

## Widow 278

### Chapter 278

However, Crystal did not have a good dream.

She dreamed that she was still hung in the warehouse. The dagger in Harold's hand did not stab into his shoulder blade, but his heart.

Blood kept flowing out and fell to the ground. Harold couldn't stand it anymore, he was half kneeling on the ground, but his eyes were still looking at Crystal.

Crystal was at a loss for words. She could only keep crying. She felt like she was floating in the sea. On the vast and dangerous sea, there was only a piece of driftwood, Harold. It was all her hope, but Harold was also going to sink into the deep sea.

"No... no!" Crystal suddenly woke up and felt a slight jolt. She seemed to be held in someone's arms, and there was a faint smell of tobacco and rusty blood between her nose.

Crystal's eyelashes kept trembling. When she finally opened her eyes, she met Harold's eyes.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Harold asked.

Crystal clutched the shirt on his chest tightly. "I... I dreamed of a lot of blood..."  
a dream,"

realized that Harold was carrying her into the villa. She quickly said, "You're injured. Why are  
stepped up the stairs, placed her on the

take a look at your

her and said, "It's difficult

became. Her delicate eyebrows were tightly knitted, and her teeth unconsciously bit her

delicate. The shirt was luxurious and low-key when worn, but it was not so easy to unbutton it. After a  
while, Crystal undid all the buttons, revealing

figure, and her

reach out to unwrap it, but she was afraid at the same time. She looked helplessly at the doctor who  
came

and went

rested his arm on Crystal's back.

I'm not

and glared at him.

Harold, "?"

don't cherish yourself. I'm