

Chapter 632 Making A Claim

Chester threw a receipt at Amelia before arrogantly saying, “This is the bill for our lunch. Use this to make your claim.”

“Two thousand and three hundred?” Amelia was livid to see the amount on the receipt.

I don't even spend more than twenty for a meal, so how did these workers end up spending two thousand and three hundred for a meal?

“What did you even eat? How did you end up with such a hefty bill?”

“Hey, Ms. Ellis, mind what you say. A meal is a meal. What do you mean by what did we even eat? Everything we ordered is listed on the bill. Don't you know how to check it yourself?”

Suppressing her anger, Amelia uttered, “What I mean is, why did you eat such expensive food? You could've ordered some simple dishes, and you'd be equally full!”

Chester sneered. “Equally full? We're currently working for you, Ms. Ellis. Moreover, you left us hanging for such a long time in the morning. Isn't it normal for us to eat something better? Cut the nonsense and be frank with me. Can I claim this?”

Amelia wanted to tell him no at first.

However, when she thought about how she needed Chester's team for the project's renovation, she realized things would be difficult to deal with if she were to make the relationship between them tense now.

Thus, she gritted her teeth and said, “Yes, but this is the only time. There won't be a next time.”

“That's good, then.” At that, Chester gave a smug look to the other workers, silently boasting to them about how impressive he was.

Right as Amelia was about to put the bill into her bag, Donald snatched it from her and shredded the receipt in front of the people.

His actions froze the smile on Chester's face.

“What is the meaning of this?” Chester questioned.

Donald had destroyed their receipt, so even if Amelia wanted to make a claim for them, she would not be able to do so.

In other words, it was highly likely that they would have to foot the bill themselves.

Therefore, what Donald had shredded was not merely their bill; he was shredding their money as well.

“Nothing. I just think that you won't be able to make a claim for this bill.”

“Who do you think you are to presume that?”

One of the more short-tempered workers picked up a wooden board and swung it toward Donald.

The wooden board was thin, and it would not cause injuries even if someone were to hit another person with it.

Nevertheless, the resulting sound would be loud and frightening.

The worker only wanted to scare Donald into submission.

Any sane person would dodge a wooden board that was aimed at their head.

However, not only did Donald not move away from it, but he even punched the board.

The board shattered, and the worker who swung it was frightened instead.

This guy's gutsy, huh? He's actually counterattacking at a time like this?

Promptly, the other workers stood up.

It did not seem fair for a group to go up against one person, was what the workers thought at first, but since Donald was starting to fight back, they saw no qualms in attacking together.

“What's the matter? Do you need some exercise after your meal? Sure. Come on. Let me see how great you are.”

Chester was not a rash man, or else he would not have been able to take advantage of Amelia.

When he noticed how fearless Donald was, he instantly realized that Donald had to have some kind of powerful background.

“Ms. Ellis, who is he? You brought him here, so I'm sure you can give us an explanation.”

Of course, Amelia was not going to tell him that Donald was the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation.