

Midnight III 161

Chapter 1643 - 161: Do You Like It?

Before Nathan could say anything, the old Davis picked up his phone and called Mr. Woods. When Woods picked up, the old Davis said, "Draw an agreement. If this bastard dares to cheat, I want you to stop keeping Crystal safe. Also, before Helen gives birth to the child, you should take good care of her."

The documents were prepared in duplicate, fingerprints were taken, and then Helen was told that she would be sent back to the Bush's Mansion.

The old Davis embraced Helen and said, "Pack up your things. I will send someone to pick you up tomorrow." Since she was pregnant, he would protect her. If she weren't with the child, he wouldn't bother. After all, he would not have been obliged to take care of her. Now, though, he did have a responsibility to take care of her.

Helen wanted to say something to Nathan, but she was at a loss for words. She tried to discern his attitude by listening to the tone in his voice. Unfortunately, he was lukewarm and polite. His mood always seemed to be this way. She thought to herself - More than three years have passed. Does he still treat everyone the same as he used to? It seemed that he did...

Helen thought that her appearance after the disaster would relieve Nathan of his guilt, so, when he helped her out of the car, she felt that he would be happy. She looked at him and said, "The pregnancy... was this the Grandfather's request, or yours? I once refused him, but he insisted and said that he wanted a grandson."

Nathan: "But what if the child doesn't have a Dad?"

Helen bowed her head and said, "It is what it is. If I can't be with you, I don't want to be with anyone. I won't be able to find anyone. better than you."

Nathan: "Why did you do this?"

Helen: "It was the Old Davis' wish. If you don't want to be involved, though, I will convince him to leave you alone. This pregnancy doesn't need to affect you and Miss Smith. It was my choice to do this."

Nathan smiled as he drove away from Helen's house. He had known for a week that she was alive, and when he'd heard the news, he'd been overjoyed. That being said, he knew that it was the will of God that he stayed true to Crystal. She was his girl, his little chili.

Crystal was waiting outside for him when he arrived, and her whole body was ready. She was naked except for a red, silk body wrap covering her private parts, and there was a bow centered on her left breast. Yes! - he thought - She wants to send herself to me as a gift. He could see that when he pulled at the bow, it would unravel, and the silk covering would fall to the floor.

Crystal giggled when she saw the expression on his face, and she did a little twirl so that he could catch a glimpse of her taut buttocks - which were fully exposed. Then she winked, said, "I'll see you in the bedroom," and ran into the house.

It took a second for Nathan to come to his senses. Then, once his mind cleared, he followed her into the house and up to the bedroom. The door was closed, and when he walked in, Crystal was lying on the bed. Her cheeks were pink, and she had a "come hither" expression on her face.

Crystal was as nervous as she was excited. She'd been planning for this moment, and she wanted it to go well. She watched his eyes as they looked her up and down. When they reached her pubic mound, they paused, and she opened her legs slightly so that he could catch a glimpse of her perfectly shaved, moist core. There was a neatly trimmed patch of hair just above her vulva, and she playfully ran her fingers through it. She touched her labia, and her fingers came away wet.

Nathan's heart began to beat faster, and he felt a rush of blood as his member began to swell. A smile of joy and sorrow appeared on his face. The joy was because this was a gift: her body and her heart. He thought - If I died tonight, I would have no regrets.

The sorrow was because, if Helen were really pregnant with his child, he would have to marry her. If that happened, he worried that Crystal would not be willing to give herself to him without reservation. He told himself to think about that later - Focus on Crystal. She is here now. And she is all yours!

Nathan walked towards the gift that had been prepared for him. He took hold of the ribbon that held the bowtie together and began to unravel it slowly. The silk quickly opened to reveal her bare breast. Her nipple was hard, and her Montgomery glands stood out in stark contrast to the rest of her areola. And he took a deep breath as the ribbon fell away to reveal her other breast.

Finally, Nathan looked into Crystal's eyes, and he sensed the same urgency he felt, reflected in her eyes. The nervousness and anxiety he'd seen on her face had been replaced by an expression conveying a sultry invitation.

Nathan leaned into her body and took a deep breath. Her body smelled like the type of poison that makes people drunk and puts them into the kind of sleep that never ends. Her aroma hooked him, and he put his arm around her so that they could snuggle together.

Nathan put her hand on top of Crystal's head as a gesture of conquest. He liked the idea of conquering her. He believed that women were born to be dominated and that their role included being submissive.

He grabbed her wrists, lifted them above her head, and pressed them against the headboard. Then he blew hot air into her mouth and ran his tongue along her lower lip. Crystal's breathing was short and rapid, and her face was flushed. Her desire was aroused, and she was willing to be led by him.

Nathan put his right hand to her left breast and said, "Crystal, you are so beautiful."

Crystal smiled charmingly. "Do you like it?" she asked.

Nathan let go of her hands and gently kissed her lips four times, and once she was free, she slipped her hand into his shirt and ran her fingers through the thick hair on his chest. She smiled as her hands came to rest on his strong abdominal muscles. "This isn't fair," she laughed. "I am naked, and you are fully dressed. And as she spoke, she began to unbutton his shirt gently.

Once the buttons were undone, she helped him slip the shirt off of his shoulders, and then she had him stand up so that she could undo his belt buckle. Unfortunately, she had little experience with belts, and she could not get them to open.

Finally, Nathan looked down on her and said, "Little fool, I taught you how to do this. Did you forget already?"

Crystal frowned. She didn't know what he was talking about. She thought about it for a bit, though, and then she remembered the time he'd taught her how to take off his belt. With that memory in place, his buckle opened quickly. Next, she slowly opened his pants, and his cock sprang forward in his underpants like a happy Jack-in-the-box. It was hard and hot to the touch, and it looked like it could erupt at any minute.

Crystal gently pulled down his underwear.. Then she kissed the tip of his cock, gripped his buttocks, and slowly pulled him back into the bed so that she could kiss his lips.

Chapter 1644 - 162: I Will Respect You

Nathan and Crystal moaned as they kissed. All the while, he fondled her breasts, and occasionally she reached down to stroke his swollen member. After a while, though, his thoughts returned to Helen, and his hard member turned flaccid.

Crystal frowned and asked him what was wrong.

"Helen is pregnant," Nathan blurted out. Crystal's eyes went wide open, and her jaw nearly hit the floor. "What did you say?" she gasped.

Nathan: "Helen is pregnant. She says that it's my baby."

"Go away!" Crystal shouted angrily. "You pig! How could you?!?"

Nathan: "Listen to me. The old Davis planned this pregnancy. He helped her get my sperm from the sperm bank."

Crystal: "So, are you ready to marry her?"

Nathan: "I will handle it."

Crystal: "I don't know if I can believe you or not,"

"If you don't believe me, I will respect you," Nathan said. Then he stood up and sadly walked away. He hadn't expected that she would be so upset, and he regretted telling her at such an inopportune moment.

Meanwhile, Crystal began to cry. She had wanted to give him the gift of her body as an expression of her love. Now she was confused, and she didn't know what to think. In fact, she didn't even know if she loved him anymore. Apart from love, though, there was still sexual desire. Her fire had been stoked into something wild and uncontrollable, and it didn't care that he'd left-it raged on!

She touched her collarbone, where Nathan had kissed her, and she sighed. She felt her flat stomach and allowed her fingers to slide down to the tuft of hair above her pubic mound and then to her vulva-and she moaned as her index and a middle finger slipped into her moist core.

That night, Nathan returned, and he made love to Crystal all night long and in every position that he could imagine. It was said that the frequent changes of posture could make the sex last longer, so as they fucked, they changed position as often as possible. And in-between positions, they would kiss frantically.

Crystal was shocked by how strong her sexual needs were. Once he stopped, she would wriggle and beg for more. Nathan was surprised by her aggressiveness, and he was shocked when she began to rub her clitoris vigorously. She was insatiable. It seemed like nothing would satisfy her.

As he became more and more familiar with her body, he leaned back so that he could watch himself penetrating her. "Say that you only belong to me," he said. "I won't fuck you anymore unless you do!"

Crystal bit his chest hard. She was like a wild cat, but Nathan endured the pain, pulled out, and began to deny her his cock.

Crystal's vision blurred. Without his swollen member, she felt empty, and her heart ached. She twisted her pelvis fetchingly in the hopes that he would put his manhood inside of her. But he would not give her what she needed, and no matter how hard she frigged herself, she could not get off.

Nathan laughed and said, "The sooner you say it, the sooner I will feed you!"

"Feed me..." Crystal finally moaned. She wanted to be filled with his love and leave all of her restraints behind her.

Nathan: "Who do you want to feed you?"

Crystal: "Nathan, I want you to feed me."

Nathan: "Say that you want me to feed you. Every day. And forever."

Crystal: "No..."

Nathan was not annoyed by her resistance. Instead, he decided to let the matter rest for now, and he slowly forced himself into her.

Crystal moaned as her labia stretched to accommodate his girth, and as he began to pump his hips rhythmically, she began to laugh. "More!" she cried. "More! More! More!" And, finally, she could take no more. "That's enough," she moaned. Her body began to tremble, and her voice became choppy. In the end, she couldn't escape the wanton carefree vitality that he brought to her life. Finally, her delicate lips opened, and she invited him to kiss her again.

Nathan thrust his cock into her one last time, and she could feel it twitching inside, and when he came, she felt the rush of his semen as his sperm swam, hopefully, towards her uterus. Nathan leaned forward, and his tongue licked her lower lip. As they kissed, she wrapped her arms around him, and it wasn't long before they were both asleep.

A ray of sunlight came in, and Crystal smiled as she slowly opened her eyes. The images of the night's adventures played through her mind like an erotic movie, and she felt satisfied for the first time in her

life. But, unfortunately, she was also a little embarrassed. As they'd made love, Nathan had kept moving her into different positions. Is he an amateur? - she wondered.

Crystal got up, put on her silk pajamas, and stumbled downstairs. From her crotch down, she was in pain, and she could barely walk.

Nathan was standing naked in the kitchen, and when he saw her, he lifted her easily. When he touched her soft, boneless body, he thought - I want to make love to her one thousand times over.

Crystal fell into his arms, and she pushed the hands on her waist. "Don't move," she said. "I heard Aunt Susie's voice."

Nathan pulled her back into his arms and said, "It's Helen."

Crystal looked at him in disbelief. "Is she moving in while I'm still here?" she asked. "Look at me. I'm a mess. Everything hurts, and we did it so much that you induced my period!"

Nathan forced a smile and said, "Don't worry about her. That's not your concern. As for your period, I can help you out with that."

Having said that, Nathan took Crystal into the washroom and had her sit down. There was blood running down her leg, and he squatted down to clean it up with a wet wipe. Crystal flinched at his touch, and he said, "You are really sensitive..."

"It hurts." Crystal groaned as she heard a noise in the living room. That's Helen?" she asked. The knowledge that Helen was pregnant made her regret having had sex with Nathan, and she was angry at herself for letting her sexual urges get the better of her.

Before he could reply, she kicked him in the chest. He grabbed her arm as he fell backward, though, and she ended up hurting herself more than she'd hurt him.

Crystal cried out in pain, and when Nathan realized that she was not well, he asked her if she needed to see a female doctor.

"I don't want to see a doctor," Crystal replied. "Anyway, Helen is in the other room. Shouldn't you go and see her?"

Nathan: "And why is that?"

"You know why!" Crystal snapped. "Helen is your new love. She is your fiancée, and she is pregnant with your child. Even if this was all arranged behind your back, the situation remains what it is!"

Nathan grabbed her feet and gently bit her big toe, which looked very erotic. "You are the only one that I love," he said.

Crystal's whole body trembled slightly, and her lower body shrank involuntarily. Nathan saw these subtle changes, and he showed her his most charming smile.. To Crystal, his face looked handsome in the morning, and she felt like her senses were being flooded with emotions.

Chapter 1645 - 163: I Won't Disturb You

When Helen arrived at the house, Crystal felt like everything had changed. She had fallen in love with Nathan, but when she discovered that the other woman was pregnant, all of her insecurities came rushing back to her. It felt like everything that he had done for her had been in a dream.

In that dream, she was like a child who had stolen ice cream, stolen happiness, and had then, finally, been told that it was just a dream. The ice cream and happiness had been nothing but a dream.

Nathan looked at Crystal and said, "If anyone dares to touch you, I will kill them."

"Including Eric?" Crystal asked. She carefully eyed Nathan so that she could gauge his response.

Nathan leaned forward and grabbed her shoulders, and she was overwhelmed by his hot breath. Then he bit her earlobe and said, "I'm not fine. He doesn't want to live a good life. Do you understand?" After saying these domineering words, his eyes changed to a more complex color.

Crystal flinched. "I understand," she replied. She remembered how he had shot Richard's limbs, so she believed he meant what he said. "If you dare to disappoint me," she continued, "won't forgive you."

Nathan chuckled. Then he touched his lips and said, "You are the only woman who can approach me, and now that I have you, I will never let you go." He pointed to his chest. "When you die, we will share a tombstone, and the engraving will say that you are my wife."

Crystal stared at him for a moment. Then, like a kitten, she stuck out her tongue and licked his fingers. He was like a tree growing out of thousands of vines. The branches embedded themselves into their arms, and they became desperately entangled.

As she took his fingers into her mouth, a knock sounded outside the door, and Hellen called out: "Nathan, it's Helen. Can I come in?"

Crystal froze. "The door isn't locked," she whispered.

Nathan: "She can see this."

"No way!" Crystal hissed. She tried to push him away and was surprised when he placed his hand on her breast and began to caress it. If Helen walked in, she would see them intertwined with each other, and her body was covered with marks that he had made on her.

