

## Night of Love 341

### [Chapter 341 Henry Is Jealous 1](#)

Henry left the clinic and got into his car, his head still throbbing from the pain.

He leaned against the backseat and massaged his forehead gently.

Jamie offered him a cold towel to alleviate the pain. She felt bad for him. "Mr. Miller, why don't we find a neurologist? This hypnotist wasn't that reliable."

Hearing that, Henry was stunned for a moment.

"I remembered so much, but it's like waking up from a drunken stupor as all those memories were gone when I woke up."

It wasn't the hypnotist's problem, as his nerves were destroyed.

Disappointment was evident on his face.

He didn't mind the regret, but he wanted Crystal to be genuinely happy.

Right then, his phone rang.

It was Crystal. She asked gently. "Henry, are you still outside?"

At once, Henry felt his headache subside.

He sat up and asked, "What's wrong?"

Crystal chuckled softly. "I suddenly feel like cooking meatballs. Would you like some? If you do, I can have some delivered to your office later for lunch."

Henry felt his nose sting.

It took him a long while to calm down and respond, "I'll wait for you at noon."

The call ended.

Maybe our marriage isn't as fulfilling as I hoped, but it's not that bad. I love Crystal, and she's making an effort to be closer to me. To her, I'm someone she wants to be close to. Isn't that sufficient? It's better than many marriages out there.

At noon, he finally got to hug his wife and take an afternoon nap as he wished.

In the twenty-square-meter room, he held her close, ensuring that her body was enveloped in his masculine scent.

Crystal was not asleep. She whispered, "How much do you think I should donate for the university anniversary celebration?"

That would be an important part of the event, and all eyes would be on her.

Crystal didn't like to be in the spotlight, so she thought five million was an adequate amount.

She told Henry about her idea.

With his eyes shut, he touched her waist. "That sounds great!"

Crystal turned around and buried her face in his chest.

In the blink of an eye, the joint anniversary event arrived.

It ended up on the trending page and thus gained quite a bit of attention in Barnwood.

Crystal woke up early in the morning, dressed up, and applied makeup. When she descended the stairs, she appeared stunning.

She opted for a red silk blouse paired with a glittery skirt. She decided to forgo expensive jewelry and only wore a pair of exquisite pearl earrings along with a watch.

Henry was having breakfast while reading the finance newspaper.

Upon hearing her footsteps, he glanced up, his eyes a mixture of affection and displeasure. "Crystal, you're dressed more formally than the day we remarried."

Crystal glanced at her watch and flashed a smile.

Her custom-made watch was worth over twenty million dollars, and it matched Henry's. However, his watch was more understated in design.

Crystal said, "This is pretty low-key. I'm sure someone will be wearing fur coats today."

Henry doubted her words as the temperature was twenty-six degrees Celsius today.

What if a person wears a fur coat and ends up with heatstroke? Do they have to call the ambulance?

Upon arriving at the Department of Music, he realized Crystal was true. There was really someone wearing a fur coat.

It was Clementine, a recent addition to Barnwood's affluent women's social circle.

She was wearing a black slip dress and a luxurious green fur coat. The set of jewelry she had on added an extra layer of elegance to her appearance.

There was a seductive look in her eyes the minute she spotted Henry.

"It's been a while, Mr. Miller."

Clementine had tied the knot with a coal magnate boasting a net worth in the billions. However, he was in his fifties and had a penchant for extramarital affairs, leaving her discontent. The sight of the mature and handsome Henry brought back memories of Crystal's recording.

She refused to believe Henry could tamp down his desires as he was in his prime.

She flirted with him boldly even though Crystal was around.

Henry cast a brief glance at her fur coat before offering a polite smile and nodding in acknowledgment.

Clementine had been anxious that he might uncover her involvement, but he did not seem to know about it. Encouraged by this, she grew bolder and obtained a glass of champagne from a server. "Mr. Miller, my purpose in being here at Barnwood extends beyond supporting my alma mater. I also aim to connect with some celebrities for a movie project. My husband has full authority in this area.

Henry had heard about the coal magnate's hobby of shooting movies.

He would always pick pretty actresses.

He looked at Crystal calmly and responded, "I'm not directly involved in that industry, but I do have connections with a few celebrities. I could introduce you to them someday, Miss Dynah."

Clementine's lips quirked up.

She glanced at Crystal and shot the latter a victorious smile.

The tables had turned. In the past, she had been overshadowed by Crystal, but now she had returned triumphant. Even someone like Henry seemed to be impressed with her. Perhaps one day he might be willing to warm her bed.

Crystal couldn't be bothered to respond to her provocation.

After all, Henry would be blind to fall for someone like Clementine.

Right then, Madison arrived.

Years had passed since their graduation, and Madison, once considered the most beautiful girl in school, had put on some weight. Her second husband, Charles, held her waist in a gentlemanly manner, and they appeared to be the picture-perfect couple.

Seated in the corner of the couch, Zachary experienced a whirlwind of complex emotions.

He had thought that they wouldn't be doing well.

After all, Charles was a playboy, and Madison was hot-tempered.

Nevertheless, Charles had stopped fooling around, and after their marriage, there were no rumors of him being unfaithful to Madison despite her weight gain.

Zachary's eyes turned red.

Madison locked eyes with him, and they held each other's gaze for several seconds before she looked away.

She then turned her attention to Charles..

Charles, eager to discuss a project with Henry, gently tapped Madison's hand. "Why don't with Crystal? I need to talk to Henry."

you have a chat

Madison didn't ask questions.

Charles' company had not been doing well in recent years, but she had never asked Crystal for help. She didn't want their relationship to be strained, and she was content with her current circumstances.

Madison wanted to talk to Crystal, so she dragged her to the restroom to talk in private.

"Crystal, you should be careful. I saw Clementine talking to Henry from afar, and something didn't seem right. It's obvious she wants to seduce him! You can't underestimate her," Madison warned.

Madison was worried that Henry would cheat on Crystal.

Crystal blinked.

As she turned off the tap, she said slowly, "There is always a man for Clementine in Barnwood."

Madison was taken aback for a moment.

She glanced at Crystal, who appeared calm. The last time she saw Crystal wear such an expression was when Lara was around.

It was evident that Crystal was going to deal with Clementine.

Crystal left the bathroom ahead of her.

Glancing at her back, Madison thought it would be an entertaining sight if Crystal and Henry were to engage in a fight. However, it seemed unlikely to occur.

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Upon returning to the banquet hall, Crystal found the atmosphere as lively as ever.

She was the focal point of the entire event. Other than being the daughter-in-law of the Miller family, it was also due to the news from before. Everyone closely observed her interaction with Henry, hoping to find a clue.

Unfortunately, their attempts were futile due to Crystal's gracious behavior.

She sat beside Henry, gently leaning against his shoulder and humbly listening to him talking business with others. Whenever there was something she could contribute, she would politely interject.

Instead, it was Clementine who stood out among the sea of men.

Feeling smug, she was about to flirt with Henry when the latter took off his jacket and covered his wife's lap with it. While doing so, he said gently, "You must be cold. I told you to put on something thicker before we came. Look at how well Miss Dynah takes care of herself."

The crowd turned to Clementine, who was dressed in a fur coat and sweating profusely from the heat.

She felt embarrassed when she heard that.

Robert, who had arrived late, coincidentally heard the comment and flashed a faint smile in response.

The sight of her ex naturally made her jealous. Of all the men Clementine had been with, Robert was her one true love. Yet, he only had eyes for Crystal.

Her lips trembling, Clementine said, "I have a big present for you today, Mr. Sloan!"

Robert glanced at Crystal.

Even though she was keeping a low profile by Henry's side, he quickly spotted the watch on her wrist.

It was a matching watch with Henry's.

The sight made him realize how Henry could be so confident.

Although Crystal had her reservations about the marriage and might not be particularly happy, she was still willing to stay in it due to the past memories she shared with Henry.

As long as Henry didn't do anything wrong, she would never leave him.

The epiphany caused Robert's eyes to darken.

He took a seat two chairs away from Crystal. With a stroke of luck, the two guests between them went off to answer their respective calls. Robert seized upon the opportunity to move closer, resulting in Crystal being flanked by him on one side and Henry on the other.

Right then, the chancellor was announcing the contributions made by the school alumni on stage.

Clementine's ten million took the top spot, putting her in the limelight as applause rang out in the banquet hall.

She got on her feet and gently bowed in acknowledgment.

She was oozing with confidence. The donation was her first step in entering Barnwood's high society. She wanted to impress everyone so that even Crystal would be envious of her.

When she took her seat, she looked at Crystal, whom she had prepared a massive surprise for.

At that moment, the main screen began playing a clip of the school's history and main events.

However, with everyone talking business or networking below the stage, no one paid any attention to it.

It wasn't until twenty minutes had passed that someone below shouted, "Hey, isn't that Crystal and Robert? They look so innocent back then!"

Silence quickly descended upon the hall.

When everyone turned to the giant screen, they were greeted by the sight of twenty-year-old Crystal standing under the sycamore tree.

The sunlight that filtered through the green leaves showered her in a golden hue.

The young Crystal was wearing a white dress with her arms wrapped around the equally young Robert. Blushing slightly, she bravely confessed, "I like you, Robert!"

In the video, Robert's eyes had a thoughtful look in them.

A short while passed before he pushed his bike to her side and said softly, "Hop on."

Biting her lip, Crystal grabbed onto his seat and got on. The moment Robert set off with his feet pushing off the ground, Crystal hastily pulled the hem of his white shirt.

With a flash of the screen, the scene shifted to the library.

It was afternoon, and there was no one around.

Crystal was lying on the table, sleeping. There seemed to be dark circles around her eyes.

Robert, who was reading opposite her, put down his book and stared at her upon noticing that she was asleep.

A minute later, he leaned in to give her a kiss.

A pin-drop silence fell upon the banquet hall. Some of the guests whispered among themselves.

“They were probably the most famous couple on campus.”

“Robert probably had a crush on her first.”

“Stop it. Can’t you see the scowl on Henry’s face?”

However, Robert’s face was gloomier than Henry’s.

The scenes were from so long ago that he had almost forgotten about them. Now that they were broadcasted to his face, he couldn’t help but recall and reminisce the past.

Even a fool could tell that he liked Crystal, yet he wasn’t aware of it.

He was in so much pain that his face was twisted. It took a lot out of him to maintain his composure. power.

He had always loved Crystal, but he had lost his way when he was intoxicated by the desire for

Even though he knew that the scenes would have an emotional impact on Henry, he couldn’t bring himself to be complacent, for he was the biggest loser of them all.

At that moment, Clementine raised her wineglass at him and asked softly, “Do you like my big gift?”

This is such a wonderful plan! I not only made Robert suffer but also sowed discord between Henry and Crystal.

Just as expected, Henry was affected by the touching scene of two innocent lovers.

Back then, Crystal’s love for Robert had been unconditional. If it wasn’t for the past incident, Henry was certain that the two would still be together. They would be married and have a family. Naturally, they would also be the ones sitting intimately together at the table that day.

Henry had never been one to lose his calm, but keeping it right then was the last thing he wanted to do.

That dmn library! Maintaining one’s composure is for those who have no choice but to suffer in silence, but I’m Henry Miller. There’s no need for me to hide my possessiveness over my wife!

With that, he got to his feet together with Crystal.

Raising his glass with a faint smile, he announced, "Seeas Corporation will donate a hundred million. The funds will be earmarked for the sole purpose of demolishing the school library and building a new one!"

Everyone was silent, as they were stunned by Henry's unbridled jealousy.

Having said that, he left with his wife.

Upon reaching the entrance, they heard a raspy voice call out, "Crystal!"

Henry tightened his grip on Crystal's hand.

Nonetheless, Crystal still turned around and stared quietly at Robert, who locked gazes with her.

Even though ten years had passed, many things had happened and their lives were now on different paths, he still felt that he owed her.

Robert continued, "Crystal, if I could turn back time, you're the only one I want."

To hell with money and power!

Crystal simply responded with a faint smile.

There's no such thing as turning back time.

Back at the seats, Clementine was stunned. It had never crossed her mind that Henry would react that way.

Isn't he supposed to maintain his composure and argue with Crystal at home? Instead, he's willing to spend a hundred million to demolish the library just because Robert kissed Crystal in there. Does he really care for Crystal that much to lose control of his emotions?

Just as Clementine was trembling in anger, her husband called and sounded frantic over the line.

Clementine, did you cause any trouble outside?"

Sensing something amiss, Clementine asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

He complained, "I'm glad you didn't. Someone conducted a spot check on the coal mine. They seemed to hold a huge grudge against me, and they said they're coming back tomorrow!"

"Why don't I try and pull some strings for you here in Barnwood?" Clementine soothed him.

### [Chapter 343 Who Is More Attractive 1](#)

There were quite a number of capable people at the university anniversary celebration.

However, the most capable individual present was probably Henry. Clementine wanted to ask him for a favor as well as get into his good books, but he had already left with Crystal.

In the car at the parking lot, Henry slowly buckled his safety belt before turning to look at Crystal.

Crystal was leaning back in her seat, the corners of her eyes slightly moist as she looked out the window.

Obviously, those videos made her emotional.

How could she possibly forget about her first love so easily?

Henry gripped the steering wheel. "Do you miss it?"

"No."

"Then why do you look like you're about to cry?"

Crystal could not answer him.

Henry tightened his grip on the steering wheel before finally stepping on the accelerator.

A while into their journey, Crystal realized that something was amiss. This was neither the way home nor the route to his office. She asked, "Where are you taking me to?"

"The condominium we used to live in."

Crystal could guess what was on his mind, and she did not agree to it. "Henry, it's been years since Robert and I dated. You can't be unforgiving just because of that video."

Henry did not speak.

When they reached a traffic light, he took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Crystal, I'm jealous."

Crystal stiffened.

That was all Henry said before he refocused on the road and drove them to the condominium.

Crystal did not want to get out of the car.

Henry unbuckled his seatbelt, leaned in her ear, and whispered, "Do you want to get out yourself, or do you want me to carry you?"

Crystal was rather upset, so she walked ahead of him after they were both out of the car.

Henry slammed the car door shut before following her slowly, the cigarette still between his fingers. When they entered the condominium unit, Crystal turned around and asked, "Henry, what are you—" Before she could finish her sentence, he grabbed her thin waist and pinned her against the wall.

Their bodies were pressed together.

Although they were a married couple, it was broad daylight, and this was too thrilling for her.

Crystal was startled by his actions. She raised her head to look at him. "Henry?"

Henry caressed her soft cheek and said hoarsely, "There's just something I want to ask you!"

He took off his tie with one hand, then tied her wrists and threw her onto the soft couch.

Crystal struggled to get up and kneeled on the couch. "Is this how you ask questions, Henry?" she asked angrily.

Henry kneeled on one knee before her and traced his finger across her face.



With a chuckle, he walked over to the wine cabinet and finally chose two fine bottles of red wine-the kind. that would render one intoxicated but not quite.

It was suitable for women.

He took off his blazer, revealing his white shirt underneath.

His belt was wrapped tightly around his thin waist, and coupled with his long legs, he had an appearance that many women were attracted to.

The man walked over with the wine bottles and kneeled before her again. He elegantly filled two glasses. Thinking that he was going to force her to drink, Crystal bit her lip and said, "What do you want to know, Henry? I'll tell you everything."

He gently swirled the glass. "I want to hear the truth."

With that, he drank a quarter of the wine.

His Adam's apple bobbed, making him look particularly manly.

Crystal stared at him.

"Henry..." Her voice was sexy.

He took the opportunity to kiss her and explore her mouth, feeding her the fragrant wine. Crystal did not want it, so she raised her head to resist him. Yet, the man continued moving closer to her.

The red wine stained her fair skin.

Even the silk blouse she wore was damp and was tightly hugging her figure. It was very attractive to men. His lips were pressed against hers as he muttered, "Drink a little more, and I'll start asking."

Crystal couldn't take this and whimpered, "Don't do this, Henry."

He held the glass by her lips and made her drink its content.

Even when she refused, he coaxed her into drinking the wine.

Crystal cried and yelled.

Half an hour later, Crystal looked as if she had been soaked in red wine. Her fair skin was rosy. Her lips were even slightly swollen from his fervent kissing.

Half-drunk, she leaned back on the couch. Her wrists were no longer restrained.

Henry leaned over to continue kissing her.

Crystal's gaze was unfocused.

He bit the back of her ear and mumbled, "Who's more attractive? Robert, or me?"

Crystal was drunk.

She wanted to sleep, but Henry would not let her.

She wrapped her arms around his neck in discomfort and choked out, "You're more attractive than him."

The man's kisses moved down to her chin. "How far did you guys go?"

Even Henry was stunned by his own question.

Belatedly, he realized that was the question he had wanted to ask all along.

Crystal kissed him back resentfully. "Henry, why did you stop kissing me?"

He held her chin, stopping her from moving.

Crystal's eyes were watery and filled with desire. It had been a long time since she had expressed her desire for him.

Sweat beaded on Henry's forehead and rolled down his face.

It was so hot Crystal wanted to scream, but he held her waist and repeated his question.

Crystal opened her eyes and muttered, "We kissed. That's all."

Henry abruptly pulled her closer.

He buried his face in the crook of her neck and was quiet for a long while. "Then... do you still like him now?"

At that, Crystal sobered up.

She reached out to touch his warm neck. "Not anymore."

Henry started kissing her.

He was gentle, melting her with his feather-light kisses.

Then, he carried her, bridal-style, into the bedroom.

Red wine slowly stained the bedsheet with passion. Warmth spread across it like vines. It had been a long time since Henry had experienced such satisfaction. He didn't even want to stop. He just wanted it to continue like that until they became old.

By the time their desires faded, it was evening.

When Crystal woke up, the room was dim and quiet.

She lay on the side of the pillow,

Even when she was drunk, she could remember how Henry had made love to her and how she had reciprocated his actions.

The two bottles of wine had reignited her passion.

A wave of complicated feelings washed over her.

She could not tell if what had happened earlier was merely her desire.

The door opened right then, allowing some of the light to seep into the room.

Henry came in and sat by the side of the bed. He pinched her cheek and asked gently, "Do you want to get out of bed? Skyler has called a few times, asking for her mother."

Crystal glanced at him before rising with the blanket.

She still felt a little dizzy.

As Henry's needs had been satisfied, he was in a good mood. He pressed his forehead against hers and said, "Let's get out of bed and sleep when we're home, okay?"

Crystal bent over to pick up the silk blouse.

How am I going to wear this now?

Henry chuckled, then went into the walk-in closet to pick another attire and put it on for her.

Crystal was not someone with a mild temper.

However, at the end of the day, they were a married couple. Others would laugh at them if they had a falling out because of their bed activities. Besides, it had been a pleasurable moment for her earlier too.

She combed her brown hair and warned, "Don't ever get me drunk again."

Henry put his chin on her shoulder and hummed in agreement.

It had been a pleasant surprise today.

He would not have been able to bring himself to do such a thing on another day.

#### [Chapter 344 Who Is More Attractive 2](#)

When they were on their way back, the street lights had already been switched on.

