

## Chapter 51: Just because of a child

### Chapter 51 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Timothy, stop! I don’t want it!” I put my hands on his chest to push him away.

“Why not, Hannah? I know that you want it. At least you want something different from old Ethan, right?” Timothy asked me clueless.

“I’m officially warning you: stay away from me! I’m not interested,” I told him.

“Why not? Is this because I’m too young?” Timothy insisted.

“Yes, this is part of the reason, but there is more,” I told him.

“I know that your marriage isn’t going well. I see what that girl Tess is to Ethan. I can recognize a skank from afar,” Timothy murmured.

Yeah, he was right, Tess was a skank.

“But that is not all either, Timothy. You see, I’m pregnant.” I murmured to him.

“Really?” Timothy asked me and started to look at my belly.

“Yeah, it's recent. I’m not showing yet.” I answered him.

“Is it Ethan’s?” He asked me.

“Of course, it is, Timothy! Who else would this child be? Frankly, sometimes you don’t have a filter!” I exclaimed.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. It just came out,” Timothy answered with his hands raised in a gesture of defense.

I sighed. He was so childish sometimes.

“Does Ethan know about the baby?” Timothy asked.

“He does,” I told him.

“Yet, he parades with his mistress in front of you. That man might be insane. Honestly, if you were mine, I would never do such a thing to you!” Timothy exclaimed.

“Thanks, but it is what it is,” I murmured to him.

“So, what are you going to do?” Timothy asked me curiously.

I knew that I didn’t owe him any information about my personal life, but still, I was answering him: “I honestly don’t know. I thought about running away. Escaping from this chaos that I’m calling my life right now, but my friend who was going to leave the city with me is facing some personal trouble, and I don’t have anyone but her,” I murmured to him but didn’t give the details about the troubles that Lucy was facing.

“You have me,” Timothy offered, and before I could say anything else he continued: “As a friend, at least. I promise I won’t cross any lines if you don’t want me to, but I can still help you. What do you need?” He asked.

“I still don’t know. I was waiting for Ethan to sign the divorce papers and I would plan from that on,” I told him. “Look, Timothy, this day has been a real ordeal, and I’m tired. I’m going home and you should do the same. I see you around, okay?” I told him.

“Yeah, sure. Just remember that you can call me if you need to,” he told me and left.

When I arrived at the apartment, Lucy was still fast asleep. She probably had difficulty sleeping in jail. The apartment was a mess, so I started to store the things that I bought and did a small cleaning. I sat on the couch and turned the TV on to kill time until Lucy woke up, but probably because of the pregnancy, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was already late. I checked on Lucy and she left me a note that said that she was going to check on the bar. I got that she would be out for the rest of the night and decided to make a simple dinner. I wasn't in the mood to go search for dinner or order something. I just made some pasta and called it a night.

I woke up startled because my phone was ringing. I looked at the screen and it was past 1 o'clock. The caller ID didn't identify the number, but I answered the phone anyways. "Hello?" I said groggily.

"You finally picked up!" A manly voice exclaimed. I recognized it as Alexander's.

"What do you want, Alexander?" I asked him sharply. If he wasn't going to be polite toward me, I would return the favor.

"Hannah, something is wrong. Ethan never came back home to sleep," Alexander answered me.

"And what do I have to do with this?" I asked him.

"Damn it, you are his wife!" Alexander exclaimed.

"Just so you know, his so-called wife hasn't seen him since this morning's melee at Brown's. Maybe he just forgot to inform you, but have you considered the possibility that he fell asleep in his mistress's arms?" I sighed. "Why are you calling me, Alexander? Are you bored and want to make me your personal punchbag?" I asked.

“You think too much of yourself, don’t you, Hannah? Believe me, I wouldn’t call you if I had an alternative, but no one knows about him. Something is wrong. I can feel it.” Alexander urged.

I laughed at him: “Well if you think that I give a damn about where Ethan is, I don’t. But wait, maybe you are jealous of Tess here. Well, considering that she offers herself that much to my husband, maybe if you ask politely, she can offer herself to you. Maybe you and Ethan could share her! But don’t call me in the middle of the night with this lame excuse just because you’re lonely. Goodbye, Alexander,” I told him and killed the call.

Alexander’s ridiculous call woke me up, and now I couldn’t sleep anymore. So, I decided to warm a glass of milk and open my laptop and try to recover a little of the time that I missed today with Tess’s episode.

I thought that I had a problem with the auditing project because I gave it to Target instead of AC, but now that Ethan allowed me to distribute the job between both companies, I would make Mr. Welch and Timothy happy. I would have to cancel my request to my contact, but this definitely wasn’t a good time to call him.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, and since I wasn’t expecting anybody, I concluded that it could only be Lucy. I went to the door and opened it without checking the peephole. “Hey, did you forget your keys?” I asked excitedly.

But it wasn’t Lucy. It was Ethan. The smile on my face faded away.

“What are you doing here, Ethan?” I asked him.

“Who were you waiting for, Hannah?” Ethan snapped. His eyes were narrowed, and he was suspiciously scanning the environment.

But wasn’t he supposed to be in Tess’s bed right now? What the hell was he doing here?

I decided that I didn't want to have this conversation, so I tried to close the door right away, but Ethan was stronger than me, and he managed to get inside.

"Who were you waiting for, Hannah? Don't make me ask it again..." Ethan warned me.

"Well, think about it, Ethan. At this late in the night, it could only be someone to relieve my loneliness, right?" I crossed my arms in my chest and asked him ironically.

Ethan came closer to me, and I backed up until I reached a wall. He leaned his whole body against mine, insinuating himself to me. And then, he asked me: "Do you think that this can ease your loneliness?"

"I..." I started to say it, but I kind of forgot the words. Ethan was too close. He leaned in front of me and started sniffing my hair, kissing my neck, and distracting me.

"Ethan... let... me... go..." I murmured, and he backed up sighing. "Really, what are you doing here?" I insisted.

"Do you really think I can let you go now?" Ethan asked me while he put a hand on my belly.

For just a slight second, I wanted to believe that he was here because of me, but when he touched my belly, I realized. "So, that is just for the baby. I should know better..." I murmured.

Since I heard Ethan's tape, I couldn't respond to his attempts to touch me. Still, he reached the hem of my camisole.

I put my hand in his to stop his attempt. "Why do you bother, Ethan? You know that I can't do this, especially today," I told him. On the surface, I was acting calmly, but deep down, I was feeling empty.

"Especially today? What happened today, Hannah?" Ethan asked me.

“Do I still need to say it out loud? You decided to stay by Tess’s side. You know what? You two deserve each other! Why are you here instead of by her side?” I asked him. “Can’t you see, Ethan? You can’t have me in one hand and Tess in the other. You got to choose between us, and since you can’t choose, I’m making this choice for you!” I screamed at him.

Suddenly, it started to rain outside, and the deluge that was falling was reflecting what I was feeling inside. Ethan nodded at me and murmured: “I know that you don’t want me here now. We can talk later when you calm down.” After that, he left.

I slipped down the wall until I sat on the floor and started to cry. I cried profusely and it was like a catharsis. I shed tears until they finally stopped and there, I lay in pain for everything that was happening to me.

Sometime later, I heard the door being unlocked and Lucy walked into the room.

"My goodness, Hannah! What happened to you?" She walked over to me and murmured, "Come on, let's get up from this cold floor," she picked me up and carried me over to the couch in the living room.

She made some hot tea and gave it to me, then she insisted, "What happened? When I left you, you were sleeping so peacefully. Has anyone come here?"

I looked intensely into her eyes and asked her, "Lucy, do you think one can learn to love a person just because of a child?"

Chapter 52: What do we need now?

**Chapter 52 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“Well, it is possible. I’ve seen a woman who fell in love with a guy because of his kid. This wouldn’t be unimaginable,” Lucy told me.

“Why are you asking me that, Hannah? Do you think that Ethan might fall in love with you because of this baby?” She asked me.

“I don’t know... he’s been acting strange since he found out that I’m still pregnant, but there is still Tess. I don’t know if he is willing to leave her to come back to me. Shit, I don’t even know if he wants to do that!” I exclaimed.

Lucy thought for a while and then she told me: “I think you should look at this issue from another point of view. You decided to have this baby, right?”

“Yeah,” I murmured and nodded.

“I think that since you decided to be a mom, you should think about this baby first. Would it be better not having a father and living on the shore or being here and probably having two moms?” Lucy asked me ironically.

I frowned and told her: “you already know the answer to this question: this baby won’t have a stepmother like Tess!”

“So, you have your answer, honey,” Lucy told me. “No matter what you choose, I’m your friend and I will be here for you. I wish I had solved my issues with justice already, so we could run away from here...” she murmured.

“About that... I feel that I need to apologize to you. I think that Tess is doing this to force me to leave Ethan. She wants to send a message and say that she owns your bar and therefore she owns you. But I promise you that we are going to fight this!” I exclaimed.

“I know, baby girl. If you could see her face when the police entered the bar and arrested me...” Lucy murmured. “I just don’t know what we are going to do to prove that I’m innocent...”

“I tried to ask for Ethan’s help, but we ended up the way we are right now. I don’t know what to do, because I depend on him to solve this and he would never let me go if I owe him anything,” I told her and sighed.

“Well, it isn’t time to think about this in the middle of the night. Come on, let’s go get some sleep. A pregnant woman shouldn’t exert herself like you’re doing right now,” Lucy stood up and offered me her hand to get off the couch.

Lucy stood in my bedroom the whole night. She thought that I was afraid of the storm just like I used to be when I was a kid, but I couldn’t sleep because I was worried about our whole situation. Finally, tiredness prevailed, and I slept for a few hours.

