

Madam Winters 341

Chapter 341

The piano music resounded in the courtyard.

Adina held Alden's hand and softly said, "Every child should have a father as they grow up. Look at Mel. She has smiled more than she ever has in the last four years now that she has a father figure—"

Halfway through her sentence, Alden interrupted her. "So, you're with Duke because of Mel and me?"

When Adina saw the way he was acting, she knew that this child must have reached a dead end again.

She stroked his hair. "No, I just find that Duke is really a good person. He's responsible and caring toward children."

Alden looked down.

Duke was a man who had made two women pregnant at the same time. How responsible could he be?

How could such a person be good enough to be his and Melody's father?

But he had to admit that Melody had almost recovered from her autism because of Duke.

"Mom, I support all your decisions," Alden slowly said. "I'll always support you."

It was 9.00 pm, and people were coming and going in Sea City's airport. It was bustling.

Dew was pushing a luggage cart outside. As she walked, she said, "Aunt Mabel, it's been about three years since you last came back to Sea City, right?"

Her tone was very friendly. "Sea City has changed a lot over these three years. The airport has also been recently renovated. It's considered one of the top modern airports in the world. There are also new places to relax in Sea City. After your birthday party ends, I'll bring you around."

Mrs. Winters nodded. "I'll be staying in Sea City for some time. I'll count on you then."

"You don't have to be so polite with me. It would be an honor." Dew smiled and said in a courteous manner. Confidence flashed in her eyes.

She had stayed in Ascrialia for three days and accompanied Mrs. Winters to different occasions, so Mrs. Winters was no longer indifferent and distant toward her.

As long as Mrs. Winters favored her, she would have the confidence to join the Winters family.

"Madam, you're finally back. Master and the young masters have missed you." Mr. Brown walked forward respectfully but was suddenly taken aback. "Ms. Daugherty?"

The madam had flown back from Ascrialia. Why was she with

Ms. Daugherty?

Dew smiled and said, "Mr. Brown, we just haven't met for a few days. Don't you recognize me anymore?"

“No.” Mr. Brown quickly shook his head. “Did you fly back from Ascrialia as well, Ms. Daugherty?”

Mrs. Winters indifferently said, “Dew went overseas to perform, and we met coincidentally. So, I asked her to travel around in Ascrialia and come back with me.”

Mr. Brown looked down, and his gaze was filled with disbelief.

Ms. Daugherty had not visited the Winters family for a few days, so he thought that she had finally learned her position. Unexpectedly, she had gone overseas to seek help.

The madam had actually despised Ms. Daugherty in the past. After all, she had gotten pregnant and given birth before marriage. She even intended to marry into the Winters family using the kids. Rich families hated such behavior the most.

However, once the young masters grew up, and the master refused to marry other women, the madam could only act as a matchmaker for him and Ms. Daugherty.

Later, the madam no longer returned to Sea City, and that was the end of it.

Mrs. Winters and Dew then entered the car. While Mr. Brown drove at the front, his mind was all over the place.

He had heard from Young Master Harold that the master and Ms. Adina Daugherty were in a relationship. If the madam found out, the Winters family might not be able to live in harmony...

“Aunt Mabel, look, it’s a newly built fine arts gallery. It occupies nearly 10,000 square feet, and it’s home to more than half of the world’s art treasures. I’ll take you there next time.”

## Chapter 342

In the car, Dew kept talking about the changes in Sea City over the last two years, while Mrs. Winters quietly listened to her with an elegant expression. She would ask questions from time to time, and the two of them got along well.

Soon, the car stopped in front of the Winters family villa.

A servant walked over and respectfully pulled open the car door.

Right after Mrs. Winters put one of her legs down, a cool kid rushed over. “Grandma, I miss you so much!”

Harold rushed into Mrs. Winters’ arms, and his voice was soft.

Mrs. Winters’ cold expression instantly became much gentler. “Hal, you’ve grown taller. You seem chubbier too. Are you finally satisfied with the chefs at home?”

Harold was about to talk about the delicious food that Adina prepared when he saw another person step out from the passenger seat.

His expression instantly darkened. “Why are you in my house again, you evil witch? Papa Brown, chase her out. I said I don’t want to see her anymore!”

He yelled in anger, and Dew was shocked.

She blinked, and her tears fell. "Harold, I gave birth to you after a ten-month pregnancy. I even bled massively the day I gave birth to you. Even if I've done anything wrong, I'm your mother. How can you..."

1

She covered her face and started sobbing.

"Get out! Get out, right now!" Harold yelled. "Stop acting in front of me. I feel disgusted when I see you cry..."

"Harold!"

Mrs. Winters' expression became cold, and she stared at him with a dignified gaze.

"You're the young master of the Winters family, and the noble blood of the Winters family flows in your body. How can you be so rude? This is your biological mother, and you came out of her body. If you deny her, you're denying where you came from!"

"She doesn't deserve to be my mother. She's the person I hate the most," he said defiantly.

"Shut up," Mrs. Winters said coldly. "It's not up to you to decide whether she is qualified to be your mother or not. Go upstairs and reflect on your actions for an hour."

"Aunt Mabel, don't punish Hal," Dew cried and said. "Ever since they were born, I've rarely taken care of them, so it's normal that he doesn't consider me as his mother. It's not his fault. It's all my fault. I'm the one to blame."

Mrs. Winters was furious.

She had not returned to Sea City over the last three years, so she had no idea how the boys were getting along with Dew.

But this situation made her really angry.

If her son, Duke, chased her out, she did not know what she would do.

The children of the Winters family should not be so rude!

"Harold, apologize to your mother, and this will end here," Mrs. Winters breathed in and said.

"Hmph!"

Harold turned around and ran upstairs. He would rather have a timeout in his room than apologize to that evil witch.

"Aunt Mabel, I better go back to the Daugherty family home today. They don't welcome me here," Dew said tearfully. "Hal is still very young. Once he grows up, he may accept me more."

Mrs. Winters' expression darkened as she asked, "When did he start to treat you like this?"

When the boys had their first birthday, Mrs. Winters had come back and attended the birthday party. At that time, they were fine. Why would they turn out like this now?

Even if Dew could not become the mistress of the Winters family, her own sons should not treat her that way.

Mrs. Winters did not feel sympathy toward Dew. She just did not want the children of the Winters family to have no manners!

Chapter 343

Dew's tears instantly flowed.

She covered her lips and sobbed as she said, "The kids have been growing up in the Winters family, and I rarely come over, so it makes sense that they're not close to me. Aunt Mabie, don't punish Hal anymore. The more he's punished, the more distant he is from me. I better return to the Daugherty family home. I'll come back tomorrow to celebrate your birthday."

"Stay," Mrs. Winters said indifferently.

She wanted to see what was going on between Harold and Dew.

Dew lowered her head and flashed a prideful smile.

It had been four years, and she was finally able to stay overnight in the Winters family villa. It looked like she had taken the right step.

Right then, the door of the study on the second floor opened.

Duke heard the noise, so he walked downstairs. "Mom, what happened?"

He cast an indifferent glance at Dew.

Mrs. Winters looked sideways at Duke and stoically asked, "What's going on with Harold? Has his attitude toward his mother been this terrible?"

Duke pursed his lips. "Mom, you don't have to concern yourself with this."

He used to care about Harold acting that way toward Dew.

But later, he realized that a person like Dew only deserved to be treated with such an attitude.

"Yes, Aunt Mabie, you better not worry about this." Dew forced a smile. "When Hal grows up, he'll naturally behave himself."

When Mrs. Winters saw that the two of them had the same opinion, she suddenly felt that they looked like a couple.

No matter what, Duke and Dew had children together. If they could get married, it would kind of be a happy ending.

"Duke, I'm going to be sixty years old after my birthday. Shouldn't you think about yourself?" Mrs. Winters asked casually.

Duke raised his head indifferently. "What do you mean, Mom?"

“Dew has waited for you for four years, and she’s even given you two sons.”

The moment Mrs. Winters said that, Dew pursed her lips and smiled. Her hard work over the last three days was paying off.

As long as Mrs. Winters was on her side, she would become the mistress of the Winters family soon.

However, before Mrs. Winters could finish speaking, Duke interrupted her. “Speaking of which, I’d also like to ask Ms. Daugherty about something.”

