

Chapter 101 Can You Trust Me?

Hannah's POV

After the doctor at the clinic announced that I was about to give birth, Lucy rushed me to the advanced hospital at record speed. I had a private room there, and Dr. McAllister would be delivering my baby.

But I was terrified. My belly was in excruciating pain, and I had been bleeding. There was no one by my side except for Lucy.

"Am I going to die, Lucy?" I asked her.

Lucy held my hand, tears streaming down her face, and said, "No, dear, you'll make it through. The baby will bless you."

After kissing my forehead, Lucy wheeled me into the delivery room. My legs were completely exposed and propped up at a certain height, making me feel as clumsy as a cow.

"Mrs. Brown, we're about to proceed with the delivery. You need to stay awake throughout and follow the nurse's instructions, okay?" Dr. McAllister's voice was as cold as a blade, sending shivers down my spine.

"It'll be alright. We'll help you," another nurse tried to reassure me.

Then, a green cloth covered my lower abdomen, and I felt like my body was being separated—my upper half belonged to me, but my lower half didn't. The immense pain made me wail, and it felt like my pelvis had been detached from its original position. It seemed like every bone started moving, and every ligament began tearing.

I was in so much pain that I lost my voice.

"Ma'am! Breathe!" the nurse warned me loudly, preventing me from passing out.

I had to react like a soldier, opening my mouth wide to take deep breaths.

Then, the intense pain engulfed me again, and my vision started to blur. I was slowly losing my strength. Suddenly, a familiar voice roared in my ear, "Hannah! You're going to be a mother! You can do this!"

I opened my eyes again and found Vincent in the delivery room, dressed in aseptic garments!

Vincent's words instantly snapped me back to reality. I felt my blood boiling throughout my body.

Yes, I was going to be a mother. My baby needed me, and I couldn't lose consciousness. I gritted my teeth and followed the nurse's instructions, telling myself that I had to do it, that I must do it.

It seemed like the baby inside my belly was also inspired by my determination. He started moving in the direction we wanted. I could sense that he was using every ounce of his strength. I wasn't fighting alone!

It felt like an eternity, so incredibly long. Just when I thought I couldn't exhale another breath, the baby nally slid out from that narrow space. Dr. McAllister exclaimed, "He's out! He's out!"

"Thank goodness!" added the nurse.

Then, I saw Dr. McAllister lifting the baby from beneath the cloth. They cut the umbilical cord and wiped his body before taking him to be weighed.

After the nurse wrapped the baby up, she showed me the baby.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I laid eyes on little Michael. At that moment, my senses returned, and I was in extreme pain. Even my head began to ache. But amidst the tears and pain, I felt an overwhelming sense of pride because I had made it. I had given everything for this little one.

"Ma'am, you're a great mother!" praised Dr. McAllister.

"Hannah, you did it!" Vincent said with relief emotionally.

I weakly smiled at them, feeling my tears streaming down to the corners of my mouth. I didn't seem to realize how much strength I had lost because as I tried to catch one more glimpse of little Michael, everything went black, and I completely passed out.

I was engulfed in a haze, unsure if I was dreaming or reliving a memory.

I returned to the familiar Brown Manor and drove my car down the tree-lined road, my belly as big as if I were about to give birth. Suddenly, Tess appeared in front of me on the road, and it felt like my car was going to hit her.

"Tess! Move aside!" I found myself unable to control the car and had to shout at her to get out of the way. But she seemed oblivious to my words, crossing her arms and revealing an evil smile on her angelic face.

"Move! Can't you hear me?" I turned the steering wheel, but my car didn't respond at all.

Then, it felt like my car collided with something, making a loud bang, and then nally came to a stop. I got out of the car to check on Tess and found her lying in front of it.

"Hannah! What are you doing?" Ethan appeared out of nowhere, his voice lled with coldness as he questioned me.

"I didn't hit her! Ethan, I didn't!" I tried to explain desperately, but he looked at me with disbelief.

"Hannah, I never thought you could be so malicious." Ethan accused me again, holding Tess in his arms.

My heart stung. The man I loved most was holding the woman who had hurt me the most, and he was blaming me with the harshest words. He judged me as a malicious woman, completely misunderstanding me. I felt more heartbroken than ever.

