

Chapter 301

Mr. Brown opened his mouth several times, but he did not know how to answer.

Adina spoke as she washed the dishes. "Dew is his birth mother. It won't do him any good if word gets out about how he's treating her."

"Well, Young Master Harold is still young. He doesn't understand what a birth mother means." Mr. Brown explained. "Young Master Harold has always disliked her ever since he could remember. He has never called her mom. Even so, Young Master George has never called her mom either. He did call her mother, which comes across as rather impersonal."

Adina lowered her eyes and said, "George is a child with self-restraint and propriety. If he is willing to call Dew mother, that means he acknowledges her."

"Young Master George is good to his mother indeed. He prepares all sorts of gifts for Ms. Dew every year. This villa has a room on the second floor that is filled with clothes, bags, and shoes that Young Master George bought for Ms. Dew." On that note, Mr. Brown let out another sigh. "However, Ms. Dew angered Master Duke last time. All the things in that room have been thrown away."

"Master Duke dislikes Ms. Dew, Young Master Harold rejects her too, but Young Master George has always respected his mother. Although Ms. Dew is not allowed to step foot in Winters family's house again, Young Master George has always paid attention to any news regarding her. Ms. Dew's participation in the piano tour abroad this time was also as per Young Master George's arrangement." Age had loosened Mr. Brown's tongue. He casually spoke about some of the things George had done to Dew.

The corner of Adina's lips slowly curled into a sneer.

George did care a lot about Dew, his mother.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have deliberately set up a trap waiting for her to walk into it.

George went to great lengths to deal with her. Would Alden and Melody become his targets, too?

Adina pursed her lips. Her hand that was chopping the vegetables paused.

Cooking was the easiest thing for her, but at that moment, she did not feel quite up to it.

Just then, a car drove in from outside the house. Mr. Brown's knitted brows smoothed. "Master is home."

The old man waved to a few other cooks in the kitchen. "Leave and work on something else."

Leave the kitchen to Master and Ms. Adina. He could see that Ms. Adina was quite special to Master.

This was the first time he had seen Master show great interest and patience to a woman.

Adina slowly chopped the vegetables. The next moment, she heard the sound of leather shoes stepping on the ground. Duke Winters had walked in.

She lowered her eyes and continued to work on the task at hand.

"I'll cut the vegetables." Duke Winters walked over and took the kitchen knife from her hand. "Look at these potatoes. You call this dicing?" He asked in a low voice. As he spoke, his black eyes fell on Adina's face. Adina raised her head and looked at the man before her.

He was wearing a black business suit. His powerful aura was spreading all over the room. A man like this would actually cook in the kitchen. He had probably never stepped foot in the kitchen before this.

So, who did he go into the kitchen for?

Harold? Melody? Or for her?

Adina shoved down the emotions that inexplicably emerged as she said indifferently, "I was just chatting with Mr. Brown." Duke's lips curled up a little. "About what?" "About Harold and George's mother." Duke's fingers paused immediately. The three-day deadline had not yet expired. He had planned to tell her about it tonight or tomorrow

However, she seemed to have found out already now. Duke put down the kitchen knife.

Chapter 302

He was not a man who was used to running away from problems.

He had only postponed it repeatedly because he had not figured out how to tell her yet.

But now that this woman had brought it up, he had to clear things up with her.

"Dewis George and Harold's mother," Duke said in a low voice.

Adina clenched her fingers.

Although she had learned that truth a long time ago, her heart still sank when she heard it from this man.

She curled her lips, feigning aloofness, and let out a faint smile. "No wonder Harold likes me so much. It turns out that I am her aunt. The children should be considered cousins. No wonder they can get along well." Her tone was relaxed. However, Duke could hear a faint hint of sarcasm in it. He stared at her and said, enunciating each word, "Five years ago, Trent got me drunk. He sent a woman into my room. I slept with Dew while I was blacked out. After that night, I tried to find her, but it was as if she had disappeared off the face of the earth. It wasn't until eight months later that she showed up at the door of our villa with her two children in her arms. That's how I found out that I have two sons."

He explained everything that happened five years ago in a few words.

Adina felt a thin rope wrapped around her heart. Every word this man said was like an additional force pulling on the thin rope, gradually tightening the rope around her heart. The feeling of suffocation spread throughout her guts little by little.

She did not even understand why she would feel such emotion.

