

Chapter 61: You don't own me!

Chapter 61 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Later that week, I received Timothy for another meeting. He was excited about the prospect of our visits to the branches.

"So, Hannah, have you seen a doctor to make sure you're cleared to travel?" Timothy asked me.

"Yes, I'm cleared to travel, but the doctor suggested I take it easy," I warned him.

"Don't worry, we'll take my jet. You'll be much more comfortable than on a commercial flight, won't you?" Timothy asked me.

"I think so," I mumbled, a little uncertain.

Timothy looked at me curiously and asked me, "What's wrong, Hannah?"

"I...I just don't feel comfortable flying," I mumbled.

"Are you afraid of airplanes?" Timothy asked me in shock.

I blushed and looked away from him, "I just don't trust a way of transport I can't pilot."

"Hannah, but you must have taken a lot of trips with Ethan over the years. You should be used to flying by now." Timothy said.

"Not really. Aside from our honeymoon, Ethan hasn't taken me on any trips long enough for me to fly," I explained.

"And before that...?" Timothy asked.

"No, I've never been on a plane before our honeymoon," I admitted.

"I can't believe it!" Timothy said, stunned. "I know that I promised not to cross the line here, but I have to say: if you were mine, I would definitely show you the world."

I blushed. "I don't need someone to show me the world, Timothy."

"Oh, I disagree. You deserve someone to give you the word," Timothy insisted.

"Well, it is what it is," I mumbled. "Anyways, I had the opportunity to travel on a plane once," I told him to end this discussion.

"Well, this time you'll have a good enough number of trips to get used to," Timothy told me.

That didn't sit well with me, but what choice did I have?

We were still talking in the hall about the trips and our itineraries and how many times we would go home when we found Ethan coming towards my office.

"Oh, hello Ethan! We were just over here discussing our travel itinerary. It's going to be a real marathon. I hope you don't mind if I take Hannah with me," Timothy had a smirk on his lips.

Ethan took the bait. His face immediately darkened and then he muttered, "Hello, Timothy. Is your meeting with my wife over yet? You don't mind if I borrow her, do you?" He responded in the same tone Timothy had used with him.

"I was on my way out," Timothy told him. Then he turned to me and said, "See you soon, Hannah," and walked off toward the elevators.

"Can I talk to you for a moment?" Ethan told me and grabbed my wrist. He led me back to my office and closed the door behind him.

"What happened, Ethan?" I asked him.

"I have a bad feeling about this, Hannah. I don't think you should travel with Timothy," Ethan warned me.

I huffed and told him, "What do you think could happen, Ethan? We're going to travel for work."

"That car...that car you came home with that night. It was his, wasn't it?" Ethan pressed.

"It's none of your business, Ethan," I answered him.

"Are you going to run away with him? Is that it, Hannah?" Ethan asked.

"Okay, enough now!" I told him and walked over to my desk. I grabbed a file folder and placed it on his chest. "Here are the names of the cities and hotels where we will be with the dates of the reservations. If you search in detail, you will see that there are reservations for two rooms for each and every trip that we will be taking."

"That doesn't mean anything, Hannah!" Ethan exclaimed.

"It just means you're still measuring me up to your standards, Ethan. And I'm tired of it. You can be a player out there, have a mistress in plain sight, and you still think you have the right to feel jealous of me. That is what's going on!" I exclaimed.

"Hannah, please be reasonable. If this guy hasn't tried any moves by now, he sure will on one of these trips!" Ethan exclaimed.

"And I will be prepared when and if that happens!" I exclaimed.

"This guy wants the whole package! He came into our company, into our lives to steal everything I have!" Ethan exclaimed.

"He has more money than you. Have you forgotten that he is Georgie Chesterfield's heir? He doesn't need anything!" I told him.

"But he wants you, Hannah. He wants what's mine. He wants to take the whole package, my wife, and my baby!" Ethan told me.

"Stop being ridiculous, Ethan. You don't own me!" I exclaimed. "And I'm done with this conversation. Is this really what you wanted to talk about?" I crossed my arms and waited for him to speak.

