

Night of Love 351

[Chapter 351 I Do Not Have Other Women](#)

Crystal returned to the mansion well past midnight.

The foyer was dimly lit, and Henry sat there, holding a glass of red wine.

Feeling exhausted, Crystal took off her coat and sat down beside him.

She spoke softly. "Henry, pour me a glass of wine."

His dark eyes held a depth of emotion, but in the end, he poured her a glass and watched as she drank it down.

After finishing the wine, Crystal felt a warmth spreading through her body. She leaned back on the sofa, closing her eyes and murmuring, "Now I understand how you feel. I understand why you kept helping Audrey and saving Lara time and again."

The melancholy she felt was truly heart-wrenching.

Crystal slowly opened her eyes, her gaze shimmering.

She said, "Robert is dead, so you don't have to be jealous anymore."

With that, she made her way upstairs.

Henry remained seated, watching her figure ascend the staircase and disappear into the darkness.

Crystal retrieved the locket and stored it away.

Perhaps, when she opened the safe one day, she would think of Robert again.

Closing the safe's door, she found Henry standing behind her.

She didn't shy away, only said softly, "I'm a bit tired tonight."

He didn't say anything. Pressing her against the safe, he kissed her.

When the kiss ended, he rested his face against the nape of her neck, asking in a murmur, "Are you sad?"

"A little."

Crystal turned her head slightly, her fingers caressing his handsome features. She spoke softly. "After he betrayed me, you and I met. Henry, because of me, you lost your memories. In the past, I always felt you. should be mine; you should regain your memory and return to my side. Now, I think you should be happy. If you like someone else, I really don't mind, as long as she's a decent girl... I'll make way for her."

Henry lightly nibbled her finger.

He didn't argue with her but carried her to the bed. The sex was still silent, with not a word spoken. It was only an outlet for their pent-up frustrations.

Amidst the passion, Crystal wrapped her arms around his neck.

In a hoarse voice, she called out his name.

“Henry... Henry...”

He took her completely. When they were done, he lowered himself to her car and asked in a very gentle voice, “Crystal, do you still love me?”

The passion in the room cooled.

Lying flat, Crystal panted lightly. She turned her head to look at the night outside.

Up in the sky, the autumn rain dimmed the moon’s glow.

She thought of Robert and of his untimely passing. However, the man lying beside her, Henry, was warm and alive. She smiled faintly and said, “Yes.”

She spoke the truth.

Love could be rich and intense like liquor, but it could also flow gently like a pure, clear stream.

In the dim light, Henry gazed at her for a long time.

Finally, he gently pressed his body against hers and murmured, “Crystal... Don’t lie to me.”

Crystal didn’t let him touch her.

With delicate fingers, she caressed his prominent nose, her voice husky and seductive. “Shouldn’t you explain how that business card came about?”

Henry recalled that night of socializing.

He cradled Crystal’s body and kissed her, saying, “That night, even the driver paid more attention to her than I did! Crystal, I have no other women, and there won’t be any young women around me either!”

Crystal didn’t press the matter further.

Perhaps, it was just a mundane story...

Crystal didn’t attend Robert’s funeral.

She only read that it was a grand affair in the newspaper. As a result of his death, Sloan Group quickly vanished from the business world due to the lack of a leader.

Riya came to see her twice about Sloan Group’s accounts.

She had no clue about all this and was frantic during the process of settling the accounts.

Crystal called her up to the study on the second floor.

Riya didn’t expect Crystal to be willing to help her. She sat in the study, sipping her herbal tea and watching Crystal.

Crystal’s head was lowered as she examined the ledgers.

Her features were stunning, even more so than years ago.

As she watched, Riya felt tears coming. Her brother had died without leaving a descendant for the Sloan family. She said softly, "Crystal, I actually approached Clementine before this. When my brother died, she wailed and sobbed, but when I went to ask for her help, she wouldn't even see me!"

Crystal didn't want to hear this.

She calmly stated, "The only reason I'm willing to help is for the sake of the over two thousand employees at Sloan Group."

Many of those people were her father's colleagues.

Riya didn't dare to say much more.

Just then, Henry brought Skyler home.

Skyler rushed into her mother's arms, beaming because she had received an award.

None of the other kids got one, and she was the only one.

Even Christopher had praised her for being so amazing.

Crystal held the adorable girl and kissed her cheek. "What award did you get?"

Skyler lifted her little face proudly. "Best Sweeper! My teacher said I'm really good at sweeping!"

Crystal was slightly speechless.

Then, Henry brought Remi over.

When he saw Riya, he hesitated for a moment before nodding politely.

By then, Crystal had checked enough and handed the documents to Riya. "Give these to the company accountant and have him double-check."

Riya quickly thanked her and, on her way out, explained to Henry the reason for her visit.

He gave a faint smile and didn't say much. After all, Robert was gone. What was there to say when the man was already dead? Being upset over a deceased person was beneath him.

Crystal didn't offer any explanations.

She picked up Remi and played with him for a bit.

Meanwhile, Henry had fun with Skyler.

At that moment, the study exuded a warm atmosphere. He couldn't help but lean in and ask her softly, "Crystal, are we reconciled now?"

Crystal smiled faintly in response.

The following days were peaceful. Henry managed Seeas Corporation while Crystal was busy with her filming. The two children were well taken care of, and their argument seemed to be a distant memory!

Occasionally, Crystal would think of Robert.

She had even awoken from a dream about him.

Upon waking, Henry wasn't there; he was on a business trip in Hawen.

Crystal put on her robe and walked to the window.

The night rain intensified the autumnal atmosphere.

Feeling chilly, she dialed Henry's number, and after a few rings, he answered, his voice carrying a touch of tenderness. "Crystal... Did you have a bad dream?"

Crystal murmured in agreement. She had dreamt of Robert in a car accident.

His voice lowered slightly. "Do you want me to come back?"

She said it wasn't necessary.

There was a long silence on the phone, then she asked him, "Have you slept yet?"

Henry looked at the pile of documents on his desk and rasped, "Not yet. I want to wrap up the negotiations and come home early."

The two of them exchanged a few more words..

In the end. Crystal hung up first.

She thought that if she had been a few years younger, she might have wanted him to come back.

On the other end, after hanging up the phone, Henry took out a photo of Crystal and gazed at it silently for a long time.

Their relationship had improved a lot recently.

Perhaps Robert's death had brought a sense of melancholy about life.

He knew that after Robert's passing, that man now held a place in Crystal's heart. However, he couldn't argue about it because there was no point in getting upset over a dead man.

Thus, he slowly adjusted to this mundane kind of relationship. The only doubt he had was how much Crystal still loved him.

Love between adults always involved weighing pros and cons.

After careful consideration, most people would choose stability.

Moreover, he never had any improper thoughts about other women.

Henry put away his phone and was about to continue working when there was a light knock on his hotel room door. He thought it was room service and went to open it.

To his surprise, it was Saige.

She had heard that Henry was on a business trip in Hawen and purposely accepted an advertising gig so that she would be in the same hotel as him.

Saige was dressed in a silk pajama set, looking quite seductive.

“Mr. Miller, the water heater in my room is broken. Could I use yours?”

Henry stood by the door.

Despite the late hour, he still looked impeccable.

The thirty-five-year-old man was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers, looking mature and distinguished.

He spoke coldly. “Miss Carr, how much do you charge for a night? If you don’t mind, there’s no shortage of singles among my subordinates who are in need of companionship!”

Saige was humiliated to the core.

She hadn’t expected Henry to be so cutting with his words.

The last time she saw him, he was aloof but gracious toward women. She thought that now, with her elevated status as a celebrity, he would at least check her out.

Yet, he called her a prostitute.

Saige’s lips trembled. “Mr. Miller, I’m not selling my body!”

Henry was icy. “Is that so? Then dress more conservatively and don’t show up at a man’s door in the middle of the night! By the way, if a scandal about this comes out tomorrow, you and your little company won’t make it past the day after!”

He finished speaking and slammed the door shut.

In the late night, Saige stood there, shivering from head to toe.

She couldn’t believe that Henry would be so faithful to his marriage. After all, she didn’t believe there would be a man who didn’t cheat when faced with temptation! Of course, she wouldn’t listen to him. She didn’t believe he would be so ruthless toward her.

Thus, Saige decided to spread some rumors, partly to spite his wife and partly to stir up some publicity for

herself.

Early in the morning, Crystal saw the news posted by Hawen’s media.

Barnwood’s Richest Man Meets A-List Actress In The Dead Of Night!

The picture showed Saige in a revealing outfit, standing at a hotel room door.

Across from her, Henry was frowning slightly.

Crystal checked the timestamp. It was right after their phone call last night. She assumed Saige had taken the initiative to go over to Henry. As for whether he spent the night with her, Crystal didn’t even need to think about it.

If he had spent the night with Saige, there would be no scandal.

The man would simply quietly start a relationship with her on the side.

Crystal put down the newspaper and continued to have breakfast with the kids. Skyler scooped up a big spoonful of food and fed it to Remi, coaxing. "Remi, eat a bit more!"

Remi happily gobbled it up.

Then, Skyler scooped up another big spoonful.

She glanced at the newspaper and asked in a hushed voice, "Mom, is she Daddy's second wife?"

Crystal couldn't help but laugh. Where did Skyler get such ideas in her head?

Skyler continued in a soft voice, "That's what Christopher's daddy's second wife is like. She doesn't dress properly and is skinny as a rake!"

Crystal chuckled softly. "No, Skyler. Your daddy doesn't have one."

Skyler scooped up another big spoonful.

She thought about it and agreed. Mommy is much more beautiful than that skinny woman, and Daddy isn't blind.

In the afternoon, after Crystal had taken a nap, she freshened up, changed her clothes, and was ready to take a stroll in the backyard. Just then, a housekeeper approached her. "Mrs. Miller, there's a Miss Carr who wants to see you."

Miss Carr...

Crystal lowered her gaze, smiling faintly. How very impatient of her!

[Chapter 352 The Tables Were Turned](#)

"Bring her in," Crystal uttered calmly.

The housekeeper went out to lead Saige in.

The young woman, despite being a top-tier actress, still felt somewhat overwhelmed standing in front of the multi-million-dollar mansion. It was only when a housekeeper approached and called out to her that she came to her senses.

As she entered the grand hall, she could not help but admire the luxurious and tasteful decorations.

The mistress of the house was gracefully playing the piano.

Saige, a student at an art school, was quite talented herself, but she was momentarily taken aback as she watched Crystal skillfully playing the piano. She had assumed that women from the upper echelons were only skilled at playing poker and socializing with their affluent peers.

The woman before her had long tea-colored hair cascading down her slender back.

Her fair complexion bore a subtle rosy hue, her nose was elegantly sculpted, and her long, thick eyelashes added to her captivating beauty.

Saige gently ran her fingers through her own tea-colored hair, which, unlike Crystal's natural hue, was dyed to match. She had to retouch her color every two months to emulate the older woman.

Just as she was about to speak, a housekeeper arrived with a cup of tea.

Saige took her seat and gazed at the exquisite bone china with a tinge of envy.

She could not help but admire this kind of lifestyle.

"Miss Winters!" she greeted Crystal.

As the piano notes gently petered off, Crystal's fingers lingered on the black and white keys. She smiled softly and remarked, "Miss Carr, you don't even want to address me as Mrs. Miller. It seems you're quite confident that you can replace me, huh?"

Saige felt somewhat awkward.

Crystal stood up and sat opposite her, speaking gently to the housekeeper. "Make me a cup of coffee. It's been a while since I had one."

The housekeeper immediately went to attend to it.

When the housekeeper returned with a cup of coffee, Saige expressed her dismay. "Mrs. Miller, are you trying to intimidate me?"

Crystal took a whiff of the coffee before flashing a faint grin. "I guess so. So, how can I help you, Miss Carr?"

