

Janet spotted Ethan as soon as she entered the kitchen. He stood there awkwardly, surrounded by shards of broken china.

He raised his eyes at her, looking lost and helpless. "I was washing the dishes when they... slipped off my hands."

Well, he hadn't done this sort of thing for more than ten years, so a mess was inevitable sooner or later.

Janet walked over and began picking the broken pieces one by one.

She wasn't quite sure whether to laugh or cry. "I'm guessing you didn't rinse any of these dishes. Ceramic tableware needs to be rinsed with warm water twice."

"I see. I'll take note of it next time." Enoch ripped off a sheet of paper towel and handed it to her. "Go ahead and do your thing. I'll clean up over here."

He didn't want her to get injured due to his own carelessness.

It didn't take long for Ethan to finish tidying things up. When he was done, he wiped his hands and walked out of the kitchen, only to pause at the scene that greeted him.

The floor was absolutely spotless, and the huge windows were wide open, letting in beams of light and the refreshing afternoon breeze. The previously messy cabinets and shelves had all been arranged neatly as well.

Wild daisies and irises adorned what was once an

empty and dusty vase on the dining table.

Several potted plants popped up here and there, giving the house an artistic vibe that was edgy and refreshing at the same time.

"What do you think? It feels different, doesn't it? The house was clean enough before, but it was dull and a little depressing. It needed some life kicked back into it." Janet was standing by one of the windows. She had a bright smile on her face and a bottle of soda in her hand.

Why was she so pleased, anyway, when she had to make do with such a small house?

Nevertheless, her cheerful mood was infectious. A soft smile appeared in Ethan's eyes. He reached out to the wild daisies, taking a soft white petal between his fingertips. "You're right. It does feel different. Just

like it did in the past."

His mother had liked to put flowers on the table, too. Although they'd been dirt poor, she had managed to brighten up their lives with these tiny, trifling details.

Ethan hadn't had a proper home since his mother had died. For the first time in as long as he could remember, he finally had a place he could call a true home.

"Your mother must have loved life very much," Janet remarked, studying him out of the corner of her eye.

Ethan's expression turned much tender as he thought of his departed mother.

"Not your mother-in-law? Are you still getting used to the fact that I am your husband now?" He tried to sound nonchalant as he opened the fridge. He soon

realized that Janet had taken the last bottle of drink they had.

"I... I'll be careful next time."

It was true that she had yet to get accustomed to the fact that they were married. She hadn't thought much about it when she spoke. Had she offended him, by chance?

Janet was mulling her words with regret when her soda was suddenly snatched out of her hands. The next thing she knew, he was tipping it up against his lips.

"No! I already drank—"

Her words caught in her throat as she watched Ethan touch his lips to the same spot where hers had been. She was mesmerized at the way his Adam's apple

bobbed up and down as he drank the whole bottle.

As for Ethan, he was too thirsty to care about anything else.

It occurred to him then that he had something else to do. He took out his phone and glanced at the time, then tapped Janet's forehead with the now empty bottle. "I'll be leaving now. I have matters to deal with this evening. Don't wait up for me."

For some reason, the atmosphere had grown quiet and intimate.

Janet's hand shot up to touch the place he had tapped, her ears hot. Even as Ethan disappeared through the door, she remained frozen in place, still thinking about their indirect kiss just now.

The next morning.

Janet woke up to shrill ringing of her alarm clock.

She got up and padded to the kitchen. On her way, she noticed the slight depression on the sofa. Ethan had obviously spent the night there, and it seemed like he had already gone out for the day.

Janet sighed and thought nothing more of it. She was going to have another interview today, and not much time to get herself ready.

Later, she was on the subway on her way to the company when she received an email.

It was from the Larson Group.

Janet was quite surprised. She hurriedly opened the mail and found herself reading a formal apology. The email said that the notice of her failure at the interview

had been withdrawn, and that the Larson Group was inviting for another one.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.