

Midnight III 61

Chapter 1543 - 61: I Can't Accept Such A Gift

Gigi put her black credit card into the machine, typed the password, and stepped aside so that everyone could see the balance: \$23, 759, 114.64.

The entire store went quiet. Gigi almost had as much as all of the other women combined, and there was no doubt in anyone's mind who would be winning a free bag. And most of them were also certain about who would be paying for it: Crystal.

Kendyll looked at Crystal with a shark-like Cheshire grin on her bitchy face. "You're up," she said. "Good luck beating that. Lol. If I were you, I'd run away. As ugly as you are, it's not like you have much to lose anyway." Crystal wanted to scratch out Kendyll's eyes and force her to eat them.

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"Maybe you should run," Serenity muttered. "The purse costs two million dollars! You would be out of your mind to carry on with this charade."

"Shut up!" Crystal hissed. "I know what I'm doing. She looked at Kendyll and said, "It is never good to count your chickens before they're hatched."

"Fine," Kendyll laughed. "Hurry up and crack a few eggs. We're all anxious to see how many chickens you've got. I doubt you've got more than a couple thousand."

Crystal slowly opened her bag and took out her wallet. There were several cards there, and she flipped through them until she came to the last one. Combined, all of the other ones wouldn't amount to jack-shit, but the last one, the black card that Nathan had given her, was an entirely different card. Crystal smiled as she drew it, adding a bit of flourish for dramatic effect.

The other woman gasped when they saw the black card - even the store clerk was surprised. None of them had expected her to have a black card.

Crystal put the card into the machine and typed in the password. Nathan had said it was his birthday, and Tiffany had told her when his birthday was. After she entered the password, she pressed the green OKAY button, and a long list of numbers popped up.

Oh! My! God! - Crystal could not believe what she was seeing. She stepped aside so that everyone could see the number: \$362,452,886.93. For a long moment, nobody said a word. Nobody could believe what they were seeing, but Serenity was the first to vocalize her disbelief. She said, "This can't be right. Can it? Do you really have an available balance of over three hundred and sixty dollars?"

Serenity counted the digits thrice more and came up with the same conclusion every time. Cecelia's face had turned white. She said, "It's impossible!" She had just realized that she had the least amount of credit available, and thus, she was the loser. It wasn't the losing that hurt, so much as it was losing to Crystal. It seemed inconceivable.

How did Crystal attain such good credit - Cecelia wondered - It's not scientific! She shook her head in disbelief and pointed a trembling finger at Crystal. "It must be a trick. Crystal, you are tricking us."

"That's not possible," Crystal said as she took the card out of the machine, wiped it, and put it back into her wallet. "Come on. Are you kidding me? Can a bank card be faked? Can the balance on an ATM be faked? If you think it can be, tell me how! Everyone tried it just now, using the same machine, so don't be dumb. You're embarrassing yourself."

Cecelia: "Even if the card is yours, and the ATM shows the balance is correct, where did the money come from? Do you have a sugar daddy?"

Kendyll: "Probably. She must be somebody's mistress. I bet she's real proud of herself. What would her mother think?"

Crystal ignored their cruel words and sarcasm. She said, "What does it matter to you how I got my money? It doesn't matter. The game is over, and I won, fair and square." She turned to Cecelia.

"If you are that reluctant to give up two million dollars, we can discuss it. After all, I can afford to buy my own purses with three hundred and sixty million dollars. All I want from you is for you to allow me to slap you across the face. Twice."

"Fuck that!" Cecelia snarled. She took out her credit card, handed it to the clerk, and said, "Swipe it."

Crystal glared at Cecelia. She had hoped to be able to slap her, and Cecelia glared right back at her.

Seconds later, the clerk returned the card to Cecilia and packed up the limited-edition bag to give to Crystal; as Cecelia put her card away, she said, "Crystal, you just wait and see. I will make you sorry for what you've done today."

"You have no right to take revenge." Crystal hissed. "This was your game, so have the decency to lose gracefully."

Cecelia smirked, and Crystal slapped her. across the face. "You needed that," she said. "Somebody needed to knock you off that pedestal you've put yourself on, so why not me? Remember this: Money isn't everything. First, you have some money, but that doesn't mean you can abandon your morals; second, this store is a public place. It's not just for people like you. And lastly - no matter how much money you have, there will always be people with more!"

Cecilia was exasperated. She tried to slap Crystal back, but Crystal stepped aside, and she was made to look even more pathetic.. "Come on," Kendyll urged. "Let's get out of here."

Crystal watched the women walk away. Once they were gone, she looked at the bag, smiled, and handed it to Serenity.

"Here you are," she said.

Serenity waved her hand and said, "I can't accept such a gift. It's too expensive. Even if I take it, people will take one look at me, and they would assume that it's fake."

Crystal realized that Serenity had a point. She thought about it for a moment, and then she led her friend back into the shop.

Chapter 1544 - 62: Limited Edition Bag

The clerk had seen the available balance on Crystal's card, so when she returned to the counter with her bag, she didn't dare neglect her, and she greeted her immediately. Crystal placed the bag on the counter. She read the sales clerk's name on the tag on her shirt and said, "Excuse me, Claire. I am sorry to bother you, but can I return this?"

Claire: "Is there anything wrong with this bag?"

Crystal: "No. Is that a problem?"

"I'm afraid," Claire replied. "Because this bag is a limited-edition product, it is not refundable. Once someone purchases a luxury limited-edition, we won't allow her to return it mostly if it has no damage."

Suddenly Eric Bush appeared. He looked at Claire and said, "Let her return the bag."

Claire's face turned red, and she said, "Of course, President Bush.."

Eric wore light blue jeans, which made him look chic and handsome. He wore glasses, and there was a slightly dangerous smile on his face that revealed his sexy teeth.

Claire took the bag immediately and helped Crystal go through the formalities of the return.

Crystal didn't recognize Eric until he took off his glasses, and when he did, the arrogant look in his evil single-eyed fox's eyes made her heart do a flip. When she had seen him previously, her make-up had been very thick, so it was possible that he didn't recognize her - she hoped he didn't! Even if he wanted to get back at her for spraying wine on his face, though, Crystal guessed that he wouldn't dare do anything in front of so many people. Stay calm. This is not the right time to make trouble-she told herself.

Crystal smiled and said, "Thank you." Eric leaned on the counter, smirked, and said, "That's it? That's all the thanks I get: Words? That bag is worth two million dollars. How about you thank me with your body?"

Crystal pulled the bag off the counter and said, "Never mind. I'll keep the bag."

Crystal turned to walk away, but Eric blocked her. "You can return the bag," he said. "I was just playing. Don't be so serious,"

Crystal looked quite familiar to Eric. He had been impressed by how she'd handled the bitches, and he thought she was special. Eric folded his arms across his chest and said, "Not every woman that wants my attention got it. You may want to reconsider my offer."

"That's interesting," Crystal replied. "Not every man that wants my attention got it too." There was almost nothing about Eric that appealed to her. "And you are not among the lucky few."

Crystal had more to say, but Claire cut her off. She took the bag from Crystal and said, "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I need to know which card I should return your money to?"

Crystal: "As far as I know, this shopping mall has an affiliated charity. Transfer the money into that account. Of course, I will need a donation receipt for my taxes." Crystal turned back and looked at Eric. "Listen, I do not need money. The refund will go to charity. And as far as I'm concerned, this conversation is over. And whatever you wanted to say had nothing to do with me,"

Eric scowled. He wasn't used to being rejected, and he didn't know how to handle it.

Claire handed Crystal the donation receipt and asked if it would be alright if she kept track of her donation. Eric answered for her. He offered her his phone and said, "Of course. You can leave me your number."

Crystal didn't even look at the phone. Instead, she looked at Claire and said, "Please give me the number of the charity's founder. I will contact him personally to let them know I am the one who donated to them,"

Eric snatched the receipt out of Crystal's hand, wrote his number on it, and said, "Unfortunately, I am the person who is in charge of the charity fund. I am its founder! If you want to follow your money, you will have to go through with me. I will be looking forward to your call!

Serenity looked at Crystal and asked, "Will you call?"

Crystal: "It depends on my mood. It's not an important matter,"

Serenity almost burst into laughter when she heard that. Eric was obviously interested in Crystal, but Crystal hadn't left him without a shred of hope. She had directly refused his advances towards her.

Eric: "Will you call me when you are in a good mood?"

Crystal: "No. I will call you when the hell freezes. Anyway, check out your number. It looks like a Talisman!"

Eric ... What does that mean?"

Crystal pointed to the receipt and said, "What I mean is that I will turn it into a talisman, and I will read it every day so that you make good use of my donation."

From the look on Eric's face, Crystal could tell that he was still bewildered by the "talisman" metaphor. "Whatever." She laughed, snatched the receipt out of his hands, and said, "See you!" Crystal waved the receipt in front of Eric's face, and then she led Serenity out of the store.

Once they were back in the mall, Serenity stopped Crystal and asked, "Who was that guy, and how do you know each other?"

"I don't know him," Crystal replied. She couldn't help thinking about the whore who had opened his trousers with her teeth and how he had pulled down Lyla's underwear. "He's not a good man." Fortunately, he hadn't recognized her. If he had, she might not have been able to return the bag. "He's just a crazy dog. Let's go."

Serenity grabbed Crystal's wrist and said, "I could tell that he was interested in you, but you need to get him out of your head. Don't do anything that will hurt Professor Davis's heart. If you do, I'll..."

"You'll what?" Crystal hissed; her friend's stupidity suddenly ruined her good mood. "You'd better think hard about your next words!"

Chapter 1545 - 63: You Are A Rich Woman Now

Serenity looked shell-shocked, and Crystal could tell that her friend was struggling - and failing to find the right words. Then, suddenly, Serenity looked past Crystal, and her eyes lit up. She raised her hand and shouted, "Hey, Professor Davis, what a coincidence."

Her trick didn't work on Crystal, though, whose eyes remained fixed on her face.

Serenity sighed when she realized that her trick hadn't worked. She frowned, lowered her head, and whispered, "I'm sorry, Crystal. You are right. I misspoke. I must admit that I am very impressed with the way you handled things, and who would have guessed that you have access to over three hundred million dollars. You are a rich woman. What are you going to buy? Are you still looking for pendants?"

"I have no idea," Crystal admitted. "I didn't even know that I had that much money available until I pulled up the account balance.. Talk about good timing!"

When Crystal returned home, she looked around for Nathan, but he was nowhere in sight. Susie didn't know where he was either, and when she looked for Tiffany, she discovered that her teacher had moved out while she was at the mall.

Nathan didn't return that night either, which inhibited Crystal's ability to fall asleep. She thought that he was probably still angry with her.

That morning, she received a text message reminding her that she needed to return to Henry's Mansion later that day. Not only that, but it was her birthday. She would turn eighteen, and her Grandfather's will was supposed to be read today. Nathan had bought her a lot of clothes the previous day, which came in handy, and she put on a pure white lace bud skirt that made her look like a fairy.

Crystal tied her hair up in a loose ponytail with a lace ribbon, which framed her delicate face. When she was done, she smiled in the mirror and reminded herself that she would need to hold that smile indefinitely when she arrived at the Henry's Mansion. She would wear it like armor, and even when she was alone, she would not allow herself to lose her composure.

When Crystal arrived at the Henry's Mansion, her Aunt Lucy met her at the door. Lucy smiled and rushed her in, saying, "Crystal, you're finally here. Everyone is waiting for you."

Crystal: "Well, thank you, Aunt Lucy." When Crystal entered the living room, she saw that there was a group of people gathered. Some were sitting on couches and chairs, but others were standing around

nervously. Todd was the host, and he was sitting in his usual chair. Evan, Joyce, Jessica, and Carlos sat closest to him. Their family lawyer sat across from Todd.

As Crystal walked inside, everyone turned to look at her, and each person had a different expression on their face. Todd was old and cunning, and his face was void of emotion.

Joyce and Jessica wore masks of contempt on their faces, and they made no effort to hide their disdain for Crystal.

The lawyer stood up and greeted Crystal. He extended his hand and said, "Miss Smith, it is good to see you."

Crystal smiled and said, "Hello, everyone, I am so flattered that you have arranged such a big reunion for my Birthday!"

Joyce scowled. To say she didn't want to be there would have been the understatement of the year. In fact, she still hoped to leave early to meet Cecilia for a SPA.

