

Night of Love 361

[Chapter 361 I Am Willing](#)

Soon after David left, Sylvester's mother, Chelsea, staggered over, accompanied by a few family members.

One of them was Riya.

She was Robert's sister.

"How's Sylvester?" Chelsea grasped Henry's arm, her emotions running high.

Even though Henry was distressed, he patiently comforted her, "He's not in a life-threatening condition, but he may need a long time to recover. Mrs. Sloan, I'll hire the best plastic surgeon."

Plastic surgeon... Chelsea's legs went weak.

Just then, a doctor happened to approach and informed her of Sylvester's condition. Fortunately, he was conscious, so the Sloans immediately went to see him.

Even across the corridor, Henry could still hear Chelsea's heartbreaking cries.

She probably can't accept the fact that her son has been disfigured. Henry felt awful.

Julia gently patted her son's shoulder, uttering softly, "Henry, you should get your wounds treated. I'll stay here with Crystal. She'll be terrified if she wakes up and sees you in this state."

Henry leaned against the wall, running his fingers through his hair in frustration. "Mom, I'm not in the mood!"

Although Julia's heart ached for her son, she didn't speak further and stayed with him outside the emergency room.

The long wait was unbearable.

An hour passed, then two.

Four hours later, the doors to the emergency room opened, and the doctor came out, removing his face mask.

"How's my wife?" Henry hurriedly asked.

The doctor contemplated for a few seconds before uttering softly, "Mr. Miller, based on our examination, Mrs. Miller didn't sustain serious external injuries. However, her brain was hit by fragments, which caused a moderate concussion. She should've woken up by now, but strangely, there are no signs of her regaining consciousness. Her body is currently in a dormant state. An analogy for her condition is like the power- saving mode of a phone."

Henry was slightly taken aback.

The doctor sighed. "Mrs. Miller is pregnant. If she remains like this for more than a week, it can be detrimental to the baby."

“Isn’t there any way to wake her up?”

“We’ll check on her again tomorrow morning.”

Subsequently, the doctor re-entered the emergency room.

Henry leaned against the wall as if he was drained of all strength in an instant. Julia supported him and spoke in a teary voice. “Henry, you must stay strong! Crystal will wake up.”

Henry looked up and uttered in an undertone, “Mom, I should’ve treated her better.” Crystal must be tired, I suppose? If I had been nicer to her, would she be unwilling to continue staying asleep and wake up at once?

Afterward, Crystal was sent to a VIP ward.

Wearing a blue and white hospital gown, she lay still on the bed. Beneath a thin blanket, her slightly protruding belly was visible.

Her face was pale, with a few scrapes on one side.

Henry, having refused a blood transfusion, had his wounds treated and changed into fresh clothes. He stayed by Crystal’s bedside, holding her cold hand and boring his dark eyes into her face.

Julia couldn’t help but wipe the tears trickling down the corner of her eyes at the sight of his devastated mien.

Henry said softly, “Mom, go check on the Sloans and see if they need any help.”

Julia nodded.

As their family owed the Sloans a huge debt of gratitude, they couldn’t neglect the latter at that moment.

Only Henry and Crystal were left alone inside the ward following Julia’s departure. An eerie silence filled the air. A drop of tear fell on Crystal’s hand.

It was Henry who shed the tear.

“Crystal, I regret it so much. I shouldn’t have let you attend the premiere. Even if I know I shouldn’t confine you, given another chance, I would rather have kept you home at all times.”

His hot tears rolled down his cheeks and dropped on the back of Crystal’s hand.

Still, she remained senseless.

Just like the doctor said, she had gone into hibernation. She couldn’t hear his pleas or his confessions. Even if the love she ever wanted in her life was close to her reach, Crystal couldn’t embrace it.

The night deepened.

Henry looked at the pitch-black night sky outside the window and said tenderly, “It’s snowing heavily, and everything is covered in a white layer of snow. The kids at home must be delighted. If you wake up,

I'll take you home. You can sip on hot milk and watch the children while they play and build snowmen outside the house."

He gently caressed Crystal's face as he spoke.

The icy sensation at the tip of his fingers caused his nose to sting and tears to well up in his eyes.

Overwhelmed, Henry couldn't stop himself from burying his face in her neck and croaking, "Crystal, the doctor said you might wake up tomorrow morning, but I can't even wait a second longer!"

Fearing anything unexpected might happen, he dared not close his eyes for even a second, afraid he might miss the moment she woke up.

However, from dusk till dawn, even until the ground outside was blanketed in snow, Crystal didn't regain consciousness.

Moreover, it seemed her body had grown colder.

Early in the morning, David, after working all night, rushed back to the hospital.

His body was layered with frost, so when he entered, he carefully took off his coat and placed it outside before lightly stepping into the room. "She hasn't woken up yet?"

Henry nodded.

David handed over some breakfast and said, "I sent your mom to care for the children. They still don't know about this."

Henry's gaze was still fixed on Crystal.

David patted his son's shoulder. "You've lost a lot of blood and have been up all night. Eat something so you have the strength to care for your wife. Listen to me and do as I say."

Henry bobbed his head in agreement and wolfed down the food.

After having his breakfast, he returned to sit by Crystal's bedside to keep her company.

Henry talked to her, telling her about their children, hoping to stir her awake.

Taking in his son's distraught state, David knew he couldn't reason with him. If the roles were reversed, he'd be just as distressed.

When the doctor arrived for a check-up, he shook his head helplessly.

Henry got to his feet and asked calmly. "What will happen if she doesn't wake up?"

When dealing with such devoted family members, the doctor couldn't bring himself to upset them further. "The most immediate concern is the baby. However, if she remains like this for too long, it could also severely harm her."

Everything was too uncertain at that point. Any improvement in her condition would have to depend on Crystal's willpower.

The doctor left afterward, and pin-drop silence once again permeated the air inside the ward, only by the sound of falling snow outside.

David stood by the window. punctuated

He was similarly dismayed as Crystal was someone he cherished deeply, much like his own daughter, Melora. The thought of what might happen brought tears to his eyes.

At that moment, Henry's voice rang out behind him. "Mr. Minsky once said that I have a strong temper and bring bad luck to the people around me. Dad, is it because of me that Crystal keeps getting hurt?"

Eyes reddened, David responded hoarsely, "Nonsense! Both of you are fine. Henry, you shouldn't think like that!"

Henry gulped, feeling a lump in his throat.

He stared at Crystal's sleeping face, brushing away her stray hair. We've just fallen in love. How can she bear to ignore me now? Crystal, when will you wake up?

He had never felt time pass so agonizingly slow.

Each moment felt like punishment to him.

Henry was constantly overwrought and on the verge of a breakdown. At that moment, no one could help him, not his parents, Melora, or even Alfred.

After all, he was Crystal's husband and their children's father.

In a mere three days, Henry lost ten pounds.

His cheeks were so profoundly sunken that the sight of him was painful to behold.

Ultimately, they couldn't keep the children in the dark any longer.

Melora brought them to see their mother.

Upon pushing the door open and seeing her mother lying still on the bed, Skyler immediately welled up and shed tears. However, she didn't cry out loud. Instead, she rushed to her mother's bedside, gently resting her head on Crystal's belly to get close to her mother and the unborn baby.

Christopher touched Crystal's hand, his eyes also brimming with tears.

Remi was too young to understand what was happening and simply called out to his mother.

Henry picked his youngest child up and pressed his face against the latter's. At that instant, his sorrow was overwhelming. Crystal, the kids are here. They're all here to visit you. They miss you dearly. If you can feel even the slightest, please wake up, all right? Quit tormenting me...

Henry was genuinely scared. He was afraid of losing their unborn child.

He feared to imagine how broken-hearted Crystal would be when she woke up one day and realized their unborn child was gone.

He hired the best experts in the country and abroad.

Crystal's relatives took turns staying with her, repeatedly calling her name, but she continued to lie there. not showing even the slightest sign of regaining consciousness.

Six days passed in the blink of an eye.

At ten at night, after the group of specialists examined Crystal's condition, the doctor spoke privately with Henry.

The temperature inside the corridor was freezing, but Henry wore only a white shirt and trousers.

The doctor did his best to control his emotions and uttered solemnly. "It's been six days. Our examinations show the fetus' heart rate is decreasing. If she doesn't wake up in another two days, not only will the child be in danger, but it'll also pose a serious threat to Mrs. Miller's health. Our suggestion is to proceed with human intervention."

Human intervention? Henry narrowed his eyes, forcefully grabbing the doctor by the collar. "What did you say?"

The doctor didn't speak further and merely stared at him in silence.

After a long while, Henry released his grip. "I'm sorry."

The doctor said, "We're sorry, Mr. Miller. Please think our suggestion over."

Henry didn't answer.

He stood in the pitch-black night, letting the breeze caress against his face as he stared at the snowy scene outside. It seems as if ever since Crystal fell into a coma, the snow hasn't stopped falling. Perhaps even the heavens are mourning our impending separation, or perhaps for the parting of ways between us and our unborn child. I know how much Crystal loves this child she's carrying, and I love the baby very much as well. Still, she's not waking up even after six days. What if she never wakes up in the future? What should I do? Crystal, what should I do?

Henry lowered his head and lit a cigarette, finding solace only when the smoke filled his lungs. After pulling on one cigarette, he returned to the ward.

His mother was wiping Crystal's body.

Henry asked in a husky voice. "Have the children gone back?"

Julia, tears in her eyes, nodded. "Melora took them home."

Henry took the warm towel from his mother and attentively wiped Crystal's body, speaking softly as he did so. "Mom, I haven't been a good husband. I can't do anything to help her and can only watch while she remains in a coma."

Julia struggled to hold back her tears.

Henry tenderly wiped Crystal's face. "I've indeed forgotten about our past, but I know I love her. Mom, I want to visit Mr. Minsky in the mountains."

Julia hesitated. "The mountain paths won't be passable with the snow outside!"

Henry caressed Crystal's cheeks, replying almost indistinctly, "I didn't believe in the heavens before, but now I'm truly desperate. Since Mr. Minsky could see one's past and predict one's future, he must be capable of waking Crystal up."

He would gladly pay the price even if it meant sacrificing his entire fortune or life.

Julia, being a devout believer, was well aware of the price to pay.

She sobbed, "Henry! Wait for your dad to come-

Henry squeezed his mother's hand. "Mom, you still have Melora, but she's my four children's only mother. I must undertake this journey no matter what."

He owed Crystal too much.

Considering their entanglements, he could never make it up to her.

Therefore, no matter if there was a way out or not, he had to go.

In the end, Julia wiped her tears and consented. She didn't cry, for crying was deemed unlucky.

Wearing a faint smile, she saw her son off as if he was going on another one of his regular business trips and would return in a few days.

Henry slowly put on his coat.

Before leaving, he leaned over and kissed Crystal, whispering beside her ear, "Wait for me! I'll definitely come back!"

With that, he decisively took his leave.

Late at night, amidst the blizzard, a black car gradually drove away from the hospital. Julia stood by the window, silently watching her son. Covering her lips, she murmured, "Henry, you must come back safely."

