

Chapter 16 His psychopath mistress.

Chapter 16 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Well, of course, I didn’t want him to know about the baby! We are getting a divorce, Vincent. Haven’t you considered the fact that he could think that I got pregnant just to stop our marriage from ending or that I used this child to blackmail him or something like this?” I asked Vincent, scared.

Vincent shrugged and raised his hands in a surrender gesture. “I’m sorry, Hannah. I didn’t know that you were hiding your pregnancy from him! He was responsible for you while you were unconscious. He needed to know everything about your condition. Besides, we changed your initial medication because of the baby. He needed to know about that too!” Vincent apologized and justified his reply.

“Urgh! Now is going to be hell on earth!” I told him, frustrated.

“Well, I’m sorry once again. But now that he knows, what are you going to do?” Vincent asked intrigued.

“Hum... honestly, I don’t know what to do!” I confessed to him, and then, I turned to him and asked: “Do you think that Ethan would like to have this child? I mean, this child is half mine too, and we are about to get divorced.”

“I’m sorry, I can’t answer this question for Ethan. He is the only one who could have an opinion on this matter,” Vincent answered me while shrugging one more time. “But he is a stable man. He is wealthy, he is at a good age to be a father. I particularly don’t see a reason why he would not want this child, Hannah. And that is all that I am going to say about this matter. You both should talk about it,” he concluded his two cents about my family.

I gulped down a little bit of anxiety and murmured: “you are probably right. I’m going to talk to him,” I told Vincent.

Dr. Vincent nodded at me, put his phone back on his coat, and said: “Well, I must go now, Hannah. I have other patients to check on. I will see you later, okay?”

I nodded and told him: “Thank you, Dr. Vincent.” And he left the room.

Honestly, when Vincent left the room, he also left me to reflect on my future. So, does he really think that there would be no reason for Ethan not to want this child? Would he not be a foundling in his father’s eyes? I started to believe that maybe we could have some peace after all.

I was resting with this comforting thought when I heard some commotion outside my room. A few seconds later, Tess rushed into my room and made a beeline straight to me, her delicate hands grabbing my neck and trying to suffocate me.

“Tess... What... Are... You... Doing?” I asked her while I was trying to breathe.

Her eyes were red and murderous when she asked me back: “Why, oh, why are you pregnant, Hannah? You just killed my baby! Now I know why you did this! Your plan was killing my baby from the beginning, so you could have Ethan’s baby alone! But the hell I’m going to let you have this child!”

She was holding me by the neck, and I couldn’t breathe. I was trying to push her hands from my neck to save myself, but Tess seemed determined to kill me in that hospital room. Her delicate appearance was gone, and her face was pure evil.

“Tess... Stop... Please!” I begged her, but it didn’t matter to her.

“Oh, no, Hannah! If I need to kill you so your child won’t be born, I will. You just want this baby to tie Ethan up and keep your marriage, but that is not happening. Just over my dead body!” She exclaimed to me. She was completely out of her mind!

I was getting desperate by the minute because I couldn’t save myself at all. Although Tess looked so fragile and a few days ago she was laying in a hospital bed, she looked more like the Incredible Hulk while gripping my neck. My mind started to be foggy, and I started to lose consciousness.

After much struggle, I finally managed a few words at her: “Tess... stop... If you... Kill me... You’re... going to... jail...”

But she didn’t care at all. She just sneered at me and said: “But I am taking two lives today. It is worth a try.”

Well, that was it. I was destined to die at the hands of this crazy woman. When I was about to surrender and accept that no one would come and rescue me, I heard a cold and low voice ask her: “Tess, what the hell are you doing?” It was Ethan! He came back to my room and found us like this! Maybe he would finally see Tess for who she was!

When Tess heard Ethan’s voice, her body stiffened and she was astonished. That evil look that I have seen on her face transformed completely into an angel face, and she started to cry like a baby. She fell to the ground and I didn’t know if she fainted because she was drained from all the effort she had put into trying to kill me or if she was just pretending to be that fragile woman she always pretends to be in front of Ethan.

Ethan picked her up from the floor quickly and I finally took a good breath. I was still trembling and recovering from Tess’s attempt to murder me. I laid back in the bed just wanting her to go away. I looked at Ethan, but he wasn’t paying attention to me. His eyes were on Tess, who sobbed in his lap, forcing him to look exclusively at her. Well, I

knew that this would be like this. She didn't like him to share the attention he gives to her, not even toward his wife, who was almost killed by his psychopath mistress.

