

## Midnight III 91

### Chapter 1573 - 91: Go Easy On Me

At the Brilliant Group's HQ. In the president's office - Nathan glanced up at Alex and said, "What?"

Alex leaned on the sofa's armrest, and he giggled as he let one rip. "Do you want to play LOL with me this weekend?" he asked.

"Maybe," Nathan said. "What's going on with my wife?"

Alex cleared his throat. "Richard has recruited a lawyer to sue her," he replied.

Nathan: "In that case, I will accompany you this weekend. You did a good job. I appreciate it."

Alex knew that if Nathan knew about the lawsuit and the information came from him, he would agree to do whatever he wanted, including playing LOL.. Nathan was as good as any LOL player, and it had always been one of Alex's dreams to have him as a teammate. Typically, though, Nathan was too busy to play games.

Alex let another fart slip as he walked out of the office, and Andy's nose wrinkled as they passed each other. Then, Alex and Nathan began to laugh, and a bewildered expression appeared on Andy's face. "What's so funny?" Andy asked.

"Never mind," Nathan replied. He handed Andy a yellow manila envelope and said, "I need you to get this to the legal department. Give it to Carter."

Andy accepted the document, but he didn't leave immediately. Finally, after some hesitation, he said, "About my car... umm.. can I have it back?"

Nathan: "Oh? Is my car uncomfortable?"

Andy shook his head and said, "No."

Nathan: "Is there a problem with its performance?"

"N-No..." Andy stuttered. The problem was that when people saw him driving Nathan's car, they assumed the two men were fucking. He didn't dare tell Nathan that, though. If Nathan knew that everyone thought he was gay, everyone would be in trouble!

Nathan glanced at Andy and said, "Order me the same car as yours from the Dealership down the street. When it arrives, you can have your car back."

Andy nodded gratefully.

When Carter received the envelope, he read its contents, and then he went to pay a visit to Richard at the hospital. When he arrived, he found the man sitting on the sofa in the Waiting Room. Cecelia was in his arms. She was licking his earlobe, and he was playing with her exposed breasts. Her hand was in his lap, and it was massaging his erection through the hospital gown's thin fabric.

When Carter saw this display, he frowned, but he did not slow down. When he reached the place where Richard was sitting, he cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Stone, my name is Carter. I am a lawyer. There is something important we need to discuss."

When Richard heard that Carter was a Lawyer, he assumed that he was his lawyer. He smiled, patted the chair beside him, and said, "Have a seat."

Carter thanked Richard for the hospitality, and once he was comfortably seated, Richard said, "How can I help you?"

Carter: "I am Miss Smith's lawyer. I thought that if we talked, we might be able to get a few things cleared up."

"That dirty bitch," Richard mumbled. "If she thinks she can get off easy, she can go to hell. And you can tell her that from me, you hear? I'm not interested in mediation."

Carter: "Miss Smith isn't interested in mediation, either."

Richard: "Huh? Then why are you here?"

"Miss Smith is charging you with assault, attempted rape, and attempted murder," Carter explained. He handed Richard a stapled document. "Everything is here. You should give it to your lawyer once you've looked at it."

Carter stood up, placed the papers where he'd been sitting, and said, "I'll see you in court."

Once Carter was gone, Richard tossed Cecelia off his lap, and he kicked the coffee table over. "What the literal fuck?" he growled. "Now, what am I going to do?"

Cecelia looked up at him from the floor and said, "That woman is a bitch, but I have an idea."

"It's fine," Richard said. "I don't need your ideas. Crystal may be courageous, but she's bitten off more than she can chew this time. The Stone family is a monolith. I know what I'll do. I'll rape her, and when I do, I'll record it and use the video as leverage against her."

Cecelia grinned and said, "Oh my God! You are so smart! Do you know that?"

Richard smiled back. "As a matter of fact, I do," he replied.

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At the University, Crystal only had two classes in the afternoon, and while she'd been in class, she'd received a text from Carlos. He'd given her the name of the hospital where her Father was at and said, "You should pay him a visit." Thus, as she and Serenity left the building, she was more than a little distracted.

Serenity looked at the red mark on Crystal's face and said, "Crystal, are you okay? That looks like it still hurts..."

"It does," Crystal replied, "But I'll live."

"So, what now?" Serenity asked. "With your Dad having had a heart attack, does that change anything?"

Crystal: "I don't know. I will figure it out. Don't worry."

Serenity: "Will you visit him in the hospital?"

Crystal: "I may..."

Todd's room at the hospital - Jessica complained to her husband while she fed him. "Your daughter doesn't care if you live or die!" she exclaimed. "What a bitch!"

Todd laughed and said, "That one was always stubborn."

Jessica: "You didn't see the expression on her face when we spoke. That little bitch wants me dead. Literally!"

Todd: "I'm sure, not literally. You're overreacting. She has been like this since she was a child. As I said, she is stubborn."

Jessica: "She won't show mercy on you, will she?"

Todd bowed his head and took a bite from a piece of toast. He didn't reply because he didn't know the answer. He didn't know if Crystal had any love left in her for him. If she did, then maybe she would help. Otherwise... Todd didn't like to think about "otherwise."

Jessica shoved him, and he nearly fell out of bed. "Answer me!" she yelled.

"Go easy on me," Todd said. He was like a broken man. "I don't know the answer. I just don't know!"

Jessica: "I heard from Carlos. He gave her your room number. Maybe she'll visit. What do you think?"

"Maybe..." Todd replied non-comically. "Anyway, try not to worry about it. I have other means to force her hand. You'll see."

## **Chapter 1574 - 92: Is That You?**

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Crystal found her father's room at the hospital quickly. She knocked twice, and when no one answered, she pushed the door open and allowed herself in. The old man had been asleep, but the door squeaked, and his tired eyes slowly opened.

Todd Henry's skin was pale, his hair was white, on oxygen, and looked almost ancient under the hospital's fluorescent lights. Despite his past cruelties, seeing him like this made Crystal feel guilty. This wasn't what she'd wanted for him.

"Crystal," Todd whispered. "Is that you?"

Crystal hadn't moved past the entry, and she was at a loss for words.

Todd: "Crystal, are you still unwilling to forgive?"

Crystal shook her head as she pushed her empathy out of her mind. She said, "Mr. Henry, you must be kidding."

Todd sighed. When Crystal had been an infant, she'd called him Daddy. Now, whenever she called him Mr. Henry, it felt like a tiny needle inserting into his heart. He said, "Crystal, I'm an old man, and I am not proud of everything I've done in my life, and not being a Father to you is one of my greatest regrets. I don't want to leave this world without having made amends for my mistakes. I originally wanted to leave 50% of the shares to you. After all, neither of your half-siblings are half as smart as you. But you know your aunt Green.... She put a lot of pressure on me."

Crystal took a deep breath and said, "You know, despite our estrangement, I never would have treated you the way you treated me. It was never my intention to put you in the hospital, though. So, try not to think about the business now. Focus on getting healthy. I just came to check on you, so I can't stay long, but I will think about what you said."

"Thank you," Todd said. He smiled, closed his eyes, and within a matter of seconds, he was fast asleep. Crystal said goodbye to her sleeping father, and she walked back into the corridor.

As Crystal made her way towards the elevator, she began to feel like she was being watched. She turned around, but no one was there. This is spooky - she thought, and she began to walk faster.

The elevator opened as soon as she pressed the button, and it was empty. She stepped inside, and when she got off on the ground floor, the feeling of being watched was stronger than ever. She looked all around her, though, and saw nothing suspicious. Then, as she passed through the main entrance, a woman in her thirties approached her. She punched her in the gut, and then she ran into the street.

Crystal bent over and clutched her stomach. "What the fuck was that about?" she groaned. Gradually, she straightened up, and when she looked around, she was disturbed to discover that everyone was staring at her. And that wasn't the worst part. They were looking at her with contemptuous disgusted expressions on their faces, and several people were filming her on their cell phones. What is going on? - she wondered.

Suddenly, a child ran up to Crystal with an egg in his hand. And then he threw the egg, and it smashed against her forehead and bled down her face. The child ran back to his grinning mother, who was laughing. And before she knew it, the boy had returned with a second egg. This one hit her shoulder and splattered across her neck and chest.

Crystal stormed over to the boy's mother. "Do we know each other?" she shouted. "Why is your son throwing eggs at me?"

The woman smirked and showed Crystal her open hands. "What eggs?" She chuckled and said, "I don't see any eggs. And I don't even have a son."

Crystal's brow furrowed. She looked around, and the boy was nowhere to be seen. She asked the lady, "What is your game?" Her anger had been replaced by confusion. She wiped the yolk from her face with her hand. Then she showed the goop to the lady and said, "So, are you trying to say that you don't know anything about this?"

"That's what I'm saying," the woman replied.

"Don't give me that bullshit!" Crystal hissed. "I saw you give the eggs to the boy that did this to me." Without warning, Crystal grabbed the lady's hair and twisted it in her fist. The lady shrieked in pain. "Who are you? And what do you want?"

Suddenly, Jessica came around the corner. She pointed to Crystal and shouted, "Oh my God! Look at what that cruel girl is doing to that innocent woman. She is a monster. But this isn't her worst offense. She caused her own father to have a heart attack, and she doesn't care if he lives or if he dies. Luckily, I have a video, and you are all witnesses to what she's done here today!"

Crystal was stunned, and her hand opened. She turned to Jessica. "What video?"

Jessica pulled out her phone for everyone to see and played a video recording of her father begging for mercy at her and Nathan's feet. Her father's voice sounded miserable and pathetic, but Crystal's expression was harsh, cold, and unshakable.

After watching the video, the people started whispering. An elderly man turned to his wife and said, "Isn't the man in the video. the chairman of the Henry Group?"

"If he is," his wife replied, "then this woman must be his daughter. We are lucky that our children are nothing like her!"

"She must have known her father had a heart condition," a younger lady said. "Maybe she was trying to kill him..."

"If she were my daughter," the elderly man said, "I would slap her next week!"

As the talk continued, the incident escalated. Voices rose in volume and tone. Those among them that were parents were particularly offended by what they'd seen. And the lady who'd had the eggs was the first to attack Crystal physically.

### **Chapter 1575 - 93: Help Me**

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The lady slammed the heel of her shoe down on Crystal's foot - and this first assault was like the breaking of a dam.

One person kicked Crystal in the shin. Another pulled her backpack off, threw it across the room, and punched her in the back. She felt nails dragging across her arm while someone else pinched their knuckle into her temple as if trying to kill her. She tried to run, but it was impossible. With no other recourse, she sat down on the floor and pulled herself into a fetal position.

"Help me," Crystal cried as the violation of her body continued. She was shaking violently, and she feared for her life. Eventually, though, the attack slowed to a stop, and Crystal thought it had finally come to an end. Everyone was laughing, though, and that worried her. A moment passed, and Crystal felt a warm liquid flow down her face. It didn't bother her, but then the sour, acrid scent of the fluid hid her nose, and she began to scream uncontrollably.

Somebody was urinating on her - and maybe more than one somebody!

Crystal began to gasp for breath, and she prayed to God for someone from security to walk by.

Jessica was watching from the side. She was more interested in watching than participating. The whole incident was streaming live on YouTube, and Joyce was watching it from home. She smiled as she pulled out her phone from her pocket and sent her daughter a text message. She wrote: "What do you think of the show?"

Joyce: "It's great. Was it your idea to stream it on the internet?"

Jessica: "Mine and your Father's. He's pretty much done trying to play nice, I think."

Joyce: "I thought the highlight was when the boy started throwing eggs at her, but then those men started pissing on her. I can't wait to see what happens next! It keeps getting better and better!"

Jessica: "It's too bad that the eggs weren't filled with shit. That would have been hilarious!"

Joyce glanced at the crowd and saw that a local news crew had arrived, and they were setting up their cameras. Amy was on the scene-she had been forced to cancel a dinner appointment to be there, and she rushed to the forefront of the crowd. "I need to go," Joyce typed. "Things are beginning to get REALLY interesting. We'll talk later."

Jessica: "Okay. Bye, daughter. I Love you!"

The crowd parted to make room for Amy and her crew with their cameras, lights, and microphones. As Amy got closer, she gagged and covered her nose. The girl's smell was so strong that she could smell "The People's Victim" - which was what she was starting to think of Crystal as long before she saw her. Amy didn't want to be here, but she had received the order from her boss, and he didn't take no for an answer.

