

The Revived Me Surrounded by Adoration as a Supporting Role by Dedaul Chapter 167 -

Chapter 167 What Is She Doing?

Zoe opened her eyes, not having slept much, around five or six in the morning.

Looking at the slightly bright sky, the curled-up body trembled.

Lying on the iron board, the body began to ache faintly, sleeping for the first time in this situation.

Zoe's discomfort reached an invaluable point.

"Ah... my neck is so sore."

Zoe twisted her neck, picked up her backpack, and intended to' continue walking forward..

Still avoiding the surveillance videos on the busy streets, I continued walking forward in the woods.

She also didn't know where she was going, but an address had already appeared in her mind.

After hesitating for a long time, standing still for a while, I finally took a step forward and decided to walk in that direction.

The sky was always gray and gloomy.

The air was also stuffy.

The damp and stuffy feeling made Zoe, who was already not in good physical condition, start to pant heavily.

"Ah..."

The sticky feeling had crawled up Zoe's body, and she had taken off her coat.

Her sickly pale skin was covered in cold sweat, clinging to her clothes.

That kind of touch made her regret wearing thick clothes today.

Did I look for my sister? Would my sister come to see me?

Did she know that she had come out?

The forest had come to an end, and ahead was the downtown area.

Zoe pulled down her hat and stuck to the edge of the road, whenever there was a small path, she would immediately walk into it.

Not allowing oneself to appear in the surveillance.

Zoe's path became increasingly remote, with more and more alleys appearing, and the buildings becoming older and older.

They were all elderly people's residences, with some old men and women sitting at the door, fanning themselves with palm-leaf fans.

Watching Zoe walking past them with her head down, they stared straight at her back.

"This little girl, why does she look a bit familiar?"

"Eh? That's exactly what I thought too. I always felt like I've seen her somewhere before. Is she the little girl from our neighborhood?"

"It seems like it wasn't."

The old people outside were fanning themselves with palm-leaf fans, watching Zoe's receding figure, murmuring words in their mouths.

"Grandpa! Grandma! I'm here!"

Suddenly, the voice of a young boy, filled with youthfulness, came from the other end of the alley.

Soon after, a series of hurried footsteps could be heard.

"Oh! It's Carlo!"

The face of a young boy with a slightly youthful appearance suddenly appeared in the eyes of this group of old people.

They saw Carlo and immediately forgot about Zoe's matter.

This little boy is Carlo, who filmed variety shows with Valerie over ten years ago.

He was fourteen years old, growing taller and stronger.

With soft curls, rosy cheeks radiating vitality, and sweat covering her entire body, she held a basketball in her hands.

"Grandpa, Grandma, what were you talking about?"

In the distance, Carlo saw his grandfather and grandmother, along with other elderly people, whispering to each other.

He felt quite excited and curious, so he took a step forward and joined them to communicate.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a little girl about your age walked by here a moment ago. She looked quite familiar."

"Sure, but I don't think it's nearby."

"And he walked strangely."

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