

Widow 21

Chapter 21

Luke glanced at the gun beside his boss and thinned his lips, not daring to laugh.

A cold-faced King of Hell like Harold looked really funny when he coaxed a little girl. Was it the same when a man coaxed his woman?

Harold still had something to do, so he had to leave after lunch. Before leaving, he pinched Crystal's soft face again. "It's boring to go to the wake and guard my casket. You're allowed to stay home and sleep."

"But if I don't go, Mrs. Freda will scold me again. She may even spank me." Crystal furrowed her lovely eyebrows. "Why are women so fierce?"

"You're also a woman. Isn't it better to be fiercer than her?" Harold poked her forehead with his finger. "Aren't you pretty bold? I heard that you often provoke your grandmother until she faints." Crystal was speechless.

The servant brought Harold's leather gloves. He put them on slowly, which made his fingers look even more slender. He balled and unfolded his fingers a few times with killing intent. It was a pair of hands that could squeeze humans and animals to death, and he just touched Crystal's face with them.

"You don't have to be afraid. I'm the head of the White family. Even if I die, you're still the first lady of the family. You're Mrs. White. No one can't trouble you. Understand?"

Crystal did not seem to understand, but she still nodded, "So, I'm such a powerful figure."

I married you because

like a real brave hostess. "Prepare eight dishes

"..." Harold scoffed, "Sure."

up and saw him off, smiling sweetly.

raised his hand without turning around,

when he reached the corner, he still looked back. Crystal stood in the yard with warm sunshine flowing on her shoulders, giving her the look of

having someone await him. It

three o'clock in the afternoon, more guests came. Listening to Harold, Crystal didn't kneel anymore. The servants

mourning period. Why aren't you

tired. I don't want to

the girl under her breath. "You're the new wife to this White family. This is

her slowly. Delia felt uncomfortable under the other's gaze. "Why,

said slowly, "Who are
her chin. "I'm Mrs.