

Chapter 182: Fury.

Hannah's POV:

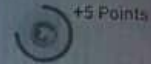
Eventually, things between Ethan and I came back on track. I mean, they were like the last months, not like when we were married. He didn't have any other jealousy attacks, and as for me, I didn't provoke him by telling him that I was going to have dinner with Stone.

The next week, as promised, Stone was back at the office, but I had barely seen him. I was so involved in the mysterious house project that I wasn't spending a lot of time at my desk. Sometimes, the revamp rhythm was crazy, and I needed a rest, but I didn't miss spending time at the office. The revamps were much more interesting. But on Tuesday, I went to the office quickly to retrieve some samples because I was supposed to send pictures to Myers so he could send them to our client.

It was early and everything was quiet. It would be a come-and-go thing, and when I was almost leaving the place, I heard a voice behind me: "Where do you think you are going without saying hello?" It was Stone talking to me.

I turned slowly to him, and there he was. As tall and handsome as I remember. He looked relaxed

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with his hands in his pockets and leaning on the threshold of his office door. His crooked smile was plastered on his face, and his eyes were as mischievous as always.

"Hey, Mr. Stone, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were here, otherwise I would have stopped to say hello," I told him.

Stone shook his head and said: "Lorenzo. I already had asked you to call me Lorenzo," he said to me. And then, he took a step toward me and asked: "So, how is everything, Hannah?"

I smiled at him excitedly and said: "It's good! My project is doing good!"

He shook his head at me again and said: "I'm not talking about your project, which I already know you are doing fine. I'm talking about you... your life, Hannah. How is everything?" he repeated.

I shrugged and told him: "Well, I think pretty much the same."

"So, you and your ex-husband aren't back, right?" he asked me.

"No, sir. I'm still divorced," I told him.

Stone sighed because he noticed that I treated him formally again. But then he decided to ignore that and told me. "Good, so he doesn't have any right to be jealous about our little dinner tomorrow,

right?"

I shook my head and mumbled: "I don't think so."

"Great! I will pick you up at 6 in the house you are revamping, ok?" He told me.

That was my cue to leave, so I said: "Sure! Thank you again for taking me to dinner."

*

On the next day, I went to the project as I did normally: casual. If he was picking me up after my workday, he couldn't demand from me a fancy outfit, right? I just had an extra layer of lipstick and a little more perfume than usual, and that was that.

Punctually at 6, Stone came to pick me up, but prior to that, I made a little tour of the house for him. "Well, Hannah, that is magnificent! I was right to offer you that position. Too bad that you chose to stay here. But I'm happy that you got your promotion anyways," he told me when we were leaving the place.

"Thank you!" I simply told him while we were walking to his car. "So, where are we going?" I asked him curiously.

"I thought that we could keep it simple because this is a weekday, and we both had long days at work, didn't we?" he told me.

"Yeah, I think that this is the best idea," I agreed with him.

He drove for about 15 minutes, and then we arrived at this simple Italian restaurant that faced the sea. It was a charming place, but I couldn't ignore the comparison that my mind was making between this dinner and the time when Ethan took me to that charming restaurant with that perfect view. Well, at least he managed to get a reservation on the balcony, close to the sea. The weather was pleasant, and this was a good place. Simple, but good.

I left this thought aside and tried to concentrate on our conversation. Stone was telling me about the project that he was leading somewhere else.

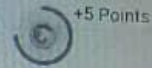
"You have to see it for yourself, Hannah! We are doing such a great job over there too..." he told me.

"I bet you are, our whole team is good and knows about stuff," I told him.

"You should have come with me to this project. I could see with this mansion that you are revamping that you had the right qualities! We could have been an excellent team!" he exclaimed.

I didn't want to bring the fact that he took Katrina with him to the conversation, so, I decided to say:

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"Yeah, but I wouldn't be the project leader then. I would be under your supervision, and here even though I'm under Mr. Myer's authority, I have some freedom to decide myself."

Stone thought for a little while and said: "Yeah, maybe you are right, maybe you are not, but now,

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we will never know..."

I shook my head and told him: "Yeah, probably not ..."

"Still, if you ever want to change the environment, we can always make the switch," he offered.

"No way! The mysterious house is my baby right

now! I need to conclude it before even thinking of any other projects!" I exclaimed to him.

Stone chuckled and raised his hands in a defensive gesture: "I would never interrupt your flow, don't worry about that. But maybe we could consider something after you finish the house and before you start something else..." he suggested to me.

"Maybe I will pay you a visit, but the project is too far from here, so, that it's still a no for me," I told him.

"To bad," he mumbled, and I chuckled.

We were still laughing about this chit-chat when suddenly, his phone started to buzz. "I'm sorry about that," he said and pressed the button so it stopped buzzing. But this was just the first time that it happened.

Actually, his phone never stopped buzzing. I started to feel uncomfortable with this whole situation. His phone was ringing nonstop, I didn't know who it was, because he didn't let me see the screen, and the atmosphere between us started to get a little awkward. At a certain moment, Stone wasn't even capable of finishing a phrase without his phone buzzing.

"Aren't you taking it? It might be an emergency," I asked him a little embarrassed.

"No, I'm not. This is not important. I'm sorry about that, I will switch it off," he told me and pressed the button in his phone and soon it was off. He smiled a little nervously at me and tried to continue the conversation.

But we only had about 5 minutes in peace, because a few minutes later, a long figure came from the beach and was making a beeline to where we were.

At first, I couldn't recognize who it was. But then, as she started to come to the light, I recognized those eyes that were burning on us.

Katrina came here to make things more complicated than they already were.

Stone's neck got red. I knew that he was anticipating a huge scandal. He stood up, placed his credit card on the table, and looked at me panicked. I bet he didn't want her making a scene here. He looked at me and said: "I'm so sorry about that, Hannah. I might have to leave you now, but how will you go back home?" he wondered.

Feeling his urgency, I said: "Don't worry about me, I will give it a way. Just go."

He nodded at me and said: "It was nice to see you, and I will call you later," and then he ran towards the beach to contain a furious Katrina.

I asked for the bill, used his card to pay for dinner,

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and ran away from the restaurant as soon as I could using an app to take a car.

When I entered the car, I sighed in relief. I was safe from Katrina's fury.

Katrina's POV:

When I found out what Lorenzo was doing and with whom, all that I could see was red.

"What the hell are you doing here with her, Lorenzo? This was our place! And now is ruined!" I screamed at him from the beach.

Lorenzo hadn't even arrived where I was, and I was already shouting at him.

"This has nothing to do with you, Katrina," Lorenzo told me. "We're done, you know that, right?" he said to me.

"No, we are not!" I shouted at him. "You can't let something silly like my little jealousy tell you what to do!" I exclaimed to him.

"Come on, I will take you home," Lorenzo told me.

"Not before I slap that slut in the face!" I told him.

"You are not slapping anyone tonight, come on!" Lorenzo told me, and then he took me out off the beach.

He took me to his car and as the gentleman that

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he was, he opened the door for me. When he was circling the car to get to the other side, I swear that I could smell her dam perfume in the small space.

I didn't say a word to him. It was useless. But I made a promise to myself that night: Hannah was going down, and I would do anything in my reach to cause disgrace in her life.



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