

Chapter 2 Please! Don't leave me tonight!

Hannah's POV:

"No, Ethan! You can't do this." I managed to say in between gasps for air, forcefully pushing him away.

I had zero desire to get intimate with Ethan, especially after finding out I was pregnant today. Plus, he couldn't have s*x with me under these circumstances, fresh off his rendezvous with Tess.

"Ethan, you need to take a shower!" I mustered all my strength and kicked him square in the gut, yelling at him.

Then, he nally backed away from me, seemingly losing interest.

He didn't even bother to say anything to me, tossing his discarded clothes aside. He went straight to our private bathroom without even looking in my direction. A few seconds after he closed the door loudly, I could hear the sound of running water from our shower.

I tried to go back to sleep again, but I couldn't. After a few minutes, I gave up and put on a robe. I took out his pajamas from his closet and placed them on the side table by the bathroom door. Then I decided to give him some privacy, so I went to the balcony.

This season of the year was particularly rainy, and it was drizzling outside. I couldn't see much ahead of where I was in that darkness, but I could hear the constant light-dropping sound of the rain on the bricks and tiles on our patio. The night seemed to agree with my somber mood. Realizing this, I chuckled to myself and looked above. Maybe the heavens do have a sense of humor.

A few minutes later, I heard some noise behind me in the bedroom. I looked at it and saw that Ethan had already left the bathroom. There was a towel around his waist, and his hair was soaked. His physique was lean and muscular, with droplets trickling down from his chest to his abs. I admired him for a few seconds, and his expression was still unfathomable. He had a straight nose and piercing obsidian eyes, and his lips were so perfect as if they were kissed by Aphrodite herself. But he normally had a poker face that revealed almost nothing to me, but tonight, he was a real enigma.

It nally seemed like he noticed me when he realized that I was still looking at him. His sly smile showed that he was pleased to catch me red handed.

"Do you like what you see?" He asked me devilishly. I turned my gaze away from him, feeling like my cheeks were burning with embarrassment. Then he frowned slightly thinking that he lost my attention. "Come here, Hannah," he called me, and I had no alternative but to look back at him. His expression turned blank again, so he wasn't showing his emotions anymore.

Obedient as ever, I walked over to where he was. He threw me a towel that was in his hand, pointed to his hair, and murmured: "Help me dry this."

This wasn't a request. It was an order. But he has always been like this. I got used to his behavior with time. He sat on the edge of the bed, and I climbed on it, kneeling behind him, and started to dry his hair. I could see through the mirror that he was pleased with my handwork. Not because he smiled widely or anything like this, but because he had his eyes closed and a relaxed posture.

After a few minutes of silence, I told him: "My grandpa's funeral is tomorrow. You should arrive home in time for it." I didn't even want to talk to him at that moment, but knowing that he was devoted to Tess, I was afraid that he could miss the ceremony because he could be busy with her.

"Fine, I will be home in time." He simply muttered. Just like me, he wasn't willing to maintain a conversation. So, I continued drying his hair for a little while, and then I took off my robe and went to bed once again. I was tired from the whole ordeal of that day, or maybe it was the pregnancy hormones that were hitting me strongly for the first time.

Anyway, I didn't care much about him at that moment, because normally when Ethan was at home during the night, he would usually go to his study until past midnight after a shower, so I assumed that he would follow his routine. But to my surprise, he changed into his pajamas and lay down by my side.

This was as odd as the path that he was following earlier from the hospital. Still, I was so tired at the moment that I didn't ask anything. Suddenly, he snaked his arms around me, pulled me into a bear hug, and started to kiss and nibble my lips as if they were coated in honey, sucking on them unwillingly to let go.

I could bet my lips were all swollen, but I wasn't sure if I was in the mood to continue. So I started to murmur: "Ethan, I'm really tired..."

He smirked ironically, raised an eyebrow deantly, and asked me: "So, Hannah, are you saying no to your husband, is that it?" His eyes were dark with desire, and I got butterflies in my belly from how he looked at me.

"I... no, of course not. Can you at least be gentle...? I had a rough day..." I asked him. I didn't have the nerve to say no, so I hoped that he could be more delicate tonight. I was worried about my child, but of course, Ethan didn't know about it yet.

He didn't answer my plea. He just frowned at my request and rolled me until I was underneath him. Although I have asked him to be gentle, it never happened. He grabbed my ankles, trying to go deeper, and we became almost inseparable. I lost control of my breathing, moaning with each of his rhythmic movements.