Why did it bother her so much about that night from five years ago? What did the past between this man and Dew have to do with her? "You don't have to explain this to me," Adina spoke slowly in monotone. "I suddenly feel a little unwell. Is it okay if I go home now?" She headed toward the exit of the kitchen as she said that.

Duke reached out and grabbed her wrist.

The moment they made contact, the image of Duke and Dew rolling around on a bed popped up in Adina's mind.

She suddenly felt a little disgusted.

She fiercely shook off the man's hand.

"Mr. Winters, please behave yourself." Her cold eyes were cold to the extreme, like the ice in the polar regions that was over a thousand years old.

Duke's beautiful thin lips pursed.

He took a deep breath and said, "I know what bothers you, and I can assure you that other than that night, Dew and I have nothing more to do with each other." "What happens between you and Dew has nothing to do with me, either." Adina took a step back. "I should go." She walked quickly out of the kitchen, fearing that Duke would come and grab her again.

"Auntie Adina!"

Harold came rushing down the stairs just in time. He darted toward Adina and tried to hurl himself at her like how he always did.

When she saw his face, Adina thought of Dew.

This was Dew's son!

No matter how much Harold loathed Dew, it would not change the fact that they were bound by blood!

After such a thought emerged in her mind, she moved uncontrollably to the side to avoid him. Harold missed and fell on his back on the ground,

**Sob. Auntie Adina, why didn't you catch me? My butt hurts. Can you help me up?"

The little guy sat on the carpet and stretched out both his arms.

Chapter 303

Harold was sitting on the floor. His eyes shone brightly. Adina's figure was reflected in his eyes. He was thoroughly convinced that Auntie Adina would pick him up. Adina could not help but take a step back as she looked at him.

She did not understand why, but at that moment, the faces of her children who died as babies came to her mind.

Those two children who died just after they were born had turned into the nightmare that constantly haunted her. Their deaths were the source of all her pain. How could Dew's sons be alive and well while

her sons rotted in the ground? How could Dew's sons become the most honored young masters of the Winters family, while her sons could not even look at this wonderful world?

And what about her?

What was she doing?

She actually cooked for Dew's sons and treated them as if they were her own!

How could she face her dead children?

Her two sons would not have died as babies if it had not been for Dew.

Adina's eyes were suddenly red and watery.

"Auntie Adina, what's wrong?" Harold got up from the ground hastily. He grabbed Adina's hand and shook it gently. When Adina opened her eyes again, there was clarity in her eyes.

She shook off Harold's hand and said apathetically, "Harold Winters, I may not be able to come and cook for you anymore."

Harold was stunned for a moment. "Why?"

"I've got too much on my plate at work. From now on, I'll have someone deliver the meal over after I make it." There was an indifferent look on Adina's face. "Al, Mel, come on. We're going home."

Alden glanced around the several people present. He keenly felt that something was wrong, but he did not ask any questions. He took his sister's hand and walked obediently to Adina's side.

Melody was holding a pink bunny doll. It was a gift that Harold had just given her. She fiddled with the doll in her hand and obediently followed her brother to the car. The car disappeared in front of the Winters family villa.

"Waah!"

Harold cried out loud.

He glared at Duke with red eyes and roared, "This is all your fault! Daddy, you must have made Auntie Adina mad, that's why she suddenly left!"

"Auntie Adina called me Harold Winters instead of Harold! Auntie Adina must be mad at me! What have I done wrong? I didn't bully Mel. I didn't fight with Alden. I did nothing wrong. Why doesn't Auntie Adina want to talk to me anymore?"

Harold was bawling. He sobbed convulsively and was almost going to pass out.

"Oh, Young Master, please stop crying." Mr. Brown felt so bad for him. "Maybe something came up. That's why Ms. Adina had to leave. She will come again tomorrow. Stop crying. There, there."

"She won't come. She won't come anymore. Auntie Adina said she would have someone deliver the food tomorrow. She won't come anymore." Harold buried his face in Mr. Brown's arms and bawled.

"Mr. Brown, why does Auntie Adina suddenly not like me anymore? Why?"

Mr. Brown seemed confused, too. He had only been out of the kitchen with the other chefs for less than ten minutes when he noticed Ms. Adina walk out with a cold expression on her face.

Before he could figure out what had happened, Ms. Daugherty had left with Young Master Alden and Young Lady Melody. It all happened too fast.

