

Chapter 261 “Young Master, get up quickly. The floor’s very cold.”

Mr. Brown promptly went over and carried Harold before he sat the boy on the couch.

He earnestly said, “Ms. Melody is having her dessert. When you rushed over, the cream stained your sleeve. Ms. Melody was worried that she would make your clothes dirty, so she pushed you away.”

“Really?”

Harold widened his eyes and stared at Melody.

However, Melody lowered her head and continued eating the dessert. She looked down, so nobody could see the emotions in her eyes.

But Harold could clearly feel that Melody did not like him anymore.

Melody never spoke in the past, but she would look at him with her big eyes. He would be able to see his reflection in her eyes, which gave him much joy.

However, at this moment, he felt his world turn gray.

After Mr. Brown comforted Harold, he immediately sat next to Melody again and continued to coax her. “Ms. Melody, please drink some water. Don’t choke on the food.”

Harold was speechless.

He felt that Mr. Brown had also stopped loving him.

Harold was extremely hurt as he walked up to Alden, and his voice sounded sad. “Hey, was it you?”

Alden raised his head and frowned. “What?”

“Mel doesn’t like me anymore. Did you say something bad about me to Mel?”

“Would I be that childish?” Alden scoffed. “Mel doesn’t like people clinging to her too much. You must have stuck to her too closely.”

Harold almost cried due to his grievance. “I didn’t stick to her! I just wanted to hug her just now, but she pushed me away. I fell down on the floor, and it hurt, but Mel didn’t help me up. Alden Daugherty, you must have said something bad about me. Otherwise, Mel wouldn’t dislike me! I hate you!”

Alden looked down and did not pay Harold any more attention.

Last night, he had already realized that Melody was ignoring Harold.

When did this change happen?

It seemed that after the incident involving Dew in the Winters family villa, Melody had changed her attitude toward Harold. Why?

Alden closed the staff book in his hand before he slowly walked up to Melody. "Mel, don't eat too much. You still have dinner later. Don't let yourself become bloated."

"It's fine. It's alright for her to eat like this once in a while." Mr. Brown chuckled as he spoke. Watching Ms. Melody eat desserts gave him great enjoyment.

Alden raised his hand indifferently and took the chocolate cake away.

Melody's cheeks were bulging while she glared at Alden, but she quickly lost the battle. She just obediently put her spoon on her plate. "You can eat the rest after dinner. I'll put it in the fridge first."

Mr. Brown then took all the desserts away.

Alden sat next to Melody and calmly asked, "What happened?"

Melody's gaze became blank she did not understand what he meant.

Alden cast an indifferent glance at Harold, who was lying on the couch with a hurt expression.

Melody's black eyes instantly dimmed.

She supported her chin with her chubby hands as she pursed her lips.

She had never worn an expression like that ever since she was born.

Alden frowned. He initially thought that Mel had just quarreled with Harold, but now, he realized that it might not be that simple.

"Mel, you can tell me anything," Alden said, patiently guiding her with his voice.

The little girl frowned, and her fair face darkened.

She sighed, turned sideways, and grabbed Alden's hand.

Her chubby finger slowly traced out a few words on Alden's palm.

(Dew is his mother.)

The little girl eventually wrote those four words in four minutes, After she was done writing, the siblings stared at each other.

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Melody turned away and sighed again.

Alden looked utterly shocked.

Melody would not lie, and she rarely communicated with outsiders. Once she communicated, it would be something that she really wanted to say. It was impossible for her to fake it.

In other words, Harold had to be Dew's son!

Dew was his mom's biggest enemy!

So, Harold was the son of his mother's enemy!

No wonder Melody suddenly changed her attitude toward Harold.

It turned out that this was her reason.

Harold and George were actually Dew's sons!

How could this be?

Alden's usually calm face was filled with shock for a long time.

"What happened?"

Duke had sensed that something was going on between the children. Initially, he did not want to get involved, but he realized Alden had lost his cool.

This boy was brilliant, wise, and resilient. It seemed that things could rarely make him lose his composure.

Did Harold do something outrageous to Melody?

Duke frowned and walked over.

Alden suppressed his shock. When he raised his head, he glared at the man in front of him.

