

Chapter 146: Emptiness.

Hannah's POV:

When I got out of Timothy's embrace, I saw that Ethan was there asking if I was okay. His face was scared, and he had a tense posture. But as I looked at him, I started having flashbacks, and I realized that everything that was happening to me - all that drama - was happening because Ethan had come into my life, at least in a way. That's when I started to wonder if it was all worth it.

"Hannah, are you okay?" Ethan insisted on the question, getting closer.

"Yes, she's fine, but not thanks to you," Lucy said. "Where the hell were you?" she asked.

Seriously, I loved my friend, but this wasn't the best time for her to take out all her frustrations on Ethan. This was the time for us to talk, just me and him. So, I looked at her face, trying to make her understand that this wasn't the time, but she didn't take the hint. Timothy understood, however. Then, he placed his hands on Lucy's shoulders and murmured, "Come on, Lucy, let's let the two of them talk alone, okay? They're not going anywhere."

Lucy looked uncertainly at Timothy, but then she

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looked at my face and I was nodding to show that I supported his suggestion. Then, reluctantly, she turned her back to us and went to sit on the benches at the police station again. I looked over and saw that Timothy was looking at me, so I softly murmured, "Thank you."

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Timothy nodded and took one last look at us before turning and heading towards Lucy.

"Well, now was the time," I thought to myself.

Then, I turned my full attention to Ethan, and waited for him to speak.

Ethan took my hands and asked me again, "Are

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you okay?" This time he looked me up and down as if checking my physical integrity.

"I...I honestly don't know, Ethan. I mean, physically I'm fine, but emotionally, I'm definitely not," I told him.

"What do you mean by that?" Ethan asked me.

I sighed and said, "Ethan, I mean I've been through a lot lately, you know," I told him, and he just nodded, so I continued, "And a lot of those things have been because of your bat-s**t crazy lover," I told him.

"Ex-lover," he corrected me. Then, he looked around as if looking for her and continued: "And where is she? Has she been arrested again?"

I looked at him and muttered, "Well... I hate to be the one to tell you... Tess died earlier tonight."

Ethan raised his eyebrows and asked me, "Are you serious?"

I nodded at him and said, "Yes, I'm very serious."

Ethan frowned and said, "I thought she would be behind bars, but I never thought such a thing would happen."

"Yeah... it just happened," I told him.

"And how did it happen?" he asked me.

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I crossed my arms, irritated. It was like he was more interested in knowing about Tess than me. "I can't believe you're asking me about this, Ethan!" I told him.

"Asking about what? About how she died?" Ethan asked confused.

"Did you pay attention to what you were doing? You're asking me about how your ex-lover died!" I exclaimed.

"Hannah, I'm so sorry," Ethan scratched his head and told me awkwardly. "I just wanted to know the details, because I came to the station as soon as I could, but I didn't know any details," Ethan explained to me.

I took a step back to get away from him and continued with my arms crossed as I said, "Well, for starters, after our session, I spent the entire day working at the cafe and taking out my frustration with you on work, and in the end of the day when we were finishing up, Tess surprised me in the alley. She had Michael in her arms and was ready to get back at me. Now can you just imagine why she wanted to get back at me, Ethan?" I asked him seriously.

Ethan looked at my face and said, "I..."

But I stopped him. "That was a rhetorical question, Ethan. She definitely wanted to get back at me."

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She wanted to get back at me because she thinks I'm in her way," I told him. "She thinks I do everything to disrupt her life. But honestly? If you had decided to marry me, how could you maintain a relationship with her?"

Ethan was still silent, so I continued: "I know, I didn't go into this relationship by mistake. I married you because I wanted to, but I never imagined you wouldn't stay by my side like you did," I told him. accusingly.

"Look, Hannah, I..." Ethan started to say, but I was done with it.

So, I raised my hands and said, "Look, Ethan, I need to tell you that I'm tired of these reckless games. You married me and kept a mistress for two years. You humiliated me all this time. You decided to stay with me just because we were going to have a baby and Tess had lost her baby. By the way, are you sure that baby was yours? You found out later that she was Alex's lover!" I threw it in his face.

I knew I was throwing everything in his face, but at that moment I was simply overflowing with all the frustration I was feeling.

"Tess is beside the point, Hannah," Ethan grimaced and told me.

"Oh no, she is pretty much the point, Ethan. She is

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the point so much today that she kidnapped our son and tried to kill me. She was going to take Michael away!" I exclaimed at him. "According to her, I ruined all her chances of having another baby, and that's why she would take my son. And you know what's worse than that? It's just that if it weren't for the fact that she was your lover, my path certainly wouldn't have even crossed with hers. Or maybe I shouldn't have accepted your marriage proposal, right?" I told him with arms crossed.

"Hannah, you marrying me wasn't a mistake. Believe me," Ethan insisted.

"I'm not so sure about that, Ethan," I told him.

"No Hannah, please don't think like that. We can fix our relationship," Ethan insisted.

"I don't think there's anything else to fix," I told him.

"Hannah, by everything that is holy, don't do anything with a hot head, I'm begging you," he pleaded.

I shook my head and told him, "Ethan, all this trouble I got myself into was because of you. There's no other reason. And today when I needed you, you weren't there for me. I'm tired of waiting for you, Ethan. I think we better look at reality and admit that this marriage is over."

"Hannah, please reconsider!" Ethan asked again.

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"And you don't think I've reconsidered so many times, Ethan? I think for my physical and mental well-being, I can't be with you anymore," I told him.

I saw his face contort in agony. But now it was too late for any regret on his part.

"Hannah, please don't do this. I...I love you," Ethan told me.

I looked at him sadly and shook my head. "Oh, Ethan, I've waited so long to hear you say that... it's a shame this realization came so late," I lamented.

"What if we continued to live apart?" Ethan suggested?

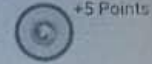
I shook my head and said, "No, Ethan, I want a divorce. That's if you haven't already given me a divorce, right? Before she died, Tess told me she saw our official divorce papers. So, Either she was mistaken, or you're fooling me," I told him.

"She was mistaken, Hannah. This was all part of the plan to trick her and capture her. Please believe me," Ethan pleaded.

"But that only means one thing, Ethan. If Tess had stayed alive, she would have remained part of our problems. We would never have peace if it were up to her!" I exclaimed to Ethan.

"But she's dead now, Hannah. You have to let her go," Ethan said.

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"And you have to let me go too. Right now, I believe that if my grandmother hadn't gotten sick and looked for old Michael, my life would have been so much better. You would have stayed with her like you wanted and I would have followed my

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own path. Maybe I wouldn't have married a billionaire, but if I had found a simple man who loved me, maybe I would have been happy."

"No, Hannah, you can't undo the past. Think about our marriage. Think about our son!" Ethan exclaimed.

"You're not going to lock me into this marriage because of Michael, Ethan. I'm not like you. I

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wouldn't stay married for family convenience," I told him.

"Hannah, please, there must be something we can do. Tell me and I'll do it," Ethan pleaded.

"So, if you really respect me, you're going to sign your name on those damn papers I signed almost a year ago and let me go," I told him.

"What about our baby?" Ethan asked me.

"We'll have joint custody, since you moved your office here, but that's all we'll have in common from now on," I told him.

"Are you sure about that?" Ethan sighed and said resignedly.

"I am," I told him.

"Fine, as you wish," He told me and walked away.


I wouldn't blame him for not staying with me then. Nor did I want it at that moment. I thought I would feel relief from this, but all I felt was emptiness.



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