

Widow 260

Chapter 260

In the White family's old house.

Cyril lay on the bed half dead. After fifty lashes, his skin was all injured. He had grown up being protected well by others. When had he ever suffered this kind of grievance? When he was carried back from the ancestral temple, he held his breath and smashed almost all the things in the room. Only then did the anger in his chest dissipate a little.

Mark walked into the messy room and frowned. "Why hasn't anyone cleaned up?! Are they all dead?" The servants quickly came in to clean up. When Cyril saw Mark, he immediately burst into tears. "Dad!"

Mark sat down on the edge of the bed, and his eyes were filled with heartache. "I just came back and heard that you were punished. How can your grandma be so cruel to you?"

Although Mark had two sons and one daughter, he still favored his eldest son the most. After all, Cyril was the most similar to him.

Cyril shouted, "Harold is her biological grandson, isn't he? She only protects Harold!"

"Keep your voice down!" Mark said, "It's possible that Harold's men are outside."

Cyril gritted his teeth.

had lived in the shadow of Harold since he was a child. Harold's grades were excellent, and he was the last in the

had already

gone out, Mark said in a low voice, "Don't worry. Dad

head. "Dad, what do

do this... As long as I succeed,

"Really?"

course." Mark was full of

man's phone could no longer be connected, his last few words enlightened Mark. People would always have weaknesses. Harold was not a god, and he had his own weaknesses. It was just that he had to find out what

long as he could grasp Harold's

I will definitely avenge you for this family

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