Dew looked up and showed her most elegant and sensible side. “Duke, you can ask me anything you want. I’ll tell you everything I know.”

“Five years ago, in the Grand Emperor Hotel, how did you end up in my room?” Duke stared at her and firmly asked, “Also, why did you disappear the next morning?”

Dew’s heart trembled.

How could she know the details from five years ago?

She wanted to ask how that b\*tch, Adina, could sleep on Duke’s bed that night too.

Before Duke’s sharp gaze, Dew dared not overthink it.

She was afraid that all her thoughts would be exposed.

“Duke, I really don’t remember.” Dew’s lips trembled. “It was my sister’s eighteenth birthday celebration, and I drank a lot of alcohol. I was so drunk that I couldn’t stand still, so I wasn’t sure which room I slept in either.”

Duke’s gaze became dark.

In the surveillance video, Dew seemed to be walking steadily. She did not look like she was drunk.

This woman was lying.

“Do you still remember how I treated you that night?”

Duke’s voice was aggressive.

Dew took a step back by reflex.

Over the past four years, this man had never brought anything up about that night. Why was he asking about it now?

Chapter 344

Did he know something?

Did he find out that she had deceived him?

What was the consequence of deceiving the CEO of Winters Corporation? She subconsciously shuddered in fear.

“Duke, why are you asking her about all this?” Mrs. Winters could not bear the sight and coldly asked, “Aren’t you going too far asking a girl about such matters?”

“I suddenly feel unwell. Can I go upstairs and rest first?” Dew lowered her head and asked.

“Mr. Brown, bring Dew to the guest room,” Mrs. Winters instructed.

While they were on their way earlier, Mr. Brown already knew that Dew would stay overnight in the Winters family villa, so he had gotten the servants to prepare the room. When he heard the request, he took Dew’s luggage and led her upstairs.

After Dew entered the room, Mrs. Winters casually said, “It’s been a year since we last met. Sit down. Let’s talk for a while.”

Duke sat down on the couch across from her.

“I’ve been observing Dew over the past three days. Compared with four years ago, she has become much nicer now.” Mrs. Winters took a sip of tea and said, “Although she’s still not good enough for you, at the end of the day, she gave the Winters family two sons. You can try to accept her.”

Duke’s voice became extremely distant. “If you want to talk about this, there’s nothing to discuss.”

“Aren’t you planning to get married?” Mrs. Winters frowned. “There’s no such tradition in the Winters family. You have to marry a woman so that she can help you look after the boys and manage the family...”

Duke raised his head emotionlessly. “I already have a candidate. You don’t have to convince me anymore.”

Mrs. Winters raised her eyebrows in surprise. “Have you fallen for another woman?”

Fallen for?

He guessed he had sort of fallen for Adina.

At least, he had a desire for Adina, like a man had for a woman.

Duke tapped his fingers on the table. “Yes.”

Mrs. Winters was stunned.

Her son had been cold ever since he was young, and he never cared about any woman.

One time, the daughter of a family friend confessed to him, but his aura scared her to the point that she cried.

She used to be very worried about her son not being able to marry. It was only after he had the boys that she felt slightly less worried.

Unexpectedly, Duke still had no plans of getting married. George and Harold were already four, so she was getting anxious.

Otherwise, she would not want to matchmake Dew and her son either.

Mrs. Winters put down her tea cup. "Who's this lady you like?"

"She'll come to the birthday party tomorrow. You'll find out then."

Duke pursed his lips.

If he had to marry a woman, Adina seemed to be the best candidate.

If Adina became his wife, he would not repel her at all. He kind of looked forward to it too.

The Winters family rarely organized a party.

Over the last few years, Mrs. Winters' birthday parties had been held overseas. People in their circle in Sea City had not visited the Winters family mansion for about four years.

The birthday party tonight was a small private party. Those who attended this party were the relatives and friends of the Winters family as well as important business collaborators.

Once the sky turned dark, guests started to show up at the Winters family villa.

Dew accompanied Mrs. Winters as she changed her outfit in the powder room on the second floor.

She had slept overnight in the Winters family villa, so she was in great spirits. Her eyes were lively, and she looked radiant in her pink velvet dress.

Chapter 345

Mrs. Winters wore a dark purple dress, which made her look more noble and indisputable.

