

Chapter 10 Ethan's Indifference

Hannah's POV:

Ethan was back and had watched our little interaction, but I wasn't sure if he arrived before or after Tess spilled the tea on my hand. When he saw that we were both looking at him, he walked in and went straight to Tess. He touched her face with affection and asked her: "Why are you still up this late?"

Tess made the most innocent look and told him: "Well. I slept during the whole day. I am completely rested, and I can't go back to sleep. Why are you here?"

"Disappointed?" Ethan asked her and raised an eyebrow.

"Not at all!" she exclaimed to him. "I just thought that you would leave for the night since you brought Hannah to take care of me."

"I never left the hospital, but I actually came here to see you." Tess's smile widened, and she probably was sure about her small bet. As for me, when Ethan's eyes fell on the back of my hand, he frowned and murmured: "I think you should take care of this hand, Hannah. Take advantage of the fact that we are in a hospital and look for someone to bandage it."

I couldn't hear a single note that indicated that he cared about me. At the very least, I realized that Ethan was completely indifferent to me.

Tess decided to call Ethan's attention back to her, so she hugged him and explained to him: "It was my fault. I was careless and didn't expect the tea to be so hot, and I hurt Hannah out of my clumsiness. I'm so sorry, Hannah."

It did work. Ethan's attention was exclusive to Tess now. With my heart aching and barely breathing, I forced myself to leave that hospital room. Every step hurt, but the pain wasn't physical. My heart was in pieces.

To be honest, I did know that I was going to lose Tess's 'small bet' but a tiny part of me still believed that Ethan could care at least a little bit. Even if he had said something like: 'does it hurt' would be better than his indifference. But in the end, all that he felt for me was a pity. No sympathy at all.

I left the room and took a deep breath. It was easier to breathe here outside the room. At least none of them were here. A few minutes later, I walked through the corridor to look for a nurse that could help me with my wound.

I bumped into a large chest. I mumbled a small "I'm sorry," but the person wouldn't budge. So, I decided to see who this man was, and when I looked up, Vincent was watching me. His eyebrows were arched, demanding an explanation for my injury.

"Oh, hi, Dr. Vincent! What are you doing here so late?" I asked excitedly but it came out wrong because I wanted to sound lighthearted but my voice was kind of squeaky so everyone could tell that I was upset.

Vincent looked at me as if studying me for the first time. After a moment of awkward silence, he asked me: "Does it hurt, Hannah?"

These were the exact words that I expected to hear from Ethan a few seconds ago, but they came from the wrong person. I couldn't take it anymore. My eyes filled with tears until one of them stubbornly trickled down my cheeks. How could Ethan have no regard for me after we'd been married for two whole years? The fact that he cared so much more for a woman other than his lawful wife cut like a knife through my heart.

Vincent didn't comment on my emotional outburst but took my hand gently. I felt embarrassed as he was my husband's best friend. He then decided to ask me one more time: "Does it hurt?"

I wanted to pull my hand back to me but when I tried to do so, he protested: "Calm down, Hannah. I am a doctor." That argument was enough for me to relax my hand once more. After all, how could I stop a doctor from examining me more closely?

I knew that Vincent wasn't a nosy person, but still, he is my husband's best friend. We never had much interaction. He was often embarrassed to talk to me, and I was always afraid of what Ethan would think of it.

Foreseeing another awkward moment, Vincent guided me to the hospital dressing area. He called one of the nurses and said, "Please take good care of this patient." Then he turned to me and said, "And you should obey the nurse's instructions, okay? See you later."

I nodded and murmured: "Thank you."

When Vincent left me with the nurse, she guided me to a table and started working on my injured hand. After cleaning the injury, I could see several white blisters on the back of my hand.

The nurse then muttered worriedly, "Oh, dear...you've got a pretty nasty injury. There could be scars. I'll do my best to help you with it, though."

"Thanks," I murmured back at her. Maybe a scar could help me to remember tonight's lesson after all.

The nurse then went to apply some medicine to help me with the blisters, but before she applied the medicine to my hand she said to me, "I'm warning you, dear. This is going to hurt a lot, but you've got to resist."

I nodded to her and murmured: "go on, please."

As she was applying medicine, it was, in fact, hurting me, but I was practically numb from the physical pain because my headache was much worse.

When the nurse finally ended to treat my injured hand, she explained some precautions I should take with my hand in the next few days. I listened carefully to what she was telling me, after all, I'm not the type of person to self-destruct by ignoring medical care for myself.

After a few minutes of small talk, she released me to go back to Tess's room. I took my sweet time to go back to the room, especially since I didn't know what I would find when I got there.

I wandered slowly through the hospital corridors, and as I got closer to Tess's room, I heard voices in the hallway. The voices sounded familiar, so I stopped where I was and stayed very still to hear what they were saying:

"Well, Michael is gone now. When are you going to divorce her?" Vincent asked Ethan.

"Who, Hannah?" a low cold voice asked him back. That was Ethan's voice. I came a little closer silently and waited for his answer.

I couldn't look at them from the place where I was, but I figured it was because it was late at night, the corridors were empty and that could explain a relaxed posture from both. This conversation was nothing but two friends talking about the marriage of one of them, after all.

I continued listening to them, and a few seconds later, Vincent resumed the conversation: "You must know that she didn't do a thing but try to defend herself from Tess's attack, right?"

"Well, I can't believe that Hannah would be capable of pushing Tess downstairs, especially because she was the one who suggested we file the papers of the divorce. I just wonder why someone would subject herself to such humiliation when she doesn't owe us a thing," Ethan answered Vincent's question.

"Oh, there is a simple answer. She did what she did for love, Ethan. Everyone can see that. You are the one that is blinded by Tess." Vincent explained to Ethan.

I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment. I did love Ethan, but I wasn't aware that I was wearing my heart on my sleeve that much.

Ethan, however, seemed skeptical: "When did you start to pay so much attention to her, Vince?"

Vincent seemed a little embarrassed as he muttered, "Why, Ethan, you're thinking more about this than you should. It's just an observation from someone who actually pays due attention. I'm only saying this because I'm your friend and I wouldn't want you to regret anything. Love may die, and when you least realize it, it may be too late."

"But I never took her for granted, Vince. I never disdained her love."

"Well, that's what you think, Ethan. Maybe she doesn't think the same and, in the future, you'll regret it," Vincent told his friend.

I had listened to more than I should have, so I decided to take another walk through the halls. So, Ethan thought he'd never snubbed me? Maybe the blind one in this relationship wasn't me after all.

After a few minutes more, I plucked up the courage to go back to Tess's room and face whatever else I had to face that night.