

## Night of Love 271

### [Chapter 271 He Persevered](#)

In the evening, when the sky was gradually turning dark, the driver pulled up at the mansion. After parking the car, the driver got out and opened the door for Crystal.

The housekeeper came over and said, "Mr. Miller is in the study.

Crystal nodded and walked into the mansion. She went up the stairs and pushed open the door to the study.

Henry sat behind the desk, the dim light casting a deep shadow on his profile, making him look handsome and striking. In front of him, his laptop was playing a video of Crystal's press conference.

There was no telling how many times he had watched it.

Beside him was his diary.

When Crystal came in, he raised his head to look at her. She was still wearing the white suit that made her look both professional and elegant.

Henry reached out to her.

Crystal approached him and leaned into his arms without a word.

Henry removed her hair band and her heels.

Burying his face in her hair, he asked, "Are you tired?"

Crystal felt her nose sting.

She shook her head silently in his arms. They hugged each other for a long time before she broke the silence. "Go to the nursing home, Henry."

Henry stiffened.

Crystal placed a gentle kiss on his neck and murmured, "Staying there will be easier for you. You won't have to force yourself to remember me and Skyler. You won't have to endure the pain. Henry, when you remember us, just give me a call, and I'll bring Skyler to see you."

Her voice trembled, for she knew that the moments he could remember her were diminishing.

Henry closed his eyes in anguish.

Crystal choked out, "Henry, please. When I haven't changed my mind..."

She stood up abruptly and pushed him back before removing his belt.

"Crystal!" Henry's voice was hoarse.

Crystal kissed him deeply.

She knew what he liked the most.

Whatever she was unwilling to do in the past, she was willing to do now. She wanted him to remember this moment, the very moment she left her mark on his body. Even if he were to forget her, she didn't want him to forget this passionate moment.

They had sex.

Henry gripped the armrest and lowered his head to look at the woman in his arms. He couldn't take it anymore and pulled her over to kiss her. "That's enough, Crystal. That's enough."

"Henry, you're mine. All mine!" Her voice was shaky.

Henry ended up staying in the high-end nursing home, taking the diary with him.

The doctor had given him a wristband which was a tracker.

However, Crystal removed it as it was just a shackle to him. Henry wouldn't go missing. The worst thing that would happen was that he would forget their family.

Occasionally, he would remember her.

It could be after a week, ten days, or even half a month.

He would call her with affection and express his eagerness to meet her again.

No matter how busy Crystal was, she would definitely pay him a visit with Skyler.

The young girl displayed a remarkable understanding of her father's business trips. She never kicked up a fuss and always endeavored to bring joy to her father's memory whenever he remembered her.

Every time, she would bring her storybooks along and sit on her father's lap, asking him to read the stories. to her.

By the time Henry reached the fourth storybook, his recollection of them had become infrequent. He persevered, however, until the moment the baby in Crystal's womb stirred for the very first time. As he sensed the strong heartbeat, amazement washed over him. This was a new life made by him and Crystal, and now, the baby could move.

Henry couldn't bear to part with this feeling.

Lying in Crystal's arms, he listened to the thumping heartbeat until he fell asleep.

Tears streamed down Crystal's face as she covered her quivering lips. She knew that Henry could only endure until now because of that diary.

Late at night, she went home.

A smile played on her lips as she eagerly waited for their next encounter.

The housekeeper approached her. "Mrs. Miller, you received a parcel."

After accepting the package from her, Crystal looked at it casually and was surprised to find that Henry was the sender.

She quickly opened the parcel and saw three recording pens which were labeled with names.

Crystal went upstairs and played the recording pen with her name.

There was a crackling sound before Henry's voice rang out. "Crystal, when you hear this, I may have already left you. You must be crying, right? Silly, don't cry. At least we're married with two kids. You're pregnant with a boy, so name him Remi Miller, short for 'reminisce! Promise me you won't give up on finding me no matter what, Crystal. I love you, and I don't want to spend the rest of my life without you. A life without you is a prospect I can't bear. I love you, Crystal. Be brave for me once more, okay?"

In the living room, Crystal held her belly as she listened to the recording.

Tears rolled down her cheeks when the recording came to an end.

Her sixth sense told her that Henry had already left.

Right then, her phone rang. It was a call from the nursing home.

Crystal answered the call.

Gently and regretfully, the doctor said, "Mrs. Miller, Mr. Miller has left the nursing home, carrying his identification and bank cards. He also left with two sets of clothing.

Crystal felt as if her blood had been sucked dry. Her lips trembled as she asked, "Anything else?"

The doctor pondered for a bit. "There is a diary by Mr. Miller's pillow. Do you still want it?"

"Yes! I'll come over to pick it up now."

After the call ended, Crystal wiped her tears away, but they continued to stream down her cheeks.

She went downstairs and told the driver that she was going to head out.

Downstairs stood David with an anxious expression. His heart ached for her.

He looked at Crystal and revealed. "He retook the bar exam a few days ago and received his bar license. I found out he used his passport to buy a flight ticket to Anglandur. He should be on the plane now."

Crystal was sobbing silently.

Even though she knew this day would come, she couldn't help but cry.

Henry had utterly erased her from his memories.

His memories had come to an abrupt halt five years earlier, a period prior to their encounter.

Henry had departed. He had ascended into the skies, resuming his beloved role as a lawyer..

However, she and Skyler were left behind.

Crystal wondered if he would regard them as strangers when they met each other again.

Closing her eyes, she bawled her eyes out.

David, too, grew emotional, and tears welled up in his eyes.

He gently patted her shoulders and said, "Cry, don't cry too long. Henry wouldn't want to see you upset. Don't worry. He's safe and sound, and he'll return to us one day."

Crystal's body was still quivering.

Even though she had prepared mentally for months, she was still overwhelmed with sadness when the day came.

Crystal went to the monastery, intending to pay George a visit.

The monastery was halfway up the mountain, so she climbed all the way up sincerely even though she was four months along.

Upon arrival at the monastery, she prayed silently before requesting George's presence.

Alas, he didn't agree to see her.

It was a young abbot who came out to relay George's message. "My mentor said that he told light at the end of the tunnel."

With that, he gave a polite bow and left.

Crystal watched him leave without a word. She prayed again before slowly going down the mountain.

Subsequently, David made it a habit to send her daily texts, detailing the number of countries Henry had visited within a week. Occasionally, Crystal would find herself lost in thought as she observed the vast distances he covered.

A few weeks later, she saw Henry on the news as he had won an international lawsuit.

Outside the Supreme Court of Cranur, Henry was surrounded by a group of reporters.

Dressed in a classic black and white suit, he maintained a proud posture while fielding their questions, looking confident and charming.

Crystal replayed the video again and again.

Every time she watched it, she would cry and laugh at the same time.

#### [Chapter 272 Long Awaited Reunion.](#)

Crystal watched the clip again and again, and Skyler was equally still.

It's Daddy! Daddy looks so handsome when he smiles!

Nestling in Crystal's embrace, Skyler murmured, "Mommy, is Daddy coming back?"

"Mhm." Crystal quietly hummed. Patting the top of the girl's head, she said in a soothing tone, "But Daddy's unwell, so let's give him some time, shall we?"

Skyler understood more than her tender years might suggest.

Though Crystal hadn't explicitly said it, Skyler had noticed the changes after her father was hospitalized. back then. His presence became less frequent, and his grasp of the present slipped occasionally when he was reading bedtime stories to her.

So he was sick!

Bounding back to her room, Skyler then returned clutching a box.

With eager hands, she unveiled a plastic toy stethoscope, her chestnut curls bouncing with excitement.

Her voice was earnest as she said, "I'm going to make Daddy better!"

Crystal's arms encircled her daughter as she pressed a kiss to the girl's forehead, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

Skyler was the most beautiful gift Henry had left behind for her.

Autumn settled deep into its rhythm.

The air bore the crisp essence of autumn, and sycamore leaves fluttered to the ground like confetti. Amidst the changing foliage, the maples blazed in fiery red, casting an ethereal glow like dancing flames against the sky.

At the airport, a hum of anticipation coursed through the crowd.

Reporters gathered, poised with cameras and microphones, ready to capture the long-awaited return of the legal world's enigmatic demon king.

Amidst the crowd was Crystal, who had come without Skyler but with the Miller family's driver, Joel

Time seemed to stretch. Crystal's palms grew clammy as they rested together.

What will it be like reuniting with you, Henry? Do you still remember me at all?

Then came a sudden surge of excitement sweeping through the crowd like a wave, and reporters jostled in a single direction.

Flashes erupted from cameras as reporters fought to capture the best shot of the scene.

Henry had appeared.

Henry emerged from the security checkpoint, encircled by his retinue of bodyguards. The camera lenses fixed on him could not shake his poised demeanor. With practiced ease, he fielded questions with nonchalant replies, his departure marked by an air of dignified composure.

The bodyguards held the press at bay, creating a path for his exit.

Meanwhile, Crystal stood by the exit, her heart racing as she watched the figure pass by her. An unexpected chill overtook her, as though a gust of icy wind had swept away her strength, leaving her vulnerable and exposed.

The realization struck her like a blow-Henry didn't remember her.

Right as the thought formed in her mind, Henry halted in his tracks and fixed his gaze on her face.

There was no recognition in his gaze, but Crystal could not contain herself as she called out, "Henry!"

With a purse of his lips, Henry spared her a curt response. "We'll talk in the car."

Crystal froze.

However, Joel nudged her, his tone merry as he said, "Mr. Miller wants to talk to you!"

With Joel's assistance, Crystal made her way to the parking lot.

By then, Henry was already in the black sedan, the window of the backseat rolled down. He had taken off his jacket, revealing the impeccably tailored white shirt accentuating the contours of his form.

The casual grace with which he lounged against his elbow belied the gravity of the situation.

Upon his knee rested a file-records of his missing five years of memories.

Within its pages lay their shared history, the marriage they had built, their child named Skyler, their numerous separations, and... Audrey's death.

These details, while accessible to outsiders, felt alien to the man who had lost five years of his memories.

Crystal was nothing but a stranger to him now, and the idea of his passionate love for a woman he barely recognized was beyond his grasp.

Five years ago, he had been someone who rejected the notion of marriage.

Crystal slid into the car, a silent presence beside him.

Her eyes flickered to the documents resting on his lap. She surmised that his interest in those five years. before his return to the country had driven him to conduct some research. However, the absence of warmth in his gaze toward her cast a shadow of doubt on her hopes.

Henry's gaze lingered on Crystal, taking in her delicate features and fair complexion. Despite her pregnancy, her figure retained its graceful proportions.

He found himself inexplicably drawn to her growing belly.

This should be my baby.

Averting his eyes, he instructed the driver, "To the condominium."

His decisions were unwavering and left no room for protest. Crystal suppressed her yearning, enduring the heartache as she sat in silence beside him.

Though the physical distance between them was palpable, an intangible connection lingered-a residual warmth that had not entirely faded.

Crystal's gaze turned to the window, her eyes reddening with unshed tears.

An hour later, the car came to a halt outside the condominium. The driver unloaded the luggage and departed.