Jessica signaled Joyce with her arm and said, "Now that you are here, let's get started."

The lawyer waited for Crystal to sit down, and then he said, "We are here because, before his passing, Mr. Henry made it clear that his will should not be read until Miss Smith's eighteenth birthday. The will has been notarized at the notary office and is legally binding. It lacks ambiguity, and thus, it should be respected and followed to the letter.

"The Henry's existing fixed assets include, but are not limited to, three villas, three cars, and a workshop." The lawyer opened the will and continued: "The villas and the cars will be given to Todd, Joyce, and Evan, but all of the Henry Group shares are to go to Miss Smith."

Crystal's mouth dropped open when she heard that, and she was not the only person that was shocked. Why did grandpa do this? - she wondered in amazement. Everyone was looking at each other in surprised dismay.

Crystal shook her head and said, "Excuse me, sir., but did you say that all of the shares are being given to me?"

The lawyer smiled and said, "That is correct, Ms. Smith. Congratulations and Happy Birthday. You are now a very wealthy young lady!"

Joyce rushed to grab the will out of the lawyer's hands. "It's impossible!" she snapped.

"Grandpa was eccentric, but he wasn't crazy. How could he give all that equity to that woman? No matter what the will says, it should all go to my father."

"These were your Grandfather's wishes," the lawyer said. "If you wish to contest them, you will have to go to the notary office and file a lawsuit. You are highly unlikely to be successful, though. The will is very clear."

Joyce turned to Crystal and began to yell at her: "Crystal, I really underestimated you. What means did you use to tamper with Grandpa's will? You can rest assured that I will look into this! The Henry's

Company will never fall into your hands. And how could they? You don't belong to the Henry family! Not anymore!"

Crystal sat quietly. She had not yet gotten over the shock of the will's revelation. "I d didn't d-do anything," Crystal stammered.

Joyce couldn't believe that Crystal was defending herself, and she went crazy with anger and jealousy. She rushed over and grabbed Crystal' hair, but Crystal-in reflex stepped aside and kicked her in the abdomen.

Joyce hit the coffee table, and a cup of hot tea tipped over and scalded her arm, causing her to scream.

Chapter 1546 - 64: You Hit Me

Joyce looked up at her mom and began to cry. "Mom," she whined. "Look what that bitch did to me."

Jessica grabbed the cup and was about to aim it at Crystal' head, but Todd caught her hand and gave her a dirty look. That scared her, and she took back her hand immediately.

Todd turned to the lawyer and said, "There is something that I want to show you." He took out a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to the lawyer.

The lawyer glanced at Crystal and said, "Miss Smith, it looks like you signed an agreement with Mr. Henry one week ago. According to it, you gave up the shares of the Henry Group. Is that correct? Did you sign it voluntarily?"

Crystal was shocked.. It seemed as if Todd had somehow anticipated this day. She looked at her father with a look of hurt aggrievement in her eyes. It wasn't that she cared overly much about the shares. What hurt the most was that her father would go to such lengths to destroy his daughter.

"I signed it voluntarily," Crystal said, "but I had only intended to sign over the shares that I possessed at the time. It had never been my intention to sign over future shares. How could it have been? I had no idea that my Grandfather had left these to me!"

"I'm sorry," the lawyer said. "If you signed this voluntarily, then all of Mr. Henry Sr.'s shares will be handed over to your father for distribution. Do you have any objection to this?"

"I do object!" Crystal cried. "But, my objections don't matter, do they?"

"I'm afraid not," the lawyer admitted. The lawyer got up and said, "Well, I will deal with the formalities. Mr. Henry, there are some documents that you will need to sign. I will contact you when they are ready."

Mr. Henry: "No problem." He doesn't even glance at Crystal.

Crystal looked around the room and took note of the greed in everyone's eyes. I need to get out of here!
- she suddenly realized. She began to stand up, but Joyce barred her way.

"You hit me!" Joyce hissed. "But you got what was coming to you, didn't you? You must regret signing that paper!"

Crystal sighed and said, "Honestly, Joyce, I don't care. The company never held any interest in me. If it had, I would never have signed that paper. So put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Don't pretend," Joyce scoffed. "Those shares are worth a billion dollars. But, of course, you care! If you work every day until the end of your life, you won't make that much. And after father dies, it will all go to Evan and me! Ha! Grandpa was very affectionate to you. Unfortunately, he had such a stupid granddaughter. If I were him, I would definitely be turning in my grave right now."

Crystal: "Enough! Are you finished? Don't talk ill against my Grandfather because you don't know him personally,"

Joyce's every word felt like a knife in Crystal's heart. Grandpa had treated her best, and he had left everything to her because she was his favorite. If there were only three pieces of chocolate left, he would have given them all to Crystal without reservation for Joyce and Evan. Indeed, he would have been disappointed by this turn of events. Joyce was right about that.

Crystal clenched her hands into fists, and her nails dug into the palms of her hands, drawing blood. She had been defeated, but she didn't want to admit her defeat. She had been hurt, but she didn't want to show her wounds - not to Joyce. At this point, all that she wanted was to leave.

Crystal walked towards the front door. The road to it was less than ten meters long, but each foot forward felt like a mile. Her feet felt heavy, and everything seemed to be moving in slow motion.

Carlos and Evan suddenly called her name in unison, but she ignored them. She just wanted to leave the Henry's Mansion as quickly as possible.

Crystal had almost reached the exit when the doorbell rang. Aunt Lucy ran ahead of her, opened the door, and Mike walked in. Crystal looked up in surprise. "Mike?" Mike: "Miss Smith. Good to see you. I hear it's your birthday. Happy Birthday!"

Mike was the lawyer who had handled the marriage procedures for her and Nathan. Why did he come here? - Crystal wondered. "Thank you," she replied. "I am surprised to see you here!"

Everyone had turned to look at the stranger, and the place was suddenly very quiet. Todd stood up and said, "Sir, you seem to know my daughter. Would you be so kind as to tell me what your business here is?"

Mike took out a business card as he walked into the living room. He handed it to Todd and said, "Hello, Mr. Henry. I am the attorney for the Brilliant Group."

Todd frowned and said, "Should we go somewhere private to discuss whatever business brings you here?"

