

## Chapter 161: Ammunition against me.

Hanna's POV:

Patricia had been gone for just a couple of days, and honestly, I have to say that it was incredibly nerve-wracking. I thought that after bonding with my son, I wouldn't have these kinds of issues arising from him again. But it seems I was wrong because he got sick, and when he got sick, he became even needier. I had just started a new job, trying to prove myself over there, and things got worse, at least on my psychological side, because of what I'd heard from Katrina and Stone back in the day in the kitchen.

"Hey, are you alright, Hannah?" James asked me a couple of days later. I had huge bags under my eyes, and no concealer in the world could hide them anymore.

"Yeah, I'm just having a couple of complicated days with my baby boy lately," I told him. "But I'm fine. I can keep up."

"Well, I've got your back if you need to go back to him," James reassured me.

"No, no," I shook my head, "I don't want to give Katrina more ammunition against me. I'm good, everything will be fine. It's just a couple of rough

Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

days."

"But if you need anything, you must know that we are here for you, right?" James told me.

I nodded to inform that I heard him. I knew he had good intentions, but I couldn't believe them, unfortunately. I knew that at least one person in this office wouldn't be that keen to help me if I needed it.

"So, who has the baby so you can come to work?" James asked me curiously.

"My mom has him. Don't worry about it. He's going to be fine, especially because he's with his grandma."

"Oh, that's always nice," James smiled. "It's good that he has a chance to have quality time with his grandma. I didn't have that chance. In a certain way, having time with their grandparents could help them, right?"

"What happened to your grandma?" I asked him.

He just shrugged his shoulders and told me, "My mom moved with my dad to the city a few years before I was born, and my grandma stayed in the countryside. So, it was rare to see her, but I cherish those moments still."

"I didn't grow up with my family either," I told him.

"Oh, really?" he asked me curiously.



Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

+5 Points

"Yeah, I was an orphan, or so I was told. I recently found my mom and discovered that I was taken when I was a baby."

"That's too terrible," James told me. "I'm sorry for you."

"Oh, don't worry, we're trying to compensate by making the best of our time together now," I told him dismissively.

"That's good to know," he told me and smiled.

"Hey, listen, I have to tell you something," Jamie told me.

"Do you? What is it?" I asked him curiously.

"Well, I've heard that we finally managed to calm down the clients that Katrina was attending to, and now we have time again to check in with the architects," he said to me, reasonably excited about the prospect.

"Oh, that's awesome!" I told him, thinking that we finally would have time to learn what's really interesting in this job. But suddenly his smile faded a little.

"Yeah, but that means that Katrina is going to be here tomorrow, and she is going to personally teach us how her work is done," he continued.

"But is she an architect?" I asked him confused. "I could be wrong, but to my knowledge, she wasn't

Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

an architect," I told him.

"No, she isn't," James told me while shaking his head. "But our first position in the field will be just like hers, attending meetings, talking to the architects about the client's needs, and finding

Ads-free >

solutions for their problems. That's why we have to learn from her."

"Oh, you can't wait for tomorrow then," I told him and we both chuckled.

The good thing was that James felt the same vibe from Katrina as I did, so I could relate to someone who didn't like her that much.



Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

"You never told me why she makes you so uncomfortable...," I told him.

James hesitated and said, "I told you that it wasn't a conversation for the moment, but I must say that I'm not really prepared to have this conversation right now."

"Okay, I respect that," I told him and left the conversation for another day.

\*

I knew that I needed to be practically perfect the next day, and now that I had a goal in my mind, nothing could mess it up, except for little Mr. Michael Brown.

I took him to see the doctor when I left work that day, and he got some medicine and was getting better, thankfully.

We both slept through most of the night, but there was this small, ridiculous window of one hour, that he woke up crying because his ear was hurting, it took me a long time to realize what was wrong with him. I called his doctor, and she gave me some instructions, but by the time he fell asleep again, I had lost two precious hours of sleep that night treating him, and that was enough to mess up with my plan.

Due to a rough night, I deliberately ignored a few of my alarms the next morning, which was the

dumbest thing to do because when I really woke up, I was already late. When Michael saw the movement around him, he started to cry profusely because he hadn't fully recovered from his sickness yet and also, he was hungry. But this time I knew what was wrong with him, so at least I could address his issue faster.

And since I was in a hurry, I decided that I should feed him with my pumped milk. But Michael didn't seem to enjoy my choice, and he cried so much that someone else outside might think it was harming him.

"What's up with you this morning, little boy?" I asked him reproachfully. But the fact about babies is that they don't really care. I tried to feed him once again with the bottle, but this time he got mad, seriously mad. He got some milk in his mouth, but then he started to cry once again, and suddenly my satin shirt was soaked in milk.

