

Night of Love 81

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Kissing In The Car

Henry didn't say anything.

Clementine wasn't ready to back down at that moment. Intent on showcasing her connections, she confidently informed the deans, "I happen to know the manager of this restaurant. They have graciously agreed to provide us with a five percent discount on our bill."

The deans promptly praised her for that.

Clementine's gaze fell on Henry as she continued, "You see, this is an upscale restaurant that rarely offers discounts unless one has strong connections."

While everyone gazed at her in surprise, Clementine thought that Henry would change his mind about her.

Pleased, she waited eagerly for his response.

Ha! Crystal might be prettier than me, but when it comes to other aspects, she simply cannot compare!

Right then, a male baritone sounded at the door of the hall. "Henry, you're here!"

It was Oliver Lee, manager of the restaurant.

Shaking Henry's hand warmly, Oliver uttered, "I overheard my employees mention that you had visited my modest restaurant for a meal. I couldn't believe it myself, so I hurried here. It's truly astonishing to see you in person!"

Henry flashed a modest smile. "Please don't say that, Mr. Lee."

"Oh, Henry. We've known each other for years, so stop calling me 'Mr. Lee' like we're strangers!" Oliver exclaimed.

His gaze landed on Crystal, who was standing beside Henry.

Seeing that, Henry made the introductions. "This is my girlfriend, Crystal Winters. I'm here to attend her class reunion."

Oliver gave a polite bow and shook Crystal's hand.

With the demeanor of a seasoned businessperson, he smoothly complimented, "Crystal, you possess both beauty and grace."

Crystal flashed a graceful smile.

Having been rescued by Henry from an important case that involved a potential prison sentence, Oliver recognized this as the perfect opportunity to repay the favor. Seizing the chance, he swiftly used Crystal as an excuse, stating, "Since this is our first encounter, and I didn't prepare any gifts for you, allow me to take care of your bill today."

The bill had totaled up to hundreds of thousands, so Crystal didn't think it was a good idea. She didn't want Henry to owe someone else a favor.

Nevertheless, Henry accepted the gesture readily. Wrapping an arm around Crystal's shoulders, he replied cheerfully, "Thanks for your generosity, Mr. Lee. I'll treat you to a meal one day."

Oliver knew why he was in a rush to leave.

They are eager to have sex, huh?

He saw Henry off personally, taking the elevator downstairs.

Back in the banquet hall, Clementine felt utterly humiliated. She had put in a lot of effort to attain her desires, while Crystal seemed to effortlessly achieve what she wanted. She felt like a complete joke. Frustrated, she reached for a bottle of liquor and poured herself a drink.

Forcing a smile, she declared, "One bottle costs thousands. We're having it for free today, thanks to Crystal!"

Her eyes turned red as she turned to look at Robert.

Robert spun on his heels and strode out..

A tipsy Clementine shouted behind him, "Robert, you b*stard! I love you! I love you more than Crystal does!"

Robert whirled around and sneered, "Your love is too cheap!"

Hearing that, Clementine burst into tears.

The class reunion concluded on a bitter note, leaving those in attendance completely taken aback.

Crystal followed Henry to the underground parking.

Hopping into the driver's seat, she removed her heels and mumbled, "I should've brought my flats along."

Crystal's legs were finely shaped and gorgeous.

'Henry leaned back into the chair, his gaze fixed on her. Crystal felt her cheeks flush at the intensity of his gaze.

In a low voice, he asked, "How can you drive barefoot? Should we get a room upstairs?"

Crystal was a virgin, so she still felt shy. Cupping his cheeks, she said softly, "Let's get at designated driver?"

Henry said nothing as his gaze turned dark.

A moment later, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her onto his lap.

Crystal gave him a soft punch. "We're still in the parking lot," she reminded him.

“We shared a kiss in the parking lot before,” he whispered. His warm breath fanned against her cheeks as he pressed his nose gently against hers, their breaths mingling with each other.

As he was clearly aroused, Crystal caved in eventually.

Under the influence of alcohol, he deviated from his usual self and surrendered to his desires.

Given his remarkable kissing skills, Crystal found herself melting into his embrace within a matter of moments. Cupping his cheeks tenderly, they engaged in a passionate kiss that ignited a rising temperature within the confines of the car.

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Be Gentle Henry

As Henry’s arousal heightened, he pressed his forehead to Crystal’s and whispered hoarsely, “I’ll ask Mr. Lee to get us a driver.”

Crystal bit her lip gently.

Henry’s a beast when he’s drunk.

Oliver quickly sent his trusted aid to drive them back to the condominium.

Henry had tamped down his desire for far too long. As soon as they stepped into the elevator, he couldn’t resist pulling Crystal close for a passionate kiss. Upon arriving home, while Crystal busied herself with removing her shoes, Henry enveloped her in a tight embrace from her back and playfully nibbled on her earlobe. “You look absolutely stunning. This will suffice,” he murmured.