The People's Victim was curled up on the floor. She was covering her head with her hands, and she was whimpering. Her hair was a mess, there were scratches all over her body, and there was blood. In this condition, she almost didn't look human.

Before Amy talked to Crystal, she wanted to speak to one of the people in the crowd so that she could get a better understanding of what was happening. By chance, she narrowed in on the woman who'd supplied the eggs. "Excuse me," she said, "Can I ask you about what is going on here?"

The lady smiled as Amy held the microphone so that she could speak into it.

"This girl deserves everything she's getting," she said, "and maybe more. She intentionally caused her Father to have a heart attack. She is scum, and she doesn't deserve to live!" The lady hocked, turned to Crystal, and spat the greenish-yellow loogie into her hair.

Amy frowned and said, "That sounds pretty harsh. Can you tell us exactly what this girl did that made her Father have a heart attack, and why is it causing such public outrage?"

"Do your research!" the lady exclaimed. "If you want me to do it for you, then you'd better put me on payroll first!"

"Never mind." Amy shrugged. She knelt beside Crystal and said, "Miss Smith, my name is Amy. Can I ask you a few questions?"

When Crystal heard Amy's voice, she slowly raised her eyes. She knew that as long as Amy was there, no one would dare hurt her. She nodded her head and said, "Thank you."

Amy smiled and said, "I heard that this all started with a video. Can you tell me about that?"

"The video was taken out of context," Crystal explained. "These people that you see around me, they did this to me without taking the time to let me explain my side of things, and when it comes time for me to get revenge on them, they will rue the day they were born. And unlike them, I won't have to take the law into my own hands because the law will be on my side!"

Amy was impressed by Crystal's inner strength and resilient attitude. She was a mess, but she remained unbroken.

When the woman who'd supplied the eggs heard what Crystal said, she took a few frightened steps backward. She wanted to leave, but the people from the television station blocked her way. "Our audience is going to want to hear from you again," they said. "Not to mention the police."

The lady's mouth dropped open, and her face turned a sickly, pale shade of green.

"I have a recording of what happened," Crystal continued. "I will hand it over to the police and my lawyer, and I will also make it public. It will clear everything up, and then everyone will see who was in the wrong and who was in the right!"

"I have one more question," Amy said. "Is that okay?"

"I'm sorry, but it will have to wait," Crystal replied. "I'd like to get to the police station now."

Everyone was frightened by Crystal's words. If her evidence was valid, it meant that they had violated the law. They were afraid of being held accountable for what they'd done, and they tried to slip away. Much to their dismay, though, the police had already arrived, and they had the place surrounded.

Joyce hadn't been the only one watching the Youtube live stream.

## **Chapter 1576 - 94: Framing Crystal**

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Crystal looked taken in the police presence, and despite her aches, pains, and humiliation, she couldn't help but smile.

All of the exits were blocked, and several officers had drawn their weapons. A tall man with a slim build stepped forward, showed his badge, and said, "My name is Detective Elmer Grayson. I need everyone to

put their hands in the air. My officers will come around, cuff you individually, read your rights, and lead you into one of the vans waiting outside. If you cooperate, we will go easy on you. If you resist, you will regret it."

Jessica had been standing apart from the crowd, gloating, but she was blocked by a strong police officer when she turned towards the elevator. "You heard the detective," he said, "Go over there." He pointed to where everyone else was. "Raise your hands and wait for someone to read you your rights."

Jessica began to cry - she was quite a good actress, and her act was very believable.. She looked up at the man, read his name tag, and said, "Officer Parks, I have nothing to do with this. I just came here to visit my husband. He had a heart attack. Please don't arrest me...."

Officer Parks frowned and said, "Hold on, Ma'am." He used his radio to call one of the officers by the Admitting counter. Then, after a few minutes, he turned back to Jessica. "I'm sorry to have bothered you, Ma'am. You're free to go." He stepped aside, and she slipped past him.

Once the commotion was behind her, Jessica sent her daughter a text message. explaining what was happening and how she'd narrowly missed being arrested. "I do feel bad about all of those people that are being arrested," she added.

Joyce: "Don't worry. I'll talk to Uncle James, and he'll get them out. You'll see. And after this, Crystal will have no choice but to cooperate!"

Jessica: "Joyce, I am so proud of you. You are getting smarter every day. I will help your dad recover. Then, when he is back home, I will talk to him about putting the Henry Group in your name."

Jessica smiled when she read that. She drove her BMW to Cecelia's villa, using her right hand to steer and her left to text. Cecelia was her cousin, who she admired a lot. Cecilia often gave her great advice. For example, after telling her about Todd's idea of having Crystal assaulted at the hospital's entrance, it was her idea to post a watch at the nurse's station so that everyone could be in place at the exact right moment.

Cecelia was in the middle of a massage when Joyce arrived, so when she rang the bell, her Uncle, James, answered the door. He was wearing dark plaid silk pajamas.

"Uncle James!" Joyce exclaimed. "It is good to see you." She showed him two bottles of wine that she'd brought with her. "My mother knows that you like wine, so she sent me with these. I hope that you like them!"

James stepped aside, accepted the wine with thanks, and said, "Joyce, you are welcome to come in, but Cecelia is having a massage. I don't know how long she'll be..."

"That's okay," Joyce replied. "There is something I need to talk to you about anyway." There were guest slippers by the door, and when she bent over to put them on, her short, tight-fitting dress lifted enough to reveal a half-inch of her buttocks and a thin strip of black lace thong underwear.

Joyce smiled at the thought of her Uncle James standing behind her, with his lust-filled eyes caressing every inch of her body.

James frowned. He was in his forties, and his desire for his niece made him feel like his body was betraying him. He felt his manhood grow hard, and his face turned red from embarrassment. He knew that he had been presented with an invitation, and it shamed him to know in advance that he would accept whatever came with it.

Joyce was still bent over. Only a second or two had passed, but to James, those seconds had felt like an eternity. He placed one hand on either side of his niece's hips, leaned into her, and pleased himself against her taut ass.

Joyce smiled as she pretended to twist her ankle. Her arms flailed, and she would have fallen if her Uncle hadn't caught her. He took a half step backward as she fell into his arms, and his hands found their way around her body and came together, flat against her abdomen.