"Aunt Mabel, you look at least ten years young in this outfit."

Dew stood at the side while she complimented Mrs. Winters.

Anyone would enjoy receiving compliments, especially an aging woman.

Mrs. Winters flashed her a smile and nonchalantly said, "You look very beautiful today as well. You look like a lady."

While the two of them spoke, someone pushed the room door open. A few relatives of the Winters family walked in together. "Mabel, it's been a few years since we last met. How is it that you look much younger now? I'm three years younger than you, but I look ten years older than you."

Mrs. Winters' smile became brighter. "Alright, stop flattering me. The banquet hasn't even started yet. Please have a seat in the lounge for a moment."

The makeup artist was still doing Mrs. Winters' hair, so her relatives sat at the side and started chatting. While they chatted, the women discreetly glanced at Dew. They sized her up and checked her out as if they were guessing who she was.

Dew was not sure whether these relatives knew about George and Harold, so she dared not simply talk to them. She held a cup and sat properly, only responding to them from time to time.

"Mabel, Duke has been doing excellently all these years. After

Winters Corporation was handed over to him, it experienced great development. He's become increasingly successful, and he makes my brat look so disappointing!" A distant relative sighed and said, "Mabel, can you ask Duke to help arrange a position in the company for my brat? People always say that when brothers work together, they can overcome anything. My son isn't capable, but he's very loyal. If he joins the company, he'll solve a lot of problems for Duke!"

Right after this lady spoke, someone at the side scoffed.

It was another lady who had a closer relationship with the Winters family. She took a sip of the tea and said, "Duke and Charles aren't brothers. There are countless generations between them..."

"If Duke's biological brother were here, it would be none of Charles' business. But Earl got into that..."

Halfway through her sentence, Mrs. Winters glanced over coldly.

That lady realized that she had said something wrong. She was so scared that she immediately swallowed the rest of her words. She held her teacup and tried her best to reduce her presence.

But Dew was stunned.

She had apparently heard of the name, "Earl Winters." She used to think that he was a distant relative of the Winters family.

Was Earl Duke's biological brother?

Was Duke not the only heir of the Winters family? What was up with Earl?

Dew glanced at Mrs. Winters and noticed that Mrs. Winters, who had been smiling earlier, was now cold. Her gaze had become unfriendly.

It looked like Earl was a taboo subject for Mrs. Winters.

Dew looked down, smiled, and said, "Aunt Mabel, now that your hair is done, you look so much more exuberant. You look even younger than forty."

Her remarks broke the cold atmosphere in the lounge.

The rich ladies at the side flattered Mrs. Winters too. "Mabel, you're gorgeous today. When we stand beside you, we look like maids."

"I think many guests have arrived. Mabel, let's go downstairs together."

The cold atmosphere dissipated, and Mrs. Winters schooled her expression. She stood up and walked downstairs with the ladies.

Dew stood beside Mrs. Winters and carefully supported her arm. She even talked intimately to Mrs. Winters. The ladies of the Winters family had more guesses, but they dared not ask for confirmation. After all, they had never met this lady and seen her show up in the circle of rich families. A lady with a normal family background would unlikely become the next mistress of the Winters family.

Once the group went downstairs, Duke walked up to them.



He was wearing a silvery-gray suit, and he looked noble from head to toe like a prince who had stepped out of a fairy tale.

Dew stared at him in a daze, and her eyes were filled with obsession.

Chapter 346

“Duke, you and Dew go out and welcome the guests,” Mrs. Winters said nonchalantly.

Dew felt happy. She took the chance to walk over and stand beside Duke. She was even bold enough to hold Duke’s arm. She smiled coquettishly and said, “Duke, let me go to the entrance with you.”

Duke coldly moved his arm out of her grip, and he appeared unhappy.

He did not want to invite Dew to his mother’s birthday party, but his mother had personally invited Dew instead. Hence, it was not appropriate for him to kick her out.

“I can handle it myself,” he said with a straight face.

He turned around and left.

Would Dew miss such a great opportunity?

Most of the guests today were relatives of the Winters family. She had to let those relatives know that she would become the mistress of the Winters family.

She lifted the hem of her dress and quickly tried to keep up with Duke.