Mr. Brown stole a glance at Duke.

Chapter 304

Mr. Brown saw that the expression on his face was icy. His eyes were stone cold. His thin lips were lividly pursed. A sullen aura surrounded him, but at the same time, Mr. Brown caught a hint of helplessness on his face,

Helplessness?

So, Master did not know what happened either?

Or he knew what happened, but he just did not know how to resolve it? Mr. Brown scratched his chin and sighed with great concern.

When it came to making up with a woman, he knew nothing about it either. Otherwise, he would not have been single for decades. "Buzz buzz."

Just then, Duke's phone rang.

He looked at the caller ID, Trent.

It was always about drinking and having fun when this guy called. He was about to hang up the call when his finger suddenly paused.

Trent Sunderland, the second son of the Sunderland family, the famous playboy in Sea City. He got a new girlfriend every three days. When it came to understanding women, no one in the circle could outmatch him.

Duke pressed the answer button and walked toward the door.

Thirty minutes later, when Duke arrived at Rock bar, Trent and Eilam were already drinking,

"Duke, it's a rarity that you would grace us with your presence today."

Trent poured a glass of wine and handed it over.

Duke took the glass and sat on the couch.

With a sullen expression, he lifted the glass and finished the wine in it. Then he handed the empty glass over and gestured for Trent to fill it up. "What has gotten to you? You are actually going all out?" Trent immediately filled his glass and leaned closer to him. "I see that there is a dark line of fate running down between your brows, while your cheeks are pink. This is a typical face of someone who is troubled with love. You didn't come here to get drunk just because you're suffering from relationship trouble, did you?"

Duke gave him a look. "Shut up." "Come on, we're buddies. We can tell each other everything." Trent sat down next to him and put his arm around his shoulder. He lowered his voice and said, "Let me guess. My friend, is it about Adina again?"

When Eilam heard Adina's name, he sat closer to them as well. "Duke, I read the technical core report of the project sent by Ms. Daugherty. I'm telling you, it was impressive. Everyone in Walker Corporation's technical department was shocked, especially with the new technical

programming formula she came up with. It's freaking awesome!" Eilam continued to ramble compliments about her. Duke somehow felt a little proud. The cold expression on his face faded significantly. (Tsk!" Trent stared at him. "It's really because of Adina, that woman. Your very demeanor is actually being controlled by a woman, Mr. Winters. Tell me now, are you just fooling around with her or are you serious about her?"

Duke gripped his glass and didn't really know how to answer.

Fooling around with her?

Or serious about her?

He had never even thought about it.

He just could not help but want to get closer to the woman. It was like he was being pulled by a mysterious force.

"Darn it! This is bad! You have been poisoned!" Trent observed his expression. "You're actually starting to think about this seriously, which means you're not just fooling around! Duke, Adina is someone who has given birth. You must nip that kind of thought in the bud!" Duke glanced over coldly. "I have two sons, too."

Trent put his hands up to give in. "Fine. You guys are not much different. If you both have feelings for each other, then you deserve to be with each other."

"But..." He leaned closer. "Since you guys are so cut out for each other, what exactly is bothering you tonight, then?"

Duke took a sip of wine and said in a low voice, "I told her about George and Harold's mother. She suddenly started to get angry. No matter how I explained it, she just wouldn't listen. Tell me, why is that?"

Chapter 305

Trent drank a gulp of the wine.

He smirked and said, "You brought it upon yourself. Why would you bring up the two little guys' real mother? I don't think any woman would feel fine with hearing their partner talking about their exes, especially since you have had two children together. It's easy for her mind to conjure up some age-inappropriate images," Duke spoke in a deep voice, "Why would women not want to hear their partner talking about their exes?"

“Why else do you think? They would get jealous, of course!” Trent snorted. “The more a woman cares about you, the more she cares about the existence of your ex. The moment you bring up your ex in front of her, she would start assuming that you still care about the other woman, and that makes her jealous. When she’s jealous, she’s mad. When she’s mad, she doesn’t want to talk to you anymore.” Duke looked up. “Are you saying that she cares about me?”

“Well, what do you think? Why else would she be mad at you?” Trent rolled his eyes. “I say, Duke, with your standing, you are too good even for a princess of the royal family. Why do you seem so unsure of yourself in front of Adina?”

Eilam could not help but interject, “Ms. Daugherty is the most beautiful woman in Sea City, after all.

Trent retorted, “What kind of beautiful woman flips someone over her shoulder whenever she feels like it? She scares me. If she really gets together with Duke, I won’t even dare to set foot in Winters family’s house.”

Eilam and Trent started chatting with each other!

With the wineglass in his hand, Duke’s furrowed brows gradually relaxed.

Adina took the two children home and prepared some dishes and soup for dinner. Melody was digging into the food, while Alden could not help but keep staring at Adina. After the meal, Melody went to practice piano. Alden followed Adina into the kitchen. “Mommy, let me help you with the dishes.” Adina gave up her place by the sink and turned around to clean the stove. Alden rolled up his sleeves. While he was washing the dishes, he said, “Mommy, may I know the reason you suddenly wanted to leave the Winters family’s house tonight?” Adina’s hands paused. She continued to wipe the stove top and answered in a flat voice, “The Winters family is the most prestigious family in Sea City. People will think we are trying to suck up to them if we go there too often.”

“You are not being honest.” Alden directly exposed her lie. “Mommy, you lost control of your emotions tonight. Uncle Duke obviously upset you. What exactly did he do to you?”

Adina frowned in silence,

Her Alden was too smart. There was nothing she could keep from him.

However, there were some things that simply could not be explained to a child who was just over four years old.

“Mommy, you’ve been in a weird mood since last night.” Alden’s voice mingled with the sound of running water and reached Adina’s ears. “You’ve been feeling down since you found out last night that George is Harold’s brother. Mommy, this really bothers you a lot, doesn’t it?” Adina’s hands stiffened. She let out a sigh and said, “Oh, Al, I wish you could be less clever.” Alden laid the washed bowl on the draining rack. Then, he turned around and said in a serious manner, “Mommy, there are some things that you don’t have to go through alone.”

Adina knew that if she did not talk to him about this today, Alden would not be able to sleep at ease.

She said in a low voice, “Do you know who Harold and George’s mother is?” Alden finally understood.

He had long figured out that Mommy would not go to the Winters family's villa anymore once she found out that Dew was Harold's mother.

He just did not expect that Mommy would leave right away without any hesitation. "I see you already know about it." Adina glanced at him. "That explains why you wouldn't allow Mel to hang out with Harold two days ago." She sneered a little.

Al was a child, yet he realized it sooner than her. It was like she had learned nothing in all the years she lived.

Chapter 306

"Dew is George and Harold's mother. We won't be going to the Winters family's mansion anymore, right?"

Alden raised his gaze and asked solemnly. Adina pursed her lips. "I don't think I can face Dew's sons and remain rational. It's better if we don't go there anymore." "They're Uncle Duke's sons." Alden continued, "He's special to you, isn't he?" Adina's heart skipped a beat. She took a deep breath and said calmly, "He's not someone special to me. He's just my working partner, that's all." Alden's phone started vibrating in his pocket. He wiped his hands and took out his phone. Someone had emailed him a document. [Paternity Test Report] He narrowed his eyes as he opened the email. His gaze fell on the last line of text. Although he had expected this, he was still in disbelief.

He locked his phone, raised his head, and asked, "Mel has called Uncle Duke 'daddy'. Mother, have you thought of getting together with him? With that, Mel can call him 'daddy' for real, then."

Adina could not believe what she had just heard. "Al, what makes you think that way?" "Perhaps, I do have some feelings toward Duke. But it's not to the extent of hoping that my two children would call him "daddy".! "Al, I've never thought of getting you both a stepfather." Adina stressed, "Melody is still very young and doesn't know much about the world. She still has no idea what 'daddy' means. I will correct her gradually." Alden clutched his phone. "What if Mel and my biological father come and find us?"

Adina's heart sank.

'I've hidden the matter regarding Tyson very well. In just a few hours, the news was suppressed. Realistically, Al shouldn't have heard anything about it.

'But with the way he's asking me this question, he must have caught wind somewhere.'

She said resolutely, "It doesn't matter. I don't plan to let your biological father meet either one of you. Unless... You and Mel want a father..."

'If the children truly want to reunite with their father, there's... no way for me to stop them.'

Alden pursed his lips. "What if.... Duke is our father?"

Adina let out a sigh.

'Based on what he said, it's clear that he doesn't know about Tyson.'

She walked up to him, patted his head, and said softly, "There's no way he's your father. Even if he is, we wouldn't have any kind of relationship with each other."

