

Chapter 132: Butterflies.

Hannah's POV:

Hearing from Ethan that this whole story had finally ended was incredibly good, and at that moment, I said a silent prayer and thanked the heavens for my luck. I could feel the winds of change finally arriving in my life and now it was the time for a fresh start and for another chance.

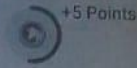
When I told my brother the news the next time he came to visit us, he said: "Oh, my God, this is wonderful, Hannah! We have to celebrate! I'm going to buy some drinks for us!"

I laughed at him and said: "You silly man. I'm breastfeeding, don't you remember? If you're going to buy drinks, they will definitely won't be for me."

"So, no drinks for mommy. Just leave with me and I'll drink for us both," Timothy said to me.

"Absolutely not, sir," our mother entered the room and said to him.

"But I'm already an adult!" Timothy complained to her, and they continued bickering with each other. This was so fun that I started to laugh at the two



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of them. I loved this exchange between one and the other and that they bickered with each other on a daily basis. Things like that represented family for me and that was priceless. I was more grateful for all of these details every day.

I was happy because I was thinking about the priceless people in my life, and for the first time in a while, I included Ethan in this group. Though I had kicked him out of my life that day, I had to recognize that he had the decency and patience to wait for me and help me clear my name. I liked this new Ethan and started thinking that maybe I should start pushing myself to compromise a little bit. He made so many concessions recently. Maybe I should think about finding a middle ground.

Later that day, I sent him a message that said: "When will you be back to the shores?"

A few minutes later, he replied: "I have some unfinished business here, but I plan to come back in a couple of days, and I would like to see my son.

"Absolutely," I told him. "And can we also talk about us?" I asked him.

"I was hoping you would ask me this," he replied to

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+5 Points

me.

We stopped messaging, but I could feel that with that answer, he was a bit wary of me, after all, I didn't say what I would like to talk about. And considering that last time I surprised him with my freakout, he probably thought he was walking on eggshells right now.

I shared with my mom my worries about this conversation.

"It's going to be all right, darling. If you both want to work on your marriage and you're willing to try one more time, you're going to make it," she said to me and squeezed my hand.

"I just don't know if he still has patience for me, Mom," I told her. "And you know by now that I've always been in love with him."

"Yeah, that's something that everyone can see in your eyes," she told me and smiled at me.

I looked down a little embarrassed and admitted: "I always felt silly for being in love with a guy that I knew didn't love me back."

"Well, the Ethan that I saw here doesn't look like he doesn't love you," my mom told me.

I sighed and said to her: "But that's a recent

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+5 Points

development in our relationship. Unfortunately, he wasn't always so affectionate with me."

"Oh, my dear, every marriage has arguments and yours is not an exception to this rule," my mother told me and giggled. And then, she continued: "I'm sorry, dear. I know that this sounds awkward, since this is coming from someone who ended a marriage because of a problem with a daughter, and I may not be the best role model you might have but I do understand people and I know for a fact that if you guys are willing to try again, whatever you want to work on you got this. I'm rooting for you", she said and hugged me then left me to my own thoughts.

A couple of days later, as Ethan had told me, he was back on the shores. I was at home with Patricia and the baby when she opened the door and exclaimed: "Oh my darling! I missed you so much!" she said and then hugged Ethan.

"Hi, Patricia! It's good to see you again. And you look good! Did you fully recover already?" he asked her while he was moving away from her at arm's length to examine her.

"Oh, don't worry about me, sugar. I'm completely fine. I'm glad that the remedies have worn off and I feel much better. But thanks for asking," she said

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+5 Points

to him.

I smiled at their interaction but then Ethan noticed me looking at him. He stepped forward and looked at me for the first time in a while. I gulped, a little nervous about the whole situation, and then

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he looked at me intensely. his face lit up and then he took a few steps towards me. I nodded at him, and he hugged me tightly.

But as soon as we pulled away, I looked right into his face, and I noticed that something was wrong. Part of his nose and his eye were badly bruised "What happened to your face?" I asked him.

