

47 Coriander adds richness to the flavor.

Arwen was surprised by how naturally the thought of a fountain of lights completing the look of the garden had come to her. When she heard the butler describe it, the idea had rolled off her tongue as though it had been part of the plan all along. 1

"Don't mind it, I was just suggesting. What were you saying?" Arwen asked, feeling she had interrupted the man.

But the old butler didn't mind it all. With a kind smile, he said, "You were right. It's the fountain of lights that adds up to its charm. In the morning, the sun makes the water shine, and in the evening, it's the dazzling lights of the fountain that make it breathtaking."

Arwen was stunned. She had guessed it correctly. But how had she known? Perhaps she had heard about the Moon's Dream Garden before, though she couldn't recall any specific details. How had she guessed it so accurately?



"Madam, please come this way. I will take you to the kitchen and introduce you to the chefs," the butler said, before gesturing her in a direction.

Arwen nodded and they both walked until they reached a spacious, open kitchen. Several chefs were already at work, and Arwen assumed they were preparing dinner for the night.

"They seem a little busy. It's fine, we can meet them some other time when they are not so busy," Arwen suggested, but the butler shook his head, explaining.

"Madam, the sooner they know you, the better it will be for them. You are the mistress of the house now, and they should be aware of it. After all, from this moment itself, they will be serving you," he said. His tone was so serious that Arwen couldn't argue. But what surprised her was that the old butler knew who she was. Had he already been informed? And his expression earlier – was it because he knew who she was?

She didn't ask but assumed as much. Smiling softly, she nodded, and the butler turned to the staff, before drawing their attention. "Everyone!" he called, and the chefs and helpers focused on



him. "Allow me to introduce you all to the new lady of the house. Mrs. Winslow. From today on, we all will be serving her."

While most of the chefs and helpers greeted her with smiles, Arwen noticed one person who's face briefly registered shock before quickly masking it. 1

"It's nice to meet you all. I see you are busy, so please continue your work. Don't let my presence disturb you. I will ask Mr. Jones to bring me some other time to get to know you all." Arwen said politely, though she knew she probably wouldn't have time to visit again. She had learned the importance of treating everyone kindly, as these people will be helping her when needed.

As the staff responded with smiles, Arwen noticed one gaze filled with hostility. It was so obvious that, even if she wanted to ignore it, she couldn't miss it.

"Don't add the coriander. The lady doesn't like it in the dishes."

The butler suddenly stopped the chefs just as they were about to add the chopped leaves to

one of the dishes. Arwen was taken aback. She turned to the chefs then to the butler.

"How did you know?" she asked, and the old man paused before smiling.

"Young ladies these days don't like the raw taste of coriander leaves in their dishes, so I guessed," he said. But Arwen wasn't entirely convinced.

But before she could delve into it more, she heard a dissatisfied voice from the other side of the counter.

"Mr. Jones, we can't do it to every dish. After all, coriander adds richness to the flavour. And Mr. Winslow loves it that way."

Arwen turned to see the woman who had spoken. It wasn't just the dissatisfaction in her eyes; there was also clear displeasure directed at her. It was the same hostile gaze Arwen had noticed earlier.

"We can't forsake Mr. Winslow's preferences just because the lady dislikes coriander," the woman added, and for some reason, Arwen didn't like her tone or maybe her voice. Although the girl was trying to speak softly, her voice was simply

too piercing, and Arwen didn't find it pleasant.

"Apologies for not asking this before, but you are?" Arwen inquired, a little intrigued by the woman's biased behaviour. As far as she remembers, this was her first time meeting her.

"My name is Amanda and I have been serving the Winslow family for the past six years. I have always ensured that Mr. Winslow gets everything according to his likes and preferences," the young woman replied. And Arwen somewhat sensed her insecurity.

Not taking any offense, Arwen turned to the butler and said, "Amanda is right, Mr. Jones. If Aiden likes the flavour of coriander, you don't need to make any changes. I will adjust over time. If it's too much, I am sure the chefs can prepare a few dishes without coriander."

Mr. Jones wanted to disagree, knowing that the master wouldn't like it but, seeing how well Arwen was handling the situation, he just agreed to her words and then gestured for the chefs to proceed. "Make sure to prepare a few dishes without coriander," he instructed the chefs before leaving with Arwen. 1



Amanda watched them leave, her face twisted into a scornful expression.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Delyth was resting in her room when a commotion woke her up. The lights were off so she couldn't see clearly, but she could make out a group of few people entering her room.

"Who are you?" she asked, but there was no response.

Panicked, she was about to scream when a hand covered her mouth, refraining her from making any sound. The next she knew, she was pushed out of her ward in the wheelchair. She thought she was being kidnapped, but little did she know that what awaited her was far worse than anything she could have imagined. 4

