



191 Don't come to complain later.

The team of chefs stood in a line, their expression a blend of awe and nervousness. None dared to breathe too loudly, let alone move, as they watched Aiden command the kitchen with an air of practised ease. 1

His tailored shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, revealing his toned forearms that flexed with each confident move. Every movement was deliberate, precise and swift, as though he had spent years perfecting the art of cooking.

The more Alexander, the head chef, watched him, the more he felt impressed. Though he had seen many skilled chefs mastering the field of culinary arts, for some reason seeing a man like Aiden do it with such ease hit differently.

"Mr. Jones," Alexander whispered, breaking his own rule of silence in the kitchen, "did the young master have any culinary training before?" His tone was clearly laced with a deep interest.

The butler standing on his side, turned towards him with a small, knowing smile. Shaking his head, he replied, "Young Master never took any professional culinary training."

Alexander blinked, his brows furrowing in



confusion. "Then...?"

Mr. Jones's smile only deepened at that. His gaze shifted back to Aiden, who was expertly tossing fettuccine in a creamy Alfredo sauce. "If a man has no inherent interest in cooking yet chooses to learn it, it's not because he wants to excel in the field. It's because he takes it as a way to cherish someone he cares for." Then he paused to add, "Young Master has only ever practiced making Fettucine Alfredo and he makes it perfect."

Alexander tried to comprehend his words for a good moment, but the meaning only hit him after a while.

While near the counter, Aiden who had been all engrossed in the recipe, finally called Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones," he called while he started plating the dish with meticulous care. Swirling the fettuccine neatly, he coated it with sauce evenly before giving a final sprinkling of fresh parsley over the top.

Although the butler had come on his very call, he didn't dare disturb him. He only spoke when he saw him straightening in his posture. "Yes, Young Master?"

Aiden gave a last look to the set plate before gesturing Mr. Jones towards it. "This is done."



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Serve it when Moon comes down," he said, slowly removing his apron and smoothing out the shirt.

Mr. Jones nodded and Aiden walked out of the kitchen. It wasn't until he was out of earshot that one of the younger chefs whispered, "I didn't know Young Master could cook like that." And slowly the little conversation of awe filled the air.

While outside, Aiden settled in the living room when Arwen descended down the stairs with his phone in her hand. When their eyes met, she smiled and said, "Since you are sitting here with your work. It only means my favourite plate has been prepared."

Aiden returned her smile, the warmth of it reaching his eyes as he closed the laptop and stood. "As per command, Moon," he replied, his voice steady yet affectionate.

Arwen tilted her head slightly, amused, "You are spoiling me, you know that?"

"You deserved to be spoiled," Aiden said, stepping a step closer to her before tugging away a strand of her hair behind her ears. "And I am not going to give you anything less than what you deserve, Moon."

Arwen's heart warmed at his words. She leaned



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in more to his touch before complaining, "I am growing to love this, husband. If I become too spoiled, don't come later to complain about that. Okay?"

"Aiden shook his head, confident in his head. "I won't, believe me on that." He then gestured her towards the dining area. "You must be hungry. Come, let's have something first."

Arwen nodded, but just when she was about to take a step, she remembered something and turned back to Aiden to say, "Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you," she began before raising the phone in her hand in front of his eyes. "You have earlier got an important call. It was probably from one of your partners. Though I have asked them to contact Mr. Ethan for that, it would be better if you give Mr. Ethan a call to confirm it first."

Aiden paused at that, his brows furrowing a little.

When Arwen noticed it, she asked, "Did I do something wrong? I mean I know I wouldn't have picked up your call, but I thought it was important and I didn't mean to delay it. So —"

"You did right," Aiden said interrupting her, before reaching out to caress her hair affectionately. "I was just thinking something else."



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Arwen didn't ask him more. Nodding with an 'oh', she gestured him towards the phone before saying, "Give Mr. Ethan a call then."

Aiden was about to decline, but the look in her eyes told him she wouldn't take no for an answer. Hence sighing, he dialed Emyr's number. The ring, however, wasn't distant — it came from the door.

When she looked up, she saw Emyr already entering the mansion.

"Sir! Madam!" he greeted before looking at Aiden with some sense of urgency.

Arwen sensed the tension and smiled politely. "I will wait for you at the dining table. You can speak at ease." She then turned to Emyr and added, "Mr. Ethan, please join us after your talk."

Emyr nodded politely, and with that, Arwen turned and left, leaving the two alone.

"Sir," Emyr began, his tone low, "As per your instructions, the information has been allowed to reach Ryan Foster. However, we haven't been able to trace his any move against us yet. It seems he hasn't taken any action yet."

Aiden's expression remained calm, almost indifferent as if the existence of Ryan wasn't important itself. "Is there anything else important," he asked, making Emyr confused for



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a second.

Maybe he hadn't expected his boss to shrug the topic of Ryan Foster like that. But since he has already, Emyr could also forget about it for the moment. "Apart from this, Sir, there is 'And Innovations,'" he began. "We had a meeting with them scheduled this afternoon, but due to some serious problem on their side, Mr. Anderson has requested to schedule it in the evening, if it's possible."

Aiden's expression subtly changed as his gaze darkened slowly. Glancing towards the dining area, he said, "Cancel it. In the evening, I have someone else to meet."

Emyr's brows knitted slightly as he studied his boss's expression, but he didn't dare to question him. Nodding, he simply said, "Okay, sir."



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