Henry picked up his luggage, his gaze briefly touching Crystal before he led the way to the elevator. Throughout it all, he remained indifferent.

Crystal's heart ached, but she reminded herself that this was their new normal, for his love for her was gone, along with those five years of memories.

However, when they walked into the condominium, and when Crystal took in the interior, she could not halt the emotions that crashed over her. Her voice quivering, she asked, "You were here?"

The interior had been returned to its previous theme of black and white-elegant yet impersonal, akin to a showroom display.

Henry placed his luggage down with a sense of purpose, then changed his shoes and gestured for Crystal to take a seat.

Considerate of her pregnancy, he poured a glass of water for her and a glass of red wine for himself. After that, he leaned casually against the bar counter while taking delicate sips.

Crystal knew that he was pondering how he should deal with her-with the uninvited presence in his life.

As he neared the halfway mark of his wine, Henry set the glass down with a contemplative look in his eyes. "These past five years... Though I've made my own investigation, I'd like to hear your perspective."

Crystal met his intense gaze.

It was different from the tender and loving way he used to look at her.

Yet, her cheeks flushed.

Henry caught her reaction.

He moved closer to take a seat beside her. With a playful glint in his eyes, he brushed his fingers gently across her delicate features. "So, tell me."

Crystal could not resist him.

Her expression remained serene as she recounted the events of the past five years.

When she finished, Henry chuckled and said, "Quite the tale, Miss Winters.... You could give celebrities a run for their money with your storytelling skills."

Her surprise was evident.

Henry's hand continued its gentle exploration of her face, his voice taking on a husky note. "Say, do you love me deeply?"

Before she could fully react, he pressed her down onto the couch.

Her position may have lacked dignity, but as her eyes met his, an undeniable desire surged within her.

She could not stop herself from reaching out to trace the contours of his handsome face, from his brows to his nose. Her voice trembled slightly as she admitted, "Yes, I do,"

Henry grabbed her hand, not letting her touch continue to wander.

Then, her dress was pulled aside to reveal her swollen belly, fair and soft.

Henry's finger traced the curve of her belly, a playful glint dancing in his eyes as he teased her with his touch.

Crystal had not done it for a long time.

The man she had loved so deeply stood before her, making it impossible to feign indifference.

Her body quivered slightly.

"Do you want it?"

His voice, husky and teasing, danced near her ear. "I've heard that women your age tend to have quite an appetite."

Crystal felt a mix of embarrassment and irritation. She wasn't afraid of him becoming distant, but he was proving himself not just distant but also rather tactless.

In the next moment, he released her, casually adjusting his shirt as he spoke in an almost nonchalant manner: "Miss Winters, what are you after? A husband or simply someone to satisfy your desires? Think it over carefully. Only then can we proceed to the next stage of discussion."

The vein by Crystal's brow vaguely popped.

With a trembling hand, she lifted her dress and softly asked, "Do you want to get a divorce from me?"

Henry stared at the faint patch of green.

Her fair skin gave it an almost artistic quality, like a watercolor painting brought to life.

He could not resist the urge to brush his fingers lightly over it, yet his words were far from tender. "No, I won't be divorcing you. After all, we have two children to raise."

Henry's gaze remained on Crystal, taking in her undeniable beauty. Even with the added charm of her pregnancy, he felt no inclination toward a romantic relationship.

He stood, making his way into the study. Upon his return, he held a set of documents in his hand.

Placing the papers gently in Crystal's palm, he resumed his seat on the opposite sofa, his demeanor transformed from before. Now, he exuded a sense of dignity and restraint.

His eyes locked onto hers, and he shifted to a businesslike tone. "Miss Winters, I'm prepared to co-parent our two children. The condition is that we sign this separation agreement. Once signed, I will provide the necessary child support and visit them once a week."

Crystal found herself in a perplexing situation.

What was the distinction between this arrangement and a divorce?

Her lips parted, yet no words emerged. She understood that any entreaty at this moment would likely only repel him further.

In truth, a sense of relief should have washed over her.



At the very least, he was not denying the existence of their children.

Despite this, her heart was heavy with sorrow.

Before her stood the husband she loved dearly, but she did not even dare to hug him, fearing that he would find her touch repulsive. His thoughts about her and Audrey remained a mystery, locked behind a mask of indifference.

After all, the most invincible adversary was the deceased.

Crystal leafed through the separation agreement he had laid out.

In the document, he had stipulated a monthly child support payment of two million. He would spend one night each week with the children at her place, maintaining no other contact in the interim. However, they would cooperate without question if important events necessitated them to appear as a couple. Additionally, he had made a pointed request for her to remain faithful to the appearance of their marriage.

Henry stood up and spoke calmly. "There's no rush. Take your time to think it over."

Having business matters to attend to at his law firm, he retreated to the master bedroom's walk-in closet to change.

Just as he was removing his shirt, Crystal entered.

She did not beat around the bush as she said, "Henry, I won't agree to the separation."

He drew his brows together.

One hand paused on his belt, and as he noticed her still standing there—face flushed, eyes watery—it was clear she had been crying.

At that moment, she seemed fragile, an easy target.

Taking a few steps toward her, he towered over her, his voice low and husky. "Are you here to watch a man change, Mrs. Miller? It seems it's been quite a while since you've had some excitement. If you're up for it, we could indulge ourselves."

Of course, Crystal rejected the idea outright.

She knew his feelings for her had waned, leaving her to be treated as nothing more than a plaything.

Yet, Henry was already starting to kiss her. Inexperienced from the loss of his memories but driven by instinct, he pressed her against the wardrobe door, his fingers pinching her delicate chin to deepen and then lighten the kiss.

Before the mirror, man and woman merged.

Tears traced their way down her cheeks.

Finally releasing her, Henry sneered. "What a disappointment."

Holding onto her chin, he let his lithe finger toy with the pink tip of her tongue and muttered, "Don't ask for more. Isn't it enough that we take what we need?"

Despite his aversion to marriage, the union between them was now a reality.

For a lawyer of his stature, maintaining his reputation was imperative.

He could not simply divorce her and become fodder for gossip and mockery from the world around him. Thus, the most practical solution was to keep up the facade of a marriage. If she consented, they could. even occasionally fulfill each other's physical needs.

In the separation agreement, the commitment to spending a night at her place with the children each. week was secondary; the primary underlying intention was that he also had physical needs.

Henry believed that, if she was sensible, she would find this agreement amenable.

#### [Chapter 273 I Want To Be Close To You](#)

Henry retrieved a set of clean garments from the closet and proceeded to change in Crystal's presence without hesitation.

Crystal merely stared at him without a word.

After changing his clothes, Henry met her gaze and was about to say something sarcastic when his phone rang.

He glanced at his phone and realized it was David. "Hey, Dad."

Crystal couldn't hear what David said, but Henry's gaze fell on her. "Yes, she's with me. We'll go home tonight and have dinner together with you."

After ending the call, he said calmly. "Dad wants us to join them for dinner tonight. I'm a little busy. You go ahead with the child first."

Crystal knew well that he wasn't busy; he just didn't want to give her a ride.

She didn't force him and agreed readily. They both made their way downstairs.

Henry told the driver to give her a ride while he opened the door to a black McLaren.

He was about to get into the car when Crystal stepped forward. There was only a car door separating them.

Crystal said calmly. "Henry, you can treat me coldly, but Skylar is very sensitive. I hope you won't say those things when she's present."

Henry recalled the child mentioned in the documents.

She resembled Crystal with her fair skin and curly hair.

She's quite adorable.

He gave an indifferent nod. "Don't worry."

Crystal was relieved to hear that.

She watched as the black sports car sped off, slowly disappearing before her eyes.

She stood there for a long time.

Joel sympathized with her and came closer. "Mrs. Miller, do get into the car. Standing for prolonged periods isn't advisable when you're pregnant."

Crystal held her back and forced a smile. "I do feel a little sore!"

She got into the car to head back to the mansion.

Back there, she locked herself in the study and drew all the curtains.

The study was dark.

She leaned back on the couch and listened to the recording Henry had left behind countless times before

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In the evening, she picked Skyler up and went to the Miller residence.

When they arrived, Berthold flung himself at her and greeted her warmly, "Aunt Crystal!"

Crystal squatted down and patted his head.

The little boy's cheeks turned pink.

Skyler stuck her tongue out at him. He's a boy, but he keeps blushing. Shame on him!

David and Julia came over to welcome them.

Julia brought the kids to have dessert, while David talked to Crystal. "Did you see him?"

Crystal replied with a hum..

Not wanting to put her elders in a tight spot or make them angry, she didn't say anything about her predicament.

However, David knew what had happened.

He gave Crystal a knowing look and said slowly, "Aren't you mad at him for making that request? Crystal, you shouldn't have to indulge him because he sacrificed for you! You know what a b'stard he used to be. Tolerating him won't benefit you in the long run. You've slapped him so many times in the past, yet he still begged to get back together with you, didn't he?"

Crystal remained silent.

David was aware that she had a soft heart, and she wouldn't bear to hurt Henry's feelings.

He loved them both and felt conflicted.

Henry arrived home at seven, right when dinner was served.

After parking his sports car, he walked into the mansion to see Skyler running toward him. The little girl flung her arms around him and nuzzled up against him. "Daddy, I miss you so much!"

Henry stiffened.

After all, he couldn't remember spending any time with children. However, his heart softened as he picked Skyler up.

Perhaps it's because we're related by blood.

David was sad to see his son holding his granddaughter without any aversion.

Henry has no idea how much he used to adore Skyler!

Julia was already wiping her tears away.

The reunion dinner was a silent affair.

Henry sat next to Crystal, but they seemed to be strangers to each other.

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David was naturally displeased. To the case mure team than your family! He directed a glor Jules Inform the housekeeper to prepare the mum where Henry hard to deep, in he and Crysed.com spend du

Julia immediately did as told

Henry's lips curves into a flecting smile

He lit up a cigarette and walked up the stairs, emanating an air of indifference

Seeing that Crystal was naturally upset

David gave the back of her hand a comforting pat "'nly temporary Please pardon his motude"

Crystal grunted in response

Instead of heading upstairs immediately, she remained townstairs to keep the children company She even put Berthold to bed before heading to the room Benry used to occupy

Inside, Henry was smoking by the window.

Crystal came to a stop at the door and gazed at him silly.

The man's profile displayed flawless symmetry, As he hated, the smoke dissipated swiftly into the atmosphere.

Sensing her gaze. Henry turned around and looked at her. He put out his cigarette and said calmly. "You've learned how to tell on someone now, huh?"

Crystal closed the door behind her and slowly approached him.

As he fixed his gaze on her, she reached out and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Dad found out about that himself. I didn't tell him anything Henry, we're married. I don't want to be separated from you. I want to be close to you. Isn't that normal?"

There was no telling what Henry was thinking

He leaned against the wall and gazed at the woman in his arms.

She was soft and obedient, seemingly ready to do anything he wanted her to do. Feeling excited, he asked hoarsely. "Do you want to have sex with me that much

I heard that women can have sex after they are three months along

#### [Chapter 274 Do You Not Love Me](#)

Henry wasn't about to make his life difficult.

