

Madam Winters 144

Chapter 144

Ever since he was born, Dad had never spoken to him like that before.

If Dad could be that gentle and patient with him, he would not have thought of running away from home.

But when Harold looked at the beautiful girl, he instantly felt troubled. If he looked one-tenth as good as Mel, Dad would also like him.

Why did he look so ugly?

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Mel threw the puzzles away and stood up. She stared at Duke and slowly took the first step.

But just as she took one step, she hesitantly moved back.

She looked down and carefully took a look at Alden.

Others did not know what her gaze meant, but Alden understood it.

He had told Mel that this man did not deserve their love, so Mel hesitated.

Alden felt extremely conflicted. He stood up, held Melody's hand, and said in a deep voice, "Mel, you can go anywhere you want. I'll go with you." 11

The little girl pursed her lips and smiled.

She held Alden's hand and walked toward Duke with excitement.

"Mel's a good girl."

Duke sighed in relief for some reason.

He was actually afraid that the little girl would refuse to go to him. If that happened, his claims to Adina would sound hilarious.

Luckily, the girl gave him back some dignity.

He raised his hand and stroked the girl's curly hair. His voice became gentler. "Mel, did you say something in my office the other day?"

Melody's long eyelashes, which resembled butterfly wings, flickered, and her clear eyes were lost.

Adina held her hand and whispered, "Mel, tell me. You can speak, right?"

The little girl was still dumbfounded, appearing no different from her past self.

Alden frowned.

Did Mel speak when she was with Duke?

Was this man so influential to Mel?

Alden pursed his lips and said, "Mel, if you can speak, just say one word. Don't make Mom worried."

If this man could make Mel communicate with the outside world, he could force himself to accept him in their lives.

Duke squatted down before he folded his long legs and partially knelt on the floor. He stared at Melody with his dark gaze, and his eyes were filled with deep emotions that nobody understood.

His voice was deep and gentle as he firmly said, "Mel, I know you like me very much. I'm Uncle Duke. You've never called me before."

Melody's unfocused eyes slowly became focused. She stared at Duke's face and moved her pink lips. It seemed like she was saying something, but she was not making any sound.

Everyone in the house held their breath and concentrated on her.

Duke continued to say, "Mel, speak louder. I can't hear you."

He had lived for more than twenty years, but he had never been so patient with anyone or anything before. This was his first time.

He stared at the girl with an encouraging gaze. Melody seemed to be bewitched. Her vocal cord, which had never made too much sound, slowly went to work.

She moved her lips and whispered, "Dad... dy."