

Midnight III 241

Chapter 1723 - 241: Nod If You Understand

That night, Crystal had to share a bed with Nancy and Clark. Before going to bed, though, she decided to have a bath. When she was finished, she went into the adjoining room to get the hairdryer. Nancy had been reading a bedtime story to Clark, and he had just fallen asleep.

As Crystal entered the room, someone knocked on the door, and she rushed over to open it before the noise woke the baby. She thought that the intrusion was from one of the servants, so she was surprised to find Michelle standing in the hallway. She had an absent look on her face, and she was wearing a black lace nightgown. The nightgown was translucent, and her private parts could vaguely be seen, giving her a look that was sexy and bold.

"What's wrong?" Crystal asked.

Michelle pouted and said, "I'm looking for Miss Carter."

Crystal stepped aside so that Michelle could see Nancy, and then she went back to the bathroom to dry her hair.

Michele forced herself to smile and said, "Can I talk to you for a minute?"

Nancy sighed and said, "Not tonight. I'm sorry, but I am going to go to sleep now." As she spoke, she laid down. She had nothing to say to Michelle, and she did not want to hear anything that Michelle might have to say either. But, unfortunately, Michelle would not be put off that easily. Instead of leaving as expected, she swaggered in.

Nancy was afraid that Michelle would wake Clark up, so she got up and sat down on the sofa. "It's late," she whispered. "What do you want?"

Michelle sat down beside her, smiled, and said, "You and your friend caught me off guard today, but do you actually think that Paul will change his mind and take you back?"

Nancy shook her head. "I have no interest in Paul."

"Good!" Michelle snorted and said, "I suggest you get control over your heart and that hungry hole between your legs. Paul is mine - now and forever!"

Nancy's ire began to rise, and she took a couple of deep breaths to calm herself down. "Did you forget that I divorced him?" she asked. "He is a part of my past now. I wish you both a happy life. Now, can you get out of my room?"

Michelle glared at Nancy and said, "If you have no interest in him, why are you here?"

"I am here for Clark," Nancy replied. "I am glad I left Paul. He is bad news, and I do not want anything from him. I just want my son!"

Michelle smirked and said, "I don't trust you. So you must want to use the kid to get to Paul?"

"Believe what you want. Obviously, I cannot change your mind. Regardless, Clark is asleep. I don't want to wake him up, so please leave."

Michelle looked at Clark. "He is a very lovely child, isn't he?" A shark-like Cheshire's grin appeared on her face, and she said, "It would be a shame if anything happened to him."

The color drained from Nancy's face, and she stepped between Michelle and Clark. "I won't let you bully my child anymore!"

"Do you know what I hate most? I hate people who appear to be innocent and harmless, especially children!"

"Then you should hate yourself most of all!" Nancy hissed. "You pretend to be gentle and harmless, but God alone knows all the evil that you have done!"

Michelle's face turned red from anger, and she revealed a set of black lace undergarments. "Are these yours?"

Nancy was dumbfounded. She had not realized that Michelle had her underwear with her.

Michelle threw the undergarments in Nancy's face and said, "I found these under Paul's bed."

"Those could belong to anyone..."

"But they don't." Michelle smirked and said, "You are a little slut, and they belong to you. You said that I am a fake, but who is the real pretender here? The minute you slept with Paul, your true colors were revealed."

Nancy shook her head. "We both know that's bullshit. I readily admit that I had sex with Paul, but he assaulted me."

"I don't believe you." Michelle stood up so that she could look down on Nancy. "You divorced Paul, broke his heart, and now that he's found happiness with me, you are trying to step between us."

"That is a joke." Nancy smiled, but her grin was cold, and it did not reach her eyes. "It was you who forced your way into my relationship with Paul. You are the slut, not me."

"Paul and I have known each other since childhood. Are you sure that I'm a third party?"

"I'm positive." Nancy chuckled and said, "Then why did he marry me? Was it because you abandoned him and ran away with another man?" She was not sure if this was the truth, but it was a rumor that she had heard from one of the servants, and it sounded legitimate to her.

Michelle opened her mouth to defend herself against these accusations, but before she could speak, Nancy cut her off.

"None of that matters, though, does it?" Nancy continued, "Because I am not interested in Paul. I am here for Clark!"

"Where did you find the courage to talk so boldly?" Michelle asked. "Now that your friend is here, do you think that you are safe? If so, I have got some news for you!" Before Nancy could reply, Michelle slapped her twice across the face, and as her hand swung through the air, she sneered. "You are one weak bitch. And to think, you thought you could face me and come out victorious. That is a joke."

Nancy made a fist, and she tried to punch Michelle, but Michelle caught her wrist and laughed.

"Please," Nancy whined. "Let me go."

Michelle applied pressure to Nancy's arm and jeered. "If you dare to hit me, I can't guarantee your son's safety. After all, you know my capability. Nod if you understand."

Nancy nodded obediently.

Chapter 1724 - 242: I Saved Your Life

Nancy's bottom lip was trembling, and tears began to well up in her eyes. She looked up at Michelle. "What did I ever do to you?" she cried. "Why do you have to keep torturing us? Do you even have any conscience? And if you hurt my child, aren't you afraid that Karma will come for you if you have any children?"

"Karma!" Michelle scoffed. "That bitch has already taken her pound of flesh from me, so I am not afraid of her anymore. After all, when my child was taken from me, I had done nothing to deserve it!"

For the first time, Nancy saw a c*ck in Michelle's armor. There were tears in the other that she had been severely hurt in the past. She thought - This is probably the reason why she doesn't like kids and why she abuses Clark. But who could have hurt her so badly? She did not think it was Paul. After all, he treated her like a princess.

Nancy sighed and said, "I can see that you have been hurt and that you thought that the love of another man might heal your heart, what gave you the right to step in and destroy my family?"

"Does it matter? You were not happy anyway. I gave you a way out. It would be best if you were thanking me, not interfering with my life. You have no business in this house, let alone the Master bedroom with Paul!"

"You are such a vicious woman." Nancy smirked and said, "It is no wonder that man abandoned you. You deserved it. A cruel woman like yourself doesn't deserve to have a child."

"What?!?!"

"Are you deaf? I said, "A woman like you does not deserve to be a mother!"

When Michelle heard that, she began to go wild. She grabbed a fist full of Nancy's hair and tried to slap her with her free hand. This time, though, Nancy was prepared. She grabbed Michelle's hand and gave it a hard twist.

Michelle shrieked in pain and let go of Nancy's hair.

