

Night of Love 331

[Chapter 331 You Are Really Cruel](#)

Melora's figure was hidden under the bedsheets. Her body was full of red marks left behind by him.

She was in tears, a mixture of sorrow and apprehension overwhelming her.

Alfred covered his swollen eyes. It took him some time before he could speak again. "Leave after lunch. Don't come here anymore. Melora, listen carefully. I don't want you anymore."

Her sobs weakened.

Just like that, she curled her body up again.

She adamantly declined to go downstairs for lunch. The thought of it was too humiliating, and she had no desire to face anyone if

A long while later, she finally sat up and got dressed.

Her hands were trembling, but she slowly put on her clothes and got out of bed..

Alfred followed suit.

He gently touched her arm and said in a hoarse voice, "Go have something to eat. I'll arrange for someone to take you to the airport after that."

She slapped his hand away and replied softly, "It's fine. I can walk there by myself."

Alfred's hand hung in midair before eventually dropping back to his side. He had contemplated saying something but ultimately chose not to.

It's good that she's willing to leave!

There's no use in trying to salvage the situation. Giving her a ride won't change anything.

A heavy silence enveloped them. Melora gripped the doorknob, fully aware that after leaving him this time, their relationship would be irreparably severed, and she would never again address him as "Mr. Alfred." It was the conclusive end of their relationship.

To him, it was just a casual relationship, but she had developed feelings for him.

At this very moment, Melora was certain that she had no regrets about falling in love with him. The memories of him showering affection upon her were genuine, and that was sufficient for her.

As she opened the door, she saw Lucia standing outside.

Lucia smiled gently. "Why are you crying? Alfred, keep in mind that Melora is significantly younger than you. You should cherish her. Why did you mistreat her instead?"

She took her hand and led her to the dining room.

Melora couldn't find it in her heart to push away the compassionate elderly woman. She said tearfully. "I'm going home."

Lucia looked at her son for a while before responding. "Even if you want to go home, you should leave after having lunch. I'll have Alfred's driver give you a ride."

In the end, the three of them had a meal together in silence.

Melora's tears kept rolling down her cheeks. Alfred didn't have an appetite. He walked over to the window and lit up a cigarette.

After she was done with her meal, he told his driver to drive her to the airport.

Melora got into the car and left.

As the black MPV drove away, Alfred stood there quietly for a long while.

His heart was numb with pain.

Next to him, Lucia fell into tears. "Why did you upset her and make her leave when you finally wanted to settle down?"

It was clear to Lucia that he was acting against his own desires. She opted not to meddle but sympathized with him and felt sorry for Melora. She had questions in her mind but she chose to remain silent.

Leslie soon arrived to pick him up.

The tense atmosphere made him ask a few questions and he immediately knew what had happened.

He frowned and reported in a low voice, "Miss Cook is in the car. When I came over to pick you up, she said she wanted to hitch a ride. I couldn't say no."

Alfred's expression changed.

Caylie was Alfred's junior, and she majored in engineering just like him. She had also been his first love.

After he took over the project, Caylie came parachuting in. Their past romantic involvement naturally led him to treat her differently. However, this didn't deter him from conducting an investigation.

After completing her university education, Caylie worked abroad for three years.

Although he couldn't tell where she came from, he had already concluded that she had been secretly sent by a foreign company.

Alfred's heart leaped to his throat.

He was about to instruct Leslie to do something when Caylie came over. As Alfred's former girlfriend, she had met Lucia before.

If it was in the past, Lucia would have been delighted to see her. However, she was aware that Alfred's heart now belonged to Melora, so she didn't greet Caylie as warmly as before.

She didn't even offer Caylie any drink.

However, Caylie didn't seem to mind. She said softly. "Mr. Lodge, sorry for the trouble."

Despite his inner shock, Alfred maintained a composed look and offered her a brief nod

He shot Leslie a look, and the latter instantly understood what he wanted.

Leslie felt both nervous and impressed. Mr. Lodge is the only one who can see through everything and make firm decisions regardless of the circumstances.

They were certain that Melora had been kidnapped and that Caylie was the spy.

As the enemy had someone from their side in their grasp, Leslie immediately went out and texted an order: Kidnap Caylie Cook!

After sending the text, he went back and offered a calm smile as though nothing had happened. "Mr. Lodge, Miss Cook, it's almost time."

Alfred nodded.

Caylie followed him into the car.

The atmosphere inside the car was tense. No one uttered a word as if they were engaged in a silent competition.

When the car came to a halt at the research center, Alfred's phone rang. It was a call from an unknown number, and the caller's voice was altered. "Hello, Mr. Lodge!"

Alfred clutched his phone so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

Nevertheless, he asked with a smile, "What do you want?"

The person at the other end of the line chuckled out loud and ended the call.

A photo was immediately sent to Alfred, and it was enough to shatter his heart.

In the photo, Melora could be seen tied to a chair with her lips sealed, and below her was the Lodge family driver. They were both in an abandoned warehouse,

The person called him yet again.

"Mr. Lodge, I trust you haven't forgotten how Noel Lodge and his wife met their end. They were quite stubborn, and Noel didn't seem to care much for his wife. She was truly stunning. What a shame."

Alfred held his phone in a death grip.

After a brief pause, he responded in a cold tone, "You're using a young lady to threaten me for information? Dream on! Do whatever you want to her!"

With that, he ended the call.

The person on the other end of the line was a tanned and tall man.

He appeared visibly surprised that Alfred had ended the call without hesitation and shot a glance at Melora.

According to Caylie's information, she's Alfred's lover. I can't believe he doesn't care if she lives or dies. Dmn it! People in his position are truly heartless.

He was determined to proceed with causing harm, but someone next to him promptly stopped him. "Are you out of your mind? She's from the Miller family!"

Gritting his teeth, the man headed out to catch a wild rooster. He chopped the rooster's head off and put it into a plastic bag. "Send this to Allred!"

At that moment, his subordinate approached him with a phone and whispered, "Our superior wants us to capture Cayle Cook. She's Alfred's first love, so he's sure to hand over the information!"

Caylie Cook?

The man was dumbfounded. "Isn't she one of us?"

His subordinate scratched his head. "It's an order from above!"

The man's jaw tightened, and he sneered, "So, she's been playing us for fools. I had no idea she used to date Alfred. Maybe she's on his side given their past relationship!"

He then ordered his subordinates to abduct Caylic.

Following that, he turned

Melora and kicked her twice in anger. "Your lover is quite something, isn't he?"

He has lovers all over the place! Can he take care of so many women?"

Melora was in a daze.

She had heard everything clearly.

A while ago, Alfred had said, "You're using a young lady to threaten me for information? Dream on! Do whatever you want to her!"

She could guess that the information was really important, but she couldn't believe he was abandoning.

Did he really just hang up like that? And is Miss Cook his lover as well?

She was so dumbfounded that she did not even cry.

Time ticked by.

At four in the afternoon, an alluring lady with a black cloth covering her head was brought in.

She looked stunning, dressed in a blue coat with her hair pulled back into a ponytail.

While she might not be as beautiful as Ingrid, she exuded a distinct grace.

Melora's lips trembled as she stared at the newcomer. So she's Alfred's first love! How many women does he have?

Caylie had initially maintained a facade, but when the thugs started handling her roughly, she couldn't contain her anger and delivered their leader a sharp slap. "You scoundrel! Why did you kidnap me?"

In response, the man swiftly retaliated with a slap of his own, causing Caylie's ears to ring from the force of the blow.

She exploded, "What are you doing?"

The man stepped forward and gave her a forceful kick "What are we doing? F*ck! Why didn't you tell us you used to date Alfred? If you had been honest with us, we wouldn't have needed to kidnap this young lady. We could've just kidnapped you to save the trouble!"

Caylie gritted her teeth in fury. "Who gave you the orders?"

"My superior!"

"Which superior?"

"What's with all the questions? Tie her up along with that young one. She might be more valuable than the brat!"

Hearing that, the men flashed lecherous smiles.

Caylie knew Alfred better than these men.

Slowly, she calmed down and broke into a cold sweat.

The so-called superior must be Alfred! Alfred ordered them to abduct me so that he could rescue me and also save Melora.

The realization almost made her scream out loud, but she held herself back, well aware of Alfred's capabilities.

While others might not be fully aware of Alfred's ruthlessness, she knew it all too well. The fact that he could have her kidnapped meant that he had already gained control over her family. If anything were to happen to Melora, he would ensure that her family paid the price..

Jealousy overwhelmed her.

Alfred, an emotionally detached man, had never fallen for anyone, so she found it hard to believe he could be in love with a young woman. When they broke up, he had told her that he wasn't suited for relationships.

Because of what he had told her, she had decided to defy him.

She had climbed the ranks in a foreign company, aiming to reach the same level as him so that he would regret his decision.

However, he had used her life as a bargaining chip in exchange for Melora's safety.

Only Alfred was capable of doing that.

Late at night, Alfred sat alone in his office, his body leaning forward as he stared intently at his phone.

He was waiting for updates.

He had been up for over twenty-four hours, but that didn't faze him. His expression remained grim.

Beside him, Leslie said, "Why don't you get some rest? I'll stay up."

Alfred didn't say anything.

Leslie began to worry. "Would Caylie--"

"She wouldn't dare!"

By doing this, Alfred had already fallen out with her. If she hadn't gone crazy, she wouldn't say a word to her abductors.

Leshe nodded and resumed waiting in silence.

At nine in the evening, the same person called once more. "Mr. Lodge, your old flame, Miss Cook, is in our hands. You're quite fortunate to have beautiful women in your life, aren't you?"

Alfred responded darkly, "Don't you dare touch her!"

The man chuckled sinisterly and deliberately reached out to touch Caylie. "If you want your old flame to emerge from this unharmed, you'll need to make a sacrifice. Otherwise, I can't guarantee she won't meet the same fate as Noel Lodge's wife."

"Where are you? How do you want to carry this out?"

After ending the call, the man groped Caylie.

He even shot Melora a disgusted look. "It looks like Alfred prefers this woman over you."

Melora froze.

She refused to believe the man's words as something told her that Alfred had agreed to come just to save her.

Late at night, Alfred finally showed up.

The driver parked the car outside together and waited with the bodyguard and Leslie. Alfred entered the warehouse alone, carrying the chip himself. As he stepped inside, he immediately began coughing due to the dust in the air.