Joyce sighed and said, "Thanks, Uncle James." She turned in his arms and looked him in the eyes, and as she moved, she created intentional friction between her body and his swollen member. "Uncle James, you are so naughty." Her tone of voice was playful. She knew that what men most desired was that which was most forbidden to them. "What would Cecilia think if she saw us together like this?"

"She won't." James gripped Joyce's ass and said, "And I won't tell if you don't tell." He pulled her towards himself and began to press his swollen member against her pubic mound.

Joyce leaned forward, nibbled on his earlobe, moaned, and said, "I am so fucking wet...."

James's hands were still on his niece's buttocks, and he used the index finger on his left hand to slide her thong out of the way. Then he stretched his free hand to its limit. He slipped his index and middle finger into her sopping wet cunt and began to finger-fuck her from behind. "You dirty girl," he grunted. "You like that, don't you? "Say, 'Uncle."

"Uncle," Joyce moaned. "Oh, Uncle, don't stop!" Joyce imagined that they had an audience, and her body shook from the force of her first orgasm as a torrent of female ejaculate flooded over his hand and down her leg.

James brought his fingers to a slow stop to allow his niece a few minutes to catch her breath, and he picked her up and carried her to the couch. He tried to lay her down so that he could mount her, but she remained stubbornly seated upright. He looked down with a confused expression on his face.

Joyce looked up at her Uncle and smiled sweetly. Then she began to undo his belt. Once his robe was open, she took hold of his prick and kissed the tip. "Uncle James," she said. "It's so big. When we're done, though, I need to ask you a favor."

"Whatever you need," James moaned. "You can count on me."

"That's what I hoped you'd say," Joyce said, and she opened her mouth wide to make a sheath for his sword.

**Chapter 1577 - 95: Have It Your Way**

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Apart from Jessica, everyone else that had been involved in the altercation at the hospital was brought to the police station. And that included Crystal, Amy, and the rest of the news crew. Of course, these last few were not cuffed, nor were they forced into the back of the vans.

As chance would have it, Crystal was driven to the station by Officer Parks, the man who'd let her stepmother get away. It wasn't his fault, though, and Crystal didn't hold him responsible. He had treated her like a gentleman, and he hadn't once remarked on the stench that clung to her.

When they arrived at the station, Officer Parks led Crystal to his desk to get a statement from her. Once she was seated, he told her that he wouldn't be able to talk to her for about a half-hour, but he got her a bottle of water and an egg salad sandwich, ensuring she had everything needed before he disappeared.

Officer Park's desk was situated near the front of the building, and to the left of it, there was a long bench that ran from one side of the room to the other. A metal armrest separated each seat. It was here that her assailants had been brought to sit while they waited to be processed, and they were handcuffed to the armrests.

Crystal saw the woman who'd supplied the eggs, and she glared at her. The woman scowled and shouted, "What are you looking at, you skank?"

Crystal smiled coolly and said, "I am looking at you, memorizing your appearance so that I can pick you out of a line-up later and call you. out in front of a judge and jury!"

"As if!" The woman laughed and said, "When the dust settles, you will be the one up shit creek without a paddle! You! Not me! Just wait and see! By the end of the day, we'll all be free to go. And your stench will follow you wherever you go, no matter how many times you try to wash it away!"

"Oh, shut up," Crystal said, turning away. The other woman began to rant and roar, but she closed her eyes and blocked it out. This woman attacked me without provocation - she reminded herself - And if you let her get under your skin now, she wins!

A few minutes passed, and finally, the woman shut up. Crystal looked at the clock and grimaced. It was hard to believe that less than ten minutes had gone by since Officer Parks had left her alone. On the other hand, it seemed like a lot more time had passed. She closed her eyes again, and despite her current situation, she fell asleep.

When she woke up, Officer Parks was standing next to her. He was repeating her name softly, and when she opened her eyes, he said, "I'm sorry to have kept you so long. Something came up unexpectedly. I'm here now, and we can begin. My supervisor, Chief Oskin, has been asked to lead. We will be taking your statement in an interrogation room because there's more space, and he will be asking most of the questions. Before we go, though, do you have any questions?"

Crystal shook her head, and as she stood up, she looked at the clock. Oh my God! - she thought I've been asleep for nearly three hours!

Chief Oskin led Crystal and Officer Parks into an interrogation room, and he invited her to sit across from them. Once she was seated, they offered her a coffee or a bottle of water. She asked for a coffee, and Oskin shouted for his assistant to bring one. Once it arrived, the assistant left and shut the door behind her. There was a rectangle recording device in the middle of the table. Chief Oskin turned it on and said, "My name is Chief Gerald Oskin. Beside me is Officer Stephen Parks. This conversation is being recorded. Please state your legal name and that you understand that your statement is being recorded."

"M-My n-name is C-Crystal Smith," Crystal stammered nervously. Her face turned red when she suddenly realized that she'd given the wrong name. "Umm... that's m-my m-maiden n-name. My m-married n-name is D- Davis." Crystal began to panic, but she didn't know why. All she knew was that something about the way the Chief had spoken to her made her feel like she was on trial or something.

Officer Parks: "And do you understand that you are being recorded?"

Crystal: "I d-do."

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Chief Oskin saw the video of Todd begging Crystal for mercy, and he suspected that she was guilty of Parental Abuse. He thought - If I can get her to confess, I can put her away for at least two years! So he looked her in the eyes and asked, "How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen," Crystal replied.

Chief Oskin: "Tell me all about what happened."

Crystal stated everything that had happened, and then she signed a paper stating that everything she'd said was true. Once that was done, Officer Parks - who still seemed sympathetic to her, despite his supervisor's hostility, said, "We've seen the video, and we have your father's medical certificate from the hospital. So long as you've been honest with us, you shouldn't have any problems. However, if it turns out that you've been lying, according to article 260 of the Criminal Law, we will have no choice but to arrest you and detain you at the Remand Centre while you await trial."

"I understand," Crystal said. "Are we done?"

"We're done," Officer Parks replied. Chief Oskin leaned forward to turn off the recording device on the table, and then he said, "We will take your phone now. As evidence."