After the melee ended, Tess remained in Ethan's arms for a long time while he calmed her down. Of course, I was practically the third wheel once again, I was aware of it. And then later, when she found her voice again, she complained to him: "Oh, dear Ethan, you promised me that you would never have a baby with anyone but with me! You promised me! What is this that I heard today that your wife is pregnant?"

What was this crazy woman saying? I had recovered enough to realize that what she was asking from Ethan was not good. She could be so selfish to the point of trying to kill someone, and this someone was pregnant. All for her own happiness. Didn't she have any remorse for the things she did?

Ethan looked at me and for the first time, I didn't see any coldness in his look. It was almost... neutral. Still, he didn't say a word to me. He just remained caressing Tess's back with his large palm, calming her down. The only thing that he said was to soothe her: "Tess, please, don't cry. Your body is still recovering from that terrible fall. It wouldn't do any good to you to overexert yourself."

Tess looked at him, wiped the tears on her face, and asked him once again: "But are you going to have this baby with Hannah? You promised me that I would be the mother of your children! You can't break this kind of promise, Ethan!"

Oh, my God, this woman was completely out of her mind. First of all, this baby was also mine, and is definitely none of her business! Still, I looked at Ethan in silence and fear waiting for his answer to her, because he would have a say in this whole story.

Still, he never looked at me. His eyes fell on her once again and he murmured to calm her down: "Hey Tess, don't bother yourself about

this. You don't know what you are saying." Well, at least he didn't promise her to kill my baby in exchange for a family with her. I sighed relieved, but lucky me, they were so involved in each other that they didn't realize that I was paying attention to their conversation.

"I'm not joking here, Ethan!" Tess's calm was gone once again, and she was getting angry by the minute. Tears fell down her face, and Ethan's shirt was soaked in her tears. She pulled his clothes and murmured: "Ethan, you promised to take care of me after my whole family was gone! I don't have anyone but you now, Ethan! I need you to divorce that woman and marry me. You promised me this much!"

"Tess, calm down. Everything will be fine," Ethan answered her, but I could feel that his words were empty, just to calm her down. He wasn't giving her the direct answer that she was expecting.

Tess continued: "If she gives birth to this baby... Your baby, Ethan, she would never leave completely. You might not get divorced from her, or she will be visiting often. You will have a family and I will be left alone. You can't do that to me, Ethan!" she exclaimed.

Oh, great. Now my baby's destiny would be influenced by this maniac. Life has never been so ironic before.

Chapter 17 I want to have an abortion.

Chapter 17 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Although Ethan was by Tess's side, she didn't like the fact that he didn't give her the answer that she was asking for. She cried for a while in Ethan's lap. He looked like a lost child, not knowing what to do with her plea and probably some questions about our child.

After a while, he tried to assure her once again and murmured: “Tess, you don’t have to be afraid and ask for crazy things like this. You are not alone, and you will never be. There is no reason to fear a small child. You will be fine!”

Tess looked at him and her eyes were red and swollen when she answered: “You don’t get it, Ethan. If Hannah has this baby, I will be in second or third place in your life. You will have your own family. You won’t be willing to divorce her and marry me. Don’t underestimate the strength that a child has. It will destroy us! You must promise me that you won’t let that child be born or I will die!”

She was looking at him dead serious. Still, Ethan looked at her and murmured: “Tess, please, you are overreacting. It won’t be like this! Calm down, we can solve it all, you will see!”

But she didn’t see that in a good way. Ethan had barely finished his sentence and she pushed away from him, leaving his lap. There was a tray with food for me in the room, she made a beeline toward this tray and grabbed the knife destined to be used at a meal and ran the blade across one of her wrists fiercely.

That happened so fast that nobody was expecting that Tess would go that far. Thankfully, before she could continue to make a scene, Ethan stood up and took the knife from her hand, stopping her from doing the same to the other wrist.

Ethan took the knife and throwed it to the other side of the room as far as he could. “Are you insane? This is ridiculous!”, he said to her. And then, he grabbed her in his arms and tried to leave the room and go to the emergency room, so the nurses could take a look at her wrist, but she grabbed the door and didn’t want to leave. She probably wanted to make a scene in front of me.

“Calm down, Tess. I’m trying to take care of you!” Ethan exclaimed frustrated.

“Promise me that you won’t let this child be born first, Ethan!” She demanded from him.