"Tell me, Michael, what happened to you today?" I asked him, even though I knew he wouldn't answer me. "Come on, Grandma is going to be here any minute, and I need to get ready for work. I cannot be late today, baby boy. Can you help me, please?" I begged him. So, he finally drank from the bottle, which was a relief because honestly, this morning I didn't have time to feed him directly.

"Hey, what's going on here?" my mom asked when



Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

she arrived at my home.

"Hey, Mom, thank God you're here," I told her while passing a calmer Michael to her arms.

"Whoa, what's going on?" she asked me.

"No biggie. We're just having a rough morning, right, Michael?" I asked him.

"Oh, poor thing," my mom said to him and, unbelievably, he calmed down in her arms.

"I don't know what you do to calm this baby down, but I really need to learn it," I chuckled at her and said.

"Oh, this is just experience, darling. You'll acquire this with time. Don't worry about it."

"I know but still I want to acquire this fast. Well, no time to chat anymore, unfortunately. Thank you for having him for the day. I'll call in the middle of the morning to see how he is doing, okay?" I told her.

"Don't worry, darling, we'll be fine," she told me dismissively.

"Okay, I gotta go. Love you both," I told her and left home. I drove as fast as I could to the office and arrived five minutes later than I was supposed to. I hurried from the parking lot to the office, noticing that Katrina's car was already there. "Damn it, I'm screwed. I'm wearing a shirt covered in milk!" I mumbled to myself when I realized that I didn't

Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

change my shirt before leaving home. I took a deep breath and then entered the office summing all the dignity that I could muster.

"Oh, so, she finally decided to join us this morning! Where the hell were you? Katrina is already pissed," James whispered/yelled to me.

"All that because I'm five minutes late?" I asked him incredulously.

"Oh, yes," James told me. "You knew she was just looking for an excuse, right?" he asked me.

"Yeah, I do. But my baby boy is sick, and things got complicated this morning," I told him, picking up my stuff to see Katrina.

"Of all the days, he had to get sick right this morning..." James lamented.

"Yeah, I know, right?" I whined to James. "But kids can get sick..."

"Yeah, I know, but this is a strike. You know that, right?" He insisted.

"Yeah, but next time, I'll be there, I promise," I managed to give him a smile. But by this moment, Katrina was already in the room, arms crossed with a demanding expression.

"So, you finally decided to join us this morning, right, Hannah?" Katrina told me in a loud voice.



Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

"I'm... I'm sorry, Katrina. It won't happen again," I told her.

"Well. It better not," she told me in a disapproving tone. And then she looked at my shirt, raising an eyebrow in silent question.

"I'm sorry; I was late and had an accident with my baby boy," I explained.

Katrina turned to me with a quizzical expression and said, "Are you sure you're not still on maternity leave, honey?"

"I'm sorry. It was an accident. It won't happen again," I mumbled to her for the second time that morning. Damn it, why was everything going so wrong, especially on a day when things needed to be perfect? I asked myself, feeling frustrated.

"Well, I think you need to clean up. Unfortunately, I cannot present you to a client when you're like this," Katrina told me, pointing to my shirt. I was embarrassed, and her expression of disgust couldn't make things any worse. My cheeks were on fire.

"Well, I'm sure we can do something about this, right?" James asked from behind me. I was so embarrassed that I even forgot he was coming with us to meet the client.

But Katrina was right. I had to change my clothes to be presentable to a client. I wasn't even close to

Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

being presentable. I'm not sure if I'd use the same words she used, I thought to myself, but I'm pretty sure I'd think the same if I were in her position."

Feeling humbled and embarrassed, I turned to

Ads-free >

them, saying, "Never mind. I'll go next time."

"Oh no, Hannah. Don't be like this. I'm sure we can find a way to make things work," James said, encouraging me. I liked the fact that James was assisting and cheering me on, to the point that I could go with them to visit a client.

But deep down, I knew Katrina was right; this would cast a shadow on the company's name. So,



Chapter 161: Ammunition again...

I shook my head and said, "Don't bother. But next time, I'll be there, I promise." I managed to give him a smile, and Katrina just looked at us patiently. And then she made a face, as if she were impressed with my choice.

James gave me a reassuring smile. Maybe he was counting on me to help soothe Katrina's anger. "Okay, I guess I'll see you later then," he said, and with that, they both left the office.

What the hell happened this morning? I asked myself. I wasn't this kind of person. I knew that everything was a mess in my life right now, but that was too much. Suddenly, things just happened, and they ended up in a situation like this. Confused and humiliated.

I went to my desk, resigning myself to only perform office work for the rest of the day.



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (0/20) >