

Chapter 192: My oasis.

Ethan's POV:

Last night, while Hannah was telling me everything that happened to her at work first, I wanted to destroy that stupid Katrina. But then, when she told me that she was fired and Hannah was promoted, I couldn't be prouder of her accomplishments. Since she discovered her talents with that small revamp of the café, I could see another side of hers. A dedicated and passionate professional.

I had never seen her so excited about work when she was working with me at Brown's. I mean, she was more than capable of performing her role as a director, but I have never seen such a passion. I couldn't find other words to say that, but she finally seemed alive. All the apathy of that girl I married was gone. The new Hannah had been reborn from the ashes to become a strong and independent woman which surprised me every day. I had already admitted that, but I had completely fallen for her.

Her new posture honestly was... sexier. She walked differently. She talked differently. She even dressed differently now, and I loved all that. They say that important businessmen liked to be commanded privately, and I never had that desire

before, but if Hannah decided to take the wheel, I would obey her in the blink of an eye, with no reservations.

This reminds me of last night. I had already intended to invite her to stay for dinner when she came to pick up Michael. I was already preparing one of her favorite dishes, hoping that she would be persuaded to stay for dinner, and now, we had a reason to celebrate. Hannah was brilliant and deserved this promotion. It was the perfect opportunity to be alone with her.

Patricia went home discreetly but didn't take Michael with her. I didn't want Hannah to realize that I wanted to be completely alone with her, so I thought that Michael's presence would ease her to stay for dinner. Luckily, Michael fell asleep at the perfect time. Maybe even our kid wanted us together after all. I was just wondering because he was just a baby and couldn't make such plans. But everything that night worked in my favor. I couldn't be happier.

And then... it was the moment that she jumped at me, and we kissed. It wasn't planned, but it was fantastic. I had longed for that moment for a long time, so I enjoyed it as much as I could while she was in my arms. I had missed so much that wonderful perfume of hers, her perfect skin, and her curves... Hannah is a fantastic woman that I had let go the first time, but I wasn't going to let

that happen again, believe me.

I wanted to kiss every inch of her body. I wanted her naked for me, so I could worship her in bed. Just thinking about what happened last night again (even though we didn't have s*x the way we both wanted) made me hard. I managed to get rid of her pants, while she got rid of my shirt. She couldn't hide her desire for me. I could see that in her eyes, and I also didn't want to hide the desire I had to bury myself between her soft thighs. I did not care. I was a thirsty man in a desert, and she was my oasis.

But then I ran out of luck with our baby. Michael cried and needed our attention. Even so, I managed to convince her not to leave. Was he crying a cockblocker? Sure, but still, I knew that his mommy and I had moved forward in our relationship... Finally!

But I would only feel "safe" regarding her again when I put a ring on her finger, and this time, she wouldn't take it. But how should I do that?

On the next day, I decided to ask someone that I could trust and was in both our lives: Patricia. She arrived a little before Hannah left for work, but when Hannah left, I still had a few minutes before diving into a series of meetings at work.

Patricia was a discreet woman, and therefore, she didn't mention the fact that Hannah had slept over

upfront. Still, she had this knowing air when she was doing her chores. Honestly, I think she was just waiting for me to talk about what happened between us. I knew that she had always supported Hannah and me. She never liked Tess, and she nurtured a lot of affection towards Hannah since she came to Brown's state when she was a shy

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teenager.

I knew that she was dying to know what happened last night between us yesterday, but I knew that she was too embarrassed to ask me, and honestly, I wasn't going to tell her a lot of details either, but when she came to my office to offer me a cup of coffee before I start working, I looked at her and

asked: "So, aren't you asking me about what happened yesterday? You know that you have the right to ask, right?" I added.

Patricia blushed while she was putting the cup in my desk, and then she mumbled: "Well, I wouldn't like you to think of me as an eavesdropper or something like this, so I completely understand if you don't want to share anything about last night, my dear child."

"I would never think that about you!" I exclaimed to her.

"Anyways, I wanted you to know that I support you two. From the beginning, when our sweet Hannah came to the Brown's estate," she told me, and opened a knowing smile to me.

"You like her, don't you?" I asked her.

Patricia nodded at me and said: "Since the very beginning. I knew that that young and scared lady would be a wonderful woman in the future. I knew that she would be perfect for you."

"And how did she and her grandma end up on the farm?" I asked curiously.

"Long story short, her grandma saved your grandpa's life when he was younger, and he owed her a favor. The rest, you know very well," Patricia told me. I could see in her eyes that she was reviving those memories. I, myself, was picturing

Hannah when she arrived at the estate. She looked so innocent. She was attractive, but back in that time, I was bewitched by Tess. I wish I could tell my stupid younger version that she was the one for me, not that two-faced Tess.

"Well, now I know that you are team Hannah from the beginning, and that is why I'm asking you for advice," I told her.

Patricia looked at me curiously and asked: "And what kind of advice do you think I could give you?" and then, she added: "You know, I never had any serious relationships during my whole life!"

I had to laugh at that, and she blushed embarrassed. "Oh, come on, Patricia. I have known you since I was a kid and got to know you better when I went to live at the estate with my grandpa when my parents passed away. Who are you trying to fool here? I know for sure that my grandpa and you had a relationship after my grandma passed away."

If that was possible, Patricia blushed even deeper, but she faced me and said: "Even though he was an attractive man, I knew that our romance was forbidden. A taboo, so we kept that in secret," she told me. I chuckled and waited for her to continue: "But what can I say? We worked together all day. He saw me more than he saw anyone else. Eventually, we fell for each other. And I was the

one who didn't want to assume a relationship with him."

"And I will never understand why," I mumbled to her confusedly. "I mean, he was never ashamed of you. You know that, right? And you both didn't owe anything to anyone. It wasn't any of our businesses," I told her.

"Yeah, I knew it, but at the same time, I never wanted people to think that I was using him somehow. I didn't want people to think that I was with him because of his money, or because of power," she told me.

"You're so silly, woman!" I exclaimed to her. "We would never think about that. Not about you. You always had been so sweet and so careful with him. We were happy that he had someone like you in his life," I assured her. And then, I realized that she was using this conversation to evade my request, so I said: "But don't you try to change the conversation. You did have a long relationship with him, since my grandma passed early, and you two were together for a long time. What was your secret?" I demanded.

Patricia looked at me and sighed with nostalgia. And then, she finally told me: "The secret was being completely interested in each other and having time for the person you love. You don't know about that, but your grandfather and I used

to travel a lot," she added.

"How come I never heard about that?" I asked her astonished.

Patricia shrugged and said: "We never traveled far; you know."

"Well, this is a good idea. Do you think that we should plan an escape?" I asked her.

Patricia smiled and said: "Absolutely."

"Do you think that you could have Michael for a weekend?" I asked her.

"You don't even need to ask," she answered me.

"Thank you so much, Patricia!" I told her. But before she could answer me, I received a call from Vincent.

"Hey Vince, what's up?" I greeted him happily.

"Hey, Ethan," Vincent said and sighed. This was never good. "You better come back to the city quickly," he added.

"Why? What's going on?" I asked him worriedly.

"Someone is trying to take control of Brown's Enterprises in your absence," he said.