I woke up the next morning with my phone ringing. It was Claire.

“Hey, Hannah, good morning. So, Mr. Brown mentioned that you might not come today. Do you want me to come to your house so we can work together?” She asked me happily.

“I’m at a friend’s house, Claire. I think you can work from the office and call me whenever you need. What do you have for me today?” I asked her.

“Well, we still have to solve that auditing problem. What are we going to do with all the satellite companies?” She asked me.

“I had the opportunity to discuss this with Ethan. He decided to give them to AC, so both companies will work with us this year,” I told her.

“Good! I will give some calls,” she murmured.

“Thank you, Claire,” I told her and ended the call.



When I left my room, Lucy was in the kitchen, and there was a funny smell around. Her apron was all dirty and she looked frustrated.

“What is it?” I asked her.

“I saw that you were upset last night and decided to cook you breakfast to cheer you up, but it’s been many years since I cooked, so I’ve burnt the toast and the eggs. I’m so sorry,” she murmured.

I held a laugh because she had good intentions, but the execution was really poor. Still, she put a plate in front of me and made such an expectant face that I had to try it.

“So...? What do you think?” She asked me curiously.

I smiled at her for her effort but couldn’t eat that anymore: “Well... I would say that you’re... rusty, darling, but I’m sorry, I can’t eat it anymore.”

“Why not?” She seemed disappointed.

“Morning sickness,” I murmured to her.

“Oh, got it,” she mumbled. “Oh, that’s it! Come home for lunch and I can make you something else!” She exclaimed.

How could I refuse her food without hurting her feelings? I asked myself.

“I have many meetings today. Why don’t you come to have lunch with me instead?” I proposed. “We can cook another day.”

“Right, I’ll be there at noon,” she told me excitedly.

I left home and ordered a light breakfast on the way. I arrived at Brown’s a little earlier today but once again, I wasn’t lucky. Alexander

was in the hall. Maybe my grandma was right. She used to say that the people we like less were the ones that we would have to see more often.

“Good morning, Hannah. I’m glad to inform you that we found Ethan later last night,” he murmured to me. “Do you want to know where he was?” He asked provocatively.

“You mean after leaving my apartment? Look at my face, Alexander. Is this the face of someone who actually cares about it?” I asked him ironically.

The elevator doors opened at the hall and just the two of us entered the cart.

“Just so you know, last night we had a hell of a storm and Ethan was worried about Tess, so, at the beginning of the storm he went directly to hers to comfort her from her thunder fear,” Alexander sneered.

I remained silent catching up with the daily news on my cell phone and with a blank face. I wasn’t in the mood to entertain him today. I didn’t even know if I still cared about this whole situation.

“Hannah! Are you listening to me?” Alexander insisted on the conversation.

I sighed and turned to him: “Look, Alexander, I really don’t care. Besides, this is not your problem. I don’t know why you are so interested.”

Right at that moment, the elevator doors opened on his floor, and he had no other option but to leave it, and this was a relief.

I entered my office and Claire was already waiting for me with a stack of papers to analyze.

“Good morning, Hannah, how are you doing today?” She greeted me.

“I was fine until I met Alexander at the hall. Now my head is aching and I’m in a bad mood,” I murmured to her.

“Right. I promise I will not bother you unnecessarily. But I must give you these papers to analyze and sign in Brown’s name. Timothy sent a courier earlier today with Target’s contract signed. He started the auditing project today and his team is expected to end the project in two weeks.” She explained to me. “Oh, and this is the new agreement for AC.” Claire pointed to a big pile of paper on my desk.

“Okay, I will take a look and will call you when everything is done,” I told her. “Anything else?”

“Yep. Timothy offered his help once again, and Mr. Welch called to invite you for lunch again,” she muttered.

“I will take care of Timothy but tell Mr. Welch that I already have plans for today’s lunch. Maybe another time,” I told her, silently thanking the heavens for my arrangement with Lucy.

“Right. Call me when you finish your analysis, and I will send the documents to AC.” Claire told me and left my office.

I was reading the documents for about half an hour, but I couldn’t concentrate on anything. All that I could think about was how my life was messy, and I had no idea how I was going to fix everything. I couldn’t keep waiting for Ethan to love me. I had to put myself and my baby first, and I also needed to help my friend, but how?

It took me double the time to analyze the documents but finally, almost at noon, I signed the papers and sent them to AC through Claire. Lucy was already waiting for me, and we left for lunch.

“You look distracted, Hannah. What happened?” Lucy asked worriedly.

“Nothing more than you already know, Lucy. I was just wondering how we are going to fulfill our plans,” I explained to her.

“If I was allowed to leave the city, I would be there already, so I could prepare your path,” Lucy sighed.

“Yeah, I agree. I think your problem should be solved first, but how? Especially without Ethan’s help?” I wondered.

“Well, I bet they have this footage on the cloud, but they changed the passwords and I don’t have access anymore,” she complained.

“But how could we access the cloud without the new password?” I asked her.

“We need a hacker...” she murmured intrigued. “Do you know anyone?”

“I don’t,” I sighed. But then, I remembered that Timothy offered his help. “But maybe I know someone who knows someone. Do you mind if I invite someone else to break into our little party?” I asked her.

“Not at all,” she said.

I reached for my phone and called Timothy. I just hoped that this favor wouldn’t cost us our souls.

Chapter 53: She is never going to leave, will she?

## **Chapter 53 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“So, let me get it straight: you need a hacker to prove your innocence, and you two want to run away without a trace but you are facing a criminal accusation, so running away would mean that you would also be a justice fugitive?” Timothy asked us.

“Sort of,” Lucy murmured. “Hannah would leave her husband who insists on not giving her the divorce, but I would be wanted for a crime that I didn’t commit.”

“We need to be careful, otherwise we will be accomplices, Hannah,” Timothy murmured.

My face fell down. “Are you saying that we might not make it?” I asked him.

Timothy thought for a little while and murmured: “I’m saying that this plan has to work like a clock...”

“What are you thinking, Mr. Chesterfield?” Lucy asked him.

“Call me Timothy, beautiful, and I’m thinking that the first thing we need to arrange for you is a lawyer. And then, a hacker. Later, I will make you both vanish so not even Ethan will be able to find you,” Timothy said.

“That is the idea,” I murmured.

“Well, let me think about it for a few days and I will come to you with an idea for you to escape, okay?” Timothy asked us.

“And what are we supposed to do until there?” Lucy asked.

“Act naturally. I will get to you when everything is set up,” Timothy answered.

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A few days after that lunch, Timothy was working on Brown’s audit but didn’t come back with more details. The last time that he visited Brown’s, he just said that there were some adjustments on which he was still working but said that it was risky to talk about them at the company.

I was starting to have a few doubts about running away or staying. I was still considering my child's happiness, but recently, I was questioning if not having a father could affect his life.

I grew up without a father and I knew that that cost me. I missed someone who would act as a protector, as a strong figure, and maybe even as a mentor for me. Grandpa Michael was all of that to me, but I met him when I was a teenager, so I never had a father. I was considering this because I would do my best as a mother, but I knew that I couldn't be both for my baby.

On the other hand, I was risking not running away and my child might have Tess as a stepmother, and that I definitely couldn't stand. I didn't want her close to my baby, and since Ethan chose her, she might be present in my child's life, and that for me was unacceptable. I knew that leaving would be hard, but that was the best choice for me.

Ethan didn't go to the apartment anymore. He never bothered me again, instead since Tess was afraid of thunder and we were having storms every night, I knew very well where he was: in her house. Lucy was getting more and more worried about the perspective of time in jail. The investigation wasn't evolving, and with no one else to accuse, she was the main target of that investigation.

On Saturday she couldn't stand anymore and decided to go for a walk. Since she wanted to be left alone, I respected her will, but I didn't want to stay at home, so I decided to go to the manor and retrieve some clothes and belongings that I was missing. I assumed that no one but Patricia would be home, and no better time than now to solve this sort of thing.

I was wrong, though. When I arrived at the manor and was about to pull my car in front of the garage, I saw Tess, standing by Ethan's luxury car. The sun was shining behind her tall figure, and she looked almost angelic.

I felt a pang in my heart first because she was at my home and second because I couldn't help but compare myself with her. She was slim and I was getting fat by the day because of my baby. I was shorter and felt inferior. And above all, she had Ethan's heart.

Suddenly, I started to wonder how my life would be without her in the equation. Without even realizing what I was doing, instead of stepping in the break, I pressed the gas pedal toward her.

Tess's face was really scared, and I heard a scream that was coming from the main door, but none of these things stopped me. What made me stop was the fact that Ethan put himself between my car and Tess. His eyes were cold, and his jaw was tight.

Before I could move or say anything, Ethan opened my door and yanked me from the driver's seat: "What the hell do you think you are doing, Hannah?"

I couldn't justify my actions. I couldn't even understand why I did what I did. I looked at his cold eyes and started to cry profusely.

After a few minutes, I told him: "I'm sorry, Ethan. I love you too much, and I just couldn't stand seeing this woman in my house! I beg you, please, leave her and stay with me!"

Ethan seemed to calm down and grabbed me by the shoulders. Then he muttered, "You're overreacting, Hannah. You could end up in jail for murder. So how would our child be without a mother?"

"You're probably right, but I get out of my mind when I see this woman, especially when she's in our house. This is our place, not hers, Ethan!" I begged him.

Ethan held my cheeks and looked intently into my eyes for what felt like an eternity. I could see he was conflicted, but I remembered that he hated other people making decisions for him, so I kept my silence.

After a few minutes, his look changed from confused to determined. Then, he looked at Patricia, and requested: "Ask for a car to take Tess to her house"

Patricia nodded and left us to contact a driver.