He glanced around and spotted Melora bound to a chair. Her eyes were brimming with tears, and she was looking at him with unwavering trust.

What a fool. She still trusts me even now!

Alfred's heart was burdened with bitterness and anguish. However, he didn't even spare Melora a glance and instead shot Caylie a worried and concerned look.

The man came over, playing with a knife in his hand.

Around eight men also closed in on him with vicious gazes.

Alfred was dressed in black attire, and with his striking appearance, he appeared exceptionally handsome despite the surroundings.

“Mr. Lodge, you’re indeed a womanizer.” The man grabbed Caylie’s hand and threw her forward. “Let’s complete the deal!”

Alfred revealed the chip in his palm.

“This is the complete information of the project.” The man did not believe him, so Alfred tossed the chip to him. “You can check it first!”

The man caught the chip.

However, that object wasn’t a chip but a tiny detonator. When the man touched it, it detonated, propelling both him and Caylie backward from the force of the explosion.

Everyone was stunned by how vicious Alfred was.

Caylie lay in a pool of blood, one of her hands a gruesome mess from the explosion. Despite her grave injuries, she glared at Alfred, unwilling to accept that he could be this heartless.

He did not hesitate to put her in grave danger just to save the woman he loved.

At the same time, the bodyguards rushed in along with some police officers.

Alfred and Melora locked eyes in silence.

She had expected him to approach her with a comforting embrace and help her out of the ropes, but, instead, he went to Caylie and gently lifted her, saying, “Caylie, I’ll take you to the hospital now!”

Caylie had almost fainted from the intense pain, but she forced herself to stay awake and stare at the man in front of her.

“Alfred, you’re really cruel

Alfred leaned in closer. “You shouldn’t have laid your hands on her!” he said harshly although he looked as if he was whispering sweet words into her ear.

Caylie closed her eyes slightly.

She had lost to Melora, the socialite unfamiliar with the ways of the world. Moreover, she had been outmaneuvered by Alfred in terms of strategy. Alfred had long since infiltrated her company, and he proved to be far more capable than Noel.

Caylie was displeased. “Why didn’t you accept the mission back then?”

Back then?

Alfred lowered his head in remorse. He had intended to provide Melora with a family, but instead, his actions had led to Noel and his wife’s tragic demise.

Caylie, on the other hand; had lost one arm as a punishment for her role in Noel and his wife’s death. However, that wasn’t sufficient. He was determined to see the project succeed and use the technology in the aviation industry.

With Caylie in his arms, Alfred strode out of the warehouse.

Behind him, Melora's soft voice rang out. "Mr. Alfred.",

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Alfred halted in his tracks.

After a while, he instructed Leslie, "Find a hotel for her to stay."

Leslie personally untied the ropes on Melora. When he saw that she was unharmed, he choked back his tears. "You're okay!"

Melora remained dazed as she looked in the direction where Alfred had left.

Her heart slowly sank.

Alfred stood by the window early in the morning. As Leslie put a coat on him, he said softly, "Since Miss Cook's right hand is injured, she may have to train her left hand in the future. What plans do you have for her now?"

Alfred lit a cigarette.

After a moment, he murmured, "Keep her. She's still useful."

He wanted Caylie to be his "lover." That way, if anyone wanted to make a move against someone close to him, she would be the first person to go after. To put it bluntly, she would be his filter against people who wanted to harm the people he loved.

And she wouldn't be able to refuse him.

Leslie fell silent.

Alfred turned his head and smiled bitterly. "Why are you so shocked? This is who I've always been. The others always say that I'm ruthless and cunning, no:

However, even a ruthless person like him had a soft spot.

And now, he was going to see her.

Meanwhile, several bodyguards were on duty outside a suite of the best hotel in Coldbridge.

Inside the suite, Melora held a box of food and ate tearfully.

Before meeting Alfred, she rarely cried. Even when she said she had taken sleeping pills when dating Robert, it was just to scare him. At that time, she had thought her infatuation with Robert was love.

But now that she had truly experienced love, she realized how superficial she had been.

Melora couldn't finish her food. The more she ate, the more she felt like throwing up.

Later on, she felt so nauseous that she was unable to bear even the slightest scent of food. She began vomiting in the bathroom. This was unusual because she usually had a good appetite.

Melora rubbed her belly, feeling lost..

She remembered that Alfred didn't take precautions when they had sex for the last time over a month ago.

Am I pregnant?

Melora raised her face and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her complexion was deathly pale.

She rushed out of the toilet immediately because she wanted to buy a pregnancy test kit. She wanted to know if she was truly carrying Alfred's child. If she really was pregnant, she wanted to ask him if he wanted the baby.

The bodyguard at the door stopped her and said politely, "Miss Melora, Leslie has instructed us not to let you go out."

Melora's lips trembled. "I don't feel well. I just want to go downstairs and buy medicine."

The bodyguard hesitated.

In the end, they allowed her to go downstairs with two people assigned to follow her.

There was a twenty-four-hour pharmacy just across the street from the hotel. After buying it and keeping it in her pocket, she hastily returned to her room.

A minute later, two red lines appeared on a pregnancy test kit.

Melora stared at it blankly for a long time. When she realized what she was seeing, she covered her mouth.

She was pregnant.

She was carrying Alfred's child.

All of a sudden, there was a knock at the door followed by faint footsteps. Melora recognized it as Alfred's footsteps.

Gently touching her belly, she slowly walked out.

They had just been apart for two hours, yet they felt somewhat distant from each other.

Melora's lips trembled. She wanted to tell him that she was pregnant, but he spoke first.

After sitting down on the couch, Alfred stroked the armrest lightly with his slender fingers and deliberated for a while before he spoke. "Melora, you've seen how dangerous it is to be by my side."

Melora stared at him defiantly. She wanted to tell him that she wasn't afraid.

As if reading her thoughts, Alfred looked at her with an amused smile. Then, he asked calmly, "But what can you do for me if you continue to stay by my side? Can you shed blood for me like Caylie? I need someone like her by my side, not a little crybaby like you, Melora."

"Do you like her?" Melora mumbled.

"I admire her!" Alfred patted the crease of his pants. "She lost her right arm and I did that to her."

You should be scared. You should return to Barnwood immediately.

Melora didn't understand what he meant.

Smiling. Alfred said bluntly and cruelly, "I admire women like her! You are adorable, Melora, but you're only suitable for passing the time when everything is peaceful. I am not destined to live in peaceful times, do you understand?"

He added viciously, "You will never understand any of this!"

Melora was dazed by Alfred's words.

At that instant, it dawned on her that Alfred did like her but just not enough for him to give up what he currently had. His love for power and money was far stronger, so she wasn't a good match for him..

Is Miss Cook a good match for him, then?

Melora didn't ask the question despite wanting to. Slowly, she lowered her eyes.

He was a man of great ambition, and he had made it so clear to her. Would it matter if she tried to tie him down with a child?

The dim lighting cast a hazy glow on their final silhouettes together.

In the end, Melora didn't tell Alfred about her pregnancy.

She merely looked up and said softly, "Then I wish you a bright future, Mr. Lodge." When Alfred gazed at her, she turned away. "Leave quickly! Otherwise, I can't guarantee that I won't pester you."

Alfred slowly stood up.

He hesitated for a moment, thinking if he should give her a pat on the head, but he gave up in the end. It wasn't until he was holding the door handle at the entrance that he said in a low voice, "Melora, I'm sorry!"

He apologized for not being fully emotionally prepared for this encounter and for the absence of a happy ending between them.

His little girl would eventually meet a good man again, while a person like him was only fit to live in the realm of power.

Alfred left.

After hearing the sound of the door being opened and closed gently, Melora slid down onto the soft carpet and began to cry silently.

After that, she returned to Barnwood, but she didn't dare to go home.

Instead, she went to the house at Broadway Alley and lay lifelessly in there every day, surviving on whatever little food that was left in the refrigerator.

Since she didn't know how to cook, she simply boiled food in water.

Every night, she would wake up in fright because she would dream that her Mr. Alfred had come back. He would gently carry her to bed and pat her bottom while scolding her for not being obedient.

When she woke up, there would be tears at the corners of her eyes.

But he never came back for her.

When she finally got over him, it was already two months later. Her baby bump had started showing, which made her even more afraid to go home.

She didn't dare to let her family know she was pregnant, let alone that it was Alfred's child in her belly. She hid here and there with no credit card or money and began wearing simple clothes.

She moved into a rental apartment of just over twenty square meters, learned to do odd jobs, and earned a meager wage to support herself. She even learned how to make simple scrambled eggs.

Eventually, she had to count every money she spent. Even a cup of milk tea would seem too expensive to her.

Occasionally, she would see Alfred in the news.

He was as confident as ever, and she could tell that his clothes were very expensive. When she looked at her own shirt which cost twenty-nine, she felt that they were now living in two completely different worlds.

Her time with Alfred was just like a dream.

After Melora left, Alfred developed a bad habit of checking his phone frequently.

However, there was not a single word from her.

He didn't even receive any messages from her on special occasions or holidays.

Alfred would drop by the Miller residence occasionally, but Melora wasn't there, and it wasn't appropriate for him to ask her whereabouts as an elder.

He had asked Leslie about it and was told that she had gone away for a retreat.

At home. Lucia would sometimes bring him burritos seasoned with pepper at night. Although he didn't like it, he would eat everything as if he were eating Melora's share.

He went back to being the respected Mr. Lodge as he used to be, but his heart was no longer whole.

He began to enjoy spending time with Eras and his friends, including Ingrid because these people remembered Melora and would ask about her during their gatherings.

Every time they asked about her, Alfred would just smile and say, "She's just a kid. She might be off to see, the Northern lights with her friends now. She must have forgotten about me completely!"

His friends would all agree with him, which would make him smile more warmly and confidently.

Only afterward did he know what it meant to feel heartbroken.

Spring had passed. Soon, it was autumn.

Ingrid was getting married. When her fans organized an exhibition for her, Alfred attended it to show his support.

Ingrid and her fiancé walked alongside Alfred. As they discussed some current affairs, Ingrid couldn't help but feel that Alfred was distracted.

She was about to ask him about it jokingly when she spotted a tall figure that vaguely resembled someone from behind in the distance.

Ingrid quickly stopped Alfred and asked, "Mr. Lodge, do you see her? Isn't that Melora?"

Melora...

Alfred's heart twitched.

