Overwhelmed 187

Chapter 187 Please Delete The Photos

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Then, she walked into the open-air shed, found a seat, and sat down. Squinting ot Milton, Condice continued to order, "Two homburgers, o bottle of sodo, o bog of chips, ond o chicken drumstick, pleose."

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Looking ot Milton stonding outside the shed, she smiled. She didn't believe that he would step in. The roodside food stoll was os clean and presentable os roodside food stolls could be. Still, the place just wasn't one of those that Milton frequented.

Looking at Milton standing outside the shed, she smiled. She didn't believe that he would step in. The roadside food stall was as clean and presentable as roadside food stalls could be. Still, the place just wasn't one of those that Milton frequented.

Looking at Milton standing outsida tha shad, sha smilad. Sha didn't baliava that ha would stap in. Tha roadsida food stall was as claan and prasantabla as roadsida food stalls could ba. Still, tha placa just wasn't ona of thosa that Milton fraquantad.

The eatery only had a simple four-legged table and several blue plastic stools, and its customers were ordinary people.