As far as he could remember, he typically kept his distance from women, and it had been that way for years. Yet, he found himself now married to a youthful and attractive wife who was also carrying his unborn child.

Just the thought of it was enough to make him excited.

He didn't love her, but his body was attracted to her.

When Crystal regained her composure, he had already pinned her down at the end of the bed.

With his innate instincts, he held her waist and kept pleasuring her.

Crystal felt both embarrassed and afraid..

Afraid that Henry would harm their baby, she dared not go all out and get into the mood even though she wanted to be intimate with him.

It didn't go well.

Henry whispered, "Don't you love me? Why don't you want me to touch you? Look at you. You don't even respond to me."

Tears welled up in Crystal's eyes as she turned away in mortification. "I'm pregnant. I don't want to have sex with you."

Henry brushed a finger across her bump. She was pregnant with his child. If this wasn't my baby. I would never want to have sex with a pregnant lady.

For a couple to engage in sexual activity, there should be a mutual emotional connection and a shared desire.

As she didn't respond, he quickly lost interest and was about to roll away to head to the bathroom when a faint sound sounded at the door of the bedroom.

Skyler poked her head through the door and called out adorably, "Mommy!"

Crystal stiffened.

Henry had gone hard on her a while ago. She responded weakly, "I'm here!"

Her clothes were disheveled, but fortunately, the room was dimly lit.

As parents, they quickly put their clothes on.

Henry's face was dark. He had never imagined that they would be interrupted by a child.

Skyler was hugging something in her arms as she climbed onto the bed.

The little girl nimbly climbed into her father's arms and brandished her plastic stethoscope, placing it on Henry's chest. "Grandpa said you're sick, Daddy. I'll treat you!"

Henry was speechless.

The light was switched on.

His cheeks carried a rosy tint from his previous arousal. Skyler gently tapped his cheek, assuming his flushed complexion was a result of illness.

She attentively assessed her father's well-being.

Crystal was no better. She seized the opportunity to adjust her clothing and stealthily slipped into the bathroom.

Henry clenched his teeth. I can't believe she escaped that fast!

Skyler looked at him innocently. "Daddy, your heartbeat is fast!"

He must be sick!

She pulled out a small bottle and poured out two colorful pills. "Take some medicine, Daddy!"

Henry glanced at the bottle, realizing it was a bottle of rainbow candy.

He would never eat something this sweet.

Skyler gazed at him, seemingly at the brink of tears. She looked like a pitiful puppy.

Henry's expression froze.

He clenched his jaw and forced himself to swallow the candy. Surprisingly, he found the level of sweetness. to be tolerable.

Skyler patted his head. "Good job, Daddy!"

It was obvious she craved for her father's love.

As Henry didn't stop her, she decided to take her chance and presented a storybook. She passed it to him. then settled onto his lap, crossing her legs and letting them rest on Henry's belly.

The irresistible charm of this adorable being was hard to resist.

Henry had never liked children. But perhaps he knew that Skyler was his offspring, or perhaps the little girl was too smart. He couldn't bring himself to disappoint her.

Leaning against the bedframe, he propped up the young girl and started reading the storybook. Due to his partial memory loss, his reading wasn't entirely fluent.

Skyler complained, "You don't read as well as my previous daddy!"

Previous daddy?

Henry was caught off guard. It took him a moment to grasp that she was referring to him before he had experienced memory loss.

He couldn't imagine that he had once been a devoted husband, cherishing his wife and daughter deeply.

Slowly, he read the fairytale until the little girl drifted off to sleep in his embrace. She radiated warmth. Despite her petite frame, she emitted a comforting heat, akin to a warm pad on a chilly autumn night.

Under the dim light, Henry fixed his gaze on the small girl nestled in his embrace.

She appeared delicate and tender, her brown curls clearly inherited from Crystal.

Yet, after merely spending half a day with her, he was certain that her spirited demeanor was reminiscent

of his own.

The need for a DNA test seemed unnecessary. He was convinced beyond doubt that she was his own child.

Henry picked her up and placed her aside gently. He stared at her for a while before getting up and walking to the bathroom.

Crystal was sitting inside, spacing out.

She was still wearing the cotton floral dress. She had a beautiful side profile that aligned with his preferences. Moreover, her pregnancy added an extra touch of elegance to her appearance. He pondered how her figure would be even more remarkable if she weren't pregnant.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have won his heart.

After calming down, Henry was willing to be honest with her.

He leaned against the wall and said calmly, "I remember you're Robert's ex-girlfriend. I know what happened after that, but I still can't imagine that we'd get married and have children together..."

Henry knew how picky he was.

Back then, he was surrounded by many women, but none of them caught his attention. This left him bewildered about why his affection for her ran so deep and compelled him to witness Audrey's sacrifice to ensure her safety.

Crystal looked up and stared at him.

He didn't finish his sentence, but she knew what he meant.

He knows Audrey is dead, but he has forgotten how evil she was. The only thing he remembers is that she cheated on

him.

As he had asked about Robert, Crystal knew that he was obviously suspecting that she had sex with Robert before they got together.

She didn't feel like explaining as she was exhausted.

She was five months along, and her unborn child exhibited remarkable vitality. Despite her desire to rekindle Henry's affection, she knew her main priority was giving birth safely.

She said calmly, "Henry, I won't agree to live separately.

Accepting his suggestion of living separately would essentially amount to granting him unchecked freedom

She wasn't a fool and would never agree to that.

Henry arched a brow and flashed a faint smile.

Crystal lowered her gaze. "You are healthy and well, so I can't do anything if you refuse to come home at night. Indeed, I can't do anything, but your refusal to come home and my consent to it are two different issues."

With that, she strode out of the bathroom.

When she walked past Henry, he suddenly gripped her shoulders. Strangely, he could feel that she was sad.

The tip of Crystal's nose was red as she said, "I'm tired. I want to sleep now."

Henry leaned closer and whispered, "Did you use this pitiful manner to seduce me in the past? Otherwise, why would I keep having sex with you and make you pregnant?"

He sounded like a jerk.

Tears welled up in Crystal's eyes as she pushed him away gently.

She returned to the bed and lay down next to Skyler.

Later, Henry joined her on the bed.

Crystal had her back to him, but he knew she had yet to fall asleep. In the darkness, faint, intermittent breaths punctuated the silence. She seemed to be crying.



Henry closed his eyes, grappling with the void of five lost years from his memory.

He found himself married to Robert's former girlfriend, and his sister was in despair because of his own wife's uncle.

He couldn't bring himself to like her.

Nevertheless, he had to admit that she was his type. Even though she had gained weight from her pregnancy, her waist remained slender, and her legs were long. Her fair complexion added to her allure, making her irresistibly attractive.

In the dark, Henry suddenly couldn't tamp down his desire.

#### [Chapter 275 Remember To Come Home](#)

Early in the morning, Henry was jolted awake by Skyler plopping onto him.

The instant he opened his eyes, he was greeted by the sight of the little girl with brown hair on him. "I want to go to the toilet, Daddy!"

Henry placed an arm over his eyes.

He truly did not want to get out of bed, but she was her biological daughter.

Left with no other choice, he sat up. Undoing her one-piece pajamas, he asked, "Where's your mommy?"

Skyler's ebony eyes shone brightly. "Mommy is preparing breakfast for me!"

Preparing breakfast? The Miller family needs its mistress to do that? And is she really that diligent?

As Henry was slightly distracted and inept, his movements were a touch slow. By the time he jolted out of his thoughts, Skyler had already burst into tears, and a wet and warm patch stained the crotch of her pajamas.

A few drops of warm liquid dripped onto him.

Shame was written all over Skyler's face.

Her fair and exquisite face was all scrunched up as she wept sorrowfully.

Just then, Crystal came upstairs. She was somewhat surprised upon seeing that Skyler had peed her pants, but she quickly scooped the little girl up. Sensing her mother's tenderness, Skyler twisted her body in embarrassment and stopped crying.

Crystal took a set of clean clothes for her.

Skyler deftly took off her clothes, baring her petite body and disproportionate head.

Verily, she looked adorable.

Henry sat up. "Why did she ask me to remove her pajamas when she could've done it herself? She wouldn't have peed her pants."

Crystal went silent for a long while before she replied, "You were the one who took care of her before she was three years old. She can do many things herself, but she hasn't seen you in days. She missed you. greatly and wanted to draw close to you."

Alas, Henry had forgotten all that.

Not only did he have no recollection of loving her, but he had also forgotten how to indulge Skyler.

Crystal went to the bathroom and filled the bathtub for Skyler to have a bath. When she came back out, she cleaned up the bed and floor.

Throughout it all, Henry studied her quietly.

She appeared to be a perfect housewife, radiating gentleness.

If I long for marriage, I'll probably accept her easily. But unfortunately, I don't like married life. I find it restraining!

After wiping himself clean, he went to the walk-in closet to change. He washed up before making his way downstairs leisurely.

Downstairs, David stole a glance at his son.

At the sight of Henry looking all high and mighty, he sensed a spark of fury sparking to life within him.

He then turned his gaze to the endearing two children, finding them irresistibly lovable.

In a beautiful dress, Skyler sat at the dining table with her head buried in her food. When she saw that Henry had come downstairs, she was surprisingly amicable. "I forgive you for the matter earlier."

Words eluded Henry.

Skyler continued, "I'm willing to give you a chance to make amends!"

Henry took a seat beside her. He picked up a cup of coffee and took a sip of it. "How do you want me to make amends?"

"By driving me to kindergarten! Both you and Mommy have to do so!"

Henry turned his head and pinned his eyes on Crystal beside him. "You taught her this?"

Crystal's temper spiked, and she decided to simply admit to it.

"Yes! But you don't have to go!"

Henry chuckled. "How can I not satisfy you when you've gone to such lengths, Mrs. Miller?"

Having said that, he even brushed a finger across her delicate face wickedly.

How soft and smooth! The best part about this marriage is that her looks are my cup of tea!

Seeing his son's frivolous actions, David had steam coming out of his ears. "Speak properly and keep your hands to yourself! Crystal is your wife to whom you're legally married, not some shameless woman out there! Show her some respect!"

Henry merely smiled.

He did not refute that, obediently driving Skyler to kindergarten and even kindly dropping Crystal back at the mansion.

However, he did not enter the house.

Crystal was no fool.

She did not expect him to return to their house at once, for she remembered that his private life was quite messy back then. While he was not promiscuous, he was not a conservative man at business events.

She alighted from the car.

Henry, on the other hand, remained seated in the car. With the window rolled down, he lit a cigarette.

"Are you coming home tonight?" Crystal asked softly.

Propping his elbow against the car window, Henry took a slow drag of his cigarette. He snickered. "If I don't, will you be telling on me again and having my father force us to sleep in the same bed?"

Crystal lifted her head a fraction.

Ugh! His current self is a downright b\*stard!

When she faced him again, she inhaled deeply. "Remember to come home, Mr. Miller!"

Henry's eyes were bright, and a smirk played on his lips. "Is this a free pass for me, Mrs. Miller?"

Crystal could not be bothered to entertain him.

She stared at him silently for a while before spinning on her heel and entering the mansion that was their home once upon a time.

