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Once the ingredients had softened, Arielle blended everything that was in the pot until it was smooth. She then added some cream and seasoned the soup before giving it a final stir.

"San, what yummy food are you making again? It smells so good." The aroma of the pumpkin soup wafted out of the kitchen, attracting Pat to hurry into the kitchen.

"You little glutton. Your nose is so sensitive!" Arielle grinned brightly and pinched Pat's cheeks. Ah... This boy's cheeks are so chubby!

"It's all your fault. Your cooking is so good that it turned me into a little glutton," Pat said, blinking his eyes. It was true that he was not like that in the past.

"Oh? So it's my fault, huh?" Arielle massaged her chin and teased, "Maybe I should cook less in the future then. I don't want to turn my dear Pat into a greedy little kitten."

Pat was shocked when he heard that. He quickly tugged at Arielle's arm and said sweetly, "San..."

"Okay, okay. I was just teasing you," Arielle said, taking out a big, clean bowl and filling it up before placing it on the table. "Here, this is yours. Wait for it to cool before eating it, okay? I don't want you to burn yourself."

Pat followed her to the table and nodded firmly in response to her words, never allowing his gaze to leave the bowl of pumpkin soup in front of him.

Seeing that, Arielle chuckled and shook her head. She then took another bowl, poured the remaining soup into it, and walked out with it.

When she arrived at Aaron's room, she realized Todd was not around. Hence, she had no choice but to push the door open and entered the room by herself.

"Didn't I tell you not to disturb me if there aren't any important matters?" Aaron said in an annoyed tone, thinking it was Todd when he heard the sound of the door being opened.

"Okay. I'll leave then," Arielle responded, preparing to leave.

Aaron was slightly surprised to hear Arielle's voice. Seeing she was about to leave, he called out immediately, "Hey, sorry. I-I wasn't talking to you. I didn't know you'd come."

Hearing that, Arielle finally turned around and walked over to his bed with the bowl of soup in her hands. "Here you go. Now eat."

I've already made it, anyway. There's just enough for his portion. Besides, if something happens to him, how am I supposed to find out the truth behind my mother's urgency in looking for Henrick to get married back then?

Seeing that, Aaron's eyes lit up. He thought she had gotten angry since he did not allow her to contact Vinson. Never did he expect her to give in and even bring him a bowl of pumpkin soup she made.

"Thank you!" It was the first time Aaron thanked her.

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Arielle arched a brow at him. "There's no need for that. When are you going to let me contact Vinson? I'll thank you if you let me do that."

Aaron fell silent immediately.

Seeing him remaining silent again, she set the bowl of pumpkin soup on the table and said sulkily, "Just eat it."

"I've just completed a surgery, and I don't have any energy in me. Can you feed me?" Aaron said in a sullen tone.

"Feed you?" Arielle was so stunned that she was at a loss for words.

"Yes. I don't have any energy," Aaron repeated, gazing at Arielle with a pitiful gaze as if telling her he was the patient and was still weak.

Arielle eyed him doubtfully. "You? Don't have any energy?"

Aaron nodded.

Arielle's lips twitched in response. "No energy, eh? Well, I can just ask your assistant to come over and feed you personally then."

"I don't want him to feed me!" Aaron protested childishly. "Can't you feed me? I'm a patient. Aren't you a doctor? Isn't it normal for doctors to feed their patients?"

Arielle almost laughed in exasperation. I've got to feed the patients because I'm a doctor?

Of course, she could choose to feed the patients. However, he was a different case. He was perfectly capable of doing things on his own. Clearly, he had feelings for her.

Since she was already a married woman, she did not want to get into any trouble. Otherwise, Vinson would be mad when he found out about it.