

Widow 80

Chapter 80

In the past, there were countless people who sent flowers to Harold. All of them were wrapped exquisitely. This was the first time that Harold had received a flower that was dry and thin and wrapped in simple leather paper. It looked shabby and thin.

“Don’t you like it?” Crystal tilted her head. “This flower cost me seventy cents!”

She sighed and was about to take it back when Harold grabbed her wrist, took the rose from her hand, and said, “Who told you that I don’t like it?”

“You look unhappy, Crystal said.

Harold twirled the rose in his hand. It was a gorgeous flower with a sweet fragrance. He said, “Do you think it’s appropriate to give me a pink rose?”

Crystal looked at it.

clothes were obviously simple, but there was a kind of nobility that couldn’t be described. He was obviously different from

strange for him to hold a

her hand, wanting to take the flower back. However, Harold raised his

Crystal couldn’t even touch his hand when she jumped up. She simply gave up and said coyly, “It’s you who think it’s inappropriate.” “Crystal.” Harold looked

bumpkin. She

yourself if you want to know.” Crystal followed him into the car. Luke had already left and Harold was driving. Crystal was sitting in the passenger seat. She obediently fastened her seat belt and was still very curious about Harold’s words. However, her phone was old-fashioned and she couldn’t search for anything with it. She

hadn’t even touched his windbreaker when someone grabbed her

wheel with one hand and glanced sideways at Crystal. “What are you

“Lend me your

reached out with the other hand and took the phone away from his pocket. “What’s

to give her a little bit of sunshine, she would step on his face. When they first met, she was so obedient that she could cry in fear with just a few words. Now, it

zeros, Harold

and searched for it. She was a little

me a pink rose. What do you

