

## Chapter 21 Is this a threat, Ethan?

### Chapter 21 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

I froze in place when he asked me if our marriage could be fixed. Suddenly, I felt a pang in my heart. I was hearing the kind of words that I wish he had said years ago. All that I wanted back in that time was that he was willing to give it a chance. Tears filled my eyes, and it took a moment for me to compose myself. When I felt a little better, I murmured to him: “Haven’t we tried for the last two years? What’s the use now?”

He didn’t say a word. He just stood there looking at me with his unfathomable eyes, so I continued: “Ethan, I already signed the divorce papers.” I took the documents from my purse and gave them to him. He studied the paper sheets, and his lips formed a thin line. “I think that we should file these documents and end it once and for all,” I murmured to him. His silence was killing me.

“Also, don’t worry about the baby. I will fix it and I believe that you and Tess will be satisfied with the outcome of this matter.” I murmured to him and sighed with sadness. I made my decision. It was time to face the consequences.

I left the kitchen in a hurry and without looking at Ethan’s angry face. I went upstairs quickly and tried to hide from him that I was crying. This might be the last time that we were together in our house. I didn’t go too far, though. Suddenly, I felt a grip on my wrist. He had stopped me from running.

I turned slowly at him and saw that his face was contorted with anger. He looked at me intently and asked: “Mind explaining what’s going on? What was it that you decided on your own?” His eyes were almost burning a hole in mine.

I averted his gaze and murmured: "Don't worry about the baby. I will handle this matter alone, and it won't affect either you or Tess."

"Hannah! What are you talking about?!" Ethan exclaimed. His voice was full of anger. He started to press my wrist tightly and I felt pain. "Are you telling me that you are going to interrupt this pregnancy, get a divorce and run away?"

His outraged voice filled me with rage, so I answered him: "What can I do but that, Ethan? Aren't you the one who wanted me to divorce you from the beginning? Aren't you the one who wanted to leave towards the sunset with Tess? Why are you complaining when I decide to give you the very thing that you want? What is wrong if I do it now, Ethan?" Tears started to roll down my face. I couldn't contain the emotional tone of my voice.

Suddenly, Ethan's eyes got colder. He frowned his eyebrows and asked me: "Do you think that you are cleverly doing this?" He grabbed my jaw so I was obliged to look at him. I was starting to feel some discomfort when he asked: "You think you can do that? That is my child too, Hannah. You don't have the right to decide if it is going to live or not!"

"I don't have the right? Really, Ethan?" I laughed maniacally at him. "So, who has the right to decide about this baby? Tess and her craziness? Or what? Is she going to kill herself if this baby lives?"

Ethan narrowed his eyes at my words and murmured: "You are playing with fire, Hannah. And you are about to get burned."

"Is this a threat, Ethan? Is it?" I asked him in a challenging way.

He dropped my jaw as if I had given him a shock. The pressure relaxed, but I still felt some pain, both in my jaw and my heart. How can he think that he was the one who would decide my life for me? He left me in the corridor, and I slip to the ground to recover from this confrontation. My

legs were shaking, and my heartbeat had sped up. I needed to calm down for my baby's sake and mine.

I didn't know how long I remained in the corridor, but after a while, Ethan appeared again. He looked calmer now, and when he saw me sitting in the same place that he left me, he came closer and held me in his arms. I wasn't trembling anymore, but probably our fight had exerted me, so I didn't fight against him when he lifted me and took me to our bedroom.

"Come on, Hannah, you can't sleep in the corridor," he murmured. He was still angry but somehow, he calmed down enough to take care of me. I didn't answer him, though, and he probably thought that I fell asleep. He laid me down in our bed and left the room, leaving me in complete silence.

After a while, I heard some noise, but I wasn't strong enough to open my eyes. I heard Vincent's and Ethan's voices. Maybe Ethan had brought Vincent to check on me after the busy day that I had. After the exams, I heard Vincent murmuring to Ethan: "Brother, have you already thought about what you and Hannah are going to do with this baby?"

Ethan sounded impatient and decided to not answer Vincent's question. Instead, he murmured: "It is getting late. You should go home. Thank you for coming and checking on her, though."

"Okay," Vincent murmured, and then, both were gone.

Sometimes I feel sorry for Vincent. He was an internationally famous surgeon, but still, sometimes he endured Ethan talking to him like this. But I didn't have a lot of time to dwell on this thought. Soon, due to the exertion of today's activities, I fell into a slumber. In the middle of the night, I felt a pair of arms involve me. But I was too tired to open my eyes too.

When I woke up the next day, I was alone in bed. Ethan probably went to see Tess. That was no news in my world. I had an appointment with Dean Mason and his surgeons to get the operation done. I took a quick shower and after changing into comfortable clothes, I went straight to the hospital.

Rose was waiting for me at the entrance of the hospital. She knew that I would be there today for the surgery, and she was distressed about my decision. “Hannah, are you completely sure about that?” She asked me once again.

I smiled at her and told her: “Don’t worry about me, Rose. I will be completely fine.”

“You should think twice about this decision, Hannah, although you are still young and could have other kids later, this procedure will mark your body and soul!” Rose advised me.

I nodded and smiled at her and repeated: “Don’t worry, I will be fine.” Until she sighed defeated. I followed one of the nurses to the preparation room and saw that everything was ready. The surgery would be done by a middle-aged doctor. When I arrived at the OR, the doctor murmured: “Mrs. Brown, you don’t have to worry about anything. After the anesthesia and the sedatives, you won’t feel a thing.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” I murmured to her. Soon, I was transferred to the operation table and lost consciousness, as the doctor said.

When I woke up again, I was already in a private room. I looked to my side and saw Ethan sitting on the armchair. He looked at me gloomily and his lips were pressed together. Even the temperature in the room was colder, and his eyes had a type of anger that I have never seen before.

Although we had a lot of fights, I have never seen him so livid. I tried to raise my upper body so I could talk to him, but he pushed me back to the bed. Then I decided to talk to him: “Ethan, I...” but then I looked into

his eyes, and they silenced me. He didn't want to hear me. So, I shut up my mouth and waited for him.

When he finally spoke, there was disgust in his voice and he said: "Hannah, you are despicable." After saying that he simply left me alone in the hospital room and didn't come back.

Looking at his back I sighed in sadness. I wish he could understand what I did, but he never will. I decided to lie down once again when I heard a voice that talked to me from the threshold. "Hannah, aren't you afraid that Ethan will hate you forever?" Dean Mason asked me. He personally came to check on me after the surgery. "After all, as far as Ethan knows, this baby is half his blood. Even if you deceive him this time, maybe you might not succeed in fooling him again," Dean Mason advised me.

I smiled at him and sat up, after that I murmured: "Thank you Dean Mason, but there will be no next time. I appreciate your help and advice, though."

After Dean Mason's little checkup on me, I got up from the bed because I needed to use the bathroom.

"Don't rush, Hannah!" Dean Mason warned me. "Remember, even if you are acting, you just went through a delicate surgery. Have you seen anyone moving like you are doing after a serious procedure like this?"

I nodded at him and started moving slowly. "You are alright, sir. Thanks for reminding me." And then, something occurred to me, and I asked Dean Mason for help: "If eventually, Ethan suspects me, he will probably send someone to check on this story... could you help me with that?"

Dean Mason smiled at me and said: "Of course, all the documents for this surgery are in good order. You don't have to worry about this."

“And please, don’t tell Rose. I would love to tell her, but it would be good if fewer people knew about this, okay?” I requested him.

“Of course,” Dean Mason assured me.

Now that my plan was in motion, it was time to leave the city. I just needed to put some things in order, and then I would be free to go.

Chapter 22: Why didn’t you tell me about the abortion?

## **Chapter 22 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I stood at the hospital all morning, and I must confess that it was a little boring. Still, as Dean Mason has said, I needed to pretend that I just went through surgery, and at that moment, that meant that I was supposed to be resting.

I was discharged from the hospital after lunch, and Claire was waiting for me in front of the hospital with a private car that took us to the manor. During the drive, I murmured to her: “Try to leak the information that I went through an abortion today, okay? I need Tess to be aware of this information.”

Claire looked at me and nodded. She didn’t say a thing. I believe that it is because, in her private opinion, I was doing the wrong thing by the fact that I gave Ethan the divorce and aborted the baby so I could leave his life for good.

Lucky for me, Ethan wasn’t home when I arrived. I sent Claire back to the company asking her to bring me a few documents to review while I was in bed, and since I just went through a risky procedure, I laid for the rest of the day.

I was about to take a nap when I heard some voices downstairs. I went discreetly to the balcony to see who was there, and I found Ethan and Vincent in a whispered conversation down on the patio.

After a brief moment, only Vincent came inside. Ethan was probably avoiding me for what I have done. He was furious about my choice. That was good news because I was counting on Ethan's wrath to give me an excuse for seeing Vincent alone.

I ran to my bed and after a couple of minutes, I heard a knock on my door, and it was obviously Vincent. He came with his small medical valise. When he saw me, he closed the door after him and came to sit beside my bed. He checked my vitals silently.

I couldn't handle the expectation and murmured to him: "So, did you bring the medicine?"

He looked at me studying my face. After one minute or two, he said: "Yes, they are here." He gave me a couple of bottles and murmured: "You must replace the medicine that you brought from the hospital with them and take them at the indicated time. They are good for the baby's development and protection, and as long as you remain healthy, neither you nor the baby will have any problems."

I grabbed his sleeve, looked into his eyes, and murmured sincerely: "Thank you!"

He nodded at me and murmured back: "I just hope that you know what you are doing, Hannah," and then he left my bedroom. I replaced the medicine in the cabinet with the one that Vincent brought me and went to bed again.