Traveling at night in the mountains was perilous, especially in the snow.

Henry drove his car to the foot of the mountain, then opened the car door, and started walking uphill. The snow quickly soaked his pants and the inside of his shoes. His feet were practically submerged in the icy water, but he was unfazed by the pain.

Upon reaching the mountain's summit, everything was blanketed in white snow, giving him the false perception that he was in heaven.

The monastery was brightly lit.

With the chilling wind biting his face, which had turned pale from the cold, he announced, "I wish to meet Mr. Minsky."

A young priest stood inside the house, his hands clasped together. "My master says destiny is hard to change, so please leave, Mr. Miller."

However, Henry was adamant.

He pleaded repeatedly, so the young priest had no choice but to consult George again. Nevertheless, Henry still received the same answer.

Henry had steeled his resolution when making that trip to the mountain.

Disregarding his status, he knelt before the monastery and raised his voice. "Please save my wife and baby. Mr. Minsky! 1. Henry Miller, am willing to pay any price."

George was reluctant to meet Henry.

The latter remained kneeling, continuously repeating his pleas.

Meanwhile, the snowfall grew heavier, blurring everything in the surroundings.

The only thing visible was Henry's kneeling figure as he persistently begged George.

Inside the monastery, the young priest muttered, "He's still there!"

George, seated in meditation, sighed. "What an ill-fated relationship! Go and bring him in!"

The young priest hastily ran outside to fetch Henry.

Five minutes later, Henry, face as pale as a ghost, wobbled inward.

As soon as he stepped into the monastery, George said, "It's not that there's no solution, but are you willing to endure the suffering on behalf of your wife? However, if you fall into the endless abyss and make a misstep, not only might you fail to save her, but you may also never recover and never return to this world."

He thought Henry would need to take time to consider!

After all, that matter concerned his survival.

Unexpectedly, without thinking twice, Henry answered readily. "I'm willing to endure it for my wife!"

George shut his eyes and murmured, "You two weren't fated to be together, yet neither of you is willing to let go despite your unfortunate entanglements. Since you're determined to hold on rest of your lives, so be it!" to each other for the

George got to his feet and walked up to Henry.

He placed his thin yet warm hands on Henry's head, muttering an incantation, "You shall endure the sufferings on your wife's behalf!"

A bright light flashed before Henry's eyes.

Past memories played out before him.

He witnessed his first encounter with Crystal, their shared moments in the condominium together as their love for each other grew, when he gifted her the piano, and the times she begged him to stop in bed...

He watched as all the scenes flitted across his eyes.

Henry soon regained all his memories but was plunged into a dreamlike state.

When his vision cleared up, he saw himself standing under the shade of a tree, with the chirping sound of birds reverberating around him.

He stood on the sycamore avenue of Barnwood Royal Academy of Music. The golden sunlight shone brightly, speckling his body.

Ahead, a slender figure approached him.

That person was the twenty-year-old Crystal.

[Chapter 362 Meeting Crystal In His Dream](#)

At twenty years old, Crystal radiated vitality. Her cheeks were plumper, and her legs were fairer and more slender than they were now. The shorts she wore accentuated the illusion of astonishingly long legs, and at faint pink hue graced the back of her knees.

Even her waist was thinner than he had imagined.

Despite being aware it was a dream, the vividness of the moment made Henry's scalp tingle. His emotions surged, and an overwhelming desire welled up within him to reach out and grab her hand, to stop her.

Crystal, it's been seven days since I last spoke to you.

Crystal brushed past him.

Perhaps it was because of his exceptional looks or refined demeanor, but she couldn't resist stealing another glance at Henry.

Henry stared at her intently, the corner of his lips curving into a slight smile.

Just then, someone called out. "Crystal!"

Madison sprinted over, with Zachary in close pursuit.

When Madison reached them, she studied Henry from head to toe before turning her gaze to Crystal, the look in her eyes inexplicable.

She recognized the man before her as an upstart in the legal community.

He has an outstanding background and a regal appearance. How exciting!

Crystal stopped in her tracks.

Zachary shot Henry a look of surprise. "What brings you to Barnwood's Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Miller?"

However, the latter never took his eyes off Crystal, merely uttering slowly, "I came here to find a book in the library, but I don't know how to get there."

Zachary turned to Madison. "Why don't we take Mr. Miller there?"

With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, Madison held Zachary's arm. "Let Crystal lead the way. She's free anyway. Didn't you say you'd take me out for ice cream?"

Zachary flashed a smile at Crystal, carrying himself with the air of a scion. "Well then, Crystal, would you mind escorting Mr. Miller over? He's a friend of mine."

Crystal shifted her gaze to Henry.

This man appears to be twenty-four years old and a lawyer. Why did he come to our music academy looking for a book?

Henry willingly allowed her to scrutinize him.

His dark eyes remained locked onto her as he flashed a faint grin. With a smooth, practiced motion, he retrieved a cigarette from his coat pocket, inclined his head, and ignited it. He took a drag with an air of masculinity that exuded both coolness and dignity.

Crystal was mesmerized.

She used to think Robert was good-looking, but now she realized there was someone even more attractive than him.

"Let's go!" Henry gestured.

Instinctively, Crystal followed him, momentarily forgetting that even though he claimed not to know the way, he was indeed heading in the right direction.

Behind them, Zachary had his arms wrapped around Madison. She commented with a smile, "Zachary, there's something peculiar about the way Mr. Miller looks at Crystal. It's almost as if he's gazing at his wife. His eyes have drifted down her legs more than once."

Zachary gave her a light flick on the forehead.

"Impossible! Mr. Miller just recently split up with his girlfriend and is heartbroken. Although Crystal is attractive, she's not his type. He's very picky! The son of the richest family in Barnwood is never short of girlfriends!"

Madison, clearly displeased, snorted coldly. "Is his ex-girlfriend some sort of goddess in terms of beauty?"

Zachary quickly uttered an apology.

Crystal brought Henry to the library.

The twenty-year-old girl looked charming even without makeup, her lips adorned with a natural rosy hue, and her teeth gleaming pearly white.

She gazed at the attractive man and spoke in a soft tone, "Mr. Miller, please take your time browsing for the book you're searching for. The library doesn't close until nine in the evening."

Without uttering a word in response, Henry walked silently to one of the library's seats. He couldn't help but recall this place-it was where he had seen Crystal sprawled across the table, being kissed by Robert back then.

Henry tenderly caressed the back of the chair with his slender fingers, his actions carrying a sense of gentleness, as though he were caressing a lover.

For some reason, it made Crystal blush.

Henry raised his gaze, his dark eyes locking onto hers as he spoke in a slightly raspy voice, "Could you for me, Crystal? I'm worried I might lose my way trying to find the exit after delving into these books."

Crystal snickered inwardly. Is he a fool or what? Has the bar for becoming a lawyer really sunk so low these days?

However, considering that he was Zachary's friend, she forced a smile. "All right, but I have to be home by eight"

Henry let out a soft chuckle as he pulled out a chair and turned his gaze back to her.

Crystal couldn't help but feel a flutter in her heart.

I always prefer sitting here whenever I come over. How did he know? It must be just a coincidence!

Crystal didn't decline his offer. She casually selected a book, settled into the seat, and began reading it in silence.

The library remained tranquil. Henry ventured off to select some legal books and, as a thoughtful gesture, he bought Crystal a cup of Mandheling coffee from the small bar within the library.

Mandheling coffee happened to be her favorite. In response, Crystal couldn't help but cast another glance at Henry, surprised that he knew her coffee preference.

Henry ordered a cup of black coffee and took a seat, savoring it while silently perusing the books. Numerous eyes were drawn to him, likely because of his composed presence, which appeared somewhat out of place, coupled with his striking good looks.

However, he remained unperturbed, seemingly indifferent to the multitude of curious onlookers.

Crystal couldn't help but wonder just how suave one had to be to disregard those admiring looks and remain unaffected by them.

She found herself studying his features.

His features are attractive, particularly his prominent nose. Will his nose clash with a woman's when he kisses her? Crystal, what on earth are you thinking? Don't you like Robert? Why are you even imagining a stranger's kisses?

She hastily averted her gaze.

Yet, Henry lifted his eyes and silently observed her.

His wife was sitting right across from him. The twenty-year-old Crystal, still pure and innocent, and had yet to be involved with Robert for four years, was a great temptation to him.

He harbored a desire to pursue a romantic relationship with her, one that would eventually lead to more intimate connections.

Adept at resisting temptation, Henry flipped the pages of the book slowly.

He remained at the library from four in the afternoon until seven in the evening, showing no signs of any intention to leave.

Feeling a bit drowsy, Crystal stretched out on the table and drifted off to sleep.

After carefully placing the book he had been reading on the table, Henry rose from his seat and quietly approached her. With gentle care, he lifted her long, silky brown hair, revealing half of her delicate face.

He knew that many people around him were watching.

He was well aware that many onlookers had their eyes on him, but he refused to be deterred. He yearned to kiss her.

I'm Crystal's husband. It's perfectly justified for me to kiss her...

He landed a light kiss on her lips.

Faint gasps sounded all around them.

Doesn't Crystal like Robert from the other campus? Who is this man?

Someone discreetly captured the moment and posted it on the academy's web forum, featuring Crystal's face and a clear profile of Henry. It didn't take long for someone to uncover Henry's identity.-

It wasn't long before everyone discovered that he was none other than Henry Miller, the heir to the Miller Corporation, the founder of the Adroit Law Firm, and a graduate of a prestigious institution known worldwide.

The academy's web forum instantly flooded with discussions.

Madison, casually enjoying her ice cream while scrolling through her phone, nearly sprayed a mouthful of it in Zachary's direction. She hastily swallowed and clutched her phone, exclaiming, "D"mn! This is absolutely ridiculous! Crystal's first kiss is gone, her innocence tarnished. How can she pursue Robert in the future?"

I can't believe Mr. Miller! I knew he harbored bad intentions since he kept staring at Crystal's legs!

Zachary was also dumbfounded.

How's that possible? Isn't Henry extremely picky? Hasn't he been completely scandal-free? He's never spared a second glance at any girl, except for Audrey. How could he kiss Crystal right after meeting her? Is he for real?

Zachary cleared his throat. "I bet he wasn't thinking straight."

His comment infuriated Madison, and she stormed out, bumping his shoulder in the process. "What do you mean by that? Are you suggesting that Crystal is inferior, and only Mr. Miller is exceptional? Ha! If that were true, why did he kiss her secretly?"

Zachary hurriedly ran after her.

Despite causing a sensation, Crystal was totally unaware of it.

Within the library's cozy ambiance, under the gentle glow of the lights, she gradually opened her eyes to find a handsome face adorned with a subtle smile. After a momentary pause, she recollected that he was Zachary's friend.

But, he's leaning way too close to me!

With a book held delicately between his slender fingers, he offered a faint smile. "Crystal, could you lend me two hundred? I left my wallet behind when I came out."

A slight blush tinted Crystal's delicate face.

Is he not a wealthy scion? Yet he still needs to borrow money from me?

