

Night of Love 371

[Chapter 371 Going Back Soon 1](#)

Crystal was obedient.

She left with Madison first.

Henry turned to Charles and said, "If you want to pursue Madison, wait until things settle down. Don't let people gossip about her! Make sure you clean up your own mess too!"

Charles remained silent.

Henry then glanced at Zachary and did not say a word.

He was a mature man and was able to sense what had happened. It was no wonder Madison couldn't stand it.

This was also the outcome Henry wanted.

He understood Zachary. Driven by anger and shame, Zachary wouldn't want Clementine.

Moreover, he wouldn't feel guilty. He had just accelerated what was bound to happen.

Soon, Henry and Charles left.

Only Zachary and Clementine remained there.

Zachary's face was bruised. He slumped against the wall, smoking.

Clementine approached him and said gently. "Madison doesn't want you, but I'll always be by your side."

Zachary pushed her away.

While smoking, he gazed down at her condescendingly. She was nothing more than a plaything.

"Clementine, you don't seriously think I have feelings for you, do you? This whole affair is just for my convenience. There are things Madison won't do, but you seem more than willing to do them."

Clementine cursed at him, calling him a jerk.

Zachary snorted. "Take this five hundred thousand and get lost!"

Even if Madison never forgave him, he wouldn't stoop to being with a prostitute.

Zachary left.

Clementine stood there, seething with anger.

When she went downstairs, Zachary was nowhere to be seen.

However, she saw Crystal and Madison.

They were sitting in a car, a golden Bentley Continental worth millions. Crystal was seated in the front passenger seat, next to Henry.

She looked like his legitimate girlfriend.

Clementine couldn't believe that someone like Henry would take a liking to Crystal.

However, the reality was that Crystal had gained connections to the prestigious Miller family.

In comparison, she didn't hate Madison too much because she also didn't think highly of Zachary.

The one she envied the most was Crystal.

If there was even a glimmer of hope of her being with Robert, Clementine would have never gotten together with Zachary.

She loathed Crystal.

At night, Clementine stood in the shadows, occasionally illuminated by a beam of light.

Wearing a long red dress, she looked like a ghost.

Henry opened the window halfway. He sat there quietly, smoking half a cigarette. Of course, he had seen Clementine and the hatred in her eyes.

He stepped on the gas pedal, driving Crystal away from the entrance of the club.

Inside the car, Madison sat in silence,

Crystal wanted to climb into the backseat to comfort her, but Henry wouldn't allow it. He gripped her hand and gestured for her to stay beside him.

"Where are we going?" Crystal asked softly,

Henry held her hand and said. "We're going to my place."

Crystal felt that it was inappropriate.

However, in Henry's heart, she was his wife, and that place was her home.

It was perfectly fine for Crystal to occasionally bring a friend back.

The luxurious car streaked through the night like a shooting star.

Henry considerately opened the door to the guest room for Madison. It had a fully equipped bathroom too.

He then said to Crystal in a low voice, "There are a lot of your clothes in the master bedroom. Get some for Madison."

Crystal was quite surprised. Since when do I have clothes here?

Madison was quite nosy.

Even though she was sad, she could still smell something juicy.

She sniffled and asked Crystal, "Are you two living together?"

Crystal had no idea how to explain to her.

In the master bedroom, she opened the door to the walk-in closet and huffed, "When did I ever leave my clothes here? You're talking nonsense and tarnishing my reputation!"

However, when she opened the door, she found that the whole closet was full of clothes from brands she loved.

The price tags were still attached.

She also noticed that there were some dresses.

They were quite feminine and elegant, something girls her age rarely wore.

With a guy keeping her in his thoughts like that, she felt a warmth spreading in her heart. She pulled the tags and said in a gentler tone, "I never said I'm moving in or anything like that."

Henry approached her and hugged her from behind.

He kissed her neck, his voice husky as he said, "Didn't you spend the night here?"

Crystal hurriedly clarified, "We didn't do anything..."

"Do you want to?"

Crystal's face turned beet red. He was being naughty.

Henry looked at her coy expression and chuckled softly. He caressed her slender waist as he murmured, "Crystal, no man wouldn't want to, but you're still too young. Let's wait a little longer."

Crystal, feeling both embarrassed and curious, finally mustered the courage and asked, "What age wouldn't be considered too young?"

Henry turned her around, lifted her onto the nearby cabinet, and leaned in to kiss her.

He still remembered how she had dressed up back when they were getting ready for a banquet. They had done it right here in this dressing room.

After a long, deep kiss, he said against her lips, "Let's say twenty-four years old."

Crystal gently held onto his waist.

She felt that everything was happening so unbelievably quickly and yet it was all so natural. She loved this place, and she loved Henry. She even enjoyed his kisses and touches.

After a long and affectionate moment, Henry gently patted her and said, "Get some clothes for Madison. Don't worry about her. Charles really likes her, and they'll probably end up together in the future."

Crystal blinked, feeling as though he knew everything

Her admiration for him grew even stronger.

She took the clothes and was about to leave when Henry grabbed her and whispered, "Come sleep with me later."

Crystal lowered her head, her face red.

At night, Henry finished his shower and leaned back against the headboard in his black bathrobe to smoke.

While smoking, he was contemplating the next steps.

Clementine had been dumped by Zachary, and she would probably take her anger out on Crystal.

He thought that he needed to assign more bodyguards to ensure Crystal's safety.

The bedroom door creaked open right then, and a little head poked in.

Henry looked at her, then patted the spot next to him, inviting her to come and sleep.

Crystal felt a bit embarrassed.

As a young girl, she felt ashamed of herself for following him around like a puppy.

She slowly moved over, and as soon as she got under the sheets, he pinned her down. Crystal had fair skin, and as her body lay exposed against the black sheets, she looked stunning.

She was afraid, and her voice trembled as she said, "Henry, you said you would wait until I'm twenty-four years old."

She was tender and young, and even if Henry could control himself from taking things too far, he couldn't resist the more intimate gestures that couples naturally shared.

Moreover, he wanted to see her enjoying his touch.

Henry clasped his fingers with her, gently kissing the corner of her mouth and telling her not to be afraid.

However, how could she not be afraid?

The whole time, Crystal was crying softly even though she was a twenty-year-old girl who had come across such things before.

In the end, she was crushed.

Her emotions were a jumbled mess, and she was no longer herself.

Henry stayed with her patiently, cradling her in his arms and gently patting her back.

She was all sweaty in his arms and a little ashamed.

At the same time, she was curious about how he could hold himself back when people said that men were even more impulsive than women.

Henry leaned closer to her ear and asked, "Are you feeling sorry for me?"

Crystal refused to answer.

It was late at night, and Henry's mood became heavier. He stroked her delicate face and said to her, "Don't go anywhere these days, okay?"

Crystal nodded obediently.

Henry kissed her, thinking that she was such a good girl

He wished that all this was real and that he had met Crystal when she was twenty. He would have given her the best of everything.

Crystal didn't think much of anything and slept soundly.

Henry was thinking about his wife in the real world even though there was a younger version of her lying in his arms right now.

As dawn broke, the door suddenly swung open. Madison stood there and said boldly, "I've figured it out! It's just a breakup, right? I'm still awesome!"

Henry was embracing Crystal, who was still sleeping, and he was quite upset when Madison stormed in.

He immediately called Charles and said, "Come and take Madison away!"

Madison stammered, "W-Why are you asking him to come and get me?"

Henry got out of bed and put on his clothes. He didn't wear anything on top, and there were a few cute bite marks on his abdomen. Madison was dumbfounded.

Henry slept with Crystal!

Besides, this guy has a great body!

Madison accidentally got a nosebleed, which made Henry even more upset. He put on his clothes and dragged her to the bathroom in the guest room.

Madison washed her nose and grumbled, "Henry, you jerk! Crystal hasn't even held a man's hand yet, and you just took her virginity like that!"

Henry crossed his arms and sneered.

Ha!

I've already done that long ago, and we even have three children together!

After a while, Charles arrived.

He liked Madison and wanted to pursue her, so he was quite grateful to Henry.

Madison lay on the dining table.,

She said weakly, "Jenkins, you're going with me to the university anniversary celebration next week. However, I want to make it clear that I haven't agreed to be your girlfriend. I just want to reclaim my honor."

Class reunion?

Henry narrowed his eyes.

After Charles took Madison away, Henry went to the study and browsed the internet.

One minute later, his expression turned solemn.

The university anniversary celebration that year would be held at a theater in Barnwood.

It's the same place where Crystal had her accident.

The same location, the same people... and that familiar chandelier too!

Henry understood that it was almost time for him to return to reality

[Chapter 372 Going Back Soon 2](#)

The lights in the study weren't switched on, with the computer screen being the sole source of illumination. The faint glow from the computer screen cast a dim light on Henry's face.

He pulled out a cigarette and lit it up, staring at the screen quietly.

He had been plagued by anxiety recently, but after figuring out a solution, he was in a different mood.

He could not bear to part with the twenty-year-old Crystal. It wasn't because he had a preference for younger women, but rather because he was deeply in love with her. Even if it was only a dream, the idea of leaving her behind in that dream saddened him.

After smoking two cigarettes, Henry was about to return to the bedroom when Crystal showed up.

She was wearing his shirt. She rubbed her eyes as she asked groggily, "Where's Madison?"

"Charles picked her up just now," Henry replied, waving for her to join him in the study.

Crystal felt shy, but she had developed feelings for him, and he always managed to stop himself before losing control. She trusted him and willingly sat on his lap.

Lying in his arms, she asked softly. "Why would Charles pick her up?"

Henry brushed a hand through her brown hair that had laid on his pillow many times.

He smiled and said, "That's because Charles is her future husband."

Future husband?

Playing with the buttons of his pajamas, Crystal asked, "How do you know what will happen in the future?" Henry caught her hand.

Looking up, Crystal realized he was staring at her, his gaze dark with desire.

Her cheeks turned pink.

She tried to retract her hand, but he wouldn't let go of her.

Crystal rested her head on his shoulder and enveloped her arms around his neck. "Henry, why do I get the feeling that you will leave as suddenly as you appeared?"

Upon hearing this, Henry felt profoundly saddened.

It led him to contemplate the possibility of bringing back the twenty-year-old Crystal so that he could have both Crystals together—one mature and the other young and innocent.

Henry knew that he should cease dwelling on such thoughts. He lowered his head and gently planted a kiss on her forehead. “We’ll always be together. Trust me, Crystal.”

Crystal looked up, and a stray beam of sunlight shone through the window, illuminating her youthful face.

Her complexion was fair, and her eyebrows were beautifully shaped. Her brown hair cascaded down her shoulders, and she was in such good shape.

At that moment, she was looking at him innocently.

Her voice trembled as she replied, “I trust you.”

For the twenty-year-old Crystal, this relationship had appeared unexpectedly, much like an afternoon storm.

She had attempted to resist his charms, but the moment she stepped into his condominium unit, it felt strangely familiar, and she surrendered to her feelings. She couldn’t shake the belief that destiny had guided her to Henry’s side. Otherwise, he would’ve bumped into someone else on campus the other day.

Crystal had always been steadfast in following her heart.