Crystal couldn’t hide her surprise as she thought he would ask her to take a shower to clean up first.

However, Henry had already picked her up. As he kissed her, he removed her high heels. forcefully. He was so domineering and charming that Crystal couldn’t bring herself to refuse him.

Clinging to him, she gazed at him affectionately. “Gently, Henry,” she reminded him.

He was passionate in bed, and Crystal played along. Thus, he didn’t hold back and proceeded to indulge himself.

Henry was surprised to discover that Crystal was a virgin.

She dated Robert for four years but didn’t have sex with him?

Despite not having a particular preference for virginity, Henry felt a sense of satisfaction upon discovering that he was the one who had taken Crystal’s virginity. Raining tender kisses all over her, he spoke in a soft voice. “I had no knowledge that this was your first time. You should have informed me.”

I should’ve been more gentle with her.

Crystal’s cheeks were flushed as she averted her gaze slightly.

Henry had a soft spot for her innocent but shy look. As it was her first time, he spared her after they had sex twice.

As they were entangled in a passionate kiss back in the restaurant's parking lot observed them from a nearby black car.

He watched them for a long time

Watching them kiss each other felt like torture to him. He couldn't help but notice Crystal willingly planting kisses along Henry's jawline and the changes in her expression. It became evident to him that Crystal was deeply in love with Henry.

His face paled with the realization.

The driver held the steering wheel tightly, hardly daring to take a breath. It was only when Robert instructed him to drive that he finally relaxed.

Slowly, he drove the vehicle out of the parking lot. As they hit the road, he mustered the courage to inquire, "Mr. Sloan, may I ask where we are headed?"

"The club," Robert replied calmly.

The driver was his trusted aide and knew which club he frequented. Without hesitation, he made a U-turn.

Robert had already consumed alcohol at the gathering earlier.

When he arrived at the private room in the club, he felt tipsy and ordered an escort to keep him company.

The escort adored Robert as he was rich and handsome. Leaning into his arms, she drank with him and even serenaded him with a few sappy love songs. Alas, Robert didn't need any of those. What he needed was a woman to vent his anger toward Crystal.

Yes, anger.

The escort who resembled Crystal became his target. Without holding back, he tormented her and muttered hoarsely into her neck, "How am I inferior to him? Do you love him now? Tell me, Crystal. Tell me!"

Perhaps his behavior was too crazy, as the woman became overwhelmed with fear and burst into tears.

Her body was trembling as she protested, "Mr. Sloan, I'm not Crystal. I'm an escort here."

Robert opened his eyes, which had turned a terrifying red.

He glanced at the gorgeous face in his arms and confirmed that she wasn't Crystal.

That woman must be enjoying herself. She won't look this pitiful! Robert clenched his teeth, his heart filled with fury. He might be aroused but couldn't physically or mentally accept having sex with someone else, even if that person had a face that resembled Crystal

Rolling aside, he slumped into the couch and shut his eyes. "Get out. I want to be alone."

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Please Love Me

The young lady stared at Robert silently.

Robert raised his arm to shield his eyes, his voice strained and hoarse as he repeated, "Get out!"

This is embarrassing. How did I end up in this state?

The escort's face was tear-stained as she slowly put on her clothes.

She stood up, her trembling legs making it difficult for her to stand upright. Despite her unsteady condition, she dared not linger, fearing the consequences of provoking his anger.

The moment she shut the door behind her, her ears caught the shattering of glass, followed by a sorrowful, almost animalistic cry.

It seems that the ruthless man has a tender side, after all. That Crystal woman must feel blissful to be loved by someone like Mr. Sloan.

When the manager came over after having heard the commotion, he immediately chided, "How did you serve Mr. Sloan?"

The escort bit her lip with such force that it almost bled. Claspng her arms around herself in a feeble attempt at self-protection, her voice quivered as she spoke. "Mr. Sloan mistook me for someone else. When I clarified that I wasn't that person, he erupted in a fit of rage."

The manager glanced at the door and snapped impatiently, "That's nothing. Even if Mr. Sloan treats you as garlic, you need to endure it and praise his skills. You work here, so you need to make your clients happy!"

The escort lowered her head silently.

The manager was about to order her to apologize to Robert, but it so happened that another client asked for her company. Not wanting to offend the other client, the manager told the escort to head to another private room.

After making the arrangements, the manager went to Robert's room to offer an apology.

The moment he swung open the door, a potent alcoholic stench assailed his nostrils.

The floor was strewn with fragments of shattered glass from expensive imported wine bottles. The manager's heart constricted with anguish at the sight before him.

2nd uncorked two bottles of wine.

He merely glanced at the manager briefly before downing another drink swiftly.

The manager quickly refilled his glass and told him, "Mr. Sloan, it's not worth compromising your health over a woman!"

Robert narrowed his gaze. "Says who?"

The manager drank with him before replying, "You used to be pretty decisive, Mr. Sloan!"

Robert fell into a daze upon hearing that.

Yes, he's right. I never got upset over a woman. Even when I was dating Crystal, I've always cheated on her. I'd vent my sexual needs on other women and head on dates with Crystal. A light kiss from me is enough to make her happy for a long time.

Robert lowered his head and lit a cigarette.

Puffing out smoke, he asked, "If a woman has sex with a man, will she love him more?"

The manager flashed a knowing smile. "Oh, Mr. Sloan, in this day and age, innocence is a rarity. Engaging in sexual activities is as normal as sleeping, eating, or drinking coffee! It all comes down to one's desires. You can have intimate encounters with anyone when the mood strikes, isn't that right? That hostess is young and attractive. You seemed quite content with her before, didn't you? Please, be magnanimous and forgive her momentary lapse today."

Robert had already forgotten about her. Since the manager mentioned her, he inquired, "Where is she?" He couldn't help but recall how stunning she looked in that vulnerable state.

As he seemed interested, the manager cleared his throat and revealed, "She's in another private room now. Mr. Sloan, if you like her, I'll ask her to keep you company next time."

Robert said nothing.

He was in a foul mood and continued downing alcohol until he became thoroughly intoxicated.

In his inebriated state, Robert couldn't shake off the image of Crystal passionately kissing Henry while seated on his lap. Her shy yet fervent expression was driving Robert to the brink of madness.

Robert might be drunk, but his body felt like it was aflame from within.

The overwhelming urge to rush to Henry's house and forcibly remove Crystal consumed him. He longed to confess his regrets about their breakup and declare that he was willing to forsake the power and influence bestowed upon him by the Miller Family. He would end his infidelity if only she could find it in her heart to love him once more.

In his intoxicated state, Robert belatedly came to the realization that his happiest years were the ones when Crystal loved him.

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Bail You Out

Robert staggered out of the private room.

As he stumbled by the partially open door of another private room, Robert caught a glimpse of the escort seated in the lap of a young heir, indulging in passionate kisses. The young heir's skilled kissing made the woman tremble with pleasure.

Her side profile looked a lot like Crystal.

In his drunken haze, Robert mistook her for Crystal.

That very sight caused his eyes to go red.

Crystal is kissing another man. She might end up having sex with him later. Fury twisted inside of him as he kicked the door open. Someone inside the private room screamed out loud.

Robert gripped the young man's collar and punched him.

"How dare you hold Crystal? She's mine. She's my wife!"

The young man was taken aback by the unexpected punch. His confusion quickly turned into utter rage. Reacting swiftly, he retaliated by kicking Robert and launching into a tirade. "Are you out of your mind? Why would your wife be here? Are you so worthless that you send your wife to work here to support you? You're nothing but a kept man!"

Feeling offended by his words, Robert grabbed the man and rained punches on him.

The escort burst into tears and screamed for help.

The manager hurried over to the private room and was shocked by the scene that greeted him.

Didn't I cheer Mr. Sloan up earlier? Why is he still acting this way? His condition seems to have worsened!

The manager tried to stop him and ended up getting punched, too.

In the end, security guards had to be called to restrain Robert. The young heir wiped the blood from his mouth furiously. "You will pay the price for this," he declared, his voice laced with anger and determination.

Robert merely snorted icily. "Come on, then. Let's see who will be the one who pays the price!" They engaged in another fight, resulting in more bloodshed. The manager

Fine! I'll let them fight to their hearts' content and intervene when they are both drained of energy.

The young heir had never been punched for no reason, so he refused to settle the matter peacefully.

He shot Robert a cold grin. "B*stard, be prepared to rot in jail! I can't believe you're jealous over an escort. Don't you feel embarrassed?"

Despite the manager's efforts to persuade him to agree to a settlement, the young man decided to call the police.

Late at night, Robert sat on a bench in the police station. The police chief immediately recognized him.

Oh, look who we have here. Isn't this the brother-in-law of the infamous legal Grim Reaper? First, he engaged in a jealousy competition, and now he's fighting over a woman. Seems like his fiancée can't keep him in check, huh? Men like him will only stop having fun outside when they're six feet under

The police chief politely offered Robert a cigarette.

"Mr. Sloan, this is your second time here, right?"

Robert lit the cigarette and felt his mind clearing.

He shot the young man beside him a look full of disdain. Why did I end up in a fight with this trash?

The police chief sat across from him and addressed him sternly, "Mr. Sloan, why did you forcefully intrude into that room when both parties were engaging willingly? You're making us take on unnecessary cases just to boost our performance indicators, aren't you? If there were more individuals like you in our jurisdiction, we wouldn't need to patrol the streets to prevent crime!"

They knew each other well, so the procedure was simple.

