

Janet's focus was fixed on the laptop.

She took the last bite of the sandwich. "Yes, I did. But I failed the interview," she answered while typing. "I'm checking other companies now."

Ethan took a small bite of the sandwich and put it down. He quietly looked at her resume and portfolio. She had achieved excellence in school, designed several works, and had won several awards and accolades. Although her jewelry and clothing designs looked amateurish, it was still better compared to the works of her fellow graduates.

A fresher with exceptional talent like this deserved a job at the Larson Group.

"Why did you fail? Did the interviewers tell you the

reason?" Ethan put the sandwich on the plate and sat on the sofa with his legs crossed. His face looked cold and stern.

Janet looked up at him. She felt strange and couldn't understand why he was asking her too many questions.

However, they were a married couple now. He had the right to question her for knowing her better.

"Perhaps it was an unlucky day for me," she said, shrugging. "One of the interviewers was my schoolmate. She has been harboring a grudge against me. Maybe that's why she didn't want to hire me."

Ethan's face darkened. He nodded without saying anything more.

Enoch, too, was confused as to why he was questioning her.

Her failure or victory had nothing to do with him.

However, he didn't know the HR department of the Larson Group had an employee who rejected a talent for a personal grudge. He couldn't tolerate the injustice, so he questioned her.

Or that was what he told himself.

Janet checked a dozen companies and sorted the information of the company she had to go to for an interview the next day.

After that, she stretched herself and looked around the small house.

The house looked small, but many things were

crammed inside. The decorative pieces on the shelves were all piled up together. Several old magazines and a few flower pots with withered roses sat on the window sill.

Several showpieces and objects were scattered carelessly everywhere. Janet knew he must have bought these right before their wedding.

The place looked like a temporary abode as if they would move at any time. It just didn't feel like home at all.

She didn't know what the future had in store for her and Ethan. Until then, they had to live here.

Therefore, she decided to tidy up the house. She didn't want to live in a haphazard manner.

Therefore, she picked up everything and began cleaning the house. Janet balanced the thick stack of

magazines in her hand and stole a glance at Ethan, who was sleeping on the sofa. From afar, he looked like a male model on the cover of a fashion magazine.

Janet wondered if she should ask him to join her. After all, this was his house.

Just as she was thinking about what to do, Ethan's eyes fluttered open.

Looking at Janet's vigilant eyes, Ethan smiled. "I will feel conscious if you continue to stare at me this way. Do you need my help with anything?"

Janet quickly averted her gaze and pretended to be impervious to his good looks. "Well, you can go to the kitchen and wash all the tableware on the cupboard," she said, clearing her throat.

Her heart was racing in her chest as she didn't expect

Ethan to catch her staring at him.

Ethan stretched himself and walked to the kitchen. His tousled jet-black hair somehow made him look sexier. He opened the cupboard to get the tableware.

His mother had raised him all by herself -- a difficult feat for a single mother to achieve. When Ethan was a child, he had always helped his mother do the household chores, and Janet seemed to have awakened his old habit.

After organizing the magazines, Janet began to clean the bookshelf. An involuntary smile stretched across her lips as she glanced at the tall man cleaning everything in the kitchen.

Although Ethan wasn't wealthy, he was principled and organized.

Ever since Janet moved into Ethan's house, she felt the rumors were untrue. He wasn't a useless hooligan who fought on the streets like people told her.

She was glad that Ethan shared the household work with her, unlike other sexist husbands who thought only women belonged in the kitchen.

Although they were only a nominal couple, Ethan seemed to be a good partner.

Janet hummed a song and continued to clean the house.

Just then, a loud bang reverberated from the kitchen.

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