He followed the direction that Ingrid was pointing at and saw a woman. Her silhouette did resemble Melora, but she was dressed plainly and seemed to be six months pregnant. How could she be his Melora?

At the moment, the woman was carrying a large stack of documents that seemed to weigh a lot.

Seeing that she was struggling to climb the stairs, Alfred asked Leslie, "Don't they have an elevator here?"

Leslie replied, "The elevator is for guests. The workers have to avoid using it usually."

Alfred nodded.

However, when he saw the woman just now, he couldn't help but think of Melora. He wondered where she was now and, in the end, couldn't resist calling her.

A phone rang abruptly on the second floor of the theater. When the woman carrying the stack of documents heard it, she dropped everything onto the floor.

The workers nearby cursed simultaneously.

Melora apologized softly and quickly hid in the restroom to answer the call. Alfred asked, "Are you having fun?"

She covered her mouth tightly as she slowly slid down. She nodded vigorously and replied, "Yes, I'm having a great time!"

Alfred remained silent for a while before saying, "That's good! This means that our breakup is the right decision."

Melora closed her eyes and let out a soft hum of agreement.

Melora waited for Alfred to hang up the phone. Then, her phone slipped from her hand. She cried alone in the restroom for a long time. Alfred, on the other hand, went to the adjacent restroom and quietly washed his hands.

They were just a wall apart.

Whenever Melora thought of the past, she felt as if her heart was being poked with needles.

Even though she had returned to the Miller residence, the hardships she had endured often resurfaced in her dreams.

On the way back to the Miller residence, Melora remained quiet and didn't utter a word.

Leslie wanted to say something but didn't know what to say.

The car finally stopped at the Miller residence entrance. The Miller family members all rushed out to greet Melora the moment they saw her.

Little Berthold rushed over and called her "Mommy" in a soft voice.

His fair skin and brown-colored short hair made him resemble Alfred a lot. Melora hugged her son with all her strength.

Henry, who was holding Crystal, patted Melora's shoulder gently. "Don't cry, Melora. I'll take care of you."

[Chapter 333 Do You Still Love Me 1](#)

Melora sobbed while throwing herself into Henry's embrace.

Crystal gently caressed her head while giving Henry a look.

She then walked up to David and thanked the men in uniform with a faint smile.

David knew what she meant by that and helped send them off.

Just like that, peace was restored to the house, and Melora's sobs were all that could be heard. Noticing the look of confusion in Berthold's eyes, Crystal gave him a hug and said, "Your mommy isn't feeling well. How about I take you out instead?"

Berthold lowered his gaze. "Okay."

Crystal turned toward Henry, who then picked up Berthold and whispered, "I'll take Berthold to the office with me. You stay here and keep Melora company. It'll be a lot easier for her to talk to a fellow woman."

Crystal nodded in response.

She handed Berthold some toys and snacks and gave him a kiss before helping him close the car door. David sat down on the couch and puffed away on a cigarette. He patted the empty spot next to him and motioned at Crystal to sit down. "Your mother is keeping her company right now. Come, sit here and chat with me."

Crystal did as told and sat down next to him.

As David had always doted on her, he didn't hold back when he spoke to her. "I actually approve of Melora dating your uncle, but he seems to be facing some problems of his own."

Crystal simply sat there and listened to him attentively.

“If Alfred cannot provide her with happiness, then no one else can,” David continued after a long pause and walked off.

Crystal sipped on the coffee that the housekeepers had brewed while digesting David’s statement. After thinking long and hard about it, she finally understood what he meant and let out a soft chuckle.

David was truly a great father with an open mind.

Crystal went upstairs and spent the morning chatting with Melora until the latter fell asleep.

Crystal gently pulled the blanket over her shoulder before leaving the room.

She felt a tidal surge of emotion as she made her way down the stairs. It had been a year, and yet, Crystal still remembered how Melora had once brought Berthold to a milkshake stand. They had spent all morning queuing up, but she had only bought one milkshake when it was their turn.

Crystal gave Alfred a call.

“How is she holding up?” Alfred asked in a tired yet gentle voice.

“She’s all right. A little sad, is all.” After hesitating for a bit, Crystal asked, “Uncle Alfred, is it true what the newspapers are saying? Are you really getting engaged with Miss Cook?”

Alfred went silent for a brief moment before replying. “Help me look after her for another six months”

Six months... Six months is all it takes....

Since it involved top-secret information, Crystal decided not to press on any further and talked about Berthold instead. A child of Berthold’s age should be in kindergarten, but Alfred insisted on having him stay home for another year.

At about four in the afternoon, Crystal drove Skyler home.

Henry had gotten off work earlier that day and brought Berthold home with him. He didn’t even get angry when he saw the two kids playing on top of the Morning Dew piano.

“Where’s Mrs. Miller?” he asked the housekeeper after a while.

“She’s making dinner for Skyler and Berthold,” the housekeeper replied with a faint smile.

Henry felt a warm sensation fill his heart when he heard that.

Instead of heading into the kitchen right away, he went to check on Remi, took a shower, and changed into his loungewear.

The two housekeepers quickly stepped outside the moment they saw him enter the kitchen.

Henry walked up to Crystal and gently hugged her from behind. “Are you making dinner for me as well?” he asked while kissing her on the back of her ear.

“Hey, that tickles! Knock it off! The housekeepers will prepare your meal for you!” Crystal replied while plating the food.

Henry stared long and hard at her in response.

Not only did Crystal have a close relationship with his parents and sister, but she also took great care of the kids. On top of that, she even managed to maintain her amazing figure and silky-smooth skin. Crystal truly was a perfect wife, and he never got sick of having sex with her.

Even so, he wasn't satisfied with that.

Little did Henry know that what they were experiencing was simply a seven-year itch. Either that, or things simply didn't feel the same after he lost his memories of Crystal, which was a huge cause of concern for him.

After dinner, he looked after Remi as usual while Crystal put Skyler and Berthold to sleep. Having inherited the Lodge family's genes, the two looked adorable as they slept next to each other.

As Henry had brought some work home, he stayed in the study until eleven.

He was feeling a little tired when he returned to the bedroom. Crystal was talking to someone on the phone at the time. He figured it was probably her former classmate as he heard her mention Robert and Madison

Crystal hung up the phone the moment Henry came into the room.

"Are you tired? Maybe you should go take a shower and get some sleep," she said while fetching his clothes. from the walk-in wardrobe.

She had ironed every one of those clothes herself, and the detergent she used was the one he liked as well.

While most men would appreciate a perfect wife like her, Henry found himself unable to feel happy about.

He felt as though Crystal was simply playing the role of the perfect wife by helping him look after the kids. and having sex with him.

She didn't seem to care about his feelings at all, nor did she ask him about the memories he lost.

At one point, the pent-up feelings of disappointment had gotten so bad that it drove him to think he had developed some sort of mental illness. He had even tried going to a psychiatrist once, but the psychiatrist had told him that he wasn't mentally ill.

The psychiatrist had also suggested that he was probably just having some issues with his sex life.

While having sex with Crystal later that night, he couldn't help but wonder if doing it twice a week wasn't enough for a man of his age.

Crystal buried her face in the pillow.

Because he was distracted during intercourse, it was only natural that she would get distracted as well.

"What's on your mind?" Henry asked while leaning in to kiss her.

Crystal gently wrapped her arms around his neck and let out a soft moan as she replied, "I was just thinking about what to make for Skyler's and Berthold's breakfast tomorrow."

Henry stared at her in silence for a brief moment before holding her firmly by her slender waist.

After they were done having sex, Henry got up and went to take a shower while Crystal lay in bed with her forehead drenched in sweat.

Suddenly, she heard faint moans coming from the bathroom.

Huh? Is Henry masturbating in there? Was he not satisfied with our sex earlier?

Being his wife, she figured it would be inappropriate for her to sneak a peek at him while he was masturbating. Feeling tired after a long day at work, Crystal buttoned up her pajamas, pulled the blanket over her shoulder, and went to sleep.

About thirty minutes later, Henry came out of the bathroom feeling cool and refreshed.

He had a conflicted feeling in his heart as he stared at Crystal, who was fast asleep. He desired her with a burning passion, but she didn't seem to reciprocate that desire of his.

Things had been rather rough for them for the past few months.

Something just felt missing in their relationship, but Henry couldn't tell what it was.

Not wanting Crystal to inhale second-hand smoke, Henry went into the study to smoke a cigarette.

He kept telling himself that his life was great and that he should be content with it, but the void in his heart just kept growing bigger and bigger.

Suddenly, the door to his study was opened all of a sudden.

Skyler, who was dressed in a white nightgown, came in with a pillow in her hands. She climbed onto Henry's lap and nuzzled cozily in his arms.

Henry quickly dismissed his frustrating thoughts and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"Berthold is snoring really loudly."

Henry gave her an affectionate pinch on the cheek. "Why are you addressing him as Berthold?"

Skyler rested her head against Henry's arm, pulled her blanket over her shoulders, and closed her eyes as she replied, "Because Great-uncle Alfred is his father."

Henry felt a sense of pride-fill his heart when he heard that.

He gave Skyler a kiss on the forehead before lying down on the couch with her in his arms. Skyler was so comfortable around him that she rested her feet on his stomach.

[Chapter 334 Do You Still Love Me 2](#)

Crystal's face was the first thing Henry saw when he woke up the next day.

She was kneeling beside the couch and pulling the blanket over Skyler's legs.

There was something off about the way Henry and Crystal looked at each other, especially after she discovered his secret last night. Even so, Crystal maintained a gentle tone as she asked, "Why are you and Skyler sleeping in the study?"

Henry stared long and hard at her before replying in a hoarse voice, "I didn't want to wake you."

It was clear as day that he was simply making that excuse up, but Crystal didn't question him about it any further.

All she did was pat Skyler on the head as she said, "I'll go make us breakfast."

She was about to walk off when Henry grabbed her by the arm and said, "Crystal, I want you to make me breakfast."

Crystal froze for a few seconds before replying with a smile, "Okay."

Henry looked at her slender and graceful figure from behind as she made her way out of the study.

I think I know what he's upset about, but I refuse to give it to him unless he asks. Still, would I really give it to him if he asked?

Henry entered the kitchen while Crystal was making breakfast. He was sharply dressed and exuded a faint fragrant scent of aftershave.

After walking up to Crystal for his morning kiss, he whispered into her ear from behind, "You heard me last night, didn't you?"

Huh? What?

