

Window 3

Chapter 3

Harold slightly raised the corners of his mouth, looking at the girl in front of him. Not only was she a bumpkin, her face was also chubby.

“Don’t tell me you’re my...” Harold couldn’t believe it, “...wife?”

Crystal thought she was seeing a ghost. She burst into tears, whining, “I, I, I’m just hungry. It’s just a small pear. I shouldn’t provoke you this much you have to rise from death. It’s too much, sir...”

Her cry was so loud that Harold ducked back, rubbing his brows. Eventually, he lifted her up and sat her on the altar as if she was a little stray cat, his voice low. “If you cry again, I’ll throw you into the casket.”

Crystal immediately shut up. Her large eyes were filled with tears.

“How old are you? You can’t tell between a human and a ghost?”

Crystal finally realized that this man was a real human and not a ghost as she had seen his shadow. “You were dead, weren’t you...” Crystal pointed at the pitch-black casket. “It’s obviously your dead body inside...”

Harold raised his eyebrows and walked over to the casket. He knocked on it, asking, “Do you want to see the body?”

being sacrificed. Shivering, she stammered, “No, I don’t want to see good man, either.

swallowed her saliva, her

your body into the wild,” Harold deliberately drawled his

numb, her face saying that the other

feet. As soon as Crystal touched

move.”

all. Trembling, she said, “Master White... we don’t need to open the coffin,

was indifferent as he said, “It’s utterly exciting to

people really wanted him dead just like that?

her face away and didn’t dare to look at it. The man

to look at the casket. Sure enough,

this moment, footsteps arose from not far away, which were so

Harold reacted swiftly, scooping Crystal

stunned. How did she

designed based on Harold's figure. With Crystal inside, the space. narrowed down. She could only lean back in Harold's arms. Her forehead was

"Master White..."