Crystal bit her lower lip to keep herself from yelling. The last thing she needed was for Helen to hear her. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

Nathan shrugged and positioned himself so that they were sitting across from each other. He hugged her as he buried his face between her breasts, and he began to tickle her sides. He was trying to force her to make a noise.

Crystal was grinding her teeth in an attempt to hold in her laughter, and an evil thought suddenly occurred to her: If she made enough noise, perhaps Helen would hear her and leave.

Don't do it! - she told herself. If she did, she would be no different from those slutty chicks that she despised, and she definitely didn't want Helen to have a bad impression of her.

Helen's knocking was becoming more persistent. "Nathan!" she shouted. "It's me, Helen! Can I come in?"

Instead of replying, Nathan bit into Crystal's shoulder, and she had to cover her mouth to prevent herself from crying out. "Let it out," he whispered. He smiled and bit her again. "Declare your territory."

Crystal: "I'm afraid that her weak heart can't stand it. If she miscarried, what then...?"

Nathan froze. He hadn't thought about that. He remembered the words of the old Davis, and they echoed in his mind. He'd said that if she had a miscarriage, he would have to marry her.

The old Davis was ruthless. He was strong and not afraid of being hurt, but he did have a few weaknesses. Helen was one of them. Not only that, but if there were any complications, he would not want to be implicated.

Crystal felt like her heart was being stabbed by something. Did Nathan care if Helen had a miscarriage? - she wondered - And if he does, does that mean that he wants to marry her and be a Father to her child, even if it wasn't his...?

Crystal sneered and pulled herself out of his arms. Then she put on her pajamas and opened the door.

Helen was surprised, not just by the sight of Crystal but by the smell that permeated the air. It was Eau de Sex: Sweat, semen, blood, pheromones, and vaginal fluids. It wasn't hard to imagine what had happened in this room - And Helen flinched as her senses were overwhelmed. "M-Miss S-S-Smith..." she stuttered. "I'm so-sorry to d-disturb you..."

Crystal leaned against the door. Although the cloth on her body was not loose, a large piece of skin on the neck showed, and several blueish purple bruises were visible, and Helen could see teeth marks on her collarbone. Crystal shook her hands in front of her. "What's the matter?" she asked.

Helen's eyeballs were motionless. "I just want to say hello to you," she said. "I am sorry to disturb you at this time." She was polite and well educated - neither embarrassing nor offensive, making Crystal feel like she was too sensitive.

Suddenly, Nathan came out wearing a bathrobe. He frowned when he saw Helen, and he said, "Helen, are you going up the stairs by yourself? Do you think that's a good idea?"

Crystal wondered - Is he afraid that she might fall down the stairs and have a miscarriage? Her eyes darkened, and she said, "You two should talk first. I won't disturb you."

Nathan reached out and grabbed Crystal's arm. "You won't disturb us," he said.

Helen felt like the atmosphere was wrong, and her smile disappeared. Despite her embarrassment, though, she still behaved cleverly. With a trace of panic, she said, "Miss Smith, it is me who disturbed you. Originally, I wanted to live alone, but the old Davis said that he was worried about me and afraid that I couldn't take care of myself and the child. I am really sorry to move in and disturb you."

As Crystal looked at the pitiful expression on Hellen's face, her anger dissipated. She couldn't help but wonder, though - If she were really sorry that she couldn't take care of herself and her child, why did she get pregnant?

Chapter 1646 - 164: What Are The Conditions?

Crystal smiled at Helen and said, "Helen, I will ask Aunt Susie to help you downstairs. You are not familiar with this place. After a few days, the room in the manor will be set up. You can live there." Having said that, she arranged her clothes and went downstairs.

As soon as Crystal reached the landing, a man grabbed her and pushed her up against the wall. There was a loud bang as the back of her head cracked the plaster, she screamed from the pain, and when she opened her eyes, her vision was hazy. "Wh-Wh-Who's th-there?" she stammered.

"It's Eric," said Eric.

Crystal: "What a coincidence that you should show up at the same time that I'm here...."

Eric: "It's not a coincidence. I came here deliberately."

"Are you looking for Nathan or Helen?" Crystal asked. She was about to tell him that they were both upstairs, but when she opened her mouth, he pressed his mouth against hers and forced his tongue into her mouth. Then, as he kissed her, he put his hands on either side of her head so that no matter how hard she tried to get away, she would be unable. Eventually, though, the kiss ended, and when he released her, he said, "Helen is pregnant with Nathan's child."

Crystal: "So what? Did you plan it?" When Crystal heard that, she lifted her knee and drove it into Eric's groin. Eric groaned as his hands found his aching testicles, and he bent over in pain. "Why did you do that?" he whined.

Crystal smirked and said, "You know why."

Eric glared at Crystal and said, "Fine. Punish me if I deserve it. Next time, though, you should hit me somewhere else."

Crystal shrugged and said, "We'll see."

As Eric straightened, he finally saw the marks on her neck, and he said, "I don't have the ability to plan all this, and neither do you! So, even if Helen is pregnant, are you still willing to give yourself to Nathan?"

Crystal had initially wanted to cover up the love bites. Now that he had seen them, though, it was unnecessary. She ran her finger across one of the larger bruises and said, "Have you seen enough. I can show you more if you'd like."

Eric frowned at Crystal and said, "You are such a stupid girl. It would be better for you to be with anyone other than Nathan. I don't know why you can't see that. Besides, nobody can enter the Davis Family without the old Davis' permission. He will recognize Helen now that she's pregnant with Nathan's child again."

Crystal: "So?"

Eric: "Leave with me. I will treat you well. I am the only one that will give you the love that you deserve."

Crystal: "What are the conditions?"

Eric: "My love is unconditional. I only want you."

Crystal pointed to the door and said, "Do you see that?"

Eric: "What?"

Crystal: "The door. And on the other side of that door, there are a lot of girls who would love to have your affection. They would be willing to listen to your "lovely" words, and they would do whatever you asked of them. Nathan and I will not take up any of your time."

Eric: "Withdraw your words. One day you will be willing to leave with me."

Crystal pushed him away and said, "In your dreams." Then she straightened up, pushed his hands away, and went to get a drink of water.

Not surprisingly, Eric followed her. He leaned against the counter and watched her with an arrogant expression on his face.

Crystal tried to ignore him, but he made her nervous, so nervous, in fact, that while she was drinking her water, her cup slipped out of her hand. She managed to catch it with her free hand before it could hit the ground and smash into a million pieces. But, unfortunately, the contents of the cup were spilled all over her, and her top was soaked.

Eric's eyes went wide as her shirt became translucent. Suddenly, her nipples were visible, and they stood out like two sore thumbs. He felt his manhood swell, and he longed to hold her and possess her.

There was still a little bit of water in the cup, and he waited for her to finish drinking. Then, he said, "The old Davis is going to find someone to invalidate your marriage. You know that, don't you? He is a stubborn old curmudgeon, and he always gets his way."