Being a young woman who had not yet experienced much, Saige was straightforward in her response. "I'm sure you must have heard the rumors from last night, right, Mrs. Miller? I'm here because I want to hear your thoughts."

Crystal chuckled.

Sipping her coffee lightly, she then asked, "Miss Carr, are you saying that my husband had an affair with you?"

A dark, unfathomable look flashed past Saige's gaze, but in the end, she decided to lie through her teeth.

"Yes!"

Still wearing the same faint smile, Crystal responded, "If that's the case, you should go talk to him about it. Why come to me? Miss Carr, if you want to replace me as Mrs. Miller, you should focus your efforts on Henry. But if you want me to concede defeat, I'll not tolerate this kind of nonsense."

Saige's face flushed red in anger before paling.

She had not anticipated that Crystal, despite her seemingly gentle demeanor, could be so feisty. It's as if she's not the least bit worried at all.

Saige found herself at a loss for how to react.

Crystal raised her eyes and calmly observed the young woman before her.

No woman would be pleased to see someone who had undergone surgery to resemble her first seduce her husband, then proudly display the same face in numerous media and entertainment appearances. She has enjoyed her time of fame. Let's end this nonsense.

Crystal reached into a drawer on the coffee table and retrieved a document, tossing it in front of Saige. "Take a look at this before determining how you'd like to proceed with this discussion."

Saige's expression stiffened slightly.

She hesitated for a moment, then extended her hand to pick up the document, which turned out to be a thick dossier detailing various aspects of her life.

The document stated that she had dated two men simultaneously during her freshman year, and one of them was even married.

When the whole scandal came to light, her legitimate boyfriend beat her up, causing her to land in the hospital. The married man gave her a condominium, but after the incident, she could no longer conceive.

This year, she signed a contract with Clementine's company and underwent plastic surgery to resemble Crystal.

Saige's face turned pale, and her lips quivered as she said, "Mrs. Miller!"

Crystal slowly finished her cup of coffee.

She smiled slightly and continued, "Once this information is released to the public, your career will be ruined in no time. I'm sure you don't want all your hard work to go down the drain because of your unlawful ambitions!"

"Mrs. Miller, I promise I won't appear in front of Mr. Miller in the future. Last night was all wishful thinking on my part. Mr. Miller didn't even let me into the room." Saige, biting her lip, finally relented.

Crystal remained unfazed.

Saige gazed at her delicate face, unable to decipher her thoughts.

Hence, she had no choice but to adopt a more submissive tone. "Mrs. Miller, if you have any further requests, feel free to bring it up, but please spare me!"

Crystal calmly stated, "I have two demands! First, revert your face to its original state. Second, terminate your contract with Clementine and sign with my company."

The color drained out of Saige's face.

If she were to terminate her contract with Clementine, she would have to pay out fifty million, which would almost deplete her entire savings.

Restoring her face also meant that she could no longer maintain her top-tier status as an actress, but she had no choice because she was now at Crystal's mercy.

The only thing Saige could not understand was why Crystal did not just put an end to her career once and for all.

She trembled as she posed that question.

Crystal fiddled with her coffee cup, lost in thought for a moment.

After a while, she spoke softly. "Because you're not the first and certainly won't be the last to try to get close to Henry. It would be too exhausting if I were to eliminate everyone."

Furthermore, Saige was under Clementine, whom Crystal marked as her ultimate target.

Clementine spent so much promoting Saige, so having the former gain nothing in the end would be the most devastating blow to her.

Saige then left the mansion.

As she was about to step out of the building, she bumped into Henry in the foyer.

He appeared somewhat disheveled, but in his hands, he held two rather large toys that girls would adore.

Henry did not bother to look at her. He walked straight into the hall, placed the items down, and then leaned over to kiss the corner of Crystal's mouth. In a hushed tone, he asked, "We had a guest?"

Crystal looked up and murmured, "She's your guest. Do you want to see her out yourself?"

Henry nipped at the corner of her mouth in displeasure.

Crystal smiled softly and wrapped her arms around his neck, accepting his kiss.

Saige stood there, frozen in place.

She could not find the words to express the mixed emotions welling up inside her. The first time she saw Henry, he was socializing in a private room. Although he had not interacted with the women then, he still appeared sociable, but now, what she was witnessing was a devoted family man.

When he traveled for work, he bought toys for his daughter.

When he returned home, his eyes were only for his wife.

At that moment, a housekeeper approached, carrying a handsome young boy. Once the child was placed on the ground, he went over to hug his father's leg. "It seems like Remi has put on a bit of weight." Henry gently lifted his son and planted a kiss on his check.

Crystal stayed seated on the sofa, looking up at them as her expression radiated gentleness.

Suddenly, Saige could not bear to look at her own face as a wave of shame washed over her.

For a long time, she took pride in her altered appearance.

She even believed that having that face was like having a trump card.

However, now she realized that no matter how much she resembled Crystal, it was meaningless to Henry, as he had the real Crystal by his side and a complete family.

There was no way to break the family apart.

Saige got into her car, her hands trembling, and immediately contacted her assistant to book a flight back to Koandria on the same day.

Inside the mansion, the atmosphere was warm and cozy.

Henry spent some time with his son before Jamie brought his luggage over.

After Jamie left, Crystal asked softly, "Did you come back early because of the scandal?"

Henry smiled gently and took his time before responding. "No. I came back because you were frightened last night."

Crystal had chosen not to inquire further about the lingering fragrance of Saige on Henry's body the other time.

She remained composed regarding certain matters because she understood Henry well and knew that she did not need to concern herself with certain individuals when it came to him.

Crystal cherished the loving atmosphere.

Later that evening, when they were finally alone, she shared her intention to sign on Saige.

Henry was momentarily flabbergasted.

He removed his watch and began unbuttoning his shirt as he entered the bathroom, closing the door behind him. His voice resonated from within. "Crystal, don't you think you're a little too forgiving?"

Their relationship had shown signs of improvement lately, and Crystal did not want to get into another argument with him.

She approached the bathroom door, leaning against the transparent glass, and whispered, "Maybe it's because we're growing older and can't afford to go through such a roller-coaster anymore. And I don't want to drive another person crazy, Henry."

She instantly thought of Lara.

Despite her composed demeanor, Crystal understood that they could only lead a tranquil life when everyone got what they wanted.

The sound of water echoed from the bathroom.

She listened intently, unsure if Henry would be content with her newfound calmness, uncertain if he would continue to stand by her side. Her heart carried its scars, while his passion showed no signs of fading.

The sound of flowing water in the bathroom soon came to a stop.

Henry emerged from the bathroom in a bathrobe, his body still slightly damp.

Crystal stood still while Henry gazed down at her from above.

After a while, he gently pulled her into his arms and whispered, "I won't upset you anymore in the future."

He had just wanted to gauge Crystal's response.

It was never his intention to have Saige come between them in the first place.

Meanwhile, Saige returned to the country a week later.

Clementine was waiting for her at the airport. She nearly lost her mind when she saw the bandages wrapped around Saige's head.

She realized that Saige had damaged her face. The face that once resembled Crystal was now gone.

All the efforts she had put into crafting Saige's image and planning for her future had gone to waste.

Countless journalists surrounded her, their cameras trained on Saige. Clementine could not control her emotions as she interrogated Saige. "What do you think you're doing? You just destroyed your future!"

In a steady voice, Saige replied. "Miss Dynah, do I even have a future? I followed your instructions to transform myself into Miss Winters likeness to approach Mr. Miller. Besides, my rapid rise to fame might, have given you the wrong impression, but many of the opportunities I had were thanks to Miss Winters."

Clementine did not believe her words.

"You know, Miss Winters has been watching how we made fools of ourselves," Saige responded with a chuckle. "I'm no match for her when it comes to relationship matters, and you, too, can never outwit her in your career."

Even that prestigious man was under Crystal's spell.

Some might say they were only together because of the children, but there would always be people around to take care of the kids even if the adults parted ways.

They were able to sustain the marriage because Henry loved his wife, and they were even trying to conceive their third child.

Saige's remark instantly caused an uproar, but what truly shook things up was her decision to terminate her contract with Géant Corporation, accompanied by her willingness to pay a fifty million termination fee.

She was not sure about her future popularity under Crystal's management, but Crystal had advised her that honesty was the best approach to handle a public relations crisis.

That was why she laid everything bare,

Saige spoke openly, confessing her past wrongdoings and sharing her personal journey. This cathartic release left her feeling significantly relieved. Regardless of whether her fame continued in the future,

she was finally able to embrace her true self rather than live in Crystal's shadow.

On the very day of her revelation, Saige made it to the trending stories.

Surprisingly, her lack of a romantic connection with the male lead garnered both positive and negative attention.

Her loyal fanbase remained intact, and some fans delved into researching Henry and Crystal's past before starting to ship the couple. Surprisingly, some fans even shipped Saige and Crystal-the domineering female CEO and enigmatic female actress.

Despite the turn of events, Saige remained popular, and the contract she signed with Crystal was a thirty- seventy split, with Crystal taking the larger portion.

Everyone was surprised with the outcome. Even David could not help but call Henry. After hemming and hawing for a bit, he asked, "Henry, is everything okay between you and Crystal?".

Henry was diligently working to increase his wife's dividends in his expansive office at Seeas Corporation.

As he reviewed documents, he responded to his father's inquiry. "What makes you think we have a problem?"

David's relief was palpable. He let out a chuckle as he spoke. "Henry, I must say I'm impressed by your skills in managing your wife. Despite the little scandal you got caught up in, Crystal's response has been remarkably magnanimous. The way she's handling the situation would make any man jealous. If it were your mother, she'd probably cry every day and scold me for being unfaithful! I'm glad everything's fine. Otherwise, I might have started to think that your wife doesn't value you."

Henry, who had been writing, suddenly paused and responded with a deadpan expression. "Crystal is not a crybaby!"

She rarely cries except when we're in bed.

With that, David happily chatted with his son for a while longer.

After Henry ended the call, Jamie questioned, "Are you attending Miss Winter's celebratory banquet?"

[Chapter 353 Eastamor](#)

Henry thought about it and decided not to join.

He gave Crystal a call. After a few rings, she answered. "Henry?"

Henry loved the way she called his name.

After taking his time to savor the sound of it, he said with a smile, "I won't be going to your celebratory banquet. I'll head home to take care of the children. Once you're done, I'll come by to pick you up."

Crystal knew his intentions.

He did not want to have anything to do with the women in the entertainment industry, so he decided not to attend the banquet.

As such, Crystal did not force him.

Instead, she acknowledged him with a soft hum before saying, "It's all right. You should stay home. The driver can send me back."

However, Henry insisted on fetching her.

Thus, Crystal agreed with a smile.

After ending the call, she turned around and saw Edith coming over with a few good-looking youths. They were there as the supporting characters for the movie that Crystal had invested in.

The supporting cast members were very polite and greeted her respectfully.

It was the celebratory banquet that night.

Crystal was dressed in a long, purple dress and wore emerald jewelry.

Her long, brown hair cascaded down her waist.

Standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, she acknowledged their greeting softly while looking at her phone. Her nonchalant air was very alluring.

Despite feeling nervous, those young people could not help but admire her.

Finally, Crystal looked up at them.

She was slightly taken aback when she noticed that one of them resembled Robert..

The young man had a clean and decent appearance.

As Crystal focused her attention on him, a wave of sadness welled up in her eyes, and the people around her noticed it.

The young man felt uneasy and greeted her, "Miss Winters."

That was when Crystal returned to her senses.

With tears in the corners of her eyes, she said with a smile. "You remind me of someone I knew!"

Just then, Edith whispered to her, "He's one of the male supporting cast in this movie! His name is Sylvester Sloan."

His family name is Sloan too....

Sylvester mustered all the courage he had and asked, "Is he a friend of yours, Miss Winters?"

Crystal smiled faintly and replied, "Something like that! You're better than him though."

