Chapter 3

hurriedly stopped her. "There's no need, Madam."

After saying that, Sally turned around to head back into the kitchen. The two servants

They were employed to cook breakfast in the Moses house every day. If Sally did everything they were supposed to do, and Mr. Moses was to find out about it, would that not mean losing their job?

One of the servants started talking in a dissatisfied tone, "Aunt Leigh and I are in charge of

"Madam."

breakfast here. With all due respect, you've just arrived here and a stranger to Mr. Moses' eating habits. Please refrain from messing things up." The other servant went along immediately. "That's right. Aunt Zelda is right. Please refrain from cooking, Madam."

"Mr. Moses would not eat breakfast like this."

Aunt Zelda looked at the boring and tasteless breakfast made by Sally in contempt. "A person like Mr. Moses has always had milk, ham, and sandwiches for breakfast. Madam,

don't you think that the porridge and pickled vegetables that you prepared for him seem rather crude?" Surprise swarmed over Sally's rosy cheeks before transforming into a grey dullness.

It was true that rich people preferred sophisticated things.

In school, even those students who were slightly well-off would not join them in eating the

She lowered her head and mumbled to herself in agreement. "You're right."

plain porridge with a side of vegetables from the cafeteria, what more a reputed person like Elijah Moses?

After a while, the girl recollected her thoughts. She lifted her head and beamed at Aunt Zelda. "I'll just throw them away, then!" Aunt Leigh froze. Aunt Zelda had crossed the line when she said it like that. Yet, the little madam was not angry at her and offered to throw the food out herself?

What a blunder.

Looking at the breakfast on the table that was still steaming hot, Aunt Leigh could not bear to see them thrown and stepped forward to stop Sally. "Madam, it'll be wasteful to throw

them out. Leave these for servants like us. Please don't do this again in the future, Madam."

Sally hesitated for a brief second. "Okay. "I'm heading upstairs."

After saying that, Sally turned around and felt bitterness rising in her throat. It seemed like her presence was not quite welcomed in this house.

you are nothing but melodramatic!"

"What milk, ham, and sandwiches for breakfast?!"

in the kitchen, the more aggrieved she felt.

"Hey."

wake up."

In the bedroom, the man with a beautiful face slept soundly.

Sally lied down on her stomach at the side of the bed and traced the chiseled lines on the

"I've never eaten a sandwich before! How would I know how to make that..." Before marrying Elijah, her aunt had showered Sally with advice, saying that a woman should either fulfill her husband's sexual desires or feed his stomach. Only then would they be happy in their marriage and live happily ever after.

The more Sally thought about what happened yesterday night and everything that happened

man's face with her eyes. She bit her lips and mumbled in a low voice, "City-dwellers like

worrying about his health and thought that it would be fine for them not to do it, all things considered. After all, she was quite skillful in cooking.

Yesterday night, Elijah did not continue after kissing her for a while. There she was,

She pursed her lips. Her gaze was set on his sharp nose. "I'm going to kiss you if you don't

Did that not mean that she could only work her way through matters in bed?

She just got married; she did not want her life to turn out unhappy.

Yet, her cooking skills had been viewed with disdain.

Elijah's long eyelashes trembled, but he did not open his eyes. Looking at the man's cold but charming face, Sally's heart started to beat wildly. She lowered her head. She nearly kissed him a few times, but she gave up every single time.

Forget it. Perhaps her aunt's words were not accurate. Maybe happiness was not directly related to whether they bed each other.

Eventually, she retreated like a deflated ball.

It was a call from her aunt, Jane Lindell.

"Sal, did everything go well yesterday night?"

Even so, she could not shake off the discomfort in her heart. At this moment, her phone started to ring.

The call connected and Jane went straight to the point on the other side of the phone.

Sally took her phone and answered the call in the bathroom.

The door to the bathroom was slightly ajar. Jane's and Sally's voices flowed out the bathroom like spring water on a mountain stream. "It didn't really go well."

