

Chapter 154: Loving eyes.

Hannah's POV:

Finally, everything was settled. We had every detail decided and all the three of us agreed on everything. It wasn't an easy task, though, especially because everyone was trying to sell their ideas to the others, while the others were stuck thinking that their own ideas were the best for the project.

But now, it was time to move on and get our hands dirty. Ethan had reorganized his schedule and was going to share his time between his CEO job, our little revamp, and visiting our baby. Honestly, I didn't know when he would have some time to rest with so many things to do. Still, he insisted on helping us with whatever we needed.

So, from the moment that we started the project, Ethan would come up to the café every afternoon and help us fetch things, clean the place, or even try to do something by himself, which was hilarious. He never had to do anything like that before, so his attempts were clumsy. Still, he had a lot of goodwill and was trying hard.

"Hey, Ethan, there are a few holes in this wall. Could you please plaster them?" I asked him one afternoon.

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"Sure, where are they?" He answered me promptly.

I pointed to where the holes were, and he nodded at me. A few minutes later I went to check on Ethan's progress, and he was all covered in plaster.

"Hey, what happened here?" I asked him.

"I tried... I swear to you, but it was too much material, and I made this mess when I tried to clean up the wall," Ethan answered to me.

"Ok, so we just learned that you shouldn't mess with this thing," I chuckled and told him.

"Ok, then I will follow you and help in whatever you ask me to do," he told me.

And so he did. He fetched things in high places for me and handed me some tools. It was funny because I knew that he was feeling a little out of place, but still, he stood there.

But Ethan wasn't able to do everything that we needed, so we hired Mr. Joe Setton, a local contractor who managed to squeeze our project into his company's schedule. We were working on the revamp at the end of every afternoon until about eight o'clock every night. Although Ethan knew that we needed Joe, he wasn't completely happy with his presence because Mr. Setton was a charming young man who conquered half of the café staff the minute he stepped into the place to

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start the job, and Ethan saw him as a competitor.

But Joe was a nice guy and never tried anything with me. He definitely knew what he was doing, so every time he was at the café, lots of things were solved. One day, we were fixing a leak that he

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found when we were doing the revamp in the kitchen, and I was helping him. We were talking about children because he had a girl who was just a few years older than Michael.

"I swear to you, my daughter was telling me that her cousin's cat had had four kittens. Three boys and a girl. At first, I thought that I was having a heart attack and I was afraid to ask her how did

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she knew about that, because she is too young to know the difference between them," Joe told me.

I laughed at it and said: "But you said she was three! It's, in fact, too soon. How come such a hard conversation takes place in your home?" I asked him.

"Well, I had to know, so I asked her," he told me.

"And what did she say?" I asked him curiously.

"When I asked her how she knew whose were boys and whose were girls, she shrugged and told me that her uncle Bobby lifted the kitten's tails and read the tags under them," he told me.

I laughed at loud. "I loved it!" I exclaimed to him.

"Yeah, you loved it because this didn't happen to you. I wonder if your baby says something like this a few years from now what would you do," Joe told me.

I shook my head and told him: "Oh, no! God forbid me. It's too soon to have this conversation."

Joe nodded at me and said: "Well, I was almost telling her to talk with her mommy about that, because she is her mother, and they live together, so she knows Alina better than I do actually."

"So, you and Alina's mommy are not living together?" I asked him.

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He shook his head and said: "Not anymore. She found out that she wasn't in love with me anymore when Alina was born, so she kicked me out when our daughter was only three months old."

"I'm sorry about that," I mumbled to him.

"Nah, it's been a while now. But how about you?" he asked me.

I blushed slightly and told him: "I'm currently divorced, but he is close by."

"Yeah, I know... He is the famous kingpin," Joe said.

"Sort of," I told him.

Suddenly, we heard a loud bang coming from the other side of the wall.

"What was that?" I asked him scared.

Joe looked at me confused, but said: "If I'm not wrong, that is the sound of a paint bucket falling on the floor."

I stood up promptly and said: "Let's see what's happening," and went to the other room.

When I arrived there, I did find the paint bucket on the floor, a lot of paint had escaped from it and was dyeing the floor with the color that was supposed to be on the walls, but I didn't bother about anything else because what I saw later was

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more worrying.

Ethan had fallen in the middle of that mess of paint. He had an ugly cut at the top of his head and he looked unconscious. I ran at him without caring about the paint mess and kneeled by his side.

"Ethan...? Ethan...? Can you hear me?" I shook his shoulder and asked him.

At first, he didn't respond. But then, someone brought a cup of a clear liquid and made him smell that, and thankfully, he woke up slowly.

"Ethan, are you okay?" I asked him again.

"Hannah? What happened?" he asked me confused.

"I guess that by the circumstances, you were hit by this paint bucket, but I don't know how," I told him confused.

Joe came from the kitchen a couple of seconds later and looked at Ethan. He didn't touch Ethan's wound, but looked at it attentively and said: "I think he should see a doctor. Come on, man, I will take you to the emergency in my truck," he suggested.

Ethan refused vehemently, and said: "No way, I can go on my own." But all that he said was because of pride. Ethan tried to rise from the floor

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but all that he managed was to feel dizzy again.

"I'll call an ambulance," I told him. I knew that he was too stubborn to accept Joe's help, so I decided to solve that myself.

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A few minutes later, Ethan and I were in an ambulance on our way to the emergency room. The paramedics managed to stop the bleeding momentarily, but they told us that we should go see a doctor and make a few scans to see if everything was okay with Ethan. This whole story made me really nervous. I didn't like to admit it, but I still worried about him.

"What is it, Hannah?" Ethan asked me confused.

"What is what?" I asked him. And since I was close to him, he reached his hand toward me and dried a couple of tears that I didn't even know that I had shed.

"I'm talking about this," Ethan said. "Tell me, what happened?" He asked again.

"It's just... I was thinking that this is all my fault," I told him.

"But how could this all be your fault if you weren't even there?" Ethan asked me confused. "You weren't even in the same room!" He exclaimed.

"It is because I shouldn't let you work on this

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project, Ethan," I told him.

"And why not?" he asked me confused.

"Because... let's be honest here, Ethan. You are not gifted with a contractor's ability," I told him. "You are risking yourself by coming every day to help us. You don't need to do that," I told him.

"Yeah, I know that I don't need it, but I want it, Hannah," Ethan told me. "I want to participate. That was my choice too," he said to me.

I simply shook my head and told him in denial: "I'm sorry about that, Ethan. It was all my fault."

"I say and I will repeat: This isn't your fault at all, honey," Ethan repeated himself to me once again. But I wasn't paying attention to what he was repeating to me. I was stuck to the fact that he had just called me honey and was looking at me with loving eyes.



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