For a second there, Crystal got confused and tried to push him away, but Henry wrapped his arm tightly around her waist.

Given how tightly he was pressing his body against hers, it wasn't hard for her to figure out what he wanted. We had sex last night, though! Was that not enough for him?

"I have to send Skyler to school soon, and you need to get to work as well."

"Stop finding excuses to reject my advances, Crystal. Do you not care about me anymore? You didn't ask about Lara's letter, you didn't ask about my body, and you never called me while I was out socializing with others..." Unable to contain himself any longer, Henry asked, "Do you still love me, Crystal?"

Crystal froze upon hearing that.

He has been treating me very well ever since we got back together, and he has never asked me for anything. I can't believe he'd ask me for love right now. There are lots of things in the world that one could obtain, but love is a luxury for people of our age. I still remember how I used to be desperate for his love back then, and yet, he's the one who demands my love now.

Crystal gently caressed his handsome face which felt warm to the touch.

She was satisfied with the way things were, so she had assumed he would feel satisfied as well.

She did not expect him to make such a huge fuss about it.

"Of course I do," Crystal replied with a faint smile.

Henry stared at her for a few seconds before saying, "I'll have Jamie free up my schedule for a month so I can take us all on a family trip. We'll travel all over the country."

Crystal frowned when she heard that.

"But Skyler has classes to attend, and she can't stop her piano lessons either. Remi is too young for travel, and..."

Despite her rambling, she never actually gave him a decisive answer.

Henry's eyes turned slightly gloomy when he heard her response.

She has never looked forward to traveling with me, has she? I bet she never expected anything other than living an ordinary life with me! She doesn't love me!

Henry suggested after a long pause, "Let's go see a psychiatrist, Crystal."

He assumed it was a psychological problem with either one of them that caused all of this.

"I think we're doing just fine. This is how most married couples live their lives, Henry." Crystal turned him down and continued making breakfast.

Henry let go of her and said in a hoarse voice, "We are not the same as other married couples."

He had seen how passionate she was toward him in the past, but she was currently treating him as though their marriage was a mere formality.

After so many months, Henry was finally willing to admit that he had never truly obtained her.

He realized that Crystal had continued playing the role of a perfect wife and a gentle mother simply because he had insisted on it.

She even went as far as satisfying him in bed, but Henry could tell that she had lost all feelings of love for him.

All Crystal did was go along with him whenever he showed her affection, which left him feeling helplessly defeated as he knew he could no longer provide her with joy and happiness.

He didn't dare pressure her any further, nor did he force her into having sex with him. Their routine of having sex twice a week eventually got reduced to once a week.

The days went by peacefully even though they were rather boring. Fortunately, the kids were both healthy.

Henry knew for a fact that Crystal had some psychological issues that she simply didn't want to seek treatment for.

He tried his best to treat her as well as possible as he feared she would someday leave him because their life was too boring.

As for the class reunion, it got postponed by a month due to some special reasons.

Crystal was shopping with Melora, who had gotten rather wealthy after becoming a famous model for commercials.

Thanks to her newfound independence, she finally moved out of the Miller residence with Berthold. Crystal was shocked when she heard that.

Little did she know Melora only did so because a certain someone had once mentioned that he admired independent women.

After getting tired from all that shopping, the two sat down at a café to have some coffee.

To their surprise, Madison happened to be there as well.

Madison eyed Crystal from head to toe before pinching her on the cheeks. "Just what kind of diet are you on, Crystal? Not only have you not aged one bit, but your skin seems a lot more radiant now! Let me guess, it must be the amazing sex with Henry, right?"

Crystal felt it was inappropriate to discuss her sex life with those two, so she simply flashed them a smile in response.

Madison changed the subject by bringing up the class reunion. "It's been quite a few years since we last saw our classmates. I wonder what they all look like now! Do you still remember Clementine? She became the wife of the owner of a coal mine after torturing his first wife to death. She seems to be living a good life. Robert is still single, though."

Crystal simply listened on in silence.

Melora, too, kept quiet and didn't dare say a word.-

They could barely even remember Robert because they hadn't seen him in so long.

After they finished their coffee, Melora excused herself as she still had some business to attend to, and Madison needed to go pick her son up from school..

There was an event at Skyler's kindergarten. Crystal decided to continue shopping on her own. Since at class reunion was what led to her having sex with Henry back then, she didn't feel all that comfortable attending it.

It is believed that women never forget their first time having sex, and Crystal was no exception.

She felt a strong urge to avoid the topic whenever someone brought it up.

Crystal gave Henry a call and told him to pick Skyler up from school because she had some stuff to take care of.

Henry fell silent for a brief moment before agreeing to her request.

Instead of having the driver send her there, Crystal slowly walked toward the condominium they used to live in.

The city lit up with neon lights as the sky grew darker.

Crystal teared up a little when she saw that the Ferris wheel was still there.

Later that night, she opened the door of the condominium unit.

Apart from the Morning Dew piano, which had been moved away, everything looked exactly the way it was before. It wasn't until she sat down in the silence of the living room that she finally had the question herself.

Is it true? Do I really not love Henry anymore? For some reason, I just don't feel like removing our previous wedding ring, nor do I feel like starting over with him regardless of how well he treats me. Is my heart really filled with nothing but the past? Is it true that I don't treat Henry like my husband? Am I really only using him to make my life complete?

It was really late at night as Crystal sat there with those thoughts running through her mind.

Since she no longer had to play the role of the perfect wife while being all by herself in that condominium, Crystal was able to give in to her emotions. She wept silently as she reminisced the past.

Suddenly, a beam of light came pouring into the dark living room as someone slowly opened the door.

Crystal looked up and saw Henry standing by the door with a plastic bag in his hand. She had no idea what was inside, but she could smell food from where she sat.

"The kids are asleep. Skyler will look after Remi, and the housekeepers can look after them as well. We can spend the night here tonight," Henry said in a gentle voice.

Crystal simply sat there and stared at him in silence.

Henry was about to reach for the light switch when she said, "D-Don't turn on the lights!"

She didn't want him to see how she looked as she had been crying earlier.

Henry closed the door behind him and made his way over using the dim moonlight pouring in through the windows. "I'm sorry, Crystal. I'm really sorry!"

I neglected her when she suffered from postpartum depression after giving birth to Skyler, and I made her angry after she gave birth to Remi as well.

Everyone thought she was strong, and she even believed that they would be able to repair their relationship after getting back together. However, unbeknownst to everyone, Crystal had developed a mental illness that would only worsen the more they tried to repair their relationship. Eventually, she came to realize that she had some psychological issues as well.

Henry hugged her tightly while she sobbed and comforted her in a gentle voice, "It's okay. I'll always be here with you. We'll go see a doctor tomorrow, okay?"

[Chapter 335 Do You Still Love Me 3](#)

In the dimly lit room, Crystal nestled in his arms.

Her face rested against his waist. That was actually an intimate hug, but she was profoundly upset.

After everything they had been through, she had forgotten how it felt to love him. She had been immersing herself in her world, thinking that if she played the roles of a good wife and mother well, their relationship would eventually return to how it was.

However, it turned out she hadn't really moved on.

Henry held her close and gently patted her back.

After dinner, Crystal, concerned for their children, wanted to go home, but Henry switched off the lights again and pulled her into his embrace to lie on the couch together. Their bodies were pressed close, so much so that she could smell the faint scent of tobacco on him.

"Crystal, tell me about our past." His voice was hoarse as he spoke.

That condominium held many memories for them.

He wanted to listen to the moments they shared, both good and bad.

She lay on his chest and murmured, "Didn't you read that diary countless times? You probably know it by heart now."

Henry chuckled.

He lowered his head and leaned close to her, using his prominent nose to touch hers. "Do you know how I fell for you?"

Crystal shook her head. She genuinely didn't know.

Henry caressed her delicate face, and his voice grew huskier as he said, "When I was dealing with a lawsuit in Anglandur, I was aware I had a wife and a child before returning to the country. I looked into your background and had a rough idea of how we met. Yet, I struggled with the idea of being married. I spent days pondering how to drive you away, but on the day I came back, I saw you at the airport. I didn't make an effort to remember your face, but I recognized you instantly."

Crystal asked him why.

He suddenly smiled. With his lips brushing against hers, he answered, "That's because you're beautiful. I'm not one to be easily captivated, but when I saw your pregnant appearance, I was certain if I had a wife, she'd look exactly like you."

Crystal had always been his aesthetic ideal, both before and after he lost his memories.

He admitted that he was initially attracted to Crystal because of her beauty. Otherwise, they wouldn't have become a married couple so quickly. Still, affection between a man and a woman always develops from visual appeal before evolving into feelings.

He didn't bother hiding that from her.

Henry only began to truly love Crystal after she signed the divorce papers. He had read the diary and gone after her at the graveyard and seen her put on the wedding ring. That scene had deeply impacted him.

From then on, he feared losing her.

He recounted many of his emotional journeys, unaware if Crystal was still listening. When he looked down, she was peacefully asleep in his arms.

Henry kissed her on the lips and muttered, "Goodnight!"

The next morning, he took her back to the mansion.

They tidied everything before the children woke up and resumed their usual routine.

After Skyler finished her meal, she got into the car, holding a small box containing some lovely cherry tomatoes, intending to share them with Christopher later.

In the living room, Henry pinched Crystal's car and whispered, "Go get changed."

She was a little hesitant.

He leaned forward to kiss her and regarded her with a pensive gaze. In the end, Crystal went upstairs to change her outfit, and they sent Skyler to the kindergarten together.

Upon reaching the kindergarten, Skyler unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car.

At that moment, Christopher was in line.

Because of his outstanding looks, all the other girls in the kindergarten were willing to line up behind him. When Skyler walked over, she brazenly stood in front of him.

Christopher rested his hands on her shoulders and let her take his place.

Then, he moved to the back of the line, taking her small backpack and the box of cherry tomatoes with him.

Skyler, initially saddened, became cheerful again. As she strutted, her brown hair bobbed, giving her a zestful mien.

At that sight, Crystal laughed.

Standing beside Henry, she uttered softly, "Skyler is so much like you!"

Henry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

After getting into the car, he fastened his seat belt and looked at her.

Crystal smiled faintly and said, "I promised to go over, and I'll keep my word."

Henry reached out to stroke her long brown hair, pulled her close to rest his head against her, and murmured, "Crystal, it's not about that."

Crystal was depressed, and she needed to boost her mental health.

Henry was afraid she would misunderstand.

Crystal gently pushed him away and sat up. Her cheeks were slightly flushed. "I know."

Henry bored his eyes into her. He had been feeling insecure lately, and he genuinely wondered if the doctor had made a mistake in the diagnosis. Perhaps I'm the one who's sick, not Crystal.

They arrived at the clinic on time.

After Henry led Crystal into the consultation room, the doctor briefly inquired about their daily life. Then, she requested Henry to step out so she could speak with Crystal alone.

The doctor was kind and didn't probe into Crystal's privacy. She merely told the latter to vent and assured her that what they discussed would not be revealed to Henry without her permission.

The room was dimly lit, and the recliner was comfortable. Under such a calming environment, Crystal started to relax. She shared her feelings and described her relationship with Henry to the doctor in an undertone. "My husband lost five years of memories about us. I know he likes me, but maybe it's because I've been let down too many times. I'm afraid to accept his affections again. I always feel that if I let my guard down and love him again, misfortune and betrayal will rear their ugly heads once more."

Crystal paused briefly before continuing. "He helped a woman I really didn't like. Yet, I forgave him with grace and even took the initiative to shoulder that responsibility. I thought I was coping with it well and that I wouldn't care about the past. But whenever we were in bed together, I couldn't help but recall Lara's and Audrey's faces. I'm constantly reminded that I'm not his first choice. If Lara and Audrey were good-natured women, would our marriage still last? Doctor, I don't believe he loves me. There are problems in our sexual life. When I realized this issue, I found myself unable to accept him. Whenever he tried to get intimate with me, I would instinctively reject him."

The doctor asked softly, "How often do you and your husband copulate each month?"

Crystal croaked, "Occasionally once."

The doctor fell silent.

Crystal lowered her head as tears streamed down her cheeks. "I don't even know who to blame."

The doctor gently reassured her, "Mrs. Miller, all that is in the past."

With her comfort, Crystal gradually calmed down.

Then, the doctor told her to take a nap.

Only after Crystal drifted off to sleep did the doctor exit the consultation room.

Henry was standing at the door expressionlessly. When he saw the doctor coming out, he hastily asked. "Where's my wife?"

The doctor didn't reveal any of Crystal's confidences but simply advised him, "Mrs. Miller is under a lot of stress. She strives for perfection, but there are too many unresolved issues between you two. You both need to open up to address these problems slowly."

"Is there any solution to this?"

The doctor looked at him and replied. "I'll prescribe some medication for her. Once her condition improves, you can try for another child. During the pregnancy, you must be extra attentive as her husband. Perhaps that might help better your relationship."

Henry nodded.

The doctor contemplated for a moment before adding. Try to let her relax as much as possible. Don't confine her within the household."

Henry was slightly stunned.

[Chapter 336 Do You Still Love Me 4](#)

Crystal woke

The first thing she saw was Henry seated by her side. He was patting her hair. Feeling awkward that he was being a bit too close, she sat up. "How long have I been asleep?"

Henry pulled his hand back. He stared at her for a moment, then a smile curled his lips. "About an hour or so."

Crystal got up and changed into her shoes: "Did it hold you up?"

Henry held her hand.

Crystal looked at him. "What is it?"

Henry pinched her nose. "It's all right. No work is more important than you, Mrs. Miller."

Crystal put on a small smile.

She felt soft to the touch, perhaps because she had just woken up. It had been a while since he had kissed her. Even though this was not the best place to kiss, Henry still went in for one.

"Henry..." Crystal leaned on his shoulder.

Henry couldn't hold back anymore. He pried her mouth open gently and slid his tongue in.

A long, long while went by before Henry was satisfied. Crystal leaned on his shoulder weakly, her face red from the kiss.

Henry wrapped his arms around her waist. He wished to go deeper, but he wouldn't go at it that easily, lest she hate him. Feeling his desire, Crystal said, "Let's do it tonight."

He shouldn't be holding his urges in all the time. She wasn't going to get a divorce either. It wasn't as if she had no feelings for him.

Henry languidly patted her. They went downstairs and got into the car. Wishing to stay with Crystal longer, he gently said, "Why don't we go to work together? You can take a nap at my office. We'll get off work early and pick Skyler up."

Crystal mused over it. "Someone needs to take care of Remi."

Henry was disappointed, but he took her home anyway. Slowly, he drove away from the clinic.

A Mercedes-Benz came to a stop at the parking lot and out came a woman. She almost looked like a golden statue. Everything on her was gleaming.

It was Clementine. A slight sneer curled her lips. She had seen Crystal at the clinic earlier, and she had thought she was seeing things, but she was not.

Everyone thinks she's living the big life. Can't believe she has to see a therapist. The class reunion's coming real soon. If everyone knows of her condition, no one's going to envy her life anymore.

This clinic was an upscale one, however. It was almost impossible to gain any files of their patient. Clementine had to spend a huge sum of money to bribe a nurse who handled the record room to get the files

Post-partum depression, shaky marriage, and sex only once a month....

Clementine was grinning like a mad woman.

The nurse was a little scared, and Clementine sent her away. Once the nurse was gone, Clementine went into her car and made a call. "Hey, is this the daily news? I have something you might be interested in."

Clementine hung up and smirked. The marriage is scarred. It has no reason to exist. Henry will never stay with a woman who's mentally ill. He can have any woman he wants. Women who are vastly better. He's at his prime. Any woman would love to have his child.

Just the thought of plunging that woman into hell filled Clementine with delight. She couldn't wait to see Crystal humiliated and Madison in pain. She wouldn't be happy until both of them suffered.

The daily news released news about Crystal's condition that afternoon. They uploaded pictures that prove Crystal's condition, and there was even Crystal's voice recording.

The photos were of a patient's record. It wrote of post-partum depression, shaky marriage, and the couple's nightly activities.

The news began trending, and with the voice recording backing the stories up, Henry and Crystal's private life was laid bare for the public to see..

A storm was brewing in Barnwood. Everyone was waiting for Henry to make a statement. Whatever he said would make an impact on the share prices of Seas Corporation and Miller Corporation.

Jamie entered Henry's office. Henry was on a call, and Crystal was on the other end of the phone.

Of course, they knew of the news. They were the ones in it. Henry did not bring it up right away, however. He gently said to her, "I'll pick Skyler up. You stay at home. Is Remi's food running out? I'll get some on my way back. Anything else you need?"

Crystal was sitting before the Morning Dew piano. She saw what was trending, and she knew why Henry called her.

A moment of silence ensued.

A long while later, Henry said softly, "I'll call a press conference later in the afternoon. Don't worry about anything. Just leave it to me. You do whatever you want."

Crystal played the piano with one hand, and then she paused. A moment later, she said, "I want to know who's behind this."

Henry nodded and hung up. He stared at the phone, musing over something.

Jamie said nervously, "Mr. Miller, some daily news leaked the news first, but we found no evidence of them being bought out."

Henry leaned against his chair and spun around. He looked at Jamie. "Find the main editor and tell the guards to.... have a chat with them. Find out who's the one who leaked the files. If he won't tell, then he'll have to... stay with us for a bit longer."

Jamie knew Henry too well. The man was furious, and once he found out who was behind this, he would make them pay.

Henry added, "Prepare for a press conference."

Jamie immediately went to work.

Henry was about to call Melora and ask her to meet up with Crystal, but his father got to him first.

David was livid. He lambasted his son and called him useless for failing to protect his wife.

Moments later, he said, "Your mother's on her way."

Henry was touched.

David then discussed measures with him. In the end, he with annoyance, said, "Tell me the truth, Henry. Did the injection make you impotent?"

Once a month? Any woman would find better prospects.

Henry was amused and annoyed. "I am more virile than ever, Dad, but this isn't a one-man show, is it?"

Consent was the name of the game. He couldn't just satisfy himself while leaving Crystal hanging. He couldn't.

David was just trying to get confirmation. He was relieved to find out that his son was fine. As long as he was healthy enough, there was always a way out of this rut.

"Pay more attention to her. Take on more of the chores, so she can have more time for herself. If you're still too busy, your mother and I can take care of Remi while you run Miller Corporation."

Henry hung up. He wanted to call Crystal, but he knew his mother could handle things well.

Half an hour later, Jamie came back in. "Mr. Miller, the press conference will begin soon. All of Barnwood's main news outlets are here. Don't worry. I've given them some stern warnings. They won't write anything stupid."

Henry got up and straightened his clothes.

A hundred or so reporters were gathered in Seeas Corporation's conference room number one. Their cameras were aimed at the stage, and everyone was whispering among themselves.

The news was a bombshell. They were wondering if Henry would announce a divorce or show up with his wife and disprove the allegations.

Slowly, the conference room door was opened. In came Henry, looking regal and composed. He didn't look like he was going to announce a divorce.

Before the reporters could say anything, he spoke into the microphone.

"First, let me say that I reserve the right to sue the one who leaked my wife's private files to the daily news. Second, I am not getting a divorce. And third..."

Henry smiled at the cameras, his eyes twinkling with love. "Crystal, I'm going to do my best as your husband or your lover. We have a long life ahead of us. I'm sure someday you'll fall for me, every part of me, inside and out."

The crowd went wild. Is this a confession from Henry? If that was true, then he was utterly shameless. He'd better hope there were no kids watching this.

Henry was still smiling. "Our marriage is rocky, but not all roads are made to be smooth. I will never fall for any other woman. You're the only woman I want. You're the mother of my children. I'll give you all my money, my love. And if you have to, you can just do it once a year with me. I will never betray you, I promise."

Seas Corporation's lawyer came over and calculated Henry's assets. Then, they gave it all to his wife right away.

The reporters were dumbfounded. When they went back that day and started writing the articles, they realized the story could be boiled down to one sentence: Our marriage is none of your business.

[Chapter 337 Henry Is Especially Caring Tonight 1](#)

The storm settled with Henry willingly taking on the role of the understanding partner.

His intentions were clear. Even if Crystal was struggling with some psychological demons, and even if their relationship hit some bumps, he was willing to stand by her.

The tides changed, and soon Henry became the poster child for the perfect guy.

Stocks for both Miller Corporation and Seas Corporation shot up instead of plummeting.

However, Henry wasn't in the best of spirits. After the press conference, he locked himself in his office, replaying Crystal's words over and over.