"No..." "Sal."

current identity. You are the daughter-in-law of the Moses family. Your main task is to go forth and multiply for the Moses family."

After receiving such an affirmative answer from Sally, Jane breathed a sigh of relief. "Also,

"Don't forget, you've promised them to give birth to Elijah Moses' child in two years!"

In all solemnity, Jane said from the other side of the phone, "You have to remember your

Sally gripped her phone in all seriousness. "Don't worry, auntie. I won't forget that." It was the first time she got married; she was just inexperienced.

"I'll give it my all to give him children!"

wheelchair placed at the side of the door.

dining table in a relaxed manner.

"Madam, come and have breakfast!"

warmly. "Try this! Is the taste to your liking, Madam?"

distant.

dining table.

A layer of red crept up Sally's cheeks. "Alright..."

Elijah from his sleep, Sally hung up hastily and went out.

"Not well? You guys didn't do it?"

Just then, she heard the sound of the bedroom door opening. Sally thought a servant opened the door and entered. Afraid that the servant might disturb

stop calling 'him' this and that. You're already married to Elijah. Call him hubby!"

Sally chased after him. In the dining room downstairs, a man clad in a black outfit was enjoying his breakfast at the

The bedroom was empty. Elijah, who was previously in bed, had disappeared, along with the

His eyes were still covered with a piece of black silk ribbon. He looked mysterious and

Her warm attitude made it impossible to relate to her mean disposition previously. Sally went downstairs obediently.

Milk, ham, and sandwiches that Sally had never eaten before were neatly arranged on the

After what happened in the morning, Sally could not bring herself to eat any of this breakfast

Seeing her coming down the stairs, Aunt Zelda rushed over to welcome Sally to the table

that went against her sense of aesthetics.

Zelda told me that."

"Is that so?"

of spiciness.

"Not bad."

"Yes."

Standing at the side, Aunt Zelda felt a chill running up her spine.

made something for you based on what I usually eat..."

Elijah put his glass of milk down slowly.

don't eat what you've made too."

from Aunt Zelda, did she not?

to explain yourself to this blind man?"

Leigh involuntarily.

As the glass came into contact with the dining table, the crisp ringing that it made came with a warning of danger. Aunt Zelda nearly fell to her knees. The man's deep voice was as cold as winter's peak. "To be honest, today I learned that I

He set down his chopsticks elegantly. "When did Aunt Zelda figure out that I don't like eating this?"

Suddenly, she remembered a pickled side dish that she had kept in the refrigerator this morning. Elijah might not like eating them, but she should be able to eat that herself, no? The young girl rose from her seat and trotted into the kitchen. After returning with the side dish and placing it in front of herself, she dug in happily. "What are you eating?" Elijah asked with frowning eyebrows across the wide dining table that stretched out between them. Sally pursed her lips. "Something you don't like to eat." The man smiled lightly. "How would you know that I won't like it?"

The man with a piece of black silk on his face elegantly lifted the milk and took a sip. "Aunt Zelda told you that I don't eat that?" Hints of playfulness tinged his deep voice. "Why would the fridge store food that I don't eat?" Feeling slightly apologetic, Sally pursed her lips, "It's me...

"I didn't figure out what you like, so I didn't realize that you don't eat such crude food. I

Sally pouted. With a naive tone unstained by any sense of impurity, Sally answered, "Aunt

in front of her. Elijah picked up his chopsticks, pretended to poke around before snatching up a piece from the side dish without fail, and tasted it.

It had a taste that he had never encountered before. It was sweet and sour, tinged with a hint

Before Sally understood the meaning of his words, he had accurately picked up the side dish

Was this the reason why the girl went upstairs in a huff earlier this morning, threw herself onto the bed, and accused him of being melodramatic? She must have suffered indignance

The coldness in the man's voice sent shudders up Aunt Zelda's back that she hid behind Aunt

Elijah continued. "You're not talking, Aunt Zelda. Is it because you think there isn't a need