At the very least, he's youthful and vibrant. As for Robert, he's buried six feet underground... By my calculation, Robert was only thirty-four when he passed on and did not even sire an heir for the Sloan family.

With that, Crystal left.

Everyone else was envious of Sylvester because Crystal had specifically paid attention to him.

They began to pester Edith for more information. Edith warned them, "That man used to be Miss Winters' first love! He passed away not too long ago, and Miss Winters is still upset about his demise. In the future, don't ever bring this up."

First love...

Sylvester looked in the direction where Crystal had left and pursed his lips.

It was an extremely grand celebratory banquet.

Saige was now officially one of Crystal's artists, and that infuriated Clementine so much that she called to give Saige a piece of her mind. In fact, Clementine intended to blacklist Saige forever.

Unfortunately for Clementine, it was not possible since Crystal was more powerful than her in Barnwood.

Saige was very grateful to Crystal and expressed her gratitude in her speech.

Sitting amidst the crowd, there was hardly any expression on Crystal's face. On the contrary, she seemed weary after her success, yet her air of nonchalance was very enticing.

Sylvester was only twenty-four years of age, but he was already enamored with Crystal.

As the banquet was coming to an end, Crystal was getting ready to leave, so Edith went to arrange for the car to send her home.

Crystal walked past the hotel lobby alone.

Standing in the night breeze, she heard a man call out, "Miss Winters."

Crystal turned around to see Sylvester standing not far from her and observing her in silence.

His fondness for her was written all over his gorgeous, young face.

He made his way over to her slowly.

Crystal did not stop him.

The young man had a white rose in his hand as he said nervously. "Miss Winters, I think this flower suits your outfit today"

Crystal reached out and accepted the pure white rose.

With her gaze fixated on him, she said gently, "It's very beautiful! Thank you. My husband leaves one next to my pillow every morning too."

Her rejection made him blush.

Crystal was very kind and gentle toward him.

"Don't worry! You don't need to apologize or feel ashamed about it."

There was nothing wrong in liking someone.

As long as one did not do anything wrong, it was fine.

It was a cold night. Just then, a well-made men's coat was draped around Crystal's shoulders.

She looked up and saw it was Henry.

Her husband looked down at her and chided her softly, "It's so cold out here. Why didn't you put on something before coming out?"

Crystal shot him a loving smile.

The sight alone made Sylvester feel even more uneasy.

Henry glanced at him and was sharp enough to notice that the young man resembled a certain someone. Even though the guy was far too young, that did not stop him from becoming Crystal's admirer.

Henry nodded curtly at him before putting his arm around Crystal and guiding her

While they were getting into the car, Henry noticed the rose in her hand.

"You must have taken it from the décor!"

She turned to him and said, "According to the data, Sylvester is only twenty-four years old!"

Henry snorted.

He walked to the back of the car, opened up the trunk, and pulled out a huge bouquet of roses before giving it to her.

Coincidentally, they were white roses too.

Crystal blinked. Is this for me?

[Chapter 354 Not Feeling So Good](#)

Crystal was pleasantly surprised.

Henry stood outside the car, gazing at her delighted countenance.

Hoarsely, he inquired, "Do you like it?"

Crystal's face was almost buried in the roses as she spoke in a rare, sweet voice. "I do."

No woman would dislike receiving flowers from men.

Henry smiled.

After shutting the door, he dashingly went to the other side to board the vehicle. Then, the black sports car sped away under the streetlight like a shooting star.

For a long while after that, Sylvester stood at the hotel entrance wordlessly.

Inside the vehicle, Henry played a soothing song.

Crystal had drunk a glass of champagne earlier, so she was feeling relaxed and slightly dizzy as she leaned against the seat.

The traffic light ahead just so happened to turn red..

Henry stopped the car before tilting his head to gaze at her. "Do you want to go home or to the condominium?"

The question sobered her a little as she buried her face in the roses, muttering, "Is anywhere fine? If it is, I want to stay at a hotel."

The atmosphere became slightly awkward as Henry continued to stare at her.

A moment later, he unbuckled his seatbelt and leaned toward her. Crystal lifted her head, wanting to ask a question, but received a kiss on her lips instead.

It was a long time before he pulled back and spoke hoarsely. "Do you know what you're saying right now, Crystal?"

Crystal was hugging the flowers with one arm and his neck with another..

It wasn't easy to discern if she wanted to push him away or pull him closer.

Suddenly, they heard a honking sound from behind them.

Henry fastened his seatbelt and uttered in a sexy voice, The hotel it is, then!"

It was likely because Crystal hadn't been proactive for a long time that Henry felt exceptionally excited. He sped to the nearest five-star hotel and checked in as fast as possible.

The moment the couple entered the presidential suite, Henry pressed Crystal against the door.

He had been holding himself back for a while now, so he was a little rougher than usual.

Once was naturally not enough.

Henry carried her to the main bedroom, tossed her on the bed, and hastily removed her gown. A moment later, the white roses he gifted her landed on the purple gown on the floor.

Their passion burned like an inferno inside the bedroom.

They weren't done until the early hours of the morning.

Embracing Crystal, Henry kissed her. He was thoroughly satisfied, in body and mind.

"What's with you tonight?" he whispered beside her ear.

Crystal laid her sweaty face on his shoulder. "It could be because of the champagne."

Again, Henry smooched her.

Both of them knew they hadn't taken any precautions that night, but neither wanted to salvage the situation.

Winter was right around the corner, so the weather was quite chilly. As such, Crystal didn't want to move away from Henry's warm embrace.

Henry was the same.

After a while, Crystal urged, "We should return home now,"

Henry kissed her, pretending to be dissatisfied. "It sucks to have kids. It'd be great if we could sleep until the morning after having sex, unlike now, when we must return home at midnight."

Despite his words, he still helped Crystal put on her clothes.

She couldn't wear her gown anymore, so he dressed her in his shirt and coat.

He, on the other hand, simply had on a gray sweater, which was nice and unobtrusive.

By the time they arrived at the lobby to check out, it was already half past one in the morning. The receptionist recognized them and didn't ask too many questions. Upon swiftly helping them check out, she smiled. "I hope to see you again, Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller."

Crystal blushed slightly.

Meanwhile, Henry wasn't at all ashamed. When he received the receipt, he casually asked, "Is there a membership card? Does it give me a discount the next time I'm here?"

The receptionist promptly registered a membership card for him.

When they returned to the car, Crystal couldn't help but remark, "There's not going to be a next time!"

Henry deposited the membership card in the glove compartment, tidied his sweater, and glanced at Crystal. "Didn't that feel great, Mrs. Miller? I thought our time there was amazing."

That elicited a blush from Crystal, who was unwilling to continue that topic.

Henry drove the car slowly.

Just as Crystal was about to rest her eyes, she inadvertently noticed a red sports car in the distance. A woman was sitting inside, peering at them emotionlessly.

The woman's hair was black, and her face was skinny.

When Crystal realized the woman looked a lot like Clementine, a chill ran down her back. She swiftly straightened up to examine the woman better. Unfortunately, the red sports car had taken a turn and drove away.

Noticing her reaction, Henry inquired softly, "What's the matter?"

Crystal's heart was racing as she leaned back in the seat. "I think I saw Clementine! Why would she be here. in the middle of the night? Was she intentionally following us?"

Henry frowned before patting her hand reassuringly. "I'll ask someone to check the security footage. tomorrow."

Crystal nodded but was struggling to calm down. Even when they returned home, she was still feeling uneasy. It wasn't until she drank the hot milk Henry prepared for her that she felt better.

Leaning against the headboard, Crystal appeared feeble under the dim lighting.

Patting her head, Henry comforted, "I'll call the hotel right now. No need to worry, okay?"

He asked her to sleep first before heading to the study to make the call.

Half an hour later, he obtained the surveillance footage of the hotel parking lot. There was a woman inside the red sports car, but it wasn't Clementine.

Henry examined the footage several times to make sure.

After that, he expressed his gratitude to the person who provided him with the footage. "Thanks for the help. I'll treat you to a meal next time!"

The person on the other end replied politely.

Upon returning to the bedroom, Henry noticed Crystal wasn't sleeping yet. Again, he patted her head. "I checked, and it wasn't Clementine. It's just someone who resembles her."

Crystal smiled, pressing her cheek into his palm. Maybe I was overthinking things and being too anxious.

As she slumbered, she had another nightmare starring Robert.

In the nightmare, she saw an endless, dimly lit road. Robert's car had been squashed by a large truck. When she looked at him through the window, she saw him covered in blood and immobile. In his hand was the locket, glinting slightly in the night..

She approached the vehicle, her white pajamas contrasting heavily with the blood on Robert's body

He was still conscious, though barely. After turning his sight toward her, he stretched his arm out "Crystal!"

Crystal squatted and touched his warm body with trembling fingers, exclaiming pantckily, "I'll help you call an ambulance!"

Instead of moving. Robert spoke in a melancholic tone It's too late, Crystal! It's already too late!"

Crystal held his hand tight

As much as she hated him, she didn't want him to die.

She started dragging him out of the car with growing desperation. "Hold on, Robert. I'll save you...."

To her dismay, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't move him.

Crystal wept as he placed the blood-stained locket in her palm.

Peering at her, he spoke in a small voice. "It's yours now, Crystal. It's time for me to go."

Upon ending his sentence, Robert smiled, his body gradually becoming translucent.

His blood floated upward and gradually faded away as well.

Crystal tried to hold on to him but couldn't.

Right before he vanished, he mouthed three words, "I love you."

"Robert! Robert! Robert!" It was then Crystal awoke.

Her body was covered in sweat as Robert's name lingered on her lips.

Abruptly, she was pulled into someone's warm embrace,

"It's just a nightmare, Crystal." Henry gently patted her back, treating her like she was a baby.

In his arms, Crystal shifted to stare at him.

There were tears at the edge of her eyes, and her lips were quivering. Every detail of the nightmare was still fresh in her mind.

Gripping onto his pajamas, she exclaimed agitatedly, "I saw Robert in my dream, Henry!"

Henry continued to reassure her as he cradled her. "It's just a dream, Crystal. It's just a dream."

Crystal teared up because she was genuinely frightened.

Pressing her cheek to his chest, she muttered, "In my dream, I saw him sitting in a car covered in blood. I tried to grab him, but he disappeared."

She tightly wrapped her arms around his neck, sobbing, "He gave me a locket in the dream."

Crystal felt a little guilty because she wondered if Robert would've lived if she had accepted the locket.

Though she didn't want to be a part of his life, she didn't desire his death.

As Crystal revealed her thoughts and emotions, Henry continued to pepper kisses on her.

He'd be lying if he said he wasn't a tad upset that his wife dreamed about her past, dead lover. At the same time, he was aware of how much she was traumatized by Robert's death. Otherwise, she wouldn't have had that nightmare and mistaken someone else for Clementine. "How about we visit an abbot tomorrow

Crystal lay on his shoulder wordlessly.

Even as she rested in his arms, she couldn't sleep.

Then, it started to rain, just like the day Robert died.

However, Henry's embrace was warm.

Like her, he didn't sleep. Ultimately, he caressed her hair, asking softly, "What was it like when you were with him?"

"You don't want to know." Crystal used his arm as her pillow. I doubt he'll be happy to listen to it.

Henry lowered his head and kissed the tip of her nose. "I want to."

Snuggling with him, Crystal softly reminisced about her relationship with Robert.

All Henry did was listen attentively and patiently, reflecting his high emotional quotient.

Even he could feel that Robert had been in love with Crystal back then but missed the chance to be together.

Feeling a wave of complicated emotions, Henry lowered his head and saw his wife had fallen asleep.

He hoped that if she dreamed about Robert again, it'd be when they were still back at university, to a time when there were no horrible accidents, only libraries, bicycles, and maple trees.

Of course, he'd be jealous if Crystal was reliving her first love again.

However, Robert was dead and would only forever live in her memories, so it didn't bother Henry too much.

