

Chapter 122: Lucy's love life.

Lucy's POV:

How would anyone dare to tell their best friend that they have slept with her brother? I was wondering this because I couldn't get the nerve to tell Hannah that I had a thing with her brother. Besides, I wasn't even sure what I was really feeling. I was a hell of a mess, and I didn't have time for a relationship right now!

Hannah was still looking expectantly at me. I knew that when she got something in her head like this, it would be hard for me to tear myself away from the conversation.

I sighed and said, "Well, there is someone that I saw once..." I told her.

"And who's the lucky one?" she asked me.

"It's...it's Timothy, okay? But I don't want you to make a fuss about it." I told her.

The face she made was priceless. She opened and closed her mouth a couple of times, as if she were a fish. I almost laughed, I don't know if it was at her funny face or if it was because I was nervous.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything?" I asked her.

"I... I don't know what to say, Lucy. I was curious about your love life, but now I don't know if I'm still curious anymore," she said still in shock.

"Well, not that I need anyone's approval to whom I sleep with, but if I knew that you would be that shocked, I wouldn't have told you," I told her annoyed.

"Oh, my God, Lucy, he is my brother! Please spare me from the details, I beg you!" She exclaimed to me.

"Okay, I will spare you from an awkward conversation now," I told her and stood from the couch.

"Wait a minute," she told me and held my hand so I would stop. "Yes, you don't need my approval, but it's about my best friend and my brother we are talking about here," she told me, and I saw a small smile on her face.

"No! There is no 'us.' We are not a couple, Hannah. It was just a fling, one night only!" I told her.

"And why is that?" she asked me curious. "Is this Timothy's fault?" She asked me already with that

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face that says that she would have a serious conversation with her brother.

"No, Hannah, this is my choice!" I exclaimed a little exasperated to her.

"And may I know why?" She asked me.

"Because this is not the right time for me to be in a relationship. I have a lot in my head," I started to tell her.

"Such as?" she demanded.

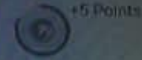
"Such as the café. Someone has to keep it working, right?" I told her.

"Bullshit! This is a lame excuse, and you know that, Lucy," she told me. Well, she was partially right, I must say. The café doesn't have awkward hours like my old pub, and for the first time in my life I had time to take care of myself, so she knew that it wasn't that.

"Well, it's me, Hannah. It's not him," I told her once again.

"But then if you are worried about what I would say of you dating Timothy, don't worry, Lucy! This is a way to keep you both in my life! Just keep the details to yourself, but I have nothing against you two together," she told me.

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I made a face. "And who told you I was going to tell you the details?" I asked her.

"Oh, who are you kidding, Lucy? You always told me every detail, even before your first time. It was like living life through your eyes," she told me with a disturbed face.

I blushed. She was right. She was my best friend, and I've been kind of explicit before when I was telling her the details of my relationships. "There's not much to tell you, actually, and it won't have any more in the future," I told her.

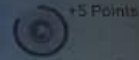
"Well, drop any and all explicit moments, and we'll be fine," Hannah said after a moment of reflection.

"Are you sure about that?" I asked her uncertainly.

"Of course, I am, Lucy!" she told me, and I sighed. She was annoying as hell when she wanted to know things. "Now tell me. I want to know everything!" she exclaimed. I looked hesitantly at her, then she said to me, "Well, almost everything," and I giggled.

"Well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but Timothy was confused when you guys did the DNA test. He was already worried that he might have hit on his sister. So, I took the opportunity to talk some sense into it. I mean, in that hollow

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head of his," I told her.

"Oh, come on! He is a good guy. Sometimes naïve and persistent, but he is a good guy," Hannah told me trying to defend her brother.

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I shook my head and said, "But I didn't say he wasn't, but you just said that he can be a little immature and impulsive sometimes. It was one of the things you complained about him when he thought he could steal you away from Ethan."

"I admit that he has some room to get more mature," Hannah murmured. "But when did that

advice turn into something more?" she asked.

"A few days later, he was a little calmer about finding out that you were his sister, or I would say, he let that sink in. And that was when Ethan showed up, and you guys have been locked up here at the cottage for a while and practically kicked us out of here to play house in this love nest," I told her making a gesture towards our living room.

