

Midnight III 71

Chapter 1553 - 71: Do As You Like

Serenity was as naked as the other women, and she was lying in the arms of a strange man. His name was Richard, and he was groping her breasts and playing with her nipples. He looked up at Crystal, smiled, and said, "Come and play with us."

Crystal glared at the man and said, "Let her go, you piece of shit. If you don't, I'll call the police."

The man laughed and said, "Go ahead and call the police. If you think you can." He nudged the man beside him. "Officer, this bitch wants to call the police. You want to deal with her?"

"I'd love to," the officer replied. He showed

Crystal took his badge and said, "Come here, bitch.. Do you have a problem you want to report?" The officer stood up and tried to grab Crystal's arm, but she dodged it easily.

The officer laughed and said, "You wouldn't dare resist an officer of the law, would you?"

Crystal ignored him and tried to get her friend to stand up. "Come on, Serenity," she said. "Let's go!" She gave two hard pulls, and then she finally had Serenity on her feet. She helped Serenity put her clothes on, and they walked together towards the door.

They had only gone a few steps, though, when Richard rushed over and blocked their way. "This is my girl!" he shouted. "And I won't let you take her!"

"Do you know this girl?" Crystal scoffed, "Do you even know her name?" "Uh..." Richard was suddenly rendered speechless.

Crystal: "You don't know, right? Then what makes you think she's your girl? Let me tell you something; she's my best friend. She came here for my birthday party, so I'll take her away safely, even if I have to risk my life to do it!"

"How touching," Richard chuckled. "But do you think you're at a supermarket? Do you think that you can come and go as you please?"

Richard reached out and tried to catch Crystal. "Don't say that I didn't warn you," he continued. "That woman is my toy for the day. I suggest you leave her behind and scurry back into whatever hole you crawled out of. If you insist on staying, you will be forced into a threesome or an outright orgy."

The police officer laughed, and everyone else followed his merry example. "I wouldn't mind a good orgy," he said. "It sounds exciting!"

Crystal glared at Richard and put herself between him and Serenity. "You scoundrel!" she hissed.

Richard: "What's wrong with me? I have a big enough manhood to satisfy both of you." "What the fuck is wrong with you people?!?!" Crystal exclaimed. She looked around the room in dismay.

Eric smirked and said, "What a little hot chili. Curse as much as you like, little chili. The more ruthlessly you scold us, the louder you'll groan when we finally assault you!"

Crystal: "Get real. You're nothing but a yellow dog. You can dream all you want, but I have to walk out of that door. Don't blame me for being rude if you guys try to stop me. I'm not kidding!"

The man on Eric's right, Antony Johns, leaned over and whispered into Eric's ear: "This is funny. She has an attitude, doesn't she?"

Antony Johns was one of Eric's employees, and he had been there on the day of the bag incident, but he only now recognized her. "Wait," he said. "I remember her from the store. Don't you have a crush on this girl? How come you aren't standing up for her, like a hero who saves a beautiful girl?"

Eric chuckled and said, "Do I look like a hero? Moreover, does she look like a beauty?"

That got everyone laughing, except for Antony, who had seen how much his Boss liked Crystal. His face remained serious, and he said, "Don't blame me for not reminding you. If you want to be a hero, you have to take action now. If you save her, she will be grateful to you, and she will probably dedicate herself to you. You would be a God in her eyes."

Eric thought about that for a while. Meanwhile, Richard looked Crystal in the eyes, patted the empty seat beside him, and said, "Is our beauty angry? Come on, come here, sit down, and let's have a chat. Let me make you an offer you can't refuse."

"She can't refuse it because we won't let her," the police officer added. Everyone laughed except Antony, who was getting red in the face.

Antony glared at Eric and said, "Are you really not going to save her? You know how dirty and mean Richard is. If you don't help her, you are practically signing her death warrant?"

Eric: "If you are that concerned, why don't you save her yourself?"

Antony: "You know that my word does not come backed with the same authority that yours does!"

Eric shrugged but said nothing. Antony sighed helplessly and said, "Boss, you don't make any sense to me. If you're not interested in that girl, why did you give her your business card?" Antony looked away and said, "Never mind. Do as you like. I suppose that it is none of my business what you do..."

Eric drew a cigarette from his pocket and

lit it. He took his first drag, held the smoke in his lungs, and let it fill the room. The smoke spread thicker with each puff, and he watched Crystal through the haze, surprised that no one was complaining. What a stubborn woman! - he thought. He decided that if Crystal asked for his help, then he would help her. All it would take was a pleading look in his direction, and he would step between her and Richard.

Eric waited for the look to come, but it didn't happen. If only she hadn't embarrassed me - he thought. Eric was used to being worshiped by countless women, so it was no wonder that he didn't know how to handle Crystal's indifference. What made matters worse was that cupid's arrow had struck Eric for the first time.

Eric had been distracted, but Crystal's sudden outburst brought him back to attention. Crystal had just finished telling Richard that he smelled like shit.

"Really?" Richard exclaimed. "I smell like shit. That's pretty rich coming from a smelly cunt like you!" Richard pretended to sniff both of his armpits, and he gave Crystal a lewd smile. "I get it. You must want to help me remove my smell with your body's oh so lovely scent. When we smash!" As he spoke, he took off his shirt to reveal his upper body. "Does Eric's little chili want to see if there are other smells on me?" He leaned closer to Crystal.

Crystal grimaced.

Chapter 1554 - 72: She's Unique

Serenity was still unconscious, and Crystal could only pray that she would wake up as soon as possible. Serenity's ability as a 2nd Dan Black Belt Taekwondo master would come in handy right about now. There were more than ten men in the room, and one of them was a police officer. If they didn't do something quick, they would both be assaulted and possibly even murdered.

The situation seemed hopeless. What had started as one of the best Birthdays of Crystal's life was quickly turning into a nightmare.

"Have you figured out who you're going to screw first?" Richard wondered. "If I get the first shot at you, and you satisfy me, I will pay you handsomely!"

Crystal sniffed the air and made an ugly face. "In addition to the smell of shit on you," she said, "there's another smell."

"Really?" Richard smiled evilly and said, "That must be my pheromones!"

Crystal smirked as she kicked Richard between the legs.. "Could be," she said, and she laughed viciously as he bent over and fell to the ground. "But that'll take care of that. Now all I can smell is your shattered balls and bruised ego!" Crystal tried to pick Serenity back up, but the police officer put his hand on her chest and pinned her down.

Crystal scowled and said, "Well, if this is the way it has to be, then so be it." She grabbed an empty beer bottle from the table and smashed it against the table's edge, and broke it into two pieces. Then, with her free hand, she grabbed Richard's collar and brandished the broken glass against his neck. "If you don't want your friend to die, then let go of my friend."