She longed to be with Henry and disregarded the disparity in their social statuses or whether his would approve of their relationship.

Just like that, she agreed to date him without thinking much.

Her expression conveyed a sense of vulnerability and helplessness.

Henry had the urge to swallow her whole and bring her back to reality. parents

He remained composed and simply embraced her, sharing his intentions. He spoke of plans like opening a music center for her, strategically located in the heart of Barnwood, after her graduation. He also expressed his desire to marry her when she turned twenty-four and start a family together.

Henry spoke at length, and as he glanced down, he noticed a glistening tear at the corner of her eye. She had drifted off to sleep.

How silly! Why did she cry?

Henry kissed her lips gently before carrying her back to the bedroom.

It was only a week until the anniversary celebration.

Henry took great care to ensure Crystal's safety and well-being. He went so far as to visit John and request that the latter allow Crystal to stay with him temporarily so he could personally drive her to and fro campus.

John disagreed, but Henry persisted and spent a night at the Winters residence, engaging in a game of chess with him.

When dawn broke, John finally relented.

Following that, Anna assisted Crystal in packing her belongings and handed them over to Henry.

Henry walked down the stairs with her luggage.

Crystal was sitting in the car, clearly displeased.

After placing the luggage in the trunk, he settled into the driver's seat. As he fastened his seatbelt, he asked in a casual tone, "Don't you want to live with me?"

Crystal felt slightly uneasy.

She averted her gaze and took some time before responding. "Henry. I'm sure I have feelings for you, but it seems like you're trying to control everything. Everything is moving too fast!" She frowned. "I don't want to live with anyone right now."

Henry's gaze turned dark.

She couldn't deny her attraction to him, given his handsome appearance, but she felt it was important to express her thoughts openly.

"Henry, I appreciate your plans for the future, but none of us can predict what it holds. What if someday you grow tired of me or meet someone else you prefer and ask me to leave? I won't be able to take that," she continued, tears glistening in her eyes.

She really liked him.

Henry caressed her cheek. He then pulled out a document from the glove compartment and handed it to Crystal.

Crystal glanced down and discovered a transfer agreement.

The condominium unit as well as the piano had been transferred to her name.

He had also transferred his personal assets to her, amounting to over one hundred and twenty billion.

Shocked, Crystal bit her lip and protested softly, "I never wanted these!"

Henry could guess that she was caught by surprise.

"Doesn't this reassure you? Why not claim my body as well? Would that make you feel more secure?" He deliberately spoke in a casual tone, then pressed his forehead against hers. "My body may be an immovable property, but in your hands, it could become a movable asset! However, this item isn't available on the open market, so only you have access to it!"

Crystal felt both embarrassed and furious.

Why did he suddenly mention this? He really has no shame.

Henry took her hand, urging her to sign the document.

Crystal looked at him stubbornly.

Henry patted her head affectionately and said, "You said I can predict the future, right? Is there anything wrong with giving everything to my future wife?"

His words made sense.

Crystal signed the contract in advance at twenty years old and gave her entire being to Henry.

Living together was both a new and exciting experience for her.

Henry felt the same.

That night, they lay in bed, kissing and fondling each other. Crystal was inexperienced, but he patiently taught her what to do.

After that, Crystal went to the bathroom and washed her hands for a long time.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, Henry was already fully clothed.

She couldn't hide her surprise. "You're heading out at this hour?"

Henry put on his belt and gently pinched her chin. "I have some matters to attend to, so I need to go out. Go to bed. If you're hungry, I'll bring some food back for you."

"No, thanks. I don't want to gain weight."

Henry looked at her with a hint of amusement.

She had to admit that he looked very handsome.

She blushed. I'm not doing this for him!

Late at night, Henry drove to someplace alone.

It was a theater in Barnwood.

Thanks to Jamie's arrangement, the door was wide open when Henry arrived. He entered without encountering any obstacles.

It was dark inside, so he switched on the lights.

It became as bright as day.

The hall was huge and desolate, and his footsteps echoed with a creaking sound on the floor.

Slowly, Henry made his way to the front row and settled into the familiar seat. This was where he had witnessed Crystal being struck by the falling debris of the chandelier.

She was still in a coma.

Henry closed his eyes and clasped his hands together.

When he reopened his eyes, they held a steely determination and a touch of ruthlessness. He remained seated there from nightfall until dawn.

In the morning, he called the dean of the Department of Music, Clifford Livingstone. "Mr. Livingstone, this is Henry Miller."

Clifford perked up and jolted upright in bed. "Oh, Henry, it's you," he greeted cheerfully.

Despite his polite tone, he was cursing inwardly. Why is this Grim Reaper calling me early in the morning?

Henry didn't bother beating around the bush. "I heard that your university is hosting an anniversary celebration next week with numerous performances. I'd like my girlfriend to have a performance on stage"

Clifford hesitated.

Henry chuckled and offered, "I'm willing to sponsor twenty million for this event"

Upon hearing this, Clifford quickly agreed, "It's just a performance, isn't it? Money won't affect our relationship, Henry"

Henry's lips quirked up. "She'll play the piano. I'll arrange for someone to design the stage."

Clifford agreed without hesitation.

He was willing to go along with Henry's wishes, even if it meant plastering Crystal's name all over the hall. It wasn't just about the twenty million as the Miller family was also involved.

Henry ended the call.

He walked out of the hall silently, and the morning sun cast a long shadow in his wake.

As Henry didn't go home last night, he thought Crystal would be upset. She had a bad temper.

However, when he opened the door to the condominium unit, the delightful aroma of his favorite meatballs greeted his senses.

Clad in an oversized T-shirt and an apron, Crystal was busy cooking in the kitchen.

She looked like a loving wife.

Henry's frustration began to dissipate as he hugged her from behind and murmured, "Why didn't you call me when I didn't come back? It's not wise to let men have their way. Crystal, the first lesson in becoming Mrs. Miller is learning how to keep me on a leash, okay?"

Crystal blushed prettily. "I've never heard of anyone asking to be kept on a leash!"

Henry kissed her neck and mumbled, "I have."

With his concerns weighing on his mind, he kissed her passionately.

Crystal remained inexperienced, but she hugged him back and reciprocated his kisses. A long while later, he was finally satiated. "I'll give you a ride to the campus later," he said hoarsely.

Crystal shook her head. "I can take the bus or the cab."

Henry's gaze was dark as he patted her butt. "Do you feel sorry for me?"

Crystal refused to admit to it, but she didn't deny it either.

She continued preparing the meatballs while Henry went to the bathroom to shave. He wanted a clean jaw,

He cast a brief glance at his reflection in the mirror, noting that he still looked as handsome as ever.

Suddenly, his hands paused midair.

He suddenly realized that he had overlooked a critical issue. If he couldn't endure the hardships on behalf of Crystal, he would remain trapped in this dream indefinitely and would not be able to return to reality.

The realization caused him to break out in a cold sweat.

His hand slipped, and the razor micked his jaw, causing a small trickle of blood to ooze out.

Henry was back to his calm self when he stepped out of the bathroom.

He changed into a dark blue shirt and grey trousers which gave him a mature and handsome vibe.

Crystal couldn't help but gaze at him.

She served him a plate of meatballs so he could try her cooking. Naturally, Henry loved it. "Crystal, I'll cook for you after we get married."

"Are you saying I have to cook for the next four years?"

Henry said nothing and gave her a kiss.

Of course not. I can't be by her side for the next four years and can only wait for her in the future. By then, she was already a mature woman, a mother of three.

Crystal knew nothing. She felt blissful to be able to be with him.

Henry was not only handsome but also came from a well-off family.

Most importantly, he understood her well, and she felt entirely at ease in his presence.

After breakfast, Henry dropped her off at the campus.

His car was pretty ostentatious.

Crystal insisted that he dropped her at the entrance, but his car still managed to attract attention.

Biting her lip, Crystal complained, "It's all your fault!"

Feeling sorry, Henry kissed her. "I'll get another car tomorrow."

Crystal was moved. She kissed his jaw and opened the door to get out of the car.

Henry watched as she walked away and finally realized who Skyler looked like.

While Skyler did bear a resemblance to him, she also bore a striking resemblance to the young Crystal.

Henry made a call and instructed, "Spread the rumor that the piano performance was initially intended for Clementine, but due to her background, the university ultimately selected Crystal. Also, ensure Crystal's protection at all times."

That afternoon, Crystal bumped into Clementine.

The rumor about the solo piano performance had circulated throughout the Department of Music.

Everyone was gossiping about Clementine, and she was furious.

Crystal already has so much, so why did she take this opportunity away from me? The university has invited numerous influential individuals from Barnwood, and it is a crucial opportunity for me to showcase myself.

She refused to give up just yet.

Taking in Crystal's calm expression, Clementine snorted icily. "This hasn't been decided yet. Don't get all smug"

Crystal had never sought to draw attention to herself.

Clementine had ambitions to rise through the ranks, but Crystal had no such desire. However, since the university had chosen her, she had no intention of relinquishing the position easily.

She merely responded with a faint smile, which successfully ignited Clementine's anger.

She sneered, "You must be feeling sorry for Madison. But that's not my fault, Crystal. Madison simply wasn't capable enough!",

Crystal shook her head gently.

Clementine still couldn't get it. Even after Madison's breakup with Zachary, Madison could move on and find another suitable partner, but Clementine had compromised her dignity and was beyond redemption.

The more unfazed Crystal was, the more Clementine was filled with hatred.

She went to Clifford.

Clifford was a handsome man in his fifties, but he was already an elderly man.

Nevertheless, Clementine didn't mind that.

She considered that it might not be a terrible idea to keep him company to seize an opportunity. After all, she had heard about his complicated personal life.

She was pretty certain that she could seduce him.

However, when she began to undress in front of him, Clifford gently assisted her in putting her clothes back on. He said kindly, "Clemmy, they say we should sacrifice for art, but this isn't the way. It's about the spirit, not the body. It's easy to take off your clothes but not so easy to put them back on."

Clementine was taken aback, and her expression turned dark.

Clifford added, "I don't know where this rumor came from, but the university never intended for you to perform. It's just a falsehood spread by someone with bad intentions."

Clementine refused to believe him.

She still thought that it was Crystal who had taken the chance away from her.

She left the dean's office and left in search of Crystal.

Crystal was sitting in the library, engrossed in her reading. The atmosphere was tranquil, with four black-clad bodyguards positioned nearby, ensuring that no one could get close to her.

[Chapter 373 I Love Her Very Much](#)

Crystal was sitting in the library.

She had a perfect side profile, and she was glowing.

Clementine had had a man.

She could tell that Crystal was different.

Crystal was pretty but she had had a hint of childishness in her. Now, she looked more feminine. Was it because of Henry?

Clementine's face flushed the moment she thought about the elegant man.

She was jealous.

At this moment, Crystal looked up and saw her.

Because of the incident with Madison, Crystal and Clementine had already turned against each other.

Crystal ignored Clementine when she saw her and continued to read her book.

Clementine wanted to approach her but the four bodyguards stood up and stopped her.

People around looked over.

Embarrassed, Clementine gritted her teeth and said, "Crystal, you're unbelievable!" Then, she left.

Crystal looked at Clementine's back, then continued reading her book.

Clementine called Zachary when she left. "Where are you?"

Zachary had broken up with Madison because of Clementine, so he wasn't in a good mood. "Where I am is none of your business! Clementine, I've already made it clear to you."

Clementine smiled. "Let's meet up."

Zachary hesitated.

In the end, he still met up with Clementine at a five-star hotel.

After they did it twice, Zachary took a shower and smoked on the couch with a bathrobe on. He certainly didn't look good.

Clementine smirked coldly.

She knew what he was thinking. She knew that he couldn't get over Madison yet he also couldn't resist lust and temptation.

Clementine despised him from the bottom of her heart.

However, she needed his help. She approached him with only a towel covering her body and whispered. "There's a piano performance at the anniversary celebration. It's quite a rare opportunity."

Zachary smoked in silence.

Actually, Clementine had no choice, which was why she had come to him.

After some time, Zachary put out his cigarette.

He chuckled lightly. "Considering how hard you've worked today, I should help you! But you probably don't know about the upper echelons of Barnwood. Even though we all hang out together, our social statuses are different! For example, the Miller family possessed inherited wealth. Have you never seen the Miller family's grandeur? There's a long line of people trying to curry favor with them and now you want me to steal something from Henry for you? Do you think I have nothing better to do?"

Clementine didn't really believe him.

Zachary got up and put on his clothes.

He added, "Nobody in our generation dares to mess with Henry."

Also... Henry is a little different now...

He patted Clementine's face and left a stack of cash for her.

Clementine was so mad that she threw the cash on him.

She didn't want to admit defeat. She didn't want to lose this chance.

The following day, she saw Crystal rehearse with her own eyes.

The stage was decorated with roses and a chandelier shone brightly on top, and on the stage was the legendary Morning Dew piano played by Ludweig.

Crystal had always been talented. After this performance, she would gain popularity in the piano world, while Clementine would always be in her shadow.

Clementine glared at the person on the stage.

At this time, a technician came over to check everything on the stage.

The chandelier flickered on and off.

Clementine's heart started to beat rapidly. If the chandelier fell down and hit Crystal, nobody would fight with me for the number one position.

There were still two days before the anniversary celebration, and Clementine had put in a lot of effort.

She followed the technician.

He was in his early twenties and lived in a small rented apartment. He didn't have much social life as well.

Clementine knew how to use her strengths.

She knocked on the door. The young man thought his takeout order had arrived so he opened the door. However, there stood a beautiful girl.

The young man was stunned and said in a low voice, "I didn't call for service!"

Clementine was a little bit annoyed.

However, she still smiled and said gently, "I am a student from the Department of Music. I'm not here to do business!"

The young man quickly put on his long pants.

Clementine went in and closed the door.

She looked around and her gaze landed on the man's chest. "I want to make a deal with you."

The man was looking for his cigarette. "I said, I didn't call for service."

Clementine took out a stack of cash and placed it on the table.

"I need your help with something."

When she finished speaking, the man rejected her. He pushed the cash and Clementine out of the room. "I won't do such an evil thing!"

Clementine didn't want to give up. "It's not that hard!"

The man still didn't want to do it.

Clementine then gave him her number. "Once you've thought things through, call me. It's not easy to earn so much money."

After she left, the man sat on the edge of his humble bed and smoked.

He looked at Clementine's phone number and wanted to tear that paper apart.

He recalled the young woman rehearsing on the stage today.

She is really pretty! She has fair skin and a slender figure. She looked ethereal when she played the piano.

At this time, someone knocked on his door again. He thought it was Clementine so he roared when he opened the door, "I said, I won't do such a thing!"

As soon as he finished, he was stunned.

A man was standing at the door.

He was wearing a suit, looking absolutely noble and elegant.

He was smoking while staring at the young man.

The young man didn't even dare to invite him in.

His house was too shabby to invite this noble man in.

However, this noble man still entered.

Henry looked at the paper with Clementine's number. He picked up the paper and asked, "A person came to pay you to do something?" He smiled. "And you didn't say yes?"

The young man remained silent.

Henry took out a check for eight million. "This is enough for you to buy a condominium in Barnwood. I need you to call this number and agree to that girl's request."

The young man was shocked.

The amount was very tempting but he couldn't possibly betray his own morals.

Henry smiled. "I don't want you to hurt anyone. The girl who played the piano is my girlfriend. I love her very much... She won't be on stage at that time."

The young man was once again stunned.

Henry's eyes were filled with love when he talked about Crystal.

He sounded convincing.

The young man hesitated and asked, "Are you sure it will be fine?"

"I promise!"

The young man called Clementine.

He stammered as he said, "I will do it. Are you sure you will give me that hundred thousand?"

Clementine smirked coldly.

She knew a poor man like him would not be able to resist temptation.

She quickly went back.

She paid the young man and told him about the plan.

As she was still worried, she wanted to do it with the young man.

However, the young man grabbed his own clothes tightly and said with a red face, "Stop! I wanna save it for my future wife!"

Clementine was disappointed.

Late at night, she left in her heels and got into a taxi.

After the car left, a tall figure stepped out from behind a tree.

It was Henry.

He gazed in the direction of the car as it left with a cold face.

[Chapter 374 Crystal Pestors Henry For A Hug](#)

Henry drove back to the condominium, but Crystal was not there.

He flung all the doors open in search of her. "Crystal!"

Alas, all the rooms were empty.

Just when he was about to go downstairs to look for her, the click of the front door opening. drifted into the air. On the heels of that, Crystal stepped in.

It was a night during autumn, so she had put on a jacket before heading out.

The jacket was oversized-his baseball uniform during university. It looked incredibly mesmerizing on Crystal, especially when it bared her fair and slender legs.

Henry's brows were creased deeply.

There were only two more days to go, and his nerves were stretched taut. He was afraid that something would happen to her.

Consequently, his tone was inexorably harsh. "Where did you go?"

Crystal was promptly taken aback.

A long moment later, she answered softly, "I cooked a lot of food tonight, but you didn't come home for dinner, so I fed it to the puppy downstairs."

Henry's expression remained as grim as ever.

His eyes were fixed on her, his voice hoarse. "Don't go running around these two days."

With that said, he went into the study.

He needed to calm down as he was too tense. While he wanted to be amicable, it was simply too difficult to do so when the success or failure of things would come to light in another two days.

The lights were all turned off in the study.

He sat there and smoked quietly, wondering how the passing of time would correspond in real life compared to his dream.

Worry for Crystal beleaguered him.

At the same time, he was also concerned about their third child.

It was a girl, and he gave her the name Aurora Miller because he wanted her to be as noble as a princess upon birth.

His emotions were a turbulent mess, leading to the ashtray on the table overflowing with cigarette butts.

All of a sudden, the door swung open with a creak.

Crystal tiptoed in and made her way to him under the illumination of the dim light, settling herself into his arms. She plastered herself against him ingratiatingly. Hugging him around the waist, she asked gently, "What's wrong, Henry?"

Ultimately, she was a young girl and felt aggrieved when ignored and reprimanded.

"I didn't do anything wrong," she added.

Henry was initially in a bad mood, but when such a soft and delicate girl threw herself into his arms, he could not stop his warm hand from wandering. It came into contact with spaghetti straps.

Well, well, well... She's actually wearing a silk nightgown.

"Is this deliberate?" He toyed with the thin strap, his voice so raspy that it was as though he had swallowed hot sand, yet it sounded very much seductive.

Titling her head back, Crystal kissed him on the chin.

She kissed him time and again, her voice coming a little breathlessly. "Are you still mad, then?"

Henry caressed her slender waist lightly.

His entire body was tense. Apart from desire, there was also a ball of stress on the verge of detonating.

The best way for a man to vent his stress was to bed a woman.

Furthermore, the woman in his arms was his wife.

He lowered his head and sought her lips. Crystal was somewhat lost, her ruby lips parted a fraction. Seizing that opportunity, he invaded her mouth and kissed her. As their passions ran high, he tightened his arm around her waist and pressed her against him.

"Henry!" Crystal mewled, sounding just like a kitten.

Snapping at long last, Henry carried her over to the couch and kissed her to his heart's content.

At the critical juncture, he abruptly stopped.

He kissed the girl in his arms and coaxed her tenderly. However, Crystal propped herself up, stunningly beautiful under the dim lights. Staring at him with a gentle look, she purred. "Didn't you say I'm yours, Henry? Since we're destined to be together, why don't we make things official now?"

She might be young, but she was no fool.

She knew that money was always where love was.

Considering the fact that he gave her the sum of his wealth, she did not doubt his love for her at all.

Henry gazed down at her, his Adam's apple bobbing seductively.

In the end, impulsiveness shattered reason.

Scooping Crystal up, he strode toward the bedroom and the bed where they were intimate, for the first time in the real world. In his dream, however, he bedded her four years in advance.

Following a few bouts of intimacy, Crystal went out like a light as her young body could not withstand being put through the wringer.

Conversely, sleep eluded Henry.

He paced around the condominium, racking his brain about leaving something that would make life bearable for Crystal in the following four years.

It was late at night, but he made several calls.

He arranged for someone to handle the subsequent matters.

On top of that, he ordered the best diamond ring in Barnwood and had it delivered overnight. It was a pear-shaped, highly important diamond ring.

At four o'clock in the morning, he lifted the covers and slipped into bed.

No sooner had he settled down than Crystal groggily turned around and wrapped her arms around his neck, whining, "Where did you go?"

"To handle some important matters." The man's voice was somewhat hoarse.

Burying her head into his arms, Crystal rubbed against him lightly.

A moment later, she plastered herself against his chest and murmured, "It hurts slightly."

Henry's heart melted. Stroking her head, he coaxed, "It'll pass soon."

Undeniably, Crystal was quite demanding at times.

Tugging at his hand, she tentatively and softly requested that he only sleep with her in this lifetime. As she spoke, she sounded very much like Skyler.

Henry said nothing.

Uneasy, she threw her head back and looked up at him.

At that precise moment, the man slipped a cold diamond ring onto her ring finger. The size was just right.

Crystal was stunned for a moment.

She slowly lifted her hand. Despite loving it beyond words, she feigned nonchalance. "This is for me?"

Henry gently pulled her hand down before interlocking his fingers with hers.

Burying his face in her neck, he confessed in a low voice, "Marry me, Crystal. I've loved you for a long time!"

It's been seven years. We've been entangled with each other for seven long years!

At twenty years old then, Crystal was oblivious to all that and was simply delighted.

Glimpsing the joy in her eyes, Henry was both bitter and melancholic inwardly. What a silly girl!

There was only one day left.

Henry made arrangements for a lot of things again. Although it was only a dream, he could not leave blithely. Being a sensitive woman, Crystal sensed something off.

The night before, she pestered him for a hug.

After a bout of passion, Henry held her delicate leg, caressing the spot where she would be injured in the future.

"I've done many things I regret, Crystal. There's only one thing I've never regretted," he stated softly.

And that's loving you!

Crystal gazed up at him.

She knew that something was amiss, but she trusted him unconditionally.

My time here is up!

That night, Henry kept her in his arms for the entire night, giving her a taste of unrestrained. passion.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the styling team arrived.

Henry chose a baby pink maxi gown for Crystal, complemented by an emerald pendant.

It was the first time Crystal had ever dressed so grandly.

Turning around, she hugged him and muttered, "I'm a bit nervous, Henry."

Henry stroked her face gently before kissing her tenderly, his gaze unfathomable. "I love you, Crystal!"

A faint smile bloomed on Crystal's face.

Just when she was about to respond to that, Henry brought his hand down on the back of her neck hard.

Immediately, her body went limp.

Carrying her to the soft bed, he leaned down and kissed her, murmuring, "We'll be together when you wake up from this sleep. Be good."

When he straightened, tears shimmered in his eyes imperceptibly.

[Chapter 375 Waking From Heartache 1](#)

In a hall at Barnwood's theater, the Royal Academy of Music's anniversary celebration was ongoing.

The piano, Morning Dew, was on the stage.

Apparently, Ludweig once played this piano, and Henry had bought it as a gift for the woman he loved. Therefore, everyone was waiting for Crystal's upcoming performance.

Many familiar faces were seated below, including Charles, Madison, Zachary, Clementine, and Robert.

After Henry's investment in Sloan Group, Sloan Group's business improved. Finally, Robert was a man with a career, and now, he had learned to let go.

He brought Sylvester over to watch Crystal play the piano.

Not far from him was Clementine, who could not help but turn to look at him. No matter how promiscuous she was, the one she truly loved was Robert.

Alas, Robert ignored her.

Clementine gritted her teeth and sneered.

So what if he likes Crystal? Everything will be over soon, and I, Clementine Dynah, will get everything!

With that thought in mind, Clementine lifted her chin slightly and quietly waited for the events to unfold.

The lights slowly dimmed, and a white silhouette walked over to the piano to sit before it.

The applause was thunderous.

Clementine clapped, too. She even had a smile on her face. Soon, that beautiful white dress would be stained red with blood. No one would think that she was involved.

The melodious notes of the piano soon came, but the piece being performed was not the one that Crystal had chosen.

It was Moonlight Lovers.

When the lights slowly returned, everyone finally caught a glimpse of the pianist and was stunned.

As it turned out, the one playing the piano was not Crystal but Henry.

He was dressed in a white suit and playing the piano elegantly beneath the chandelier. No one knew that Henry could play the piano so well.

While everyone was immersed in his marvelous performance and did not mind the change in pianist, Clementine's face was as white as a sheet.

No, this can't be! Why is Henry there?

She raised her head to look at the steel wire holding the chandelier in place. The chandelier had started to sway, and in no time, the wire was going to snap.

She wanted to cry out a warning, but she could not make any sound.

Intense fear inundated her.

If anything happened to Henry, the Millers would definitely do everything to look into the case. Clementine would end up six feet under.

Clementine shot upright.

Just then, the chandelier began to sway.

Henry could have avoided it, but he remained seated as he played the piano, unfazed.

It was as if his fingers were not caressing the piano but his lover.

Finally, the wire snapped.

The chandelier fell with a loud crash, and everyone screamed.

Yet, the white silhouette continued to sit on the chair, and the performance never ceased.

Even when his forehead and his white suit were stained crimson, his brows were still relaxed as he played. Crystal's favorite piece.

It was as though, with every note he played, he was telling her, "Come home with me, Crystal."

Amidst the chaos, someone opened the hall's doors, letting the lights shine in from the outside.

It was Crystal.

Holding the hem of her gown up, she rushed toward Henry, tears welling up at the corners of her eyes. "Henry!"

The hall seemed silent.

Everyone and all the sounds had disappeared.

She and Henry were the only ones there.

Crystal ran toward him, but no matter how fast she ran, she could never reach him. All she could do was fix her gaze on the bloodied man sitting on the chair, still playing her favorite Moonlight Lovers.

The Morning Dew piano.

The condominium. The food she fed Snowy.

A pang of pain struck Crystal in her heart.

Henry, why have you appeared out of nowhere, and why won't you let me come close to you?

All of a sudden, the man in white seemed to begin turning transparent. It was as though he was going to vanish without a trace. He finally paused and turned to stare at her.

Yet, somehow, the piano sounds continued.

Crystal could finally get close to him.

Henry's almost-transparent hand caressed her cheek as he tenderly asked, "Why are you here?"

Crystal choked out, "Henry!"

For a moment, she wondered, Is this a dream? Even if it is, he should still feel pain....

"Don't cry," he consoled her. "It doesn't hurt. Crystal, what's most important is that we'll still be together. Trust me."

Crystal's lips trembled, and it took her a long while before she could raise her hand.

As she showed him the diamond ring, she uttered, "I trust you, Henry."

A small smile appeared on Henry's lips, but even that smile looked blurry to Crystal. He wanted to reach out to touch her, but he could no longer do so.

Henry disappeared from the stage.

The rose petals around Crystal slowly ascended.

"Henry!" The twenty-year-old Crystal bawled, falling to her knees.

Henry, you appeared out of nowhere and disappeared again without a trace. What am I going to do? Is this really just a dream? Will you ever come back?

"Henry! Henry, no! Don't do that!"

In the best hospital in Barnwood, Crystal, who had been in a coma for seven days, was muttering in her unconscious state. All of a sudden, her eyes flew wide open.

As she had not moved for a long time, her body felt stiff

Every slight movement she made sent pain coursing through her veins.

Upon seeing Crystal wake, Julia burst into happy tears.

"Crystal, you're finally awake!"

Crystal surveyed her surroundings but saw no signs of Henry. She squeezed out, "Mom, where's... Henry?"

A troubled look manifested on Julia's face.

Hence, Crystal repeated her question.

As Julia carefully draped the blanket over Crystal, she confessed, "Henry went to the mountains to visit Mr. Minsky."

He went to the mountains?

Crystal stiffened.

Then, she turned to look outside. It was almost completely colorless beyond the window, for the snowfall was heavy.

How did he climb the mountain?

Crystal's eyes were filled with anxiety, and as Julia wiped her tears, she quickly said, "I'll call him right away

to tell him the good news. Don't panic. You need to rest well and recover first."

With that, she took out her phone to make the call..

It took Henry a long while before he finally picked up the call. In a weak yet familiar voice, Henry said, "Mom."

Julia began to cry.

Only she knew how worried she had been about Henry. She thanked God for protecting him.

As she suppressed her emotions, she said, "Crystal's awake."

Silence answered her for a few seconds before that hoarse voice came through the receiver again. "Can you get Crystal on the phone?"

Julia hastily brought the phone to Crystal's ear.

The line was silent.

Neither spoke, for the bone-deep pain from the dream still had a grip on their souls.

After what seemed like forever, Crystal squeezed out, "Henry, I had a dream."

Henry swallowed. Slowly, he answered, "I had a dream too. Crystal, in my dream, we were dating. It was a wonderful dream."

Tears escaped Crystal's eyes.

How can he make it sound like just another Saturday? He was hurting so much at the end, but he's still saying that it's a wonderful dream.

"Don't cry. Crystal, please don't cry," he coaxed.

Crystal was a reserved woman and rarely showed her feelings for Henry when others were around. Yet, she was now desperate to see him. To touch him, to know that he was fine.

"Henry, I... want to see you."

It was a sentiment Henry shared.

Nonetheless, he could not move at the moment. Not only was the mountain path sealed off by the snow, but he was also suffering from frostbite in his legs. He had been kneeling for half a night and could not even take a step now.

In the simple room, he had experienced a pain beyond mortal understanding in his dream, but the first thing he did upon waking was coax his wife.

“Once the snow stops, I’ll return on a helicopter, okay?”

As Crystal lay on her side, tears streamed down her face.

It was a dream, yet she could recall all the details. It was not difficult for her to guess what price he had to pay for it.

There had been a possibility that he would not escape from the dream.

As Crystal gently touched the phone, she whispered, “I’ll be waiting for you.”

I’ll be waiting for you.

It felt as if she had been waiting for him for four years.

Henry tilted his head back a little and hummed in affirmation.

“Once the snow stops, Crystal, I’ll come back.”

After ending the call, he touched his chest, where his heart was thumping loudly against his ribcage.

Crystal’s awakening brought merriment to the Miller family. After many days of effort, David could finally

relax.

He called his son and praised him.

After that, he brought his precious grandchildren to visit Crystal.

The second the door opened, the three young ones rushed in. Remi was still in David’s arms. As Remi was already one year old, he could mumble, “Mommy.”

Having recovered a little, Crystal leaned against the headboard and reached out for Remi.

However, David did not let Remi go over to her. “Your mommy’s still unwell, and she has a baby in her. I’ll carry you, okay?”

Remi seemed to understand him but not at the same time.

He liked David, so he cupped David’s face with his chubby hands and gave him a kiss.

As David looked at Crystal, his tears fell.

All he could say was. “I’m so glad you’re awake. I really am. If you didn’t wake soon, Henry was about to lose his mind.”

Crystal gave him a small smile.

Skyler then walked over to Crystal with Christopher to lean against her mother's side.

Crystal softly patted their heads Skyler kept staring at her mother, and when Crystal noticed that, her heart melted.

She told Skyler to come lie beside her.

Skyler immediately took off her shoes and climbed onto the bed. Then, she cautiously held her mother's belly.

Crystal gently rubbed her belly too.

She recalled Henry telling her in the dream that the baby was called Aurora.

Therefore, that was the name she would be giving to the baby.

Christopher, who was at the side, reached out to ruffle Skyler's hair, finding the girl adorable yet clingy. She was already a big kid, but she was still sticking to her mother all the time.

He thought, I bet she'll be the clingy sort even when she grows up.

Crystal patted Christopher's head too.

Soon, Julia came with a bowl of oatmeal. She sat down beside the bed and gently took care of Crystal. "Melora has some things to settle, so she'll be coming in the afternoon instead."

Crystal hummed in acknowledgment.

The atmosphere in the ward was a cozy one when someone opened the door.

Crystal raised her gaze and was taken, by surprise.

It was Henry.

He looked much thinner than when she last saw him-more haggard, too, but he was still as handsome as ever. At that very moment, he was gazing at her. It was so intent that her heart began to race.

[Chapter 376 Waking From Heartache 2](#)

Crystal could barely stand it.

She cleared her throat and whispered, "I thought you were going to come in the afternoon."

Henry walked over to the bed, and Julia moved aside to let him take her place.

He gently touched Crystal's face and said without reservation, "I couldn't wait, so I had the doctor give me an injection to come here. Crystal..."

As he held her face with one hand, she could feel the warmth emanating from his palm.

Crystal met his eyes.

They had been through the same dream, and both were now looking at each other in a new light. There were many things they wanted to share, but the room was too crowded for a private conversation. Furthermore, Skyler was watching them with wide eyes on the bed.

Still, Henry did not care about that.

So what if his parents and children were watching them?

He wanted to kiss her.

Thus, he leaned over and did exactly that. Crystal was startled and instinctively resisted.

However, Henry grabbed her hand and deepened the kiss.

Finally, David reacted.

Are young people so straightforward nowadays?

With a tomato-red face, he got his wife and the children away, including Skyler. In no time, the ward was much emptier.

After a long kiss, Henry buried his face in the crook of her neck.

