

Chapter 181: What was stopping me?

Hannah's POV:

"Are you going to answer it?" Ethan asked me. He was trying to hold it, but I could feel that he was upset. I knew from his posture that he saw the name on the screen, and obviously, he didn't like Stone at all.

"I... I don't know," I confessed to him, and he made a face. "I mean, my business hours ended a couple of hours ago. He can't possibly be thinking that I would discuss a project right now," I mumbled.

Ethan rolled his eyes and told me: "Of course not, Hannah. Everybody knows that this isn't his intention."

I frowned at him: "You can't expect me to cut him out, can you, Ethan?" I asked.

"It's that simple, Hannah! If you don't want anything with him, just let him know!" Ethan told me.

I shook my head at him and said: "But it's not that simple, Ethan... He is my boss..."

"Of course, it is, Hannah," he told me back.

I arched my eyebrows and asked him: "Yeah, it

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was easy peasy to say no to you when you were my boss, right?"

His face frowned. He knew that I had a good point. "That's not the same. We were married back then. This guy is nothing, but your boss and I can see from afar that he wants to have an affair with you."

"And who named it as an affair?" I asked him outraged.

Ethan shrugged and said: "I simply guessed, Hannah. He took that other woman... That Katrina with him, didn't he?"

"Yeah, but one thing has nothing to do with the other," I told him. "He said that he would take her as a colleague," I said.

"And did you really believe in this bullshit, Hannah? People can see from afar that he wants a beautiful woman warming up his bed," Ethan told me.

I blushed at this comment, and told him: "But you have nothing to do with my life anymore, right? You are my ex-husband," I told him.

I could see the hurt in his eyes, but he held that up and said: "That doesn't mean that I don't want what is best for you, Hannah. Besides, you know me very well my intentions. You just pretend that you don't."

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I noticed that the phone stopped ringing and that I had a new voicemail from his call, so I raised the phone until Ethan could see my screen and said: "Anyways, this conversation isn't necessary anymore. The call went to voice mail."

Ethan frowned and looked ahead again. We remained in a tense silence for a few minutes until he said: "Well, at least I know what I have to do now."

"About what?" I asked him confused. I thought that he decided to change the conversation.

"About what I have to do to get you back before this clown tries something to win you," he told me. "I made my intentions clear here, Hannah. And I wish I was in a better situation to make it crystal clear to you, but this i***t calling you was sort of a last straw, I'm sorry. But I promise you that I will make it up to you as soon as possible," he added.

*

When I arrived home, I noticed that I had a couple of text messages from Stone. "I'm sorry, Hannah, are you awake?" He said in the first. "I don't want to disturb you. I just wanted to talk a little bit," it was written in the second one.

"I'm sorry, I can't talk right now. I'm putting my baby in his bed. The call will wake him up," I replied to him. "What do you want to talk about? Is

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everything all right with the project?" I asked in a second message.

"Everything is fine, don't you worry about that," he replied. "I just wanted to say that I miss you, and I wanted to make an invitation," he added.

"I'm sorry, but if you're inviting me to leave the shores and come with you, I can't. Now I have my own project here, and there is my son, and everything else. I couldn't go right now," I told him.

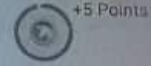
"Oh, no, I'm not talking about that," he replied to me. "I know about your project. When Myers mentioned that he was giving that to you, I completely supported his idea. I'm talking about making you an invitation to have dinner with me. What do you think?" Stone asked me.

I thought for a little while. Maybe Ethan was right about him wanting something with me? Oh, but screw him! Ethan Brown didn't own me. I was a free woman, and therefore he could not make decisions on my behalf.

So, I decided to accept his invitation. "Sure! Maybe we could go out to dinner the next time that you will be here on the shores," I suggested to him.

"Which will be. In less than a week," Stone promptly replied. "I will be home for a few days, and my meetings end on Thursday, so if you can

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squeeze my invitation into your calendar, it would be awesome," He texted me back.

So soon, I thought to myself. I thought that this would be a sort of hypothetical invitation, and he was talking about next week! But then I thought again and wrote back to him: "Sure! Just let me

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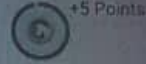
know when exactly you will be in town and if you have any restaurant preferences," I told him.

"No way! I will make the reservation and will let you know, ok?" he wrote back.

"As you wish," I wrote back to him.

"Good! Just keep next Thursday free for me, will

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you?" He wrote again.

"Sure," I wrote to him, and put my phone away. Maybe I could use this opportunity to talk to him and tell him that I wasn't really interested in him. Damn it! I hate it when Ethan is right about things.

I wouldn't consider my heart divided between both of them. Actually, right now, my heart is divided between being single and coming back to Ethan. But sometimes he made me so mad that I could not even explain it. This man was impossible!

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On the next day, Ethan came back to my place. It was something that became normal to us since we started to share responsibilities with Michael. But I could feel that he was a little restless. Maybe he was embarrassed by arguing with me last night.

I thought that he was going to make a beeline towards Michael and ignore me, but unexpectedly, he came quietly to my side.

While Patricia was taking care of Michael, Ethan came closer and mumbled: "Hey Hannah, can I talk to you for a little while?"

"Sure," I told him and let him into my living room.

When we arrived, Ethan looked at me contrite and said: "Look, Hannah, I'm so sorry about last night..."

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I think that maybe I was jealous, and you are right ... I have nothing to do with your love life right now. I just wanted to take back everything that I told you," he said to me.

I sighed. "It's okay, Ethan," I told him.

"I just... I wanted you to see me the way you used to see me when we got married," Ethan told me.

"You don't have to explain yourself because I believe you," I told him.

He was trying so hard... I wanted to tell him that I recognized his effort and that I was shaken by his love demonstration. He really had changed, and now I could trust him.

So, if I wanted to tell him all that, what was stopping me?



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