But for the sound of the music, the room went deathly quiet. Everyone was stunned, even Crystal. She would never have expected that things would escalate to this point. Antony was dumbfounded. Crystal is so strong - he thought- "She's also unique! Amazing! And Perfect!" He turned to Eric and grinned. "If you're not into her," he said, "I certainly am!"

Eric smacked him across the back of the head and said, "You'll have to talk to my manhood about that." He laughed. "She's my woman, so don't even think about it."

Richard began to panic as Crystal pressed the broken glass into his tender flesh. "You dirty bitch," he whined. "What do you want?"

Crystal: "Don't you know what I want? Let go of my friend. If you do, then perhaps you might still live to see the sunrise. You have a lot of money, but I'm just a pauper. I have nothing to lose. Think about that."

"If you harm me in any way, I'll kill your entire family!" Richard shouted. He couldn't get over the fact that a girl who looked to be only eighteen or nineteen years old would dare stab him.

"Go ahead," Crystal chuckled. "I'm an orphan, I don't have a family, so death has no hold over me. But you're different. If you die, think about how sad your parents will be, and think about the money you haven't spent yet. Wouldn't it be a pity if I cut your life short so early?"

"Fuck!" Richard groaned. "What a sharp tongue you have, and yet -" Before he could finish what he was trying to say, the glass pierced his skin, and he felt a slow trickle of blood run down his neck. "Ouch!" he cried. "That fucking hurt..."

"Shut up!" Crystal shouted. "No more talk. Let. Go. Of. My. Friend. NOW! Any more stalling will cost you your life!"

Richard was more scared than he had been in his life, but he also felt humiliated. It was embarrassing to be overcome by a woman. "Okay," he said. "How about we make a deal?"

You let me go first, and I'll tell my friend to let go of your friend at the same time."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Crystal asked. "If I let you go, your friend won't let go of my friend. Anyway, this isn't a negotiation. You are my hostage, and you know my demands!" As she spoke, she pushed the glass deeper into Richard's neck, and the flow of blood increased and pooled on his shirt collar.

The room was filled with the acrid scent of urine as Richard urinated in his pants.

"Damn it!" he cried. "Let her go. This crazy bitch is serious!"

"Oh. My. God!" Antony shouted excitedly. "fuck! What a Nancy Boy! He's pissed himself! For God's sake, just let them go. This situation is getting out of hand!"

The police officer leaned back, looked at Crystal, and said, "Go ahead. She's all yours." Crystal cracked Richard over the head with the blunt end of the bottle, and he collapsed unconscious on the floor. Then, while still brandishing the bottle, she helped her friend to her feet, and they staggered out of the room together.

Eric and Anthony were both impressed by Crystal's ability to stay calm in the face of danger. She was courageous, intelligent, bold, and loyal to her friends, all of which were endearing qualities in a woman.

Richard was only unconscious for about a minute, and when he sat up, there was a look of triumph on his face. His neck was bleeding badly, though, and one of the women shrieked.

"Quick!" she cried. "Call an ambulance, quick!"

"fuck the ambulance!" Richard shouted. He grabbed a napkin and pressed it to the wound. He looked at the woman and said, "Call your mother!" Then he turned to the police officer. "Hurry up and catch that

dirty bitch! How dare she hurt me!" After being tormented and humiliated by Crystal, Richard knew that he would become a laughingstock unless he taught her a lesson.

The officer hurried to get up, but Eric stopped him. "Don't even touch her," he said.

Everyone looked at Eric. Eric was a powerful man, and there were very few men who dared to disobey him. For a moment, the room was utterly silent - except for the sound of the music. Then, after a moment, Antony said, "That settles that. There is no reason to let those two girls ruin our party. Go on enjoying yourself. Keep in mind that if you piss off Master Bush, he will make you regret it." Richard was glad that Eric had finally done the right thing and stood up for Crystal.

Richard was going to say something, but after hearing Antony's words, he was forced to swallow his pride and suppress his anger.

After what had happened, Eric was no longer in the mood to party, so he excused himself and left the room.

Chapter 1555 - 73: Let Me Take Care Of You

When Eric thought about the way Crystal had stood up to Richard, he remembered the whore who'd spat wine in his face the last time he'd been at the club. The girls were similar in height and figure, and they both had the same stunning eyes. Eric shook his head in an attempt to shake the feeling of déjà vu. Could they be the same girl? - he asked himself - No. That was impossible. After all, the whore had a mole at the corner of her eye!

Eric turned to the entrance of the club and saw Crystal and Serenity outside. They were waiting for a taxi. Until next time he thought, and he smiled, confident that there would be the next time.

Because Crystal didn't think it would be safe to leave Serenity alone, she brought her friend home. When they arrived, the lights were on, reminding her that Nathan had said he would be waiting for her when she came home.

When Crystal began going with Carlos - way back when her mother had still been alive, their relationship had forced a wedge between her and her mother.. And suddenly, her house no longer felt like home. But, now that Nathan was waiting for her, the warm feeling of safety had returned, and it warmed her heart.

When Crystal brought Serenity into their home, Nathan met them in the living room. He was wearing a bathrobe with a V-necked collar that was slightly open, revealing his strong chest muscles, and Crystal could tell that he'd just gotten out of the shower. The hair on his chest was still slightly damp, and it glistened. His bangs were also wet. They hung over his forehead, and water dripped from them like rain on his beautiful cheeks. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Serenity is drunk," Crystal explained. "She's going to stay with us for the night. I hope that's okay...."

Serenity grunted and said, "I'm not drunk. I can walk by myself." She took a step forward on her own, staggered, and would have fallen if not for Nathan's quick reflexes.

"Not drunk, my ass," Nathan laughed, and he helped her to the couch.

"She's doing a lot better than she was," Crystal explained. "At the club, she'd been unconscious and at the mercy of others." As she thought about what had happened and what might have happened if not for her quick thinking, her arms broke out in gooseflesh. "Do you want to help me bring her to one of the guest rooms?"

They both looked at Serenity. She had passed out already, and Nathan said, "Why don't we just let her sleep it off on the couch? If you want to make her more comfortable, I'll grab a blanket from the closet upstairs."

Crystal nodded, and as Nathan went upstairs, she went to sit beside her friend. She took off her shoes and socks, pulled off her pants, and helped her sit up so that she could undo and take off her bra. Then she went to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

By the time Crystal returned, Nathan was back in the living room. He'd spread the blanket over her and tucked in the sides so it wouldn't fall off. He looked up and said, "Is there anything else I can do to help?"

"No," she replied. "She should be good."

Crystal bent down and placed the water on the coffee table. In the morning, Serenity would have a wicked hangover. If she woke up in the middle of the night and drank the water, it might not be so bad. Crystal ran her hands through her friend's hair and sighed. "You've never known your limits," she whispered. Then she kissed her friend's forehead, straightened up, and turned around. And as she turned around, she hit Nathan's muscular chest.

