

## Window 7

### Chapter 7

Harold was distraught with anxiety. He rubbed her hair until it became disheveled and hindered her face, speaking in a low voice. "Stay here. Don't run around."

Crystal nodded.

Harold pinched the woman's soft cheek again, "If you dare to run around..."

"If I run around, I'll go to sleep in the casket!"

Harold chuckled then stood up. "You're quite smart."

Walking out of the room, Harold instructed Luke, who was waiting outside. "Send a few cakes in for the little girl."

Luke was puzzled. "Cakes?"

When did Master White change his taste?

Harold's expression was indifferent. "Can't do that?"

quickly explained, "I just want to ask you what kind of

narrowed his eyes. "Let's pick the kind that a little

found it hard

buy some cake for Mrs.

at him. "When did you see me eat

best to remain calm. "Okay, I'll call the Evans

at the room in the distance, his eyes pitch-black. "As long

Luke was speechless.

romantic feed all

was about to take a shower, someone knocked on the

voice, so she got up to open the door. Luke

Jones. I am the assistant of Master White. Ma'am, if you have anything you need help with in the future, feel

the cake Master White

the

thanks, the man called

she opened it, she saw two small cakes inside,

and the other was pudding. The cake all melted