

Chapter 201: I'm not sure how to tell you this.

Hannah's POV:

"Well, someone looks extremely happy," Lucy told me on Monday night when she saw me after the weekend I spent with Ethan. I blushed furiously because I knew she was trying to make me talk about that, but what happened between us was too intimate to discuss with someone else. I turned my face to the other side and mumbled, "Yeah, I'm happy. There is no denial."

"Yeah, I know exactly why you're happy, you naughty girl. You've spent the whole weekend with Ethan. That definitely would cheer you up," she told me in a provocative way.

"Oh, shut up, Lucy," I told her, trying to run to my bedroom before she started to explore it further. However, it was in vain because Lucy had longer legs than mine. Before I could close my bedroom door, she was there, holding it so I couldn't prevent her from getting in.

"Don't you really want to talk about what happened last weekend?" she asked me.

I sighed. This woman was impossible! "I want to talk about it, but you're not the biggest fan of Ethan's, so I don't want to bring this conversation if you don't really want to talk about it," I told her.

"I might not be his biggest fan, but I'm a huge fan of yours," Lucy told me. "I want to hear why my girl is so happy like this," she added.

I spent like half an hour talking to her about what happened between Ethan and me, but she was still annoyed because I was sparing her from the spicy details. "Oh, come on, Hannah! You know I normally live vicariously through you, don't you?" She insisted.

"Yeah, but it's about my intimacy that I'm talking about," I argued. "Besides, now you have a love life to share too."

Lucy arched her eyebrows and told me, "Yeah, I do, but I believe that you're not willing to hear anything about the things that your brother does to me."

"Yeah, yeah, I got it, and I definitely don't want to talk about it," I told her before she started to spill the beans so I would know more than I was willing to hear.

"But if any of us can talk about s*x, it's probably

you because even though I don't like Ethan that much, I don't mind knowing about his intimacy. He is hot," she said, and we both chuckled.

I blushed even more and told her, "No, forget about that. Everything that you will know from me is that it was an awesome weekend. I'm not sharing anything else."

"Damn it! Sometimes you're so annoying, Hannah!" she said. I smiled at her. "And where is the lucky guy today?" she asked, trying to change the conversation.

My smile vanished, and I told her, "He went to the city this week."

Lucy got mad. "Oh my God, I can't believe that piece of s**t!" she told me. "He thinks that he can hit on you and then he runs away as if he was a teenager?" She asked me.

I shook my head and told her, "No, it was not like this, Lucy. Something is going on at Brown's, and he went there to figure everything out."

Lucy crossed her arms and said, "Are you sure this is all about his job?"

I knew that she was just worried about me, so I answered, "I'm positive. Vincent personally asked

him to go back because something was wrong there. Ethan didn't give me a lot of details because he didn't have any, but he promised that he was going to tell me everything as soon as he knew."

Lucy nodded, still a little suspicious, and said, "Ok, I will keep an eye on him though. He's not out of the hook for me yet."

And then, one small thought crossed my head. What if Ethan had to go back to the city permanently? How could our relationship work at a distance? I mean, I built a life here at the shores. Michael was born here. I couldn't just abandon what I built here because he said so. I was a new person now, and he had to respect my own decisions too. But at the same time, would we be able to come and go from one place to the other?

Besides, did I really want to go back to the city with him? We had so many issues there, so many troubles... A lot of people from our social circle would look at me like Tess's murderer, even though I wasn't the one who shot her. She was a little darling among our social circle, and I was the villain who was in her way to happiness. I doubt that people's opinion had changed, even though I knew that I would have my mom's and my brother's support over there now. Come to think about Timothy, maybe the solution for our

dilemma was to have a relationship like Lucy and him are having. But would that work for us, especially because now we have a baby?

But at the same time, Ethan made a lot of sacrifices for us. Would that be my time to return that and make my own sacrifices to keep this relationship working? Oh, my God, my head even starts to ache when I think about all that!

I kept chatting happily with Lucy that night. After talking about me, we started talking about her relationship with Timothy, although I begged her not to tell me the details, because we were talking about my own brother after all. When I went to bed, I checked my phone to see if Ethan had called me, but he didn't, and that was odd, especially because he promised to call me when he figured out what was happening. I called him a few times, but he didn't answer my calls. So, I left him several messages and texts. With my heart a little heavy, I went to bed that night.

On the next day, I didn't have much time to worry about Ethan. We had a setback with the new architecture project. The client wanted to change our first design and asked us for a few days to come up with his ideas. I didn't have a lot of idle time, though. Mr. Myers called me in the middle of the morning and asked me to go to lunch with him

and Mr. Rossi.

"I don't get it, Mr. Myers. The project is done. What does Mr. Rossi want with us?" I asked him confused.

Mr. Myers shrugged and murmured, "I guess we were both caught by surprise, Hannah. Your guess is as good as mine," he said. "All that I know is that he invited me to lunch and asked me specifically to bring you along."

"Well, let's see what he wants at noon," I told him, and went back to my desk.

Punctually at noon, Mr. Rossi was at the firm with his fancy driver and his fancy car. He invited us to follow him, though. It would be a little awkward for all of us in the backseat of a luxury sedan. I went with Mr. Myers to the same restaurant we had dinner in for the first time.

The restaurant's atmosphere during the day was completely different. A lot of businesspeople from the shores were there. One could affirm that this place was the favorite for affluent people in the region. I was wondering why Ethan decided to stay out of the radar during these last months. Once again, I didn't have a lot of time to think about Ethan because I had to give my full attention to Mr. Rossi in front of me.

"So, Mr. Rossi, to what do we owe the honor today?" Mr. Myers asked him.

"Actually, Myers, I have a new job offer for your firm, and since I really liked this restaurant the last time we were here, I decided to make this invitation personally," Mr. Rossi said to us.

"I'm confused, sir. Are you going to build or renovate another house in the shores?" Mr. Myers asked him.

"No, I'm going to renovate somewhere else," Mr. Rossi explained.

"But, sir, our firm is geographically limited," Mr. Myers told him.

"Well, I'm sure that I can cover the costs," Mr. Rossi pressed. "Besides, this could be the chance for your firm to expand their horizons. This could be a great opportunity for you guys," Mr. Rossi told us.

Mr. Myers looked at me, uncertain, but then he turned to Mr. Rossi and asked: "So, where do you plan to take us?"

"To my new residency in the city, and I need Hannah to renovate it," Mr. Rossi answered. "So, tell me, Hannah, what do you think about

expanding your horizons to the city?" he turned to me and asked.

I think that I was considering going back to the city even though I have my reservations just because of Ethan, and this might be a sign from the heavens that I should do that, but at the same time, I haven't made up my mind yet. I was afraid that I wouldn't be completely comfortable going back to the city and face so many people that believed that I wasn't worthy of being by his side. But at the same time, it was there where he was, so maybe this was for the greater good. "Sir, I don't know what to say," I told him astonished.

"Well, tell me that you're considering my proposal," Mr. Rossi told me.

"Can I have a couple of days to think about it?" I asked him. I could feel Mr. Myers getting uncomfortable by my side, but at the same time, he realized that this whole proposal was for me directly.

"Sure. Consider this for a couple of days, then come back to me with your answer, OK?" He told me.

"Thank you, sir, I appreciate that," I told him. And then, for the rest of the lunch, we talked about amenities. Mr. Rossi seemed very interested in my

hobbies, in my personal interests, and my professional goals, and I felt as if I was being interviewed. He wasn't giving me the vibes that he was affectively interested in me, but at the same time, he asked me so many questions that I was feeling a little bit overwhelmed.

By the end of lunch, I excused myself to go to the powder room. Theytwo of them were talking when I came back. They were so focused on their conversation that they didn't even realize that I was there. I caught a little bit of their conversation: "You can't take her from us, Rossi," Mr. Myers told him.

"And why not? You know that I receive orders from people above me, just like you do, and they are way above you, Myers," Mr. Rossi answered.

"It is just because her place is here," Mr. Myers told him.

"Her place is wherever she wants to go, and if she wants to accept this proposal, that will be where she belongs," Mr. Rossi said.

"No! But don't you think it was really lucky for us to find her after all these years?" Mr. Myers insisted.

"Well, that's not for me, neither for you to decide, OK? We are offering her a job, and if she accepts,

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"Well, that's not for me, neither for you to decide, OK? We are offering her a job, and if she accepts,

she's going to the city, and you are not going to interfere with that. Do you understand?" Mr. Rossi whispered threateningly to Mr. Myers.

"I do, sir," Mr. Myers answered accepting.

"Good. Now, let's talk about the compensation for the company services and the salary increase for her because she's going to the city. Her husband is already there, and she will probably need the raise," Mr. Rossi told him.

"Yeah, but not now. She's about to come back," Mr. Myers told him.

I was astonished by the two men talking about me as if I were a child under their shared custody or as if I were a part of a bigger plan. I decided to keep this information to myself for now and maybe use it when it is more convenient. But some of the phrases that Mr. Rossi said to Mr. Myers were making me curious. Why would I need a raise when Ethan was in the city, and he was a billionaire?

The rest of my day was uneventful. At 5:00 pm, I went back home. I was getting really worried about Ethan because he didn't answer any of my calls or texts. When I got home, I decided to call him one more time, and when I was about to dial his number, the phone rang in my hand, and his

name appeared on the screen.

"Oh, thank God, Ethan, what the hell is going on?" I demanded from him.

"Hey, love," Ethan sighed. He sounded worried. Something might be really wrong. "I... I'm not even sure how to tell you this," he started.

My stomach sank. "Just tell me what is wrong, Ethan," I told him.

"I've lost everything, dear. I'm sorry," he told me.



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