Crystal flinched when she heard that. She had secretly recorded her altercation with her father, and although she had no idea if it could be used against her, she suspected that it could. She gave the Chief a dirty look and said, "I'm not giving you my phone. I was assaulted by a gang of people, egged, kicked, and scratched. They spat on me and pissed on me, but you are treating me like the bad guy. But I'm not the bad guy! I am the victim already, and I will not allow you to victimize me further!"

Chief Oskin laughed and said, "Have it your way." Then, he turned to Officer Parks and said, "You know what to do!"

There was nothing that Chief Oskin enjoyed more than an uncooperative suspect.

**Chapter 1578 - 96: What's Going On?**

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Officer Parks looked at Crystal. There were tears in his eyes. "I am sorry," he said, "but I have to do my job. You understand, right?"

"Please," Crystal begged. "This isn't right. I didn't do anything!"

"I'll make it quick," Parks promised as he stood up and walked around the table. He pulled her out of her up by her hair with his left hand. Then he punched her in the gut with his right hand, and when she grasped her stomach, he reached into her pocket and swiped her phone.

Chief Oskin chuckled and said, "Like taking candy from a baby." Then, he turned to Officer Parks.

"Get her out of my sight.. She makes me want to puke. Stubborn criminal like her has no space in this place,"

As Crystal was led out of the Interrogation Room, she crossed paths with the woman who'd supplied the eggs. The woman was laughing. Crystal turned and looked away, ashamed by her inability to successfully stand up for herself.

Crystal had thought that she was being released, but instead, she was taken to a dark cell. It was cramped, and there wasn't even a place for her to sit, let alone make a piss or shit if she needed to. Why is this happening? - she asked herself. But there was no answer forthcoming.

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Joyce was relaxing in the Jacuzzi tub at Cecelia's villa when her Uncle walked through the door and sat down on the edge of the tub. "It's all taken care of," he said. "Just like promised."

"I knew you could do it," Joyce said. "Tell me all about it!"

Although there were many police stations in the city, there were only two major headquarters. Chief Oskin was the Chief of Police at one location, while Joyce's Uncle was the Chief of Police at the other, and occasionally the two did each other favors.

James opened his robe, and as he climbed into the tub behind his niece, he told her everything. Joyce took his hands, kissed them, and placed them on her breasts, "You make me so happy," she cooed. "Is she going to go to jail?"

"Don't worry about that! Relax, I will do the rest as I promised you," James chuckled as he began to play with his niece's breasts, and he said, "I've already worked everything out with the judge. She's going to jail, and for a long time."

Joyce could feel his erection on her back, and the pressure made her smile. Her mother had been right when she'd said, The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach, but the way to his autonomy is through his prick.

Joyce put a hand over his and said, "I knew I could count on you, Uncle James. I never doubted you once!"

"What are you going to do for me when I've done everything else you've asked?" James asked.

Joyce laughed and said, "You are so bad, Uncle James. When you're done, you can do whatever you want to me, and I will do whatever you ask."

James: "That's my girl."

"So, what happens to Crystal now?" Joyce wondered. "Will she be released until the trial, on bail or something?"

"That is something that still needs to be worked out between myself and Chief Oskin," James replied. "She is still in custody. She has been given the impression that she is being released. Her phone has been confiscated, though. Once it is processed, we can figure out where to go from there. When I'm done here with you, I have to go to the station and discuss it with Oskin."

Joyce: "I understand. You never know when your phone might be tapped. You'll keep me in the loop, though, right?"

James nodded, and as he slipped his hand down her abdomen, he said, "Your wish is my command."

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James was sitting behind Chief Oskin's desk, going over some paperwork, when Oskin walked in.

Oskin: "You asked for me?"

James looked up and said, "Is everything settled? Is Crystal going to the Remand Centre?"

"It's all taken care of," Oskin replied. He had a grin on his face, but when Officer Parks rushed into the room, his smile turned to a frown. Parks looked like he'd seen a ghost.

James: "What's going on?"

Officer Parks took a deep breath, and then he said, "Something has gone wrong. There is a company of military troops at our door. There are at least one hundred soldiers - maybe two hundred. They have surrounded the police station, and their weapons are drawn."

The two chiefs rushed out of the office and were confronted by a Waiting Room filled with military personnel. James spotted a Major General and thought - What the fuck is going on here?!?!?! As he looked around, he noticed that many high-ranking officers and a handful of journalists were milling about and asking questions.

Among the reporters, Officer Parks recognized Amy. She had been at the hospital, and she had been among those detained, so he wasn't surprised to see her there. This is the real scoop, he realized, and the hospital was nothing but an appetizer...

James decided he needed to look outside so that he could adequately size up the situation before responding. He walked through the office without any trouble, but he had to maneuver around the

officers when he got to the waiting room. They looked at him, acknowledged him, but nobody seemed even to consider stepping out of his way.

When James stepped outside, he was shocked. Parks had told him what to expect, but the sight of over one hundred military men with guns drawn was enough to take anyone's breath away. Chief Oskin stood beside him, and neither man said a word.

Suddenly, the sea of men began to part, and a black sports car came through. Its horn honked three times - Toot! Toot! Toot!

"Who the hell is that?" James muttered.

"I have no fucking clue...." Oskin replied.

### **Chapter 1579 - 97: You're Safe Now**

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Nathan passed through the officers' line and parked his sports car in the handicapped space by the front of the Police Station. He stepped out, saluted the soldiers, and then turned to face the two chiefs standing in the station's entrance.

Nathan was tall, he had a muscular build, and in his black suit, he exuded an aura of strength and power. No one could look at him as he was and not feel at least a little bit intimidated.

James rushed to meet him halfway, offered his hand to shake, and said, "Mr. Davis, you honor us with your visit. Is there anything we can help you with?"

Nathan gave an outstretched hand a disdainful look and refused to touch it. Then, when James pulled it back awkwardly, he smirked and said, "I'm here about a video I saw on YouTube earlier. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"I'm pretty sure I do," James admitted. "But what does the army have to do with that? We have the situation well in hand."

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"I'm sure you do," Nathan said sarcastically. He glared at the other man. "Where are they?"

"They're in-s-side," James stammered. He had no idea why the army was there, and he was so intimidated by Nathan that he couldn't speak coherently. "Please f-follow me."