As she walked, tears streamed down her face.

She had tasted the depths of his love for her, and right then, the pain she experienced was of the exact same measure.

For the following few days, the man did not come home.

She knew that he was staying at his condominium.

Skyler kept asking about her father, and Crystal comforted her tenderly, feeling sorry for her.

Nonetheless, she knew all too well that it was impossible to shackle Henry with a child.

After all, his past self was wild and unrestrained.

She was anxious herself, but she forcibly suppressed her anxiety. Since she was pregnant, she could not be mad at him or confront him head-on.

When a woman goes up against a man, she will forever be on the losing end.

After Crystal dropped Skyler off at the kindergarten early in the morning, the driver asked in a murmur, "Are we heading to the hospital for a prenatal checkup now, Miss Winters?"

Crystal lowered her head slightly. "No, head to the office."

With a nod, the driver drove to Secas Corporation. No sooner had the car come to a stop than Jamie. hastened over and opened the door for her in surprise. Shouldn't you be going for a prenatal checkup today, Miss Winters?"

Crystal wore a white suit, her belly bulging.

Supporting her waist with a hand, she flashed Jamie a smile. "Something cropped up, so I came over to handle it."

Jamie was both attentive and considerate.

Knowing that Henry had returned to the country, she was happy for Crystal. She naturally made a few personal remarks when they arrived at the office on the top floor.

Sitting behind the desk, Crystal slowly drank half a glass of milk. Out of the blue, she asked, "How long have you worked for Henry, Jamie?"

Come to think of it, it's been seven or eight years," Jamie answered smilingly.

Crystal fixed her eyes on Jamie and said, "Henry has forgotten a lot of things, so I'm very much worried. Besides, I have no one at Adroit Law Firm. Jamie... I'd like you to return to his side."

Jamie was visibly startled.

She was no fool. She understood Crystal's meaning all too clearly-the latter wanted her to be a spy.

She was in a bind

Mr. Miller were to discover that I betrayed him, I'd be doomed! After all, this is a once-in-a-lifetime job!

Crystal opened the drawer, took out a checkbook, and wrote a check for ten million.

On top of that, she fished out a key.

"Here's a furnished house of a hundred and eighty square meters in Jewel District and a check for ten million. Even if Henry were to fire you, I think this would be enough for you to survive. Furthermore, I promise you can return to work in Secas Corporation

That windfall bowled Jamie over.

That one-hundred-and-eighty-square-meter house is approximately thirty million. Additionally, there's a check! How generous of Miss Winters

Not only did Crystal induce Jamie with money, but she also appealed to her emotions. "I love Henry deeply, but I'm now pregnant and have no energy to win him back. I'm worried about him. You understand my situation as a wife and mother, right, Jamie?"

Jamie hesitated for a moment.

Ultimately, she said. "Don't worry, Miss Winters. ... am on your side!"

Crystal got to her feet and lightly placed the key and check into Jamie's pocket, smiling demurely. "I won't control him over trivial things, but if he has someone special by his side, you must tell me about it!"

Jamie bobbed her head.

She sensed something different about Crystal. Did Mr. Miller trigger her in some way yesterday?

Thereafter, she left the office.

Crystal made a call to Henry, her voice as gentle as ever as she said, "It's my prenatal checkup today. Henry. Do you have time to accompany me?"

At that moment, Henry was at the law firm.

He was rather surprised to receive a call from her since she did not phone him even once in the few days he had not returned to her place. Right then, however, she had taken the initiative to call him.

In truth, he did not mind accompanying her to her prenatal checkup as it was his child she was carrying.

Regretfully, he had an appointment with a client that morning

He turned her down courteously to make her feel that it would be unreasonable of her if she were to insist.

Unexpectedly, Crystal remained unfazed. "Never mind, then. I'll have Mr. Hearnshaw accompany me."

On the other end of the phone, Henry frowned.

Mr. Hearnshaw... Ryan Hearnshaw? I remember he used to be my subordinate, specializing in managing my finances. So, he's working for her now, and they're so close that he can accompany her for her prenatal checkup?

#### [Chapter 276 I Am Pregnant](#)

Jamie went to the law firm at ten in the morning.

Henry's assistant led her into the office with a faint smile. "Welcome back, Jamie!"

Jamie felt uneasy.

She closed the door, then turned to fix her gaze on Henry, who was seated behind the desk.

Henry did not lift his head. He continued reading his documents and asked placidly, "Did Crystal ask you to come?"

Jamie confirmed it with a nod. "Yes. Miss Winters says that I'm skilled in this area and that I'd be of help to you, Mr. Miller."

Henry let out a soft chuckle..

He closed the file and engaged in a casual conversation with Jamie. Finally, he asked in a nonchalant voice, "By the way, is Mr. Hearnshaw of Seeas Corporation, Ryan Hearnshaw?"

Jamie was slightly taken aback. "Yes, it's him."

"Is he married?"

Jamie was confused, but she still answered honestly, "Mr. Hearnshaw is thirty-five this year. He's a good man, but he has yet to marry, and I heard he doesn't have a girlfriend."

Unmarried and single...

Henry pursed his lips. "All right, I got it. You may leave."

Just as Jamie was about to exit with the documents, Henry abruptly asked. "What time is Crystal's prenatal checkup, and which hospital is it at? Send me the details."

Jamie could not help but smile. "Of course! I'll send it to you in a while."

When Henry arrived at the hospital, it was almost eleven in the morning.

By then, Crystal was already done with her prenatal checkup and was sitting on the chair alone, quietly studying the sonogram.

Henry ambled over to her,

She was alone, and there was no Ryan Hearnshaw in sight.

She figured out that it was a scheme of hers.

Nevertheless, he was not frustrated. He sat down beside her, craned his neck, and said, "Show me."

Crystal passed him the sonogram.

"He's almost five months now. You've already given him a name, Remi Miller."

Henry glanced at the sonogram. "A boy?"

Crystal nodded, her gaze landing on his handsome features. At that very moment, she desperately wished that he would suddenly regain his memories and say to her, "I'm sorry I'm late, Crystal."

But he did not.

Henry, who had lost his memories, could only pretend to be a woman's husband.

He was only there because he was afraid that she would cheat on him.

Sure enough, after looking at the sonogram, he sent her downstairs, not even bothering to invite her to lunch.

They went their separate ways.

For the following days, Henry lived as though he was single.

He was always at social events, and he rarely went home.

The private investigator would send Crystal photos of Henry attending cocktail parties one after another, with countless socialites around him.

A month later, in the CEO's office of Seeas Corporation, Crystal was standing silently by the floor-to-ceiling window. There were a few photos scattered on her desk.

Ryan was greeted by that sight when he entered the room..

He pretended not to see anything and said gently, "Miss Winters, how about I attend Mr. Jacklin's private banquet alone? You should head home early and get some rest."

Crystal shook her head. "How can I do that to Mr. Jacklin? He helped us out so much."

Ryan stopped insisting otherwise and exited the room.

At half past nine at night, in Barnwood's most upscale business club, Crystal was about to leave after

Ryan would be going for a second round of drinking after sending her home. While they walked to the car, they talked about work.

Suddenly, Crystal froze.

Near the elevator, one of the room doors was opened, and she could see everything that went on inside.

There were around five to six men, and she knew half of them. Of course, that included her husband. What caught her attention was how all the men, including Henry, had young women by their sides.

Although he was not embracing anyone, there was a young woman leaning against him, and he did not push her away.

Crystal stood there quietly and observed him.

Seemingly sensing her gaze, Henry lifted his head and their eyes met. There was an awkward tension in the air.

Oliver Lee, who was well acquainted with both of them and the owner of a six-star hotel, was also present.

He quickly stubbed out his cigarette and stood up. "Crystal, what a coincidence! Don't misunderstand Henry. We were merely discussing business. You of all people should know he's an honest man!"

He then invited Crystal to enter.

There were about six young women inside, and it would be embarrassing for Crystal to be in that situation.

"Miss Winters, let me take you home," Ryan said.

Crystal stared at Henry. She wished to leave, but she couldn't move her feet.

One of the ignorant women next to Henry mumbled, "Mrs. Miller is quite the intriguing one. She can't control her husband, yet she wants to play the role of a devoted wife!"

Oliver began to panic, for he knew how hot Crystal's temper was.

Crystal went in after all. Cradling her six-month pregnant belly, she walked over to the young woman in a graceful manner and flashed a faint smile. "You're a student at the Northview University of Arts, aren't you? At your tender age, instead of honing your skills, you're here drinking with men... Believe it or not, one word from me and you won't get any gigs after graduation!"

The girl dismissed her threat, believing that Henry would safeguard her interests.

She waited and waited, but Henry remained aloof and didn't intervene at all.

The young woman's smile froze.

Crystal did not feel the joy of victory, for she knew what kind of man Henry was in the past.

A young woman like that wouldn't even catch his eye.

He was merely trying to make her upset.

However, when he noticed Ryan's hand on Crystal's shoulder, he spoke in a gentle tone that brooked no refusal. "I'll take you home."

With that, he clasped Crystal's hand.

In a bid to ease the tension, Oliver commented, "Well, would you look at that! Mr. and Mrs. Miller are very much in love."

The young woman became embarrassed, but Crystal felt even more mortified.

Throughout the ride in the sleek black car, she looked out the window and did not exchange a single word with Henry.

The world was shrouded in darkness.

The night crept in like a monster that engulfed the relationship they once shared, smothering the love until all that was left was a cold void.

Henry answered a call from David right then. David sounded upset. He seemed to have found out about the incident at the club and admonished his son for it.

Henry answered his father nonchalantly while casting a meaningful glance at Crystal

Thirty minutes later, the car pulled up at the mansion.

Henry got out of the vehicle, then swiftly opened the door for Crystal, signaling her to get out.

Crystal lifted her gaze slowly, her eyes moist and weary.

Henry picked her up and carried her straight to the master bedroom on the second floor.

Since she was pregnant, he made sure to be gentle as he pressed her down on the bed. He deftly removed her coat to reveal a red wool dress with a V-neck that accentuated her fair and alluring skin.

When Crystal came back to her senses, she began to resist. "What do you want, Henry?"



“I want you.”

He threw a stack of photos right next to her face. Each one captured him in different settings, but mostly at social gatherings and club events.

The sharp edges of the photos grazed her delicate face, but the pain was the last thing on her mind.

So, he knew... That’s why he’s been staying outside on purpose... He resists the idea of this marriage.

“There’s a lot more, Mrs. Miller. Is this not what you want when you hired a private investigator to tail me and snap pictures of me? I’m giving you what you want now, but why are you not happy? Why are you crying?”

Henry slowly unbuttoned his shirt so that she could see his sculpted muscles.

“Henry, I’m pregnant!” Crystal cried out in fear.

“Six months isn’t a problem. I hear that it feels different to have sex with a pregnant woman. I’m curious to find out, and you should be curious too whether I’m better or my past self is better.”

His words became more explicit as he quickly took control.

The pain was excruciating.

Crystal turned pale and clutched the bedsheets as she endured wave after wave of his advances. A faint vein appeared on her forehead, making her look even more irresistible.