"Not at all," Mike laughed. "There is no need to waste so much of your time. What I have to say will be quick, and it is related to Miss Smith and the Henry Group."

"Oh?" Todd wanted to cooperate with the Brilliant Group because he wanted to expand his business. Typically, though, a big company like the Brilliant Group didn't bother with small company's like his company - so Todd took Mike coming to his home as a good sign.

"Alright," he said. "What have you got for me?"

"This is not for you," Mr. Carter said. He smiled, opened his briefcase, and removed several documents. Then he turned to Crystal, wished her a Happy Birthday, and gave them to her.

As Crystal accepted the papers, her brain froze, and all she could think to say was, "Thank you."

Todd frowned and turned to Mike. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

Chapter 1547 - 65: Could Anyone Be That Greedy And Devious?

Mike chuckled as he turned to Todd. "Oh," he said, "you thought this was all about you. How charmingly embarrassing for you."

Todd's face turned red from anger and embarrassment, but he said nothing. He had no plan to argue with Mike this time.

Mike turned back to Crystal and continued: "On behalf of the President of Brilliant Group, I am here to present you with your Birthday present: 30% of the shares of Brilliant Group. This file contains the relevant paperwork. I have highlighted the places where you need to sign. I will give you enough time to read the document, Miss Smith,"

Crystal looked like she had been struck by lightning. She looked at the yellow manila envelope and said, "There must be a mix-up. I don't know the president of Brilliant Group, so why would he give me shares in his company?"

Mike laughed and said, "Miss Smith, I am surprised that you didn't know that Nathan Davis is the president of Brilliant Group.."

Crystal gasped and raised her hands to her mouth. She was so surprised that she took a half step back and took a deep breath. How could this be? - she wondered.

Todd glared at Mike and said, "Do you expect us to believe that the president of Brilliant Group gave 30% of his company's shares to Crystal?"

Mike: "That is correct, Mr. Henry. And it doesn't matter if you believe it. Additionally, Miss Smith will have a significant say in all business matters. These matters include, but are definitely not limited to, acquisition plans for companies like the Henry Group."

Todd looked excited for a moment. "Does that mean that the Brilliant Group will acquire the Henry Group?" he asked.

"Potentially," Mike replied. "The final decision is still up to Miss Smith. If she wants to acquire the Henry Group, well then, it will be processed immediately,"

When Todd heard this, his smile turned to a frown, and Joyce's face went pale. How is this possible? - Joyce wondered - How could Crystal be so lucky? How many assets does the president of the Brilliant Group have anyway? I thought that Mr. Davis was nothing but a gigolo! "This is impossible!" she exclaimed. "How can a gigolo be the president of anything, let alone a company the size of Brilliant Group?"

Todd turned to Joyce in dismay and said, "Shut up and go upstairs. The adults are talking now." Todd knew that he'd spoiled his daughter too much as a child. Now she was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless brat.

"I don't want to," Joyce pouted. She stomped her foot petulantly, and when she refused to leave, her mother had to drag her out of the room.

Todd: "Crystal, why don't you and Mr. Carter sit down."

"I'd rather not," Crystal smirked and said,

"There is nothing to discuss. I will sign the papers, and I will ensure that your deal does not go through."

"You!" Todd seethed.

"Crystal, you are my daughter. Why would you do that?"

"Oh, that's rich," Crystal laughed. vindictively. "Suddenly, I'm your daughter again? You certainly didn't think of me as your daughter when you tricked me into signing away my inheritance! Karma's a bitch. You see that now, don't you, Daddy?"

Crystal took a deep breath, and then she continued: "When I was two years old, you divorced my mother. Since then, you stopped thinking of me as your daughter. That's always been obvious. You traded my mother for Jessica and me for Joyce. Informally, you were not my father anymore when you left us. When you had me sign over my shares, you made it formal! That is why I will oppose the acquisition. Not only that, but I will make you regret everything you did since the day you walked away from your family. God is watching you from the sky, and I believe that my mother is watching too. If so, surely she will be happy!"

Crystal signed the contract right there and then for all to see, gloating as she put pen to paper. She was not greedy for the shares, but she did want a bit of comeuppance. Once she was done, she handed the papers back to Mike, and he said, "Miss Davis if you need a ride somewhere, I can take you."

"That would be nice," Crystal said. "I would like to go to the Brilliant Group to thank Mr. Davis in person."

Mike nodded, and without saying goodbye to anyone, he led Crystal to his car.

Once the Henry's Mansion was behind them, Crystal turned to Mike and asked, "How would I go about returning the shares if I didn't want them?"

Mike was surprised when he heard this, and after some thought, he said, "You should talk to Mr. Davis about it when you see him."

Crystal nodded and said nothing.

It was a sunny day, and the air in the car was hot, so Mike turned on the air conditioning. After a minute, he sighed and said, "Crystal, is this because I called you Mrs. Davis? I forgot that you don't like people to know that you're married. Please forgive me."

"It isn't about that," Crystal said. "We're cool. In fact, I should thank you. If it weren't for you arriving when you did, my birthday would have been ruined."

Mike: "You should thank Mr. Davis."

Crystal didn't reply because she knew that Mike was right. She should thank Nathan even if she gave up the shares, the look on her father and stepsister's face when Mike had given her the gift had been priceless. Brilliant Group - she thoughtfully and playfully repeated the name of the company in her mind - Brilliant Group. Brilliant Group. Wherefore art thou, Brilliant Group. Crystal chuckled. She had been completely taken aback to learn that Nathan was the president of Brilliant Group - If he is so rich, then why did he want my inheritance? Could anyone be that greedy and devious? And did my mother know how rich he is?

Chapter 1548 - 66: Why Wouldn't I Want To See You?

The Brilliant Group HQ was a majestically tall building. Some said it was glorious to behold, while others said that it stood out like a sore thumb- but Crystal had no opinion on the matter, one way or the other.

Mike dropped Crystal off at the front door, and then he drove away. Once she was in the building, she went straight to Nathan's office, and no one impeded her until she got there.

"Miss Smith," Andy shouted. "I'm sorry, but President Davis is in a meeting. Anyway, you can't meet with him without an appointment."

Crystal was surprised to hear this, but she maintained her composure. She forced herself to smile and said, "Then I'll make an appointment now. Please tell him about it."

