

## Chapter 189: A whisper.

Hannah's POV:

Honestly, I was excited about having dinner with just the three of us. When I arrived, Michael was already out as a light, so he wouldn't be participating in our little meeting.

After seeing him for a few minutes, I came back to the kitchen. "How can I help you?" I asked him.

Ethan simply pointed to the stools in the peninsula with his chin, since his hands were busy, and said: "You will help me by relaxing. I will take care of everything." And I must confess that Ethan in charge of the kitchen was kind of... sexy.

I blushed involuntarily at this thought and changed my attention to what he was doing instead of himself. "Well, that smells delicious!" I exclaimed to him.

"Thanks, I kept it simple, though," he said. And then, he put a placemat in front of me. I appreciated him keeping everything simple. I was still processing everything that happened that day, and I didn't need anything fancy to celebrate my promotion.

"And what is it?" I asked him curiously.

"That chicken Alfredo that I know you love," he told me simply.

My mouth filled with water. "I can barely wait," I told Ethan.

After that, he put a glass of white wine in front of me, and then he looked doubtfully at me. I nodded at him and mumbled: "Yeah, I stopped breastfeeding a few weeks ago, so I'm good to go."

"So, enjoy your wine. Dinner will be served in a couple of minutes," Ethan told me.

I took a sip to taste the wine, and it was fantastic! I didn't notice until that moment that Ethan paid attention to a lot of details about me, but it was nice to know that he knew details about my preferences.

As he said, a couple of minutes later, he put a plate in front of me. It wasn't as complex as a Michelin restaurant, but I could see that he put a lot of effort into this dinner. He sat down by my side, and we started to eat and chat, as a regular couple would do. I was telling him all that happened in my day, and he was listening attentively. After that, he told me about his day, and I gave him my opinion about what was going on at Brown's. How could I not notice that Ethan was there for me before? After our divorce and at the beginning, Ethan had a funny way of

demonstrating that I could count on him, but now, we seem to be in such a big syntony that even when we were married, we didn't have this level of intimacy.

I was starting to realize that maybe I could accept him back. He was making a herculean effort to get back. Maybe it was time for me to take the next step too. But how should I do that?

\*

"Let me take this empty place to the sink," Ethan told me and extended his arm toward my plate.

I shook my head at him and said: "No way, you cooked, I clean," I told him and stood up from my stool.

Ethan shrugged and said: "Well, if you insist, let me help you to get everything to the sink, at least."

I nodded and murmured: "That works for me."

I put on the gloves to wash the dishes, and Ethan brought everything to the sink. I was almost finishing everything when I turned around to put the dishes on the rack, and Ethan was right at the spot, so we bumped into each other.

"Oh, my God, I'm sorry, Ethan!" I told him when I realized that I had splashed his shirt. He was wearing a white shirt that got completely transparent when I splashed him.



Ethan laughed at me hoarsely. He was shaking his head to tell me that this wasn't a problem. His laugh was contagious, so I started to laugh along. A minute later, we stopped laughing and started to face each other.

I couldn't explain what I thought at that moment. All that I knew was that I dropped the dishes on the sink again and jumped on him. Ethan was strong enough to hold me when I got to him and still balance whatever he had in his hands. I kissed him eagerly and he kissed me back with the same intensity. When we both stopped to breathe, he put me on the top of the peninsula and started to kiss my neck. I started to moan, but my moans were muffled by Ethan's mouth again. I took off his shirt and contemplated his chest. It had been so long... It felt like I was looking at it for the first time.

I ran my hand over his chest and felt butterflies in my stomach. "Oh, baby, I missed you so much..." he murmured to me. I noticed his hands were on my back, and as he kissed me, his hands slipped under my shirt. I also missed his touch, but I wasn't ready to say the same yet, so I just continued kissing him.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, and I could feel how excited he was with me. I was drunk, not from the wine, but from the scent of it. Ethan looked into my eyes, asking me for permission, and I nodded. We left everything in the kitchen,

and he held me in his arms toward his bedroom.

I have never been there since he moved to this apartment. It was simpler than the Manor in the city, but still, he kept the same style. But he didn't give me a lot of time to look around. He landed

Ad



Ads-free >

me on his bed and hovered over me. I touched his face and looked at him in awe, the same way he was looking at me.

"How are you feeling, baby?" He asked me.

"I'm good," I told him shyly. I was more than good, actually, but I didn't admit that to him. "Please, don't stop," I told him. Thankfully, the room was

dimly lit, because I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

We kissed each other for a few minutes more, and since he was already shirtless, he slowly took off my pants, until I was only wearing panties from the waist down. Ethan ran his hands up and down my thighs very slowly. I had goosebumps all over, and I wanted more.

Ethan looked at me again, as if asking me for my permission. I nodded at him, giving him access, but when he went to kiss me again, we heard a cry from the other bedroom.

"I can't believe in his timing," Ethan mumbled at me. He rested his forehead against mine, still panting from our recent activities.

I sighed frustrated but chuckled at him. "Maybe it's a sign. Aren't we going too fast?" I asked him doubtfully.

Ethan raised his eyebrows and said, "Really? I think we're going too slow for my liking," then he pouted.

He was cute when he pouted. But now it was time to take care of our baby. "I will. I've been away from him all day, after all," I told Ethan.

He nodded and told me, "Of course."

On my way to Michael, I grabbed my pants and put



them on. It took me about fifteen minutes to attend to Michael, but by the time he calmed down, the mood for having s\*x had cooled off.

Ethan crept into Michael's room and stood leaning against the doorway, arms crossed, watching me take care of Michael. As soon as he fell asleep again, I went to put him in his car seat so I could take him home. "No, please stay," Ethan told me.

I looked at him uncertainly and mumbled, "I should go home. We should try to talk about whatever this is and sort out everything on another occasion."

Ethan raised his hands in a gesture of surrender and told me, "I promise to behave, but please stay. We don't even need to talk tonight. Just...stay."

I studied his face for a moment and then I conceded. I nodded and placed Michael back in his crib. "Ok, I will stay. Would you lend me a t-shirt then?" I asked him.

"Sure," Ethan told me. "And if you want me, I can sleep on the couch," he added.

I shook my head and said: "That's not necessary. You promised that you would behave, right?"

Ethan smiled at me and said: "I will."

\*

"You know... it's good to have you here," Ethan told

me later when we were on his bed.

I smiled at him, but he couldn't see it because the lights were already off.

"Have you fallen asleep yet?" He asked me when I didn't answer anything.

"Not yet... and it's good to be here too," I told him.

"Well, what do you expect for tomorrow?" Ethan asked me changing the subject.

"I look forward to a new challenge, as always," I told him.

"Yeah, it will be completely new. Good night, Hannah," Ethan told me.

"Good night, Ethan," I told him.

A few minutes later, I think Ethan thought I was asleep because I heard him whisper, "I love you."

I decided not to answer him so as not to attract his attention, but I couldn't help but smile at this spontaneous statement.



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >