

## Chapter 009

Lyanne's POV

What? Did I hear him right? I'm going to prepare his breakfast?

I laughed without humor as I shook my head. Killian really knows how to joke around, huh?

"You didn't tell me you're such a joker, Killian," I muttered, still laughing.

I glanced at the helpers around, and their faces are all serious, and I'm the only one laughing.

What the f\*\*k? So it really is true? I'm going to prepare Killian's breakfast. Damn! I don't even know how to!

Killian only raised his eyebrow at me, then glanced at the woman behind me, the helper who guided me to the kitchen.

"Crystal will tell you where the tools are. For today, you're going to cook a basic breakfast first, such as eggs, bacon, and pancakes. So go now and start preparing my breakfast," he said, giving me a wicked smile.

My lips trembled as I fought hard to stop myself from frowning. I smiled at him while nodding my head. I can do this, right? Of course, I can! I'm just going to cook! I can watch some tutorial videos on the Red app or on any platform so that I will have a guide. Oh! What a nice idea, Lyanne! You have a bright mind! I smirked at my thoughts.

"I'll make sure that you'll have the best breakfast in the world, Killian. Just wait for me," I said, then winked at him.

I saw his lips twist before I followed Crystal inside the dirty kitchen. Maybe I can ask for some help from her. I can feel that she is kind, though. She will guarantee it for sure if I ever ask her for help.

"These are the eggs, miss. The bacon is on the fridge, and these three boxes are for pancakes." She explained to me all those things, like I am some numb person who doesn't know them.

I don't know how to cook, but I certainly know all those, of course! But then, is this not the reason why she's here? To help me, right?

I glanced at her and said, "Do you... have some cooking journals or any cookbooks here?" I chuckled when I noticed her brows creasing at me. "You know, so that I will have a guide in cooking these or something?"

Surely, they have! Killian's house is so huge, I think everything is already here.

She sighed and smiled a bit at me before opening the cabinet placed on the wall. My lifesaver! There's a cookbook!

My eyes widened, and I snatched the cookbook from her hand immediately. I sweetly chuckled at her.

"Thank you so much, Crystal!" I said before taking a look at the cookbook.

So now, let's find out what the procedures for cooking eggs are. I focused my eyes on the table of contents and tried my very best to find it.

And I felt like all the reworks had been thrown into the sky when I found it! Oh gosh! I can't describe my happiness!

"Found it!" I chuckled at Crystal, who's looking at me weirdly.

I'm going to deal with you later, Crystal. Just stand there and watch me cook.

"So I need to pick..." I glanced at Crystal when I remembered that I don't know the pieces of eggs I'll cook. "How many eggs will I cook again?"

"Ten,"

I smiled, then started picking ten eggs. "There you go," I happily said, then I proceeded to the next procedure. I glanced at Crystal again when I read that I would be needing a pan.

"Do you have any pans here?" Of course, Lyanne, they have.

Crystal did not say anything when she took the pan and gave it to me.

"Thanks," I said, then smiled.

So I'm going to open the stove before putting in the oil. And charan! There's a fire already! When I noticed that the fire was low, I turned it to a much higher fire.

So this is how to cook, huh? What an easy job!

I smirked as I put oil in the pan.

I then read the next procedure. Oh! This time, I will need a stainless steel eggshell to open the eggs.

I glanced at Crystal again, whose forehead creased as she watched me cook. Are you already amazed, Crystal?

"Do you have some stainless steel egg cutter eggshells?" I smiled at her.

Her weird eyes darted at me, and the crease on her forehead grew even more.

"W-What is it, miss?"

"A stainless steel egg cutter eggshell. The cookbook says I will need it to open the eggs. So I need that so I can fully start cooking the eggs."

Her face becomes worried. "We don't have that stainless steel, miss. But you can use the ladle to open the eggs."

What? The ladle?

