

## Chapter 31: My own revenge plans

### Chapter 31 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Hannah, what is going on with you?” I heard Ethan ask me. His voice was tinged with a certain concern. Something that I haven’t ever seen before.

I had to think fast, otherwise, he could start to suspect that I was lying to him about the baby. “I don’t know, Ethan,” was all that I could say at first.

“Wasn’t the pasta good?” He asked, concerned. “Maybe something had passed the expiration date,” he offered.

I shook my head and said: “No, the food was great, thank you. I just... I think that after not eating the whole day, my stomach wasn’t feeling okay with a lot of food, so I felt nauseous.” I tried to explain to him. I hoped that this was enough.

Ethan put a cold towel on my forehead and suddenly nausea eased off. When he saw that I was feeling a little better, he picked me up from the toilet floor and took me to our bedroom.

When we arrived at our bedroom, he put me standing in the center of the room and said: “Change your clothes, we are going to eat wherever you want to.”

I shook my head and said: “I’m not particularly hungry, Ethan. We can stay home.”

He entered the closet and changed from his suit to casual clothes. When I said that I didn’t want to leave home he murmured: “nonsense. Let’s eat whatever you want to. I will wait for you in the car.” Noticing that he wouldn’t accept a no for an answer, I sighed and changed my clothes.

We ended up in a soup and salad bistro close to Brown’s headquarters. I liked this place and at least I could try a sandwich and soup. I bet this wouldn’t upset my stomach.

The night had fallen, but it was early, so downtown was still crowded and full of life. Ethan chose a big booth as if he was expecting more company. I didn't have time to dwell on it because he asked me: "So, would you like to eat?"

"Something light, please. I was thinking about grilled cheese and tomato soup." I wasn't having more than that. I think I couldn't stand anything stronger than that.

Ethan nodded slightly and ordered for us. I realized that this was the best day in our relationship ever. For a brief moment, I allowed myself to imagine what kind of future we could have. Maybe if I was brave enough right now, I could tell Ethan about the baby, he could leave Tess for good, and we could live happily ever after!

This thought vanished like smoke, though, because soon there were two other people waving at us: Tess and Alexander.

"Do you mind if we sit with you?" Tess asked with a sweet voice, but the sweetness didn't reach her eyes. Was this meeting by chance or had Ethan invited them in advance?

"Not at all," Ethan told them and just like that, Tess sat by my side. I didn't look pleased but didn't fight her at first. I took a deep breath to calm myself down a little.

"So, have you guys ordered already?" Alexander asked us excitedly.

"We just did," Ethan answered while he was doing a gesture so another waitress could grab Tess and Alexander's order.

"Oh, nothing for me, thanks," Alexander murmured. "I'm not hungry anymore."

And then, the unimaginable happened: Ethan ordered for Tess! Honestly, the audacity of these two was so absurd at times. Anger began to boil in me as if a cauldron had been lit inside my entrails.

The three people started to chat happily as if I wasn't there. The conversation was about someone that I didn't know, so I had no input.

A few minutes later the waitress brought a part of our order: mine and Ethan's. Tess's order would come soon, but since we ordered first, our dishes came first. Still, Ethan pushed his soup toward Tess and said: "Here you go. I ordered the same, so you can eat first." He had a serene smile on his face.

Tess opened a wide smile and said: “Well, thank you, dear Ethan! You really know what I like, don’t you?” and she started eating.

I was stunned by the scene. First, he brought his mistress to our home and now they practically seemed to be dating in front of me!

“Hey, Hannah, what kind of soup did you order?” Tess asked curiously at me. “We can eat together. You know, this tomato soup is really delicious. Ethan brings me here often,” Tess was babbling happily about her dates with Ethan, and I hardly could swallow mine.

She ignored me once more and they resumed their conversation that didn’t involve me. Suddenly, I was eating my soup and I didn’t know how to explain this... I spilled a good part of the liquid in my dress, and since this was a light cotton fabric, it burned my legs immediately.

“Ouch!” I stood in a hurry, but what I didn’t see was that I hit Tess’s nose when I stood up. I didn’t have time to apologize, though. I was placating the pain in my tights by drying them with napkins.

When I realized the mess that I’d made, I saw Ethan crouched in front of Tess, tending her nose instead of my legs. He was drying her nose that was dripping blood.

“Hannah! You are so clumsy! Are you possibly blind?” Alexander asked me. He gave Ethan a napkin so he could tend to Tess instead of me.

“Tess, I’m sorry,” I mumbled, but my heart was aching at seeing that scene.

“It’s ok, Hannah. Be more careful next time.” Tess told me. And then, she turned to Ethan and said: “Ethan, I lost my appetite. Would you mind going for a walk with me instead?” Although her nose was swollen, she conveyed a certain sweetness when she spoke to him.

Ethan frowned at her and murmured: “You should eat something first.” She nodded at him with a sly smile on her lips.

I had had enough of that bullshit. Nobody cared about the fact that my legs were scalded! I was dirty from that tomato soup, and I felt ridiculous, so I stood up once again and said: “I have to go,” I said and left the table. I was almost crying again.

Why was this so unfair? While Tess had all Ethan's affection, I was always in a ridiculous position!

"Hannah!" A threatening cold voice called behind me. I thought that he wouldn't mind if I left because his mistress was at the restaurant, but apparently, I was wrong. I looked behind me for a moment and saw that Ethan was coming after me. I didn't want to stop, though. When he finally reached me, he grabbed my wrist and asked me: "What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"Why? Are you going to blame me for accidentally bumping into Tess?" I asked him. I was completely done with that. "I can't eat anymore, Ethan. I want to go back home!" I exclaimed. I didn't want to say much, because I was about to cry again, and I didn't want to make a scene in public.

"So, you decided to be that impolite and leave our table like this?" Ethan pressed me.

"Impolite? Are you even hearing yourself, Ethan?" I crossed my arms in my chest and asked him.

"What are you talking about, Hannah? Are you insane?" he asked me. His hand was pressing my wrist tight.

"Well, let me be crystal clear here, Ethan. Aren't you a little bit embarrassed about tendering Tess in public? I mean, in front of your legit wife you care more about your mistress than me? And you have the audacity of talking to me about politeness? Is this acceptable now? Everybody knows that we are still married, still, you invite your mistress to our table and don't even care about my feelings." I practically spit these words.

Ethan finally seemed to come to his senses. He looked around and murmured: "This is no time and place to discuss this kind of thing, Hannah. Please, come inside, and I will promise to be by your side for the rest of the night."

I considered his words for a little while. "You know, I'm done with this humiliation. I can't understand why you haven't signed the divorce papers yet," I told him. "This could save all of us from further embarrassment," I told him.

"There is more in our story than you think, Hannah, but as I said, this is no place or time to talk about this either," Ethan tried to pass this excuse once again.

Ethan's grip on my wrist relaxed and I saw that he was taking deep breaths to control himself. "Will you, please, come back inside with me, Hannah?" he pleaded to me. That was a first. Well, maybe I could use this as an advantage.

"Will you chastise me again for being insulted at Tess and your behavior?" I asked him.

"I won't," he promised me.

I nodded and let him guide me back to our booth.

I had my own revenge plans for tonight.

Chapter 32 You are no real man!

## Chapter 32 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"So, I'm curious. Is Tess considered polite? I mean, trying to steal other people's husbands in daylight like that. I wonder if people, in general, would consider it polite, after all." I told Ethan on our way back to the restaurant. I faked innocence as if I had a genuine question, but I was distilling irony.

Ethan stopped in shock. His nostrils wide trying to not lose it, but I could see the blood pulsing on his forehead. His cold eyes looked down at me and his grip on my wrist tightened. "You are lucky that I don't hurt women, Hannah, otherwise, you would be screwed by now," he admonished me.

"You are actually hurting me, Ethan. That would be the same as spanking me if you haven't noticed," I told him while I was trying to escape from the grip of his claws. "Let go of me!" I exclaimed. I would bear the consequences of my words later, but for now, I decided that I would not keep it quiet about what was going on.

Ethan released me as if I had given him a shock, and then he whispered to me: "You can even think that you can judge Tess, but you are not worthy... You are no one, Hannah."

I started to laugh: “So, now you don’t consider me worthy, Ethan? I wonder what you mean by that: I’m not worthy to judge her or worthy of your love?” I asked him ironically.

Ethan didn’t answer me. He just stared at me with his cold eyes, so I decided to continue: “Oh, you say that I’m not worthy, but compared to Tess’s hypocrisy, I’m really no one! Compared to you and the damn fact that you simply can’t let me go, I’m no one! Why can’t you decide, Ethan? Why do you still keep me stuck in this marriage when you clearly don’t want to stay married to me? I have already signed all the documents. It is all up to you. Why can’t we simply file our divorce at the registrar?”

I didn’t wait for his answer. I was done with this game. I entered the restaurant and went straight back to our booth. Tess and Alexander were still there. When Tess saw me, that annoying smirk of hers appeared on her damn face, and she started: “Hannah, I’m glad you’re back! Have you calmed down enough so we can continue our dinner?”

But I was done with her too. I didn’t give her the time of the day to continue whatever she was talking about. I went straight to the rest of my cold tomato soup and poured the content of my bowl over her head, dyeing her in blood red. She was practically in shock, and it took a few seconds for her to register what was going on. Alexander did not react either, and that was a good thing because he was the closest person to us and was able to stop me.

Before Tess could even scream, I told her: “Since you like second-handed goods that much, feel free to stay with Ethan from now on. Just so you know, he likes to look for affairs while he is still a married man, so be careful. Are you willing to take him home from tonight on? Since I’m in a hurry, please, spend as much time as you can with him. Maybe he will find someone else while he is with you just like he did to me. You both make me sick.”

“What the hell?” Alexander hissed beside us.

I raised my hand to stop him from even saying anything else and turned to Tess again: “As for you, Tess, I have a little advice: if you play with fire, you will probably get burned, and this is about to happen to you. Don’t test me, or you will regret it deeply.”

“Hannah!” I heard a cold voice screaming at me from the restaurant door. It was obviously Ethan, and he was damn furious. I didn’t care, though. I was done with being the silly wife who waited for her husband at home and still hoped that he would regret his affair and would come back to her. I ignored him at the restaurant door and went outside, but I didn’t go far. A few seconds later, I felt his strong hand close around my wrist.

Ethan didn’t say a word. I supposed he was beyond furious. He simply walked with me, and I had to run to keep up. He guided me toward his car and pushed me inside. One second later, he had started the engine, and we were heading to our manor.

Our ride home was silent, and as it was often the case, one could cut the tension with a knife. But this time, I was as angry as him. Yes, I had insulted his mistress in public, but they both insulted me publicly first with their ridiculous affair.

We arrived at the manor in record time, but this wasn’t a relief, because before I could leave the car on my own, the passenger door was opened, and I was yanked from my seat. I screamed and protested because of his manners, but it was in vain because we were alone. Ethan didn’t say a word until he brought me to our bedroom, closing the door after him with such force that the whole manor trembled.

“Ethan, let go of me now! You are not a real man!” I screamed at him. I was afraid that I had crossed the line and his firm grip would transform into aggression fast.

Ethan let my wrist go but held me on the shoulders. He looked intently into my eyes and asked: “You are impossible, Hannah! So, you have the nerve to tell me that I’m not a man and that I make you sick? That I look for a mistress while I still have a wife?” his eyes were even darker and colder.

I gulped, but I answered: “I’m sorry, did I say something that wasn’t the truth?” I didn’t care about myself. Even if he had killed me right now, I would say whatever I wanted to say. “You did bring Tess to our table. For God’s sake, Ethan! You brought your mistress to our home! Just right at the moment, I thought that you had one single drop of consideration for me and was thinking that it was kind of you to take me to dinner tonight. Are you going to say that we met Tess and Alexander tonight by chance? Are you that cynic? I can see through your façade!”

None of us was conceding. We stood like this for a long time, staring at each other and throwing knives with our eyes. “Is that all that you have, Ethan? Do you think that everyone would consider you a hero if they knew that you love to bully women like you are doing to me right now?” I asked him.

Ethan snorted but didn’t give up on our staring competition. His fingers had a steel grip on my shoulders. This would probably leave marks, but I should consider that he was trying to hold himself from doing something worse.

“Ethan, you can’t do this to me! You will regret it if you do anything to me!” I pleaded when his grip on my shoulders started to be too much. I was afraid that he would hit me or even worse. I was afraid not just for me but for my baby too.

Ethan seemed to calm down a little bit, and when he released my shoulders, he came closer to me. “Calm down, I will be gentle this time,” he murmured. And then, he grabbed me and kissed me intensely. That was what he was considering gentle.

I pushed him back until he let go of me, and we were both breathless. At that moment, all the pressure and pain that I was feeling in my heart crushed me like a giant stone, and I started to sob uncontrollably. I fell to my knees on the bedroom floor. I couldn’t stand it anymore. My tears seemed to stop Ethan’s errands and he finally came to his senses and stopped whatever he was attempting to do.

He fell to his knees by my side and oddly enough, he comforted me. He stood there for a long time waiting for me to calm down, although I didn’t know how long I stood like this. He would say words like “calm down” or “it’s gonna be okay” here and there for a long time until my tears finally dried.

I cried until my throat was sore and my eyes were sore and swollen, but eventually, I calmed down too. “Enough crying?” Ethan asked me quietly. I nodded at him, uncertain of what I should do. Without asking me, he stood and grabbed me in his arms, but finally, he was gentle. And then, he deposited me on our bed. He didn’t make the mention to lay by my side., and I was silently grateful for this. Instead, he sat by my side and started to stroke my head to comfort me.

“You probably don’t know why I’m so fond of Tess, but I wanted you to know that there is a reason, I promise,” he murmured.

“I... I don’t understand,” I told him even though I didn’t want to talk to him at that moment. I just wanted to be left alone, but I knew that this was a rare opportunity to get to know a glimpse of his past.

Ethan nodded at me, sighed, and explained: “I have an honor debit toward Tess and her family. I think it’s time to finally explain to you what connects me to her.”

Chapter 33 Mind your own business.

## **Chapter 33 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I remained quiet, waiting for him to start his story. It was the first time that he would willingly talk about his past.

“When I was younger, I went to the border with Michael. We used to have farms there. This was before the company pivoted to construction and architecture.” Ethan said and I nodded in comprehension. And then, he continued: “You know, the border can be... complicated. A lot of people try to cross it to our country. There is constant fighting over territory, resources are scarce. So, Michael heard that some of the people who were trying to cross the border invaded our lands and were harming our crops, so we went there to check out.”

“Got it,” I murmured, and Ethan came closer. He put me on his lap and started to stroke my hair.

“When we got there, we found out that the situation was worse than we thought. These weren’t just people trying to cross the border. Some of them were criminals that took our farms and kidnapped our employees.” Ethan told me.

“What did they want?” I asked him, alarmed.

“They wanted us to grant them passage and documents to our country. They were blackmailing our family into having illegal access. Michel was adamant and didn’t give them what they wanted. Instead, he gave them all the money we had at that moment in exchange for the employees and asked them to wait on the farm for a few days so we could arrange the documents. They agreed with us, but Michael’s plan was to burn the whole farm and finish them.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed. I knew that Michael was a vigorous man back when he was younger, but I couldn’t imagine that good old man coming up with such a plan. “What happened then?” I whispered curiously.

Ethan smiled sweetly at me. He seemed pleased with the fact that I was interested in his story. “The criminals were able to escape and now they didn’t have shelter or food, so they came after us. We had to flee with nothing but the clothes that we were wearing, and we lost our own documents and we didn’t have money. But right at this time, we met Tess and Alexander’s families. They were affluent members of the local community and decided to help us.”

Ethan opened a wry smile and murmured: “You know, losing your documents it’s complicated, so we were happy that some people did believe in us to the point of helping us with a new copy of our documents and even giving us some money so we could come back to the city. The only problem was that the criminals found us all, and we brought some problems to their families.”

“What kind of problems?” I asked Ethan.

Ethan sighed and murmured: “Tess’s father, Edward, was shot by the criminals and was about to die. We managed to bring him to a hospital in a big city, but deep down, he knew that he wouldn’t resist. He trusted me and Tess on his deathbed. You know, I have my issues, but I don’t break promises.” Ethan made a pause and looked at nowhere in particular, just as if he was living these memories in his head.

“I don’t understand, Ethan. If Tess’s family was one of the families that saved you, why Grandpa Michel didn’t agree with you marrying her, since you already liked each other? She came earlier in your life. I think this would be almost natural...” I asked him. I was afraid of his answer because I gave him my heart even though I didn’t intend to do so, and he could hurt me with his revelation.

Ethan looked at me attentively, and then, he inclined his head and asked me: “Don’t you feel bad already with this whole story? Isn’t it complicated enough?” He smiled at me and he was even... affectionate.

I turned to him and crossed my arms in my chest: “You haven’t answered me yet!” I didn’t want to admit to him how painful this question was for me.

Ethan sighed and murmured: “Well, it doesn’t matter anymore. We can’t change the past, so why dwell on it? It’s getting late, and we should go to bed.” As he

spoke, he tucked me under the blankets and climbed behind me in bed. He hugged me from behind and whispered in my ear: “You know, it’s not too late to do what I wanted to do earlier. We still can work on another baby…” he suggested to me.

I turned to him wide-eyed and blushing. “Ethan! It’s too soon. I haven’t fully recovered yet. I could get an infection!” I told him with a squeaky voice.

Ethan chuckled and relaxed: “It’s worth the try,” he murmured and held me back so we could get some sleep. I slept better than in the few weeks since Michael died, and I was well-rested when I woke up the next morning.

When I opened my eyes, the sun was already bright and invaded our bedroom through the large windows. I could feel a peace that I hadn’t felt in ages. I didn’t know my husband fully, but yesterday I took some steps in this direction. Suddenly, a flood of memories of last night invaded my mind and I blushed furiously about the whole melee. I couldn’t believe that I would face Tess just like I did and had told everything that I thought to Ethan. Still, he found room in himself to let me in a little bit. I never thought that he could have such a side.

I was going to return to Brown’s headquarters that day, so I took a shower and ate breakfast. It was almost 10 o’clock, so I was terribly late. But I didn’t have any meetings, and nobody was officially expecting me, so I took my time and ate calmly.

I parked my car in the garage, and when the elevator’s doors opened, Alexander was inside it. How can a person be so unlucky? I sighed but I didn’t have a reason to avoid this ride. His secretary was with him, and they had a bunch of documents in hand. He was so worried about them that he didn’t take the time to sneer at me like he usually does.

“Well, well… Aren’t you really late, Hannah? Or do you think that just because you are the CEO’s wife you have the right to arrive whenever you want?” Alexander murmured when the elevator’s doors closed behind us.

He was the insufferable type of guy that liked to gloat others, and from the beginning, he thought that I had just climbed Brown’s hierarchy because I was Ethan’s wife. It was partially true, at least in the beginning, but I did bring a lot of accounts for the company, so I have already proved my value to the group.