If this man was his and Melody's biological father, that meant Harold and George were their stepbrothers who shared the same father but had different mothers! So, would he be right to understand that Duke made the Daugherty sisters pregnant at the same time five years ago?

Alden's gaze was slowly filled with contempt.

Duke curled his fingers.

This boy had been very friendly to him just moments ago. Why did he suddenly stare at him with that gaze again?

It was cold like snow in winter.

Duke knew that Alden was intelligent. There was no point in asking because Alden would never tell him.

He slowly bent down and extended his arms to the little girl. "Come over here. Give me a hug."

The little girl seemed gloomy earlier. But when she saw Duke, she smiled faintly and rushed into his arms.

Duke lifted her and threw her upward. The little girl giggled before she fell into Duke's arms.

Alden had a tight frown. Melody just knew that Harold was Dew's son, so she stayed away from Harold.

Why did she not wonder why Dew's sons called Duke "Dad"?

Melody was still too naive

"Dad, I want you to lift me too!"

Harold quickly ran over. He instantly forgot the unhappiness he felt just now. He dragged Duke as he wanted to have fun too.

Duke glanced at him. "You're a big boy, but you still want to play like this? Aren't you being childish?"

Harold was speechless.

He was four years old just like Melody. Why was he the childish one?

Besides, his dad never carried him like that when he was three either.

Harold had the look of someone who had been wronged as he pouted. He felt as though his world was falling apart.

Duke lifted the little girl a few times before he held her in his arms. He softly asked, "Mel, is there something that's making you unhappy?"

When he asked her that question, the corners of Melody's lips, which were initially curved up, instantly drooped. The unhappiness in her eyes was obvious.

Chapter 263 "Mel, if there's something making you unhappy, you can tell me about it."

Duke carried her and sat on the couch. His gaze and voice were extremely gentle.

Melody pursed her pink lips and pulled his big, rough palm over. Just as she was about to write on it, Adina walked out of the kitchen.

She was holding a plate of food in each hand, and she grinned as she said, "Dinner's ready. Come over and eat."

Harold immediately turned around and rushed over. "Aunt Adina, I miss you so much!"

Adina quickly put down the plates before she bent down and carried Harold. She smiled gently and said, "We just met yesterday. Why would you miss me already?"

"My teacher taught me 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.' I didn't see you for one day, so your absence strengthened my love for you. I want to be with you all the time!" Harold put his arms around Adina's neck and gave her a kiss on the cheek. Adina's heart melted. She lowered her head and also kissed Harold on the cheek.

Harold was on cloud nine.

As long as Aunt Adina still liked him, it would be totally fine if Mr. Brown and his dad did not like him anymore.

He held Adina's neck with his arms and kissed her again.

Adina smiled and chuckled, while Alden pursed his lips.

He wondered if his mom knew that Harold was Dew's son, would she still be so intimate with Harold?

But before that, he needed to confirm if Duke was his and Melody's biological father.

Alden lowered his head and hid the short strand of black hair in his pocket. "Let's eat. I cooked several dishes including soup today. I prepared these chicken wings with Coca-Cola sauce specially for Harold." Adina picked up a chicken wing and put it on Harold's plate. This boy was a really fussy eater, and his favorite food was chicken wings. She made a lot today, so it should be enough for him. "Thank you, Aunt Adina!"

Harold grinned and thanked Adina.

He took a bite of the chicken wing before he narrowed his eyes in satisfaction. Then, he suddenly put it down, turned back, and ran upstairs.

Duke frowned and asked, "Where are you going?" "I'm going to call George!"

Harold quickly ran into the study.

Mr. Brown slapped his thigh. "Yes, how could I forget Young Master George? There are guests today, so I should've called him in advance and asked him to come back earlier."

Harold got upstairs, tapped open his phone, and gave George a call. "George, why aren't you back yet? Didn't I tell you that Mel would come to our house for dinner today? She'll be gone if you don't make your way back now!" George was in a piano shop. He sat on a leather couch as he indifferently said, "I still have something to do."

"George, I know you don't like Aunt Adina, but you can't hate Mel just because you're prejudiced against Aunt Adina. Mel's not in a good mood today. She doesn't want to talk to me. If you come back, I'm sure she'll be really happy." George pursed his lips. "Why would she be happy when I get back?" "Because you look like Mel's brother! Mel likes Alden the most, and you look like him. She'll like you too!" George was at a loss for words. Was he a substitute?