Alden's gaze turned distant. 'Should I tell Mother about the report?

'But will anything change if I tell her?

'It'll only cause her more worry.' Adina was not able to sleep well that night.

The next day, after she got off work, she fetched her children home directly and cooked dinner. They did not go to the Winters family's mansion.

After she was done cooking, she called a delivery service through the Internet to send her food to the Winters family's mansion.

'I've promised Harold to cook dinner for him. I can't go back on my word. I'm not a quitter.' When the rider sent the thermal lunch boxes to the Winters family's mansion, Harold was sitting on the swing in the courtyard, staring at the winding mountain road. The hope in his gaze gradually faded as time passed by...

Chapter 307

"Is Harold Winters here?" The rider asked loudly as he stood outside the mansion, holding the thermos lunch box. Harold hurriedly ran over. "That's me. What's the matter?"

"Here's your delivery. Please sign here."

The rider handed the box to him and left the wind
mountain.

Harold brought the box into the mansion and opened the boxes. He took in the familiar scent. Tears streamed down his cheeks uncontrollably. "Oh, Young Master Alden. Why are you crying?" Colin gave Harold a piece of paper. "These are Ms. Daugherty's food, aren't they? She cooked buffalo wings, frittata, and salsa salad. These are all your favorite food. Don't cry. Let's eat them while they are warm..." Harold said as he sobbed, "Is Auntie Adina really not coming? Why? I miss her? I miss Melody ... Boohoo, Mr. Brown, what did I do wrong? Why doesn't Auntie Adina want me anymore..?" Colin had no idea how to comfort Alden.

There was no way he could give him an explanation. Just as he was trying to think of something, he saw a black car entering the courtyard. Duke had returned home. "Young Master Alden, Mr. Winters is back! Cheer up!" Harold raised his teary gaze and saw Duke and George getting out of the car together. He saw George holding a box. It was a pink box that girls usually loved playing with.

'George bought toys for Melody, but she won't come to our house anymore...? George entered with the box. He frowned and asked, "Why are you crying?" Whenever Harold cried, he would have a bad feeling. It must be the twin telepathy phenomenon that they shared.

"George, Auntie Adina and Melody won't be coming to our house anymore!" Harold hugged him and cried, "Daddy must have angered her, and she doesn't want to come here anymore..."

George lowered his gaze and looked at Duke, who entered the mansion with him.

Duke looked indifferent. He frowned and exhaled.

He truly had not expected Adina to stop coming

He said plainly, "Stop crying, I'll give her a call." Harold instantly stopped crying. His teary eyes widened, and he sniffled. "Daddy, apologize to Auntie Adina. She'll forgive you." Duke was speechless,

'Why do I need to apologize? What did I do wrong?

'Sure, I was wrong five years ago, but I don't need to apologize to her.

'Not like she's someone special to me...'

After a few seconds, it got through.

"Hi, Mr. Winters. What's the matter?" Adina's voice sounded cold on the other end of the call. For a moment, Duke was not sure what to say.

After a while, he then said, "Harold told me to call you. He asked me to thank you for the food. They are delicious. Thanks."

Harold was at a loss for words.

'I still haven't started eating. When did I say it's tasty?'

"You're welcome. I'm glad you all liked them. I'm currently occupied with something, so bye now."

Duke was about to speak, but before he could say anything, she had ended the call Harold looked at him. "Daddy, why didn't you say sorry to Auntie Adina? Call her back!"

Chapter 308

Duke shifted his cold gaze to Harold. "Are you telling me what to do?"

Harold's arrogance was quickly suppressed.

He mumbled, "It's your fault. What's so hard to apologize for?"

George frowned. "What did dad do?"

Duke wanted to know as well.

Harold snorted a little. "Whatever it is, you're at fault. Auntie Adina wouldn't be angry at you for no reason!"

After that, he turned and climbed on the chair. He started opening the lunch boxes and gobbling up the food. "Hmm! Tasty! This is so delicious! Auntie Adina's buffalo wings are getting tastier!" He did not care how he looked. He stuffed his mouth with chicken wings like a squirrel.

George knew that Harold was a notoriously picky eater.

He was now curious to know how tasty the buffalo wings actually were...

