

## Widow 185

### Chapter 185

When Kimberly went to the mourning hall, Cyril immediately said, "How long do I have to kneel here?! D\*mn it, I'm like a fool. I've had enough..."

"Cyril!" Kimberly quickly said, "What if the guests hear your words?"

"They've heard it." Cyril sneered. "Anyway, the White family will be mine sooner or later. I'm kneeling here to keep vigil beside Harold's coffin. It's disgusting to think about it."

"That's enough." Kimberly caressed her son's head lovingly and said, "It won't be long. Bear with it. Your father cherishes his reputation. If he finds out, he'll definitely get angry."

"It's been so long. Why hasn't Dad taken over the company yet?" Cyril muttered, "If I were to do it, I would definitely..."

Clint, who was kneeling next to him, suddenly laughed.

Cyril instantly turned to look at him. "What are you laughing at?"

"I remember something from the past." Cyril said, "You're making fun of me! Clint, I've been unhappy with

and said, "Clint, apologize to

a word after that. Cyril still couldn't hold back his anger. He said to Kimberly, "Look at your son. He's always helping others. Those who don't know him will think that he's Harold's

at Clint. "It's not your brother's fault. You've always been on

your father..." If she hadn't been pregnant for

son.

helped Cyril to his feet and said, "There's no one else here. Go

said, "I don't like to drink

was not annoyed and said, "What do you want to eat? I'll

knelt alone in front of the mourning hall,

placed on the sofa by Harold, who wrapped her up like a

again, and the fever seemed

the door and said,

get up when Crystal grabbed his hand. The little girl's soft cheek was pressed against the back of his hand and her voice was soft like a cat's. "Where are you going?" She wasn't awake. She just didn't want Harold to leave, so Harold didn't answer