

Chapter 153: Keep up the good work.

Hanna's POV:

A few days had passed since Ethan and I made an agreement regarding the café revamp, and the prospect was already done. I had taken some classes while I was in college but never pursued a career. Still, I found a bunch of apps that helped me to put all my ideas together. As soon as Ethan and Lucy approved the project, I started to browse paints, fabrics, and other decorative objects.

On the day when the prospect was approved, Patricia called me and informed me that she would be back in a couple of days, which was a good thing. Ethan evolved a lot from the first day he took care of Michael to now, and both were getting a long way better, but Ethan was a CEO and delayed his work to spend some time with his son. It was time for him to catch up with all his duties.

Well, that was what I thought.

On the first day that our baby stood with Patricia again, Ethan showed up at the café in the middle of the afternoon. It was a calm time at the café, so we had plenty of time for conversation.

"Hey, Ethan, what are you doing here?" I asked him

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astonished.

"It's good to see you too, Hannah," Ethan said ironically, but then he continued: "I'm here because I want to protect my investment, so I came to see how everything in the revamp is going," he told me.

"Well, I received today some paint samples. I was going to test them right after the café closure," I told him.

"May I see them?" Ethan asked me. He sounded a little excited about this project.

"Sure, follow me," I told him, and we walked to the café's deposit. I opened a few tiny cans of paint so he could see with his own eyes.

"But Hannah... are you sure that nobody tried to fool you with these cans?" Ethan asked me.

"What do you mean?" I asked him cluelessly.

"I mean... these colors are the same," he told me pointing to three different cans.

I shook my head and said: "Oh, no, Ethan. They are different. Their names are different, and they will show it to you when we paint a sample later," I told him.

"Well, I doubt that, but if you say so..." Ethan told me.

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"Wait and see," I insisted to him.

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At the end of the day, Ethan came back from work. We had already cleaned up practically everything, and I was ready to start my test.

"I'm here to see if what you said is true," Ethan told me.

I nodded at him and gave him one of the paint cans: "If you help me, this is going to be faster." After that, I started to use my sample in my part of the wall.

We did this a couple of times again with all the cans, and at the end, we left them to dry so we could check them in the morning when the sunlight would reveal what would they look like. Still, I could already see some differences between them.

"You see...? They're already showing that they are different," I told him.

Ethan crossed his arms and insisted: "They still look like the same to me."

"That's because you were always stubborn. When this paint dries tomorrow, you will see," I told him.

The next morning, when I arrived at work, Ethan was already at the café's door waiting for me to check on our little artwork from yesterday. "You

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came a little earlier," I told him instead of saying good morning.

"That's because I'm hungry and curious," Ethan explained to me.

"Come on then. Let's check the colors and then you can order something on the house," I told him.

"Just like you, I want to pay for it, Hannah," he told me.

"You already did, Ethan. You landed us the money to make the renovation," I told him.

He decided not to answer me. Instead, he looked at my arms and asked me: "What's in the bag?"

I showed him something that I decided to bring today: "Fabric samples for the furniture and tablecloths. I want to make sure that everything will match," I explained to him.

"So, let's see all this together," he told me and opened the door for me.

We went straight to the wall because Lucy had already opened the curtains, so the whole environment was covered in the sunlight. We came closer, and Ethan started to examine the colors.

"So...?" I asked him a minute later. It was crystal clear that they weren't the same.

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"Fine, I'll admit it, you were right. These colors are completely different dry and under the sunlight," he said.

It was a small victory for me to be right. I knew what I was doing. "Well, thank you for that," I told him.

"And now, what do you have in mind? Which one will you choose?" He asked me.

I didn't give him a direct answer at that moment. I just opened the bag that I brought with several types of fabrics and started to check them one by one, comparing them with the colors on the wall. After a little while I pointed to the one that I liked and said: "I think that this one would look great with this set of fabric."

He looked at the whole set and said: "You're right. This whole thing matches really well. Congratulations!" he exclaimed.

"Thank you!" I told him back. It was nice to be recognized.

"So, how did you learn all these decoration things?" Ethan asked me.

"I did it before I met you. I was in college and was taking some of these courses," I told him.

"But I only knew that you took business classes..." Ethan said.

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"That was after our engagement. Prior to that, I took some interior design classes. Besides, I did the manor revamp, don't you remember?" I told him.

"Well, I do remember that before you married me, that place looked like a mess for a couple of

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months, so I decided to move to a hotel room during the whole work," Ethan told me and chuckled.

"Yeah, I was so involved in the project that I wasn't paying attention to anything else," I admitted to him. "I remember the shock on your face the first time that you saw that. You thought that I wasn't

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going to get anywhere," I told him.

"And in the end, you did a fantastic job," he said to me.

"Thanks for that too," I told him.

"I should know that you were going to do the same here, Hannah. You have a natural talent for all these," he said to me.

"You need to trust me more, Ethan," I told him.

He simply nodded at me and asked: "So, how was the feeling to see the whole manor looking like you have always dreamed?"

My face lit up with this question: "These were the happiest days of my life. I was getting married to the man of my dreams, and I was going to live in the dream house that had everything that I imagined..." I told him.

"I wish we could back in that time..." Ethan told me. "I would have done so many things differently ... I will never stop saying how much I am sorry, Hannah," Ethan told me.

I shook my head and told him: "What is done, is done. It's time to look ahead now, Ethan." I didn't want to raise his hopes. We are divorced now. Getting along but divorced.

Ethan nodded at me and swallowed harder. A minute later, he said: "Well, now I'm not curious

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anymore. I'm just hungry. What do you have on the menu here?" He asked me.

I smiled at him and said: "Sit down, and I will fetch you a menu."

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Ethan stood a little longer in the café finishing his breakfast. I knew that he would leave me a tip even though I said that his money wasn't good here. I didn't even have to check on his table.

When he finished, he came to where I was and said: "Well, I'm going now, but you should keep up the good work, Hanah. From my part, I approve of your color and fabric schemes. You just have to ask Lucy about that now," Ethan told me. "Great job here!" he exclaimed to me.

I felt my cheeks get red and said: "Thank you again for trusting in me."

"No problem at all. Keep up the good work," he told me and waived goodbye.

Ethan had barely closed the door behind him, and Lucy jumped out of nowhere to bother me about what we were doing.

"You two are spending a lot of time together," she observed. "Did I miss something?" She asked.

I couldn't tell from her face if she liked the whole thing or if she was going to tell me to forget Ethan

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because she never liked him so much. So, I decided to shrug and say: "We have a baby together, and now we have a project together," I explained to her.

"He doesn't look like is just interested in the project, Hannah..." she told me. "If you don't want to give him false hopes, you should be clear about this whole situation," she warned me. "And if you don't want to have false hopes yourself, you should be careful yourself." She said and went to attend to a customer who was calling a server.

What was she talking about? Was I falling for Ethan again?



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