

Chapter 81

Harold raised his chin, and arrogance flashed in his black eyes.

He scoffed. "If Dad doesn't want to marry Auntie Adina, I'll marry her after I grow up. I want to be with her every day." George's expression became very sullen.

He did not want to tell Harold about those things at first, but if he kept them from Harold, he was worried that Harold would be more and more obsessed with Adina. He slowly said, "Do you know that Mom has a sister?" Harold scowled. "Why are you talking about that woman? It's got nothing to do with me whether she has a sister or not. I don't know about it, and I don't care about it either. Don't talk to me about her."

"It's related to you. Mom has a stepsister, and her name's Adina." George used his phone, searched for a news article, and threw it to Harold. "Adina supposedly died four years ago, but she came back because she wants to 'exact revenge on the Daugherty family and Mom. You're the best tool for her to use against Mom."

Harold cast a glance at the news, and his gaze was filled with disbelief. "George, if I understand this correctly, is Auntie Adina our biological aunt?"

George was speechless. He had never seen Harold call Dew "Mom," but he was pretty good at calling Adina "Aunt." "No wonder I like Auntie Adina so much. She's our aunt, and we're biologically related!" Harold jumped with joy. "So, I can officially call Auntie Adina my aunt, right?"

George had no words for him. Their mother had a closer biological relationship with them, right? Why did this brat dislike their mom?

Wait a minute, that was not the main point! "Adina approached you because you're Mom's son. She's using you," George said coldly. "That's not true!" Harold scoffed. "George, no matter what you say, you can't change how I like Auntie Adina. You don't have to waste your time persuading me."

He jumped down from the couch before he went upstairs with his short legs.

The muscles around George's chin were tense.

In the Winters Corporation...

The sun set at 5.00 pm, and it colored the clouds to form an orange evening sky. Duke was standing in front of a French window. He raised his wrist and gave it a glance as his gaze turned colder and colder. He had canceled all his appointments in the afternoon to talk about the collaboration, but that woman, Adina, dared to stand him up. It was the first time that somebody dared to ignore his invitation for a collaboration. This woman was bold. Great! He would remember this.

"Mr. Winters, Ms. Daugherty called," his secretary stood at the door and said with fear. He did not enter the office, but he could feel the chilling tension in the CEO's office.

Duke did not turn back. "Just tell her that I'm in a meeting." His secretary nodded before he turned to get out of there. However, something seemed to suddenly occur to Duke, and he added, "Hold on, which Ms. Daugherty is it?" Dew's family name was Daugherty, and Adina also had the same family name. Perhaps it was Adina?

His secretary carefully answered, "Ms. Daugherty said something happened in the afternoon. That's why she couldn't make it to our company to discuss the collaboration with you. But I'm not very sure which Ms. Daugherty she is." Duke's stern, furrowed eyebrows instantly loosened before he knitted them again. "Call over and ask her what happened."

"Yes, Mr. Winters." His secretary trotted back to the secretarial office before he returned the call.

