

Chapter 140 She really did not understand why Harold always went after her. When she looked at Harold's pitiful face, she suddenly recalled what happened last night. Melody had sneaked out of preschool to look for Duke, and Harold had sneaked out of his house to look for her.

Why was this happening?

Adina could not figure it out even after she thought about it.

She stroked Harold's hair, which was a mess. There were rotten leaves and dust from the flowerbed stuck in it. She carried the boy helplessly. "Your Dad will arrive in twenty minutes. I'll take you to take a shower first."

Duke helped Melody take a shower, and she helped Harold take a shower. Both of them had settled the score.

Just as she got up, Alden followed her and indifferently said, "Mom, he should be four years old. He can take a shower on his own."

Adina's scent made Harold feel secure, and he did not want to let her go. He held Adina's neck tightly. "I don't know how to take shower. I also don't know how to take off my clothes. Aunt Adina, please help me!"

"Boys and girls shouldn't have physical contact. I'll help you."

Alden spoke, and his voice was unquestionable.

Adina put Harold down and gently said, "Harold, you're already four years old. You should learn how to take a shower independently. Let Alden bring you to the bathroom and teach you how to shower."

"No!" Harold grabbed her wrist tightly and stubbornly said, "Besides, I should be older than him. I'm the big brother!"

Alden rolled his eyes. "How old are you?"

"Four years old!" Harold raised his chin. "You should be three and a half years old!"

Alden continued to calmly ask, "Which month were you born?"

Harold scratched his hair. "I can't remember, but I must be older than you!"

"If you're older than me, but you don't know how to shower, it has to be because of your IQ," Alden said indifferently.

Harold pouted and put his hands on his waist. He looked fierce.

"Mom said we should do our things on our own. She likes independent kids," Alden said again.

Harold felt discouraged, and he lowered his head, "Okay, you teach me how to shower."

He wanted to be a mature and obedient boy so that Aunt Adina would not kick him out.

He took the initiative to go into the bathroom. Alden followed him, and he shut the bathroom door behind him.

A light thud was heard, and Harold suddenly felt that something was wrong.

He glared at Alden. "Why did you close the door?"

"Do you have some kink about not closing the door when you shower?" Alden took out a new towel in an unfriendly manner. "Do you know how to turn on the heater?"

Harold remained quiet.

Could he say no?

When he was at home, Mr. Brown and at least two servants would help him with his shower.

He just needed to lay in the bathtub.

But when he saw Alden's contemptuous gaze, he had to suppress the word.

He walked to the bathtub and turned on the faucet. Alden's voice was indifferent. "This is hot water. Do you want to boil yourself to death?" Harold turned the faucet slightly to the left. Alden said, "If you're not afraid of coldness, this temperature is fine." It was only when Harold took off his clothes and stepped into the bathtub that he understood what Alden meant.

The water was too cold!

Harold could no longer bear it and angrily said, "You're bullying me!"