Nathan looked down at Crystal's hands, but she quietly hid them behind her back. He smiled as he reached around her and held her hands, and his sudden touch made her tremble. It was like a galvanic shock, and she could feel the current running through her body, from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

Nathan gently brought her hands around her waist so that their joint hands swung loosely between them. He brought her hands up to his face and kissed each knuckle, bringing warmth to Crystal's purely sexual body. Finally, he opened her palm so that he could kiss there, but he was stopped by the sight of a scrape that ran from the Thenar Line to the Distal Wrist Crease on her right hand. He frowned and asked, "What happened?"

At first, Crystal had no idea, but after a moment, she realized that she must have cut it on the beer bottle she'd been brandishing - My adrenaline levels must have been so high that my brain didn't register the pain! "It must have happened at the club," she explained. "But I have no recollection of it happening!"

"Let me take care of you," Nathan said, and he picked Crystal up in his strong arms. He carried her into the bathroom, set her on the toilet, took out the First Aid Kit, and cleaned her wound. He applied

Polysporin to it, wrapped it in gauze, and then he kissed her palm. "All done and good as new!" He looked up into her eyes. "That didn't hurt, did it?"

Crystal shook her head. Her heart was beating, and she felt breathless. She couldn't have replied verbally if she'd wanted to. She could feel the heat of his hand on hers, and it seemed to be spreading up her arm. With his eyes on hers, she felt inexplicably nervous and bashful.

After a moment, Nathan let go of Crystal's hand and asked her if she was hungry. At the thought of food, her stomach growled, and she nodded. Nathan smiled as he stood up. "Then I'll cook something for you to eat," he said.

Crystal followed Nathan into the kitchen and watched as he boiled water in a pot and added two portions of Angel Hair Pasta. Then, he sautéed tomatoes, carrots, onion, minced pork, and beef in a pan. He was a Master Chef, and everything he did was intentional. Even without any spices, the dish's enticing aroma filled the room, making Crystal's mouth water.

Chapter 1556 - 74: A Birthday Present

Crystal came up behind Nathan and wrapped her hands around his waist. She kissed the back of his neck and shoulders and said, "Whatever it is that you're cooking, it smells delicious."

"I hope it tastes as good as it smells," Nathan replied, and even though Crystal couldn't see his face, she could tell that he was smiling. After a moment, Nathan chuckled, and he said, "I almost forgot that it's your Birthday! I have a present for you. It's in my pocket. You can get it if you'd like."

"A present?" Crystal exclaimed happily. "For me?" After everything that had happened at the bar, she'd pretty much forgotten that it was her Birthday.

"Go ahead!" Nathan laughed and said, "Take a look!"

Crystal reached one hand into each pocket and frowned when she didn't immediately find anything. His pockets were large, though, so she went deeper and moved her fingers all about. Through the fabric, she could feel Nathan's strong abdominal muscles, but the pockets seemed empty.. Then, just as she was about to give up, something seemed to bop the top of her fingers, and it got bigger as she explored its shape. After a moment, she was able to wrap her hand around it, and in confusion, she asked, "What's this?"

Nathan placed his hands over hers so that she couldn't pull away if she tried to, and he said, "That's Little Nathan."

"But it's not actually in your pocket," Crystal said. She was very confused now. "Is this or is this not my Birthday present?"

Nathan moaned, and he ignored the question. He said, "Pay attention to what you're doing. You can't just fumble around with Little Nathan. If he gets too big, and you haven't yet taken charge of him, you will not be able to control him!"

Crystal's brow furrowed. She suddenly thought she understood something about what he was saying, and she began to blush. "Can't control the size of it?" she asked. "After all, it is yours..."

Without even thinking about it, Crystal had been playing with Little Willy the whole time that they'd been talking. Suddenly it began to twitch, and then her hand was wet. She tried to pull her out, and Nathan released his hold on her. She smelt her fingers, scowled, and said, "This is a rotten birthday present!"

Nathan laughed as he turned around. "That's not your present," he said. "Your gift isn't in the pocket of my robe, silly. It's in the pocket of my coat! On the recliner in the living room!"

Crystal groaned. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"Why would I?" he asked. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself, and I didn't want to spoil the experience for you.

"More like you were enjoying yourself," Crystal scoffed.

"Same difference," Nathan chuckled.

"Anyway, why don't you clean your hands up and check out your real gift?"

Crystal sighed as she cleaned her hands. Then she retrieved her gift, and much to her surprise, she saw that it was from her mother. There was a card on the front, and she opened it carefully. Just the sight of her mother's handwriting brought tears to her eyes.

The letter said: "Crystal's favorite snack is Twinkies. Her favorite fruit is the cherry. She's afraid of the dark, of frogs and snakes. Her menstruation is at the end of each month, and she suffers from abdominal pain and cramping while she's on her period. During this time, she often feels insecure about her body. At that time, please give her a hug and an extra Strength Advil. It helps. And please cook pasta for her on her Birthday. Finally, please love her for me."

At the bottom of the card, there was a pasta recipe. There was something else there, but Crystal couldn't read it. She was crying too hard to see properly. Receiving this letter from beyond the grave had opened up all of her old wounds.

Nathan gently held Crystal in his arms. He had wanted to give her a surprise, not make her cry. He gently patted her on the back and said, "All right. Don't cry. Don't cry."

Crystal pushed him away and said, "It's all your fault." She leaned forward, wiped her eyes on his sleeve, and then she blew snot into it.

"Fine," Nathan said. "All right. It's all my fault." Nathan doted on her as if she were a child, letting her do whatever she wanted while waiting for her to calm down. Then he carried her into the dining room, sat her on a chair, and brought out her Birthday dinner.

Crystal leaned forward as she ate, and the familiar taste brought back good memories.

Nathan ruffled her hair and smiled. "How does it taste?" he asked.

Crystal nodded and said, "It's just like how my mother used to make it. Thank you. This meal is the best gift I've received today."

It seemed to Nathan that Crystal had forgotten entirely about the present, but he didn't remind her. He was worried that it would make her start crying again.

Crystal sniffed loudly and looked at Nathan. For a moment, she thought that if she spent the rest of her life with him, it might not be that bad. In fact, if she submitted to him and gave up on her pursuit of love, it would be quite easy. "Where is your food?" she asked.

"I'll get it now," he replied. "You can feed me with your mouth."

A string of noodles was hanging from Crystal's mouth, and Nathan leaned forward to eat them, as the dogs do in the movie *Lady and the Tramp*. Before he could get to it, though, Crystal slurped it into her mouth at the last second.

Nathan was not to be deterred. Instead of pulling away, he bit into her lip with his sharp teeth and forced her mouth open so that he could suck out the food.

Crystal cried out in pain and anger as her mouth was filled with the taste of blood. Before she could do anything, though, he took her hands, and his touch turned her displeasure into pleasure.