"No," he muttered. "I came here because Vincent has scheduled your next exams, and you have an ultrasound next week. Do you think you can make it?"

"According to my schedule, I have some time at the end of next week," I mumbled to him.

Ethan nodded and muttered, "I'll let him know then." And he left the room.

*

The following week, I was embarking with Timothy on the first of our trips. As a pregnant woman, I slept longer than usual, and we were leaving very early in the morning, so naturally when my cell phone went off, I solemnly ignored it. A few minutes later, my phone rang, and I didn't answer it. When it rang a second time, I decided not to ignore it anymore. "Hello?" I asked groggily.

"Hannah, aren't you ready yet?" Timothy asked me. He sounded like he had had too much coffee as he was super awake.

"Shut up, Timothy. Isn't the plane private? We can leave anytime!" I wailed.

"Well, yes the plane is mine, but we have schedules to keep up with, sunshine," Timothy replied.

"Okay, I'll be right there," I told him.

"I'll pick you up at your place," Timothy said.

"Oh, no, I'm not at the manor," I told him.

"I know that. I'm on my way to your apartment. I'll be there in five minutes," Timothy said.

When Timothy picked me up from home, the sun hadn't even come up yet, and naturally, I was in a bad mood. I didn't feel like talking so I spent the whole ride silently. Timothy bought me a coffee and a muffin after we got through airport security.

"Here, this is for you," Timothy told me. "Maybe after eating, you'll be less grumpy."

"Thanks," I murmured to him.

"You can keep on sleeping on the plane," Timothy suggested.

"Haha, as if I'm going to trust on a plane enough to fall asleep. You know I get tense," I told him.

"Well, you could at least try," Timothy insisted.

The journey took about three hours, and Timothy slept most of it. I contented myself with reading a book and doing a little work during the trip.

Hours later, we landed in the city and headed straight to the branch to work on documents. We stayed all day immersed in papers, but it was good to know that the first day of the trip had been a success.

"Okay, I don't know about you, but I need to eat," Timothy told me as dinner was approaching.

"Sounds good. I think we've come a long way today. We can finish the analysis tomorrow," I told him.

"I'm up for it. But first, you need to take a nap. You look like you're going to fall face-first into those papers any minute," Timothy told me.

"You're probably right," I mumbled.

I took a quick nap and woke up invigorated. There was a message in my room that said that Timothy had ordered dinner for two in his room. I considered his invitation and since the rooms looked more like small apartments with bedrooms separated from the living and dining room, I took a quick shower and went to meet him.

Timothy was waiting for me in the living room, and we started to eat immediately. I must confess: the food was divine, especially after a pitiful lunch at the company's branch.

"You know, this may be the second time we have a meal together," Timothy started.

"Oh, no, the third one. At the restaurant with Ethan and Tess, in your apartment eating greasy burgers, and now," I counted to him.

"I don't count that pitiful excuse of a burger, Hannah," Timothy told me.

"The one that you ate while you drank a whole bottle of wine?" I provoked him. "But we actually ate burgers that night!" I insisted.

"Anything to make it better, honey," Timothy shrugged and spoke. "Besides, this wasn't a real meal. You still owe me a real meal at my apartment," Timothy said.

"Yeah, maybe another time," I murmured to him.

"Who are you trying to kid, Hannah? You're about to skip town and never come back. And I won't be able to come after you for this dinner," Timothy said.

"Yeah, you're probably right," I told him.

After a minute or two in silence, I took the courage to ask him something that was eating me inside since that night at his apartment: "So, I wanted to ask you a question for a while, but I didn't have the opportunity until now," I told him.

"What do you want to know from me?" Timothy asked excitedly.

"Well, I want to know how you have known me for so long," I told him.

Timothy's smile vanished.

Chapter 62: Why do I think you're not telling me everything?

Chapter 62 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"Why do you want to ask me about that, Hannah?" Timothy asked me suspiciously.