“Well, it isn’t as if you didn’t know that I had a medical license, Alexander. Besides, yes, I’m the CEO’s wife, a director of this company, and a shareholder just like you. So, I believe that I do have all the right in the world to arrive at the company whenever I want to,” I told him. His company had merged with Brown a couple of years ago, so he was a shareholder too, but it didn’t matter. I wouldn’t take his contempt just because he was expressing it to me.

“You think you can do anything you want, but it isn’t like this, Hannah! I…” Alexander started to say.

I glanced at the documents and the tablet that he had in his hands and noticed that they were about the launching of a new product, so I told him: “I see that you have a lot in your hands, Alexander. I advise you to mind your own business since you seem to have a lot to deal with. Good day.” Just on cue, the elevator doors opened on Alexander’s floor. So, he couldn’t say anything else. He just made a face and went out, swallowing any insults he had for me. I sighed in relief. This guy gets on my nerves sometimes.

I had barely arrived at my office when Claire came in my direction and said: “Hannah, it’s good to have you back. Listen, Ethan is looking for you. He asked me to tell you to go straight to his office when you arrived.”

Damn. That man had eyes everywhere! What could it be now?

“Okay, I will go now,” I told Claire and went back to the elevator.

When the elevator’s doors opened on Ethan’s floor, Eric was there behind his desk waiting for my arrival. This floor was exclusive for the CEO, so not many people were around or even had the access to be there.

“Hi, Mrs. Brown. I will announce that you arrived right away!” Eric greeted me as soon as I got there.

I nodded at him and murmured: “thanks.”

A minute later, Eric addressed me again: “Mrs. Brown, Mr. Brown asked me to send you to his office. He will be there in a minute.”

“Thank you,” I told Eric again and went straight to Ethan’s office. I didn’t want to sit and wait for Ethan, so I decided to browse through the many books in his office. I didn’t know exactly why he called me here today, but I have a feeling that this

could be to give me a new project. After all, the hospital project had been concluded. With a final bump on the road but it has been concluded.

But I had my own plans for my future, so I wasn't sure if I would accept any other work projects or if I would be ready to leave Ethan's life for good.

I was distracted by these thoughts when I heard voices on the other side of the door. They probably didn't know that I was there, but this wasn't something that I was supposed to hear.

Chapter 34 No pressure at all, right?

## **Chapter 34 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

"Ethan, when Edward died, you promised to take care of Tess for the rest of your lives. I was there! I've seen this. Aren't you going to fulfill your own promise?" Alexander was asking Ethan. "Besides, Hannah is not suitable for you, man! I can see that! You are not meant to be, and there's something about her that I can't explain. It makes me uneasy." He added. Alexander's voice was anxious as if he was trying to convince Ethan about something highly important.

"I agree with you that it's important, Alexander. But this is my life we are talking about, so I would say that the way that I take care of Tess and my marriage with Hannah is none of your business." Ethan answered. I sighed with small relief. I wasn't eavesdropping, but I couldn't help but listen to what they were talking about.

Ethan and Alexander walked into Ethan's office. When Alexander saw me, he was livid. Ethan, on the other hand, raised his eyebrows impressed, and asked me: "When did you get here?"

"Just now," I answered him. "I was just browsing through your library," I raised a book that I had in my hands and told him. I was trying to pretend that I haven't heard a word of their conversation because I was distracted by his books. After that, I looked at Alexander and he grimaced at me. He wasn't buying my acting.

"Good. I asked for you to come here because two big tech companies in the country are looking for renovations in their offices. The projects are interesting,

and they are going to open slots for bidding soon. I want you to prepare the whole book to present our solutions to these companies. It would be wonderful to sign these two projects and maybe with them you could compensate for the hospital project loss,” Ethan told me, and I nodded at him.

“Furthermore, our annual auditing process is about to start, and I want you to lead this parallel project. But this year, our annual cooperation with the Audit Credit company is ending, and I want you to sign a new contract, not with AC company, but with Target Auditing. I want to start a relationship with Timothy Chesterfield’s company.” Ethan handed me a pile of papers so I could analyze them.

“But Ethan, haven’t we always worked with the AC company? They are probably waiting for a new contract from us. Why do you want to change the partner companies like this?” Alexander asked Ethan.

Right at that moment, Ethan’s cell phone rang, and he was distracted, so he didn’t answer Alexander. Instead, he turned to me and said: “Here you have all the papers related both to the tech companies and the auditing procedure. I want you to study them and present solutions. If you have any questions, let Eric know. He is on the top of the auditing procedures.”

Although I normally don’t agree with Alexander, he was right about his questions. Besides, if something goes wrong with the auditing, I bet that they would put a price on my head, so I repeated Alexander’s concern with other words: “Ethan, I assumed the responsibility for the delay in the hospital’s project, but if we have trouble with auditing, this would be on me once again. Why are we changing companies? We are used to AC’s work. Why isn’t Eric leading this project this year? He is used to the whole project...” I tried to argue.

Ethan shook his head, so I stopped talking. And then, he looked seriously at me and said: “Do you understand the responsibilities that you have as a director, Hannah?”

I got stunned and murmured: “I know, Ethan, but...”

Ethan stopped me once more and said: “So there is no ‘but’. As one of the directors and a shareholder, you have all the right to get familiar with any area of this company. I just want you to be familiar with these projects now.” Ethan told me.

I sighed. This man could be really stubborn sometimes. Knowing that I wouldn't win that discussion and realizing that these two renovation prospects and the auditing project weren't a heavy workload, I nodded and said "Alright."

Ethan nodded at me and murmured: "Thank you," and that was the cue to leave his office.

Back in my own office, I called Claire and we started working on one of the prospects. We had the main idea for the first book schematized by the middle of the afternoon. Working with such prospects wasn't hard. I was used to that. The problem was the auditing project. So, before the day ended, I went to the financial department to request last year's book and all the pertinent documents so I could get everything prepared when Target Auditing arrives.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Brown! It's good to see you here," Jack from the finance department greeted me when I arrived at the finance floor.

"Hi, Jack. Nice to see you. So, I'm not sure if you know the reason for my visit. I'm in charge of this year's auditing project," I announced to him.

Jack's smile faded slightly and he murmured: "Well, ma'am, I'm afraid that this boat has sailed already. We already started to gather the documents as we always do." He explained it to me.

"Oh, sorry, I received this task today. I didn't know that I was already late," I explained to him.

He nodded at me and said: "No problem. So, here, you have all the data for Brown's Enterprises in this flash drive. Do you need anything else?" Jack asked me.

"I will need Alexander's company numbers from last year. Since we merged and this will be our first joint audit, this workload will increase significantly, and I need AC's reports on us from the last few years, so Target can continue from where AC stopped."

Jack nodded at me and said: "Will do, ma'am." With the new information, I went back to my office and met Claire waiting for me.

"Hannah, Mr. Welsh from AC called. He wants to schedule a meeting with you," she informed me.

I sighed. I didn't have time for this type of meeting right now. "He is probably trying to avoid his loss. With such a huge company like Brown, he will probably lose millions for the loss of our businesses. Tell him that I'm sorry but I don't have an open slot in my agenda for the next few days," I told her to try to push this meeting so it would never happen.

I spent hours diving into the numbers. When I came to my senses, it was already late, and the office was empty. My stomach was rumbling, and my back and head were aching. I had used the whole day to compensate for my last couple of lazy days. I went for a cup of coffee and was preparing to order takeout so I could work overtime that night when I heard a voice talking to me in the corridor: "Aren't you going to rest anymore?" It was Vincent.

I couldn't help but smile at his words. Vincent was kind and I felt that he cared about me at least a little for his best friend's sake. "Well, what can I do? I still have a lot of work ahead," I told him. "What are you doing here so late?" I asked him.

"Well, I was about to leave when I saw your office lights on. So, I thought that you might be hungry, as I am, and I took the liberty to order for both of us. There is this soup that I mentioned the other day that is good for the baby. I thought that you could give it a try," Vincent suggested raising a couple of takeout bags.

I put my hands on my waist and asked: "But haven't I told you that next time our meal would be on me?"

Vincent laughed at my acceptance and said: "Well, now you owe me two meals," he laughed, and he came to my office so we could eat together.

"Thanks," I murmured to him, really grateful for his consideration.

"No problem! Just promise you won't exert yourself. You need your rest." He warned me.

"I won't," I promised him.

"So, Ethan gave you this year's auditing, right?" Vincent asked me.

"Yeah. I really don't know exactly why. He knows that I'm not familiar with these projects, and this year, the company went public, so there is a lot of work ahead." I tried to explain to him how uncomfortable I was about that.

“Yes, and the cherry on the top is the fact that Brown is exchanging audit companies, So, this could be an excellent thing for you or a tragedy,” Vincent murmured.

“What do you mean by this?” I asked him.

“I mean that you should be careful, Hannah. If this auditing goes well, your nominal shares will turn into ordering shares, and you will ascend in the hierarchy again. But on the other hand, if this audit fails, many satellite companies will go bankrupt and they will put a price on your head.” Vincent told me.

I gulped. “No pressure at all, right?”

Vincent smiled worriedly at me and said: “This could be a blessing or a curse. Just be careful, and you will be fine.”

“Of course,” I mumbled.

Was Ethan testing me? Was this role a trap to ruin me so I would leave his life?

Why couldn't he simply let me go in peace?

Chapter 35 The worst movie ever.