I was expecting to take a few days off because of my surgery, which was natural. And because of this, I was planning to drag on a whole week so Dean Mason would have time to pay back his extension and everything

would be fine. Originally I thought that Ethan's wrath couldn't last long, especially because I believed that it was connected to Tess's wrath.

What I didn't know was that this fake abortion was only the beginning of my troubles with them.

In the first few days, there was no one else in the manor. Ethan didn't come back, and I just could imagine that it was because of the abortion. Well, I felt fine with that. At least, he wasn't home to bully me. I asked Claire to bring me anything that I needed for the first couple of days and worked from my bed.

In the afternoon, Claire brought me not just the documents that I needed but also filled my fridge and my pantry with whatever she thought I might need. I cooked a quick meal and sat on a stool on the island when she told me: "Hannah, the final hospital payment has been delayed for a few days now, and our finance department is calling us daily to ask about this situation. Do you want me to call Dean Mason to know when they are going to pay our firm?"

I took a few mouthfuls of the meal that I had just prepared and couldn't stand the taste, so I simply threw the whole meal in the trash can. Claire watched me with a funny face while I was doing this, just expecting me to tell her what to do. I finally said to her: "How many days is this payment delayed?"

"Three days," she answered. "The time is not too long, but the amount is huge, and Brown Enterprises was expecting to use the funds for other projects, so this delay might affect the company's result for the next quarter."

I nodded. Brown's liquidity was short, and any delays from our partners would impact our numbers. We had other projects waiting for these funds, but even if we hadn't, this money invested in the bank would return a good amount of interest even for a couple of days.

“Tell the finance department that I’ve been recovering from surgery, and I have forgotten this matter. Dean Mason has always been on time, but since I am resting, the fault is on me. Next week when I return to the company we will deal with it immediately,” I murmured to Claire.

“Fine,” Claire answered me. “I will finish settling the groceries that I brought to you and then I will return to Brown, okay?” Claire told me, and I nodded.

While she was finishing putting the groceries in the right places at the pantry, I received a message from Rose: Hey, Hannah, I just hope you are feeling fine and recovering well. I would like to thank you one more time for your extension and tell you that everything will be paid next week. Have a great day, honey!

I’m fine, thank you, Rose. So I will call Dean Mason and settle the details for next week. You have a nice day too!

When Claire came back from my pantry, I told her: “I need you to schedule a meeting with Dean Mason for next week when I will be back at Brown’s. Please prepare the documents for the final settlement too. I am almost recuperated. You can stay in the company tomorrow and deal with whatever comes. Okay?”

Claire looked at me with concern and asked me: “Are you sure that you are okay? I mean, you just went through surgery. Shouldn’t you take at least two weeks for a license? You only had a few days, Hannah. Please consider your health first!”

I smiled at her trying to calm her down: “Don’t you worry about me. I am fine. Besides, if we don’t solve Dean Mason’s situation by next week, we will have serious issues with the company's cash flow. And then Ethan will not simply ignore me. He will be furious.”

“Yeah, you are probably right. Take care, okay?” Claire told me and I waved goodbye.

“Will do,” I told her.

The truth was, there wasn't any abortion surgery or miscarriage. So, staying at home like this would delay a lot of things, and besides, it is kind of boring. My belly was getting bigger by the day, and soon someone would realize that I lied to hide my baby. The truth was that I put my plan into motion, and now I needed to hurry up so I could leave the city in time. My timeframe was short and would close soon.

After seeing Claire off, I hadn't much to do but to analyze the documents she brought me, so after cleaning up the kitchen, I went straight to my bedroom to see what she had brought me. It didn't take too long because she brought me a small load of work, probably thinking that I should rest more. After a couple of hours, I was bored again, so I started to search for houses on the shore. There were a few that I loved and some in which I could see myself living there with my baby and Lucy. Yeah, I separated a few to check on later and was happy imagining that this could be my life in the near future.

Suddenly, my phone rang, and I was surprised to see that it was Lucy who was calling me. What a coincidence! I was thinking about our new life on the shore, I was intending to call her soon! I reached for my phone to answer her, but before I could say one single word, she started to shout on the other side of the line.

“Damn it, Hannah! Did you abort your baby and didn't have the decency to tell me?” Lucy complained in my ear.

I was completely shocked when I asked her: “How did you know? It's been just a day since it happened!” Maybe Claire really had spread the word around...

“How did I know? How did I know? How dare you ask me that, Hannah! I thought that I was your friend, but I see that you didn't have a couple of minutes to call and tell me that you are going to make such a decision!”

I simply can't argue with Lucy when she was mad, and this time, she was right. I haven't even considered calling her to talk about the false abortion. I was actually planning on telling her the whole story after it happened. I was starting to feel a small pang in my head because of the discussion. "I'm sorry, Lucy. It was a quick decision with a small time frame. I had to do it and I couldn't tell you at the time. I wanted to tell you the whole story, but I thought that you might be busy. I was going to call you tomorrow and invite you to come and have a meal with me..." I started to explain to her.

"Nonsense! I'm not an idiot, Hannah. How could you! I thought that I was your friend!" she exclaimed to me, and then she told me: "Well, at least I thought that you would tell me, if not because of me, because you would need someone to help you after the surgery! You don't exert too much, Hannah! This could harm you!" she wasn't willing to hear me at all.

Knowing that she was worried about my convalescence, I let her vent everything that she was thinking. And although she was fighting with me, my heart felt warm. At least I had someone who was worried about me, not about the baby or about me aborting my baby.

When she finally calmed down, I murmured: "Lucy, listen up, I am divorcing Ethan, and I might leave the city in the near future. I'm considering the shore. Would you like to come with me?"

I didn't want to tell her about the baby yet. At least not through the phone. Lucy settled in the city because of me, so I should extend the invitation for her to leave with me if she wanted. "To the shores, you said. When do you plan to leave the city?" she asked me.

"In the next couple of months. You will be very welcome to come with me if you want to," I said to emphasize that I wanted her there with me.

"Oh, I see," she murmured to me, and then she said: "I will think about it okay?"

“Okay, I will wait for your answer,” I told her.

I was about to hang up when she said: “Oh, I’m sorry! This wasn’t the main reason why I called you right now!”

“Oh, what is it?” I asked her.

“That man that saved us from the police station back on that night. Ethan, right?” She asked me.

“Yeah. What about him?” I asked her, curious.

“He is here at the bar. Drunk as a skunk. Do you think you can pick him up?”

What the hell was going on?

Chapter 23: I love you, Hannah!

## **Chapter 23 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“Wait, what?” I asked her, stunned.

“You heard me, Hannah. Your husband is at the bar, and he is really drunk. Can you come up here and pick him up?” Lucy asked me.

“Sure, I will be there soon,” I murmured to her and hung up. Why the hell was Ethan drinking? I changed my clothes, grabbed a coat and my car keys, and went straight to Lucy’s bar.

Since the bar wasn’t that far, I arrived there in record time. Lucy was behind the counter, as always, but I didn’t have time to ask her where Ethan was. She simply murmured: “Upstairs, in the first private chamber,” and then she looked in the stairs direction to show me the way.

I nodded at her, put the car keys into my bag, and asked her: “Why did he come here to drink?”

Lucy shrugged and said: “God only knows, Hannah. All that I know is that he came here two days ago and settled in that private chamber. He came with another handsome man, but the guy was gone yesterday. All that I heard from him was that he said that you didn’t have the right to do what you did. He even paid to be left alone, so he has been here for a couple of days. He ordered several bottles of whisky and has been there since. Enough is enough! He needs to go home now!”

She was right. I nodded and told her: “I’m going to check on him now.” And went upstairs. I was stunned. Was he doing all that because of the baby?

I went to the second floor and knocked on the first private chamber. Apparently, this was the only occupied chamber at that time of the day. There was no answer. After a minute, I opened the door and went in.

I was greeted by a strong smell of cigarettes and whisky that almost choked me. Unfortunately, this was a bar, so the chamber had no windows. I took a deep breath in the corridor before I got in. The room was dimly lit, and Ethan was laying on a sofa. His eyes were closed, and his lips were slightly opened. He didn’t look drunk, but he was probably asleep, so I needed to wake him up so I could assess the level of his drunkenness.

“Ethan!” I shook his shoulder. While I was waiting for his response, I looked around and saw the mess in the chamber. I was stunned by the fact that someone could hold so much liquor in their system. I was a light-weight drinker and now I was pregnant, so I couldn’t drink at all.

Hearing the sound of my voice, Ethan opened his eyes and looked a little lost, until the moment he fixed his cold eyes on me. I didn’t know if it was me or if the temperature had fallen when he woke up. He simply

looked at me with anger and contempt and said in his low, cold voice:  
“Get out!”

I sighed. I knew that he didn't want to see me. I looked at him and said:  
“Ethan, you are drunk. Let's just go home.”

He looked at me in disdain and asked: “Home? Do you really think that that bloody house is home? Have you ever had that cozy feeling, Hannah?”

I raised my eyebrows. One of the cons of pregnancy is the fact that I was easily annoyed by anything. I just didn't want to cause a scene in my friend's bar, so I murmured to him: “Fine if you don't consider our house your home, I can call Tess and ask her to pick you up here. But this is my friend's bar, and you are overstaying. She still holds her business in here, and she needs the chamber.”

Suddenly, he grabbed my wrist fiercely and pulled me towards the couch where he was laying. I fell on top of him, and he put his leg around mine and one of his arms around my waist. His thick fingers grabbed my jaw sharply. “That house is not a home. It is at the most a homestay!”

I was beyond annoyed, so I answered him: “If the house is a homestay, it means that I don't have to stay there forever. I gave you the divorce papers. You do both of us a favor and sign them, so I don't need to stay there anymore, and you will finally have your freedom! Now, let me go!” I exclaimed.

He ignored my plea and didn't let me go. Not before burying his head in my neck and taking a long sniff. Then he muttered: “So, this is how it ends, Hannah? You will leave this marriage with your pockets full, some properties, and your shares... Are you planning to run away with that?” He looked at me and murmured: “If this is your plan, your love is too cheap, honey.” I felt all the irony he had saved for me at that moment.

He smelled liquor and cigarettes, and it was making my stomach turn. I looked at him and saw that he was really drunk, so I concluded that it was nonsense trying to keep a dialogue with him like this.

He calmed down a little bit and I untangled myself from him. I asked him, a little calmer myself too: “So, how is it going to be? Are you going back to our house with me, or do you want me to call Tess?”

Ethan remained leaning on the couch with his eyes closed and didn’t answer me for a while. Since he wasn’t answering me, I sighed and decided to call Tess so she could come up here and take him to her place. I fetched the phone from my purse and was looking for her number on my contacts, but before I could dial her number, my cell phone was taken away from me by Ethan.

He threw my phone on the opposite wall, and my phone smashed even before it hit the ground.

“What the hell are you doing, Ethan?” I whined at him. “What were you thinking?”

“Don’t take me home. Don’t ask anyone to pick me up. I want to die here!” Ethan exclaimed at me. Oh, boy, this man was feeling depressed.

“All right, that’s enough! Let’s go home!” I told him in a threatening way, and it only worked because he was drunk.

“Okay,” he murmured, obeying me. This was almost a first, and I was amazed when he stood up and took my hand so I could guide him to the car. He rested one arm on my shoulders, but thankfully managed to walk on his feet. It was difficult to guide him, though, and I was worried that we might fall from the stairs. Luckily, he descended the stairs with no other events. It took us an eternity, but I finally managed to bring him to the main saloon.

I dragged him outside and put him in the car. It took me almost one hour to do that. When I fastened his seatbelt, he tried to kiss me, but I managed to back away in time. “Why are you doing this to me? Are you trying to retaliate? Is this your personal revenge?”

He shook his head, and his eyes were scared. “I couldn’t do that to you! I love you, Hannah! So much that I can’t deal with this feeling. I just want to go home with you, okay?” He told me, almost crying.

“You don’t know what you are saying,” I muttered to him. Drunk people sometimes behave like little children. I could feel my headache coming back, but since he was finally in my car, I decided to head home thinking about the number of apologies that I should ask Lucy for her trouble. When I was about to leave, Lucy appeared to be sure that I had put him in the car.

“Is his bill settled?” I asked her.

Lucy shrugged and said: “This pub is practically his, so he has credit here. You don't have to worry about anything.”

I nodded at her and murmured: “I’m sorry for your troubles. I swear I'll make up for your loss.”

“Don’t worry about this now, just drive safely,” she told me.

Ethan pressed himself on me when I got into the car. I pushed him to the other side and left the pub’s parking lot. It took me a huge effort to bring him to the car. I was all sweaty and my clothes were damp. I was really tired of the effort, especially because I was pregnant, so I have done a lot.

Ethan fell asleep in the short drive between Lucy’s bar and the manor. When I arrived home, I looked at his features and they were soft. All his wrath gone in sleep. He looked even more handsome. This guy had it all:

he was dangerously handsome and with a bank account bigger than his own ego.

His eyes suddenly opened, and he caught me spying on him. My cheeks felt heated by my embarrassment. He didn't say a word, but he had me trapped in his intense look, and then, when I couldn't look away from him, he came closer and kissed me. It was so surreal that I found it hard to believe that the kiss had really happened.

His kiss was so intense that it took my breath away. My mind was bussing. I could feel his taste mixed with some alcohol and a pinch of cigarette, but it didn't matter. Ethan was kissing me.

He had never been so tender with me. Not even on our first days as a couple.

When he let go of me, he looked at me with his unfathomable eyes and it seemed as if he was expecting me to say something. I took a deep breath and said: "Ethan, I..."

But he interrupted me and said: "Hannah, we need to have another baby." And then, he laid his head on the car door and closed his eyes.

Chapter 24: Mr. Brown wants to see you, Hannah.

## **Chapter 24 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

Did I really hear what I just heard? Was Ethan saying that we needed to have another baby just because he thought that I had aborted our first one? I stood on my seat for a while, completely stunned. I looked at him and didn't know if he was asleep or if he just had his eyes closed. Ethan's words echoed in my head: "Hannah, we need to have another baby." He did mention my name, I wasn't wrong about that. But hasn't he rejected this child when he learned that I was pregnant?

I didn't know what to think! After all, he had Tess, and she was stuck with him, and he did love her. Regardless of what he thinks that I could give him a child if he thought that we should try again, he would never let Tess go, and this definitely does not solve our situation.

If he even suspects that I was still pregnant... My life would become hell on earth, and I would never untangle myself from them. Our love triangle was already too complicated. I'm afraid that if we added a child to that, this situation would never be solved.

Yeah, I definitely must leave. As soon as possible, I can't look back. This might be the best outcome for my baby and me, and now that I wasn't alone, I must think about what was best for my baby.

I got out of the car and walked to the passenger's door. I opened it and found Ethan with his eyes still closed. I shook his shoulder trying to wake him up: "Ethan!" He didn't respond. Thank heavens he didn't get sick in the car, but I was afraid that this could happen soon.

"Ethan!" I called him a second time and he finally opened his cold eyes.

He seemed a little disoriented for a couple of seconds and then he murmured: "Did you bring me back?"

I nodded at him but didn't say much, because I didn't know if he was still drunk or not. I just told him: "Come on, let's get inside. It's getting late."

It was already past midnight, and I was already tired from the effort of bringing him home. Besides, my pregnancy was taking a toll on me, and I was really tired.

He sat straight on the car seat but it didn't look as if he was going to move. He didn't say a word, he just stood there like a statue. His eyes were open, and he was looking around. I couldn't tell what he was thinking or what his mood was.

“What is it now, Ethan? Do you need me to help you get inside?” I asked him carefully.

He shook his head at me and said: “I will wait here for the sun to rise so I can feel its first rays on my skin.” Yep. He was still drunk.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. I wasn’t in the mood and hadn’t the energy to keep up with his drunkenness. “Fine, you can wait for the sun here. I’m going inside,” I told him and went straight to the manor.

When I got to my bedroom, I was so tired that I almost skipped a quick shower, but I was soaked from the effort of bringing Ethan home and didn’t want to sleep feeling dirty. I fell asleep less than fifteen minutes later, but it didn’t take long before I was awake again. I was worried about Ethan in that car. I was afraid that Ethan could wake up and decided to leave the manor. It was still dark outside, and he was still drunk. He might get involved in an accident.

I reluctantly got out of bed and went to check on him. To my surprise, he had managed to get out of the car and was now lying on the couch in the living room. I came back to my room and lay down again. Well, at least I could sleep peacefully now.

But it didn’t happen, though. I tossed from one side to the other for most of the night, and finally got some sleep almost at dawn. When I woke up, it was already past noon, and I was late for an appointment with Dean Mason. So, I changed my clothes and put on light make-up, and went to Brown Enterprises. When I arrived there, Dean Mason was already waiting for me in my office.

“Dean Mason, it’s nice to see you again!” I saluted him.

“It’s nice to see you again too, Hannah. I’m sorry for delaying our last payment, but everything will be settled today, so we can finish this project,” he said to me.

I nodded at him. “No problem, it’s been less than a week of extension. It will be fine,” I told him while Claire entered my office. She was bringing not just coffee to Dean Mason but also the final documents that marked the end of the project.

Dean Mason signed the contract completion and wired the money to Brown’s account. He shook my hand and murmured: “Thank you!”

“No problem,” I murmured to him.

“Well, it’s getting late. I must go. But listen, Hannah, Rose, and I wanted to offer you dinner in appreciation for what you did for us and the hospital. I was wondering if you would be available to have dinner with us tonight?” Dean Mason asked me.

Originally, my schedule was free, but when I looked at Claire, she wanted to tell me something, and it might be related to the company, so I told him: “Well, unfortunately, I have something for tonight, but maybe at another time. You just give Claire a call, and she will book a dinner with you. I appreciate the invitation, though.”

“Sure, I will do,” Dean Mason told me. He shook my hand one more time and left my office.

I looked at Claire and she said: “Hannah, Mr. Brown sent a message. On the first day that you come from your license, he wanted to see you. Since you came today, he has been asking you to come to his office.”

“He wanted to see me at the company?” I asked her a little startled, and she nodded. I thought for a little while and asked her: “Is there something wrong with our department’s outcomes recently?” I was eliminating the possibilities, and I knew that Ethan wouldn’t call me at Brown Enterprises to treat private affairs. It must be something about my department.

Claire nodded at me and said: “Well since you mentioned, I believe that this is related to Dean Mason’s extension. Mr. Brown knows everything, and he certainly knows that Dean Mason just left the building after the project's completion. I heard that Mr. Brown isn’t happy with this delay, after all, he is the company’s CEO and hasn't even communicated about your decision.”

I nodded and murmured: “Well, you are right. I’m going to see him now,” I told her and left my office toward the top floor where his office was.

Ethan’s office is cold and serious just like its owner. I don’t know if I was used to the coldness whenever Ethan was, but I could swear that even the temperature on this floor was lower than on mine. It was summer, but I was shivering.

I looked around and saw that his private conference room was closed. His secretary, Eric, saw me and smiled at me: “Hannah! It’s good to see you around. How have you been?” he asked me.

I smiled at him and murmured: “I’m fine, Eric. Thank you for asking. How about you?”

“I’m good too,” he told me and then he continued: “Listen, Ethan is finishing a meeting with some of the directors and will be with you in a few minutes. Would you mind waiting for him here?”

I shook my head and told him: “Not at all,” so I went to sit on the waiting room couch. Eric brought me a glass of water and I waited for him.

I could hear the voices in the conference room. Some of them I recognized, others I didn’t. I could hear Ethan and Vincent. Unfortunately, there was a third voice that I recognized in the meeting: Alexander. Why the hell was Alexander so close to Ethan?

I realized that I was getting hungry. Of course, I haven't eaten more than breakfast today and it was already late. I sipped on my glass of water to fool my stomach while I was waiting for Ethan.

Eric smiled at me from his desk. I couldn't help but ask him: "Hey, Eric, have you seen Ethan with an odd behavior or drinking more recently?" Lucy had mentioned that he spent the last two days at the bar. Probably Eric might have noticed something different.

"Well, Hannah, now that you mentioned, Ethan had disappeared for the last couple of days. I imagined that he was probably in a bad mood or facing personal problems," Eric answered me and shrugged.

"Do you know why he is acting like this?" I asked Eric curiously. Maybe Eric had heard something.

Eric shrugged once more and said: "I'm sorry, Hannah. That is all that I know."

I nodded at him and murmured: "I got it. Thanks."

I waited for them to finish the meeting for about half an hour and then, the door finally opened. The first man that came out was the last one that I wanted to see.

"Well, well, well. Look who we have here!" Alexander sneered at me.

Chapter 25: How did you know that I am pregnant?

## **Chapter 25 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

The second person to leave the conference room was Vincent and after, Ethan. The others were executives that I met here and there and they left the floor silently, but Alexander was still sneering at me.

“It’s good to see you too, Alexander,” I told him ironically and his face frowned at me. If it wasn’t for the fact that I didn’t like Alexander regularly, I would have been annoyed because I was hungry, sleepy, and pregnant.

I stood up to receive Ethan and Vincent, but Alexander insisted on coming along. The three men came in my direction. Vincent’s eyebrows rose, surprised to see me at Ethan’s office, but his lips rose a little bit, so I noticed that he was happy to see me. Ethan’s expression was as unfathomable as always.

“Well, Mrs. Brown is here to see you, sir,” Eric told Ethan and then he left the room.

Ethan looked at me examining my face. I didn’t know why, but it seemed that he was always about to get angry at me. And then, I realized: if he called me here, he probably wanted to talk to me about the hospital project. So, I squared my shoulders and told him: “Ethan, I am willing to bear the losses that Brown Enterprises had for these few days of extension that the hospital got. Don’t worry about it.”

Ethan frowned at me but he didn’t have the opportunity to say a thing, because Alexander, as always, was opening his big mouth and offering his comments without an invitation: “Well, it seems that one director has her pockets full, because she has no idea how much such a delay would cost us! Very generous of her!”

Obviously, Alexander was returning the ironic comment that I made about him a few seconds ago.

I looked at Ethan, who remained in silence and decided to say: “Well, it seems that Alexander works in the finance department now, or does he know more about my projects than myself? Mind your own business, moron.”

Vincent struggled to hold a laugh. He tried to disguise it with a cough. Vincent looked as if he had no worries in the world and was having fun at the cost of his friend.

Alexander glanced at Vincent and his face fell. Alexander didn't like to be mocked. Of course, he took himself too seriously.

“Who do you think you are to talk to me like this, Hannah?” Alexander asked me, outraged.

I really didn't want to waste my time with Alexander. He never liked me. He thought that I was on the way between Ethan and Tess, so naturally, he didn't have one single good thing to say to me. The three musketeers (as I called them secretly) knew each other for ages now, and they were all good friends. Not good for me. At least, I was married to one of them and was on good terms with the other.

“Well If you don't know me by now, let me introduce myself: I am Hannah Brown, Ethan Brown's wife. I believe you know him, the CEO of this company,” I told him with a gesture to show the environment where he was. “I am also this company's project director, so if I say it is my responsibility, it is, in fact, my responsibility. Not your problem.”

Alexander blushed and got furious with my words. His cheeks were flushed, and he murmured: “Do you think that your marital status will give you the right to talk to others like this? Well, we will see if a new Mrs. Brown will talk to her husband's friends like that!”

“Alexander!” Vincent intervened. His eyebrows were raised at Alexander and his friend shut up that big mouth of his. A little calmer, he continued: “Ethan and Hannah have to talk, and I've booked a restaurant for dinner. We should go ahead and wait for them there.” Alexander nodded at his friend, and then Vincent turned to me and said: “Hannah, you are probably hungry. You should come with Ethan later.”

I wanted to open my mouth and refuse, but Vincent and Alexander were already gone.

Ethan and I were completely alone, and I couldn't read from him if he was annoyed by my interaction with Alexander or not. I didn't even know if he cared about that. I decided to return to the subject I was trying to talk about when Alexander interrupted me: "Ethan, the hospital project is my responsibility. After my surgery, I have been recovering and I completely forgot to call him regarding the final payment. I'm sorry." Ethan didn't say a word, so I decided to continue: "I know that this situation had caused us a significant loss, so I decided to resign immediately."

"Wait a minute here, Hannah. Is this your solution to this problem? Resigning?" Ethan asked me. His tone was still cold, and his eyes were analyzing me.

"Yes, I will leave immediately. This situation will not happen again," I explained to him. "I have a reason to resign now, and I am even considering leaving this city behind, so you will be free from me."

Ethan crossed his arms and frowned at me: "Well, first the divorce, then the abortion, and now you want to resign, and later you will leave the city? Hannah, what the hell do you think you are doing?"

"I..." I started saying. My palms were sweaty, and his body was encircling mine.

"Tell me, Hannah. What am I missing here?" Ethan pressed me. "Why do you want to leave the city?"

"Well, I thought that you would be happy with my decision, Ethan. I already signed our divorce agreement, which was something you are wanting for quite a time now, right? And now all that you have to do is sign that document too, so you will be free to marry Tess, as you always wanted. What is wrong with my actions?" I asked him.

“Now, that is funny. You know very well that I don’t like when people decide my life for me. Do you really think that you can sign the divorce papers and run away to the sunset like that?” He told me. His voice was cold and ironic.

“Were you willing to have my baby instead? I thought that Tess demanded from you that I’d abort my baby or else she would kill herself. Well, this is it, Ethan. If I’m forced to fight for myself, I will make my own decisions. Unfortunately, they affected you.” I answered him.

Ethan narrowed his eyes dangerously. He looked like one of these lionesses waiting to kill their prey. I gulped waiting for his reaction and then he murmured: “You think you are so clever, Hannah. Careful now, or your plan will explode in your face.”

I didn’t know what he was trying to tell me, but he was definitely being ironic.

“Hannah, forget about that. Yes, you did have an abortion, but it doesn’t matter. We will continue trying to have another child.”

I was completely confused. “Are you hearing yourself, Ethan?”

“I am,” he said with all the assurance in the world. Then he waited for my answer. If a loving husband had said this to his wife and they were trying to have a baby, this could be a romantic conversation, but in our case, Ethan wasn’t making any sense.

“Can you at least consider not leaving?” Ethan pleaded to me, his voice a little warmer than his usual coldness. He never waited for my answer. He simply went to the restaurant, leaving me to keep up with his fast pace. I was walking behind him first because I was shorter and couldn’t keep up with him and second because he left me much to think about.

Fortunately, the Chinese restaurant that Vincent had chosen wasn't far. It was a huge complex in a mall close to Brown's headquarters. Inside the restaurant, there was a big garden where people were taking pictures and enjoying the evening on romantic strolls. I crossed the entrance of the garden and reached Ethan when he stopped at the entrance to announce ourselves.

"Oh, you are here, Mr. Brown. Welcome! Come with me please," a beautiful hostess with a peach dress made a sign for us to follow her. She took us across the restaurant until we stopped at one of the private booths at the end of the restaurant. As soon as we entered the booth, I saw that Vincent and Alexander were chatting happily while they were preparing tea. The hostess left us after taking us to where our party was and we sat down.

"Why don't you order," Ethan murmured to me.

Before I could answer, Vincent told me: "I'm sorry, Hannah, I ordered something for you. I thought that you would like some soup, and since it takes a long time to be prepared, I thought that I could already order that for you. Are you hungry?"

I froze in my place and shook my head: "I'm sorry, Vincent. I am not hungry." I wasn't sure if I wanted to eat soup.

Alexander didn't like my answer at all: "Oh, such a polite woman. Vincent made you a favor and you are refusing it with no politeness! He ordered soup from an international-level chef. What a waste!"

Vincent raised his hand to Alexander to stop him continuing babbling.

"I'm sorry, I just said that I wasn't hungry. It doesn't mean that I won't eat." Vincent smiled at me, and I continued: "I saw that there was a Chinese garden in the building. I will go for a walk while you guys catch up," I told them and got up to leave the booth. In other words, I would allow them to calm down Alexander so we could have a peaceful meal.

Besides, I would use any opportunity that I would have to be as far from him as possible.

“The scenario is beautiful, Hannah. There is a small pond with all sorts of fishes and a bonsai garden. I think you will like it,” Vincent told me, and I nodded at him while I was leaving the booth. Ethan just looked at me faintly but didn’t say a word. Alexander pretended that I didn’t exist.

When I left the table, I still heard Alexander complaining: “Really, Vince? Why do you care so much about Hannah? If it wasn’t for her, Ethan and Tess would be married by now. Maybe they would even have had children! It’s Ethan and Tess’s happiness we are talking about!”

I bet he did this on purpose so I could hear him. In fact, I bet half of the restaurant heard him. My cheeks blushed while I was leaving for the garden. I walked fast so I wouldn’t hear more. I crossed the entrance of the garden and thought that Vincent was completely right. The scenario was amazing. Since this garden belonged to the restaurant owner, I had my reasons to believe that this person must be beyond rich: a luxury restaurant and one of the most beautiful sights in the city. They must have spent a lot of money to build this place. The grass was neatly cut, there were flowers everywhere and the small pond was charming!

I decided to cross the lake through a path with stones that looked like large eggs. It was a kind of a trail, and I was having fun and was a little distracted when I heard a little voice talking to me: “Oh, Hi!”

I looked toward the sound and found a little boy who was waving at me. I smiled, waved at him, and said: “Hello!”

The little boy seemed to have recently learned to walk. When he saw me waving at him, he started to rush toward me in a wobbly way. Behind him, there was a man that I believed was his father. He was about 35 years old and seemed a little tired of running after the child.

The little boy reached me and gave me a small yellow flower that he was carrying. He looked at me with his big brown eyes expectantly.

“Well, thank you!” I told him and smiled. He smiled back at me and it was funny because some of his teeth haven’t pointed yet.

“I’m sorry, we didn’t want to disturb you. It is just that you are pregnant, and he can’t help it to bring you a flower,” the little boy’s father reached us and picked him in his arms.

I was startled. “How did you know that I am pregnant?” I asked him. After all, if this unknown man knew it, it would be probably visible to anyone.

What if Ethan finds out?

Chapter 26 There are other fish in the sea.

## **Chapter 26 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I looked at the man surprised. If he knew that I was pregnant, soon Ethan would be suspicious too.

The man smiled at me and murmured: “You don’t need to worry. I just know because I am a doctor. Besides, you were just protecting your lower belly instinctively. I just thought that you might be pregnant. Am I right?”

I nodded at him, still shocked that he knew that much about someone who was just in front of him. I made a mental note to try and avoid protecting my belly like this in front of Ethan or any other acquaintance.

After a while, I found my voice once again and tried to change the subject: “This is a beautiful garden! Did you notice that everything here was meticulously cultivated?”

He nodded at me still smiling. “Actually, this is a medicinal garden. I had the privilege to study Chinese medicine, and I could recognize many of the plants and herbs they use for natural healing. Some are even in danger of extinction, but they were preserved here.”

I looked around and saw the plants the man was pointing to. I was not a vast connoisseur of plants, but I admired his wisdom. The only one that I recognized was a cactus.

“Too bad that people in this country don’t value the benefits of natural medicine, but this part of the country has good conditions to cultivate herbs that could heal common diseases without traditional medicine. People don’t know the lucky they have,” the man told me, and then he prepared to leave with his baby.

When he was crossing the pond toward the garden entrance, he turned to me and said: “You should go back to your party. You must take care of yourself and have regular meals,” and then, he simply waved goodbye.

I stood there for a little while because although I knew that the man was right and I should go back and eat a good meal, my party wasn’t the best one.

Ethan found me squatted looking at the ants in the garden, but I haven’t seen him. He came where I was and murmured: “Let’s go. Food is ready,” and startled me. I was about to lose my balance, but his reflexes were good, and he held me in time so I wouldn’t fall.

He raised his eyebrows and asked: “Did I scare you?”

I smiled weakly at him and murmured: “I was distracted. That’s all.”

He nodded and helped me to stand. I followed him outside the garden. I felt that he was a little different these days. Could he not be that cold toward me anymore?

When we arrived at our booth, I realized that three more people were sitting with us: the doctor, his baby, and a woman that I supposed was his wife. The man smiled at me and said: "Oh, you are here, Hannah! We should order soup for you! This will be good for your baby!"

Everyone was stunned at the man's suggestion. I smiled a little sheepishly and mumbled, "thanks."

Alexander was the only one that wasn't impressed by the man's revelation: "Well, the baby is gone. What is the use of soup? Besides, Vincent already ordered something for Hannah. He says that it's going to help her to recover from her miscarriage," Alexander's words were heavy with disdain.

Ethan glanced at me a little confused. I was flustered. For a few seconds, I didn't know what to say. Ethan decided to talk: "I don't know if I have introduced you to our friends. This is Scott Truman, his wife Amber, and their little son Jacob. Scott comes from a family that traditionally has a lot of doctors, and believes that he can heal the world through plants and food," Ethan told. I smiled at them, and they smiled back at me nodding. Ethan continued: "But I believe that you already know Scott, right, Hannah?" Ethan asked me suspiciously.

"I... I met him in the Chinese garden. I met him and Jacob," Jacob smiled at me at the mention of his name. Ethan seemed to be satisfied with my explanation about Scott when he nodded at me. Still, there was this huge elephant in the room: the fact that Scott openly told everyone that I was pregnant right at the moment that Ethan started to believe that I had aborted the baby. I looked at Vincent asking him silently for help.

At this very moment, the waitress came to serve us the food. Amber looked at the dishes that the party chose and told me: "You should try

this soup, Hannah. When I was pregnant with Jacob, I couldn't stand much, but this soup was good for the baby and me. It is light and has a lot of nutrients that will strengthen you," she offered to point to the soup that Vincent had chosen previously.

I smiled at her and murmured: "Thanks, Amber, but originally, I was six weeks pregnant. But I had a miscarriage recently, so the baby is gone."

When Amber heard my words, her face fell. She was embarrassed and murmured: "I'm so sorry, Hannah, I didn't have the intention to expose you like this..."

"Don't worry, Amber. Hannah is facing a false pregnancy phenomenon after a miscarriage, and she will be back to normal in a week or two. I admire your husband's perception, though. Hannah wasn't even showing when the miscarriage happened," Vincent told Amber between a few sips of tea. I was annoyed at him. He let me hang there when he could have helped me ages ago!

The others at the table swallow Vincent's lies, except for Scott, who was also a doctor, and Amber, his wife, that already faced pregnancy. They still seemed suspicious, although they decided not to confront me in front of everyone, and our table resumed the small talk and parallel conversation.

Finally, after dinner, we were saying our goodbyes to the whole party. Amber said goodbye to us with a sleepy Jacob in her arms. Scott stood behind and had the opportunity to talk to Ethan and me: "I'm sorry for the mess. I really thought that you were still pregnant in the garden, Hannah."

"It's okay. You don't have to apologize," I told him with a smile on my lips. He was completely right, after all.

"I will send you some natural medicine so you will recover from this miscarriage faster. Don't worry, you will have the opportunity to have

children again,” Scott told us looking at both of us. Ethan looked at me with an unfathomable expression. I could only imagine what he was thinking at that moment.

Was his intention to bring me here today so Scott would check on me and prove if I was telling him the truth about the abortion? I kept that suspicion with me, but there was something in me that was telling me that maybe this was a test.

I realized that Ethan had something to talk to Vincent and Alexander, and apparently, Alexander didn't want me to stay with them. I returned to Brown's to retrieve my car, but I didn't want to go back home yet. I've spent too much time there in the last few days. So, I decided to head to Lucy's bar.

It is already dark outside, and the bar was getting crowded. Lucy was behind the counter and I went to sit in front of her. When she saw me, her face wasn't very happy. I knew that she was still upset that I had an abortion and haven't told her a thing. “What are you doing here, Hannah? Aren't you supposed to be at home now?” She asked annoyed.

“I can't stay at home anymore, Lucy, I'm bored. I came here to talk to my friend, if she wants to forgive me for not telling her what I was about to do,” I told her.

Lucy leaned forward on the counter and whispered in my ear: “You just had an abortion, Hannah. You should be nice to yourself and rest at home.”

“Well, is there anywhere we can talk more privately?” I asked her.

“Sure, my office. Let's go,” she urged me.

“Oh, bring me a glass of orange juice, please,” I told her, and she looked at me a little confused, but obliged me.

When we arrived at her office, she closed the door, gave me the juice, and asked: “Spill it, Brown. I know that there is more to this story than what you already told me.”

“I’m not bored,” I tried to explain to her.

“So, what is it?” Lucy demanded.

“I have something in my mind that is bothering me. But I can’t stay put at home,” I explained to her.

“So, what do you want, Hannah?” Lucy asked me annoyed.

“I don’t know. I just can’t go home now!” I explained to her. I didn’t know why I didn’t tell her my suspicions about Ethan and Scott’s attitudes.

“Well, I know what we can do. Come with me,” she told me and grabbed me by the hand. I left the glass of juice at the counter and followed her outside the bar.

She didn’t stop when we reached the street.

“Where are we going?” I asked her confused.

“You will see,” she answered me mysteriously.

This street was full of bars and nightclubs. I thought that she was pulling me out to a restaurant or something. She didn’t say a word.

I started to get worried and asked her: “But you left the bar unattended! Are you insane?”

“I have someone watching everything until I come back,” Lucy dismissed my observation. She guided me to a nightclub with a small door entrance. And then she turned to me and said: “You said you can’t

stand to stay at home. Let's have some fun and forget what is bothering you!" and she dragged me inside.

The music was loud in the nightclub. Everything seemed to sparkle. I wasn't sure if I should stay there. The whole environment was messing up with my senses. She found a manager and murmured: "Please, find us two gentlemen to accompany us tonight, will you?" and then she put on the manager's pocket a fat tip. He nodded at us, and we went to look for a table.

"Lucy, what the hell do you think you are doing?" I asked her alarmed. Asking for a pair of gentlemen to accompany us? This only could mean one thing: she was paying for these guys to sleep with us.

"Well, I'm simply enjoying a good night with a friend and... some recent acquaintances," she told me with no shame. My cheeks burned with embarrassment. I have never done such a thing in my life!

The manager sent almost a dozen guys so we could choose from a small group. "Why are you doing this, Lucy?" I asked her mortified.