As soon as Nancy was free, she grabbed Michelle's hair with her free hand. She twisted it as she made a fist, and then she pushed her away as hard as she could. Michelle, still shrieking, fell on her ass, and it was a miracle that Clark did not wake up.

Michelle staggered to her feet and grabbed the lit candle that was sitting on the dresser. Beneath the candle, there was a tablecloth, and she grabbed that too.

Meanwhile, Crystal had just finished drying her hair, and as soon as she turned off the hairdryer, she heard what was going on between Nancy and Michelle. She barged into the bedroom, and Michelle was so startled that she tipped the candle, causing the hot wax to spill all over her thighs.

Michelle screamed as her body caught fire.

Nancy was scared. She watched as the tablecloth caught fire, but her mind had gone blank, and she did not know what to do. Fortunately, Crystal knew what to do. She ran into the bathroom, filled a pitcher with water, and dumped it over Michelle. It was her bathwater, and there was still foam floating on the surface. In retrospect, Crystal wished that she had poured scalding hot water on Michelle, but now it was too late - The fire was out.

Michelle sat, flustered, on the ground. Her nightgown was made from silk. Now there was a big burnt hole in it, and her wounded private parts could clearly be seen.

What a coquettish woman - thought Crystal - How can she walk around without wearing any underwear? I wonder what Eric would think if he saw her like this.

Michelle had choked on some of the water, and once she got her coughing under control, she wiped the water off her face. "Where did you get this water?" she asked. "It tastes like ass."

It was my bathwater," Crystal replied. "Aren't you going to thank me for saving your life?"

Michelle was so disgusted that she vomited all over herself. Crystal began to laugh, and once Michelle was done being sick, she said, "What the fuck is so funny?"

"You are." Crystal pointed to her head and said, "You burnt your hair!"

Michelle ran her fingers through her hair, and as she did this, her face turned white. There was a moment of silence, and then Crystal turned to Nancy and asked what was going on.

"She pounced on me," Nancy explained, "But her plan backfired on her."

"Your face is red and swollen. Did she slap you?"

Nancy nodded but said nothing.

Damn it! Thought Crystal - What a scheming bitch! She pretended to be generous and decent in front of Paul at dinner but intruded into Nancy's room to beat her? She was furious. She pointed at Michelle and shouted, "What's wrong with you? It's past midnight. Why aren't you sleeping? Are you asking for trouble? If so, I am warning you. If you dare bully Nancy and Clark again, you will get what is coming to you!"

Michelle glared at Crystal, and she was about to speak. Before she could, though, Crystal kicked her.

Michelle squealed and shied away from Crystal.

Crystal smirked. "What are you waiting for? Leave! Or do I need to drain my bathwater down your throat?"

Suddenly, Michelle jumped up. She grabbed the candle and sprang at Crystal. The candlestick was made of copper, and she brandished it menacingly over her head as she charged. Crystal was not caught off guard, though. She stepped aside, stuck her leg out, and tripped the other woman.

Michelle fell flat on her face, and when she tried to get up, Crystal pushed her back down with her foot.

"What is your problem?" asked Crystal. "I saved your life, but you want to kill me?"

Nancy grabbed Crystal's arm and said, "Be careful. You are going to get us into trouble."

"Why?" Crystal pressed down on Michelle's back and said, "We have a right to defend ourselves."

"I'm afraid that Paul might not see it that way..."

Just then, Clark sat up, rubbed his eyes, and called for his Mommy.

When Michelle heard his voice, she chuckled and said, "You had better let me go.. The health of that boy rests on how you treat me from now on."

Chapter 1725 - 243: Do You Think I Want To See You?

When Nancy heard Michelle's threat, she turned to Crystal and said, "Let her go."

Crystal nodded and took her foot off Michelle's back. Then Nancy rushed to Clark's side. She was terrified of what Michelle might do to her son.

Michelle used the night table to help herself stand, and once she was on her feet, she glared at Crystal. "This is not over," she promised. "Not by a long shot."

Before Crystal could respond to this veiled threat, a servant stepped into the room. When she saw Michelle, her eyes lit up. "Miss Michelle!" she exclaimed. "I finally found you! I am so happy! My Master has been looking for..." As the servant was speaking, she noticed the mess, and the rest of her sentence caught in her throat. She looked at Michelle. "Wh-Wh What h-happened to you?" she stammered.

Crystal sneered and said, "She was sleepwalking when she walked into our room. She accidentally hit the candle on the dresser. It tipped over, and it started a fire."

"Luckily, Crystal was there," Nancy continued. "She came to the rescue and put out the fire. She is a hero! If she had not been here, the whole house might have burnt to the ground. I am glad that you are here, though. Please help her back to her room so that she can get some rest."

The servant hurried to Michelle's side and helped her out of the room.

Once she was gone, Nancy let out a long, relieved sigh. Then she turned to Crystal and said, "Things can't go on like this. When Michelle tells Paul about what happened, shit is going to hit the fan. We need to move out of this house as soon as possible! What do you think?"

Crystal frowned and asked, "Why are you so afraid of her?"

"I know her well," Nancy replied. "She is certain to make things worse, and if Paul comes to me, he will not let me and Clark go. If we are going to leave, now is the time."

"But you didn't do anything wrong..."

"It doesn't matter. Michelle will lie to make herself look better, and Paul will believe her. Then he will force me to confess to crimes that I did not commit, and he will punish me - and likely assault me. I don't want to go through that again."

"You're not thinking straight." Crystal seized Nancy's wrist and said, "What about Clark?"

Only then did Nancy think about Clark. She gave him a squeeze and kissed him on the forehead. "I cannot leave without him," she replied.

"And you cannot leave with him. Not now." Crystal explained that Paul would sic the law on her if she did, and then she would never see her son again. She said, "Running away is not the solution. You have to face this problem and find a real-legal solution."

"But..."

"Nancy, listen to me. You should face your problems without fear. If we leave, Paul will win. Do you understand?"

Nancy thought about it for a moment, and then she nodded. "So, what do we do?" she asked.

"Just hold on for a few days. After the wedding ceremony, Eric will fulfill his promise and take us away. It may be hard to wait, especially if Paul decides to hurt you, but you can manage. You have done it before. You are stronger than you realize."

Just then, the servant returned. Crystal looked up and asked, "What do you want?"

"Paul wants to see Nancy," the servant replied.

Nancy's heart sank. As she had expected, Michelle had gone straight to Paul, and most likely with a basket full of lies. After a moment's consideration, she said, "I'm not going. Just tell him I'm asleep."

The servant frowned and said, "He isn't going to like your reply."

Nancy shrugged, and the servant went away. Moments later, though, Paul barged up the stairs. Before he reached the landing, though, Nancy shut and locked the door. She could tell that he was angry, and she did not know if she could face him again.

Once Paul reached the door, he pounded on the door and shouted for Nancy to let him in. When she refused, he began to repeatedly punch the door, creating a terrifying cadence that did not stop until the skin over his knuckles had split, leaving blood splattered all over the place.

Nancy hugged Clark in her arms and covered his ears. "Please, leave," she cried. "I'm already in bed. I just want to go to sleep."

Crystal stepped forward and said, "If you are here about what happened with Michelle, we can explain. Michelle provoked everything. She attacked Nancy, and she accidentally started a fire. I put out the fire. None of this was Nancy's fault or mine."

"Get out here!" Paul roared.

"We're not leaving this room," Crystal replied. "We didn't do anything wrong."

"This is your last chance!" Paul exclaimed. "Get the fuck out of this room!"

"You are being played for a fool," Nancy interrupted. "Michelle is up to her old tricks again. The child she was carrying was not even yours. She admitted it to me just now. If you do not believe me, then I have nothing more to say. Just forget that I said anything at all... And go away."

Paul clenched and unclenched his fists at his sides. "How dare you talk to me like that?" he growled. "You cannot even look me in the eyes. That is how guilty you are!"

"It has nothing to do with guilt," Nancy explained. "The problem is that your face makes me want to puke."

Paul was angrier than he had ever been in his life. He thought - How dare this woman make Michelle have a miscarriage? Now she has burnt Michelle's hair! What will she do next?!?!

"Do you think I want to see you?" Paul shouted. "You are such a stupid woman!"

Nancy smiled and said, "If that is true - and I hope that it is then when the wedding is over, there is no reason for us ever to see each other again, and you can have your Happily Ever After with Michelle! I think you are the perfect match for each other, especially since you are willing to raise another man's child!"

"Nancy Carter!" The tone in Paul's voice was terrifying. "I am warning you for the last time. Open the goddamn door!"

Crystal chuckled. "And what if she doesn't? she asked. "Are you going to huff and puff and blow the door down?" Almost as soon as she finished taunting him, he began to rage, and as he began to kick at the door, her face turned white.

I think I have gone too far this time - Crystal realized, and her whole body began to tremble from fear.

Chapter 1726 - 244: I Am Telling The Truth

Paul shouted obscenities as he kicked at the door. "You are going to pay for what you said," he roared. He was strong, and the thin wood could only resist him for so long. Eventually, it began to splinter, and his foot appeared in the bedroom.

When Clark saw the wood splinter inward, he began to cry, and he pressed his face into his mother's neck. Nancy looked to Crystal, shook her head, and smiled bitterly. "See? I told you. He won't believe me. He would rather believe that woman."

Crystal shook her head. Until that moment, she had not fully understood what a bastard Paul really was.

The next kick was the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back. The door burst open, and Paul rushed in. His eyes were red from anger, and when he turned to Nancy, Crystal could see that he had murder on his mind.

Crystal immediately stepped in front of Paul. She spread her arms to protect Nancy and Clark, but Paul grabbed her and threw her across the room.

Nancy cried out for her friend. Then she set down her son and ran over to see if she was alright. Before she could take more than a couple of steps, though, Paul grabbed her hair and yanked her backward. Nancy shrieked, but Paul paid her no mind. "You're getting bolder," he growled. "How do you think I should punish you?" His eyes were bloodshot and filled with fury.

"You have no right to punish me!" Nancy argued.

"How dare you talk back to me?" Paul hissed.

When Paul had his back turned, Crystal picked up a vase from the dresser and tried to smash it over his head. Paul saw her in the mirror, though, and he backhanded her without even having to turn and face her. Instead, the vase flew across the room and smashed against the wall. Crystal swooned and fell to the ground.

Paul picked Nancy up and carried her over his shoulders. He had a horrible sneer on his face. Nancy had tears streaming down her face. "Let go of me," she cried. "I didn't do anything to anyone..."

Nancy struggled desperately. She punched, kicked, and bit him, but none of it helped.

Clark crawled over to Paul, and he clasped his leg in an attempt to stop him from hurting his mother. Paul was not bothered, though. He shook the boy off as if she were nothing. He hauled Nancy out of the room, and as he passed through the door, he ordered his servants to keep an eye on Crystal and Clark and to not let them out of the room. Then he carried Nancy into his bedroom.

Michelle was lying on her and Paul's bed, and a servant was applying medicine to the wounds on her private parts and massaging them for her. The burnt hair on her head had already been trimmed. She had lost half of her hair, and her head felt lighter. There were a few scalds on her arms and legs that the hot wax had caused. They were a little bit red, but they did not seem too serious.

Michelle looked up when Paul came in, and she was dismayed to see that he had Nancy with him.

Paul ruthlessly threw Nancy on the ground by the bed. The floor was covered by a thick carpet, but she had been thrown from a height of almost two meters, so it did little to break her fall.

Michelle got up and stood at akimbo. She glared at Nancy and then at Paul. "What the fuck is this?"

Paul smiled, ran his fingers through her hair, and said, "Baby girl, I brought her for you.

Don't you want to vent your anger?"

Michelle returned the smile and waved her away. "Just forget it," she said. "Luckily, I'm not seriously injured. She may go."

When Nancy heard this, she was speechless. She thought, Is this woman the same person that slapped me and pulled my hair? Where is her momentum now? This must be a part of the Good Girl act that she invented

"Let her go," Michelle continued. "I don't think she pushed me on purpose, and the fire was an accident."

Paul glanced at Nancy with cold eyes and said, "She said that you slapped her, though, and that you were responsible for the fire...."

Michelle looked incredibly surprised. "Really? She said that?" She lowered her head, sighed, and said, "Whatever. It is water under the bridge. It doesn't matter who is right or who is wrong."

Paul rolled his eyes and said, "I don't know what's gotten into you, but of course it matters! This is my home, and I will not permit anyone to bully you while you are under my roof. Besides, this woman is a hopeless liar. If I don't teach her a lesson, I can't imagine what she will do next time."

Michelle shook her head. "Just don't go too far, okay. She is still the mother of your child."

"She may have given birth to a child, but she is no mother. This bitch has a wicked heart!"

Michelle sighed and said, "Fine. You are right. What do you want to do to her?"

Paul turned to Nancy and snarled. "Michelle is kind, but that doesn't mean that I will let you off."