If she didn't feel anything, she wouldn't have accepted Sylvester's flower.

Gently, Henry left the bed to avoid waking Crystal up. He stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, silently enjoying the view of the rain.

At that moment, he was thinking about his relationship with Crystal.

It was getting better, but there were additional regrets that only he could process,

For example, Audrey's and Lara's matters.

Much like how only Crystal could deal with her feelings regarding those two by herself, only he could face his thoughts on Robert alone.

If they wished to continue leading a good life, they had to confront and accept each other's life experiences.

It had been a long time since Henry thought about Audrey. However, it might take even longer than that for Crystal to forget Robert.

That was something Henry couldn't complain about.

He stood there until it was dawn before he returned to bed.

His body was a bit cold, so Crystal reflexively backed away from him.

However, Henry insisted on hugging her tightly.

Frowning, she mumbled, "You're too cold!"

"It'll be fine in a while. If you give yourself to me, I'll warm you up every day." Henry gently patted her back, coaxing her to sleep.

Crystal hadn't roused completely, so she swiftly fell back asleep.

The next time she awoke, Henry had already sent Skyler to school and taken Remi.

After lying quietly for a while, she got out of bed. The nightmare was still on her mind as she opened the safety deposit box.

The locket was resting inside.

She picked it up and laid it on her palm, feeling as though she could still sense the last of Robert's warmth. At that moment, a housekeeper spoke up from outside the room. "Have you woken up, Mrs. Miller? Mr. Miller asked me to inform you that he'll pick you up later to meet with Mr. Minsky."

Crystal was stunned because she didn't think Henry was serious about his suggestion. "Got it."

Then, she continued to stare at the locket for a long while before returning it to the safety deposit box. Her phone rang, and when she checked it, she saw it was from Ingrid.

Ingrid excitedly informed Crystal that, despite the filming being only halfway through, the movie had already been nominated for a major award. It would seem the people in the industry had high expectations for the film.

It was delightful news for Crystal.

She further chatted with Ingrid before hanging up.

At noon, Henry brought Remi back home. Remi loved his father and only wanted the latter to Crystal remarked, "I don't think we should bring our son with us. The mountain path is a difficult one."

After kissing his son, Henry retorted, "I think we should let the abbot take a look at our boy."

Crystal nodded and prepared a few gifts.

carry

him.

At three in the afternoon, Henry brought his family to meet with George.

Thankfully, George was around.

George stared at Henry momentarily before pressing his palms together. "I can see you underwent a rebirth."

Henry usually didn't believe in anything superstitious or religious, but he still held a healthy dose of fear and respect toward them.

He spoke to George before showing Remi to the latter.

The abbot smiled. "I don't believe you're visiting me for yourself or your child."

Henry nodded.

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George laid his wise gaze on Crystal. "I believe you should have a locket, Miss Winters. Why didn't you bring it with you? A man with the last name Sloan begged for three days so you could have it. I believe that locket will grant you safety."

For a moment, Crystal was stunned.

Then, she recalled the locket in the safety deposit box.

[Chapter 355 A Night Of Jealousy And Passion](#)

“Yes. Very. Exceptionally... jealous!” He planted a kiss on the corners of her mouth after every word, and when he finished his sentence, he kissed her deeply and resumed their lovemaking.

When it was over, he lifted her in his arms and headed toward the closet.

Thinking that he was not yet satiated, she grabbed his arm and said softly, “Let’s wait until tomorrow. I’m really exhausted already.”

Henry lowered his head and kissed her, then carried her to the safety deposit box. While hugging her from behind, he keyed in the password to open the safety deposit box and reveal the locket at the top.

Taking it, he placed it in the palm of her hand.

She turned to look at him in surprise and asked, “What’s the meaning of this?”

He embraced her tightly. A long time passed before he whispered in her ear, “I can’t say I don’t mind in the slightest. However, the abbot said this can grant you safety. From now on, carry it with you at all times. That was also his final wish.”

She dropped her gaze. “You trust me, right?”

He hummed softly in response, then held her hand. “Carry it with you when you go out.”

A wave of emotion washed over her as she thought about how she and Henry had gone through so much. Ever since he lost his memory and when she learned he would never recall the past, she had thought this day would never come. But now, he was making her feel warm and loved.

Turning around, she hugged his waist gently and murmured his name..

The deep emotions in her voice were evident to him as she called his name. He knew what he had to do and was willing and able. However, he did nothing and merely embraced her, lowering his head to kiss her hair as though she were some precious treasure.

She started seducing him. Since they had just done it and her body was so very soft, their desires were easily awakened.

Soon, another passionate session ensued in the walk-in closet.

Crystal visited the set occasionally, and as they approached the end of filming, there were still a few crucial scenes to shoot. Hence, she decided to go and watch,

They were filming indoors that day. Ingrid, who was in costume, had just finished shooting a scene and was about to head back to the dressing room to rest when she spotted Crystal.

She went over with a smile. “What are you doing here, Crystal?”

The director had shown Crystal the playback of the scene, and she had seen how well Ingrid’s acting had been. Hence, she chatted with Ingrid about it and expressed her satisfaction.

Ingrid winked. "This is what I do for a living. Naturally, acting comes easier to me than others."

While they were talking, Sylvester came over from the opposite side. He looked at Crystal and greeted her in a respectful tone. "Miss Winters."

Not wanting others to know about their rather unusual relationship, she gave a slight nod before following Ingrid to the dressing room.

Ingrid was as sharp as a razor. She poured Crystal a cup of tea, and while the latter was taking a sip, she glanced outside and said, "That young man is quite the looker. I hear many young ladies in the industry are interested in him, but he has remained squeaky clean."

Crystal had also heard about that the past few days, and she merely smiled in response. –

"He seems to like you quite a bit and keeps staring at you. If you're really not interested, I'll make a move,"

Ingrid continued with a wink.

Crystal interrupted her and said, "He's only twenty-four years old! Are you still going to make a move on him?"

Ingrid placed a hand against her forehead and gave a reserved smile. After all, she was already forty-two years old!

Crystal watched the filming of several scenes on set, and one of them was with Sylvester and Ingrid. His acting skills were quite good, and he did not seem like a rookie at all.

Crystal made the most of her time on set and left before filming wrapped up for the day.

Sylvester was a little distracted when she left. At that moment, the usually reserved Ingrid nudged him. "You can stop pining after Miss Winters. Why don't we have some fun tonight?"

His cheeks turned pink.

"I'm just teasing you! Crystal wouldn't agree to it anyway," she replied, covering her mouth and chuckling. I can see that Crystal looks out for him a fair bit. Perhaps it's for the sake of her dead first love, or maybe it's because of his innocence...

Meanwhile, his face was flushed, and his heart pounded from her teasing.

As he was leaving after removing his makeup, he saw a red sports car in the parking lot. A woman got out of the vehicle when she saw him. She was slender and had long, straight black hair.

The woman approached him with an infatuated look in her eyes. Then, she said, "I'd like to chat with you."

[Chapter 356 Spend The Night](#)

Sylvester recognized the woman.

Her name was Clementine, who was once his uncle's lover.

He shut the door and walked over. "What would you like to talk to me about, Miss Dynah?"

Clementine gazed at the young and handsome face and froze. "You look just like him!" she murmured.

Sylvester did not respond.

They went to a café nearby, which was quiet enough to discuss business.

Clementine was even thinner than she used to be.

Her skin was so dry that her makeup did not stick, but she still turned on the charm for the twenty-four-year-old man. She brushed her hair lightly and beamed. "You will only be a side character at Crystal's. Come to me."

Sylvester gazed at her.

Clementine took out a contract from her purse. "I've signed you on for five years, which guarantees a Leading role in two films and two television series, with appearances on variety shows not included.

Whatever you make will be split fifty-fifty."

To a newcomer to the industry, the terms seemed irresistible.

However, fame was not what Sylvester sought.

He drummed on the agreement with his slender fingers. "There won't be any additional verbal agreements, will there, Miss Dynah?" he asked softly.

Clementine rested her hand on the back of his.

Sylvester lowered his gaze before looking up to meet hers.

"Be my lover," Clementine said bluntly.

Sylvester retracted his hand and gazed calmly at Clementine. "Thank you for your interest, Miss Dynah. I'm sorry, but I'm not interested."

Clementine became irritated. She sneered. "Do you know how many people would vic for such an opportunity?"

Sylvester turned around to leave without so much as a backward glance.

Clementine saw him as a younger version of his uncle. He did not like being a substitute.

Crystal, too, thought they looked alike.

However, Crystal's gaze was gentle, and she even cherished his youth. She was the one Sylvester wanted to protect.

Perhaps my bitter, unrequited love will fade away one day.

He would start his own family, but he would look back fondly at having once loved such a beautiful person.

It gave him a warm, fuzzy feeling.

Behind him, Clementine gritted her teeth.

Though she wanted to make her mark in Barnwood, her connections were limited. The only star she had groomed, Saige, fell to Crystal. Even worse, Sylvester did not want her.

Fools. Would Crystal treat them genuinely? No, she won't!

The film Crystal had invested in was wrapped up on Christmas Eve.

A large number of guests were attending the wrap-up party.

Crystal invited Alfred. Naturally, she also invited the Miller family.

Beautiful women swarmed the place under the luxurious crystal lamps. Despite being over forty years old, Ingrid stood out.

Alfred personally gifted her a bouquet of flowers.

Berthold was seated below the stage. His eyes flickered. "Why would Daddy give another lady flowers. Mommy?" he asked Melora.

Melora felt a little uncomfortable.

Though Alfred and Ingrid were once married and had a child together, he never shies away from such antics. Shameless man.

However, she could not bear to upset the child. Thus, she stroked the boy's head. "Daddy is friends with Miss Hopper.

Berthold was puzzled. "Are you friends with Daddy, too?"

Melora did not know how to answer him.

Just then, Alfred descended the stage.

When they were out, he kept his distance from Melora, treating her like another relative of his. "Why did you bring him here?" he asked with a look at Berthold.

Melora was wearing a diamond gown that night, which was more dazzling than the chandelier.

Her cleavage, in particular, intrigued Alfred to such an extent that he found himself subtly blocking her from view.

Melora did not notice his dark thoughts. "He wants to see you," she said softly. "In fact, he insisted on coming! After she spoke, she turned to Ingrid.

Alfred glanced at her.

Then, he hugged and kissed the child, rubbing the boy's soft cheeks with his stubble. Berthold, still a toddler, smelled of milk.

As he hugged and sniffed him, Alfred found his heart softening.

He thought it was fortunate that he did not live with the boy, or he would be so enamored that he would not be able to do much else with his arms around the latter every day.

“Did you miss me?”

The child kissed him shyly.

Being father and son, they looked alike; Alfred, too, had dyed his hair black, and outsiders could not quite see the resemblance.

During the performance on stage, Alfred sat down with the boy in his arms. Fortunately, those around him were his people, and he could lower his guard. “I’ll send you two home later,” he said to Melora quietly.

Melora kept her gaze fixedly up on stage.

Alfred could not resist a smile; he knew she was jealous. “Aren’t you too old to be jealous? You’re somebody’s mother! By the way, aren’t you cold from wearing so little?”

Melora was livid.

Given Alfred’s status, she did not spend much time with him.

His visit this time was mostly to see her. When it was time for him to go, Berthold gazed at him pitifully like a puppy.

Alfred’s heart softened.

He whispered something to Berthold, who cheered up once more.

At the end of the party, Melora left with Berthold. She went down the underground parking lot, where a black RV was waiting. Leslie was driving with Alfred in the back seat.

Melora headed over. Leslie hurriedly got out of the vehicle and opened the door for them.

“Mr. Lodge has been waiting for you.”

“Berthold wants to see him,” Melora said softly.

Leslie smiled, not wishing to comment further. He placed his hand on the roof of the vehicle and stood aside for them to enter.

Soon after, they sped away.