"Because back in the day you didn't consider it as our second dinner together, you mentioned that we used to play in the countryside's orchards. This is one of the first memories that I had from my childhood. I can't remember anything before that, and don't you think it odd that you have the same memories?" I asked him.

Timothy thought for a little while and then he said: "Well, playing in the orchards is not uncommon. Many wealthy families like to go there in the fall for the harvest and in the spring to see the beautiful flowers."

“Well, that is common for wealthy families, but did you forget that my family is not rich? I was born in a poor family and was raised by my grandma because my mom passed away when I was a baby, and I don’t know my father, so this is not so common for me, Timothy,” I told him. I don’t know why I wanted so badly that he could reveal to me something from my own past, but at the same time, I had this sensation that I was close to understanding a little bit more of my origins. Still, he didn’t give me anything.

Timothy shrugged and murmured: “maybe it was a hallucination. I was drunk, after all,” and tried to dismiss the conversation.

“Why do I think you’re not telling me everything, Timothy?” I crossed my arms and asked him,

“Why are you insisting on it, Hannah? I’m not sure what I told you back that day,” Timothy claimed.

“Because you reached one of my oldest memories, Timothy. I thought that you could help me fill some of the gaps I had from this period,” I explained to him.

“I’m sorry, I can’t help you, Hannah. I used to play in those orchards but that’s all. I must have confused you with another girl. Even in college. We went to the same university, but I might have thought that you were someone else,” Timothy said.

“What about the picture you mentioned that day to that girlfriend of yours at the supermarket?” I insisted.

“As you said back in the burger day, you have a common face. This could be all, Hannah. I’m sorry, but I can’t help you,” Timothy told me.

“Okay, I’ll stop. Even though I feel deep inside that you are hiding something from me...” I mumbled.

“I spoiled your good mood, right? I’m sorry. I am pretty sure that if I knew you from our childhood, I would know,” he murmured.

“I’m done with that, and I’m too tired, Timothy. Thanks for dinner, but I think I’m going to my room right now,” I told him and raised from the dinner table.

“Oh, come on, Hannah. Don’t be like that. Let’s finish the meal in peace and maybe we could watch a little TV later. Just to relax and not end the night with a fight,” Timothy offered.

I sighed. “Fine, let’s do it,” I told him and went straight to the couch. Timothy sat by my side, and we started to zap looking for something we both wanted to watch.

“So, do you want to watch a movie or a series episode?” Timothy asked me.

“A movie. I can’t keep up with a TV series, I rather know how it is going to end and not suffer with the waiting for the next episode,” I told him.

Timothy shrugged and said: “You are really complex, Hannah. You know that, right?”

I laughed at him and said: “And where would be the fun in being simple?”

Timothy smiled at me and said: “You’re probably right.”

We ended up watching an adventure movie. Something that Timothy judged adequate because it had a main couple and a pinch of romance and at the same time there was a pinch of action because they were looking for a hidden treasure chest on a lost island.

But as I was pregnant and my belly grew wider, I felt more tired every day. Adding this to the fact that I woke up too early, couldn’t sleep on

the airplane, and worked the whole day, I was exhausted in less than an hour. I didn't know at what point, but I fell asleep on that couch.

I woke up on a huge bed in Timothy's bedroom. I could still hear the muffled sound of the TV on the other side of the door. I was relieved that Timothy didn't decide to join me in the bedroom even though this was actually his hotel bedroom. I decided to check on him and say goodnight so I could return to my own room.

Timothy was wide awake with a pile of papers ahead. He was still working on the auditing project. He raised his eyes from the paper sheet he was holding and murmured: "So, did you get some rest?"

"I think so, thanks. But I want to come back to my own room and continue resting if you don't mind," I told him.

"I don't," he muttered.

"Why are you still working? What time is it?" I asked him.

"It's 15 past 2. I'm still working because opposite to you, I slept very well in the airplane, even better than I would sleep on a clumpy hotel bed. And I am not willing to lay on this sofa, and you were sleeping in the bed," Timothy explained to me.