"Kind?" Nancy scoffed. "She wants me to die!"

Paul's face turned red, and he spat on Nancy. "You need to give up this victim act. It is ugly. She did not say anything bad about you. She actually wants to show you mercy, so what is your problem? Maybe, if you had been a little bit kind to her, I would be willing to show you mercy. There is no way I will, though. Not now."

Nancy laughed and said, "You know nothing. Ask the servant about what happened. She saw everything!"

"The servant did not see what happened," Michelle interrupted. "By the time she arrived, I was already lying on the ground."

Paul turned to Nancy and said, "Enough with the lies. This has to end, okay!"

"I am telling the truth!" Nancy cried.

"Humph!" Paul pinched her chin.

"Didn't you say that she slapped you in the face?"

"She did!" Nancy exclaimed. "You can see her handprints on my face!"

"Enough with the lies, I said! Didn't I say that?!?!" Paul lifted his arm, showed her the back of his hand, and said, "How about I turn your lie into a fact?"

Chapter 1727 - 245: What If I Fail?

Before Paul could hit Nancy, Michelle intervened. "Stop!" she cried.

Paul's hand froze, and he turned to look at Michelle. "Why shouldn't I punish her?" he asked.

"Even if she is guilty, spare her for the sake of your son." She smiled. "Just let her go. Ask her to move out. I don't want to see her again."

When Nancy heard that, she began to panic. She thought - If he kicks me out, what will become of Clark?

"Alright," Paul grunted. "It was a mistake to let her come back. I can see that now."

Nancy sighed and said, "Thank you! If you let me, I'll go right now!"

"Go then," Michelle said.

Nancy grunted as she got up, but Paul ordered her to stop as she made her way towards the door. Nancy froze. "You said that I could leave..." she said. "So, what gives?"

"I didn't say that you could go, now," Paul replied. "You still need to be punished!"

"What are you going to do to me?" Nancy's lower lip quivered, and she said, "It feels like you aren't going to stop until you've killed me..."

Paul laughed and said, "That's funny. Until you said that, I'd forgotten that you are afraid of dying."

"I was." Nancy glared at him. "But I'm not anymore. Thanks to you, I now know that there are worse things than dying."

Paul turned to Michelle and said, "We have to teach her one last lesson. What do you think we should do?"

"Can she paint a picture?" Michelle suggested.

"You want her to paint? That's it?" Paul scowled and said, "You are too kind. She is always bullying you. She deserves severe punishment. Do you want to break her fingers, maybe? And then make her paint?"

"I just want her to paint a picture," Michelle said. "Every time I pick up a pencil or paintbrush, I get a headache. Concentration is hard, painting is not easy, and headaches hurt a lot."

Paul raised his eyebrows and said, "That may be so, but as a punishment, it is too light."

"Is it?" Michelle's smile turned into a shark-like Cheshire grin. "Let me show you what I mean." She turned to Nancy, crooked her finger, and said, "Come forward."

Paul suddenly realized what Michelle had in mind. "Are you sure that this is what you want?" he asked.

"I just want her to know who you belong to," Michelle replied. "Then she will give up on you. If she still has expectations and fantasies about you, she will not marry Noah, and that will ruin her life. She is still young. She deserves a better future. Right?"

"Why are you still so considerate of her? She treated you extremely badly. You are obviously a better person than I am."

"You can say that again." Michelle chuckled. "We are both women, though. I understand her, and I feel pity for her."

"Well, she is pitiful." Paul smiled, touched Michelle's nose, and said, "Fine. Have it your way."

Nancy was still unhappy about being punished, but she felt better now that Michelle had taken over the task. After all, she would rather paint a picture than be beaten or assaulted by Paul - as was his way. She looked nervously in his direction and thought -? Stay cool, Nancy. He may be calm now, but if you step out of line, he will be on you like an owl on a field mouse.

Paul saw the look of fear on her face, and he chuckled. He looked at the door and said, "You want to run, don't you? But do you have the guts to run? That is the question. I don't think you do."

Nancy did not answer him. She did not even look him in the eyes.

"Why don't you talk?" He smacked her across the back of her head. "Where is that sharp tongue of yours, now?"

"It takes a big man to hit a helpless woman..." Nancy muttered.

"You'll soon find out what kind of a man I am," Paul sneered.

Nancy was not stupid. She quickly guessed what punishment Michelle was proposing, and it did not involve painting a picture. Just the thought of it made her face turn white, and she felt as if she was going to be sick.

Nancy felt stupid for being so naive. When she had been married to Paul, he had made her watch while he fucked Michelle. Now, it seemed that Michelle wanted her to watch for old time's sake one last time. Like before, she would not be allowed to look away or close her eyes.

Michelle had seemed reluctant to punish Nancy, but the fact that this had been her idea showed that, between her and Paul, she was the most vicious. Nancy had to admire the other woman's skill as an actor and as a master manipulator. She looked at her and smiled bitterly.

Paul picked up the phone, and Nancy frowned when he asked a servant to bring in a drawing board, papers, and paint. Did I misread the situation? - She wondered - If so, I was off by more than a mile!

Once everything was set up, Paul turned to Nancy, and in a cold voice, he said, "You can sketch, or you can paint in watercolor. Do whatever you are good at. You can't leave until you have created something that meets our standards."

"What if I fail?" Nancy wondered.

"Then you will try again. I don't care if it takes you all week, so long as you don't stop." "What if I can't paint well all night?"

"Then go on painting tomorrow; then the next day and the day after that. You will keep at it until you are finished, and we are satisfied." Nancy squinted her eyes and said, "You won't get away with this."

"Oh." Paul smiled playfully. "The "Curse of Nancy." - I am practically shaking in my boots... Not!!!!

"If God doesn't punish you, then I will retaliate against you."

"That's funny. How, pray tell, would you get even with me? Tell me, eh?"

"The cruelest revenge is not hatred. It is indifference. I no longer have any feelings for you. You are nothing to me. If you died today, I would not even waste my time spitting on your grave. And no matter what you do, you can't hurt me; not anymore, because my heart is dead!"

When Paul heard what Nancy had to say to him, he was surprised by the way her words hurt his heart.. He frowned and, without thinking, took off all his clothes.

Chapter 1728 - 246: How Shameless

Paul was a musclebound hunk, and Nancy and Michelle were both surprised to see him taking off his clothes. Certainly, neither of them expected that he would throw his underwear over Nancy's head.

