realization that Nathan, and other men like him, had forced them into prostitution broke her heart into thousands of disgusting flies, and she was unable to drive them away.

"Am I right?" Nathan asked. His face was static, but there was a flash of amusement behind his eyes.

Is he playing with me? - Crystal wondered - He must be! She certainly felt like the mouse in a game of Cat & Mouse." Of course not!" she exclaimed. "I am far too young to be married. Anyway, your conditions are all very attractive.

And you can see that I'm shaking with excitement at the thought of being with you, but..."

Nathan suddenly interrupted her. He said, "I will give you ten million dollars for one night, and I will buy all of the wine that you sell. How about it?"

Crystal offered Nathan an enchanting smile and asked, "Where do you want to do it?"

Nathan had a captivating smile, and his voice was charming. He pressed his lips to her ear and said, "I'm glad that you've accepted my proposal. Where does your husband like to fuck you? We can do it there."

Crystal clenched her hands into fists. "Does Master Davis prefer married women?" she asked. It's no wonder that he said I am too

young - she thought- He prefers married women!

Crystal sighed and said, "I hate to disappoint you, but I am a virgin." Before Nathan could respond, she whispered into his ear. "I want to tell you a secret."

Nathan smiled and looked at Crystal with an expression of expectation. After a moment, she whispered six more words into his ear: "My husband can't maintain an erection."

Suddenly Nathan began to cough, and after about thirty seconds, he was hacking so hard that his face began to turn blue. Crystal rubbed her back. "What's wrong?" she asked him, but he was unable to reply.

Once Nathan had recovered, Bush invited Alex to join them, and he asked him and Nathan if they wanted to play cards. They both said that they did, and Nathan invited Crystal and one of the other girls to join them. The girl's name was Layla.

Bush dealt the cards, and the prostitute explained the rules of the game. "In the end," she said, "the person who has the trump card will have "The Supreme Right" and can give any order that they want.

Alex won the first round, and after proudly displaying the trump card, he said, "Anyone who has three must show the color of their underwear to anyone who has a four."

After he announced his instructions, everyone looked down at the cards in their hands. Luckily, Crystal did not have a three. She looked around the table and smiled as Layla placed the three Spades on the table.

"This is a good show!" the youngest prostitute exclaimed. "Now, who has the lucky four?"

Bush turned his card out to reveal the four of Spades.

Layla: "Interesting. How does Master Bush want to proceed?"

Suddenly, Bush lunged across the table. He grabbed Layla, pulled her out of her seat, and hoisted her onto the table. The cards on the table went flying as he reached beneath her light yellow dress and dragged her panties down her leg until they hung like a limp slingshot between her ankles. The panties were white, and they had lace trim. Layla screamed indignantly. "These are not the agreed-upon rules!" she shouted.

Several people whistled, and a few others laughed, and Layla was so embarrassed that she didn't know what to do. If she lifted her legs to pull up her underwear, her wet core would be revealed.. Thus, she had no choice but to kick her panties to the floor.

#### **Chapter 1536 - 54: Where Else Should I Be?**

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Alex raised his wine glass and shouted, "Next round!"

The older woman joined them, and in the next round, she drew the trump card. She held it out for all to see and said, "Number seven must drink from number two's mouth!"

The youngest prostitute laughed and said, "Come on, guys! Who has number two and number seven?"

"I'm number nine," Layla said, "so it's not me."

Crystal: "It's not me. I have five."

There was a moment of silence, and then Bush leaned back, took a drag off his fag, and slowly revealed the seven of Spades.

Who is left? - Crystal wondered. She looked around the table. She had five. The older prostitute had the trump card. Layla had nine. Bush had the seven - That leaves only... Alex and Nathan! She couldn't believe it!

Alex smiled as he tossed the three Spades on the table, and everyone turned to Nathan. Nathan sighed as he casually revealed the two of Spades.

Crystal was delighted by this turn of events and couldn't help but laugh. "Number seven must drink from number two's mouth!" she exclaimed. "I can't wait to see this!" Crystal pulled out her phone and turned on her camera App so that she could take a video of the whole thing.

Crystal was so excited that at first, she didn't realize that everyone was staring at her, and when she did notice, her smile froze. "Why are you all looking at me? I got the five of Spades."

"You're Nathan's date," one of the prostitutes explained, "so you're going to feed Eric for Nathan. You don't want to watch two guys kiss, do you? That would be pretty sick if you did. But it's up to you."

"I'm not Nathan's date," Crystal argued. "I work here! Why don't we get Eric's date and Nathan to play it instead?"

Nathan winked at the woman with the trump card in her hand, and she said, "Technically, he doesn't have a date either, so you are not going to get out of this that easily. If you refuse to feed Eric, you can feed Nathan.

How about that? You can choose between Nathan and Bush."

Crystal looked at Nathan helplessly and said, "Nathan, would that be all right?"