Oh, my God. This woman had completely lost it. I froze and started to wonder how far she would go to have Ethan. I was done with all this circus and didn’t wait for Ethan to say something. I decided to speak for him this time: “Tess, you can rest assured. This child... will not live,” I told her. I felt a pain searing my heart when I said so, but I needed her out of my room.

Tess looked at me and smiled: “So... you won’t give birth to this baby...?” She asked me again.

“No, it won’t,” I told her, defeated.

“Hannah!” Ethan told me in a reprimand. He didn’t like my answer to Tess at all. His eyes were dark and bloodshot.

I sighed at him. I was already done with this insane woman, so I just answered Ethan: “She has done enough for today. If you don’t get her to the emergency room, she might die, and you will suffer because of her death. Go treat this. If this was what she wanted to hear, here it is!” I exclaimed.

Ethan didn’t say anything after that. He just nodded at me with an unfathomable look, accepting what I promised to Tess. And then, he grabbed the hand that she was holding to the room and convinced her to let go. He left my room straight to the emergency room.

Alone in the room again, I stared in shock to the small pool of blood that Tess left behind after cutting her wrist. She was really willing to go to that extreme if that was the case to get what she wanted. There was no way to win against her, so I just accepted my fate once again.

The bright side at this moment was that my fever had finally subsided, I was feeling a lot better from yesterday, and I noticed that I had to go to

use the bathroom. I took a look at myself in the mirror, and I was looking healthy enough. When I came back to the bedroom, Dr. Vincent was there with a nurse.

“Hey, Hannah, I see that you are feeling better,” He smiled at me and continued: “I thought that we could discharge you or if you want to stay here one more night for good measure, it’s up to you.”

I smiled back at him. That was good news. I was wondering when I would be discharged but the fact that I didn’t want to stay a minute more here made up my mind. “Great! I want to go home now, Dr. Vincent.”

“Certainly,” he murmured at me. He probably thought that I made the wrong choice, but I didn’t want to see Tess in this place anymore.

Outside the hospital, the day was bright and due to the heavy rain from yesterday, all the vegetation had a special tone of green. I went back home, but I didn’t need to get more rest or have the chance to meet Ethan and Tess at the manor. I took a quick shower and went straight to Brown enterprises. After all, I still was the boss’s wife, and I still had a job here.

When I arrived at my office’s floor, my personal assistant, Claire, came after me, and told me: “Hannah! it’s good to see you here again. My condolences! I’m sorry about your loss. Mr. Michael Brown was a great person.” I had prohibited her to call me Mrs. Brown, that was the reason why she called me Hannah.

I nodded at her and murmured: “Thanks,” and went to my office.

I thought that that was all that Claire would say to me, but she came after me to give me another message: “Oh, Hannah, Dean Mason’s wife is in your office waiting for you. I was about to call you to know your whereabouts when you arrived. She is here in the name of the hospital to talk about business.”

I nodded in appreciation and told her: “Thank you, Claire. Could you please ask someone to prepare us something to eat and drink during this meeting? It doesn’t have to be too much, just thoughtful enough. Besides, I am hungry.” I asked her.

“Sure,” Claire murmured and went to her desk. I took a deep breath and went toward my office, but in the corridor, I decided to call Dr. Vincent. I needed his help with something in my plan. But more than that. I need to count on his discretion.

When he answered his phone, he sounded confused: “Hello? Hannah?”

“Hi, Dr. Vincent. I was hoping to talk to you later tonight. Do you think that we could have dinner later?”

“Sure, just name a time and place,” he seemed a little confused, but he agreed to meet me anyway.

“I will send you the details later. I am about to start a meeting right now,” I told him.

“I will be waiting, Hannah,” Vincent answered me, and then he continued: “Hannah? I hope that this dinner doesn't leave us in a delicate situation...” Of course, he would be worried about what his friend would understand from this meeting.

“Don’t worry, Doc. It won’t,” I told him and ended the call. I went to the restroom quickly to check on my makeup and went to my office to meet Rose Mason: Dean’s Mason’s wife, and one of the people responsible for our business in the hospital.

“Hannah!” Rose’s salutation was exciting. She got up from the sofa in my office to shake my hand. She was a middle-aged woman with an amiable face.

“Oh, Rose, I am really sorry for being late. I actually didn’t know that you would come here today. My assistant told me five minutes ago. I arrived later today,” I tried to explain to her.