Nathan approached her again, and he pressed his lips on hers. Then, in a hoarse voice, he said, "Don't play with fire, woman." As soon as he finished speaking, he took her into his arms and held her tightly against him.

"Professor... Davis..." Crystal would rebuke him and push him away, but she could not find the strength of will to follow through with her intentions. And the way that Crystal looked at him at that moment caused Nathan to lose his ability to think straight. His eyes swept from her eyes to her nose and finally settled on her pink jelly-like lips.

Like an animal, Nathan's lust took control of his body. He leaned forward and kissed Crystal again, this time more passionately than before. As she kissed him back, Crystal felt all of the strength in her body slip away. She felt numb and light as a feather.

Nathan's hands went up Crystal's shirt, and he tore her bra away so that he could get at her girlishly small breasts. He kneaded them, pressed them flat, and when he pulled at her nipples, he felt her tremble as she experienced her first orgasm. He smiled and moaned into her ear: "Happy Birthday, Crystal!"

Chapter 1557 - 75: Come Here

Crystal shuddered as a wave of pleasure passed over her body. As soon as it passed, though, her senses returned to her, and the reality of her situation numbed her. She had given Nathan a month to prove that he was worthy of being her husband, but almost immediately after he agreed to her terms, she had allowed him to seduce her.

Crystal was disappointed by her lack of self-control, and she knew that she needed to get a handle on the situation before it passed the point of no return. After all, it was possible to get pregnant after having sex only once, and the last thing she wanted in her life right now was a screaming baby. And she especially did not want to have Nathan's screaming baby.

When Nathan put the moves on Crystal, he got her juices flowing, but she wanted more than sexual passion and pleasure from a marriage. She wanted love.

Just as Crystal was beginning to try to push Nathan off her, she looked up and saw that Serenity was standing in the doorway with an empty glass in her hand. From the look on her face, Crystal guessed that she had been standing there for at least a few minutes.

Serenity's eyes met Crystal's, and then they fell to the floor in embarrassment.. "I j-just w-wanted more w-water," Serenity stammered. "I'll g-get it f-from the b-bathroom. I'm so-sorry to have b-bothered you." Serenity turned around, but Crystal stopped her before she could leave.

She pushed Nathan away and said, "Come on you Juice Head. I'll get you some water, and you should eat something too. Then you won't have a hangover."

Nathan scowled at Serenity as he lost his hold on Crystal's breasts, but he didn't say anything.

Crystal made Serenity a ham and cheese sandwich to go with the second glass of water, and by the time she'd finished eating, she seemed at least half-sober. She thanked Crystal, and Crystal said, "It's no problem. That's what friends are. Now, why don't you go back to sleep? You still look pretty rough."

Serenity nodded and allowed Crystal to lead her back to the living room, but Serenity turned back and looked at Nathan before they'd left the kitchen. "Don't worry," she said, and she winked. "I'll have her back in your arms in no time!"

Crystal immediately covered Serenity's mouth with her hand and pulled her into the living room. Once they were alone, she scowled and said, "Serenity, sometimes you are so annoying!"

Serenity smiled sheepishly and said, "I'm sorry, Crystal. I didn't mean to ruin your night. I should have walked away when I saw what you and Nathan were up to, but it was just so hot, and it made me horny." Serenity had a big mouth when she was drunk.

"Shut up, will you?" Crystal raised her hand, made a fist, and pretended to hit her friend's shoulder. "What woke you up anyway?"

"I kept getting text messages from a strange number," Serenity replied. "My phone was like, beep beep beep beep beep. It was driving me crazy!"

"Why didn't you turn your cell phone?" Crystal asked.

"I did," Serenity replied. "Eventually. But by then, I was fully awake, and I had to race like a piss horse." She laughed at her intentionally mixed-up words and continued: "Anyway, I'm not tired anymore. Why don't we hang out a bit before you go back to your studly man?"

Crystal sighed and said, "Fine." She wasn't in any race to get back to her' studly man. She picked up Serenity's phone and scrolled through the messages. "They're from Eric Bush," she explained. "He thinks he is texting me. I'll block his number. He and his friends didn't hurt you, did they?"

"I'll live," Serenity replied. "Honestly, I barely remember what happened."

Maybe that's for the best-Crystal thought. After a moment, she said, "On second thought, I think I want to go to bed. I'm pretty tired. And you're still drunk. If you lay down, I'm sure you'll fall asleep right away."

Serenity's smile turned to a Cheshire's grin as she put an arm around her friend's shoulder and said, "I'll escort you back." Then, she stood up, ran across the living room, up the stairs, down the hallway, and straight to Nathan's room without waiting for a reply. Crystal chased after her, only to find her friend lying in her husband's bed.

Crystal approached the bed and asked, "What do you want?"

Serenity began to laugh. Then she grabbed Crystal and pulled her onto the bed. "I promised Professor Davis that I would have you back in his arms in no time," she said. Then she shouted down the hallway: "Hey, Professor Davis! She's ready for you!"

It seemed that Nathan had been waiting just around the corner because he immediately appeared in the doorway. And he had what appeared to be a stick in his hand. He nodded to Serenity, and she got up and left the room. Crystal wanted to follow her friend, but she knew that Nathan would block her way.

Nathan gave Crystal a stern look and said, "Come here."

"W-What d-do you w-want?" Crystal stammered. She looked nervously at the stick in his hands.

Nathan smirked. "What do you think I should do?" he replied, answering a question with a question. He lifted the stick in the air, and Crystal realized that it wasn't a stick but a bundle of plastic wrap. Crystal was so embarrassed.

"Give me your hand." Nathan reached out and took Crystal's injured hand. Then he pulled off a strip of plastic, wrapped her injury, and said, "If you can help it, don't get it wet."

Crystal nodded sheepishly and said, "Thank you. Now that I have this, I can go back to my room and have a bath." Nathan nodded, and Crystal rushed back to her room.

Eric set his alarm clock to wake him up every five minutes so that he could check his phone to see if Crystal had returned any of his messages, and each time he checked, he was more disappointed than the previous time. And eventually, it became impossible to fall back asleep.

Eric replayed the events of the night in his mind, and the more he thought about Crystal, the higher his opinion of her became. She was bright and smart, and when she danced, she was neither humble nor pushy. Not only that, but she had risked her life to save her friend.

From just thinking about Crystal, Eric's manhood became hard, and he touched it in disgust. What a traitorous beast!- thought he. This was the first time in his life that he'd ever considered masturbating, and the urge was strong. I have only two choices - he realized - I can cut off my manhood or find a way to get the woman to go down on me.

Unfortunately, the thought of receiving oral sex from Crystal made him harder than ever. He applied pressure to his swollen member, but nothing seemed to help.

"Damn it!" he cried as he slipped his right hand under the elastic of his underpants. He gripped the snake and began to stroke it. He did that a few times, groaning and moaning as it twitched under his ministrations, and then he forced himself to stop.

