

Chapter 222

One should never compare themselves with other people.

However, it was the third time Adina had heard her son ask about Harold's brother.

"Alden, why are you asking about him?" she inquired curiously.

"Harold's always saying that he has an incredible brother, so I've been wanting to see how great he is," Alden answered nonchalantly.

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Adina could not help but chuckle. Alden was usually very mature, which always made her think that he was a grown-up. Alden would only show his childish desire to win when it came to such matters. "If there's a chance, I'll arrange for the two of you to meet," Duke said as he drove. "George is a genius, and you're not any worse. If both of you chat, perhaps you can help open up a new perspective for each other."

Alden pursed his lips and said nothing else.

But Adina became more curious about George.

George asked his assistant to send him home after he finished working on his last case.

It was 3.00 pm, and the villa was silent. Only the rustling sounds of the wind blowing through the treetops could be heard. George walked into the villa, changed his shoes, and went upstairs. He pushed open the door to his room and saw a barbie doll set on the floor. The doll was dressed up like a princess in the set, and her crystal crown was broken. George's expression turned cold. He picked up the toy from the floor before he walked to Harold's room and knocked on the door.

He knocked a few times, but he did not hear a response. So, he turned the knob and pushed the door open. He saw that Harold was sleeping on the bed, while the blanket had been kicked off the bed. His round belly was exposed.

George frowned and walked inside. He impatiently placed the blanket on Harold before he shouted, "What time is it? Why are you sleeping?!".

Harold pulled the blanket over his head and sullenly said, "I've just been discharged. Dad said I could sleep. Don't wake me up!" "I want to ask you something. Did you go to my room and take my things?"

Harold stuck his head out and narrowed his eyes as he looked at his brother. Then, he saw the Barbie doll.

"George, you don't have good taste. Girls don't like the toy you bought!" he said gloomily.

George's voice was cold. "I didn't buy it for you. Who allowed you to touch it?" Most of Harold's sleepiness had faded by now. He frowned and said, "George, isn't this the toy that I asked you to help me buy for Mel?" George nodded indifferently. He rarely paid attention to unrelated people, but after he met Mel outside Harold's ward the other day, he could not forget the little girl. He was extremely

busy every day, but he managed to find two hours to visit the store and carefully choose a gift after he met Mel for the first time. However, the gift was broken before he even got to meet her again.

How could he not get angry?

“George, it’s just broken. You don’t have to mind it. Mel doesn’t like Barbie dolls at all.” Harold rested his chin on his hand. He pondered for a while and said, “Mel came to our house and played the piano today. I think she likes the piano. George, if you have the money, you can buy her a piano.”

George narrowed his eyes. “Mel came to our house today?”

“Yeah, Dad and I invited Aunt Adina to our house. Mel didn’t have to go to school today, so she came over too.”

George pursed his lips tightly. “Why did she come along?” Harold stared at him as if he was a fool.

“Mel’s only four years old. Of course she has to come along with her mom. What’s so strange about that?”