"I'll go back in half an hour," he said indifferently. "Okay, I think we still won't be done with dinner at that time. Hurry home, George!"

Chapter 264 After Harold hung up, he stomped downstairs for dinner again.

George held his phone, and a light flashed in his eyes. He then looked at the staff who was standing at the side. "How much longer will I have to wait?" "Twenty minutes," the staff said politely. "After we received your call yesterday, our manager personally contacted the overseas factory. This piano is newly finished, and countless people have pre-ordered it. It's also because of our manager's seniority that he is able to grab it from other people. Mr. Winters, please wait for a little longer. The piano will be delivered in a minute."

George indifferently nodded. Since he had known that Melody loved to play piano, he made a call and pre-ordered a piano. The pianos displayed in the shop were at general first-class level. If he wanted to buy the best piano, he must pre-order it from the original factory. Luckily, he acted very quickly, or this piano would be grabbed by other people. If he used this piano as the present when he first met Melody, she should like it, right? "Mr. Winters, the piano is here." A truck parked in front of the shop, and the door of the back was opened. A black

k piano glowed brightly. George did not have the time to examine the piano. He indifferently said, "Process the payment now."

The service assistant smiled faintly and said, "The total is 6.59 million dollars. Thank you and please come again."

George nodded. "Deliver it back with me."

When the staff was about to close the door of the back of the truck, someone suddenly showed up in front of the piano shop. Dew walked inside in her high heels. The piano she previously bought was destroyed, so she had to come and buy another one.

After she was chased out by Duke, she did not want to practice piano again. In the end, it was only after she was advised by Ruby that she pulled herself together. "Dew, George let you practice piano also because he wishes that you're qualified to be his mother. He's doing this for your sake. How can you let George down? Besides, Duke doesn't allow you to visit the Winters family anymore. If you also put the piano practice aside, what excuse can you still use to get along with the Winters family? George and Harold are your sons. Don't neglect your sons just because you're angry now. No matter what happens, your identity will never change. You have to keep this in mind!" Dew took a deep breath before she continued walking forward.

When

she looked up, she saw George, and she saw a piano in the truck. Her eyes instantly showed excitement. Was this... the new piano that George bought for her? She really did not raise this son in vain! "George!" Dew walked over quickly. When George heard her voice, he frowned.

This woman was his mother, but the bottom of his heart actually still repelled Dew. He hid it so well that everyone thought he respected his mother very much.

George pursed his lips and indifferently said, "Mom." Dew squatted down in front of him, put her hands on his shoulders, and happily said, "George, I know you're the best to me. I know you'll always be by my side. Don't worry, I'll practice piano. I will not let you down." "It's great that you think this way, Mom. I still have things to do, so I'll leave now." George pushed away Dew's touch, and he walked outside without turning back.

Dew was stunned for a while before she immediately ran after him. "George, aren't you sending the piano to the Daugherty family? We can leave together."

Chapter 265 "Who told you the piano's going to be delivered to the Daugherty family home?" George stopped walking, turned around, and slowly asked her. His black eyes were calm and unruffled, but Dew detected a glint of coldness from his gaze. She took a deep breath. "If it's not being delivered to the Daugherty family home, who are you giving it to?" George stared at her and pursed his lips tightly.

He did not know what he was thinking either. It seemed like he wanted to viciously exact revenge on her while he vented the emotions that he had suppressed all these years.

"This is a gift for Melody. I'll be meeting her for the first time," he said unhurriedly.

Dew instantly widened her eyes. "What? Melody Daugherty? Adina's daughter? George, have you lost your mind? Are you really giving that little b*stard such an expensive gift?" When George heard the term "little b*stard," his gaze became colder. He slowly said, "Mom, if I ever hear you calling Melody 'little b*stard'—

". Halfway through his sentence, he was interrupted by Dew's sharp voice. "What are you going to do? Will you disown me as your mother? George Winters, I gave birth to you. Is this how you obey me? Is that little b*stard worth so much of your effort? What the hell did she drug you with?"

Dew was furious!

George used to take her side, but why did he change sides and choose Adina after a few days?

Why?