"You should be able to get in to see him in about two weeks," Andy said.. "But this is the wrong place to go to set up an appointment." A lot of women came to harass his boss, and blocking them was a part of his job, and from his experience, a two-week waiting period was often an adequate deterrent.

Crystal took out her equity certificate and said, "I am a shareholder of Brilliant Group. You should be able to squeeze me in."

Andy was surprised by the certificate, but it made no difference. His boss had been clear; he wouldn't see anyone without an appointment. "Even if you are a shareholder," he said, "I cannot let you in

without an appointment, and it wouldn't be fair to squeeze you in. I'm sorry, I don't know if you're looking for Mr. Davis for public or private matters? If it's a public matter, don't hesitate to get in touch with the General Department and make an appointment in advance. If it is a private matter, then you should seek him out during his private time."

Crystal: "It's a public matter."

Andy: "Then, as I said, you need to speak with someone in the General Department."

Crystal glared at Andy. The way things stood, she wanted to stab him in the face with a knife. She didn't have a knife, though, so she slammed her fist on his desk and shouted, "Tell Mr. Davis that I'm pregnant with his child and that he needs to see me. Right! fucking! Now!"

Crystal's outburst had her desired effect. Andy was shocked, and because he half-believed her, he didn't dare brush her off. He picked up the phone and whispered a few words into the receiver. After hanging up the phone, Andy said, "Mr. Davis said that he is in a meeting now. He also said that he will see you once the child is born, but not before."

Crystal rolled her eyes and shouted Nathan's name so that he would be able to hear her in his office. When Nathan did not come out, Crystal bypassed Andy and ran to the president's office. When she arrived at his door, she gave Andy an impish grin, turned the knob, and walked in.

As Crystal walked in, everyone turned to look at her. So he really is in a meeting! - Crystal realized. She looked at Nathan and was surprised by the calm indifference she saw in his eyes. "Carry on," she said.

Crystal turned to leave, but Nathan said, "Don't leave. Miss Smith, you can come and sit beside me."

Crystal felt her scalp begin to tingle. She had thought that Nathan was still angry with her and that he didn't want to see her, so his invitation made no sense to her. Now she was trapped. She had no choice but to walk around the table and sit next to Nathan.

Once Crystal was seated, Nathan said they needed to get back to business, and one person stood up and said, "The focus of this month is the pre-advertising for commercial drones. The pre-advertising work will entice the appetite of consumers. In addition, the whole world is currently paying attention to our additional investment in the research and development of scientific and technological products. As for the fund, we have recruited a private equity team."

Nathan suddenly looked at Crystal and asked, "Did you sign the Henry Group's acquisition plan?"

Crystal began to feel dizzy as everyone turned to look at her, and it took her a while to recover. "I did," she lied, not knowing why she wasn't telling the truth.

The board members gave Crystal a curious look, but no one said anything. After a moment, Nathan said, "We're done here for today. Everyone can leave except Crystal."

The board members were shocked. Of course, it was out of character for Mr. Davis to end a meeting early. But that wasn't the only thing that was strange about the meeting. Typically, their boss didn't allow women into the board meeting, and there were no men on staff. Even his secretary was male. This trend had led most of them to believe that their boss was gay.

In the office - faced with the sudden silence, Crystal felt incredibly embarrassed. She cleared her throat and pushed her equity certificates to Nathan. Nathan didn't pick them up, though. Instead, he looked deep into her eyes and said, "If you are pregnant with my child, you shouldn't be running around. You should be at home resting."

She thought Nathan had done talking, but suddenly he leaned over and whispered into her ear, "Are you not afraid of the consequences of your lies?"

Crystal gave Nathan an awkward look. She saw that he hadn't picked up the document, and she restrained answering his last words, "I was afraid that you didn't want to see me."

Nathan: "Why wouldn't I want to see you?"

Crystal: "Because of what happened yesterday... I didn't ask Tiffany to wear your clothes."

Nathan: "I know."

Crystal: "You know?"

Nathan frowned slightly. His face was still handsome, though, and it transcended all worldliness. His slightly lowered eyebrows and inquiring eyes pierced her soul. Crystal knew that he was waiting for her to talk about the divorce and how she'd snuck into the club to take photos of him, but she was utterly tongue-tied.

Chapter 1549 - 67: Does That Answer Your Question?

Crystal looked at Nathan, and in an attempt to change the subject, she said, "I can't accept your gift. It is too much. If I accepted it, I wouldn't know what to do with it. It would be a burden to me."

Nathan looked at her sadly and said, "I am sorry that my gift is a burden to you. It wasn't intended to be. I was hoping that it would bring you joy...."

"And it did!" Crystal exclaimed. "Please, don't be sorry. I'm very grateful to you. If it weren't for your gift, my family would have destroyed my self-esteem and ruined my Birthday. So thanks to you, it has been one of the best Birthdays ever!"

"I am confused," Nathan admitted.. "Does that mean that you will accept the gift? You will still hold it and be one of the shareholders of this company,"

"It means that I appreciate the gift," Crystal explained, "but it is still too much. I would much prefer another gift from you. Would that be okay?"

Nathan scowled. As far as he was concerned, Crystal was too opinionated, too calm, stubborn, and too clear about what she liked or disliked. All she wants is a divorce - he told himself.

He hated the idea that Crystal eagerly wanted to divorce him. It makes him feel so sad. He just wanted her to stay beside him and become his obedient wife.

He was convinced that other girls, in her situation, would have surrendered to him by now. After all, the shares that he'd given to her were worth more than one hundred billion dollars, which should have been more than enough to buy her affection.

Nathan worked hard to restrain his impulse to smash everything. The only thing that helped him keep his composure was his fear of frightening Crystal. Today was her Birthday, and from the beginning, he had hoped to fulfill all of her wishes. He wanted to give the best for her, not to scare her.

Nathan had known that Crystal would return to the Henry's Mansion Today, and her mother, Elsa, had once mentioned that her Grandfather had left a will for her. Furthermore, when his subordinate had approached Todd, he learned about how Todd had tricked Crystal. Thus, in an attempt to protect her, he had given her 30% of the shares and drawn up a plan to acquire the Henry's Group. It had never occurred to him, though, that this might not be what she wanted. But if that's not what she wants, what does she want? - he wondered.

Nathan thought about it for a moment, and then he asked her if she still wanted a divorce. When Crystal heard the question, she stood up. Her lips moved, but she didn't say anything. She walked around him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

Crystal pressed her cheek against his back, and she felt his strong back muscles flex. "Does that answer your question?" she asked. Crystal lowered her hands and felt his manhood stiffen and twitch.

"What does this mean?" Nathan gasped.

"It means that I am open to the idea of being with you," Crystal said. "Give me a month to figure out what I want. And let me get to know you, understand you, and perhaps even fall in love with you on my own terms."

Nathan raised his eyebrows slightly as he realized that Crystal was negotiating with him in her own way and that the conditions would not be as simple as they seemed. He turned around, faced her, and waited for her to continue.

The room was quiet but for the sound of their breathing. Crystal looked Nathan in the eyes and said, "For this to work, though, you need to stop trying to assault me. You know I hate it when you attempt to force me," Crystal thought about the day when Nathan had rushed into her room and almost fucked her. She knew that now that she had turned eighteen, there was nothing to stop Nathan from assaulting her whenever he wanted - unless they had an agreement in place.

"Let me see if I understand what you're saying," Nathan said. "You want me to give you a chance to fall in love with me willingly, and if I try to force myself on you, will you leave me? Is that what you're saying? Because, if it is, it's not fair! What do I get out of restraining myself?"

Crystal pushed Nathan away and glared at him. "How dare you?" she shouted. "I don't think that anything I've asked of you is unreasonable!"

Nathan laughed and said, "Calm down. How about this: We will play your game, but if you fall in love with me, you have to give birth to my children. What do you say to that?"

Crystal gasped and said, "You wouldn't dare!"

"You don't think so?" Nathan scoffed. He squeezed her chin and lifted her face so that she was forced to look at him. "Does that mean you don't agree to my terms?" He ran his fingers down her neck and chest, lingering on her little girl's breasts, and stopped at her abdomen.

Crystal shivered from the pleasure of his touch. "Fine," she sighed. "I agree. But it should be plan properly,"

The idea had been hers, but she suddenly felt like she'd made a pact with the devil. She could easily imagine herself pushing a double stroller, with two more youngsters clinging to the hem of her dress, and the thought made her nauseous.

Nathan smiled and said, "Happy birthday, Crystal."

Crystal slowly raised her eyes. These simple words warmed her heart, and she couldn't help but return his smile. "Thank you, she said." She leaned forward to kiss Nathan, but before their lips touched, there was a knock on the door.

Nathan frowned and said, "Come in."

The doorknob turned, and Andy walked in. He looked at Nathan and said, "Mr. Davis, your father just called. He said that he is downstairs waiting for you."

Chapter 1550 - 68: You Wouldn't Dare To Stay Away

Nathan looked at Crystal and said, "Dammit. I forgot that I was meeting my Dad today. I hate to abandon you on your Birthday."

Crystal: "That's okay. I have an appointment with Serenity."

Nathan: "I will wait for you at home tonight."

"Oh, did you still want to give me a birthday party? What if I can't come back?" Crystal said half-jokingly..

"You wouldn't dare stay away!" Nathan said with a playful smile.

On her way out, Crystal laughed as she passed Andy. She said, "See you later, Andy. I'm off to get an abortion!"

Andy's mouth was full of water, and he nearly choked on a mouthful. "So funny," he said sarcastically, once he'd gotten his coughing under control.

Crystal: "Does your company only recruit men?"

Andy shook his head and said, "Accurately, we only recruit married men."

Crystal lowered her voice and asked, "Don't you think it's weird?"

Andy: "What? That our boss likes married men?"

"I didn't say it," Crystal giggled. "You did." After that, she looked past Andy and called out, "Yoo-hoo, President Davis."

"I will not be baited into playing your childish games!" Andy said sternly.

Suddenly, Nathan came out of his office, and Andy's face turned red when he realized that his boss had heard what he'd said. Luckily for him, Nathan didn't seem interested in the implications of what he'd said.

Nathan glanced at Crystal and said, "Are you leaving now, or are you waiting to give birth to that child on the table in the boardroom?"

Crystal turned around and ran away without saying another word. Once she was gone, Nathan turned to Andy and said, "Next time, when Miss Smith comes, you can let her in without any notice or appointment."

"Y-Yes, S-Sir," Andy stammered. "Whatever you say, Sir."

"And, Andy," Nathan added, "have my Father meet me in my office."

As Crystal entered the elevator, she happened to pass a middle-aged man. She noticed the man because he had a strong aura, and there was a kind of arrogance in his bones that warned her not to get close to him.

Amos glanced at Crystal as he passed her. He pondered her appearance for a while, and when he looked back again, she was gone. The elevator doors had already closed.

Amos turned back around and walked to the president's office, where Nathan was waiting for him. Nathan was sitting on the sofa, preparing a pot of tea. Crystal's equity contract was sitting on the table in front of him.

When Amos came in, Nathan stood up and greeted his father. Amos nodded and took a seat beside his son. After a moment, he said, "I heard that you gave away 30% of the company. That can't be true, can it?"

Nathan silently poured two cups of tea, nodded, and said, "True as true can be."

Amos slammed his fist on the table and shouted, "How could you be so stupid? Why would you do that? Now I have to talk to the lawyers about how we can go about recovering the loss if it's even possible!"

Nathan had never seen his father so angry, but he had done what he did intentionally, and he was not afraid of any repercussions from his father. He handed Amos a cup of tea and said, "Here. Drink this. It will help you calm down."

"You don't need to worry about lawyers, okay? Since I have given the shares away, I will not take them back. She deserved it,"

Without warning, Amos hit Nathan in the forehead with the tea. "You are such a prodigal!" he roared. "Do you know the value of 30% of our shares? Why don't you sell all of our property and give it to that girl?"

Nathan: "I would like to, but she wouldn't want it."

"You! You!" Amos exclaimed. He pressed his fingers to his temples. He had high blood pressure, and he felt that his head was about to explode because of Nathan. "Who did you give the shares to anyway?"

"I gave them to Crystal Smith," Nathan replied. He waited for his father to take his blood pressure medication, and then he said, "Anyway, this is what the Davis family owes the Smith family. I won't take it back because it originally belonged to her mother."