As tears streamed down my face, it started to rain. My belly began to ache intensely, and warm blood owed between my legs.

I couldn't stand anymore and knelt on the ground. But Ethan picked up Tess, turned his back on me, and walked away into the distance.

"Ethan!" I tried to call him back for help, but he never looked back.

The rain grew heavier, drenching me completely. My vision and voice were drowned out, and I felt abandoned by the whole world, helpless.

"Ethan, please don't leave, I beg you," I spoke to the air while kneeling on the ground, the blood mixing with the rainwater, making it hard for me to breathe.

But the pain in my belly grew stronger, and I couldn't even straighten my back. I thought of my baby; he really needed help. So, I lay on the ground gasping for breath and shouted one last time into the air, "Ethan!"

Then I woke up, realizing that I was lying in a hospital bed, and the delivery was over. It was just a nightmare, a nightmare about Ethan.

"Hannah! Are you awake?" someone asked me by the bedside.

I blinked my eyes and took a couple of seconds to recognize him.

Ethan was actually in the hospital room. He held my hand, his wet doe eyes looking at me with tenderness, as if afraid of losing me in the next second.

But I hadn't forgotten the nightmare I just had, nor had I forgotten how he treated me before.

He always turned away when I needed help the most, willing to hurt me for another woman. My love for him had become a weapon for him to harm me. Even when I entered the delivery room alone, he wasn't by my side.

I looked at his face and felt nothing but disgust.

So, I pulled my hand back and questioned him, "Mr. Brown, what are you doing here?"

Ethan seemed taken aback by my words, then he replied, "Darling, you just gave birth, and I'm here to accompany you."

His tone was gentler than ever, as if he wanted to comfort me desperately. But right now, the last person I wanted to see was him, so I said, "I don't need you, Mr. Brown."

Ethan seemed deeply affected by my words, growing extremely nervous. He tried to explain, "I'm sorry, Hannah. I know I didn't come to your side right away, it was my fault. I shouldn't have let you face all of this alone. I'm truly sorry."

I looked at him coldly, too weak from childbirth to respond.

"But my dear, I beg you to forgive me, Hannah. I only received Georgie's message after getting off the plane, and then I rushed to the hospital," Ethan said, looking somewhat aggrieved. "By that time, Dr. McAllister was already delivering the baby for you."

He continued, "I swear, if I had known you were about to give birth, I would have come back no matter what! No, I wouldn't have gone to the city in the rst place. I would have stayed by your side all along! Please believe me, honey!"

Ethan seemed on the verge of tears, but I didn't have the energy to care about him because I wanted to see my baby right away.

So I asked, "Where is little Michael?"

Ethan's eyes welled up a bit, but I chose to ignore them, and then I heard him say, "Michael was born prematurely and is quite weak. The nurses have put him in an incubator to ensure his safety."

"When can I see him then?" I continued to ask.

"Hannah, both you and the baby are too weak now. You need rest to regain your strength. Maybe if you sleep a little longer, you'll be able to see Michael. Trust me, okay?" Ethan used that extremely gentle tone once again.

I didn't focus my gaze on him and asked instead, "Aren't you supposed to be in town?"

"Yes, I was originally in town, but Vincent and I encountered some issues, so I had to bring him and Patricia to the shore," Ethan replied, but it seemed like he didn't intend to elaborate further.

"Patricia? You brought Patricia too?" I was somewhat surprised.

"Yes, someone has been looking for Patricia, trying to silence her. For her safety, I had no choice but to bring her here," Ethan explained.

"So, do you believe now that I'm innocent in the shooting case?" My voice carried a tinge of bitterness.

Ethan fell silent for a moment, looking at me with his deep, inscrutable eyes. He said, "Hannah, can I be honest? I've always believed in you."

Ethan showed unwavering trust in me, and then he asked me, "Hannah, the question now is, can you trust me? Can you forgive my brief absence during your delivery?"

He acted pitiful once again, pleading for my forgiveness. I looked away, deciding to evade his question. After a while, I simply asked, "What happened to you and Vincent in town?"