How shameless! - Nancy thought - How dirty! She closed her eyes and pulled his underwear over her head. Once she could see again, she saw that Paul had positioned himself on the bed, and he was snapping his fingers.

The servants that had been massaging Michelle's genitals retreated. She climbed on the bed, sat on Paul's chest, turned to Nancy, and said, "Well, get to it!" She sneered. "Let us see if you are as good of an artist as you claim to be..."

Only now did Nancy understand the full extent of the punishment. She frowned as she chose a pencil, and she began to sketch a likeness of Michelle and Paul.

Paul smirked and said, "When you're done, let me inspect it."

Unlike Paul's treatment of Nancy, he treated Michelle with gentle indulgence. He kissed her hair, forehead, nose, and all the way down to her toes. Finally, he asked her if she was ready.

"I like it when you kiss me," Michelle replied. "Kiss me a little longer. "

Paul smiled, and as he kissed her, he began to touch her body. They seemed to have completely forgotten that they were not alone.

Suddenly, Paul shouted, "Lookout, Michelle! I'm comin' in..." He tore off her panties, and she cried out in pain as he forced himself inside her. "It hurts..." she wailed.

Nancy's hand shook as she drew. She took a deep breath and tried to ignore Michelle's pain. She hated the other woman, but she had been in her position and did not think anyone deserved this kind of treatment.

"Does it hurt, baby?" Paul finally slowed down and said, "I'm sorry, I was so rude just now..."

"It doesn't matter." Michelle stroked his face lovingly and said, "Just get it over with."

"You are a man. You have needs. I understand."

Nancy's sweat was dripping onto the paper. She gripped her pencil, and as it snapped in two, she thought - Paul, I hate you!

"Oh, Paul," Michelle moaned seductively. "I love you so much." As he fucked her, she ran her nails down his back.

Paul gasped. "Baby, I love you, too."

"I'm finished!" Nancy announced. But it was the wrong time, and she was so loud that Paul almost ejaculated.

"Do you want to die?" Paul grabbed her chin and squeezed it. "Because that is what is going to happen to you if you keep shouting like that!"

"You were so into it that I was afraid you wouldn't hear me."

Nancy picked up her drawing and said, "I've finished the painting. Mr. Burnett, please check it." She felt humiliated. She felt like a schoolgirl turning in a late assignment to a preoccupied teacher.

Paul was slightly annoyed by Nancy's announcement, and he did not stop fucking Michelle. "Can't you see that I'm busy?" he growled. "Give it to me!"

Nancy stood up and handed him the picture, but he just took one look at it and dismissed it. "Try again," he said. Then he crumpled up the paper and threw it away.

"Why? What was wrong with it?"

"It wasn't good enough. It should be picture perfect!"

Tears welled up in Nancy's eyes, and she said, "I am doing my best. It would help if you were more cooperative..."

Paul froze mid-thrust, sighed, and said, "What do you need from us?"

"You could stay still while I draw?" Nancy suggested.

Paul put Michelle's leg over his shoulder, giving Nancy a clear view of their genitals and Michelle's sweaty breasts. "How's this?" he asked. He smiled, and as his eyes lit up, he slowly pushed himself inside her.

This was more than Nancy could handle. Suddenly, she felt the contents of her stomach begin to come upon her. She sprinted to the bathroom, went down on her knees, pushed the toilet seat up, and vomited. Then, when she was done, she stood up and looked in the mirror. "How did things get this far?" she muttered. Her face was pale, and there was a chunk of vomit on her chin.

Nancy turned on the tap, ran the water as hot as she could, and washed her face. Some of the colors returned to her cheeks, but she felt no better. She looked herself in the eyes, and she began to cry. Why am I letting him get to me? - she wondered - It is just a picture...

Up until her wedding day, Nancy had not known anything about sex. Before she went to her wedding bed, though, the servants had shown her some porn. After that, she had thought she was prepared, but the things Paul had done to her were nothing like what she had seen in those movies. She supposed that she had PTSD from having sex with Paul. If that were the case, it made sense that this would trigger her.

Nancy did not want to be pushed around anymore, but she did not know what to do. She waited for as long as she possibly could, and then she returned to the bedroom. Paul and Michelle were still going at it, but he looked up as she entered. He said, "Our time is limited. If you do not get this right tonight, you will have to try again tomorrow."

Nancy glared at him. "I'm sure I can do it tonight," she said. "Or are you not as virile as you used to be?" When he did not reply, she calmly returned to the easel, picked up a pen, and adjusted the Angle. As she began to draw, she directed the lovers. She said, "Michelle, raise your hand, please. Yes, hold it there.

"Paul put your right hand on her left breast and try to show some enthusiasm if you can."

As Nancy painted, she tried to focus on the mechanical task while distracting herself with other thoughts. She had come from a good family, and although she was not a rich girl, she was the apple of her parent's eyes. When she was a child, she studied hard in the hopes that she would marry a good man one day. It had all come to naught, though, and her talents were being wasted.

Nancy drew very carefully. She readjusted Paul and Michelle's bodies from time to time, and the more she interfered in their act, the less passionate it became. Eventually, Paul became aware that the painting was affecting his stamina, and as hard as he tried to get it back, he could not.

Michelle ran her hands through his sweaty hair, raised her body to kiss his ear, and said, "Paul, are you alright?" His ear was the most sensitive spot on his body, and he froze when her lips touched his skin.

Chapter 1729 - 247: Are You Tired?

Michelle frowned. She had kissed Paul's most sensitive place, but even that failed to arouse his interest or desire. He seemed to be weak, suddenly, and she could feel him going soft inside her. She did not want to give up, though. "Are you too tired?" she asked. "Do you want me on top?"

Paul scowled and said, "Hush your face." He was impatient to finish before he went completely limp. He covered her face with his hand, thrust into her a few times as hard as he could, and as he came, he cursed her name. "That was your fault," he muttered as he rolled off her.

Michelle began to whimper. "Paul?" she cried. "What's the matter with you today? What did I do wrong?"

"Never mind." Paul rolled over slowly and turned to face the wall.

Meanwhile, Nancy had finished, not one, but more than a dozen drawings. Finally, she stood up and said, "I'm done. Do you want to have a look? I carefully painted every pose, and I am confident that you will be pleased."

Paul rolled over, took the drawings from Nancy, and as he casually looked them over, he thought - These are actually very good. He was amazed.

Nancy watched nervously as Paul looked over her drawings. Then, after what seemed forever, he finally looked up. "Who told you to draw so many pictures?" he asked.

"No one did," Nancy replied. "With so many to choose from, though, you are sure to find at least one that you like."

