

Hannah's POV:

On the next day was my day off, and I received a call from Timothy.

"Hello?" I asked when I answered the phone.

"Hey sis, how are you?" He asked me happily.

"So, you are alive!" I said and chuckled. "How was your trip to Asia? Did you find many interesting stuff?" I asked him.

"It was fine, but don't forget. It was all business, so not many things that were that interesting," he told me.

"Yeah, but I want to know all that you did," I told him.

"I will tell you. All the details, I promise. But first, I need you to do me a favor," Timothy said.

"Sure! What do you need?" I asked him.

"Open your front door," he told me.

"Why? What is in there?" I asked curiously.

"Don't you trust me?" He asked.

"Of course I do," I told him.



"So, open the door, please," he told me.

"Fine, I'm going there," I told him and went to the front door. When I opened it, my heart filled with happiness.

"SURPRISE!" Both Timothy and my mom shouted in the choir.

"Oh, my God! You're both here! I missed you both so much!" I told them and went to hug my mom and my brother.

"Oh, darling, we missed you too!" My mom said when she hugged me back. "So, how is everything?" She asked me.

"Well, you know how is everything. I showed you on that Facetime call," I told her.

"Yeah, but now I want to see it personally," she told me.

"Sure, let's go to the café, everybody," I told them.

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Half an hour later, we were all heading to the café. When I opened the door, Lucy looked at us and raised an eyebrow. "Well, since this is your day off, I didn't expect to see you here, Hannah," she said when she saw me. And then, she looked at my mom and Timothy and added: "And you came with visits! Welcome, guys!"

"Thank you, Lucy!" My mom said. I noticed that Timothy only nodded, and Lucy nodded back at him. One could cut with a knife the tension between them. But this was a story for later. We were there to see the brand new (or revamped) café.

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"Oh, honey, this looks amazing!" My mom said while looking around.

"Yeah, you did a great job, sis," Timothy agreed with her.

"Such a great job that she was invited to an interview," Lucy told them.

My mom looked at me interested: "Really? Tell me all about that!"

"It is in a local architecture firm called Myers & Stone, but I'm not sure about that, though," I told them.

"And why not?" Timothy asked me.

"Because no one called me back with a job offer yet, so I think that I have failed," I told them.

"Don't worry about that, honey, they will call," my mom told me, and I nodded. "But it's so good to see you like that!" she told me.

"Like that what, mom?" I asked her curiously.

"It looks like you are coming out of your depression," Timothy told me, and my mom nodded.

"How do you feel, honey?" My mom asked me.

"I feel... better, I guess," I told her. "I mean, now I feel as if I had a purpose, and that things are getting in the right place again."

"You see...? You are getting out of that somber place," my mom told me and smiled gently at me.

"Let's not talk about depressive things, right? Let's get a coffee!" I told them.

"Oh, thank you! I would appreciate a good cup of

coffee," Timothy told me excitedly.

We sat on one of the tables and were chatting happily about Timothy's adventures in Asia when my phone rang. There was a number that I didn't know on the screen. "I wonder who could be calling me..." I mumbled at them.

"Well, you need to answer the call to know," Timothy said and chuckled.

"Hello?" I answered the phone.

"Hey, Hannah, it's Jonathan Myers here," Mr. Myers told me on the other side of the line.

"Hey, Mr. Myers, how is everything?" I asked him.

"It's perfect, child. Perfect!" he answered. "You see, I'm calling regarding that interview that you made with my partner Stone," he told me.

"Yes?" I asked him. My heart was pounding in my chest.

"I have great news for you! Congratulations! You got the job!" He exclaimed.

"I did?" I asked him happily. "Oh, Thank you so much, sir!" I exclaimed at him.

"Absolutely! I will send you an email with the offer, so you can check it calmly, ok?" he told me.

"Sure! Thank you so much again, sir!" I exclaimed

+5 Points

Chapter 158: SURPRISE! to him and hung up.

My mom and Timothy were looking excitedly at me. Of course, my mood reached them, and they knew that the call was good news. "So...?"

Timothy asked me expectantly.

"I got the job!" I exclaimed at them.

"I told you!" My mom said and hugged me. " Congratulations, honey!"

"Yeah! Congrats, sis!" Timothy agreed with her.

"So, are you going to tell everyone?" My mom asked me.

"I think so ... "I told her. "Why?"

"It's just... because I think that you should tell Ethan, honey," she told me. "I mean, you told me that he has helped you a lot recently, especially because neither of us could be here for you," she added.

I thought for a little while and then I nodded at her. "Yeah, you are right. I should give him a call," I told her.

"Go ahead, honey. We can wait," my mom told me, and I excused myself to give Ethan a call.

"Hey, Hannah, how is everything?" Ethan asked me when he answered the phone.



"Hi, Ethan, everything is fine, thanks for asking," I told him.

"I'm glad to hear that," he murmured. He seemed perfectly fine to just chit-chat with me at the phone.

"Yeah, actually, I called you to say that everything is more than fine," I told him. "I got the job!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, that's fantastic! Congratulations, Hannah!" he told me.

"Thanks!" I told him.

"So, we should celebrate!" Ethan told me. "Tell me, are you at the café?" he asked me.

"Yes, I am. Why?" I asked him.

"Come here outside," he told me.

"You know what? This is the second time this has happened to me today, and I had a good surprise the first time. So, I think I'm going to do as you said quickly and hope to have another good surprise," I told him and went outside of the café.

I looked around and saw Ethan's car pulling up on the sidewalk. When he opened the car door and came out, he was carrying a big bouquet full of pink roses, my favorites.

"These are for you. Congratulations again," Ethan



told me and gave me the bouquet.

"Oh, thank you so much, Ethan!" I told him and started to smell the roses. They had a wonderful perfume. "But... how did you know about that...?" I asked him.

Ethan simply shrugged and said: "I knew that you were perfectly capable of doing that, Hannah."

I smiled at him: "Thank you so much for the confidence," I said.

Lucy's POV:

I knew that this was supposed to be a happy moment for Hannah and all, but Timothy was there, so I didn't join them while they were having a cup of coffee/family reunion. Timothy and I had a thing, and I was kind of running from him because I didn't want anything serious at the moment, and he seemed into me. Even Hannah tried to convince me to give him a chance, but I don't think that this would be the best thing to do, at least for me.

So, I saw from afar that she grabbed her phone to call someone, and after that, she left through the front door. I bet it was Ethan. Since a little after their divorce, he has been trying to win Hannah over again. I wasn't sure if she should give him another chance, but that was up to her. Just like I didn't want her to be in my business, I was trying



to keep out of hers. So, I remained at the counter when both Georgie and Timothy came to talk to me.

"Oh, I hope that one day these two can be together again," I heard Georgie say.



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"I'm not sure if he is the right person for her, though," Timothy told his mom.

"You should trust me. Deep down, he is a good man. He is messed up, but he has a good heart," she told him.

And then, they came to the counter where I was.



"Hey, Lucy, how are you?" Georgie asked me.

"I'm good! How about you, guys?" I asked them both. I didn't want to talk a lot with Timothy, but I bet that in front of his mom I was safe. He probably wouldn't discuss me with her.

"Good, good!" she said to me. "So, Hannah didn't tell me many details about the company that she is going to work for," Georgie told me. "Do you know anything about that, Lucy?" She asked.

"Well, she didn't give me any details about the firm. All that I know is that the man who invited her to the interview came here a couple of times. He even gave me a card. Wait a minute, I will fetch it for you," I told her and went to the small office that we have by the kitchen. With the card in my hands, I returned to where they were and said: "Here."

"I'm always curious about these things, even though I think I wouldn't even recognize the name in the card," Georgie told me. She chuckled and grabbed the card.

But when she read the content, she became pallid, and her smile was long gone.

It was obvious that she knew who was the man.

And by the fact that she was practically panicking, it wasn't a good thing.