

## Chapter 190: Good morning, beautiful.

Hannah's POV:

I woke up the next day, and I was hugging Ethan in his bed. I tried to keep still so he wouldn't wake up yet, and I could sort out everything that happened last night. Was it the wine? I wasn't sure about that. I mean, it's been a while since I didn't drink anything, but it was just a glass... so no reason to blame the alcohol. Was it the desire that I shut up for so long that had taken the wheel and made me kiss him? I blushed with this idea but was the most reasonable theory. I was still in love with him.

But after admitting that to myself, another couple of questions were raised: What happens now? What should I do with this feeling? Maybe Michael woke up and our decision to take things slowly was for the best. I didn't want to count on him again so he would enter my life and break my heart like he did so many times.

Still, this would be an awkward breakfast for sure. If I were alone here, I could dress up and tip-toe my way to my car, but that was impossible with our baby. Ethan would eventually wake up and notice what I would do, and this was pretty lame. We were adults already. I'm not a teenager anymore to sneak out of his place because I was

embarrassed.

"Good morning, beautiful!" Ethan said at that very moment. "So, are you still considering what happened yesterday, or can we go to the kitchen to have breakfast? I don't know about you, but I'm starving," he added.

Damn it! How could he know what I was thinking? I wondered to myself. "Good morning," I told him a little embarrassed. "Yeah, breakfast sounds great," I told him.

He kissed my head and detached himself from me. "I will have a quick shower, and will prepare something for us," he said and got up. I noticed that he wasn't wearing one of those fancy pajamas that he liked that much. He was sleeping only in boxers, and his butt was looking awesome at that moment. Suddenly, he turned to me, and instead of his back, I was facing his morning wood. He looked at me with a mischievous smile but didn't comment on that. He didn't need it. I was already all flushed and embarrassed. I mean, if that was possible.

I just relaxed when I heard the shower run in the bathroom. I knew that his probable idea was that I would stay in bed until he prepared breakfast, but we had a baby to take care of, and Michael was as precise as a Swiss watch: five minutes later, he woke up and it was time to attend him.



I changed Michael for the morning and used his suite's bathroom to try to tame my hair and look a little more presentable. I texted Patricia to bring him extra clothes for the day, since he would not leave his dad's apartment and requested her to bring me some clothes so I could take a quick shower and go to work. She read my message and

Ad



Ads-free >

confirmed my instructions, so I was all set.

When I came to the living room/kitchen, Ethan was frying eggs and pancakes. He had put two places for us at the peninsula, and I flushed again when I thought that I was sat in that very place last night while he lavished my body with his kisses. I gulped. I knew that there was a certain

tension between us, which we needed to solve, but I didn't know how to do that yet. So, I decided to sit an unaware baby in his highchair and give him the porridge that Ethan had already put in front of him.

"Hey, buddy, good morning! How are you feeling today?" Ethan asked him. He escaped for a few seconds from the stove and came to kiss Michael on his cheek before he was completely covered with oatmeal. Michael greeted him cheerfully, in his manner. He couldn't speak yet, but he babbled to his dad as if they were in a full conversation. I chuckled at their interaction and started to feed the baby.

A few minutes later, Ethan brought our breakfast along with some orange juice and coffee. It looked tasty, and I was hungry. We sat down there eating for a few minutes until he decided to break the silence. "So, I was wondering if I could talk to you about something," he said to me.

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

"I thought about going slowly like we said that we would do after yesterday... activities," he said, and arched his eyebrows to insinuate much more. I blushed once again at his mention.

"And...?" I asked him again.

"I wanted you to know that I'm okay with going

slowly, but I'm not okay with a full stop," he told me.

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired.

"I mean that I am willing to go on your rhythm, but we must advance. If it depends on me, we won't be stalling this anymore, Hannah," he said. "I want to date you regularly, I want to kiss you, have you close to me... I want our family to be reunited again. I won't rush you to anything that you don't want to, but I won't be on the friendzone again," he added.

