

## Widow 261

### Chapter 261

Crystal said seriously, "That's right! I thought so too. Freud looks tall and strong, but he is so fragile."  
"Crystal." Harold's voice was indifferent. "Do you believe this nonsense yourself?"

"..." Crystal said, "Well, I don't believe it. I just suddenly wanted to eat lamb skewers."

Harold lowered his eyes and looked at the outline of her face in the darkness. "Is it delicious?" Crystal raised her hand. "I've packed some for you. Do you want to have a taste? It's delicious." "Thank you for remembering me." Harold's voice was full of sarcasm. "But it's already half past twelve. I won't eat anything."

Crystal slowly put down her hand, coughed, and said, "Then I'll put them in the refrigerator... Put me down first. Being here makes me a little scared."

After all, her back was completely suspended in the air. If she was not careful, she could fall directly into the living room.

Harold didn't let go.

Not only did he not let Crystal go, but he also pushed Crystal a little to the back. Crystal was so scared that she screamed, "Ah, ah, I know I'm wrong! I really know I'm wrong! Don't make me fall to death. Ah, ah, ah, if I fall, my head will explode. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah..."

Harold, "..."

me?" Harold leaned against Crystal's ear and said in a low voice, with a kind of  
were filled with tears.

in school, my teacher didn't teach

sweet mouth?" Harold said, "You don't

at all. Let's go to eat barbecue.

lips against hers, and said, "I'll try it myself

Crystal, "!"

Crystal leaned back and her neck became stiff, like a swan that could be killed at any time, or

her so

branded with Harold's imprint. She felt dizzy and leaned against his body. She did not have any strength at all. Suddenly, his hand was moved away from her waist and went into her T-shirt. His dry palm

her eyes and vaguely saw a little shadow of Harold. Her voice was as

was calm, but

and said,

“What?”