"Let me see," Michelle said. She hugged Paul from behind and rested her chin on his shoulder. She looked at the pictures and sighed. She had requested them to upset Nancy. Now that she had achieved her goal, the pictures meant very little to her. Paul, on the other hand, was not so easily appeased. He tore up the papers and threw them in Nancy's face.

"Why did you do that?" asked Nancy. "Were you not satisfied? If not, I will paint for you again tomorrow, or the day after, or any other day. I'll draw as many pictures as you want... Provided you can keep up with me, I am at your service." Her tone was remarkably calm, and it infuriated Paul. He could tell that she'd found an inner reserve of strength and that no matter how many pictures he forced her to draw, he wouldn't break her.

Paul glared at Nancy and gnashed his teeth. It was evident that he wanted to tear her to pieces.

"Nancy!" he growled. "You slut!"

"How am I a slut?" Nancy smirked and said, "I didn't do anything. Have you mistaken me for your mistress?"

"Hardly!" Paul's face turned red from anger. "What we did was natural, but what you drew was the kind of smut that only a slut could produce!"

When Nancy heard that, she began to chuckle. "Are you kidding me?" she laughed. "Not only did you commission those pieces, but you forced me to do them!"

"Do you do everything that you're told to do?" Paul asked. "Would you kill someone if I asked you to? You don't have any principles!" he said self-righteously. "Do you get turned on by watching us? Is that why you seem so unfazed?" As he spoke, he reached out to grab her by the jaw.

Nancy stepped back to avoid his hand. "You are all over the place," she said. "First, you touch Michelle, and now you want to touch me? What gives?" She looked at him with disdain, and his eyes lost their luster. His heart seemed to be blocked by something.

She thinks I am a piece of shit - Paul realized - Damn woman!

Nancy smirked and said, "I have done the painting according to your request. Can I leave now?"

Michelle noticed suddenly that Paul's odor had changed. They had known each other since they were children, and she had always been able to read him, but today was different. She did not know why Paul was unhappy, and she could not guess where his anger came from. This scared her. She thought for a moment, and then she began to rub his back. She kissed his shoulders and said, "Let her go. This is getting old..."

Paul did not say anything, so Michelle nodded to Nancy and said, "You can go now."

Nancy was thrilled. She turned to leave, but Paul grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back in before she reached the door. "Don't touch me!" she squealed. She shook her head back and forth, struggled against him, and called him a dirty pig.

Paul was momentarily caught off guard. He had not expected her to act this way, and he nearly lost his grip on her. "How dare you call me a dirty pig?" he growled. "Stupid woman! You're courting death."

"I am not," Nancy argued. "I just want you to let me go. Besides, I am just calling a spade a spade. What kind of a man forces their wife to watch them fuck their mistress? Only a dirty pig would do that!"

"How dare you talk to me like that?" Paul shouted. He was about to lose his temper when he suddenly felt something wet on his shoulders. He turned and saw that Michelle was crying. He frowned, and his anger slipped away. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Don't you love me anymore...?" Michelle asked.

Paul wondered why she had asked this question. He let go of Nancy's arm so that he could give Michelle his full attention.

"... Maybe you love me less than you used to?" Michelle suggested. "Is that it? You said that you would love me no matter what happened and that no matter who I liked, you would only love me... So, what happened?"

Paul gently wiped away Michelle's tears. He looked her in the eyes, kissed her on the lips, but remained silent.

Michelle frowned and said, "I want you to answer me."

"I did say those things," Paul admitted, "and I meant them. So, what is this all about?"

"You must choose between her and me," Michelle replied.

Paul smiled, Boop'd! Her nose, and said, "Silly girl. How can you compare yourself to her? She doesn't deserve to be compared to you, so don't put yourself down. Do you. understand?"

"But..."

"In my eyes, you will always be a unique rarity." He turned to Nancy and said, "What are you waiting for? Get the fuck out of our room!"

Nancy looked at the door nervously. Every time she had been told that she could leave, it had been a cruel trick, and she was tired of being made to look like a fool.

"Go on," Paul growled. "Scat!"

Chapter 1730 - 248: Her Inner Strength

Nancy took a deep breath, turned, and ran out of the room. She took the stairs two at a time, and she did not begin to slow down until she was free of the house.

Once she reached the road, she stopped to catch her breath. She looked around and found that everything seemed surreal. A cool wind blew through her nightgown, and her skin broke out in gooseflesh. A moment passed, and she realized that her feet hurt. She had left the house without putting on her shoes.

Nancy turned left, and she followed the sidewalk until she could walk no further. There was a park nearby, and she hunkered down beneath a tree. "What a fool I have been," she muttered to herself. "Why do I have such bad taste in men?" She blamed herself for everything that had happened to her. "At least I am finally free..."

Despite everything that had happened, Nancy felt confident about her inner strength for the first time in her life. She was not even crying anymore, and she had not cried since she'd left the bathroom. She was no longer the fool that she used to be. Never again would she cry in a corner. If she got in trouble again, she would face the danger and find her way through it!

Suddenly, Nancy heard footsteps coming towards her, and she tried to make herself as small as possible. Inch by inch, her confidence slipped away. Given her present state, she would make the perfect victim. She was tired and weak.

The dark figure of a man passed through the park. When he was about ten meters away from her, he stopped, looked around, spotted her, and walked over to where she was hiding. However, it was not until he was approximately two meters away that she realized who it was.

Nancy looked up and said, "Why are you! here?"

Noah smiled. "I have your medication. I saw you walking down the street in your pajamas. I was worried, so I followed you." He took off his coat, put it on her shoulders, and said, "Here. You're cold." Then he leaned forward and tried to pick her up.

Nancy pushed him away and said, "No. I can do it by myself." She no longer wanted to have to depend on anyone - let alone any man. Instead, she wanted to be able to stand on her own two feet.

Noah saw Nancy's determination, and he did not insist on helping her. But when she saw her bare feet, his eyes went wide, and he asked her, "Where are your shoes?"

Nancy scratched her head in embarrassment. "Errrr... I was in such a hurry that I forgot to put my shoes on."

Noah rubbed her head. "Why were you in such a rush? Was there a monster after you?"

Nancy chuckled and said, "You might say that."

"Do you need to cry?" Noah gave her a concerned look and said, "We are alone. You can cry if you want to."

"Why should I cry?" Nancy shook her head and said, "I'm not sad at all. Don't worry about me. I'm fine.

"If you want to cry..."

Nancy laughed and said, "Give it a rest already. You are starting to sound like a broken record!"

Paul was standing on the balcony. He was holding a glass of wine in one hand. His other hand held the rail as he looked out into the night. It was dark, but he had eyes like a cheetah. Nothing got past him. He watched with interest as Nancy fled the building, and he saw Noah trailing behind her.

The rail was shaking slightly, and it took a moment for him to realize that it was his hand that was shaking. He gripped the wood with all his strength, took three deep breaths, and the shaking stopped. One of his bodyguards was with him. "Did you see the man that followed Nancy?" Paul asked.

The bodyguard nodded. "I did, Sir."

"Follow him."

The bodyguard nodded again, and he left without a word. As soon as he was gone, Michelle joined Paul. She had an unhappy look on her face. She said, "You want her. You may as well admit it..."

"You worry too much."

"Then why the interest in her? You two are divorced. It is none of your business what she does or who she does it with. I am not wrong, and you know it. So, please answer my question. Why do you care so much?"

Paul sighed. He noticed that the rail was shaking again. This time, he could not stop it, so he put his hands in his pockets. She was right, and he knew it.

She touched his arm and said, "Paul, I am afraid that you are going to leave me. Should I be?"

Paul turned and stared at her. "I love you. You are my everything."

Michelle buried her head in his chest. She had gotten pregnant with another man, but Paul had never given up on her. On the contrary, he always cared for her. He promised that if the fetus came to term, he would regard it as his own, and he would love it, care for it, and give it everything. Paul had even divorced Nancy for her. She wondered, though, if he regretted doing that?

"Isn't what I've done enough to prove that I love you?" Paul asked.

Michelle snatched the wine from his hand and took a sip. Then she leaned over and spat the wine into his mouth. He kissed her, but when she took his member into her hand, it did not respond. She sighed. Her wet core was drenched, and an idea occurred to her. She took his hand and used it to touch herself. "You see how much I love you," she said. As she slipped his fingers inside of her, though, he froze, and he sprayed her in the face with the wine.

"But you don't love me..." Michelle began to cry.

Paul wiped away her tears. "You are so mistaken," he said. He smiled, took her legs, wrapped them around his waist, and carried her into the room.. "I will show you how much I love you."

Chapter 1731 - 249: How Dare She

Noah took a hot drink out of the vending machine and handed it to Nancy. She had his jacket over her shoulders and his shoes on her feet. She looked incredibly silly.

They had been sitting on a bench for the better part of the night, and as the sky began to lighten, she said, "The sun will be up soon.

If Noah had not come after her, she would have been alone all night, and without the shoes and jacket, she might have frozen to death. Luckily, Noah was wearing a warm sweater, and his socks were extra thick.

Noah smiled and said, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?"

"A hotel. You can have a rest. When you wake up, I will tell Miss Smith to pick you up."

Nancy did not expect that would be so thoughtful. She wanted to thank him, but she had thanked him a million times already. "Alright," was all she could think to say, and when he offered her his hand, she took it, and she allowed him to lead her to the hotel.

A black RV was lurking around the corner from a cathedral. Vic was sitting in the driver's seat, and Nathan was sitting beside him. Nathan coughed, and Vic frowned. He said, "You haven't eaten for days, Sir. The doctor said that your stomach is in bad condition. You need to take your medicine!"

Nathan coughed again. He was in rough shape. Vic had been with him for many years, and this was the first time that he had seen him looking so haggard.

The car was parked in a secluded place, where they could see the movement of the partitioners. "Are you sure that this is where Eric and Crystal are to be married?" Nathan asked. His heart ached at the thought of her marrying another man.

Vic nodded. "So says the internet."

"How dare she!" Nathan hissed.

"I don't like it any more than you do," Vic muttered.

Crystal began to scream with one hand covering her eyes, forcing her head down, and another pursued the elastic on her panties. She began to writhe in agony as cold fingers slipped beneath the fabric. They passed through her pubic hair like a medium-toothed comb, and then they applied pressure to her vulva.

Invisible lips kissed her, and a familiar tongue forced its way into her mouth. It's Nathan! - she realized, and she was horrified. "Did you miss me?" He chuckled and said, "I think about you all the time. You are mine. You can run, but you cannot hide. I will always find you!"

Nathan bit into her shoulder, and Crystal's eyes snapped open.

It had all been a dream. Clark was snuggled against her. She had been having these dreams recently, but that is all that they were dreams. She was safe, and Nathan had no idea she was here.

Crystal was stroking Clark's sleeping face with the back of her hand when, without warning, a bodyguard pushed open the door and rushed in. "What do you want?" she shouted. She looked around and was unsettled by the fact that Nancy was nowhere to be seen.

Clark sat up, and the bodyguard grabbed him. Crystal reached out to stop him, but he pushed her away. The boy began to cry for his Mommy, but his tears did not seem to faze the large man.

"Please..." Crystal begged.

The bodyguard sighed and said, "I am only doing my job. If you do not like it, then take it up with Mr. Burnett."

"Where is Nancy?" she demanded.

"I don't know."

Crystal followed the bodyguard to the master bedroom. He opened the door, carried Clark inside, and shut it behind him. She began to knock, but two other guards appeared, and they drove her away.

"What is this about," she asked as they shoved her.

The smaller of the two thought for a moment, and then he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Smith. Our young master is still resting. This is not a good time. He wants some alone time with his son. I am sure you understand."

Crystal frowned. She did not know what to do, so for a while, she just stood there. It was not long before the next door opened, and Eric walked out. "Why are you awake so early?" he asked. "Why don't you go back to bed?"

"Never mind that," Crystal replied. "Did you hear anything last night?"

Eric chuckled and said, "I heard a lover's quarrel. I would not mention it, though. Paul can get rather pissy when people stick their nose in his business."

Crystal scowled and said, "If that Rat, Burnett, did something to my friend, then it's my business. Don't you think so?"

Eric's face turned white, and he was momentarily speechless.

"Anyway," Crystal continued. "Your response doesn't surprise me. After all, that rat is your friend!"

"If you call him a rat, I can only imagine what you call me behind my back," Eric muttered.

"Do you have to make this about you?" Crystal hissed. "My friend is missing, and I'm quite sure that your friend is responsible."

"Come on." Eric sighed and said, "I know what you're worried about, but Noah took Nancy to a hotel. We can go there now if you'd like."

"Did she move out?" Crystal was confused.

"Did Paul let her leave?"

"I don't know." Eric shrugged and said, "Even if he didn't, eventually, he will have to. Mark my words: Michelle will not tolerate her presence forever."