"Oh, Ethan!" He pounded me hard, and I clutched onto his tousled hair, unable to hold back my cries.

Ethan didn't stop his actions, but he wore a smug smile as he teased my sensitive spots, whispering in my ear, "Still want to refuse me now?"

"I..." Before I could say anything, he silenced me once again, swallowing my voice.

Or maybe this was gentle in Ethan's book, but right now, he was nothing short of a wild beast. I closed my eyes and decided to turn my mind off to it.

I focused on the storm that was happening outside. Its rhythm was constant, and storms always relaxed me a little. The man in my bed, on the other hand, was even more intense than the storm, and I had no idea how long it would take for him to nish, but I was already convulsing as I was coming. I pleaded with Ethan to stop, but he seemed lost in his own pleasure. Outside the window, there was thundering and lightning and from time to time, light uctuated in our bedroom forming designs that soon faded away. I dreamed about a better life, that would probably happen soon, after all, my marriage was coming to an end. Soon it will be just my child and me. I comforted myself with that thought until Ethan had nished.

Ethan stood up and went to the bathroom pleased with himself, leaving me behind in bed. My eyes welled up with tears, and they streamed down unconsciously. I wanted to say that Ethan made me incredibly happy, like I was in heaven. But at the same time, I knew he only saw me as a substitute for Tess, turning to me when she couldn't fulfill his desires. My happiness came at the cost of my pain, how ironic.

More tears began to ow as I realized that if I didn't let go of my love for Ethan, I would have to endure this agony. Yet, he would soon divorce me, and by then, I wouldn't even have the chance to be by his side. I would lose the person I loved, and he would never even know that I carried his child. The thought crushed me, and I curled up into a ball, burying my head in the pillow, which quickly became damp with my tears.

Feeling sorry for myself, I could hear Ethan taking a shower from behind the door. Suddenly, Ethan's cell phone that was on the side table started to ring. I checked the hour because it seemed to be late. In fact, it was past 11.

There were just a handful of people that were allowed to call Ethan this late, and just a few would not feel his wrath by doing this. Considering that I wasn't aware of Vincent's whereabouts and Tess seemed to be on the edge today, I concluded that it could only be her.

This woman was so annoying that I reached for Ethan's phone to answer the call myself, but suddenly, the sound of water in the shower stopped and Ethan came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

When he saw me reaching for his phone, he raised an eyebrow and murmured: "Were you really going to do this?" Without even wait for a reply, he wiped his hand, and snatched the phone away. He has always been very secretive about his calls, especially when they were about Tess.

I couldn't hear what she was talking about on the other side of the line, but she was screaming, and Ethan's expression demonstrated that she was agitated.

"Tess, calm down, please! Ok, I will get to you now... You what?" he asked, alarmed. "Just wait a minute," he told her and ended the call. After that, Ethan started to fuss around and changed his clothes to leave.

I normally made myself blind about Ethan's affair with Tess, but I was still feeling fragile after today's whole ordeal, so I grabbed Ethan's hand, looked into his eyes, and begged: "Could you, at least today, not leave me to meet her? I am your wife, and I need you tonight."

Ethan raised an eyebrow at me in a challenging posture and told me: "As if you really care about me. Let's face it, Hannah. This whole marriage was nothing but a promise that I couldn't pass, and you know it. And now that this is nally ending, you want me to stay with you?" he asked me, skeptically.

He sounded so cold and distant. And at that moment, I let that thought sink in. My marriage was really coming to an end.

His words stunned me, and I couldn't help the awkward sensation that was lling me up. I nodded accepting the fact that he wouldn't remain put tonight, no matter how much I pleaded. So, I just murmured to him: "Tomorrow is Grandpa Michael's funeral. I am mourning him. Even if you can't let Tess go for tonight, could you please have some decency and respect my mourning?"

"Are you threatening me, Hanna?" Ethan squinted his dark eyes at me. I looked away from him, scared of his reaction, so he decided to hold my jaw and turn my face to him once again. He told me in a low, cold tone: "You are getting too bold for your own good. You weren't like this when we got married. I would be careful if I were you."

I gulped down the fear that he made me feel at that moment and took a deep breath preparing to throw my last card in this game. So maybe he could stay with me tonight.