## **Chapter 35 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

Although the news that Vincent brought me was quite worrisome, he was a pleasant companion, so our supper was really nice. The food that he brought me was delicious and as we spent more time together, we were getting to know each other better. He was a nice guy. Way different from Ethan's other best friend, Alexander. I could feel that Vincent could be counted as an ally and that he would protect my secret from Ethan.

Vincent went home after our supper and I continued working until my eyes were sore and I couldn't stand sitting on my office chair anymore. When I raised my head, I was completely alone on my office floor. I decided to call it a day and go home.

I took the elevator to the garage floor, and when the doors opened, I heard my cell phone ringing. It was Lucy.

“Hey, you!” I greeted her.

“Hey, girl! Guess where I am?” She asked me excitedly.

“I have no idea,” I answered her and started to chuckle. Her enthusiasm was contagious.

“The shores! I came to explore the place and look for possible future homes. I found a couple of them that might be nice for us to share when we move from the city. Do you think that you can visit them next weekend?” Lucy asked me.

“I’ll have to check on it because my workload just got heavier and more complicated today,” I explained to her.

“Oh, too bad! Let me know if you will have any slots on your schedule and I will make the arrangements, okay?” She asked me.

“Will do,” I told her.

“Oh! I almost forgot! I think I found the perfect place for my new bar. You will love it! And also, I believe that you could open a small store. A business of your own, so you don’t risk losing all your divorce money. What do you think?” Lucy asked me excitedly.

“It does sound great, and I can’t wait to see it. Talk to you tomorrow?” I told her as I was arriving at my car.

“Sure. Good night,” Lucy told me and killed the call.

I was still chuckling at myself about her excitement when everything happened. It was too fast. At first, I was looking for my car keys in my purse, and the next second, someone was holding my arms down and covering my mouth with a cloth. The smell was too strong. I tried to scream, but one second later, I felt weak, and everything became blurred until everything went dark.

I didn’t know how long I slept, but as I was waking up slowly, I remembered what happened to me and I got agitated. I was in danger. But I managed to keep calm enough to assess my condition. Number one: my kidnapper didn’t kill me, so this

might be good news. Number two: the drug effects were fading, and I believed that soon I would be able to move again. I tried to use these two facts to calm myself down. I needed to be smart in this situation. These people might be after Ethan's money. That might be all. Ethan didn't love me but I believe that he would pay for my rescue.

I realized that I had my hands and feet tied, and I was laying on a mattress. Everything was dark and humid, and the room had a funny smell. I didn't know how long I waited, but after a while, I heard a voice that said: "You are awake."

The voice scared me, since I thought that I was alone. I probably haven't seen anyone else in the room. I turned in the voice's direction and asked: "Who... who are you?"

The man chuckled but didn't answer my question. He simply said: "don't worry, you will be fine, Hannah." So, he did know who I was. I couldn't see anything but his silhouette, because the whole room was too dark. He smelled like expensive cologne, so I knew that I wasn't facing a regular criminal. He was more sophisticated than that.

"Listen, whatever is your price. We can talk to my husband, and he will pay for it. He might be worried about me just now!" I pleaded with the man.

The man chuckled once again and murmured: "Yeah, I'm sure that he would pay anything I'd ask for you. But I want to do business with you, not with your husband."

He blindfolded and raised me so I could stand on my feet. I was still dizzy, and my legs were shaken. We walked through several corridors when we finally stopped, and he sat me down on a chair. He tied my arms to the arms of the chair and took off the blindfold from my eyes.

"Who are you and what am I doing here?" I insisted.

"I'm not telling you who I am, Hannah. I'm no idiot. We just want you to watch a motivational little movie and do us a favor so we will know if we can trust you. And then, we will let you go." The man explained to me.

"What kind of movie?" I asked him.

“You will see,” the man answered and turned on a TV device that was in the room. Everything else was as dark as the first room, so I didn’t have an option but to look at the TV ahead. Suddenly, Ethan and Tess appeared on the screen. They seemed to be in a room, but I didn’t know exactly where it was. All that I knew was that it didn’t seem to be at the manor.

“Ethan, stop stalling me! You promised to divorce Hannah and marry me. What’s going on? Why isn’t she leaving already? I want to move to the manor as soon as possible!” Tess complained to Ethan.

“Don’t be silly, Tess. The manor is Hannah’s. You won’t move there.” That was all that Ethan answered her. His voice sounded a little different. As if he had drunk too much. Why did these people want me to see this video? What was going on?

“Do you love Hannah, Ethan? Is this why she hasn’t gone until now? I’m healed, Ethan. If you want a child that much, we can get married and we can try to have another baby!” Tess pleaded with him. She had her arms crossed in a challenging posture and her tone was tinged with jealousy.

Ethan crossed the room and hugged Tess. He started to kiss her passionately but never answered her question. Instead, they started to take off their clothes, piece by piece, as a couple in love. I closed my eyes because I didn’t want to see them, but my hands were tied, and I couldn’t help but to listen to their noises. It seems that every time you try not to hear something, the sounds are louder, and it wasn’t different for me.

I cried not because I didn’t know that Tess was Ethan’s mistress, but because it hurt even more to testify their love. I felt nauseated hearing Tess’s cries of pleasure, and my head was aching from shutting my eyes as hard as I could. It was an illusion to believe that Ethan’s recent affection toward me would be enough for him to give up on Tess and mend our marriage. I couldn’t allow myself to feel anything for him and I should leave his life for good sooner rather than later.

After what seemed to be an eternity, I couldn’t stand anymore and threw up. My legs were shaken, and I felt my body drained. After that, everything went silent, and I finally heard the man asking me: “Did you enjoy the little show?”

This man was disgusting, and I couldn’t see his face, but I looked at him with all the contempt I could muster and asked him: “Did Tess set this up so she could

gloat on me?” I couldn’t think of anybody but her who would want me to see this video that badly.

The man laughed at me and said: “It was too easy to push your buttons, Hannah.” But I noticed that he never answered my question.

“What do you want from me?” I asked him. I was done with being tied in that dirty place.

“Straight to the point,” the man seemed pleased with me. “So, I heard that you are in charge of this year’s audit for the whole of Brown Enterprises, correct?” He didn’t wait for my answer. “I want you to open a bid on which company will assist you with the process.”

“What makes you think that I would help you with that?” I asked him. And what was his interest in my company’s businesses?

“You will help me, Hannah, otherwise your soon-to-be ex-husband will know about the baby that you pretended to get rid of but is still in your belly, and looking at your face, I know that you don’t want him to know that you have your own plans,” the man told me, and I got livid.

I gulped. “Is that all?” I asked him. Although I didn’t want to help him, I couldn’t let Ethan know that I still have his baby in my belly.

The man chuckled and told me: “at least for now. I believe that you and I could have a fruitful business partnership in the future.”

“I’m not conceding to you! How can I be assured that everything is going to be okay?” I asked him.

“You can’t, but I promise you. As long as you follow my... suggestions, you and your little baby will be safe and sound. So, do we have a deal or not?” The mysterious man asked me.

Chapter 36 | Can’t love you like this.

**Chapter 36 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

I sighed and murmured: “We do, for now.” I didn’t know what this man was capable of if I said the opposite, so I decided to tell him that I agree with whatever he was asking and that maybe I could be set free soon. I would think about the consequences of my choice later, when I would be back home.

“Good. You can go now,” the man seemed satisfied when he blindfolded me once again.

“Is this really necessary?” I asked him. I wanted to know where I was, so maybe I could go to the police and alert them about the man.

“Yes, it is. I’m not giving you any information about where you are or who I am. But don’t worry, Hannah. You are going to return to Brown’s garage where we found you.” The man told me. Yeah, I must admit. This would be too easy if he’d let me see the details of this place. He guided me through that building once again and put me in a car. I felt the same cloth on my mouth again and I couldn’t help but fall into oblivion.

I didn’t know how long he drove me or any other details. When I woke up, I was sitting in the driver’s seat of my car, and everything just seemed to be like a dream. Maybe this was my worst nightmare. But then, I looked at my wrists and ankles and saw that they carried the marks of being tied, so I knew that I wasn’t dreaming. I looked at my phone and realized that it was past midnight, so I hurried home.

I didn’t know if I would obey the man’s ‘suggestion’ since I had another orientation from Ethan, or maybe I could make a fake bid on the auditing company. All that I knew was that I didn’t want Ethan to know that I was still pregnant. I couldn’t wait to finish these projects and leave the city.

This whole situation just made one thing very clear: this audit project that Ethan gave me could bring to the surface some things that people wanted to remain hidden. Maybe at the end of the project, I would know too much and needed to be silenced. This was a delicate situation even before I was kidnapped and now, I knew that there was much more to this story than the information that Ethan gave me. Whoever threatened me tonight showed a video so I would remain against Ethan, and I wasn’t sure if this was the right path for me, but it was a hard pill to swallow. I needed to be careful to protect myself and my baby, or I needed to get rid of this project soon!

When I arrived home, everything was dark, but instead of feeling safe in my own place, I was frightened because that man kept me in the dark the whole time. My stomach churned, and I barely had time to take off my shoes before I was running to the nearest toilet to throw up again. This was odd. I had already vomited after hearing that damn video.

“Where have you been, Hannah?” I heard Ethan’s cold voice ask me.

I coughed a couple of times and answered shortly: “Work.”

“Did you eat something?” He asked me and raised his hand to touch my face. Suddenly, I remembered that nasty video of him with Tess and I got disgusted once again.

“Get off me!” I exclaimed to him and ran to our bedroom.

A few seconds later, I heard his heavy footsteps behind me, but I was faster, and I had a head start, so I reached our bedroom door and locked myself alone in our suite before he reached the top of the stairs. The whole room smelled like him, so I decided to open the windows and remove the sheets from our bed. I was sure that he had slept with Tess in here too, and the memories of the video were alive in my head.

