

Window 4

Chapter 4

"I can't let others know that I'm not dead."

"Hmm..." Crystal thought for a moment. "But why did you bring me in here?"

Harold tutted. "It just came handy."

Crystal wiggled her body. "Can we go out now..."

Harold pushed open the lid of the casket. He jumped out agilely with the support of only one hand. Crystal's forehead was covered in sweat. She was so afraid of height and could only seek Harold's help. "Master White... It's too high. I'm scared."

Harold rested his elbow on the side of the casket, looking nonchalant. "What does it have to do with me?"

Crystal's eyes sparkled with tears. "But... you brought me in..."

The man remained unmoved. "Oh, I did that, so what?"

time Harold saw someone dare to get mad at him. Perhaps this little bumpkin had been living in the countryside for a long time she

one hand and looked at her with

Crystal immediately perked up.

man chuckled. "What

that something was wrong.

"You're my wife. You can't call

inexperienced enough to ask, "What

attractive in the flickering candlelight. He said unhurriedly, "Use

asking her to call him her

turned red in

suddenly walked out from the shadows. It was Harold's assistant, Luke Jones. "Everyone says that you're dead. Our men are all worried. Why

to attend my own funeral and experience the

looked at Crystal, who was still sitting in the casket and contemplating, then turned around as if to leave.

he would leave her alone

fell to the

Did he hear wrongly?