

## Chapter 196: Our perfect weekend part 2.

Hannah's POV:

"Honestly, Ethan I didn't know this side of yours," I

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told him.

"Which side?" He asked me, Chuckling.

"You're cooking like a real chef, Ethan. Don't tell her that I said that, but it is as good as Patricia's" I told him.

Ethan shook his head at me and said: "No, I can't have the credit for this, Hannah. I thought that I had mentioned to you that I asked someone else to prepare all the meals, so we're good for the weekend."

"Oh, now that you mentioned that, I can remember," I told him. "Well, too bad it isn't any of your dishes, but I do know that you can cook. I just didn't know about this side of yours before. I mean, you never cooked a meal when we were married," I added.

Ethan shook his head again and said: "Now, you know that is not true. I did you breakfast a couple of times."

I chuckled at him and said: "You made breakfast, Ethan. You cannot compare a full meal with breakfast. You just sliced a lot of fruit and fried a couple of eggs."

"Well, you should at least count the intentions," Ethan mumbled at me and chuckled. I had to laugh at him because his humor was contagious. "Oh! And we don't need to clean anything this time, which is too bad, because that was how we got so ... close," he said to me.

Still, I left the table and grabbed the plates to take to the huge kitchen. "Really? And why not?" I

asked with my eyebrows arched.

"Because there will be someone around here to do this, and since I asked them to be as discreet as possible, we won't see anybody. Everything will happen as if it was magic," Ethan told me while he was following me to the kitchen.

I left the plates on the sink and turned around. Ethan was right behind me, so he grabbed my chin and raised it, so I could look into his eyes, which looked as if they were burning. "This weekend is all about you and me," he told me.

I felt the now familiar butterflies flying in my stomach again, but I managed to control them, so I smiled at him and said: "Well, I'm honored."

Ethan smiled back at me and said: "That's what I am aiming for."

"So, what are we going to do tonight since cleaning is out of the schedule?" I asked him.

"Well, I thought that since it is too dark now to explore outside, we could just hang out here," he said and then he continued: "There is this huge fireplace with a huge TV, so I thought that maybe we could do some Netflix and chill," he suggested to me.

I raised my eyebrows to him and said: "I can read you intentions between the lines, sir."

Ethan blushed slightly, which was rare, but then he owned it, and said: "So, if I don't have to hide my intentions anymore, what do you think about my idea?"

"Well, it works for me," I told him, but I was a little self-conscious about this whole story. I mean, I've been his wife. We've been already there, but at the same time it really felt as if it was our first time. Well, I got to be brave, right?

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Ethan really had everything prepared. When we arrived at the fireplace room, he had a blanket for us, and somehow, I knew that in the right moment, he would make me popcorn if I asked him, even though it wasn't necessary because we just had dinner, so I didn't ask him for some popcorn. The fireplace was huge, as he told me, and I took a moment to admire the whole room before I sat down by his side.

He switched the remote and chose a random show on the TV. It was a romantic one. That was when I realized that this was all about me. The old Ethan would never choose something soapy if I didn't insist a lot. He had changed a lot so far.

Now, Ethan paid attention to the details that made me happy. After choosing the show, Ethan opened his arms and hugged me laterally. He landed his hand on my wrist, and I noticed that a small part of my skin was exposed because my blouse was out of place. Ethan might have noticed that because he put his warm hand right on this place and started to stroke my back through that opening. I felt a shiver wherever his hands traced a pattern on me, and I knew that he noticed that.

Then I laid my head on his chest and got really comfortable. With that, Ethan decided to kiss my head, well, at least he started kissing my head, because a few minutes later, he was kissing my ear, and he was descending to my cheeks, my jaw, and my neck. And by that time, I turned to him and decided to kiss him back. We got really focused on kissing each other, and I barely noticed that he switched the TV off. But I wanted more, and I knew that he wanted that too, So, I raised my body and turned to him. A minute later, I sat down on his lap, straddling him. Ethan responded to my intensity at the same level, so he decided to kiss me eagerly.

We were chest to chest. There was no space between us, and I could feel my need for him to wake up as if he had switched a button on me. I

straddled him and could feel his erection through his pants. We were both panting from our moment together, and he looked at me with all the sincerity that he could muster and said: "I love you, Hannah."

Ethan laid his forehead against mine and looked at me. At the moment he said these words, I saw in his eyes so much sincerity as I never had before.

But he wasn't finished talking. "I love you so much, and I'm so sorry because I didn't realize before that you were so precious. I made a lot of mistakes and I know that now. And I swear that I will try to compensate you for the rest of my life. Now I understand that we had to pass through all this to get to the other side, and I'm sorry for that, but this hell that we've been through only made you stronger, my love, and now, I admire you even more."

"Oh, Ethan," I beamed at him.

"Now I see you, Hannah. I see you as you are. And I would love to have the honor to be by your side if you let me. I know that I failed you before, but I will never fail you again. I will be the man that you need by your side," he concluded.

His words brought tears to my eyes. He never had

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said such things to me, and this was the first time in our whole relationship that I felt loved by him.

I kissed him once again because I was too emotional to say something at the moment, but I

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knew that he was waiting for me to say something. "Ethan, I waited for so long to hear these words... And now I know that it worth it," I told him and resumed kissing him eagerly. The first thought that crossed my mind was the fact that this time, there was no baby to stop us. I bet Ethan thought the same, because at the next

minute, he had taken off my shirt while I was fighting to open his belt. Ethan then started to kiss my neck, my clavicle and went down. He looked at me attentively waiting for my permission, and when I nodded to him, he took out my bra.

I felt self-conscious while he was looking at me because I had breast fed the baby and my boobs weren't like they used to be anymore. But then. He looked in my eyes and told me: "Don't be shy, you're gorgeous as always."

I felt myself blush again. And then, took one of my n\*\*\*\*s in his mouth, and covered the other one with the tip of his fingers. I moaned loudly with all the attention they were receiving, and I felt that my flower was getting wet. "Oh, Ethan," I told him. He knew that I loved to be teased, so he chuckled with my n\*\*\*\*e in his mouth. The vibration from his laugh gave me shivers and his rough hands were roaming my whole body, so I was putty in his hands.

And then, for my ultimate annoyance, he stopped. I looked at him confused, because now I was at the point that if he didn't finish what he started, I would have to finish this alone. But I didn't have to complain about that because he said to me: "Wait a minute. This is not the most comfortable place."

"So, are you taking me to bed?" I asked him breathlessly.

Ethan shook his head, chuckled, and said: "No, we would never get that far." And then, he took the blanket that he brought and spread it on the floor close to the fireplace. After that, he grabbed a lot of pillows from the couch and came back to pick me up. He carried me bride style to the "nest" that he created and laid me down there bare from my waste up. He looked at me from above for just a few seconds, and then he came down to undo the buttons of my pants. That was when I asked him to stop.

"What is wrong?" He asked me confused.

"You are too dressed, sir," I told him, and I felt that my cheeks were blushing furiously. I was thankful for the dim light in the room.

"Should I strip slowly so you can watch it?" he asked me blatantly.

I shook his head and chuckled. Even though Ethan said that, I knew that he wouldn't be comfortable doing a strip show for me. "Just take off your clothes and come here to finish what you were doing," I told him.

"Hummm, bossy. I like it," he told me, and did as I

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told him.

This was going to be a hell of a night, and as Ethan was taking his clothes off, I knew that this man would be the death to me.



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