As soon as the two of them left, the surprised ladies at the side asked, “Mabel, is this Ms. Daugherty the daughter-in-law you’ve chosen?”

“It hasn’t been finalized,” Mrs. Winters replied indifferently.

She had acknowledged it. In other words, as long as Duke said yes,

Ms. Daugherty would become the mistress of the Winters family.

When the relatives of the Winters family looked at Dew, they felt envious.

“Duke, wait for me!”

Dew struggled to keep up with Duke. His legs were long, and his steps were big. She had to jog so that she would not be left behind.

Duke suddenly stopped moving.

She sighed in relief before she quickly went forward and stood beside Duke.

As she raised her arm to link it with Duke’s, he took a step back. He stared at her with a sharp gaze. “If you want to remain in this banquet, stay away from me, or I’ll get Mr. Brown to send you home.”

Dew was completely stunned. “Duke, d-do you really hate me that much?”

“I’ve told you more than once that you better not fantasize about becoming the mistress of the Winters family,” Duke said in a hostile manner. “You can go back to the banquet hall.”

After he said that, he turned around and continued walking toward the mansion's entrance.

Dew clenched her fists in dissatisfaction.

She had sacrificed so much. She could not back down easily.

She saw Duke walking out and Mr. Brown respectfully standing next to the main gate. Meanwhile, there seemed to be two kids standing outside the gate.

Were George and Harold standing outside and welcoming the guests too?

Was the Winters family planning to announce the presence of the young masters?

Dew felt excited. She lifted the hem of her dress and walked over.

Before she reached the entrance, a car suddenly stopped in front of the villa.

She observed as Duke personally opened the car door. Harold rushed over happily, and George, who was always tense, flashed a smile.

Then, she saw Adina walk out after the car door was opened.

Chapter 347

"Mommy, I miss you so much!"

Harold rushed into Adina's arms. He climbed onto her body before he kissed Adina on the cheek.

Adina's cheek was full of his drool. She helplessly put Harold on the floor, bent down, and softly said, "It's okay for you to call me 'Mommy' only when a few of us are around. There are so many guests today. Hal, can you be a good boy and call me 'Aunt Adina' this time?"

Harold felt regretful, but he obediently said, "Okay, Aunt Adina."

Melody got out of the car, and as soon as Mr. Brown put the girl down, she immediately rushed into Duke's arms.

The man carried the girl in his strong arms and softly asked, "Did you miss me?"

Melody hugged Duke's neck shyly and whispered into his ear, "I missed you, Daddy."

Duke's cold and hard heart instantly melted.

How great would it be if she were his biological daughter?

"Uncle Duke."

Alden walked over and greeted Duke indifferently.

George, who was a few steps away from them, also walked over.

He raised his head and looked at Adina. Just as he was about to greet her, a familiar voice suddenly rang out from the back.

"George, come to mommy."

Dew slowly walked forward. She flashed them a gentle smile, but she could not hide her angry and distorted gaze.

George and Harold were her sons. How could they be so close to Adina?

How could that b\*tch, Adina, steal everything in the Winters family from her?

She would never allow it to happen. No way!

Dew walked to George and squatted down. She gave George's shoulders a hard press and slowly said, "I've been looking for you for a long time. Why are you standing outside? The night breeze is strong. Let's go inside."

As though Dew knew that Harold would not be respectful toward her, she did not look at Harold at all.

She held George's hand and walked toward the villa.

George pursed his lips and did not resist.

"Stop."

Duke's voice was indifferent.

"You can go, but George has to stay."

Dew was so angry that her sight turned dark, and she nearly fainted.

She turned around, gritted her teeth, and said, "Duke, George is my son. Can't I bring him in?"

"There are business partners at the party tonight. The kids can't be exposed for the time being. I'll get Mr. Brown to send the kids to the second floor," Duke said calmly. His voice was indifferent, but it was like a slap on Dew's face.

She stood in the cold wind and shivered.

Adina held Harold's hand, and her expression grew colder.

George was her son. How shameless was Dew to have the audacity to say those words in front of her?

Did Dew think that George was really her son after she had stolen him for four years?

"Aunt Adina, you're hurting me!" Harold frowned and shouted.

Only then did Adina notice that she had subconsciously clenched her fist, squeezing Harold's fingers until they turned red.

She quickly bent down and apologized, "Sorry, Hal. I'm so sorry."

"Adina, you're a b\*tch!" Dew immediately rushed over. "If you hold a grudge, just come to me. Don't vent your anger on my son! Harold, come to my side. Can't you see that Adina is purposely getting close to you and intentionally hurting you? Get over here right now!"

Chapter 348

Dew lost her cool as she grabbed Harold's hand and dragged him over with great force.

Adina was afraid of hurting Harold if she pulled him back, so she directly let go of him.

Let go of me, evil witch!" Harold kicked and stepped on Dew's dress with his leather shoes. He instantly left a footprint on her pink velvet dress.

Dew was furious.

She grabbed Harold's arm and refused to let go.

"If you want to go crazy, go back to the Daugherty family home." Duke's cold voice was heard. "Mr. Brown, send our guest away!"

Luckily, other guests had not arrived at the mansion, so not many people witnessed the out-of-control scene.

Mr. Brown walked over respectfully. "Ms. Daugherty, this way please."

Dew instantly snapped out of her daze as if a bowl of cold water had been poured onto her head. "No, I'm not leaving."

She grabbed George's hand, as though he was her last straw. "George, please don't let your dad chase me out. I can't leave. I'm very cold. Can you please let me go inside and rest for a while? I won't make a scene anymore. I won't..."

She made herself look really small.

George's eyes were filled with hatred, but he also seemed reluctant.

He pursed his lips and said, "Mom, please go upstairs and rest for a while. Don't attend the party tonight."

She would do whatever as long as she could continue staying there.

Dew dared not even look Duke in the eyes. She just lifted the hem of her dress and walked into the banquet hall in a hurry.

The farce finally came to an end.

Alden looked down, walked over, and softly said, "Mom, let's go home after you give her the birthday present."

The Winters family was too complicated. If they did not pay attention, they would be attacked. He did not want his mother to be in such an environment.

Adina smiled as she caressed his hair. "What are you worried about, boy? Later, take Mel upstairs and play, okay? I'll call you once it's time to leave."

"I'll look after Mel. Don't worry, Aunt Adina!" Harold patted his chest and said.

Adina smiled and nodded. Then, Duke asked Mr. Brown to send the four children upstairs.

It was only after the children left that Duke turned around, looked at the woman beside him, and softly said, "I didn't send the invitation card to Dew. She's my mother's guest."

Adina was stunned.

Was this man giving her an explanation?

Actually, Dew's appearance at the Winters family party was within her expectations. She did not think that an explanation was necessary.

She smiled faintly and said, "I know. Let's go inside and send your mother my birthday wish."

She held the birthday gift while she followed Duke into the villa.

Adina was dressed in a snow-colored gown tonight. Under the chandelier, she looked exceptionally stunning like a snow fairy.

When she walked next to Duke, she instantly attracted everyone's attention.

Mrs. Winters was sitting in the main seat. The moment she glanced over indifferently, she was stunned.

Why did she find this lady familiar? It was as if she had seen her somewhere.

Then, Mrs. Winters looked at her son. Her son would always act coldly and arrogantly. He would usually walk very quickly with his long legs. Whenever she walked with Duke, she often could not keep up.

However, at this moment, she could clearly tell that her son had slowed down, seemingly allowing the lady to keep up.

This woman actually managed to make her son willingly slow down and wait for her.

So, was this the woman whom Duke had fallen for?

Her appearance was outstanding, and her demeanor was extraordinary. She was indeed more suitable than Dew to stand beside Duke.

Mrs. Winters wondered which family this lady came from.

### **Chapter 349**

Adina turned them down with a fake smile.

Halfway through the banquet, Dew walked onto the stage.

"Today is Aunt Mabel's birthday, and I prepared a piano performance just for her. I wish you a happy birthday and many happy returns."

After Dew spoke decently, she sat in front of the piano.

She had spent the whole night with Mrs. Winters, so the guests in the banquet hall automatically thought that she would be the future mistress of the Winters family.

Now that she was performing, it confirmed her status.

Since she was the future mistress, the crowd in the hall clapped as a sign of respect.