Harold saw George staring at his lunch box. He hurriedly put his arms around them and said, with his mouth still full, "George, Auntie Adina made this food for me! It's only enough for one person. Don't you dare try to eat my food! It's your fault that you've not been at home for the past two days. It's your loss for not having the chance to eat Auntie Adina's delicious food. They are really, really, really tasty. They're even tastier than the food cooked by our chefs at home..."

The chefs and George were speechless.

The entire dining hall could hear Harold gobbling up his food.

Duke pursed his lips.

'I have to admit that Adina's cooking skill is impressive.

T've only eaten her cooking twice, but I don't feel like eating the food cooked by our chefs anymore I can't blame Harold for being so protective of his food.'

'Sir, this is the Egyptian gold plate we got today from the auction hall. When will we be sending in to Aserialia?' Colin smiled as he walked toward Duke. "Mrs. Winters loves things from Egypt. I'm sure she'll be overjoyed when she receives her birthday gift!"

George turned, "Grandma will be celebrating her birthday in Ascrialia this year?"

"She says she'll be coming home to celebrate her birthday." Harold mumbled as he continued to eat the buffalo wings, "She told me that herself. I video called her last night."

Duke spoke plainly, "I'll call and ask her."

He took out his phone. His mother was just a call away.

Mabel was drinking her tea in the manor when her phone vibrated on her desktop. She took a glance at the caller with a smile. The young lady sitting beside her smiled. "It must be Duke." Mabel smiled and nodded. She then picked up the call. "Duke, have you eaten yet?" Duke said, "Mother, your birthday is just around the corner. Are you going to host a banquet abroad, or would it be at home?" "I told Hal last night that I'll be going back for the birthday banquet." Mabel smiled and said, "I've been away for too long. Everyone there might forget me if I don't go back. I'll be back in a few days. You can arrange the banquet for me." "Okay, I will."

Duke ended the call after he was done speaking. There was a hint of bitterness in Mabel's smile.

'Well, my son truly only goes straight to the point. He ends the call right after he has his answers. He didn't even ask how I am...

"Aunt Mabel, so you really are returning for your birthday banquet, huh?" Catherine said, feeling sad. "It looks like I can only wish you happy birthday in advance."

Mabel looked at her and said, "Are you really going to wish me only?"

Catherine took out two tickets from her handbag. "These are the tickets to Alice's live concert for her piano tour. I heard that Mr. Albert will also be performing. These tickets were not easy to get a hold of,

but I know you like listening to piano concerts. So, I asked my father to buy them from his friend in business..." "Thank you so much."

Mrs. Winters loved to go to art exhibitions and listened to piano concerts on weekdays. She would not miss any piano concerts, let alone Alice's or Albert's performances. She immediately called his driver and asked him to take them to the concert.

Chapter 309

At the international concert hall in Ascrialia... This was Dew's last concert abroad. She wore a black silk gown with pearls and gems inlaid on the black fabric. Her dress was sparkling under the chandelier. She sat on the stage, her back straight and poised. Her slender fingers flew over the keys on the piano.

She could feel all the audience's gazes were fixed on her as if she was the center of the world...

They gave her a round of applause when her song ended. Dew stood up and bowed. As she slowly looked up, she suddenly felt an intense gaze staring at her. She instantly looked up at the audience and found a familiar face. 'That's Mrs. Winters, Duke's mother. I've only seen her a couple of times. 'The first time we met was when George and Harold turned hundred days old. The second time was when we celebrated their twins' birthday for the first time.

'I'm sure of it; I've not seen Mrs. Winters for three years. What are the odds of us meeting again at the International Concert Hall...?'

Dew hurriedly tried to recall if she embarrassed herself on stage earlier.

'My performance earlier was perfect. That's good. Mrs. Winters wouldn't be able to notice any of my flaws... She smiled a little at Mabel. "Aunt Mabel, do you know the young female pianist on the stage?" Catherine asked curiously. Mabel nodded. "I wasn't able to recognize her earlier on. But after she smiled at me, I remembered, She's the mother of my two grandsons." Catherine was stunned, "Ms. Daugherty is surely gorgeous and elegant." Mabel was indifferent toward Catherine's remark about Dew.

'She does look naturally beautiful. Sure enough, George and Harold's facial features are as gorgeous as hers.

'But what a shame her family background is a little complicated. What's more, the desire to profit in her eyes is too intense. She is not suitable to be Mrs. Winters. 'But because she's George and Harold's biological mother, I have to play along and ask Duke to marry her. With that, they would be regarded as a complete family with two children.