James led Nathan into the Waiting Room, and then he said, "Mr. Davis, this is the Waiting Room. I let some people go after they gave their statements." He pointed to an extended bench on the other side of the desks where several people were being detained. "Those people are still waiting to be questioned. If you tell me who you are looking for, I might be better able to help you."

Suddenly, Nathan's arm lashed out. He gripped James by the neck and lifted him a half-inch off the ground so that he had to stand on his toes or risk strangulation.

"Cut the crap," he growled. "Where's Crystal?"

James squirmed under the pressure of Nathan's grip, and his face turned red. "C- Crystal?" he asked as if he didn't know who Nathan was talking about.

"You know who I'm talking about, Nathan replied. He applied a bit more pressure on the other man's neck to prove that he meant business, and then he threw him on the ground. "Take me to her!"

James gasped as he rubbed his neck. Then, he scrambled to his feet and said, "Th-this w-way."

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Crystal was sitting on the cold, hard floor when she heard footsteps coming from the far end of the dark, cold hallway. She lowered her eyes and tried not to think about whatever might come next. Even in this cage, all that she wanted was to be left alone. The footsteps stopped in front of her cage, and the first voice she heard belonged to Nathan.

"Who did this to her?" Nathan asked, and Crystal could hear the controlled anger in his voice. If I were the chief-Crystal thought - I would be shitting my pants right about now.

The corners of Crystal's mouth lifted slightly. She looked up just in time to see Nathan punch the chief in the mouth. James fell backward. His ass hit the ground first, and then the back of his head, and for a few seconds, he laid there unmoving. Then, when he sat up, the lower half of his face was covered by his right hand.

Nevertheless, he couldn't hide the fact that he was bleeding, nor could he disguise the look of abject fear in his eyes.

Nathan took two steps forward, and James scrambled to move away, and Nathan forced him backward until he was pressed against the bars of the cage behind him.

"Please," James cried. "Mr. Davis, I'm sorry. I didn't know that was your girlfriend."

"Is that so?" Nathan asked as he bent over to grab the other man's collar. He pulled James to a standing position, held him against the bars, and punched him in the gut in succession, three times. Then Nathan dropped him like a sack of potatoes.

Nathan hawked and spat a loogie, and it splattered on the top of his head. "Whether she is my girlfriend or not is irrelevant," he said. "Nobody should be treated like this. You are abusing your power, and you won't get away with it!"

Crystal was standing at the front of her cage, and her hands were gripping the bars so tightly that they'd turned white. She had never been as proud of anyone as she was of Nathan at this moment. But she worried about him too.

"No more," she cried. "Aren't you afraid of going to prison for assaulting a police officer?"

Nathan chuckled as he turned to face Crystal. "You don't need to worry about that," he said. "These people have more to fear from me than I have to fear from them. I've got them by the short hairs, and they know it. I appreciate the concern, though; I do. Hold on. I'll get you out of there."

Nathan hunkered down next to the chief, rummaged through his pockets for a minute, and brought out a key card. All of the cells were locked electronically, like in hotel rooms, so all he had to do was run it past the scanner, and Crystal was free.

Crystal was extremely nervous as the door swung open. She was happy to be free, but she was embarrassed by her appearance, and though her hair and face had dried, her outfit was still damp with urine, and there was dried egg all over her outfit. These things seem not to bother Nathan, though. He walked into the cage, embracing her as if there was nothing wrong with her present condition.

As Nathan held Crystal, she began to cry, and he rubbed her back in an attempt to comfort her. "There, there," he said. "I've got you. You're safe now. And these people aren't going to get away with what they've done. I promise."

Years later, when Crystal looked back at this moment, she would think - That was the moment that I fell in love with him.

When Nathan and Crystal emerged from the holding area, despite her condition, they looked like a major Power Couple, like Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie or Michelle and Barack Obama. Crystal walked a half step in front of Nathan, and she led him to the Interrogation Room, where Chief Oskin and Officer Parks had questioned her.

### **Chapter 1580 - 98: I Will Repay You**

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Nathan ran the key card across the scanner that opened the Interrogation Room's door, and Crystal pushed it open. The couple walked into the room together. The woman who'd supplied the eggs was on one side of the desk, while Officer Parks was sitting opposite her.

When the woman saw Crystal, she turned to Parks and said, "She isn't supposed to be here. Aren't you going to do your job and lock her up?"

Parks nodded and said, "I'm on it." He had no idea what had happened between James and Nathan, so he got up and went around the desk. Before he could get to Crystal, though, Nathan stepped in, grabbed his arm, twisted it, and forced him to the ground. Then Nathan kicked him in the head, and he lost consciousness as he fell to the ground.

By the time Parks woke up, the Power Couple had left the room. This is what happened, though, while he was unconscious. Crystal grabbed the woman by the hair, yanked her head back, and slapped her hard against the face. "told you to attack me?" she demanded..

The woman refused to tell, so Crystal hit her again and repeated the question. "Who told you to attack me?" The woman refused to answer, so Crystal slapped her again until the woman told Crystal everything she knew, which, in the end, turned out to be very little.

When Officer Parks woke up, the woman was the first person he saw, and he hardly recognized her. The woman's face was red, bruised, and blotchy. Her hair was tangled, and there were small bald patches where her scalp could be seen. She had a bloody nose, a fat lip, and two black eyes. "Oh, my God," he muttered. "What the hell happened to you?"

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By the time Nathan and Crystal emerged from the Interrogation Room, Chief Oskin had returned to his station, and James was with him. When James saw them, he stood up and said, "Miss Smith, I failed to recognize you. I've wronged you. I'll send someone to open the presidential suite at the five-star hotel next to the police station, and you can freshen up there. Then, when you are more comfortable, you can get even with me at your leisure. What do you think?" James's voice quivered as he said this.

With Nathan's influence, he could destroy this police station with the wave of his hand, destroying the careers of every officer that worked there, so he was worth sucking up to. Furthermore, from the way Nathan moved his troops around at random, everyone could see that this was only a fraction of his strength. Thus, no one dared to offend him or get in his way on purpose, and it was a fool who did so by mistake.

Crystal held out her hand and said, "Give me my cell phone. Now!"

James flinched at the sound of Crystal's voice. Then he went to his knees in front of her, laid his hands on the ground, and said, "I am sorry for taking your phone. Please forgive me for my stupid behavior. You can step on my hands if you'd like."