I blushed. "Thanks for letting me stay for a while, but I think I should release your bed, which is not clumpy, so you can get some rest too. Did you walk me to the bed?" I asked him curiously.

Timothy looked intently at me and said: "I carried you, Hannah. You are light as a feather. It was easy-peasy."

I blushed even further when I mumbled: "Thanks once again."

"No problem, beautiful," Timothy murmured to me.

I walked toward the door thinking about everything Timothy was doing for me and even for Lucy. I looked at him and said: “Look, Timothy, I can’t even thank you enough for your help. I just wanted to say that I don’t even know when I’m going to leave for good, but I trust in you and your plan. And I can’t see why you’re helping us like this, so, thank you once again.”

Timothy nodded at me and said: “You know, everything I do right now is because I’m thinking about you. I can’t explain, Hannah, but since that first meeting at Brown’s, I feel... connected to you,” Timothy explained.

“Even though you believe that you knew me your whole life?” I asked him.

Timothy chuckled and said: “Please, ignore my drunk speech, but even though I believe that I know you our whole lives, I feel connected to you. Something in you draws me in, and I need to protect and take care of you. Does it sound confusing?”

I chuckled back at him and said: “just a little, but I already think you are a little crazy, Timothy.”

Timothy walked to where I was, took my hands on his big ones, and looked me in the eye when he said: “Don’t you feel anything for me, Hannah? Not at all?”

I took a moment to consider all the mess that I was living in. I was in love with a man that didn’t love me but insisted on staying with me just because I was carrying his heir or heiress in my womb. He had a mistress that couldn’t accept that their relationship was over and was threatening me, my friend, and even her own life to get what she wanted. To add more drama, I met this handsome guy who was richer and younger than my husband and seemed interested in me.

I didn't despise Timothy. Deep down, I was even fond of him. But not in the way he wanted me to like him. Still, there was this small part in my brain that sometimes wondered what would happen if I left Ethan and accepted Timothy. Would I be happy? Would I learn to love him with time?

"Timothy, I..." I started, uncertain, but he put a finger on my lips to stop me from refusing him one more time.

"I know that you don't feel... attracted... to me as I am to you. But I also know that you're not indifferent. You at least like me, otherwise we definitely wouldn't be here tonight, even if you had to tolerate me at work."

"Let me just explain myself, Timothy," I told him.

"No need, Hannah. I know, you're confused. But at least now I know that I have the privilege to be in your life, and I hope that I can be in your life for longer than your husband. After all, you're running away from him. I just ask you to not run away from me. I want to be part of your life. Can you do that for me?" Timothy pleaded.

I gulped but finally nodded, and Timothy opened a wide smile that looked like pure hope.

"I promised that I wouldn't cross the line, but I decided to apologize for that later," Timothy suddenly murmured and came closer. His intention was clear: he wanted to kiss me. I didn't actually know if I was needy or if I deliberately wanted to kiss him, but I closed my eyes and got prepared for it.

But suddenly, my cell phone rang, and the number on the screen made my blood go cold.

It was him.

Chapter 63: What do you want from me, Dante?

Chapter 63 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

The cell phone ringtone seemed to break the spell between Timothy and I. Timothy looked away from me and dropped my hands, and it gave me the freedom to grab my phone from the table.

“Who would call someone this late?” Timothy huffed and complained. I could hear the frustration in his voice.

I took the phone with my hands trembling. How did he know this number?

“I’m sorry, Timothy, I have to take this one. I will leave for my room. Good night, see you tomorrow,” I mumbled and left his room.

My legs were trembling when I reached the floor corridor where my room was. I answered the phone before the call was redirected to the voicemail and mumbled “Just a second,” and entered my room.

I flopped on the couch, took a deep breath, and said: “Hello...?”

“Oh, there she is,” his voice echoed from the speaker of the phone. “I thought you would let me go straight to the voicemail. You remember my command: I call, and you pick up, right?”