Eric grabbed his phone, dialed a number from memory, and when the girl on the other end picked up, he said, "Lyla, come here, now! And be naked when you arrive."

Chapter 1558 - 76: Come Here

Twenty-six minutes later, there was a knock at Eric's door, and he rushed to open it. His delivery had arrived. Lyla was tall and slim with long, brown hair, medium-sized breasts, and cock-sucking lips. She had a trench coat in her right hand, swung over her shoulder. In her left hand, a pair of high heel sneakers hung loosely between her fingers. Otherwise, she was completely naked. She smiled softly, and in a sultry tone of voice, she said, "I'm here. Would you care to invite me in?"

"Lyla," Eric gasped. "It took you so long...."

Overcome by lust, Eric dragged her into the room, threw her onto the bed, and within a matter of seconds, he was as naked as she was.. Eric jumped on top of Lyla, pinned her hands above her head, leaned forward, and bit her lip so that he could taste her blood on his tongue.

"Ouch!" Lyla squealed. "You're hurting me!"

"That hurts?" Eric scoffed.

"Yes!" Lyla cried. "Dammit! It hurts."

"Louder!" Eric commanded. He grabbed her nipple and gave it a twist. "Tell me how much it hurts!"

"SO, fucking MUCH!" Lyla shouted. "PLEASE, STOP! This isn't what I came here for!"

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" Eric roared.

Lyla looked into Eric's eyes, and she was suddenly afraid. She could tell how much pleasure he was getting from her pain, and she had no idea how far he would need to go to get his rocks off. Not knowing what else to do, she went limp.

Eric noticed Lyla's failure to participate, and he reached for a pillow and pressed it against her face. Then, he spread her legs with his free hand and tried to force his fingers into her wet core. Finding her completely dry, he lost interest and sat up. "Holy Shit!" he shouted. "With the amount of money I'm paying you, you should come fully aroused. Now go ahead and frig yourself. I'll watch you. We'll continue once you're properly juiced up."

Eric pulled the pillow away as he climbed off her. Then, when she didn't start masturbating right away, he said, "Go on." He pointed to his jutting erection. "I haven't been here all night."

Lyla bit her lip and slipped her right hand down to her pubic mound. She closed her eyes and applied pressure to her clitoris. Then, as she began to massage the tender flesh in slow circles, she brought her left hand to her right breast. She gave it a squeeze, pressed it flat to her chest, and moaned as her fingers found her pink nipples.

Down below, Lyla could begin to feel the damp heat that came with arousal. Once she was wet enough, she ran her fingers between her labia majora and then her labia minora. Once she was able, she inserted her index and middle finger into her sopping wet honey pot.

With her eyes closed, Lyla couldn't tell if Eric was enjoying what he was seeing, but she was too lost in her pleasure to care.

Eric was mesmerized by the sights and sounds of Lyla's fingers slipping in and out of her moist wet core. Occasionally, the rhythm slowed, and as she massaged her clitoris with her thumb, her body shook as she brought herself to climax.

As Lyla frigged herself, Eric imagined she was Crystal. If Crystal were here now, he would give her all of his love without reservation. The thought made his mouth go dry. He had had sex with women, but he had never engaged in foreplay, actively kissed a woman, or considered her needs. Now, though, when he thought about this woman as Crystal, he wanted to kiss her from head to toe.

But Lyla wasn't Crystal, and she was a poor substitute for her. Eric stood up suddenly and pointed to the door, "You can leave now," he said. "This isn't doing it for me."

Lyla did not need to be told twice. She scurried off the bed, grabbed her coat and shoes, and made for the door. She didn't even stop to ask for her money. And once she was gone, Eric went into the bathroom and had a cold shower.

The next morning, Crystal was woken by the sound of Serenity knocking on her door. Her friend hit the wood three times to give her a chance to cover herself if she needed to, and then she barged in. "Good morning!" Serenity exclaimed. "I hope that you slept as well as I did!"

"I didn't!" Crystal complained. She was surprised by how chipper Serenity sounded. "Why are you bothering me?" she asked.

"It's a school day," Serenity replied. "Now get up and get moving. I don't want to be late!"

Crystal groaned as she sat up. She threw off her blankets, swung her legs off the side of the bed, and stood up. "There," she said. "I'm up!" Serenity pointed to the bathroom and said, "Good for you. Now go get ready!"

Crystal smiled. She liked it when Serenity was like this, and she stood at attention and saluted her friend as if she were a commanding officer. Then she went into the bathroom to get ready.

Crystal brushed her teeth and washed her face, and when she came out, Serenity was sitting on her bed. Serenity had a grin on her face, and she had Crystal's clothes laid out for her on the bed. Crystal laughed and said, "You are just too much. If it weren't for you, I would be skipping school today. I am so tired!"

"Well," Serenity said, "I'm glad you're up!"

Crystal: "Why are you so chipper, anyway? Shouldn't you be hungover?"

Serenity: "Nah! I never get hungover - Well... almost never."

Serenity grabbed the bra from the bed to hand it to Crystal, and she happened to notice the brand name on the tag. And she gasped.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "Crystal, this bra is from the Heavenly Star line by Victoria's Secret! You have so many new clothes, and they are all from expensive brands! This bra, for example, is from the most valuable collection in the world!"

Crystal chuckled and said, "It's funny. Nathan paid so much money for it, and it isn't even all that comfortable. Honestly, I feel more comfortable in my old clothes."

As Crystal dressed, she changed the subject. She looked at Serenity and said, "You didn't get any more messages from Eric, did you?"

"Not that I know of," Serenity replied. "You blocked his number. Remember?"

Crystal: "I do. I didn't know if you unblock it, though. You really don't remember what happened last night, do you?"

Serenity: "What happened last night? We danced, ate cake, sang, played drinking games, and got drunk."

Crystal nodded and said, "That about sums it up." She had already decided that if Serenity didn't remember what had happened, she wouldn't tell her. The other person that Crystal wanted to keep the information from was Nathan. If Nathan knew how much trouble Serenity had gotten into, he might not let them go out together anymore.

Suddenly Serenity waved her hand in front of Crystal's face and said, "Earth to Crystal. Earth to Crystal. Come in, Crystal."

Crystal laughed and pushed her friend's hand away.

Serenity: "What were you thinking about? You seemed lost for a second."

Chapter 1559 - 77: Exchange Car

Crystal looked at Serenity and forced herself to smile, saying, "I'm here. Don't worry." Serenity frowned. "What were you thinking about anyway?" she asked.

Crystal sighed and said, "I was just thinking about everything Nathan bought for me. If he can afford to buy me such lavish gifts, why do you think he wanted my inheritance? It doesn't make any sense!"

"Perhaps it is you that he is after?" Serenity suggested. "Maybe it has nothing to do with the money."