Amos raised his head. "Are you talking about the Smith family?" he asked. There was no more anxiety or anger in his voice. Instead, he sounded a little bit guilty. "Are you sure? She still looks young, and I'm afraid she can't handle a huge responsibility like this!"

Nathan nodded and said, "I'm sure."

A long time ago, the Davis family had caused the Smith family to be exterminated. Only Elsa Smith survived, and even 30% of the shares were not nearly enough to compensate for what had been done.

"She was the girl in the elevator," Amos realized. "I thought she looked familiar,"

"She really looks like her mother, Elsa..." Amos sighed and stood up. "Well, I understand what you've done, but don't let your mother know about it."

"Okay," Nathan said. He knew about his mother's temper, and he had no intention of waking it up. If she knew about what he'd done, he was afraid that she would go after Crystal.

After sending Amos away, Nathan quickly asked Andy to bring him medicine to reduce the swelling on his forehead from where he'd been hit with the teacup.

"You're lucky it didn't break when it hit you," Amos said when he returned. Nathan closed his eyes and applied the medicine, which made him feel a little cold and only slightly relieved the pain. "How do you think your Father found out about you giving Miss Smith the shares?"

"I hadn't thought of that," Nathan admitted. "Check into it. When I find out who is leaking information, I will make them pay."

"I will get right on it," Andy said. "Will there be anything else?"

Nathan: "One other thing, Andy. What do girls generally like to get for a birthday present?"

Chapter 1551 - 69: Is That Your Friend?

Andy gave Nathan the awkward eye. One minute his boss seemed to be decisive and cruel, and the next, he was like an immature and innocent schoolboy suffering from his first case of puppy love. Oh, boy - thought Andy, Don't tell me this is the first time he has dated someone!

After a moment's consideration, he said, "Girls usually like gifts that are prepared with the heart."

"Prepared with the heart?" Nathan murmured with his brows furrowed.

"Put some genuine thought into the gift," Andy clarified. "It doesn't have to be expensive,"

Things like hand-woven scarves, love letters, homemade chocolates, well-chosen dolls, or sentimental cards often go over better than pricier items." Andy paused and smiled at the thought of his boss working with knitting needles or baking chocolates.

Nathan groaned. "So, you mean gifts that are old-fashioned...." he massaged his temples with the tips of his fingers and said, "That sounds hard."

In a room in the Merah Club - Today was Crystal's birthday, and Serenity had asked her cousin to help her reserve one of the larger rooms to hold a party.

As soon as Crystal entered the club, she received a text from Serenity telling her where to go. Crystal walked through the club, and when she got to the specified room, she found the door slightly ajar, and she looked inside before entering.

There was a stage in the center of the room, and all of her classmates stood on it. They were arranged in three circles. There was a small circle of people in the middle, a medium-sized circle of people surrounding them, and an even larger circle of people outside. In the center of the smallest circle, Downey danced. The strobe lights ran across his body like delicate fingers, and sweat dripped and glistened on his face as the funky young man swayed to the deafening heavy metal music. The girls couldn't keep their eyes off him, and they screamed when he gyrated his hips like Elvis Presley.

Crystal rolled her eyes at Downey as she entered the room, and when Downey saw her, he winked at her. Serenity was the next person to see Crystal. She had a tray of drinks in her hands, and she rushed over.

"Crystal!" she exclaimed. "You're late. We've all had three drinks already! You need to catch up!"

Crystal took one drink and nodded her head in Downey's direction. "What's he doing here?" she asked.

Serenity giggled and said, "I know, right? Downey's a bitch, but he agreed to warm up the party. He may be a slut, but you have to admit that he does know how to get a party started!"

"You call this a party?" Crystal laughed.

"Wait until you see what I've got prepared!"

Crystal downed her drink, rolled up her sleeves, and rushed onto the stage.

Downey was throwing kisses at the girls, but he stopped when he saw Crystal on the stage. He tried to hug her, but Crystal gave him a dirty look and pushed him away. Then she turned to the D.J. and said, "Change the song. Give me something I can dance to!"

The D.J. offered Crystal a mock salute, and almost immediately, Metallica's Enter Sandman was replaced by Lady Gaga's Poker Face. Crystal shouted, "Come on, everybody! Let's party!"

The bass-heavy beat hit the room hard, and several people - Crystal and Serenity being among them - began to sing along with

American pop singer. Everyone seemed to be having a good time, but Crystal overheard someone say, "What the fuck! Who picked this earworm?" Rather than ruining Crystal's good mood, it only made her laugh, and she began to sing louder.

Outside the room, Eric Bush was passing by. He was wearing a black suit and a pair of sunglasses. His ears caught the music playing in Crystal and Serenity's room, and he frowned. The door was still ajar, and he looked inside. He saw Crystal and Serenity, and he recognized them from his store, but he also felt like he recognized them from somewhere else.

When Erik didn't move along right away, one of his assistants said, "Master Bush, our room is one over."

Eric didn't answer. After a moment's hesitation, he took a half step into the room. Crystal was dancing at the front of the stage, but she was too lost in the music to notice him. After a few minutes, Johnny, the club's boss, appeared behind him. He touched Erik's shoulder and whispered into his ear: "They are having a birthday party. Are you interested in attending it?"

"Not at all," Erik replied. "They are just a bunch of witless kids." He turned to leave, but Crystal happened to toss her head and raise her chin high at that exact moment. The light shone on her face, highlighting her good features and diminishing her bad features. Her cheeks were flush, and her lips were half-open. Eric motioned to his assistant with an open hand, and his cell phone was placed into it. Erik scowled and threw his cell phone on the ground. "Not that," he hissed. "Give me my business card. Then pick up my phone. And it had better not be broken!"

Erik's assistant gave him his business card, and he handed it to Johnny. He pointed to Crystal and said, "Give this to that girl."

Johnny took the card and said, "No problem." After that, he waved to Downey.

Downey was in full swing, but he left the group once he received his boss's order and came to the door. "What's up?" he asked. "Today's my friend's birthday. I asked the manager for the night off in advance. I hope that's not a problem."

"Never mind that. What you do on your days off is of no concern to me." Johnny took a deep breath and slowly released it. "Is that your friend?" he asked as he pointed to Crystal.

Downey turned to where Johnny had pointed and said, "She's a friend of a friend.

Her name is Crystal."

