

Chapter 64

Duke, on the other hand, looked down on her.

She was a lady, who had lived a pampered life. Would she be able to cook?

Even if she picked up some cooking skills over the years, it was impossible for her to be better than the chef, whom the Winters family hired and paid handsomely. Adina did not care about what the Winters thought. So, she followed Mr. Brown into the kitchen. There were different kinds of fresh ingredients there, and it looked like the kitchen of a big hotel. She glanced around before she took two tomatoes and a pack of spaghetti out. She planned to make a simple spaghetti with tomato sauce. Mr. Brown stood at the side and reminded her, "The young master doesn't like spaghetti..." He was hinting at her to change the dish. However, Adina chuckled. "He's been skipping many meals. He should eat something light so that his stomach can digest it." After she spoke, she lit up the stove and poured the oil into the pan. She moved swiftly and did everything in one go. Mr. Brown stood aside while he silently observed her.

Young Master Harold always regarded others with disdain, but this woman was special to him.

Besides, the master brought this woman back. In other words, this woman had received recognition from the master and Young Master Harold, so she could not be offended. A plate of spaghetti with red sauce was soon prepared. Adina carried it out of the kitchen, and placed it on the dining table. When Duke looked at the spaghetti, he subconsciously frowned. Although he firmly believed that this woman did not know how to cook, was this plate of spaghetti not too basic?

· Whenever that brat, Harold ate, the table had to be full of all kinds of delicious food. If he was only served a plate of spaghetti, the rascal would definitely flip the table... However, Harold clapped his hands happily. "Wow, Auntie Adina, you're amazing! You prepared the spaghetti so quickly!" The boy gasped in excitement. "It smells so good! I've never smelled such aromatic food before! Auntie Adina, can I eat it right now?" Adina stroked his head. "It's still a bit hot, so eat slowly." Harold picked up his fork and started eating. He took one bite after another, and he could not stop at all.

Mr. Brown was completely stunned. The kitchen used to serve spaghetti previously, but as soon as it was served, the young master threw it away, so they dared not cook any more spaghetti for him after that.

Yet, now, the young master was about to finish the entire plate...

Was the chef he hired too terrible? Mr. Brown doubted himself very much..

Meanwhile, Duke found it unbelievable. Harold had been picky ever since he could eat solid food. But he was taking big bites of the spaghetti at this time. He was enjoying it. Was the spaghetti really that delicious? Duke then switched his attention to the spaghetti. There was nothing special about it. So, what was it that captured the boy's heart?

Suddenly, Duke had the urge to taste the spaghetti... Perhaps the father and son's minds were connected because Harold seemed to sense Duke's thought. He instantly held the whole plate in his arms and alarmingly said, "Dad, Auntie Adina made this spaghetti specially for me. You can't steal it!" Duke nearly fainted,

Even if he wanted to eat it, he would not steal food from a kid, okay? Harold felt that his dad was too dangerous, so he held the plate and moved closer to Adina.

However, he was careless. He missed his footing and fell forward. The large plate of spaghetti spilled onto Adina's chest without warning...

