

Poor Husband 24

C24 Anxiety

"Who allowed you to come in?"

Zhan Shishen hid in front of the bed and looked at the person on the bed. He held the plastic bottle in his hand tightly. His eyes, which were suppressed and deep, revealed a strong sense of displeasure. His palm relaxed and opened. It should have just recovered.

The door was covered and it opened with a push. He didn't dare to spoil Boss's good news