

Madam Winters 80

Chapter 80

"Mom, I don't want your hands to be stained with blood. That's why I said what I said." George pursed his lips. "I'm sorry. I was rude. Please don't mind me." Dew sighed in relief.

She was so afraid that George would chase her out.

Luckily, this little b*stard was not that bold.

She calmed down before she casually said, "Don't worry. I won't try to kill Adina again." She had sent her people to deal with Adina today, but George found out. That meant somebody in the Winters family was keeping an eye on her. She could not give orders for things that would affect her image.

Otherwise, George's attitude toward her would worsen.

"Why are you here again?"

Harold was walking down from the second floor. When he saw Dew, his face was full of dissatisfaction.

Dew's emotions, which had finally calmed, were triggered again.

However, she realized that she had lost composure once, so she could not forget herself again.

She forced a faint smile and said, "Harold, I heard from Mr. Brown that you've been undergoing closed learning. How are your studies?" "It's none of your business." Harold stared at her with disdain. "Get out of my house. I don't want to see you anymore." Whenever Duke was not at home, Harold would be especially presumptuous and arrogant.

Mr. Brown lowered his head and dared not say a word because he knew that Young Master Harold hated this Ms. Daugherty the most. Each time Ms. Daugherty visited the Winters family, Young Master Harold would lose his temper.

Dew was stunned before she said, "Harold, I know that you don't like me. I'm leaving now. Don't be angry." She stood up, paused for a while, and added, "George, I hope that you can help solve the issue I told you about."

After she said that, she finally left the Winters' place. Harold leaned on the couch unhappily and asked, "George, what did that woman ask you to help with again?"

"She's our mother, not 'that woman.' Mind your language," George said coldly. "Let me ask you something. Have you met Adina recently?" At the mention of Adina's name, the coldness in Harold's expression instantly disappeared.

He sat on the couch, swung his short legs, and spoke in a soft voice. "Auntie Adina came to our house last night. She even cooked super delicious spaghetti for me. I really like Auntie Adina. It'd be great if she could live in our house..."

George's expression changed. "Did you say she came to our house yesterday?" "Yeah, why?" Harold blinked. "Dad brought Auntie Adina here." George's heart sank.

No wonder Grandpa wanted to eliminate Adina.

That woman was so pervasive, and she could not be kept at bay. She was even connected to their dad. "George, what's wrong?" Harold moved closer. "I just thought of something all of a sudden. Look, if Dad marries Aunties Adina, wouldn't I be able to see her every day?" George frowned. "Do you know who Adina is? How dare you let her marry into our family?" "I don't care who she is. I like her!"