"Not this time." Crystal frowned and said, "If he wants to invalidate my marriage, that means that he hasn't done it yet. But so what? Even if it is invalidated, it means nothing. I don't have to have a legal relationship with Nathan to be with him, and we can always remarry if we want to!"

Eric had a hard time concentrating on what he wanted to say while her breasts were on display. "Why sh-sh-should I bel-l-leave you?" he stuttered. "I'm asking y-you this because I- care, I don't want to h-hurt you. You know that, right? When I h-hurt you, I h-hurt myself..."

Crystal crossed her arms beneath her breasts, and her knuckles blocked his view of her nipples. She glared at him for a minute, and then she said, "Fine."

Eric's face turned red, and his ire began to rise. He had expected more of a response from her, and he felt like she was trying to brush him off, and that made him feel like she was trying to make a fool out of him. "You can't talk to me like that!" he growled. "Crystal Smith, you owe me better!"

"You are a real piece of work," Crystal growled. "I don't owe you diddly-squat. Not only do you steal other people's women, but you go into their homes to do it. You are a kidnapper and a cad!" As she spoke, she looked around him, and what she saw made her smile.

In response to Crystal's cold, sword-like voice, Eric looked up and smiled back at her. "It is better to steal another man's wife than to date two people at the same time. What do you think?"

Little did he know... Nathan was standing right behind him.

Suddenly, Nathan cleared his throat. Eric's face turned white.. He slowly turned around, and when he saw his old friend, his words caught in his throat.

Chapter 1647 - 165: He Was Willing To Be Beaten By Her

The tension between Nathan and Eric was palpable.

Crystal shook her head helplessly. She had hoped that, now that Helen was in the picture, things would get easier. Boy, had she been wrong? She had no wish to be standing between them any longer than necessary, so she said, "I'm going to go to the living room," and then she walked into the living room. Anyway, if they were going to fight, she couldn't do anything to stop it.

Because Helen was moving in, two servants from the Bush family and several bodyguards were helping her with her luggage. The bodyguards came in and out without a word between them. Meanwhile, the servants were following them around, saying, "Be careful." and, "Don't break anything." and, "That's the lady's favorite." And they told the strong men where each item would go.

A bodyguard recklessly bumped into Crystal, and one of the maids couldn't help but frown. "I told you to be careful," she complained. "So, be careful! The eyes in your head are there so that you can see. If something is broken, you can't afford to replace it."

The bodyguard immediately slowed down, and he apologized profusely, but the maid waved her hand and said, "I'm not worried about you. If Crystal hadn't been in your way, you never would have bumped into her."

Crystal: "Me?"

"Of course, you?" the maid replied. "Who else?"

Before Crystal could reply, Helen walked into the room. She glared at the maid and said, "Nanny Elma, this is Miss Smith. Don't be rude."

Crystal stood silently and took a mental inventory of the things in the bodyguards' hands. There were the semi-finished scented candles in the boxes. These also contained frosted glasses of various colors and shapes. No wonder they had to be careful-thought Crystal.

After hearing the order from the young lady, Elma bowed her head and took two steps backward. "Miss Smith," she said. "I am so sorry."

Crystal pursed her mouth. "It's fine," she lied. She knew that Nanny Elma was not easy to deal with, and she hated her. The woman's sinister eyes could spew out the poisonous liquid.

Helen noticed Crystal's interest in the candles and said, "It's aromatherapy. Once I get it going, you'll like it. You'll see."

Crystal: "Aromatherapy? There's so much of it!"

Helen: "Yeah, I like aromatherapy very much. Because I can't see very well, the sense of smell, hearing, and taste are the senses that I use to experience beautiful things."

Crystal noticed Helen was wearing a white maternity gown, and she walked over to her and said, "With you being pregnant, is it okay to use aromatherapy?"

Helen shook her head and said, "I use raw materials that are not harmful to the human body or the fetus. In fact, the scents that I make are good for our bodies. What kind of fragrance do you like? I can send it to you after I make it. Is that okay?"

Crystal: "Can you make any fragrance?"

"Sure," Helen replied.

Crystal approached her, smelled her hair, and said, "Mmmm... The orange blossom mixes well with the chamomile. It's no wonder that my brother has found so many perfumes. They haven't made the smell he wanted, though. It seems that the ratio is always wrong."

Nanny Elma came over during their talk and helped Helen sit down, "Helen, you are pregnant, don't stand too long," she said. Then she turned to Crystal and glared at her.

"What's wrong?" Crystal asked.

"Don't play dumb," Nanny Elma said. "Miss Smith, Helen is pregnant, and Mrs. Bush and the old Davis have ordered me to monitor what Helen eats and drinks. So, if you don't mind, I will prepare the meals every day from now on."

Crystal shrugged to show that she didn't care.

"I'm afraid that this house needs to be fixed again," Nanny Elma continued. "With Helen being pregnant, it is necessary to overthrow it and reconstruct everything." After saying this, she wondered why Mr. Davis would live here. Compared to a mansion, it was nothing but an outside shitter. There was floating dust everywhere, and the place smelled terrible. She waved her handkerchief and swept away the floating dust that was in the air, then she turned to Helen and said, "Miss, the environment is too bad. I am sorry, but you will have to put up with it for several days. Mr. Davis has ordered people to bring the manor up to code. Unlike what you are used to, there are only five or six rooms here, and they are not even decent."

Helen: "I think it's good. Although it is smaller, it's more humane."

Nanny Elma: "If the lady knew that you were suffering this way, she would definitely not let you live here."

Helen kept smiling and did not speak, and the Nanny recognized that she did not want to talk anymore. She took an in-depth look at Crystal, and as she turned to go into the kitchen, two men came out. One person had a black face, and the other one looked lazy. Eric walked over to Helen, kissed her cheek, and said, "Helen, I will go back first. Nanny Elma will stay here with you. If you have any requirements, tell her, and I will come to visit you as often as I can."

Helen: "Don't worry. I will be fine."

Eric turned to Crystal, smiled, and said, "Remember what I said to you. Then, when you are ready to come away with me, I will be waiting."

Once Eric was gone, Nanny Elma went to the kitchen to prepare some food, and the bodyguards guarded the door.

Meanwhile, Nathan led Crystal to a more private place, where he planned to have sex with her. He hugged her from behind and whispered into her ear: "I want you so badly."

Crystal's eyes fell on his hands, and she said, "Let go of me. You can't really expect me to have sex with you after having just moved Helen in!"

Nathan's hand crawled up her body and caressed her breast. "Forget about her," he said. "She means nothing to me, and you are still the queen of the castle and my heart."

Crystal growled as she pushed away from him. Then she turned around and slapped him across the face. "I won't fall victim to your silver tongue," she growled. "Not this time!"

Nathan frowned slightly. "Do you want to abuse me before we have sex?" He began to grin like a Cheshire cat. "You can if you want. I don't mind."

Crystal was so angry that she slapped him again. She was upset that the old Davis had found someone to invalidate their marriage and that she had been the last one to know it.

A woman had never beaten Nathan, and if it were another woman, he would have thrown her out of the house. However, he was willing to be beaten by her because he knew that she was angry because of Helen's pregnancy.

Furthermore, as she hit him, he began to feel aroused. Crystal slapped him again, and his lip split open.. A thin stream of blood ran down his chin, and Nathan felt himself begin to go hard.

Chapter 1647 - 165: He Was Willing To Be Beaten By Her

The tension between Nathan and Eric was palpable.

Crystal shook her head helplessly. She had hoped that, now that Helen was in the picture, things would get easier. Boy, had she been wrong? She had no wish to be standing between them any longer than

necessary, so she said, "I'm going to go to the living room," and then she walked into the living room. Anyway, if they were going to fight, she couldn't do anything to stop it.

Because Helen was moving in, two servants from the Bush family and several bodyguards were helping her with her luggage. The bodyguards came in and out without a word between them. Meanwhile, the servants were following them around, saying, "Be careful." and, "Don't break anything." and, "That's the lady's favorite." And they told the strong men where each item would go.

A bodyguard recklessly bumped into Crystal, and one of the maids couldn't help but frown. "I told you to be careful," she complained. "So, be careful! The eyes in your head are there so that you can see. If something is broken, you can't afford to replace it."

The bodyguard immediately slowed down, and he apologized profusely, but the maid waved her hand and said, "I'm not worried about you. If Crystal hadn't been in your way, you never would have bumped into her."

Crystal: "Me?"

"Of course, you?" the maid replied. "Who else?"

Before Crystal could reply, Helen walked into the room. She glared at the maid and said, "Nanny Elma, this is Miss Smith. Don't be rude."

Crystal stood silently and took a mental inventory of the things in the bodyguards' hands. There were the semi-finished scented candles in the boxes. These also contained frosted glasses of various colors and shapes. No wonder they had to be careful-thought Crystal.

After hearing the order from the young lady, Elma bowed her head and took two steps backward. "Miss Smith," she said. "I am so sorry."

Crystal pursed her mouth. "It's fine," she lied. She knew that Nanny Elma was not easy to deal with, and she hated her. The woman's sinister eyes could spew out the poisonous liquid.

Helen noticed Crystal's interest in the candles and said, "It's aromatherapy. Once I get it going, you'll like it. You'll see."

Crystal: "Aromatherapy? There's so much of it!"

Helen: "Yeah, I like aromatherapy very much. Because I can't see very well, the sense of smell, hearing, and taste are the senses that I use to experience beautiful things."

Crystal noticed Helen was wearing a white maternity gown, and she walked over to her and said, "With you being pregnant, is it okay to use aromatherapy?"

Helen shook her head and said, "I use raw materials that are not harmful to the human body or the fetus. In fact, the scents that I make are good for our bodies. What kind of fragrance do you like? I can send it to you after I make it. Is that okay?"

Crystal: "Can you make any fragrance?"

"Sure," Helen replied.

Crystal approached her, smelled her hair, and said, "Mmmm... The orange blossom mixes well with the chamomile. It's no wonder that my brother has found so many perfumes. They haven't made the smell he wanted, though. It seems that the ratio is always wrong."

Nanny Elma came over during their talk and helped Helen sit down, "Helen, you are pregnant, don't stand too long," she said. Then she turned to Crystal and glared at her.

"What's wrong?" Crystal asked.

"Don't play dumb," Nanny Elma said. "Miss Smith, Helen is pregnant, and Mrs. Bush and the old Davis have ordered me to monitor what Helen eats and drinks. So, if you don't mind, I will prepare the meals every day from now on."

Crystal shrugged to show that she didn't care.

"I'm afraid that this house needs to be fixed again," Nanny Elma continued. "With Helen being pregnant, it is necessary to overthrow it and reconstruct everything." After saying this, she wondered why Mr. Davis would live here. Compared to a mansion, it was nothing but an outside shitter. There was floating dust everywhere, and the place smelled terrible. She waved her handkerchief and swept away the floating dust that was in the air, then she turned to Helen and said, "Miss, the environment is too bad. I am sorry, but you will have to put up with it for several days. Mr. Davis has ordered people to bring the manor up to code. Unlike what you are used to, there are only five or six rooms here, and they are not even decent."

Helen: "I think it's good. Although it is smaller, it's more humane."

Nanny Elma: "If the lady knew that you were suffering this way, she would definitely not let you live here."

Helen kept smiling and did not speak, and the Nanny recognized that she did not want to talk anymore. She took an in-depth look at Crystal, and as she turned to go into the kitchen, two men came out. One person had a black face, and the other one looked lazy. Eric walked over to Helen, kissed her cheek, and said, "Helen, I will go back first. Nanny Elma will stay here with you. If you have any requirements, tell her, and I will come to visit you as often as I can."

Helen: "Don't worry. I will be fine."

Eric turned to Crystal, smiled, and said, "Remember what I said to you. Then, when you are ready to come away with me, I will be waiting."

Once Eric was gone, Nanny Elma went to the kitchen to prepare some food, and the bodyguards guarded the door.

Meanwhile, Nathan led Crystal to a more private place, where he planned to have sex with her. He hugged her from behind and whispered into her ear: "I want you so badly."

Crystal's eyes fell on his hands, and she said, "Let go of me. You can't really expect me to have sex with you after having just moved Helen in!"

Nathan's hand crawled up her body and caressed her breast. "Forget about her," he said. "She means nothing to me, and you are still the queen of the castle and my heart."

Crystal growled as she pushed away from him. Then she turned around and slapped him across the face. "I won't fall victim to your silver tongue," she growled. "Not this time!"

Nathan frowned slightly. "Do you want to abuse me before we have sex?" He began to grin like a Cheshire cat. "You can if you want. I don't mind."

Crystal was so angry that she slapped him again. She was upset that the old Davis had found someone to invalidate their marriage and that she had been the last one to know it.

A woman had never beaten Nathan, and if it were another woman, he would have thrown her out of the house. However, he was willing to be beaten by her because he knew that she was angry because of Helen's pregnancy.

Furthermore, as she hit him, he began to feel aroused. Crystal slapped him again, and his lip split open.. A thin stream of blood ran down his chin, and Nathan felt himself begin to go hard.

Chapter 1649 - 167: What Baby Fever Feels Like

With all of the people in the house, it had become too small for Nathan's liking. He had several estates to his name, and he had chosen the largest on purpose so that they would not be disturbed. But still...

Now, with Eric's attempt to hit Crystal, he had to reconsider shutting down the island. He wanted to lock Crystal up, and he didn't intend to let any other men see her, especially after the afternoon they'd shared. He wanted to keep her in his arms, but Helen was here, so he couldn't show her too much affection at the table.

Crystal stretched her legs under the table, though. She rubbed his foot with hers, and that was more than enough for now.

Hellen looked at her nanny, smiled, and said, "Miss Smith must be tired. Fill up her soup bowl." There was a snide tone to her voice, and her words sounded like a gift from a queen to a concubine. Crystal was exhausted, though, and she couldn't be bothered to dwell on it. She was happy to have the soup, and she didn't give two shits about what Helen thought of her.

The neckline of Crystal's white cotton nightgown revealed her shoulders and collarbone. This exposure made Nathan want to sweep all of the food from the table to the floor and fuck her right there, in front of Hellen, her nanny, and anyone else who cared to watch.

Crystal saw the look in his eyes, and she gave him a dirty look. Then she took out her phone, typed a few words on the screen, and pressed send.

Nathan's phone chimed, and he read the message she had sent him. It said: "Do you enjoy this peaceful coexistence between your ex and wife?"

Nathan: "You still have the strength to joke, darling. That is good. Once we are done eating, we can go upstairs for Round Two!" After he sent the message, he began to tap his long fingers on the table as he waited impatiently for her reply.

Crystal: "Nathan, Elma didn't know the rules. If she had, she wouldn't have interrupted us. I have since explained the rules to her and Helen. It is only their first day here. Understandably, they don't know a lot about your rules. Don't take it to heart. If there's anything wrong, just say so. Okay?"

Nathan leaned over, fixed Crystal's collar, and said, "You take care of the tire, and don't think about anything else."

When Helen heard that, the spoon in her hand loosened, her soup bowl tipped, and its contents spilled all over the table and all over her clothes.

Elma hurriedly went to help Helen clean up, but she held her hand up and said, "It's alright. I was careless."

Of course, Nanny Elma knew that what Mr. Davis had said had broken Helen's heart. The meaning of what he had said was not immediately apparent. But, after some thought, eventually, everyone at the table came to understand what he had meant. Nathan wanted Helen to focus on the baby and not think about anything else - and by comparing the fetus to a tire, it showed how little he actually cared about it.

Helen always went out of her way to tolerate everything, and Nanny Elma pitied her. She worried that once the baby was born, Crystal and Nathan would claim it as their own. If that happened, Crystal would be the child's mother. And where would that leave Helen? - wondered Elma. She noticed the marks on Crystal's neck, suddenly, and she wordlessly cursed. This girl is such a slut! - thought Elma.

"Look how clumsy I am," Helen muttered as she cleaned up her mess. "I am so sorry. If my vision were better, this never would have happened..." The light in Helen's eyes dimmed a little. Because her poor vision resulted from her attempted suicide, she blamed herself for her ailment, and she felt guilty whenever it put anyone out.

Crystal's phone buzzed. While her attention had been on Helen, Nathan had sent her another text message. This one said: "We should have our own baby."

Crystal hadn't ever thought about being a Mother, but something stirred inside her when she read those words. Suddenly, she found herself yearning for a child of her own - a child born of love - to watch grow and then grow old. So, this is what Baby Fever feels like - she thought. She smiled as her fingers lingered on the keypad. She didn't know how to reply, so she wrote "Eat" instead.

Helen seemed to be thinking something similar. She looked at Crystal and said, "You should eat more, Miss Smith. After all, you have to take care of Nathan."

"He doesn't need to be looked after. He's supposed to look after us, right?" Crystal looked defiantly at Nathan.

Nathan snorted, picked up his phone, and texted Crystal again. He wrote: "If you don't feel like I've already taken good care of you, then I will make it up to you tonight."

Crystal sighed when she read that. This man has a one-track mind - she thought, and he is utterly insatiable....

Nanny Elma looked at Nathan, frowned, and said, "I'm worried that Helen won't sleep well here. She wakes up at the slightest noise."

She was implying that Nathan and Crystal would be rude to make a lot of noise at night while having sex while everyone else was trying to sleep.

Nathan smirked and summoned Vic. Then, when the bodyguard came to the table, he said, "I'd like you to move Helen's room as far away from my own as possible. I would hate to keep her up at night."

Helen's face turned white. She hastily said, "There's no need. Nanny Elma is always exaggerating!" and then she shot her nanny a nasty look.

Nanny Elma was angry and distressed. She knew that Helen wanted to sleep close to Mr.Davis, but she also knew that this wasn't a healthy arrangement- and she knew that the additional stress would not be good for the baby. She looked at her charge and said, "You had better be careful, miss. You are still in your first trimester, so you need to be careful."

"I know," said Helen. Then she smiled and stroked her stomach.. "I will protect my baby."

Chapter 1650 - 168: How Did I Become The Bad Girl?

After dinner, Nathan went upstairs to take a shower, and while he was detained, a car pulled up in the driveway. Helen's family doctor had arrived, and he had several of his assistants with him.

When Nanny Elma saw the car, she called Helen into the living room and said, "Helen, your family doctor is here. Mrs. Bush has ordered regular, daily examinations for you, along with some regular tests like taking your temperature and blood pressure."

"Okay." Helen sat down on the couch and said, "Let him in."

The doctor's manner was cautious, and as he held a stethoscope to Helen's chest, he asked her if anything was bothering her. "Mrs. Davis," he said. "I am your doctor, so you can tell me anything."

Crystal was in the kitchen, and she was startled to hear Helen being referred to as Mrs. Davis. Helen was equally surprised. She shook her head in sheepish denial, but before she could correct the man, Elma blurted out, "Mrs. Davis has not been sleeping well recently."

"Lethargy is a common symptom during the first trimester," the doctor said. "In your case, I think you might be too nervous. It would help if you took the pressure off. Listening to music and eating good food can distract you from anything that might be causing you anxiety." Crystal had just entered the room with a vase of flowers, and he frowned. "By the way," he continued. "You have to pay attention to some of the flowers in the room because they can make you sick. For example, the perfumed lilies in this young lady's hand seem mild and harmless, but they contain stimulants that can affect your nerves at this time and lead to fetal instability."

Nanny Elma was startled. She hurriedly gave one of the servants a stern look, and the servant attempted to snatch the flowers from Crystal's hands. Crystal retracted her hands, though, and the servant said, "Miss Smith, please let me handle the flowers. You know Mrs. Davis is pregnant. Did you put the lilies in the room on purpose, knowing that they could harm the baby?"

"Mr. Davis sent the flowers," Crystal replied.

"Do you think that Mr. Davis sent them to cause Helen to miscarry purposely?"

"I doubt that was his intention," Elma scoffed. "It seems to me that he gave them to you so that you could put them in your room, but you intentionally brought them into the living room to cause Helen harm. Isn't that the way of things?"

Crystal wanted to laugh, but she kept her composure. "Did I invite you into my house?" she asked. "Anyway, Helen has been here all day. There are flowers everywhere, and she is fine!"

Helen reached for Elma's hand and said, "Miss Smith did not do it on purpose. She probably didn't know that lilies can cause miscarriages."

Elma: "There are bound to be conflicts while we are living here. Although this is Miss Smith's house, and we are only staying here for some time, as her guests, it would be best if we made a few things clear from the get-go." Helen shook her head and said, "I moved in to make sure that the baby is born. Nathan and Miss Smith are..."

