

Widow 133

Chapter 133

Crystal thought of the rumors that she knew.

It was said that Bonnie hated Harold's birth mother very much. First, she drove her crazy, and then she drove her to death. Harold's father did not care about the affairs of the world after his wife passed away and devoted himself to Buddhism.

It could be said that when Harold was young, no one had taken care of him. He wasn't Bonnie's grandson. It was a miracle for him to be in power in the White family.

"What are you thinking about?" Harold raised Crystal's chin. "You look unhappy."

Crystal said in a muffled voice, "I'm thinking about the fierce old lady. What if she bullies me?"

Crystal found it strange that she had sympathized with Harold just now.

This man was rich and powerful. She had no right to sympathize with him.

"She won't," Harold said. "She won't dare to lay a finger on you if I'm alive."

said, "But

Harold, "..."

someone to send

sat down obediently. "Go and get busy.

Harold clicked his tongue.

admitted her mistake with a positive attitude, but she was going

tablet for a while, Crystal fell asleep on the sofa. Harold looked up at her, took out a grey blanket from the cabinet

little flesh on them, which looked particularly soft. There was a thin cocoon on his fingertip, and it left a faint

that the screen on the tablet was still on. There was an embroidery pattern on it. Judging from the pattern,

peony.

on the

office, but Harold felt

air. He could hear another person's shallow breathing, as if the sun, the moon, and

didn't wake up until half past four. She looked at her phone in a flurry and quickly stood up.

the door. Seeing her panic, he raised his eyebrows and asked, "What's wrong? Is there a
a resolute and fearless woman. I'm not afraid of ghosts. I'm in a hurry