Nathan smiled, lifted his glass, and said, "No problem."

No one in the room cared who Crystal chose. Either way, it was a once-in-a-lifetime spectacle. That being said, they were surprised that Nathan was agreeable. Nathan was known to be very sexually reserved.

Bush looked at Crystal and grinned wickedly.

"This isn't right," he said. "The rules of the game stipulate that it must be you and me. No substitutions."

When Nathan heard that, his face turned red with rage, he turned to Bush and said, "In that case, you must feed me! Is that what you want?"

Everyone looked to the older prostitute to clarify the rules. She had the trump card, so it was up to her to decide what was copacetic. And after a moment of deliberation, she said, "Either or is fine."

Nathan scowled, and Bush smirked.

Crystal sighed as she picked up the wine glass on the table. She stood up and walked over to Bush.

Layla: "Oh, boy! It's like Donkey Kong!"

Crystal stopped in front of Bush. With her Playboy outfit and expertly done make-up, she looked like a seductress. She winked at Bush, and then she filled her mouth with wine. She bent over slowly and pressed her mouth to his.

The expectation was that their mouths would open simultaneously, and the wine would be transferred from Crystal's mouth to Bush's mouth. When that happened, Bush would slip into Crystal's mouth. They would make out like a couple of beasts, without restraint, and then he would fuck her right there, on the table, while everyone watched.

Just the thought of it was making everyone randy. Alex had an erection. He was clutching it with his hand, and he was stroking it as he watched the show. And all of the girls had their hands pressed tight against their cunts.

Before any of them could get off, though, Crystal pulled away and sprayed the wine evenly across Bush's face. Everyone gasped, and except for the sound of the music, the box fell silent.

They were all stunned, and no one was more stunned than Eric was. No one had ever dared to do anything like this to him before. This woman is playing with fire! - he thought angrily.



Bush tried to slap Crystal, but she took a step back and avoided his open palm.

"Master Bush!" she exclaimed. "I tried to give you the wine with my mouth. Why didn't you open your mouth? Look at this mess! What a waste!"

Everyone except for Nathan began to laugh. This woman - Nathan thought - is incredibly bold! Eric sprang to his feet, and when Nathan saw that his shirt was also wet, he stood up. If Bush touches one hair on this woman's head-Nathan vowed - he won't get out of here alive!

Crystal saw the rage in Bush's eyes, and she ran out of the box and into the dressing room. Bush was about to chase after her, but Nathan stopped him. "Don't worry about her," Nathan said. "Be cool." After saying that, he left the box and ordered his men to search for the girl.

Ten minutes later, his men returned. Unfortunately, they had turned the place upside down, and no one could find the girl.

Nathan: "What a bunch of good-for-nothing you guys have turned out to be. Keep looking for her."

While Nathan waited, he pulled out his cell phone and called Crystal. Crystal answered on the third ring, and he asked her where she was. Crystal: "I am at home. Where else would I be?"

Nathan: "You're not at the Merah Club?"

Crystal: "The Merah Club? I've never heard of it. Anyway, I'm sleepy. Goodnight. I'll talk to you later."

Crystal let out a deliberate yawn, and she hung up the phone.

#### **Chapter 1537 - 55: Block All The Information About Her**

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Nathan couldn't believe that Crystal had had the nerve to hang up the phone on him. He called her again, but this time his call went straight to voicemail.

He did not leave a message.

Once Nathan was out of sight, Bush grabbed Lyla's phone. Lyla tried to pull away, but it was too late. He had already seen the photo that she'd taken, and she watched helplessly as he transferred the image to his phone.

From there, Bush transferred the photo to a third party, and he included a text: "Find out everything that you can about this woman."

Pronto." Once that was done, he stretched out on the sofa and laughed.

Lyla picked up her phone and tried to leave, but Bush grabbed her and pulled her into his lap. He looked at the other girls and shouted, "Get out of here!" And within seconds, the room had cleared. The girls had been frightened, and they'd only needed to be told once.

Once the other girls were gone, he pushed Lyla down on the sofa and yanked her skirt above her waist. She wasn't wearing any panties, and he could clearly see every detail of her vagina. He ran his index finger between her labia and smiled. Then, without any delay or foreplay, he pushed down his pants and underpants, parted her legs with his knees, and proceeded to assault her.

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Crystal was hiding in the dressing room behind the clothes racks, and when she felt like she was safe to leave, she quietly pulled the clothes out of her way and was followed by Serenity. Once they were outside the changing room and in the dressing room, she turned to her friend and asked, "Have they gone?"

"I guess so," Serenity replied. "It's been nearly two hours. I doubt they would be willing to waste the entirety of their night looking for you."

"That's comforting," Crystal replied as she changed her clothes. Then she took the makeup remover from the dresser and slipped into the bathroom to remove her makeup. Once that was done, she swaggered out of the clubhouse, and as she had expected, no one stopped her.