"That's ridiculous," Crystal scoffed, and she faked a laugh to show her friend how preposterous she thought the idea was. "Look at me. I'm hardly anyone's dream girl!"

"I suppose you're right." Serenity shrugged and said, "It's the only explanation I can think of, though.. I mean, why else would he choose to live in such an ordinary villa when he could be hobnobbing with the rich and famous in Beverly Hills?"

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. "It is very suspicious."

Serenity: "Never mind that for now. Susie has breakfast waiting, and we don't want to be late for school, do we?"

Serenity led the way, and the moment Crystal was in the hallway, she was hit by the sweet smell of Maple Bacon. "That smells delicious," she said. "Susie cooks all of my favorite food!"

Serenity: "You are so lucky."

On the way to the table, Susie greeted them. She said, "Good morning, Crystal. Mr. Davis left already, but a car and a driver are waiting to take you to school. Your breakfast is waiting on the table. You might want to hurry up. Otherwise, it will be cold."

"Thank you, Susie," said Crystal.

Serenity, "Yes, thank you. It smells wonderful."

After the girls were done eating, they went outside, and they were both shocked to discover that the car that had been left for them was a red Lykan Hypersport. Serenity gasped. "This car was used in Fast & Furious 7!" she exclaimed. "It's a limited edition! There are only seven of them in the world. The seats are sewn with gold thread, and the lights are set with colored diamonds!"

Crystal shook her head in disbelief. She knew next to nothing about fancy cars, but this car seemed a bit over the top from what little she did know. She said, "If we take this car to school, don't you think it will cause a ruckus?" "It might," Serenity admitted. "Why don't we take the subway?"

Just then, the driver's side door opened, and the girls turned to greet the driver. "Good morning," he said. "Miss Smith, Miss Jordan, Mr. Davis asked me to take you to school."

Crystal shook her head and said, "No, we'll take the subway. Thank you, though." She took Serenity's arm, but the driver blocked them when they tried to walk towards the street. "I can't let you take the subway," he said. "As per Mr. Davis's order, it is my responsibility to see that you are safely delivered to your destination."

Crystal looked at the car and shook her head helplessly. Then she pulled out her phone and called Nathan. The phone rang three times, and then Nathan answered. "Hello," he said. "This is Nathan Davis. May I ask who is calling?"

"Cut the shit!" Crystal sneered. "You know who it is, and you know why I am calling! I do not need to be shuttled around like some child. I am eighteen. I am perfectly capable of taking the subway to school, and that is what I intend to do, so call off your dog!"

Crystal could tell that he wasn't pleased from the way Nathan was breathing, but something told her that he wouldn't push the issue. After all, if he refused to comply, she could always refuse to go to school.

After a moment, Nathan sighed and said, "Fine. Have it your way. I will send the driver a text."

Crystal: "Thank you."

Nathan: "It's fine. Stay safe. I'll pick you up after work tonight."

Crystal: "All right."

After ending his call with Crystal, Nathan opened the Gallery App on his phone, and he found the picture he'd secretly taken of Crystal when she'd fallen asleep in his arms. He held his finger on the image and set it as his background, and locked the image so that he could see it every time he turned on his phone.

In the photo, Crystal's eyes were slightly closed, and her black eyelashes were curled like a butterfly's wings, and when contrasted by her white skin, she looked like a porcelain doll.

Nathan and Andy had been reviewing some files when he'd received his call, and Andy was getting impatient to get back to work. He cleared his throat. "Shall we continue?" he asked.

Nathan turned towards Andy, but instead of answering the question, he asked him what kind of car he drove. The question seemed so random, though, that Andy froze. What's this about? - he wondered. Once he had regained his composure, he said, "A Buick. Why?"

Nathan nodded, then he took out the keys

to his Maybach and tossed them to Andy.

"Here," he said. "Give me your keys. We'll trade."

Andy gasped. "T-t-trade?" he stammered. "M-Mr. G-Davis, my car is just an ordinary vehicle. It is unworthy of you. And I am unw- worthy to d-drive your c-car..."

Nathan scowled and said, "Just give me your keys. We'll trade back later tonight or tomorrow. Hurry up. You know that I am not a patient man!"

Andy knew this all too well, so he nervously took out his key and offered them to Nathan.

Eric was sitting in the passenger seat of his pink Lamborghini, and Antony was seated beside him. The previous night, it had taken Eric three or four hours in an ice-cold shower to tame his erection, and he still hadn't slept a wink. Thus, by mid-morning, he was exhausted, and he had the beginnings of what he worried would be a nasty cold. He sneezed three times, brought a tissue to his nose, and filled it with mucus.

Anthony: "Master Bush, you need to take better care of yourself."

Eric shrugged and muttered something incomprehensible under his breath.

They were parked outside the school Crystal attended, the Olman University, and Eric was intently staring at the building's front entrance. Antony had his eyes on the road, and he was the one who spotted her. He pointed her out and exclaimed, "There she is, boss! The girl from last night! Crystal Smith!"

Eric turned in the direction that Antony was pointing, and even from afar, he could see the early morning sun shining softly on her body. She was glowing in the warmth of its golden light.

She wore a ponytail, and it swung back and forth as she walked. "She looks so young," he sighed. "So innocent. It's hard to believe that, at her core, she has such strength as was demonstrated last night."

Antony smiled. He could see the love in Eric's eyes, and his boss reminded him of a boy! Who'd just hit puberty and was, for the first time, discovering what women were really for?

Chapter 1560 - 78: I Don't Feel Good

Eric reached into the back seat for a bouquet of pale orange flowers that he'd purchased earlier that morning. They were called Juliet Roses, and they were wrapped in vintage brown paper that had been imported from England.

Eric watched Crystal cross the street, and he was about to get out of the car when he saw a van drive up alongside her from the corner of his eye. What the hell is going on here? - he wondered. The van stopped, and for a moment, his view of Crystal was obscured, and then it took off like a bat out of hell.

At that moment, inspiration struck, and for fear of losing his nerve, Eric didn't give himself time to think. Instead, he jumped straight into the action.

Without a word of explanation, Eric ordered Antony out of the car, and he slid into the driver's seat. He smashed his foot to the pedal and took off after the van. And it only took a moment for him to catch up. Then, when the driver applied pressure to his brakes at the next Stop sign, Eric slammed his car into the van. Eric's head slammed forward as the two vehicles collided.. The airbag exploded, bashing into Eric's forehead, and he lost consciousness.

Eric was only out of it for about two minutes, and when he came to, he saw that the force of the collision had pushed both vehicles off the road. The front of his car had crumpled, completely ruined, and every part of his body hurt.

The door of the van opened on its own, swayed, and eventually clanged to the ground. Then a man jumped out, turned to Eric, and began to shout and swear at him. "You stupid jerk!" he shouted. "Don't you know how to drive?"

