

Chapter 189

After Adina picked her kids up, she drove to the hospital.

“Aunt Adina, you really came to visit me!” Harold was bedridden, but he was so happy that he wanted to jump off the bed. “Wow! Mel, you’re here too! I’m so happy!”

Adina immediately walked over and pressed him down. “You’re still receiving an infusion. Don’t move.”

Harold immediately lay down obediently. He looked at Adina for a while before he stared at Melody and kept smiling in a silly manner.

His head was still dressed with gauze, and there was a faintly visible blood stain.

He was receiving an infusion, so the back of his hand was bruised. Clearly, he had been receiving the infusion for the whole night.

Alden pursed his lips. He walked up to the bed and took down the medical record book that was hanging on it.

When he extended his arm, Harold was shocked. “What-What are you trying to do? Aunt Adina’s here. How dare you still bully me?”

Alden found himself speechless.

He waved the medical record book in his hand. “The doctor’s handwriting is nice. I want to learn.”

He took the medical record book and walked out to the balcony.

Harold fell silent.

Did he look timid and useless just now?

Luckily, Melody walked over. She handed him a toy bear, which immediately distracted him. “Wow, Mel, is this a present from you? It’s really so cute. I love it!” Adina smiled and said, “This is Mel’s favorite toy. Since she brought it over and gave it to you, it means she really likes you as her friend.”

“Friend? I don’t want to be Mel’s friend. I want to be her brother!” Harold grabbed Melody’s hand as he blinked and said, “Mel, let me be your brother, okay? I’ll love and pamper you. I won’t let other people bully you.”

Melody appeared dumbfounded with her eyes open wide. She did not respond at all.

Adina was worried that Harold would feel hurt, so she changed the subject. “Harold, why isn’t your dad here? Where’s Mr. Brown?”

“Dad kept me company last night and went to work today. He’ll come back tonight. Papa Brown was here earlier. He’s out to buy me some food. Mel, wait for a while. Papa Brown’s going to be back with a ton of good snacks later.”

The sound of Harold talking could be heard in the ward, and Adina would reply to him from time to time. The atmosphere was warm and harmonious. Alden stood on the balcony and flipped through the medical record book.

The doctor's handwriting was messy, so he had to carefully differentiate the letters before he could understand everything.

The more he read, the colder his expression became. His mom had talked about it casually yesterday, hence he had really thought that Harold was fine.

However, he learned that Harold had escaped death yesterday after he read the medical record book.

If Harold had not been sent to the hospital in time, he might not have survived.

It was all because he had chased Harold away from their preschool yesterday.

Alden closed the medical record book, and his expression was complicated. He walked into the ward and hung the medical record book at the end of the bed.

Harold scoffed. "How is it? You don't understand the doctor's handwriting, do you?"

He had flipped through the book yesterday when he was bored, but he could not recognize a single word. The handwriting was completely messy.

"I'm not stupid like you," Alden said indifferently. "Stupid? Why am I stupid?" Harold was furious. "I'm four years old, but I know three thousand glossaries. I can also memorize Shakespeare's poems. My teacher says I'm a genius. How dare you call me stupid?"

Alden looked calm as he said, "When I was three years old, I could understand geography."

Harold was speechless.

He had to be lying!

However, when Harold turned sideways and saw Adina's proud expression, he knew that it was true!

This b*stard, Alden, was actually cleverer than him! He could not put up with this! Harold acted as if he did not care while he said, "Hmph! My elder brother could speak eight languages when he was three. He's much better than you!"

Alden nonchalantly said, "Children's voice systems aren't fully developed at three years old, so they can only speak up to four languages. Otherwise, they'll experience a language system disorder."

Harold became speechless again.

George had truly spoken four languages when he was three, but why would this b*stard know about it so well?