As Crystal stepped out the door, though, she saw a silver Maybach parked on the curb, and she froze.

Nathan was leaning against the car with his hands in his pockets. Crystal turned around to go back into the club, but Serenity grabbed her and led her toward Nathan. Serenity waved at Nathan and said, "Hey! Professor Davis. Please make sure that Crystal gets home safely. My taxi is coming, so I've gotta go. Goodbye, Crystal. Goodbye, Professor Davis."

Then Serenity secretly twisted Crystal's arm and ran away. What a traitor! - Crystal thought as she rubbed her sore arm. She grinned at Nathan and said, "What a coincidence! Professor Davis! I am surprised to see you here."

"Are you?" Nathan scoffed. Does she really think that didn't recognize her?" - he wondered. He forced himself to laugh. "And why is that? I told you where I was over the phone, but you said that you were in bed. Why are you here? Is it possible that you are sleepwalking?"

"Perhaps." Crystal sighed, and she began to walk towards Nathan. She laughed and said, "Not actually, though. Serenity called me after you did. She woke me up and asked me to meet her after work, which is how I ended up here."

It wasn't long before they were face to face. Nathan gently touched Crystal's arm. He smiled softly and said, "I heard that your husband is bad in bed. That must be difficult."

Crystal swallowed hard, and she was too embarrassed to look him in the eyes. What is he doing? - she wondered - What game is he playing. Did he recognize me and then pretend not to know me? Is that supposed to be funny?

Crystal: "What do you mean? I don't understand what you're saying?"

Nathan: "Didn't you say that you wanted to watch me lose control?"

Crystal: "So you knew it was me all along?" Nathan: "Crystal, did you think you could hide your identity behind a layer of makeup? That's pretty dumb. And now, you will be held accountable for the things that you said. Do you understand?"

Crystal stared blankly at the man in front of her. She felt lost, suddenly, like a polar bear adrift on a quickly melting salt of ice. She dropped her eyes and said, "I'm sorry."

Nathan: "Sorry for what?"

Crystal: "I shouldn't have ruined your evening."

"Ruin my evening?" Nathan laughed.

"Because you were there, my night was better. I do have one question, though."

Crystal: "Well, what do you want to know?"

Nathan: "Why did you come here tonight?"

Crystal took a step back, but he gripped her arm. "Just tell me," he said. "I won't hurt you."

Crystal took a deep breath as she wrenched her arm free. She looked at him defiantly and said, "Fine. I will tell you. This is the truth: Serenity said that you were here with a bunch of prostitutes, so I came to have a look. And in the end, it turned out that you were with prostitutes, so it should be you apologizing to me and not the other way around."

Nathan took a good hard look at Crystal. "You must think you're pretty sly," he said. Crystal smirked and said, "Sly enough." Nathan opened his mouth to reprimand her, but he was interrupted by his driver before he could say anything. "Mr. Davis," he shouted. "Eric Bush is investigating Mrs. Davis."

"Block all information about her," Nathan shouted back.

Bush and Lyla were naked and entwined on the sofa in a private room in the Merah Club. Bush had bronzed skin and the fresh scratches on his back added to his masculinity. Under his body lay Lyla. She had been ravaged, and her senses remained disconnected. She had scratched at Bush's back as he'd forced himself on her and bit into his shoulder multiple times, but none of it had helped.

There was a knock at the door, and Bush shouted irritably, "Come in."

## **Chapter 1538 - 56: Are You In A Relationship With Some Riffraff Woman**

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Erick Bush's bodyguard walked into the box. He saw Erick and Layla on the sofa, both naked, post-coitus, and though he did not approve of his boss's behavior, he did not comment on it. He lowered his head and quickly turned away so as not to shame the poor girl further.

Bush saw the look on his bodyguard's face, and it amused him. He grabbed Layla's nipple and gave it a sharp twist. Layla cried out in pain, and the bodyguard turned without thinking. The bodyguard scowled and turned away again, and Layla shyly covered her face with the back of her hand.

Bush was still laughing when he pulled her

hand away. "Are you shy?" he asked. "That's rich! A shy whore," He gave her other nipple a rough twist. "Lucky for you," he sneered, "I enjoy the sound of you crying!" And before long, he was hard again.

Bush was like a beast whose hunger could not be sated. He laughed as he forced his manhood back into Layla's vagina, and he began to fuck her with vigor, not stopping until he had spent his seed. Bush grunted as he came, and then he rolled over and wiped himself with a tissue. He put on his clothes, but before he left, he turned to Layla and asked, "What's the matter?"

Layla: "Eric, we looked everywhere for that girl, but no one even knew her. I don't think we'll ever find her."

"You are a good-for-nothing whore!" Bush exclaimed. "What do you know?" As he said this, he kicked the table and the wine bottle. tipped over and rolled off the edge to shatter on the floor. "In my world, nothing is impossible!"

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Nathan drove Crystal home, and then he returned to the Davis' mansion. He parked his car and walked up to the house. Through the window, he could see the living room's bright crystal chandeliers. The front door was unlocked, and he walked right in.

When his mother, Belinda Davis, saw Nathan, she asked him why he was so late and if he had eaten. She approached him, and when she smelt the alcohol on his breath, she asked him if he'd been drinking. Then, without waiting for an answer, she turned to Carol and asked her to make her son a bowl of sobriety soup.

Nathan's Father, Amos Davis, was in the living room with a man and a woman that he didn't know.

Amos: "Nathan, come here. I was hoping you could meet your Uncle Fowler and his daughter, Amy. Uncle Fowler is the president of Fowler Urban Construction Group."

Nathan was surprised. He looked at Amy and her Father and offered them a cold nod of his head as a greeting.

Amy: "Uncle Davis, Nathan, and I went to high school together. We lost touch when Nathan went overseas to study."

Amos: "Well, it sounds like you were destined to meet again. Many high school classmates never see each other again, but here you both are."

Belinda happily walked over to hold Amy's hand. She sighed and said, "My son, unfortunately, is not fond of social interactions. He has never been. He has few friends. You can come to our house when you have time, though. You are always welcome here - Mi casa es su casa."

Amy: "I will stop by when I can. I happen to be busy at the TV station these days. I'll come when I'm free. I'm afraid that I might bother you, though."

Belinda: "Why? We'd love for you to visit."

Nathan is busy all day, and he seldom comes home. Your uncle and I are home alone every day, and we get bored. We would love to have some company!"

Amy: "You and Uncle Davis have a great relationship."

Nathan was not interested in their conversation and wanted to go upstairs and take a shower, so he tried to excuse himself, but his father would not allow it.

"Stay!" Amos: ordered. "Can't you see that our guests are still here? Sit down!" Amos had always been strict with Nathan.

Nathan froze, and he did not look back. Amos: "Son, have you forgotten your manners?"

Nathan remained silent.

Amos: "You will be in trouble if you go on behaving like that."

Nathan: "Like what? What do you mean?"

Amos: "Are you in a relationship with some riffraff woman?"

Nathan: "What are you getting at?"

Amos: "I know all about what happened in the fitting room. It is all over the internet. We have company, though, so I won't go into details, but I will give you a warning: Not everyone is fit to be in our family."

Nathan: "Thanks for reminding me, but I will take care of my own affairs."

Mr. Fowler: "Nathan has always had excellent tastes. Any girl that he has a crush on cannot be bad. You can't trust everything that you read on the internet."

Amy: "Uncle Davis, Nathan, and I were in high school together for three years. He is famous for his good character. Many girls like him, but he doesn't pay any attention to them. If he likes a girl, she must be respectable. I'm sure you don't have anything to worry about."

Amos: "Sit down, Nathan. When will the design for the Santarosa site come out? Your uncle Fowler has a lot of experience in architecture. You can ask him for advice."

Nathan: "Santarosa? I don't want to develop that site for a while."

Amos: "Don't be silly. Why would you want to let such a large piece of land turn into a wasteland? Do you know -"

Nathan: "Dad, how about I give you the Brilliant Group?"

"You!" Amos hissed. He gnashed his teeth in anger, and water spilled from the water cup in his hand.

Mr. Fowler: "Calm down. Nathan has his own way of investing. He has already expanded the size of the Brilliant Group to ten times what it was. The younger generation is promising. If he doesn't want to expand it, he must have his own ideas. He has grown up. Don't embarrass the child. "

Mr. Fowler's persuasion helped Amos calm down. He knew that his child was very independent and had been since he was very young.. He also knew that once Nathan had made up his mind, he wouldn't change it, so it was pointless to argue.

## **Chapter 1539 - 57: You Sound Very Experienced**

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Belinda turned to her son, smiled, and said, "Why don't you go upstairs and have a bath. I'll have Carol bring up your sobriety soup when it's done."

Nathan nodded, thanked his Mother, said goodbye to his Uncle and his cousin, and went upstairs. Once he was gone, Belinda looked at her guests and apologized for her son's behavior. "Nathan is not usually like this," she said. "In fact, I've never seen him drink. He must have had a really bad day. He has been so busy at work lately, so it was inevitable that he would eventually need to unwind. I'm still surprised, though, because, at our last party, he was a total teetotaler."

Belinda looked at her niece. The girl was sweet and gentle, and Belinda loved her very much. They chatted for a long time, and she told Amy a lot of funny and embarrassing stories about Nathan.

Eventually, Carol came out of the kitchen with a bowl of sober soup, and she was about to take it upstairs when Belinda spoke up. She said, "Carol, Amy will deliver it." She turned back to Amy and grinned wolfishly. "Amy, you and Nathan were classmates. Why don't you remind him of how charming you are?"

Amy knew what Belinda meant, and she didn't need to be asked twice. She smiled at Belinda, got up, and took the sober soup.

The door of the study was not shut. Amy took the soup, knocked politely, pushed the door open, and walked in.

Nathan was sitting behind his desk, leaning back on his chair. His eyes were closed, and he was rubbing his temples.

Amy: "Nathan, if you have a headache, maybe some sober soup will help."

Nathan looked up and was surprised to see that Amy had brought him his soup. He picked up the bowl and poured its contents into the garbage can next to his desk.

"Anything else?" Amy asked coldly.

Nathan: "No. You may leave. And take the bowl with you."

Amy: "Nathan, I got a message from my colleague today. She said that the entertainment department is following you."

Amy took out her mobile phone and showed Nathan a series of candid pictures of Tiffany inside and outside the Beverly villa."

Nathan: "Are you sure that you weren't the one who took these photos?"

Amy: "I'm sure. A lot of people are curious about you, though. They want to know who you are. Thus, our company is looking for first-hand information."

Nathan: "So?"

Amy: "So? So, I'm going to give you all the pictures."

Nathan: "And what do you want in return?"

Amy: "Absolutely nothing. Not really. I just want to tell you that I have had a crush on you. for a long time, and I want to ask if I can be your girlfriend."

Nathan: "No. Don't even ask. It's not gonna happen."

Amy: "Why not? I looked into Tiffany. She's just a normal teacher. Even though her father is a college President, she doesn't deserve you. Plus, we're cousins, so you know that you can trust me!"

Nathan: "So, you think you're the only person in the world that's good enough for me?"

Amy: "No... but we are related, so..."

Nathan: "Take your phone and get the hell out of here."

Amy couldn't believe how quick Nathan was to reject her, and she blamed Tiffany. She thought of Nathan as a God, and it broke her heart to think that she would never get a chance to make him happy. Amy grabbed the soup bowl off his desk, and as she left his office, she turned back one last time. She smirked and said, "Don't do anything stupid. If you do, you will be sorry, and you can't afford that."

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The next day, Crystal woke up at ten 'clock, stretched, and went downstairs. When Tiffany heard her, she rushed out of the living room and shouted Nathan's name excitedly. Then, when she saw that it was Crystal, she went back into the living room.

Crystal sighed and went into the kitchen to get some breakfast. She took a sandwich from the fridge and went into the living room where Tiffany was.

Tiffany was wearing a long, loose, light blue men's shirt. Most of the buttons were undone, and it hung off her shoulders to reveal her delicate shoulders. She wore no pants, and Crystal could see most of her white legs and almost all of the way up to her panties. If she's wearing panties - Crystal thought. And it seemed like a big IF.

Crystal began to fret as she thought about Tiffany walking in front of Nathan dressed like this. In comparison, what do I have to offer? - she worried. She looked at the woman's blouse, which had a unique letter embroidered in its breast pocket. "Are you wearing Nathan's clothes?" she asked.

Tiffany stretched out on the couch, and the hem of the shirt crawled another inch up her thighs. "I am," she admitted shamelessly.

Crystal frowned and sat down across from Tiffany.

"I got my clothes dirty," Tiffany explained. "I asked Susie to have them dry-cleaned, and Professor Davis lent me his clothes for the time being."

Crystal looked at Tiffany skeptically. Tiffany had brought many suitcases full of clothes, so she shouldn't have had to borrow anything from anybody.

Crystal was going to reach for a tissue from a box on the coffee table, but suddenly her hand froze, and she couldn't move. She kept on smiling and pretended to be relaxed. "That's nice," she said. "He has so much clothing that he often donates some to relief stations and homeless people."

Tiffany: "Most homeless people are men. Did you know that men like to make women wear their shirts and wear them the way that I am wearing this one?"

Tiffany shifted positions, and the shirt opened to reveal her bare breasts and a hint of her light brown nipples.

"You sound very experienced," Crystal said. "Are you?"

Tiffany: "Experienced in what?"

Crystal: "You know: What I was inexperienced in."

Tiffany took off her slippers and put her legs on the coffee table. "Come on, why are you asking me that?" she asked.. "I have no experience."

#### **Chapter 1540 - 58: Answer Me**

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Crystal began to laugh, and Tiffany scowled at her. "Stop it!" she shouted. "What are you laughing at?"

Crystal: "I'm laughing at you, of course! What else would I be laughing at?"

Tiffany crossed her arms under her breasts, and they billowed even further out of her shirt. Her light brown nipples were fully exposed now, but she was pouting, and there was nothing sexy about her posture. "Why are you laughing at me?" she asked.

Crystal: "You've put in so much effort into seducing Nathan, but if you have no experience, he will not be interested in you!"



Tiffany gave Crystal's words some serious thought, and then she said, "I do have some experience..."

"Whatever you say," Crystal replied. She shrugged, stood up, and just as she was about to walk away, Susie walked in. Susie was carrying a few bags of groceries, and Crystal quickly got up and went to help her.