Henry stroked her face and said in a hoarse voice, “You’re screaming under me like that and yet you say you don’t want it?”

Crystal couldn’t say anything.

Hot drops of sweat trickled down her skin, each one causing her body to quiver uncontrollably. She couldn’t help but grip his shoulders.

“Henry, you jerk! Let me go!”

Henry, do you know I miss you?

Crystal soaked in the bathtub for a long time until her body was glowing with a light pink color. She wrapped herself in a bathrobe, then made her way back to the master bedroom

Henry stood by the window with a cigarette in his hand. There was a faint smell of tobacco in the room.

He was still dressed in the same attire although it was a bit rumpled.

That reminded Crystal of what had transpired. She felt embarrassed as he was fully clothed, having only removed his shirt and belt.

The experience this time felt less intense than the first time they had sex. There was hardly any emotion involved; it was merely a release of pent-up tension for him.

Crystal looked at him for a while, then moved to the vanity to tend to her skin. No matter how many things had happened over the years, she had never forgotten her skincare routine, so her skin had always been soft and supple.

The night was cold, causing Crystal to sneeze when the wind blew in.

Hearing that, Henry stubbed out his cigarette, closed the window, and fixed his gaze on Crystal.

She was taking care of herself, rubbing lotions on her body, her bathrobe slightly parted.

Henry looked at her snow-white shoulders and slender long legs from the back. She did not look like a pregnant woman. Perhaps it was the result of their passionate moments. Her entire body was tinged with a blush that made her look all the more alluring.

As a matter of fact, he had received a wonderful experience from his exploration of her body.

She was pregnant, so he reigned in his desires and only indulged himself twice..

As far as Henry could remember, this was his first time and it was one that had left a satisfying impression. It was especially inviting when she cried for him to stop as it only ignited his desire to explore her body further.

He figured the quality of their marriage would be good.

After all, men are often driven by their senses, and at times, physical intimacy may take priority over emotional connections.

Henry did not deceive himself into thinking he was a paragon of virtue. Having tasted her once, he found himself yearning for more. Nevertheless, he recognized that seducing a woman into having sex with him willingly would take some effort.

If he continued to stay away from home, he knew she would not welcome him with smiles.

Leaning against the wall, he said in his husky voice, "I remember Ryan Hearnshaw is one of my men."

Crystal stiffened.

After a beat, she mustered a faint smile. "Yes. Are you planning on transferring him?"

Henry's smugness was palpable. While it would not be an issue to reshuffle personnel, he wanted to avoid giving the impression of being overtly invested in Crystal as his wife. "It's best for me not to take him away from you when you've familiarized yourself with him"

Crystal continued applying lotion.

The room was enveloped in silence.

Moments later, Henry said, "I'll be moving back tomorrow."

Crystal set down her bottles and jars, tied her bathrobe, and turned to face him.

Henry left his statement unelaborated.

True to his word, he returned the following day.

He only brought with him a suitcase containing two sets of everyday attire.

Upon his return in the evening, he promptly entered the study.

Henry was evidently preoccupied.

Crystal unzipped the suitcase. She took in its meager contents and smiled wryly.

Moving back, he said? Clearly, he's looking for a consistent, long-term partner in bed. He probably felt good the last time and fell in love with my body. That's why he came back. However, when a man comes home of his own accord, there is no reason for a woman to kick him out.

Crystal hung up Henry's suits in the closet and descended the stairs.

In the kitchen, the housekeepers were bustling about. At the sight of Crystal, one of them beamed and said, "Mr. Miller has returned. We used our own money to prepare a few extra dishes. We hope you don't mind, Mrs. Miller!"

Crystal looked at the array of dishes, some of which looked distinctly opulent, boasting ingredients that didn't come cheap.

She offered a faint smile, expressing her gratitude to the housekeepers. Internally, she made a mental note to reimburse them. These hardworking individuals were drawing modest salaries, after all.

She directed the housekeepers to summon Henry for dinner.

Soon, they returned from upstairs and said in a slightly awkward tone, "Mrs. Miller, Mr. Miller mentioned that he has a flight to catch at ten at night and won't be able to join us for dinner."

Oh, he's going on a business trip... That explains the suitcase...

Crystal lowered her head and flashed a small smile. "No worries. Go ahead and enjoy your meal."

She retraced her steps upstairs, embodying the role of the devoted wife as she assisted in repacking Henry's belongings. She then arrived at the study door and knocked on it. "Henry, are you heading out on a business trip?"

Henry concluded his final email and grunted an affirmation. "Yes, about three days,"

After organizing his briefcase, he looked at Crystal's belly. "You don't have a problem with it, do you?"

"I don't think so," Crystal said placidly.

Henry nodded, then made a call while going to get his suitcase, and off he went on his business trip.

Three days went by, and he returned at night

By then, Crystal was already asleep. Henry tiptoed into the room, set his suitcase aside, took off his clothes, and took a shower. Thereafter, he gently roused Crystal and satisfied himself twice.

As the night deepened, Henry fell asleep.

Crystal, however, remained wide awake. She could guess what he was thinking even if she was slow.

Henry's return was not a step toward rekindling an intimate connection between them.

It was a calculated measure to meet his physical needs.

Crystal lay sideways and extended her hand from beneath the covers to gently trace his chiseled features. Her lips curled into a soft smile. "You're such a b\*stard, yet there's nothing I can do about you."

Social gatherings scarcely held Henry's attention these days. His attention was wholly consumed by his professional commitments.

He was nice to Skyler, and Skyler liked him.

Nonetheless, in private, he maintained a marked distance from Crystal, aside from their shared intimate moments. These encounters were neither particularly gratifying nor terrible. Except for the absence of genuine emotion, they lived like a normal married couple.

Henry was contented.

For a man, having a spouse, a child, and influence are his ultimate goal, and he now possessed all these.

Furthermore, his wife was accommodating in bed.

He had no complaints.

However, Crystal's satisfaction was an altogether different narrative. She had once tasted the most sublime love, and what remained now was just the corporeal shell of Henry, without the depth he had once possessed.

Days elapsed in a routine fashion, but she was powerless to enact change.

With time, even those around them perceived their relationship as affectionate.

The five-year chasm in Henry's memory appeared almost negligible. Only Crystal bore witness to moments of loneliness after they had sex.

Indeed, she was lonely inside..

She had tried. She was considerate and gentle with him, an example of a good wife.

Nonetheless, she could never win his heart, and she could not elicit his affection. His treatment reflected the typical comforts that a wealthy husband would provide for his wife-stability, ensuring her comfort, and producing legitimate heirs.

When she was eight months pregnant, Henry stopped touching her.

He became more busy, and Crystal did not complain.

During the first snowfall of early winter, she gave birth to Remi Miller, the first grandson of the Miller family.

She brought the seven-pound baby to the world at full term.

David, overflowing with joy, acted as if he'd achieved a monumental feat. Melora playfully chided him for his old-fashioned mindset, but his response was firm. I treasure Skyler and Berthold equally!"

The truth was, Skyler held the most special place in his heart.

Yet, when it concerned preserving the Miller family legacy, Remi had to take the mantle. David, however, would never confess to such a notion.

Melora rolled her eyes at him.

She attended to Crystal and carried the baby to her. "Crystal, look. He's the spitting image of you!"

Despite her exhaustion, Crystal leaned over to look at the baby closely.

He bore a striking resemblance to her, from the rich brown tufts of hair to the gentle expression in his eyes.

His eyebrows and eyes mirrored her features, particularly his delicate nose.

David turned to Julia. "Remarkable genes, aren't they? The children are taking after the Lodges!"

Just then, Henry entered the room.

Despite being a father of two children, he remained impeccably attractive.

He leaned down to plant a kiss on Crystal's forehead and then directed his gaze to their son nestled in the crib. "Thank you."

Crystal observed him closely before letting a soft smile grace her lips.

Henry proceeded to lift their son from the crib. The Millers showered the baby with adoration, debating his resemblance and cooing over, his undeniable cuteness. Plans for his care were discussed in earnest.

Crystal averted her gaze, finding herself too filled with worry.

With two children, Henry would restrain himself. What else could she ask for?

Yet, amidst the bustling celebrations, an inescapable loneliness persisted.

In her heart, she yearned for the Henry who had once cherished her. She was uncertain whether their lives were destined to remain indefinitely formal and distant.

He would be engrossed in his work, and she would have to work while caring for the two children.

That would last forever and ever.

Unbeknownst to him, she was waiting for him, waiting for him to return.

#### [Chapter 277 Take Good Care Of You](#)

Despite the cheerful atmosphere in the VIP ward, Crystal's eyes were slightly moist, a detail that only Melora noticed.

Feeling sad about it, Melora made an excuse to get some fresh air outside.

Little did she expect to run into Alfred..

He had flown over in his private jet to visit Crystal and Remi after his meeting in Coldbridge was over.

It was at the ward entrance that he bumped into Melora, whom he had not seen in a long time. Having been busy, he was reminded of how much he missed her when he saw her in person. Noticing the tears welling up in her eyes, he spoke in a tone tinged with tenderness. "What's wrong? Didn't Crystal give birth to the baby successfully?" He handed the gift he brought to Leslie. "You go ahead and visit Crystal and her baby first."

Knowing that it was not easy for the two to meet, Leslie nodded before entering the ward.

Alfred pulled Melora into the emergency stairwell and closed the green metal door behind them. Pulling her hands away from her eyes, he asked, "Why do you always cry when you're already an adult?"

"It's none of your business!"

Melora turned her head away, her eyes red.

Alfred simply smiled. He lit up a cigarette and took a puff. "I suppose this is about Crystal, isn't it?"

Having had her mind read annoyed Melora, but she soon felt even more miserable.

At the end of the day, I have someone who understands me in this world, but Crystal doesn't.

For the first time over the past few months, Crystal didn't give Alfred the cold shoulder. She burst into tears in front of the man she hated. "Everyone thinks that Crystal is happy, but I know full well that she isn't. Henry may be back, but he doesn't remember her, yet Crystal still loves him!"

If not for love, no woman can tolerate being neglected by her husband.

Alfred continued smoking in silence.

Even though he was aware of what Melora had told him, there didn't seem to be anything he could do.

Crystal and Henry had gone through a lot and they used to love each other very much. Anyone in the know could never bring themselves to get Crystal to give up, and Alfred was no exception.

He felt bad for Crystal. What happened with Audrey was not her fault at all.

Henry had only done what was expected of a husband, yet Crystal had to pay for it for the rest of her life.

Alfred lifted his head slightly, a glint flashing across his eyes.

He thought about Krystal, himself, and then Crystal The children of the Lodge family are fated to suffer whet it comes to matters of the heart.

When Alfred entered the ward, Henry was escorting his parents out, leaving Crystal and Leslie behind.

At the sight of his boss, Leslie announced, "Mr. Lodge is here!"

Crystal attempted to get up but was stopped by Alfred.

“What are you doing? It’ll hurt.”

His heart aching. Alfred stroked her head and asked about the birth.

Crystal replied with a slight smile, “It’s all right. It’s a lot easier than giving birth to Skyler.”

