

Chapter 135: Take it or live it.

Hannah's POV:

"So, when do I move here?" Ethan asked me.

Wait a minute. Move here? Isn't it going too fast? "

Well, I never told you that I would let you move in here, Ethan," I told him.

His face fell. "I'm confused, Hannah. Aren't we going to try again?" Ethan asked me.

"But which part of us going slowly you didn't hear?"

" I asked him.

"So, how slow is good enough for you?" Ethan asked me.

"Let's start with visits, okay? You can visit, but you're not going to stay the night until I am ready again and say so. Did you get it?" I asked him.

"Fine," Ethan mumbled to me. I could see the frustration in his eyes. "So, making a little room for me in the cottage is something that you're not considering right now. Let's talk about our future then," Ethan suggested to me.

"And what do you have in mind?" I asked him curiously.

"Now that Tess was arrested and Alexander is also out of the way, where do you want to live, on the shores or in the city? And if on the shores, we should move to somewhere else. I mean, you ran away from me and from the police and ended up in a low-profile cottage like this," Ethan told me pointing around the living room. "But this is no home for Ethan Brown's wife," he concluded.

I crossed my hands in my chest and told him firmly: "But I like my cottage. It was a gift from my brother. Here I have a simple life, with my baby and my best friend," I argued.

"But there is no room for me here, Hannah," Ethan looked intensely at me.

"Why is this all about you? Haven't we agreed that we would take this slowly?" I asked him.

"I'm not just thinking about me. I'm thinking about us. If we don't spend time together, we will never work in our relationship," Ethan told me.

I considered what he said for a little while and then I told him slowly: "Well, it will take time for you to reconquer me. I've changed, Ethan. And I'm not sure if you noticed this."

"I certainly did. You made your choice to come here and have our son, even if I decided to leave

you. And now I can see that you're standing up for yourself," he told me.

"Well, this is me choosing for myself once again. Or better yet, not choosing anything right now. I'm considering all my options and now, I'm not sure if I want to go back to that chaotic city where all my troubles were. I'm not sure if I want to go back to that ginormous manor and look at those walls that carried so many bad memories. I'm not sure if I'm going to stay here either, but what I want is to go slow with you, to have my own space while we try to make it work again and especially, not to be pressed. Do you think you can do this for me?" I asked him.

Ethan looked me in the eyes again for a moment and then he nodded and mumbled: "Fine. We can do it as fast or as slow as you want. But don't forget that it takes both of us to work in our relationship. Even going slowly means that we are going somewhere, right?"

I smiled at him for my first victory of the day. "Right," I told him. "But answering your question, although I haven't decided anything permanently, I want to stay here a little longer. Do you think that you can stay here too?" I asked him.

Ethan considered my request for a little while and

then he told me: "Well, I need to make a few arrangements related to work like that last time, but I think that we can manage that."

"Well, that's a good thing, because someone is temporarily leaving my life right now, so it will be good to have you around again," I told him.

"What do you mean? What's happening?" Ethan asked me curiously.

"My mom told me that she is completely recovered from her surgery and that it was time for her to go back to her boutiques. She is planning to travel around the world to visit them as she used to do before getting sick. We had a really good time here on the shores getting to know each other and putting the cards on the table," I explained to him.

"Well out with mom it goes. Here with the hubby it comes," Ethan mumbled, and we both laughed. "Maybe I could rent her home here. This could save me the trouble to find a place close to you," Ethan suggested to me.

"That's actually a good idea," I told him.

"Yeah, I have a few of them from time to time," he said to me.

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A few days later, I said goodbye to my mom, and Ethan moved into her place. But I noticed that he was just sleeping there. He told me that he took a quick vacation at work and then he would spend

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the whole day following me like a lost puppy. It was fun seeing him like this. I caught him changing a lamp in the corridor one afternoon. When he climbed down the stairs, he looked at me with a confused expression: "What is it?" He asked me.

"It's nothing. It's just that I never thought that I

would see the big boss Ethan Brown changing a lamp in his lifetime," I told him chuckling about it.

"And what is there to laugh?" Ethan asked me.

"It's just... You look so domestic," I told him laughing.

"Well, watch me, Mrs. Brown. The next thing I'm going to do is to cook for you," Ethan told me.

"That's something I want to see," I replied to him.

Half an hour later he was at the front of a stove and told me: "You know... I never had to cook for myself."

"There's always a first for everything in this life," I told him. "Oh, just be careful, otherwise your first time will burn like a piece of charcoal," I told him.

"Oh, Jesus!" He exclaimed when he saw the smoke coming out of the oven. And suddenly, the kitchen fire alarm went off. I laughed at him once again while he was fanning the smoke outside the windows.

I looked at him under a brand-new light.

"You're quite an observer today," he murmured to me.

"It's because you look as if you are really trying. It's

good to see you doing so," I told him.

"So, can I have a little hope on us?" Ethan asked me.

My smile fell a little and I murmured: "I still don't know, Ethan. I need to trust in you again. And this takes..."

"Time, I know..." Ethan told me.

"So, if you know, stop trying to hurry things," I told him.

Ethan nodded at me seriously and mumbled: "Well, I will give you the space that you need. I'm going home tonight. I see you tomorrow," he told me and started to leave.

"Wait! What about dinner?" I asked him confusedly.

"I'm not hungry anymore," he mumbled and left.

Great. Now it was me who ruined the good mood.

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The next day, Ethan found me at my coffee shop.

"Hey," I told him.

"Hey," he told me despondently.

"How are you today?" he asked me cautiously.

"I'm fine..." I told him and looked away.

"I screwed up yesterday, didn't I?" Ethan asked me.

I looked at him and thought for a few seconds.
Had he screwed up? Had I screwed up?

"Nobody screwed up yesterday, Ethan. These things need to be talked about. I just don't want to be pressured," I told him.

"Got it," Ethan muttered. "Can we talk?" Ethan asked me.

"Sure, follow me," I told him, and we walked out to the back of the store.

When we got outside, we stepped out of the usual cafe noise. Behind the shop, it wasn't the cleanest place in the world, but it was quiet, and we were alone.

Ethan arched his eyebrows and asked me, "Of all places in this town you ask me to walk with you to the back of your coffee shop?"

I crossed my arms and said, "Well, weren't we going at my pace?"

"Yes, but does rhythm impose places now too?" Ethan asked me.

"Do you want to talk or not?" I asked him.

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"Yes, I'm sorry," Ethan said. "What do you want to talk about?" He asked me.

"I want to see a specialist," I told Ethan.

"A specialist? What do you mean, Hannah?" He asked me intrigued.

"I'm seeing a psychologist for my postpartum depression, and I bet we can get better with professional counseling," I suggested to him.

"A psychologist? But I'm not crazy!" Ethan exclaimed.

"And who said that going to a psychologist is for crazy people?" I asked him.

"I...I don't like this, Hannah," Ethan said, feeling threatened.

"Fine, but you need to get out of your comfort zone, Ethan," I told him. "If you don't want to improve as a person, how am I going to make sure you want to invest in our relationship?" I asked him.

"So, no counseling, no deal?" Ethan crossed his arms and asked me.

"Take it or leave it," I told Ethan.