Tess was in shock for a second or two, then opened her mouth to complain, "Ethan! I can't believe you're going to do this. It's me, Ethan, Tess!"

Ethan nodded at her and told her, "You better go home now, Tess."

"No! You can't do this to me, Ethan. Not after everything that happened to us!" Tess exclaimed.

Ethan hugged me to comfort me and then he murmured, "Tess, I promise I'll continue to take care of you, just not the way you'd like..." Ethan started to say.

But Tess didn't allow him to continue. She pointed at me and exclaimed, "It was her! It's all her fault! Hers and this child she pretended to abort!"

Ethan raised one hand to stop her and warned: "This is my decision, Tess. No one else's."

Tess started to cry and didn't care about Ethan's promise. Then Patricia came back, took Tess by the arm, and whispered, "Tess, please. The car is coming. You need to go..."

The car arrived and the situation started to get embarrassing. Tess decided to leave but before she did, she pointed at me and said, "You're going to be sorry, Hannah! You're going to lose everything you love most... I won't rest until I destroy you!"

I didn't know what to say, and Ethan hugged me even tighter as if he was protecting me from Tess's threats. So, she finally left.



Ethan took me into the house and led me straight to the bedroom. I didn't realize I was nervous and shaking until he pulled back the sheets and laid me down on the bed. "You need to be less impulsive," he said.

I still wasn't sure what I would say if I opened my mouth to speak, so I simply nodded at his advice. He lay down behind me and hugged me. We stayed like that for a long time, and we didn't say anything else. Then, a little calmer, I fell asleep.

A long time later, Ethan was smoking on the balcony, and I woke up with his phone vibrating. He didn't seem to hear the phone, and I couldn't help but see that it was calling him. It was Tess. She had called several times previously.

When he didn't answer, a message came right away: "Dear Ethan, don't leave me alone. I don't have anyone else but you. Please call me."

I decided to take a quick shower and think about everything that was going on. Ethan had prioritized me over Tess. I felt relieved, and I wanted to feel happy about what he had done, but I just couldn't. I saw how Ethan was suffering through all of this, so I obviously couldn't feel happy about his sadness. I loved him too much to ignore that he wasn't well. I could only believe that one day he would get there.

Suddenly, the sky darkened and soon a storm began. The winds were strong and there was lightning and thunder rolling. I got out of the bathroom and changed. Then I went looking for Ethan on the balcony. There were several cigarette butts. He had smoked a lot, which he only did when he was nervous. However, he wasn't there. I went looking for him in his studio, thinking he might have decided to work a little, but he wasn't there either.

I then decided to go downstairs to the living room. Ethan was there, but he wasn't alone. Tess had appeared again, completely drenched in her blue dress. Her tall figure looked even slimmer and more delicate with her clothes clinging to her body.

"Go home, Tess," Ethan muttered in exasperation.

"I...I...can't, Ethan. The thunder..." Tess told him. She hugged herself cold and her teeth trembled. She looked like she was going to collapse at any moment.

"Tess, you need to understand..." Ethan argued with her.

"Understand what? That you don't want me anymore, Ethan? I'll never understand that!" Tess exclaimed. She was shivering and knelt on the floor. Yes, she was about to pass out.

"I'm going to take you home, but first you need to shower and warm up, otherwise you'll get sick. I promised you, I'll always take care of you, but it won't be the way it was before," Ethan murmured trying to comfort her.

"I...I'm not going anywhere!" Tess said and then passed out.

Damn it, that woman was never going to leave, was she?

Chapter 54: Are you happy to see me like this?

## **Chapter 54 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

Ethan carried Tess upstairs to one of the guest suites and then laid her down on the bed and stripped off her wet clothes. I didn't know if I was jealous of the scene I was following or if I felt sorry for Tess.

After a while, Tess seemed to regain consciousness. "You better take a shower now, Tess," Ethan told her.

"But I don't have any clothes to put on later," Tess murmured to him.

Ethan sighed and muttered, "But you still have the clothes you brought earlier. They're all here in this room."

Tess considered it for a couple of seconds and then she nodded and went into the bathroom.

I should have guessed that her belongings would be in this house. When Grandpa Michael gave us this mansion, he imagined that we would need several rooms for a large family, which unfortunately has not happened until now. I didn't even know if my baby would grow up in this house or not. Of course, he would use one of these rooms to store Tess's belongings. What really hurt me is that surely, they had already used our bed. I don't doubt at all that she has already moved here in my absence.

Ethan turned to the closet and drawers to choose something for Tess to wear after her shower. I couldn't resist and stared at him from the threshold.

When he turned back to place the clothes he'd chosen on the bed, he noticed I was there.

"I didn't know you were awake," he told me.

I nodded and mumbled, "Yes, it's been a while."

Ethan realized what he was doing carrying another woman's clothes and then he said to me, "Look, Hannah, I..."

I held up my hand in a gesture for him to stop and mumbled, "I know, you can explain. I just don't know if I want to hear your explanation."

Ethan then took a deep breath to start talking when we heard a scream and a muffled sound. Tess had taken a fall in the shower. He looked at me in alarm.

I sighed and told him, "Tess fell. You better check her out."

"Hannah, I..." Ethan started to say.

But I cut him off: "Just go, Ethan!"

I didn't want to stay there anymore. She would never leave us alone. I wanted some way to feel absolutely nothing, so I went to my room and opened the balcony. The rain that fell outside was lashing the balcony. Tired of everything and everyone, I knelt down in that area to feel the rain wet me and take with it everything I was feeling, then I started to cry profusely.

As the rain pounded on my body, I felt myself go numb. At least I felt like the pain in my chest was dissipating. As much as Ethan chose me, he could never be completely mine.

Sometime later, I heard footsteps, and Ethan was in our room. He was watching me suffer in the rain, his face neutral, but I was very irritated.

"Are you happy to see me like this?" I asked him. I was fed up with this whole story.

Ethan didn't answer me at first. He just scooped me up in his arms and carried me straight to our suite's bathroom. Then he sat me down in the tub and turned on the water.

A minute or two later, he took off my soaking clothes and put in some aromatic essences and oils and soon the fragrance took over the room. Then he murmured, "I'm sorry, Hannah. I can't let go of certain responsibilities and promises, even if it reflects on you or our baby."

"What do you mean by that, Ethan? That I'm using the baby to emotionally blackmail you?" I asked him.

Ethan looked a little embarrassed but didn't say anything. As he neither confirmed nor denied, I continued: "I didn't do what I did to blackmail you. I did it because I can't take this triangle anymore!" I exclaimed.

The warm water began to warm my cold body. I turned my face to the wall so I wouldn't look into his face. Still, Ethan proceeded to wash my body and hair.

When he was satisfied, he picked me up and wrapped me in a towel. When we got to the bedroom, he dried me off, dressed me in pajamas, and laid me down on the recliner. My eyelids were heavy and I started to nod off, then Ethan shook my shoulder and told me, "Hey Hannah, don't go to sleep yet. At least not with your hair wet. You're already at risk of catching a cold from the rain you deliberately took, so let's not take any more chances, shall we?"

I decided that I would ignore his request. I was too tired and too bored to listen to him, so I closed my eyes again.

A few seconds later, Ethan returned with a blow dryer that turned on and started drying my hair. When he was satisfied, he muttered, "Let's go," and picked me up without further argument.

Ethan went downstairs with me in his arms and positioned me on the couch.

Waiting in the living room were Tess, who had showered, and her hair was damp, and Alexander, who I had no idea when he'd arrived at the manor.

Tess couldn't hide her jealous, spiteful look when she saw that Ethan was carrying me in his arms. Finally, her mask fell off and when Ethan sat me down on the couch, she got up and grabbed him by the sleeve of his shirt before he could sit down, "Ethan, Ethan, darling, please. Don't you want me anymore, is that it?"

I started to cry silently. If she was forcing Ethan into an ultimatum, I'd probably end up alone.

Why had Ethan taken me there for this confrontation now? Why did he want me to see that ridiculous little act Tess was doing?

"Tess, go home with Alexander. Don't do anything you might regret," Ethan warned.

Alexander got up from the couch and put his hands on Tess's shoulders and said, "Come on, Tess, I'll take you home."

Tess started to cry and said, "Why are you doing this to me? You're leaving me, Ethan, and nobody seems to like me anymore."

"Oh, is this serious?" I asked wryly. Maybe the fact that I was fed up with this woman made me so ironic.

Tess looked at me and grimaced, then she pointed a finger in my direction and started screaming, "Oh, and you, you slut... you pretend you're a saint, but in the end, you got everything you wanted! YOU ARE THE WORST OF ALL!"

I had no reaction but to laugh, and it felt like catharsis: "Really, Tess? Did I get what I always wanted?" After a pause in which I continued to laugh out of control, I said, "Yeah, yeah. I've really accomplished a lot. Thanks to your help, Tess, I've managed to get an unfaithful husband. And I didn't even have the heart to make my pregnancy public, while you made a huge fuss because you fell down the stairs that YOU were trying to push ME off and lost your baby. I'm not as powerful as you are, Tess. I don't have the guts to use the orphan card to get what I want, like you who, as soon as you mention that you're alone in the world, can even unscrupulously destroy other people's families. So, when you deliver the final blow, you'll tell the whole world you're the new Mrs. Brown, won't you?"

"Hannah, you don't know what you're talking about!" Tess exclaimed. She was turning red with rage, and by the look in her eyes, I knew that if she could, she would jump on my neck right now.

I turned my head to her and continued, "I don't know what I'm talking about? Tess, I think I do. This is my house now, get out of here immediately!" I raged at her.

