

## Widow 32

### Chapter 32

Dreamy Restaurant was located in the center of the city. The people who came here to dine were both rich and noble, including all important figures in City W. The price of one dish here could be more than the annual income of an ordinary person, and a bottle of red wine was as expensive as a small villa.

The most important thing was that not any rich people could come to this place. There are no more than twenty members in total. Other than them, no one else was accepted.

This place had strict privacy policies, and all the attendants were smart and well-trained. They would never disclose anything they had heard or seen here, let alone the secrets of the restaurant. Crystal had never seen such a luxurious restaurant before. Her eyes were dazzled, but she stayed calm. At this time, the manager of Dreamy Restaurant came over personally. "Mr. Luke, may I bring you your regular *Domaine de la Romanée-Conti*?"

As soon as the manager finished speaking, Harold chimed in, "Give me a glass of milk. Hot milk." The manager thought that he had misheard it, so he asked again to confirm, "You want a glass of warm milk, sir?"

The guests who came here would either order red wine or champagne. How could someone order warm milk? Did he bring a child with him?

"Do as Master White

frightened. "Yes, yes, sir... I'll ask

of them took the elevator to the

restaurant, and only special guests could book the tables here. The more distinguished the guest was, the higher floor they could dine in. They could see the best night view of City W from

the room, there were two foreigners sitting at the table. When they saw Harold,

him. He turned his head and saw Crystal standing in front of the glass window, mesmerized by the

knocked on Crystal's little head, asking, "Are

you should introduce us. This young

help looking at the woman in front of her. The other was

bumpkin. If Harold didn't take her here, she probably wouldn't even be able to enter the place. Alas, were all the