

Chapter 62 Taking A Bath

When Wayne spoke, his tone resembled that of a whining woman.

Tyson stared at the burnt fish on the frying pan that was a result of being distracted by Wayne. He said coldly, "What do you want? If you have nothing else to say, just hang up. I have to cook."

Wayne sounded completely puzzled. "What's the matter with you? You're a CEO, but you cook for your wife all the time. Are you really still the Tyson that I know?"

"I just like to do this for my wife."

Tyson ignored Wayne's theatrics and proceeded to cook another dish.

When he realized that he was being ignored, Wayne changed tactics and returned to the way he used to please Tyson.

"My dear bro, when will you also cook some dishes for me? Although the food you cook always looks terrible and might even kill me, I still want to try it. You're my dearest buddy, after all. It's not easy for me to eat the food that you cook, you know. You see..."

"In your dreams," Tyson said coldly and hung up the phone without another word.

Wayne was too noisy. Talking to him would only be a waste of time.

However, Wayne's words suddenly reminded him of something.

He had to be more careful in keeping a low profile, especially after Celia joined the Semsy Group.

While he was preoccupied by his thoughts, he suddenly felt arms wrapping around his waist from behind. Celia's soft voice soon drifted into his ears. "What are you cooking?" she asked expectantly.

Her voice snapped him out of his thoughts, and he quickly looked down. To his dismay, the fish was burnt again. He could feel the embarrassment visibly creeping upon his face.

Celia seemed to sense his embarrassment and couldn't help but tease, "Burning food is your style, isn't it? Don't worry, though. No matter what kind of dishes you cook, I'll still like them."

"I'll just fry another one."

Tyson was about to throw the fish away when Celia immediately stopped him. "No need. It can still be eaten, and also..."

She looked at the fishes that had been thrown away in the trash can and smiled. "This is the last fish we have."

With that, she took the spatula from Tyson and proceeded to put the fried fish on a plate.

Tyson had actually planned to ask Briar to buy more ingredients, but he thought that Celia would become hungry from waiting, so he decided not to protest.

With an apologetic look, he told her, "I'll make sure to study the recipe carefully and try my best to let you eat food that isn't burnt next time."

Celia felt moved by his words. "I'm really happy that you're willing to cook for me."

"I think you'd be happier if the food was cooked deliciously."

While Tyson cooked two more dishes, Celia assisted him from the side and carried the dishes to the table.

After that, the two of them sat at the table and began to eat.

"I'll be starting work at the Semsy Group tomorrow," Celia said, raising her head to look at Tyson and observing his expression carefully.

Tyson calmly proposed a toast to her with soup instead of wine. "I hope everything goes well with you there."

Celia stared at him in amusement. "I'll make sure not to talk to any males there, especially the CEO of Semsy Group, unless it's necessary," she told him confidently.

Tyson laughed aloud as he put some food onto her plate.

Celia dutifully took a few bites of the food he placed onto her plate. "The dishes you cooked today are better than the previous ones. Although the fish is burnt, it still tastes good."

Tyson didn't even try to find out whether or not she was telling the truth. He just felt warm inside.

This day was turning out to be a great time, and he cherished this moment so much along with a growing appreciation for Celia.

When they finished eating dinner, for the first time, Celia didn't offer to help him clean the dishes.

"I... I want to take a shower first."

Tyson stroked her hair gently, thinking that she was tired. "Then you should go to bed early tonight."

However, he noticed that Celia's face was unusually red. At that moment, he understood and moved forward, holding each side of her face tenderly and pressing his forehead against hers. "I'll be there soon," he whispered.

He then immediately collected the plates and forks and walked towards the direction of the kitchen.

Celia took a deep breath to mentally prepare herself and took her favorite nightgown before going to the bathroom.

She and Tyson had been married for a few days now, so she thought that it was time to develop their relationship further.

Tyson soon heard the sound of the bathroom door closing, followed by the sound of running water.

At that moment, he stopped what he was doing. As he listened to the sound of the water, his feelings began to rise to the surface.

He couldn't help but miss the night when he first had sex with Celia. The feelings it had evoked inside of him back then were wonderful and difficult to express with words.