He muttered, "Has the doctor come to see you? How's the baby?"

"The baby's fine."

When Crystal touched his arm, she noticed that he had lost some muscles. Then, her hand wandered toward his neck and chest. Henry grabbed her hand and hoarsely said, "Even if you want it, I don't have the energy."

Crystal's thin finger tapped his lips.

This man clearly loved her, but he was always teasing her.

Their eyes met.

Finally, Henry said, "Crystal, I missed you."

For the past seven days, waiting for her to wake from her coma had been tormenting for him.

Crystal was not unaware of that.

He had lost much weight, and that caused her heart to ache. Yet, she could not bring herself to say those cheesy words. All she remembered was how the man had pulled her up from the abyss, paying a costly price for his action in the process.

Crystal slowly pulled him onto the bed.

She choked out, "Henry, take care of yourself. Once we've recovered, let's go to the condominium."

He agreed to that.

Then, with their heads pressed together, they rested.

During lunchtime, Henry could not ignore the pain in his legs anymore, and the doctor gave emergency treatment. After that, he was instructed to use a wheelchair for at least half a month.

Crystal was slowly recovering, and the baby in her was exceptionally strong.

One afternoon, Crystal stood before Henry, letting him touch her enlarged belly. She suddenly asked, "Are we really calling her Aurora?"

Henry chuckled. "Do you not like it?"

"It's a good name, but it resembles Audrey's name..."

Once those words were out of Crystal's mouth, she stared at him.

There was no one else in the ward, so Henry was bold. He pulled her onto his lap and reached under her shirt to touch her pregnant belly. Then, he took his time saying, "That's history, Mrs. Miller. Are you still jealous?"

Leaning close to her, he teased, "I nearly handed my life over to you, so do I still need to show you how faithful I am to you?"

Aurora...

Crystal was Henry's, and no one could change that.

Soon, Henry was no longer just touching her belly.

Crystal could feel his hand wander.

She could not help but think about how the twenty-year-old her in the dream had done it with him. Though it was just a dream, she could still remember how it was.

Face turning red, Crystal grabbed his hand and said, "Control yourself."

Henry truly wanted it.

However, it was not convenient to do the full physical activity with her current condition and with his legs. Still, they could resort to other means.

He coaxed her to pull apart her hospital gown.

Her belly was swollen, and yet, not only was it not ugly, but it even brought her a touch of feminine charm.

Crystal did not let him touch her. As she wrapped her arms around his neck, she whispered, "I look better when I was twenty, right?"

Everything was peaceful now, so Henry was in the mood to tease.

Furthermore, he could not help but reminisce about the few times they had slept together in the shared dream.

As he leaned by her ear, he said, "How can the twenty-year-old compare to Miss Winters, the CEO? She's just a naive girl; she isn't the perfect match for me."

Crystal had long learned about Henry's shamelessness.

Ignoring the state of her clothes, she leaned into his arms, slowly exploring his body. He was indeed much thinner, and that hurt her.

In the end, with a bright blush on her face, she carefully undid his belt.

“Crystal,” Henry called out hoarsely.

Pressing close to his ear, she whispered, “Don’t speak, Henry. I want to be nice to you.”

They were a married couple.

He had a high libido, so she was going to go along with it.

As long as it was something he liked, she would do it.

A passionate session ensued in the ward.

It lasted for more than an hour, and at the end of it, Crystal grumbled about his greed.

In the restroom, Henry hugged her from behind and gently asked, “Is the baby fine?”

Crystal blushed.

They had not done the full deed, but she had still thoroughly enjoyed herself. Surely, the baby had to have felt it too.

Even if no answer came from her, Henry knew what she thought.

As he placed his palm on her belly, he chuckled. “She’s a princess indeed.”

Crystal stopped him from saying anything else as she instructed him to sit in the wheelchair. “The doctor told you that it’s best for you to use a wheelchair so that you can recover faster.”

Alas, Henry was unfazed by that.

At half past two, Henry watched over Crystal while she took an afternoon nap.

A bodyguard entered to say, “Mr. Miller, there are a few people from the film crew who want to meet Miss Winters.”

Henry wanted to dismiss them and postpone the meeting, but Crystal woke up and flashed the bodyguard a smile. “Let them come in.”

The bodyguard went back out to carry out her instruction.

Henry brushed Crystal’s hair and said, “Why are you meeting them when you’re supposed to rest?”

In a tender voice, Crystal answered, “I know that you want me to rest well, but since they’re already here. it’d be rude to turn them away. Besides, was the chandelier falling really just an accident?”

Gently shaking her head, she went on to say, “I don’t believe it, Henry.”

Henry was moved. He squished her cheek and said nothing else.

Right then, several people entered the ward-Ingrid, Saige, the film crew’s director, and a few rookies.

Crystal was baffled. Where’s Sylvester?

However, there were too many people around, so she did not voice her confusion.

Ingrid was closer to her than the others, so after putting down the fruit basket, she sat by the side of the bed and grabbed Crystal's hand. "You were lucky! In contrast, Sylvester wasn't..."

Crystal frowned. "What happened to Sylvester?"

She had been hit on the head and had suffered from a mild concussion, so she had forgotten most of what happened at that time.

The only thing she recalled was Henry calling out for her continuously.

Henry glanced at Ingrid.

Ingrid's heart lurched as she realized that she had let slip a secret. Clearly, Henry did not want Crystal to learn about this.

Hence, she started stammering.

Crystal gazed at Henry and figured out the situation, but she did not press on.

As she had yet to fully recover from the ordeal, the visitors did not stay for long.

The ward finally fell silent.

Crystal walked over to the tall window to look outside. A beat later, she asked, "What happened to Sylvester?"

Right then, Jamie entered.

Henry closed his laptop and signaled her to stay outside for a while.

Once the door closed, he stood up to hold Crystal's shoulders from the back, muttering. "He was disfigured when he was saving you. I've hired the best specialists from overseas, and he has already done his first operation."

Sylvester's injuries were severe, and he had to undergo at least five to six surgeries.

Furthermore, there was no guarantee that he could regain his initial appearance.

Crystal was greatly saddened by the news.

A long while later, she said, "The locket that Robert gave shattered too, right?"

The locket... Sylvester...

Crystal's heart ached as she thought about the man who had passed. In her dream, Robert had a different life, but in reality, he was gone.

Crystal was in no rush to visit Sylvester.

The young pretty boy would certainly want to maintain his pride-he would not want anyone else to see his gauze-covered face.

However, Crystal wanted to visit Robert.

A day before her discharge, Crystal took the opportunity when Henry was not around to ask the bodyguard to arrange for transportation, telling him that she wanted to take a trip out.

The bodyguard hesitantly said, "I'll have to consult Mr. Miller about this."

Crystal did not stop him.

After the call, the bodyguard relayed the message to Crystal. "Mr. Miller asks you to not stay out for too long because it'll be snowing in the afternoon again."

A small smile grew on Crystal's lips.

She then asked Edith to buy a bouquet of flowers before dressing herself in all black.

This was her first time going to Robert's grave.

When she came out of the car, the sky was gloomy, as though it was going to snow anytime.

As Crystal was wearing a loose jacket, her distended belly could barely be seen.

She ambled toward Robert's grave, only to find a thin figure standing before the tombstone. When she moved closer, she realized it was Clementine.

Crystal could deduce the one behind her accident.

However, if Henry had yet to take any action against Clementine, it had to be because he still did not have the evidence.

A few steps away from Clementine, Crystal stopped to watch her.

Crystal had come with four bodyguards and one assistant, so naturally, Clementine noticed her. Mockery lacing her words, Clementine said, "Mrs. Miller, what a grand entourage you have!"

Crystal let out a nonchalant laugh.

The four bodyguards then stepped forward to pull Clementine aside.

Crystal walked over to the grave and stared at Robert's photo-it was one taken when he was younger, and she had been the one to take it for him.

It was likely what he wanted.

The gloomy sky resembled her somber mood. She hunched over to trace her finger across his photo, muttering, "Why did you have to tell Sylvester those things? Robert, let bygones be bygones. Why couldn't you let go?"

If he could, he would not have passed away at such a young age.

All life came to an end eventually. Crystal did not blame herself for his death; she merely felt sad.

Robert was born into a good family. He had both the looks and the capability, and he should have lived a glorious life. Yet, his end had been abrupt and terrible.

"Robert, at this point, I can't even tell who hurt who."

Crystal's heart clenched.

At the side, Clementine hysterically screamed, "You killed him, Crystal! Stop trying to pretend that you're a saint!"

Crystal lowered her gaze and chuckled. "Is that so?"

She then slowly turned around to look at Clementine. "What about you? What did you do?"

A wave of guilt struck Clementine.

On that rainy day, to keep Robert by her side, she had given him something that would make him drowsy.

Yet, ultimately, he still put on his clothes and left the hotel.

On his way to Crystal's place, he ended up in that fatal traffic accident.

[Chapter 377 Henry Regains His Memory 1](#)

Crystal gazed at Clementine, whose expression betrayed her.

There was no evidence, so Crystal wasn't about to waste her time. She merely said, "Clementine, you have never loved him. You only love yourself."

To Clementine, Robert was just a toy out of her reach.

Her feelings for him were twisted.

With that, Crystal spun on her heels and left.

She moved with a slow and deliberate pace, leaning on Edith for support. Despite the circumstances, she remained composed and unaffected.

Clementine was overwhelmed with jealousy.

Crystal possessed immense power, wealth, and the affection of numerous devoted admirers.

If it weren't for Sylvester, she might have perished that day. Without her presence, Clementine was certain her life would undoubtedly improve!

Back at Seeas Corporation, Henry completed the stack of paperwork and stood by the window, holding a cup of coffee.

He gazed out of the window at the white sky, which indicated that snowfall was imminent.

Behind him, Jamie reported, "Crystal went to the graveyard, but she is now back at the hospital."

Henry's grip on the cup tightened, but he said nothing.

It began to snow outside.

Christmas was approaching, and their family would have the chance to celebrate together. Yet, in light of recent events, including that dream, Henry couldn't help but suspect that Crystal still held complex and unresolved emotions.

Henry could understand her feelings.

There was good news that she was unaware of, though,

He had already regained his memories.

The following day, Crystal was discharged from the hospital.

The Miller family initially wanted to celebrate it by holding a banquet, but since Crystal was pregnant, they decided to just celebrate it at home.

Downstairs, the lamb stew had been prepared and filled the air with a mouthwatering aroma that had the children eagerly eyeing it. Henry gathered the kids and had them sit in their chairs while he went upstairs to invite Crystal to join them.

The living space on the second floor was well-heated.

Crystal was reading a parenting book on the couch comfortably.

Henry stood at the door, watching her silently.

She was dressed in a pink oversized sweater and a floral skirt. While she didn't appear visibly pregnant, her attire accentuated her womanly figure.

They had been intimate back at the hospital, but it wasn't the same as doing it back home.

Henry approached her and bent down to kiss her earlobe. He teased her, "You've given birth twice, so why are you still reading this?"

Crystal naturally indulged in a kiss with him.

After a long while, she said coyly, "I want the child's father to read it, too. I can't be the only one having it tough."