Henry didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. He returned the book with a determined expression, as if he had resolved to seek assistance from Crystal.

Crystal checked her pockets and realized that she had also left her wallet behind.

With his keen eyes, Henry quickly discerned that she didn't have any money. Therefore, he said with a hint of a drawl, "I had enough money for a taxi back, but I used it to buy you coffee."

Crystal was at a loss for words.

She bit her lip. "I'll Venmo you some money."

Henry flashed her a smile. "I didn't bring my phone."

"What did you bring then?" she asked.

Henry raised his arm to check the time on his wrist, adorned with a several-million-dollar Patek Philippe watch. "Here's an idea," he suggested. "I'll give you a ride home on my bicycle. You must have some pocket money, don't you?"

Henry's words successfully infuriated Crystal, a twenty-year-old from an affluent family in the prime of her youth. "Fine. Come home with me, and I'll give you the money!"

What the f*ck! Is that how all capitalists get rich?

She was so angry that she chose to walk ahead, refusing to walk beside him.

Many students looked at her with sympathy.

Someone called her, trying to tell her that her first kiss had been stolen.

Henry pocketed his hands and cast a slow, piercing glance in that student's direction. The student dared not utter a word. In an arrogant manner, he extracted a stack of banknotes from his wallet and tossed them onto the desk.

The students in the library exchanged glances.

Only after Henry had departed did they dare to discuss in hushed tones. "He's pursuing Crystal, isn't he? He gave us several thousand. How generous! In fact, when Crystal fell asleep, I counted. He looked at her one hundred and eight times."

"It was one hundred and twelve times," someone argued.

"Love is so beautiful!"

As they were engrossed in their gossip, Madison rushed over and asked, "Where's Crystal?"

"She just left with someone."

"Mr. Miller sent her home."

Madison gasped inwardly. So fast?

As the sky darkened, Henry trailed behind Crystal, smoking leisurely.

Crystal suddenly turned around and looked at him.

This guy is always smoking. Aside from his youthful appearance, I really can't tell he's twenty-four!

Henry likely discerned the reason behind her frown, and he let out a light chuckle as he extinguished his cigarette. Then, he rolled out a bicycle and requested Crystal to scan the code. She muttered while complying, "You better pay me back!"

Henry got on the bicycle.

Crystal sat behind him, fuming and grumbling softly.

Some people nearby noticed them and turned their attention in their direction. Henry swiftly removed his coat and tossed it to her, saying, "Use this to cover your legs."

Crystal hugged the coat, which was covered with a masculine scent.

She did not want to cover her legs.

"It's not that hot today, so why the short pants?" Henry remarked in a low voice.

Crystal retorted, "It's none of your business. Just pedal faster. I'll give you the money when we reach my house."

After that, we'll never cross paths with each other again.

Naturally, Henry was aware of her anger. She's young, so it's understandable that her temper can easily flare up.

He did not mind and started pedaling.

All around, people continued to scrutinize them as though they were observing a live specimen.

Crystal let out an inward sigh. It seemed like she would need to provide an explanation tomorrow. After all, Henry was simply Zachary's friend..

The night was surprisingly cool.

Henry pedaled leisurely, taking Crystal through the streets and alleys of Barnwood. He could feel the young girl's heart beating rapidly behind him. These were experiences he had never encountered before in the past.

Growing bored in the back seat, Crystal initiated a conversation with him, saying, "Someone as petty as you might have a tough time finding a girlfriend."

Henry smiled faintly. "I already have a wife."

"Yeah, right."

Henry smiled and didn't offer a rebuttal. Instead, he inquired, "What about you? Do you have a boyfriend? Zachary mentioned that you're interested in a boy from the neighboring school named Robert."

Words eluded Crystal. Are all lawyers that gossipy?

Henry did not say anything more.

He pedaled for half an hour to send Crystal home.

After dismounting the bicycle, Crystal handed the coat back to him and bit her lip. "Wait for me downstairs. I'll go upstairs to get you the money."

Henry had originally intended to take his time, but John coincidentally returned home from work and caught sight of Henry and Crystal.

John was extremely surprised.

Why is the heir to Miller Corporation with Crystal?

However, being an open-minded father, he approached and asked gently, "Crys, is he your friend?"

Encountering the deceased man again stirred a whirlwind of mixed emotions within Henry.

With teary eyes, he gazed at John and uttered softly, "Mr. Winters, I'm Crystal's boyfriend."

Crystal was shocked.

She looked at Henry, whispering through gritted teeth, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Nevertheless, Henry placed his arm around her shoulders. "You know, Mr. Winters, Crystal and I have been in a relationship for several months now. She often spoke about you, and I wanted to come over and meet you, but she didn't allow me."

This caught John by surprise.

The whole family knew Crystal's feelings for Robert. It was hard for him to believe that out of nowhere, she had a boyfriend.

Henry smiled. "Crystal mentioned that you enjoy playing chess. I thought we could have a game while waiting for Madam Anna to prepare dinner."

John snorted inwardly. This young man even knows my wife.

He looked at his daughter and scolded gently, "If you have a boyfriend, you should introduce him to me and your Aunt Anna. Why keep it a secret? Look, you've made Henry upset!"

"I'm all right, Mr. Winters. But I came here in a hurry and didn't bring any gifts," Henry said in a gentlemanly manner.

"Your presence here is more than enough!",

John patted Henry's shoulder in an easygoing manner. "Henry, from now on, you're one of us, so there's no need to be so formal."

The two men hit it off immediately.

Crystal scoffed inwardly as she followed behind. Henry? I can't believe he's calling his name like he's already his son! This jerk always finds ways to take advantage of me!

She walked at a leisurely pace, and Henry, who was ahead of her, suddenly stopped and waited for her to catch up. He then gently took her hand and said, "What's so special about Robert? Be with me from now on."

Crystal was rendered speechless.

His last sentence was enough to keep her up all night, with the phrase "Be with me" echoing continuously in her mind.

As dawn broke, Crystal lay on her back, nervously biting the edge of the quilt when her cell phone rang. It was a call from Madison.

Her friend's voice burst into her ears as soon as she answered the call.

"Crystal, why did you turn off your phone the entire night? Did you know something major happened? Henry kissed you in the library yesterday, and now the photos are circulating everywhere, not only on the campus website but also on the trending news of the finance and economics network legal newspaper. Congratulations! You've made it onto a legal newspaper for being kissed by a lawyer. You're going to be at celebrity from now on!"

Madison was on the verge of tears as she spoke.

Her dear best friend had been kissed, and the news had spread far and wide. She couldn't help but wonder if, should Crystal not end up with Henry, anyone would still want her.

[Chapter 363 You Have Never Kissed Before](#)

Crystal froze.

She hurriedly logged into the campus website and found the picture of Henry kissing her on the front page.

My first kiss!

It rattled her.

After a prolonged stunned silence, she lifted the quilt and dashed out. He was still here even after I fell asleep!

It was silent in the living room.

Anna had returned from her grocery run and was busying herself in the kitchen when she heard the footsteps. "Breakfast is on the dining table, Crystal. Eat up and go to school."

Crystal stood at the kitchen entrance.

She scratched her long, disheveled brown hair. "That guy last night isn't my boyfriend, Madam Anna."

Anna clearly did not believe her.

How did he come in if he wasn't her boyfriend? He even played chess with John until one in the morning.

Crystal's explanation did not make any sense.

She quickly washed up, then went back downstairs and had her breakfast. Anna sighed wistfully from behind her. "What a nice young man. I think he's better than the fellow from the Sloan family."

Crystal had Madison find out where Henry worked.

It was half past nine.

Although Adroit Law Firm had only been in business for a year, it was large enough to occupy the sixth to twelfth floors of the twenty-two-story building.

The receptionist was sweet and professional as she asked, "How can I help you, Miss?"

Crystal bit her lip. "I'm here to see Mr. Henry Miller."

The receptionist smiled and dialed a number. "Hello, Jamie? There's a lady here to see Mr. Miller. Is he available?"

The voice on the other end responded.

The receptionist glanced at Crystal and put down the phone. In a more pleasant tone, she said, "Are you Miss Winters? Mr. Miller is in. This way, please."

Crystal was a little suspicious.

The receptionist led the way.

There was only one office on the twelfth floor of the building and a small conference room.

Henry was standing before the blinds in his office, gazing quietly at the view below. "Miss Winters is on her way over, Mr. Miller," Jamie announced with a smile behind him.

Henry did not turn around. "Prepare a cup of Mandheling coffee and bring some snacks."

Jamie froze. It appears that Miss Winters is somebody very important to him.

Without asking any further, Jamie tactfully took her leave.

After she left, Henry closed the blinds, and the office became much dimmer.

His expression was unfathomable.

Seeing the twenty-year-old Crystal again was pleasant, but in his dreams, he carried all his memories with him. He knew that Crystal was in a coma in the hospital and that she was carrying their third child in her belly.

He wanted to take Crystal home. He had to make Crystal his before Robert did.

Just as Henry was deep in thought, the office door opened, and Jamie ushered Crystal in. "Here you are, Ms. Winters," she said as she set down the coffee and the snacks.

Then, she left and shut the heavy door gently behind her.

Crystal had many questions before she arrived. She had come brimming with indignity, but she somehow lost her nerve when she got into this office. Perhaps the lights were too dim, and the man was clad in a black and white suit that made him look so elegant. Also the way he stared at her with those dark eyes did not help matters.

Against her will, her knees buckled.

Henry sat down first..

Although the young woman before him was his beloved wife and they had done the most intimate thing, he could not intimidate her now. He must take his time to win her over.

He read the newspaper before him and asked nonchalantly, "Are you here because of our scandal?"

Crystal's cheeks flushed red.

"What scandal? There's nothing going on between us!"

Henry looked up and chuckled. "Feisty. Just like Skyler."

Crystal frowned.

Who's Skyler?

Henry gestured for her to sit down. His tone softened as he said, "Here, your favorite coffee. But as a girl, you should have more milk instead of coffee."

Crystal refused to sit.

I'm not stupid. Despite looking concerned, he's a bad man. He wouldn't have snuck a kiss if he wasn't.

Her expression caused Henry to burst into laughter. His eyes twinkled. "You're here to interrogate me, aren't you? Ask away."

Mustering her courage, Crystal put on a fierce look. "Why did you steal a kiss from me?"

"Because I wanted to!"

Crystal was rendered speechless.

I can't reason with him, and I'm not his equal. With a family like his, dealing with me is a trifling matter. Worse still, I might even implicate my own.

Her eyes became slightly red.

She turned away. "I was kind enough to lead the way, and you took advantage of me."

Henry stood

Crystal grew a little nervous. She did not know what he was planning to do.

Henry arrived behind her and leaned close to her ear. "How am I taking advantage of you by kissing you? Am I not good-looking enough, or am I not better than any other men?"

Crystal tried to squirm away but he would not let her.

He held her waist, preventing her from escaping.

Henry, who was thirty-five years old, understood women well, especially Crystal.

He leaned over, his hot breath on her ear. "Besides, I'm not what you think I am. A family like mine will never allow me to get involved in a scandal!"

