

Chapter 12 We're so screwed.

Chapter 12 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hanna's POV:

Lucy has been my friend since we were kids, and although our resources were limited at the time, she is to me what Vincent is to Ethan: someone who I can always count on. All my life I couldn't visit anyone else in this world to ask for advice. Well, maybe except for Grandpa Michael, but unfortunately, he was gone.

Her bar was named Old Joe's and was located close to our manor, so I didn't have much time to think about how I would tell her about the baby. Actually, there was so much on my plate recently that I haven't told her yet, so this would be a long conversation. I hoped that she could give me some advice because, with so many issues, I was completely at loss.

Old Joe's was almost empty at the moment because it was still early and not many customers were hanging out at the time. The crowd would arrive for happy hour, and from that moment on, this place would be crazy. Lucy ordered some cocktails for us and handed me one. Thinking about my baby, I decided to stall for a while, but I could predict that soon she would complain that I hadn't touched my drink, so I knew that I couldn't hold that news for too long.

"What's wrong? You never come in so early. Spill it, Brown." Lucy demanded. She was straightforward and never took a no for an answer. That was one of the characteristics that I loved most about her.

I looked at the small stage where some bands had gigs in the bar and all the lights that were already turned on in the whole environment. So, I shook my head in denial and finally murmured: "Nothing is wrong! I just thought that I should come and pay a visit to you. It's been a while and you are my best friend, after all. I was hoping that we could catch up," I tried to hide from her the real reason why I was there, but my voice came out squeaky and I was talking too much.

Lucy made a face at me. Of course, she wasn't buying my story. "Oh, cut the crap, Hannah. Is Ethan bothering you again?" she asked me and then she continued: "If he is still bothering you to the point that you cannot live with him anymore, just

file for divorce! Michael is dead. You don't own this family a single thing!" She never hid from me the fact that she didn't like Ethan, and she always said here and there that I should get a divorce, and the fact that Grandpa Michael passed away just increased her attempts to convince me.

"It's not that simple Lucy, I..." I tried to tell her about my main issue.

But she cut me in no time: "No way, Hannah! You shouldn't worry about it. You are such a beautiful young woman. You certainly can find someone better than Ethan. Someone who will love you instead of being stuck to another woman. You know that you can do that, right? You deserve it! Besides, aren't you tired of carrying this marriage on your back when he doesn't give a damn about you at all?" she fired at me.

Well, maybe she could even be right, but that wasn't enough. I sighed and opened my purse. And then, I grabbed the ultrasound picture that the doctor gave me a couple of days ago and showed her. She looked carefully at it, and maybe she was a little shocked when she murmured: "Six weeks? Oh, dear Lord. But I thought that you and Ethan didn't get along to this point...?" she asked me confused.

"Remember that day that I mentioned last month when Ethan was drunk, and we slept together?" I asked, and she nodded in comprehension but said nothing else. "There were rare occasions that we got physical, but yes, they did happen," I admitted embarrassed.

"Oh, boy..." she murmured to me. "That is messed up on so many levels..." I could feel in Lucy's voice that she felt really sorry for me.

"Do you see it now? Even if I am beautiful and everything. Divorcing and marrying someone else wouldn't be that simple for me anymore. Who would get married to someone with such baggage? Who would accept me?" I asked her, anguished.

"Well, I get your point. Still, this is not that rare in our society anymore, Hannah. I know that it makes everything more complicated, but that is not impossible" she insisted.

I chuckled at her but didn't say a thing.

“So, what are you going to do now?” Lucy asked me. Her eyes were as wide as saucers. Maybe she was finally seeing the whole picture and the depth of the trouble that I had.

I shrugged and murmured: “I don’t know! Do you have any suggestions?” I asked her ironically.

She looked at me intently, and after a few seconds, she said: “I think you should fight for what you want, Hannah. If you want to stay with him, fight for your marriage. If you want to have this baby alone or anything else, you should fight for it too. You are stronger than you think, and it is time for you to live according to your own will. You already got married because of some old man’s dying wish. It’s time to live your life the way you want, baby.”

I nodded and murmured uncomfortably: “I think that maybe you are right...” And then, I looked around the bar and it was getting crowded by the moment. “I don’t want to keep you here. You have a lot of work to do. You should go and entertain your public. I will be fine on my own. Thanks, Lucy.”

Lucy replaced my original drink with orange juice and took a sip of my Martini. And then murmured: “Anytime.” Deep down, she knew that I wasn’t listening to a single word she was saying.

The night finally fell outside, and the bar was getting crowder by the minute. Lucy was completely busy, and she didn’t have time to look after me, so I found myself in a corner and decided to wait for her. She would come back to talk to me eventually when things get calmer later.

As all the people at the bar were speaking loudly, laughing, singing, and dancing, it was difficult to realize that a fight was happening in the middle of all that melee, but suddenly, some people started to scream and run, and that was when I realized that something was wrong.

My first worry at the moment was checking on Lucy because I was hidden in a dark corner, so I could observe without being observed. After a few seconds, I was able to locate her, and the scene was worrisome.

Lucy was at the bar, behind the counter. She was surrounded by some guys that were acting like a gang. Their looks were scary, and they seemed to be up to mess something around. I thought that the fight started because of a drunk guest, but I

guess I was wrong. These guys started the ordeal and were there to steal from Lucy, or even worse.

“So, are you guys here looking for trouble or fun?” Lucy asked in a challenging manner. She wasn’t a coward, but I knew that she was acting braver than she actually was. I knew that she was in trouble.

“We are looking for fun... with a dose of trouble. Tell me, beautiful: don’t you wanna play with us?” One of the guys leaned on the counter to get her attention. I saw that many of them were converging toward her instinctively while Lucy was trying to back up. I knew that they were here not just to steal from her. They were going to do a lot worse.

I didn’t even think about what I was about to do. These guys had their backs to me, so they wouldn’t see me coming, so I just stood from my place and smashed my glass of orange juice in this guy’s cheek. The glass shattered and his cheek was cut in at least two places. One second later, blood was gushing from his face.

“Oh, Shit! Who did this?” He asked and started to look around to discover who was responsible for his injury.

“I did!” I faced him bravely, although I was about two-thirds of his size and wasn’t feeling brave at all. Still, I managed to distract him and his friends from Lucy. She looked at me with worry on her face and exclaimed: “Damn it, Hannah! What the hell are you still doing here?”

But I wasn’t done yet, so I continued: “Do you think it is okay for you five to molest someone who has half of your size?”

The guy raised an eyebrow and then smiled widely: “Well, maybe this conversation just became more interesting. It will be more fun to tame two wild girls than just one, don’t you think it, boys?” he turned to his friends, and they agreed with his stupid joke.

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Chapter 13 We need bail.

Chapter 13 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

I was definitely not drunk, but something inside me had changed and made me brave. I knew that we were in a bad situation there, and these men each had at least

double our strength, and they were five while there were just two of us against them.

“Well, boys, should we start?” The injured man started to come toward me in a threatening way. “But first things first, I want this slut apologizing for what she did, and then I will have my turn with her, and maybe I will save something for that little friend of hers.”

I gulped down the fear that I was feeling, and tried to apologize feebly: “Well, I’m sorry, it was an accident.” I said almost whispering.

The man started to laugh excitedly: “Did you see? It was easier than you thought, right?”

“Well, I mean that I am sorry that I haven’t hit your eye or your jugular. That was the accident that I was talking about!” I exclaimed at him.

“You little slut! You seem to have a ridiculous death wish tonight. Well, maybe I can make your wish come true.” The man got mad and raised his hand to slap me in the face. I closed my eyes and prepared for the impact, but it never came. Instead, the man was hit by a beer bottle that Lucy had thrown from behind the counter. I didn’t wait for her to call me; I simply jumped to the other side of the counter and barricaded myself with her.

“Are you insane?” She asked me.

I shrugged and explained to her: “Well, I simply could not see my best friend being harmed!”

“And now we both will suffer, you idiot!” She exclaimed at me.

“I say we should fight!” I told her, determined.

Lucy simply shook her head at me and murmured: “I must have lost my mind. Just like you.” But still, she prepared for a fight.

Some people at the bar saw us get prepared for a fight and they decided to help. Some of the guys had beer bottles at hand, some had pool cues that could be used as weapons, and when the gang saw that they were outnumbered, they started to retreat, but could not run away before the police appeared and ended the havoc.

There were a few people here and there were injured in the end, and all were mended at the bar, but some people were arrested, including Lucy and me. At the police station, they took our statements and concluded that we were just trying to defend ourselves and the bar, but still, we would be booked and would need bail to leave the police station.

This would be my responsibility, first because I was the one who started everything when I broke that orange juice glass in this guy's cheeks. And second, because Lucy had no other friends but me in our city. Well, at least nobody that could afford her bail.

I didn't want to call my husband for anything in this world, but my friend list was short too. After considering my options, I decided that our best option was Vincent. Well, at least he would be more understanding than Ethan in this type of situation, and he would probably not press me into telling Ethan what happened.

The phone rang twice and then it connected. Nobody said a word on the other side of the line, and that was odd because I was expecting that Vincent would at least say a little greeting or ask who it was. But since I just had one phone call, I decided to not waste that, so I started to talk: "Dr. Vincent, I am really sorry for calling you so late at night, but I have a problem, and I hope you could help me. Could you do me a favor? Something happened to me, and I am at the police station with a friend and need bail. Could you come over and help us please?"

There was no response on the other side of the line, and I was getting worried that I had wasted my only call, so since it hasn't disconnected yet, I insisted: "Dr. Vincent, please! I need your help!"

It was silent on the other side again, and it just made me think that this could actually be Ethan. If I wasn't so sure that I called Vincent, I would be worried by now. A few seconds passed and then a low cold voice answered: "Hannah..."

Oh, my God. This was Ethan! But haven't I called Vincent's number? Why was he answering his friend's phone?

I was shocked for a little while, but curiosity got the better of me, so I asked: "Ethan, what are you doing with Vincent's phone?"

“Give me the address of the police station, Hannah!” Ethan decided to ignore my question, as always, and go straight to the point, at least from his point of view. I could hear through his voice that he was in a bad mood, as always.

I gave him the address of the police station, which was close to our home too, and the call was disconnected. Now we just had to wait until he showed up.

When I came back to the cell, Lucy asked me: “How did it go?”

I sighed and murmured: “Well, Ethan is coming for us.”

Lucy was stunned when she asked me: “But haven’t you said you were going to call his friend Vincent? Why did you call Ethan after all?”

I pinched my eyes and told her: “When I left the manor, Ethan was asleep, drunk. I thought that he was gone for the night, so I decided to call Vincent instead, but I never expected that Ethan would answer Vincent’s phone! It wasn’t my fault. I don’t know how it happened!”

“Well, damn it,” Lucy said simply.

About half an hour later, Ethan entered the police station and was surrounded by a small group of people. That kind of phenomenon often happened to him. He was an important businessman and a community benefactor after all, and I was just bringing shame to him by being arrested in the act at the bar. Soon, this place would be crowded not just with curious people but also with gossip reporters and the rest of the press. It was a public nightmare.

When Ethan arrived at the main room of the police station, his presence filled the whole place, and he had a powerful aura around him. Seeing this, Lucy poked me and said: “Well, now I know why you are so infatuated with him. I think that it is not just that Tess, but he must have a line of women waiting to take your place. And the added bonus of sleeping by his side every night!”

I looked at her angrily. This was my friend who advised me to get a divorce from him earlier today. But sometimes we get carried away by looks, don't we? Lucy was just blown away by my handsome husband.

Ethan made a beeline straight to the sheriff and started to negotiate our bail. After a few minutes, one of the cops called out in the corridor: “Brown! Stuart! You are free to go now.” We stood up from the place where we were and went to the

station's main room. Ethan barely looked at us, and then he turned out in his heels and we followed him silently.

Outside the police station, one of the cops opened the doors to us, and I murmured: "Thank you, sir."

He nodded at me and said: "No problem, ma'am. But the next time trouble comes, just call 9-1-1, right?" This was curious. He wasn't in the case, but probably as I was the wife of Ethan Brown, my story probably had spread just like fire on dry straw.

I nodded at him and murmured: "No problem. Have a good night, sir."

I looked at Lucy, and we both started to laugh. She said: "Damn, if we didn't do anything, the police would have collected our bodies, not arrested all of us."

"You are damn right, girl," I agreed with her.

We were still laughing at our little adventure when Ethan turned on his heels and faced us with anger. We stopped laughing right away. "Ok, see you around, Hannah," Lucy murmured and hugged me. "Thanks for bailing me, Mr. Brown," she thanked Ethan, and he just nodded at her.

I knew that sooner or later she would leave me alone with Ethan, but I was trying to postpone this moment as long as possible.

Ethan was leaning against one of his more discreet cars. He normally used luxury cars, but in this case, he didn't want to be noticed. "Hop in," he told me, and I obeyed. Inside the car, the atmosphere was again so tense that you could cut the tension with a knife. I knew I wouldn't hear the end of it any time soon.

Well, here we go again.

Chapter 14 Damn it, Hannah! You are my wife!

Chapter 14 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

Inside the car, I waved goodbye to Lucy, who started walking towards the bar. After that, Ethan started the car and pulled off the curb. He was silent and radiating tension. I knew that I should say something, so I held out an olive branch to him and murmured: “Thank you.”

We were stopped at a traffic light, so he had the opportunity to look at me, or rather, glance coldly at me. We remained in this tense silence for a while, but he never broke the tension. Sometimes, I just wish we could have a decent fight. I believe that a healthy discussion could have saved us from so much hurt but still, he was a man of few words.

We were almost in the middle of the way, when I received a message from Lucy. She was telling me that she arrived home safely. I sighed in relief. This night had been full of emotions, and I considered that we could call it a day already. I wanted to go straight to bed as soon as I could, and I was relieved that we were almost at the manor.

Ethan parked his car in our garage and didn't wait for me. I followed him inside, but he never turned to look at me again. When he was climbing the stairs, I felt that he was still boiling in anger. Still, I knew that he deserved an explanation, so I said: “Ethan, I'm sorry. I thought that you were going to sleep for the rest of the night. You were drunk, and I didn't want to bother you, so I thought that the easiest way would be to call Vincent so you could remain asleep. Please, don't think too much of it. I was just trying not to bother you.”

Although this explanation was nothing but the truth, he didn't seem to buy it. I felt as if I was babbling alone, but when he arrived at the top of the stairs, he turned to me with his eyes narrowed and asked me: “Think too much of it? Do you think that Vincent might see you as someone that is more than his friend's wife? Do you think that I'm jealous, Hannah?”

I opened and closed my mouth a couple of times. I was dumbfounded by his words, and I started to babble: “No... of course, not, Ethan... I just...” but I didn't know what to say to him.

“Well, just to be clear, Hannah, Vincent is like a brother to me. I thought that I shouldn't have to warn you about that, but he is off-limits, and I do hope you understand that. You are my legal wife. Haven't you considered what people would think if you were seen with him this late in the night? What would people assume if he was the one rescuing you from that damn police station? Damn it,

Hannah! Everyone knows that you are my wife. It doesn't matter if I was discreet tonight. You can bet that we will have some lines dedicated to this incident in the gossip columns tomorrow morning!"

"Ethan I... I'm sorry, I haven't thought about that," it was all I could manage to say. He would never admit it, but he didn't like at all that I called Vincent instead of him, but I wouldn't believe that it was jealousy of him. Maybe he was really worried about any scandals connected to the Brown Family after all.

"Yeah, you're sorry, you're sorry. I know. I heard that before, Hannah. I'm tired of hearing that! Damn it! Just so you know: If it wasn't for Michael, we wouldn't be having this conversation right now. We probably wouldn't even meet! But now that we are attached to the hip, you must know that all that I expect from you is your ultimate respect, and it seems that lately all that you do is to provoke me!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Are you really saying that I am not respecting you, Ethan? What about you respecting me? What about you respecting our home?" I asked him. Is he serious?

"I mean it, Hannah! All my indiscretions don't have the potential to end up on a gossip blog!" Ethan exclaimed.

"That is because you pay them very well to not write a line about you," I muttered annoyed.

Ethan raised an eyebrow at me and asked me: "Are you challenging me, Hannah?"

He was adamant, and I realized that I wasn't going to win this argument, even though I could say a lot of things that were stuck in my throat about him and his lover. So, I murmured: "No. I'm sorry, ok?" And then, I remained silent and lowered my head.

Seeing that I wasn't going to continue this argument, Ethan turned on his heels and went through the corridor. He never accepted my apology, but I decided to give a few seconds and follow him to our bedroom.

And so, halfway there, he turned to me and said: "Well, I am hungry, and I want that Piccolo's pasta that I like for supper."

Wait, what? I got really confused and asked him: "But that is on the other side of the city! We were in the car a few minutes ago, we could perfectly have gone

there! Why are you asking me to leave home alone and cross the city late at night?"

Ethan shrugged and answered without any care in the world: "Because I said so. I am hungry, and I want to eat that right now, and I just did you a huge favor. You might as well return the favor."

"Yes, but do you have to eat this pasta tonight? Can't I bring it to you for lunch or dinner tomorrow?" I asked him. Maybe he could be a little more reasonable, right?

"It's open 24/7. I guess you can perfectly go there right now," Ethan answered, and then he turned on his heels and left me alone in the corridor. Of course, I was the one boiling with rage now, but I went downstairs anyway and decided to go after this damn pasta. Who knows, maybe that would bring us some peace after so much mess over the past few days.

I was sure that he didn't want to eat anything at all. He just wanted to send me away. Maybe he was so angry at me that he didn't even consider being in the same place and had bailed Lucy and me just to save himself from more embarrassment.

Even though at that moment I was angry, I couldn't, however, let myself not be empathetic to him. After all, I was wrong. He had come to pick me up at the police station today. Okay, it wasn't my fault, but he still went there and bailed us out. Besides, if this was his punishment for me this time, I'd gladly accept it. That was a thousand times better than taking care of Tess, for example.

From the noise outside, a real deluge was falling to make my situation even worse. Ethan took his car keys upstairs with him, and he had the best car for rainy days. I was planning to take his car out, but I didn't want to ask him for the keys, so I went to the garage and picked up a plain sedan.

When I left home, it was already past one in the morning, and despite the rain, the path to the restaurant was not so troubled. It was raining, but everything was going well. I quickly arrived at Piccolo's and asked for the pasta that Ethan wanted to eat. I ended up taking home some food for myself as well. Honestly, I didn't remember my last meal.

Almost an hour later I was crossing the city again when the rain started to get worse, and it was raining so hard at that point that the lower part of the city had started to flood. The path closest to home passed through the lower part of the city,

and I knew that its tunnels and avenues would be flooded. So, I decided to take an alternative route that passed close to Vincent's house. It was a longer route, but probably safer for someone driving a sedan in the rain like I was.

What I didn't expect to happen was that the car wouldn't beat the rain. Close to Vincent's house the car simply stopped working. It was strange, even more so as I was driving carefully. There was still about half of the way until I reached the manor, but the highway was deserted. Getting a taxi or something like that in the middle of the rain at night was an almost impossible task.

I looked at my cell phone and there was only 5% of the charged battery. Today really wasn't my lucky day. There was no other choice but to use my last few minutes of battery power to call Ethan.

I took a deep breath and called his cell. It rang several times, but he didn't answer. Soon after, my cell phone died. So, I decided to find an umbrella that was in the car and walk to a place where I could make a call or get car service.

What I couldn't imagine was that tonight would get even worse than it already was.

Chapter 15 He knows about the baby.

Chapter 15 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

I didn't know exactly where I was going. Although I have some sense of direction, the car stopped in a place that I didn't know well. I just headed on the road toward the manor. If I'm lucky enough, somebody would stop and help me. The rain was pouring mercilessly on me, and my umbrella was too small to protect me from the water. In a few minutes I was completely soaked.

Maybe I am just not lucky at all, or maybe it was the fact that it was past 2 o'clock in the morning but I couldn't find anybody. After a few minutes walking like this I was not just soaked, but I was also cold as a stone, and my belly was aching. I started to get worried about my baby. Still, I continued walking, but I didn't go that far. A few steps later, I felt a searing pain in my belly, and had to bend down to try and stop that pain.

I was worried that my baby couldn't resist this whole ordeal, so I had to sit down a little and curve in a small ball to rest a little bit. The problem was the fact that I was in an open field. I couldn't find anywhere to take cover, and the rain was getting heavier by the minute. I didn't have a working cell phone. The battery died when I tried to call Ethan without success.

What was I going to do? I couldn't stay where I was until the rain subdued, or until dawn came. I was in pain, but I had to keep moving. I repeated these words in my head and took a few steps ahead. Still, my progress was too slow to have a real relevance. I had to stop here and there and get some rest curved like a ball on the curb of the road. Suddenly I remembered where I was. I was close to Vincent's house, and he was a doctor. He was the one that could help me in a situation like that!

I panicked when I felt a heat flow between my legs. Oh, my God. Was I losing my baby? Was I losing the only good thing that might come from my marriage? I had a thin coat of cold sweat on my forehead, and all the effort was taking a toll on me.

I was starting to think about giving up. I was alone, and nobody cared about me. Nobody would come to rescue me. Maybe I was just an unlucky girl, or maybe carrying Ethan's child really wasn't my destiny. All that I knew was that there was no solution for me. I couldn't help but start to cry. Why did God hate me that much?

I was about to lose my conscience, giving up on everything and everyone, including my baby when suddenly, I heard the sound of screeching tires, and a little commotion close to me. I dared to open my eyes and from where I was, I saw the tire of a familiar car. I also recognized the car's license plate, and when I looked around, I saw that Ethan was running towards me.

I was so happy and relieved to be saved at the nick of time that I tried to stand on my feet with the last of my strength. I smiled weakly at the man who was coming towards me, but all the effort I had made earlier took its toll, and I was only on my feet for a few seconds, collapsing again. But before I fell to the ground, strong arms held me, preventing further impact.

"Stupid girl," I heard Ethan murmur at me. Even though he was cursing me, I knew that he was there, and that I would be safe. I was still worried about my baby, but at least I wasn't alone, and I knew that even though he would do it

unwillingly, he would take me for medical assistance. Assured as I felt, I let darkness swallow me and I lost my consciousness.

I believe that along the way I regained my sense of hearing and that was when I heard that Ethan was frantic. I felt him drive quickly through town and make several calls, but I couldn't stay conscious enough to hear what he was saying. He, however, sounded worried, so I knew my situation was more serious than I realized.

The next time that I woke up, first I heard the sound of a beep, and when I finally opened my eyes, I was surrounded by a white environment. It took me a couple of minutes to understand that I was at the hospital. I looked around and saw that my arm was connected to a tube and through that, I was receiving some fluids. I tried to move a little bit, but I felt pain. My whole body was aching this time. Instinctively, I reached out and touched my lower belly. Was my baby fine? Was it still alive? I would have to find a way to ask the doctor without my husband suspecting anything.

“Don't worry, your baby is perfectly fine!” I heard a voice tell me. I panicked, because I recognized this voice. It was Dr. Vincent. I was scared because if he knew that I was pregnant, he probably had informed Ethan about this baby too.

I looked at him with my eyes wide as saucers and tried to say: “You... Why are you here, Dr. Vincent?” My throat felt like sand, and I had a hoarse voice.

“Calm down, Hannah,” Dr. Vincent admonished me and then he murmured: “wait a minute.” He then left my bedside and went to a corner of the hospital room to fetch me a glass of water. He gave me the glass immediately and admonished one more time: “small sips, please. Calm down.”

I nodded at him and reached out to the glass of water. After a few small sips I murmured: “Tha... thank you, Dr. Vincent.” He tried to help me by holding my upper body with his arms, but I was reminded of what Ethan had told earlier that night, or maybe yesterday, so I refused his help, ignored the pain in my body and stood on one elbow. He tried to help me again, this time with the glass, and I shook my head to refuse further help. Still, he ignored my weak attempt to push him away and put the glass of water under my mouth, so I could remain drinking from it.

“I must insist,” Dr. Vincent said, and I had no more reasons to push him away.

We stood like that for a few minutes while I was drinking slowly, and he was attending to me. His full attention was somewhat unnerving, but unfortunately, I couldn't do a lot about it at the moment.

When I finished the water, I felt that my throat was less sore. I laid down back in bed and gave Dr. Vincent the glass. When he took it, I managed to murmur: "Thank you."

"Anytime," he answered me, and then, he resumed playing with his cellphone.

He didn't say a thing after that, so I decided to ask him: "What... What happened to me?"

He turned his full attention back at me and murmured: "Well, Hannah, when Ethan found you lying on the road, he got really scared. It seems that you really didn't look good, and when you arrived at the hospital, we found out that you were burning with a fever. Later, we did a few exams to assess your condition, and that was when I discovered that you are pregnant. Which was a good thing, since knowing that we administered the right treatment. It seems that now your fever has broken, and you are going to be fine."

I sighed in relief at his words, but then I remembered about my baby, and that was my next question: "How about my baby, Dr. Vincent?"

He smiled calmly at me and said: "We did an ultrasound to check, and its vitals are perfectly fine," I sighed in relief again because even though he had mentioned before that my baby was healthy, he hasn't said that I had passed through another exam before, and knowing that the conclusion came from the exam, I knew that we would be fine.

I nodded at him and murmured: "Thank you again."

Dr. Vincent shook his head and told me: "Don't worry. You don't need to thank me, Hannah."

I was still worried if Ethan knew about my pregnancy, but I didn't want to ask him directly, so I started asking: "Where is Ethan?"

Dr. Vincent looked at me and answered: "He is close. He left just to do some errands and will be back soon."

He wasn't telling me what I wanted, so I decided to be more direct: "Did you update him on my condition?"

"Of course, I did. He is your hospital companion. I couldn't not let him know about your diagnosis after all."

Still, no direct answer. So I took a breath and asked him the question that was burning in my head: "Does Ethan know about my baby?"

"Yes, he knows about the baby. Didn't you want him to know that he is going to be a father?"