Henry reminisced about the past, remembering how he had insisted on traveling to the Kingdom of Brundela for a case on the day Crystal gave birth to Skyler. That very day, their mansion had exploded.

When Crystal gave birth to Remi, she hadn't been able to rest properly due to Lara's presence.

He felt his heart ache when he recalled all that.

Sitting beside her, Henry pressed his forehead to hers. "I'll take good care of the children's mother. Don't worry, teacher!"

Crystal gazed at him, her lashes trembling.

Teacher? Has he regained his memories?

Without offering an explanation, Henry drew her into his embrace and retrieved something from his pocket, delicately placing it in Crystal's hand. "This is for you. Keep it safe!"

Crystal lowered her head and discovered a repaired locket in her hand, the very same one that Robert had given her.

Without it, she would've died back then.

Crystal touched it and asked, "Since when were you so generous, Mr. Miller?"

It was clear she had not forgotten about the dream.

Henry gazed at her and chuckled softly. "When have I not been generous? Pray tell."

Crystal chuckled softly in response.

Henry's heart swelled with affection as he observed her gentle demeanor,

He was certain that he was deeply in love with her, but after regaining his memories, the sensation felt somehow different.

The memories and experiences that he and Crystal had shared were not known to others and were not documented in the diary.

Those intimate details were known only to the two of them.

Henry placed his chin on Crystal's shoulders and told her, "Let's celebrate Christmas outside, okay?"

Crystal grabbed a box to keep the locket safe.

She asked casually, "Where are you planning to celebrate Christmas?"

"At the condominium."

Hearing that, Crystal felt her cheeks turn pink. After all, in the dream, they had shared countless intimate moments in the condominium. It was evident that he had some ulterior motives for bringing it up now.

With the box in her hands, she turned to plant a gentle kiss on his cheek and tenderly caressed his handsome face before giving a hum of acknowledgment.

Henry was pleased, but he still felt like comparing. Pulling Crystal into his arms, he asked, "Crystal, am I better than Robert to you?"

Even with three kids, he couldn't shake the feeling of insecurity.

Crystal could sense that he cared about her, and she enjoyed that thoroughly.

As they prepared to head downstairs for the meal, she asked worriedly, "Has your leg recovered completely?"

Henry picked her up. "I can bring you downstairs without any problem."

Crystal punched him shyly. "Let me down! Mom and Dad are downstairs!"

"No. We're a married couple," he murmured as he pressed a kiss to her lips.

Downstairs, Henry's parents said nothing as they were used to the sight.

However, there was a guest-Alfred.

There was still snow clinging to Alfred's coat, indicating that he had just arrived. As soon as he walked in and saw Henry holding Crystal, he couldn't help but sneer, "Ha! It seems like as Henry gets older, he becomes more of a romantic."

No one knew that Henry had regained his memories.

Eager to assert himself, Henry seated Crystal in a chair and offered an insouciant smile. "Uncle Alfred, I'm only thirty-five!" he retorted.

Alfred stiffened.

Henry glanced at Berthold, who was sitting at the dining table quietly, not daring to greet his father.

He patted the little boy's head and said, "Your Great-uncle Alfred is here. Why did you not greet him?"

Berthold obediently greeted, "Great-uncle Alfred!"

Hearing that, Alfred smacked his son's head lightly. "Silly boy!"

He didn't forget to give Henry a dark look. He can trick the rest but not me. He must've remembered something.

Recognizing the couple was having a bit of fun, Alfred chose not to divulge the truth.

Seated next to Melora, he spoke softly. "I've been quite busy lately and only managed to visit when I had a spare half-day. I'll have to catch a flight later, though."

If he failed to catch the flight, he would have to take the car back.

Melora said nothing.

A few months ago, he had started preparations for their new home. During that time, she had felt that things were finally improving and had even considered agreeing to marry him. However, he was often busy with work, causing her to wait endlessly. Thus, she gradually lost trust in him.

Alfred knew that well, but as they weren't alone, he couldn't explain himself.

The meal was a lively affair. Alfred couldn't help but feel jealous as he watched Henry assist Crystal with the dishes. He envied their seemingly complete family. Despite the obstacles they had faced, they had managed to stay together.

He wished he could throw aside everything and be like them.

Loneliness and disappointment washed over him.

Berthold offered him some food. "Eat up, Daddy."

Hearing that, Alfred felt his heart soften. He patted his son's head before turning to his son's mother, Melora feigned ignorance.

She still had an advertisement shoot after the meal, so her assistant was already waiting in the car.

When she went to the bathroom, Alfred followed her inside.

He gazed at her gorgeous face through the mirror and asked, "Can't you push the shoot back? It's rare for us to get to meet each other."

After reapplying her lipstick, Melora turned around and pushed him. "I'm going to be late!"

Alfred refused to let her leave.

Instead, he wrapped an arm around her waist and locked the door of the bathroom.

Melora wasn't strong enough to push him away.

She leaned against the wall and looked up, her eyes vacant.

Gently, she said, "Alfred, you're always occupied and busy with something or other. I don't believe you even remember our son's birthday. I understand that my job isn't a priority to you, so you think I should accommodate your schedule. When you're here, I need to reschedule my work. However, do you have any idea how many people I have to notify and how many favors I have to owe if I keep rearranging my commitments? You never think about that. You've always neglected my feelings!"

Perhaps she was too disappointed, for she revealed her thoughts without hesitation.

She had thought it through. Rather than waiting for Alfred, she would lead a fulfilling life.

Besides, she needed to speak up on behalf of Berthold, too.

Alfred's gaze turned dark.

He couldn't explain himself, but he could feel that the young lady who kept clinging to him in the past had grown up.

Alas, he would rather she remain innocent forever.

Melora felt sad as she didn't want to fight with him.

Lowering her head, she mumbled, "I'm going. When are you leaving? If you have some free time, spend it with Berthold. He should be starting kindergarten at his age. You don't realize how much he envies Skyler and Christopher."

Alfred was upset to hear that.

He still refused to let her leave. Holding her shoulder with one hand, he used another hand to pull out a cigarette and lit it up.

After smoking half of it, he extinguished it and leaned closer to kiss her.

Alfred's kiss was deep, but he merely kissed her without doing anything, filling her body with his scent.

Melora initially resisted his advances but soon caved in

Tears welled in her eyes.

Alfred released her, but he gently pressed his forehead against hers as he straightened out her clothes affectionately.

He was the reason she had to suffer.

The project would definitely be completed by the end of the year, but Alfred didn't dare promise her anything as he was afraid of disappointing her again.

A long while later, he whispered, "Don't let Berthold see you cry, or he'll think I bullied you."

Feeling aggrieved, Melora punched his shoulders a few times before she left the bathroom.

Alfred followed her outside and watched as she got into the car. Her assistant and another young man, likely from her studio, were also in the vehicle.

He observed them in silence.

Soon, the car drove away.

Upon returning to the mansion, Alfred found Henry seated on the living room couch. The rest of the household members were nowhere to be found.

He sat across from Henry and asked, "Do you remember everything now?"

[Chapter 378 I Owe Them Too Much 1](#)

As Alfred had posed the question, Henry didn't lie to him.

He flashed a calm smile.

Alfred felt a bit jealous, but he took a sip of coffee to conceal his feelings.

Henry flipped through a magazine as he commented, "Uncle Alfred, you could do the same if you're willing to prioritize Melora over everything else. The project is nearing its conclusion, and there shouldn't be any unexpected developments."

Alfred accepted the advice.

Berthold bounded down the stairs, and upon seeing Alfred still present, he blushed and nestled into Alfred's arms, addressing him as "Daddy."

Alfred patted the little boy's head.

Berthold gazed at him eagerly. "When the snow gets heavy, can you build a snowman with me?"

Alfred said nothing.

He placed his son on his lap and retrieved a piece of candy from his pocket, handing it over to Berthold with a warm smile.

Berthold placed the candy in his mouth and continued gazing at him eagerly.

Alfred wanted to stay and keep his son company, but he had to leave. His work at the base still awaited him.

He hesitated.

Sensing his hesitation, Henry picked Berthold up and gave the little boy a pat. "Go upstairs and play with Christopher. I need to talk to your daddy."

At once, disappointment crept up Berthold's face.

However, he still obediently went upstairs.

Inwardly, Alfred felt awful.

Berthold was already five years old, but as his father, Alfred couldn't spend much time with him. He felt like an irresponsible parent for not being able to agree to play in the snow with his son.

Seeing his expression, Henry knew that he was in a foul mood.

He couldn't interfere in Melora and Alfred's relationship as they both had feelings for each other.

He had always wished for Melora's perseverance to pay off, so he refilled Alfred's cup of coffee. After pondering briefly, he asked, "Uncle Alfred, what are your plans after this project comes to an end?"

Alfred held his cup as he stared at the snow outside.

He knew what Henry was getting at.

In a low voice, he said, "The Lodge family has a few businesses that the younger generation isn't managing effectively. I might consider taking them over and working to develop them."

Henry did not say anything more.

Alfred's flight was at four in the afternoon, but he bade goodbye to them at two.

Henry knew the reason behind his actions.

After giving his son one last hug, Alfred stepped out of the house into the snow. When he got into the car, Leslie asked, "It isn't time yet. Why are you already leaving?"

Alfred took off his leather gloves and gazed ahead.

"Head to the studio. Oh, and stop halfway so I can get some hot chocolate."

Leslie couldn't help but smile.

Knowing that his employer intended to visit Melora, he playfully teased, "I'm sure she'll be absolutely delighted to see you."

Alfred's heart was laden with emotion.

A while later, he mumbled, "I owe them too much."

Leslie initially wanted to comfort him but decided against it. He sighed softly.

It was snowing and chilly.

The studio wasn't heated. Melora was shooting a shampoo ad in a summer dress. After a scene had wrapped, her assistant quickly draped a blanket around her.

Despite shivering from the cold, she edged closer to the camera to review the playback, her expression intensely focused.

Alfred was observing her at the door.

She had previously explained to him that while her job might not be important in his eyes, it was what allowed her to survive. So, even though he empathized with her, he refrained from disturbing her during her work.

Melora had spotted him.

The rest of the people at the studio were also looking at this elegant gentleman.

The director recognized Alfred, and instead of greeting him, he turned to Melora and whispered, "Is he here for you?"

Melora gazed at Alfred.

Leslie immediately stepped forward with the hot chocolates he just bought. "Mr. Lodge happened to pass by, so he decided to visit Miss Miller on set. He bought some hot chocolate for everyone on a cold day."

He offered the warmest cup of hot chocolate to Melora.

Holding the cup, Melora approached Alfred, whose gaze was dark.

He shrugged out of his coat and put it over her shoulders, pulling the lapels close. "Why don't you wear more clothes? You should be able to take care of yourself as an adult."

He was chiding her, but his tone was gentle.

Melora regained her composure and asked, "Did you come here to visit me on purpose?"

Glancing around, Alfred asked, "Are you saying I came here deliberately to deliver hot chocolate to these men?"

Melora fell silent.

She took a sip of the hot chocolate, feeling the warmth permeate her. A sense of comfort and warmth washed over her heart.

"Are you not mad that I talked to you that way?"

Alfred gazed at her for a long time before flashing a smile. "You're younger than me, so why would I get mad at you?"

He patted her head endearingly.

It was a tender gesture, akin to a husband bidding farewell to his wife before heading out.

Melora stood there in silence, unwilling to disrupt the peaceful atmosphere.

Alfred told her in a low voice, "Head back as soon as you finish shooting. Berthold wants to build a snowman, so keep an eye on him. He gets a fever easily. Remember to drink more hot chocolate to warm up. Mom has always wanted to take you to Coldbridge for some rest and recuperation."

Melora was in a daze.

Right then, shooting was about to commence.

She took off his coat and returned it to him, but he didn't take it from her.

He whispered softly, "Wear it when you're not shooting. How about we spend New Year's at Coldbridge this year? I'll drive both you and Berthold there."

[Chapter 379 I Owe Them Too Much 2](#)

Alfred's suggestion was too tempting, so Melora was tempted to say yes.

However, she hesitated. It would be one thing if she were alone, but now she had Berthold.

If they couldn't be together for New Year's, it would be disappointing and disheartening.

Alfred knew what she was thinking.

He ruffled her hair and told her, "Let's talk about this later. After you finish shooting, head home straight away."

He should be leaving after saying that, but he lingered for a while.

It was indeed challenging for him to find the opportunity to meet her.

Finally, shooting resumed.

Alfred walked out of the studio, and it was snowing heavily.

Leslie was about to take off his own coat to give it to Alfred, but the latter stopped him. "The cold doesn't bother me. I'm not an elderly man."

Leslie didn't think much and replied cheerfully, "You should be taking good care of yourself at this age."

Alfred did not respond.

Leslie knew he had said the wrong thing.

He opened the car door for Alfred, who climbed in and brushed the snow off his shoulders. In a self-deprecating tone, Alfred remarked, "Yes, I'm no longer young, but I still can't provide my wife and child with a complete family."

Leslie sighed at that.

After Alfred's departure, Melora's condition was far from ideal.

She struggled to regain her composure and ultimately completed the ad shoot. However, she declined the film crew's invitation to dine together.

Her assistant was smart enough to offer to pay for the film crew's dinner.

Melora missed Berthold a lot.

She rushed back to Henry's mansion to retrieve Berthold, planning to return to her own condominium. However, upon her arrival, she realized that it was getting late and snowing heavily.

Henry was sitting on the couch, working on his laptop.

Without looking up, he said, "Why don't you stay here tonight? Berthold has been eagerly anticipating playing in the snow, and he's been waiting all day."

Melora glanced at her son.

Berthold approached and grasped her hand, pleading, "I want to play with Skyler and Christopher."

Melora had always felt a sense of indebtedness toward him, so she couldn't bring herself to refuse his request.

She patted his head. "Okay. Remember to wear your padded jacket."

Berthold shrieked with joy and dashed outside with Skyler and Christopher to play in the snow. The children appeared incredibly delighted in the winter wonderland, causing Melora to feel tears welling up in her eyes at the sight of their happiness.

Henry had stopped working and was gazing at Melora quietly.

Over the years, Melora had undergone significant changes during her time with Alfred.

She had matured, but Henry couldn't help but wish that she could have remained innocent and naive forever, shielded from the harshness of sadness.

Gazing at her hands, he noticed she was holding half a cup of hot chocolate.

He asked calmly, "Did Alfred buy that for you? Why do you treasure it so much?"

Melora pursed her lips and said nothing, afraid that he would be upset.

Henry cast a glance at her. "You showed quite a bit of backbone this afternoon, didn't you? Why are you so moved by a cup of hot chocolate now?"

Melora protested, "Henry!"

Henry adored her and couldn't bring himself to yell at her. He said gently, "If you want to wait, go ahead. You're an adult now, after all."

With that, he went upstairs to keep Crystal company.

Melora sat in the living room alone.

Cradling the cup of hot chocolate, she approached the window and gazed outside, where the snowfall was intensifying.

Has Alfred's private plane landed? Is he safe now?

Regret gnawed at her for having a conflict with him earlier in the day. His free time to visit her and Berthold was a rare occurrence, and if she hadn't allowed her anger to take hold, they could have had more time together.

After hesitating for a long while, she made a call.

It was answered pretty soon.

Melora sniffled. "Did you return to Coldbridge by car?"

Alfred hummed in acknowledgment.

She could hear Leslie talking to the driver, and it was clear they were in a hurry.

Feeling bad, Melora blurted out, "Be careful"

Alfred fell silent for a moment before saying. "Take care of our son. I'll visit you when I'm free."

Melora wanted to tell him there was no need for him to do so, but she couldn't bring herself to say that out loud.

Crystal was often sleepy as a pregnant lady.

She had just woken up when Henry pushed the door and came into the bedroom. Under the soft illumination of the lights, she appeared gentle, and they accentuated the delicate hairs on her face. She looked utterly adorable.

He sat at the edge of the bed, and Crystal didn't move.

She reached out and wrapped an arm around his waist.

Henry was handsome and muscular, so Crystal loved to hug him."

She asked softly, "Are Skyler and the others playing outside?"

Henry grunted nonchalantly.

"Melora is taking care of them." He touched her arm and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why are you sleeping naked?"

Crystal's cheeks turned pink as she refused to admit to it.

Thus, the man reached under the covers, "Let me check"

Crystal immediately tried to stop him, but it was too late, as he had already touched her. Henry's gaze lit up as he fondled her for a while before they began kissing.

The room was warm, so he pushed the covers away, revealing her naked body.

His gaze was dark, and Crystal was afraid he wouldn't restrain herself, so she pleaded, "Don't harm our child."

Henry caressed her belly gently.

She was pregnant with their third child. Crystal had taken excellent care of herself, so it wasn't immediately apparent that she had already given birth to two children. Her complexion was fair, and her skin taut, with a slight bulge to her belly despite being four months along.

Younger men might have reservations about pregnant women, but for a mature man like Henry, his pregnant wife held a special allure.

When he went hard on her, she would be on the verge of tears.

He found it endearing when tears clung to her lashes and the corners of her eyes took on a rosy hue.

Henry carefully became intimate with her and kept asking whether she felt okay, Crystal's lips were slightly parted, but she refused to utter a word. He came closer and teased her, "Do you like it so much?"

Crystal couldn't stand it anymore and turned away, her cheeks flushed.

As she was pregnant, they only had sex once.

After it came to an end, he hugged her tightly and murmured some sweet nothings.

It felt good until Henry's phone rang.

It was an unknown number.

After answering the call, he went out to talk in the living space. Two minutes later, he came back and began to put on his clothes. "I need to head out."

As he spoke, he zipped his pants.

Crystal was displeased. "It's snowing. Why are you heading out?"

Henry bent down to kiss the corner of her lips and whispered, "It's work, not something to do with women. Don't worry, Miss Winters."

Crystal leaned against the bed frame, feeling drained of energy.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and gazed at him, saying, "Henry, I won't suspect you."

Though it was a brief statement, Henry felt a pang in his heart upon hearing it. He had been through a lot with Crystal before she was able to give him her trust. He gave her a gentle kiss. "I'll be back before ten. I need to put my wife to sleep!"

Crystal kissed him back,

Henry barely managed to pull back. He gave her a smile. "If I don't leave now, we'll have to do it again!"

He put on his coat and went downstairs, walking into the snow.

Henry drove away himself.

One hour later, his black Land Rover stopped at a dark and dingy building.

He got out of the car and slammed the door shut,

A man in his thirties who looked like a private investigator instantly came out to greet him. He reported in a low voice, "Mr. Miller, he was dead when I arrived. It appears he was strangled to death with a rope. As for the scene... you'll understand when you see it."

Henry pulled out a pack of cigarettes and fished out two cigarettes.

Both men lit up cigarettes as they walked into the old building.

They came to a stop in front of unit 302.

The door creaked open, revealing a young man sprawled on an old, cramped bed within the house. He was not wearing any pants.

There was a red mark on his neck, indicating that he had been strangled. He was already dead.

Walter, the private investigator, said in a low voice, "He died less than two hours ago. He also had hard sex

before he died."

Henry put on some gloves and picked up a work ID from the old desk.

The dead man was twenty-four years old and worked as a technician.

Henry then looked around.

He could make an educated guess as to who was behind this and realized they wouldn't find any DNA evidence. It was evident that the culprit had meticulously removed all traces. Clementine was trying to silence him!

There was a hundred grand on the bedside table.

"Report this to the police. Additionally, conduct a thorough background check on this individual and provide his family with five hundred thousand dollars as compensation. Make sure they remain unaware of my involvement," Henry instructed.

Walter couldn't understand Henry's actions, but Henry didn't need anyone to understand him.

He walked out of the suffocating space quietly. The dead man's image remained stuck in his mind.

In the snow, he finished smoking half a pack of cigarettes.

However, that didn't do anything to erase the smell of death from his nose.

Upon arriving home and seeing the illuminated mansion, he finally felt a sense of warmth wash over him.

[Chapter 380 Sweet Love](#)

It was late at night, and the mansion was silent.

Henry unbuttoned his clothes as he slowly walked up the stairs. The housekeepers were already asleep and only left one light switched on.

In the bedroom on the east side of the second floor, he gently pushed the door open and was greeted by a warm and inviting glow.

Crystal wasn't asleep yet. Clad in thick pajamas, she was reading a script on the couch.

Henry gently closed the door.

"Are the kids asleep? Did they drink something warm before going to bed?"

Crystal put her script away and raised her head to look at him.

Henry approached her, intending to give her a kiss, but thought better of it. "Let me take a shower first," he said in a low voice.

Crystal wanted to get up to prepare supper for him, but he stopped her from doing so.

"Stay here. I'll cook some spaghetti myself later."

With that, he went to take a shower..

After taking a shower, he sensed that the somber scent he had picked up from the rented house had dissipated somewhat. Feeling improved, he joined Crystal and settled beside her, sharing a tender embrace for a brief while.

As he had taken a shower, he was clad in trousers and a clean shirt.

Crystal knew him well enough. He would tense up whenever his thoughts were occupied.

She leaned on his shoulders and asked, "What happened?"

"It's nothing," Henry responded as he touched her cheek gently.

Henry proceeded downstairs to prepare some spaghetti and brought a plate back upstairs for Crystal. However, she wasn't particularly hungry as she had indulged in some nutritious broth earlier and was also conscious of maintaining her figure. Despite her pregnancy, she couldn't eat as freely as she wished.

Henry knew her well.

He felt better as he ate the plate of spaghetti beside her.

Crystal kept him company, observing his face under the lights. He would turn thirty-six after the New Year. Despite his age, he only bore a few wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, adding a touch of maturity to his appearance.

Crystal reached out to touch the corner of his eyes gently.

Henry paused briefly before he resumed eating his spaghetti. "Do you want to do it again? We just did it once in the evening

As he spoke, he caressed her bulging belly.

Crystal's face burned, and her heart pounded wildly.

Though she initially intended to push him away, when her hand met his warm palm, she found herself unable to carry out her plan. Softly, she uttered, "Please, stop."

Henry chuckled before finishing his spaghetti.