Crystal sighed and said, "I just want my phone back. Once the recording on it is uploaded to YouTube, it will prove my innocence."

James stood up and said, "I'll get it right away."

Once James was gone, Crystal whispered into Nathan's ears. "I am filthy," she said. "Doesn't that bother you?"

Nathan smiled, kissed Crystal on the lips, and he whispered back: "When I am with you, I am filled with a joy that is so powerful that nothing about you could ever bother me. Anyway, if I thought you were filthy, I wouldn't have hugged you or kissed you."

Crystal sighed and said. "Thank you. I will repay you for your kindness."

Nathan smiled and said, "Well... I'm looking forward to it."

As they parted, Crystal said, "Can't you get someone to buy me a thousand eggs?"

Nathan: "A thousand eggs? What for?"

Crystal pointed towards the Interrogation Room and said, "For her!"

Nathan paused, and then he ordered one of his men to buy the eggs. Then he turned back to Crystal and said, "There isn't anything that I wouldn't buy for you, and I would do anything to make you happy."

Crystal and Nathan waited until the eggs arrived, and she had them stacked outside the Interrogation Room. Meanwhile, the woman in the room tried to hide under the table, and Officer Parks ran out of the room like a scared child.

Crystal grabbed two eggs, one for each hand, and she walked into the room. Then she went to the front of the table, pushed the chair away, kicked the woman, and said, "Come on, out with you!"

When the woman refused to come out, Crystal winked at Nathan, and he dragged her out. He made her stand at attention in front of Crystal, and he asked her, "What have you done that you shouldn't have?"

The woman frowned and said, "When I was approached anonymously and offered money to make that boy throw those eggs at her, I shouldn't have said yes. I shouldn't have done it. I see that now, and I'm awfully sorry."

Nathan: "And? What else?"

"I shouldn't have incited those people to beat and scold her," the woman replied.

Nathan: "And? What else?"

The woman began to cry. "I don't know what else," she whined. "Please. Look at me. Don't you think you've done enough?"

Crystal slapped the woman and said, "Don't presume to tell me when I've done enough!"

"What did I do?" the woman wailed. "Or what shouldn't I have done? I don't understand... Just, please... tell me!"

"You shouldn't have wasted those eggs," Crystal said. "Didn't your parents teach you that it is a sin to waste food? Eggs are food, not weapons." Crystal grinned, daring the woman to contradict her.

"I'll never do it again," the woman promised. "What do you want from me?"

Crystal sighed and said, "I think you need to learn a lesson about the difference between food and weapons. To teach you that lesson, I've had a thousand eggs delivered to the station. I am sure that by the time you've eaten every last one of them, you'll have learned your lesson."

When the woman heard this, her face turned a sickish pale shade of green. "No...," she gasped. "You wouldn't..."

Crystal smirked and said, "Well, but I will..."

**Chapter 1581 - 99: Is There Anything Else?**

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Crystal looked at the woman who'd provided the eggs. "What's your name, anyway?" she asked.

"M-Mary," the woman replied. "My n-name is Mary W-Wiggins..."

"Well, Mary," Crystal said. "If you don't have any more information for me, it's time for you to start eating the eggs." As she talked, she took the glass of water on the table and poured its contents over Mary's head. Then she cracked the two eggs she'd brought with her and emptied their contents into the cup. Finally, she handed the glass to Mary. "Waste not, want not," Crystal said, and the grin on her face was not unlike that of a shark. "Drink up."

Mary looked at the glass, and her expression could see her feeling of revulsion. She took the glass, though, plugged her nose, and slurped the eggs into her mouth..

Crystal chuckled while the woman gagged as she struggled to keep the contents of her stomach where they belonged. Once she had her gut under control, Nathan turned to look at Crystal. He smiled and said, "Let's go. There are still journalists to deal with. I'll leave a couple of my men with Mary to make sure she eats all of the eggs. As for the man who paid her... I will find him and crucify him."

Crystal nodded and allowed Nathan to pick her up. He carried her out of the Interrogation Room. Outside, the journalists were waiting, and as soon as they saw the Power Couple, they began to take pictures. Amy Fowler was there, and she shouted Nathan's name. "Do you have a moment to answer a few questions?" she asked.

"Not now," Nathan replied. He carried Crystal through the police station into the open air and brought her to his sports car. Then he walked around the car and got in beside her.

Crystal leaned over and put her head on Nathan's chest, and he wrapped his arm around her and rubbed her back. He said, "This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't been wandering around. Don't you know that I can't protect you if I don't know where you are?"

"I'm sorry." Crystal began to cry, and she said, "I see that now, and it won't happen again."

Nathan wiped her tears away with the tips of his fingers. He kissed the top of her head, and she smiled shyly. "Are you trying to seduce me?" he asked.

Crystal blinked her starry eyes and tilted her head. She looked up at him and said, "I wasn't trying to seduce you, but I could if you wanted me to. Just tell me what you want me to do."

Nathan kissed her neck and earlobe and then whispered everything he wanted her to do to him and what he wanted to do to her. Crystal blushed as his lips tickled her pinna and auricle, but she didn't pull away. Once he was done telling her his fantasies, she placed her hand on his muscular chest and said, "I'd better get washed up first. The smell may not bother you, but I can't stand it."

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Crystal turned up the pressure on the water, made it as hot as possible, and scrubbed her body from head to toe. Then she dried off and put on her white bathrobe. Nathan was waiting in her room with Dr. Phillips, who he had summoned to take a look and care for her wounds.

Nathan: "Are you almost done?"

"Coming out now," Crystal replied.

Nathan was standing by the window, looking out, and Dr. Phillips was sitting on the bed. Nathan had brought a portable desk and set it up adjacent to the bed, and there was a medicine bag on it. Then, in front of the doctor, there was a chair.

Dr. Phillips smiled and said, "Crystal, come and sit. Let me take a look at you."

Crystal nodded, walked over to the doctor, dropped her robe, and sat naked in the empty chair. After a thorough examination, Dr. Phillips made a record on a notebook, and then she applied medicine to Crystal's wounds. When she was done and Crystal had the robe back on, Nathan turned around. "Is she going to be okay?" he asked.