Susie: "Thank you, Crystal. What would you like for lunch?"

Crystal helped Susie put the groceries in the kitchen, and she took out the vegetables and put them in the sink to be washed. Susie came in, opened the cupboard, and took out an apron. "You can make whatever you like," Crystal said. "I will call Nathan and see if he'll be home for lunch."

"That sounds good," Susie said as she unpacked the meat.

As Crystal moved on to the pantry items, she said, "Susie, can I ask you a question?"

Susie: "Go ahead. If I can answer it, I will."

Susie: "It doesn't matter. How long will Miss Ford be staying here, anyway? She gave me a bunch of clothes to dry clean, but I think they're all pretty clean."

Crystal: "Why are you doing Tiffany's dry cleaning? She's a big girl. She can do her own laundry. And you aren't her personal slave!"

That didn't surprise Crystal. "I don't know how long she'll be here," she replied. "I guess it's none of my business."

Susie: "Miss Ford is not Mr. Davis's girlfriend, is she? I think Miss Ford is very keen on Mr. Davis."

Crystal took a cucumber out of the sink and took a bite of it, and as she chewed, she thought about Susie's question and how she should answer it. Then, just as she was about to reply, Susie interrupted her. "What's the matter with me?" she asked. "What would you do if Mr. Davis got together with Miss Ford?"

Crystal: "What would I do? If they got together, I would wish them well."

Susie: "I don't think Miss Ford is good enough for Mr. Davis."

Crystal: "Susie, how long have you known Mr. Davis? Why do you think so highly of him?"

Susie: "Mr. Davis is a man of excellent birth. He is educated and handsome. If I were your age... Hey, forget it, I'm just talking nonsense."

Crystal: "Susie, I'll talk to you later. I am going to go to my room to try to catch up on my sleep. A mosquito kept me up all night. This was a good talk, though. Thank you."

Susie: "It's almost lunchtime. Are you sure you want to go back to bed?"

Crystal: "Sure. And if you can't wake me up, leave me alone."

Susie: "How will that work? You have to take care of your health."

I'll be okay," Crystal replied, and she threw the rest of the cucumber in the garbage as she walked away, completely forgetting her promise to call Nathan.

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Crystal woke to the sound of Tiffany's voice above her head: "Crystal, are you awake?"

Crystal didn't know how long she had been sleeping. Her brain felt foggy, though, so she pretended that she was still asleep. "I guess not," Tiffany whispered.

Tiffany was standing over Crystal, and Nathan was standing in the doorway. "What's going on?" Nathan asked.

Tiffany: "Crystal said she was tired, and she went to bed."

Tiffany thought Crystal was still asleep, and she left her room to talk to Nathan in the hallway. She closed the door behind her, but Crystal could hear what they were saying.

Tiffany: "Professor Davis, do I look different today?"

Nathan: "What's different? I don't see anything different."

Tiffany: I'm wearing your clothes. I hope that you don't mind. My clothes are all dry-cleaned, and Crystal's clothes are not the right size, so she suggested I raid your closet. Anyway, as you know, she's always trying to play matchmaker for us."

Nathan: "Get out of here!"

Tiffany: "Ouch!"

Crystal didn't know how Tiffany had been hurt, but she felt a sense of satisfaction when she heard her rival cry out in pain. She could hear Tiffany's footsteps as she went back down the stairs, and she could hear Nathan breathing in the hallway.

Tiffany is really cunning - Crystal realized - To me, she said that Nathan had lent her the shirt. Then she turned around and told him that I was trying to set them up, and she said that I asked her to wear the revealing shirt. She deserves an Oscar for her performance!

Crystal slowly sat up. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, and just as she was about to get up, her door popped open, and Nathan barged in. He stood akimbo and glared at her. "I hear you want to set me up with Tiffany!"

Because Crystal had a record as a matchmaker, she could not expect Nathan to believe her if she denied his accusations. Of course, this situation was all her fault. After all, she was the one who had invited Tiffany to stay with them.

"Answer me!" Nathan yelled.

Suddenly, Nathan saw a stack of papers that Crystal had printed off and placed beside the bed. They were divorce papers, and when Nathan saw that, his face turned red, and the veins on his forehead stood out. Alongside the papers were the photos she'd taken at the club.

Nathan walked towards the bed, and Crystal flinched away from him, but she was not what he was after.. Nathan grabbed the paper and the pictures, and he tore them into a million tiny pieces and threw them into Crystal's face.

#### **Chapter 1541 - 59: You Want To Divorce Me, Don't You**

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Nathan glared at Crystal. His hands clenched and unclenched at his side, "So," he said, "you went to the bar last night to take pictures and gather hard evidence so that the court would grant you a divorce?"

"I-I--I..." Crystal stammered. She didn't know what to say and or how to defend herself. Suddenly she could not even look at him. She lacked the courage to look up.

