

## Chapter 203: A sign of hope.

Hannah's POV:

"Hannah? What is going on here?" Ethan asked me, confused.

"We need to improve security here, Ethan! This place can be invaded too easily," I complained to him.

"What are you talking about? I've been here the whole day. And I was alone," Ethan asked me, confused.

"I'm talking about that motherfucker Alexander! He was here a minute ago!" I exclaimed.

"What? What the hell was he doing here?" Ethan asked, astonished.

"He came here to brag, but I slapped him, and he went away. Come to think of it, his face looked funny, as if he had been punched already," I told him.

"That's because I punched him myself earlier," Ethan said.

"Well, nothing that he didn't deserve," I told him.

Ethan smiled at me and said, "That's why I love you, Hannah. You became so brave..."

I kissed him and said, "I would do anything for the people I love."

Ethan helped me unload our bags, and I put Michael in his nursery. We had some things that we bought before I had to escape. Thank God a crib was one of them.

When I went back to the living room, I had the chance to look at the manor hall for the first time in a while, and I was flooded by a myriad of emotions. I had so many bad memories from this place that my heart sank.

Somehow, Ethan felt that I was struggling because he came and hugged me from behind. "Hey, what is wrong, babe?" he asked me.

"We had so many memories here..." I told him.

"And most of them are bad. I'm so sorry about that, love... I was considering selling the house," Ethan said.

"To pay for the house in the forest?" I asked him.

Ethan made a face and told me, "I would normally say no, but right now, I don't know for sure..."



I turned to him and held him in my arms. "Oh, honey, everything is going to be alright," I told him.

"I hope so, but right now, I believe we both need comfort," Ethan told me. I looked into his eyes and saw desperation and a raw need. "I need you now, Hannah," he urged.

"And I need you, Ethan," I told him and held his head down so I could kiss his lips.

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On the next morning, we stayed in bed longer, making love, talking sweet nothings to each other, and I didn't want to burst the bubble, but we had a lot of problems to solve ahead. We stayed like that until Michael woke up and started crying.

"Oh, my God, if it wasn't for him, I would stay the whole day here," Ethan told me, getting out of bed to grab our son.

"Yeah, me too, but he needs to eat, and so do we, or you think I didn't hear your stomach snore?" I told Ethan.

"Oh, ignore that," Ethan said and chuckled. "Oh, and we need to go somewhere. There's no food in this damn house," he added.

Half an hour later, we were at a restaurant having

breakfast. Michael had his bottle and was eating some fruit along with the formula. Ethan and I had bacon and eggs and a pancake plate each. He seemed calmer today, so I decided to ask: "So, what are we going to do now?"

"I hired a lawyer. Yesterday, before you arrived, he was telling me that he received the documentation of my release as a CEO and would analyze that during the night so we could have a meeting in the morning," he told me.

"Good. I want to be there for you. We both will be there," I told him.

Ethan gave me a small smile and mumbled, "Thank you." And then, he continued, "After that, I'm calling a realtor to sell the manor. I mean, if it is still mine. Do you mind if we move to my apartment?" he asked me.

"Apartment? Do you have an apartment?" I asked him curiously. But suddenly, I started to wonder if he had taken Tess to that apartment too.

Ethan probably saw my face turning from surprise to jealousy. "Yeah, I do. I rented it when that crazy woman took the manor so I could stay away from her while I was still wondering where you were," he explained.



I sighed relieved. "So, if it is like that, I really don't mind then," I told him.

"Good. So, shall we go? The lawyer is waiting for us," Ethan told me and offered me his hand, which I took happily. I didn't know where this would take us, but I was with him.

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"So, Mr. Brown, I have some good and bad news for you," Mr. Stradford, Ethan's lawyer, told us.

"Well, start with the bad ones," Ethan mumbled to him.

"I'm afraid that this document is legally valid according to the Brown's Enterprises' statute, so you can be removed from your position of CEO if the board decides so," he told us.

I sighed. He wasn't telling us anything new from that point. Ethan nodded his head and murmured, "I see. So, is there anything that we can do to revert the situation?"

"Well, you can always investigate the circumstances in which this decision was made by them," Mr. Stradford answered.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked him.

"I mean that Mr. Brown here suspects that this decision was made under coercion. If he can prove this or even give a strong indictment, we can sue the company and request his reinstatement as CEO," Mr. Stradford answered me.

"The hardest part will be to prove it," Ethan mumbled again. "Well, it is a sign of hope at least," he said.

"But tell me, Mr. Stradford, what are the good news?" I asked him.

"Well, the good news, at least for now, is that this act is limited to Brown's Enterprises. This doesn't reach your properties. So, the manor, all the other houses, and even your grandpa's old ranch are safe, along with the firm stocks. So, even though you're not the CEO, you still have a lot of influence there," he said.

"Oh, that's a relief!" Ethan said, and I grabbed his hand in support.

"I told you, Ethan, everything is not lost," I said to him.

"So, I will follow my plan. I will sell the manor because I don't want to be there anymore and will think about the rest. Thank you, Mr. Stradford. I



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will keep in touch," Ethan told him.

"I'm at your disposal, Mr. Brown," Stradford answered him.

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On the following day, we moved to Ethan's apartment and put the manor up for sale. Ethan granted one of his personal attorneys the authority to negotiate the property. This new place of his had a distinctly more masculine atmosphere.

"I see that you didn't like my decoration, or better, the lack of it," Ethan remarked.

"I... well, something is missing here," I admitted to him.

"Feel free to decorate it as you want. You were always better in this matter than me after all," Ethan suggested.

"I don't want to upset you," I told him.

Ethan came to me, hugged me, and then said, "Baby, the only reason why I will be upset with you is if you didn't like our bed."

I chuckled at him and said, "Oh, I loved the bed. It's really comfortable."

Suddenly, Ethan grabbed my legs and held me.



Feeling secure, he started walking and said, "I'm glad you liked it. And now, I would love to test that with you."

I was relieved to see that he was reacting better today than yesterday, and the way he was looking at me was like he was famished. "Well, I would love to test it with you now," I murmured to him. I could already feel butterflies flying in my stomach.

Ethan took me to the bedroom and laid me down in the middle of the bed. "You look sexy as hell, babe," he said to me.

"So do you," I told him. He hadn't shaved for a couple of days now, and his stubble had a powerful effect on me. He started kissing me delicately, as if I were made of porcelain, but then he became more euphoric. I put my hands around his shoulders and pulled him towards me. He came to me without resistance. I undid the buttons on his shirt and unbuckled his belt before he could complain, "Hey, am I the only one taking my clothes off here?"

"Today it's my turn to set the rules, but don't worry, darling, you're in good hands," I told him.

"Okay," he told me, and all his hesitation disappeared.

Taking all the courage I could muster; I stood up and turned our bodies so his back was facing the bed. Then, with my fumbling fingers, I opened the button and zipper of his pants. Ethan helped me out of them, and he was left in just his boxers. I could see from the shape that he was already aroused.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked me teasingly.

"Absolutely," I replied to him.

"Good for you. I can't see practically anything with all those clothes you're wearing. I can only imagine," he said.

"Okay," I told him. "But no touching," I added.

"Have I ever told you that you're really sexy when you're bossy?" he told me.

I just chuckled and took off my blouse and pants. I was wearing a basic everyday bra and panty set. "I wish I was wearing something better," I told him.

Ethan shook his head and told me: "Don't worry, you look stunning as always."

"I'm glad you liked it, but that's all for now," I told him and took off his boxers. I freed his member, which was already ready for action, and decided to hold it in my hand, where it barely fit.



"Ah, Hannah," Ethan moaned in pleasure at my touch, and for the first time of the night, I felt powerful.

I bent down in front of him and saw that he was already glistening with pre-c\*m liquid. I decided to lick it curiously, and at the first stroke, Ethan moaned loudly. "Oh, my God," he said.

Encouraged by the power that this act gave me, I put the head of his member in my mouth, and then a little more, and going deeper and deeper, slowly, to tempt him. The part that I couldn't put into my mouth I held with my hands. The guttural sounds coming from Ethan's mouth were animalistic. He was completely at my mercy.

"Hannah, please, if you don't stop now, I'm going to c\*m," Ethan moaned at last. It didn't matter to me, because I really wanted him to lose control.

"Ok, that's it!" he exclaimed and withdrew his member from my mouth. I was sucking so hard that it even made a small pop noise. Ethan then picked me up off the floor and held me in his arms again. Then he put us both on the bed and simply destroyed my panties with his fingers.

"I hope you're not too attached to those panties," he told me, and then stuck a finger in me. I hadn't realized how wet I was from sucking him, but he

grunted in appreciation and told me, "Great, you're ready. I don't know if I could last much longer."

Then, with just one very precise movement, Ethan entered me to the hilt.

"Oh, God, yes!" I moaned. I was looking forward to it. In those days in the forest house, we had made love, and Ethan had been very gentle and attentive, but I was not made of glass. I could take so much more.

Ethan pursued his pleasure but not before giving me the same amount of it. We were both moaning incoherently and completely sweaty, just seeking to satiate our bodies' desires. I couldn't think of anything other than that this desire would consume me, and that the o\*\*\*\*m I was feeling coming would probably be completely insane.

Ethan then did two things: his mouth began to suck my neck giving me a hickey while his fingers began to massage my clit. Two more thrusts and I moaned loudly, my o\*\*\*\*m making me shake. When Ethan realized I had come, he chased his own pleasure. A few seconds later he moaned and emptied himself inside me.

My eyes closed soon after, still rocked by the waves of pleasure that coursed through my body. All I could feel was that Ethan had taken a towel to



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clean me up a little bit and placed me under the sheets. As soon as he spooned me, I lost consciousness.



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