

Madam Winters 63

### Chapter 63

Adina seriously stared at Harold. "You're a boy. You can't cry so easily."

Melody was a girl, and she rarely cried too.

"I won't cry anymore, Auntie Adina..." Harold sniffed. "I... I haven't seen you for such a long time. I've missed you..."

As soon as he said that, his face turned red.

The corner of Duke's lips twitched.

When did this rascal learn how to say such cringey words? Why had he not been aware of it?

Besides, what kind of charm did this woman have to make this mischievous boy, Harold, look so pitiful and sad?

Adina felt embarrassed because of it too.

She was actually fond of the kid, but Harold was a child of the Winters family. If she showed him too much concern, they might suspect her of trying to seek connections with the Winters family.

She put Harold on the floor and said in a low voice, "I still have something else to do, so I'll be on my way. Goodbye." "No!"

Harold hugged her thighs. It sounded like he was choking up again. "You just got here, but you're already leaving. I haven't seen enough of you."

Duke was speechless.

Where did he learn such cheesy words from? Adina held her forehead helplessly. "Harold, I really have something to do..."

"Waaa! I'm miserable..." The tears that Harold had held back for a long time finally flowed. "Dad grounds me at home and makes me study every day. I can't sleep and eat well. I haven't eaten my lunch yet. I'm hungry. I'm starving... You don't like me either. You want to leave the moment you see me. Am I annoying?"

The boy let go of Adina's thighs, squatted on the floor, and kept crying. His tears kept rolling down, and the floor became wet. Adina's chest tightened, and she felt suffocated. She squatted down as well and whispered, "You said you haven't eaten lunch yet?" "I haven't eaten for a week. I'm starving I'm dying..." he cried, Adina looked up at Duke.

It looked like she was blaming him, and she seemed to be wondering why he would let a child starve.

Duke pursed his lips. He did not bother to explain, and he did not have to explain his son's situation to an outsider. Mr. Brown immediately said, "The young master is picky about food. He doesn't like to eat the food prepared by the chef, so he leaves the dining table after he takes a few bites every day. The master is also worried about him." Adina understood. This boy had truly not eaten any food for a few days. She held Harold's hand and whispered, "I'll cook lunch for you, okay?" Harold immediately raised

his head and looked at her in disbelief. "Auntie Adina, are you serious?" "We'll need to see if your dad's willing to lend his kitchen to me."

As soon as Adina spoke, Harold turned around and hugged Duke's thighs. "Dad, please let Auntie Adina prepare lunch for me in the kitchen... Dad, I promise I'll be good. I won't run away anymore..." The feeling of having his thighs hugged by his son was very unfamiliar. – Ever since his sons could think and talk, they never had too much physical contact with him. Harold had not been so affectionate toward him before. He never thought the little devil would lower his pride to act that way for Adina. It really surprised him.

He nodded and said, "Harold, you asked for this, so no matter what food she prepares, you have to finish everything."

"Yes, Dad!"

Harold nodded happily and even gave him a salute. Auntie Adina was gorgeous, so the food she prepared had to be delicious. He was already looking forward to it.