Those words made Alfred feel worse. After playing with Remi for a moment, he said casually, “If you’re not happy, come back to Coldbridge for some time. Your granny isn’t fit enough to fly here, and she’s looking forward to seeing the two children.”

Knowing what Alfred was implying, Crystal shifted her gaze to Remi as she replied, “I’ll head over after a while.”

Alfred smiled in response and didn’t force her.

Right then, Henry returned with Skyler after walking his parents out.

The sight of Alfred caused Skyler to rush to his side, clamoring for a hug.

She had always been Alfred’s favorite and pampered the most among all the other children in the family.

Wanting to give the couple some privacy, Alfred picked Skyler up and said to Leslie, “Middle-aged men like us should learn how to babysit children. Come, let’s take Skyler out for a walk.”

The delighted Skyler wrapped her arms around Alfred’s neck tightly as he gave her a piggyback ride.

Peace returned to the ward. Crystal gave her blanket a gentle tug and broke into a faint smile. “I’ll be getting some rest. I’m a little tired from seeing everyone.”

Staring at her, Henry recalled Alfred’s words from earlier.

He could tell that Crystal had been suffering during this time.

Their interaction over the last few months had been neither good nor bad. No one was willing to discuss what they really felt deep down.

After all, she treasured their marriage still, while he gradually felt that there were more pros than cons to maintaining it.

After Crystal had fallen asleep, Henry laid back on the couch and watched her thoughtfully.

Just as he was a little lost in thoughts, Remi woke up.

He wailed till his face was swollen red.

Crystal was naturally awoken by the commotion. She looked at the baby and said softly, “He must be hungry. Can you bring him over so that I can nurse him?”

Henry’s gaze darkened.

He gently picked up Remi, then placed him in Crystal’s arms and stayed by their side.

Even though Remi was Crystal's second child, this was the first time she nursed a baby. She awkwardly unbuttoned herself before bringing Remi close enough to feed him.

Remi suckled greedily, drinking from his mother's milk..

Henry sat down and caressed the baby's hair.

When his gaze swept across Crystal's body, he commented offhandedly, "Why is your waist so slim despite having just given birth?"

I can't believe how alluring she is!

Having not been intimate with Crystal for two months, Henry was overwhelmed by his desire at that moment. Crystal was busy nursing her baby and oblivious to the change in Henry.

A subsequent pop rang out in the air, causing Henry's eyes to darken further..

Remi was particularly obedient as he went back to sleep once he was done suckling.

Crystal wanted to button up her top, but her swollen breast hurt when it came into contact with the fabric.

She wanted to express some milk but felt embarrassed to do so in front of Henry.

The next morning, Henry was still sleeping on the couch when Crystal woke up.

Feeling a lot more relaxed, she walked to the bathroom to unbutton her top by supporting herself against the wall.

As this was the first time she did something like that, her anxiety caused her to fumble on her way there.

The bathroom door was gently closed behind her, and she felt Henry hug her from behind and kiss her behind her ear. He murmured, "L., me do it."

Crystal was stunned as she locked her gaze on his reflection in the mirror.

Despite his polite tone, Henry's actions were anything but that. When he expertly expressed the milk on her behalf, Crystal wondered if he had actually learned it beforehand.

Throughout the entire process, her eyes were closed as she didn't dare to look.

She knew full well what an embarrassing sight it was

"Is it still swollen? Do you feel better? Otherwise, I'll help you a while longer..." he whispered into her ear.

Crystal knew that he was doing it on purpose. She quickly grabbed her top and covered herself. "That's enough. I feel a lot better now."

The next second, she was carried to the countertop.

Fortunately, Henry didn't forget she had just given birth, for he rested her on one of his hands while the other removed her top. He commented in a raspy voice, "This height is perfect!"



He lowered his head and did what he had in mind the day before.

This was the first time he had acted so brazenly in front of Crystal.

When he was done, he leaned on her shoulder to catch his breath.

Crystal was overwhelmed by lust due to how deeply in love she was with him. Wrapping her arms around his waist tightly, she couldn't help but whisper, "Henry, do you have a little crush on me now?"

Henry continued kissing her, relishing the tenderness of her body.

Pressing himself against her ear, he asked in a husky voice, "Aren't you happy with our life now?"

Crystal raised her head to kiss his chin.

"I don't know, Henry. I don't think I'm satisfied." The amorous atmosphere allowed her to open her heart and speak candidly.

What she wanted was simple: his love.

She didn't mind if he didn't recover his memories. All that was needed to satisfy her was his love.

The addition of a child had made their relationship improve slightly.

Henry would visit the hospital every day to see his newborn son.

The day Crystal was discharged, he brought Skyler along. He even prepared plenty of gifts which were most jewelry, something every woman loved.

In the middle of the night, he would also wake up to check on the baby.

Even Crystal felt that he had gradually developed feelings for her and their marriage seemed to be improving at a steady pace.

As she was someone who knew how to count her blessing, happiness was written all over her face.

The day Remi was one month old, no grand celebration was held. Henry arrived home late as he had to work overtime.

Nevertheless, he brought Crystal a gift and cradled Remi for a long time.

On the cold winter night, Crystal sat by the fireplace with a satisfied smile on her face.

The next day, which was a weekend, Crystal received a call from Jamie, who invited her for coffee.

Crystal held the phone in her hand and had an epiphany.

She knew how tactful Jamie was. If it wasn't something important, she wouldn't have invited her out at a time she was supposed to be recuperating at home.

In the end, Crystal chose to meet with Jamie.

Inside the cafe, Jamie was already waiting. The moment she saw Crystal, she greeted warmly, "Crystal!"

Crystal sat down across the table.

She ordered a lemonade. After taking two sips, she asked, "Is it about Henry?"

Jamie pursed her lips.

Crystal, having guessed what it was all about, broke into a faint smile. "Is it about a woman?"

Jamie placed a picture on the table and said softly, "Crystal, if this wasn't important, I would definitely not bother you at a time like this."

Crystal picked up the picture, and her porcelain-white face lost all color.

She looks exactly like a twenty-two-year-old Audrey, the innocent and unsullied Audrey!

Jamie continued in a slightly raspy voice, "She's Lara Chamber and she's twenty-two. She's one of the poor students sponsored by the law firm over the last few years. Last month, Mr. Miller got her to stay back to intern at the law firm."

Last month... The month when I gave birth!

Crystal's fingers balled into fists.

Jamie added with certainty, "There's definitely nothing inappropriate going on between Mr. Miller and her, but the ambitious look the girl has in her eyes tells me that she isn't a simple girl."

Crystal lowered her head and flashed a smirk. "I'm sure she's fully aware of who she resembles." She got to her feet and smiled at Jamie. "If Henry makes things difficult for you over this matter, just come and see me."

Crystal didn't wait for Jamie to respond before storming off.

The dazzling fire she had within her when she arrived had now been doused by an icy aura.

So, the happiness I felt recently is nothing but an illusion.

When Crystal returned to the mansion, the housekeeper informed her, "Mr. Miller called to say that he'll be back late. He wanted you to have dinner without him."

Crystal nodded. "All right." She ascended the staircase but stopped halfway abruptly. "Can you help me clear some of my things? I want you to dump all the gifts Mr. Miller has given me recently at the door.

The housekeeper was scared into silence.

When Henry came back at nine o'clock, he was greeted by the pile of things at the door.

"Where did these come from?"

The housekeeper explained fearfully, "These are the gifts you have given Mrs. Miller previously. She wanted them disposed of."

Henry furrowed his brows as he headed upstairs.

Inside the master bedroom, Crystal was putting on makeup in front of her dressing table.

Unlike her usual habit of putting on light makeup, she wore a vampish one this time. In addition, she was decked out in a body-hugging black dress and expensive jewelry around her neck.

Henry scanned the surroundings the moment he entered. "Where's Skyler and Remi?"

Crystal's eyes met with his in the mirror

She curled her flaming red lips and slowly replied, "I've talked to Mom and Dad. They'll be taking care of the children for the time being."

When Henry walked up to her, she got to her feet. She reached up seductively and wrapped her arms around his neck. "From now on, I'll have more time to take good care of you, Darling!"

### [Chapter 278 Do You Love Me](#)

A photo was gently, slipped into the pocket of his shirt.

Crystal thoughtfully adjusted his clothes before patting his shirt.

Henry fixed his gaze on her as he pulled out the photo.

It was a photo of the new intern at his law firm, Lara Chamber,

He moved to the edge of the bed and took a seat. He loosened his tie and questioned, "She's only an intern. Why are you so bothered about her?"

"Just an intern?"

Crystal made her way over to him, bent down, and said softly, "Henry, you've gone too far. Do you seriously think I won't lose my temper?"

Henry chuckled softly and reached out to caress her cheek.

Crystal hated it when he acted this way. She wanted to dodge, but he was fast enough to wrap an arm around her waist. He began to fondle her frivolously.

"Really? What about you? Do you love me? When we have sex, you'll hug me and say my name. Are you calling me or the man in your memories, huh? I'm just a substitute, Crystal. You're no better than me."

Pain assailed Crystal's heart.

She lowered her gaze and sneered, "Henry, all you're saying is that you won't fire her. Answer me this. Are you seeking an intern or holding onto a remnant of your past regrets? Henry, while you're sleeping with me and enjoying the benefits of being married to me, you keep someone like that next to you. Isn't it disgusting?"

Crystal picked up the photo and tore it into pieces in front of him.

Henry stepped back, his eyes glistening. He had never seen that side of Crystal.

After a considerable pause, he let out a soft chuckle. "I've come to realize I married a strong-willed woman."

He reached out and pulled her into his arms.

As their bodies came into contact, the air turned amorous.

Crystal looked down and said coldly, "I just gave birth less than a month ago. Are you a beast?"

Henry wanted to have sex with her, but her words made his desire fade away.

Of course, they had shed all pretenses, so there was no need for him to hold back or mask his emotions. He pinched her cheek and said, "Well, I can't help but be a beast every night when I'm with you, Mrs. Miller."

Crystal pushed him aside. She rose to her feet and smoothened the wrinkles on her attire, then forcefully swung the door open and walked away.

That night, she didn't return to the master bedroom. Knew, she could be spending the night in the guest room or the study, missing the old Henry.

Yes, their marriage had a problem, for she loved her husband.

Henry didn't remember her. Despite sharing six months together and putting in the effort, he found himself incapable of developing affection for her.

The shredded photo were scattered on the ground.

Henry knew that if he loved her, he would do whatever she asked of him. However, he did not love her, and their marriage was falling apart.

Presently, there was no need for pretense, and Henry experienced a sense of relief.

To him, marriage ought to be straightforward, involving shared child-rearing responsibilities and occasional intimacy, perhaps a few times over the weekends.

It was hard if emotions were involved.

However, he soon realized that Crystal wasn't simply sulking; she was being serious.

Upon returning from social gatherings, he frequently found her absent at home.

The housekeeper would inform him that she had gone to the Miller residence to look after the children.

Even when she was at home, she would refuse to sleep in the same bed as him.

A week later, at Adroit Law Firm, Henry was sitting in his chair, touching his chin in silence.

