

## 48 Childish act.

"She doesn't remember anything, Mr. Jones, so don't make the past obvious to her. I don't want her to feel uncomfortable," Aiden said, his back to the butler. 1

As if the butler had already guessed the situation, he nodded solemnly. "I wasn't prepared for it today, but from here on, I will be very mindful around her," he replied, and Aiden turned to face him.

"Is there anything else?" Aiden asked, sensing that something was still on the old man's mind.

The old butler hesitated for a moment, contemplating something before saying, "Earlier, when she was looking around the manor, there was a hint of familiarity in her gaze. She recognised the Moon's Dream Garden herself. It feels like the past is still there, lingering in the depths of her memories. If we try —"

"We won't do anything that might make her regret, Mr. Jones. If she has forgotten it, then let it remain forgotten. There is no need to remind

her of it. As long as she is with me, I don't care for anything else. Neither about our shared past, nor about what happened back then," Aiden said firmly. His resolute tone made the old man sigh. 1

Of course, the past doesn't hold the value to rattle the present. But the memories shared between the two were too precious to be lost like that. Yet with both parties determined to forget, there was nothing the butler could do about it. 2

At that moment, a knock at the door interrupted their conversation, and Aiden turned to see Arwen standing there, looking slightly awkward. "Uh, the dinner seems to be ready. I just got informed. Are we going together? Or do you need more time to finish your work?" she asked, eyeing the files spread out on his desk.

Aiden glanced at the file before closing them. "We will have dinner first," he said, walking over to her and gesturing her to lead the way.

Arwen smiled and the two of them walked down the stairs to the dining hall. Mr. Jones followed behind them, and no matter how he tried, seeing at the two walking side by side like that only



made him reminisce about the time long forgotten.

Since Arwen came from one of the wealthiest families, the manor's lavishness didn't surprise her. However, it had been a while since she last had a homemade meal, she was excited to taste the flavors she had missed. After all, no matter how good takeout was, it would need compare to the taste of the home-cooked food.

Despite the grand size of the dining table, Arwen and Aiden chose to sit close to each other. While Aiden followed Arwen's suit, Arwen didn't feel any awkwardness in it. Instead, she felt it too natural to be noticed -almost as some habit.

"I have always loved the way the chefs at Quinn Villa prepare meals. I am not exactly a picky eater, but they have this uncanny way of matching everything to my likes and preferences." Arwen said, trying some small talk to break the obvious silence in the air.

Aiden glanced at her and then at the dishes laid out on the table. "If there is anything else you would want to eat, you can ask the chefs to prepare it for you," he offered.



Arwen shook her head, "No, no, I said I am not picky. I have just been missing homemade flavors, and I am sure that with everything prepared here, I will find the taste I have been longing for. Also I have made a few request to the chefs already. Since I will staying here, I won't hold the formality," she said, gesturing for him to start eating.

Aiden nodded, flipping over her plate before setting one for himself, while Arwen began uncovering the dishes. There were a good number of them, and as she noticed coriander sprinkled on the top of the first few dishes, she thought the other dishes might abide by her request to exclude it.

But none of them did. It seemed as though coriander had been deliberately added to every dish, as if to wring her wrong nerves. A smile curled on her lips as she understood the intention behind it very well.

Looking up, she spotted Amanda around the corner, smirking. It was clear now that this childish act had been Amanda's doing. The immaturity of it all amused Arwen. Did Amanda truly think that such a petty act would prevent



her from assuming her role as the mistress of the household" 1

"What wrong?" Aiden asked, noticing that Arwen seemed lost in thought.

Arwen shook her head at nothingness. "It's nothing. I was just thinking of something. Here, let me serve you," she said before serving the dishes onto his plate.

But Aiden's brows furrowed in a frown as he saw coriander in every dish. His expressions hardened, and he called out, "Mr. Jones!"

Arwen blinked, confused by his sudden shift in demeanor. But seeing his strained expressions, she realized something was wrong. Was the food not of his taste either?

Though Mr. Jones had stepped away to allow them to enjoy their meal in privacy, he was still nearby. Upon hearing Aiden call, he returned within seconds. "Sir?" he asked.

"Mr. Jones, why is there coriander in each and every dish? Didn't you inform the chefs that my wife dislikes the taste of it?" Aiden asked sharply, and Arwen looked down at the dishes again,

surprised that he noticed as well.

The old butler frowned as he came forward to check the dishes. "Sir, I informed them very clearly. But since Madam learned that you enjoy coriander, she requested a few additional dishes without it. I am not sure why they didn't comply," he explained.

"If she asked for extra dishes, where are they?" Aiden demanded, his tone carrying a hint of menace.

Arwen felt the tension too, and she quickly reached out to hold his hand, saying, "It's fine. They might have forgotten today. My presence is still new to them."

Aiden calmed under her touch but his resolve didn't waver. "Your presence might be new, but they should have adapted by now," he said, patting her hand gently. "Let me handle this." 2

His smooth left Arwen with no choice but to agree. Nodding, she watched as Aiden turned to Mr. Jones.

"Ask everyone to assemble here. Now. I want each of them here immediately."