

Gu Lingfei: Married At First Sight Novel Chapter 8 | [Serenity & Zachary]

Zachary was careful to watch his weight, refusing to let himself go and become overweight.

It was hard to shed the pounds.

Serenity smiled. "You're fit, Mr. York.

"So... I guess I'll go back to bed?"

"Sure," Zachary replied.

"Goodnight."

Serenity wished him goodnight before turning on her heel to leave.

"Hang on, Se... Serenity."

Zachary called after her.

Pausing, Serenity turned her head around and asked, "Yes?"

Zachary looked at her and said, "Please don't walk around in your pajamas next time."

She was not wearing a bra underneath her pajamas. Unfortunately, his eagle eyes picked up on that.

They were husband and wife anyway, but what if someone else caught her in her pajamas?

The last thing he wanted was for other men to see through his wife's body.

Red in the face, Serenity bolted back to her room and slammed the door shut.

Zachary, "..."

She was embarrassed before he could feel awkward for her.

Zachary took a moment to sit before heading to the master bedroom. He bought the furnished house at the last minute. It was move-in ready.

Nevertheless, his bedroom had not been sorted out due to the rush.

He was quite impressed that Serenity knew how to take a hint instead of brazenly demanding to sleep in the same room.

Thank goodness fulfillment of marital obligations was not asked of him.

The wee hours of the morning went by uneventfully for the married couple.

The next day, Serenity woke up at six o'clock in the morning as usual.

Before, she would make breakfast and tidy up the place after she got up. If time permitted, she would help her sister hang the laundry out to dry.

Serenity had taken the role of a nanny in the years she stayed at Liberty's place, mainly because she was trying to lighten the load off her sister. However, her brother-in-law took it for granted and ordered her around like a nanny.

She woke up today and stared at the unfamiliar bedroom that she spent the night in. As memories flooded back into her mind, Serenity murmured, "I must be half-asleep to think I'm still at my sister's place. This is my home. I don't have to get up now."

Serenity laid back down to return to dreamland.

It was a shame that she could not adjust her body clock though. Serenity could not sleep in even if she tried.

She might as well get up since her tummy was rumbling.

After a change of clothes and a wash-up, Serenity walked out of her room and took a glance at Zachary's bedroom door. By the looks of the closed door, he must still be sleeping.

Well, it was hard to get up at this hour since he was home late last night.

Serenity wandered into the kitchen and stared at the empty room. A brief silence later, she turned around and made her way out.

She had placed an order for kitchenware yesterday, but the stuff had not arrived.

Had she known, Serenity would have bought them in a store rather than online.

While moving house yesterday, Serenity remembered seeing a breakfast place in the neighborhood.

Serenity decided to get breakfast takeouts.

She wondered what Zachary fancied eating.

It was not like she could wake him up and ask, so she bought a variety.

Serenity got breakfast omelet, bacon, sausages, pancakes, and toast – the favorites of ordinary people in Wiltspoon.

Zachary was an early riser despite staying up the night before. No sooner had Serenity gone out to get breakfast than he woke up.

Unaccustomed to having a wife, he once again forgot about Serenity's existence and walked out bare-chested to get a glass of water. At that point in time, Serenity swung open the door to enter the house and their gazes met.

The next thing she knew, Zachary locked his arms against his chest and ran back to his room like Serenity did last night.

Dumbstruck at first, Serenity soon burst into laughter.

She muttered to herself. 'There's nothing interesting about a man's upper body. It's nothing more than abs. I can't believe he put his arms over his chest. Haha. That was so funny!'

A while later, Zachary reemerged fully dressed in a suit. He did not look too pleased, but who was he to tell Serenity off?

It was his fault for forgetting that a strange woman was in his living space now. The strange woman was also his wife on paper.

Normally, Zachary stayed in his villa and would wake up to an empty second floor. So long as he remained upstairs, the maids would not enter his space. At times he would ditch the shirt when feeling cheeky.

This was the case today, and the scheming girl saw his bare chest.

"Mr. York, I got breakfast. Come and have them."

Despite laughing her *ss off, Serenity did not forget the agenda at hand. She placed the breakfast variety on the dining table and called the man, who felt violated, over.

Zachary stood in silence for a bit before heading over. He glanced at the breakfast and callously asked, "Don't you know how to cook?"

"I do. I'm a good cook."

"The store-bought breakfast, especially from the street stalls, is not very hygienic. You should cut down on that. You should make your own food since you can cook. It's sanitary and safe."

As the head of the York household, Zachary had never eaten breakfast favorites of Wiltspoonese.

Serenity replied with a question, "Have you seen your kitchen? It's cleaner than your face. It has nothing in there. Even if I'm the chef of a five-star hotel, I can't pull a feast without tools and ingredients.

Zachary was rendered speechless.

"Are you going to eat it?"

Serenity asked.

Zachary was starving but tried to play it cool. He took a seat at the table and faintly said, "It'd be a waste not to eat since you already bought it. I guess having it once or twice won't hurt."

Way to save himself from embarrassment.

Serenity split half of each dish to him.

Taking a seat, she ate her share and remarked, "I looked around when I moved in yesterday. I ordered quite a bit of kitchen utensils online. I'll get the groceries and cook when the things arrive, so you don't have to eat street food."

He held a high position in a major corporation. She guessed white collars were particular about their food.

Serenity had the habit of cooking at home and only ordered takeout when she was at the shop. She was willing to accommodate his fussiness for food.

"Our home is missing a lot of stuff. Can I decorate the place to my liking?"

Zachary picked his head up to glance at his wife sitting opposite him before digging into his breakfast. The common breakfast tasted alright.

"We're husband and wife with a marriage license. This is your home. You can decorate it as you like on the condition that you don't touch my room."

She was free to turn the other rooms upside down.

"Okay."

Having obtained his permission, Serenity made up her mind to go as planned.

With flowers and a swing on the balcony, she could read a book and admire the flower while sitting in her swing during her spare time.

“That reminds me. Nana told me yesterday to come back with you on the weekend for dinner and to meet the family.”

Zachary faintly responded, “I’ll let you know. I need to check my schedule. If I can’t make the time, I’ll get Nana to bring my parents over. You guys can meet and have a meal.”

Serenity had no objections.