Crystal weakly leaned back in the seat. When she thought about how they had neglected their children to do those passionate activities, her face flushed.

Once in a while, Henry would turn to look at her.

He found her pretty when she blushed.

Right then, the phone in the glove compartment rang. He picked up the call.

It was Leslie.

Leslie gave him a quick greeting before diving into the main topic. "Henry, I don't know where Miss Dynah received the news from, but she managed to find out about Mr. Lodge and is trying to find a way to meet him."

Henry asked, "What's Uncle Alfred's response?"

With a smile on his lips, Leslie replied, "Mr. Lodge says to wait and see what happens. The coal mining business owners all have dirty secrets, but we'll have to work our way into their systems before we can

get any evidence of their deeds and get rid of them once and for all. Otherwise, our attacks will only be as harmful as an ant's bite."

Although Leslie was smiling as he spoke, Henry could tell how vicious Leslie and Alfred were.

Alfred had always been one to clean up a mess properly.

"I'll leave this to Uncle Alfred, then. Hmm? Berthold? Sure. I'll ask Crystal to bring him over tomorrow."

Henry ended the call.

He did not mention Clementine, for Clementine was truly an individual Henry could not talk about.

"Uncle Alfred misses Berthold. You bring him to the hotel tomorrow."

Crystal hummed in response.

Henry glanced at her a few more times before clearing his throat. "Are you still mad?"

Crystal turned away from him awkwardly.

Henry did not force her to speak. He only held her hand before asking her, "Crystal, you were rather enthusiastic today. Was it because of the wine, or was it because we were in the condominium unit?"

If it was because of the condominium unit, he would make their visits there more frequent.

Crystal was a bit mortified.

Henry chuckled in response.

He thought that it should have been easy for his former self to like Crystal.

She was quite the troublemaker.

He had to pull many strings before she managed to get in contact with Alfred.

It took her an equal amount of effort to finally get to speak to Alfred's secretary. Anxiously, she asked Leslie, "Could you please ask Mr. Lodge again if he's free to meet me?"

Leslie smiled. "Mr. Lodge will be dealing with private matters today, so he won't be meeting anyone."

Clementine decided to go all out.

She was a pretty woman, and youthful, too. She kept seducing Leslie with her body, hinting to him that she would sleep with him if things went well.

Leslie was used to tactics like hers.

He placed an arm around her shoulders and said affectionately, "Clemmy, I won't go against my principles. like this." After a moment of contemplation, he went on. "But you can technically say we come from the same hometown. Jerry's matter is my business too. Well, why don't I bring you in later? You can just ask Mr. Lodge for whatever you want."

Clementine was grateful for that.

She followed Leslie into a suite.

There were four bodyguards clad in black guarding the room.

The gears in Clementine's mind whirred. If she could get into Alfred's good books, then Jerry would be able to get any projects he wanted. She could also easily advance in any career she picked.

While she was mulling over that, Leslie opened the door and led her in.

The room was quiet. Two people on the mat-an adult and a child-were playing with building blocks.

The man looked like he was in his late thirties. He had a handsome face, and he seemed like a gentleman, not at all like the cruel reputation he had.

The child, on the other hand, looked like he was four.

His skin was fair, and he, too, had handsome features. Clementine found the boy's face a little familiar. Leslie bowed slightly and said, "Mr. Lodge, Miss Dynah wants to ask you a favor."

"Didn't I say I'm not going to meet anyone today?" Alfred did not lift his head when he spoke with a hint of reproach in his tone.

Leslie stiffened as a troubled look crossed his face.

Clementine quickly said, "Mr. Lodge, I know you're a busy man. I came because of my husband, and this is something you'll gain from as well."

Alfred finally lifted his head.

He quietly studied the woman before him. She looked like a decent woman, but he could see traces of her slyness in her eyes.

He would not have bothered himself with someone like her, but she was a threat to Crystal.

He was not going to let anyone like her go.

Alfred flashed her a smile before sitting on the couch. Leslie quickly served him coffee.

Clementine froze when she saw that.

Does he think he's a king?

Right then, Berthold whined in displeasure. "Great-uncle Alfred, are you not going to play with me anymore?"

It was Alfred's turn to freeze.

Just a moment ago, the boy had called him "Daddy."

He crouched back down and patiently interacted with the boy.

Seeing that, Clementine quickly took out a stack of notes and put it into an envelope before giving it to Berthold as a monetary gift.

Berthold was used to a life of impoverishment.

He looked at the monetary gift and turned to Alfred. "Great-uncle Alfred, can I buy lots of milkshakes with this?"

Alfred patted his head. "Milkshakes should be consumed sparingly."

Berthold sniffled. As he played with his toys, he muttered, "Mommy couldn't afford it. She would always buy a cup for me, but she never bought a cup for herself."

Alfred frowned.

What Clementine said to him later was lost to him. He merely waved his hand and signaled Leslie to take the appropriate actions.

Skilled in fooling others, Leslie soon convinced Clementine that she had somehow managed to get into Alfred's good books.

Leslie was polite when he led Clementine out of the suite.

Clementine thanked him profusely, thinking of Leslie as someone on her side. When she headed downstairs, she became even more certain of her bright future. In fact, she was starting to think less of her nouveau riche husband.

Coincidentally, Crystal was on the first floor of the hotel, drinking coffee with Melora who was seated across from her.

Assuming that she was already on the same level as Crystal and Melora, Clementine deliberately approached them and said, "Crystal, I didn't expect to see you here."

Crystal furrowed her brows when she saw Clementine,

If not for what Clementine had done, Henry would not have taken her away and would not have been so jealous all the time.

He should have been the cause of their issues, yet now, it was as though her past relationship with Robert was the origin of their issues.

Clementine sneered, "Crystal, you just seem like you're living the good life. I'm sure your life sucks in private. I believe Henry will get sick of you soon, and you're going to end up getting kicked out of the Miller family."

Melora turned to look at Clementine speechlessly.

Where did this crazy woman come from?

Crystal only put a small smile on her lips and dismissed her words.

Right then, Leslie brought Berthold down. Berthold immediately threw himself into Melora's arms. "Mommy."

Clementine was visibly stunned.

Why would the boy from Alfred's suite call Melora "Mommy"?

With a smile, Leslie said, "Oh, Miss Dynah, you know each other? Please allow me to introduce you to Crystal, Mr. Lodge's niece and the eldest daughter of the Lodge family."

Clementine's face scrunched up.

She knew that Crystal had powerful backing, but she had never thought she was part of Alfred's family.

Right then, Alfred came downstairs as well.

The first thing he did was ruffle the boy's hair. Then, he turned to Crystal. "Why are you like Berthold? Why aren't you taking care of yourself? The temperature is so low, but you're not covering your legs! You have to care for more things than just your looks, you know?"

With that, he took off his blazer and draped it over Crystal's legs.

He even patted her head once he did that.

The way he treated her way was identical to the way he treated Berthold.

Before Crystal could say anything, Alfred had already left with Leslie. When Alfred got into the car, he texted Melora: Are you jealous?

Melora did not want to respond to him, but she could not stop herself from typing: Who? Me?

It took a while before Alfred replied: Crystal's a junior in the family, and you're jealous of her?

Melora was speechless.

He deliberately draped his blazer over her earlier, right? It's so that he can send this message to me. However, someone else was far more concerned about Alfred's action than Melora. It was Clementine.

She originally looked down on Crystal, but when she saw how Alfred, a man of power, was so concerned about Crystal and doted on her, she nearly broke down.

Why does Crystal get everything? She's got mental issues, but she comes from a powerful family. That's why Henry won't leave her!

Crystal took a sip of her coffee and smiled at Clementine.

"Clementine, if you get a divorce with your husband now, you may be able to keep your assets."

Clementine gritted her teeth. "Are you doing this on purpose, Crystal?"

Crystal lowered her gaze.

A beat later, she looked back at Clementine. "You destroyed Madison's family, but you got married years later. In a way, things turned out well for you. Yet, you still intend to hurt others and seduce Henry. Tell me, Clementine. Are you doing this on purpose?"

Clementine did not know what to say.

Right then, she received a message from Leslie, who told her that Alfred would still work with her husband despite his familial ties with Crystal.

Clementine felt alive again.

As she locked her phone, she looked at Crystal arrogantly and uttered, "Just you wait!"

Crystal watched her leave.

Once she was gone, Melora asked, "Crystal, is she someone important to you?"

Crystal shook her head. It took her a while before she replied, "She disgusts me. She hurt Madison so much back then, and she's doing the same thing again. No good ending awaits someone like her."

Not wanting to continue the topic, she picked up Alfred's blazer and passed it to Melora.

Melora tensed up for a second.

Crystal said with a smile, "Uncle Alfred wanted to drape this over you. He was just using me to send a message. He was afraid you'd be cold."

Melora's face turned red.

The blazer that still had the man's scent was in her hands, and there was something hard in the pocket.

When she fished it out, she realized it was a velvet box,

Melora opened it carefully.

#### [Chapter 345 Did You Feel Good Yesterday](#)

Inside was a diamond ring.

It was flawless and looked to be around twelve carats.

Melora froze in shock and her eyes slowly welled up with tears.

When her relationship with Alfred had been well all those years ago, she had always imagined him proposing to her. She used to curl up in his embrace and fantasize about him pulling out a diamond ring. At that time, the future had seemed bright for them.

Sadly, even though their child was now old enough to walk, the ring was still tucked away in Alfred's pocket.

She didn't know who to feel more sorry for-herself or Alfred.

Berthold cuddled up to his mother and asked quietly. "Why are you crying, Mommy?"

Melora shook her head in response.

Crystal stroked Berthold's small head and carried him in her arms. In a low voice, she said, "Melora. I've never asked, but Uncle Alfred has been bringing you up these past few years. I have a feeling he prepared -this for you."

She didn't try to defend him in any way,

After all, Melora had wasted four years of her youth on their relationship.



A woman's youth only lasted so long.

Crystal left with Berthold. Melora still had an appointment to rush to, but she was in a horrible condition. The memories of the day he abandoned her came flooding back and she couldn't stop sobbing in the

car. She felt more helpless than ever.

Alfred's blazer was still draped over her legs.

She knew he still wanted to keep her right by his side.

That old man has almost betrayed our relationship for his so-called career. How dare he wave around a ring in my face like that?

Melora wept like a little girl.

Her phone rang and the assistant saw that it was a call from Alfred.

She had naturally heard some of what had happened between them since she had been working for Melora for a long time. Gently, she said, "It's from Mr. Lodge."

"I'm not picking up."

Her assistant hesitated for a second and picked up anyway.

Alfred didn't know he was speaking to her assistant instead of Melora. He said softly, "Melora, have you seen the ring in the pocket of my blazer? Help me watch over it, okay? I need to propose with it later."

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The assistant felt her scalp prickle with unease.

She gulped and said, "Miss Miller is crying."

Alfred fell silent for a few moments before he replied, "Put her on the phone. I'll come over if she doesn't pick up."

Melora heard him and took the phone from her assistant. "What the hell are you up to, Alfred? You left me behind all those years ago! You just assumed that I couldn't wait for you because you thought I was young and immature. What makes you think I'm going to wait for you after all these years?"

After she yelled at him, she felt a surge of emotions well up inside her again and hung up the phone. Her assistant put her phone away. She was in shock from what she had just heard over the call. Does that mean that Miss Miller and Mr. Lodge have gotten to the point where they have discussed marriage? On the other end of the call, Alfred, seated in the backseat of the car, gently stroked his phone.

He had passed her the blazer on purpose. He had meant for her to see the ring. After all, he was a rather scheming person.

After so many years, she has finally grown up. But that's not enough. Otherwise, she won't be crying so hard.

Leslie had heard their conversation as well. He turned around to look at Alfred from the front seat. "Go back and cheer her up. She's a child, after all. She needs to be coddled."

Alfred smiled faintly. "If she hears you calling her a child, she'll throw another tantrum."

His little girl was already over thirty years old.

Crystal arrived home with Berthold.

Henry left work early and picked up Skyler before going home. When he saw Berthold, he leaned down and patted him on the head.

Crystal was preparing food in the kitchen.

He walked in and hugged her from behind. "Are Melora and Uncle Alfred quarreling again?"

Crystal stopped what she was doing and looked down at his hands.

She bit her lip and said, "Don't do that with the kids around, Henry. They might walk in at any second."

Henry nibbled the back of her neck. "Skyler's seen us plenty of times."

"We still have to be careful."

Henry no longer argued with her. Instead, he caressed her slim waist.

She made sure to work out every day, so her waist was still firm and tight.

"Did you feel good yesterday?"

Crystal's face burned.

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There was nothing to say about whatever had happened while the two of them were drunk.

Henry continued to stick to her closely. He had probably reached his limit after holding back for so long. Now that they had slept together once yesterday, he was looking for another chance to sleep together. However, he was still considerate and changed the topic once she started to seem uncomfortable.

"I heard Charles say yesterday that you're planning to film a movie. Is that true?"

There had been rumors of Clementine joining the film industry. He couldn't help but wonder if Crystal had done so on purpose.

Crystal hummed in response.

In a low voice, she said, "I want to make a movie about theater. I wanted Ingrid to be the lead actress, but she had something going on with Uncle Alfred for a while back then. But Melora was surprisingly supportive of the idea."

Henry knew who Ingrid was since his own mother was a fan of hers. He had accompanied his mother to quite a few of her shows.

She was a very famous celebrity, so Alfred's involvement with her did not come as a surprise.

He chuckled as he rested his chin on Crystal's shoulder and muttered, "That's because she's married and has kids. If she was still single, I don't think Melora would be very happy about her being close with Uncle Alfred."

Ingrid had ended up marrying the young man she had met at the gala that year.

None of them had expected the two of them to hit it off so well and actually end up getting married, Crystal felt some regret in her heart, but she didn't say anything.

Henry sensed the sudden dip in her mood.

He wrapped his arms around her a little more tightly as he said in a gentle whisper, "We have a whole life. together ahead of us. I'll be there with you every step of the way."

Crystal smiled and turned around to kiss him..

Back then, he would not have minded shutting the door and placing her on the counter. He would have kissed her hungrily and made her cry. However, he could tell that Crystal didn't want that.

Her kiss was more of a reward than anything. Perhaps she pitied him.

Night fell, and he was in his study thinking about Crystal's reunion with Robert. Would she find their life. as a couple too bland and boring?

After all, she no longer showed any fervent passion for him.

They had managed to have some fun after two bottles of wine, but that was pitiable to think about now.

Crystal was sick and he had no cure for her.

However, even if neither of them were truly happy in their marriage, he wasn't willing to let go. She probably wouldn't leave either for the children's sake.

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Henry started trying to win her heart again.

He began to do everything he could to make her happy. He was terrified that she would find even the slightest fault within him..

He rarely went out for gatherings and started to take over watching the kids once he got home from work.

He only kept half of his shares in the law firm and had hired a professional team to watch over Secas Corporation so that Crystal had all the time she needed to herself.

Their marriage seemed perfect.

The news of Crystal going to see a psychiatrist slowly faded from people's minds. Whenever their community brought up the two of them, it was only to talk about their perfect marriage.

However, only Henry knew that even one night of passionate lovemaking between them only happened after Crystal was tipsy.

After a while, he started to give up.

He began to work at home. After he tucked the kids in, he would return to the seemingly endless piles of work.

He would spend hours in his study and only go to bed after midnight.

By then, Crystal was already fast asleep.

Now that they rarely saw each other, they no longer needed to worry about what a husband and wife had to do. It seemed like the best compromise and the two of them had seemed to find a balance in their lives.

#### [Chapter 346 Lost The Joy Of Being A Woman](#)

Two weeks later, Clementine's husband's coal mine ran into deep trouble.

The tragedy from four years ago that resulted in the loss of five lives had been exposed for all to see. Thus, the once mighty coal magnate found himself behind bars, facing a minimum of twenty years in prison.

Clementine's world came crashing down.

She wanted to see Alfred, but Leslie intercepted her.

His tone was grave. "Miss Dynah, Mr. Lodge had long-term plans for cooperation with you, but it turns out your husband has a shady past, so we'll have to reconsider."

Even Clementine, slow to catch on, sensed something amiss.

However, given her status, she couldn't challenge Alfred. She could only plead for leniency.

Leslie remained calm. "Miss Dynah, have you ever thought about who you might have offended?"

Clementine was taken aback. After a long pause, she murmured, "It's Crystal!"

Leslie didn't directly respond to that. He only said, "Mr. Lodge's sister passed away at a young age, so he poured all his affection onto Miss Lodge. Think about the depth of that love, Miss Dynah. Since you acted without doing thorough research beforehand, you merely brought trouble upon yourself!"

With that, he left.

Clementine sat alone in the room, feeling utterly defeated.

She held a cup of coffee, trying to steady her trembling hands. In truth, she couldn't believe that after years of hard work, she was still defeated by Crystal.

Crystal didn't take direct action, yet she had defeated Clementine easily.

No, this can't go on. Jerry mustn't fall. Even if I have to humbly plead with Crystal, I've got to protect Jerry!

As Clementine stepped out, she found that it was raining. The early autumn day, which had felt stifling just a while ago, was now cool and refreshing.

Outside the mansion, the rain was a gentle drizzle.

Crystal sat in the gazebo in the backyard, arranging a vase of flowers she had personally grown.

The housekeeper approached, speaking softly. "Mrs. Miller, Miss Dynah would like to see you."

Crystal blinked lightly.

-She had already seen the news today and had anticipated Clementine's visit, but she hadn't expected it to

be so soon.

Smiling faintly, she said, "Tell her I'm not in."

The servant nodded and left.

At the villa's entrance, Clementine paced anxiously with her umbrella.

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She sought Crystal out of necessity.

We were old classmates, after all. For the sake of an old friendship, her helping me shouldn't be too difficult as long as I'm willing to set aside my pride.

From a distance, she saw the housekeeper walking over with an umbrella.

"Miss Dynah, I'm sorry, but Mrs. Miller isn't home. Please come back another time."

Clementine knew it was just an excuse. Crystal was clearly inside.

Unwilling to give up, she abandoned her dignity and screamed, "Crystal! I know you're in there. Why won't you see me? Yes, it's my fault for revealing your secret, and I'm sorry, but it doesn't really affect you, does it? Do you have to force me into a corner to be satisfied?"

The housekeeper's face soured. "Miss Dynah, please don't make things difficult for us."

Mrs. Miller is quite lenient, but if Mr. Miller comes home and finds out, he'll surely question me.

Furious, Clementine dropped her umbrella and clung to the ornate black gate, shaking it desperately. Her ugly words poured out relentlessly. "Crystal, come out! What's with this act? Do you think you're better than me? Have you forgotten how you pursued Robert back in the day? You said you'd love Robert forever! Hah, just like me, you only love power!"

She added, "I can't find an ounce of genuine affection for Henry in you! Crystal, this is your comeuppance, You've always trampled on me, and now karma's catching up."

Clementine realized Crystal wouldn't help. Thus, she decided to throw all pretenses aside.

Crystal heard it all..

She calmly instructed, "Have the security drive her away."

As the guards forcibly removed Clementine, she raged like a shrew in the rain, spewing harsh words from her mouth.

"Keep it up, Crystal! You've lost the joy of being a woman! I bet even sleeping with Robert would give you more satisfaction than being with Henry."

A golden Bentley pulled up slowly before the window rolled down halfway.

Henry, his face stoic and devoid of expression, heard every word Clementine said.

Spotting him, Clementine turned and rushed toward the car, ignoring the rainwater pouring into her mouth. She pleaded desperately, "Mr. Miller, please help me! Can you get Crystal to spare my Jerry? I'll do anything for you!"

She relied on her charms, hoping to evoke some compassion from him.

Moreover, she felt that the man before her wasn't finding satisfaction in his marriage, and she believed she could make him happy.

The golden Bentley Continental came to a halt, its wipers swiping back and forth.

Dressed in an exquisite suit, Henry sat in the car, exuding an air of icy sophistication as he lowered his head to light a cigarette.

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Clementine knew she was being despicable.

Even though she loved Robert the most and had been with many men, she still found allure in a man who was clean and had never cheated.

She envied Crystal.

Henry exhaled smoke from his cigarette, glancing at Clementine. One look from him was enough to make a woman's legs go weak.

Clementine murmured, "Help me."

Henry's tone was cold and disdainful. "All along, your husband's troubles are entirely my doing. Miss Dynah. I'm not Robert. I never take in trash."

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He found Clementine, with her track record, utterly repugnant.

Henry extinguished his cigarette.

He turned to the security and said, "Why are you still standing there? Drag her away! She's blocking my way."

Clementine was taken aback.

As Henry's car slowly started moving again, it suddenly stopped once more when it passed her.

Inside the car, his profile was strikingly handsome, but his words were frigid and unfeeling. "I care about Crystal a great deal! If you persist in making her unhappy, then I won't hesitate to ruin the person you hold most dear, Miss Dynah."

The person Clementine held most dear was Robert.

She loved and hated him at the same time.

If Robert were to hit rock bottom, that, Henry believed, would be Clementine's breaking point.

The window rolled up.

Then, the aloof man in the car drove into the mansion, likely to console Crystal.

Clementine couldn't help but scream.

It was she who had run into bad luck, yet why was the whole world rushing to comfort Crystal?

The golden Bentley came to a stop.

Henry sat in the car, quietly smoking a cigarette.

Clementine's words from earlier still echoed in his ears.

"Keep it up, Crystal! You've lost the joy of being a woman! I bet even sleeping with Robert would give you more satisfaction than being with Henry."

He shouldn't have cared, but he did.

As a man, especially one born into privilege like him, he cared a great deal about not being able to make

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his wife happy.

He also knew that Robert couldn't forget Crystal.

They had four years of memories together, after all.

Regardless of whether those memories were good or bad, they had been in love once...

After he finished the cigarette, he stepped out of the car and walked straight toward the backyard.

Crystal was still arranging that vase of flowers.

Upon seeing Henry enter, she asked softly, "Is she gone?"

Henry undid his suit buttons, took off his jacket, and gently draped it over her slender shoulders. "It's getting chilly. Why sit outside?"

Crystal smiled. "It's quite comfortable out here."

He leaned down to kiss her.

Crystal allowed him. As if to make him happy, she clung to his shoulders. Later, he sat in a chair, and she settled into his lap.

The jacket fell from her shoulders to the ground as his hand slipped under her skirt.

She lightly bit his shoulder and murmured, "Let's go inside."

Henry, however, pulled back his hand and patted her waist, teasing her, "What are you thinking, Mrs. Miller? Skyler and Remi are around, you know?"

Crystal guessed what was on his mind.

She leaned gently against his shoulder, lightly caressing his handsome face. "Your parents took them away. They said they wanted to give us some time to bond."

Henry held her waist.

Then, both of them fell into silence.

Their relationship was actually quite good as they got along well. He was attentive, and she was gentle. However, it was lacking passion, and their life was more mundane than a long-married couple's. Nevertheless, that wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

Two weeks later, Clementine's coal magnate husband was confirmed guilty and faced a solid twenty years behind bars.

Divorce was inevitable.

As the current wife, Clementine got around five hundred million in cash. It was quite a long way off from her expected high-society lifestyle.

Nevertheless, Crystal didn't add insult to injury.

However, she hadn't expected to run into Clementine again at the Sydell family gathering.



Crystal was preparing for a film. She was surrounded by a group of young and handsome actors, all begging to act alongside Ingrid.

Madison was usually under the watchful eye of Charles.

That night, however, she was finally letting loose, gazing at one handsome young actor after another. She touched her face, regretting not taking better care of herself!

Crystal softly urged her to restrain herself.

If anything really happened, Charles would surely make her pay.

Madison was about to explain, but out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a familiar figure. She whispered to Crystal, "Clementine's here. She's really something. Her husband is still in prison, and she's already attached herself to a big shot in the entertainment industry."

Crystal glanced up casually, only to see Clementine in a silver gown, arm in arm with a portly man as they arrived.

She had lost some weight, which made her exude a frail yet chilly elegance that would have men vying to protect her.

At that moment, Clementine's resentment-filled gaze was locked onto Crystal.

Crystal wasn't afraid of her.

She whispered back to Madison, "The producer she's clinging to has been struggling in the industry for the past few years. Looks like he's aiming for Clementine's money!"

Madison was quite impressed by how much Crystal knew.

Crystal smiled faintly. "Miss Hopper told me when we had tea a couple of days ago."

While they spoke, Clementine seated herself in a distant spot.

Crystal paid her no mind, continuing to socialize. By ten o'clock, she said to Madison, "You should have a bit more fun. I'll head back first!"

Madison was surprised. "Is Henry really keeping such a tight leash on you?"

Crystal smiled faintly.

It wasn't really Henry demanding she return early, but ever since the school reunion, she could sense his insecurity.

She understood, as their relationship had always been somewhat lackluster. After seeing Robert's video, he had become quite possessive. Crystal still believed that between them, there should at least be one of them. who was normal.

Thus, even though he held on tightly to her, she was accommodating.

When he wanted sex, she never refused.

Crystal bid her farewell and left first..

At the Sydell residence, the foyer was quite long, and the housekeeper handed her, her coat.

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Behind her came Clementine's voice. "Crystal!"

Crystal turned around and saw Clementine's tired face. She raised an eyebrow slightly. "Miss Dynah, what can I do for you?"

Clementine held a light cigarette in her hand.

She lit it slowly, then gazed at Crystal for a long while before speaking softly. "Crystal, you've won. My husband's in prison now, and from now on, I'll have to rely on myself."

Crystal smiled calmly.

Clementine took a hard drag from her cigarette. "I know you're thrilled! This is for Madison, isn't it? She was so deeply hurt back then, and you, her best friend, must have been heartbroken too. Now you've both gotten what you wanted.

She narrowed her eyes suddenly and let out a laugh.

"What surprises me is, now that you clearly don't love Henry anymore, why are you still with him? You're not short on money, right? The Lodge family can manage to take good care of you. With an uncle like Alfred, what is there to be afraid of?"

Crystal's reply was calm, "Clementine, do you think everyone expects the world to revolve around them like you do? Henry is not only my husband but also the father of my two children."

Clementine laughed though tears streamed down her face.

The father of her two children...

That's right!

This is Crystal's reality. She's not truly happy or contented. She only compromised and got together with Henry for the sake of their children. How is she truly better off than me?

Crystal didn't want to engage further and turned to leave.

As she turned, she saw Henry standing at the doorway.

He gazed at her quietly, his eyes dark like thick fog on a cloudy day that was impossible to dispel....

### [Chapter 347 Let Us Have A Child](#)

Their figures, embraced by the dim lighting, cast long shadows on the ground.

No one spoke as they stared at each other.

For a long while, Crystal's words reverberated inside Henry's mind.

The father of my two children... past deeds.

He had always known the only reason Crystal was willing to reconcile with him was to provide Skyler and Remi with a complete family. Otherwise, she wouldn't have ever forgiven him for his However, he still minded it whenever she stated something that implied she didn't like him. Eventually, Henry spoke hoarsely. "It's quite cold outside. Why aren't you wearing your coat?" He stepped forward and thoughtfully laid the coat on Crystal and buttoned it.

Meanwhile, Crystal stared at him, wanting to say something but believing it wasn't necessary.

Clementine was watching them from the side, and her jealousy had peaked. Why? Why does Henry still love Crystal, even knowing she doesn't like him?

When Henry left with Crystal, Clementine couldn't help but clamor, "She doesn't deserve you, Mr. Miller!"

Henry slowly turned back to stare at Clementine.

His countenance appeared even more intimidating under the light as he spoke coldly. "You should be grateful that Crystal is a kind woman, Miss Dynah. Do you think you could've attended this gathering otherwise?"

If Crystal didn't want Clementine to receive anything, Henry would ensure that.

Clementine was in disbelief.

While she had lost one round to Crystal, it was because of Alfred. Now that she and Crystal were both filming, she was confident she could win against Crystal

Watching the couple leave, she grinned. I think I've found a breakthrough.

At that moment, Madison approached her, leaning against the wall with a sneer. "Are you cooking up a dastardly plan again?"

Clementine abruptly turned around to face Madison.

Madison was her mortal enemy. Back then, when she attempted to seduce Zachary, she kept failing because Zachary favored Madison more and refused to divorce. Eventually, she was forced to resort to getting pregnant, yet in the end, she still lost everything.

As for the child, she had given it away.

Clementine lifted her chin, snorting. "Just you wait and see!"

