

Chapter 193: A weekend together.

Ethan's POV:

"What are you talking about, Vincent? It doesn't make any sense at all!" I exclaimed to him.

"Well, have you heard about that saying, 'there is no power vacuum?'" He asked me.

"Yeah, I did," I told him, slowly. "What the hell is going on? What does one thing have to do with the other?" I asked him.

Vincent sighed and murmured: "I believe that this is happening because you're not here, Ethan. You need to come back here, and you need to claim your place here because some of the people on the board along with some of the shareholders believe that you're abandoning the company to pursue your ex-wife," he explained to me.

"But how could they know that she is now my ex-wife?" I asked Him confused.

"I have no idea, my friend, but they do know that you're not together anymore," he told me. "Maybe even though you think that you're not in the main circuit of gossip anymore, there's someone

watching you from afar, and this person might be giving people here in the city the news that they want to know about you. I mean, you have to agree with me that Hannah's escape was scandalous to most people here. The news that was spread was that she was trying to kill Tess. We know the truth,

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but most people here don't," Vincent said. "So, people here think that after all that she did to you and to a member of our high society you decided to go after her, not because of revenge but to be with her, and now, even though you're divorced, you're after her like a puppy. So that, my friend,

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was the reason why some people here on the board want to consider you out of the picture," Vincent explained to me.

"But who wants me out of the picture?" I insisted with him. I knew that I couldn't please everybody, but I've been through a lot of meetings with these people daily and nobody even mentioned once that they were questioning my abilities to lead my own company from afar.

Vincent seemed a little uncomfortable when he told me: "I can't give you a name yet, Ethan. I'm trying to find out more information about this so I can give you the complete picture. But I can see a movement here, and I thought that I should tell you. All that I know is that your name is being discarded." He told me.

"And how do you know all that?" I asked him.

"Well, there are some decisions that you used to make and are out of your hands now, right?" He asked me.

"So...?" I asked him back not caring about what he was saying.

"So, you are not even realizing it!" He exclaimed to me. "The board is making decisions on their own, and if I can say, they are making it in an

authoritarian way. There is a movement here, Ethan. In fact, they are already considering you out of the picture," Vincent told me.

"I'm sorry, Vince, but I have to ask you again. What the hell is going on?" I insisted.

Vincent sighed again and said: "Look Ethan, I can't explain it properly. All that I can tell you is that a movement is surging, and they're trying to get rid of you. They sent me a few papers to sign, and I suspected them. As a minor partner, these documents made me worried for you. So, I decided to call you. I don't really know who is doing this, because everybody's denying a lot of things here nowadays, but I can tell you that something is going on and you must come home. Immediately," he said.

"I got it," I told him frustrated because from my point of view, I couldn't see anybody trying to harm me like that. But at the same time, he was my best friend, and he was trying to protect me. I should take into consideration what he said. "OK, I will consider what you told me, and I'll try to be back as soon as possible. How does that sound?" I told him, trying to placate his nervousness.

"Please make that sooner rather than later," he told me. "I think there are some things that you're just

going to find out when you arrive here at the city," Vincent told me and hung up. My company was very important to me, but Hannah was more, and I was in the middle of something here. If I could only hold that problem for just one weekend... Maybe I could explain to her what was going on. After confessing my love for her.

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I spent a lot of time of my day trying to discover more about what was going on at Brown's through Eric, my assistant. I sent him to investigate whatever he could, so you couldn't say that I didn't put anything into motion to discover what was going on in my own company. But I also spent a few hours planning my quick escape with Hannah. That took a lot of my attention because I wanted to make that perfect. I wanted her to feel special and cherished, and at the end of the day, I believe that I did a pretty good job in both situations.

I had the perfect place to escape with her for the weekend. A place where no one would interrupt us. It was a place where I could tell her what was worrying me and after that, confess my love for her. I could explain my reasons why I needed to go back to the city immediately, so I wouldn't leave her without an answer or questioning my faithfulness towards her, and this way I would

assure both sides.

At the end of the day, as she always did, Hannah would come to my place to retrieve Michael and then I would invite her for the weekend. Well, that was the plan, but she sent me a message and called Patricia to take Michael home because the house owner wanted to meet her and Mr. Myers, so they were having a business dinner. That was uncommon, but she was a brilliant professional, so that was pretty possible.

On the next day, she came to my place to bring Michael for the day. I was nervous as hell to ask her out for the weekend. "So, how was dinner yesterday?" I asked her. Maybe I could start a conversation with her by asking how her dinner was.

"Oh, it was nice. The owner is actually a CEO of an oil and gas company. He's an important figure and I'm still wondering what the hell he is doing in this small town," she said and chuckled.

"Well, I have the same question about you, actually." I told her after her comment. "I mean, maybe he chose this place because it was isolated from the rest of the world," I suggested to her.

"Yeah, you're probably right," she said to me. "Well,

he was a nice guy, anyway. And he's alone in town, so he was wondering if he could see me again and I could recommend him some references.

And suddenly, I didn't even know this guy, but I felt a pang of jealousy. "And how do you feel about that?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she told me confused. "I mean, maybe the guy needs a friend, but I'm not sure if I'm the best person to befriend him. I couldn't read this guy properly, so I still don't have an opinion about him," she added and shrugged. "So how was your day?" She asked me back.

I felt as if she didn't want to talk about this guy anymore. "Good," I told her, and I decided to not tell her about Vincent's call yet because I knew her, and I knew that she would be worried about this matter, and that definitely would ruin our weekend. So, I decided to offer her the invitation already: "Listen, what do you think about spending a weekend together?" I asked her.

"You mean as a family?" She asked me. She was clearly trying to take Michael with us.

I shook my head at her and said: "No, I was talking about you and me. I asked Patricia to take care of Michael for the weekend so we can spend a little time together."

"Well, it looks like someone has everything already planned, right?" She asked me.

I shrugged, but I didn't hide it from her the fact

that I had put some thought into that. "So, what do you think?" I asked her again.

She smiled weakly at me and said: "It sounds like a plan."

I smiled, relieved at her because she accepted my invitation. "Great! So, I will text you the details of when and how I will pick you up."

"And where are we going?" She asked me.

I smiled wickedly at her and said: "That, my dear, It's a surprise for now."

She arched her eyebrows and said: "OK, I will play along your little game for now but just give me a hint about how I should pack, ok?"

I chuckled at her and said: "Well, if I tell you so, you're going to find out our destination. How about I ask Patricia to pack a bag for you? Don't worry about that, ok?" I offered.

"Fine," she mumbled to me. I knew that she was curious. And honestly, I love doing that with her because I knew that somehow, she would think about me and where we're going for a while during the whole day. I wasn't ignoring Vincent's request. But I needed some time with Hannah, especially after what happened to us the other day at my place. We needed to sort out things and maybe give it a name for whatever we were doing, and I knew that with my personal life sorted out, I would be able to find the strength that I needed. To sort out whatever problem my company was facing.



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