Unexpectedly, they arrived at a quiet residential area where there were fewer neighbors. “Mr. Lodge’s newly bought house,” Leslie said with a smile as they pulled over.

There was a hint of joy in his words.

Melora turned to look at Alfred, who merely picked up the boy and exited the vehicle.

The silhouette of his back remained as strapping as it had been a few years ago. If she was being honest with herself, he was a very attractive man. Even if he was not as powerful as he was, she thought he would not be lacking in women.

His acquisition of a property in Barnwood could only mean one thing....

Melora's heart began racing.

She followed him into the mansion, which had been decorated pleasantly; it did not look like a bachelor's pad.

There was even a rocking horse in the living room, which Berthold was already on.

Alfred removed his coat, revealing a white shirt underneath, and squatted beside the child. "Do you like it?" he caressed his son's head.

Berthold gazed up at him.

He knew he had a father, but he had lived with his mother and was told to address the latter as Great-uncle Alfred when they were out. With the intuition only children possessed, he knew how different he was from the others.

Now, Daddy has brought me here to such a large house. He even offered to buy me a Labrador. It's not the same as it used to be

Berthold beamed. "I like it very much, Daddy."

Alfred stroked his head again and chided him affectionately. "Silly boy!"

It was a touching scene.

Melora lowered her head, concealing her feelings as best as she could as she was reluctant to reveal them.

Alfred turned around and gazed at her tenderly. Then, he walked over and whispered to her, "Don't cry! You're too old to be crying, aren't you?"

He pulled her to the couch to sit down and poured her some milk.

Sitting beside her, he went on gently. "I have some good news to share with you."

"Why don't you share it with Miss Hopper?" Melora said pointedly.

Alfred chuckled.

He reached out to touch her hair like he did their son's. "You're still jealous! Miss Hopper has been helping me for the past two years. I showed up to support her and, secondly, for Crystal."

Melora was stubborn, her tongue most of all.

"That's not what I meant!"

Alfred smiled. "My project is a success! Equipped with the latest avionic technology, it's going to launch next week. I'll have Leslie arrange for you and Berthold to come have a look."

I have paid my dues for four years for that. I have paid by forsaking the girl I love. Even now, my son is outside calling me Great-uncle Alfred. Soon, we would be reunited.

At a time like this, he wanted the one he cared about the most to be there, to be able to glance at them through the crowd and think the sacrifices over the past few years were worth it.

Then, he would be able to step down.

Alfred had thought about it. After this, he would resign from every position.

The Lodge family had many businesses to manage.

Besides, he was not even that old, and it would not be too late for him to start a business venture from scratch.

The most important thing was to give Melora a stable future.

He was so sincere that Melora felt moved. She recalled the diamond ring.

Alfred seemed to have recalled it as well. His voice was hoarse. "Do you still have the ring? That belongs to the woman I will call my wife. It's not easy for me to save up for it, you know, I still have to propose!"

Melora was moved, but like all women, she was not going to give in that easily.

"I'll give it back to you, but you should save your proposal for another woman. You have so many around. you anyway, Mr. Lodge. I'm sure I'm not the only one.

Though she was stubborn, her words were coy.

Alfred's gaze twinkled. There's the girl I know.

He wanted to lean in, but he had a son in his care, so he whispered, "Spend the night here. We won't have to sneak around anymore."

However, Melora did not agree to it at once.

She had been apart from him for several years. Though she had passed the end of the line, she had been hurt too much.

She was about to turn him down when Berthold heard them. "I want to stay, Mommy," he begged.

Melora's lips quivered. The child leaped over and threw himself into her arms. She always felt that she owed him too much, so she could never turn him down out of love.

Though she did not explicitly say it, she agreed to stay!

Alfred, on the other hand, did not seem to be in a hurry. Instead, he personally went to the kitchen to prepare supper for them. It was delicious, but Melora ate quietly.

Alfred was fussing over the boy. "You've grown a lot less chatty over the past few years," he said to her gently. "Remember how you used to chatter? It's always Mr. Alfred this and Mr. Alfred that, and-"

Melora lowered her gaze. "People grow up."

Alfred gazed at her wordlessly.

He knew that she earned well and that her family was rich. She had many prospects, but he wanted her.

Naturally, the child was unaware of the unspoken exchange between the adults.

Later that night, the boy grew tired. Alfred showered him and helped him put on his pajamas.

As soon as Berthold lay in bed, he fell asleep.

Alfred sat on the edge of the bed. His expression grew solemn. He stroked his son's cheek for a long time.

Aside from Melora, the one he felt the most guilt for throughout his life was his son.

After a long time, he got up and left.

He found Melora in the guest room. She was standing beside the bed with a bathrobe in her hand, looking like she was in a dilemma.

Alfred walked over. He gripped her shoulder from behind and said softly, "Come to the master bedroom. The three of us have never fallen asleep together as a family."

Melora shook her head.

Alfred held her waist tightly. He rested his chin on her haggard shoulder. "I've been waiting for a long time, Melora. I owe you so much. Give me a chance to make up for it, all right?"

Melora began sobbing.

She tried hard to suppress her weeping. He had given her up time and time again, and yet, he said he wanted her.

Alfred felt awful.

He turned her around to wipe away her tears and kissed her again. "I'm serious. Come and sleep with our son."

Melora had many questions, but she could not voice a single one..

With his arms around her, Alfred led her back to the master bedroom.

He did not touch her. After waiting patiently for her to take a shower, the three of them lay in bed together.

Between them lay the child.

Through the child, Alfred held her hand and caressed her ring finger.

She is blessed with lovely, slender fingers.

Alfred's voice was low. Before he knew it, he thought of her as a woman. She was no longer that inexperienced girl; he had told her as much.

There is also the impending matter of Berthold's education.

Melora was a little unrealistic. Despite her stubbornness, she could not deny that it was a day she had been waiting for. However, now that the day had come, she found herself at a loss.

She closed her eyes slightly when Alfred leaned over to kiss her, and her slender neck stiffened.

Her voice was trembling. "I'm scared, Alfred."

She was afraid that it was all a dream.

She was even more afraid of accepting all of it; she had gotten used to waiting in vain and getting disappointed.

Alfred was heartbroken. He kissed and comforted her.

Ultimately, he could not bear to take her. "Let's save it for the wedding night," he whispered in her ear.

Melora was scandalized at his shamelessness.

What wedding night? Look at how old our child is! I'm not going to initiate it, or it'll make me look desperate. Here I am, in his arms, and he's asking about attending something like that.

"We'll see. There have been quite a lot of casting of late."

Alfred kissed the corner of her lips. "Go, deal with them. I've been waiting for this day, Melora."

She did not give him a definitive answer.

She thought of taking it slow as she did not wish to live like that.

Alfred was not upset. He kissed her, then grabbed her hand and brought it to his groin. She was horrified. Our son is right here!

In the end, however, he got his way.

After relieving himself, Alfred hugged her. "I didn't expect to fall into the hands of a little girl like you a few years ago," he said softly as he hugged her. "I didn't even think about getting married! There won't be any other unworthy woman, Melora. I'm determined to be true to you with all my heart."

Listening quietly, she felt her heart soften.

Eventually, she fell asleep in his arms.

Alfred left early the following morning, but he prepared breakfast.

Berthold was delighted. He watched his mother quietly as he ate breakfast and thought about how beautiful his mother was, how bright her skin, was, and how she seemed to glow.

I think Mommy must be fond Daddy.

Chapter 357

Melora could tell the child was excited.

Although Alfred would often go to Barnwood, he rarely got to see his son. Even if they were to see each other, they wouldn't have time to have a meal with each other.

Melora was filled with guilt, so she caressed her son's head and uttered softly, "You'll be going to school next year, Berthold!"

Berthold was so thrilled that he ended up drinking another glass of milk.

In his baby voice, he said, "I want to go to school with Christopher and Skyler."

Melora responded with a hum.

At that moment, the driver was waiting outside for them.

The driver was Alfred's confidant, and he was smiling brightly when he opened the car door for Melora and Berthold. "Mr. Lodge returned to Coldbridge on a private plane this morning. He ordered me to send you and Mr. Berthold back safely."

Returned to Coldbridge? Melora froze momentarily.

The driver then added, "Mr. Lodge didn't have matters to attend to in Barnwood. He flew over on short notice yesterday afternoon and rushed back after seeing you!"

Needless to say, Melora was touched. After all, she had loved Alfred for years, and he had even provided them a home in Barnwood.

Upon hearing those words, Melora kept mum with Berthold in her arms.

The little boy was also keeping silent in his mother's arms. Mommy seems happy, but she looks like she's about to cry.

Later that night, Henry brought his family back to the Miller residence for dinner.

The moment the car came to a halt, Skyler led the way with her head held high. "Christopher, hurry! Why are you walking like a girl?" she grumbled.

Christopher's cheeks turned pink when he looked ahead and glanced at the little girl with curly brown hair and a beautiful skirt.

After Christopher's mother died when he was little, Skyler appeared and kept him company ever since.

Behind them, Henry carried Remi in his arms and walked into the residence beside Crystal.

David and his wife adored Christopher and had prepared a room for him that looked like the rooms the other children had.

The dinner went well.

After dinner, David asked Henry to go to the study to talk about business.

On the other hand, Julia brought the children to the kitchen to bake cookies.

Crystal was free, so she went to Melora's room.

When Crystal arrived there, Melora was spacing out in front of the vanity and looking at something.

Crystal tip-toed over and took the item from Melora's grip. As it turned out, it was a diamond ring.

There and then, Crystal knew it was a ring Alfred had given Melora.

With a smile, Crystal asked, "Are you guys engaged?"

Melora shook her head in a daze.

Melora was close to Crystal, and they would tell each other everything. Hence, Melora told Crystal everything that had happened the night before. After that, she uttered softly, "I love him, Crystal! However, those years were tormenting. He can't just take me and Berthold back because he's successful now!"

Crystal gave Melora back the diamond ring and hugged her. While patting Melora's shoulder, Crystal said, "Henry and I want you to be happy."

Crystal knew Melora had already decided if the latter wanted to follow Alfred.

Right then, Henry had finished his discussion and gone to look for Crystal.

Coincidentally, he saw Melora's eyes brimming with tears.

He stood by the door and lit up a cigarette. After taking a puff of his cigarette, he asked, "Did that old man. make you sad again?"

"Henry!" Crystal bit her lip.

Henry removed the cigarette from his lips, blew out a cloud of smoke, and smiled. "This isn't about you. This is about Uncle Alfred. You know how many times he reprimanded me before, so why don't you criticize him?"

Crystal's anger dissipated at once.

Melora didn't want to affect the relationship between those two, so she quickly said she was fine.

Henry gazed at Melora deeply and put his arms around his wife. In a gentle tone, he said, "It's time to head. home! The kids are having way too much fun! Melora, stay here with Berthold, okay?"

Melora hummed in response and watched the couple leave.

After the house fell silent, she sat down and spaced out again while looking at the diamond ring.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Alfred was the only one who would call her that late at night.

After a moment of hesitation, Melora answered the phone.

It was quiet on the other end of the phone call. In a husky voice, Alfred asked, "Have you made up your mind?"

Melora sniffled. "Which matter are you talking about? Are you asking me if I'm ready to move in with you?"

Alfred, I haven't decided on anything. I need time."

Alfred smiled and said in an even huskier voice, "You're becoming more mature! Melora, I've been too impatient. I was eager to tell you about it! However, Berthold was with us last night, so there were things I couldn't say out loud. Let's find a time to talk about it, okay?"

"No!" Melora sounded like she was about to cry.

Alfred knew her like the back of his hand, so he knew she was on the verge of tearing up.

However, Alfred could understand how she felt. I abandoned a good woman, and she waited for me secretly for years. It's only normal for her to feel sad.

With that in mind, he chose not to pressure her and changed the topic.