Eric raised his head and tried to push away the airbag. He felt dizzy and more than a little confused. I must have been out of my head - he realized - Otherwise, why would I have done this? He had always had a carefree YOLO - You Only Live Once-attitude, but he had also always valued his life. Thus, he had never taken such a desperate risk before. "Holy crap," he sees a priest once this is over. Maybe he can exercise whatever demons have entered his head.

Eric turned his head around and spotted Crystal and her friend standing on the sidewalk. They were staring at the wreckage in shocked disbelief.

Once Crystal saw that Eric was alive, she rushed to the side of the Lamborghini. As she ran, she said to Serenity, "Call the police! And call an ambulance."

Crystal yanked open the car door, and Eric's charming smile greeted her. "My hero," he sighed. He was impressed by her heroic courage. He could not even imagine that Crystal would do this kind of act.

The people around her, even the man from the van, were too frightened to approach. They were afraid that the vehicle would explode at any moment, but all Crystal seemed to care about was the passenger's safety. When Eric thought about this, it made him glad that he hadn't slept with the whore the previous night or defiled himself by masturbating. He thought - She is such a sweetheart!

Once the door was open, Crystal touched Eric's shoulder and asked, "Are you all right, Sir? You seemed to get hurt,"

"I don't feel good," Eric replied. "I think my neck is broken." His exaggerated expression was visible on his face.

When Crystal heard this, she had a feeling of déjà vu. Why does this event seem so familiar to me? She asked herself. But no answer was forthcoming. "Can you give me the number of a family member or a friend?" she asked. "If so, I can call them and let them know what's happened. You needed some medical attention,"

"Where's Antony?" Eric asked.

"I don't know who that is," Crystal said, still in shock after she saw what happened to this guy.

"M-My f-friend from last night," Eric stammered. "He was beginning to feel very weak. "H-He was just w-with m-me..."

Crystal looked around frantically, and it didn't take her long to see a face she recognized.

After witnessing the collision, Antony was scared out of his wits, and it took him much longer to recover them than Crystal had. This is because everything had happened so fast.

When Crystal saw him just standing there, she gave him a vicious look and shouted, "What the fuck is wrong with you? Why are you just standing there?"

Antony shook his head to clear it and raced toward the accident. Until then, he had thought that this was an accident, and he hadn't been able to make heads or tails of it. He knew that the brake line hadn't been cut because he'd just been driving the car. Now that his head was clear, though, he understood that the collision wasn't an accident, it had been a part of his boss's Master Plan all along. By staging this collision before Crystal's eyes, he was sure to garner her sympathy!

Crystal turned to Eric and said, "He's coming. Is there anyone else that I should call?" Eric said that there was, and once Crystal had her phone in her hand, he rattled off a series of numbers. Crystal punched them in, pressed send, and almost immediately, a phone could be heard ringing - from inside the car!

Crystal didn't understand what was going on, and she had a confused look on her face, but when she saw the triumphant expression on Eric's face, it all began to make sense. "Eric?" she gasped as she realized that the number he had given her was his phone. number. "What the literal fuck?!?!?"

Antony saw all of this, and he almost fell to his knees. This method of picking up girls is fantastic! - he thought.

Crystal scowled, "Did you fake an accident to get my attention?" she asked. "You aren't even hurt, are you?"

Chapter 1561 - 79: I Never Take Taxi

"I didn't fake an accident," Eric laughed. "I staged a collision, and my neck is in more pain than you could imagine. But it was for a good cause."

Crystal smiled shyly when she heard that. She was a little bit upset about Eric's trick, but nobody had ever gone to such lengths to get her attention. "Hang in there," she said. "We've called an ambulance. Someone will come in a matter of minutes. I have to get to class, though. I have to go. I can not stay any longer,"

Eric saw that Crystal was going to leave, so, while clutching his neck, he jumped out of the car. He stretched out an arm in Crystal's direction and cried, "You're not going to let me die, are you?"

"You're not going to die," Crystal scoffed.. "You are still alive and kicking, aren't you? Stop being so dramatic! You even looked better now,"

Eric twisted his neck and grimaced. "I'm not fine," he groaned. "Seriously. Look! My neck is almost broken."

Crystal hesitated. She rolled her eyes, but she did not give Eric the cold shoulder that she'd intended to give him. Instead, she turned to Serenity and said, "Go ahead. Explain the situation to our professor. I will come once the ambulance has arrived."

Serenity turned a skeptical eye to Eric. But then, she said, "I think that he's making a mountain out of a molehill, but if you think that you can manage all by yourself, then I will go. See you later,"

Crystal: "It's all right. I'm sure I won't be long. I just can't leave him like this,"

While Crystal was talking, Eric looked at the driver of the van and gave him a dirty look. The driver was not happy about the "accident" and wanted to scold him, but when he saw the look in Eric's eyes, he was stopped dead in his tracks.

While Crystal was talking to Serenity, Eric took out his cell phone and texted Antony, and Antony almost lost his cool when he read the message. It said: "Cancel the ambulance."

When it came to picking up girls, Eric was a master, and Antony was continually being amazed by his resourcefulness.

Immediately after receiving the message, he found a private place where he could call 9-1-1 to cancel the ambulance and any other rescue vehicles that might be on their way.

Crystal looked at her watch, and she was concerned that, after more than an hour had passed, nobody had arrived to help them. "This doesn't make sense," she said. "The hospital is nearby. Even if they were on foot, emergency personnel would have arrived already!"

By now, a large crowd had gathered around them. Eric didn't like the attention, though, so he shouted at the van's driver: "Get out of here. I take full responsibility for this. accident."

The driver nodded, and since it was now clear that there wasn't going to be an explosion, he approached the car. They exchanged information, and then the driver and his van fled the scene.

Now that the van was gone, the onlookers grew bored, and the crowd dispersed. Once they were gone, Eric gripped his neck and said, "Ouch, ouch, my neck. It hurts!" He turned to Crystal. "Hurry up and take me to the hospital!"

Crystal eyed Eric suspiciously. "You're not faking your neck pain, are you?" she asked.

Eric looked wounded. "How can you say that?" he asked. His eyes fell to the floor. He did not dare to look at Crystal because he knew that he could not deceive her.

Crystal leaned forward and forced Eric to look her in the eyes. Eric squirmed and tried to look away, but she wouldn't allow it. Finally, Eric admitted defeat. He allowed her to look into his eyes, and when she did, two things happened. First: Crystal came to know the truth about Eric's condition; second: Eric realized why Crystal looked familiar and why he hadn't recognized her straight away. The first time he had met Crystal, she'd had a mole at the corner of her eye.

Once Eric got over his surprise, he smiled and asked, "Have you ever had a promotional drink at the Merah Club?"

Crystal was shocked, but she quickly covered her surprise. "So what if I have?" she asked. "It's a free country, isn't it?"