Nathan grabbed Crystal by the arm and yanked her out of bed. Then he pinched her chin, forcing her to look at him, and shouted into her face: "You want a divorce, don't you?"

Without waiting for an answer, Nathan began to tear Crystal's nightgown to pieces, and by the time she was naked, he was so angry that he was unable to appreciate the sight of her fully undressed. Nathan leaned forward, and as he gripped her buttocks with his left hand, he bit her lip. Then, he began to attack her right breast with his right hand, pressing and pulling, and twisting.

"No," Crystal cried. "Stop it, Nathan.." She hoped that Nathan would realize that he was hurting her and stop, but her pain seemed to fuel his passion. Furthermore, because Nathan was used to being in control, he could not permit Crystal to live if he could not dominate her.

Nathan gripped Crystal's neck with his large hand. He pressed her against the wall, and he began to kiss her; first her lips, then her neck -

Next, her collarbone, and then her nipples, his right hand was still on her left breast, but now he ran his fingers down her stomach to her pubic mound. He brushed his fingers through the faint fresh growth of tangled hair that was there.

Crystal squirmed, and she tried to cry out, but she was not able, not with his hand wrapped around her throat.

"Stay still," Nathan hissed. "You want to divorce me, don't you?"

There was a sudden knock on the door, and Nathan turned and glared at it.

Susie called out pleasantly from the hallway: "Crystal, lunch is ready."

Nathan gripped Crystal's pubic hair, and Crystal silently squealed. He leaned into her, and as he released her neck, he whispered, "Be good. Or else! Nod your head if you understand."

Crystal nodded. Her skin was as red as cherry blossoms where he had kissed it, and it was damnably hot.

Susie: "Crystal? Are you up yet? I'm coming in."

Crystal: "No, please don't come in! I'm not decent. I'll be down as soon as I'm dressed."

Nathan was still angry, but he had regained control of his body. Once Susie was back downstairs, he pushed Crystal on the bed and turned away. He knew that if he didn't leave now, he would lose control of himself again - so he left her without saying another word.

Once Crystal was alone, she pulled a sheet over her naked body, and she remained motionless for a long time. It didn't bother her that Nathan knew about the divorce papers. After all, he would have found out sooner or later. Behind his anger, though, she'd seen pain, and that gave her cause to pause. It had never been her intention to hurt Nathan. After all that he had done to her, she knew that she had no reason to feel guilty, but she did, and she hated that feeling.

Crystal's phone rang, and she ignored it, but as soon as it stopped, it started up again. She sighed, rolled over to reach her phone, brought it to her face, and said, "This had better be important!"

There was a long moment of silence, and then Serenity said, "Crystal? Are you okay? You sound upset. Did you get into a fight with Professor Davis?"

Crystal: "You must have been a fortune teller in your last life. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to guess so accurately all the time."

Serenity laughed and said, "I wasn't a fortune teller. You are predictable. That's all."

"Shut up," Crystal groaned unhappily.

Serenity: "Sorry. That was unkind of me. Why don't we go shopping? That will cheer you up." "That's a great idea!" Crystal exclaimed as she jumped out of bed. She got dressed, grabbed her backpack, and left her room.

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By the time Crystal arrived at the mall, Serenity was waiting for her with a package under her arm. Crystal greeted her friend with a hug and pointed to the package. "What's that?" she wondered.

Serenity passed the package to Crystal and said, "Here you are. This is your birthday present."

Crystal began to open the package, but Serenity told her to wait until she got home. So, Crystal shrugged, thanked her friend and put the package in her backpack. In Serenity's free hand, she had a tray with two coffees on it, and she said, "The large one is yours."

Crystal took the coffee and suggested they find a place to sit where they could talk. The food court was nearby, so they went there, and once they were seated, Serenity got right down to business. "What happened between you and Professor Davis?" she asked. "Do you really want to divorce him?"

Crystal said that she didn't want to talk about it, so they moved on to lighter subjects, and once their coffees were made, they went into a luxury bag store.

Inside the store, they saw several beautifully dressed women shopping. They looked like they were wealthy, and the attendants were enthusiastically following them around. Meanwhile, Serenity and

Crystal hadn't even been greeted by a single sales clerk. Crystal looked at a few of the price tags and saw that the cheapest thing in the store cost over ten thousand dollars, and she assumed that because they were modestly dressed, the staff concluded that they couldn't afford to buy anything. Thus, they were being ignored.

Suddenly, one of the beautifully dressed women touched Crystal's shoulder from behind and said, "Crystal? What a surprise it is to meet you here."

Crystal nearly jumped out of her skin. She turned around right quickly and recognized the woman almost immediately. Her name was Gigi. There had been a time when they'd been friends, but when Crystal's financial situation had changed, she'd been ostracized by the social group that they both belonged to.

