

Chapter 3 Unwanted guests.

Hannah's POV:

Keeping my marriage intact after Grandpa Michael's funeral was practically out of question, and I knew that clearly, but Ethan didn't know how much I needed him for the night. I took a deep breath trying to be brave and made my last attempt of the night. I wasn't prepared to break the news to him that I was pregnant yet, but I still had one last card to play before this one.

"Fine, I will sign the divorce papers immediately after the funeral. That is what you want most, isn't it? So, you will have it sooner than you expected."

Ethan smiled slightly as if I was about to set him free. He simply nodded, not telling me a thing again.

"But I have one condition: You must stay here with me tonight and accompany me to the funeral tomorrow. That is all I'm asking of you. Do you think you can do this?" I asked him.

Ethan narrowed his eyes at me. Suddenly, the light smile that he had on his lips faded. "Ok, what's the catch here, Hannah? I know that nothing comes for free, and your bargain sounds too good to be true," he murmured suspicious.

I murmured honestly at him: "Nothing, I promise, Ethan. That's all I'm asking of you."

He considered my proposal for a few seconds and then came closer to me and murmured in a low tone: "Fine. I'll do it. But you should know that you are better at making promises than fulfilling them. So please excuse me if I don't believe your words. I will wait to see if you are going to sign the papers or not." Of course, he was going to question my promise. He never trusted me anyways.

Although his tone was cold, nobody would have realized this. If someone has seen this scene, they could imagine a couple talking in hushed tones as if they were expressing their love for each other, but in our case, this was the opposite because Ethan's words were like knives hurting me. In our proximity, I realized that the difference between our height was almost comical, and for a brief moment, I almost involved my arms in his waist and hugged him.

I shook myself mentally. What the hell was I doing? This man was showing me tremendous contempt and we were talking about the end of our marriage. Still, I wanted to reach out and hold him in my arms. I didn't know what I was feeling. I must be going crazy.

"You bet I will," I said in response to his deant words. If he wanted a challenge, I was up to stand by him on this one.

But even though I begged him to stay and promised him that I would set him free immediately, he started to grab his coat to leave. Hasn't he heard one single word I said earlier? Was he breaking his side of the agreement on purpose so we wouldn't get divorced right away?

I couldn't imagine what was going on in his head. Still, he looked at me conicted between the long term benets of staying or the immediate pleasure of going. And at that moment, I heard a female voice that came from our manor's patio. This was odd. We were in the middle of the night, long past visiting hours.

"Ethan!" someone was calling for him. Wait a minute, I knew that voice. What the hell was she doing here?

I was stunned by the nerve that Tess had. Who allowed her to look for Ethan in the middle of the night in our own home? I opened my mouth to complain to Ethan about Tess's attitude, but he suddenly stood and grabbed a coat. His face frowned as if he wasn't expecting she would show up at our home.

I didn't follow him outside, but I watched the whole scene from our balcony. Tess stood under the heavy rain. She was soaked and her thin dress was glued to her curves in a fragile appearance. Her beauty was almost ethereal beneath that storm, and I knew at that moment that I had lost Ethan's attention for the rest of the night.

Ethan took off his coat from his back and covered Tess the best way he could. Tess hugged him and started to sob in his arms. I didn't know the reason why she was crying so much, but I decided that I had seen enough, so I decided to come back to my bedroom. I understood that no matter what I do, after being Ethan's wife for the last two years, I couldn't be compared to one single phone call from Tess, and I honestly didn't know what to do with this fact. I knew that it would be better for me if I backed down. Still, it was easier to say than do it.

I heard some noise in the corridor and I decided to check on what was going on in the living room. Ethan hugged Tess and brought her inside towards the rst oor. I stood at the top of the stairs to block their way afraid that she would end up sleeping in my place. That would be the last straw for me.

"Get out of the way, Hannah!" Ethan told me angrily. His tone was cold, and his dark eyes looked at me in disgust.

Was I sad about his tone? I honestly didn't know, but what really made me upset was seeing the way that he treated Tess compared to the way he treated me. She seemed like a precious treasure to him, while I must be some kind of decorative object on his way.

"Ethan, when we got married, you promised Grandpa Michael that as long as I was your wife and lived under this roof you wouldn't bring Tess here..." I reminded him. "Couldn't you at least respect me in our home?"

Ethan laughed at me ironically and murmured: "Oh, Hannah, you think too highly of yourself, don't you? Now, move!"

Ethan didn't push me aside, but he made me move from where I was with just the look on his face. Beside him, Tess smirked, satised with herself, or maybe she was amused by the way Ethan was treating me. They passed through me and went toward the guest room. Well, at least he had the decency of respecting our bedroom for now. I decided to follow them, maybe because I like suffering, maybe because I was curious.

Ethan's POV:

Sometimes, Hannah was so naive that I pitied her. I didn't understand why she insisted in such a failed marriage. But all the pity that I felt for her didn't compare to the exciting feeling that I had when I thought about the possibility of getting rid of her. I didn't hate her, but I didn't love her either. My heart belonged to Tess for a long time now.

I decided to take Tess to the guest room. I didn't think Hannah would stand having Tess in our bedroom. Besides, I can only imagine the scandal that this could create tomorrow at Michael's funeral: I had brought home my mistress and put her in my wife's bedroom.

I did notice, though, that Hannah was following us. Was she a masochist or something like that? I will never understand what motivated this woman. She decided to watch as a bystander when I sat Tess on the bed. This night will probably be hell on earth with these two ghting for my attention. I had to send Hannah back to our bedroom soon.

Tess was soaked to her bones. I needed to take care of her rst, though. She was already somehow weak, and this storm took a toll on her. She was burning with a fever. I grabbed a few towels to dry her off, changed her clothes to a spare comfortable pajama set that we had for guests, and tried to warm her up as best as I could. When she was nally a little more comfortable, I realized that Hannah was still there, stuck like a lamp or a chest of drawers. So, I looked at her and murmured:

"You should go to Brown's state tonight, Hannah. The funeral will be held in the morning, so you will be at the right place from the breaking of dawn. Tess can't go home tonight, so you should go to spend the night somewhere else," I suggested.

Hannah shook her head slightly with a small smile upon her face, as if she thought that my suggestion was funny, and told me: "You know that I can't go this late, Ethan. You know that the old Brown's state is too far from here and we are in the dead of the night. Besides, it could be dangerous to go there by myself now." Well, she was actually right, but it didn't hurt to try to persuade her.

"I will go back to my bedroom now if you don't mind. It is out of the question to leave here tonight and go to the old Brown's state. Good night," she murmured and left before I could say anything else. I guess that she saw whatever she was looking to see here tonight and nally decided to leave us alone. Deep down I relaxed, knowing that although hurt, she would be protected here tonight.

After she closed the door, I stood there looking after Tess and waiting for Vincent to arrive. He was my best friend and a famous doctor. He would take care of Tess properly. But where the hell was he?