

## Chapter 108 Annoyance.

Hannah's POV:

A few weeks passed and finally I was discharged from all my postpartum medical recommendations. Of course, there was still the breastfeeding part, putting my baby to sleep at regular times and all that, but I was celebrating the fact that I was pain free and everything was right with me again.

It was great to get everyone's support back home. Patricia was living with us, and although she never had children, her experience was invaluable. And yet we were always moving to my mother's house, where I didn't know who drooled over Michael more: if it was her or his uncle Timothy.

Finally, Lucy and I opened the cafe! I must confess, I was only a supporting character in this story because of a small baby, but whenever I could, I helped Lucy, especially with the purchasing and administrative organization. Lucy was at the cafe all day, and we had two other people who worked as baristas that we hired to help us out. It was a small business next to the projects I used to run at Brown's Enterprises, but

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business is business anywhere, so it was like riding a bicycle: once you learn it, you never forget it.

Ethan spoke to us every day via prepaid phones. We didn't risk having the same number for more than a week, as he thought he was being watched.

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He came back about once every two weeks, and he seemed more and more agitated. He said his plan made him nervous because he didn't want to be around Tess or Alexander.

In fact, Ethan has always been hot-blooded. No wonder when Tess played the victim, he was

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+10 Points

always easily angered at me. I agreed with him that he was never a good actor. The actress of the house (and the cold-blooded one) was me. Until maternal hormones kicked in.

I was often frustrated and impatient now. Well, maybe it was the hormones and maybe the lack of sleep. Michael was giving me a hell of a time to create a routine. One afternoon I was home alone as Lucy was at the cafe and Patricia had gone shopping. He was crying desperately. I rocked him to sleep, but he was resisting.

"Oh, honey, what do you want? Why don't you stop crying? You're clean, you're fed, you're comfortable... What more do you want?" I told him.

Of course, a baby that size wouldn't answer me what he wanted, but I was so frustrated and alone that I almost started crying along with him.

And when he was finally falling asleep, the damn phone rang, and all my work with him went down the drain.

"What is it?" I answered the phone. I didn't even see who it was, and I didn't care one bit either. I was a mother struggling to establish a routine with a young child, and I was reminded of Dr.

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McAllister, who said I would think twice before having another child. He was probably right.

"I guess I called at a bad time, didn't I?" Ethan answered on the other end of the line. "Do you want me to call you later?" He asked me.

"What I would really like is my child's father present in our lives, not plotting some crazy revenge on a slut like his ex-lover," I replied crossly.

"Okay, I can see you're really mad, but I can't and I won't fight you right now, Hannah," Ethan told me.

"I don't want to know what you can and what you want, Ethan. I want you to know what I need," I told him as Michael yelled at the top of his lungs. I swear, this baby had a microphone in his throat!

"Do you want me to hire someone to help you with the baby?" Ethan proposed.

"You think you're going to solve all our problems with money, don't you? Thanks, I already have enough help," I told him.

"It's hard to know what you need when you talk like this, love," Ethan told me.

"Well, you call yourself my husband, so find out," I told him. "What did you call anyway, Ethan?" I

asked.

"I called to say I miss you," he told me.

"Well, there are times when a simple phone call isn't enough," I told him.

"I understand you need me right now. I'll come as soon as possible," Ethan said.

At that moment, Patricia entered the house loaded with grocery bags. She dropped everything at the front door, and ran to wash her hands before taking the baby from my lap. With her magic hands, she soothed Michael. I really needed to learn the kind of witchcraft she used on him.

I sighed a bit in relief and said, "Okay, we're waiting for you. And we need to talk. I don't know if this revenge of yours is the best idea."

"Believe me, I'm not happy about this situation either," Ethan told me.

Miraculously, Ethan made it to the shores by the end of that very day. He had brought all the paraphernalia to work for a couple of days around here. That way, he said, he would be able to work and at the same time be with me and the baby. I wanted to leave the baby with him and get away for a bit. I just wanted to rest a little bit from the

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pressure of being a mother. But I knew that if we wanted to mend our relationship, we needed to resolve our conflicts.

The next day, I told my mother what had happened. She looked at me curiously for a few seconds, and then hugged me.

"What is it, mother?" I asked her, confused.

"Honey, you need to consider that maybe you're having postpartum depression," she told me softly.

"What do you mean? Me? With depression?" I asked again, confused.

"Yes, honey. I was as frustrated and irritated as you were when I had Timothy. I'm not a professional, but I had very similar symptoms. Maybe you should see a psychiatrist," she suggested.

"What?" I asked her. "I don't need help! I already have all the help I need, thank you very much," I told her.

"Of course you have a support network ready to help you at any time, dear. But unfortunately, sometimes that's not enough," my mother said. "I know you have a rather awkward arrangement

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with your husband. An arrangement I don't agree with, but I'm not going to get into that dispute between you two," my mother told me.

"Do you think we're doing it wrong?" I asked her doubtfully.

"I think you two should be planning to rebuild your marriage, not some fancy revenge plan," my mother told me in a scolding tone.

"But don't you understand? The two of us will only be happy when Tess and Alexander are out of our way," I told her.

My mother shook her head and told me, "You will be happy when you decide to work for your happiness instead of the annihilation of your enemies. Will you promise me that you will at least consider seeking help and working for your happiness? At least for me, that's all that matters."

I sighed and said, "Okay, never mind. I promise you I'll do so."

\*

"I need to go back to town tomorrow, Hannah," Ethan told me a couple nights later. We were in our room at the cottage. Lucy and Patricia were staying at my mother's mansion to give us some

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family time.

Over the last few days, we'd talked a lot and straightened out a lot of things, but the thing that bothered me the most still hadn't been addressed: every now and then I thought about that night

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when I'd been kidnapped and forced to at least listen to that recording of Ethan with Tess.

I sighed and muttered, "Well, if you think you have to, who am I to stop you?"

"I thought we both agreed on the plan, Hannah," Ethan told me. "We need Tess and Alexander out



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of our lives for good."

"And why don't we just cut ties with them? That would definitely be simpler than this ridiculous plan," I told Ethan in frustration.

"Because they just seem to have plenty of scandal material. Well, at least Tess claims she's pregnant, and for a while she can make a fuss about that information. I would be the one who abandoned a pregnant woman, and that wouldn't be good for us. Well, at least until we can expose her, we can't afford this kind of scandal. We need them to be embarrassed and exposed, not the other way around," Ethan said.

"Really? Do we need it?" I asked him. "That is what YOU need, isn't it? I don't have anything to do with that," I crossed my arms and told him.

"Did you forget what you've been through for the last months, Hannah? You were the one who came up with the idea of proving your innocence and exposing Tess at the same time! I only added Alexander to the list because they are each other's accomplices!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Well, I'm not sure I need this anymore," I grumbled at him.

"Are you listening to yourself?" Ethan asked me as

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if I wasn't being reasonable.

"I think I am, Ethan. I'm done with this little plan of revenge," I told him.

"So what do you need?" Ethan asked me in frustration.

"I need us to mend our marriage!" I exclaimed at him.

"But I thought that's what we were working on these days!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Ah, but we still haven't addressed what bothers me the most," I told him.

"What is it, Hannah? Talk to me, please!" Ethan urged.

At that very moment, I received a search alert that I had placed on Ethan's name. I decided to put an alert on us in case that someone would discover me and I had to flee again.

The alert was about Ethan and his date with Tess. Someone snapped some candid photos of them both, and they looked completely at ease. The post's headline read: 'Ethan Brown looking for solace after his wife's abandonment?'

Okay, that was the last drop in a completely full bucket. I took the cell phone, threw it in his lap and

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said: "What bothers me the most is this slut at ease with you as if you belonged to her. What bothers me the most is that I heard a recording of the two of you having s\*x. What bothers me is that whatever we do, we are still stuck with her" I exclaimed at him.

Ethan looked at me with impassive eyes before opening his mouth and speaking.


"And you're not going to say anything for yourself?" I asked him and prepared for what he had to say.



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