Crystal nodded, but she was not convinced.

"Don't think about it for now," Eric said.

"Come on. Get dressed quickly. You must be hungry?"

"Alright. I could eat." She turned towards the room she had been sleeping in, but she only made it halfway down the hall when a thought occurred to her. Her face turned white, and she turned back around. "What about Clark?" she asked.

"He's Paul's son. He'll be fine."

"But we don't know if he abused him," she said. There was a fire in her eyes. "I don't trust him any further than I could throw him."

"And you don't need to." Eric chuckled and said, "Rest ease. Children are safe around men, whether they are good or bad. It's the women that you need to watch out for."

Crystal frowned. She was dissatisfied with

Eric's reply, but she let the matter rest. Even if he was wrong, there was nothing that they could do about it.

***"

There were three days till the wedding, and the radio stations were abuzz with gossip. Already, the cathedral had been lavishly decorated. The mystery was: Why had nobody been invited. Apart from the journalists, it looked like it would be a closed affair.

Crystal was surprised that Eric would invite so many reporters, but when she asked him about it, he said, "I want the whole world to see your happiness so that women all over the world may look upon you and admire you." He looked like a prince in his white suit. It matched his tended luxury car, and he had countless bodyguards deployed around it.

There were fireworks set up on both sides, and they would be set off as Crystal and Eric drove past them as the road competed to bloom where the float passed.

Crystal did not know that Eric had secretly invited every person he could think of, including everyone that resided on the island, and since he had promised an open bar, he was sure to get a good turnout.

Chapter 1732 - 250: He Should Be Mine

The day of the wedding finally arrived, and Crystal was feeling very anxious. She had said that she wanted a simple ceremony, but Eric had disregarded her wishes, and all he had to say for himself was, "Surprise!"

"Fuck my life," she muttered, and he had laughed... as if she had been joking. She hadn't been.

On the way to the ceremony, she looked out the window and frowned. There was a helicopter hovering adjacent to the RV, and it was filming her approach. No doubt, it is being streamed online - she thought. "This is too much," she said.

Eric smiled and said, "It's for you. I spared no expense."

The road was lined with guests. From among them, Crystal spotted Nathan, and her face turned white. "What is Nathan doing here?" she cried.

"I invited him," Eric replied. "Since he is your ex-husband, it only seemed right that he should be here to bless your new life with me."

"How could you do this?" Crystal whined. "Why did you do this without consulting me?" She knew that whatever Eric said next would be bullshit. He did this as an open declaration of war.

"Have you forgotten our agreement?" Eric said. "I pamper and spoil you, and you help me get revenge!"

"Revenge?" Crystal glared at him and said, "I never agreed to this!"

Nancy opened the window and looked at the people on the street. Pedestrians were waving to her, and she waved back. She wondered why so many people had come to the wedding. It made no sense to her, but it did not bother her like it did Crystal. She was happy to be the center of attention, if just for one day. Then, suddenly, the helicopter flew towards her.

Paul was watching the event on his phone, and when he saw Nancy, he scowled. He had not gotten a wink of sleep since she left. He felt like his heart had been torn asunder, and he was miserable. "I hate you," he muttered. After today, all over the world, people would know that Nancy was Noah's wife.

Angrily, Paul opened the wardrobe in his room and ran his fingers over his various suits. Finally, he chose one that was light blue and put it on, along with a matching bowtie. Then he looked in the mirror and congratulated himself for how dignified he looked. "Dressed like this," he muttered, "I am sure to steal Noah's thunder."

Michelle came in with a cup of coffee, and when she saw Paul all dressed up and ready to go, she asked him where he was going.

"I'm going to the wedding," he replied.

"What the hell?!?!" Michelle stood at akimbo and said, "Didn't you promise me that you would not go to the wedding?"

Paul sighed and said, "How could I miss his disgrace? I need to be there!"

Michelle frowned. "Whose disgrace?" she wondered.

"Never mind," he replied.

Michelle's brows furrowed. "Paul, what are you going to do?"

"Don't worry. Just be here when I get back." He kissed her on the forehead, picked up his phone, and left. Michelle cursed, and then she called after him: "Paul, you forgot your coffee! You can finish your coffee before you go, can't you?"

She flinched as his car door slammed shut. "That bastard!" She had never been on the receiving end of such indifference.

Paul peeled out of the drive-in his limited edition silver sports car. He gripped the wheel with his left hand and his cell phone in his right. He was still watching the live stream from Nancy's wedding. He pressed down on the gas pedal and ground his teeth together. He was prepared to do whatever it took to ensure that today's event did not go according to plan. He was going to make Nancy pay.

Elsewhere, Nathan was watching the same broadcast. The wind blew through Crystal's hair, and his scowl was nearly the mirror image of Paul's.

The sun beat down on Crystal's face, and as angry as Nathan was, he could not deny that she was beautiful.

When Nathan saw the smile on Crystal's face, he presumed that since she had left him, she had found happiness. Unfortunately, her happiness was the cause of his misery, and ever since she had left him, he had stopped taking care of himself. His face was pale. His hair was too long. It covered his eyes, and he had not shaved in a week.

Why am I even here? -Nathan asked himself. On the morning that he had received the wedding invitation, he had cursed, crumpled it into a ball, thrown it into the bin, and forgotten it. He had tried to forget it, at least.

Vic cleared his throat, and once he knew that he had Nathan's attention, he said, "Master Davis, there are a lot of journalists out there. If you carry off with the bride - "

Nathan raised his hand to interrupt Vic, and then he turned back to the live stream that was playing on his phone.

The church was full of journalists from all over the world, and every move that the bridal party made was being captured, magnified, and transmitted to viewers all over the world.

Joyce didn't bother saying hello. As soon as Cecelia answered the phone, she blurted out, "Have you seen what that bitch, Crystal Smith, is up to?"

"I'm watching the ceremony now," Cecelia replied. "It's on every channel. I cannot believe my eyes. Is Eric Bush really going to marry her?" He should be mine! - she thought bitterly.

She had always had a secret crush on Eric.

Cecelia thought about Eric's evil but intoxicating eyes and the cold but charming smile that always lingered at the corners of his mouth, and her heart ached.

Joyce was nearly as upset as her friend was. As the event played out on the television, she clenched her teeth. If it had not been for Crystal, she would not have become such a joke on the internet and in real life. Once the obscene video had been posted online, she had been condemned by her classmates as well as the public.. Now, instead of paying for what she had done, Crystal was being given every woman's dream wedding.