

Chapter 180: A call.

Ethan's POV:

My old self could be jealous of Hannah and everything that was happening in her life, but not my actual self. I was completely happy for her, and as for my happiness, I was trying to pursue it by staying in her life. I was at least satisfied that she was letting me participate in this precious moment for her.

On the night that she told me about her promotion, and we went to that diner to eat burgers, we discussed several things about her future, her career, and how she could keep moving forward. I saw that she was valuing my opinion as a professional, but I wanted her to see me as more than that again. I had already made my intentions clear to her. I just wanted her to make a decision, although I still thought that it wasn't a good idea to push her to anywhere that she wouldn't be willing to go.

A few days later she was already acting in her new position, and I was taking Michael back to her home. I got in and grabbed a cup of coffee that she offered me, as it was our new habit.

"So, how was your day?" I asked her casually.

Chapter 180: A call.

"It was quite good! The revamp in the mysterious home is going well. Our work is on time, and under the budget, so we're doing fine," she said to me.

"The mysterious home?" I asked her chuckling.

"Yeah, I decided to nickname it like that because I never saw the owner, nor did I know their name. Therefore, the mysterious house," she said to me.

I chuckled at her and shook my head. She was creative with names sometimes.

"How about your day?" she asked me.

"I'm doing fine. Michael is a good baby, and I can schedule meetings between his naps. The only thing that I am not willing to do is I will have to go back to the city for a couple of weeks next month, and I don't want to leave you guys here. I'm too used to our dynamic now," I told her.

"Oh, no! And right when Patricia is taking her vacation..." Hannah lamented.

"Oh, I didn't remember that! What shall we do?" I asked her.

Hannah thought for a little while and then she said: "I think that maybe we should consider a daycare. Michael is old enough for that, and it would be good for him to interact with other babies. Besides, this could be good for both our careers. What do you think?" she asked me.

Chapter 180: A call.

What did I think about that? I wasn't completely sure. A Brown on a daycare? Our family always had nannies and tutors for the kids... I was raised by a tutor at my grandfather's home after my parents passed away. But on the other hand, this could be good for Michael. I was always so lonely

...

"I think that we should try. And if it doesn't work, we still have Patricia, right? I mean, when she comes back from her deserved vacation," I told her.

"Yeah, and we can always make it flexible too. Michael doesn't have to stay the whole period in the daycare," Hannah told me.

I nodded at her and said: "Let's do that. And I want to be there for you guys."

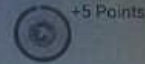
Hannah nodded back at me and said: "I'll make the arrangements and will let you know."

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We left Michael at the daycare for the first time on the next Monday, for adaptation. I left my schedule free just in case the caretakers would call us to pick him up, and I exchanged messages with Hannah during the whole day. At noon, I picked her up at the "mysterious house," so we could pick Michael up from the daycare.

"So, how are you doing so far?" I asked Hannah

Chapter 180: A call.



when she entered my car.

"I'm worried about him. He is too little yet..." she said to me.

"But you are the one who suggested we try the daycare," I told her confused.

She sighed to me and said: "Yeah, you are right. But I regret right now."

"He will be fine, Hannah..." I told her to comfort her, but I wasn't completely sure of that myself.

But when we arrived at the daycare, Michael looked fine. He jumped into Hannah's arms as soon as possible, but he seemed to have a great time.

"So, here we are!" the caretaker told us when she handed Michael to Hannah.

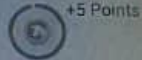
"And how was everything?" Hannah asked her curiously.

"It was fine! Michael had a great time with the other kids. He was a little restless in the nap time, but after he slept, he did fine!" she told us.

"So, he will be fine if he comes back regularly, right?" I asked her.

She looked at me hesitantly and said: "Yeah, he will, but I saw on his history that he is missing a flu vaccine and a periodic medical evaluation, so I

Chapter 180: A call.



+5 Points

believe that you should address these questions before officially enrolling him at the daycare."

Hannah, who was still inspecting our baby to check with her eyes if he was fine or not nodded at her and said: "We will."

Ad

Ads-free >

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On the next day, we went to see Michael's doctor, who ran a routine blood test on him and took his measures. "Well, he seems to be fine, just the vaccine that was missing, but now, everything is okay. I will call you when I have the results, but here is the medical proof, so you can present this

Chapter 180: A call.

at the daycare," the doctor told us.

"Thanks, doc," we both told him, and we left the office.

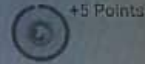
When we entered the car, Hannah was silent. I put Michael on the backseat. The little boy was already falling asleep. I chuckled at him because he was making a funny face, and then I went to the driver's seat. We rode in silence for a little while until I stopped at a traffic light. That was when I saw Hannah. She didn't say a word, and she was looking attentively at me. "What is it?" I asked her.

Hannah's POV:

I have to admit it. Ethan was exceeding my expectations. I mean, he was obliged to take care of Michael, which he did without hesitation. But I recognize that he is really busy. He could send someone in his place here and there. He didn't have to be present for each of Michael's milestones. But he was there. He was there for the first smile, he was there when Michael sat down for the first time and even when he started to crawl, and that means a lot to me.

He was also there for me, supporting me often, offering comfort when things went wrong, and celebrating with me when I had good news. The difference between Michael and me was that Ethan had to be there for his son but didn't have to

Chapter 180: A call.



be there for me. Still, he didn't care about the fact that we were divorced. In the beginning, I thought that he might be imposing his presence, but not anymore. It seems natural that he was there in our lives.

So, when I looked at him after Michael's medical appointment, I was admiring him. I appreciated the moment and was thankful because he didn't give up on us. I knew that I divorced him because he was never there for me, so he decided to prove the opposite and was there for every need that our little family had.

So, I started to consider the possibility of accepting him back. I knew about his intentions and knew that he was trying hard to make things work between us again. My questions now were all mine. What if I accept him back? What would I think of myself? If I decide to forgive him would that mean that I was the greatest person, or that meant that I was too soft and didn't mind being humiliated?

Still, the biggest source of my humiliation was dead and gone for months now, and Ethan didn't seem to be interested in anyone else. Could I possibly forgive him then?

He put a sleeping Michael in his special chair in the back seat and came back to his seat. I didn't say a word for a while, but I couldn't take my eyes

Chapter 180: A call.

off him, and my heart was racing in my chest because I just realized that I still had feelings for him.

When we stopped at a traffic light, he caught me looking at him, so he frowned, and asked me puzzled: "What is it?"

I debated with myself for a few seconds if I should tell him about my feelings, and if so, if this would be the right time. After that, I finally said: "Ethan I..."

But this moment was interrupted by my phone ringing. "Shoot," I mumbled to him.

Ethan sighed and asked: "Do you have to take this call right now? It seems that you wanted to tell me something big."

"I'm sorry, I will turn this off," I mumbled to him and went to retrieve the phone in my purse.

But when I reached for it, the first thing that we both saw was the screen, and a name that I didn't think of for a while now appeared. I could see that Ethan was tense instantly, and I got embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I might take this one. This could be important," I told him.

It was Lorenzo Stone.