Elma knew what Helen was going to say, so before she could finish, she quickly cut in. "Mr. Davis will fall in love with you one day," she said. "You are pretty, polite, and well-bred. Whoever sees you will like you."

Suddenly, the servant snatched the flowers out of Crystal's hands, threw them on the ground, and crushed them with the heel of her shoe.

Crystal reached out and slapped the servant across the face. "Who do you think you are?" she roared. "How dare you disrespect me in my own house?" She lifted her hand to hit her again, but Elma yelled at her to stop.

Elma: "Miss Smith, that was rude!!!"

The servant bowed her head to Elma and stepped back sheepishly.

Crystal: "Is it not rude to trample on another person's things?"

Elma: "The servant was looking after Mrs. Davis. It was understandable."

"If you liked the lilies," Helen interrupted, "I'll ask the servant to buy you some more. Just, please stop fighting..."

The Doctor glared at Crystal and said, "Can we put this behind us, please. The stress isn't good for the baby."

Crystal sneered angrily. How did I become the bad girl?- she wondered - And why do they keep calling Helen Mrs. Davis?

Unexpectedly, Nathan emerged from the dining room. "What's going on here?" he asked. He had heard everything.

"Mr. Davis," said the Doctor. "It is good to see you."

"It is good to be seen," Nathan replied.

Elma and the servants bowed their heads and greeted him with respect, but he didn't even look at them. He glanced coldly at the lilies on the floor. Tonelessly, he asked the room, "What happened?"

Elma looked up and said, "The doctor said that the lilies could cause a miscarriage. The maid tried to throw them out, but Miss Smith wouldn't let...."

Nathan half listened as he walked up to Crystal, picked her up, and set her on the shoe cabinet situated against the wall.

Crystal was wearing a knee-length nightdress with white cotton bubble sleeves. She pulled down on the hem of her skirt, which showed her white, smooth thighs, while her calves dangled in the air.

"Don't move, or you'll fall," Nathan told her. He had his hands around her waist, and he was holding her in place. "Now tell me the truth; do you like lilies?"

"Not at all!" Crystal replied angrily.

Nathan fiddled with Crystal's frail hand for a second, and then he brought it to his mouth and bit one of her fingers, which caused her to tremble.

There was a look of satisfaction in Nathan's eyes, and he smiled as he summoned Vic. Then, when his bodyguard arrived, he said, "Vic, ask the doctor which flowers are harmless to pregnant women, choose some expensive ones, and send them to Miss Smith and me every day."

Vic nodded, and then he quickly left. Elma looked up. She had a frown on her face, and when Nathan saw it, he was displeased. "What now?" he growled. "Are you not satisfied?"

"Of course, I am," Elma quickly replied. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Alright then!" Nathan snapped. "I want you to remember that the next time you address Crystal. Do not forget that I could make your stay here very unpleasant."

Elma's face turned white. She nodded slightly but said nothing.

For a moment, the doctor was embarrassed. He had thought that Helen was Nathan's wife, but from the way that Mr.. Davis treated Crystal, he knew that she was his sweetheart.

Chapter 1651 - 169: Never Mind, Helen

Once the business with the doctor was over, Nathan picked Crystal up and carried her to their bedroom. Once there, he swept the skincare products from the makeup table to the floor, and then he put her on it. "Are you satisfied now?" he asked as he spread her legs and pressed his manhood against her pubic mound.

Crystal curled her lips and said, "No, I'm not satisfied." Her collar was made from elastic, and Nathan tugged it down, over her shoulders, past her taut breasts, and let it rest below her abdomen. Then he leaned over and took her nipple into his mouth.

After suckling for a couple of minutes, Nathan straightened up and smiled impishly.

"How about now?" he asked.

Crystal growled and called him a rascal as he gently pinched her chin so that he could kiss her lips. Crystal was shocked as an electric current raced up her back. It ran from the crack of her ass to the top of her head. Then, boom! Nathan triumphantly slipped his tongue into her mouth. Finally, after they had been French kissing for a few minutes, he pulled away and laughed. "I am a rascal," he said. "So what?"

Crystal tried to push him away, but it was pointless to try. He was too strong. "Stop it," she cried. "I want to take a bath. Can't you just make yourself at home?"

Nathan ignored her pleas as he grabbed her skirt and ripped it in half. Then, as it fell to the ground, she evaded his next grab, ran into the bathroom, and locked the door behind her.

Fortunately, Nathan didn't try to break down the door. Crystal didn't think she had it in her to go another round with him. His desire was terrible, and she guessed that if she could not get him to give her a break, she wouldn't be able to get out of bed at night.

So, she had her bath, and when she came out, she was surprised that he wasn't waiting for her in the room. She smiled as she locked the bedroom door. Then she climbed into bed and fell into a restful sleep.

In the middle of the night, though, she awoke to a hand under her shirt. It was cupping her right breast, and two fingers were playing with her nipple. Fucking Hell! -thought Crystal. "How did you get in here?"

Instead of answering the question, Nathan pressed his body against hers and began to nibble at her earlobes.

Crystal: "Answer my question! How did you get in here?"

"I wanted to come in," Nathan whispered. "Did you think you could stop me by locking the door? Silly girl. This is my house. I have a key to all of the rooms!"

Crystal was speechless, and as he pressed himself against her, she decided not to fight him.

Nathan: "Do you like that?"

Crystal sighed and said, "Helen is next door. She does not sleep well. Aren't you afraid that something will go wrong?"

Nathan: "Never mind, Helen. Don't you think we hit it off perfectly? You give me so much pleasure. I have never felt this satisfied before, and no matter how many times I take you, it doesn't seem like it's enough!"

Before Crystal could reply, Nathan had her pants and panties around her ankles. Then he rolled her onto her stomach and pulled her up onto all fours. He elevated her arse, licked her back, and began to screw her from behind.

Crystal and Nathan did it many times that night and in multiple positions, and at first, she was in a lot of pain, but as he finally brought her to orgasm, she began to get into it too. She bit her lip in an attempt to stay quiet, and except for the occasional moan, she was successful.

The next morning, Crystal was a wreck, and she had to hold the railing as she went down the stairs. Nathan had already left for work, and Helen was finishing her breakfast in the dining room. When she saw Crystal, she smiled and said, "Good morning, Miss Smith."

"Good morning," Crystal replied.

Nanny Elma had prepared way more food than Helen could eat, and she offered Crystal a plate. Crystal thanked her, and then she sat across from her. Then she added some items to her plate, poured herself a glass of milk, and after drinking it, she said, "Miss Bush, isn't it wonderful being pregnant?"

Helen: "I don't feel anything yet, but the thought of a little being in my belly strikes me as wonderful. I think this is a feeling that you have to experience because I don't think that I have the vocabulary to express how I feel."

Crystal chuckled and said, "The way Mr. Davis and I are going at it, I'm going to be feeling that feeling pretty soon." An imminent pregnancy seemed inevitable to her because they weren't using any form of protection.

