

Chapter 219

Dew felt a cold shiver run down her spine. Her tears fell nonstop like the water in a flowing river. "You slapped me, but I'm not crying. Why are you crying?" Harold's voice was full of hatred. "If you want to keep crying, just get out!"

Dew forced herself to stop crying.

She bit her bottom lip and stared at Duke as she tried to explain. "I don't like people touching my things without my permission. I bought this piano for \$3,000,000, and it's unique in the city. I was afraid that the kid would break my piano, so I pushed her away. Who knew she would be so weak? I really didn't intend for it to turn out like this."

She should not have explained herself because once she did that, Duke's expression became colder. He looked down and curled his fingers gently. "I also don't like people invading my house without my permission." "Mr. Brown, send our guest away!" he shouted reproachfully.

Dew widened her eyes. "Duke, are you chasing me out? Why? Is it because of this little bastard?"

Duke raised his head and looked at her. If the coldness in his eyes were a physical object, Dew would have been full of holes by now.

He sneered.

Did she realize that he did not hit women?

He turned around, casually took a glass of water, and poured it on the piano. Dew widened her eyes again. "Duke, what are you doing? I spent \$3,000,000 on this piano!" "George already paid for the piano, so it has nothing to do with you." Duke's voice was filled with hatred. "It's dirty because you played it, so there's no need for it to remain in the Winters family villa anymore."

"Someone please throw this piano out." Two bodyguards immediately walked in. They lifted the piano on each side and carried it out. Dew's eyes were on stalks at this point.

Duke had always been impatient toward her, but he had never talked to her in that tone! Why?

Why did he suddenly become like that?

Dew instantly turned around and looked at the kitchen.

The kitchen door was closed, and the exhaust hood was on, so it was very loud. Hence, Adina did not notice the commotion in the living room. Alden was helping her in the kitchen, and the two of them were chatting happily.

It was calm in there, while Dew was being chased out. "Duke, are you falling for Adina?" Dew questioned him indignantly. "She can't stand me, so you're chasing me out. Is that the case?" "So, you still don't realize what you did wrong?" Duke had lost all his patience. He glanced at Mr. Brown coldly.

Mr. Brown walked over and softly said, "Ms. Daugherty, please leave. Don't make this more embarrassing than it has to be."

"You're just a servant. Who are you here to teach me a lesson?" Dew vented all her anger on Mr. Brown. She yelled without caring about her reputation, "I'm George and Harold's mother. They are my sons. If you want to chase me out, fine! But I'm taking one of them with me!" Melody heard that as she was stroking Harold's face, and she instantly stopped. She raised her head and stared at Dew in disbelief before she gazed at the silly-looking Harold.

At the next second, she pulled her hand away and took a few steps back Harold was clueless, so he continued to move closer. "Mel, it still hurts a lot. Could you continue the massage?" Melody's fair face suddenly turned cold. She normally had a similar expression when she did not speak. So, now that her demeanor was cold, she looked no different than usual. She pursed her thin pink lips before she walked toward the kitchen.

Harold could not tell the difference.

He just followed Melody to the kitchen. Meanwhile, the hostile aura continued to permeate the living room.