"I think you should meet someone other than Ethan. Someone gentler. You know, there are other fish in the sea," Lucy whispered in my ear. "You must find someone more compatible with you, and now that you are about to be freed, it's time to look around, Hannah."

I didn't have the nerve to choose from the selection the manager had brought. I left this job for Lucy. Without a shadow of embarrassment, she chose two guys who were wearing suits, just like Ethan does every day.

I could feel my breath getting shallow as they came closer to us.

Chapter 27 Apologize, now!

**Chapter 27 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

The men that Lucy hired came toward us with broad smiles and a relaxed walk. “May I sit here, beautiful?” One of them asked me.

“Sure!” Lucy answered him before I could say a word.

They both took seats at our table, and Lucy started to chat happily with them. I was nervous as hell and my mind was blank. Suddenly, a waitress served us a bottle of wine and Lucy seemed to be more comfortable each minute. She started to lean on one of the guys. That is why isn’t looking for a boyfriend. Who wants one when you can have the convenience of relationships like this?

The guys got distracted talking to themselves, and I whispered to Lucy: “Why did you ask for someone for me? I don’t need one! I have a husband!”

“Who doesn’t give a damn about you, right?” Lucy answered me ironically. “Just give it a break, Hannah! Live your life just once!” She exclaimed to me.

I was extremely uncomfortable, but Lucy seemed to be at home with the two guys. The one that she chose for me was looking expectantly to read my reactions when I told him: “Look, I don’t know what Lucy told you about me...”

He shook his head and told me: “Please, beautiful, you don’t have to explain yourself to me. It’s normal to be nervous for the first time. Just relax and we can enjoy our night. Shall we?”

I gulped at him and nodded, but I wasn’t so sure if I wanted to stay there.

“So, what do you like to do for fun?” He asked me, trying to initiate a conversation.

I smiled at him a little more comfortably: “I really enjoy reading.”

“Cool. What genre? Poetry? Maybe a little romance...? You seem to be a romantic type of girl...” he told me.

“Hannah? Oh, she is an idealist. Romantic to her bones!” Lucy told him and smiled at me. “Sometimes she even exaggerates,” she added.

I blushed furiously and suddenly the embarrassment came back. Added to that, pregnancy forced me to go to the bathroom several times a day, so I stood and murmured: “If you guys excuse me, I need to go to the restroom,” and left the room.

I walked through the club for a while trying to find a restroom, but it took me a few minutes until I finally located one. When I finally saw the sign that indicated that I found my goal, I saw two of the people that I hated most: Tess and Alexander. They were walking on the corridor side by side, and since it was a narrow corridor, there was no place to hide from them.

We stood there facing each other for a few moments. Tess looked at me with an ironic smile, but Alexander murmured to her: “What the hell is she doing here?”

I sneered at him and said: “Well, Alexander, this is a free country. I have the right to come and go as I pleased.”

Alexander made a face at me and said: “Why do you have to follow Ethan just like a puppy, Hannah? He came here to have some fun!”

So, I got it. Although I was here with my friend Lucy, the three friends and Tess had decided to come here tonight to have some fun, and now Alexander thought that I was following Ethan on purpose.

“Just so you know, I am here with some friends too. I didn’t know that the three musketeers would come with their side-kick girlfriend,” I told

them. Not that I owed anyone an explanation, but I wasn't standing to the fact that they were assuming that I was there just because of Ethan.

"But haven't you just gone through surgery?" Tess asked me suspiciously.

"She must be bored and alone at home, Tess. You see, Ethan hasn't been home for a while now. She must be looking elsewhere for something that she can't find at home," Alexander explained to her in a mocking tone.

"And once again, Alexander, you missed the perfect opportunity to shut your mouth and decided to mind other people's business," I replied to him, and he sneered at me.

I was ready to leave them and go to the restroom when Tess blocked my way down the corridor. Shit, this wasn't my day... "Wait a minute, Hannah. I haven't seen you for a few days now, and I thought that after your surgery and the divorce papers were signed, you would be gone, but yet, you are still here. What are you doing? Do you still hope that Ethan will want to stay with a woman who got rid of his child?" she asked me.

"Did you hear yourself, Tess? Haven't you just lost a child recently? Why would he want to stay with you either?" I asked her. I wasn't having it tonight.

"You..." Tess raised her hand to slap me, but I held her wrist just in time to avoid her hit.

"Well, since you decided to look like a saint in front of Ethan, I suggest you stick to your character and remain just like the innocent you claim you are, Tess. But I won't let you hit me like this," I told her and then I dropped her wrist.

But she was too smart for me. She used my dropping to her own advantage and pretended that I had pushed her. She fell on the floor close to the wall and started wailing. I was about to tell her to cut the bullshit\*t when I heard a cold voice behind me saying: “Hannah, what have you done to Tess again? Wasn’t enough all the time that she spent in that hospital last week?”

Ethan and Vincent had arrived at the club.

“What is wrong with you, Hannah? Wasn't it enough what Tess had to endure from you until now?” Alexander asked me in a fake outraged voice. He knew that I hadn't pushed Tess, but still he wanted to create a scene so Ethan could see it.

“Well, maybe you should use a blind stick, Alexander, because if you haven’t noticed, I was defending myself and I didn’t push Tess. She is faking.” I had to defend myself from him because, from a distance, it really looked as if I had pushed her.

I was done with this gang, so I decided to go away, but Ethan was on my way to the restroom, and when I passed through him, he held my wrist.

“Oh, Ethan, what’s up?” I told him. I wasn’t feeling like his wife at that moment, just an acquaintance.

He looked at me, his dark eyes cold as ice, and murmured: “Apologize now!”

It wasn’t a suggestion. It was an order.

“Why should I apologize, Ethan?” I asked him challengingly.

“Because you can’t push people like this, Hannah. It is wrong and you know very well,” Ethan warned me.

“Well if you have seen the whole ordeal, you would know that I didn’t push her. I was just defending myself,” I told him.

But he didn't listen to me. He just repeated, "Apologize!"

I stood in a challenging manner and asked him: "Or else...?"

Ethan sneered at me and asked me: "How's Lucy? Is she doing alright after that night in jail?" His hidden threat is implicit. His face was impassive, but his jaw was tight.

I palled. I didn't care if he would do anything to me, but Lucy was my only friend in this damn city. I couldn't risk her or her business. Burning in anger, I murmured: "I'm sorry, Tess. It won't happen again." Tess opened a wide smile on her arrogant face that said that she owned my husband. Alexander seemed pleased too.

"Is that all?" Alexander asked. "Do you think that this is enough to apologize for what you did? If this is your apology for hurting people like this, I can only imagine if you decide to really hurt people in the future," he continued.

"What else do you want from me, Alexander?" I asked him exasperated.

"You should have a round with us. You see, Hannah, we bought a few bottles, and we were about to celebrate new beginnings. I think you could have a few drinks with us to make amends with Tess," Alexander suggested.

I gulped, uncertainly. I didn't have to be an expert in pregnancy to know that drinks could definitely affect my baby. Vincent tried to intervene and said: "Stop fooling around, Alexander. She already apologized, and we all know that she doesn't want to be here. Let her go back to her friend, and we can forget this matter."

Alexander ignored Vincent. He turned to Ethan instead and asked him: "What do you think, Ethan? Should your wife stay a little bit with us to make amends with Tess?" I could hear the contempt when he said the word wife.

Ethan studied me for a long minute with his dark but cold eyes. In the end, he looked at Tess and told her: “Well, since you were the injured part in this matter, I think you should have the final word on this invitation.”

Tess looked at me and an evil smile spread on her face: “I think we should use the opportunity to make amends.”

Ethan nodded at her and said: “It’s decided, then,” and grabbed me by the arm toward their table. I bet that this was another test that they were doing to know if I had had the surgery or not. What was I going to tell them to not drink?

Chapter 28 A dangerous game.

## **Chapter 28 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I felt uneasy because this challenge wasn’t a good thing for a pregnant woman but pretended to be brave and said: “Go ahead! Where is your booth? Where are the drinks?”

Vincent took me by my arm and asked me: “Are you insane? Do you have any idea of how this could be harmful to your baby?”

Alexander noticed the little commotion and said: “What are you doing, Vince? Are you trying to convince Hannah to give up on the challenge? Mind your own business, buddy,” and he and Tess started laughing. “Come on, Hannah, this way,” Alexander told me, guiding me to their booth. And then, the gang ordered several bottles of wine and beer.

“Well, can Hannah drink with us?” Tess asked no one in particular. I knew that she was challenging me in front of the group. She thought that she could embarrass me if I backed down from the challenge.

“Oh, I’m willing to. So, we can be at peace, and I can go back to my gang,” I answered her. I didn’t even care about going back to Lucy anymore. I just didn’t want to spend the rest of the night with Tess.

All this time Vincent was looking at me with wary eyes. His expression was telling me ‘Don’t do it!’ but I wasn’t going to back up on it. I put a bottle of wine in front of me and served myself my first glass.

“Okay, we often play a little drinking game, and the rules are simple,” Alexander started to explain: “You choose your poison, drink a portion. The other person drinks equally, and so it goes on. The first one to give up can ask someone else to fill in their place. The last pair standing wins!” I could see that he was excited about this challenge. I gulped because I thought that it would be just one glass of wine, but such an amount of alcohol could kill my baby!

I grabbed the glass of wine in my hands and raised it to my lips. Involuntarily, I touched my lower belly and made a silent prayer so the heavens would protect my child, but then I took a breath inside the glass and only the smell of wine gave me violent nausea. I couldn’t drink one single drop of it and had to drop it. “I don’t feel quite well,” I murmured. I was sweating cold, and I thought that I was going to throw up. I ran to the restrooms and locked myself in one of the stalls.

