

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

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Hannah's POV:

"So, Dr. Reinhart, how is he?" I asked the doctor who was attending Ethan at the emergency.

Dr. Reinhart looked at me hesitantly, and then said:

Ads-free >

"I really shouldn't talk about the patient's status to someone who is not family..."

Lucky me Ethan was wide awake, so he interveined: "You can talk to me, Doc. I am the most interested in the exam results," and when the

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

doctor hesitated again, he said: "You can tell anything in front of her, Doc. I don't care."

The doctor finally nodded her head and said: "Fine. You had a moderate concussion, but you are going to be fine," she said to us.

I sighed in relief. Even though Ethan had said that it wasn't my fault, I was feeling guilty for letting him give us a hand in a matter that he didn't understand. Well, at least now I didn't have to worry about his injury being serious or something like that.

"Yes, that is good news, but at the same time, he needs some rest," she said to us. And then, she turned seriously to Ethan and said: "I don't want you to make any efforts in the next seven days, do you understand me, sir?" she asked.

Ethan nodded seriously at her and said: "I do, Doc. Don't worry about it."

"I mean it," she said, and then she finally signed his discharge papers.

★

I took Ethan to his place after that. He didn't want to stay with us. He said that the house was already packed, and he didn't want to cause trouble. So, our arrangement was that Patricia would take Michael to his place and would take care of both of them during the day and I would visit him after

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

taking care of the revamp before I go home. The good thing was that there were always leftovers in the café, so I was always bringing dinner to him.

"Hey, can I ask you a question?" Ethan told me one of these nights.

"Sure," I told him.

"Not that I'm not like the personal catering service with the leftovers, but do you think you can cook that pasta that I'm crazy about one of these days?" he asked.

This was one of the few things that I used to cook for him, and these moments were among the best of my married life. So, I nodded at him slowly and said: "Sure. I will try to do that in a couple of days, ok? The revamp is almost finished, and we have an advertisement event after that," I explained to him.

A smile took his lips and he said: "Sure, it doesn't matter when... I just appreciate that you will do that for me. Thank you!"

★

A couple of days later, as I told Ethan, the revamp was completely done, and Lucy and I hosted a small event for a few local celebrities, so the café renovation was open to the public in general. The event was a success, and after that, I decided to make a Facetime call with my mom.

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

"Hey, darling, how is everything?" she asked me when she picked up the phone.

"It's done, mom! It's done!" I exclaimed at her excitedly.

"The revamp?" She asked me with the same intonation.

"Yeah! The café doesn't even look like the same anymore," I told her.

"Can I see?" she asked me curiously.

"Sure! Look!" I turned my phone camera from me so she could see the whole environment of the café. I walked room by room until I gave her a complete virtual tour.

"That is so beautiful, honey! Congratulations!" She exclaimed.

"Thanks, mom," I told her.

"Well, if one day you decided to be a professional decorator, I think the boutiques might have use for your talents, honey. Congratulations again!" She exclaimed to me.

"Thanks!" I told her.

"How about the event? How was it?" she asked me curiously.

"You know, my favorite thing in this event was the

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

fact that everyone was here. From people who are important to the city to anyone who wanted to come!" I told her.

"Well, I hope that this event was a financial success too! And I hope that it continues like this," she told me.

"Lucy is still counting the revenue, but it does look good," I told her.

"Oh, honey, I'm so glad for you two!" She exclaimed.

"Thanks Mom! I think I will talk to you later, then," I told her.

"Well, enjoy the rest of your night! And I will see you soon!" She told me and hung up.

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On the next day, I met Lucy at the café as always: "So, how was it?" I asked her expectantly.

"Hannah, oh Hannah! That was extraordinary!" She exclaimed to me.

"Really?" I asked her.

"For sure! We doubled our results last night," she affirmed.

"Then hell yeah! The result was awesome!" I told her.

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

"I would say that we should celebrate tonight, but I guess that you have something scheduled with Ethan, right?" she told me.

"Yeah... raincheck?" I suggested to her.

"Sure," she said, and then she went back to whatever she was doing.

*

But later that day, I discovered that I wouldn't make it to Ethan in time either. The mysterious Mr. Myers from the other day was at the café again. He entered the room and seemed to be examining each inch of it. I wasn't serving his table today, but Nancy, his server, called me to say that he requested a word with me.

"How can I help you today, Mr. Myers?" I asked him promptly when I arrived at his table.

"Hello, Miss Hannah, how are you doing today?" He asked me excitedly.

I put a smile on my face and told him: "I'm doing fine, thank you for asking. How about you?" But all that I could think was that I had better things to do than to chit-chat with this man.

"Splendid. Thank you for asking. Please, sit down. I took the liberty to order you a cup of coffee because I have something to talk to you about. Something that you might think very interesting,

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

he told me while pointing to the chair across his own.

"I'm listening," I told him while I sat down where he had specified a moment ago."

"So, back on that day when I introduced myself to

Ads-free >

you... I'm not sure if I mentioned that before, but I'm an architect and I have along with a partner an interior design firm here at the shores," he said to me.

"You didn't mention the firm," I told him slowly while I was wondering where this conversation was going to.

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

"Here is my card," he said while he gave me a small but elegant piece of paper.

I took it, and looked at it for a couple of seconds until I mumbled to him: "But sir, I'm sorry... I don't understand. What is this all to do with me?" I asked him confused.

Myers smiled at me and said: "I wanted to identify myself properly so I could make you a proposition. You see, Hannah, I can recognize talent when I find it, and I see a lot of raw talent in you. Tell me, did you have any decoration notions prior to this revamp?" He asked me.

"Well, I took a few classes when I was in college, and decorated my own place with my ex," I told him. I didn't want to give him details about how big was that place.

Myers smiled at me and said: "Ob, that is good. That is very good! I want you to come and work for us. What do you think?" He asked me.

"I... I don't know what to say, sir," I told him. I don't have a professional experience.

"Just tell me that you are going to consider my proposal, will you?" Myers insisted.

*

"So, what do you think?" I asked Lucy later that night.

Chapter 155: I'm listening.

"First, I knew that Ethan would understand why you didn't come up to his place," she said to me. "And secondly, do you think that this Myers is trustworthy?" She asked me.

I shrugged and mumbled: "I don't know why he wouldn't be."

"Well, then, I think that you should give it a try, Hannah," she told me. "What harm could that do?" she added.

"Do you think that I should talk to him again and ask about the job opportunity?" I asked her.

"I think that if he thinks you are talented enough, you should at least visit his office and see for yourself," Lucy told me.

"Yeah, you're probably right," I told her.



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