

## Chapter 51

Adina held the phone, sighing inwardly. Whatever reason it was, she should visit her grandmother. She had been missing for four years, so she owed her an explanation. But she did not know whether her grandmother would still protect her like she did in the past... "Mommy, the food in the pan is going to get mushy."

Alden frowned and reminded Adina.

Adina quickly put down her phone and started to cook attentively.

Half an hour later, three main courses and one bowl of soup were prepared.

After Melody smelled the aroma, she walked over and sat at the dining table without anyone calling her. She looked like she was ready to be fed.

Alden smiled. "Mommy, look at Mel. She is so cute."

Adina poured a bowl of soup for the girl before she grinned and said, "Mel, eat while it's still warm. You can be a pretty girl only if you eat more."

Melody lowered her head, looked down at her bowl, and started eating her food with big bites.

All the food on the table was finished very quickly after the two kids ate earnestly...

At the same time, in the Winters family, the long dining table was full of scrumptious food.

Only two people sat at the big dining table, who were Duke and Harold. The two of them sat across each other, and their expressions were dark. The atmosphere in the dining hall was stifling.

Harold threw his fork away before he pursed his lips and unhappily said, "I'm done eating."

He pushed away his chair and wanted to leave.

"Who allows you to leave?" Duke coldly said, "There is no rule in the Winters family that allows you to be such a picky eater. Sit down. You can leave only after you finish your food."

Harold stubbornly stood straight. "So Dad, I don't even have the freedom to choose my food now?"

Since he quitted the kindergarten, he had been grounded in the Winters family. About eight teachers took turns to teach him in different fields. He was close to going insane.

When it was finally dinner time, none of the food on the table was to his liking.

He would rather starve than eat such food! Duke stood up, walked to him, and said coldly, "Freedom is not the same as indulging you for no reason. If you finish your dinner, you can eat whatever you want. I won't stop you."

He was already making concessions. But Harold clearly did not know it. He raised his chin and yelled with red eyes, "Dad, you're going too far! I don't like you! I don't want to eat with you anymore!"

After he yelled, he ran upstairs and slammed shut the door of his room.

Duke held his forehead.

It was also in his nature to be aggressive and rebellious, but even so, he was also not this disobedient when he was small.

Was it because George was so obedient that the juxtaposition made Harold look all the more naughty?

Duke felt troubled as he sat on the sofa.

He never felt this troubled when he was handling the project that cost billions of dollars.

"Sir." Mr. Brown respectfully walked over. "The food today is a little on the sweeter side, so it's normal that Young Master Harold didn't like it. Should we do this? I'll go and recruit a few chefs to make something different for Young Master Harold. There will be one that fits his appetite."

Duke coldly said, "Since he was born, we have recruited more than one hundred chefs in the Winters family, and none of them could satisfy him."

Clearly, Harold was deliberately making things difficult for him. Harold wanted to challenge his limit on purpose. Mr. Brown sighed. "Sir, Young Master is growing up. How can he not eat?" Duke was so angry that his face darkened. He took a deep breath before he said, "Since the local chefs can't satisfy him, just recruit someone from overseas, no matter how much money it needs."