In a casual tone, he said, "Winter has arrived, and the wisteria flowers are dropping. However, they'll bloom again next year! Did you hear, Melora? My mom made a burrito for me, packed with meat and pepper. She knew I didn't like eating that! She threw a tantrum and did not allow me to eat much, as she told me that she missed you and Berthold. She even made shoes for Berthold. I'll bring the shoes over to you when I visit."

Upon hearing that, Melora sobbed softly. I spent the best few years of my life when I was living in Coldbridge with Mr. Alfred back then. Although life wasn't easy back then, I was blissful.

Alfred heard her crying and coaxed her tenderly, "Bring Berthold here with you, okay? I'll take you to eat all the food in Coldbridge, take you to the shopping malls, and take the little guy to visit relatives. We have so many relatives here, and he'll receive plenty of monetary gifts."

As soon as those words fell, Melora even harder.

He never failed to make her cry.

In fact, Alfred would always give her the best and worst moments in life.

In the end, she hung up on him without saying goodbye.

Meanwhile, Alfred grew morose with his phone in his hand. He was filled with regrets when he recalled the misery Melora had endured over the years. As a matter of fact, he was heartbroken when he found out that she had given birth and taken care of the child on her own. I love her dearly.

Alfred slowly put down his phone and stood before the window to feel the cold breeze. I'll be indebted to her for the rest of my life. This is a feeling that will never fade in time!

[Chapter 358 Our Third Child 1](#)

It was late at night.

As their black car cruised steadily on the road, the weary children swayed from side to side in the back seats.

Henry turned to look at Crystal and noticed that she was reclined in her seat, gazing out of the window.

"Are you still angry?"

He held her hand gently.

Crystal smiled and replied, "Why would I be? Keep your eyes on the road."

Henry let go of her hand and focused his attention back on the road. After a long silence, he muttered, "You know, Crystal, Uncle Alfred and Melora's relationship hasn't always been smooth sailing."

They could have been strangers with no chance of meeting each other, or they could have been one-night-stand partners seeking only temporary fun. However, once they experienced something good, they were not willing to settle for less. Henry and Crystal were no exception.

Robert's death had likely impacted Henry, making him realize that accidents could occur at any moment in life. That incident also led him to cherish his marriage and relationship with Crystal more, even accepting her reservations about him.

Soon, they arrived back at the mansion.-

While Crystal was getting out of the car, Henry unbuttoned his jacket and said, "Bring Skyler and Christopher inside."

He, on the other hand, covered Remi with his jacket and carried him out of the car.

Remi was still a baby, his rosy cheeks resting on Henry's shoulders as he slept soundly.

As a father, Henry could not help but give him a kiss.

Since Christopher moved in, Skyler had become more independent and tidy. The adults no longer needed to worry about the little girl, as Christopher would assist her with everything, even the most trivial tasks.

However, Crystal often worried if that was truly beneficial for Skyler.

By the time Henry returned to the bedroom, Crystal had already taken her shower and was in the middle of her skincare routine at the dressing table..

Lately, they had grown very close and were spending a lot of time sleeping together.

Henry instinctively wrapped his arms around her slender waist from behind and began to caress her up and down. He then playfully whispered in her ear, "Have you put on some weight?"

Well, women loved to be slim.

Crystal gently removed his long fingers and snapped, "You should lay your hands on those skinny ones!"

Henry smiled.

He then stepped aside and continued to observe how she took care of her skin.

Actually, Crystal had all the right curves in all the right places, Henry loved a voluptuous woman. When she loosened her bathrobe and proceeded to put some cream on her abdomen, he could not help but offer to do the job for her. He squeezed some lotion and gently applied it on her porcelain skin while nibbling her shoulder. "We've been doing it quite often recently. I think you might be pregnant."

Crystal froze for a moment.

She tried to recall her menstrual cycle. Upon realizing her period was more than half a month late, she pushed him away.

Right then, Henry was filled with lust for her, and it was impossible for him to stop his amorous advance.

Left with no choice, Crystal pulled his black hair and forcefully pushed him away. Panting, she announced, "I haven't had my period for one and a half months."

Henry was visibly taken aback upon hearing that.

Slowly, he gazed at her and asked, "Really?"

Crystal replied with a hum as she placed a hand on her belly, feeling a mix of emotions.

Am I pregnant again?

Henry squatted down.

As he pressed his handsome face against her fair-skinned belly, he got emotional and asked in a trembling, voice, "Is my baby really in there?"

Initially, Crystal was a little panicked, but she became calm and composed after noticing his expression. She gently brushed his hair and said in a gentle tone, "Why are you so emotional? It's not even your first time becoming a dad."

Henry stretched out his hands and pulled her bathrobe up.

While pressing his face on her belly, he said softly, "The first two times don't count. This is our baby."

Crystal stroked his face again. "Skyler and Remi would be so sad if they heard this.""

Henry muttered, "I love them just as much. However, this one is different. Do you understand, Crystal? It's different."

Crystal knew that well.

She caressed his face, bent down, and kissed him, leading them into a tender night.

The next morning, Henry took Crystal to the hospital for a check-up.

Lo and behold, she was indeed pregnant.

The doctor knew the Millers very well. She said with a smile, "Congratulations, Henry! It's going to be your third time as a father."

Henry pretended to be unfazed. "It's no longer a big deal when it's the third time."

The doctor chuckled.

She then prescribed Crystal some folic acid and iron.

After leaving her clinic, Crystal waited in the lobby while Henry went to the dispensary to collect the medicines.

Perhaps it was Crystal's first trimester; she felt a bit dizzy, and her body wobbled a little. With one hand on her forehead, she tried to find a seat. Suddenly, someone held her. Thinking it was Henry, she said, "I'm fine. I'm just feeling a little dizzy. Maybe it's because my blood pressure is low during pregnancy."

The person said nothing.

Feeling that something was amiss, Crystal turned to have a look and was stunned.

It was Sylvester! He was accompanying a middle-aged woman who was quite good-looking. Due to their similar features, Crystal guessed it was his mother. The surprising thing was that Crystal knew that woman, and she recognized her as the wife of Robert's cousin.

Back then, they met up a lot when she was in a four-year relationship with Robert.

For a moment, an awkward silence filled the air.

Sylvester assisted Crystal in grabbing a seat, looking rather conflicted.

She's pregnant again. In the end, she does love Henry. A woman will never bear the child of a man she doesn't have feelings for.

Crystal regarded Sylvester as her junior. She nodded and smiled at his mother. "It's been a while."

A wave of complicated feelings washed over Chelsea.

She remembered those days when Crystal and Robert were an item.

Who would have known that she

I run into Crystal many years later after Robert's passing?

What a pity! "You seem to be leading a blissful life," Chelsea remarked softly.

Crystal smiled and remained silent in tacit affirmation.

Right then, Henry returned with the medicines. He first glanced at both the mother and son and then at Crystal. "Are you unwell?" he asked caringly.

Crystal nodded and replied, "Perhaps I'm anemic. Luckily, Sylvester and his mother were around just now."

Henry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and thanked the duo. Chelsea scrutinized him for a long while, as he possessed good manners and a regal aura.

After they left, Chelsea said to her son, "Everything seems good. It's no wonder Crystal moved on."

Chelsea seemed to be very fond of Robert. She added, "She was on your Uncle Robert's mind until the moment he passed on. Anyhow, we can't blame the girl. It was Robert who didn't appreciate her."

Sylvester did not respond; his gaze darkened.

After a long pause, he said, "Mom, let's go to the registration counter."

When they got into the car, Henry passed the tumbler to Crystal and unwrapped a sweet for her.

It was a candy that Skyler had left in the car.

After a while, Crystal felt much better.

Henry turned sideways, caressed her face, and said softly, "I'll arrange a nutritionist for you tomorrow. I want nothing but the best for you, for women should always look good and be well-nourished."

Crystal had become very vulnerable due to her pregnancy.

She rested her chin on his palm and muttered, "You just commented about the extra weight on my belly last night."

Henry looked perplexed.

A moment later, he said in a coarse voice, "Curvy is the new sexy. I actually like it that way."

His straightforwardness made Crystal blush.

Henry gently threw his arms around her and pulled her into his embrace, placing her head on his chest.

She could feel the warmth from his body, especially since it was winter.

Crystal continued to lean on him and listened as he called home. "Dad, Crystal is pregnant!"

Right then, David was still in a meeting, and he got all excited when he heard the news.

What? Crystal is pregnant again?

He then counted. There are already four children at home. With this one coming along, there will be a total of five kids! It seems like Christopher is a bringer of luck. Good things keep happening since he came to our house.

Hence, David made a decision on the spot. "Crystal is a pregnant lady, and she needs someone to take care of her. You should send her and all the children back home. Mom and I will prepare the best diet and attend to all her needs daily. You don't need to worry about Skyler and Christopher, either. Just focus on Seeas Corporation and Miller Corporation."

Henry burst out laughing. "Dad, it's my wife who's pregnant."

David quipped, "She's my daughter-in-law too! Can't I dote on her?"

Henry looked down and pinched Crystal's cheek. "I'll take care of my own wife."

With that, he hung up the phone.

David huffed. Hmph! What's so great about having a pregnant wife?

After venting his frustration, he grinned. Finally, Henry is starting to look more like a responsible husband.

[Chapter 359 Our Third Child 2](#)

Henry sent Crystal back home.

He was reluctant to go to the company because he wanted to accompany her, but she wouldn't let him.

"It's not something new. You should go to the company!"

After Henry carried Crystal to the sofa and turned up the heating, he finally relaxed. Having figured out that there was good news, the household servants congratulated Henry simultaneously.

In turn, Henry generously distributed monetary gifts to them.

On a warm winter day, Crystal held a cup of hot milk and watched Henry instruct the servants outside. When he walked to the parking lot and opened the car door, he absentmindedly turned back and met Crystal's gaze.

Although they said nothing, he was happy and contented with the thought that she was pregnant with his child.

In the evening, Henry picked up Skyler and Christopher. When they reached the house, Christopher got out first and helped Skyler down.

Henry closed the car door and watched in silence.

After a moment, he followed the two children into the hall.

The hall was filled with various precious tonics and gifts. Crystal was busy counting them and instructing the servants to store them.

As Henry took off his coat, he casually asked, "Did many people visit?"

Crystal shook her head. "It was just my parents and Melora! They brought a lot of gifts."

After pausing for a while, she continued, "Let's not announce the news of my pregnancy first to avoid people from swarming here."

Seeing her obedient appearance, Henry couldn't help but reach around her waist from behind. "Mrs. Miller, you're right. Pregnant women shouldn't overexert themselves," he agreed gently.

Crystal felt somewhat uncomfortable because Henry didn't seem to mind that three children were at home.

What if they mimic his behavior?

Smiling, Henry walked over to hug Remi. The little boy was growing up so well. His skin was so fair and tender.

Maybe we should have another daughter! A girl who has Crystal's looks and her personality.

Skyler looked at Henry and then at Crystal. She probably guessed what was going on, so she ran over. gently touched her mother's belly, and kissed it very carefully.

Crystal lowered her head and stroked Skyler's curly brown hair.

Skyler beckoned at Christopher with her chubby hand, "Come over, Christopher!"

Christopher moved over slowly.

Skyler let him touch Crystal's belly. Then, she whispered to him, "You're going to be a big brother, Christopher. Are you happy?"

As Christopher leaned against Crystal's belly, Crystal caressed his head.

Christopher smiled, but there were tears in his eyes. His parents had been arguing constantly since he could remember, and he lost his mother at a very young age. To be cared for by a mother-like figure had been a long-lost memory for him.

He had never told anyone that the thing he looked forward to the most every holiday was Henry coming. to pick him up and letting him stay at the Miller residence for a few days.

Crystal felt very sympathetic toward him.

She bent down and gave him a kiss. "Christopher, you can call me 'Mommy' too," she said softly.

However, Christopher was a shy seven-year-old kid.

His little face turned slightly red.