Eric looked at the woman's naughty appearance and narrowed his beautiful fox-like eyes. "I met a whore there once," he replied, "while having a promotional drink at the Merah Club. She did me a great disservice. You look like her. If you were her, I'd ask for you to apologize, make it up to me with a kiss, and then take me to the hospital. Quickly, though. If I am not treated soon, I am going to die of pain."

Crystal rolled her eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said. She pointed to Antony. "If you are in such dire straits, you don't need me. You have your friend. Have him take you. Here, I will even hail you a taxi."

Before Eric could reply, Crystal took the lead and reached out to stop the taxi.

"I never take a taxi," Eric scoffed.

Crystal was speechless for a moment. A few

minutes passed, and then she said, "Your pain can't be that bad if you're refusing help! Furthermore, if you won't get in a taxi, how do you expect me to take you to the hospital? Look around you! Does it look like I have a car?"

"God damn," Eric cursed. He felt like he had been stuck between a rock and a hard place. But, no matter what he said, Crystal seemed to be able to get the better of him! Until this moment, he hadn't realized how smart she was.

The taxi driver rolled down his window, forced himself to smile, and said, "I don't have all day here. Are you going or not?"

Crystal looked at Eric. He had his arms crossed stubbornly across his chest.

Chapter 1562 - 80: Will You Come Back And See Me Tomorrow?

Crystal frowned as she waved for the taxi to leave. "You can go now," she said. "You're no longer needed."

When the driver heard this, he called Crystal a bitch and drove away. Before he'd gone more than two inches, though, Eric kicked the side of his car.

"Who do you think you're talking to?" Eric shouted. "Not only will I not accept your ride, but I will make sure that your career as a driver is ruined."

"Are you out of your mind?" the driver shouted.

"Just keep your mouth shut and move along," Eric warned. "I've already memorized your license plate number."

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The driver sighed, shook his head, and drove away. Once he was gone, Crystal glared at him and said, "That was so childish. I was embarrassed. He doesn't have an easy job, and you don't have to make it harder. We were in the wrong to waste his time. You should have apologized to him, but instead, you tried to scare him!"

"But he called you a bitch," Eric argued. "I couldn't let him get away with that!"

Crystal: "You could have, and you should have. Or, better yet, you should have paid him to take you to the hospital; if you are hurt, that is!"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch," Eric sighed. "I wasn't even planning to ruin his career!"

"You had better not!" Crystal shouted. She was getting angry, and her face was beginning to turn red.

"Stop it," Antony said, interrupting their argument. "It's over now, so why don't we forget about it. How about we walk to the hospital?" he turned to Crystal. "If Eric gets too tired to walk, we can help him."

Crystal sighed and nodded her head. "So be it," she said.

It took Eric and Antony nearly an hour to get Eric to the hospital, and when they arrived, they were met by a team of doctors with a white-haired man in the lead. The doctor took one look at Eric and said, "Don't worry, we'll take good care of you."

There was still one set of stairs to get up, though. Eric turned to Crystal and said, "Please, help me up the stairs."

Crystal gave Eric a hard look and said, "Go up the stairs yourself. Your neck is broken, not your leg." She stood still and looked at a nurse in a pink uniform. The meaning of her look was obvious: If Eric needed help, a nurse should help him.

The white-haired man looked at Crystal with admiration. Eric was one of four local masters, and the fact that she'd refused his wish was note-worthy.

Before Eric could speak, Crystal said, "Now that we have arrived at the hospital and the doctors and nurses are here to take care of you, I will go back to school."

Eric stopped her. He said, "But these people are not members of my family, nor are they my friends. I need you here with me!"

"But neither am I," Crystal argued. "You don't need me!"

"But I do," Eric said, and the look on his face was so sad and miserable that it nearly broke Crystal's heart.

"Fine," she sighed. "I will stay."

Eric's X-ray report showed that he had dislocated his spine, and he was required to stay at the hospital in traction. And when Crystal heard this, she nearly wept. "I am so sorry," she told him. "I thought you were acting. I didn't realize your spine was really out of place."

"What good would it do me to lie to you?" Eric asked. While he spoke, he picked up his cell phone and sent Antony a text message. It said: "Get the bodyguards out of the way, and keep an eye on that jerk, Richard."

While Eric was texting, Crystal looked around the room. It was one of the largest rooms on the VIP Ward, and it was decorated in black and white. The equipment and furniture looked very high-end. All in all, the room was comparable to a five-star presidential suite at a hotel. "Impressive," she said.

"The best money can buy." There was an apple and a knife on the table, and Eric said, "I want you to peel that apple for me."

Crystal shrugged and began to peel the apple, and Eric watched her intently. As she peeled the apple, a strand of her hair fell out from behind her ears. He thought about fixing it for a moment, but he was afraid that she might slash his hand with the knife. If that happened, he was worried that she might not want to visit him again.

After a moment, Crystal looked up and asked, "Why are you staring at me?" Is he going to attack me? - she wondered, and she tightened her grip on the knife - If he does, I will be ready!

Eric frowned and said, "I was watching you! Because I was afraid, you might poison the apple! Anyway, Hurry up. I'm hungry."

Crystal smirked and handed Eric the half-peeled apple. "This is as good as it gets," she said. "I'm sick of your ungrateful attitude. Take it or leave it."

Crystal stood up and poured him a glass of water. "Have some water. I suggest you get a private nurse. You will find it more convenient than having to wait for someone to do their rounds. And I'm leaving. Oh, and stop staring at your phone. Just lie down and ring the bell if you need something."

"Hey," Eric said, realizing he could not stop her. He thought for a moment, and then he said, "That van that I hit belonged to one of Richard's goons."

Crystal gasped. The van had stopped right in front of her. "Was the driver trying to abduct me?" she asked.

"Could be," Eric replied. "Richard is famously known as one of our city's most vicious villains. He likes to play dirty, especially with people who have offended him. After what you did to him last night, he is going to want revenge."

Crystal: "So?"

The calmness in Crystal's eyes surprised Eric. Holy shit! - he thought - this girl seems way more mature, calm, and composed than any eighteen-year-old girl has the right to be!

"So?" Eric said. "I have an idea. If you allow me to be your man, no one will dare to lay a finger on you!" He brought the apple to his mouth and took his first bite.

"What?" Crystal snorted with laughter. Then she grabbed the knife and plunged it into the apple.

Eric lowered his eyes to look at the knife. It was only an inch away from his face. "Are you trying to murder me?" he muttered with a mouth full of fruit.

Crystal smiled and said, "If I were trying to murder you, you'd be dead. You understand?" Eric nodded. His face had turned as white as a ghost.

Crystal: "Excellent. Now be a good boy and eat your apple."

Eric: "Will you come and see me tomorrow?"

Crystal: "It depends on the weather. And what kind of mood I'm in."