The police chief filled out a form and asked kindly, "Do I still contact Mr. Miller to bail you out?"

Henry was about to say no when he realized Henry should be in the same bed as Crystal right now. If I wake Henry up, he'll be p*ssed!

Puffing out a ring of smoke, he said calmly, "Sure!"

The police chief shook his head and offered a wry smile. "Mr. Sloan, as the son-in-law of the Miller Family, you should exercise caution. They won't extend forgiveness every time you find yourself in such situations."

Exercise caution!

Robert was a little dazed.

I've always craved power and influence, haven't I? Why am I losing my sense of reason lately and entertaining the thought of sacrificing everything just to win Crystal back?

Alas, he was too drunk to be rational now.

He took a deep drag of the cigarette and declared, "Call him now!"

The young heir finally figured out his identity and connected the situation to his previous actions. "F*ck! Are you nuts? Why would you come to the club and go crazy instead of keeping your gorgeous fiancée company? What has gotten into you?"

Robert looked baffled.

What has gotten into me? Even I don't know the answer to that question...

[Chapter 85](#)

Energetic Henry

The phone rang just as Henry and Crystal finished sharing an intimate moment together.

While Crystal was utterly exhausted, Henry's desire seemed insatiable. He gently wrapped his arm around her waist, teasing her playfully.

Unable to withstand his advances, the woman bit her lip and protested, "Stop teasing me. I want to take a bath!"

Henry's eyes twinkled with affection as he whispered tenderly into Crystal's ear, "I'll prepare the bath for you."

He couldn't resist the urge to lightly caress her earlobe, which was tinged with a faint blush and adorned with fine hair.

In a shy attempt to avoid his touch, Crystal pulled the blanket up to cover her face.

"Are you feeling shy now? Who was the one clinging onto me earlier, not willing to let go?" Henry enveloped her in his arms before gently prying the blanket away to reveal her face.

He wants to bully me again...

"I don't feel well. Please let me take a bath," Crystal pleaded.

Henry chuckled softly. "Why are you so afraid?" Brushing aside her damp hair, he tenderly kissed Crystal's forehead. He then released her and climbed out of bed.

Although he possessed an impressive physique, Crystal dared not gaze upon it.

The sound of running water emanated from the bathroom.

After five minutes had passed, Henry made his way out of the bathroom to carry Crystal. The latter, clad in a towel, blushed and asserted her independence. "I can walk by myself."

Henry decided to respect her wishes.

Hence, while Crystal soaked herself in the bathtub, he quickly showered in the adjacent bathroom.

After returning to the bedroom, he reclined against the headboard and relaxed. He reached for a cigarette, savoring the moment. The recent progress in the case had allowed him to indulge in self-gratification.

Just then the phone on the bedside table rang.

Henry furrowed his brows, wondering who would be calling at this late hour.

With the cigarette hanging from his lips, he picked up the phone and answered, his voice slightly muffled. "This is Henry Miller."

On the other end of the line was Wilson Jones, the police captain.

He said enthusiastically, "Mr. Miller, you're still awake! I apologize for disturbing your evening. You see... We have a dispute involving your future brother-in-law. Would it be possible for you to come over?"

Robert?

Henry exhaled a plume of smoke and said coldly, "So you know I'm enjoying my nightlife, yet you're asking me to come? I am not Robert's guardian, you know."

Wilson replied cautiously, "Mr. Sloan got into a fight at the club. If you're unavailable, should we invite Ms. Miller to handle the situation?"

Henry scoffed and continued to smoke leisurely. His cheeks were slightly sunken from the exertion, lending him an undeniably alluring and seductive presence.

Meanwhile, Wilson struggled to discern Henry's attitude.

With bated breath, he anxiously awaited a response, not daring to rush the man, either.

After a moment of silence, Henry suddenly chuckled. "Mr. Sloan requested that I come, didn't he?"

D*mn! He's incredible!

However, Wilson knew better than to meddle in their personal affairs. Hence, he merely responded with a wry chuckle.

"All right, I'll be there shortly."

After hanging up the phone, Henry rose from his seat and changed into a fresh set of clothes. He lightly tapped on the bathroom glass door and said, "I need to attend to some matters outside. You can sleep first; don't wait up for me."

Crystal couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment.

Is he really leaving tonight?

Sensing her upset, Henry knelt by the edge of the bathtub, and his hand reached into the waters. However, Crystal blushed and held onto his arm, preventing him from going too far with his ministrations.

"It's for official matters. I'll be back soon," he said in a husky voice.

Crystal clung to Henry, unwilling to let him go.

She wrapped her arms tightly around his neck and boldly pressed her lips against his in a passionate kiss.

After a lingering moment, Henry whispered against her flushed lips, "I just changed my clothes, and now they're soaked because of you..."

Crystal's face turned even redder.