Dew closed her eyes and played a happy song on the piano. Her piano playing skills were great. She had also been practicing her piano playing a lot recently, so one could say that her skills were at their peak. When her performance ended, the audience subconsciously gave her a round of applause.

The people who attended the birthday party roughly knew about the piano.

They had either learned it from a young age, or they understood it because some children in their families practiced it.

When they heard the song that Dew had played, they were extremely surprised.

“Ms. Daugherty, you played the piano piece so well that I nearly thought it was a live performance by a master.”

“Ms. Daugherty, you have such a high level of mastery over the piano. You must have already passed Grade 8, right?” That was a question from someone who was not familiar with the piano.

Dew pursed her lips, smiled, and said, “I have a Grade 10 certificate for my piano, but it’s actually nothing. It’s not that difficult.”

“Grade 10 in the piano isn’t difficult? My daughter has been learning for about eight years, but she has only passed Grade 6.”

“I heard that Grade 10 piano is of expert level. Ms. Daugherty, you’ve achieved such a high level at such a young age. You’re a piano genius!”

The crowd kept flattering her.

Dew raised her chin confidently. The previous piano tour had given her back her confidence.

Ms. Alice had told her that not many local young pianists could be on par with her. As long as she worked hard and practiced more, she would become a master in the piano world.

When she looked around, she spotted Adina.

Adina was leaning on the railing and standing with a glass of wine in her hand. She had a casual and lazy expression as if she was not paying attention to anything.

Dew suddenly chuckled. “Please don’t compliment me. Actually, Grade 10 piano is really easy. My sister obtained the Grade 10 certificate when she was a teenager. She’s much better at playing the piano than me.”

## **Chapter 350**

Dew narrowed her eyes. “What are you planning to do?” “Nothing. I just want to have a casual chat with you. See you on the balcony once the party is almost over.”

Adina waved at Dew before she held her wine glass and went to the second floor.

The four children were playing with an extremely difficult puzzle on the second floor, and they were getting along harmoniously.

A few minutes after she accompanied the kids, the banquet downstairs officially started, so she stood up and walked downstairs.

All the guests had arrived. There were about seventy guests, and every corner of the living room was full of guests who chatted in groups. Duke was also talking to a few business clients.

Adina instantly spotted him.

This man would always be the most dazzling person in the crowd no matter where he was.

Naturally, the most beautiful woman of Sea City would also be the most dazzling person in the crowd no matter where she was.

As soon as she went downstairs, men came over and hit on her.

Adina turned them down with a fake smile.

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Now that she was performing, it confirmed her status.

Since she was the future mistress, the crowd in the hall clapped as a sign of respect.

Dew closed her eyes and played a happy song on the piano. Her piano playing skills were great. She had also been practicing her piano playing a lot recently, so one could say that her skills were at their peak. When her performance ended, the audience subconsciously gave her a round of applause.

The people who attended the birthday party roughly knew about the piano.

They had either learned it from a young age, or they understood it because some children in their families practiced it.

When they heard the song that Dew had played, they were extremely surprised.

“Ms. Daugherty, you played the piano piece so well that I nearly thought it was a live performance by a master.”

“Ms. Daugherty, you have such a high level of mastery over the piano. You must have already passed Grade 8, right?” That was a question from someone who was not familiar with the piano.

Dew pursed her lips, smiled, and said, “I have a Grade 10 certificate for my piano, but it’s actually nothing. It’s not that difficult.”

“Grade 10 in the piano isn’t difficult? My daughter has been learning for about eight years, but she has only passed Grade 6.”

“I heard that Grade 10 piano is of expert level. Ms. Daugherty, you’ve achieved such a high level at such a young age. You’re a piano genius!”

The crowd kept flattering her.

Dew raised her chin confidently. The previous piano tour had given her back her confidence.

Ms. Alice had told her that not many local young pianists could be on par with her. As long as she worked hard and practiced more, she would become a master in the piano world.

When she looked around, she spotted Adina.

Adina was leaning on the railing and standing with a glass of wine in her hand. She had a casual and lazy expression as if she was not paying attention to anything.

Dew suddenly chuckled. “Please don’t compliment me. Actually, Grade 10 piano is really easy. My sister obtained the Grade 10 certificate when she was a teenager. She’s much better at playing the piano than me.”