Johnny: "Fine. Good. Go and give Crystal this card."

Downey took the card and was about to return to the stage, but Johnny seized it tightly and wouldn't let it go. He said, "If you can convince her to call this number, you'll get a bonus this month."

Chapter 1552 - 70: Where Is She?

Serenity watched the interaction between Downey and their boss, and when he returned to the stage, she went over to talk to him, intercepting him halfway so that they wouldn't have to shout over the music. "I saw Johnny talking to you," she said. "You didn't get fired, did you?"

"No," Downey replied. "I didn't get fired." He sighed. "I may as well have, though. What a bummer..."

"What the hell happened?" Serenity asked.

.

"It's nothing," Downey replied. "Johnny told me to give Crystal this business card and ask her to call the number on it."

Serenity snatched the card from Downey and read Erick Bush's name out loud. How did he find Crystal? - she wondered. And why did he ask Downey to give this card to her? Has he recognized us? Serenity waved Crystal over and explained everything to her. And when Crystal saw how anxious Downey was, she said, "Don't worry. I'll make the call. It's not a big deal. But you have to promise me that from now on, no matter who asks about me, you have to say that you don't know me. Okay?"

Downey nodded gratefully. He pretended to zip up his lips and said, "Set your mind at ease. I'm tight-lipped."

Serenity: "Now that that's settled, let's cut the cake."

After finishing cutting and eating the cake, the party continued, with everyone dancing, singing, and getting their drink on - but Crystal couldn't stop thinking about the phone call. She tried to put it out of her mind, but it was no good, so she eventually borrowed Serenity's phone, found a quiet place, and dialed the number she'd been given.

The phone rang several times, and just as she was about to hang up, Eric answered the phone and said, "Hello?"

"Hey, bugger." Crystal laughed and said, "It's me, Crystal, returning your call." Then she belched into the receiver and hung up.

Eric stared at the screen in shocked silence. He couldn't believe that Crystal had dared to be so rude to him. He stared at the number on his screen for a moment, and then he added it to his Contact List, writing "My Woman" in place of Crystal's actual name.

After hanging up the phone, Crystal blocked Eric's number and returned to the party. She wanted to return the cell phone to Serenity, but she couldn't find her. When she had last seen Serenity, she'd been pretty drunk. Apparently, she'd been playing a drinking game and had been on a losing streak. Crystal asked one of the other players if they knew where Serenity was, and she said that she had gone to the washroom.

Crystal figured that she would look for her friend there, but Serenity was nowhere to be found, and she began to panic. After a moment's hesitation, she decided to check the men's washroom. As drunk as Serenity is - she reasoned - it would be easy to mistake a men's restroom for a woman's.

When Crystal walked in, she was confronted with a man holding his manhood, peeing. She hurriedly covered her eyes with hands and shouted..

"Can I help you?" Eric asked.

Crystal: "Keep peeing. I'm just looking for someone."

Eric scowled and said, "I can't pee with you standing there!" And when Crystal didn't leave, he tucked his manhood back into his pants and zipped up his fly. After that, he took a step forward and tried to grab her wrist. Crystal dodged it, though, and he only managed to catch her sleeve. "What the fuck?" he shouted.

"I was peeing so happily when you barged in. Now you have to make it up to me...sexually!"

"Bigger off!" Crystal shouted. She pulled her sleeve away and said, "I am looking for someone. It's not my fault that you didn't finish taking your piss. Even if it was, that doesn't mean I have to have sex with you. Besides, don't you know that it's dangerous to stop mid-stream?!?!?"

As Crystal spoke, she began to search the washroom, calling out Serenity's name. She had just gone into the third and last cubicle when she sensed someone behind her. She turned around quickly and was once again confronted by Eric. She turned her back on him and said, "Be a good boy and go finish taking your piss. And be careful. You don't want to end up impotent.

Eric roared at her condescending impertinence, and this time, when he tried to grab Crystal's wrist, there was nowhere for her to go. Considering how dirty the washroom was, Eric was surprised by how aroused he was, but Crystal's soft and smooth arms.

Furthermore, he thought that his interrupted urination was causing him to hallucinate. She is like chili - he thought, and he giggled like a schoolboy.

Maybe I want a little chili for a change - Eric told himself - after tasting the little chili, I will definitely throw her away. Like garbage. But maybe someday I will think of her and reward her with another unforgettable night. Suddenly, his "little chili" bit his arm, and he shrieked like a little girl.

Eric lifted his arm to look at the place where Crystal had bitten him, and she shoved him backward. He fell on his ass, grunting as he hit the floor, and Crystal stepped over him and hurried towards the door. Just as she reached it, though, Eric said, "I know where your friend is." And her hand froze.

Crystal stopped and turned around. She gazed directly into Eric's wild and cunning eyes. "Where is she?"

Eric: "In my room. It's right next to yours."

"Yeah, right," Crystal scoffed. "You wish. She would rather be probed by aliens than by you."

After saying that, Crystal left the washroom and returned to the party, hoping that Serenity had returned by now. As she passed through the club, though, she was overcome by a sense of impending

doom. What if Eric had abducted her? - she worried. Although Serenity practiced taekwondo, she was too drunk to defend herself. Thus, perhaps she was in Eric's room after all....

Crystal groaned when she realized what she had to do. Instead of returning to her party, she walked past it. She stopped at Eric's room, put her hand against the door, and as she pushed it open, the lights flickered and went out. Almost immediately, the men inside began to shout, "Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!"

Suddenly, someone grabbed Crystal and pulled her inside. Someone else slammed the door shut behind her. She could see nothing and had no idea what was happening. "Help!" she cried, and almost immediately, the lights came back on.

Crystal looked around the room, at the half-naked women and at the horny perverts who paid them to be this way. They were all looking at her. "Who is this woman?" one of the men asked, "Why is she still dressed?"

Eric was sitting between two women. He gazed at Crystal with burning eyes. This was the first time he'd seen her clearly since the department store incident. Her simple ponytail, white T-shirt, black tight denim skirt, and white shoes made her look fresh and pure.

Closer to the edge of the couch, Crystal saw Serenity. "Serenity!" she exclaimed. Her friend had drunk so much, though, that she didn't even hear her. Crystal shouted her name again, and this time she managed to lift her eyelids, but that was all the response she got.