"My husband lost five years of memories about us. I know he loves me! Nevertheless, maybe it's because I've been let down too many times. I'm afraid to accept his affections again. I always feel that if I let guard down and love him again, misfortune and betrayal will rear their ugly heads once more. He helped a woman I really didn't like. Yet, I forgave him with grace..."

Henry listened again and again.

"

He recalled that one night he had helped Lara and met Audrey one last time.

At that time, he had bade goodbye to his past.

He had thought from then on that there would be no barriers between him and Crystal.

Little did he know that Crystal's graciousness was just a form of compromise. It was one that tormented her internally. She had never been truly happy.

Henry gently closed his eyes. The corners of his eyes were a little moist.

Just then, his phone on the desk.

It was the clinic calling rang.

He picked up, and the director apologized, "Mr. Miller, I'm truly sorry for the breach of Mrs. Miller's privacy due to internal issues. We've terminated the employee responsible for it...

"I'll be taking legal action against her." Henry's tone was cool.

Upon ending the call, he checked the time. It was almost time to pick up Skyler from school.

He drove over personally to get her.

At the kindergarten gate, Skyler waved a reluctant goodbye to Christopher. Then, she was scooped up by her father and placed inside the golden Bentley Continental.

Henry secured her into the seat and fastened her seatbelt.

Skyler wrapped her arms around her father's neck and asked, "Today, everyone's saying that Christopher's daddy got a mistress. Daddy, what's a mistress?"

Henry was a bit taken aback.

He gently patted Skyler's little head. "You'll understand when you grow up."

Skyler blinked at him. "Daddy, do you have a mistress?"

Henry tapped her head.

Skyler sensed that her father was a bit upset, so she stopped asking questions and sat quietly in the back seat.

Henry had promised to buy baby food for Remi, so he drove to a well-known maternity store in the city center. He brought Skyler along and carefully selected the right items for Remi.

Skyler, wearing a pretty tutu, followed along like a little adult.

Surprisingly, she knew Remi's preferences quite well and could offer some opinions.

Henry looked at her innocent face and suddenly bent down to pick her up and give her a kiss.

In the midst of the bustling crowd, Skyler blushed and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Daddy, what are you doing?"

Henry pretended to continue shopping as he asked casually, "Skyler, have I ever told you that I really love you?"

Skyler raised her little head. "I've heard it countless times!"

I'm sick of hearing about it. It's nothing new!

She thought for a moment and added, "But you still love Mommy the most!"

Then it's me, and after that it's Remi!

Skyler stayed in Henry's arms and took the opportunity to make a request. "Daddy, can you bathe me tonight? I saw you bathing Mommy."

Henry picked out the items and patted her on the bottom.

"When you grow up, you can have your husband do it for you!"

Skyler clenched her tiny fists. "Then Remi should bathe himself, or he'll have to wait until he grows up and let his wife do it for him."

The people around them heard them and couldn't help but laugh.

Henry felt a sense of pride as her father. He placed two boxes of baby food on the checkout counter.

Many young mothers recognized Henry, especially with today's explosive news. The women blushed and were a bit shy to look at him.

Skyler thought, Daddy seems to be very famous!

Before dinner, Henry drove Skyler back home.

In the living room, Melora was holding Remi while Berthold curiously observed.

Julia was in the kitchen with Crystal, preparing dinner. Under the soft yellow light, Crystal's profile looked particularly gentle. Her light purple dress cinched at the waist, making her look slim and elegant.

Henry walked over, wrapped his arms around her waist, and presented a bouquet of champagne roses to her.

Crystal was a bit surprised, but no woman dislikes flowers.

She softly thanked him and then carefully arranged them in a crystal vase. Seeing that she was busy, Henry took out a cigarette and twirled it between his fingers.

He made small talk with her. "I bought some carrot-flavored baby food for Remi."

Crystal blinked. "Did Skyler choose it?"

Henry chuckled. "How did you know? Do you have a listening device installed on me?"

Crystal laughed too. She continued preparing the ingredients and said softly. "Remi doesn't like carrots, but Skyler often educates him about not being a picky eater. I just wonder if Remi understands."

Julia could not stop smiling as well.

Henry looked at Crystal for a while, then said in a hoarse voice. "I'll buy two more boxes tomorrow"

Crystal replied with a hum

After dinner, Skyler took out a storybook and started playing teacher.

In front of her, Remi and Berthold sat in a row, mimicking good students perfectly.

Crystal and Melora gathered to practice some sewing with Julia. The atmosphere was warm as if nothing had happened today.

However, Henry knew that Crystal was bothered by it. She just chose not to say it.

At eight-thirty, the sound of a car echoed in the yard. After a moment, two people entered. They were Alfred and Leslie.

Alfred's gaze immediately fell on Melora's face.

Leslie smiled and said, "We heard about what happened today. Mr. Lodge is quite angry about it, so we came to see if there's anything we can help with."

Melora's lips trembled, and for a while, she couldn't say a word.

Henry said, "I invited Uncle Alfred here. There may be some things he can help with."

Alfred nodded.

He took off his coat and squatted in front of Berthold. "Daddy's here. Why didn't you greet me?"

Berthold looked shy.

It was only after a while that he dared to hug Alfred. He said in a small voice, "Mommy said I should call you Great-uncle Alfred when we're outside."

Alfred glanced at Melora. There was no telling what he was thinking.

When he spoke to his son again, his tone was gentle. "We aren't outside now."

"Daddy," Berthold called out.

Alfred took out a few candies from his pocket and gave them to the children. These candies were from Sumanthova, something Melora used to love. He had made it a habit to carry a few with him.

The few men went upstairs to talk.

In the study, the housekeeper brought coffee and then promptly left.

Alfred took a sip of coffee and asked, "What happened? Why would anyone have a problem with Crystal all of a sudden?"

Henry pulled up a footage.

After they watched it, he said, "Clementine is one of Crystal's university classmates. She use to have a thing with Madison's husband. Now, she's with a coal tycoon. She's the one who bribed that nurse."

Upon learning what had happened, Alfred smiled faintly and asked, "You couldn't handle the coal tycoon, so you came to me, huh?"

Henry admitted, "That guy is in the southwest. He doesn't really have anything in common with me, but with you having control over that area, you'll be much more effective in dealing with him."

Leslie chimed in with a smile, "Mr. Miller, you've found the right person!"

Alfred glanced at him and then turned to Henry. "I'll take care of it."

Henry poured him more coffee.

After finishing the coffee, Alfred stood up. Acting like an elder, he added, "I'll take care of the external matters. However, I can't be the one to resolve Crystal's emotional damage. Henry, you need to put in more effort."

Henry nodded and escorted them downstairs.

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In the living room on the first floor, the housekeepers were tidying up the place.

Julia, Melora, and Berthold were gone. Alfred could not help but feel disappointed. When he hurried outside, he spotted them and called out, "Melora."

It was dark outside, and Julia had already gotten into the car.

Berthold was sitting on Julia's lap, and Melora was about to get into the car.

Alfred came over to hold the door. He patted Berthold's head and said gently, "You must listen to your mommy, okay?"

Berthold nodded.

Although he looked much like the Lodges, he was a soft individual, a trait he inherited from Melora.

Alfred talked to Julia for a while before Julia said to her daughter, "Talk to him."

She seemed open-minded about the matter, but that was because David had persuaded her many times. And perhaps she could finally understand her daughter, so she decided to leave this matter to them instead.

Melora was dragged to the car by Alfred.

Alfred personally drove. After a while, Melora could not help but mock, "Mr. Lodge, why are you still looking for me? I thought you wanted to prioritize your career. Aren't you even willing to give up your body for your career?"

Although she knew that he did not genuinely love Caylie, she still felt jealous.

He had said that he admired Caylie as she was independent.

When Alfred heard her words that were laced with jealousy, he chuckled and asked, "Are you jealous?"

Melora fell silent. She leaned against the seat and stared out the window.

She wanted to sever ties with him, but they had a child.

When the car stopped, her eyes were misty. She noticed he had brought her to the river. "Alfred, what are you trying to do?"

Alfred turned to look at her.

He looked at Melora, who was no longer young. Although she remained pretty, she did not look as youthful as before.

Still, he loved her.

He leaned back against the seat as well, then reached out to touch her.

He said, "Crystal called me. She told me about what happened to you over the past few years."

There were some things he found it difficult to say.

Melora was born into a wealthy family. If not for her falling in love with him, she would not have needed to ever suffer in her life. In other words, all her misery originated from him.

Melora wanted to pull her hand back, but he would not let her.

He gently wiped away the tears from her eyes. "I didn't get engaged. I canceled it. I was afraid that you'd be unhappy."

Melora's heart skipped a beat, but she did not speak.

Alfred did not offer any more explanations. He just took the rare opportunity to hold her shoulders.

He had grown older, and so had their son. Yet, the only time they had truly been together had only been half a year, and that had been a long-distance relationship too.

He felt sorry for her and was somewhat remorseful.

However, upon reflection, he realized he had no other choice.

At night, Henry put Skyler to sleep.

When he returned to his room, Crystal had just finished her shower. She seemed relaxed as she sat at the vanity to perform her skincare routine. Unable to help himself, he walked over to hug her from behind. "We finally get to be alone."

Crystal leaned her head against his shoulder and stared at his eyes through the mirror.

Their eyes met.

Henry leaned over to kiss her.

Crystal was a little surprised, but she still relaxed her body to kiss him back. His desire seemed to have grown, so she moved to sit on his lap and kissed his chin.

Henry halted.

However, he kept his hands on her waist as he said, "Crystal, let's talk."

Crystal knew he really wanted it, but since he was not going to initiate it, she could not bring herself to continue.

She leaned in his arms and hummed in agreement. The next thing she heard was him mentioning Clementine.

It was a name she had not heard for a long while.

Henry stroked her hair and said, "Don't go to the class reunion if you don't want to. Don't make yourself upset."

On nights as such, their actions seemed intimate as they engaged in conversations a couple would have.

Crystal lay on his shoulder and replied, "She's the one who did something wrong. Am I supposed to hide at home because of her?"

She had been calm since the incident.

She had wanted to avoid it, as any woman whose private night matters had been exposed would definitely feel ashamed about it. However, Crystal was not just Crystal. She was a mother too.

While she could hide away from it, Skyler had to go to school. In the future, Remi would. need to go to school as well.

No matter how tough it was, she had to face it.

Her voice was soft as she said, "Besides, I still have you, don't I?"

Henry was moved. He could not help but kiss her cheeks before moving down to her lips. In a muffled voice, he said, "Crystal, you'll still trust me, right? Our relationship isn't that bad, right?"

He thirsted for love, and Crystal understood that, so she let him kiss her.

She thought that at least one of them had to stay mentally healthy.

She lifted her head and gently hum in response.

Crystal was wearing a champagne-colored silk pajama. Henry had always liked her body, and she seemed exceptionally alluring to him that night. It had been a month since he had touched her, so he carried her and brought her to the bed.

As her body sunk into the soft mattress, he looked down at her and said in his husky voice, "Crystal, let's give it a try."

Crystal closed her eyes.

Unlike always, this time, he focused on letting her feel good.

It was hard for Crystal to immerse herself in the moment, but he kept cupping her face and asking her how she felt in a low voice. He was so considerate to the point tears nearly welled up in her eyes. In the end, she hugged him and mumbled, "I'm done, Henry."

She wished that he would be quick.

Henry kissed her forehead before licking her tears away. He was her man, so how could he not realize her lies? He continued comforting her for a long, long while until she was about to fall asleep. Only then did he quietly get out of bed.

When the sound of running water came from the bathroom, Crystal opened her eyes.

She turned to rest her cheek against the pillow as she listened to the hoarse voice coming from the bathroom.

She would be lying if she said she felt nothing about it.

If a man was willing to hold back for a woman, it was a good indication that he valued her.

There were some things Crystal could not change, but she wanted him to be happier, or at least more normal.

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When he heard how even Crystal's breathing was, he figured that she was awake.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" he asked, leaning over to kiss her.

Crystal leaned in his arms and traced her fingers across the white pillow. "To be honest, you don't need to hold yourself back like this. It's not that I don't feel anything."

She still felt something for him.

Henry held her tightly in silence. He knew that she felt something, but since she was satisfied, it was enough for her, unlike those who were in love, who would still want more despite being satisfied.

He wished they could embrace each other throughout the night.

His body was cold and comfortable to lean against.

He came close to her ear and whispered, "Tell me everything, Crystal. I'm your husband. I'll listen to everything you have to say, and I won't do the things that you don't like."

Crystal remained silent.

He had heard what she had said to the psychiatrist.

Henry felt nervous.

He was worried that the topic would agitate her, but after a while, Crystal mumbled an "okay" and said, "Henry, find me another psychiatrist. I'll visit them myself from now on."

They had two children, and they had no plans for a divorce.

Her illness still had to be treated.

However, as a woman, Crystal did not want her husband to learn about her matters. There were some wounds she would rather heal in private.

Henry agreed to it.

Before they slept, he whispered, "I'll bring Skyler to jog tomorrow."

Crystal's wound had been exposed to the public.

She did not avoid it and went to the new psychiatrist that Henry had introduced her to. There was progress, but not much. Perhaps they needed time or another child just as the doctor had said.

Madison was worried about her and invited her for a drink.

In a dessert shop within a five-star hotel, Madison merrily ordered a dessert and said, "This is their signature dessert. Try it out. If it's good, you can order another set to take away for Skyler."

Crystal tasted it, then smiled and commented, "It's rather good. The matcha tastes strong enough."

Madison immediately waved for the server and ordered two more sets to take away.

She was swift in her actions, and Crystal merely watched her in silence. When Madison turned back, she noticed Crystal's gaze and reached out to touch her face. "What's the matter? Why are you staring at me? You're giving me the creeps."

Crystal stirred her coffee slowly and smiled. "Madison, it's been twelve years since we've known each other."

Madison visibly froze.

Twelve years...

Madison touched her face and finally understood why Crystal had seemed to be emotional earlier. Back in their days at university, Madison had been the prettiest girl among all.

When she was with Zachary, entertainment and food had taken over most of her life.

After getting married to Charles and after giving birth to a son, she realized that she was no longer as slim as before. Even her cheeks had gained some fat.

Yet, Crystal remained almost unchanged. She was still as slender as before.

No wonder Henry can't bring himself to let her go even if he himself can't have her. Madison could not tell if that was a good thing or not..

Just as they were talking about their past, someone came out of the elevator.

It was a familiar face, and she was even dressed to her nines. In fact, as though she was a celebrity, she had an assistant right beside her.

It was Clementine.

Clementine was equally surprised to see Crystal. She had never thought that Crystal would still dare to appear in public.

Her scandals are all over the place. Is she not afraid of getting criticized? So what if Crystal knows I'm the one behind this? What can she even do?

Clementine was certain that her plan had been foolproof. Her husband, Jerry, was in the coal mining industry in the southwest, and no matter how powerful the Miller family was, their influence could not reach that far.

Clementine walked over. Even though it was only the start of fall, she was already dressed in an expensive, mink fur coat.

She sat down across Crystal with a cigarette between her fingers.

The server came over and reminded her, "Miss, smoking isn't allowed in our shop."

Clementine laughed. "How petty!" Once the server was gone, she turned back to Crystal and Madison and flashed a confident smile. "What a coincidence, my old friends! Madison, it's only been a few years since you got married, but you've already gained so much weight. You're a hundred and ten pounds now, aren't you? Won't your second husband feel disgusted by that? And Crystal... Henry's right at the peak of his life. Do you think he'll stay by your side forever? Don't you think he'll cheat on you?"

Although Madison's weight had changed, her temper remained the same.

Stip Clementine into oblivion.

However, Crystal stopped her and flashed Clementine a smile. "You don't need to worry about that. Now that you're finally married. Miss Dynah, why don't you stay at home and keep an eye on your husband instead? Why are you so concerned about other people's business? Are you having trouble changing your ways despite getting married?"

Clementine grew livid. D'mn you and your tongue, Crystal

In her fury, she was about to retort when someone suddenly grabbed her arm.

When she raised her head, she saw that it was Robert.

Robert was in a business suit, and it was clear that he was there for a business meeting. His eyes were filled with mixed emotions as he looked at the trio.

"Robert?" Clementine had not seen him in a long time.

Robert dragged her out of the dessert shop.

The rough way he handled Clementine stunned Madison. She whispered to Crystal, "Here comes her handler. I wish Robert would sleep with her so that her husband would catch her red-handed cheating on him!"

Crystal glanced at Madison, who added, "She was mean to you. Even if you don't tell me anything. I know she's the one behind this. There are few in this world who have a heart as evil as hers."

A small smile crept onto Crystal's lips, and she slowly finished the rest of her coffee.

At the exit of the hotel, Robert pinned Clementine against the wall and glared at her. Clementine returned the glare with equal viciousness,

They, too, had history.

However, their reunion was not a happy one.

After a long while, Clementine sneered, "How faithful you are, Robert. Haven't you forgotten about her? Are you tempted to win her over again after finding out that things are tense between her and Henry? Look, you'll never win her over even if Henry can't have her."

The way Crystal had acted like a saint earlier irked her.

How? How? How is Crystal able to make Henry so faithful to her despite not being able to give him any happiness? How did she make a prideful man like him submit to her? How did she make him so loyal to her? No, I won't believe this. I won't believe Henry's words. How many men can hold themselves back? Robert, Zachary, and more ended up sleeping with me. I want Crystal's family to be in ruins!

Robert abruptly let go of Clementine, seemingly flustered. Clementine was right. When he heard the recording-when he heard Crystal say that she no longer believed in Henry's love and talk about their issues, as well as how they only slept together once a month-he had been delighted.

He knew that the thoughts in his head were perverse and absurd, but he could not stop himself.

His thoughts were evident on his face, and Clementine registered them all. She rubbed her face in frustration and asked, "Robert, what do you really like about her?"

Robert fell silent.

Even he could not tell what made him so infatuated with Crystal.

All he knew was that the memories of their four-year relationship could never fade away from his mind..

Perhaps the regret was what brought sorrow into his soul.

In the evening, Crystal said goodbye to Madison.

Joel eagerly opened the car door for her. "The timing is perfect to pick up Skyler now. She will be thrilled.

to see you."

Among the children in the family, Skyler was undoubtedly the most endearing.

It was impossible not to adore a fair-skinned, charming little girl like her.

Crystal chuckled aloud.

Just as she was about to get into the car, someone gripped her wrist. It was none other than Robert.

Crystal shook him off. "Do you need something, Mr. Sloan?"

Joel immediately grumbled, "It's broad daylight, and you're making advances on a married woman. Can't you find a partner of your own?"

Robert ignored Joel and fixed his gaze on Crystal.

His voice was deep as he asked, "Crystal, is it possible for us to get back together?"

Crystal offered a faint smile and responded calmly, “Robert, I don’t recall giving you any indication that I’ll reconsider forgiving you after moving forward.”

With that, she got into the car.

Joel slammed the door shut and glared at Robert.

The car was slowly driven away.

Robert stood still, lost in thought.

He had known Crystal for over a decade and had mixed feelings for her. The thought of letting her go filled him with regret. Learning that she wasn’t doing well now made him ponder what might have happened if he had changed his course in the past. If he hadn’t sent John to jail, perhaps Crystal would have still trusted and loved him.

They might have remained together. Crystal would have been his wife, caring for their home and children.

Unfortunately, in reality, there are no ifs.

Robert wasn’t in a good mood. At night, when he was socializing with his business partners, he drank a lot of liquor.

By the time the clock struck nine in the evening, he was thoroughly inebriated.

To his surprise, he bumped into Henry in the restroom. It was clear that the latter was here for business.

While one was a lost soul drowning in alcohol, the other remained clear-headed.

Henry wore a well-fitted suit, exuding an air of charm at the age of thirty-five, firmly in his prime. His personal life was devoid of scandals, and he appeared much the same, albeit with a more discreet profile than before.

Their eyes met in the reflection of the mirror.

Robert let out an audible snort as he extracted a cigarette, leaned against the wall, and lit it up.

After taking a deep drag, he turned to Henry. “You’re at such a place but you tidy yourself up before you go. Are you worried about upsetting Crystal?”

Henry turned off the faucet and straightened his shirt in front of the mirror.

“Mr. Sloan, is mocking people your only skill nowadays?”

Robert merely snorted in response.

He raised his head, exhaled a plume of smoke, and said, “Henry, I didn’t lose to you. I lost to the younger version of myself.”

As he spoke, he felt a heart-wrenching pain.

Then, he fell into a daze as he lowered his head and stared at the cigarette in his hands.