Tess was in a rage, her posture combative. She glanced at me and then at Ethan, and got resentful when her expression turned icy cold. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm really tired and want to go to MY bed, in MY house," I said and turned on my heel. I was already on my way to the stairs when I heard Tess's desperate voice pleading with Ethan not to leave her: "Ethan, darling, don't leave me!"

"That's enough, Tess," Ethan warned her. His voice was irritated. Of course, he didn't like having decisions made by him. "Alexander, take Tess home, please."

Tess started crying again, and I had heard enough, so I continued up the stairs. As soon as I closed the door, even her desperate cries were muffled. Lying on my bed, I realized I had a headache and my eyes hurt. I didn't feel good about the whole argument, so I decided to give Lucy a call.

"Hannah? Is everything okay?" Lucy asked me worriedly.

"I...I don't know, Lucy," I told her, uncertainly.

"Do you know what time it is?" She asked me, and I looked at the clock on the phone and realized it was two o'clock in the morning!

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I didn't realize it was this late. I don't feel completely well, but it's nothing to worry about," I told her.

"What's wrong? Are you with Ethan?" Lucy's voice rose a decibel.

"I am," I murmured to her.

"Then make him drive you to the hospital!" Lucy exclaimed.

"I... it's nothing," I lied to Lucy.

"No way! I know you very well, and I say that it's something!" Lucy exclaimed. "You are worrying me, Hannah. What is it?"

"I... I don't know. I have been having trouble falling asleep lately, and then I get sleepy and in a bad mood during the day..." I explained to her.

"Yep, something is wrong. You should see a doctor," she told me.

"Nah, I'm not bothering a doctor for it," I murmured, then said something else to shift her attention to another focus: "Listen, I'm meeting with Timothy tomorrow, and he sent me a message saying that he'll give me an update on the status of our plan..."

"Cool, and after that?" Lucy asked me.

"After that... we run away," I mumbled to her.

Chapter 55: Are you snooping on Tess and Ethan, Hannah?

## **Chapter 55 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

"I'm still worried about you, Hannah. Don't try to avert the conversation," Lucy told me.

"It's nothing! I bet is one of those pregnancy mood swings," I told her. "I guess I miss you and miss sleeping in our small apartment," I mumbled.

"Yeah, but you will have to get used to sleeping somewhere else soon," Lucy told me. "Speaking of it, do you trust that Timothy guy? I don't know, Hannah. I still have problems with justice. I can't go with you if all these aren't clear because I would be bringing trouble for myself!" She exclaimed.



“I trust him. To a certain point. Besides, he is the only one who promised to help us. And we need help to run away, otherwise, even if Ethan wants to be with my baby and me, we will never be at peace,” I told her.

“Fine, if you trust him, I’ll trust him too. Let’s see what he can do for us. Good night, honey.” Lucy murmured and hung up.

I sighed. Speaking with her made it easier, but still, I was feeling as if my heart was heavy with everything that was happening in our lives lately. And then, I finally fell asleep. Later during the night, I felt the mattress beside me sink, and I felt Ethan’s arms around me. His unmistakable perfume enveloped me, and I slept even more deeply.

I wasn’t 100% well the next morning either. I slept better, but I was still tired, and I had to disguise the dark circles that deepened on my face with a lot of makeup. I couldn’t focus on anything and everything was distracting and upsetting me. I felt under a lot of pressure and stress lately, which wasn't good for a pregnant woman.

I was in my office going over some documents when Claire came in with yet another pile of contracts for me to review and sign. I couldn't help but snort when I saw her place the documents in front of me. She was also bringing me some tea, which she set in front of the documents, but she didn't quietly leave. "Are you okay, Hannah?" She asked me worriedly.

"I'm fine, Claire. Don't worry," I told her. Why did people keep asking if I was okay lately?

"I think you should see a doctor. You look haggard," she told me.

"I already told you not to worry. I don't need an appointment!" I exclaimed to her in exasperation, and she looked at me as if to tell me that my attitude contradicted exactly what I had said 5 seconds ago.

"You don't need to go to an appointment. You could talk to Dr. Vincent. He's here in the building today, I just met him at the elevator. Who knows, maybe he can prescribe you something for your tiredness?" She asked.

I nodded and sighed. She was right. "Fine, I will go see him," I told her.

I went up to Ethan's floor. Vincent had a small office next door to his. He was not a Brown employee. His true passion was medicine, and he worked at the hospital, but his family had been friends with the Browns since they were children, and both clans had joint businesses, with Vincent's family holding shares in the Browns, and he was responsible for looking after their interests in our company. Furthermore, there were rumors that he and Ethan were considering investing in the healthcare business, and naturally, that investment would fall to Vincent.

When I got to Ethan's floor, Eric wasn't at his desk. In fact, there was no one in the entrance hall. I went to Vincent's office and knocked on his door, but he didn't answer right away. It was then that I heard Ethan talking to a woman in his office.

I didn't want to snoop, but his door was ajar, and I saw that he was talking to Tess. Her tall figure dressed in white and the sun streaming in through the huge windows of Ethan's office made her look as pure as an angel, and I marveled even though I knew she was actually pure poison.

"Why are you here, Tess?" Ethan asked her in exasperation.

Tess couldn't stop whimpering as she told him, "Ethan, darling. Please don't leave me. You know I was recently asked to act in a European theater company, but I'm willing to drop everything to be with you. Please, I ask you to reconsider your decision."

"I already told you, Tess. It's decided," Ethan murmured to her. His voice sounded irritated. I didn't want to hear that conversation, so I raised my hand once more and knocked on Vincent's door.

"But I gave up being an actress in Europe to be with you, Ethan! Isn't that enough?" Tess insisted. Her voice sounded unhappy.

"We already had this conversation, Tess," Ethan replied. "I called Alexander, and he will come to take you home." Ethan looked unyielding.

Everything was silent for a while, then Ethan started to explain, "Look, Tess, I'm not making the decisions just for my own sake. You know damn well Hannah's pregnant. If you want to stay in town, fine. I'll be responsible for providing for you, but I can't be responsible for taking care of your feelings. I have my own family!" Ethan exclaimed.

"And you call this family, Ethan?" Tess's voice was sharp. "What about me, Ethan? My dad gave me to you, and you promised him you'd take care of me, and..." Tess argued.

"Edward didn't give me you, Tess, and he didn't make me promise to marry you. In fact, I did promise to marry someone, and that someone is Hannah," Ethan's voice is cold as he murmurs these words.

"And do you love her?" Tess asked him in a challenging tone. "You don't love her, Ethan. This is all just because she's pregnant. I understand it's your baby. You think you have a responsibility to take care of it. But you don't know yourself, you don't love Hannah, you just feel responsible for her. You are as responsible for her as you are for me!"

Okay, this situation was too embarrassing. I didn't want to listen to Tess beg for Ethan's love anymore. I turned around and decided to go back to my office. I could meet Vincent later.

"No, Ethan, I beg you. Stay with me and I won't ask you for anything else. I'll do whatever you want from this day forward, just don't leave me! I can't live without you in my life!" I could almost hear the sincerity in her voice. Clearly, she was desperate, and there was something girlish about her request.

"What are you doing here?" Suddenly I heard Vincent's voice behind me. He had poked his head out of his office door. His hair was a little disheveled and his face was sleepy. He had definitely dozed off on the couch in his office. But in the middle of the day?

"I was looking for you!" I whispered the words. I didn't want to draw attention to the fact that I was there.

Before he could respond, however, we heard Tess's voice again from Ethan's office: "Ethan, darling, I know you don't love her. Marriage without love can destroy a person. Even if you have that child, that baby won't bring you happiness, but it could be why the two of you drift further and further apart. You're stuck with her for the rest of your life because of that kid!"

Vincent heard what Tess was saying too. His expression was that of someone stunned by what he had just heard. But more than shocked, he looked at me curiously and asked me, "Are you snooping on Tess and Ethan, Hannah?"

"Of course not! I already said I came looking for you!" I whispered again afraid he wouldn't believe me.

"What you need?" Vincent asked me, but instead of paying attention to what I needed, he seemed super interested in Tess and Ethan's conversation.

"I didn't know you were such a snoop!" I scoffed.

"I've been feeling unwell lately, and I'm worried it might affect my baby," I explained to him. However, he still seemed more interested in the goings-on in the office next door.

"Hey, are you listening to me, Dr. Vincent?" I asked him.

He looked at me and nodded for me to keep talking.

"You know Hannah loves you, but you don't love her. No one can live like that. This is definitely not something a woman can put up with for long. She will leave you eventually," Tess argued.

"Tess, it's not just me and it's not just her right now. Plus, how do you know this isn't really what I want?" Ethan asked her.

Okay, that was too much, I couldn't listen to that discussion and stay silent anymore. So I walked into Ethan's office, pushed open the door, and said, "Unfortunately for you, Tess, even though my husband doesn't feel anything for me, we're going to have a kid, which means we go from being a couple to being a real family, and maybe you've lost touch with reality, but that family bond is stronger than just the love you swear to have for him."

My sudden appearance seemed to surprise Ethan and Tess for a second, but Tess recovered easily, grimaced, and asked me, "What the hell are you doing here? Do you really think you can handle it with a baby?" Irony dripped from her words.

I shrugged, then replied in the same ironic tone, "Well, until now I wasn't sure it would work, but seeing how desperate you are, I think I have a good chance. Ethan doesn't put you first anymore because of the baby in my belly."

Ethan's eyes turned cold, and it looked like he didn't like my response to his mistress, but I didn't care. I continued anyway: "Of course, maybe you haven't gotten into that thick skull of yours yet, Tess, and maybe you still think that if you stick with my husband, maybe one day he might give up his wife and baby for you."

Suddenly, the group heard someone else chuckling. There was someone else hearing our discussion.

