

## Widow 123

### Chapter 123

Every time, Crystal would be shocked by Harold. In his eyes, money was really just a currency symbol, and he didn't care about it at all.

"They don't treat you well?" Harold suddenly asked.

Crystal said subconsciously, "They do. I..."

When she said this, her eyes turned red again.

"Crystal." Harold called her name. Crystal mumbled an ambiguous 'hmm'. Harold suddenly leaned over and placed his hands on her waist. He picked her up and placed her on his lap.

Crystal had the steering wheel on her back. From the window of the car, she could still see pedestrians coming and going. She was shocked. "What... what are you doing?"

Harold's facial features were much more profound than most Asians. His nose was tall and straight, and the tip of his nose leaned against Crystal's delicate neck. His voice was very hoarse. "You can just admit it if they don't treat you well. Why are you lying?"

cried, "They are not good to me at all... I don't like them... I don't like

that Harold's collar was almost wet. He patted the child's back and

said, "When I was a child, our teacher asked me if my grandma often hit me. I said yes, and my grandma locked me in the woodshed for three

Harold frowned. "Three days?"

sob..." Crystal's crying voice became hoarse. "Moreover,

her. Perhaps, even if they knew that she was having a

of their business. It was just human nature. There was nothing wrong with

Harold rubbed her soft long hair and said,

said with tears

you?" Harold said, "Do I get candy to eat if I lie to a

wiped her red and swollen eyes and

in

said casually, "Why do

"Although it's not good to scold others,