

Chapter 5 Do you care about anything else?

Hannah's POV:

It seems that my answer didn't please Tess, because the bright smile that she had a few moments ago on her face vanished as fast as a ash of lightning from yesterday's storm. Her eyes were dark with annoyance. Apparently, she woke up wanting to push my buttons, and she hadn't counted on my negative answer to her invite. Too bad for her that I couldn't care less about that.

Then she looked at Ethan, batted her eyelashes towards him, and feigned innocence when she told him: "Oh, dear Ethan, I crossed a line last night when I practically broke into your and Hannah's home. I am really sorry to disturb you and for bringing so much of an inconvenience. Couldn't you convince your wife to give me a chance to apologize through this breakfast? Please...? For me...?" she insisted.

I could hear a hint of scorn in her voice when she mentioned that I was Ethan's wife. Little by little, her acting as a saint was disappearing.

I was frustrated because I knew that I would lose that competition against her. Some people just get what they want with virtually no effort just by playing on their charm, while others, like Ethan, would fall for their pretending and not even realize they were being manipulated. So much for someone who judged himself so smart and savvy. As for me, I knew that I was the weakest part here. So, I knew that my refusal wouldn't last long.

Ethan practically didn't care if I stayed or went for breakfast until that moment, but when Tess decided to make her fake plea, it was obvious what would be his next action. He turned to me and murmured with a cold tone: "You should stay and have breakfast with us."

I cannot explain why, but when he commanded me, I always obeyed. And it wasn't different this time. Does it hurt me? Sure, but at that moment, that happened so many times that I was getting used to it. Anyway, I put a smile on my face, nodded, and murmured back to them: "Thank you."

Well, honestly, maybe I could explain why I acted like that: I still had feelings for my husband. For me, it was love at first sight, after all, who wouldn't love to be married to such a handsome and rich man? You could call me silly, but for a brief time in our marriage I believed that our relationship could be saved. I guess that old habits really die hard.

I couldn't help but notice, however, that this was a rare occasion. I have never seen Ethan cooking breakfast, and that certainly never happened to me. His breakfast was simple but at the same time extraordinary. I never thought that such a powerful man who bossed people around the world and even had powerful contacts in the government could be mundane enough to serve fried eggs with bacon and pancakes. Ethan was raised to reach for the stars, not to cook in his own home. That's what I thought, at least. Still, he went out of his way to indulge his mistress in our own home.

"Hannah, you should try Ethan's fried eggs. They are simply delicious. Whenever we are together at breakfast, he cooks them for me." Tess said that while she slipped a plate in front of me. She had a smile on her face, but I could see that there was something malecent in her eyes. I nodded, pretending that she was sincere, and took a mouthful of them to taste if what she was telling me was really true. Well, she was right, and the eggs were delicious. That man could actually cook.

Then she turned her attention back to Ethan and told him: "Oh! Dear Ethan, I almost forgot about it! Today you promised to take me to that boutique so I could buy that new dress! A man of his word always keeps his promises, and I'll hold you to yours."

"Fine, I will take you there," Ethan murmured to Tess. And then he remained eating his breakfast gracefully as if nothing happened. He isn't a man of many words, but unlike me, he seemed to answer each and every request that Tess tossed at him.

Vincent was silent by my side watching this whole interaction as if he were a viewer watching a fascinating drama, almost like an outsider.

I lowered my eyes and realized that Ethan actually didn't care. Today was Grandpa Michael's funeral. If Ethan promised Tess that he would go with her, that means that I would be at the funeral alone. I could only imagine all the comments that the family and friends would make. They already pitied me, and today wouldn't help my cause at all.

Suddenly, I lost my appetite and started playing with my food. After a few minutes, I saw that Ethan had nished his plate and excused himself to change his clothes. If there was an opportunity to convince him to come with me, that was the time, so I excused myself and stood from the table, following him throughout the house toward our room.

I knew that Ethan had noticed that I was following him, but he decided to remain silent until we crossed our bedroom threshold. Then he turned on his heels and nally talked to me: "What is it, Hannah?"

He gave me attention for just a moment, and then he decided to change his clothes as he had planned before as nothing happened. Was he pretending to not care or was he so insensitive like that?

Since he didn't seem to remember what he promised me last night, I knew that it was time to tell him what was bothering me: "Today is Grandpa Michael's funeral! You promised to come with me, so I would fulll my part of this bargain!" There. If he didn't remember what I promised him in exchange for his company today, this was denitely a lost cause, or maybe he wasn't in a hurry to divorce me after all.

I could hear him from the closet, zipping up his pants and closing his belt, but neither of my words seemed to shake him a little. "Just go alone, Hannah. I don't care about it. Sooner or later, you will sign the papers anyway."

I raised my eyebrows at his attitude. "Ethan, he is your grandfather too! This will be such a scandal! You are the eldest grandson of the house of Brown! You have to be there! What will the rest of the family and friends think about it?"

Ethan shrugged indifferently and murmured: "I already told Eric to be responsible for the whole funeral. What is there to discuss about this matter? If you have any other requests you can talk directly to Eric." His face was blank, with no emotions. And I thought he would at least feel sadness today.

After changing his clothes, Ethan started to walk towards his study. I got enough of that crap, so I followed him and raised my voice to ask him: "Ethan, is there anyone in your life who means anything to you except for Tess? Do you care about anything else? Do you have any affection for anyone other than her?" I was done with his silly game.

Ethan paused in the corridor and turned around to look back at me. I probably had crossed a line this time. His dark eyes narrowed, and I could see that he was considering his next words. After what seemed an eternity, he nally told me in a cold tone: "How dare you even mention my family name? If it wasn't for me, you would be nothing by now, Hannah. I was the one who put you under the spotlight. Our marriage brought you everything that you have now. You don't even deserve the attention that you will have today, you naive girl."

My scalp was prickling after his cold words. I knew that he didn't care about me but I thought that he would respect me today because of the main event that we had ahead. My heart ached not just for me but for his whole family whom he was letting down just because of his mistress.

I let my shoulders slump at his cold words. He thought I didn't deserve anything like I was a silly girl. He just didn't know I was doing all this so the family wouldn't realize how much he despised them too.

After two solid years of striving to make this house a home, to build a family...

Two years believing that our marriage could work...

It would never work, because I wasn't her, after all.

"Well, I feel sorry for you, Hannah. I thought you were just a fool, but it looks like we have to explain it in so many words, or even draw it for you to understand: Mind your own damn business."

These words came from someone who was behind me. There was a third person approaching and meddling in our affairs. It was no surprise to turn around and nd Tess standing in our bedroom. She had her arms crossed, her posture was haughty, and all her false expression of innocence was gone. She was ready to reveal her true colors.