

Madam Winters 153

Chapter 153 Dew's eyes instantly turned red. She bit her bottom lip, and her eyes became teary. She looked like a beautiful woman who had just wept.

She took one step forward and complained about her grievance. "Duke, when you left the banquet early last night, you didn't take me along. In the end, Mr. Johnson sent me home. Do you know how inappropriate he was? He leered at me and even grabbed my hand! If I hadn't put up a strong resistance, he would've dragged me to a hotel!" Duke finally looked at her. "Why did you try to resist him?"

Dew found herself speechless.

The question nearly choked her. Was it not normal for her to resist? Why did he ask such a question? But since Duke had asked her, she needed to answer properly. She blinked, and her tears fell. "Duke, I'm not an easy woman. Our night five years ago was caused by an accident. I regretted sleeping with a man before getting married too, but what could I do? You were drunk that night, and you were so strong. No matter how I fought back, I couldn't escape. If I were given another chance, I wouldn't have entered the wrong room." She spoke as she sobbed. It was as if she could faint at any moment from all that crying.

Duke was so annoyed that he massaged his forehead.

That night five years ago was also the thing he regretted the most in his life.

If he did not have George and Harold, he would have kicked Dew out of Sea City.

This woman's appearance was a constant reminder of his stupid past.

"Duke, that night five years ago was a mistake, and it doesn't mean that I can sleep with any man."

Dew suddenly moved forward and hugged Duke around the waist.

She put her face on his chest and begged in a sobbing tone. "Duke, I love you, so I can't accept any other man. Please let me be your woman, okay?" Duke smelled the pungent scent of perfume, so he raised his arms coldly and shoved Dew away. Dew did not expect this man to be so heartless. She took a step back but tripped over a chair and fell down on the couch.

"Duke, how can you do this to me?" She cried as she shouted, "I'm the boys' mother. You slept with me, and I gave you two sons! How could you be so cruel to me? I just want the boys to officially call me 'Mom'! Have I done anything wrong?"

Duke took off his coat.

The perfume on his coat was too strong, and the woman's tears made him incredibly uncomfortable.

He threw the coat directly into the trash can and curled his lips into a sneer. "I know very well what you want."

His voice was deep, and his eyes were piercing. "If you don't like Mr. Johnson, there's also Mr. Smith, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Jones. There are many young and capable men in Sea City. Feel free to choose."

Dew was trembling.

Last night, she had suspected Duke of trying to give her away to another man. Unexpectedly, it turned out to be true!

She had given him two sons. How could he... How could he do this to her?

“No, Duke, I only love you. I just want to be with you...”

Duke stared at her. “You’re not good enough to be with a man like me.”

He loosened his tie and threw it into the trash can before he went up to the second floor.

Dew felt as if her body had been entirely drained of strength, and she helplessly held her knees together. Duke would never marry her. It was impossible. They had slept together that night and also had two sons, but he still refused to marry her.<sup>1</sup> Could anyone tell her what to do? Did she really have to be with Mr. Johnson?”