I turned to take the ladle when I noticed that the pan was already dried! Oh gosh! So I put in another batch of oil. And just like Crystal said, I used the ladle to crack the eggs.

However, because of the heat of the pan, when the egg met the pan, the oil popped up like reworks!

"Ouch! Ah!" I yelled in pain.

Shit! It hurts!

"M-Miss..."

"What the hell?!" I'm sure that's Killian's voice.

I stepped away from the stove as I covered my arms where the oil dropped! s\*\*t! It stings!

Then I felt someone take my hand. I saw Killian, with his angry face, observe my arms immediately.

"What the hell are you doing?!" He yelled at me. He held my two hands, and I noticed that there were already red marks in there.

My face crumples when I think of my shooting for next week! s\*\*t! It will affect them, I'm sure! What will I tell Eliot? For sure, he'll be mad at me!

He caressed the red marks one by one. He clenched his jaw when he looked at me. I am biting my lower lip to stiffen the moan of pain from my lips.

"Give me the first aid kit, Crystal. Clean up everything here after." He said, then glanced at me again.

He did not say a word, but he pulled me to the faucet.

"Let me wash your hands," he demanded, his eyes and jaw still hard.

I gulped and got away from his hold. "Ah, I can do it."

"Let me wash your hands," he repeated. This time, it contains much power and command, and I need to follow what he wants because if I don't, I'm sure my life will be at stake.

So even if I could wash my own hands on my own, I still gave them to him.

He silently washed my hand, and I noticed how creased his forehead was and how serious his eyes were. He seems so passionate about washing my hand, like he needs to perform it thoroughly, as if it were between life and death.

After washing my hand, he took the first aid kit from Crystal, and then he pulled me again. But this time, out of the kitchen.

"Where are we going, Killian?" I asked as we left the dirty kitchen.

I saw the maids standing still on the long table earlier. They don't move, and it seems like they are waiting for Killian's order before they move.

Killian did not answer me. We walked to the stairs, then entered one of the rooms on the second floor.

I saw my bags in here. Will this be my room?

"Sit down on the bed," Killian commanded seriously.

I tried to find any humor behind his serious face, but I realized that he really is angry at the moment. Is he angry because of what my cooking has done in his kitchen? But it was an accident!

I sat down on the bed, then he kneeled down in front of me, took my hand, and started opening up the first aid kit. He dried my arms with a clean tissue before starting to put betadine on them. It still hurts a bit, but the way he makes his movements lessens the pain.

His face still seems angry and frustrated, but his hands are telling me otherwise. How can a person so full of ruthlessness and dominance be soft when caressing and taking care of wounds? I never thought that he could be this kind of man. I realized he's not as beast as I thought he was.

"Are you mad?" Slowly, I asked. If ever he is mad, I just wish he would not think to kill me or punish me. I won't be able to afford it.

He took a glance at me, but he did not speak. He returned to treating my wound carefully, and when he finished, he walked towards the bedside table, where he put the first aid kit.

"It was an accident. I did not know that it would result in that once I turned the fire on high. It was actually my first time cooking." I muttered, explaining already before he could even ask me questions.

He glanced at me again with a frown on his face.

"You should've been more careful," he shortly replied. He opened his lips but closed them after a second, as if he wanted to add something but just kept his mouth shut. He clenched his jaw and looked away.

"Are you going to punish me?"

I caught his attention. "Do you want to be punished?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at me.

Of course not!

"No, I just think that if you are mad, you are going to punish me."

His lips twisted; the frustration is now gone from his face.

"What kind of punishment would you wish to receive from me?" This time, a smirk is plastered on his lips.

Hmm, is there a punishment that would benefit me? Because if there is, I would choose that. I smirked at my thoughts.

"I don't want to be punished, Killian." I smiled at him.

He raised an eyebrow. "Let's go down to the kitchen. We're going to eat our breakfast."

"I did not finish cooking your breakfast. I haven't even started it yet."

"Don't worry. I have our breakfast delivered here."