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He made a face and simply mumbled to me: "Well, long story short, I got into a fight with Alexander at the police station."

I arched my eyebrows with this revelation and asked: "Why would you fight with him in a police station? And is there a worse place to get into a fight with someone than inside a police station, Ethan?"

Ethan tried to make light of the story and told me: "Well, even though I provoked it, I wasn't the one who threw the first punch. Oh! And by the way, just so you know, even though Alexander was able to throw the first punch," he said while pointing to his face. "after that, he didn't have the chance to punch me like that again. I didn't let him hurt me anymore, and that means that he is in an even worse state than me," he said indignantly. I started laughing because it seemed that the fight had hurt his ego more than his flesh.

But Ethan seemed tired of talking about it. A moment later, he pulled me once again in a hug. He started cautiously as if checking if I would be okay with being hugged, but when I relaxed in his arms, he held me tightly and with feeling.

"Oh, love, I missed you so much..." he told me after a while.

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I sighed in his arms. This was the right place to be right now. "Okay, I'll admit it. I missed you too," I told him.

"Babe, it's over. You're free!" He exclaimed to me. "I promised you and I did it. Tess is in jail where she shouldn't ever leave, and Alexander was defeated!"

"Oh, Ethan, I feel so relieved now!" I told him.

"Shhh... hush, darling. There is no need to cry now," he said to me and looked into my eyes. And then, he dried a tear from my cheek. I didn't even realize that I was crying.

"I don't even know how to thank you, Ethan," I told him. "You didn't have to do that for me," I told him.

"I did it for us both. I did it for our family, Hannah," he told me.

"About us..." I told him. "If you don't mind, I think we should talk..."

Ethan looked at me intently and said: "We can talk about whatever you want, whenever you want!"

And then, I heard Patricia chuckling across the room. She cleared her throat and said: "If you two lovebirds will excuse me, I can take little Michael for a stroll outside, or maybe I'll take him to your

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mother's house, Hannah."

"Thank you, Patricia," I told her while I knew that my cheeks were going crimson. I had forgotten that she was there. I knew that Patricia was discreet, but I was sure that she knew what could happen between us. A minute or two later, she left discreetly.

Ethan barely waited for Patricia to close the door behind her and grabbed me in a bear hug. After that, he started kissing me like he was a thirsty man in the desert, and I was his oasis. When we both got out of breath, I told him "Oh, boy!"

He chuckled and muttered: "I'm sorry, but I've wanted to do this for way too long now."

"I know, but first we need to talk," I told him still smiling, though his face fell a little.

"What do you want to talk about?" He asked me seriously.

"I want to know from you if you still believe in us...?" I asked him still a little unsure.

Ethan straightened, nodded, and said to me very seriously, "I believe in us more than ever, Hannah. Please never doubt that."

"And do you believe in us just because of our son,

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or do you believe in us because you really want to be with me?" I asked him. In a way, that was the million-dollar question, or rather, in his case, the billion-dollar question.

Ethan thought for a moment as if he were looking for the right words to say to me. Meanwhile, the gears in my brain were turning like crazy. I started to panic thinking of what might come out of his mouth.

"Hey Hannah, calm down!" He told me and held me by the hands. "What happened?" He asked me worriedly.

I looked everywhere in the room except him as I said, "Well, it's just that you took so long to give the answer, and it looks like you were trying to find the right words to say to me, so I concluded that this couldn't be a good signal."

Then Ethan said to me, "But you wouldn't even let me say what I have to say! How can you get any reaction when nothing has come out of my mouth yet?" Ethan asked me in amazement.

"Because I already know what you're going to say!" I exclaimed at him.

"Do you really know? And what is it?" He asked me a little irritated.

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"You're going to tell me that you don't want to be with me. You just want the right to participate in Michael's life!" I accused him.

"No, you silly girl. You want to know what I was really going to say?" He asked me.

"What is it then?" I snapped.

"I was going to say I really love you!" Ethan exclaimed, and I felt butterflies flutter in my stomach.



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