He cleared the mess before bringing Crystal to the couch, allowing her to lean against him while he gently combed her hair with his fingers.

It was a pleasant and comforting moment for both of them, and Crystal felt at ease.

Leaning against his shoulder, she whispered, "Henry, you've changed a lot!"

"In what way?"

"For example, you wouldn't have eaten spaghetti here at the coffee table. You used to be pretty particular."

Henry patted her cheek and flashed an affectionate smile.

Crystal buried her face in his chest, and after a prolonged silence, she mumbled, "Can you tell me now what happened?"

Henry hadn't initially intended to divulge details about the dark events, but he knew they were connected, to her.

After a brief consideration, he decided to be honest with her. "Crystal, I have a suspicion that the incident) with the chandelier falling from the ceiling was not a coincidence. It appears someone had orchestrated it he revealed.

"Do you suspect Clementine?" Crystal asked as she sat up.

Her coffee-colored hair was a little messy. Using her fingers, she began to comb her hair in an alluring manner.

They were talking about something serious, but Henry spaced out.

He appeared amused. "They say women become denser during pregnancy. Why did you become smarter, though? I guess my IQ must've balanced it out," he quipped, then reached out to gently pat her belly.

Crystal was both embarrassed and furious. "We're talking about something serious here!"

Henry collected himself and said, "I think Clementine bribed the technician, but that person died this evening. He was killed in the middle of having sex."

Despite having braced herself, Crystal felt a chill go down her spine when she heard that.

Frowning slightly, she responded, "Clementine is slender. Even if the man weren't on his guard, killing him so effortlessly wouldn't be easy. She must have other tricks up her sleeve."

Henry's gaze lit up, for their line of thought coincided.

He found pleasure in the way their thoughts seemed to align without the need for spoken words.

Crystal was about to speak when Henry's phone rang.

He glanced at the screen and realized it was the private investigator. Without hesitation, he answered the call in Crystal's presence. The private investigator immediately reported in a low voice, "The prosecutor has updates. They discovered a drug in that man's stomach, which could've caused his death. Otherwise, it's highly unlikely that an adult man could be overpowered by a woman."

Henry ended the call.

He glanced at Crystal, who seemed to be in deep thought.

"A penny for your thoughts!" Henry pinched her cheek lightly.

Hearing that, Crystal fixed her gaze on him and told him, "I was thinking if Robert's accident wasn't a coincidence. Could Clementine have orchestrated that as well?"

Henry's gaze intensified slightly, but he remained silent.

Crystal couldn't stand it and asked, "Why are you staring at me like this?"

"Because you're beautiful!" Henry chuckled softly. "Are you not worried that I'll get jealous?"

Crystal leaned into his arms.

He gently placed his hand on her belly. It felt warm due to the falling snow outside. Crystal found solace in not having to worry about anything and entrusting everything to Henry.

She said gently, "I'm pregnant with your child. Why would you get jealous?"

Henry merely chuckled in response.

He rested his chin on her head and confessed, "When I reminisce about the foolish things I did in the past. I sometimes worry that you might not want me anymore."

Crystal responded with a soft chuckle.

Feeling drowsy, she murmured, "Miss Hopper called earlier today to inform me that Sylvester is going in for his second surgery. I'd like to visit him, Henry."

Henry didn't say no.

Sylvester might be in love with Crystal, but he had indeed saved Crystal's life.

He wanted to accompany her there, but she said gently, "It's not necessary. I know you're busy. Edith can stay with me, and I have the bodyguards here."

Crystal was already an adult, so Henry couldn't keep her locked up at home just because of the accident.

He agreed readily.

The following morning, Crystal invited Ingrid to visit Sylvester together.

Seeing Crystal in better spirits, Ingrid spoke cheerfully. "Sylvester's face might have been injured, but Mr. Miller hired a foreign doctor to treat him. They say his face can be restored to about seventy to eighty percent."

Crystal said nothing.

While his face could potentially be restored to eighty percent, it would still be challenging for him to resume his career as an actor.

Ingrid offered her a reassuring pat and said, "His dream wasn't actually to become an actor."

Crystal forced out a smile..

Edith opened the door for them, and upon entering, they immediately spotted Clementine in the ward.

Clementine possessed excellent social skills and had already won over Sylvester's mother. His mother appeared worried and continuously wiped away her tears. It was clear that both women empathized with each other.

Ingrid frowned and whispered in Crystal's ear, "I think she has an ulterior motive!"

Naturally, Crystal knew that well.

She speculated that Clementine was aware of her arrival and had come early to unsettle her. Crystal didn't have any objections to Clementine contacting the Sloan family, but she considered Clementine to be a risky individual.

Crystal gazed downward and resolved to take action.

She gestured for Ingrid to come over and whispered something in her ear.

Hearing that, Ingrid burst out laughing and teased, "I can't believe you came out with that. No wonder you're able to keep a leash on Mr. Miller!"

Crystal merely smiled in response.

As she seemed indifferent, Clementine put her guard down.

Yes, it was me who harmed Crystal and Sylvester. So what? Crystal doesn't know anything, and Sylvester's mother is foolish enough to tell me about their family's private affairs. She trusts me.

Sylvester's mother was a respectable woman, but the fact that her son had been injured while trying to save Crystal left her feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

The atmosphere was awkward. After exchanging pleasantries with her, Crystal approached the bed to talk to Sylvester. It was Sylvester's first time seeing her since the accident, and he had mixed emotions. He was glad that she was there, but he also harbored resentment toward her for taking so long to visit him.

As he was in love with her, Crystal knew she had to set boundaries.

Edith opened a lunch box, and a delicious smell wafted out.

Crystal cheerfully informed him, "You don't need fruits and supplements right now, so I've prepared savory oatmeal for you. The kids really enjoy it, especially Skyler."

Despite her warm tone, she subtly conveyed her maternal role.

Beside them. Chelsea's expression relaxed. "Thank you, Crystal."

Crystal made way for her. "Why don't you feed him. Mrs. Sloan?"

Sylvester had been eating very little lately, which concerned Chelsea. She approached him and started feeding him. While he savored the food, she commented, "This oatmeal looks quite tasty. I think if I can cook like this, Sylvester will start gaining weight soon."

Crystal's lips curved. "I can cook it every day and ask my driver to deliver it to him."

Chelsea felt a bit embarrassed and swiftly added that it was too much trouble for Crystal.

After all, Crystal was still pregnant, and Chelsea knew that Crystal came from a well-off family. She thought it was fine to cook for Sylvester a few times out of gratitude, but she didn't want Crystal to feel like their housekeeper.

Crystal didn't insist.

She cast a glance at Sylvester, whose face was concealed by bandages, leaving only his eyes visible. He appeared more subdued than his usual self and didn't seem inclined to engage in conversation.

Before Crystal left, he said softly, "I didn't regret my actions!"

Crystal halted beside the door as sadness washed over her.

It was a source of stress to be the recipient of affection but unable to reciprocate, particularly when the person in question was a young man like Sylvester, Robert's nephew.

In the end, she sighed aloud. "I'll visit you a few days later!"

After she left, Clementine went after her.

However, Ingrid stayed behind.

She blinked before taking a seat beside Sylvester's bed. Being a bold and sociable person, she didn't see the need to mince words. "That's enough. You were looking forward to her visit, weren't you? Why didn't you speak to her while she was here? Let me make something clear. Even if Crystal gets a divorce, she'll never be with you. After all, she had a history with your uncle"

Sylvester knew that well.

He responded softly, "That wasn't what I meant."

Chelsea said gratefully, "I feel much better now that Crystal has visited Sylvester. Henry may have offered us a lot of compensation, but you understand Sylvester's feelings."

She sighed before adding, "Miss Dynah was really helpful, too."

She finally got to the point.

Ingrid couldn't help but cover her lips and giggle. "Miss Dynah is a lovely woman. She's single and used to chase after Sylvester enthusiastically. I believe there's a chance they might end up together, despite the age difference."

Hearing that, Chelsea froze in her tracks.

Clementine used to pursue Sylvester?

Refusing to believe it, she asked, "Is that true?"

Sylvester remembered the moment when Clementine had given him her business card and hinted at becoming his benefactor. He remained silent in response to Chelsea's query.

At once, Chelsea flew into a rage.

She promptly disposed of the items Clementine had brought and declared, "She may have seemed pleasant, but she's actually ignorant. She has been involved with numerous men, so how dare she Sylvester?"

Sylvester didn't want his mother to get involved with Clementine, but he couldn't say that out loud earlier. Ingrid's words had severed their friendship, which was precisely what he had desired.

He whispered, "Thanks, Ingrid."

Ingrid, known for her helpful nature, bent down and replied in a hushed tone, "It was Crystal's suggestion. She knew you were bothered by Clementine."

Sylvester's fists balled up slightly.

While Ingrid tucked him in, she went on, "She genuinely cares for you, but as a married woman, she can't keep visiting. Please understand her situation. Focus on your recovery, and don't let her be concerned."

Sylvester grunted in response.

Ingrid patted his head and teased, "If I don't have a man. I'll definitely rescue you."

With that, she spun on her heels and strutted away.

After leaving the hospital, Ingrid headed straight to a cafe where Crystal was waiting for her.

Sitting down, Ingrid sipped on her coffee and said cheerfully, "I did as you said. As expected, Sylvester's mom immediately took a dislike to Clementine and wanted to cut ties with her."

Crystal, unable to drink coffee due to her pregnancy, simply stirred her cup and let out a soft chuckle. "Sylvester is injured, and his mother needs someone to confide in. Clementine's personal life wasn't her concern. But if Clementine has any intentions involving her son, she won't permit it."

Ingrid praised her for her intelligence, and Crystal forced out a smile in return.

There were certain things she couldn't express to Ingrid, so she had to act discreetly.

She strongly suspected Clementine was the one responsible for the harm to both her and Sylvester, so she had no intention of allowing Clementine to stay close to Sylvester.

Crystal wanted to protect the young man.

Without raising any suspicions, she discreetly arranged for a few bodyguards to be present at the hospital, dressed inconspicuously.

The bodyguards were Henry's, so he was aware of her actions.

When Henry called her to inquire about the situation at the hospital, she explained what had occurred. She had expected him to react with jealousy, but to her surprise, he simply responded, "Just proceed as you've planned, Miss Winters."

Every time he acted nice, Crystal would have a bad feeling.

As expected, after he got home from work, he put the kids to bed and dealt with his work.

He then proceeded to torture her in bed.

Henry had always been assertive in the bedroom, but on that particular night, he held her in his arms and gently traced a finger along her cheek. He teased, "Miss Winters, tonight, I'll follow your lead."

He's so shameless!

An intimate session ensued.

Henry nibbled at her throat and whispered, "Men can sometimes feel jealous, but please don't make me too despondent, Crystal."

Crystal rested her head on his shoulder.

After everything they had experienced, their relationship had grown significantly closer than it had been before.

Nonetheless, there were still some matters he hadn't been completely forthright about with her, and she didn't feel the need to rush him.

She reached out to trace his features and lowered her voice. "Henry, we've been together for so long, but why do you still get jealous?"

His gaze turned dark.

When her finger reached his mouth, he bit it gently.

"As long as I love you, I'll always get jealous over you!"