Chapter 56: Would you happen to have dinner plans?

## Chapter 56 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"Oh, my God, this is better than a soap opera," Timothy, who snuck in, said as he stifled a laugh. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to overhear your conversation, but I was getting here with Alexander and you guys were talking so loudly that I couldn't help it."

What an embarrassing situation. I turned as red as a tomato. Alexander was looking at me angrily, and he looked kind of pale. He walked over to Ethan, handed him some papers, and said, "I know Tess can be very pushy, but you shouldn't let Hannah bully her like that!" Then he gently took Tess by the arm and said, "Let's go home, Tess."

I however, got in the way of the duo: "You think you know exactly what kind of woman I am, don't you, Alexander?"

"Why, of course I do. You're nasty, selfish and foul-mouthed!" Alexander told me. The words came out of his mouth, almost spit. He never disguised the contempt he felt for me.

"You've always made your opinion of me clear, haven't you, Alexander? But I must say you're wrong. Your skewed view always sees the worst in me, and the best in your friend Tess here. But can I say a few words about what kind of woman Tess is?"

"Hannah..." Ethan tried to prevent me from speaking out against Tess, but I was so fed up I didn't listen to him.

"Well, your friend here makes herself a saint in front of the men she wants to please but can't wait to see my back. She's selfish and doesn't measure efforts to sleep with a married man, and still wants everyone to respect her like a dignified woman," I said and then I turned to Tess and said, "Be aware that with such a posture you will NEVER be considered a respectable woman, Tess!"

I really wanted to say that she had blackmailed me into having an abortion or that she had hidden drugs in Lucy's bar just to get to me, or that she liked to humiliate people when Ethan wasn't looking at her, but I didn't want to let her know how much I knew about what she had been up to. So I stopped at just generic accusations.

"Shut up Hannah, you don't know what you're accusing me of!" Tess yelled at me.

"Ah, I know very well, yes!" I yelled back at her.

"Enough!" Ethan said, then turned to Alexander and said, "Alexander, please take Tess home. And don't let her come onto Brown's Enterprise again."

It was clear that Alexander wanted to say some things to my face, but Vincent intervened to end the discussion in front of a business partner: "Alexander, when you get back, come to my office, please. I have a new prescription for rheumatism from your dad. I know you're going to see him soon; thought you might take it to him."

Timothy, noticing that the mood was dissipating, also turned to Ethan, and said, "Ethan, can I have a word with you for a minute?"

Alexander missed the timing to say anything to me. Then he glared at my face and finally got out of there, towing Tess with him.

I sighed in relief and turned to Vincent and said, "I didn't come here to snoop around. I really came here to see you."

Vincent nodded at me and told me, "Let's go to my office." I followed, and we left Ethan and Timothy watching us from the hallway.

As soon as I walked into Vincent's office, I sat in front of his desk and realized that I was still pretty pissed off. Vincent saw that I was still upset and poured me some tea.

"So, what is going on?" He asked me curiously.

"Well, I've been kind of dizzy and uncomfortable lately. My back and shoulders hurt, and I'm always tired," I told him.

He came out from behind his desk, came over to me to examine me. He took my blood pressure, listened to my lungs, and looked into my eyes, then he murmured, "It sounds like you have some iron deficiency in your blood, a little anemia, and maybe you have some inflammation in your lungs and stomach, which just makes your condition worse." Have you been staying up late?" he asked me.

"Yes, I've been having a lot of trouble with insomnia," I told him.

"Well, lack of sleep also impairs the flow of blood to your brain, increasing the already normal pregnancy grogginess. You need to rest, Hannah. You're not respecting your body's limits, and that's very serious. Don't stress yourself out too much, okay?"

I nodded in understanding what he was talking about, then asked him, "Listen, Vincent. I'm going to have some business trips coming up soon because of audit work. Do you think you can give me some medicine that might help me sleep better?"

Vincent looked at me and said, "I have sleeping pills for you, but they are not good for the baby. You need to regulate your diet and routine to improve your sleep."

"In other words, I've got to stick it out, right? I don't know if I'm going to make it through this pregnancy, Vincent." I muttered to him.

He patted me on the back for comfort and said, "You'll make it."

When I walked out of Vincent's office, Ethan was waiting outside. His face was closed. He didn't like the discussion we'd had a few minutes



ago. I was in a bad mood too, and my body still ached. So I decided I would ignore him.

But as I walked past him, Ethan didn't seem willing to ignore me. He got in my way to stop me.

"Excuse me," I told him.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked me.

"Apparently, I can't die!" I told him. Then I snuck around the corner of the hall and headed straight for the elevator. Fortunately, Ethan didn't stop me.

Back in my office, Claire brought me the third stack of contracts to be reviewed that day. I sighed, but after all, this was my job.

"Hannah, this is the preview of the audit results. Timothy has requested that you review the results and approve work to proceed."

I nodded and asked him, "And how is the audit conducted by the AC?" After all, Alexander's company was smaller, but it was still significant.

"All on schedule," Claire answered me.

"Excellent!" I exclaimed. "And I'll have to travel soon to fulfill audit duties. Could you talk to Timothy and arrange the dates and details of the trip, please?"

"Sure!" Claire answered.

"Thanks, Claire," I told her and returned to the papers on my desk.

I worked the rest of the day on those papers and by the beginning of the night, my eyes were tired from looking at so many documents and I was hungry. Maybe it was the pregnancy, but I felt like it was the first time I

felt a craving for something. So, I left my office and walked across the street to a local diner.

I ordered a juicy burger with fries and onion rings and a large soda to go. As I was waiting for my order, I saw some employees waving at me. I recognized them by the badges around their necks. I waved back at them and walked over. A petite woman greeted me, "Mrs. Brown, I didn't know you ate here."

I tilted my head and smiled at her trying to remember who she was. Her face was familiar, but I couldn't remember. "I'm Lana from the design and technology department."

"Oh yeah, sure. The tech project!" I exclaimed. When this project started, I would soon be visiting Lana's area frequently. No wonder she knew who I was. "Sorry I didn't recognize you," I muttered to her.

"No problem, Brown Enterprises is very big. There are thousands of employees in this town alone, let alone the entire country," she told me.

"Well, it will be a pleasure working closely with you soon," I told her.

"Thanks!" Lana smiled at me, and I said goodbye.

On my way out, I could still hear Lana talking to her co-workers: "Did you see, girls? The upper echelon of Brown Enterprises also eats in the same place as us!" Lana exclaimed.

"The upper echelons are people too, and they're hungry too," one of the women with Lana muttered boredly.

"Yes, but their monthly salary equals several years of ours. In their place, I would want to eat something better!" Lana exclaimed.

When I walked out the cafeteria door, the conversation was drowned out, and the noises and smells of the city overwhelmed my senses. It was still early in the city, so there were people everywhere.

I was crossing the street back to Brown's. I still didn't know if I was going to go back to work or go home. Suddenly, a luxury car pulled up next to me and honked. Not many people in town could afford that car, and I was pretty sure Ethan hadn't recently acquired a vehicle.

When the car honked and rolled down the driver's window, I recognized Timothy.

"Hey, beautiful," he told me. "Would you happen to have dinner plans?"

I held up my order package and told him, "Sorry, I just ordered." I didn't really want to have dinner with him, so I hinted that I had other plans.

"Well, if you get in the car and wait for me, I can order too, and then we can have dinner at my apartment, what do you say?" Timothy proposed.

I sighed and asked him, "I'm not going to get rid of you that easily, am I?"

"And you won't want it either. I have updates on the escape plan, remember?"

Chapter 57: Hannah, don't you remember me?

## **Chapter 57 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

Timothy came out of his car, opened the passenger door to me, and said: "Come on, hop in. I will grab one of those and we can go to my apartment to have a conversation about your plan to run away." He whispered the last words to not get undue attention on the street. Well, at least to not get even more attention because his car was enough to make everyone turn to see it.

I sat on the passenger seat and waited for Timothy to order something for himself. It was awkward seeing him inside that cafeteria. It looked too simple for him. But then, I remembered the ladies that came to say hi to me. I was probably out of my place for them either.

A few minutes later, Timothy came back with a takeout bag and sat by my side. He put his bag on my lap, right beside mine, and murmured: “Okay, let’s go!”

We took the road to the main street, and he finally murmured: “Okay, I’m sorry, I’m opening the ceiling. There’s no way that I’m going to allow this smell of fries in my brand-new car.”

“Fine,” I murmured to him.

“I can’t believe that you are going to eat this garbage, Hannah. I thought that you would be a little more worried about your diet being pregnant or something like that,” Timothy said.

“Hey! I have no dietary restrictions! Besides, I really can’t stand certain types of food.” I told him.

“I figured that out,” he murmured to me.

“Well, if you want to criticize so badly what I eat, why did you order the same?” I asked him.

“Touché,” he murmured back at me.

After a few minutes, we were crossing the streets of downtown, and everyone could see a luxury convertible car with two passengers. Wherever we would go, we were drawing everyone’s attention. Timothy also turned on his radio and a melodious rock started to play through the speakers.

“Oh, boy, I love this song, don’t you?” He asked me when Scorpions started to play on the radio. He raised the volume as if we weren’t drawing enough attention. I started to blush furiously.

I was also a little cold, so I hugged myself trying to protect myself from the wind.

We stopped at a traffic light and several pedestrians that were crossing started to take pictures. Probably because of Timothy’s luxury car, but I couldn’t be sure about it since we weren’t really anonymous.

“Do you think that by this time tomorrow, we will still be the reason for gossip news? I mean, I believe that they will post something in five minutes, but I’m not sure if people will still be talking about us tomorrow night,” Timothy asked when the traffic light turned green.