"What do you want?" Crystal stuttered.

Henry smiled faintly.

"I won't clarify our relationship. In fact, I will confirm it!"

Crystal blushed. "We don't even know each other!"

Henry knew that she somewhat liked him, or she would not have allowed him to approach her like that. However, she was currently fond of him only for his looks.

Crystal had a soft spot for handsome men, but she had never admitted it.

He let go of her. "Don't we know each other now?"

He gazed at her with a meaningful smile. Crystal felt hot all over. She did not know what had come over her. It took her a long time to remember why she came. "My heart belongs to somebody else. What you're doing isn't right."

She resists like a kitten.

Henry thought she was adorable. "How thoughtful you are to me!"

Crystal was in a panic. She could not do anything about him. Tears began welling up in her eyes.

Henry's expression softened.

Suddenly, she pushed him aside and ran out, biting her lip.

Henry turned around, gently grabbed her wrist, and yanked her back. Then, he gently picked her up and placed her on his vast desk, positioning himself in front of her in a suggestive manner.

Shamelessly, Henry stroked her slender leg. "Didn't I tell you to stop wearing shorts last night?"

His fingers seemed to crackle with electricity. It terrified Crystal.

She was too embarrassed to cry for help, and she was so upset that she began to sob.

"Don't cry!"

Henry held her head and forced her to look up. He studied her young, innocent face.

Crystal's lips trembled. Her nose was red.

She regretted coming.

I shouldn't have come today. He was just waiting for me to take the bait.

Henry leaned over and grazed her lips ever so slightly with his. The unfathomable sensation frightened her to death.

"Would you like to experience what it feels like to be kissed? You've never kissed before, have you?"

As Henry spoke, he repositioned himself and planted his lips against hers. He sought her tongue and entangled his with it. This version of Crystal has never fallen in love before. What an innocent little thing she is.

So frightened that she forgot to resist, she merely stared at him.

Henry, on the other hand, was much more engrossed than she was.

He kissed her deeply until it was no longer enough to satiate him. He grabbed her and pressed her against him so she could feel his urgency.

Crystal began to cry.

She refused his advances. Her slender arms were wrapped around his neck, but she cried out in alarm, "Stop it!"

Henry froze.

With great difficulty, he tried to quell his raging passion. He was thinking about how Crystal, at this point in time, would never have imagined that he had done that to her countless times over the coming decade. and that what he had just done did not even scratch the surface.

He patted her on the back and said gently, "All right, I'll stop."

Crystal felt extremely aggrieved.

With a start, she realized that she had taken the initiative to hug him. She snapped, "Clarify the rumor surrounding us."

Henry chuckled lightly.

He straightened up and smoothed the wrinkles of his shirt, looking like a scoundrel disguised as a gentleman.

He returned to his desk, sat down, and dialed a number. "Take care of the matter all over the Internet, Jamie. Crystal is unhappy about it."

Crystal was stunned. What do you mean I'm unhappy about it? That sounds too ambiguous!

Henry hung up and asked in a graceful manner, "Will that do?"

Crystal mustered up her courage and said, "Y-You will not say a thing about what happened earlier."

Henry lowered his head and lit a cigarette.

Then, he fixed his beady eyes on her and chuckled. "Are you afraid that Robert might get upset and not want you anymore?"

Crystal pursed her lips.

Suddenly, Henry put out his cigarette and said, "A proper relationship requires effort from both sides, Stal. If Robert cares about you, why won't he take the initiative? Why does he leave you hanging? Are Love requires reciprocation.

Crystal's eyes grew red.

Henry felt sorry for her. He dropped the subject. "I think it's better to find a man who wants you instead of holding on to a love without a future."

A man who wants me?

Crystal gazed warily at him.

Henry did not avoid it. Instead, he returned her gaze with scorching intensity. He had an imposing temperament, and Crystal was no match for him. "I'm leaving," she whispered as soon as she felt her resolve wavering.

Henry was too quick for her. He held the doorknob.

From his great height, he gazed down at the young woman. "You're so meek that you won't speak up for yourself when Robert mistreats you. How could you be with a wolf like him?"

According to my estimation, Sloan Group is in decline. It's only a matter of time before the Winters family falls prey to Robert's scheme.

Crystal pushed him aside. "It's none of your concern."

Henry kept his gaze fixed on her. His voice grew gentler as he said, "I'll treat you to lunch at my place this weekend. I have a Morning Dew piano there. Would you like to play it?"

A Morning Dew piano? The one played by Ludweig?

It was a great temptation for Crystal.

Henry saw the struggle on her face. He knew when to stop, so he flashed a faint smile. "It's up to you."

She promised herself that she would not go.

Does he really have that piano at his place, though? I heard it costs over twenty million.

Crystal left.

Henry picked up her untouched coffee and drank half of it.

Jamie entered.

"Get me in touch with the auction house," Henry instructed. "I want to buy the Morning Dew piano, and I will have it no matter how much it costs. Have it delivered to my condominium unit in Barnwood by the end of the week."

Hearing that, Jamie was somewhat certain that his boss was in love.

Didn't he just suffer a heartbreak? That's quick of him to get back into the swing of things.

Henry glanced at her. "It's not going to be a problem, is it?"

"Not at all," Jamie said hastily. "Consider it done."

Holding the cup of coffee in his hand, Henry strode to the windows. "Find me some dirt regarding Sloan Group's finances. Also, arrange for a meeting with John Winters, the financier of Sloan Group."

John Winters of Sloan Group?

Jamie was bewildered.

Henry raised a hand, indicating that she should stop asking questions.

After she left, he stood there in silence for a while and felt somewhat lonely.

Only he knew about the past and future from his dream of ten years ago. The woman he yearned for was right in front of him, but he still had to do whatever it took to get close to her.

He had already restrained himself with that kiss earlier.

I will pay back what I owe Robert in my dreams. There's also John's matters.

Henry shut his eyes. He could not wait to see Crystal again, nor could he wait to make her his as soon as possible no matter what it took.

He wanted to end his dream quickly and bring her home.

With an additional decade of experience, Henry endeavored to resolve the matter that same day.

At four in the afternoon, John arrived at the agreed-upon club and pushed open the door to the private room.

Henry was sitting alone inside with a thick stack of documents before him. His expression was completely different from that of the young heir John remembered from the night before.

“What’s so important that you had to see me, Mr. Miller”

Henry looked up.

His expression grew warmer.

He stood up with a smile. “Call me Henry, Mr. Winters. I hope I’m not interrupting your afternoon, but I have matters to discuss with you.”

John was no fool.

He walked over with a chuckle.

After the pair took their seats, Henry got to the point. “Here’s a copy of Sloan Group’s financial information. I think as the chief financial officer, you should be very familiar with them. I have grown closer to Crystal, but she likes Robert. Because of my love for her, I want to help Sloan Group.”

His love for her?

John was stunned.

What man would make such a fool of himself?

He had heard of the younger man’s stellar reputation in the legal world. The latter was the Grim Reaper. I believe him when he claims to love Crystal, but he must be insane to offer to help his rival out of love for her.

Despite his bewilderment, John continued sipping his coffee, seemingly unperturbed.

“Isn’t that a bit much, Henry?” he said with a wry smile.

Henry slid another document over to him.

“I would like to invest a billion of my own money in Sloan Group, Mr. Winters, but on the condition that: you leave and come work for Miller Corporation.”

John was stunned.

He’s throwing one billion into the waters for an old man like me?

[Chapter 364 One Billion](#)

Inside the private room, the more John read, the quicker his heart raced.

Sloan Group’s situation was surprisingly much worse than he had imagined. Some numbers even made his heart skip a beat.

He lifted his eyes and stared at Henry in shock.

Henry still appeared calm and elegant as though he was dealing with something insignificant.

“Mr. Winters, I believe that if this trend continues, Sloan Group will be one billion in debt in less than four years. As for who to bear responsibility for this, have you considered a candidate?”

John broke into a cold sweat.

He was the chief financial officer of Sloan Group. Logically, he would be forced to shoulder that responsibility. However, he didn't believe the Sloans would be cruel enough to throw him under the bus. After all, he had worked for Sloan Group for decades..

Henry was aware of what John was thinking.

He poured two glasses of wine with a smile and handed one to John. “Have some to calm yourself down. It's nothing serious, really. This is only the beginning. If you resolve the issue in time, nothing bad will happen. Sloan Group will be fine, and you'll have a brighter future. If you succeed, you'll kill two birds with one stone.”

His silver tongue successfully moved John.

The data was reliable, but the collapse was predicted to occur years later.

John hesitated again.

Henry took a step further. “You're friends with the Sloans, are you not? Can you really sit back and watch while this precious opportunity slips by?”

John sipped the red wine and stared at the young man before him quietly.

Although Henry was younger, he was more experienced than John had expected.

However, John didn't waver. “I separate my public and private life! It's Crystal's choice to be with who she wants. I won't interfere with it.”

Henry smiled. “Of course! I won't use money in relationship matters either.”

As John examined Henry, he couldn't help but admit that Henry was much more capable and handsome than Robert.

As Crystal's father, he hoped her daughter would find happiness with a good man

He didn't think it was good for a woman to pursue a math

After further consideration, John signed the contract and earned Sloan Group one billion.

Meanwhile, he would be the financial director of Miller Corporation's branch company.

After everything was settled, John left. Henry opened the door for him, which pleased him. After all, it wasn't common for an affluent man to act so humbly.

John mulled it over and asked, “I have a question, Henry. When did you fall in love with Crystal? As far as I know, you two don't really know each other.”

He did not believe in love at first sight..

A faint smile settled on Henry's countenance as he stared at the man before him. "Perhaps you won't believe me, but I owe you something, Mr. Winters."

John frowned, knowing he wouldn't be getting an answer.

As the older man left, Henry stood there silently. I should've called you Dad. That's what I owed you.

In reality, it was his fault that Crystal didn't get to meet her father on the night he passed away.

John returned to the office and took care of a few things.

When Crystal returned at night, he wasn't sure what to say.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Anna went to open the door and saw Robert standing outside. He didn't look too well and seemed to be suppressing his emotions forcefully. "Where's Crystal?"

[Chapter 365 The Deal You Made With Him](#)

Robert's face was gloomy.

Anna, who could guess the reason; let out a sigh before letting him in..

Crystal came out from her bedroom right then and was stunned to see him.

Both their families were on good terms and she had a crush on him. Yet, the two of them weren't close.

Upon recovering her senses, she asked softly, "Are you here to see my dad?"

Robert stared at her intently as if he was scrutinizing every inch of her body.

Crystal had short pajamas on, revealing her fair arms and slender long legs.

With her thick brown hair cascading down her shoulders and her round coffee-colored spectacles, she looked young and demure.

Her beauty could awe any man, but Robert had only considered how useful she was to him.

However, now that the problems of Sloan Group had been resolved and a suitor for her had appeared, he began to take proper notice of Crystal, the girl who always stayed by his side everywhere he went.

In the past, he had found her boring and had not been particularly interested in her, but now, someone had eyes on what was supposedly his.