In high spirits, the man tided himself before leaving the room.

Then, he made his way to the police station in haste.

Wilson welcomed Henry with warmth and gratitude. "Mr. Miller, we truly appreciate you coming over at this late hour."

He gave a thumbs-up and continued, "It's already two in the morning, yet you're brimming with energy. Ah, to be young again."

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Robert Deserves To Be Punished

Henry smiled faintly and asked, "Where is Mr. Sloan?"

Wilson raised his chin slightly and replied, "Rest assured, we are treating him well."

With that, Henry strode into the police station confidently.

The place was bustling with activity; there were several people seated inside.

One of them was the wealthy young heir, who was savoring a takeout box of pasta delight.

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The manager and the escort sat quietly near him. The latter, dressed in a black camisole under a suit jacket, was trembling all over. When she heard approaching footsteps, she lifted her gaze and found herself captivated by what she saw before her.

Never before had she encountered a man so strikingly refined and aristocratic! He exuded an aura that made her feel unworthy, as if she didn't belong in his presence.

Henry's gaze fell upon her face, and he couldn't help but notice a faint resemblance to Crystal.

In that instant, he pieced together what had happened.

Henry's smirk widened as he locked eyes with Robert.

While others might have been oblivious to it, Henry was acutely aware of the unspoken defiance emanating from Robert's gaze. He chuckled lightly, choosing not to dwell

Next, Henry spoke in a low voice. "What paperwork do I need to complete, Captain J

Wilson had already prepared the receipt. "Just sign here and make the payment, Mr. Mille

After glancing at the receipt briefly, Henry replied, "I'll bail out these individuals as well. And as for tonight's incident..."

Wilson understood the gravity of the situation.

The reputation of a prominent family was at stake, especially when their reckless son-in-law was involved. He smiled reassuringly. "Rest assured, Mr. Miller. Everything ends here."

With that, Henry swiftly completed the necessary procedures.

wenty young heir arrogantly exclaimed, "I don't need his help. I don't want to owe him

Just as Wilson was about to reprimand him. Henry raised his hand, casually retrieving his phone. "Very well then! I'll call Mr. Lawson and have him come to pick up his son. He should know what his 'perfect' son has been up to."

The young heir's face flushed with embarrassment.

Damn it, this man actually knows my father!

Satisfied with the young heir's subdued response, Henry decided not to push the issue. further and calmly exited the police station.

Wilson gratefully kissed the check and waved enthusiastically. "Mr. Miller, until we meet again!"

However, Henry ignored him and got into his car.

Next, he lit a cigarette, taking slow and deliberate puffs.

When Robert walked over, Henry said calmly, "Get in."

The former seemed to have anticipated this. His lips curled slightly as he opened the car door and in.
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As soon as Robert settled in, Henry wasted no time hitting the accelerator. The luxurious vehicle responded with exceptional speed, swiftly picking up momentum. Robert, who had consumed a considerable amount of alcohol earlier, felt a wave of nausea wash over him. He couldn't help but suspect that Henry's sudden acceleration was intentional.

The bustling city lights flashed past dizzily from the high speed.

Not a word was exchanged between them throughout the journey.

Half an hour later, Henry parked the car by the seaside. The surrounding was peaceful, with only the sound of waves crashing against the shore.

"Get out of the car," Henry said coldly.

Robert sneered and did as he was told.

As soon as they stepped out, Henry removed his coat and unbuttoned a few shirt buttons. Without the need for further conversation, he immediately unleashed a powerful punch.

The sheer force of the blow sent Robert reeling backward.

Robert steadied himself and wiped away the traces of blood from the corner of his mouth. 'Henry delivered another swift kick and bellowed, "Robert Sloan, do you think the Miller family is dead? If you didn't like Melora, you shouldn't have toyed with her emotions. Did it give you a sense of accomplishment to see her so infatuated with you, to the point of attempting suicide?"

Robert crumpled under the impact of the powerful kick, his body hitting the ground with a thud.

Even though he clutched his stomach, enduring the excruciating pain, he still managed to muster a faint smile.

"I'm a scoundrel! I'm sorry for what I did to her! But what about you, Henry Miller?" Robert continued, his voice laced with bitterness, "Did you not know what kind of man I am? Why did you marry your sister off to me if you did? What makes you so righteous? You knew very well that Crystal was my ex-girlfriend. Why did you get involved with her?"

A fiery rage burned within Robert, and his vision was obscured by a crimson haze.

[Chapter 87](#)

His Regrets

Henry scoffed and said. "Let me tell you why."

Standing amidst the night breeze, he radiated an aura of divine perfection with his lustrous hair and finely sculpted features.

He looked down at Robert disdainfully. "Are you regretting your actions? Have you only realized you love Crystal after losing her? You are responsible for your own decisions, Robert. For instance, you set

up a trap for John and deliberately seduced Crystal. You had the chance to repent, but each time, you chose power!”