“I’m not sure if I want to think about this, because soon my husband would know about these pictures, and I will definitely be in trouble,” I murmured to him.

“Nah, relax,” Timothy said. “Ethan knows that he can trust me,” he said.

“Does he?” I asked Timothy in doubt.

“It doesn’t matter anymore. We’re here!” Timothy said while he pulled on a sidewalk in front of the most modern and luxurious residential building in the city. It must be at least 100 floors, with angular lines and a modern design.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Come in!” Timothy said while he opened the passenger door for me.

We entered his building and got to the main elevator. Timothy inserted an electronic key in the panel and punched the PH button and it took us almost a minute to get there. When the elevator dinged and the doors were opened, we were directly in front of his hall.

“Home, sweet home,” he murmured to me. “Come in,” he said when he stepped out of the elevator. I walked after him and marveled at the décor taste.

“It’s beautiful!” I complimented his home.

“Courtesy of mom dearest who hired the same designer that she hires for her boutiques,” he explained to me. “But I wanted something more... masculine,” he said.

In fact, Timothy’s penthouse had a manly atmosphere. As angular as the building itself, with the furniture in mahogany and the doorknobs and handles all in gold. A few abstract pieces of art were here and there, and the open space concept contemplated a kitchen all in dark furniture. The funniest thing was that the kitchen seemed to be pristine. I honestly can’t see Timothy spending a minute there beyond the time to get a water bottle.

“Well, come on over here. I have a formal dinner table, but I guess we can eat our greasy hamburgers on the island, what do you think?” He asked me.

“I think it’s perfect,” I told him and took a seat on the closest stool.

Timothy opened his takeout bag and took his hamburger and fries from it, but didn’t retrieve a cup of soda. “Where is your soft drink?” I asked him.

“Nah, I can’t stand that much sugar. I will open a bottle of wine. Will you accompany me?” he asked.

I took out my cup of soda and murmured: “Pregnant here. Can’t drink, remember?” I asked.

“Oh, sorry, I forgot about that,” he told me and went to his winery.

While he was there taking his sweet time choosing a bottle, my phone started to buzz.

It was a message from Ethan: “Where are you?” he asked. I wasn’t in the mood to answer him, so I turned off the phone and concentrated on the conversation ahead.

“You know, Hannah, I promise I won’t cross the line again, but has anyone said to you that you are beautiful and special? Especially your eyes. They have... something...” Timothy told me when he sat down by my side with a bottle and a glass of wine.

“Thank you, I guess,” I told him.

“I mean it. You have something in you that I can’t explain. When I look you in the eyes, I feel that I’m finally home. I swear, you have my mom’s eyes!” Timothy insisted.

I blushed furiously because I wasn’t that used to being complimented like this. “Thanks, but I think you are overreacting a little,” I told him.

“Really? How so?” Timothy asked me.

“I just have a common face, Timothy. Grandpa Michael, Ethan’s grandpa, used to tell everyone that I look a lot like Tess, but she is taller. It’s just a common face. We’re not related, thank God,” I explained to him. Considering this made me think that maybe Ethan had a type after all.

“Yep, thank goodness you’re not related to that vixen,” Timothy murmured. It was clear that although he already mentioned that he was interested in me, he didn’t like Tess, not even a little. “Seriously, Hannah, don’t you remember me from Masterson University?” Timothy insisted.

“Are you an alumnus too?” I asked him curiously.

“Yes, I... I remember you from college. We used to go to the same parties and events. I saw you for the first time there,” Timothy explained. “What is the first memory that you have of me?” He asked.

I felt awkward for not remembering him but decided to tell him the truth: “I’m sorry, Timothy. My first memory of you was the first day that I met you at Brown’s...”

“Nah, it doesn’t matter. As long as you remember me from now on, I’m okay with that,” Timothy murmured.

I noticed that Timothy was drinking the whole bottle alone and soon he would be wasted, so I decided to go straight to the point: “Okay, tell me about the plan, please,” I told him.

“Oh, right! The plan. We have two parts for it. First, we must solve your friend Lucy’s issue with justice. Well, I hired a hacker friend of mine and he is already working on it. You know, Ethan’s security is not the best, you should tell him so, after we get what we need, of course.” Timothy told me.

“Are you telling me that it is possible to recover images like this?” I asked him excitedly.

“Yep. Technically, yes. He is already working on it. I also hired a lawyer to send the images to the judge, so she will be clear of all accusations silently,” Timothy told me.

“Why silently? I want to throw in Ethan’s face that his mistress did this just to hit me. I want to prove to him that this woman is evil, and she doesn’t deserve his trust!” I exclaimed to him.

“No way! If they think that they still have an advantage over you, they will think that you’re both trapped in their plan,” Timothy explained. “If after being cleared of all accusations Lucy vanished from the face of the



earth, they couldn't find a way to trap her here! And trapping her here means that you are going to stay for your friend."

"You're right," I told him. "But how about me?" I asked him.

"Well, don't you have some business trips with me for auditing Brown Enterprise's branches?" He asked me.

"Yeah, but what about them?" I asked him.

"Well, my advice is to pack more than necessary for a short trip," Timothy murmured mysteriously to me.

Chapter 58: Never, ever measure me with your standards, Ethan.

## **Chapter 58 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

"I don't get it, Timothy. What is going to happen?" I asked him.

"I won't tell you much, otherwise people will start getting suspicious. All that I can say is that you should be ready to leave, but nobody can see a lot of bags, and you need to act naturally, and I will take care of the rest," Timothy explained. "Have you heard about that phrase that says that ignorance is bliss? In this case, it is a matter of success," Timothy murmured.

"Okay, I will get ready," I murmured to him.

Timothy seemed distracted once again when he looked at me and said: "I think I'm getting drunk. Did I mention that you look even prettier when one's drunk?" He asked. His voice was getting slurred by the minute. I took a look at the bottle, and it was at the end. Timothy managed to drink practically a bottle of wine while he was chewing his greasy burger.

“Don’t you think that you drank too much for a burger and a bunch of fries?” I asked him,

“I’m not worried about a hangover. I ate a lot of grease!” He told me. His look was funny as if he was about to fall asleep on that kitchen island.

“Hey, do you think you can walk? You need to fall asleep somewhere better than this countertop,” I told him.

Timothy considered my question for a whole minute and then he murmured: “I think I can walk to the sofa. I won’t make it to my bedroom upstairs.”

That was good because I didn’t want to take him to his bedroom, no matter what. “Okay, let’s go,” I told him and helped him to get to his sofa.

After what seemed like an eternity, I managed to drive him to the closest couch and laid him on his stomach so if he gets sick, he would be fine, even though he said several times that he didn’t want to throw up.

“Hey, I’m leaving now, okay? Will you be fine?” I asked him.

“Don’t worry. Winston is here, and he will keep an eye on me,” Timothy said.

“Who is Winston?” I asked him.

“It’s my butler. I asked him to give us some privacy. You can meet him another day,” Timothy murmured.

“Okay. I guess I see you around,” I told him.

“I think so,” he said to me. “Hannah? Don’t you really remember me from college?” he asked.

“I’m afraid not,” I murmured to him.

“So, you won’t remember me from when we used to play in the countryside’s orchards, will you?” Timothy asked me and fell asleep.

I shook him a few times, but he didn’t wake up. What did he mean to remember him from playing in the orchards? This was one of my oldest memories from childhood. Something that I haven’t shared with anyone, not even with Ethan. How could he possibly know about it?

I decided to ask him about this memory later. I left a note telling him that I had gone home and that I borrowed his car and would return it tomorrow, but I couldn’t help but think about his question. Could I possibly know Timothy for so long and have no memory about that or was that just drunk talk?

The journey from Timothy's penthouse to the manor was not a very long drive, but I would never consider walking home, as the properties were so large and although there were few houses, it was impossible to take a short time to cross from one house to the other.

It was late at night when I got out of Timothy's penthouse and went towards the manor. My plan was to get home, take a quick shower and go to sleep to get as many hours of sleep as possible. But my plans went down the drain when I pulled up Timothy’s car to the entrance of the house. Ethan was waiting for me, arms crossed and eyes icy cold. He wasn't happy at all.

From the cigarette butts next to him, I saw that he had been smoking a lot recently. He only smoked that way when he was nervous, and smoking like that did nothing to calm him down. When he saw me, he lit up another cigarette and muttered to me, "Where the hell have you been, Hannah?"

"Well, not that I needed to give you details of where I go, but I went out to dinner with a friend," I told him. I was too tired to start an argument

with him so I walked past him and into the house ignoring his irritated posture.

But as always, he grabbed me by the wrist to stop me and muttered, "I'm not kidding, Hannah." The cigarette smell coming from him was so revolting it was making me nauseous.

"Ethan!" I exclaimed at him so he could give me some space.

He let go of me immediately, but kept asking, "What kind of friend are you going to have dinner with right in the middle of the week and come back so late smelling like alcohol? Where is your car? Have you been drinking? You're pregnant, Hannah, for God's sake!"

I arched my eyebrows. "Seriously, Ethan? Of course, I haven't been drinking!" I exclaimed at him.

"Then why the hell are you smelling like wine, Hannah?" Ethan asked me.

I smelled my clothes and understood. I probably smelled like that because I helped Timothy get to the sofa at his house, but as the explanation was too complex, I decided to play dumb: "I don't know, Ethan, it must be the environment I was in," I said.

"What about that luxury car, Hannah?" Ethan pointed to Timothy's beautiful car that I had driven home. "Have you found your new home by any chance yet?"

There was a very serious accusation implied in your question. I passed him in the driveway, narrowed my eyes, and told him, "Never, ever measure me with your standards, Ethan. I'm not you."

"You're dishonoring our marriage, Hannah! You're cheating on me!" Ethan roared.

"That's rich coming from you, Ethan. I don't even know how you look in the mirror. You brought your LOVER into this house, didn't you? Her clothes are in the guest room!!!" I howled back. "You know what? This really isn't working. I'm leaving here tomorrow. Feel welcome to bring her to my place!" I told him and went upstairs. I went into my room, locked the suite door, took a shower, and went straight to bed, too tired to think about anything else.

I don't know if I was dreaming or if it was reality, but in the middle of the night, I could swear that I felt the mattress sink by my side and the smell of Ethan's perfume mixed with his brandmark cigarette invaded my nostrils. I wondered for a second how did he get in if I locked the bedroom, but I concluded that after breaking the original door, he would keep a copy of the key with him when he'd fixed it, just in case that I ever locked it again. But I was so tired that I didn't care if it was him for real or if it was just my imagination.

In the morning, though, if Ethan came to sleep by my side or not, I didn't know. I woke up alone with a feeling of emptiness in my chest as if someone had died recently. Well, maybe I was mourning my failed marriage after all.

Since I had time before leaving for Brown's, I decided to follow Timothy's instructions and pack a discreet suitcase with the things that I loved the most. I decided to pack some pieces of jewelry just in case I ever needed to change them into money. I turned on my phone and saw several voicemails from last night and decided to ignore them because they were probably from Ethan. So, I called Lucy to tell her that she should pack too and be prepared for whenever Timothy told us that it was time to run away, but she didn't pick up the phone. I concluded that it must be too early for a former pub owner. Old habits die hard, after all.

When I arrived at the manor garage, I remembered the whole melee from yesterday and decided to take Timothy's car to him and ask him for

a ride to Brown's. I knew for a fact that we had a meeting today, so it was no crime to ask him for a ride, so, I put the suitcase in the trunk of Timothy's car hoping that he would help me take it from his trunk to mine.

Then I went to the kitchen to grab a bite or even a yogurt. I thought that I was alone at home, but Patricia was there, along with a huge breakfast table.

"Oh, Hi Patricia. I didn't know you were here today. Good morning!" I exclaimed.

"Good morning, Hannah. As I said, I'll stay here for as long as I'm needed, child," Patricia told me.

"I thought Ethan would ask you to leave when I left for my apartment," I told her while I grabbed some fruit and orange juice. Honestly, my stay at the manor was so unstable lately that I hadn't thought that Ethan would keep Patricia here, but maybe he liked her after all.

"Well, Ethan is always waiting for you to come back, honey," Patricia murmured.

"Is he?" I asked her. "It would be good if he could demonstrate so. Besides, when I arrived here last Saturday, Tess was already here. It didn't look like someone who was waiting for his wife to come back," I mumbled.

"Not everything is what it seems, darling. She appeared that morning and was begging to get inside. She just pretended that she was already in when she spotted your car coming," Patricia mumbled.

I arched my eyebrows and asked: "Really?"

"I'm here every day, child. I see things. Such as the suitcase you brought downstairs earlier today," Patricia mumbled.

“Yeah, that one is huge just in case,” I murmured to her but didn’t get into further details.

Later that morning, I was driving to Timothy’s place and decided to call him on the way. The phone beeped just once, and he had already picked it up: “Hey if it isn’t my favorite car robber!”

I laughed. His joy was contagious. “Hey, Timothy. Good morning. I’m actually heading to your home to return your car, but I hoped you could drop me at Brown’s,” I told him.

“Sure, no problem, I was going there anyway,” he told me. “If the pictures that people took from the car yesterday didn’t make it to gossip blogs, arriving together at Brown’s in the morning will definitely do!” He exclaimed.

“I don’t want to get into trouble,” I mumbled.

“You won’t. I will drive discreetly if you want me to.” He told me.

“Listen, is there a chance for you to park close to my car? I packed a suitcase just the way you told me to. I want to leave it in my car’s trunk so whenever you give the signal, I’ll be ready,” I told him.

“Absolutely! See you soon,” he told me and killed the call.

Everything went smoothly that morning. I picked Timothy up and he drove us to Brown’s discreetly, as he promised. We moved my suitcase from one car to the other and even the meeting went well. We were coming closer to the small trips that we were supposed to make to check the branches’ structure and we had a good schedule. Our work was going well, and I was realizing that I was wrong about Timothy. The guy knew how to work!

We had just finished the meeting and my cell phone rang with an unknown number on the screen. That was odd, but still, I picked it up: “Hello?”

“Hello, ma’am, good morning. This is Nurse Beth Sutherland from St. Paul’s Hospital. I’m calling regarding Miss Lucy Stuart. You are her main contact.”

“Yeah, what is about her?” I asked the nurse, a little alarmed.

“She was involved in an accident last night. We tried to call you earlier, ma’am, but you didn’t pick up your phone...”

“Oh, God...” I murmured.

Chapter 59: I own you both sluts.

## **Chapter 59 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

“Is she okay?” I asked the nurse. My legs were trembling, and the smile vanished from my face. Timothy noticed that I was worried and guided me to the closest seat.

“You’d better come to the hospital, ma’am. We don’t communicate information from our patients through the phone,” the nurse told me.

“Okay, I’ll be there in a few minutes,” I told her.

“Alright. Drive safely.” She told me and killed the call.

“I’ll come with you,” Timothy said.

“You don’t need to,” I murmured to him.



“But I promised to help you, and if this is what you need now, I’ll do it,” Timothy said.

While we were heading to the hospital, my cell phone rang and there was a message from an unknown number. Since I was regretting ignoring the calls in the middle of the night, I opened the message. It was two pictures: one of a car all crashed and another of Lucy being carried to an ambulance. With them, there was a short message:

“You see? I own you both sluts,” the message said.

I kept quiet, but I was emanating fear.

“What is it?” Timothy asked me.

“Nothing!” I exclaimed alarmed.

“Of course it’s something!” Timothy exclaimed. “Fine, I won’t press you to find out what it is but at least don’t pretend that everything is okay,” he told me frustrated.

“Thanks,” I murmured to him.

And then, we finally arrived at the hospital, and I rushed to the emergency reception: “Hi, I’m here for Lucy Stuart.”

“Sure, follow me,” the nurse in attendance told me, and walked toward the ICU unit.

“This can’t be good,” I murmured to Timothy.

We arrived at the room where Lucy was staying. She was fast asleep. A good part of her left arm was covered in bandages and there was one big bandage on the side of her face.

“Your friend was involved in a car accident. She's here in the ICU for monitoring of her brain, which has had a little edema. Fortunately, the

edema receded, and she woke up. That's when she woke up and asked us to get in touch with you," the doctor said.

"So, is she better, doc?" I asked her.

"Yes, she's resting now, but when she wakes up, she'll be transferred to a regular room," the doctor told me.

"Thank God!" I vented. "I'm staying with her now," I told the doc.

The doctor nodded and said: "The police will come later to hear her statement." And then, she looked at Timothy and said, "Unfortunately, the ICU is only allowed one companion, sir."

Timothy nodded and said, "I understand." The doctor left and Timothy turned to me and said, "Hannah, are you sure you don't want to tell me what happened?"

I sighed and showed him the message I had received. "I'm sure this wasn't an accident, Timothy. Someone is trying to harm us!" I exclaimed.

Timothy got serious as he read the message and muttered, "Well, this might be considered proof... Mind if I have my IT guy review and store this file? We might need it..."

"Of course," I muttered.

"I'll be back later with something that can copy that data, but if I were you, I'd be careful," Timothy said and left the room.

I sat down in the chair next to Lucy's bed, and meanwhile, my cell phone started to vibrate. When I looked at the screen, I saw it was Ethan: "Where are you?"

"At the hospital. Lucy had an accident and needs me," I sent back.

"What about you? Do you need anything?" He asked me.

"Don't worry about me," I replied.

\*

An hour or two later, Lucy woke up. "Oh, I'm glad you're awake. How are you feeling?" I asked Lucy.

"Han...Hannah, I...I don't think it was just an accident," Lucy mumbled.

"I suspect that too, Lucy. One of the doctors said the police will be coming to take your statement shortly. The other driver hit you and fled the scene," I told her.

"Oh, Hannah, I don't understand. Why does everything happen to me?" Lucy wailed.

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I think this is all tied to me. I know Tess has her hands in your prison, and I wouldn't doubt she had her doing in your accident. She thinks she can get to me through you, and she's right."

"Don't blame yourself, Hannah. This woman is completely insane," Lucy said. "We need to defend ourselves from her, that's what we need to do!" she exclaimed.

"And there's already a plan in place," I told Lucy.

"What do you mean?" Lucy asked me.

"Timothy has already put his people in motion to secretly clear you of the charges," I told her.

"And why secretly?" Lucy asked me.

"So that by the time they find out what we've done, we'll be long gone. But I don't know what we'll do, because your accident wasn't in the plans," I told her.

"I understand the need for secrecy, but what are we going to do now?" Lucy asked me.

"First, let's take care of your health. You just have to worry about that, because you probably won't be able to get away like this," I told her, pointing to her bandaged body.

"Yes, you're right," Lucy murmured.

"I'm seriously considering hiring security for you," I told her.

"Do you really think that this would be necessary?" Lucy protested.

"I'm still considering it," I told her. "All that I know is that the day of our escape can't come soon enough."

"Oh, by the way, now I have the perfect excuse to stay at your place. You need care. I can take loads of clothes there, and Ethan won't even know," I told Lucy.

"I can't wait to be free of these people either, Hannah. I'm tired of them," Lucy told me.

\*

I spent a few days working from the hospital until Lucy finally got out of the hospital. When she got home, everything was settled, and Ethan still believed everything was fine.