I nodded at him in agreement: "I want that too, Ethan. I'm not a fool, and I won't deny it anymore, because I still have feelings for you, but I need to be comfortable enough to go forward," I told him.

"I promise you that I've changed, and I will continue to show you that. But it takes two to tango, and I need to know if you are willing to dance with me," he said.

I smiled at him and said: "I will, but only if you are willing to live one step at a time."

"Agreed," he said to me. "And what do we have for today?" he asked me. "From my part, it doesn't change a lot. CEO work, babysitting with Patricia, and hopefully seeing you at the end of the day, but how about you?" He asked.

"I'm still wondering what I am going to find today



at the firm," I told him. "But the rest will be pretty much like you: work and then meet you here later."

"Well, best of luck to you today, baby, and if you need me, you can call me at any time."

Right on cue, we finished our breakfast and Patricia arrived with the supplies I asked her to bring. I took a quick shower and dressed myself for another day at work – today as the new project coordinator. I kissed Michael and Ethan goodbye and waved at Patricia, who had a knowing smile on her face.

\*

Back to the firm, I had to deal with all the gossip from yesterday. It was the aftermath of all the melee. During the morning, the only person who was acting completely normal towards me was Esmeralda. The good thing was that I was realizing office duties, so I technically didn't need anyone's help.

But in the afternoon, I bumped into Tom, the architect, and James, the other assistant. Well, technically, the only assistant, since I was promoted to coordinator. Both were in the corridor when I went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee.

"Hey, you," Tom said a little awkwardly. James only smiled.

"Hey guys, how is everything?" I asked them.

"Well, everything is fine. I have to go back to my desk if you guys excuse me," Tom said and hurried to the other room, leaving James and me alone in the corridor.

"So, how is everything, James?" I asked him again.

James studied me for a few seconds, and then he finally told me. "Well, with that slut out, if I can call her like this, things got better. At least the atmosphere here is lighter," James confided to me.

"Yeah, I can feel that too. I mean, I can feel everybody looking awkwardly at me, but..." I told him.

James made a dismissive gesture. "Nah, these people love a hot piece of gossip, but this will die eventually. You know, people are already talking good things about you with the gossip..." he told me.

"Really?" I asked him doubtfully.

"Yep. The fact that Katrina had sabotaged you spread like fire in dry straw. Everybody knows about that by now, and your credibility here was restored. You can rest assured about that," he added.

I sighed in relief. "That's a good thing, after all that mess."



"Yeah, it is. You're stronger than ever, my dear," James added.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to me and I said: "You know what? Do you remember when Katrina was training us to work on projects?"

"I do, although she never took me that far like she did with you," James mumbled to me.

"I suspect that she had a reason to do so," I told him. "But now that I'm a coordinator, what do you think of working with me? I mean, I don't know everything, but what I know, I can teach you, and the rest we can figure out together. What do you think?" I proposed to him.

James opened a wide smile and said: "Count me in!"

"Excellent! I will make the arrangements!" I exclaimed to him.

Right at that moment, Mr. Myers appeared on one of the sides of the corridor.

"There you are, Hannah! I've been looking for you for a long time now!" He exclaimed excitedly.

"I didn't know you wanted to see me, sir," I explained to him.

"Well, I have great news for you today too!" He told me.



"If you excuse me, I have some work to do," James mumbled when he realized that the message Mr. Myers had was just for me. Mr. Myers nodded and waited for him to go back to his desk.

I looked at Mr. Myers expectantly after that. He

Ad

Ads-free >

opened a wide smile and told me: "Mr. Giovanni Rossi, the owner of your most recent project wants to meet you!"

"Really? The mysterious house owner?" I asked him astonished.

"Yes! He wants to have dinner with the team

< Chapter 190 Good morning,...

+5 Points >

tonight, and that includes you! Isn't that exciting?"

"Yeah, sure!" I told him.

"Wonderful! He will be here at 6:30. Be ready!" He told me and went to his office.

I was excited to meet the house owner. But why did I feel nervous at the same time?



Comments



1

Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >