

Chapter 152: We have a deal.

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Hannah's POV:

I opened and closed my mouth a couple of times, astonished. "I'm sorry, sir, but how..." I started to ask him.

"You mean how do I know that you got divorced from the gentleman with the baby?" he asked me back.

I nodded at him and asked: "Yes, how did you know?"

"Well, when I saw the man bringing you the baby, I was sure that he was yours. Not because of resemblance, although I think that he looks a little like you," the man said. "And the man that brought him here could be a sort of a nanny or the baby's father, but he seemed a little dislocated, so I deducted that he might be the father," he explained his logic to me.

And then, he continued: "And secondly, when I introduced myself and you introduced yourself right after, you hesitated to say your last name. That was how I knew it. You were about to introduce yourself with your ex's last name when you corrected yourself," the mysterious man shrugged and said as if this was the most logical

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conclusion to the question that I asked him.

"Oh, I see!" I exclaimed at him. "I'm sorry, I might be getting paranoid," I explained to him while I shook my head. "I thought that you knew more about me than I have shared," I told him.

"No problem, young lady. I'm good to read people,

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that's all," the man said with a smile on his face. What I couldn't understand was the strange shining in his eyes, as if he was hiding something.

But I didn't really have the time to dwell on all these things. I have several tables to serve, and lunchtime today was completely crazy.

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"Right, I will go get your order," I told him and went toward the kitchen.

The man didn't say anything else to me during his lunch, but at the end of his meal, he left me a scandalous tip. I didn't see when he left, but there was a note with his check that indicated that the tip – way higher than the bill – was for me and for my baby. The whole situation was a little awkward, but I decided to think that that man was just a little eccentric, and didn't give it more relevance.

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By the end of the day, Ethan sent me a message saying that everything was fine with him and Michael, so I decided to give Lucy a hand when she started closing the café. I was finishing cleaning the tables when she exclaimed: "Whoa!"

"What is it?" I asked her curiously.

"I'm here closing the cashier activities for today and our revenue for today is practically the double of yesterday!" She exclaimed excitedly.

"That is good news!" I told her. "That means that we are on the right path."

"Yeah, but I think that today's revenues could be related to the new decoration," Lucy said while she was pointing to the whole town. Every table has a flower arrangement since this morning.

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"Nah, you're not making any sense," I told her.

"Oh, no, Hannah! I'm pretty serious when I tell you this. No other places have this revenue today. I think that the flowers really called people's attention," she told me.

"Well, if you say so..." I told her. I didn't want to believe that just a bunch of flowers practically doubled our revenues for the day.

"Yeah, and I will tell you that too: I think that if this simple change brought this result already, I wonder if a bigger change would do to our business," she told me.

"What do you mean, Lucy?" I asked her.

"I mean that when we were setting up things for the café, you were pregnant and couldn't help, so I put things together as I did to my former bar at the city, and everything looks a mess over here, I must admit," she said.

I looked around agreeing with her: "Yep. Everything looks out of place. Nothing matches in here," I told her.

"So, I was wondering... what do you think about renovating this place?" she suggested to me.

"I think that this could be a good idea. It would definitely attract more clients," I told her.

"Yeah! I was thinking about it too. I think that a

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new environment could attract more people and would definitely give the café a new identity," she said to me.

"Yeah, and I could even put into practice some interior design classes that I took in college before I changed my course into business because of Ethan," I told her.

"Do you believe that I have forgotten about those classes?" Lucy asked me. "This is the perfect opportunity to test your knowledge. You can coordinate everything!" She exclaimed excitedly.

"Yeah, but... do we have the money to do so?" I asked her doubtfully.

"Well, I have an idea... I'm not sure if you're going to agree with me or not..." Lucy told me and winked.

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"Absolutely not!" I exclaimed to Lucy.

"But Hannah! You agreed with me that renovating the café was a good idea," she told me.

"Yeah, but when I asked you about the money, I thought that we had some! I didn't think that you wanted to borrow that from Ethan, and I didn't entertain the idea that you might tell ME to ask him for money!" I told her.

"But Hannah, you know that he offered you a ton

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of money after your divorce. Not to Michael, but to you!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Yeah, and I refuse it! You know very well!" I told her.

"Just because of pride! Think about all that money as an indemnification for being married to him, Hannah! We could have the café renovated in two days if you wanted!" She exclaimed.

"Yeah, but this is his money, not mine. I already refused it," I told her.

"But he left the path open if you needed..." she said to me.

"But I don't! You know what? This stupid idea can't work. We actually don't NEED the money. We're here just finding excuses to accept it," I told her.

"Well, if you don't want to ask, I think I will ask it myself," Lucy told me.

"Not in my name! I forbid you!" I exclaimed to her.

"Yeah, but this café is mine too! I will ask him if you're not willing to," Lucy told me.

I remained silent for a little while, considering my options. Not asking Ethan to help would give him the impression that I was embarrassed to ask him. But at the same time, I didn't want to do it. After that, I concluded that it would be easier if I asked him myself.

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I sighed and mumbled: "Fine. I'll do that," I told her.

"Yay!" she exclaimed excitedly. "After he agrees, we can start planning," she said to me.

"And how do you know that he is going to agree with this craziness?" I asked her.

She shrugged and said: "Because I can affirm that he still loves you," she said to me and resumed whatever she was doing.

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"You are acting awkwardly today, Hannah," Ethan observed. "Did something happen today?" he asked me.

"Yeah, something came up, and I want your help..." I told him.

"And what is it?" Ethan asked with an all-business look. That was the look that I was expecting.

"Lucy came up with this idea to renovate the café so we can get more customers," I told him.

"She is probably right. That place could use a revamp," Ethan agreed with the idea.

"Well, the problem is that we don't have that amount of money to do that renovation now," I explained to him.

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"Are you guys planning on saving money or what?" Ethan asked me. I knew that he was trying to get to the bottom of this. He felt that I was going to ask him for money.

I sighed. "I... we, actually, were wondering if you

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could land us the money..." I told him. I could feel my cheeks get hot with the request.

Ethan looked at me seriously, and said: "I would give it to you if you asked."

I shook my head and said: "Oh, no! I don't want you to give it to me. I want you to lend us the money," I told him. "We're going to pay you back, I

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promise," I insisted.

"I'm not discussing it, Hannah," Ethan told me. "But I do have two conditions to lend you guys the money," he said.

"And what is it?" I asked him.

"I want to be part of the project. I want you to show me your prospects to the place, and I want to keep up with the work," he said to me.

"Sounds reasonable to me," I told him. Honestly, I feared that he would ask me to join our partnership.

"So, we have a deal," he told me, and we shook our hands.



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