

## Chapter 102 Seeing his other side.

Hannah's POV

"Hannah, it's not something you should be worrying about right now," I heard Ethan say to me. "You're still too weak, and you need some time to rest and regain your strength."

Ethan seemed reluctant to tell me what exactly happened with Vincent in town, and I didn't want to continue pressing him because I felt like I couldn't keep my eyes open.

"You need more sleep." It was as if Ethan used magic when he said those words, and I drifted back to sleep once again.

When I woke up again, Ethan wasn't by my side anymore, but I saw Georgie, Lucy, and Timothy standing near the door.

"Hannah! Are you awake?" Georgie called out to me rst, and I noticed her teary eyes.

"Hannah!" Lucy also noticed my signs of awakening.

Then Timothy approached my bed, calling my name with excitement.

"Mom." I called out to Georgie, and she embraced me in her arms.

"Oh, my brave baby. You have no idea how incredible you've been!" Georgie's voice trembled, and I could tell she was crying.

"Mom, I'm ne." I tried to comfort her.

"Hannah, you're amazing. I'm so proud of you," Lucy added, her eyes welling up.

"Hannah, how are you feeling now?" Timothy looked at me with concern, his brows furrowing.

I received an abundance of care from my loved ones and friends, and suddenly, my nose tingled, but I held back the urge to cry because I didn't want them to worry even more.

"I... I'm ne, Timothy," I replied once again. "Just... could you get me a glass of water?"

Timothy quickly fetched a glass of water and brought it to my lips.

Lucy looked at me with a remorseful gaze, and I sensed she had something to say to me, so I asked her, "Lucy, how are you doing?"

Lucy cried and explained, "Darling, you have no idea how worried I've been for you. I was afraid I'd never see you again. I regret letting you help at the café. I thought if you had more rest, you wouldn't have gone into labor early. I'm sorry, Hannah. Sometimes I can be too selsh."

Lucy blamed herself for everything, and I knew she must have suffered greatly during my delivery, but I knew it wasn't her fault.

"Lucy, please don't say such silly things. It's not your fault at all," I tried to make her feel better. "The doctor who examined me already warned that I could go into labor early."

"So, Lucy, can you stop blaming yourself for my sake? I don't want to see my best friend so sad all the time," I continued, encouraging her with my eyes. I knew that bystanders might feel more nervous than those directly involved.

Lucy wiped away her tears, and Timothy came over to embrace her shoulder, comforting her. "It's alright, Lucy. Hannah has made it through, and you should be happy for her."

Lucy nodded and nally managed to smile. I remembered that Vincent and Patricia had also come to the shore, but they weren't in my hospital room, so I asked, "Timothy, where is Vincent now? And Patricia, didn't she come too?"

"Patricia's safety needed to be ensured, so Ethan took them back to the beach villa," Timothy informed me.

Indeed, Patricia was a witness to the shooting case, and keeping her hidden to avoid unnecessary trouble was the best choice.

"Ethan told us he would be back within two hours, so you don't have to worry," Georgie reassured me, thinking I wanted to know where Ethan was.

"Thanks, Mom, but right now, I don't really care about where Ethan is. Can I see my baby now?" Since giving birth, I had only seen little Michael once.

Georgie held my hand and continued, "Darling, I know you can't wait to see little Michael right away, but he needs to stay in the incubator for a while. Once he's ready, you can meet him, alright?"

Georgie's eyes were lled with patience, and her gentleness eased much of my anxiety. I replied, "Okay, Mom, I'll wait until he is ready."

"Uh, you need more rest now, dear," Georgie helped me lie back down and held my hand until I fell asleep again. Giving birth to a child had drained almost all of my energy. My body greedily craved more sleep, and I had no way to resist.

Later on, I woke up again. There was no one in my room, and suddenly, fear gripped me as if I were the only person left in the world, with my baby nowhere near me. I tried calling out for someone, but there was no response. I remembered there was a button by the bedside to call the nurse, but when I pressed it, nothing happened. Panic engulfed me.

"Help! Help!" I cried, attempting to get out of bed but falling to the oor I didn't have any strength left.

Just as I lifted my head, the door opened.

"Hannah! What happened?" Ethan walked in and immediately helped me up.

I wanted to act tough, but I forgot that tears were still streaming down my cheeks. I tried to steady my breathing and said to him, "It's okay, nothing happened. It's just that when I woke up, everyone was gone."

As soon as I nished speaking, Ethan pulled me into his arms, saying softly, "Oh, I'm sorry, my Hannah. I shouldn't have left you alone here. I'm sorry, it's all my fault."