Robert staggered to his feet, his face drained of color.

“It was you who gave up on her! You personally delivered her into my arms!”

Feeling infuriated by Henry’s incessant mockings, Robert’s lips and body started to tremble.

However, the former showed no signs of stopping. “Stop acting like you are a hopeless. romantic!”

Suddenly, Robert shifted his gaze and saw a faint row of hickeys adorning Henry’s neck. The closely spaced marks revealed the prolonged intimacy that had left its indelible impression.

He gulped at that sight.

I wonder how many times they’ve done it tonight?

Henry followed his gaze and glanced down.

Earlier that night, when they were in the throes of their passion, Crystal had sprawled against his shoulder. Overwhelmed by the sensations, she had nibbled on him. Even the very air seemed to be charged with their desire.

However, Henry, being a man of dignity, chose not to divulge the intimate details to Robert.

Although his relationship with Crystal was temporary, he didn’t look down on her. In fact, he liked her personality, culinary skills, and every aspect of her!

After putting out his cigarette, he turned to Robert and warned in a stern tone, “Everyone has a limit when it comes to patience. Consider yourself fortunate that Melora still holds you. Otherwise, your actions would have led you straight to a prison cell by affection for now.”

Culceded only

He suddenly seemed to realize something. “Thank you, Henry, for your guidance! From now on, I’ll be a good husband; I won’t let Melora feel sad.”

Henry, accustomed to dealing with various ruthless individuals, couldn’t help but be impressed by Robert’s sudden change of demeanor.

Just moments ago, the latter appeared to be on the verge of collapse, but now he seemed fine.

He’s indeed ruthless and cold-hearted!

Henry did not want to drag out the situation any further. Just then, his phone rang.

Without hesitation, he answered the call from Crystal in front of Robert.

“Yeah, I’ll be back soon.. Things are almost sorted out. Didn’t I tell you to go to sleep first? Are you still awake because you want to continue our activities?”

Henry didn't bother hiding his desire as he flirted shamelessly with Crystal. To make matters worse, he kept the call on speakerphone for Robert to hear.

"Can we continue tomorrow night instead, Henry?" Crystal uttered weakly.

Hearing Henry's flirtatious banter with Crystal was like a knife twisting in Robert's heart. He clenched his fists tightly, his knuckles turning white as he struggled to control his emotions.

Soon after, Henry drove the car away, leaving Robert standing motionless by the seaside.

Even though the sea breeze carried away Crystal's words, they remained etched deep in Robert's heart.

Can we continue tomorrow night instead, Henry?

When she said those words, there was no trace of hesitation. Instead, her voice was sweet and tender, as if she had been passionately loved by the man.

A warm sensation slid down his cheek.

He reached out and touched the wetness on his cheek, realizing that it was a tear. How can I, Robert Sloan, shed tears? This is such a joke. It's just a woman; why should I cry for her? Everyone has had their share of affection for others...

[Chapter 88](#)

Feeling Ashamed

It was three in the morning when Henry returned to his condominium.

When he opened the door, a warm yellow light spilled out from the bedroom, lending a touch of warmth to the cold and luxurious decor.

Since Crystal had been sleeping lightly, she was awakened when he walked into the bedroom. She sat up against the headboard and uttered groggily, "Do you want supper?"

"It's too late for that. I'm going to take a shower," he replied.

Didn't he shower before he left? Is he...

As he leaned in to kiss her, Henry noticed the clarity in her eyes. "What are you thinking? Do you really think I have the energy to seek others when you have captivated my soul?"

When Crystal heard that, her cheeks flushed with a rosy hue. She decided not to probe further.

Henry undressed and made his way to the bathroom, casually tossing his white shirt onto the floor. Crystal instinctively picked it up and placed it in the laundry basket. She planned to hand-wash it the next day.

However, as she examined the shirt, her expression froze.

It was stained with blood, and a faint metallic scent hung in the air.

She turned to look at the bathroom, a look of concern creasing her brows.

Did Henry go out so late in the night to fight someone?

Her mind immediately connected the dots between Robert's earlier outburst and Henry's late-night departure. She guessed that his opponent must have been Robert.

After carefully placing the shirt aside, Crystal settled back on the bed.

Soon after, Henry emerged from the bathroom, clad in a black bathrobe and still damp from his shower.

He approached Crystal from behind and began to explore her body with a deliberate and sensual touch. With his hand supporting her head, he passionately kissed her. Despite the discomfort in her neck, Crystal, who felt a sense of guilt, yielded to his desires. She couldn't shake the feeling that something was troubling him. Unlock succeeded

As their desires grew stronger, Henry pinned Crystal beneath him, his gaze piercing and intense.

He didn't make any further moves, choosing instead to simply stare at her.