Hannah blushed at my insinuation and said, "You can't blame us. It was our reunion, and we needed some alone time. I would apologize about that, but somehow it made you and Timothy get closer, didn't it?" she asked me.

"Briefly," I told her. "But back in what you said, I know that you two needed a moment alone, and I don't want to know the details either. The point of my story is that I spent a few weeks at Georgie's house, and your brother was in and out of the house all the time. Eventually, we got engaged into longer conversations. Well, at least more than the short words we used to exchange in the beginning."

"So, you two have started a sort of a friendship?" she asked excitedly.

"Yeah, kind of... we get along pretty fine. We just don't talk about deep stuff, you know?" I told her.

"Oh, come on, Lucy. You don't develop feelings for someone you only talk to about the weather outside," she told me.

"And who said I was having feelings for him?" I asked her, annoyed.

"Well, maybe you don't know it yet, but you do," she told me with a malicious look.

I shook my head and murmured: "You don't know s**t. It was just physical, and it's over!" I exclaimed to her. "He is incapable of keeping a full conversation without being superficial," I mumbled.

"But what kind of conversation did you want to have with him? Philosophy?" she asked me.

"Of course not, your dork! I just expected a little more of content with someone who I slept with," I told her.

"You know very well that he is not like this all the time, Lucy," she told me. "Well, maybe this is an excuse. Maybe you have created a barrier to protect yourself, Lucy," Hannah suggested.

I made a face. "I don't want to talk about that right

now," I told her.

"Fine," she mumbled. "But then, you slept together. I don't want to know the details, but how the hell that happened?" she asked me.

"Well, It was kind of on impulse. We had had a few glasses of champagne to celebrate Michael's birth. I think the champagne might be altered, because I kind of threw myself at him. And by the looks of it, he was just as interested as I was," I told her.

"Ugh! I don't want to know the details, Lucy! But was he a gentleman after that?" Hannah asked me.

"Sure, sure. Georgie taught him well," I told her.

"So, what troubles you?" Hannah asked me.

"What bothers me is the fact that I'm not in the moment to have a relationship. Besides, you're his sister and my best friend, and we shouldn't mess up with our friendship," I told her. "Things were already complicated as they were. Why to mess things even more?" I asked her.

Hannah nodded, but she seemed a little disappointed that her best friend was not starting a relationship with her little brother.

"Well, that explains a lot," she murmured suddenly.

"Explains what?" I asked her curiously.

"Explains why Timothy acted weird when my mom suggested he come with me to the shores so I wouldn't drive alone and feel too tired," she told me. "He was acting natural until my mom mentioned his name, and he got a little nervous," she concluded.

"I wanted him not to think the way he is thinking. I wanted him to relax and simply let it go. After all, it was just one night only thing, nothing else," I told her.

"And do you want me to talk to him about it?" Hannah volunteered.

I frowned and mumbled, "No, thank you very much. We're two adults, and we'll talk about this eventually. After all, he is still insisting on it," I told her.

Hannah nodded and said to me, "Just don't take too long to start this conversation, okay? I say that because he didn't budge when he tried to get me to dump Ethan for him. He's not very good at picking up a subtle message," she told me.

I nodded and mumbled, "I'll keep that in mind,

thanks."

"But don't worry, Lucy. Whatever happens or not happens between you two, I trust that you guys will solve this eventually," she said.

"Well, I guess we just need to have an awkward conversation and then later he will come around and we will be good once again," I told her.

"Too bad. You two are my favorite people in the world. It would be wonderful if you get together, at least for me," Hannah said and laughed.

"Thank you for understanding and not fussing about it. That means a lot to me, you know?" I told her.

"And you mean a lot to me too!" she exclaimed.

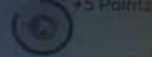
"Well, thanks for the chat. You're a real friend, Hannah. Despite all the problems you're having, you still make time for me," I told her.

"And I'll find even more time tomorrow. I swear I'll show up at the cafe to help you," she told me.

"Thank you for that, my business partner," I told her. Then I got up and went to my room.

Well, it was an interesting conversation to say the least, but knowing that Hannah wasn't mad at me for hitting at her brother was comforting. Now, all

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that I had to do was talking to him, and put things in their right places.



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