“I do, I’m sorry. I was with someone and couldn’t speak freely,” I mumbled.

“Was that the piece of shit of your husband? I told you before you got married that he wasn’t worthy, but you were already in love...” He spoke.

“No, it wasn’t. You don’t know him...” I murmured.

“Well, well, well, isn’t little Miss Hannah smart? Ending a marriage and starting another!” He chuckles.

“No, it’s nothing like this, this was a coworker. What can I do for you?” I tried to offer my promptitude and diverge the conversation from Timothy. My life was already too complicated. I didn’t need to turn Timothy's upside down too.

“Wrong question. Did you remember that you were the one asking me for favors last time? I called you to inform you that I found some questionable information about Mr. Welch, as you asked me last time you called me. As always, I will send you a messenger with what I found so you will have your collateral.” He spoke.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t let you know, but I won’t need this material anymore. We found a way to work together, and he calmed down,” I told him.

“Well, you’re really sorry but I don’t give it a shit. You know that information is expensive, and orders can’t be canceled, so I will deliver the information that you requested from me, and you are going to pay me because that’s how the deal works.” He answered me.

I gulped. “Fine, I will. How much do I owe you?” I asked skeptically. I knew that he wasn’t after money. He never was.

“As if I would accept your money. Darling, I don’t need any. I already have much more than you can imagine. I need something else,” he told me.

“So, what do you want from me, Dante?” I asked him.

“Well, you know that I am very fond of the arts. I want that Fabergé egg that Michael had at home. I heard that this is on his spoil list. Arrange it to be in your part of the heritage and give it to me.”

“But I don’t even know if this is going to be mine!” I exclaimed.

“I don’t care. Give it a way, Hannah!” He exclaimed. “You know very well what happens to people who don’t pay their debts with me. You are special, child, but you’re not above my laws. You have a month after the testament reading, oh, and by the way, it’s been a while since you didn’t pay me a visit. Maybe you can find some time in your busy schedule to visit me and give me the egg.” Dante told me and killed the call.

Great, now I had one more problem to pile with the others, I thought to myself.

I took a quick shower and went to bed, but my worries kept me from falling back asleep.

I couldn’t stop worrying that maybe that damn Fabergé egg could fall into any other hands. It could be given to any member of the family, but how could I end up with it after all? I wasn’t willing to ask for Ethan’s help, even though I would have to if I had no other alternatives. Besides, I didn’t know when I would escape so I might face the fact that I could have an open debt with Dante, and this was putting my life at risk. I could even run away from Ethan, but I couldn’t escape Dante’s rage.

And another thought that was keeping my mind busy was the fact that Timothy almost kissed me. I didn’t know how I felt about this. I wasn’t attracted to him. Still, I wanted him close. Is this too much to ask for a pure friendship? Besides, I didn’t want him to think that I was in love with him just because he decided to help me the way that he had, but I believed that I could never repay him for all that he was doing for us.

Of course, he would help me to escape, and I promised that I would never run from him, but I didn’t want to give him false hopes. I didn’t have the energy to restart my love life now. It was time to take care of my baby.

Finally, by 4 o'clock in the morning, I felt exhausted and had a dreamless sleep, and of course, I felt terrible in the morning.

Timothy knocked on my door at 6:30 a.m. I opened the door still wearing my pajamas and all messy, and I noticed he brought with him a hotel employee that was pushing a cart with breakfast, and it was the first time that the smell of eggs and pancake didn't make me want to puke. I thought that the terrible nausea phase was finally ending, thank goodness.

"You look horrible, Hannah. What happened? Are you sick?" He asked me.

"Oh, good morning for you too, Timothy!" I greeted him ironically.

"Seriously, are you sick?" he insisted.

"No! I just woke up! This is me without my makeup, that's all!" I exclaimed. I was moody for having to wake up so early and pissed at him for mocking me like this.

Timothy raised his hands in a surrender gesture and said: "Calm down, I'm just kidding."

"Well, at least you brought food with you," I told him grumpily. "I'm sorry that you had to hear that, sir," I looked at the young guy that was after him pushing the food cart.