Elma glared at Crystal. Because Crystal talked openly about her sexual history without shame, Elma thought that she was vulgar. "Do you think it will be that easy?" she asked. Elma didn't want Crystal to get pregnant. Once Crystal was pregnant, she knew that Helen's chances of winning Nathan's heart would be drastically reduced.

Crystal: "I heard that the success rate of artificial insemination is shallow, but some women still get pregnant. So why wouldn't I get pregnant the normal way?"

Elma was so angry that she tugged at the white apron that she had hung around her neck, and she hissed at Crystal.

Helen touched Elma's arm and said, "Please, Nanny, calm down. This could be a good thing. If Crystal gets pregnant, our children could be playmates..."

Just then, several of Nathan's bodyguards walked in. They had bundles of flowers in their hands, and each one was more beautiful and exotic than the previous one. Some of them, Crystal recognized, but others were utterly foreign to her. In truth, she was not really interested in flowers, but she wanted to see how Elma would react.

Vic came in last, and he said, "Miss Smith, Mr. Davis told me to put the flowers in the room."

"Okay," Crystal said. "Thank you. You can put them anywhere you'd like. I love the flowers, and they're sure to brighten this place up!" From the corner of her eye, she watched as Elma's face turned red from rage.

"What a bad girl," Elma muttered.. "We will wait and see...."

Chapter 1652 - 170: Plan Buying A Morning After Pill

Once the bodyguards were gone, Crystal changed her clothes, and then she was ready to go out and buy some emergency birth control. When Nathan initially mentioned having a baby, she'd gotten a bad case of baby fever, but it hadn't lasted long. She wasn't ready to get pregnant and have a baby, and she knew it. And everything she had said to Helen and her nanny had been nothing but a ruse to get Elma riled up.

As Crystal left the house, Vic followed her. She frowned as she turned to face him. "I think you are tailing the wrong person," she said.

Vic: "Nope. Mr. Davis asked me to follow you for a while."

Crystal: "You don't have to follow me. I will give you the day off today. Why not? It is such a nice day. You should be out enjoying it!"

The sun was bright and hot, and Crystal put on her sunglasses, not just to protect her eyes but also to make her a little less identifiable when she bought the Morning After Pill.

Vic: "Thank you. You are too kind, and I wish I could accept your generous offer, but I must follow Mr. Davis's orders. You know how he is about things like that, so I am sure that you understand...."

Crystal didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Somehow, Nathan had guessed her intentions and sent Vic to make sure that she could not terminate her pregnancy - If, in fact, she was pregnant.

Crystal nodded helplessly and followed Vic to the car. She did understand why Vic couldn't accept her offer, but that knowledge did not make her situation any more comfortable.

Once they were both inside the car, Vic asked her where she wanted to go, and she said, "Take me to the hospital."

Vic: "Mr. Davis said that you could not go to the hospital."

Crystal: "So I can't visit my father?"

Vic: "If you want to see your father, you may FaceTime with him."

Crystal: "Take me to the drugstore. I'm going to buy a box of painkillers."

Vic: "Are you going to buy medicine for Mr. Davis? Everything you need, you already have!"

Crystal: "Why would Mr. Davis need medicine? What's the matter with him?"

Vic: "He had a headache this morning, but he's all right now. Mr. Davis is not happy, though, so I hope you will do as you're told."

"Fine, then," Crystal said. "We don't have to go to the hospital or the drugstore." On the outside, she looked calm and collected, but she was breaking down on the inside. She was desperate to get her hands on the Morning After Pill. Not knowing what else to do, she pulled out her phone and texted Leslie.

A few minutes passed, and then, finally, her friend's reply appeared. It said, "Wait for me at the cafe next to the villa in the military region."

Leslie had short hair, and she was dressed like a punk. She was wearing Doc Martin boots, ripped blue jeans, and a Nirvana tank top. She was sitting on the sofa, surrounded by little girls. Each of these lesbians wanted a piece of her, and if all they could get were a selfie with her, they would happily take whatever they could get.

Leslie took out a cigarette, took a puff, and blew a ring of smoke into one of the girl's faces. She laughed and said, "I am not available today. Get out of here." The girls reluctantly left, and they crossed paths with Crystal as she came into the café- and when they saw Leslie call her over to her table, their faces turned red from bitter anger.

Leslie took a look at Vic, who had walked in behind Crystal, and swallowed the words she had wanted to say. Now she knew why Crystal had asked her to buy the medicine for her. It must be hard to get anything done with the Gestapo on your back 24/7 - thought Leslie.

"Will you buy me a cup of coffee?" Crystal asked as she sat down and took off her sunglasses.

"Have mine," Leslie said as she pushed her cup across the table. "I've only taken a sip." Crystal drank the coffee, chatted for a while with Leslie, and then she left.

Once Crystal was gone, Leslie went outside to talk to Hugo, who had been waiting for her. Hugo saw Leslie and whistled. "Did you finally get a hold of Arnold?" he asked.

Leslie sighed and said, "The medicine isn't for me. It's for Crystal."

Hugo frowned. "Are you talking about Crystal?" he asked. "The girl with Nathan? The Bush girl's rival?"

Leslie: "I didn't expect you to know about that...."

Hugo noticed that Leslie still had the medicine in her hand, and he asked why Crystal hadn't taken it with her.

Leslie shrugged and said, "You seem so in charge, dude. Do you think Nathan would shoot me if I gave it to her? After all, since there is already one pregnancy, it wouldn't hurt to have one more. Moreover, Nathan wants to have a baby..."

Hugo shook his head and stretched out his hand to twist her earlobe. Then he said, "You've always loved stirring up trouble."

Leslie: "Come on. I am helping her. Having a baby would be an extra bargaining chip for her. Anyway... In the end, it is God who decides who gets pregnant and who does not."

Hugo: "You drive me crazy! I can never win an argument with you."

"Whatever, dude," said Leslie as she climbed into Hugo's car.

Hugo: "Hey, don't make a mess in my car, okay. I want you to wash it if it gets dirty."

"Shall I wash you, too?" Leslie flirted with him.

Hugo sighed and said, "Let's just get you to school, okay."

As Serenity got out of the car, she pretended to be surprised when she saw Crystal. "I wasn't expecting to see you here," she said.

Crystal greeted her on the steps, and then she glanced behind her to where Vic was standing. "I am so embarrassed to have him following me around," she whispered. "It is ridiculous. He is enjoying the wonderful life of a man with two wives, even though he has a child."

Serenity looked at Crystal's belly and said, "No way! Why didn't you tell me the good news sooner?"

Crystal lightly punched her friend on the shoulder and said, "Not me, silly! I'm not pregnant. Eric's sister is, though. She used artificial insemination, and she has Professor Davis's child!"

Serenity: "Damn it! Really? Sounds like #FakeNews to me."

Crystal: "Believe it or not, it is the absolute truth.. Anyway, I am moving to the manor this summer, so try not to miss me too much."