

It was rare for Janet to dream pleasant dreams lately. In this particular one, Hannah was treated in time and was able to recover. They went home together and life seemed all bright and hopeful.

However, the blaring of the ringtone interrupted her dream. Janet sat up from the bed and looked at the strange environment in a daze.

It took a while for her to finally remember she was married. She couldn't adapt to the change yet.

As soon as she opened the door of the bedroom, her gaze fell on Ethan curling up on the sofa, hugging a pillow. The sofa was too small for his giant body. His legs were dangling out, and a gray blanket was wrapped around him. The sunlight cast a soft glow on his flawless features, making him look like a Greek

God.

Janet was glad to know that Ethan didn't make a move on her last night, so she relaxed her guard around him.

Janet smiled to herself and walked into the kitchen. There were eggs, bacon and bread in the fridge. It looked like the spices were never used before.

Janet put on an apron and began to make breakfast.

The bacon sizzled, and the delicious smell of butter wafted in the air.

Ethan woke up. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the woman busy cooking in the kitchen.

He continued to stare at her in a daze. The scene brought memories of the past, as a strong sense of

nostalgia engulfed him.

For a moment, he thought it was a dream. His mother always made breakfast before he got up when he was a child, and the entire house would smell of butter.

Ethan ran a hand through his hair. The vision became clear, and he realized it was his newly married wife.

Seeing that Ethan was sitting on the sofa, staring in a daze, Janet asked casually, "Do you want some breakfast? The bread is almost ready. Freshen up first."

She had made a simple breakfast of sandwiches and soup with whatever they had in the fridge.

Janet was known to be a good cook. Hannah had even suggested she open a small restaurant once.

Ethan soon came out of the bathroom, pulled a wooden chair, and sat down. His mouth watered when he saw the steaming breakfast

on the table. He picked up a sandwich and took a bite.

His heart stuttered as he recalled the time when he and his mother had dinner at this table many years ago when he was a child. Ethan had eaten all kinds of food from expensive restaurants, but nothing seemed to be at par with what his mother cooked. Now, Janet's food seemed to take him back in time -- to the good old days.

Ethan's face softened. He smiled at Janet, his eyes gleaming with emotion. "It's delicious. It tastes just like what my mother used to cook for me when I was a child."

Janet's mouth popped open. She didn't know what to say. She had made him a simple breakfast with the ingredients they had in the fridge, yet the gratitude and emotion on his face surprised her. She waved her hands, shaking her head.

"I'm flattered. Please wash the dishes after you finish eating. I have something urgent to deal with today."

Ethan nodded and ate his breakfast, relishing every bite.

After breakfast, Janet grabbed her purse and left. She had something important to deal with today.

Not long after she left, a pure black Bugatti trundled to a halt outside the yard.

A man in a striped suit darted in with a bag.

Hearing the knock on the door and thinking it was Janet, Ethan opened the door and asked, "Did you forget something?"

Sean Johnson's eyes widened. Ethan's tone sounded strangely gentle. 'Is boss really happy about this marriage?' he thought.

"What are you gaping at, Sean?" Ethan knitted his brows and glanced outside before beckoning him into the house. "Come in."

"Boss, I have packed breakfast for you from the Michelin restaurant."

Ethan was a picky eater. He only ate food from certain restaurants and food prepared by specific cooks. Sean was Ethan's assistant and was

responsible for his food.

"I already had breakfast." Ethan shrugged nonchalantly. "You can eat it if you want. Then, wash the dishes in the sink after you finish eating."

Sean was shocked again. He couldn't believe the man in front of him was really his boss. 'Could marriage change someone so much so soon?' he wondered.

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