

Widow 505

Chapter 505

However, Freud also wanted to join in the fun. Freud couldn't stand his sister being scolded like this. He clicked his tongue and said, "Second Madam, now that Mark is disabled, it's fine if you don't try to please your future niece-in-law. Instead, you jumped out and scolded her. Is it because your son is going to be sentenced to death? Is there something wrong with your brain that's why you want to blame everything on my sister? What if I told you that I fell down because I thought of your old face? Shouldn't you compensate me for the medical expenses?"

For a noble lady like Kimberly, what she cared about the most was her face. Freud's words were like poking her in the lung. She was so angry that her facial expression turned ugly. "Are you educated or not?! Is this what a junior like you can say to an elder?!"

Freud looked at Antony with a strange expression. "Antony, if you see a crazy woman on the street, will you treat her like your elder?"

Antony replied, "I'm not a lunatic."

Freud clapped his hands. "What a coincidence. I'm not a lunatic either."

The two of them echoed each other, which made Kimberly angry. "Good... You're very good! You're working together to humiliate me, aren't you?"

this moment, he

instantly. She gritted her teeth and said, "Harold... you can't marry this woman. You can't! If you continue to be stubborn..." She took a deep breath and said,

"I don't care about

get out of here

expression instantly

could he be referring to

Harold's eyes, she was nothing. However, being scolded like this in

I can, I

in fact, it's remote and cold. I've had enough of it." Her words were very strange. Harold immediately realized something. She reached out to grab Crystal and pulled her into his

was the lowest quality explosive produced by the underground workshop. Its power could not be compared with that of regular explosives, but once it was detonated, it would affect at least a dozen