



## 59 Can I not dare?

Back at Winslow Estate, Amanda has been in a sour mood since last night. She thought she would teach Arwen a lesson and show her her true place, but she never thought that Mr. Winslow to side with Arwen like that. 'That witch must have played some tricks behind the scenes. Otherwise, no woman has ever managed to charm Aiden Winslow,' she thought bitterly as she overheard one of the chefs instructing another. 1

"Don't make it too sweet. Mr. Jones said the lady prefers maple syrup on top instead."

The other chef nodded and made the necessary adjustments. Amanda couldn't take their accommodating attitude any longer and sneered, "How can you all cater to her preferences like that? Did you forget the scene she caused for us yesterday? You almost lost not only your jobs but also your lives, And yet, here you are, still willing to such up to her?"

"Amanda, she is the lady of the house. You shouldn't talk about her like that," one of the



chefs admonished with a frown.

Amanda arrogantly scoffed. "She just arrived yesterday. She hasn't done anything to earn my respect. She needs to earn it before acting high and mighty. After all, her marriage to Mr. Winslow is nothing but a facade. Don't we all know that Mr. Winslow never bothers with women?"

"Is that so?" Arwen's voice sliced through the kitchen, making Amanda freeze. The chefs looked up in horror at Arwen's sudden appearance. She had come to have a few words with the staff after the previous night's evens and to ask if Aiden received lunch from home. 1

She hadn't expected to walk in on Amanda's arrogant rant again. Arwen might have ignored it, but the maid's attitude — the unprovoked hostility — made it clear that Amanda had forbidden crush on Aiden.

After all, women often fall for men they can't have. But even if Amanda harbored those feelings, Arwen would not allow her to nurture them. Arwen was the wife now, and she would not tolerate another woman fantasizing about



her man, especially when she had started to feel differently about Aiden herself.

Arwen eyed Amanda from head to toe before stepping closer. "What should I do then?" she asked, stopping right in front of her, close enough to be intimidating.

Amanda hadn't expected Arwen to walk in right when she was badmouthing her. But even so, she had no plans of backing down, especially with neither Mr. Jones nor Mr. Winslow present.

Crossing her arms over her chest, Amanda sneered, "Of course."

But Amanda was truly naïve to think that Arwen needed Aiden or Mr. Jones around to help her.

Arwen felt like laughing at her paper-thin bravado but kept her expression neutral, giving Amanda a moment to think she was actually considering her words. Then Arwen's eyes hardened, and her voice dropped a few degrees colder. "Tell me, then. How should I earn your majestic respect? After all, my world would surely collapse if I didn't."





Though her tone was calm, the words were a hard slap of reality to Amanda's face.

Amanda's jaws clenched as she realized how easily Arwen had put her in her place. "Here at Winslow's Estate, the staff are treated with respect. How dare you speak to me like that?"

"Can I not dare?" Arwen countered without flinching. "Why? Do the working staff hold a position greater than the lady of the house? Or is it you who hold a higher position than me?"

"You —"

"Dear Amanda, don't play games you can't afford to lose," Arwen interrupted, her voice firm but composed. "I may have been lenient once, but I am not a fool to let it happen twice. You already heard what my husband said last night. As the lady of the house, I have the authority to make decisions without needing his permission. It won't end well for you if you keep pricking my nerves."

Arwen's message was clear, and Amanda's face drained of color as the weight of her words sank in.



Unable to match Arwen's intense gaze any longer, Amanda finally lowered her eyes and muttered, "I wouldn't dare."

Arwen smiled at her unapologetically. "In the end, it seems you aren't as foolish as I thought. Good. You may leave now. I am sure you have better things to do than gossip about your employer's personal life." 1

Amanda's jaws flexed, but she managed to reply softly, "Thank you for reminding me, Ma'am. I will go and get back to work now." She left in a hudd, clearly aggrieved.

Arwen watched her go, then turned to the team of chefs, who all seemed a bit apprehensive. Had she been too intimidating earlier?

"Oh please, relax! I didn't mean to scare you all," she said, trying to ease the tension, though the chefs still looked a bit hesitant. Maybe she had overdone it, but sometimes it was necessary.

"The crown comes with both charm and certain responsibility. I just gave you all a small sneak peek. I wouldn't want to kill the excitement at the very beginning of the show," she joked, hoping to lighten the mood.



Her humor seemed to work, as the chefs visibly relaxed, though they still maintained their professionalism. That was exactly what Arwen needed.

One of the chefs smiled politely and asked, "Ma'am, how can we help you today?"

Arwen glanced around the kitchen before responding, "Oh, you don't need to do anything extra. I just wanted to check if the lunch is sent to my husband from here or if he handles it outside."

"The lunch has already been sent, ma'am. It's packed and delivered to his office every day from home," the chef replied.

Arwen nodded, appreciating the information. She wanted to know as much as she could about Aiden's routine without having to ask him directly. "Alright, thank you. You can all get back to work now," she said, just as Emyr arrived, right on time.

"Madam, Sir has sent me to pick you up if you are ready."