Madison cared not about Clementine because she knew Clementine was no match for Crystal, who had spent years in the business industry.

It was just a matter of whether Crystal wanted to crush Clementine or not.

Downstairs, Henry opened the car door for Crystal.

After she entered, he didn't shut the door. Instead, he simply gazed at her.

Fastening her seatbelt, Crystal uttered, "If you want to argue with me, wait until we're home."

Moments later, Henry shifted his sight away and closed the door.

He proceeded to speed on the road, discomfoting Crystal, but she endured it.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the condominium.

Neither of them wanted their argument to disturb the children, especially Skyler, who was extremely sensitive.

Under the moonlight, the couple strolled into the condominium, one after the other. Henry was still furious even as he recalled their previous intimate moments there.

He pinned Crystal to the door, speaking in a low tone. "Crystal, am I really not worth your love anymore? Won't you fight for us one last time?"

Crystal was feeling tired. "Let's remove our shoes and talk inside."

Unfortunately for her, he refused to budge, still pressing her against the door and glowering at her.

Crystal slowly straightened her body and smiled faintly.

"I didn't take you to be this dense, Henry! Do you not know anything, or do you think I never tried before? Yes, I allowed myself to be trapped in this marriage for the children. What else could I have done? Do you expect me to watch Skyler be unhappy or for Remi to lack parental attention? I've done my best to fulfill your requests! You wanted me to see a psychologist, and I attended the sessions. You wanted another child, and I gave you one! Is that still not enough? Are you the greedy and unsatisfied one, or am I, Henry?" She blurted everything she had wanted to say for a long time. "After experiencing so much, my expectations are practically non-existent, but you're different. You still desire unadulterated love from me. Too bad for you, I'm already broken after all these years. You can't expect me to still act like an innocent, pure woman after enduring so much hardship!"

Henry's gaze darkened further at her words.

Then, he slowly released Crystal. "Do you really mean what you say, Crystal? Can you never love me like you used to anymore?"

Crystal smiled, though it was more of a grimace than anything. I don't want to argue with him. He was the one who told me he was willing to stay by my side until the end, but his promise only lasted for days.

Calmly, Crystal responded, "If you truly want love, you should find that in other, younger women. Someone who's willing to pour their heart out for you see now. I'm the only one who's satisfied with this plain marriage of ours. That's why I'm willing to let go.

A stern look swirled in Henry's eyes as he lost his composure. Grabbing a vase, he smashed it to the ground.

That blue vase was one Crystal had handpicked back then, on the day after they had sex, Blinking, she recalled how gleefully she had decorated their home, yet he smashed that vase as though it were nothing

As such, Crystal pushed him away and tried to leave.

However, Henry hugged her from behind with one arm and dragged her into the living room. Then, he carried her into the bedroom, took off their coats, and kissed her neck.

Crystal thought he would lose control, but he merely pressed his lips to her warm neck.

He muttered, "Don't say things like that to me again, Crystal" I won't seek out other young women. I only want her.

Crystal shifted her sight away, her face rubbing on the white pillow as she teared up.

Following that, he started smooching her, from her eyebrows to her body.

She merely endured his forced affection.

Abruptly, Henry whispered in her ear, "How about we have another child, Crystal?"

His idea was that if she was pregnant, they wouldn't have time to think about their messy affairs, and things might return to normal.

Crystal wasn't as optimistic.

In the past, she would've shared the same sentiment as Henry.

However, she no longer believed that a new child could solve their problems.

Crystal began ingesting birth control pills regularly.

It had minimal impact on her body, and she could still have children in the future if she wanted. She didn't tell Henry about it, fearing he would overthink things.

Sometimes, she'd think the one sick in the head was Henry.

The days went by quick.

Neither of them brought up the argument they had that day afterward. Henry still acted as though they were a loving couple, tending to her inside and out of their home.

Additionally, he would have sex with her at least five days per week.

Henry wanted Crystal to be pregnant with his child, so he paid even more attention to her period than she did. Whenever the right time arrived, he would drag her into bed and copulate with her until he believed she would become pregnant.

Two months later, Crystal's abdomen was still flat.

Crystal's birthday in November was quite lively.

During the night, she returned to the bedroom after bathing.

Gifts from her family and friends sat on the foot of her bed.

Crystal picked up a pink letter written by Skyler and Rei, which included a childish drawing. As Crystal read the letter quietly, warm affection for her children swirled in her.

Crystal opened another present, revealing an expensive gift inside.

It was an exquisite locket that she estimated cost at least fifty million.

She was deep in thought as she speculated about who gifted it to her.

Meanwhile, Henry was leaning against the entrance, staring at her silently.

When Crystal noticed him, he lit a cigarette and asked, "That seems expensive. Who gave it to you?"

Crystal grasped the subtext behind his words and closed the box with an indifferent smile. "There wasn't a name on it!"

With a dark gaze, he approached her and grabbed the delicate box, speaking nonchalantly. "I refuse to believe you don't know who it is." Who else could it have been but Robert?

That killed Crystal's interest in unwrapping more presents.

She went to the dressing table and brushed her long, coffee-colored hair. "Today's my birthday, Henry. Can we not argue? I don't intend to accept the present!"

Henry arrived behind her and hugged her before caressing her body.

Consequently, Crystal's breathing grew erratic.

Henry whispered beside her ear, "Since it's your birthday, can you do it with me without taking birth control pills?"

Crystal closed her eyes. He knows!

Following that, Henry stretched his hand past her body and toward a drawer before removing a small bottle.

In there were the birth control pills.

Nibbling on the back of her ear, Henry spoke in an incredibly gentle voice. "I want a child, Crystal! Once we have this child, we'll be able to keep going, no matter what."

Unable to tolerate him any longer, Crystal slapped the bottle away, causing the pills to spill all over the floor.

Henry stared at her silently.

After a while, he smiled bitterly. "In the past, you always tried to gain my love, but now that I do love you, I don't know how to treat you, I've no idea how to capture your heart. You're making things so hard by disallowing me to love you and rejecting me at every turn. It seems your love died with the Henry I once was.

Upon ending his sentence, he left.

When he arrived at the entrance, Crystal exclaimed, "Henry! I don't know how much love I have left for you, but I won't share what I'm willing to give you with others!"

From the beginning, Henry couldn't see how much she indulged him not a show of her love?

At this point, all Crystal felt was a soul-crushing tiredness

## [Chapter 348 The Start Of Their Cold War](#)

Crystal could not help but burst into tears.

After all, she had been too passive in this relationship.

They had fought plenty of times, yet there were many times she compromised. Although she had feelings for him, she felt guilty, for Henry had only lost his memories because of her.

He sacrificed his life for her before, and that was why no matter what Lara did that annoyed Crystal, she could only choose to forgive him.

She had no other choice.

Bending down, she picked up the pills one by one and placed them back in the bottle.

There were a lot of tiny white pills.

So much so that she wondered if she could end everything if she swallowed them. Will I stop getting caught in a dilemma of whether or not I love Henry? Will I not have to face his criticisms anymore?

Nonetheless, their cold war did not affect the children.

-Crystal woke up early in the morning.

Just then, Henry stepped out of the opposite guest room in the same clothes he wore last night. When he saw the faint dark circles under Crystal's eyes, he said softly, "I'll send Skyler to school later."

That simple sentence told her he intended to put up with it and carry on with life.

With a gentle hum of acknowledgment, Crystal went on to make breakfast for the children as usual.

During breakfast, Skyler asked for both her parents to send her to school in an adorable manner.

As Crystal lifted her gaze, she met Henry's by accident.

He had taken a shower and dressed up in a suit. At that moment, there was dark look in his eyes.

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Sensing the awkward atmosphere, Crystal was about to coax Skyler when Henry voiced, "Let's go together. It's a rare opportunity, anyway. I'll send you home later."

Crystal was rather surprised, but she still responded with a nod.

After glancing between her parents, Skyler tugged at her mother's hand. "Do you like the card Remi and I gave you, Mommy?"

"I love it!" chirped Crystal while planting a kiss on the little girl's cheeks.

Crystal then pressed her cheek against Skyler's, unwilling to let the latter go.

In the meantime, Henry watched the woman in silence.

After breakfast, Crystal headed upstairs to get changed. She chose a silk shirt and a fishtail skirt. Just as she had taken off her clothes and was about to get dressed, the door opened.

Henry was slightly taken aback, but he slowly shut the door.

Meanwhile, Crystal continued to put on her clothes.

As she bent over, the protrusions of her spine on her fair back was an enticing sight.

Leaning against the door, Henry said, "Jamie says you made an appointment with the psychiatrist."

Crystal buttoned up her shirt and pulled out her coffee-colored hair from under her collar. After brushing it, she looked up at Henry and said, "I'm not going. I've got something else on later."

Never would she see the psychiatrist again.

At that, she walked past him and out of the bedroom.

Immediately, Henry grabbed her hand, calling out, "Crystal!"

Crystal gently tugged her hand out of his and said calmly, "How about this, Henry? Let's not force ourselves anymore. Let's live our lives however we want to."

Pausing briefly, she continued, "I'll respect your decision."

As she walked along the corridor, Henry's voice rang out behind her, "I won't let go of you!"

"Suit yourself!"

With that, Crystal leaned against the wall for a few seconds.

Clementine simply brought up a tiny part of my past, yet Henry can't even handle it. Sure, he claims that I don't love him, but he doesn't love the current me either. Who he loves is the Crystal who used to belong to him completely.

Crystal let out a self-deprecating laugh.

When she reached the parking lot, she got into the car.

Instead of sitting in the front passenger seat, Crystal sat beside Skyler. Throughout the journey, the former spoke to the little girl gently, occasionally discussing the children's matters with Henry.