Captivated by his striking features, Crystal traced her fingers delicately along his prominent nose and chiseled jawline. Blushing, she whispered, "Henry, you're incredibly good-looking."

The man chuckled in disbelief. "Do women give praises to men like that? Don't you feel shy?"

Crystal arched her body slightly and leaned in, planting a soft kiss on his lips. Her seductive move served to fan the flames of desire within them.

Tonight, she had truly embraced her womanhood.

All the pleasure she experienced was thanks to Henry.

Moved by her gesture, Henry lowered his head and kissed her with tenderness.

After a lingering kiss, he lay down and pulled her into his embrace. "Let's get some sleep."

Crystal nestled against his chest, finding solace and comfort in his embrace. With one hand delicately wrapped around his waist, she closed her eyes, surrendering herself to the tranquil moment. Meanwhile, Henry watched her intently, captivated by her beauty.

Her beauty was understated yet enchanting.

No wonder Robert couldn't bear to let her go. If he were in the man's shoes, he would find it equally challenging to give her up.

When Crystal woke up the next morning, she found herself alone in bed; a single long-stemmed white rose lay beside her pillow, its petals adorned with glistening dew.

A sense of delight filled her as she picked up the flower and inhaled its fragrance. She rolled around on the bed with a contented smile.

Crystal's face flushed as she recalled their passionate activities from the previous night.

Although it was her first time and she had no previous experiences with other men, she instinctively sensed that Henry was skilled in that aspect and had a greater appetite than most men. After engaging

in two rounds of intimacy last night, she was surprised that he didn't even need rest and wanted to continue further.

As a mature woman, Crystal didn't view being intimate with a man as a burden.

On the contrary, she thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Just then, a faint sound came from outside, followed by a knock on the door. The housekeeper said joyfully, "Miss Winters, Mr. Miller has sent you a gift. Please get up and have a look."

Crystal gently bit her lip.

A gift from Henry?

[Chapter 89](#)

Morning Dew

She couldn't wait to see it.

Crystal, with her brown long hair loose, ran outside barefoot.

Marie smiled. "Hurry up and put on your shoes, or Mr. Miller will be worried."

However, Crystal couldn't be bothered. She was astounded when she saw the piano before the floor-to-ceiling window.

The piano, a gift from Henry, was naturally extravagant, worth twenty million. It had an extraordinary history, coming from a royal household.

Rumor had it Ludwig Sutherbud had once played it.

The piano had a beautiful name, Morning Dew.

Crystal couldn't help but caress the piano fondly.

A red rose was placed on the piano lid. Crystal suddenly recalled after Henry finished making love with her, he whispered beside her ear, "You are my morning dew."

Her face turned slightly red. He's so romantic!

Marie was also delighted to see Crystal's reaction. She uttered cheerfully, "Miss Winters, why don't you play a tune and let me listen too?"

Crystal hummed in response.

She sat down and lifted the piano lid. Placing her slender fingers on the black and white piano keys, she started playing the piece "Moonlight."

Marie wasn't artistic, but she thought Crystal played the piano very well, especially as the latter was dressed in a vintage lace robe with her waist-length brown hair hanging loose.

The scene of her seated before the piano resembled an exquisite oil painting.

Marie thought Henry was indeed a blessed man.

After playing a tune, Crystal stroked the warm piano keys, seemingly unable to keep her hands off the piano.

Her phone in the bedroom rang. Noticing it was a call from Henry, Marie tactfully excused

Crystal picked up the phone and answered the call.

“Have you received the gift?” Henry asked with a faint grin.

Inexplicably, Crystal blushed, listening to his voice. She gently bit her lip and replied, “It’s too expensive.”

“I’m glad you like it. Do you like it, Crystal?”

She answered honestly, “Yes. I like it very much. Thank you, Henry.”

He fell silent for a long while. As she grew anxious, his hoarse voice sounded. “I’ll wait for your expression of gratitude tonight.”

Crystal was no longer an innocent girl, so she fathomed his intention.

Not only did he desire, but so did she.

However, she wasn’t bold enough to discuss that with him since she had just recently lost her virginity. Not to mention, Marie was also around.

She looked up at the floor-to-ceiling window and uttered softly, “Henry, I wish to change the decorations.”

She knew she was taking advantage of his affection, but girls her age should be spoiled by men. Besides, she could feel that request was within the limits of Henry’s tolerance.

As expected, he agreed.

Crystal was overjoyed. She felt it was a pity she wasn’t by his side at that instant because she would’ve kissed him if she were.

Evidently, Henry shared her sentiments. He uttered huskily, “The meeting is about to begin. We’ll talk again tonight.”

Crystal nodded obediently.

After hanging up the call, she couldn’t contain her urge to touch the piano again. At that moment, immersed in great joy, she hadn’t thought about how she would take this piano with her if she ever had to leave.

