

Chapter 103 Reconsider our divorce

Hannah's POV

Vincent said goodbye to us and let us and the baby be alone in the room.

I saw Ethan carefully place little Michael back into the crib, afraid of waking him up again.

Ethan's gaze never left Michael. I noticed his eye sockets had become even more sunken from consecutive sleepless nights, but they still sparkled with a glimmer as he xated on his child.

I started to think about the series of events Vincent had recently told me about and his advice to see the other side of Ethan.

During this time, Ethan had indeed been behaving differently, and I absolutely acknowledged that he was an exceptional father, awless from any angle.

However, I still felt concerned because ever since we got married, he had been emotionally distant, and I couldn't determine if this change was temporary or long-lasting. Perhaps it was merely the excitement of becoming a father for the rst time that made him see me again through seeing our child. But that wasn't what I wanted.

I used to be humble for love, but now I wanted to learn to respect myself.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for Ethan's struggles, especially when he was equally vulnerable. So, I expressed my gratitude to him, saying, "Ethan, thank you."

Ethan appeared surprised and forced a smile, saying, "Hannah, these are things I should do. You don't have to thank me."

Then, there was silence in the room for a moment, and I asked him, "Ethan, why didn't you tell me about what happened in town? You and Vincent were in danger, right?"

Ethan put his hands in his pockets, and I noticed the stubble on his chin that he hadn't had time to shave off. He sighed, "Vincent told you a lot, didn't he?"

I nodded.

"Listen, Hannah, it wasn't intentional for me to keep these things from you. I was afraid you would worry too much and it would be bad for your health, so I chose not to tell you. I planned to confess to you after some time had passed." Ethan sat down and held my hand, his panda eyes couldn't be more sincere.

I couldn't withstand his tender gaze, so I shifted my gaze away from his face.

"I know you've been betrayed too, and you don't feel very good about it. If you want to go back and have some rest, we can have Lucy come over to take care of me." I said to him.

But he tightened his grip on my hand and said, "No, Hannah, I don't want to leave you. Let me take care of you and the baby. I'm not tired at all, so you don't have to worry."

Ethan insisted on staying, and I knew I couldn't change his decision, so I reluctantly said, "Alright then, but you must promise me that you'll give yourself some rest time. After all, little Michael denitely doesn't want to see his father so exhausted."

"Okay, Hannah, I promise," Ethan said softly.

A few days later, both my baby and I were discharged from the hospital. My pain had subduced, and he gained the necessary weight so the doctors felt condent to discharge him. I was way calmer when the doctors armed to me that he was just small, but he was completely formed and healthy.

Then, my next thought was that I was going to have to take care of the baby, and that was super scary. One thing was keeping the baby in my belly, so I would just have to take care of myself. It was something completely different to take care of him in the real world. Would I recognize the reason why he would cry? Would I be able to take care of him? Should I hire a nanny to help me?

I didn't have much time to dwell on this dilemma though. As soon as I got home, there were so many hands to help that I knew that I would be ne.

First of all, there was my mom, who had fully recovered from her surgery. She was the rst one to offer help and pamper her new grandson. "This is going to help to endure the fact that I missed most of your life so far, sweetie," that was what she said when I told her that she shouldn't bother helping me babysit Michael. Well, according to Ethan, that was what we could do to help her cope with all that happened to us.

And then, there was Patricia. She would stay with us, and she was the original person who Ethan had thought when he found out that I was pregnant and was keeping the baby. She was doing ne now, completely recovered, so she was like a blessing to me at the moment. "Well, I never had babies of my own, but I did help to take care of Ethan when he was a baby, so trust me, I know what I'm doing," she would say to me.

And then, there was Ethan himself, who would do anything for the baby. I didn't know what he did but he moved his oce to the shores temporarily and was there for us all the time that he could. He would even change diapers! He just couldn't breastfeed, but by the time I started pumping, he started to feed our baby through a bottle.

One thing that was bothering me though, was the fact that his cell phone rang all the time. That bothered Michael too, and often he started to cry.

I noticed unintentionally one day that he was receiving a lot of calls from Tess. That practically busted my happy bubble. On Saturday, she called so much that I couldn't stay quiet anymore.

"Aren't you going to answer this, for God's sake?" I asked him and I couldn't help but get annoyed.

Ethan sighed and murmured: "You know that I don't want to," and shrugged.

"What does she want, after all?" I asked him.

"She... it's complicated..." he murmured.

"If you tell me, I'm pretty sure that I would be able to grasp the situation," I mumbled at him.

"Well, she claims that she is pregnant with my child," Ethan shrugged again. "But I knew she was lying."

"You can probably guess that Tess wanted to use our marriage to get her hands on my stash. And all of this was orchestrated by her and Alexander behind the scenes," Ethan continued explaining, his eyebrows furrowing over his eyes, casting a shadow.

I could sense Ethan's anger and resentment. I knew rsthand what it felt like to be betrayed by someone you love. And I never imagined that Tess's true love wasn't Ethan but Alexander, and she was only with Ethan for his money.

"Ethan, I know how terrible it feels to be betrayed, so I'm sorry for what you're going through," I tried to comfort him, "So, have you gured out your next move?"

"I want revenge, Hannah. I want it badly," Ethan told me, his eyes burning with dark re. I have never seen him so angry with someone. Not even when he thought that I had pushed Tess from the top of the stairs.

"So, do it!" I told him.

I believed that Tess was a very dangerous woman. She had tried to gun me down when I was carrying little Michael in my belly. I glanced at the baby in the crib, worried that if we didn't make sure Tess faced legal consequences soon, Michael's safety would be threatened once again.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked.

"I was going to tell you all of this because I need your permission to do what I'm thinking," Ethan told me.

"And how can I help you?" I asked him.

"I know that you have your own path to trail, and I know that you're going to try and prove your innocence, but I need Tess and Alexander to believe that you're out of the game so they can think that I'm falling for Tess once again," Ethan told me.

I crossed my arms in my chest and said: "Are you asking my permission to sleep with her, Ethan? Right in the moment that I was believing that you became a sort of a victim of the terrible couple..."

"No, I'm not!" He exclaimed. "I'm asking for your permission to pretend that you let me go and that I'm available once again. I am going to divulge fake information about our divorce," he told me.

Ethan's words brought me back to my senses, and I realized I had just been getting jealous again. I understood his plan, he wanted to use a fake divorce to lower Tess and Alexander's guard and catch them off guard.

I didn't want Ethan to think I still cared about him, so I stayed silent for a minute, trying to make myself look indifferent.

"All that I care about is you and our son, Hannah. I can x my relationship with them later. Besides, you're probably going on a journey of your own, aren't you?" he asked me, explaining nervously and throwing the question back at me.

"Yeah, I'm going to prove my innocence and let the world know that Tess isn't that saint she claims she is. Besides that, I wanted to look for my origins and learn what happened to me after the k*****g," I told him.

"So, can I count on your understanding?" He asked me eagerly.

I sighed. "Yes, you can. Just don't disappoint me, okay?" I told him.

"I won't, I promise you. And when my plan happens, they won't see what hit them," he told me, threatening.

"Alright, Ethan, go ahead and do it. I got your back," I said to him nally. "But after everything is over, I hope you'll reconsider our divorce and send me the signed divorce agreement."

It seemed that Ethan didn't expect me to say that. He stared at me with his mouth wide open, frozen in place like a statue.