How could this happen? She could not accept it! George glanced at Dew indifferently.

This was his second time reminding his mother, but she aggravated things. He curled his lips into a sneer. "Since you insist on being like this, I have nothing else to say."

He just walked away.

His steely gaze terrified Dew.

Did he totally not care about her as his mother?

If even George did not care about her, how could she still base herself in the Winters family?

"George Winters, stop!"

Dew ran after him.

She grabbed George's skinny shoulders with great force. Her eyes were intense. "No matter what, I'll always be your mother. Your body contains my blood. Don't you dare deny my presence!"

George raised his hand and moved her fingers away one by one. He looked calm and sounded emotionless. "Yes, you're my mother, but that's just all you are to me."

He naturally could not deny the existence of his biological mother.

But from today onward, he would not be emotionally invested in the Daugherty family.

He would pretend as if he never had a mother. George turned around and got into the car. His driver was worried that Dew would pester them, so he stepped on the pedal and drove away. Seeing the car disappear from her sight, Dew unwittingly squatted down. She held her knees, and her tears fell uncontrollably. She had lost all power. She could no longer control anything. Even George was escaping her grasp. What should she do? Why were blood ties so powerful? Why did Adina have to bring those two little b*stards back? She had heard of telepathy between twins. Plus, Harold and George could always sense each other's emotions.

However, they were actually quadruplets. So, was she unable to cut off the ties between the siblings no matter what she did?

Should she just wait for Duke to chase her out of Sea City once the truth was exposed?

No!

She did not want to leave Sea City!

Chapter 266 She wanted to be Mrs. Winters!

Dew wiped her tears away before she stared blankly at the road where the cars came and left.

It was not easy to become Mrs. Winters!

She had lost all her handles now.

What should she do?

Right then, her phone rang, and she cast a glance at the incoming call. It was from Alice. Alice would personally give her piano lessons every Saturday afternoon. However, Duke had chased her out of the Winters family villa, and her piano had also been destroyed. Was Alice calling her to cancel the class? Dew took a deep breath before she answered the call. "Good news, Dew!" Alice said happily. "I've been invited to be a live piano tutor on a tour. I can use this privilege to let my student perform on stage. Your skills on the piano are good, so I'd like to invite you to join me on this tour." Dew was slightly startled. "Me?" "Yes, you! I promised Young Master George to train you up.

This is a great opportunity, so of course I would invite you." Alice smiled and said, "This tour will mainly be held overseas, and there are a total of five shows. Those attending the concerts will be the bigwigs of the industry. This is a great time for you to increase your popularity." Dew held her phone tightly. This was the path

that George had previously paved for her. Once she achieved something in the piano world, George would help her be part of the Winters family

But now...

"Dew, are you listening?" Alice did not receive any response, so she subconsciously raised her voice.

"I'm just so happy that I don't know what to say." Dew pulled herself together and acted as if she was ecstatic. "Ms. Alice, please send me the exact time and venue. I'll rush over this instant."

Since the opportunity had been presented to her, she could not waste it. What if she actually became popular in the piano world? What if Duke changed his perspective of her?

This was her last chance.

She had to join the piano circle!

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Due to his encounter with Dew, George arrived at the Winters family villa fifty minutes later.

As soon as his car stopped, he saw Adina's car drive away.

There was only a one-minute gap. "George, why are you back so late?" Harold walked over unhappily. Melody was unhappy all night, and she did not look at him at all. He was waiting for George to come home and salvage the situation.

Unexpectedly, George only came back after Mel had left. George ignored Harold. He turned around and instructed the staff to carry the piano into the villa.

Harold frowned. "George, are you mad? Why did you buy a piano for that witch again? I'm not going to let you bring this piano inside." George glanced at him indifferently. "This is supposed to be a gift for Mel when I meet her for the first time later."

Harold's eyes lit up. "Wow! George, you actually bought Mel a piano. This piano is much better than the previous one. It must be really expensive, right? How much is it? I'll pay half of it. We'll give Mel this gift together!" "This is my personal gift for Mel. It has nothing to do with you." George's expression was uncaring. "Please leave it here. Thank you." The staff left only after they placed the piano down. Harold glared at his brother and unhappily said, "I met Mel first. I should be the one who gives this to her. How can you give this to her by yourself?" "I don't care what you want to give to her. You can buy it yourself." George went upstairs after he responded indifferently.