Crystal didn't force it. She always respected the children's wishes. She intended to prepare dinner for the children at night but was ordered to rest by Henry. She sighed helplessly, "It's just pregnancy. I'm not that fragile!"

Wrapping his arm around her waist, Henry whispered, "I don't know about the others, but I'm experiencing this for the first time! Rest, I'll take care of dinner!"

His culinary skills were not as good as Crystal's, but he had fun cooking with the two kids.

At night, Crystal got hungry.

Turning over, she snuggled up to Henry and looked at him expectantly.

Henry woke up and looked at her. His voice was slightly hoarse from just waking up. "What time is it? Is my wife hungry?"

It was warm under the blanket, and if it were a normal day, Crystal wouldn't want him to get up and fuss. around. However, being pregnant with this child didn't make her feel nauseous or uncomfortable. Instead, her appetite was very good.

Resting her head on his shoulder, she said, "I want to cat beef stew!"

Henry gently patted her buttocks and replied, "Sure! I've got it covered."

He got up and put on his clothes while muttering, "Whatever my wife wants to eat, I'll make it for her! Sweet or savory, I've got it all."

Crystal thought he was down-to-earth, but then, he was rather rogue and shameless at the same time, too.

After putting on a sweater, Henry went downstairs to prepare the beef stew while Crystal stayed in the warm bedroom. Since she couldn't sleep, she decided to get up and go through Skyler's and Christopher's homework in detail.

Although there were several children in the family, she treated every one of them seriously.

She also knew that adding another child to the family would make it nearly impossible for her to expand her career further. However, the income from the music center and the restaurant was already very good. Perhaps she could occasionally invest in one or two movies!

A woman who had a comfortable life like her was always gentle.

At night, she looked back on the past and found solace,

An hour later, Henry brought in a bowl of beef stew. When he opened the door, a cold breeze blew past.

"Here's the beef stew. Try it."

He placed the tray on the small coffee table in the living room and watched as Crystal ate. She was actually quite picky with food, but what Henry made suited her taste.

"Delicious." A faint smile appeared on Crystal's face.

Henry caressed her face with his cold hands. "As long as you like it!"

When Crystal shot Henry a glare, he merely laughed.

After a while, he took out a cigarette and said softly, "I'm going outside for a smoke. I've held off all day."

Crystal nodded in response.

She wouldn't ask him to quit smoking because she knew that businessmen like him always had social obligations.

However, he just needed to avoid smoking in front of the children.

Henry went out to smoke. There was no heater in the study, so he opened the window despite the chilly weather.

Despite the cold, his heart had never felt so full.

Crystal was pregnant, and the feelings this child brought to him were something that others couldn't understand.

He adored her and loved her, but their memories together had always been blank. Perhaps in the eyes of the others, Henry was a powerful figure. Whether as a lawyer or a CEO, he excelled in everything he did.

But even the most powerful people would crumble in the face of love.

Like any other ordinary person in love, Henry could also be fragile and worried. Even though Robert had passed on a long time ago, Henry was still worried that Crystal would still have a place for Robert

in her heart. He was afraid that she would love Robert more than him.

But now, with this child...

Henry's heart was filled with gratitude.

From now on, he would be assured that those worries would never come true.

Standing in the night breeze, Henry exhaled his last puff of smoke and closed the window. When he walked out of the study to his bedroom, his wife was there, along with their unborn child.

Crystal leaned against the headboard, reading a book while waiting for him.

Henry could almost feel her gentleness warming up the chilly room...

The next day, Crystal got up early in the morning.

Henry had already taken care of Skyler and Christopher. The two kids were having breakfast, and their school bags were neatly placed on the sofa.

Neatly dressed, Henry was holding a package in his hand.

Crystal felt a bit puzzled. "Is it for me?"

"No," he replied calmly.

He was about to toss the package back into the storage room when Crystal stopped him. "I want to see it."

Henry cleared his throat. "This was sent to the wrong address."

Crystal didn't believe him.

She insisted on looking at it, and as she suspected, it was something sent from Hulcaster.

It was from Lara.

Upon seeing Lara's signature, Crystal felt a mixture of emotions. She glared at Henry. "You said it was sent to the wrong address!"

He gave her a faint smile. "I didn't want you to be unhappy."

Crystal began to open the package. "There's nothing to be unhappy about," she muttered.

Every time Henry and Crystal had a disagreement, it was always about Henry's problems and not the others. However, what bothered Crystal the most about Lana was that she was Audrey's sister.

I may be a bit petty after all.

Inside the package, there was a kind of powdered root, which was an exclusive product from a rural area in Hulcaster.

Crystal stared at it silently for a while before ordering a housekeeper to put it in the kitchen. Perhaps I will make a cup of tea with it when the weather turns cold!

Henry quietly wrapped his arms around her waist from behind and whispered, "Crystal, have never liked her."

"Okay."

Crystal couldn't help recalling the lipstick mark that day.

Let alone liking her.. If Henry had any desire for her back then, Crystal's relationship with him wouldn't be what it was today. That ploy was just his despicable attempt to probe her at that time.

Crystal shot him a glare as she said, "I've decided that we should sleep in separate beds for a while."

Henry gently coaxed, "If we sleep separately, who will get up at night to make you beef stew if you ever crave it again?" I've told them not to bring this kind of parcel here!

Crystal thought about it and agreed.

Henry smiled. As he adjusted his tie, he said to the two children, "Let's get in the car! I will take you to kindergarten."

Carrying their small backpacks, Skyler and Christopher held hands as they climbed into the car.

Crystal stood in the hallway and watched the black car leave the villa. The sunlight warmed her. On the dining table, there was her favorite breakfast, as well as Remi's mashed potatoes.

Henry was a good husband undeniably.

Crystal turned around and gave Remi a few kisses after the housekeeper brought him downstairs.

At noon, she received a call from Melora.

It turned out that the launch of Alfred's project would be postponed to the end of the year because there was an issue with it. Since Alfred was extremely busy, it might take a while before he could come to Barnwood.

Melora was choking up over the phone. "Well, I guess it's okay! I haven't really made up my mind either."

Crystal thought of how Henry had described Melora as a stubborn person. Now she understood it better.

After hanging up the phone, Crystal called Alfred intentionally.

Although Alfred was busy, he was in a good mood. Perhaps the issue with his project wasn't particularly difficult to solve. Upon hearing about Crystal's pregnancy, he promised gently and affectionately. "When I visit Barnwood the next time, I'll bring you something nice."

Crystal nodded and hung up the phone.

As days passed, Crystal's belly gradually swelled.

She was already showing at three months.

She made an appointment with Madison to go shopping at a maternity store. The cute pastel baby clothes gave Madison a baby fever. While picking out the items, she whispered, "Charles and I have been longing for another child for the past few years, but we can't conceive no matter how hard we try! Crystal, you and Henry seem to be having children as easily as creating clay figurines. You already have four children at home. Three more, and you'll have a complete set of seven siblings!"

Madison laughed before adding, "Is it because he refuses to wear a condom?"

Crystal was speechless.

After pondering carefully, she said softly, "This child was planned."

Madison was extremely envious.

Not only did Madison pick out baby clothes for Crystal's child, but she also secretly bought two sets of pastel baby clothes for herself in hopes of using them in the future.

Crystal felt amused and exasperated at the same time. "With children comes the burden of taking care of them. They come at the cost of freedom."

Madison sighed. I know, but I still want one.

Crystal and Madison continued chatting, but they didn't notice Clementine watching them silently behind a glass partition.

Clementine had become even thinner than she used to be.

She quietly watched Crystal's belly, which was starting to show. Crystal's expression was particularly gentle, too.

She must be very happy!

Everyone in the business world knew that Henry didn't socialize much and didn't get involved with Women.

He was very devoted to his wife.

Clementine was jealous, but she could deal with that. What she couldn't tolerate was that Robert had been killed in a car accident for Crystal's sake. Why did Crystal get to enjoy happiness without feeling any guilt?

Shouldn't she be repenting and blaming herself day and night?

How could she be so affectionate with Henry and even have another child together?

It was as if Robert's existence meant nothing to her!

Just then, another familiar figure appeared in the maternity store. It was Sylvester and his mother, Chelsea.

Both mother and son from the Sloan family were surprised to see Crystal again.

Sylvester took a while to find his voice again after noticing Crystal's protruding belly. "Congratulations, Miss Winters."

Crystal flashed him a faint smile.

Despite feeling a bit uncomfortable due to the past between Crystal and Robert, Chelsea knew that the Miller family was flourishing. It wouldn't go wrong for her son to maintain a good relationship with the Miller family, whether in the entertainment industry or the business world.

Adept at handling social situations, Chelsea picked a high-quality set of baby products and gave it to Crystal.

Crystal mulled it over briefly before accepting the gift.

Madison watched Sylvester from the side and couldn't help noticing that he resembled a young Robert.

When Crystal and Madison were about to get into the car, Sylvester gallantly opened the door for them.

Soon, the car was driven away slowly.

Chelsea had an uneasy expression on her face and was somewhat worried. "She's married now, Sylvester, and she's about to have her third child with her husband."

Sylvester held his mother's hand and replied gently, "Mom, don't worry. I won't follow Uncle Robert's footsteps."

He admitted that he liked Crystal, but his feelings were far more complicated than that. There was admiration, romantic attraction, and a deep reminiscence for Robert. He believed that Robert's last concern was probably Crystal, and if he could take care of her a little, it might bring Robert peace.

Won't that be good?

Chelsea patted Sylvester's hand, feeling very relieved. He had been sensible since he was young.

As soon as Crystal got into the car, she was bombarded with questions by Madison.

"That young man, does he have feelings for you?"

Crystal smiled helplessly. "Do you think it's a good thing?"

Madison pondered for a moment. "He seems like a decent person! He's not like how ambitious Robert was when he was young."

Crystal leaned back in her seat.

After a while, she said softly, "Before he passed away, I did harbor quite a bit of resentment toward him. But once he's gone, my resentment toward him dissipated. Now, all I feel is that it's a pity he's gone too soon."

Madison knew that the memories brought back complicated feelings to Crystal, so she held her hand and silently accompanied her..

Crystal smiled faintly. "I'm fine! It's just that I occasionally dream about him and our college days... Madison, I always feel like Robert hasn't gone far. I feel like he's still around me."

Madison's hair stood on end.

Should we consider getting an abbot to perform a ritual?

However, Crystal wasn't afraid.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a message from Edith: Miss Winters, our movie premiere is next week. Will you be attending?

Crystal didn't even need to think about it. Of course, she would attend.

Madison started making a fuss beside her. "I want a ticket too! I don't have Miss Hopper's autograph yet! She's quite arrogant, so ordinary people won't be able to get her autograph! I think only your uncle can handle her."

[Chapter 360 The Locket Saved Crystal](#)

Madison vented her frustrations, and Crystal couldn't help but laugh. She looked at Madison quietly, feeling comforted.

Over the years, she might have lost a lot, but many people were still by her side, just as before-her mother, her children, and Madison.

Life always had its regrets, but at this moment, Crystal felt content.

She gently stroked Madison's hair and said in a soft voice, "I'll arrange the best seat for you."

Back at the mansion, the children hadn't returned yet, and only Remi was there.

Crystal specially made his favorite dish and played with him. Though he was just over a year old, he was remarkably sensible. He somehow knew there was a baby in his mother's belly and never demanded to be held.

In the evening, Joel brought the two children back.

He grinned and said, "Henry might be coming home a bit late!"

Crystal smiled, acknowledging the information.

The sky was gradually darkening, and snowflakes started to fall gently.

With the children in tow, Crystal made a call to Henry. In a hushed voice, she asked, "Can you come home earlier tonight?"

Henry, currently in the CEO's office of Secas Corporation, asked with a light chuckle, "Miss me?"

Crystal looked at the falling snow outside and then at the children in the living room. She spoke softly. "Today is Christopher's birthday."

