

## Chapter 205: For whatever you need.

Ethan's POV:

"Your grandfather's autopsy results are back, and you won't believe what the coroner found," Vincent said.

"Vince, you got to tell me right now what you discovered," I urged him.

"Where are you guys?" Vincent asked me.

"We're heading to the city. We've been the whole afternoon at my uncle's," I told him.

"Do you remember when I said that I don't feel safe?" Vincent asked.

"Yeah," I told him.

"What is it?" Hannah asked us.

"He thinks that some strategic places are bugged," I explained to her.

"Can you guys meet me on the Old Michael's ranch?" Vincent asked us.

"Sure, we're changing the route," I told him and killed the call.

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"Vincent sounded a little awkward," Hannah told me.

"Yeah, he's been acting a little strange lately. But he said that there's a lot of espionage going on at Brown's. Thinking of it, I think we should hire someone to scan the whole apartment and also increase security," I told Hannah.

"But why would they go after us? I mean, you're out of Browns now, anyways," Hannah told me.

"I have no idea, babe, but it's better to be safe than sorry," I told her. "Besides, they still could blackmail us. Have you considered the possibility of someone recording us in an... let's say, intimate moment?" I looked at her and asked.

Hannah's cheeks blushed like a rose. I

wouldn't care if someone made public a moment that I had with my wife, but I knew how discreet she was. "Yeah, you're probably right," she mumbled to me, and I chuckled.

"Honestly, I know that I wouldn't mind, but I know that you would be upset," I told her.

"But that would be a scandal, Ethan. Aren't you ashamed of this?" She asked me.

"I will never be ashamed of having intimate moments with my wife," I told her. I looked at her, and I knew that she was processing what I said.

"Hey, what are you thinking about?" I asked her.

"I'm thinking about everything that we've been through and how good it was to get where we are today," she told me.

"Yeah, I know that we've been through a lot, but I'm pretty sure that I would do it all over again if we end up the way we are right now,

"I told her. "You know what? Let me rephrase this because I agreed about the status of our relationship before, but this is not my final destination, you know," I added.

"Really? How so?" She asked me.

"I will not rest until we get married again, Hannah," I answered her question. "Or did you forget that right now we are just boyfriend and girlfriend again?" I accused her. I honestly didn't like the mess that our relationship currently was, and this was the first time that we decided to talk about that, so I made it clear that I intended to officialize once again our relationship.

"And do you really think our relationship has a name right now? she demanded.

"Now, that's your fault, lady," I told her. "If it was for me, I would never have divorced you. I just did that because I was respecting your decision," I told her. It was funny to think that she totally decided to ignore that she was the guilty one this time. We just

got divorced because she begged me to let her go when I was at fault and Tess came to try to murder her.

"Oh, is it?" she asked and chuckled. After that, she said: "I guess that maybe I needed to be single for a little while as an adult before I figured out what I would like to do in my life."

"Yeah, maybe you needed that for like, five minutes, but not anymore, right? I mean, we're in such a good place," I told her.

"Yeah, we're in a good place right now, even though we're facing a hard time with business and everything. And that is happening because we are in love with each other, and that should count for something," she said.

I nodded at her, ending the conversation for that moment, but I honestly needed a quiet moment to think about everything. I knew that Hannah likes to reflect just like I was doing, but we overcame a lot of things

recently, and if I were sincere with myself, I would admit that I wouldn't be anything if it wasn't for her.

I had to value her because she was a warrior now, the woman who was by my side supporting me with so many problems as we are facing right now. I couldn't ignore a woman like this, and I knew that I wouldn't find anyone in my life like her. I needed to close the deal and make her my wife again, and soon, so I could prove how much I respect her and value what I have with her.

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We met Vincent at the entrance of the ranch. He had a disgruntled appearance, as if he hadn't slept for a few days now. When we got out of the car, he came to our side urgently.

"Hey Vince! How are you man?" I asked him. "Where is the fire?" I asked him again trying to enlighten the mood.

"Hey, Ethan. Hey, Hannah, it's wonderful just

to see you again," he told me. Then he looked at Hannah's arms and said, "Is this Michael?" I nodded, Hannah smiled, and he said shocked: "But he's getting so tall!"

"I know, right?" I told him proudly. "That's my boy," I added. I mean, what's wrong with being proud of my baby?

Vincent smiled at us and said: "It's good to see that you guys are doing fine, but I'm not sure if you will keep the happiness when you know what I just learned," he said.

Suddenly, my smile vanished seeing how serious he was. "What happened, Vincent?" I asked him, embracing the possibility of him telling me something terrible.

"I have the results here, Ethan," he told me fearfully and simply extended to me a sheet of paper. I took a look at the paper and couldn't understand any of the medical terms. I looked at him, confused, and asked, "What the hell are you talking about, Vincent? I cannot understand a thing that it

says here!" I added.

"Well, it's in the paper that has been sent over to me. It is written right over there," he said and pointed with a finger to what he was talking about.

"Yeah, but all that I can see is that a bunch of words that I don't even know how to pronounce that were found in my grandpa's body. And so, what?" I asked him.

"So what? Haven't you recognized any of these substances, Ethan? Maybe from a chemistry class?" Vincent suggested to me.

I shook my head, clueless, and told him. "I have no idea what you're talking about. What does that mean, Vincent? And stop postponing the answer. You know that I don't like being made of fool," I told him.

"It means that your grandpa was murdered, Ethan. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this," he added.

I was in shock. I knew that this possibility

was real, but to think that my grandfather could still be alive if it wasn't for a substance in his body... was revolting. I wanted to kill whoever did that.

"What has been done about that, Vince?" I asked him.

"Not much, Ethan. The police don't want to open an investigation without your consent, especially because your grandfather's cause of death was pancreatic cancer that he had," Vincent told me. "What do you want to do about that? Do you want to get a lawyer and demand from the police to open an investigation?" he asked me.

I considered for a minute what I wanted to do while Vince and Hannah looked at me expectantly. If I let it into the police hands, they would take too long with this investigation, and the culprit might not be punished. But if I investigate that myself, the police might not accept the evidence I might find along the way. There was just

one solution for this dilemma.

"I will call the detective that was responsible for your case, Hannah. He will give me the insights that I might need," I told them.

"Right. Meanwhile, I have backed up this report and will keep the original safe," Vincent told me.

"Have you considered where we should start digging?" Hannah asked me.

"We must call Patricia and ask her to come here. She lived with my grandpa for all these years and was with him when he died. She must remember the names of the nurses that took care of him back in the day. That would be my first guess," I told her.

She nodded at me and said: "Sounds like a plan. I will give her a call."

"Thanks, babe, thanks Vince," I told them.

"Of course! You can count on us for

whatever you need," Vincent told me, and Hannah nodded.

It felt good to feel support from our family and best friends, and I would need that sooner rather than later.



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