'But no matter how I persuade Duke, he's not willing to marry Dew at all...'

After the concert ended, Dew invited Mabel to the resting area backstage. Catherine followed along

"Madam, if only I'd known you'd be attending the concert, I would've reserved the front row seat for you." Dew politely poured a cup of tea for her with a smile. "There'll be a top international pianist performing in a couple of days. If you're free, I'll go and get two tickets for you."

All pianists who performed in the international concert hall were all internationally renowned pianists. It was extremely difficult to get any of their tickets. Dew was Alice's student, so she could easily ask the organizer to get her a few tickets to the concerts.

"It's okay." Mabel said plainly, "I'm planning to go back in a few days. How about you? How long are you planning to stay in Ascrialia?"

Dew rolled her eyes a little before saying with a smile, "Now that I'm done with my work, I am free to arrange my own schedule. Why don't I accompany you for a few days? We can then head back to Sea City together? 'If I can use this opportunity to curry favor with Mrs. Winters, perhaps I'll have someone to support me to marry into the Winters family.' Mrs. Winter nodded and turned to Catherine. "Catherine, why don't you come back to Sea City with me as well?"

Chapter 310

"I want to go to Cairnstan and see its renowned rivers and mountains. But I have been quite occupied recently. I don't think I can attend your birthday banquet in Sea City, Aunt Mabel." Catherine said regretfully, "I'll be opening a counseling center in Sea City soon. By then, I can meet you and Duke to have a meal together."

Dew's eyelids twitched for a moment.

'Aunt Mabel? Duke?

'Why does this woman sound like she's very close with Mrs. Winter and Duke? 'Who's she?'

Dew raised her eyebrow as she looked at Catherine in a composed manner. She then smiled and said, "You can contact me too, once you've arrived in Sea City. I can show you the famous scenic landmarks in Sea City, especially Oriental Pearl, where George and Hal like best..."

She intentionally mentioned her two sons, seemingly trying to remind Catherine of her position. Catherine's eyes lit up. "Oh, yes! George and Harold are in Sea City too! Aunt Mabel talks about them every day. I adore them! I must open up my center in Sea City as soon as possible. I'll be able to see them two every day soon!" Dew forced a smile. "Hal is quite headstrong. He doesn't like to meet strangers." "It's okay. You're her mother, right? I'm sure once we're close friends, Hal will want to play with me. Catherine was so friendly that she touched Dew's arm.

Dew let out a sigh of relief.

'Despite her knowing Duke and I have had two sons together, she still adores them. Well, that just means she's not into Duke. Looks like I'm just paranoid.'

Her smile became more genuine. "Alright, I'll be waiting for you in Sea City. I'll bring Hal to fetch you at the airport." After Mabel was done with her tea, she said, "When did you learn to play the piano?" Dew cautiously replied to her, "I learned to play the piano when I was young. I took lessons for a decade. I stopped playing it after I started working at Daugherty Corporation. Until recently, due to an accident, I quit the board of directors. Only then, did I have the time to play the piano again. I was able to go on tour with Ms. Alice because of George. He said he wishes that I can become a world-renowned pianist." Mabel nodded, "Well, since it's George's wish, I hope you'll work hard for it." "Of course, Madam," Dew said politely. Mabel looked at her and did not speak further.

Dew stayed in Ascrialia for the next three days, accompanying Mabel to art exhibitions and concerts.

She learned to play the piano when she was young and had learned art for three to five years. So, Mabel had to agree with her opinion on music and art.

At dusk, the streetlamps that were hidden in the trees gradually lit up the area in the mansion dimly with their faint lights.

A tiny figure stood at the entrance.

Harold hugged his knees and stared at the road in front of him with teary eyes.

Behind him was Colin, who was looking saddened by him. "Young Master Harold, let's head back. It's no use even if you wait here..."

"Go back if you want to. I'll stay!" Harold gritted as he said, "I've not seen Aunt Adina and Mel for three days already! I miss them! I'll only go back after I see them!"

Colin had no idea what to do as he sighed. : 'Ms. Daugherty is truly ruthless. How can she say nothing and stop coming for four days? 'I thought that Sir would be able to persuade her. But something has happened to Winters Corporation, and Madam Winters' banquet will be carried out very soon. There's so much that he needs to do. He's forced to put Ms. Daugherty's matter aside for now...'