She shook her head and had a smile on her face: “No problem at all. I didn’t schedule this meeting. I was just hoping to have a word or two with you about the hospital deal. I just arrived here myself.”

“Oh, good,” I told her and made a gesture so she would take a seat once again. “So, to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?” I asked her.

“I’m sorry, I came here to ask you for an extension. I know that Mason recently signed a new deal with Brown Enterprises for the hospital renovation, but we need a little extension,” Rose went straight to the point.

After two years of marriage with Ethan, I almost didn’t get anything from him in our private life except for the baby in my belly. But when we talk about business, I get a lot of work done. I started at Brown Enterprise as a regular manager, but due to his name and my own accomplishments, I was promoted to director. Now, I had my own projects, and the hospital was my main project now.

“Sure,” I told Rose. “But I needed something from you in exchange. Something personal,” I started to explain to Rose.

“Anything!” she replied promptly. “What can we do for you, Hannah?” she asked me.

“I want to have an abortion,” I answered her.

Her face was priceless.

Chapter 18 Today, I decided that everything will be over soon.

Chapter 18 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Wait... what did you just ask from me?” Rose asked me. Her mouth was open, and she was in shock.

“You heard me, Rose. I want to have an abortion,” I answered her.

“I didn’t know that you were pregnant, Hannah,” Rose trailed off.

“Yeah, six weeks now, but not for long,” I told her.

“But are you sure? This is your first child, right? Wouldn't the Brown family want an heir to their empire? I know that your uncle Terry didn’t have a child, and now he and his wife are too old to have an heir. All this responsibility is on your shoulders. Well, yours and Ethan’s.” Rose tried to convince me to give up on the idea of getting an abortion.

“Yes, they would, but this is concerning just Ethan and I, and we are not ready yet, Rose,” I answered her.

“Still... It’s the Brown’s heir or heiress that we are talking about! Aren’t you afraid that this could be your first and last chance of having a baby? This could end the Brown’s family heritage!” Rose exclaimed, insisting. I knew that she had nothing to do with our family, but she was worried that if she helped me with this matter, our business with the hospital would come to an end.

I sighed before answering her: “Rose, although I have been married to Ethan for a few years now, our relationship isn’t in the best place right now, as you know very well. This is not the right time for us to have a baby, and if it’s meant to be, the Brown house will have a heritage in the future” I tried to explain to her. She didn’t need to know that Ethan had a mistress, and our marriage was sustained by Grandpa Michael’s wish, and now that he was gone, Ethan had no excuse to not divorce me because of Tess. Besides, maybe Ethan could have another heir or heiress in the future, but this time with Tess.

“But... but...” Rose was more than hesitant. This was starting to annoy me. She had nothing to do with my marriage.

“There is no but, Rose. Besides, I am asking you a favor. As you know, the business between your family’s hospital and Brown Enterprises has a large amount of money involved, and this extension will actually stop us from allocating investments somewhere else while you don’t fulfill your part. I am willing to deal with my husband and the whole board of shareholders for you. In exchange, I would like you to help me with this matter. All I am asking from you is an operating room and a doctor that could perform an abortion for me, not making this decision for me” I explained to her.

Brown Enterprises started as an engineering and architecture company, and later it grew to the point of having several types of businesses under its umbrella. But the main business was still renovation and building. We had a partnership with the Masons for several years and this was the first time that they needed to reallocate resources from one project to another, and they were asking for a delay in their payment. Originally, we did this agreement with the hospital because of Vincent and his ability to convince us, but now the whole deal was my responsibility.

“Rose, you know that our companies have been partners for a while now. But you must consider that what you are asking from me involves a huge amount of money,” I told her.

“Yes, I know, Hannah, all that we are asking from you is one week and we will be back on track again,” Rose explained to me.

“Yeah, one week. That would be the necessary time for me to recover from abortion. This operation would demand from me some resting time, and I could say that I forgot to talk to you about your loan deadline, so it wouldn’t be your responsibility but would be mine. Can’t you see that this abortion could solve not just my problems but yours too?” I tried to convince her to help me.

“Does your husband know about the child? Does he know that you are considering an abortion?” Rose asked me, insecure.

“Yes, he does about my pregnancy, and he knows about the abortion too. As I said, I am assuming total responsibility in both matters,” I answered her. We hadn't discussed that in the heat of the moment when Tess cut her wrist, but he already knew that my intention wasn't to keep the baby, and that was enough to answer Rose's question without lying.

