

Chapter 556 Matcha Cake

Anthony's POV:

After Jerome left in high spirits, I decided to take a short break. I sank into the sofa in the office and rubbed my temples.

"Good day, Mr. Jones. Mrs. Jones wants to see you," a maid approached me and said in a gentle voice.

I stood up in a hurry and said loudly, "Jennifer, you don't need to ask the maid to tell me that you're here. You can come in right away."

Just then, Jennifer poked her head through the door and grinned sheepishly. Then, she walked in with a plate in her hands.

"Sorry, I didn't know..." Jennifer looked a little embarrassed.

"No need to apologize, honey. I just hope that you know you can relax when you're around me. I might be the king to others, but to you, I'm just your husband. That's all."

"Okay, Anthony. Anyway, I heard that you've been very busy these days, so I made you a matcha cake. I hope you'll like it." Jennifer shyly set the plate on my desk.

I looked at the green slice of cake and instinctively felt that something was wrong.

The color of the cake... Why did it look so creepy? And I could smell all kinds of strange flavors and spices.

Seeing me hesitate, Jennifer looked at me expectantly. "Anthony, don't you like it?"

"Oh, of course I like it, honey," I answered hurriedly and sat back behind the desk. Grinning from ear to ear, I picked up a fork and picked up a piece of the cake. "I can't wait to taste it!"

I believed in Jennifer's cooking. Maybe the cake just didn't look appetizing. I cheered myself on internally and stuffed the forkful of cake into my mouth.

Oh, my God! It tasted like a tube of toothpaste had exploded in my mouth.

But how could I blame Jennifer? She had lost her memories. Perhaps she also forgot how to cook.

"How is it? Is it yummy?" Jennifer sat on the chair beside me, excitement and expectation written all over her face.

"Oh, it's wonderful, honey. Although it's not as good as a Michelin star chef's, it has its own special taste," I said gently, reaching for Jennifer's hand.

And I wasn't lying. As long as it was lovingly made by Jennifer, I would eat it without hesitation.

"Oh, that's great! This was my first time to bake a cake, so I was worried it'd taste bad. In fact, I haven't tasted it myself. I'm glad that you like it!" Jennifer sighed with relief. "I'll try baking another flavor tomorrow. Anthony, what flavor would you like?"

Truth be told, I wasn't that fond of desserts. I rarely ate them before, only ever eating sweets if Jennifer made them for me. But I couldn't say that now.

"Whatever you want, honey. I'll eat anything you cook," I said dotingly, tucking a stray hair behind her ear. "For me, any dessert you make is topnotch."

"Oh, my God! Anthony, you're too sweet." Jennifer blushed furiously.

"Only with you, honey." I stroked her hair affectionately. Jennifer was still so charming even after her appearance was completely changed. Every time I looked at her, I would fall in love with her more.

"I hope I'll fall in love with you again, Anthony," she said softly. Looking into her big, innocent eyes, I felt like I was immersed in her tenderness and charm.

"I'll do everything I can to make you fall in love with me. You're mine and I'm yours, Jennifer." As I spoke, I couldn't help but lift her chin to kiss her lips.

"Anthony..." Jennifer closed her eyes. I could tell that she was a little nervous, but she didn't refuse me, so I went ahead and pressed my lips against hers.

When we pulled away, Jennifer and I were both out of breath.

"Well, Anthony, why don't you finish the rest of your cake?" Feeling a little shy, Jennifer turned her face away and fetched the plate of cake on the table. Then she picked up a fork and murmured, "Let me taste it, too."

"Oh, no, honey, the cake is too good. I have to eat it myself." I grabbed the fork from Jennifer's hand in a hurry and snatched the plate of matcha cake from her. Without giving her a chance to protest, I finished the whole thing in a few bites. Fortunately, because I ate it so fast, the strange taste didn't last long in my mouth.

"Okay." Seeing me wolf down the cake, Jennifer was stunned for a moment. Then she broke into a big smile. "I didn't think you'd like it so much! In that case, I'll make it for you every day!"

Oh, my God!

I sighed inwardly.

Forget it. A bad cake a day was worth it if it meant pleasing my dear wife.

"Anyway, Jennifer, I have a lot of work to do. You should go back and get some rest. I'll try to finish up here in half an hour. Let's have dinner together, okay?" I patted her arm gently.

"Okay!" Jennifer seemed to be very happy. "I'll read a book while waiting for you."

"Okay. See you later, honey." I watched Jennifer leave until she closed the door behind her.

After making sure that Jennifer was outside earshot, I immediately ordered the maid beside me seriously, "From now on, when the queen cooks, the chef must be there to supervise and guide her. Don't tell them that it was an order from me."

