

Widow 37

Chapter 37

Claire often gave tips to the waiters and waitresses not less than two hundred dollars. This girl got such a good opportunity, but she didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

Forget it. After all, she came from the countryside. Two hundred dollars must be a huge sum of money in her mind already. Perhaps she had graduated from elementary school only. Otherwise, how could she not know the difference between two hundred and two million?!

She took out a black card from her bag to pay out of habit. Suddenly, she remembered that Crystal said she only accepted cash. She didn't even have a coin, let alone cash!

"Do you accept money transfer? Can I pay by card?" Claire was a little embarrassed.

Crystal took out the old phone that she had treasured for many years. "I'm sorry, I only have this phone. I don't think it supports money transfer."

Claire looked at her as if looking at an alien. Some people still used these super old model phones! "I don't have cash with me," said Claire, "Let's take the check. I'll give you one million. You can cash it later."

Crystal disdained it. "You still want me to run around? It's so troublesome."

Claire lost her patience and her temper as well. Then, she remembered that Harold was still here. Her tone turned friendlier. "Madam, please wait a moment... I'll find someone to get the cash to me." Harold turned on the payment

Claire was speechless!!!

do you mean?

patted her forehead with his phone. "Do you think I'll take a fancy to your

serious. "Why

isn't enough to

crab is so expensive! Did I

Previously, she had always wanted to have Harold's number. Luckily, the payment code

transferred two hundred dollars. Crystal came to Harold's side and smiled when she saw the transfer with her own eyes. "All right, let's forget about this. But you

keep it in mind,"

looked like an obedient child. "It's good that you admitted your fault. Keep it up in the future." She

on her neck. "You're not angry anymore, huh? You were the one who cried the

cried, I feel better. I'll tell you this secret. My skin can get bruised easily when you pinch it. It's just a small problem." She tugged at Harold's hand. "I have two hundred dollars now. How about giving you