The turn of events made him appreciate her more, an example of how despicable men could be.

"I'm here to talk to you," Robert said softly, his gaze fixed on Crystal, who was taken by surprise.

John sensed something amiss and came over. "Robert, Crystal isn't involved in the company's affairs."

Robert's eyes remained fixated on Crystal as he said, "Mr. Winters, I would like to discuss something personal with her."

John was rendered speechless. He knew that things were getting complicated.

After returning to her room to put on a knitted jacket, Crystal walked out and said, "Sure. Let's talk downstairs."

No sooner had she come down than she felt her arm being grabbed.

"Do you like him?"

Robert's question startled Crystal. She had known him for a long time, and her infatuation for him was common knowledge to all. Yet he had never expressed his interest in her nor did she ever confess her feelings to him.

Technically speaking, whoever she went out with was none of his business even if she had no intention of doing so at that moment.

Crystal attempted to free herself, but her attempts were futile. She was powerless against Robert.

"Henry is willing to invest one billion in Sloan Group on the condition that Mr. Winters joins Miller Corporation. Is this the deal you made with him?"

Crystal was stunned.

With his pride hurt, Robert demanded, "Answer me!"

Crystal blinked, her arm beginning to hurt.

So, that's what this is about. He came to see me because his pride was hurt. Who does he think he is? What gives him the right to treat me this way?

Crystal figured that it would be best to speak candidly.

"What about you, Robert? What's going through your mind? You're well aware of my feelings for you, yet you have always left me hanging."

Robert locked gazes with her. As both of them were equally young, their breathing was just as fiery.

A long while passed before Crystal added, "What about you? Before you came over to question me, you have already decided to accept it, isn't that right?"

Robert was surprised by the fact that she had seen through him.

His original goal was to start a relationship with Crystal so as to gain John's unconditional trust. After that, he would saddle John with the debts of Sloan Group that amounted to hundreds of millions.

However, his plan had now been foiled."

He should be delighted that the crisis at Sloan Group had been resolved and feel happy for Crystal. Yet he couldn't accept the method by which it happened.

In fact, he didn't even know what he wanted before coming, and it was Crystal who had enlightened him. to what it was.

Underneath the yellow light of the street lamp, Robert stood frozen for a long while before saying, "You should go back in first."

Lowering her gaze, Crystal pulled her jacket tighter around herself and slowly walked back inside.

The night breeze blew. Her nose was red and a burning sensation was felt in her eyes.

She cried. Her crush had ended before she even had a chance to confess her feelings. She knew what Robert's decision was.

Underneath the dense foliage of the tree, the long shadow cast by Robert's figure appeared particularly lonely.

Staring at Crystal's silhouette, he felt the urge to call out to her and tell her that he didn't want the investment. What he wanted was her.

Unfortunately, the feeling remained just that as he silently watched Crystal leave.

When Crystal returned home in a gloomy mood, John patted her on the back. "This is all my fault. I didn't. consider your feelings throughout."

Crystal shook her head before wrapping her arms around her father.

She rested her head on his shoulder and said softly, "I know how much you love me. You did this because Robert doesn't like me."

John stroked her head. "Nonsense. There isn't anyone in this world who doesn't like you."

When Anna emerged from the kitchen with food in her hands and saw the father and daughter getting cozy, she pretended to be upset. "John, you spoil her too much. Crystal is twenty already. She knows how to deal with her own problems."

John refuted smilingly, "Look who's talking. Who's the one who tucks her in every night?"

The banter between the two cheered Crystal up, lifting her spirits.

During bedtime, she tossed and turned for a long while before deciding to forget about Robert.

Just as she was about to fall asleep, she heard a message notification on her phone.

When she opened it, a provocative picture greeted her.

It was a picture of a bare-chested man in a seductive pose. Drops of glistening water seemed to be dripping off his smooth skin onto his towel, and his flexed abdominals were a feast for the eyes.

The man in the picture was none other than Henry.

[Chapter 366 Love Rivals](#)

Apart from the photo, Henry also texted: Do you like it?

Crystal flushed crimson with rage: He's so shameless! Also, how did he get my number? He has no shame!

Despite her thoughts, she couldn't help looking at the photo because she knew that although Henry was a scoundrel, he was the most handsome scoundrel out there.

Afterward, Crystal deleted the photo. I must be frank with him. Even if there's nothing going on between me and Robert, that doesn't mean he can harass me. Also, Dad said he was going to work for Miller Corporation. That's rather unsettling. I think Henry is coming for me!

At around midnight, Crystal couldn't stand the heat. She flipped the blanket aside and ran to the bathroom.

She took off her pajamas, leaving only a set of light pink underwear on her body. She stood before the mirror and checked herself out. I have a nice figure, and my brown hair is pretty. But I don't think this is enough to attract Henry! He mentioned piano before... Could it be that he fell for my talents?

Crystal was twenty. She dreamed of becoming a pianist and couldn't help feeling a little giddy inside.

Still, she figured she had to come clean with him.

The next day, Crystal arrived at the Department of Music and tried to lie low. However, she was the center of attention wherever she went.

Clementine even mocked, "Crystal, are you not going to marry Mr. Miller soon? Why do you still bother coming here for class? I thought you were head over heels in love with Robert! As it turns out, that isn't the case."

Crystal wasn't a pushover, so she retorted, "What does that have anything to do with you?"

Clementine was stumped.

Right then, Madison and Zachary arrived and heard the conversation.

Madison had always been on Crystal's side. She fumed, Clementine, shouldn't you be happy? You like Robert, don't you? Pursue him, then!"

Clementine's expression turned solemn.

Robert wasn't interested in her. She had asked him out several times, but he had ignored her

Madison wasn't going to let Clementine off the hook that easily.

Zachary stopped Madison and acted as the peacemaker. "We're classmates. That's enough, Madison!"

The twenty-year-old Madison was like a delicate rose. "Why are you taking her side? Be honest with me, Zachary Have you fallen for her? Are you speaking up for her because you like how flirtatious she is?"

Zachary felt helpless.

Although Clementine had just been scolded, she was smiling right then.

She winked at Zachary and left.

Later on, a steamy scene played out in the empty girls dorm.

Clementine, with little clothes on, was riding on Zachary

It was daytime, but the two were simply lost in pleasure.

Zachary bit his lip and humped her fiercely, his sweat dripping down and staining the blue and white sheets.

Clementine wasn't as pretty as Madison, but she was a wild girl in bed.

In fact, Clementine was open to doing the nasty things that Madison normally wouldn't do.

With a luscious look on her face, Clementine ran her fingers across his chest and smirked. "Madison could return at any time. Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

Zachary kissed her on the lips and uttered in a husky voice, "Crystal is around, so she won't bother about me! Besides, so what if she finds out? She's not as comforting as you are."

With that, he grew even more excited.

Clementine was sweating profusely. Zachary only had feelings for Madison. If Madison found out about the affair, Clementine's relationship with Zachary would be over. That meant no one was going to pay for Clementine's tuition fees anymore. Clementine had to endure Madison's harsh words and keep her relationship with Zachary under wraps.

After they had sex, Zachary put on his pants and left.

Before he left, he tossed a bank card to Clementine containing her monthly living expenses.

Meanwhile, Madison was consoling Crystal.

Crystal wasn't that vulnerable. She patted Madison's shoulder and said, "You're such a soft-hearted person with a sharp tongue! You criticize Clementine, but you secretly give her a thousand every month for food

Madison appeared uneasy when she chuckled and said. She was being a b*tch, so I had to put her in her place!"

The two chatted for a while before noticing Zachary's absence.

Crystal was amused. "You should also look after your own affairs instead of caring for me! I'm fine!"

Crystal continued to live her life and studied hard because she dreamed of furthering her studies in the Kingdom of Brundela.

Joshua, the pride of the locals, was in the Kingdom of Brundela.

When she thought of Joshua, she couldn't help thinking about the piano played by Ludweig. Is that piano really at Henry's? Would he really let me have a look at it?

In the meantime, Henry had just gone to Irushea to buy the Morning Dew piano.

The piano was expensive, but he knew Crystal liked it.

Henry returned to the country on Friday.

Soon after he arrived at the law firm, Jamie went into his office and reported, "Mr. Miller, Mr. Sloan is here to see you."

Mr. Sloan? Robert Sloan?

Henry poured himself a mug of water, drank half of it, and said, "Invite him in." After that, he added, "Give Miss Winters a call and tell her I'm inviting her to see the piano. Let's see what she says."

Jamie smiled in response. She wasn't a fool, so she knew her superior was serious about it.

A while later, Robert entered Henry's office.

Robert was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Not only did he have a solid background, but he was also a handsome man.

However, all this was nothing compared to Henry.

Henry was drinking his mug of water by the window.

Robert was twenty-two at that time. He was nothing compared to Henry in terms of having a successful career. In a hoarse voice, he said, "I haven't signed the one billion investment document yet."

Henry didn't bother turning around. He looked out the window and asked, "Robert, do you like Crystal?"

Robert was at a loss for words. He didn't respond for a long time.

Henry finally turned around and stared fixedly at Robert. In a casual tone, he said, "You can't even admit to the fact that you like her! Who are you to negotiate with me? As love rivals, we should at least know that we both long for her and are into her!"

Robert was caught off guard because he had thought Henry, with his status and influence, was merely fooling around with Crystal.

To his surprise, that wasn't the case.

Henry knew what was on Robert's mind and flashed a bitter smile.

Deep down, Henry was very grateful to Robert. After Robert died, he even got Sylvester to look after Crystal. Because of that, Henry had no ill will toward Robert in this dream.

He slowly took a seat and gestured for Robert to do the same..

With the blinds rolled up, the sunlight shone on Henry's side profile and highlighted his features, giving him a majestic look.

After a long while, Henry finally said, "Robert, wouldn't it be great to take the one billion and give up on Crystal? It will help Sloan Group weather the storm. Also, it will save you from disappointing a woman who truly loves you! John will always be known to you as Mr. Winters."

Robert went pale because he didn't expect Henry to see right through him.

For the first time, Robert felt uneasy, and he asked, "What do you mean, Mr. Miller?"

Henry whipped out a cigarette and lit it up. After he exhaled a cloud of smoke, he smiled and replied, "You know what I mean! Don't ask me how I know about it, Robert, I mean you no harm."

After all, they were merely love rivals.

Henry figured that Robert, at twenty-two, would choose power over Crystal.

"Can I have a cigarette?" Robert suddenly asked.

"Of course!" Like a gentleman, Henry gestured for him to take a cigarette.

Robert took a cigarette and took a deep puff. Henry is right. A smart man would know what to choose. Obviously. not only will I get the one billion investment, but I can also build a relationship with the Miller family. I'll be killing two birds with one stone!

Robert finished smoking his cigarette in silence before he rose to his feet and said calmly, "Thank you, Mr. Miller! I'm looking forward to working with you."

Henry remained seated.

He lifted his head to look at the charismatic and twenty-two-year-old Robert. Deep down, he felt sad.

That was because, in reality, Robert had already passed away.

