

Hannah's POV:

"You look even more worried today than the last time that I saw you," Ethan said when I entered his car. He picked me up at the airport with Michael, who seemed extremely happy to see me.

Michael's joy was a relief. It was a sign that he did well during the time that I was away.

But I've never been one to conceal my feelings from everyone. So, it was evident that I was disturbed by Stone's proposal. I remained silent for a while, contemplating what to share with Ethan about the matter. Sensing my inner turmoil, Ethan broke the silence to try to make me more comfortable to talk about things.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

Don't worry about it, but if you want to, I'm here for you," he said in a reassuring tone. I could tell he was still upset with me for standing my ground and confronting him during our previous conversation.

But I think that this is too big to be kept it to myself alone, so I told him: "Ethan, the client really liked our presentation yesterday..."

"Well, that sounds great! Congratulations! I just



can't see why you are worrying about it right now instead o being happy about your meeting results," Ethan told me.

"It is because there is more," I told him.

We were stopped under a red traffic light, so Ethan looked at me directly and waited for a respose, so I continued: "You see, they made us an invitation to move there while the project is in progress, and since we will have many rooms to work on, this will be a long project," I told him.

"I see...," Ethan said intrigued. "How long will it be?
"He asked me seriously.

"At least 6 months," I mumbled to him.

Ethan remained silent for a little while and then he connected the dots: "Wait a minute... You said 'us.' What do you mean by this?" Ethan asked me.

"I mean... I mean that Stone is coming together," I confessed to him.

I could see that Ethan was holding the wheel with a strong grip. He turned faceforward to the windshield and took a deep breath, but his knuckles were white with the effort. He was trying to restrain himself and not throw me a tantrum. He was holding up, but it was visible that he wasn't happy. "And... did you give your boss an answer?" Ethan finally asked me a minute later. I could perfectly hear the contempt intonation with which

he said the word 'boss'.

"Look, I didn't even make a choice yet. Calm down, Ethan," I told him slowly.

"But you don't want to say no to your boss. After all, it's about your new career that we're talking, right?" Ethan asked. I could definitely hear that he

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was being ironic.

I swallow my words. Ethan was partially right. I was actually thinking about how far this decision could take me. I knew that I would be away from practically all my support net, but after that, I could come back home and be recognized at the

firm. I could even be promoted! This was something that I should really consider, but at the same time, I would be alone with Michael in a place where I didn't know anyone except for Stone. And I would take my son away from his father.

We remained in silence during the rest of the car trip, probably having full discussions in our heads with each other. Well, at least that is what was happening in my head.

If from one hand Ethan didn't have a saying in my life anymore, spending six months somewhere else means that he would see Michael less often. Recently, Ethan had moved his whole life to the shores just to stay close to Michael and I wasn't sure if he would be willing to do the same once more. I didn't even know if he would come together. In the case that he didn't, he would only see Michael from time to time, and this would ruin their relationship.

On the other hand, even though I didn't admit it, I needed Ethan. He is been an awesome father, completely attentive to Michael's needs. He had really changed. Now he was a good listener, and he actually cared about us, I could see that.

Still, six months was a long time when your baby is so small... Ethan would miss a lot if I take Michael with me.

When he finally parked his car in front of my driveway, he took a deep breath and decided to break the awkward silence: "Look, Hannah... Six months it's a long time, and you are not alone anymore. You have Michael now," he said.

"And do you think that I don't know about that?" I told him.

"I know you do, Hannah. I just wanted to emphasize that," Ethan tried to explain to me. "It is just that I wouldn't have much time to see you guys, and six months is a long time for a baby who has less than a year. He might not even recognize me when he sees me again," he explained. How could I deny his affirmation? Oh, God, this is too much to think about it!

"Look, Ethan, I asked for time when he offered me this new position. Everybody knows I wouldn't say yes right at the moment not even if I didn't have a baby and his daddy to deal with," I told him while I looked at both of them. "Having Michael or not, I would not say yes to them immediately, I repeated. "This said, could you please give me time too?" I told him.

Ethan just nodded conceding. All his posture had changed. He looke like someone who has just been defeated. "Sure," he mumbled. He actually didn't look at me when he said that. But I could hear a deep sadness in his voice.

"Hey, are you crying?" I asked him uncertainly.

He turned his face towards me, and he looked terrible. "What do you think?" He asked me ironically because his cheeks were stained with tears.

"There's no reason to cry about that, Ethan," I told him.

"Yes, there is, Hannah," he said to me. "I am about to loose you two for a job in another city and for another guy who you barely know!" he exclaimed.

"And who said that?" I asked him.

"Well, it's not that hard to assume that, Hannah. I mean, I made a lot of assumptions about you during these two years. Some of them were completely wrong, some were right. And I'm so sorry about all the mess that I made in your life. I didn't have this right," he said to me. He was genuinely suffering with the perspective of us moving to another city. "Now I know that I hurt you beyond the poing to fix our relationship, and maybe this offer that the client and your boss made to you it's a consequence of what I did to you during all these years... I just don't like what's happening at all," he said to me. "I'm so sorry, Hannah, and I will do whatever it takes for you to stay and consider to give me another chance," he said.



"Ethan, you know that I forgave you a long time ago, but this is my life. This is a decision that I need to make on my own," I told him.

"Yeah, but if there is something that I can do to make you stay, please, tell me, Hannah. I would do anything!" He said desperately.

I started myself to consider his request. Would there anything that he could do to make me stay here?



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