“Still, Ethan and you are not that young. This child would come at the perfect time. You are sufficiently mature, you have resources!” Rose insisted one more time.

I sighed. I was done with her trying to convince me that my decision wasn't final. “Well, Rose. I'm sorry that we got to this point, but my help will be conditioned to yours. I need this surgeon and an operation room in exchange for your extension. If you don't help me, I will get this help somewhere else, and we won't have a deal on this extension. It is up to you now,” I told her.

She sighed defeated: “Sure, I will see what I can do,” she answered.

“Good!” I exclaimed and continued: “Now that we have solved this matter, we can have something to eat,” I told her and instantly I heard a knock on my door. My food request had arrived.

We spent some time talking about anything but my abortion request. We deal with each other often, so there wasn't a lack of themes that we could talk about. But I saw some hesitation coming from her during all that time.

Maybe she thought that I was merciless and that I hadn't considered the whole picture. But she didn't understand that I had already made up my mind. In her madness, Tess was right about one thing. Leaving Ethan's life completely wouldn't be possible if we had a baby. Sometimes, I

wish he didn't know that I was pregnant. Maybe I could have signed the papers and left for good and had my child secretly.

We remained in this conversation for a while and when we finally said our goodbyes, she decided to talk about the elephant in the room again: "Are you really sure about that?" she asked me one more time.

"I am," I answered simply and calmly.

"It's too bad, though," she commented.

I shrugged and answered her: "It is what it is."

"Well, I will do what you asked of me, Hannah. I hope you don't regret such a decision," Rose answered and gave me a hug.

"Thanks, Rose. I knew that I could count on you for this," I answered her.

I closed my office door and locked it. I just wanted to cry. Of course, such a decision took a toll on me. Thinking about giving up on my baby just because of the shadow that Tess was casting on my life was too sad. Still, there wasn't an easy way out of that. There wasn't an easy answer to my problems.

I didn't know how long I remained like that. I just knew that I didn't have much work today. But now that I decided what I wanted to do with my life, it was easy to just follow the plan. So, I pulled myself together and when I was feeling a little better, I unlocked my office door and called my assistant Claire again.

Claire came into my office, and it seems that she didn't notice that I had been crying, and that was a good sign. I didn't want anyone to feel sorry for me. She asked me excitedly: "What can I do for you now, Hannah?"

"Well, I need you to go to Ethan's lawyers and ask them for our divorce papers. Tell them that I will sign the documents today. Knowing Ethan,

he asked for them to prepare these documents ages ago, and now I will finally give him what he is expecting from me: freedom.” I asked Claire.

She looked at me suspiciously. “Hannah, are you sure about this? It’s still too soon! Mr. Brown just died. Wouldn't that be a hasty, emotion-driven decision?”

Of course, this was an emotion-driven decision. I loved my husband, even though he never loved me. But I was so done with being humiliated by his mistress, so done with being the third wheel in my own marriage, and done about people pitying me. But above all, I was done with everyone asking me if I was sure about my decisions today. I just sighed and told her: “Yeah, I’m completely sure, Claire. Could you please fetch the documents for me? I will be waiting to sign them today, okay?”

Claire nodded, a little disappointed, and murmured: “Sure, ma’am. The documents will be here soon, then.”

Today was the day when I decided that everything would be over.

Chapter 19 Will you help me, Dr. Vincent?

Chapter 19 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hanna’s POV:

Claire has been my assistant for the last two years, but I consider her not just my assistant, but as my ally in this company because since day one there have been people here trying to destroy my reputation or spread gossip about their opinion that I just got where I am now because of my husband. That was the reason why I accepted her opinion so easily. She has always been smart and loyal. Since she was studying law and this could be useful to me at the moment, I decided that when she arrived back from the lawyer’s office, I would show her my divorce papers.

Half an hour later, she came back with an envelope that contained my divorce documents. She stood there while I was reading the document, and I gave it to her so she could take a look and offer some opinions.

After a while, she murmured: “Hannah, I don’t know if you realized it, but if you agree to divorce right now, you and Ethan will be breaking Mr. Michael Brown’s instructions, so you might be penalized and all the equity that was originally transferred to you will return to Ethan’s possession. I am not sure if this is the best for you now. It is not as if you are going to leave your marriage completely poor, but you won’t be filthy rich anymore. You have more to lose than to win if you get a divorce right now,” she advised me.

I smiled at her because it was good having someone at least worried about me in this situation. I didn’t have time to explain the whole story to her, but I decided to at least assure her, so I said: “Don’t worry about me, Claire. I have my own plans, and they are time-sensitive because they will probably involve me leaving the city for a while. So, if I don’t have a share of the company to worry about, it will make it easier for me to back down for a while.” I signed the papers after that and gave them back to her. She nodded at me and left the room. I knew that she liked me as a boss, so she wasn’t that happy about my decision.

After she was gone, it was about time to go meet Vincent. He was sort of a key factor in my plan to succeed. I needed his help and discretion. I honestly didn’t know what his opinion about my marriage with Ethan was, but I hoped that he would consider me enough to help me at least once.

When I left my office, I found Claire at her desk. She had left my office earlier to give my husband’s lawyers the documents and she never returned to my office but came back to her desk. So, I asked her: “How was it?”

“It was okay. Everything was done. Now, if it depends on you, you will be the former Mrs. Brown soon.”

I nodded at her and murmured: “Well, sooner rather than later. Thank you, Claire.”

She nodded to me and murmured in acceptance: “Anytime. Have a nice evening, Hannah.” After that, I left the building.

I was still thinking about Claire when I got to my car. I knew that she would be fine. She was a hard-working employee. Brown Enterprises was lucky to have her, and they would always have some space for someone as smart as her, even after I left. I knew that she had her opinion about my marriage and divorce, but I didn’t allow her to share it. I was done with people trying to tell me what to do today.

I started the car and went straight to the restaurant that I had chosen for my dinner with Vincent. Traffic was light and although the restaurant was a little far from Brown headquarters, which I did on purpose, I arrived there in time.

Le Calcarie was an elegant French bistro with the best French cuisine in the city and an intimate environment. It was discreet and I knew that Ethan would never look for us in this place. He brought me here on our first date, because yes, although this was an arranged marriage, we had some time to get to know each other before the altar, but we never came back. He confessed to me once that he hated French cuisine, and that he had taken me there to impress me. Honestly, back in that time, silly as I was, I would have been impressed if he had taken me to KFC.

I booked a table in advance and the maître took me to our table. To my uttermost surprise, Vincent was sitting there already. He was playing with his cell phone in a relaxed posture, completely comfortable in that place. Maybe because when I sent him the restaurant details, he knew that the chance of us bumping into Ethan was minimal here.

“Oh, Dr. Vincent! I didn’t know that you were already here. I’m sorry, am I late?” I looked at my watch to check the hour, to check if I had arrived late. I looked at him a little confused.

“Oh, not at all, Hannah. I was around, so I decided to come here a little earlier, don’t worry,” Vincent told me.

I smiled at him relieved and said: “Well, I’m sorry for keeping you waiting anyways. Should we order already?” and just on my cue, a waiter came to take our orders.

We ordered and the waiter went toward the kitchen immediately. Vincent was looking at the whole scenario for a while and then he looked at me and smiled: “It is good to see you out of that hospital bed. You scared us, Hannah!”

I smiled at him and murmured: “Well, I feel better now. Thank you for asking. It’s good to know that someone cares,” I smiled bitterly at him.

“You should value yourself a little bit more, Hannah,” he murmured to me with his smile still wide open.

I simply nodded at him and decided to change the subject: “Has anyone ever said to you that when you smile, you light up the room?” I told him that and then I realized what I had just said. I blushed furiously. This was completely inappropriate.

Vincent looked at me with an unfathomable expression in his eyes. And then he answered slowly: “No, you are the first one. Thank you, though.”

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said such a thing. It was inappropriate,” I told him.

Vincent raised his hand and murmured: “No harm done. Don’t worry,” and I nodded at him.

The waiter came back with our beverages. I took a long sip of my juice and we remained in silence for a while. For him, I bet it was a peaceful silence, but for me, I was still brooding over my previous comment and

feeling embarrassed. I noticed that Vincent was still looking at me and smiling, although he didn't say a single word.

I was starting to feel a little awkward about the way he was looking at me. I took a last sip from my cup and asked him: "Is there something wrong? Do I have something stuck in my teeth?"

He shook his head and murmured: "No, absolutely! It is just... the first time that I am having dinner with my best friend's wife, I feel..."

"Awkward?" I asked him and we both laughed.

He shook his head once again and told me: "No, it just feels good. You are a nice woman, Hannah." He had a wide smile on his face.

"Well, thank you, Dr. Vincent," I told him and turned to blush once again. I felt a little bit exposed to him.

He raised his hand to stop me and murmured: "Just Vincent, Hannah."

I nodded at him and murmured: "Vincent."

He smiled widely once again and asked: "So, to what do I owe the honor of your invitation, Hannah? How can I help you?"

"Well, this is a delicate matter, Vincent. I was hoping that you could provide me with some alternative medicine. I heard that beyond the traditional type, you have some knowledge of alternative medicine and even Chinese medicine. I am looking for medicine to recover from an abortion," I explained to him.

"A miscarriage, you mean?" Vincent asked with a funny face.

"Not a miscarriage. An abortion," I was clear with my words.

"I see that you made your decision, Hannah," he murmured a little aggravated.

“I did, and I am wondering if you could help me, even though Ethan would get mad. I know that you are one of Ethan’s closest friends, so you must know how our marriage is not working, and I bet you already heard about Tess’s latest scandal. What I want most is to be as far away from everyone else involved as possible, and a baby would complicate my leaving.”

“I see,” Vincent murmured to me.

“So, are you going to help me with this medicine?” I pressed him again.

Vincent remained silent with his unfathomable eyes looking directly at me, while I was waiting to see if he could help me to change my destiny or not.

Chapter 20 Can’t our marriage be amended, Hannah?

Chapter 20 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah’s POV:

Vincent looked at me with his unfathomable eyes, his eyebrows were arched, and I knew that he was considering my request. I needed his help or my whole plan would crumble at my feet. His dark eyes were fixed on mine as if he was trying to see through me. I remained smiling silently and calmly, waiting for his answer.

After a minute or two, he sighed and murmured: “Yes, I will, but you should consider the impact of your actions, okay?”

I smiled relieved at him and said: “Thank you, Vincent. And I promise you that I will think about the consequences before anything.”

“I know you will,” Vincent told me, and then he continued: “You are a smart woman. A quiet one, but smart.”

I shrugged at him and murmured: “I have always been this quiet, Vincent. Maybe that is the reason why Ethan and I are not compatible. It seems that he always preferred the loud ones.”

Vincent chuckled at me and murmured: “Yeah, I think you can say so.”

“And that is one of the reasons why I want to go on with my plan, Vincent. We are incompatible. Besides, this child has terrible timing. We were about to get divorced.”

By this time, our food had already arrived, and Vincent took a few mouthfuls before saying something further.

After a while, he said: “I get your point. It is too bad, though. In less than a week Ethan will have lost not one, but two babies.”

I nodded at him but murmured: “Yeah, it is too bad for him. Still, soon he will be free to marry the woman he really loves.”

Vincent didn't say a thing. He just remained in silence studying me. After a while, he asked me: “So, when are you going to leave the city?”

I looked at him surprised because I hadn't mentioned to him that I was going to leave after the surgery. He simply murmured: “Well, since you won't have anything here that makes you stay, it is clear to me that you are going to leave us soon.”

I nodded at him, a little frustrated because I was like an open book to him. Still, I told him the truth: “I think that I will leave the city maybe in a month or two. But I haven't decided where I am going yet,” I explained to him.

“Well, you should go to the countryside, or maybe the shores. Anywhere but a big city would be good for you. They say that life is better or at

least more peaceful, and God only knows that you need calm and relaxation to rebuild your life after your divorce,” Vincent told me.

I smiled at him and murmured: “You are probably right.” And he was. I could find some peace far away from the city, and I could be anyone I wanted in a new town. I just rather be at the shores than be in the countryside. I think that these communities had a more pulsating life, and I liked the idea of living close to the beach.

After removing the main problem that brought us to this meeting, the rest of the dinner went smoothly. I intended to pay for the bill, because I was the one who requested the meeting, but Vincent had paid in advance. I just hoped that the fact that he paid for dinner wouldn’t make him think that he should tell Ethan about our conversation.

“I owe you another dinner. Next time it will be my treat,” I told him outside the restaurant.

Vincent hugged me and murmured: “Yeah, maybe next time. Take care, Hannah.”

I went straight to my car, and when I was about to enter, I heard him calling me from the other side of the parking lot: “Hey, Hannah, is the surgery scheduled already?”

“I think it is going to happen tomorrow or the next day. I asked the hospital to hurry,” I explained to him. Now that I made up my mind, there was no need to delay one single day.

“Does Ethan know about the schedule?” Vincent asked me.

I shrugged and murmured: “I don’t know. He knows that I promised Tess that this child wouldn’t live, but I didn’t inform him about the details, and I won’t either.”

Vincent frowned and entered his car. I think that he didn't have an opinion about this whole story or didn't care to share it anyways.

I got into the car and started it. When I left the parking lot, Vincent was still there. I just waved him goodbye and went home. About half an hour later, I was arriving home. The restaurant that I chose was far away on purpose. I parked my car in the garage but didn't get out immediately. I took a deep breath and fetched the copy of the divorce agreement that I had signed from my purse.

At first, I thought that I wouldn't sign these papers unless Ethan threatened me, but look at us right now, I was willingly giving him the freedom that he wanted most. Life was funny sometimes. In others, it seemed just ironic.

One thing that I couldn't deny was the fact that Ethan was being generous about the divorce agreement. He promised me this manor, a few other houses, and most of Brown Enterprises' dividends. I did a quick math and realized that I didn't need to worry about finding a job immediately, which was good because I needed time for myself.

But deep in my mind, I had this sensation that Ethan was being generous because he thought that these material things would convince me to leave him. Maybe he thought that I was a gold digger. That thought made me laugh. If this was what he was thinking, he was completely wrong.

I stood in the car as long as I could and then I got into the manor. It seemed deserted and the lights were out. Everything was silent and almost ghostly. I switched a few lights on and changed my shoes into something more comfortable. Suddenly, I saw the tall man sitting on a couch, waiting for me in the dark.

"Ethan, you scared the hell out of me," I murmured, but he didn't say a thing. His eyes were watching me intently, but no word left his lips. As he didn't answer me, I asked: "Why are you in the dark? Have you

eaten?” I didn’t know if I did that to fulfill the silence or if I did that because I was worried about him.

Ethan decided to ignore my questions and make his own question instead: “Where have you been, Hannah?”

“I went to Brown’s today, Ethan,” I answered his question, but at the same time didn’t inform him that I had dinner with his best friend. “Come, I will cook something for you to eat,” I told him to shift this conversation from the focus of where I have been.

After Tess’s melee this morning, I didn’t want to give Ethan any piece of my attention. Still, I think that when someone is in your heart, you can’t completely ignore them, so I went to the kitchen to prepare something for Ethan’s dinner.

I decided to keep it simple, so I made a simple pasta, a salad, and grilled a steak. When I was about to finish preparing his dinner, I felt his cold presence at the kitchen door. I couldn’t help looking back, and when I looked at him, his expression was dark and serious.

“What’s wrong?” I asked him.

He didn’t answer me. He simply came closer and flopped on one of the island’s stools. I closed my mouth, understanding that he didn’t want to talk to me.

When I finished his dinner, I put a plate in front of him and murmured: “Here, enjoy.”

I intended to go straight to our bedroom because I wanted to have a quick shower. I was about to leave the kitchen when I heard him saying: “Can’t our marriage be amended, Hannah?”

Ethan’s POV:

I came home after dealing with Tess. I didn't go to the company because after banding her wrist it was hell on earth to try to calm her down. Finally, after promising her that I would convince Hannah to interrupt her pregnancy, I left her at the hospital under medication and went home. The odd part was that Hannah wasn't at the manor. Where the hell was this woman?

I waited for Hannah to come back from wherever she was. Actually, I decided that I wouldn't do much until she arrives. I needed to talk to her about the baby. I already had lost an heir this week, and now I was about to lose my second one. I needed to talk her out of this crazy idea.

I waited for her in our living room, with the lights out. She was startled when she saw me waiting for her on the couch. I asked where she had been, and she told me that she was at the company, but she seemed a little vague. And then, she cooked for me as she used to do a long time ago. I startled her once again and sat on the kitchen stool. She served me some pasta and salad. It smelled wonderful.

Sometimes it was hard to talk to her. She could be stubborn as hell, and although we had our differences, I respected the fact that she had a resilient spirit. Sometimes, I used to speak with her in a rough manner, especially when I was angry. But tonight, I decided to start our conversation in a more delicate way, so maybe she could be convinced to not abort.

I thought that maybe if I asked her about our marriage she could stay and have the baby. I wasn't thinking straight, I just needed to convince her that we could have this baby. I would deal with the aftermath later.

“Can't our marriage be amended, Hannah?”