“Are you alright?” I heard Vincent’s voice on the other side of the door. He had ignored the sign that said, ‘ladies’ room’ and entered causing a few complaints here and there, which he ignored whatsoever.

“The nausea had ceased,” I told him after throwing up violently. I got off the stall and went to the sink to wash my mouth. “Is there any medicine that you could give me to block the effects of alcohol in my body so I can protect the baby?” I asked him.

He looked at me attentively but murmured: “The alcohol is going to poison your body. It will harm your baby, such as any medicine I could

give you. Admit it, Hannah, you are going to lose this challenge,” he advised me.

I shook my head and told him: “I can’t back down, Vincent. Do you see how this woman challenges me in front of my husband? I’m not a woman who gives up!” I exclaimed.

He thought for a few seconds, and then, his face lightened up with an idea: “You count to ten and leave the restroom. I’m bringing you a special drink. One I bet you can tolerate.”

I nodded at him and murmured: “Thanks.”

I did as was told and a few moments later I came back to the booth. The gang was laughing loudly and when Alexander saw me, he shook his head and said: “You are too weak Hannah. You couldn’t stand one single glass of wine!”

Vincent came back with a glass of Martini in his hand and said: “Well, considering that Hannah was drinking distilled, not fermented drinks, I thought that I might bring her something to not upset her stomach even more,” he explained to the gang and handed me the glass. His eyes assured me that it was alright.

I trusted him, implicitly, at least, so I gulped down the drink and it turns out it was just water decorated with olives! Vincent was a genius! So, I drank all the content of the glass, and murmured gratefully to him: “Thanks.” He simply smiled at me and nodded.

After that, it was Tess’s turn to drink, and she gulped a beer without hesitation. She wasn’t fooling around. She wanted to beat me in this competition. Alexander applauded her for her enthusiasm.

I looked around and saw that Vincent had brought me another “martini” and gulped just like her. She grimaced at my posture but didn’t say a thing. She drank another beer bottle.

Honestly, a third glass of water would make me nauseated. It was too much water for me, so I looked at the third glass of fake martini with uncertainty.

Noticing that I wasn't sure about that, Vincent murmured to Ethan: "Come on now, brother, you know your wife. Hasn't she had too much alcohol for a night?"

Ethan looked at me observing my hesitation and stopped me when I was guiding the glass to my mouth and said: "Enough. I will drink in your place." I nodded at him gratefully, and he chugged a bottle of beer.

"Oh, come on, bro! You are spoiling the game! Hannah was about to drink another glass!" Alexander exclaimed.

"It's enough of this silly game," Ethan murmured to Alexander while shrugging.

I could see in Tess's eyes that she wasn't happy. Her eyes were red and bloodthirsty. She looked at Alexander and gritted through her teeth: "I wanna go home, and I wanna go right now!" Her posture was aggressive, probably combining the alcohol with her anger.

Alexander nodded at her and murmured: "Sure," and they both left.

"Are you okay?" Ethan asked me. I was startled because he never asked about me.

"I'm fine. I'm just tired," I murmured to him. Suddenly, I felt a pang on my lower belly and got scared. Reflexively, I held the place, and Ethan put his hand on mine. "Does it hurt?" he asked me, worried.

I nodded, but I didn't want to go to the hospital tonight: "Just take me home, will you?" I asked him.

"At least let Vincent take a look at you when we arrive, okay?" He asked me.

I nodded, and he carried me to the car. He drove fast as if he was insane, but in a few minutes, we were home, and I was relieved.

He took me to our bedroom. Vincent appeared a few minutes later because he went to retrieve his medical valise, and soon he started to examine me. He murmured to Ethan: "I'm helping Hannah to recover from her surgery, so I know what she needs." Ethan nodded and Vincent took a few pills from his valise and gave me them with a glass of water. I swallowed them obediently.

"You will be fine now. Just get some rest," he assured me. I saw in his eyes that he wanted to tell me that my baby was fine, and that made me rest better. Soon, everything turned on a blur, and I fell asleep.

I didn't know if I was dreaming or if this was a reality, but I felt Ethan moving me. He took me to our bathroom, cleaned me up, and changed my clothes for a nightgown. I wanted to refuse this help, but I couldn't find the strength to open my eyes or my mouth.

The next day, I stood in bed for the whole morning, and felt that I fully woke up at noon when I saw a message from Lucy that said "Hey, how was last night with the guy that I chose for you? You disappeared early, and you haven't said anything until now. Call me!"

I blushed at her blatant question: "You know that I'm not allowed to do that. It's been just a couple of weeks since my surgery. I have to heal first."

"Damn! I paid this guy good money as a gift for you! You should have told me!" she answered.

"I will compensate you next time. Met the whole gang last night and got stuck with them," I explained to her.

She decided to call me: "You have to tell me everything!" she exclaimed.

I shook my head and told her: “Nonsense. I don’t want to dwell on the events of last night. Let’s talk about something else,” I told her.

“Okay. So, when are you planning to leave the city?” she asked me.

“I must finish a project at Brown’s first. Besides, Ethan hasn’t signed the papers yet. When both these obstacles are done, I will leave the city for good,” I assured her.

“You are going to do what?” Ethan shouted from the threshold.

Damn it. He knew about my plans now.

Chapter 29 Where were you thinking you are going?

## **Chapter 29 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“Ethan,” I gulped at his words. “I thought you had gone to Brown’s. I didn’t know you were here,” I babbled.

“Well, it’s a good thing that I’m still here, right? Otherwise, I wouldn’t know about your nasty plan, right?”

“It’s just an idea, Ethan... Nothing is concrete right now,” I tried to explain. “Besides, were you eavesdropping on me on the phone?” I asked, outraged, trying to divert him.

“That’s not the point, Hannah. Are you leaving this city? Are you leaving me?” He asked me, focused.

“What is the point in all of this, Ethan? I signed the papers, aborted my child... What else do you want from me? Haven’t I given you all that I could?” I asked him exasperated.

“You know how I hate when people make decisions for me, Hannah...”  
He warned me.

“But this is my life we are talking about, Ethan! This is my decision, not yours!” I exclaimed.

“Where were you planning on going, anyways?” He asked me ironically.

I laughed at him: “As if I am going to tell you that, so you would not leave me the hell alone,” I answered him ironically.

“I’m not playing games here, Hannah. Did you think that this could be this easy?” He pressed me.

“What do you mean, Ethan?” I asked him in a challenging position.

“You have nowhere to go! You have no resources!” He pointed at me.

I laughed at him, after all, although I came to this marriage with nothing, that doesn’t mean that I still have nothing: “I worked at the company with a good salary, Ethan. Besides, Michael left me shares, this property itself it’s mine according to our divorce agreement. Trust me, I will be fine!” I answered him ironically.

“If you think that this is going to end up like this, you are so wrong, Hannah,” Ethan murmured coldly.

“Is this a threat?” I asked him. He had his hands closed in fists and I knew that he was trying to control his temper, but suddenly our fight was forgotten because I felt a pang in my lower belly.

“Ouch!” I complained.

“Are you in pain again?” Ethan asked, a little concerned.

I grimaced and nodded at him.

Ethan held me in his arms and said: “Let’s go to the hospital now.”

“Oh, no, please!” I begged him. I was afraid that a more detailed exam with a doctor that could reveal to him that I was still pregnant could spoil the whole plan.

“Damn, Hannah! You are so stubborn!” Ethan exclaimed exasperated. “What now? What do you want? Should I call Vincent here again?” he asked me.

“I think I just need to lay down a little,” I told him, but I was feeling dizzy.

“You are weak. You should eat something too! When was your last meal?” He asked me.

I shrugged. I really didn’t remember.

Ethan snorted and led me to the kitchen: “So, this is going to happen now.” He sat me on one of the kitchen stools and started to sort out pans to make a late breakfast. I was speechless. Since yesterday he was acting not as cold toward me as usual. I waited for him to treat me better our whole marriage, why was he having a change of heart at the closure?

He went to our pantry and came back with some bowls and several ingredients in his hands. I thought that he would keep it simple, but in the end, we had eggs, hash browns, and my favorite: pancakes. I was starting to feel the effects of morning sickness, but he was short and went straight to the point to tell me: “This is for you. You must eat a good portion and have some rest, and that’s not a request, but an order. Vincent will come back to see you later today and you don’t need to go to Brown’s. Your delayed project is done, but you can deal with the consequences on another day. Have a good one, Hannah.”

Ethan told me that and without waiting for a reply, he grabbed his coat, and his car keys, and went out, leaving me alone in the kitchen.

I ate until I felt full, and boy, this man did know how to cook. I was finishing cleaning up after the meal when Vincent came back to check on me again.

“So, how are you feeling today?” he asked me. “Did you have a good meal? You know, you don’t have to avoid anything. Just eat whatever you want. The baby is not that delicate.”

I nodded at him and said: “Yes, it was a good meal, although sometimes I think I can eat but I can’t keep the food inside.”

He nodded at me. “I got it. Although it is perfectly normal, maybe I could give you something for the worst nausea. Just keep in mind that this shall pass too.”

He handed me another anonymous flask of vitamins and I murmured: “Thanks.”

“You must take them for 21 days, three times a day. And if I were you, I would run from pubs and nightclubs. Last night I was there to help you pretend you were drinking, but you might not be so lucky next time.”

“Got it, thanks!” I exclaimed to him.

“Oh, and you should consult your doctor soon so you can start your prenatal care. It is important to keep records and be monitored the whole time.” Vincent advised me. He had a severe look in his eyes as if he was a teacher scolding a naughty student.

“You should leave town soon, Hannah. You don’t have much time until your belly starts to show,” he observed.

“I know. I just need to tie up some loose ends, although I think it won’t be that easy...” I tried to explain to him.

