

Chapter 191: Our distinguished guest.

Hannah's POV:

Since Mr. Myers told me that I was having dinner with the property owner, I got a little apprehensive. The team worked on his summer house using our style, but following his specific instructions, so I didn't know him personally, but I already knew that he was someone with a sophisticated taste. I couldn't stop wondering if I would be at his level or if would he consider me too simple when we met.

Of course, since nobody could keep a secret in that firm, the whole office was boiling with the news, and I wasn't even sure how they managed to know that Mr. Rossi was coming to meet us, since Myers told me when we were alone, but somehow, they knew, and this was the theme of every conversation for the rest of the afternoon at the office, and the whole chat was about how lucky I was for meeting him.

Since the office activities normally ended at 5, not many of us stayed later that night, and to most of the staff's disappointment, Mr. Rossi decided to arrive at 6:30. I wanted to go home to take a quick shower and change my clothes quickly, but unfortunately, Mr. Myers had other plans for me. He insisted that we should overview the whole

project so if Mr. Rossi had further questions, we would be able to answer him pronto.

So, at 6:30 we were ready, even though I didn't want to go to a business dinner with the plain clothes that I was wearing. A luxury car parked in our firm little parking lot and a man with polished shoes and a well-tailored suit got out of the driver's seat.

He was tall and slender, but at the same time he was muscular. He had an elegant presence and would fit perfectly among the executives at Brown or any other rich firm from the city. I started to wonder what a figure like him was doing at the shores where he would be considered too rich and too sophisticated to belong. But it wasn't my business to judge people like that, so I didn't wonder about that for longer.

Mr. Myers went to the front door to welcome our distinguished guest. "Welcome, Mr. Rossi! It's good to see you!" He exclaimed when Mr. Rossi crossed the doors.

"Well, thank you for having me here on such short notice," Mr. Rossi told him while he shook Mr. Myers' hand.

"Absolutely!" boomed Mr. Myers. I just observed the scene, but I couldn't ignore the fact that Mr. Myers was behaving a little... odd as if he wanted to pretend to be more excited than he was. But of

course, I met a lot of people who behaved like that when they were going to host something for Ethan. Maybe Mr. Myers was just trying to flatter a little, so I overlooked his behavior for now, and tried to look my best when he turned to me and introduced us: "This is Miss Hannah, my associate in this project."

"Nice to meet you, sir," I told Mr. Rossi while I shook his hand.

Mr. Rossi opened a megawatt smile to me and said: "The pleasure is all mine, Miss Hannah. I'm honored to finally meet the responsible for the whole project," he said, and I blushed.

"Well, I had a lot of help," I told him out of modesty.

"Yes, but I heard that the main ideas were all yours, so, I offer my congratulations. The house is exactly what I had in my mind from the beginning," he said to me.

I blushed even more, but there was no point in refusing his congratulations, so I said: "Very well, thanks then."

Mr. Rossi then turned his focus from me to both of us and said: "I think that we should be going. I have a reservation for us at Bright Prairie Restaurant. How does it sound to you?"

"Oh, sir, this is fancy!" Mr. Myers exclaimed. "I've

never been there, so I'm already excited!" He concluded.

"How about you, Hannah?" Mr. Rossi asked me.

I smiled quietly at him and said: "I've been there once, and I loved the place, but I think I'm too underdressed to have dinner there, sir. I apologize about that," I mumbled a little embarrassed.

"Nonsense! You look great!" Mr. Rossi said to me. He had something in his eyes that did not sound that innocent, but at the same time, it wasn't completely out of place. "So, shall we?" he asked, and we both nodded.

After a quick discussion about which car we should use, we decided to go each with their car, so at the end of the evening, it would be easier to go home. The Bright Prairie Restaurant was decorated in detail as always, but today it didn't have that romantic vibe like when Ethan and I had dinner here. Or maybe I was comparing a romantic experience to a business experience, but something was different today.