Alas, Skyler had yet to learn the art of realizing when the adults were hiding something.

When Skyler got out of the car to head into her kindergarten, both Henry and Crystal stood side by side to send the former off. After some time, Henry walked over to the car and opened the door to the front passenger seat, indicating for Crystal to get in.

As Crystal settled herself into the seat, she said softly, "Drop me off at the intersection up ahead. I'll take a cab."

Henry observed the traffic ahead and lit a cigarette.

"Where are you going? I'll take you there."



Hence, Crystal told him her destination. Without saying anything, Henry drove the car straight to the location.

As she got out of the car, Crystal uttered, "Thanks."

Grabbing her hand gently, Henry scoffed. "Crystal, we're married. Since when do you have to thank me for dropping you off? Are we that distant?"

Crystal returned to her seat, trying hard to suppress her anger.

"Henry, if you want to preserve this marriage, then let's not be so sarcastic with each other. Of course, if that's not what you want, then feel free to express your dissatisfaction."

A dead silence filled the car.

Seconds later, Henry stepped on the gas pedal lightly.

Perhaps Crystal's right. We'll be happier if we don't restrain each other. We can bring up the kids together, and upon meeting younger and more good-looking people....

Unwilling to continue with those thoughts, Henry hit the steering wheel lightly.

Instantly, the car's sharp honk sounded.

Soon, he brought Crystal to the entertainment building. The second Crystal stepped out, he drove off.

Evidently, he was angry.

Meanwhile, Crystal stood there for quite some time before entering the building.

In the afternoon, Crystal went to pick up the kids.

While she was making dinner, the housekeeper said, "Mrs. Miller, Mr. Miller just called to say he won't be coming back for dinner tonight."

Crystal was stirring the batter when she heard that. She paused her task and asked, "Did he say what time he'll be home?"

Sadly, the housekeeper shook her head.

After telling the housekeeper to leave, Crystal remained in a daze for some time before continuing with her task. Skyler wanted to have some cake, and Crystal had promised to bake the girl a pretty one.

Let's wait until the kids are older.

Just like that, Crystal watched over the children all by herself. When dinner was over, she taught Skyler how to play the piano. Remi, who already knew how to walk, swayed his head while leaning against the piano for support.

After playing for some time, Skyler left her seat to hug her little brother.

It was already ten o'clock at night by the time the children were asleep. Still, Henry did not return.

Crystal lay on the bed in silence after taking a shower.

He rarely attended social gatherings until so late after we remarried. Is this the side effect of our fight?

At that moment, Henry was in a club.

It was an insignificant business social event, so he had been planning to leave at nine.

However, the phones of the people around him kept ringing.

Someone said, "I'll be home soon!"

Another said, "You're overthinking it. It's just a social event. There aren't any young women."

Yet another person said, "Yes, yes. I'll make it up to you when I get home."

The men who were busy dealing with their wives at home each put down their phones, appearing frustrated. "Sorry about that. She's really strict."

Ironically, they embraced a young woman while saying that.

Just then, someone complimented Henry.

"Mr. Miller's different from us. What's more impressive is that his wife didn't even give him a single call. She must have great trust in him."

The rest chortled in acknowledgment.

Amidst the laughter, Henry felt incredibly upset.

After all, it was not that Crystal trusted him-she simply did not care.

As someone who usually drank moderately, he could not help but drink a few extra glasses that night. In the end, he felt so uncomfortable that he had to visit the restroom to wash his face. Only when he had sobered up a little did he return to the private room.

There was someone new-a twenty-one-year-old young lady who apparently was a rookie of a film company. She was stunning, but anyone could tell she had plastic surgery before.

Surprisingly, her features resembled Crystal's.

Henry was slightly stunned when he pushed open the door.

The young lady knew her boundaries and did not do anything annoying. Instead, she simply sat beside him and listened to them talk about business.

Everyone there was observant enough to notice Henry was the target of the new lady, Saige Carr.

The men began making a commotion, but Henry ignored them.

He simply lowered his head, lit up a cigarette between his slender fingers, and took a long drag. Every movement screamed of masculinity.

When the social event ended, he took his coat and left right away.

As soon as he got into his car, Saige approached and asked gently, "Mr. Miller, can you give me a ride?"

Henry still held a cigarette between his fingers.

He slowly finished smoking his cigarette before stating, "Don't get into a relationship with a married man."

With that, he instructed the driver to start the car.

As the driver drove, he stole glances through the rearview mirror and blurted, "She's quite pretty. In fact, she looks a little like Mrs. Miller upon closer inspection. I can tell she had plastic surgery, though. Hmm... She can't possibly have had her face done according to Mrs. Miller's features, right?"

Henry paid little attention to his driver's words.

All he could think about was Crystal.

It's late. Will she ask where I've been? Will she care?

### [Chapter 349 Robert Is Dead 1](#)

It was already close to midnight when Henry arrived home.

The house was quiet, illuminated only by a lamp in the living room.

After checking on the kids upstairs, he loosened his tie and went into the master bedroom. Crystal was already asleep. The room was dimly lit by the moonlight.

Henry stood by the end of the bed and eyed her for a moment before stepping into the shower.

He took off his jacket and shirt, which were saturated with the scent of tobacco and alcohol, and discarded them into the laundry basket.

After showering, he slid into bed behind Crystal.

Her breathing was even, but Henry knew she was awake. She was pretending to be asleep to avoid conversation.

"Aren't you going to ask me?" Henry whispered, kissing the nape of her neck.

Crystal stiffened but remained silent,

Annoyed by the comments he had heard tonight and thinking about her insinuations for him to look for younger women, he pulled her slender waist closer to him, sealing their bodies together in tense intimacy.

Their lovemaking was silent but heavy with unspoken words, like a hushed tempest.

That was a first for both of them.

Henry did not forget to take the necessary precautions. When it was over, Crystal did not shower. She simply remained there on her side as she dozed off to sleep.

Henry tossed back the covers and left the bed.

As he showered, thoughts swirled in his mind. How did we become like this?

She had given nothing away. The supposed intimate moment had soured his mood instead.

In the morning. Crystal stayed in to do household chores.

She bagged up Henry's clothes from the previous night, intending to send them off for dry cleaning. Lifting his shirt, she caught a faint whiff of perfume-something a young woman would wear.

Crystal was stunned.

Returning late last night and deliberately letting a woman get near him-was this his method of retaliation or a declaration of war?

As she examined the garments, she found no lipstick marks but discovered a fragrant business card in the pocket of his coat.

Geant Corporation, Saige Carr.

After half an hour, Saige's information was laid out before her.

Twenty-one years old, up-and-coming star, young and talented actress.

Crystal clutched the photo of the starlet in her hand.

Saige looked like a younger version of her, albeit with evident signs of plastic surgery. It went without saying that Saige was targeting Henry,

And Henry brought her scent home,

Perhaps Henry was not unaware when Saige slipped her name card into his pocket and had deliberately left it in his pocket to ascertain Crystal's attitude in the matter.

After Crystal was done parsing through Saige's information, she burned it all.

Edith lowered her voice as she said, "Géant Corporation is a new company. The owner's name is... Clementine Dynah."

Crystal eyed the flickering light before her, propping her chin in thought.

Edith hesitated before whispering. "Miss Winters, shall we teach her a little lesson? She's just a newbie, nothing to be worried about."

Crystal then asked flatly, "Do we kidnap her or find someone to make a sex tape with her?"

Edith agreed heartily with her boss' suggestions.

Crystal shot a glare at her.

After a moment, she said softly, "Not only am I not going to deal with her, I'm going to support her instead."

Doesn't she want fame? I'll help Clementine make her a star, then.

Edith was taken aback.

Crystal's lips curled into a half-smile. "Utilize my connections to get her some high-profile opportunities. Make her a sensation in record time. Oh, and look up any cosmetic procedures she has had, as well as her past."

Edith swallowed hard at the sight of her boss' serene countenance.

Without a second's delay, she set the wheels in motion.

By day's end, Saige received an invitation to a hit variety show. Part of her thought it was due to Henry's influence, so she planned to call him and thank him, but all she had was the company's number.

Hence, she could only call the office number to reach him.

After a few phone transfers, a secretary named Jamie picked up, speaking politely. "I will pass along your thanks to Mr. Miller."

Saige hastily expressed her gratitude.

Clementine was right beside her, pulling languidly at a slender cigarette.

"You're still too green compared to Crystal. Don't think youth will save you. You can't match the grace she's acquired from years of high-society grooming. But once you're an A-list actress, you won't be less than her."

Saige was Clementine's trump card.

Clementine was planning to invest heavily in Saige to catapult the latter to stardom.

The choice between a young and stunning lover or a wife who was always acting against his wishes was an easy choice for any man to make.

As Clementine exited the office building, her phone buzzed.

She thought her eyes were playing a trick on her when she saw the caller ID-Robert.

In the end, she picked up the call and answered with a sharp tone, "Well, Mr. Sloan, what brings you to call? I thought I had become a forgotten footnote in your life."

"Let's meet."

With that, Robert ended the call.

His fingers danced around a locket, a returned birthday gift from Crystal via her assistant.

Crystal hadn't even left a message for him. He couldn't fathom her reasoning. She was not living a blissful life, so why not consider him?

Robert lifted his head, staring at the video playing on his laptop.

It was the video that had played on their alma mater's anniversary.

He had watched the video countless times in the past few days, yet Crystal remained unfazed.

After about ten minutes, Robert headed out the door.

He had asked Clementine to meet him at a hotel.

In the plush hotel suite, Clementine leaned against the couch in silky sleepwear, sipping red wine with an allure that was hard to dismiss.