Harold was speechless.

If he had the money, would he have shamelessly said all that? Hmph! George had a lot of money in his bank account simply because he was managing a company.

He would also ask his dad to give him a company tomorrow. He would secretly sell that company and buy gifts for Melody as well as Aunt Adina.

Chapter 267 George went upstairs and knocked on the door of the study Duke's voice rang out from inside. "Come in."

George walked in and handed him a document. "Dad, this is Digion Technology's financial report for the last quarter."

Digion Technology was a small company that had been on the verge of bankruptcy. Duke had given it to George, and under George's management in the past year, the company returned from the dead. It became the top subsidiary company under Winters Corporation. However, all the information about this company had been hidden to protect George. Outsiders did not know that Digion Technology was a subsidiary company of Winters Corporation, and they also did not know that the CEO of Digion Technology was the young master of the Winters family.

Duke flipped through the financial report and nodded nonchalantly while he said, "Good. The earnings have risen exponentially in the third quarter, and they'll explode in the future. You've done a great job with this company. Once Digion Technology settles down, I want to transfer you to the headquarters. What do you think?" George considered it for a while before he said, "Digion Technology will develop a product that serves blind people. I should join only the headquarters after this product is officially launched in the market." Duke nodded. "It's great that you have a plan

." He had used up all of the family's resources to train George, and George did not disappoint him. One could say that George was more excellent than him. He was only four years old, but he had already become an outstanding heir. With George's presence, the Winters family would not have to worry for a century. "If there's nothing else, I'll return to my room now." George pursed his lips. Just as he was about

to turn around and leave, his gaze suddenly froze. He saw an open report on the table, and it contained the formula for a programming application. He had worked on technical parts before. One glance was enough to bring up his interest. He subconsciously walked over, picked up the report, and studied the formula carefully. The more he studied it, the brighter his eyes became. He raised his head and excitedly said, "Dad, who submitted this report to you?"

Duke glanced over.

It was Project A-

F's implementation report. Mr. Garcia from the Technical Department had submitted it to him this morning, and he did not have the time to finish reading it yet.

"Are you interested in it?" he asked indifferently. "Digion Technology is developing software, and we've faced some problems in the technical parts. This formula can perfectly solve our problem. But this report doesn't state everything clearly, so I'd like to talk to the person who suggested this formula." "Go to the headquarters and look for Mr. Garcia tomorrow. He'll explain it to you in detail." George nodded. He took a photo of the programming formula with his phone.

After he went back to his room, he wrote the formula in his notebook. He derived it repeatedly but still could not deduce the initial formula.

When he turned on his computer and keyed in the formula, he realized that the formula could not be found on the Internet.

In other words, this formula was an original creation. He knew of Mr. Garcia, but why did he not realize that Mr. Garcia had such an ability?

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Mr. Garcia was reading a programming sheet in his office in Winters Corporation. Brayden knocked on his room door and walked inside. "Mr. Garcia, it's time for Project A-F's second review meeting. Ms. Daugherty of LaStar Technology Corporation is here. Would you like to go over now?" Mr. Garcia frowned. When this project was brought up a few years ago, he was not optimistic about it. But Mr. Winters and the young masters from the Sunderland and Walker families had invested in this project. He was just a staff member, so it was not his place to say anything. After they could not find a core programmer, they ended up putting the project aside.

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old project was revived because they had hired a chip designer who was rumored to be outstanding

But Mr. Garcia did not see a legendary person.

He had met Ms. Daugherty from LaStar Technology Corporation twice. She was gorgeous, and she also looked confident.

However, results could not be obtained with just confidence in establishing programming software.

Mr. Garcia did not want to waste his time on this project, but Mr. Winters had handed him this case. If he did not go... Right then, a group of people walked over.

Two assistants in black suits accompanying a four-year-old child stood in front of his office.

When Mr. Garcia saw George, his eyes lit up.

He had worked for Mr. Winters for more than a decade, and Mr. Winters trusted him, so he knew the situation in the Winters family.

Mr. Winters never explained this young master's identity, but he could roughly guess that this boy was Mr. Winters' son.