Timothy had all the collected data stored in a secure database and was almost on his way to Ethan's cloud files that contained the footage we needed.

Lucy was feeling much better, and I decided to go back to the office. I had worked all morning without any unusual events when Claire walked into my office: "Excuse me, Hannah, Timothy is here and would like to see you," she said.

"Okay, he can come in," I told her.

"Hannah! How are you? I thought I'd stop by to see you and let you know about the progress of our work," Timothy said as Claire left the room and closed the door.

"Oh great, I really needed an update on both our projects," I told him.

"Well, as far as the audit is concerned, everything is going according to plan. We are on schedule and the numbers look good. Now all we have to do is visit the branches to confirm that the numbers reflect reality, and we will be able to deliver the project," Timothy said.

"Great. What about our side project?" I asked him at a lower volume. I didn't trust the environment at Brown's Enterprises. Here, the walls seemed to have ears.

"They're also going according to the plan. My IT guy was able to retrieve the images and they are good for your friend's case. I called my personal lawyer, and he is taking the lead on the case now. He asked the Department of Justice to put this case to run in the secrecy of justice, and he expects to have a return from them soon," Timothy said.

"And do you mind giving me a copy of the footage?" I asked Timothy curiously.

"I knew that you would ask me for it," Timothy said and reached out his hand to me and gave me a flash drive. "I would just advise you to watch this video on the safety of Lucy's home. Nobody knows who could be watching you here," Timothy admonished.

"Sure," I murmured to him and took the flash drive.

"So, I believe that we should start traveling next week," Timothy told me.

"What is your plan for the trip?" I asked him. "I thought that you wouldn't come along."

"What do you mean that I wouldn't come along? This is the perfect opportunity, Hannah!" Timothy exclaimed.

"What do YOU mean with the perfect opportunity, Timothy?" I asked him, mimicking his tone.

"I mean that your husband wouldn't suspect that we are up to something if we are seen traveling a lot together," Timothy explained to me.

"Are you saying that during one of these trips..." I told him.

Timothy nodded to me and said: "In one of these you and your friend Lucy are going to vanish."

"How about you? Ethan will be furious!" I exclaimed to Timothy.

Timothy shrugged and said: "I'll be fine. It doesn't mean that Ethan will send someone as your personal bodyguard, and I definitely won't be it for you. So, on one of these days, you can simply... vanish, and I can come back here saying that one day you sent me a note saying that you're gone, and I came back home alone."

"Okay, so, let's start this tour. Shall we?" I asked him.

"That's all that I was waiting to hear from you," Timothy said.

Chapter 60: A Storm is Coming.

**Chapter 60 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby**

A few days later, I went to the hospital to check on my baby. I didn't mention that to Ethan because I had ulterior motives to talk to Vincent alone. I needed to get ready to run away, and that obviously couldn't be said in front of him.

A nurse with a lovely face performed the exams, and Vincent came just for the ultrasound. Still, he seemed a little nervous and I felt a little self-conscious as if we were doing something wrong, but for God's sake, he was my doctor after all. Well, at least the only doctor who I trusted. I was getting a little paranoid that someone like Tess could bribe any other doctors and harm me or my baby. I needed to get away quickly.

"Okay, so, this is your baby, Hannah. It's growing fast and healthy, even when his mom forgets about the vitamins and supplements," Vincent showed me the black and white picture.

I decided to ignore his comment about me forgetting the pills and said: "I guess that only doctors are used to this kind of picture. I don't know where the head is and where the legs are!" I chuckled at him.

"This is just because we're used to doing that, Hannah. See, this is the head," Vincent pointed to one side of the screen, and then his finger followed to the other extreme and he said: "And these are the legs."

I nodded at him and said: "Well, I hope I will remember next time. Do you already know if it's a boy or a girl?" I asked him.

"Not yet. I believe that we can repeat the exam in two weeks, and we will know," Vincent told me. "Do you want to hear its heart?" Vincent offered me.

My heart skipped a beat with that. "Of course!" I exclaimed.

Vincent pressed a few buttons, and I could hear it for the first time. That accelerated beating saying to the world that I had a little being growing inside me. I never heard something so quick and powerful. Well, it's powerful enough to make me protect my child for the rest of my life. Something inside me changed at that moment, and a single tear fell from my eyes.

"Here, take a tissue for your tears and a few sheets of paper to dry the gel. I will give you some privacy and we can meet in my office again." He printed a few pictures of the ultrasound and left me alone.

A few minutes later, I met Vincent at his office. Unable to contain my curiosity, I asked: "So, how is my baby?"

"Well, in general, it's fine. Growing healthy and within the expected parameters," he said. "I think you should repeat some blood tests and adapt your diet to eat healthier, I guess. How about your morning sickness?" He asked me.

"It's getting better, I guess. My stomach is accepting other types of food now," I realized out loud.

"That's great. It means progress for you and the baby," Vincent told me.

"So, listen, about the vitamins, I promise you that I will take the pills, but I need a favor from you," I told him.

"What is it?" Vincent asked me.

"I need future prescriptions, you know, just until I find a doctor whatever I go," I told him. I didn't have to hide from him that I was still going to leave. He knew that the love triangle between Tess, Ethan, and I was unsustainable.

"I see... Listen, Hannah, what really worries me is the fact that sometimes all the pressure in your life it's... complicated," Vincent said.



“What do you mean?” I asked him.

“I mean that sometimes you get distracted by the problems in your life and put your pregnancy aside, and that can't happen anymore. You have to be disciplined about your diet, about vitamins, and especially about appointments. And you still leave and have to settle in a different city. You cannot let this go. It's very important, Hannah!” Vincent admonished me.

“I know, and I will. I promise you,” I mumbled. He was right, after all.

“And having said that, yes I will give you some prescriptions with more advanced dates so that you can fill the prescriptions later on until you find a doctor you trust,” he said.

“Thank you, Vincent!” I exclaimed.

“And I think that you will want a copy of all test reports performed so far for you to show the new doctor. I'll send it to you at your apartment,” Vincent said.

“You're awesome, Vincent, but I think you won't need to rush it. I bet that you will find out about the baby's sex next time. I will leave, but I need to arrange things first,” I explained to him.

“Right, I will keep that in mind,” He murmured to me.

He looked a little upset, so I decided to ask: “Hey, Vincent, Is everything all right?”

“Yeah, it is, Hannah. It's just... You're better than Tess. I mean, I like you better. I think that she is kind of toxic, and she brings Ethan down. You're so different from her. I think that your leave would be a mistake,” Vincent murmured.

I looked at him a little unbelieving, and he added: “Well, don't get me wrong. It's your life. Not even Ethan can force you to stay if you don't

want to. I just want to say that I've kind of grown to like you and will miss you when you're gone, especially since you'll probably cut all ties with us, so we won't even be able to get in touch," Vincent explained.

His words moved me. "Thanks, Vincent. It's nice to know that at least one of the trio of friends likes me," I told him with a smile on my lips.

"Well, probably more than one of us, Hannah," he told me.

"I'm not so sure about that," I mumbled.

"Anyways, here," Vincent told me and reached his hand with a bunch of pictures of the ultrasound. "Maybe Ethan would be interested in seeing them."

"About that... could you please not tell him before I do? He will be upset, I'm sure about this, but I couldn't ask you for the prescriptions with him here," I pleaded.

"Sure, just don't take too long, okay? Besides, you can always come to my office at Brown's to ask for them. But I think that he would like to be on the next ultrasound," Vincent advised.

"I will invite him, I promise," I told him. Today I was promising Vincent a lot.

I came back to Brown's that afternoon, and by destiny or luck, I didn't meet Alexander at the elevator as if it seemed to be my new normal. Instead of it, I climbed on the elevator, and I made it to the fifth floor unscathed, however, the elevator stopped and none other than Ethan entered. He was accompanied by a group of people from the creative department in architecture, and when they made a move to enter the elevator with him, Ethan raised his hand to stop them.

“I believe you ladies and gentlemen wouldn’t mind catching the next one, right? Thanks,” Ethan cut them, and the elevator doors closed in their stunned faces.

And then, he turned to me and asked: “So, how are you doing?” He didn’t seem angry, just... Tense, I would say.

“I’m good, thanks,” I murmured.

“How’s the baby?” He asked me curiously.

“It’s fine. Here,” I told him and reached for my bag and gave him a copy of the pictures that Vincent took from the ultrasound.

Ethan took the pictures from my hand and looked at them silently. His unfathomable eyes gradually filled with tears, revealing his emotions.

“Why didn’t you ask me to come with you?” Ethan asked me, upset.

“I thought it was just routine, but at the end I had an ultrasound,” I explained lamely to him.

I don’t know if it was the emotion of the moment, but he swallowed my excuse. He just nodded and murmured: “I want to be there for the next time. I want to be there for our kid, Hannah,” he said.

I nodded and murmured: “Sure, I will let you know.”

He grabbed my hands in his big ones, looked me in the eyes, and asked: “Do you need anything? Anything at all?” He insisted.

“I’m fine, Ethan,” I told him in a bored tone. I was still mad at him that he compared me to him and his escapades.

“Are you sure, Hannah?” He insisted one more time.

I sighed and got free from his dark eyes: “I told you once, now it’s twice: I don’t need anything from you, Ethan. I’ll let you know the date of the next appointment and you can be there,” I told him.

“So, why do I still have this feeling of uneasiness?” Ethan asked me.

“Maybe you’re not as sensitive as you think,” I suggested to him.

“A storm is coming, I can feel it, Hannah!” Ethan exclaimed. “And I will be prepared,” he told me and exited the elevator at the next stop.

Yeah, a storm is really coming, Ethan. But I won’t let you know about it until it hits you, I thought to myself.