"She'll be fine," the doctor replied. "There are too many bruises to count, but nothing's broken, and there isn't any internal bleeding. Her arms are scratched up pretty badly, and they'll need to be cleaned twice daily, but considering what those monsters did to her, I'd say that she's pretty lucky."

"Is there anything else?" Nathan asked.

"I'm afraid that there is," the doctor replied. She turned to Crystal and said, "In situations like this, it isn't uncommon for there to be psychological damage. This is called Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, or P.T.S.D for short. You may have nightmares or have a hard time being around people you don't know. There are a ton of symptoms, so I suggest you look it up on the internet - Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and if, at any time, you need to, call me. Do you understand?"

Crystal nodded. She thanked the doctor, and then Nathan told her that she could leave.

Once the doctor was gone, Nathan took place on the bed where the doctor had been sitting. He held Crystal's hand, kissed her fingers, and asked her if she was in pain.

"I am," Crystal replied. "My whole body hurts, but especially the scratches."

Nathan looked at Crystal's arm and frowned. There was Polysporin on the scratches, and when Nathan saw that it was still wet, he said, "Hold still. There's medicine on your hands." Then he went into the bathroom and came back with the blow dryer. He plugged it in, turned it on, and ran it over her arms.

Crystal watched Nathan. Somehow, as he cared for her, he seemed vulnerable. All of his usual arrogance was gone. Who could resist such a man? - she thought.

Once the Polysporin was dry, Nathan turned the blow dryer off, and he asked Crystal if she was tired. She said that she wasn't, and he smiled. Then, he said, "If you're not tired, I want to take you to a special dinner tonight."

**Chapter 1582 - 100: I Cannot Be Seduced**

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It wasn't until Nathan had finished putting away the blow dryer, the portable table, and the chair that he realized it had been a while since Crystal had spoken.

He frowned, "What are you thinking?" he asked.

Crystal had been staring at the scratches on her arms, and she hadn't been thinking about anything. Nathan's question startled her, and she looked up. She thought for a moment, and then she said, "I was trying to think of how to thank you for acting as my hero today."

Nathan's hand suddenly froze. Crystal's unexpected politeness and obedience brought a trace of displeasure to his heart. He wondered if she treated other people the same way. The thought bothered him, and he momentarily lost interest in her repayment. He preferred the difficult, stubborn girl that she'd been before he rescued her. He lifted her chin with a finger, forced her to look at him, and said, "Keep your thanks."

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Crystal grasped his cold finger. She said, "Dear, are you sure you don't want me?"

Nathan squinted his eyes. "Say that again," he said.

Crystal: "Are you sure you don't want me?"

Nathan: "What was the first word you said?"

Crystal repeated the first word she'd said, "Dear?" - and Nathan's heart melted. He touched her lips with his free hand, and they opened. He inserted two fingers into her mouth, and although it made her blush, she sucked on them lustily. His fingers were clean and slender, and they tasted sweet. He smiled wickedly. "Are you seducing me?" he asked.

Crystal's heart skipped a beat, and she nodded.

Nathan withdrew his moist fingers, and he looked at the saliva hanging on Crystal's lips. The expression on her face was seductive and a little erotic. Nathan's manhood began to swell as the thoughts of touching her flashed through his mind, and he found it difficult to keep his one-month agreement at the forefront of his mind. He wanted to own her more than he wanted to use her, though. He wanted her to love and respect him, and he didn't want to lose her. These were the thoughts that kept him in control of his faculties. Not now- he told himself - Do not settle for a jewel when you can have the whole crown!

Nathan smirked as he gently pushed her away. "Well," he replied. He knew that she wanted to repay him but that he hadn't yet won her heart. "I cannot be seduced."

Crystal's lower lip began to tremble, and there was a childlike innocence in her expression. She was nervous, and Nathan could tell that she didn't know what she was supposed to do now. Her long curly eyelashes blinked quickly, and she suddenly seemed very self-conscious and shy. It was an attractive look on her face.

Crystal stared at Nathan's Adam's apple as she waited for him to say something. She didn't dare look up because she was too afraid of what she might see in his dark eyes. At this moment, she was like a bride, waiting for her husband to take off her veil. She was restless, but underneath the nervous energy, there was a sense of anticipation, as if the moment was pregnant with possibilities.

Nathan could sense Crystal's nervousness, but he had no interest in alleviating her discomfort. Instead, he ran his fingers through her hair and said, "You are an alluring woman, but lately, we've wasted too much water. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Crystal's brow furrowed. She did not know what he was saying. She was confused, but before she could ask him what he was talking about, he grabbed her hand and led her back into the bathroom. Before he'd made it halfway there, though, she threw herself into his arms, and without warning, she began to kiss him passionately.

Nathan was so caught off guard that he couldn't help but kiss her back with as much vim and vigor as she was showing. Crystal opened his mouth with her tongue and sucked his tongue into her mouth. Before he knew it, he'd sucked her tongue into his mouth, and in this way, they made a kind of love between them that was as intimate as the type of sex that involves genitalia.

As they kissed, Crystal pulled Nathan down to the floor. I CAN seduce you! - thought Crystal.

She knew his weakness; she was his weakness, and she planned to exploit it. She could feel his manhood, long, thick, and hard, pressed against her pubic mound, and she moaned.

"Can I?" Nathan asked. His voice was low and hoarse, and he could not pretend that he wasn't aroused. As strong-willed as he was, he was still a man. And he had unique urges and needs that only a girl of Crystal's age and her body type could satisfy.

He had asked the question because he knew that he was nearing the point of no return. "Can I?" he asked again.

When Crystal saw the look in Nathan's eyes, she was afraid, which was why she hadn't answered immediately. She had initially had no sense of security. After what had happened at the police station, though, she had seen that he respected and tolerated her, which had let her guard down. Her heart had opened, and she had allowed him to set up camp within. In just almost a month, Nathan had occupied space in her heart. That being said, there was still a one-month agreement to think about.

The one-month agreement had been implemented to test Nathan and give Crystal a respite from his casual attempts to assault her. Now, though, she no longer knew if the month was necessary, and she wanted to have sex with him. At the very least, he had proven his worth to her. That being said, there was still the look in his eyes. She wanted him to make love to her, but she feared that he wanted to ravage her. Finally, she thought - maybe if I'm gentle, he'll be gentle...