Robert thought Henry was being arrogant, but the latter soon stood up and shook hands with him. In a deep voice, he said, "Thank you, Robert."

Robert was baffled. He didn't know what Henry meant.

"In fact, I'm quite fond of the child in the Sloan family, Sylvester Sloan!" Henry smiled slightly.

Sylvester? Robert was even more confused."

Still wearing a faint smile, Henry added emotionally, "Sylvester is only thirteen, right? After Crystal and I get married, we'll make him our godson!"

You're only twenty-four, Henry. Sylvester is already thirteen! You sure know how to take advantage of others! Robert was about to leave when someone opened the door.

A pleasant fragrance wafted into the air, and a beautiful girl entered the office.

Robert recognized the girl right away. She's the daughter of the Miller family, Melora Miller!

Upon entering the office, Melora stared fixedly at Robert. In response, he nodded at her and left.

"Henry, who was that?" Melora dashed toward Henry and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Henry turned to her and shot her a look. "What's the matter? Have you fallen for him?"

Melora blushed when she heard that.

Henry pondered for a moment before saying. "He isn't right for you! If you dare to contact him in private, I'll break your legs!"

Melora was furious. Henry has been pursuing a girl recently Why is he allowed to do that?

Henry gently pulled Melora toward himself.

He gazed at her for a moment before he went to turn on his computer and showed a news article featuring

Alfred from Coldbridge.

At that time, Alfred was still a young and elegant gentleman. Needless to say, he was a man all the young girls were after, and Melora couldn't take her eyes off him.

"Isn't he better?" Henry asked.

Melora read the article and became annoyed. "Henry, that's Mr. Lodge from Coldbridge. Why would he fancy me?"

Henry wanted to lecture her, but he couldn't bear to do so.

He caressed her hair and uttered softly, "Melora, you'll always be the best in my eyes! No one will ever be worthy of you."

Melora stuck her tongue out. "Am I better than Crystal?"

Henry had somewhat seen that coming. He played with the paperweight on the table and said with a half-smile. "Is that even a question? She's my future wife, and you're my baby sister!"

Melora blushed slightly.

She had always been reliant on Henry, and she couldn't help acting cute when she said, "Henry, as long as your future wife is a good person, I'll be nice to her!"

Henry ruffled her hair.

Right then, Jamie came in and smiled when she saw them enjoying each other's company.

"Mr. Miller, Miss Winters... turned you down."

Henry wasn't angry because he knew all about Crystal's temper. He looked at Melora and passed her his phone. "Help me get her to come here!"

[Chapter 367 Familiar](#)

Melora asked indignantly, "What's in it for me?"

Henry patted her on the head gently.

What's in it for you? You get to get together with Alfred, get married, and give birth to Berthold!

Melora huffed, "Don't think I don't know what you're up to. You're using me as bait because I'm a girl! Then, when she arrives, you're just going to chase me away, right?"

Yes, you're right.

Henry didn't deny anything and simply straightened his tie with his long, graceful fingers.

He looked as elegant as ever.

Melora smirked as she called the number. I guess not everybody falls for my brother's charm.

She had already heard that her brother was pursuing a girl called Crystal.

She was a high-achieving student from the Department of Music, and she was known for being an excellent pianist.

Melora had seen some pictures of her before. She was definitely an attractive girl, and Melora wasn't surprised her brother liked her.

The call went through, and Crystal, upon answering, immediately rejected, "Mr. Miller, I told you that I don't want to accept the invitation."

Melora turned

round to look at Henry.

He patted her on the head gently.

Like a social butterfly, she started, "I'm Melora... Yeah, I'm Mr. Miller's sister! You can just call me Melora.. To be honest, I was the one who invited you. I really like the piano as well. Could you please come? If transportation is a problem. I can come and pick you up."

Crystal wondered, Melora? Isn't she being way too friendly to someone she's never met?

Melora knew just how to pull at a person's heartstrings. After she said a few sweet words, Crystal began to give in.

In the end, Melora had even managed to wheedle out what time Crystal's classes ended.

Melora hung up and held onto Henry's phone. "So, what's my reward?"

Henry took out his checkbook and wrote down a number.

He wrote her a check for ten million and passed it to her.

After that, he sent her a picture. "Here's Mr. Lodge for you to keep. Print this out and stick it on your headboard or something. Keep him as your target."

Melora pouted. "I want to see Crystal!"

Henry didn't want to bring a third wheel along, but he ended up bringing her anyway.

Crystal seemed to enjoy Melora's way of talking.

At the Department of Music, Crystal had just finished class. It was already four in the afternoon and since she had no more classes left, she was planning to call a taxi and go home.

A golden Bentley Continental was parked right outside the school gates, drawing a lot of attention due to its flashiness.

Crystal didn't spare it a second glance and crossed the road. However, the driver of the Bentley drove over and stopped right in front of Crystal. The car window was rolled down and an elegant, beautiful face appeared. "Get in, Crystal."

Crystal wasn't used to the sudden invitation.

Right then, Henry got out of the driver's seat and helped her open the back door. "Come on and get in. I'm not allowed to park here."

Crystal was forced to get into the car.

She had just sat down when Melora began talking her ear off.

Since it was the first time they met, Crystal didn't really know what to say to her.

Things ended up getting slightly awkward.

Henry could sense it, of course. When he stopped at the next red light, he kept one hand resting on the steering wheel and looked into the rearview mirror, meeting Crystal's eyes.

Her eyes were clear and had an innocent look in them.

He had never seen her like that before.

His heart began to beat faster and he smiled gently.

He had a good temperament and was attractive as well. Just a gentle smile from him was enough to make Crystal blush.

Melora noticed her red cheeks and silently approved of her brother's charm.

Half an hour later, they arrived at Henry's condominium. By the time Henry parked his car, Melora had already brought Crystal upstairs with her arms wrapped around Crystal's affectionately.

When they opened the door, Crystal spotted a cerulean vase filled with a few white roses on the cabinet. next to the door.

She glanced inside and saw the Baroque-style decorations and the Morning Dew piano. Her heart skipped. a beat.

Why does everything look so familiar? It almost feels as though I lived here in my past life. All of these are my favorite. It's my dream house.

She caressed the vase gently, unable to pay attention to everything else around her.

"Do you like it?" a man asked her from behind.

Crystal almost jumped in surprise.

She turned around to see Henry, whose handsome face was harder to read than usual.

His dark eyes were staring straight into her soul.

Crystal felt her legs become weak.

She had always been an honest person. She said straightforwardly, "I like the decorations here. It feels familiar for some reason. It's almost as if I've seen it in a dream before."

She looked a little bit confused, and Henry wanted nothing more than to pull her into his embrace. However, he knew it wasn't the time to do so yet.

He smiled gently. "I'm glad you like it."

Crystal didn't dare to even glance at him.

She turned to Melora. "Didn't you say you wanted to look at the piano?"

Melora dragged her over while saying. "This place used to look like a jail cell! It was all black and white and it was so boring to look at. Honestly, it didn't seem like a place any living person would enjoy. A few days ago, though, it suddenly started looking like this! In my opinion, he's only doing it to win a girl over.

She spoke incessantly while the other two of them began to feel a weird romantic atmosphere growing in the room.

Crystal couldn't help but turn to look at Henry.

[Chapter 368 Kissing The Young Crystal 1](#)

Henry took his coat off and hung it up before walking inside.

Crystal stared at him.

His every action was a sight to behold.

Henry walked over and massaged her shoulders gently. He said nonchalantly, "You like it, right? Sit down. and have a go."

Crystal felt rather taken aback.

There was a long, beautiful history behind the piano and it was a rare treasure.

She had wanted to see it for a long time.

She pressed her lips together and sat down in front of the piano. Her long, delicate fingers rested on the keys. Suddenly, Henry asked, "Can you play Moonlight Lovers?"

Crystal looked at him with glistening eyes.

Her heart skipped yet another beat.

There it is again! Why do I keep feeling like that? He seems to know everything about me. Did he run a background check on me?

Henry looked at her intently.

He was reminded of Skyler whenever Crystal showed her gentle yet angry side. He truly wanted to have her for his own

Crystal finally started playing the piano.

At that moment, her legs were not injured and she was playing in a lively, energetic manner.

Since George had helped him out before he began to dream, Henry managed to retain all of his memories.

He was Henry Miller whose memories remained intact.

Crystal's performance touched his heart deeply. His eyes were even beginning to feel a little wet.

If he had dealt with Audrey better back then, Crystal wouldn't have had to suffer so much. She wouldn't have had so many regrets, nor would she have had to throw her dreams away. She might already have become a world-renowned pianist.

Sadly, it was useless to think of the past now that everything had already unfolded.

All he wanted now was to bring her home peacefully and safely.

Crystal finished playing and slowly lifted her hands off the ivory and ebony keys. She was in disbelief.

Her heart ached with how familiar the keys felt under her fingers.

Henry walked up behind her and placed his warm palms on her shoulders. He gently turned her to face him.

He was extremely careful and it was very clear that he didn't want to offend her in any way.

Crystal didn't know what was happening to her. She had been thinking of Robert every day and every night until just a few days ago. However, as of right now, all she could think about was the man right next to her.

She was extremely obedient.

Henry couldn't control himself. He lowered his head so that he could whisper in her ear. "Do you know how much I missed you?"

Crystal froze.

She had never been this close to a man.

Her voice was trembling as she replied, "No, I don't."

Henry didn't say anything else. He simply kept his face close to her brown hair, feeling its softness against his cheek. He hadn't hugged her in too long.

Melora stood stiffly at the side.

What the hell? Why are they suddenly hugging?

She ran off to the kitchen to look for snacks and spotted a brand-new air fryer. She opened it to inspect it and muttered to herself, "Why did he buy this?"

She stared at it and began to wait impatiently for the two of them to let go of each other. She couldn't wait to make them cook some good food for her.

The sun was slowly setting and it painted a beautiful picture in the sky.

The last streak of golden sunshine shone through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the condominium and landed on Henry and Crystal.

It was a beautiful sight to behold.

Crystal was still in Henry's embrace.

She was still young and had never been that close to a man before. Nervously, she murmured, "Please let go, Mr. Miller."

His large hands were still wrapped around her slim waist.

His voice was rough and attractive as he asked, "We've hugged each other for so long. Dare you say that you don't feel anything for me at all?"

Crystal couldn't lie and say no.

His embrace had made her face turn bright red and her heart had even begun to beat faster. Even her legs had become weak.

It wasn't as if she couldn't push him aside, but because he didn't want to.

He seemed to have a magical effect on her that was pulling her in like a moth to a flame.

Henry continued to caress her slim waist and suddenly pulled her into his arms completely. He whispered in her ear, "Are we finally official now?"

Crystal wanted to say no, but she was at his place and in his embrace, no less. There was no way she could deny anything now.

Her hesitation was a window of opportunity for him.

He leaned in and kissed her gently.

When their lips met, Crystal's face immediately heated up. She felt as if her brain had been turned to mush. She finally knew how close two people felt while kissing.

She had no way of describing how she was feeling.

