

## Chapter 6 The Fall

Hanna's POV:

I was impressed by the speed at which Tess changed her manners from practically a saint to a vixen. Maybe some people really had two faces.

I ignored her unwelcome opinion about my life and decided to pack a little purse and leave for Brown manor.

After a few minutes of fussing around and getting ready, I decided to leave for the funeral. If Ethan wasn't coming with me, too bad for him. I was going alone anyway. And that shouldn't matter, since what I was doing today was paying my respects to someone who cared about me, not my husband.

At the moment that I arrived at the door though, Tess decided to block it and stop me from leaving. What else did she want from me? Well, at least she stopped pretending to be the saint that I knew she never was. After all, if she was the sweet woman she claims she is, she wouldn't be having an affair with a married man.

Tess looked at me coldly and told me: "So, are you going to tell me when you will sign the divorce agreement or not?"

I just smiled at her innocently and answered: "Well, well, well, Tess. So, is it the third wheel that will force me out of my own marriage? Oh, the irony..."

Tess smiled hysterically at me and exclaimed: "But you know very well that YOU are the third wheel in this relationship, Hannah!" It seemed that calling her the third wheel nally pushed her buttons. Well, I would consider that a small victory, considering that pushing my buttons was what she intended to do to me today.

And then, she continued: "Well, Hannah, If it weren't for you, I would be the hostess of the manor. And now that Michael is dead, no one can protect you from divorcing Ethan. No one can keep you in this house. If I were you, I would sign the divorce agreement as fast as I could and simply get away with the money that Ethan will offer. Come to think of it, you'll come out of this marriage with a nancial advantage you didn't have before, won't you?"

"Well, too bad that you are not me after all, Tess." I shrugged at her. My simple answer did not please her at all, and she grimaced at my words. I ignored her expression and dodged her on my way out of my room. I was done with this conversation, and except for Ethan's words, nobody could hurt me, not even Tess.

Tess was used to asking and receiving everything she wanted, so she got mad when I decided to not give her the very thing she desired the most: Ethan. She managed to stop me by the top of the stairs and grabbed my arm tightly making me look at her disgruntled face when she said to me: "Are you that ridiculous, Hannah? Our dear Ethan doesn't love you. He never did! What is the use of insisting on this failed marriage?"

I looked at her angry face and answered her, raising my eyebrow: "Well, since you know very well that Ethan doesn't love me, why are you in such a hurry? Why are you so nervous about that, Tess? What are you not telling me?"

"You silly and selsh girl! You are embarrassing yourself. Everybody knows that Ethan wants to be with me and is still in this marriage only because he pities you!" Tess tightened her grip on my arm as if this gesture would help me to come to my reason.

I decided to lean closer to her and murmured in her ear: "As for your previous question about me staying with him, well, I must confess that he is so skilled in bed, that I can't let him go that easily. You know what I am talking about, don't you?"

I told her that not because I meant that. After all, Ethan and I rarely got physical, and every time that happened, he was always so selsh that he didn't care about me. Maybe because he was drunk, needy, or thinking about her when he was with me. Still, Tess decided to provoke me, and I couldn't leave it be, could I?

"Hannah, you are shameless!" Tess's eyes darkened in anger. I nally pushed her too far. I saw in her eyes the moment when she decided to move on to physical aggression. She dropped my arm as if my words had given her an electric shock, and then she prepared to push me down the stairs.

Instinctively, I protected myself by moving out of the way when I saw her coming, and as her body met no resistance and she wasn't rmly on her feet, she tumbled down the stairs herself making a deafening noise and startling everyone in the manor.

I couldn't breathe. Although I knew that she did that to herself, I knew that nobody would believe me and as there weren't any witnesses to help me, I knew that everyone would think that I had pushed her down the stairs. Damn it.

"No!" I heard a scream behind me. Ethan was scared and pushed me aside, going down the stairs at lightning speed to check on Tess, who was already lying on the oor in a funny position. I stood there motionless watching that scene. I obviously despised Tess, but I didn't want her to get hurt, especially since she had fallen as a result of trying to hurt me. But after all, what could people expect of me but defend myself in these circumstances?

Downstairs, Tess wasn't moving at rst, but then when Ethan arrived at where she was lying, she curled up, pale and scared. Thank goodness, she was at least alive and moving. But her face was scared as if she had seen a ghost. Then she clutched her lower belly and said weakly but in desperation: "My baby! Ethan, our baby!"

Then I realized: That was the reason why they were in a hurry to get Ethan divorce me: Tess was pregnant and didn't want her baby to be an illegitimate child. I was still frozen in my spot, but I could see a small pound of blood forming beneath her hips.

Damn it. I was so screwed. Everybody would think I pushed her downstairs to get rid of her and the baby.

"Ethan, oh, Ethan! Help me, please! Our baby!" Tess claimed desperately, her eyes had the size of two saucers while she clutched his shirt sleeve.

A thin layer of sweat covered Ethan's tense forehead. His expression was a mix between desperation, worry, and anger. All that I knew at that moment was the fact that soon I would be the target of his wrath.

"Shhh... calm down, Tess. Our baby will be ne. He is a tough kid. He will resist the fall,"

Ethan soothed Tess and patted her on the head trying to calm her down.

I came down downstairs but I wasn't sure what I could do to help, so I remained silent once again. Froze at my place, but closer to the couple this time.

"I called an ambulance Ethan. They are on the way," Vincent's voice came from behind me. As always, he was a silent presence watching the whole scene and helping like the loyal friend he was.

Ethan nodded at him with a thankful expression, and then he saw me standing there like a statue. His wrath was evident in his face when he roared to me: "Are you nally happy now, Hannah? You certainly must be. After all, you nally managed to disrupt my plans! Look at Tess! This is your fault!"

I knew this was just a rant, and that I would feel his wrath full force soon, but apparently, there wasn't time for that. Tess needed to be rescued.

Ethan was obviously wrong, and maybe Vincent knew that too because when I remained in silence, he whispered to me: "Aren't you going to explain yourself, or even defend your honor? He can't accuse you of something if he weren't there! Aren't you afraid that people will think that you pushed Tess downstairs?"

I shrugged at him and murmured: "Well, it doesn't matter. After all, Ethan already found me guilty anyway. There's nothing I can do to change his mind. In the end, someone has to be guilty, and he would never consider his precious Tess responsible for falling downstairs. But how do you know that I'm not guilty?" I asked him curiously.

Vincent shrugged back at me and simply told me: "Well, I know you, Hannah. I know that although you are sad, you would never do such a thing to someone else."

I nodded at his explanation and murmured: "Thanks. You seem to be the only one who believes me here."

Vincent shrugged once again: "I am just telling you what I know."

Suddenly, we could hear the loud sounds of sirens and a small team of paramedics entered the room. They examined Tess and soon they moved her to a stretcher. Vincent left the room and came back soon with his medical valise, which he went to retrieve from the guest room. Ethan entered the ambulance along with Vincent and in less than 10 minutes the whole entourage left the house toward the hospital, leaving me there alone.