

Chapter 151: You should keep him.

Hannah's POV:

I woke up the next day wondering if the invitation that I made to Ethan was a mistake or not. I dreamed about him last night after thinking a lot about the beginning of our marriage. If he was telling me the truth or not I didn't know, but I really wanted to believe that he did make an effort to not betray me with Tess at least at the beginning of our marriage.

I didn't have much time to think about all that, though. I had to hurry up because soon he would be here to pick up Michael. So, I woke up my baby and prepared him to spend his second day in a row with his daddy.

At seven sharp, Ethan was at my door again. "Good morning," he said to me when I opened the door.

"Good morning to you too," I told him. And then, I noticed that today he was wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. "You look prepared today," I told him.

"Yeah, I don't like losing ties because of baby reflux, so I decided to dress accordingly," he told me. "Besides, I'm the boss. I'm allowed to wear this kind of attire, and everybody will have to

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understand what I'm going through," he added.

I nodded at him and said: "Yeah, you're probably right. Do you want to come in?" I invited.

He shook his head and said: "I don't think it's a good idea. I don't want to get in your way. You need to go to work."

"How about you? How is work?" I asked him.

"Well, I delegate some things that I could to one of the directors and I'm realizing meetings while Michael is taking naps, so I got all covered," he explained to me.

"Smart move," I told him. And then, I gave Michael to him. "Here. You guys have a good day!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, you too," he answered. He was walking to his car when he decided to turn back and say: "And I promise you that I'm not going to call you so many times today. I think I got some of the stuff solved."

"We'll see," I told him and closed my front door.

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"You are in a good mood today," Lucy observed.

I shrugged and said: "I think it will be a good day."

She raised her eyebrows and said: "Is that all?"

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"Yes, it is," I told her firmly. I didn't want to dig into this conversation further. So, I decided to tell her something that was on my mind. "So, I was wondering... What do you think of us putting flowers on each table to make this place happier? After all, spring is starting. I think this would create a small change in the mood."

Lucy smiled at me and said: "I know what you're trying to do, but I will let you go with that. I think it's a good idea."

I nodded at her and said: "Right. I will buy some flowers and everything will be done by lunch."

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"Hey, Hannah, look at this place! It's crowded!" Lucy exclaimed at me.

"Yeah, something happened today," I agreed with her.

"I bet it is because of the flowers," she told me.

"Nah," I told her dismissively. "I guess something happened in one of the other places today."

Lucy shook her head and said: "No, you're wrong. Our customers are praising the change. They said that the place looks different," she told me.

"Really?" I asked her.

"For sure," she confirmed.

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"Now, I think I should go and attend the tables," I told her.

"Go ahead," she said and went back to the counter.

I was serving a few tables, but one in particular caught my attention. There, a middle-aged man

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was sipping his cup of coffee alone. With just a newspaper at hand.

"Can I get you something else, sir?" I offered to him. I noticed that he was looking a lot at me.

"No, thank you, miss," he told me. "Oh, by the way, I'm Jonathan Myers, architect," he added.

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"I'm Hannah Br... Hannah Reed, your server today," I introduced myself. I knew that after the divorce I wasn't Brown anymore, but it was strange to use my maiden name again.

"Well, Nice to meet you, Hannah Reed," he said to me. "I'll call you when I decide my order, ok?"

"Sure, sir," I told him and backed from his table.

Suddenly, Ethan entered the café with Michael in his arms. He looked agitated. I couldn't say that he made a beeline toward where I was because the tables at the café were spread in a certain pattern, but he came to me as soon as he could

"Ethan? What is going on?" I asked him worried.

"It's Michael. He can't stop hiccuping," Ethan told me. "I don't know what to do, Hannah!" he said to me.

"Why didn't you call me?" I asked him. He did it so many times yesterday, why didn't think about calling me today too?

"Er... I was trying to solve it myself but he is been like this for a while now," Ethan said. "Should we go to see his doctor?" he suggested to me.

I shook my head and said: "Not yet. Let me see him," and I reached for Michael.

We went to a corner of the room just to get out of the way of everyone else, but I didn't go to the

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kitchen. I wanted to check on my baby as quickly as possible. I rubbed his back for a little while to calm him down and relax his muscles. I continued doing that for a while and put him in a vertical position. A couple of minutes later, Michael burped and stopped hiccuping.

"It is gone as fast as it came!" Ethan said while he looked at me amazed.

"How many bottles did he have so far?" I asked Ethan.

"Just two," he told me.

I shook his head and said: "No, he had one early this morning. You see, is his third bottle in just a few hours," I told him.

"What do you mean?" Ethan asked me confused.

"You fed him too much milk," I explained to him.

"Did I?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yeah, you did. If you feed him too much, he will have hiccups," I explained to him.

"Well, thank you, Dr. Hannah," Ethan told me.

"Sure," I told him. I gave Michael to him again and went to attend the closest table.

"What can I get for you, madam?" I asked the woman that I was attending to.

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"I want a salad, but I have to ask: Is your baby ok?"
She questioned curiously.

I nodded at her and said: "Yeah, don't worry, he is fine. His daddy fed him too much, but now he is okay."

"It's good to know, young lady. And I see that your baby's daddy is so attentive. I'm glad you find someone like him. He looks like a good father. You should keep him," she told me.

I knew that Ethan was right behind me, and I blushed because we had just gotten our divorce. I nodded at the woman and said: "I'll get your salad, madam."

I turned back to the kitchen and saw that Ethan was acting a little awkward too because of the woman's comments.

"I... I should leave you now. Let's go, Michael. Mommy is busy," Ethan told me and grabbed the baby's tiny hand to make a wave to me.

I chuckled at his gesture and said: "Yeah, see you guys later."

I continued attending to the tables until that mysterious man called me again.

"What can I get for you now, sir?" I asked him when I arrived at his table.

"I want a soup and sandwich. What do you have?"

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He asked me with a smile dancing on his lips.

"May I suggest you the classic? Grilled cheese and tomato soup," I told him.

"Is this your favorite?" he asked me.

I nodded at him and said: "Absolutely."

"Then you can bring me one of each, please," he told me.

"Right, sir," I told him.

I was almost going to the kitchen to place his order when he told me: "I can see that your baby came to visit you today."

"Yeah, he was having a little hiccup problem and his daddy couldn't solve it, so he brought the baby to me," I told him.

"And people were saying what attentive husband he is..." the man observed, and I simply nodded at him.

"But one thing that I can't understand is that I thought that you two were divorced... What am I missing here?" he asked intrigued. I wasn't sure if he was asking me directly or if he was talking to himself. Still, I was the theme of this conversation.

But how the hell did he know that I was divorced from Ethan?