There had to be an important thing for the young master of the Winters family to come to him.

In that case, he had a rightful and proper excuse not to attend the second review meeting.

When Mr. Garcia thought of that, he turned to the side and said, "Brayden, I've given you full authority to handle this project before, so you'll chair this meeting. If you encounter any problems, it's not too late to call me over."

Brayden was just the Technical Department's deputy manager, so he did not know George.

However, he saw how imposing George looked and how he had two bodyguards accompanying him. Besides, Mr. Garcia was respectful toward the boy. He could guess that George was not just any boy without thinking too much. He nodded and said, "Okay, I'll go over right now."

Brayden then went to the meeting room with a stack of documents.

"Young Master George, please have a seat." Mr. Garcia asked his assistant to get George a cup of tea before he respectfully said, "May I know why you're here today?" George raised his hand, and Liam, who was standing behind him, took out a notebook.

George opened the notebook, pointed at a formula, and asked, "Mr. Garcia, can you explain this programming formula to me?"

Mr. Garcia stared at the formula in the notebook for a while and felt slightly surprised. "There's a special format for mathematical formulas in programming, but the script for this

formula doesn't seem to be correct. Young Master George, where did you copy this from?"

George's gaze froze. "You haven't seen this formula before?"

When Mr. Garcia saw

George's gaze, he instantly became speechless. He could tell that Young Master George had purposely come to him because of this formula. He had seen how smart Young Master George was a

year ago. At that time, the young master had used his computer and easily invaded the dark web overseas. It shocked him for a very long time.

The young master was very interested in programming, and he was somehow gifted in it. He could not have taken down the wrong formula and come to him. "I... I've seen it." Mr. Garcia changed his sentence. "I saw it once, but I forgot when I saw it. Let me look at it again." George sat across from him and spoke stoically. "I'm trying to derive the most original version of this formula, but I keep getting stuck. May I know if you can help me derive it?" "Let me try." Mr. Garcia wiped the sweat off his head, while he held a pen and performed the calculations on a draft paper. Half an hour later, George glanced at the draft paper and indifferently asked, "Mr. Garcia, who created this formula? Please just ask that person to come over."

Chapter 269 Mr. Garcia had never felt so awkward.

The young master had purposely come to learn from him, but he did not make any progress after wasting half an hour.

More importantly, he had no idea who had created this formula because he never paid attention to Project A-F.

While the atmosphere was tense, someone pushed the office door open. Brayden and Mr. Garcia were close, so Brayden rarely knocked on the door before he entered the office. When he pushed open the door and came in, he saw that George was still there, so he immediately took a step back. "I'm sorry for the disturbance." After he said that, he immediately closed the door again. "Brayden, please come in."

Mr. Garcia quickly stopped him. He had handed full authority over Project A-F to Brayden, so he thought Brayden should know who had suggested this new formula. Brayden pushed the door open and went inside again. "Yes, Mr. Garcia?"

While he spoke, he dared not look at George. This boy was just four years old, but his aura was too imposing. It made him too afraid of staring at him. Mr. Garcia passed him the paper where the formula was written. "Have you seen this before?"

Brayden looked over, and his eyes lit up. "Mr. Garcia, are you deriving this formula as well? I tried to derive it last night, but I couldn't figure out the original formula. I asked Ms. Daugherty for advice just now, and she gave me a full demonstration. Mr. Garcia, look carefully. This formula is magical. After you write it out, you'll find that it's extremely simple. Before you write it out, you won't be able to figure it out no matter what." Brayden took a pen and

wrote down a long series of programming derivation formulas on the draft paper with swishing sounds. Mr. Garcia's eyes were slowly filled with shock. When he was trying to derive it, it already did not feel like a simple formula. Perhaps it could

change the current programming technique.

After Brayden wrote out the whole calculation, Mr. Garcia suddenly realized that a common person would not have been able to suggest this formula.

Without a certain level of programming foundation, strong mathematical logic, and a deep understanding of the industry, it was impossible to figure out something so simple yet complex.

“What do you think, Mr. Garcia? Isn’t this brilliant?” Brayden played with the pen, and his eyes were filled with pride. “Ms. Daugherty is amazing. I asked her for some advice on the problems that I encountered at work, and she managed to resolve them with just a few sentences. She appears to be two years younger than me, but she’s unexpectedly intelligent.”

Mr. Garcia was in disbelief. “Did you just say that Ms. Daugherty suggested this formula?” How was it possible?

Ms. Daugherty seemed to be in her early twenties!

How could such a gorgeous lady understand the industry so thoroughly?

“Who else could it be besides her?” Brayden looked puzzled as he said, “If Ms. Daugherty wasn’t capable, how could she establish a company? Mr. Garcia, you need to attend the next review meeting. Ms. Daugherty’s perspectives are very unique. If you listen to her, you’ll be enlightened.”

Mr. Garcia was stunned.

Was that woman so brilliant?

He really could not tell.

“Ms. Daugherty? Which Ms. Daugherty?” George slowly asked. His sight was excellent, so he was able to see the process of Brayden’s derivation on the draft paper. It looked simple and ordinary, but upon careful thought, he realized that the formula could not have been derived by a normal person. They could even use the formula to apply for a patent. He suddenly wanted to meet Ms. Daugherty. “It’s Adina Daugherty, the founder of LaStar Technology Corporation,” Brayden said casually. George appeared to be taken aback all of a sudden. Adina Daugherty!

Chapter 270

How could he forget that Adina was an outstanding student at Harvard University?

The information stated clearly that she was an outstanding student in the School of Electronics and Information Engineering at Harvard University, and she was known as a programming genius.

The information had been presented to him in words. How could he have neglected it? Adina... It was actually Adina! That woman was brilliant.

“That’s all for today. If there’s any progress in this project, please contact me, Mr. Garcia,” George stood up and said with a straight face. After he spoke, he turned around and left the office. Once Mr. Garcia sent George out, he looked at Brayden. “Did Ms. Daugherty really come up with this formula?”

He still found it surreal.

Experts in programming tended to be very old or have bald heads. Ms. Daugherty was incredibly young and beautiful. No matter how he looked at her, she still did not look like a programmer.

“Of course, it’s Ms. Daugherty!” Brayden nodded “Her logic is extremely strong. She even suggested a new programming theory, but she spoke too fast, so I didn’t understand it well. I’ll ask her about it when I see her next time.”

Mr. Garcia fell into deep thought.

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Adina attended the review meeting in Winters Corporation in the morning before she went back to her office to continue working on some miscellaneous matters in the afternoon. She was so busy that she did not have time to even drink a glass of water.

She worked on the project with Winters Corporation and also had to update the chip for Xavier Corporation's intelligent product. Besides, she also needed to contact Daugherty Corporation's clients. Most importantly, her own company, LaStar Technology Corporation, had just been established. There were too many things that she needed to handle.

It was 5.00 pm in the blink of an eye.

Adina put aside her work before she packed her stuff and prepared to pick her kids up from preschool. At that moment, her phone vibrated. She looked at it, and the caller ID showed that it was her grandma.

She pressed the answer button and turned on the speaker. She packed her stuff as she said, "Grandma, is everything okay?"

All this while, she would usually call Mdm. Daugherty at night to send her greetings. They never contacted each other during the daytime.

"Addy, bring your kids back for dinner later. I purposely asked the chef to make some of the kids' favorite food."

Adina was taken by surprise. "Grandma, how did you know about my kids?"

"If Dew hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known that you gave birth to two kids. Addy, we're your family. How can you hide such a serious matter from your family?" Mdm. Daugherty sighed. "I heard from Dew that you have a son and a daughter, and they're already four years old. Bring them back and let me take a look at them." Adina's gaze became cold. She pursed her lips and indifferently said, "Okay, I'll go home later." After she hung up, the coldness in her eyes became more profound.

Dew!

It was Dew again!

Why did she tell their grandmother about her children? What was she planning to do? Since Dew wanted to create a fuss using her kids, she would go and see what Dew was planning!

Adina drove to the preschool, and after the kids got into the car, she gently smiled and said, "Alden, I have something to do later. Can you and Mel hang out in the Winters family villa? I'll take you home later." When Alden heard that, he looked up.

"Mom, what are you busy with?" "I need to go and meet a client. We might have to talk for a while," Adina drove as she explained. Alden looked at Adina's side profile. For some reason, he sensed that his mother was lying.