After a while, he broke the silence. "You may have lost some of your memories, but the memories between Crystal and me remain intact. I find it hard to believe that you don't mind that."

Henry grabbed a piece of tissue to wipe his hands.

Flashing a faint smile, he replied, "Yes, I do mind. Any man would. But what does it matter? Mr. Sloan, I'm the one beside Crystal every night as she sleeps. I understand your concerns. Scandals are inconsequential, and our relationship won't be swayed by a few words."

With that, he turned on his heels and left.

He appeared revitalized. After he concluded the business discussion, there was no lingering scent of perfume on him. It seemed he intended to return home. He didn't drink and drove himself back.

Robert, on the other hand, was puking his guts out at the club.

When Henry arrived home, he found Crystal teaching Skyler how to play the piano. Their lesson was nearing its end.

A cradle was positioned nearby with Remi amusing himself inside with his tiny fingers.

Henry approached them and bent down to plant a kiss on his son. He asked casually, "Has he eaten? If he hasn't, I'll prepare some baby food for him."

Crystal told Skyler to continue practicing herself.

She lifted Remi and passed the little boy to Henry, "Hold him. He's going to be overweight. The doctor advised us to reduce his food intake."

Henry chuckled aloud.

It seemed that Remi had gained weight ever since he began taking care of the little boy.

As he played with Remi, he teased her, "Why didn't you gain weight like him, though?"

Every night, he would hug her to sleep. She was still as slender as ever.

Crystal shot him a look. "Should I work hard to gain weight?"

Naturally, Henry wouldn't want that. He appreciated her slender waist. However, he wouldn't wish for her to eat less. Crystal was much stricter with herself in this regard.

She observed him holding their child and recalled what the psychiatrist had said previously.

She muttered, "Should we have another child?"

Henry looked up, his gaze slightly dark.

That evening, Joel had called him to inform him about Crystal encountering Robert, and Robert had provoked him earlier. Truth be told, he did mind their past relationship.

He was concerned that Crystal might be disappointed in him and end up reminiscing about her previous relationship.

He asked, "Do you love children?"

"I do."

Henry lowered his head and planted a kiss on Remi's chubby cheek. In a seemingly casual tone, he asked, "Do you love me, then?"

It was evident to Crystal that he was beating around the bush.

As the atmosphere grew awkward, Skyler rushed over, having completed her practice. She wrapped her arms around Henry's legs, insisting that he lift her up.

Henry picked her up.

He was strong enough to hold both the kids. Turning to Crystal, he asked, "You keep saying that Skyler is independent. Look at how clingy she is. How is this her being independent?"

Crystal was used to spoiling the kids.

She was about to respond when Skyler wrapped her arms around Henry's neck and protested, "Mommy is still not independent as an adult. Why would you want me to be independent, Daddy?"

She was right.

Crystal glanced at Henry and chuckled softly.

She gently patted Skyler's head and said, "I'm going to take a shower. You play with them for a while. Skyler couldn't stop talking about you earlier."

She then headed upstairs.

Perhaps she felt hot, for she tied up her hair into a bun as she walked up the stairs, revealing her slender neck.

Henry couldn't help but glance at it.

Skyler sighed and said to Remi. "Remi, you should learn to be independent soon!"

Daddy keeps thinking about going on dates.

After putting both kids to bed, Henry returned to the bedroom that was enveloped by a warm glow.

Crystal, clad in a bathrobe, was reading a book in bed.

Henry stood at the door and began loosening his tie

Robert's words still echoed in his mind, so he deliberately started a conversation. "Isn't your class reunion in two days? Have you prepared a dress?"

Crystal put her book down, admiring the sight of him taking off his clothes.

A moment later, she offered a smile. "It's just a university anniversary celebration. There will be plenty of people, so there's no need to be too high profile."

Henry tossed his shirt away and leaned closer to murmur in her ear. "Mrs. Miller, you actually take care of yourself well."

From a man's perspective, Crystal's looks and figure were perfect.

Asher husband, he liked them a lot.

Crystal noticed his gaze and his disheveled appearance. She hooked her arm around his neck and leaned in to kiss him, thinking he wanted to be intimate,

After a while, Henry showed no signs of proceeding.

She sneaked a glance at him.

Henry caressed her cheek and said in a hoarse voice, "I bumped into Robert at the club earlier. Will he be there at the celebration?"

She leaned on his shoulder and replied honestly, "I have no idea."

Henry pinned her down on the bed and sought for more.

"If he's going to be there, I'll be there, too."

Crystal lay on the black sheets, her bathrobe slightly loosened, revealing her stunning figure. She caressed his handsome face and burst into laughter. "Henry, you're so childish!"

Two universities had joined hands to celebrate their anniversary.

It was none of his business.

Henry pulled her into his arms and fished out his phone from his pocket to call Charles.

"Charles, are you having fun outside?" Henry was very tactful in his questioning.

Charles immediately said, "I'm married. I wouldn't dare have fun outside. What's up?"

Henry cast a glance at Crystal before letting out a soft chuckle. "Are you and Madison planning to attend the university anniversary celebration wearing matching outfits?"

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Charles didn't hesitate and immediately vented, "I've already picked out my outfit, but Madison won't let me wear it. She insists on keeping a low profile since it's her second marriage. But what about me? It's my first marriage! I want to show off, especially since I heard that scoundrel Zachary will be there. He even sponsored two million for the event! Henry, your wife collaborated with a b*stard, and he has now made a comeback. Remember to tell Crystal that she's not being fair about this."

Charles said a lot.

Henry said gloomily, "Even Zachary was invited, but no one extended an invitation to me."

Charles' lips parted in surprise.

Realizing he had misspoken, he was about to say hello to Crystal when Madison abruptly ended the call.

Henry tossed the phone aside and glared at Crystal, clearly displeased. "Her ex-husband and current husband will both be there. Both of her husbands are attending the event, but you won't even bring me, your only husband?"

Crystal knew that she would have to bring him to the event.

She joked, "Well, I'm bringing two husbands as well!"

It was rare for her to joke. She was referring to the past him and the current him.

Realization dawned on Henry, and he became furious. He pressed her onto the bed and kissed her passionately, only stopping when their desires were inflamed. He said in a low, warning tone, "Crystal, don't deliberately provoke me!"

He was peeved.

After the kiss, beads of sweat could be seen on Crystal's forehead.

She delicately traced the corners of his eyes, where wrinkles had formed, giving him a mature and appealing look.

She said softly, "Henry, I'm not interested in cheating.

For a moment, an awkward silence filled the air..

Henry knew what she was insinuating. She wasn't interested in him, let alone other men.

He said nothing and embraced her.

After lying still for a long time, he whispered, "We'll be fine."

Late at night, Crystal fell asleep.

Henry rose from the bed, but instead of heading to the bathroom, he put on his shirt and proceeded to the study. On the desk, there was a business card for a renowned hypnosis expert.

It was said that there were no memories he couldn't unlock.

However, the process would be agonizing.

The following morning, Crystal woke up to find a white rose beside her pillow.

When she sat up, she discovered with a start that it was already ten. This surprised her, as she rarely slept. so soundly.

Downstairs, the housekeeper informed her, "Mr. Miller has sent Skyler to the kindergarten early this morning. Mrs. Miller took Remi with her as well."

Crystal nodded.

After returning to her room and washing up, she couldn't stop herself from calling Henry.

At that moment, Henry was in the clinic.

Lying in a white recliner, he held the phone and replied in a gentle tone, "You were sleeping so peacefully this morning that I didn't want to disturb you. Since the kids aren't around, why don't you take some time. to do something you enjoy?"

Crystal hummed in response and ended the call.

Henry felt a little disappointed. Crystal didn't seem to think of him often.

For instance, she had free time today, but she wouldn't consider visiting him.

Even enjoying an afternoon nap together for one hour would be sweet, but Crystal would never think of that. She only thought of him as his family, a handsome and patient husband.

Right then, the hypnotist and his assistant came in. They were both foreigners.

The assistant dimmed the lights and said gently, "Mr. Miller, we'll begin the session now. If you feel uncomfortable, please let us know at once.

Henry nodded and closed his eyes.

The hypnotist began to guide him into a deep state of hypnosis. His skills were undeniable. Soon, a myriad of scenes began to swirl within Henry's mind.

It was raining on the golf course.

In the gold Bentley Continental, he kissed Crystal, who went weak in his arms.

At the hospital, she dropped the diamond ring, which fell to the ground with a cling.

"How many times have you had sex with him?"

"Henry, why don't you tell me what it means to be a good sport, then?"

"No, I don't want it. I don't want it anymore."

"Crystal, don't give up on me!"

Countless fragments of memories floated about, yet they refused to come together. He was in agony. His head was throbbing. It was unbearable, and he struggled to hold on.

But there was something holding him up, preventing him from waking up entirely.

He saw Crystal's tears.

She sat huddled in a corner, weeping bitterly. He wished he could tell her to stop crying, but he couldn't speak at all.

Henry was drenched in sweat, his grip on the chair handles so tight that veins were starting to bulge.

"Mr. Miller? Mr. Miller!"

The assistant brought Henry out of the hypnotic state. When he woke up, his mind was blank.

The strange scenes had disappeared, leaving only the memory of Crystal crying and a persistent, pounding headache.

Henry lay in the recliner silently.

Sweat trickled down his face, all the way to his neck.

The hypnotist said in a heavily accented Chanacan, "I'm sorry. Mr. Miller. I cannot hypnotize you anymore. This is too dangerous. You wouldn't want to jeopardize your life, would you?"

Slowly, Henry calmed down.

He felt utterly drained as if he had experienced death itself.

He couldn't bear to give up, especially after seeing something he desperately wanted to know only for it to vanish when he returned to reality. He insisted, "I want to try again!"

"No way!" the foreigner replied, shaking his finger. "Mr. Miller, I refuse to do that!"

Jamie came in and tried to persuade the hypnotist to change his mind.

However, the hypnotist simply shook his head as he packed his belongings. "Mr. Miller's lost memories don't have any impact on his current life. Why he's so insistent on recovering them is quite baffling."

Henry, too, wondered why he felt the need to retrieve those memories. He realized he was doing it for Crystal.

He believed that if he could regain his memories, he would become whole again, and Crystal would fully recover.

She would experience genuine happiness instead of settling for him. He didn't want her to settle; he wanted her to have everything she deserved.