Henry visibly paused.

Just then, Jamie entered and said, "Mr. Miller, the meeting is about to start!"

Henry glanced at his watch and said, "It's snowing outside. Let's postpone the meeting until tomorrow morning. Have everyone leave early."

Jamie was quite surprised.

Henry smiled. "It's my son's birthday."

After hanging up, Henry put on a light wool coat and left the company,

Jamie stood there, smiling.

Henry drove back to the mansion, arriving at seven o'clock sharp.

He opened the car door, got out, and found a thin layer of white snow on the ground. The entire city was enveloped in a blanket of white, exuding a chilly atmosphere. However, the soft yellow light from the house emanated warmth.

He retrieved a gift from the trunk and walked into the living room.

"The snow outside is getting heavier."

While saying this, he unbuttoned his coat with one hand. He then called out, "Christopher, come here!"

Christopher was half-kneeling on a dining chair.

In front of him was a small cake made by Crystal, along with dishes meticulously prepared by the household staff. Most of them were his favorites.

He looked at the oversized toy in Henry's hand-it was an action figure.

The boy dashed over, hugging Henry's leg. Henry smiled and lifted him up, giving him a kiss. "Mrs. Miller called to tell me it's your birthday today. Sorry, I came back late. Here's your birthday present... Do you like it?"

Christopher took the gift, holding it tightly.

Henry looked around the dining room.

His wife was sitting at the table in a long dress, with Skyler and Remi beside her... Skyler clapped her hands and sang a birthday song for Christopher, saying that she would hug him to sleep tonight as his birthday gift.

Henry chuckled. "Skyler, today isn't your birthday."

Skyler lifted her little head proudly. "I don't easily share my bed with others!"

It took even Berthold a long time to persuade her to let him sleep in her princess bed.

Christopher's face turned slightly red....

Henry went over, kissing Crystal. "Happy birthday, Crystal."

Crystal held Christopher with one arm, letting him blow out the candles.

At this moment, Christopher felt warm inside.

He used to be depressed. After all, his mother had taken her own life, and he thought he was only adopted by the Miller couple because of his Rh-negative blood,

However, up to now, he hadn't had a single drop of blood drawn.

Crystal had asked him to call her "Mommy." Besides, the man in front of him was more of a father than his biological one. Henry treated him kindly, taught him many things, and even taught him how to be a man...

The seven-year-old Christopher was moved deep inside by all this.

Thus, even when he later took over Seeas Corporation, he didn't do anything shady to it. Instead, he stayed with this family and with Skyler.

That night, Skyler still dragged Christopher away

Crystal had some concerns. She was worried that the children might mature too early. After Henry finished his shower and walked out, she shared her worries with him.

The winter night was chilly, but the bedroom was warm and cozy, thanks to the efficient heating.

Henry, with his upper body bare, had a towel loosely wrapped around his waist.

He looked up at her, then gently stroked her belly.

Henry's voice was tender. "What are you worried about, Crystal? The children we raise will turn out just fine. We can worry about these things when they're over ten years old."

Crystal thought about it and realized he was right.

She focused on drying his hair. Every time she lowered her head, she could see his finely shaped nose.

He was undeniably good-looking. Even after all these years, she hadn't grown tired of looking at him.

Henry's voice was a bit husky. "It's been three months."

She responded with a soft hum.

Henry gently pressed his face against hers, feeling the slight bulge of her belly through the silk fabric. He whispered. "In another month, the

Will start moving. It's truly amazing how they grow like this."

Crystal playfully scolded, "You're being silly!"

She thought about how they were just like any ordinary couple, taking care of their children and nurturing a new life.

It felt really good.

During this quiet moment, she brought up the premiere of her film. "I wonder if you will have time to attend, Mr. Miller?"

Henry pinched her nose. "Mrs. Miller, for your movie premiere, of course, I'll be there! How many theater screenings do you want me to reserve?"

Feeling a bit tired, Crystal sat on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Reserving the whole theater isn't necessary! As long as you're there, I'll be happy, Henry... I can't promise that we'll be passionately in love forever, but I can promise that in my life, you'll always be the most important man."

"More important than Remi and Christopher?"

"As you grow older, you become less tolerant, huh?"

Henry gently pressed her against the foot of the bed, mindful of her pregnancy.

Her body nestled between the sheets while he leaned over her, just gazing at her... He was exceptionally handsome, and just looking at him like this was enough to make most women weak.

At least, Crystal couldn't resist his looks.

With one hand supporting himself, he gently caressed her face with the other.

His voice was slightly husky, even gentler than the night itself. "Crystal, I must have been quite infatuated with you in the past! Look at your complexion, your skin, and your figure... How did you grow to be so beautiful?"

Even after all these years, Crystal still blushed at his compliments.

She playfully kicked him to the side, saying, "Why are you suddenly behaving so frivolously?"

"How else should I behave?"

Henry laughed. "Should I bring over Seeas Corporation's prospectus and give you a report about it, Miss. Winters?"

His words became even more frivolous.

Crystal knew him well. He was lingering around tonight because he wanted sex. She was barely three months pregnant, so she was worried about the baby's safety. Thus, she kissed him to prevent him from saying more and mumbled, "You're not allowed to misbehave!"

Henry kissed her deeply, and in the end, he cradled her body, murmuring, "I just want to make the mother of my child feel good."

Crystal was speechless.

The premiere of Mr. Mallorca quickly arrived.

As it was close to the end of the year, there were many people attending. Since the children were too young to be around crowds, Crystal decided that just the two of them would attend.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, she changed into a formal dress. Soon, a car could be heard outside.

Henry had come to pick her up.

Moments later, footsteps approached, and the bedroom door opened.

Henry stood at the doorway, silently admiring for a while before gently closing the door.

Crystal wore a golden gown.

She didn't deliberately hide her protruding belly, so it was visible that she was pregnant. However, this didn't make her look any less beautiful. Instead, it added a touch of feminine charm to her.

Henry approached and kissed her delicate shoulder, whispering, "My pregnant lady looks so beautiful."

Crystal trembled slightly.

Henry took out a thin, long necklace from his pocket and threaded the locket from the dressing table onto it. Unexpectedly, it complimented this dress perfectly.

The green emerald lay quietly against her chest.

Crystal gently caressed it.

She looked up at Henry and softly said, "Henry, you don't have to be so careful around me."

Henry helped her gather her long hair, securing it for her.

He gazed at her face with great concentration, his smile faint as he said, "I do mind! However, I also hope that his fondness for you will truly be your lucky charm. Crystal, don't take it off?"

Crystal nodded very slowly.

As they left, he draped a thick fur coat over her. They walked through the underground garage, sheltered from the cold.

The theater in Barnwood was crowded with people.

Celebrities walked along the red carpet, and the place was so heated up it didn't appear like it was winter.

Crystal chose not to walk the red carpet.

She didn't want to catch a cold, so she went straight into the hall through a special entrance. Inside, there was plenty of socializing, but luckily, Henry was by her side, helping to deal with half of it!

Ingrid was stealing the show tonight."

Before the premiere began, she gave a speech on the stage and then sat next to Crystal when she came down.

She was concerned about Alfred and asked in a low voice, "Did Mr. Lodge not come?"

Crystal quietly told her, "Uncle Alfred's busy with work."

As for the specifics, Crystal didn't feel it was appropriate to say.

Ingrid was a bit disappointed. Even though she had been married before, Alfred still gave her the most vivid memories in her life. Thus, at such an important time, she had hoped Alfred would be here to witness it.

Crystal understood her feelings and couldn't really blame her.

Ingrid was a decent person, and she had never wanted to cause Melora any problems.

Crystal comforted her in a soft voice, "The premiere for this film is going really well! It's going to be a big, step forward for you in the film industry... If the box office surpasses one billion, it's a straight-up ascent."

Ingrid was deeply moved upon hearing this.

She knew this film had a two hundred million budget, which for Crystal was just a way to pass the time. However, for Ingrid, a forty-two-year-old opera performer, it was crucial.

Her career was rejuvenated.

Ingrid had also heard professional analyses saying that this film would surpass one and a half billion at the box office.

She felt much better now.

On the other side, Henry held his wife's hand and chuckled. "You're really good at cheering people up, Mrs. Miller."

Crystal's face turned slightly pink, and she whispered, "I remember that I cheered you up last night, too!"

Henry gave a slight smile.

His dignified and refined demeanor was enough to make any woman's heart race

Nevertheless, everyone at Barnwood knew that his heart belonged only to Crystal. Even with his wife being pregnant, he never messed around outside, and he was very much a family man.

Between them, there was no scandal or drama.

Just then, the host cued Crystal.

It turned out that a few supporting actors had been talking about Crystal, expressing their gratitude.

The host wanted to create some excitement in the atmosphere, so he took a few steps forward and said, with a smile, "Now, let's invite the beautiful Miss Winters to come on stage and say a few words of encouragement to these lovely young actors."

Crystal couldn't refuse.

Besides, she wasn't an awkward person. Therefore, she went on stage confidently.

She took the microphone and turned to look at the young actors.

There were both actors and actresses, and Sylvester stood closest to her.

Though Crystal was the producer, she didn't put on any airs. She spoke very gently to them. "I hope that you'll work even harder after this film brings you into the public eye. The world is vast, and you have to rely on yourselves to make your way."

Applause broke out from the audience, and the young actors also clapped enthusiastically. They were all excited.

From now on, they would be known in the entertainment industry!

The host said a few more words and was about to ask Crystal to step down when an unexpected incident occurred...

A large crystal chandelier above them began to sway, and a huge piece fell from it, narrowly missing Crystal. Its sharp edge happened to graze the locket lying on Crystal's chest, making a shrill sound before it finally hit the floor...

Shards scattered all over the floor.

Instantly, there was chaos in the audience.

At this moment, the main body of the chandelier, weighing over a hundred pounds, began to sway dangerously. Finally, the cord holding it snapped, and it plummeted straight down.

Crystal had no chance to avoid it....

At that critical moment, Sylvester quickly pushed Crystal aside, but he was grazed by the falling glass. His forehead bled at once. With a loud crash, the larger part of the chandelier hurtled toward him.

If it hit him, he'd have no chance of survival.

A hand shot out, shielding Sylvester's head,

It was Henry.

His arm acted as a buffer, and most of the chandelier hit his arm before finally landing on the floor with a deafening crash.

Shards flew in all directions.

People close by were more or less injured by the broken pieces.

Crystal's head was grazed by one of the shards. Her vision went black, and her body slumped to the floor.

"Crystal!"

Henry's voice was hoarse, filled with anguish..

He held Crystal, both of them covered in blood...

"Call the ambulance!" He didn't even have time to tend to his own arm, which was also injured.

Every minute waiting for the ambulance felt like an eternity for Henry. With Crystal pregnant, he couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to either of them.

There was also Sylvester, who was injured too.

If it weren't for Sylvester giving Crystal that push, she might have...

Outside, the snow started to fall gently.

When they arrived at the hospital, Henry's face was as white as a sheet from his excessive bleeding. His parents and Melora rushed over and immediately asked, "How's Crystal?"

Henry's arm was hastily bandaged, and he hadn't even had time to change his clothes.

He pulled out a cigarette, took a drag, and exhaled.

"They're treating her inside! That kid from the Sloan family is also inside... He might be disfigured now."

As he spoke, Henry felt terrible..

In his palm was the shattered locket.

Now he understood what George Minsky meant. The good luck charm that Robert had asked for to protect Crystal wasn't just this trinket, but also Sylvester...

The real good luck charm was Sylvester....

He wanted the doctors to repair Sylvester's face at any cost.

Whatever the cost, it was worth it!

David had to be strong for the situation. Seeing his son's vulnerable and anguished look, he patted him. "Crystal will be fine! You and your mom stay here and wait for her to come out. Melora will take care of the kids, and I'll go to the police station to see if there are any leads regarding the incident."