Her feelings were pure. She forgot that the form of extreme pampering was how a man of great status doted on their woman, cherishing when they still harbored interest, but would mercilessly withdraw themselves from the relationship once they became bored.

Ultimately, the one who would be abandoned and left overly invested in the relationship would be the spoiled woman.

Marie served breakfast and chirped, “Miss Winters, we’re having western-style breakfast today. I heard the workers who installed the piano mention the piano’s name is Ludweig Summerbird. Since it used to belong to a westerner, we should pair it with the westerner’s food.”

Crystal chuckled.

She touched the glossy black lacquer of the piano and muttered, “It’s Ludweig Sutherbud.”

MMarie laughed. “How foolish of me.”

Crystal returned to the bedroom to freshen up and change her clothes before coming out to have her breakfast. Marie handed a name card to her. “By the way, someone named Miss Leone dropped by early in the morning and left her card, saying she would like to invite you to delurich.”

[Chapter 90](#)

Truly Love Him

Miss Long?

Crystal guessed it was the music center’s director, Emelia Long. Emelia was kind to Crystal in the past, so she couldn’t reject her invitation.

Crystal returned the call.

On the phone, Emelia didn’t say much. She merely chirped, “I have some good news. We’ll talk about it at lunch.”

Crystal’s interest was piqued.

She had two or three hours before lunch, so she decided to take measurements of the curtains for the floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room and even took pictures of the condominium, planning to visit some furniture stores in the afternoon.

At noon, Crystal met Emelia at a restaurant. The latter, being a southerner, liked spicy food, so Crystal accompanied her to eat her preferred cuisine. Soon, Crystal flushed from the spiciness.

Only when they were almost done eating did Emelia finally get down to business. “Do you know Clementine has been collectively boycotted by the parents of the kids at the music center?”

Crystal was taken aback and couldn’t help but ask, “How did that happen? A few days ago, I saw her getting along with those parents. She seemed to be on good terms with them.”

Emelia flashed a knowing smirk. “Crystal, do you really not know, or are you feigning ignorance?”

Crystal composed herself and asked hesitantly, “Does it have something to do with me?”

Emelia stopped beating around the bush and cut to the chase. “It’s actually related to the famous lawyer, Mr. Miller. Your attendance at a class reunion with him had an astonishing effect. Crystal, those parents are all shrewd, and they now want to curry favor with Henry through you.” Emelia shrugged. “They clamored to replace Clementine and want you to teach their children.”

Human emotions are fickle. Crystal smiled faintly.

Emelia could tell what Crystal was thinking but didn't dwell on it. "It's fine even if you don't want to come back. If it were me, I wouldn't want to put up with this nonsense. No matter how long you won't stay much longer in the music center. I heard someone can't stand. Unlock succeeded

hereafter she now begging and pleading in the big boss' office*

Crystal could guess who that someone was. It must be Robert!

She had broken up with Robert, but that man still managed to worm his way into her world. However, Crystal was unfazed.

Emelia tactfully said no more, nor did she ask about Crystal and Henry's relationship. In any case, it's likely complicated!

After lunch, Emelia had to go back to clean up the mess Clementine had made and quickly left.

Crystal collected her thoughts.

She didn't want to dwell on the past. Regardless of Robert's intention, she couldn't allow him to affect her anymore. She had to forget about him completely.

Crystal took a cab to the furniture store.

She chose a Baroque-style fabric and ordered a set of floor-to-ceiling curtains. Then, she also selected a large and a small vase with similar color scheme.

Just those items cost three hundred and forty thousand.

Nonetheless, Crystal didn't feel reluctant to spend the money because she felt the Morning Dew piano deserved the best accompaniment.

The store manager swiped her card and respectfully presented a small gift. "Miss Winters, we will deliver and install the goods before four o'clock this afternoon. Please rest assured."

Crystal responded with a smile.

After that, she casually strolled around the store and picked up a few nice lace tablecloths and decorations. Her mood brightened up as she managed to buy the items she liked. She sent Henry a message on WhatsApp, informing him not to come home until after six o'clock.

Henry swiftly replied her message: Understood, Miss Winters.

Looking at those few words, Crystal felt her heart flutter. She realized that she might have actually fallen for Henry.

Nevertheless, she didn't feel ashamed because Henry was the kind of man any woman would like.

Upon returning to the condominium, the installation workers quickly put up the curtains, and the effect was even better than Crystal had imagined, creating an impressive sight when paired with Morning Dew. She put some fresh flowers in the vases and placed the beautiful lace tablecloths and decorations where they should go. When she was done, the entire condominium underwent a significant transformation as it gave off a more conducive vibe.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Crystal thought it was the installation workers returning, so she immediately went to answer the door. Unexpectedly, she saw Henry standing outside.

Crystal blushed. "Don't you have a key? Why did you ring the doorbell?"

Henry wrapped his arms around her slender waist, pressing her against the cabinet beside the entrance.