

Widow 29

Chapter 29

After knowing that it was Harold, Crystal was astonished, shaking her head to indicate that she wasn't going to scream anymore. Harold then let her go.

"Master White, are you looking for me? It's so sudden and scary."

Harold, who was very tall, flicked her soft face with his finger. "Are you blaming me?"

Crystal threw her hands into the air, surrendering, smiling sweetly. "How could it be? How could I dare to blame you, Master White?"

Harold's eyelashes fluttered. Looking at the coquettish girl in front of him, he didn't feel any bit of disgust.

Crystal looked at the high wall dazedly and sighed. "Master White, aren't you afraid of jumping down from such a high place?"

"Is this really high?" It was obvious that this girl was too short.

Crystal nodded. This wall should be at least three meters high. How strong one's muscles should be to jump and reach there? If it were her, she would probably only be able to enter through the dog door.

I need to

with this small body of hers. Of course, the Evans family's residence was well equipped with a heavy intruder

seeing her silly look, Harold thought it was interesting. "Or what? Don't you want to go out? If you don't want to have dinner, you can

stomach growled. That was a seafood feast. It would right? Hehe."

but pinch her face. "No matter how bold you are, you can't climb over tiptoe and looked at the wall. "No... miracle."

if he was lecturing a primary school student.

"Who knows. You don't even let me

at her aggrieved expression. "You're willing to create a miracle like a chicken pecking rice. "I just

a good mood. "If I'm in a good mood,