After she was done reporting work matters, Jamie smiled and said, "Tomorrow's Saturday, Mr. Miller. Have a nice weekend!"

Henry snapped back to reality and gave her a forced smile.

Jamie was about to suggest some ways to improve his relationship with Crystal when someone pushed the door open. In walked a graceful, youthful figure with a striking appearance. It was none other than Lara.

Henry furrowed his brows.

"Yes?" Jamie asked.

"Mr. Miller, today is my birthday. I baked this cake personally and wanted to gift it to you." Lara lifted the cake box in her hand and spoke with a hint of shyness.

Henry gave Jamie a look.

Jamie took the box from her and placed it on the desk. "Thanks!"

Instead of leaving, Lara bit her lip innocently. "Actually, a few colleagues are holding a birthday party for me. I'd like to invite you both to the party."

Jamie couldn't help but curse inwardly, What a b\*tch!

Henry declined the invitation straight away. "No, thanks. And don't come into my office as you like next time."

She indeed resembled Audrey and was trying to seduce him.

Nevertheless, Henry never had romantic feelings for Audrey, let alone the young lady standing in front of him. Audrey was dead, so he felt a bit sad seeing Lara and only wanted her to have a bright future.

No matter how angry Crystal was, he didn't fire her.

Lara was humiliated to be at the receiving end of Henry's rejection.

She seemed to be on the verge of tears. "Mr. Miller, I didn't mean anything else."

"Get out!"

Lara covered her face and left the office, closing the door behind her.

Henry closed his file. "Isn't it the weekend? Order a bouquet for me."

He wanted to pick Crystal up.

Jamie replied in the affirmative cheerfully.

Crystal had been occupied with gym and yoga sessions lately.

Upon learning of her positive outcomes, Madison decided to join her. However, after less than thirty minutes of exercise, Madison found herself collapsing on the floor, utterly drained: Crystal, on the other hand, appeared unfazed, evoking a sense of envy from Madison. "Crystal, your stamina is impressive!"

Crystal continued working out.

Seeing that, the gym trainer left them both alone.

Crystal got herself a lotion and began to massage her waist. "I've given birth to two children. If I don't work out, how can I even try to keep up with the younger ladies?" Her voice held a touch of self-deprecating humor.

Madison didn't share her sentiments.

After all, Crystal had a great figure.

Ordinary young ladies weren't as fit as her.

She extended her hand to playfully touch Crystal's waist. Their lighthearted moment was interrupted when Crystal's assistant, Edith entered and informed them. "Miss Winters, there's a young lady here to see you."

Crystal asked, "What did she say?"

"She says her surname is Chamber."

Crystal slowly wiped her sweat away with a towel as she replied, "Let her in."

Edith opened the door and headed out.

Madison felt uncomfortable. "Is she the person you told me about? Seriously? Back then, when Audrey practically offered herself to Henry, he wasn't even interested in her!"

Crystal flashed a smile. "You don't know men and their infatuation for their first love."

Madison rolled her eyes in response.

A while later, Edith entered the room, accompanied by a young girl. The girl possessed a certain charm-but appeared slightly uneasy. Upon entering, she offered a soft greeting, "Mrs. Miller."

Crystal was stretching out at the bar.

Her slender waist and long legs evoked Lara's jealousy instantly.

Lara bit her lip, imagining the scene of Henry ravishing Crystal's gorgeous body every night.

Crystal didn't bother replying to her greeting.

She finished her stretching before turning to look at the young lady.

She's indeed gorgeous, but she's pretentious. And she isn't as pretty as her photo suggested. In fact, she seems a little petty.

Crystal recalled the striking impression Audrey had made during her initial appearance.

With that thought in mind, she instantly felt so much better.

Edith gave her a water bottle and a towel thoughtfully. "Miss Winters, have some water."

Leaning against the bar, Crystal drank a few sips of water before giving Lara a smile. "Why are you here?"

Lara's voice quivered as she spoke in a hushed tone. "Mrs. Miller, I understand you're angry with me, but you don't need to take it to this extent. I'd been looking forward to my birthday celebration, yet none of my coworkers turned up. I am well aware that you orchestrated this."

Birthday celebration where none of her coworkers turned up?

Crystal could guess that it was Jamie's doing. The latter only needed to start a rumor, and no one would dare to be friends with Lara anymore.

Jamie is really reliable, huh?

Crystal flashed a lazy smile. "Really? I had no idea about that." She gave Edith a look, and the latter took the water bottle from her. As she continued stretching, she remarked. "Miss Chamber, you're youthful and attractive. Why would you hold onto a married man? Perhaps you resemble Henry's first love, and he might occasionally think about the past when he looked at you. I can tolerate that, but it can only stay in his thoughts!"

Lara's self-esteem suffered a blow.

She had no idea that the affluent woman in front of her would reveal the truth so easily.

How dare she?

Sweat pooled on Crystal's nose as she continued, "No one is allowed to mention Audrey's name in our family. There's no way she'll be able to marry into the Miller family even if given multiple chances, let alone you!"

Lara refused to believe her.

I'm young and pretty, and she's not my match. Besides, Mr. Miller is about to arrive soon.

Lara produced a small blade and held it beside her cheek. Tears brimmed in her eyes as she uttered, "Mrs. Miller, you've misunderstood everything. I never intended to disrupt your family. It's not my fault that I look like this. If my presence is so distressing, I'll destroy my own face!"

Crystal blinked gently and turned to Edith. "Did Miss Chamber major in acting?"

Edith cleared her throat. "She majored in history!"

Crystal nodded and continued working out. Six burly bodyguards dressed in black appeared in front of Lara instantly.

Lara's face paled. She had no idea Crystal was this wary of her.

Crystal said indifferently, "If you want to cut your face, go ahead. Henry will be here shortly, and you can regale him with tales of how I mistreated you. Feel free to request his assistance in escorting you to the hospital as well."

Crystal felt annoyed as Audrey had pulled the same trick previously.

Lara's blade fell to the ground as she said in a trembling voice, "Mrs. Miller, I won't destroy your family!"

She spun on her heels and ran away.

Crystal chuckled softly. She guessed that Henry had arrived.

Indeed, Lara bumped into Henry at the door.

It was clear that she wanted to throw herself at him.

Henry helped her up and frowned. "Why is she here?" His question was directed at Crystal.

Before Crystal could reply, Lara said in a shaking voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Miller. I didn't mean to destroy your family. Please tell Mrs. Miller not to worry!"

Crystal rolled her eyes.

Henry got someone to dismiss Lara, and both Madison and Edith made their exit, understanding the unspoken cue. After working out, Crystal proceeded to apply massage cream to her waist. Her skin grew warm, enveloping her in a soothing and comforting sensation.

She was skinny to begin with, so her body was fit after the workout session.

In fact, Henry thought he could hold her waist entirely with one arm.

Henry took the massage cream from her and slowly pressed her down, massaging her waist.

Crystal raised her chin and narrowed her eyes at him.

There was a provoking look in her gaze, and she looked especially alluring. Henry wanted nothing more than to have his way with her right there and then. However, he knew that Crystal was deliberately seducing him, and she would never allow him to touch her.

He leaned over, his hot breath fanning her ear. "Your waist is slender, and your skin is hot."

Crystal sneered, "Really? But I think it can't be compared to someone else's look."

#### [Chapter 279 Seduce Me](#)

Henry felt taunted, Instead of feeling angry, he found it interesting.

Crystal snatched the massage cream from him and applied it to her body.

Henry saw her serene facial expression and thought she looked as pretty as a picture.

"You look so much prettier than her!" he commented abruptly.

Crystal froze momentarily before lifting her leg gently to continue applying the massage cream. Henry checked out her slender legs there and then. He had never seen another pair of legs as alluring as hers.

While staring at her leg, he couldn't help but gulp.

When they got into the car, Crystal sat in the backseat.

With both hands on the steering wheel, Henry asked softly, "Miss Winters, do you take me for your driver?"

Crystal was flipping through a document. When she heard that question, she replied without lifting her head, "I need to go through a document!"

Henry frowned. "You're a woman. Why do you have to work so hard to make money?"

Crystal suddenly chuckled. "Well, my husband left this behind for me, so I have to cherish it!"



Annoyed, Henry didn't say anything in response.

Crystal wasn't affected by him, so she continued flipping through her document. The couple remained silent throughout the journey.

The moment they arrived at the Miller residence, Skyler ran over to the car.

Skyler held her mother's hand and said sweetly, "You look fabulous, Mommy!"

Crystal squatted down and kissed her. They held each other's hands and entered the mansion.

As the winter sunlight shone on her, she looked incredibly elegant in her beige coat and loosely tied hair. That was especially the case when one looked at her from behind. Her waist was so slender that she didn't even look like a woman who had given birth twice.

Ever since Henry returned, he had been enjoying everything Crystal had to offer. Not only was she a caring wife, but she also adored him.

He couldn't help but feel dejected when she gave him the cold shoulder. He still wanted to have sex with her.

Henry didn't follow them into the mansion. Instead, he stood beside the car and lit a cigarette.

Right then, he thought about his relationship with Crystal, and regret soon filled his heart. I shouldn't have said those words that day. I shouldn't have said she treated me as a substitute because she's now actually treating me as one!

Henry stubbed out his cigarette, and right when he was about to enter the living room, he saw David bringing Berthold out of the mansion.

David was infuriated when he saw his son. How useless! If he didn't pass his wife off, she wouldn't be staying here all the time!

With a provocative smirk, David teased, "Oh? I thought you could endure the loneliness! What's the matter? Are you finally willing to visit your wife and children? Are you not interested in the girl in the law firm anymore?"

Henry felt as though he was being attacked.

He chuckled wryly. "Dad, it's not like that!"

David stared fixedly at his son. "You listen carefully. If you cheat on Crystal, she will dump you! That doesn't bother me because I already have my grandchildren. Feel free to do whatever you want!"

Henry furrowed his brows. "I'm not going to cheat on her!"

"That better be the case!"

David led Berthold to the other side of the mansion to bask in the sun according to the doctor's advice.

That evening, Henry didn't see much of Crystal.

He didn't want to appear desperate, so he only went to the children's room right before he was about to head to bed.

Skyler and Remi were sleeping in the same room.

At that time, Remi was already sleeping soundly, and Skyler was taking a shower in the bathroom.

When Henry entered the room, Crystal had just finished nursing the kid and hadn't yet pulled her wool dress down.

Needless to say, the atmosphere turned awkward immediately.

Henry approached her and asked softly, "Does the engorgement of your breast make you uncomfortable?"

"I'll pump it out and leave it for Remi to drink tomorrow morning." Crystal replied expressionlessly.

"Let me help you."

Crystal couldn't believe how shameless he was. We're still fighting, but he seems eager to get intimate with me! How can he think about that when he isn't even putting effort into this relationship?

Judging by the sounds Crystal heard coming from inside the bathroom, she knew Skyler wouldn't be coming out anytime soon. She wrapped her arms around Henry's neck and whispered, "Are you having trouble suppressing your lustful desires?"

Indeed, Henry looked aroused.