Robert entered the room.

“So, have you come pleading for your beloved?” she teased.

He took a seat opposite her.

Since they had a past together, Robert went ahead and poured himself a glass of wine.

Clementine watched his every move.

She used to feel inferior before him when she was in her twenties because she was Zachary’s mistress. Hence, when she got together with Robert, she was also his secret lover.

However, things were different now.

At her age, she understood that whoever had the money could speak the loudest.

Robert downed two glasses of wine and eyed Clementine. “You better not let your girl ruin Crystal’s marriage.”

Holding a glass of wine in her hand, she threw her head back with a hysterical laugh.

“Oh? Are you afraid she’ll cry in secret?”

Clementine edged closer, her delicate fingers dancing on his skin. “Robert, how many times must I say this for you to believe me? The Crystal today is a far cry from the pitiful girl of yesteryears. Otherwise, how would she be able to maintain her status as Mrs. Miller?”

“Which is why you shouldn’t mess with her,” he said in a clipped tone.

“What to do? I really can’t stand her. Because of her, Jerry is in prison, and my wealth has shrunk by more than half. How could I not loathe her?”

Gritting her teeth, she uttered, “I will surpass her one day!”

Robert had seen it all.

He had experienced firsthand how capable the Millers and Alfred were. Even when Crystal was leading Seeas Corporation, Robert also suffered losses in her hand. Hence, he never believed that Clementine could ever rival Crystal.

However, Robert was worried that Saige might really hurt Crystal.

Clementine cupped his face, her voice slightly shaky as she said, “Robert, stay and sleep with me, and I won’t let Saige go near Henry.”

Robert was no fool, but he didn’t really mind bedding Clementine.

After all, it wouldn’t make a difference who he slept with.

He did have the intention to sleep with her when he decided to come to the hotel. Somehow, he felt that a despicable man like him was a perfect match for Clementine. He need not hide his true nature in front of her and could unabashedly vent all his deepest desires as a man with her.

The few hours of unbridled passion managed to patch up the void in his soul.

As night fell, Robert leaned back on the couch and lit a cigarette. Clementine curled up beside him, whispering, "Stay tonight."

Robert pushed her away and started to get dressed.

He was only looking to bed her.

She was delusional to think that he would stay to cuddle.

Robert's departure made Clementine toss the pillows in vexation.

While he sat in his car, Robert could sense his body was sated, but his soul remained hollow.

He was haunted by the realization that he would never get the person he wanted anymore.

Crystal... Crystal...

He sped along the road in his black sports car, feeling dazed.

Robert had never believed in reincarnation.

However, at that moment, he desperately hoped there really was reincarnation. If there was a next life, he would treasure Crystal and make her happy, never letting her suffer.

It was drizzling in the late autumn night.

He headed toward Crystal's mansion, and there was a warm glow at her place.

He imagined her in the mansion-teaching her kids how to play piano and making little cakes for them.

On the way home, Chelsea called, telling Robert about the trivial matters at home and about his sister's unhappy marriage.

The windshield wiper swept from left to right and back again.

The rain intensified, swelling into a torrential downpour, making it impossible for Robert to clearly see the road ahead.

Clutching the phone in his hand, Robert listened as his mother droned on and did not notice the dump truck tipping over until it was too late. The sounds of screeching tires filled the air, and the dump truck squashed the black sports car.

Blood trickled down Robert's forehead, blocking his view.

He felt pain everywhere and found it almost impossible to move his body.

It was pitch-black all around. Robert knew he would not live for long.

He struggled to undo his safety belt before his blood-soaked hand reached into his pocket to retrieve a pouch.

With shaky hands, he took the locket out of the pouch,

He was relieved that the locket remained intact.

Robert had gotten the locket blessed before giving it to Crystal, and he was glad it did not break.

All along, he had been oblivious of his own feelings toward Crystal, that was, until the day of their alma mater's anniversary. Realization dawned on him that the girl he had missed out on was sitting right beside him, living a miserable life.

Robert then realized that it must have been karma.

Crystal, a wretched man like me does not deserve your tears. I just wish you could accept my token. Perhaps you may not believe it, but I was once in love too.

The veil of darkness descended, and he revisited a night from his memory—a warm meal made by Crystal was awaiting him when he pushed open the door. The woman was sprawled on the table beneath a comforting glow, waiting for him to return.

### [Chapter 350 Robert Is Dead 2](#)

In the evening, Crystal received a call from Robert's sister, Riya. Sobbing, she said, "Crystal, Robert doesn't have much time left. Can you come to see him one last time?"

Crystal was stunned by the words. The last time she saw him was at the school anniversary.

Riya continued, "He was in a car accident, and his life is now hanging by a thread. All he does is call out your name while holding onto the locket he gave you."

The news caused Crystal's phone to slip out of her hand.

When she rushed to the hospital, all dressed in black, it was already too late.

A white cloth was already draped over Robert's face.

Members of the Sloan family were crying in sorrow. Setting his questionable character aside, Robert was the pillar of his family, yet he was now gone.

At the sight of Crystal, Riya wailed, "Robert, Crystal is here!"

Crystal slowly walked over.

Amidst the glaring fluorescent lighting, she flipped over the white cloth. Underneath it, Robert's face had already been cleaned. Aside from looking pale, he seemed to be a sea of calm.

Crystal gently caressed his face as she whispered, "Robert, the resentment between us has long since faded. I haven't blamed you in a long time. Why did it have to come to this?"

The accident had occurred near her house.

When the ambulance arrived, he was holding onto the locket.



Right then, Crystal's complicated emotions overwhelmed her.

She had loved Robert before but also hated his guts too. However, all those emotions disappeared with Robert's death, for he no longer existed in the world.

Tears began to fall from her eyes as she covered his face again and whispered, "Goodbye, Robert."

Crystal didn't linger and left as quickly as she came.

However, Riya caught up with her in the corridor.

"Crystal!"

Crystal turned around upon hearing her name.

Slowly walking up to Crystal, Riya spoke in a voice hoarse from crying. "Before Robert died, he asked me to give you these two things. He wanted you to go over and take a look."

Riya handed Crystal a locket and a key.

Covering her mouth, she explained, "He got you this locket as a lucky charm but didn't get one for himself."

After Crystal silently took them, the sniffling Riya continued, "Crystal, my mom is too embarrassed to say it, but she wants me to apologize to you. If only she had tried to talk to Robert back then, both of you might have found happiness. He... He truly loved you! Crystal, my greatest fear is that you don't believe that... In truth, he hasn't been happy for the past few years."

Neither was I. No one can easily forget their first love. And now, Robert has met such a grim end.

When Crystal returned to her car, Joel noticed the look on her face and asked, "Mrs. Miller, are we heading home or..."

Crystal lowered her head to look at the key in her hand before replying, "There's somewhere I want to go."

Without probing further, Joel drove toward an old residential area in the eastern parts of the city. Upon their arrival, he stayed in the car, giving Crystal the privacy she needed.

Many years ago, this place was the Sloan family's temporary residence when they were poor. The entire family was large but had to squeeze into the eighty-square-meter place.

Back then, Crystal would drop by often to cook for Robert, and he would always be busy.

By the time he came home, she would usually be sprawled on the dining table, sleeping.

That was the place where she spent her budding years as a youth.

After opening the door, she could see that the interior hadn't changed much from how she remembered it, other than for a few additional items. In fact, one could tell that that place was regularly cleaned, and there was even a bowl of fresh fruit on the table.

On the wall hung a huge picture, one they had taken back during their school days.

In it was the twenty-year-old Crystal confessing her feelings to Robert.

Even in the bedroom, a picture of them hung above the bed.

After observing it quietly for a while, Crystal walked to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, which was filled with fruits and vegetables. She proceeded to retrieve some of them and cooked a few simple dishes that were Robert's favorite.

Once she was done, she placed them on the dining table.

If humans have souls, I'm sure he'll come home to have his meal.

Thereafter, she left behind the key on her way out, for she would never return to that place again.

As she headed downstairs, the night breeze blowing across her face brought with it an inexplicable chill.

Crystal wasn't sure if she would be happy spending her life with Robert if he hadn't betrayed her, but there was one thing she was certain of—there was no turning back time. She had once loved him, and now that he was gone, the only thing she could do was cook one final meal for him.

Upon arriving downstairs, Crystal was greeted by a chaotic scene.

Clementine was present, along with members of the Sloan family. Riya, in particular, was holding Clementine back and wailing, "Robert is dead, Clementine. Why are you still kicking up a fuss?"

Clearly devastated, the heaving Clementine glared at Crystal.

"He died because of you, Crystal! He came to see me to speak up for you before leaving to see you. Even till death, you're the only person on his mind... He even kept his place well-maintained and would come every week to clean it! Yet, have you ever spared any thought for him?"

Clementine seemed to have been driven mad by despair and jealousy, causing the people around her to restrain her.

Nonetheless, Crystal maintained her calm. "I'm already married!"

There's no way a married person would pine for their er.

Robert's death might have saddened her, but she could in no way reciprocate the feelings he harbored for her. Their moment together had passed, and it didn't help that Robert had done many things against the interest of the Winters family.

Joel subsequently opened the car door for her.

Upon taking her seat, Crystal, nose reddened slightly, instructed. "Let's go."

With that, the black sedan gradually rolled away.

Meanwhile, Clementine continued to cause a scene. She couldn't understand how Robert could still long for Crystal when she was the one he had last been intimate with. On top of that, the Sloan family had also handed Crystal the thing he treasured the most.

Amidst the pouring rain in the autumn night, Clementine dropped to her knees and burst out in a sorrowful wail.