

## **Widow 38**

### **Chapter 38**

Luke had been waiting for Harold in the private room. His boss hadn't come back for a long time, and he didn't know what he was doing. But he wasn't restless. Harold had always been careless and didn't care about trifles, though.

Naturally, Logan didn't dare to have any objections. He came here with a sole purpose, and that was to sign the contract. He didn't care about anything else.

At this time, Crystal and Harold were walking on the street, which was full of pedestrians. She looked back at the luxurious and high-end Dreamy Restaurant and sighed, "The owner of this place must be super rich."

"Why do you say that?" Harold asked.

Crystal said seriously, "A crab costs two hundred dollars. Isn't it robbing?"

"Well, that crab isn't only two hundred dollars," Harold said. "If you want to know how much they earn a day, I can ask Luke to ask them."

Crystal did not believe it. "This is their business confidential. Will they tell you?"

"Well, it's my property. I don't think it's a business confidential."

of this place, whom you say

slip her

"So... Can you sell two crabs to me with two hundred dollars? One for me

is really

giggled. Her little white face looked particularly cute in the night. "Oh, Master

smile, Harold was

saw a man selling cotton candies just now. Where has

"How silly!"

wronged. "How could you blame

waist. The next second, he lifted her up in the air, making her the tallest girl

the vendor who was selling

see him now?" Harold

admitted that

Her waist was

tall. Is it particularly convenient for you when looking