She simply felt completely surrounded by his presence and his every movement was setting off a new fire within her

"Close your eyes," Henry said in a low voice. He placed a hand behind her head and caressed it gently so she would calm down.

Crystal was still young. She had no idea what to do.

Henry reached out and covered her eyes completely before lifting her up and putting her down on the piano. A loud, dissonant sound rang out and she started to get taken over by him completely.

The kiss was hot and heavy, and she had no idea what to do with herself.

Crystal couldn't see anything and was forced to feel around blindly. Eventually, her hands found their way around his neck.

She was being kissed silly and didn't know right from left or up from down.

After what seemed like a long time, he finally seemed to have enough. He pulled away and nestled his head in the crook of her neck. He was breathing heavily, and she could feel every single one of his hot breaths against her skin. She couldn't help but think of a wild beast.

She was already lightheaded, but she could still sense how badly he wanted her.

Blood rushed to color her pale cheeks.

Henry tenderly caressed her face and said in a low, raspy voice, "Don't be afraid. I won't touch you."

The piano was a little bit slippery and she was scared of falling.

She wrapped her arms around his lean waist and argued, "You already did."

Henry looked down at her.

He couldn't deny that he wasn't having any indecent thoughts at all at the sight of a young, energetic Crystal in his arms. He was a man, after all.

Henry pinched her nose lightly and chuckled.

"I'll go and make dinner. Melora is probably starving. She hates being hungry."

Crystal blushed.

She had almost forgotten that Melora was around. She had been too busy being all wrapped up in Melora's brother's arms and had even started making out on the piano, no less. His hands had been all over her.

Her face looked like a ripe tomato,

Henry couldn't help but kiss her again. "Why? Feeling shy?"

Crystal shook her head and looked up at him. "Everything's moving too fast."

She was only twenty, after all. Was she about to give herself up just because of Henry's piano and his good looks?

She couldn't believe her own thoughts.

"This all feel like a dream," she added softly.

Henry was quiet and didn't reply to her.

Indeed, it was a dream.

He had come to meet the twenty-year-old Crystal, but he still had to leave eventually.

He hoped dearly that they would both be able to keep the memories of everything that had happened in the dream even after waking up.

It would definitely be a romantic memory even forty or fifty years from now.

He couldn't voice out all of his negative emotions and had to digest them on his own. He caressed Crystal gently and carried her down from the piano. He had managed to make her his.

Henry brought Melora out of the kitchen.

The two girls got along pretty well.

They began talking about more private matters and Melora suddenly pulled up a picture from her phone. She presented it to Crystal as if she were showing her a big secret. "Look at this! Isn't he handsome? My brother said I had a chance."

Crystal looked at it carefully.

An elegant, poised man was walking in the rain. He was surrounded by crowds of people while someone, who looked like his secretary was holding an umbrella over him.

The picture was a well-taken one and it seemed to tell a story of its own.

However, Crystal was feeling something she couldn't quite put a finger on. She felt that the man in the picture was strangely familiar.

The lines of his nose bridge to the curve of his lips looked almost exactly like hers.

She had always known that John wasn't her biological father.

Could this Mr. Lodge from Coldbridge be my real father?

Melora looked at Crystal's expression and felt a twinge of unease. "You already have my brother, so leave this one for me, okay?"

Crystal didn't know whether to laugh or frown, but she didn't want to spill anything about her own past so suddenly. However, she made sure to take a mental note.

Alfred Lodge of Coldbridge. Got it.

She nodded in reply and Melora relaxed.

Henry was done cooking. He had always been a rather good cook.

Melora couldn't help but spill praises after trying some of the food. "Since when did you learn to cook?" Her small mouth was stuffed with food. "You're a lucky girl, Crystal! My brother never used to cook."

Crystal was enjoying the food as well.

Henry had filled her plate to the brim..

He whispered, "I learned it to win you over."

Women like to hear words of love, and Crystal definitely was one of them. It was even better when coming out of such a handsome person's mouth.

However, she couldn't help but feel just a little bit awkward.

Henry stroked her hair, and all of a sudden, her awkwardness disappeared.

Maybe I do want to have a relationship with him.

She had already known what having a crush felt like, and after meeting someone who treated her so gently, she simply couldn't resist.

Crystal finally gave in.

She finished her food and washed the dishes with Melora.

Melora had never done any household chores before and was freaking out. However, she ended up gritting her teeth and did the dishes anyway. After all, her brother had said that Alfred liked virtuous ladies.

I can be virtuous too!

[Chapter 369 Kissing The Young Crystal 2](#)

It was eight in the evening when Henry sent Crystal back home.

The golden Bentley Continental slowly came to a halt in front of the Winters residence. Then, the clicking of car locks echoed across the small space.

He had locked the doors,

Crystal turned to him with a panicked look. "This is too fast, Henry!"

He only needed to use ten percent of his charm with twenty-year-old Crystal. With a smirk, he teased, "I haven't even done anything yet. How am I fast?"

Her cheeks blushed at his innuendo.

Despite being inexperienced, she could still understand what he was implying.

Henry admired the pink blush on her cheeks briefly and decided to stop teasing her, not wanting to put her in a difficult spot.

He helped her unfasten the seatbelt, then gently brushed her hair to the side.

The narrow space in the car began to heat up.

Crystal started to feel nervous as it was her first time being in that situation with a man, and there was an unfamiliar look of lust in his eyes.

Right when her heart was racing, Henry leaned closer.

His voice was even more enticing than the darkness.

"I want to kiss you."

An expression as if a baby animal was at a loss crossed Crystal's face.

Feeling stirred, he pulled her to sit on his lap.

Crystal did not know what she should do.

The tip of his nose brushed hers. He looked at her fair cheeks and said in a hoarse voice, "Put your arms around my neck."

Crystal didn't dare to at first, but slowly, she reached her hands out to his shoulders.

She even lowered her head to avoid looking at him. Her young, inexperienced body was shivering.

It's just a kiss and she's this afraid.

Henry wrapped an arm around her waist while he lifted her chin with his other hand before leaning down to kiss her, alternating between deep and shallow kisses.

Feeling a stronger desire, he started to go further, but Crystal was unwilling.

She leaned on his shoulders and held his hands in a death grip.

"You're not allowed to touch me!"

Although she had feelings for him, she was still clear-headed. They had just started to date and get to know each other not long ago. Even kissing was crossing the line, much less something more.

Hearing her cry with a soft, pleading voice, Henry snapped out of his haze.

I was being irrational. In my heart, she's already my wife, so it feels right no matter what I do to her, but I'm just a random stranger to the twenty-year-old her.

He scanned the woman in his arms. Her dress had slid down to her midriff. The straps were hanging down her lean arms, making her look alluring.

Henry's heart softened.

He gently pulled her dress back up and fastened the buttons.

He kissed her cheeks, tenderly and dotingly. "Don't cry. I won't touch you."

Crystal wanted to get off his lap, but he wouldn't let her.

Keeping his arm around her waist, he leaned forward, reached for a pack of cigarettes from the glovebox, and took a stick of cigarette from the box.

He lit it with one hand and took a deep drag.

Crystal couldn't stand the smell of smoke. "I don't want to breathe in secondhand smoke."

Boldly, she took the cigarette from his lips and held it in her hand. Yet she did not know where to throw it. Henry thought her flustered look was adorable.

He leaned forward and took the cigarette back with his hips.

Then he kissed her again and said, "I'll only smoke half of it, then I'll let you go home."

Crystal fell silent at his promise and obediently rested against his chest, feeling his warmth through his shirt and smelling the faint smell of tobacco.

He rolled down half of the windows and smoked slowly. With one hand, he gently patted her head. He loved her, but his love was slightly different from the one he had for the Crystal in reality.

After all, the Crystal in his arms was only twenty years old.

As promised, he only smoked half of the cigarette before snubbing it and asking her, "Do you like me?"

Crystal refused to answer him.

How can I say something so embarrassing?

He didn't force an answer from her and merely held her, kissing her again and again. In the end, he patted her on her buttocks and said, "Hurry home. Otherwise, Mr. Winters will be worried."

Crystal muttered an acknowledgement.

Henry smoothed the wrinkles of her clothing one last time and said with a husky voice, "Don't hide our relationship."

Crystal didn't agree and merely blushed at his demand.

She got out of the car in a rush and raced into the elevator.

Henry silently watched her lively figure leaving further away and felt frustrated inside.

It's been a few days since I've come into the dream, and I've managed to get Crystal to be my girlfriend in the shortest time possible, but that isn't my mission. Instead, it's to bear her suffering in her stead and bring her home. However, I still haven't seen the opportunity to do that.

Feeling anxious at that thought, he took another stick of cigarette out of the box and lit it.

When he was done and was just about to start the car to leave, he spotted a couple quarreling as they approached from afar.

He knew them.

They were Robert and Clementine.

It seemed they had been here for quite a while and had seen what had happened earlier.

Clementine tugged Robert's shirt and sobbed, "You saw it for yourself, Robert! She's already with someone else, She got out of such a nice car! What are you still doing here? What are you expecting?"

Robert flung her hand away, causing her to fall on her butt.

She continued to make a scene. "Robert, I love you! Are you still unwilling to love me even though Crystal is already out of the picture?"

Robert ignored her.

Instead, his dark gaze was trained in Henry's direction. After that, he left, disappearing in the dark.

Clementine continued to weep.

Suddenly, Henry had a light bulb moment.

Robert! Clementine! Sylvester! Why didn't I connect the dot earlier? The key is Clementine. Was Clementine the one behind the fall of the chandelier in reality?

The space within the car was dark, and Henry continued to sit there.

He glanced coldly at the woman crying on the ground, eager to run her over with his car, but couldn't. George said I need to bear Crystal's suffering for her! No-

Comprehension dawned upon Henry.

I came into this dream to redeem myself for my past mistakes.

He slowly drove away.

The neon lights of the city shone on Henry's face. With one hand on the steering wheel, he dialed Jamie's number. "Get me two bodyguards to protect Crystal."

Jamie was dumbstruck by the sudden call.

However, as a professional, she kept her mouth shut and did as she was told.

Henry hung up the phone after that.

The flashy car disappeared into the depths of the city.

Henry continued to search for clues as he dated Crystal.

He often picked her up for dates and they spent most of their time at the condominium. He had thought Crystal would feel bored, but instead, she loved it.

She liked playing the piano and cooking in the kitchen.

She even enjoyed resting her head on his chest and listening to him talk about legal matters.

It was something he had never experienced with Crystal.

He wondered if the heavens were taking pity on them and giving them a chance to date again.

He carefully cherished every moment he had.

At nine o'clock in the evening on the weekend, Crystal felt it was time to go back.

However, it was raining cats and dogs outside.

Standing in front of the windows, she muttered, "Why is it still raining heavily when it's already autumn?"

Right after she spoke, a flash of lightning lit up the dark sky.

It scared her, sending her hiding in Henry's arms..

He smelled fresh right after a shower.

Crystal belatedly realized he was only wearing a bathrobe.

Her face was buried in his chest, and her skin was touching his warm skin. She could feel his rhythmic heartbeat, which made her shy.

He held her waist and said in a deep voice, "It's probably because I don't want you to leave."

Crystal was only twenty years old. She didn't dare to spend the night with a man.

Unwilling to stay for the night, she urged for the rain to stop.

Henry merely held her and sat on the terrace in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing at the night view. Leaning into her ear, he chuckled. "Do you not trust me?"

Crystal's face blushed.

Henry's heart softened. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but he couldn't bear to do it because he would have to leave at the end of the day.

Even though it was only a dream, he didn't want to make her sad.

While holding her, he reached for his phone to call John. Before long, the call connected.

He stared at Crystal and said, "It's me, Mr. Winters. The rain is pouring rather heavily, so Crystal can't make it back today. Okay, I'll take good care of her."

He ended the call with that.

Crystal looked at him dazedly.

He tossed his phone to the side and gently laid her onto the white wool carpet. He stroked the tip of her nose and asked, "What are you thinking? Do you think we must make love if we spend the night together?"

His words were too straightforward, leaving Crystal at a loss.

Lightning continued to strike while thunder continued to rumble outside, but the atmosphere within the condominium unit was warm and fuzzy. This was his home with Crystal.

Henry held her body and kissed her.

Crystal had never done anything like that with him before.

She whimpered, "Henry, you said you wouldn't touch me!"

Henry leaned into her ear and chuckled lightly. "I won't do it for real, okay?"

An inexperienced woman like Crystal couldn't stop his advances.

In front of the full glass floor-to-ceiling windows, Crystal was stripped of her clothes as her body enjoyed his touches and kisses.

In the end, she cried.

Henry landed a kiss after another, soothing her until she was happy.

It was already late into the night as she lay on his big, soft bed in his black shirt. He had released some tension from his body, but it didn't alleviate his worries.

Crystal didn't know about the worries on his mind.

All she wanted was a promise or explanation after he had gotten his way with her.

Her words came out in a stutter as she tested him.

Her adorable look brightened his mood. "Crystal, let's have three children in the future."

Three children...

Crystal blushed. "Who wants to have a baby with you?"

Henry teased her with his finger. "I've already thought of their names."

Crystal's interest was piqued.

Her eyes sparkled as her head rested on his chest. She was dressed only in his black shirt.

He grabbed her hand softly and intertwined his fingers with hers. His voice was soft in the night. "Skyler, Remi, and Aurora, How's that?"

[Chapter 370 No Photos No Fight](#)

Clementine exited the room.

Madison was the first to speak. "What is Clementine doing here?"

Clementine was not local, and she came from an average family. This was a club that average people could not afford to patronize.

She suspected that Clementine had gotten together with an indecent man.

Even though they did not see eye to eye, they were still classmates, and Madison did not wish to see Clementine fall from grace.

Zachary was ill at ease.

He tried to dismiss the topic, but Charles muttered, "Call Clementine. She looks pretty. I hope she won't end up going down the wrong path in life. Zachary, be the white knight to save the damsel in distress."

Zachary was displeased.

Charles likes Madison. He must have said that on purpose.

Just as he was about to reject Charles, a crisp clicking sound echoed in the room. Henry was playing with the lighter.

The flame flickered, casting a mysterious glow on his handsome face.

Zachary shuddered. That's strange. Henry seems even more mysterious than before. He's only a year older than me. Yet... something about him feels different.

Henry said, "Go check on her, Zachary. She's Madison's classmate. It'll be bad if something goes wrong."

Zachary also wanted to find out what in the world, Clementine was doing.

Just as he stood up, Madison grabbed him and said, "I'll go with you."

Zachary gave her a smile. "It's okay. Stay here and have fun with them."

Zachary exited the room.

As he stood in the corridor, he took out his phone and called Clementine. "Where are you?"

Clementine was fuming..

Zachary invited me here, but Madison's here too. He's messing with me.

"That's none of your business."

In a low voice, Zachary said, "I'll wait for you in the restroom."

It's time for me to break up with Clementine.

Regardless of whether Clementine had been manipulated by others or if Clementine herself wanted to climb higher up the ladder, he should not keep Clementine around anymore. Madison was the one he cared about and wanted to marry.

Zachary leaned against the restroom wall and started smoking.

Five minutes later, Clementine came in.

She was dolled up that day, looking sexy. Although she was angry, she still leaned against his shoulders as she grumbled, "When are you going to take me to social functions and introduce me publicly?"

Zachary extinguished his cigarette.

He took out a card from his wallet and confessed, "Let's end this. There are five hundred thousand in here. Take it as compensation for the time you've spent with me."

Clementine froze.

I just bumped into them. Is he so eager to leave me?

Nevertheless, Clementine was a good actress and knew how to seduce others.

Instead of taking the card, she countered, "Can you really bring yourself to break up with me? Don't you remember how wonderful it was when we slept together?"

As she spoke, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed the back of the man's ear.

Madison had been having her period recently, so it had been days since Zachary had done it with her. When Clementine flirted with him, he found himself unable to endure it any longer. He shot his hand out to cup the back of Clementine's head. As he kissed her, he brought her into the cubicle.

Soon, the moans of a man and a woman reverberated in the space.

Zachary did not return after a long while, and Madison was clearly distracted.

Charles was comforting her.

Henry said, "Charles, why don't you go with Madison to check on them?"

Charles parted his lips. When did Henry get so enthusiastic about this?

Still, it was something he was willing to do.

He led Madison outside. When Zachary did not pick up the few calls she made to him, she grew anxious. "He can't possibly get into a fight in the room next door, right?"

Charles chuckled before searching through the rooms, but they were all empty.

Just as he was about to give up, Charles overheard a commotion from the restroom. They were sounds of a man and a woman having sex. Charles furrowed his brows before clearing his throat in amusement. "Madison, wait here."

Madison overheard it too.

Her face was red. Who'd do such a thing in the restroom?

However, the man's moans sounded familiar.

The colors slowly drained out of her face, and she abruptly tugged Charles' arm. In a shaky voice, she cried out, "Don't go, Charles!"

Charles lowered his head to look at her.

He could see that even the tips of Madison's fingers had turned pale.

"Are you really going to avoid it? The man who's doing it might be someone you know. Are you going to pretend to know nothing about it?"

The twenty-year-old Madison loved Zachary very much, but she was a proud woman too.

Ultimately, she leaned against the wall and whispered, "Go in, Charles. If he's with Clementine, don't do anything-no photos, no fight. Let him have his last shred of dignity."

Charles' gaze darkened.

He raised his hand, and after a moment of hesitation, he stroked her hair.

Madison lifted her head to look at him with tears in her eyes.

"Okay," Charles said.

When Charles kicked open the cubicle door, Zachary and Clementine were in the middle of their passionate activity, sweat covering every surface of their body.

The second the door opened with a bang, Zachary was so scared that he almost peed on the spot.

Charles leaned against the wall behind him. He lit a cigarette, then took a drag and smiled. "Madison told me to neither take photos of you nor start a fight with you if it turns out to be you and Clementine. She said she wants to let you maintain your dignity, but Zachary, are you even respecting her?"

Zachary's face was ashen.

He quickly buckled his belt before moving to leave, but Charles stopped him.

"Why are you in a hurry? You're not done yet. Why don't you continue?"

Zachary yelled. "Let me talk to Madison!"

Charles flew into a rage.

He threw his cigarette onto the ground and stomped it out. "What is there to talk about? That you have her in your heart but you're willing to have sex with someone else? That you can do such a thing with her classmate in the restroom? Don't you find yourself revolting, Zachary? You're despicable!"

"This is none of your f*cking business!" Zachary swung his fist to hit Charles.

Of course, Charles did not fear him.

He felt terrible for Madison, and he wished he could beat Zachary up until the other man was in the hospital.

They began fighting, and neither backed down.

Clementine was still red in the face from the activity. After straightening her skirt, she intended to leave, but a thought flashed past her mind and she decided to stay.

This was her opportunity to get rid of Madison.

Madison would not want Zachary anymore. As long as she kept herself humble, Zachary would eventually accept her.

Once the two men shed blood, Clementine calmly walked out.

Madison was still outside, her face pale and her eyes red

She had just sent Crystal a message that read: Zachary and Clementine were doing it in the restroom.

When Clementine came out, they spotted each other.

Madison felt bad. Although she did not like Clementine, she sympathized with her family's situation and often helped her out from the shadows.

Yet, Clementine had fooled around with Zachary.

With trembling lips, Madison asked, "When did this happen?"

A small smile played on Clementine's lips.

"A little over half a year. He's rather nice to me, and he pays my tuition fees and living expenses. In fact, he accompanies me on shopping trips for lingerie."

Madison was sick to her stomach.

She had always thought that her relationship with Zachary was envied by everyone, but things were not as they seemed.

Zachary had been cheating on her with someone she knew.

The dim light that illuminated the corridor only made Madison's face even paler.

She knew what Clementine was trying to do. The latter was trying to become Zachary's girlfriend. But now, Madison did not care about that, and she did not want to fight for Zachary,

She ignored Clementine and walked into the restroom.

"Charles, forget it."

The moment she spoke, Zachary visibly froze and was punched by Charles.

However, that did not deter Zachary from rushing over to grab Madison's shoulders and cry out.

"Madison, listen to me!"

Madison shoved him aside.

She said calmly, "There's nothing to listen to about this, Let's break up." With that, she turned and left.

Charles followed her.

Not willing to accept that, Zachary grabbed her arm and snarled, "Don't regret this, Madison! Can you find a boyfriend like me after you leave me?"

Madison shook his hand off.

Her lips quivered, but her voice was stern. "Do you think I dated you because of your family's wealth? Well, the truth is, I don't care about that!"

As she spoke, she took off the watch from her wrist.

It was a watch from the same set as Zachary's worth over a million.

The diamond watch fell onto the ground and shattered.

Yet, it was as if Madison was the one who had been crushed, for all her strength left her. With a voice barely audible, she said, "Let's end this, Zachary. I can never forgive you."

"Is it because of him?" Zachary suddenly asked, pointing at Charles. "Is it because you have a remarkable substitute boyfriend that you're breaking up with me without hesitation? Congratulations! You're so quick to get over me. Are you going to the hotel with him tonight?"

A slap landed on Zachary's face.

Madison was shaking all over. "I'm not you, Zachary! I'm not an animal!"

Before Zachary could say anything else, Charles took off his jacket and wrapped it around Madison's body. He said softly, "You need to get some rest."

Madison was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Fortunately, right at that moment, Crystal came over.

She was still in her loungewear, but somehow, she managed to enter the club. The second she saw Madison, she held her and said, "Come to my place. I'll get Madam Anna to make you some soup."

It was late, and Madison did not want to trouble Crystal.

Just then, Henry emerged from the room. His expression softened when he saw Crystal.

He threw her the car keys and said, "Wait for me in the car."

Crystal could not help but raise her head to look at him.

Henry seemed different that night, but she could neither smell any alcohol on him nor any woman's perfume. She was quite happy with him.

Henry patted her head.