He put his arm around her waist and inched closer to her. "You go to the gym and take care of your skin well. Mrs. Miller, dare you say you're not trying to seduce me?"

Crystal kissed him, alternating between deep and shallow kisses to stir up his desires. She then leaned on his shoulder and smiled faintly. "It's actually so that I can marry a better man."

She reached out and traced his nose with her finger Henry remained silent.

"After all, I have two kids. If I can't make a man fall in love with me, my life will be tough! Henry, teach me how to make a man fall for me." Crystal ran her slender finger down his chest. "Is this the way to capture a man's heart?"

Henry was sweating bullets. "Where did you learn this, Mrs. Miller?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Crystal pushed him away and started buttoning her shirt. She lifted her gaze, flipped her curly brown hair, and flashed a faint smile. "I learned it from my husband!"

Henry's anger sparked, but he was so aroused that he couldn't think straight.

Just then, a sound rang out from the bathroom, indicating that Skyler was done with her shower.

Crystal said in a serious tone, "Henry, I won't sleep with you again until you learn to respect our marriage." As soon as she said that walked out of the bathroom.

She was naked and wet all over.

Crystal quickly walked up to her daughter with a towel and gently wrapped her

She went on to wipe Skyler dry, put on a set of pajamas for her, and dimmed the lights in the children's room. After that, she leaned against the headboard and read Skyler a bedtime story. However, Skyler was only interested in her mother's scent.

Usually, Crystal would feed Skyler before putting her to sleep.

With Henry present, however, Crystal could only pat Skyler's back, and the child fell asleep in no time.

Seeing that, Henry walked over and bent down to kiss Skyler. In a grumbling tone, he asked Crystal, "Are you going to sleep here every day?"

At that moment, the room was bathed in a warm, golden glow.

Crystal glanced at him and replied calmly, "I've never asked about where you sleep at night, have I? Henry, I hope you'll get rid of Lara yourself. Otherwise, I'll go after her!"

Henry sat on the edge of the bed. She's so gentle and seductive. I must admit that she totally enchants me, and I'm willing to do whatever I can to please her....

#### [Chapter 280 Innate Need For Conquest](#)

Right then, Henry figured it out.

Crystal's foremost priority was her children. He came after them.

The discovery made him ill at ease.

As he gazed down upon her delicate features, he seemed to see another version of himself, a version that held all memories of him.

He did not give in to her. But the next day, he found himself returning to the Miller residence.

The sky grew dimmer as the evening progressed.

Henry did not head indoors immediately. He leaned against his car, lighting a cigarette and taking slow drags, smoke veiling his face.

The Miller residence echoed with children's laughter and spirited play in the living room, infusing the surroundings with vibrant energy. Yet, this liveliness felt somewhat foreign to him.

After he finished smoking, he walked into the living room.

A young and unfamiliar handsome boy occupied a seat.

Toys were scattered around him, and he seemed somewhat awkward.

Before Henry could inquire about the boy, Crystal walked over with a tray of freshly baked cookies. She crouched down before the boy and said tenderly. "Christopher, these are fresh from the oven. Give them a try."

The boy appeared somewhat bashful as he sampled a few cookies.

"Is it good?" Crystal ruffled his hair affectionately.

"It is!"

Skyler came up next to him. "Christopher, Mommy put lots of milk in them! Why don't you come back tomorrow?"

A blush crept onto the young boy's face as he nodded in agreement.

Henry's brow furrowed with concern.

No matter how he looked at it, this boy named Christopher appeared like a young daughter-in-law raised by the Miller family.

He felt that a conversation with Crystal was imperative.

Later at night, when the children had finally gone to bed, Henry knocked on the door of the children's room. "Convenient to talk? I want to discuss something about Skyler with you."

Crystal was always open to discussing their children, so she looked down at Skyler who was nestled in her arms and murmured, "I'll be in your room in a moment."

A while later, she entered his room, which was dimly lit.

Henry, who had taken a shower, sported a casual white bathrobe that highlighted his strong build.

While Crystal sized him up, Henry did the same and snorted. "You're all bundled up. Why, are you afraid I'll do anything to you?"

Crystal ignored him. She settled on the couch across from him and asked gently, "What is it about Skyler you want to discuss?"

"Who's Christopher to the Millers? Who is he to Skyler? And if my guess is right, he has Rh-negative blood, doesn't he?" Henry didn't beat around the bush.

Crystal lowered her gaze. "You've got it right."

Tension hung in the air.

Henry looked at Crystal.

In her pale pink sweater dress, she projected a gentle demeanor, but behind that facade lay remarkably assertive actions.

Not wanting to attract his parents' attention, he said in a low yet stern voice, "That's a living, breathing human being, not some item you can trade! Crystal... how much did you spend to come to an agreement with his parents?"

Crystal let out a chuckle.

He's accusing me of being immoral.

Crystal refused to bear the brunt of this blame.

Despite the late hour, she placed a phone call to Edith. "Miss Sage, could you retrieve the first document from my safe at the office? Yes, bring it over to the Miller residence."

With that, she hung up the phone.

Henry's brows knitted in puzzlement.

An hour later, Edith arrived, handed over the document, and departed swiftly.

Crystal passed the document to Henry. "The answers you're searching for are within these pages."

Henry stiffened after reading the contents.

As a legal expert, he had never imagined himself performing such an outlandish action until he read that document.

It was him.

He was the one who had pumped two hundred million into Christopher's father's company.

He was the one who had engaged in golf rounds with Christopher's father.

He was the one who had decided to have Christopher's continuous presence by Skyler's side throughout their upbringing

Since the start, it was all him, or perhaps the other version of him

He raised his head to look at Crystal.

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She was standing quietly before the floor-to-ceiling window. After a while, she murmured, "Henry, even if I don't want to, I have to admit that you two are different people."

For those three years, Henry had single-handedly nurtured Skyler.

He had cherished Skyler to his core, and he had been prepared to make monumental sacrifices.

Yet, despite the rationality and composure the figure before her displayed, he was not the identical individual he once was.

It was not that Crystal wanted to give up on him, but that she simply received nothing besides sorrow from the entire matter.

She stood in the darkness of the night, loneliness radiating off her back.

Henry's lips curled ever so slightly.

Certainly, he had many ways to plead his case, yet the words refused to cross his lips, for Crystal seemed to be in despair.

Is she... longing for the other me?

It was snowing outside.

The room enveloped them in warmth, courtesy of the heater. The floor-to-ceiling window was covered in a layer of mist.

Crystal drew on the glass window absent-mindedly. Her voice was slightly raspy as she said, "Henry, you turned me into someone like you, but you left me behind and gone back in time."

The figure before her was not the Henry Miller she loved.

Their spirits were fundamentally incongruent.

Despite their shared intimacy, she felt empty inside.

Crystal's current look was enough to make a man's heart flutter.

Henry approached her unhurriedly, then wrapped his arms around her lithe form from behind. He leaned into her ear and whispered, "Is he truly remarkable? What is it about him that captivates you, hmm?"

He knew he should not feel this way, but the discomfort still grew in him.

He envisioned a scenario wherein this woman had reveled in the company of another variant of himself. cavorting unabashedly in the embrace of their shared bed, her cheeks flushed and her voice intoxicating all because of another man.

The thought of it kindled an acute sense of unease within him.

Crystal tilted her head slightly. "You want to know?"

Henry hummed in response, and he began kissing her from her cheek to her ear, down to her neck. Those tender, reverential kisses mirrored an act of devotion. or Conquest

Crystal turned around and reciprocated his kiss.

After a long while, as she leaned against the crook of his warm neck, she said, "If you want to see it, I'll show it to you."

As the night grew deeper, Crystal went back.

She left a videotape with Henry, allowing him to watch it at his own pace.

In the dark gray bedroom, Henry was in a bathrobe, leaning against the bedframe and operating the remote control.

The next second, he was stunned by the scene before him.

It was the last lovemaking session between Henry and Crystal, with him sitting in the study and Crystal tending to him with care in his embrace. She was pregnant at the time, around four months along.

Henry watched intently, observing her long legs on the bedsheet.

His heart threatened to pound out of his chest.

He saw another version of himself gently tugging Crystal's long hair and tenderly kissing her. "That's enough, Crystal. That's enough."

He witnessed them sharing a heartbreaking kiss.

Hints of blue light illuminated the dimly lit bedroom.

The videotape lasted all ten minutes, but Henry watched the scene again and again.

Early in the morning, Henry could not maintain the same demeanor. He went downstairs and immediately asked a housekeeper about Crystal.

With a smile, the housekeeper said, "Mrs. Miller left early in the morning. It seems she went to the airport to pick someone up."

Henry felt a little disappointed.

He sat down and had a cup of coffee, his thoughts consumed by Crystal's despondency from the night before as well as the intimacy they once shared in the videotape.

He could not believe that Crystal would act in that way for a man.

Throughout the last six months, they had had sex on numerous occasions, where he assumed he had relished moments of gratification. However, upon witnessing the contents of the video, he recognized that Crystal, nestled in his bed, had never relinquished her grip, not even once.

Perhaps it was a man's innate need for conquest, for he found himself growing impatient to have her.

He yearned to witness her submission, to observe her ablaze with the fervor of passion.

Yet, the tendrils of temptation had lingered throughout the night, only for her to vanish at dawn.

Henry was ensnared by the emotional and physical yearning of her.

The law firm buzzed with ceaseless activity.

He was no longer the youthful figure capable of casting aside his professional obligations to chase after his wife, but she was still the reason behind his frustration throughout the morning.

When noon came, he called her, and she picked up.

Following the events the night before, their dynamic had shifted. After all, Henry had been imparted with shocking knowledge.

Leaning back against the chair, he loosened his tie. In a tone softer than usual, he said, "There's a musical this evening. Melora said it features your favorite actress. How about we go on a date?"

At Seeas Corporation, Crystal stood by the tall window and gazed at the snowfall outside.

She knew that Henry was courting her, and with her understanding of him, she presumed that his actions were a direct response to the video.

He surely yearned for more.

He hungered for it, but Crystal did not want to give it to him, at least not right now.

She gently brushed her fingers past the icy glass and let out a soft chuckle. "You can't even find someone to watch a musical with you, Mr. Miller."

Her words were laced with a playful tease that he was sure to appreciate.

With surprising honesty, he replied, "We'll start with the musical. Then, we'll stay out in a hotel and enjoy the snow with a glass of red wine."

Crystal lowered her gaze and flashed a faint smile.

He just wants my body, doesn't he?

"Your proposal is undeniably enticing, but... I'm committed to a business dinner this evening." Crystal lied and she reckoned he knew that.

However, a man has all the patience in the world if he really wants to pursue a woman.

Sure enough, he remained calm.

In a soft voice, he asked, "What about this afternoon? Will you be free in the afternoon? Shall we meet?"

As she watched the falling snow outside, her smile faded. How persistent.

Nonetheless, she agreed to the meeting. "I'll be in the company gym at half past four. I have an hour."

The gym...

Henry felt a little disappointed, but he reminded himself that it was better than nothing.

The call ended.

Crystal recalled the message Jamie had sent to her an hour ago that read: Mr. Miller has fired Lara.