Ethan knocked on the door and screamed: “Hannah! Let me in! What the hell happened?”

But I couldn’t answer. Instead of hearing his voice talking to me, all I could imagine were the noises that he made with Tess in that damn video. It was getting harder to breathe, and all that I wanted to do was to take a shower and try to erase whatever trace Ethan might have left in my skin. So, I went to the bathroom and turned on the shower so I could clean myself.

I was completely naked when suddenly I heard a loud bang. Ethan managed to break the lock. I hurried to lock the door so he wouldn’t get to me so easily and went to the steamy shower. I knew that he would overcome the new barrier that I had created eventually, but I wasn’t willing to see him now.

“Go away!” I exclaimed. “I don’t want to see you right now!”

“You have to tell me what happened! We can fix anything!” Ethan exclaimed on the other side of the door.

Even our marriage? I don't think so, I thought to myself but didn't say it out loud. I didn't say a thing, and soon, Ethan was banging on the door once again and screaming: "Hannah, open the damn door!"

It took him three pushes to break the bathroom's lock and suddenly the door was wide open. I was a mess crying under the shower when he found me. He started to come after me, but I raised my hand and said: "Stop! Don't come any closer!"

His dark eyes were checking on me to see if I was hurt or something, but otherwise, he was clueless. He nodded in acceptance and sat down by the door while I was crying profusely under the shower. When I had no more tears left to cry and calmed down a little bit, he asked me: "Hannah, what is going on?"

"I just wanted to be left alone! We have nothing to talk about!" I exclaimed at him.

Ethan frowned and his eyes got cold. "Don't push my buttons, Hannah. You know that my patience is thin..." but he never ended his phrase.

I didn't care about his threats. I simply asked him: "Why, Ethan? Why can't we simply end this marriage? Let's get a divorce! I have already signed everything that you put in front of me. I don't want anything. You can even have the manor for you and Tess!" my voice was weak, but I was sure that he had heard me.

"You don't know what you are asking, Hannah," Ethan murmured to me.

"Why? Do you know something that I don't, Ethan? I endured this marriage for two years. I've been humiliated from the start! Two years ashamed and knowing that there is a third wheel in this relationship. I just found out that I'm the third wheel! We don't have a reason to remain married now that Grandpa Michael is dead."

Ethan sighed but didn't answer me. Instead, he turned off the shower, grabbed a towel, wrapped me in it, and lifted me. He sat me on our bed and squatted in front of me. With a serious voice, he told me: "What is going on, Hannah? What happened?" His voice was calm, and he seemed to be in control.

But I didn't want to admit that I had seen his dirty video with Tess, so I shook my head and asked him: "Do you love me, Ethan?" I didn't know why I had to ask him that. It simply came out.

"Love isn't demonstrated only by words, Hannah." He averted my question.

Yeah, but you said that often... to Tess... I thought to myself.

I started to cry once again. “It only means that you don’t, Ethan. You are not even capable of saying it out loud.” I answered him. “It would be better for me to disappear from your life so you can make way for Tess. This is what you wanted from the beginning, isn't it?” I felt ashamed and pathetic, and I wished that a hole would swallow me to oblivion.

Ethan sighed once again and asked me: “Tell me, Hannah, what happened that you want the divorce so badly? You are acting strange... I can see that something happened.”

I shook my head to him and said: “I... I don’t love you, Ethan. Not as much as I thought I did. I can’t love you like this. I can’t give myself to someone who doesn’t care about me. Look, I’m still young. I can find someone who will be really available to love me back. So I want the divorce, and maybe we can set each other free, okay?” Since I met Ethan, I never thought that I would be the one asking for a divorce. I thought that if I gave myself to him, with no restrictions, he would learn to love me back. Yet here I was: realizing that I couldn’t make someone love me back.

Ethan looked at me with his unfathomable eyes, and I knew that his words could decide my fate at that moment if he wanted.

Chapter 37 Come and see

## **Chapter 37 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

Ethan remained silent looking at me. I couldn’t read his expression, and this staring competition was unnerving me, so I lowered my head and looked everywhere else. The air in the room was so tense that you could cut it with a knife, and it was getting harder to breathe.

“I... I think that you have to calm down before we can talk, Hannah. Although you don’t want to tell me what happened, I can see that something serious happened, so I believe that you must calm down prior to making such a decision.” Ethan told me a few minutes later. He went to our closet and fetched me a nightgown, dried my

hair with a towel, and took care of me. I was so weak from the whole ordeal of tonight that I remained paralyzed, just like a doll.

He changed the sheets for new ones and laid me down on our bed. When he finally finished the preparations, he looked at me and made a face. "I will leave you alone for tonight, so you can calm down. Don't worry, I won't try anything. I will sleep in one of the guest rooms," and he left our suite. I felt I could believe his words. Especially because all the locks in the bedroom were broken. I didn't sleep well, though. Every time I closed my eyes, I remembered the noises of pleasure that he shared with Tess.

Maybe exhaustion took me over for a few hours, but I was feeling terrible in the morning. Ethan was faithful to his words, though. I didn't see him in the morning. Maybe he had slept as much as I did and decided to go to work earlier.

When I arrived at Brown's the next morning, Claire looked worried at me and said: "Wow, Hannah. You look terrible. Bad night?" she asked me.

"You have no idea," I murmured back at her but didn't give her any further explanations.

"You shouldn't exert yourself like this. You just came back from invasive surgery. Don't worry, we will be fine. Maybe this auditing work isn't that hard after all. Besides, we can always request more personnel so we can share the work. What do you think about it?" Claire suggested it to me.

I nodded at her but didn't say a thing. Claire realized that I didn't want to talk to anyone and left me alone with that mountain of papers to analyze. I looked at Brown's numbers first and they seemed to be fine. A lot had changed from last year to the current one, especially in terms of efficiency. We were profiting more and expending less. This was always a good sign for a company.

After that, I started to look at the numbers of Sterling: Alexander's former company that merged with Brown less than a year ago. But something was... odd. The math simply was incompatible with what we saw in the merger process. There was money missing, and some suspicious transactions here and there, all with shady names. But I was tired and yawned often. Maybe my eyes were tricking me. Realizing that I was almost falling asleep at my desk, Claire brought me a cup of coffee.

“Here. You look like someone who could really need one of these,” She told me.

“Thanks,” I murmured to her.

“So, who is going to perform the audit this year? AC as always?” She asked me curiously.

I shook my head and told her: “No, Ethan wanted it to go for Target Audit. I don’t know what I’m going to do yet. I’m thinking about opening bids,” I murmured.

“Timothy Chesterfield’s company?” Claire asked me. “Oh, I heard that Mr. Chesterfield is really handsome, and he is single! Do you think that you will have the opportunity to see him often? Do you mind if I go with you to help?” I laughed at Claire’s excitement.

“Well, we will eventually have meetings to discuss the bidding and if he wins the offer, we will see him often. I will think about taking you with me then,” I told her, and she opened a smile at me. I knew Claire wasn’t a gold digger, but I knew that she was single for a while now, so she would grab a good opportunity if she sees one.

“And how long will this project last?” Claire asked me.

“One or two months,” I told her. This was worrying me. In two months, I would be 4 months pregnant by the end of the auditing process. I would definitely be showing. I needed to speed up the whole process and finish the project in record time, not to demonstrate efficiency, but to leave the city in time.

“Wow, that is complex. Do you think that we can deliver such complex work on time?” Claire asked me.

“I have faith in us. Besides, I was thinking twice. I need to see both companies’ representatives. Could you please call both companies to see if they can send someone so we can talk about the work?” I asked Claire.

“Hum... actually, Mr. Welch has been here to see you yesterday. He arrived at Brown’s early today and said that he wouldn’t leave without talking to you.” Claire murmured.

“Well, if AC’s boss came in person, he must have something really important to talk to me about. Is he downstairs?” I asked Claire.

“Yes, he is waiting for you,” Claire answered.

I nodded at her, grabbed my purse, and said: “Well since it is past noon, I think I can have a word with him on my way to lunch.”

“Good luck,” she murmured back at me.

When I arrived at the waiting room, a tall, middle-aged man stood from his seat and came toward me. “Mrs. Brown, thank you for seeing me. I’m George Welch, from AC accounting.”

I shook his hand and said: “Nice to meet you, Mr. Welch. I’m so sorry for keeping you waiting. I’ve been busy since I came back from my license.” I looked at my watch and asked: “It’s almost noon. Why don’t we have lunch together?”

Mr. Welch smiled at me and said: “I will accept it if it doesn’t cause you trouble.”

“Not at all!” I exclaimed at him, and he followed me to a bistro that was close to Brown’s headquarters.

At lunch, Mr. Welch didn’t mention work or the fact that his company was at risk to lose the audit business with Brown. We talked about nothing in particular: families, hobbies, and musical preferences as if we were old friends. He left the business part for dessert.

“So, I heard that you are the responsible one for the auditing work this year, right? Congratulations! It’s a vital task for a huge company like Brown,” Mr. Welch mentioned.

I smiled at him and nodded: “Yes. Brown went public last year so this is the first time that the results will have that attention, and the workload increased from last year due to mergers and acquisitions too. This will be a challenge, but the board thought that I was up to it this year.”

“Well, I expected that we could keep up the good work. I mean, AC Auditing and Brown Enterprises. You see, we’ve been partners for a long time now, so I was hoping to renew our agreement this year...” Mr. Welch got to the point he wanted to talk about.

I could see that I had his full attention and that his hands were shaking slightly, so he tried to hide them. I knew that he had a lot at stake, but so did I.

“Mr. Welch, I know that AC and Brown have been cooperating for many years now, but our agreement between both companies expired, so, according to our regiment, I must open a new opportunity for bidding. I know that you can understand my position,” I murmured to him.

Mr. Welch’s face fell a little, but I continued: “Of course, your bid will be very welcome, and if you are the winner, we will be pleased to have AC Auditing cooperating with us again.”

Mr. Welch nodded in comprehension and he even managed to produce a small smile when he murmured: “You can believe that AC is willing to cooperate with Brown once again.”

Later that afternoon, I was talking to Claire about my lunch with Mr. Welch and she asked me: “But Hannah, don’t you have the instruction to hand Brown’s auditing to Target this year? I thought that Mr. Brown had specifically asked you to do so. Why are you willing to open bidding?”

“Well, if we don’t open the bid, Mr. Welch and AC auditing might be offended. Not just them, but all the other candidates that might knock on our door. Besides, AC has been our audit firm for many years. If we don’t do so, they might talk about something delicate from the last few years just to expose our company.”

I had rehearsed this excuse since yesterday, but I had my own ulterior motives for opening bidding. But I decided to have lunch with Mr. Welch because I wanted to see if he had something to do with yesterday’s episodes. But since he got tense after hearing about the bidding, I wasn’t sure if he had something to do with my kidnapping or if he was a really good actor. I would keep that for myself for now, though.

“Fine, I won’t question you anymore, Hannah. I was just wondering if either Mr. Brown had ordered, or you would make your own way...” Claire murmured.

“Well, unfortunately, most of the time being the CEO’s wife doesn’t have a lot of advantages,” I murmured back. “Besides, we try to keep it professional here, you know...”

“Right, I’m sorry for my indiscretion,” Claire murmured. “Oh! I almost forgot. You have a business dinner tonight. Mr. Chesterfield called earlier today and

scheduled it. I couldn't say no to him, I'm sorry, but he was... persistent." Claire told me. "Do you need me to tag along?" She asked me excitedly.

I sighed. If I had lunch with AC who was theoretically out, I would have to meet the company that was in. "I will see him tonight then. But no, I know that you have that class tonight. Besides, there will be plenty of time for you to meet Mr. Chesterfield later." I told her.

"Fine," she murmured. "I will call his team to confirm your appointment," Claire murmured to me.

"Thanks," I told her.

The rest of the afternoon passed without any incident. The numbers were completely analyzed and were ready to be delivered to any company that won the bid – or Target – whatever we decided. I was finishing my day when Claire entered my room.

"Er... Hannah, Timothy, I mean, Mr. Chesterfield is here to take you for dinner."

I frowned. Claire was normally so professional. Besides, she was all flustered.

"What is going on, Claire?" I asked her while I grabbed my purse. She was acting so strange...

"Come and see," she murmured to me. I nodded at her and exited my office to check whatever she wanted me to see.

Chapter 38 Okay, that was it!

## **Chapter 38 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

"Hannah! Can I call you Hannah?" a young man stood up and greeted me at the moment that I crossed my office door toward my secretary's desk. Claire came after and her face was red as a tomato. I must admit. Ethan was undeniably handsome, but this man was something else.

Timothy Chesterfield was tall and muscular, with mahogany straight hair and blue eyes. He was dressed elegantly, with a three-piece navy suit, white shirt, and a red tie. I could see that from his handcuffs to his shoes exhaled wealth and he carried himself like a man on top of the world.

“I... sure. Mr. Chesterfield. It’s nice to meet you,” I told him. I would never admit it, but I was mesmerized by his presence.

I shook his hand, and he opened a wide smile when he told me: “Nonsense. Call me Timothy. I just asked you if I could call you Hannah. No need for these formalities.”

I nodded at him and said: “Right. It’s nice to meet you, Timothy.”

“So, shall we?” he asked me and extended an arm so I could hold him on our way out.

I wanted to please Brown’s new partner, so I took his arm and said: “Sure.” But deep down, I was a little uncomfortable.

We descended floor after floor on the elevator and when the door dinged, he offered me his arm once again. I took it, believing that this was a natural behavior for him, but when the elevator doors opened, Ethan was waiting in the hall to climb to the CEO’s floor. His eyes darkened possessively, but he disguised his annoyance by opening a smile to our invitee.

“Timothy, it’s good to see you. So, are you already starting the job?” Ethan asked him.

“Hello Ethan, it’s good to see you too! Not yet, I was just taking Hannah for dinner, so we can start the discussions about the job. Isn’t she lovely?” Timothy complimented me in front of my husband, and I felt my cheeks warm by the compliment.

A shadow crossed Ethan’s eyes once again when he said: “Certainly. So, Hannah, will I see you home? Don’t bring my wife home too late, Timothy. I’m watching you both!” Ethan told us.

“Yeah, see you home,” I mumbled. Was this a pang of jealousy that I saw from Ethan?

“Don’t worry, my man. She will be safe and sound with me,” Timothy answered Ethan happily.

Ethan nodded and entered the elevator. I could see that he wasn’t happy with our interaction.

Timothy took me to a Japanese restaurant close to downtown. A lot of celebrities were seen at this restaurant, and there was always a paparazzo waiting to snap a good picture to post on these gossip websites. I laid my head down because being seen arm to arm with a handsome and rich man and being married to another one would definitely result in gossip tomorrow.

Timothy was aware of my worries, though, and murmured: “Don’t worry. I paid the tabloid photographer so he took the night off.” He smiled at me like he knew something, and I could see dimples on his cheek from the movement. Somehow, that man managed to keep a childish innocence too. Claire was right. He was really charming.

“So, Hannah, I hope you like Japanese food. What do you want to eat tonight?” Timothy asked me and I knew that I had his full attention.

I wasn’t actually hungry. In fact, the smell of raw fish wasn’t pleasant. I couldn’t help but make a face for a couple of seconds. Timothy looked at me and said: “Oh, don’t worry. I will order a sample of everything, and you can choose whatever you want to.”

I nodded at him and murmured: “Thanks.”

After the waitress left our table, Timothy said: “Well, I must confess, Hannah, you look even prettier than in the pictures! Ethan is such a lucky man!”

I blushed beet red but decided to not entertain his conversation, so I tried to change the subject: “So, tell me, Timothy: is Target your own company?” This conversation was inappropriate for business partners, especially because this partner had a husband, it doesn’t matter how bad her marriage was going!

Timothy rested his elbows on the table and supported his head with his long fingers. “Yes, Target is the apple of my eye. I started it while I was still in college. You know, I was bored...”

“But the company is just five years old!” I exclaimed at him. This guy should almost be a child!

“Yet it achieved a lot so far!” Timothy exclaimed excitedly. He was really proud of his accomplishments. “But let’s talk about something else! Shall we? I don’t really like to discuss work while I am eating. We can talk about it after dessert!” Maybe this type of businessman had a rule about not talking about business while eating because Mr. Welch did just the same thing at lunch.

“Alright. So, what do you want to talk about?” I conceded.

Timothy leaned a little closer towards me as if he were going to tell me a secret and said: “So, Hannah, I heard through the grapevine that you and that old man Ethan are about to get a divorce. Is it serious?”

I froze at his question. What does he mean by old?

He seemed to read my question in my eyes because he said: “Well, Ethan is in his thirties. Isn’t that old? Well, at least, older than you. I heard that you are twenty-six! Are you really going to be stuck with that guy for the rest of your life?”

Okay, that was it! “Pardon me, but why are you so interested in my private life, Timothy?” I crossed my arms in front of my chest. This conversation wasn’t taking us anywhere!

Timothy simply shrugged and said: “Well, I did mention in front of your old man that you are lovely. And honestly, I think it is a waste of time being tied to such a boring man. Don’t you see that you could be not just married but happy elsewhere? I just asked because I would like you to consider your options.” Timothy said as if everything was completely obvious.

“Well, thank you! But what are you talking about?” I asked him confused.

Timothy smiled at me and asked me: “So, what do you think of me?” He looked at me with expectant eyes. This conversation has become surreal already.

I took a sip from my glass of water and decided to not entertain this crazy conversation. I took a breath to calm down and asked him: “So, Timothy, do you think that the auditing process this year will be completed smoothly if I hand it over to you?”

Timothy's smile faded a little, but it seemed that he could never be shaken. He shrugged and said: "Honestly, I don't know. I won't know until I start it. I need to see the numbers so I can give you an estimation, Hannah." He looked at me as if my question wasn't reasonable, but I was sure that if I had asked Mr. Welch the same question, he would definitely have an answer!

I frowned and said: "Well, Brown was recently listed, as you well know, and now our capital is three times bigger than last year. It's a huge workload! You should know that if we have issues with our numbers or don't deliver the results in time, we might have huge losses. And this is the first year that I'm responsible for this project..." I warned him.

Timothy frowned back at me and asked: "So, do you think I'm not able to perform Brown's audit correctly?"

"I wasn't saying this. I know that you started your own auditing company earlier, so I know that you are capable of doing that. But we never worked together, and you spent half of our dinner asking me about my personal life. You must understand that there is a lot at stake for me in this project, and you are deliberately not answering my questions! But if you prove yourself as a trustworthy man, I believe that we can work together this year." I told him.

Timothy sighed and looked at me seriously for the first time: "Well, I think it doesn't matter, right? You don't seem to like me at all!"

Why was this man making things that difficult with no need? I sighed at him and said: "Yet, you are our top choice for this year, right?" I told him that and raised an eyebrow.

"Well, don't you believe for one second that I'm too young for the job? Or even too young for you, Hannah!" Timothy emphasized the last part. "Besides, you need someone... more energetic by your side. Not someone boring like your husband, if you catch my drift..."

Okay, that's it. I would have to talk to Ethan and dissuade him from giving such an important job to a brat like that. "Fine. I will inform you as soon as possible about the job details and about the bidding that we will hold to choose our new auditing company. I must leave now. We have nothing else to talk about."

I stood up but Timothy was faster. He grabbed my wrist. Aware of the possibility of having a photographer around, I bowed down and exclaimed: “let go of me!”

“Well, Hannah, you are in such a hurry that you haven’t seen that your beloved husband is entering the restaurant... with a friend,” Timothy whispered and pointed to the door with his chin.

I looked up and I saw Ethan entering the restaurant with Tess, and my blood instantly boiled in my veins.

“Hey, Ethan! Why don’t you and your lovely date come here and have dinner with me and your wife?” Timothy asked aloud, enjoying the delicate situation he was creating.

Ethan looked at us with dangerous dark eyes.

This just became even more awkward.

Chapter 39 You are really generous, aren’t you, Timothy?

## **Chapter 39 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“Sure,” Ethan murmured and came to sit with us.

Tess looked curiously at Timothy, probably wanting to know who was having dinner with me, but when her eyes turned to me, she looked furious. She hasn’t forgotten what I did to her last time we had dinner together, and by the face that she made, I bet she was looking for an opportunity to plan a revenge. Ethan, on the other hand, was annoyed, almost... jealous. I couldn’t read a lot from him, though. His dark eyes were skilled in keeping secrets.

“Hannah, we should have dinner with Ethan and his lovely date and then we should be going. Excuse me, miss, what is your name?” Timothy asked Tess.

“This is Tess... an old friend of mine,” Ethan answered before Tess could open her mouth. “Why should you be going, Timothy? Where are you going with my wife?” Ethan asked tensely. Now, that was new. He introduced Tess as an old friend and

asked Timothy possessively about me. What was going on with Ethan tonight? If he was going to have dinner with Tess, the last thing that he should feel is jealousy.

“Oh, I was about to invite Hannah to the movies. There is this new movie from that fantasy director that I want to watch, and I thought that Hannah would enjoy the movie too. Since we are starting to do business together, I thought that I could get to know each other better.” Timothy made an innocent face at Ethan, but his eyes were filled with ulterior motives.

Ethan didn't buy Timothy's innocence and his eyes darkened even more but he didn't have time to say anything because Timothy was averting the conversation once more: “So, Ethan and Tess, I hope you guys are hungry. We ordered a bit of everything. Come on! Help yourselves!”

Ethan's mouth was just a thin line. I could see his dilemma: To emphasize that I was his wife, he would make not just his mistress unhappy, but also a new partner. It was almost comical to see him swallowing any crap that Timothy was throwing at him.

“So, are you hungry, Tess?” Ethan asked his mistress. I didn't care. Was he trying to make me jealous? I've passed this point already! Seeing that Ethan was so intimate with Tess, gave Timothy the reason to be the same with me, so he continued talking sweet nothings in my ear. If looks could kill, I think Ethan would have murdered Timothy right then and there.

“So, do you think you can accompany me to the movies, Hannah?” Timothy asked me as if we were boyfriend and girlfriend. When did I give him the freedom to treat me like that?

“Maybe some other time, Timothy. I'm a bit tired tonight.” I muttered to him.

“Too bad! But I will collect your promise, Hannah!” Timothy answered me. His mood was never shaken. I barely noticed that Ethan was looking at our interaction. But I decided to ignore him just like he did when I was staring at him with Tess.

“So, Ethan! I heard that you and Tess here have a good friendship.” Timothy changed the subject. “In fact, my mom had seen you together and almost thought that Tess was your wife. I wonder why you keep Hannah at home. Such a beautiful girl should see the world more often!” I could see Timothy's eyes burning with malice. He liked to expose people and was too bold for his own good. “If you are

not going to take Hannah to see the world, maybe I could. There is this new restaurant that my mom recommended called Pear Garden. I'm dying to go there! Maybe I could go with Hannah if she says yes to my invitation!"

"You are really generous, aren't you, Timothy?" Ethan asked him. I knew that he was getting furious with this conversation. He was one drop from overflow. Timothy simply smiled just like a kid that knew that was testing their parent's limits.

"Wait a minute. Is Georgianna Chesterfield your mother? THE Georgianna Chesterfield?" Tess asked suddenly. This was the first time that she seemed slightly interested in the conversation (and not wanting to throw daggers at me).

Timothy's eyes shined with pride, and he had a wide smile on his lips. "Yeah, that is Mom dearest."

"That is so fantastic!" Tess exclaimed.

"Do you know my mother, Tess?" Timothy asked excitedly.

"Well, not personally, but who hasn't heard about her?" Tess asked. "So, where is she now? What is she doing?"

"You know, she is the greatest fashion name not just in America but also in Europe and she is getting to Asia now. The last time that I saw her, she mentioned that she was going to Asia to look for partners and suppliers for her new collection, and she is studying to open her first boutique in Asia in the next months!" Timothy answered Tess. So, he was Georgianna's son. The first billionaire stylist in the world. I had some of her dresses in my closet. Generous gifts from Grandpa Michael and even from Ethan when we got engaged.

"She is fantastic! She thinks ahead of her time and is an inspiring leader!" Tess exclaimed.

"What do you think, Hannah?" Timothy asked me.

I smiled slightly at him and said: "Yes, she is amazing! I have some of her dresses in my wardrobe. They are wonderful!"

"You have to meet her next time she is in the city!" Timothy exclaimed excitedly. And then, he had the nerve to grab some food from one of the plates that were on

the table and brought it to my mouth: “Come on! You have to try this one! It’s delicious and so light that you can eat it without blaming yourself!”

I was so embarrassed that I could feel my cheeks warming. Ethan tensed on the other side of the table.

“Thanks, but I can do it myself,” I murmured and grabbed the chopsticks from his hand to eat whatever he was offering me.

“I’m sorry, I just thought that since Ethan was busy taking good care of Tess, I could take care of you,” Timothy answered as innocently as he could.

All I could see was that Ethan’s eyes were dark and his hands were closed as if he was preparing himself to throw a punch at Timothy. I don’t know if I was too nervous about the whole situation or if the nausea was coming from the pregnancy, but I stood from the table and murmured: “Excuse me,” and left quickly toward the restroom.

“Why? Are you pregnant, Hannah?” Timothy asked and laughed at his own joke. I ignored him and rushed the rest of the way.

When I finished my business in the restroom, I was surprised by Ethan at the restroom door. “Let’s go to the hospital. You are not feeling well,” he told me.

“I don’t want to go to the hospital, Ethan. I just need to go home,” I told him and went back to our table to retrieve my purse, but he grabbed my wrist to stop me. I looked at his face, and then at my wrist and said: “I thought that I had said to you to stay away from me! Besides, if you can’t remember, I told you that we should get a divorce sooner than later. I don’t know if you don’t understand this or if you are just being stubborn.”

Ethan narrowed his eyes and murmured: “You don’t know what you are asking, Hannah...”

I sneered. “Don’t I? Of course, I know, Ethan! You take care of Tess in every possible way, even before taking care of me. Do you especially enjoy the fact that you have two women at your disposal? Is it your dream to have both of us?”

Ethan’s face was livid, but I didn’t take back what I said. It was the truth, even though the end of this marriage was hurting me in the process.

“What do you want from me, then, Hannah?” Ethan asked me. His voice was tinged with anguish.

“At this point? Just the divorce, Ethan. Let’s live separately,” I told him.

“That’s impossible, Hannah,” Ethan muttered.

“Why is it impossible? If you are not giving me the divorce, I want you to separate from your mistress. Give Tess a good amount of money and make her leave the town and never come back. Tell her that you don’t want to have a happily ever after with her anymore and that it’s all over.”

“Why are you trying to decide my life for me, Hannah?” Tess appeared from nowhere and screamed at me.

I looked at her with all my contempt and said: “Because your dearest Ethan here isn’t capable of deciding between both of us and since he can’t divorce me and I’m still his legal wife, you can rest assured that I will have my opinion about this whole story.”

“You...” Tess narrowed her eyes and prepared herself to slap me on my face. But I wasn’t willing to entertain her, since she was looking forward to the moment that she would get revenge on the tomato soup. I just evaded her and went straight to our table to retrieve my purse and go home.

“Did something happen?” Timothy asked me when I came back to the table.

“Yes, I’m sorry, family drama. I need to go, Timothy...” I told him.

“Do you want a ride? You came with me tonight, so you don’t have a car...” Timothy offered.

I wasn’t going to accept it, because this guy had crossed the line several times that night, but when I saw Ethan emerging from the restroom corridor with Tess holding his arm, I nodded and said: “just take me away from here, please.”

“You don’t have to ask twice,” Timothy told me and murmured to the waiter: “put in my check, okay?” and we left the restaurant. I looked back to see the mess that I’d left, and Ethan had a murderous look on his face.

Chapter 40 You are more important, Hannah.

## Chapter 40 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Hey, Hannah. I know that you are nervous right now, but you haven’t mentioned an address, so I don’t know where I am supposed to leave you...” Timothy told me about five minutes after we left the restaurant. His voice faded. He wasn’t excited anymore. I didn’t know if he was reading the environment or if he knew that he had crossed the line a few times earlier.