The guy chuckled and murmured: "No problem, ma'am," and then, he left my room. Timothy, on the other hand, was sitting comfortably on the couch and was putting his feet up on the coffee table.

"Would you like to get ready before or after breakfast?" He asked me.

"After. Food is here, and I would hate it if I let it get cold," I told him, so we both moved to the dinner table.

Apparently, Timothy was a morning person, but I definitely wasn't, so I remained in silence while he chatted happily. After chatting for a while about amenities, he stated: "So, who was calling you last night?" he asked me blatantly.

"Nobody, someone called the wrong number," I mumbled.

"If this was the wrong number, why did you have to answer that away from me?" Timothy crossed his arms in his chest.

"I just wanted to go back to my room, Timothy. That's all," I answered him, but he seemed to not buy that.

"What are you trying to hide from me, Hannah?" Timothy narrowed his eyes and asked me.

I turned my face from him and said: "You have your secrets, I have mine."

Timothy nodded at me and murmured: "Touché." After a minute or two, he forgot what we were talking about and said: "So, I have some news for you. According to our official schedule, we must be back by Thursday, so we still have today and tomorrow. There was an ulterior reason why I was working until late. Do you want to visit the place you and Lucy are going to hide in a few weeks?" He asked me.

"Do we still have time to do that?" I asked him, surprised.

"We do. I worked until late tonight so we might have time to finish everything today and we can fly there at night and enjoy the day tomorrow, what do you think?" He offered.

"I think it would be nice," I told him.

"So, let's not waste more time and go straight to the branch as soon as possible!" Timothy exclaimed and rose from his chair. He had already finished his meal.

“Thanks for the breakfast. I will meet you in half an hour,” I told him.

I decided to take a quick shower to wake up properly because I knew that I was grumpy and I couldn't go that way forever. When I left the bathroom, there were a few messages on my cell phone. Claire sent me documents to work today, Lucy sent me a picture of her physical therapy and how she was progressing today, and Ethan sent me a simple text “Good morning, Hannah. How are you doing?”

I replied to the first two quickly, but the last one took me a while to answer. I was still angry at Ethan because of the way he was reacting to my trips with Timothy. I was eventually going to run from him, but I wasn't like him; I wouldn't live a romance with Timothy.

That was when I realized. We almost kissed last night! Was Ethan actually right after all? Would I cheat on him with the first guy who appeared and seemed to pay attention to me?

When I was ready to leave the room, I texted: “I'm okay, see you in a couple of days,” and went to face my day, considering the fact that maybe I was actually playing with fire.

“Ready?” Timothy asked me after opening the door that I had just knocked on.

“Yep,” I told him, and we went to our rented car.

I had just closed the passenger door when my phone buzzed again. It was an answer from Ethan. “I miss you. Please come back to me.”

With my heart aching, we headed to the company's branch. It was going to be a long day.

Chapter 64: Your place is by my side, Hannah Brown!

Chapter 64 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“You seemed a little distant today, Hannah,” Timothy said when we were going back to our hotel.

“I’m pregnant. I have a lot in my head,” I answered him.

“Yeah, I can only imagine. Pregnancy, work, a friend with problems in justice, and about to run away from your husband,” Timothy chuckled.

“Congrats, you were able to sum up that perfectly,” I chuckled at him.

Today was messy but so far, I was thankful that he didn’t insist on knowing who called me or what was going on in my head.

“So, I thought that we could have dinner at the hotel restaurant and leave as soon as we packed. What do you say?” Timothy asked me.

“That sounds good,” I murmured to him, and we went straight to the hotel restaurant.

Food was divine and Timothy was a good company when he wanted, after all. We talked and laughed a lot. By the time of the dessert that Timothy insisted that I should prove, his cell phone buzzed with an alert. He arched his eyebrows surprised and then, he showed me what he saw.