We chatted for a few minutes about a little bit of everything before we got down to business. "So, Hannah, does old Myers here tell you what I do for a living?" Mr. Rossi asked me.

I shook my head and said: "No sir. I learned about your name today," I explained to him a little

embarrassed again. I didn't know why but I had this feeling that I was being kept in the dark regarding this project, but it wasn't the time to ask Mr. Myers why he would do so.

Mr. Rossi smiled at me and said: "I'm the CEO of an oil and gas company. You certainly heard about RhinOil," he asked me.

"Oh, certainly!" I exclaimed. "It's the largest oil company in the country!" I said astonished. So... all this time he kept his name in secret because he was the CEO of a huge company. Well, if anybody thought that Ethan was rich, Ethan was poor compared to this guy.

Mr. Rossi smiled and blinked his eye at me. "So, that's what I do. And I decided to build this house as a refugee from my chaotic life. I intend to work from this place for a few months to get away from the rumors of the end of my engagement, and I was looking for a quiet place that could be my new home for a long season, and you accomplished more than what I had in mind. The house is fantastic. Congratulations, Hannah!"

Now, everything make sense. This was a relevant piece of information and probably the reason why everybody spent the afternoon talking about our client. Was I that misinformed about notorious people of my country or since I came to the shores to seek my own anonymity, I didn't care

about this kind of story anymore? "Thank you, sir," was the best answer that I could produce.

"We are elated that you like your project, sir. But please, if you have any other demands for this project or any other project to request us, we are just one call away, and we can fix anything that

Ad

Ads-free >

you might need," Mr. Myers told him like the sycophant he was incarnating. What was wrong with him tonight? He was too eager, too nervous. I have never seen him like this with any other client.

Right at that moment, Mr. Rossi's phone started to ring. He looked perplexed at the screen and mumbled: "If you excuse me, I have to take this

call," he said.

"Of course!" Mr. Myers said, and Mr. Rossi stood up from our table, leaving Mr. Myers and I alone.

I couldn't resist asking why Mr. Myers was acting like that. "Excuse me, sir, but I have to ask. What's going on with you tonight?" I asked Mr. Myers.

"What do you mean what's going on with me, Hannah?" Mr. Myers asked me confused.

"You're acting a little strange, sir. Are you okay?" I asked him. I didn't want to say to his face that he was trying too much to please a client, even though this was an important one.

"Oh, Hannah, I'm fine. Don't worry about me. It's just that I never worked with such a high-profile client. I can only imagine where this could take us. If he gives us just a few recommendations, we would be good for the next years!" Mr. Myers exclaimed to me.

Well, at least that was what came from his mouth, but his eyes were telling me otherwise. This wasn't the real reason why he was acting so strange tonight. I wondered what he was hiding. But I didn't have the time (or the courage) to ask further questions because soon Mr. Rossi was back from his phone call.

*

After a couple of hours in that wonderful restaurant, we were leaving the place with a thankful client and the promise of future business. Mr. Myers was as happy as a child on Christmas morning, and I was eager to go home already. We were saying goodbye to Mr. Myers, who received his car first and while we were waiting for our cars to arrive, Mr. Rossi said to me: "You know, Hannah, I'm new in town, and I don't know anything or anyone. I was wondering if I could eventually call you to hang out."

My face was unreadable, but inside I had my eyebrows raised. Is this important man wanting to befriend me? "Of course, sir, whenever you need," I told him. It wasn't my interest, but I knew that if I didn't offer him that and Mr. Myers knew about this conversation, I would never hear the end of that conversation.

"Good!" Mr. Rossi said to me and once again, he opened a wide smile. "I guess I see you around, then," he told me when my car arrived. And even though this place had drivers, he insisted on opening the car door for me.

"Sure! And Thanks!" I exclaimed to him. "Have a good night, sir," I added.

"Good night, Hannah," he answered me with his unfathomable eyes.

