

Chapter 164: I trust you, Hannah.

Hannah's POV:

Oh, what the hell! I couldn't believe what I was hearing from that piece of scum! What kind of person steals an idea so blatantly? I felt helpless, and there wasn't anybody to defend me. To make things even worse, at the end of the meeting, when all the clients were gone, Katrina looked at me with the most clueless face and said, "What's up, Hannah? You seem to be annoyed or something..."

I narrowed my eyes at her and said, "I know what you're doing."

She shrugged and looked at me, saying, "Oh, now you're going to take one for the team like everybody often does, right? But just a quick lesson: the early bird gets the worm." And then, she left me alone in that conference room.

I didn't even know how to react to that. I must confess that I wasn't used to this kind of treatment. The first firm that I worked for was Browns when Ethan was still my boyfriend. From that moment on, I reached the top of my career, not just because I was the boss's wife, but also because I tried to create a safe and harmonious environment for everyone around me. That was

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definitely not the case here, and it was making my professional life miserable.

I considered for a few moments whether to talk to Myers about this, but I was so new to the company that I wasn't sure if he would trust me or believe Katrina's version of the story.

I spent the rest of my day doing administrative work, as I was too mad about what Katrina did at the meeting, and I couldn't stand looking at her. From her side, I felt that she was trying to make my life difficult, although I couldn't understand why. I didn't know why she was so jealous of me staying at the company, or why she wanted to make anyone in this position feel like they were living in corporate hell. All I could say was that she was determined to make my life miserable.

Thankfully, nothing else happened that day, which was a relief for me, but that didn't diminish the fact that I was pretty upset, and I was probably not making a good face when I arrived at Ethan's to pick up Michael for the night.

"Well, I don't know what happened to you during your day, but it's no secret that you look pretty upset," Ethan told me when he opened the door for me.

I was still upset with him because he thought I couldn't handle both Michael and my job. But I actually didn't have anyone else to talk to about

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what happened to me today. With Patricia and my mom gone, Timothy so far away for so long, and Lucy busy, I needed to talk to the only other adult that I implicitly trust. So, I looked at him and said, "Do you have a minute?"

"Yeah, sure," he said, opening the door wider for me. I got into his apartment and went straight to the couch. I sat there and laid my head back, trying to relieve the tension I was feeling because of this rough day.

"Well, I would offer you a beer if I didn't know that you were still breastfeeding. So, for the sake of Michael, I can offer you some tea or a soda, whatever you want," he told me.

"I think this kind of situation needs some comforting tea," I told him.

"Chamomile?" he asked me. I raised my eyebrows in admiration. That was a detail about me that I didn't know Ethan had paid attention to before. I smiled weakly at him and said, "Yes, please."

He nodded and started to prepare an infusion for me. A couple of minutes later, he asked, "So, do you want to talk about what happened today?"

I sighed and said, "I didn't have the chance to tell you yesterday, but I was working on this project, and suddenly this woman at my work completely stole my ideas. She presented them as hers and

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took all the credit for what I did."

"Well, that actually sucks. Did you talk to your boss about this?" Ethan asked.

"No, I didn't, because he didn't seem to pay attention to what was happening, so he didn't intervene back then. I'm not so sure if he's going to trust me or her with this matter. Honestly, I don't know why this woman hates me so much. I didn't do anything to make her think I was her enemy," I told him.

Ethan shrugged and said, "Sometimes there is no explanation; people are just crazy." We stood there in silence for a couple of minutes. I was thinking about a lot of things I wanted to say to her, but Ethan suddenly told me, "Listen, Hannah. I'm sorry about the other day. I wasn't saying that because I don't think you're capable of taking care of Michael and advocating for your career. I know that you're more than capable of doing both things. I just wanted to tell you that you don't need to do it if you don't want to."

I replied, "Well, I don't want to fight either. But you've got to trust me, even though I had a bad day at work today."

Ethan told me, "Yeah, I know more than anyone that there are good and bad days at work. You know that I had to put out so many fires during my day, and you know that you did this a lot of times

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when we were working together too. You managed so much for so long... You got this."

I gazed at him with a fresh perspective. For so long, he had never apologized to me professionally. I can recall numerous situations where he should have, but at Brown's, he took my contributions for granted over the years. I had almost given up on earning his trust in the business.

It was quite refreshing, though. This time, he wasn't asking me to stay because of our son or because he loved me. In fact, it was the first time he complimented me as a professional. For a brief moment, I allowed myself to entertain the thought that maybe, just maybe, he had changed, even if just a little.

However, I didn't dwell on these thoughts for long. I quickly dismissed them and sought his advice. "What do you think I should do?" I inquired about him going back to the subject at hand.

Ethan pondered for a moment before responding, "I would advise you to be cautious with this one. Show your ideas publicly, and make it clear that they're yours, not hers."

"Do you think this will work?" I asked, uncertain.

He reassured me, "Trust me, Hannah, one can't be that naïve to think that one can deceive the

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company owners for long without facing consequences. You've been there, and served as a director, right? You know how chaotic things can get sometimes. But people in leadership are always vigilant about such matters. They observe the work environment carefully."

"Well, it might be true unless, of course, she's

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involved with one of the partners." I lamented. "She doesn't rely solely on their goodwill because she's senior to me in the company. She's actually involved with one of them. But I can't be certain if it's a relationship or if she's just using her connection to protect her own interests," I explained to him.

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Ethan made a puzzled expression, and asked: "Are you serious?"

I nodded at him and said: "I don't know for sure. It doesn't seem like love to me, but I can't say definitively what's happening in their relationship."

Ethan offered a word of caution, saying, "You should be careful with that one. But in the end, people will recognize your abilities. Justice always prevails, and by engaging in these actions, she's only harming herself."

"How can you be so sure?" I asked him once again.

Ethan's response was filled with trust, "I don't say that because of her, but because I trust you, Hannah."

"Thanks, Ethan. You don't know how much these words mean to me," I told him.

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While I was leaving Ethan's apartment that day with Michael, I felt a bit happier than when I had arrived. Perhaps I needed to hear those words for a change.

With my heart a little more motivated, I returned home, hoping for a better day tomorrow. As Ethan said, I've got this, and Katrina will regret stealing my idea.

