

Chapter 170: An invitation.

Hannah's POV:

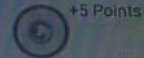
I heard my phone ring on the back of my pants and answered it, saying, "Hello?"

The voice on the other end replied, "Hey, it's me, Patricia." She continued, "I talked to Ethan a few days ago, telling him that I was returning this week. But something came up, and unfortunately, it will take about more 10 days to return. Will that be a problem?"

I reassured her, "Of course not." How could I say no to Patricia? She was one of the most precious people in my life. "So, take your time if you need more of it to be with your sister or doing something else. Just let me know when you come back, okay?"

Patricia responded, "Sure, I'll do that. I miss you all." She hung up the phone, and I sighed, putting my phone back in my pocket.

Michael was already demanding my attention with his cries. He had learned that if he complained, I would come to check on him. This new development was keeping me busy. I then grabbed him and told: "I guess you'll have to stay with your dad for a few more days." Not that I



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thought Ethan would mind. It was as if the two of them were becoming inseparable. I was even getting jealous of Ethan and my son by now.

Speaking of Ethan, not even five minutes later, the doorbell rang, and it was him. I opened the door, and he frowned, immediately sensing something

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was wrong.

He asked, "What's wrong?"

I was surprised and asked, "How can you tell that something's wrong?"

Ethan explained, "Because I know you, Hannah, and let's agree that you don't disguise your

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feelings very well when something makes you unhappy."

I sighed and confessed, "Okay, if you really need to know, Patricia won't be coming back yet. She just called me to tell me that, and she's sorry but she won't make it, at least for a little while."

Ethan seemed unconcerned, when he said, "I don't see how this could be a problem."

I responded, "Well, it's a problem because I need to go back to work, and I know that people demand a lot of your attention, and you are not giving it to them."

Ethan softened his tone, saying, "When we're talking about our kid, nothing can come first."

I raised my eyebrows, surprised by his understanding. He looked at me and commented: "You're making that awkward face again, Hannah."

How could he know what I was thinking? "I'm just trying to understand why you change so much in such a few time." I explained.

"Well, having a family has changed me." Ethan said. And then, he made a surprising admission, saying, "I can't say that I'm the same man you met. But now I'm a family father. You can't expect me to not change at all."

I asked him, "Yeah, but what's in it for you?"

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Ethan looked at me and studied me before responding, "Well, if you really wanna know, my secret plan is to get back my baby's mother. I don't know if it's going to work, though, but at least I'm going to try."

I felt butterflies in my stomach. This conversation was taking an odd turn, and I felt it might be a bit inappropriate. I looked at him and said, "Ethan, I..."

He nodded, acknowledging that I was uncomfortable with the topic. He explained, "I know, I know you would say that. I practically want a miracle. But at least now you know what my goals are."

I decided to shake my head, pretending that he was joking, even though I was still processing what he had just told me.

Michael then realized his daddy was there and began fussing around. Ethan reached out to pick him up, and I could smell it before I even saw it. "Ewww! Oh my God. What did this baby eat?" I asked Ethan.

Ethan chuckled and replied, "I know, right? It smells toxic in there." We shared a laugh. I was about to grab Michael from him to take care of the dirty diaper when Ethan said, "Don't worry, I got it."

I asked him, "Are you sure?"

Ethan reassured me, "Yeah, I am. You can get

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ready to go to work now." He dismissed me and went to Michael's room to change the diaper.

I did as he told me and got ready for work. As I was driving to the office, I couldn't stop thinking about what Ethan had said to me. Was he for real or just joking? He seemed serious, but I wasn't ready to give him a chance. Sometimes, though, I entertained the idea of him asking me to give him another chance.

The reason I broke up with him was because he wasn't there for me when I needed him. But the moment I needed him to take care of Michael, he was there, and he didn't act as if it was a burden. On the contrary, he looked like he was pleased to be helpful and wanted to be a part of our lives. I still felt a bit hesitant about believing he had changed so much already. While I wanted Michael to be raised by both his parents, I wasn't sure if my wish was for us to be one family or not.

And then I remembered Katrina offering herself to Ethan. I couldn't explain why the idea of Katrina dating him was so annoying to me. Could I be jealous of her trying to hit on him?

Nevertheless, I had a lot of work to do that day. Katrina was out, and due to my recent coaching program with Mr. Stone, he asked me to fill in for her responsibilities for the day. I knew I would be spending a lot of time near him, which made me

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feel uneasy.

We were working on a budget project when he approached me. "Hey, Hannah, I have something to ask, and it's personal."

I replied curiously: "Sure, go ahead, Sir."

He continued, "I have tickets for this weekend to see Light Attack, do you know them?"

"Are you kidding me, sir? Light Attack is one of my favorite bands!" I exclaimed to him.

"So, they're having a concert next Saturday and I was wondering if you would like to come with me." He invited me.

I looked at him in astonishment and replied, "Really, sir, I'm not so sure if this is a good idea."

He seemed taken aback and asked, "And why not?"

I hesitated, feeling a bit embarrassed, and admitted, "Well, yesterday, Katrina advised me to stay away from you, Sir. That's what she said." I blushed.

Mr. Stone was visibly annoyed, and he asked, "What?"

Surprised by his reaction, I told him again: "She told me to stay away from you, and honestly, I don't want any trouble with her."

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Stone seemed frustrated and said, "Well, Katrina doesn't control who I see, Hannah. If I want to go out with someone else, I'm perfectly capable of doing so."

I quickly replied, "Yeah, I get it, Sir, but I don't want any trouble..." I repeated to him.

Stone looked a little annoyed by that: "Leave Katrina out of your decision, Hannah. I am just asking you if you want to have fun with me by watching one of the most famous bands nowadays," he said to me.

I didn't know how to answer. I couldn't grasp his intentions. He never disrespected me before, but I had this feeling that there was more to this invitation than he wanted to say.

"Again, the weekend will come in a couple of days, sir. Can I think about it and give you an answer later?" I suggested it to him.

Stone looked a little irritated by my behavior, but then he managed to hide it. "Fine. I will wait for both of your answers by the end of the week, Hannah."

I nodded at him and mumbled: "thank you, sir." And then, he left me with my thoughts.

Could that be him trying to make a move on me?