Ethan gently cupped my face, as if holding a fragile glass jar. He genuinely seemed guilty for leaving me, as I saw his brows furrow tightly and the corners of his mouth weighed down with self-blame.

Resting against Ethan's chest, I gradually calmed down. I had to admit that he rescued me from my panic.

Ethan helped me back onto the bed and told me, "Hannah, I've been here the whole time before you woke up. But the nurse just told me that little Michael's condition has got better, so I went to check on him."

"Really? Can I see my baby now?" Excitement lled me upon hearing the news about little Michael.

"Of course, if you want to see him, I can bring him over to you right now." Ethan smiled.

"Please, Ethan, let me see little Michael as soon as possible!" I couldn't wait any longer.

Ethan agreed to my request and left the room. In no time, he returned, cradling an adorable little baby in his arms.

As Ethan placed the warm little child in my embrace, his cheek naturally pressed against my chest. I could feel that little Michael found safety and comfort in my arms, instinctively recognizing me as his mother. He was like a second heart to me and my mind, my blood, and my soul were all connected to him, and I couldn't take my eyes off him for a second.

"Ethan, he's so tiny, isn't he?" I looked up at Ethan, tears of happiness welling in my eyes.

"Yeah," Ethan also gazed at little Michael, answering me, "Luckily, he's strong enough."

"I think he inherited his strength from his mom," Ethan said, looking deep into my eyes before adding.

Since little Michael came into my room, I rarely felt scared anymore. He truly made me a mother, and the voice in my head always reminded me that my top priority was to nurture him and provide ample breastfeeding. But this energetic little one seemed to have endless energy, always choosing to cry at night, unapologetically depriving me of sleep.

Ethan couldn't let this situation continue, and he started staying in the room every night, keeping us company. When Michael showed signs of crying, Ethan would take him out and feed him until he calmed down, all while I was unaware.

Ethan sacrificed his own sleep for the sake of mine and the baby's, to the point that when Vincent visited the hospital one afternoon, he genuinely believed someone had punched Ethan in the eyes.

"Hey, Ethan, you look just like a panda!" Vincent said to him.

"Thanks, so now I'm a rare animal. You have to be nicer to me," Ethan joked.

I couldn't help but laugh at the scene. Ethan and Vincent were good friends, and there was always a subtle humor between them.

But little Michael didn't seem to have grown big enough to understand this humor yet. He became unsettled by the extra noise in the room and started crying loudly without any hesitation.

Ethan immediately picked him up and gently rested Michael's head against his chest. He said, "Vincent, I need to go out and calm this troublemaker down. Maybe you can keep Hannah company and chat with her."

Then Ethan left the room, carrying little Michael, and leaving Vincent and me alone in the room.

"Is everything okay, Hannah? You're ocially a mother now!" Vincent asked me.

I smiled at Vincent and replied, "Thanks, Vincent. I've never felt better than I do right now."

"I think you've achieved a perfect victory. You're a true warrior!" Vincent praised me, having witnessed how I gave birth to a child.

"Vincent, you should know that a big part of this is thanks to you," I told him. "You encouraged me when I was at my weakest, and your encouragement gave me strength again."

Vincent gave me a mysterious smile and then said, "Hannah, I don't think you can give all the credit to me because if it weren't for Ethan, I wouldn't have been able to come to your side."

I saw Vincent's smile gradually fade and his expression turn serious. Over the next ten minutes, he told me about their thrilling encounter in town before Ethan returned to me, risking his life to save Vincent and Patricia. "Hannah, what I want to tell you is that Ethan didn't do anything wrong. He fought hard to protect Patricia and clear your name. He sacrificed a lot to ensure you get justice," Vincent sighed, "So I think now you should focus more on Ethan, not me."

"Ethan faced betrayal from both Tess and Alexander, who he considered his closest ones..." Vincent continued to reveal more to me.

My head was bombarded with information, and it took me several minutes to process it all. I wanted to conrm, "Are you saying that Tess and Alexander had an affair and they wanted to take Ethan's property?"

"That's right," Ethan nodded.

For a moment, my ears buzzed, and I imagined what Ethan went through in town, realizing that perhaps he didn't have an easy time before I went into labor.

He carried the burden but chose not to tell me about the hardships. Suddenly, guilt washed over me for my previous attitude towards him.

"Hannah, I know Ethan hadn't been very nice to you in the past, but maybe now you can see the other side of him," Vincent defended Ethan while I was lost in thought.

Just as I was about to say something, Ethan entered the room carrying the baby. I noticed the dark circles under his eyes and asked, "The baby nally calmed down now. Have you guys nished?"