“Yeah, I have an address,” I murmured, and gave it to him. I decided to stay in my old apartment. It wasn’t luxurious like the manor, but it had some of my old clothes, and I knew that I could spend a few days there, both to avoid Ethan suspecting my morning sickness and to avoid anything that he wanted to tell me to convince me to give up on our divorce. This apartment was mine but since I was living at the manor, Lucy was renting it, so I knew that I would find the basics there.

I texted Lucy to inform her that I would be crashing there for a few days, and her answer was simply: “Yay! Slumber party!” That silly answer served to help cheer me up a little bit.

“Look, Hannah, I’m sorry. I know that sometimes I might cross the line. But that is just me. I can’t resist a beautiful woman,” Timothy told me, and I could see some contrition in his eyes.

“Thanks for dinner, Timothy,” I murmured to him. Who was I to criticize Brown’s newest partner?

“I will try to behave next time, but I won’t promise anything!” Timothy exclaimed and I knew that he was back to his normal. I had to laugh at that. The guy was at least funny.

“Thanks for dinner and the ride. I think I will see you around, then,” I told him when we arrived at my old apartment.

“Anytime. I will call you later,” Timothy said and left with his luxurious car.

When I unlocked the front door, I expected to be completely alone, because Lucy had her bar to run to, so I was really surprised to see that she was waiting for me with a cup of tea ready.

“Spill it out, Brown. What is going on?” She asked me.

She made me a lime and honey infusion. I smelled it gratefully, and murmured: “I’m sure that this won’t upset my stomach...”

“Hannah, tell me the truth. Did you really abort the baby...? I’ve been dying to ask you about it. I can’t believe that you would make such a decision hurriedly...”

I shook my head at her and said: “I simply let Ethan believe that I did, but I’m still pregnant.”

“Are you nuts? What are you going to do? If you haven’t realized, your belly is going to grow, and fast. You won’t be able to hide it for long!” Lucy exclaimed.

“Well, that is the reason why I want to leave town after getting a divorce, to get away from this craziness and to raise my baby alone...” I explained to her.

Lucy put a hand on top of mine and said: “Well, you know you are not completely alone, right? Auntie Lucy will be there for you both.”

“Thanks, Lucy. You are the best!” I told her.

Lucy smiled at me and asked: “So, why can’t we go this weekend to the shores and never look back? Do you think you will be able to hide this pregnancy from Ethan? You work right under his nose!”

“I know, and to make it worse, he gave me this high-profile task, and he will be suspicious if I abandon it before the end,” I whined. “I think that you should go ahead and choose a home for us there. I will go as soon as I can.”

“I will, but I think that you should find a way to get rid of this whole sickness situation if you want to disguise this pregnancy...” Lucy told me.

“Oh, I got it!” I told her and grabbed my cell phone. I dialed Vincent’s number and he answered it in a few seconds.

“Hey, Hannah, is everything okay?” He had a worried tone.

“Hi, Vincent. I’m fine. I was just wondering if you have a way to suppress or relieve this sickness. I thought that I would have it just in the mornings, but it seems to persist the whole day with me!” I explained to him.

“Well, I wouldn’t advise you to take any pills because it could harm the baby, but I can check tomorrow if there is a list of safe foods, so you could stick to them and relieve this sickness,” Vincent suggested.

“Thanks, Vincent. I am looking forward to hearing from you!” I told him.

“No problem. Talk to you tomorrow,” He answered and killed the call.

“What is with Vincent? Does he know about the baby? But he is Ethan’s best friend!” Lucy asked me, alarmed.

“Don’t worry, Vincent won’t tell Ethan a thing!” I told her.

“Do you have something with this Vincent?” Lucy asked me, shocked.

I had to laugh at that: “You should gossip less, Lucy. You are starting to imagine things! Sleep tight,” I told her and went to sleep.

I closed the door behind me, but not before I heard her saying: “Oh, come on!” I chuckled at her curiosity.

Although I considered doing that, I was too tired to continue working that night, so I decided to call it a day and go to bed. It wasn’t easy to sleep, though. Every time I tried to close my eyes; I kept reviewing the ordeal of the day. It was too confusing: a new business partner that couldn’t help but be annoying and my husband taking his mistress to dinner in the same restaurant. And the cherry on the top of the cake was the fact that he thought that he had the right to feel jealous of me, even in a situation like that!

On the next day, I woke up early and was practically alone because Lucy isn’t used to waking up early because of her bar. I woke up, made some breakfast, and hurried to Brown’s. I didn’t have an excuse today to arrive late, so I went to work as soon as I was ready.

It was getting warmer each day in the city. Summer was coming, and I smiled to myself. It would be a good time to move to the shore. I just needed to come up with a plan to finish this auditing task and then leave the city.

When I arrived at Brown's, Claire was already waiting for me: "Good morning, Hannah! How are you today? Listen, it is almost time for the bidding event. I think we should go to the bidding room. I printed all the necessary documents and put them on this file."

I nodded at her and murmured: "Thank you, Claire."

We took the elevator to the bidding room, and when the elevator doors opened, Ethan and Vincent were there. Ethan nodded at me, his eyes cold as always. But he didn't say a word. Vincent, on the other hand, greeted us excitedly.

"Good morning, Hannah! Good morning, Claire. I hope you are having a great day!"

"Good morning," we answered in unison.

"Hannah, Ethan mentioned to me that you are experiencing some nausea. It must be a collateral effect of your er... surgery. I ordered something that won't upset your stomach for your lunch today. I hope you don't mind."

"Thank you, Vincent!" I exclaimed.

"You're welcome!" Vincent told me.

Ethan remained silent on the other side of the elevator. When the door opened on the bidding room floor, Claire and I left it. Noticing the coldness between us, Claire asked me: "Hey, Hannah, is something wrong between you and Ethan? He barely looked at you on the elevator..."

"Don't worry about us, Claire. It will be fine. Come on, we will get late," I murmured to her. It wasn't true, but I wasn't in the mood to explain my life to anyone, so I cut her right on the way. She nodded at me and didn't say a thing after that.

Several audit companies sent representatives to this bidding. Some of them were directors, others were managers. Only two CEOs appeared that day: Mr. Welch and Timothy. I believe they did this to make it clear that this was a hard dispute between both.

When both saw me, they came toward me. Timothy was faster, though.

“Hannah! It is so nice to see you! You look magnificent!” Timothy exclaimed and after shaking my hand, he kissed the back of it.

I blushed furiously as ever when I was complimented, and murmured: “Hello, Timothy, it’s nice to see you too.”

“I was wondering if you would be willing to go to the movies with me tonight or later tomorrow, what do you think?” he proposed.

I was still wondering how I would say no to his invitation when Mr. Welch finally reached us.

“Good morning, Hannah! It’s good to see you again! How are you doing today?” he asked me politely.

“Oh, hi, Mr. Welch! It’s good to see you too.” I smiled relieved at him. “It is an honor for us at Brown to receive you both. I believe that you are the strongest contenders for today’s bidding. I wish good luck to you both, but if you could excuse me...” I told them. Mr. Welch seemed confident, but I could see that Timothy’s face fell a little.

I left them quickly and found Claire once again.

“How is everything?” I asked her.

“Just as we planned. I believe that all the companies arrived,” she answered me.

I nodded at her and said: “Let’s begin, then.”

I made the initial speech and then it was their time to make their offering. Suddenly, my stomach churned, and my head ached. I ran to the next restroom, to throw up again. Claire came after me with a glass of water.

“It must be that complication that Dr. Vincent mentioned at the elevator. Do you want me to bring you anything else?” She asked me.

“No, thanks. I just want to sit down here away from all the noise. I will be back at the bidding room soon,” I told her. There was an empty waiting room in the corridor, and I sat on the couch and switched off the light to relax a little. A few minutes later, I heard his voice again:

“Are you still not feeling well, Hannah? You should have pushed this event a few days,” Timothy said to me.

“What are you doing here, Timothy? You should be in the bidding room,” I murmured to him.

“Nah, you are more important, Hannah,” he answered me.

“You shouldn’t worry about me. I will be fine,” I told him and started to rub my temples.

Seeing that I was with a headache, Timothy walked behind the sofa and started to rub my temples for me. I tried to escape from his hands, but he said: “Leave it. You are in pain.” So, I remained in place. His hands were firm and shooting, and his pressure was precise. In a few minutes, I felt some relief.

“Better?” he asked me.

“Yeah, thanks,” I murmured to him.

He walked from behind me and sat by my side on the small couch. There, in the dark with Timothy, I felt self-conscious because anyone could walk through that corridor and think that we were up to something that wasn’t supposed to happen.

“Tell me, Hannah, why are you insisting on your relationship with Ethan?” Timothy asked me directly.

“You should go back to the bidding room, Timothy, you might lose your offer if you stay here with me,” I told him.

“You are still more important than winning this bidding. Besides, I have already given my offer, so I will be fine,” Timothy answered me.

I didn’t know what else to say! Despite the fact that this guy had crossed several lines, he seemed to care about me. With a small number of people who were found of me in the world, I believe that I couldn’t push one of them away.

Luckily for me, Claire came to retrieve me. “Hey, Hannah, are you alright? The representatives already made their offer. We are waiting for you to end the event.”

I nodded at her and said: “Thank you, Claire, I will be there in a minute,” and she left us alone once again.

I stood up and murmured an “excuse me” for Timothy.

But he held my wrist, so I would have to pay attention to him again: “Have you ever considered why after so many years your husband chose to change audit companies right now?”

“I thought that he might want to change companies to create new partnerships...” I murmured to him.

“Have you ever considered that there was more to that?” Timothy asked me.

What the hell was he talking about?