#### **Chapter 1542 - 60: An Orphan Like You Don't Belong To Our Circle**

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Gigi smirked at Crystal and said, "I heard that your mother died and left her fortune to a fair-faced gigolo. And you got nothing. I can't imagine what you are doing in a store like this. Did you have the money to buy an expensive thing here?" She looked at her friend and laughed. "I guess it's free to look, right, Kendyll. I pity her,"

Kendyll: "Well, if she's looking for a Bargain Bin, she won't find one here!"

There were other women their age in the store, and they began to surround Crystal and Serenity. Their eyes were full of mischief, and they barely masked their mirthful laughter behind fingers held in front of their lips.

Crystal was younger than these girls, but because she had skipped two grades, she had ended up in the same classes with them. But, then, because of her youthful appearance and good grades, she had been very popular with the teachers and the boys in the class, including Carlos. She was not popular with the girls, though, and part of that had to do with Joyce's constant backstabbing.

"You talk as if you were rich," Crystal said.. "Let me see what you bought. I don't see you carrying a bag. You were bragging about how rich you are. What's the matter? If you like these bags, you should buy them. Don't you like these bags? Or is the problem that you can't afford them?" She can't let these spoiled girls look down on her.

Gigi: "We are richer than you, and my daddy loves me very much. He gave me a huge monthly allowance, and how about you?"

Crystal wanted to laugh at her, "Your daddy? I'm sorry to interrupt, but do you mean your sugar daddy or your biological daddy?"

Gigi stomped her foot in frustration, and her face turned red. Serenity burst out laughing as Crystal finished her question. Crystal was cynical and brilliant.

Gigi: "What are you talking about? He's my biological father, of course, the chairman of the Comlink Group. Anyway, forget about it. You are too dumb to understand. An orphan like you don't belong to our circle,"

Crystal leaned into the woman and sniffed her jacket. "Comlink Group? She said. "Their smugglers! It's no wonder you smell so bad!"

Gigi: "Shut up!"

"What's the point of saying you're rich?" Crystal asked. She pointed to a bag that was locked in the best place on the counter. "This bag is a limited edition, and even popular celebrities need to reserve it in advance. Don't tell me you don't like it. If you really have money, buy it. To a rich person, it's not very expensive. It's only two million dollars."

The clerk saw that Crystal was trying to convince Gigi to buy the purse, so she echoed her words, saying, "She's right. This bag is a status symbol. Many of the top socialites want to have one but cannot have one. You are lucky that we have this one in stock."

The beautiful women looked at each other.

They were hesitant to buy a two-million-dollar bag.

Gigi shrugged. She was anxious to prove Crystal wrong. "It's just a bag," she said as she took out her credit card. "But I'll take it."

The clerk took the card and was about to swipe it when someone shouted, "Wait a minute." Everyone turned to see who had spoken. It was Cecilia, Joyce's best friend. Cecilia smirked and said, "Buying a bag doesn't prove anything. I have a better idea: Let's check the balance on our cards and see who has the most money available to them!"

Crystal froze in place. She only had a few thousand dollars on her card. Thus, she could not compete with any of these women.

"To make this more interesting," Gigi said, "how about if, the person who has the least amount of money, has to buy the purse for whoever has the most?"

"I like your idea," one of the other women said. "And if anyone gives up, they have to put the bag around their neck, take a photo, and post it on Instagram. By doing this, they will show everyone that they are willing to sell themselves for a bag!"

"Yes!" Cecilia agreed. "And if any of you run away, we will take photos of you, photoshop them to make you look ugly, and put them on all of our Social Medias!"

One by one, each of the ladies said that they were in until Crystal was the only one who hadn't. Gigi laughed as she turned to Crystal. "Well, are you in or not?"

Fuck Crystal thought. She was trapped.

Finally, she nodded her head and said, "I'm in."

Gigi was so excited that she almost clapped her hands. She turned to the clerk and said, "You have an ATM, don't you?"

The clerk nodded and pointed to the front of the store, and as they made their way towards it, Serenity whispered in Crystal's ear: "Hey, Crystal, you're not really going to go through with this, are you?"

Crystal: "What other options do I have? I'd rather lose than run away or give up. If I lose, it will be a monetary loss, but if I flee, I will be disgraced."

When they got to the machine, Cecilia took a gold card from her purse and said, "Since this was my idea, I'll go first." She inserted the card, entered the password, and deliberately stepped aside so that everyone could clearly see the balance: \$3,950,712.12.

"Wow!" Serenity whispered. "That's a lot of money..."

Crystal elbowed her friend and told her to hush up.

One by one, the other girls showed their balance, and each one was over four million dollars, which meant that Celia had the lowest account balance among them. Of course, Crystal hadn't gone yet, and neither had Gigi.

Gigi went before Crystal. She pulled out a black card, and everyone gasped. Gigi smirked and said, "Pay close attention, Crystal. This is the closest you'll ever come to this kind of money!"