He nodded at me and said: “I know what you mean. Maybe you should go back to square one and try to tell Ethan about the baby. Maybe all the other matters will be solved naturally...” he suggested.

“I’m not so sure, Vincent. I see that Ethan really loves Tess... and this, of course, is a major obstacle.” I never had the guts to ask anyone about their affair. This was a first.

Vincent looked at me attentively and said: “This has nothing to do with their affair, Hannah. If you want to fight for Ethan, you should tell him how you feel. You should tell him about the baby. He is going to deal with this whole situation on his own, but you must give him the opportunity to decide.”

I nodded at him and murmured: “I will keep that in mind, but I have my own plans too, Vincent. I shouldn’t take many risks when the life of my baby is involved. Thanks for the advice, though.”

“I wish that everything was different,” Vincent sighed.

“Me too. If Michael was alive at least, I would have someone else by my side. Someone who actually would help me to fight for my marriage too.” I told him.

“Well, it is what it is,” Vincent shrugged to me. “I know my way out. You should get some rest. I will see you around, Hannah,” Vincent waved goodbye and left the house.

After this conversation, I got a little nauseated. I didn’t know if this was due to the conversation itself or due to all that I ate at breakfast, so I decided to go back to bed.

When my head hit the pillow I heard my phone ring. I looked to see who was calling and it was an unidentified ID. I answered the phone anyway: “Hello?”

“Oh, hi, Hannah, it’s me, Tess. We need to talk.” The annoying voice answered on the other side.

I sighed. “What do you want, Tess?” I asked her.

“I need to meet you personally. I will send you an address and we can meet there in one hour. What do you think?” She proposed to me.

I never answered her but killed the call. I wasn’t in the mood to entertain my husband’s mistress. Still, she sent me the mentioned address anyway.

I printed the screen and sent it directly to Ethan: “Tess invited me for a talk. I was afraid that I would slap her if she crossed the line one more time, so I refused.”

Not even a minute later, Ethan called me. I sighed once again. Maybe pregnancy was making me easily annoyed. “Ethan, what’s wrong?” I answered his call.

He never answered me. Instead, he asked: “Where are you?”

“Home, why?” I asked him.

He sighed relieved and said: “Good. Have a good rest then.”

“Got it. Thanks,” I answered him and killed the call. I wasn’t sleepy, and I wasn’t in the mood to turn on the TV, so I went to walk around the house to see if I could find something to entertain myself. I ended up at Ethan’s study door. I never got into there, and this was the perfect opportunity to see around. I entered the room not thinking twice.

Chapter 30 Am I not enough for you, Hannah?

**Chapter 30 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I wondered if I was doing something wrong. But then I realized: I wasn't. Ethan never forbids me to visit his study. It was just a place that never caught my attention, so I never bothered. Still, I looked over my shoulder when I got into it. I felt silly because I was completely alone at home, but I couldn't help it.

I went straight to the enormous bookcase he had behind his desk. I wanted to find an interesting book so I could kill some time on this lazy day. I grabbed a handful of them and started to browse between them, but soon my back was hurting me. They were too heavy. Then I took them to Ethan's desk. That was the moment when I saw one of his drawers ajar.

I know that snooping around was wrong, but I was bored. Out of curiosity, I found a yellowed photo album. Something that he never showed me. I felt excited to find out a little bit about my mysterious husband.

The first picture that I saw was of a couple with a little baby in their mom's arms. They were all smiling widely at the camera. I recognized some traces of the little boy and I realized that this was Ethan, probably with his parents. I never met them. They had passed even before my grandma met Michael, and Ethan never mentioned them. This man was so unapproachable sometimes... The man's eyebrows and eyes looked like Ethan's, and this trace was hereditary because Michael had the same features. The woman looked like a sweet and happy wife. A normal family.

I turned a few pages and noticed that something was different. In a few pictures, there were two kids. A boy and a girl. I knew that the boy was Ethan, but who was this little girl? I turned the pages and there were several pictures of Ethan's parents holding a toddler girl in their arms. This was odd. Grandpa Michael mentioned several times that Ethan was an only child. He never mentioned a sister or a cousin. Besides, Uncle Terry and Aunt Elizabeth never had children. Although I was puzzled, I

decided to leave it alone. Maybe this was a neighbor or a family friend's daughter.

The next picture was a school picture of Ethan. Grandpa Michael was very attentive to details. I could see his handwriting below the picture, mentioning the year and school, so no details of Ethan's life would be missing, even after his parents' death.

The next page had a picture that made my stomach churn a little. It was of Ethan, Vincent, Alexander, and Tess. They were teenagers back then, and they looked like younger versions of what they are today. They looked really happy, almost as if they would change the world. Even Tess looked a purer version of herself in that picture. Maybe jealousy hasn't destroyed her yet.

And then, picture after picture there she was. An important part of Ethan's life. I wonder why he hasn't married her even before meeting me. They had so many stories together. They were always in each other's lives! I was in Ethan's life for only two years, give it or take a few months.

In the beginning, it was awkward. Everyone could see that we didn't like each other. I wouldn't agree to marry Ethan myself if it wasn't for my grandma. When she got sick, she brought me to Michael and asked for his help to take care of me. We both didn't have feelings for each other, but I trusted my grandma's words that we would learn to love each other with time. In fact, I did my part, but Ethan never loved me. Thinking about that, I had no idea how grandma met Michael. After all, Brown is an affluent family and grandma was just a farmer in the countryside. Almost a peasant. How could these two people have such a friendship to the point that she would trust a granddaughter to a man like this?

I got caught up in these questions until I felt my stomach growl. I knew that my pregnancy was messing with my eating habits, but I needed to eat right now. I went downstairs to check on what Claire had brought me. I wasn't in the mood to cook anything, so I found a few cucumbers

in the fridge. I decided to wash and eat them because I knew that they wouldn't upset my stomach.

I didn't notice when Ethan came back. I didn't see him until I got to the living room with a couple of cucumbers in my hands, ready to put one of them in my mouth.

"Hey, I didn't know you were home," I started saying.

Ethan looked at me curiously at my food choice. He had a smug smile on his face and his eyebrows were arched. "What are you going to do with those?" He asked me with a tint of naughty in his voice.

I was confused with his tone. "I'm going to eat them. What else would I use them for?" I asked him.

He snorted and asked me: "Am I not enough for you, Hannah?"

"What are you talking about, Ethan?" I asked him back. This conversation was taking us nowhere.

Ethan didn't answer me. He stood from the couch and came toward me just like an animal scenting its prey. I raised one of the cucumbers in my hand and offered it to him: "Do you want some?"

Ethan made a face and murmured: "No, thanks. I don't need one. But you haven't answered my question," he pressed. "Don't I satisfy your womanly needs, Hannah?" He got to me and took the cucumbers from my hands. He put them on a side table and focused only on me. He took my hand and started to kiss my fingertips intently.

"Oooh, I got you. That has nothing to do with that, Ethan," I told him. "I was hungry, that's all," I tried to explain to him. I knew where he was getting to, but I wasn't in the mood.

Ethan started to kiss my neck and murmured: “It’s been several days, Hannah. It should be okay by now, don’t you think? How about we work on a second child since our first one is gone?” He asked me.

“Ethan... Ethan, please, I don’t think this is a good idea,” I tried to stop him, but he didn’t want to listen to me. He moved from my neck to my lips and started to kiss me passionately.

“Ethan... don’t...” I hissed, but that was all I could say because he blocked my voice with a kiss. I raised my hand and tried to push him, but he was too strong for me. He didn’t move an inch. When we were both breathless, he stopped to gulp some air, and I used this opportunity to plead once again: “Ethan, please! The doctor recommended at least one month without sex... you would probably hurt me.” I was about to cry. Would he force himself into me?

Ethan sighed frustrated. I could only imagine his frustration, because if the doctor had recommended such a thing for me, Tess’s doctors would do the same, so, although Ethan had a wife and a mistress, he had to wait to have sex again.

I didn’t realize that I was actually crying. Ethan pulled away from me a little, examined me, then hugged me to comfort me. I breathed a sigh of relief into his neck, knowing now that he wouldn’t try anything with me as fragile as that.

I didn’t know exactly why I was crying. Maybe because of fear that he would try something, or maybe because of the hormones. All that I knew was that he waited patiently for me to calm down, though. Finally, he asked me: “So, are you hungry?”

At this cue, my stomach growled again, so I murmured: “I haven’t eaten since breakfast.”

He looked at me with severe eyes but didn't chastise me for not eating. "So, you think eating a couple of cucumbers would be enough for someone who didn't eat a thing since morning?" he asked me.

I made a face at him and said: "I just didn't want to make a mess in the kitchen and was lazy, so I just washed them," I explained to him.

"Stay here," he murmured and sat me on the couch. Then he went to the kitchen. I waited for a few minutes for him to come back, and he came back with a plate full of pasta.

"Here you go. I kept it simple because you are hungry. But you can't ignore your meal time like this, Hannah," he gave me the plate and finally chastised me for not eating.

I nodded at him and murmured: "Thanks." And then, I took a few mouthfuls of pasta. It was really delicious. Damn, that man knew how to cook.

I couldn't help but remember what Vincent told me earlier today. Would Ethan be capable of taking care of me like this? Tonight, I saw a glimpse of him that he doesn't share so easily. He was looking at me attentively, and I realized that he wasn't eating. "Have you eaten?" I asked him.

He nodded at me but didn't say a thing. He just motioned to me so I could eat quickly and resumed browsing his cellphone.

The pasta was really good, but I couldn't help the nausea that was bothering me. Suddenly, my stomach felt upset once again and I had to leave the couch almost running, otherwise I was going to be sick right in the living room.

Ethan found me in the closest toilet and asked: "Hannah, what is going on with you?"