“Look at this! I knew that someone would make a story about us! Here are us riding in my car that night when we ordered those greasy burgers, and here is another one of us at the airport. I wonder if we are being followed,” Timothy murmured the last part and turned to his sides to check on the people who were at the restaurant.

“This just started because you decided to get everybody's attention to that luxury car. If you were driving a plain sedan back on that day, we wouldn’t be the theme of gossip!” I exclaimed.

“Have you ever considered that this could be the result of you riding in a car with one of the top bachelors in the country?” Timothy raised his eyebrows insinuating that I was missing this detail.

“Hahaha, this could be true. But we probably wouldn’t be the focus of such attention if we had used my car,” I mumbled.

“Still, they are saying that we make a beautiful couple,” Timothy chuckled.

“Oh, now, adding to his money, he says he is handsome!” I joked at him.

“And humble. Don’t forget this part,” he joked back.

“Oh, I would never do that,” I told him, and we both laughed.

“Really, I’m just worried because Ethan might see this and get even angrier. He is already jealous of you, did you know?” I asked him.

“So, now Ethan Brown has free time to check on the gossip blogs!” Timothy exclaimed.

“I don’t think so, but someone could always show him this story,” I told him.

“Yeah, you’re right. We need to be careful, especially now that we are going to visit your new destination. Otherwise, Ethan could guess where you are,” Timothy told me.

“Yeah, definitely,” I told him.

“Also, have you considered changing your appearance?” Timothy asked me.

“What do you mean?” I asked him.

“I mean, dye your hair, cut it... whatever you need,” he explained to me.

“Oh, I can’t dye my hair, Timothy. I’m pregnant,” I told him.

“Oh, shit, how could I forget about that?” he chuckled.

“But I’m considering cutting it. First because of me and secondly because of the baby. It would be one less thing to worry about,” I explained to him.

“Okay, got it,” Timothy murmured to me.

“And I intend to be hidden, so I don’t plan on leaving the house so soon, I will leave that all for Lucy. I mean, if she has recovered by then,” I told him.

“So it basically depends on Lucy, right?” Timothy asked.

I nodded at him and said: “She is really important to me, Timothy. She is my best friend and has been there since before my mom passed. Besides, she has no other ties who could stop her from coming with me. I have to value someone like this.”

“Hey, but how about me? Shouldn’t you value me more?” Timothy asked.

“But I do! I wouldn’t trust anybody else to help me escape!” I exclaimed.

We left in the middle of the night, first because we didn’t want people spying on us and taking compromising pictures and second because although I was fast to pack, Timothy lost his focus and took a lot of time. As always, Timothy slept like a baby on the airplane, and I read for a good part of the night.

We arrived at the shores almost at dawn. Seeing the sun rising from the airplane window was one of the most fantastic experiences that I had. The sun was shining on the surface of the sea. Everything seemed calm as if this city had another rhythm. I liked the place immediately.

We landed and there was a car waiting for us on the airstrip. It was too early to visit any property at that time, so we went to have breakfast at a charming restaurant in front of the sea.

“So, how are you liking it here so far?” Timothy asked me.

“This is fantastic, Timothy! This was exactly what I had in mind when I started to think about leaving the city!” I exclaimed to him.

“I’m glad you like it. I thought that the sea would match you,” Timothy smiled at me and answered.

We spent a good amount of time having a wonderful breakfast and chatting about random subjects until we reached an acceptable hour to start visiting places. And then, Timothy programmed the GPS and we started to drive along the beautiful coast.

Timothy had a list with a bunch of houses that he thought that could be suitable for two adult women and a baby. He even paid attention to details such as stairs that could be a pitfall for a child learning how to walk or even if the house had a backyard so the baby could play on the grass.

I liked most of the houses, but the last one that we visited caught my heart.

When we arrived, there was a small white fence that circled the whole property. The house was painted in a pale shade of yellow and had large blue windows. It was a charming cottage with three bedrooms, one for each one of us, and I didn’t even see the interior and was already in love.

“I hoped you liked this one, but I can see in your eyes that we might already have a favorite,” Timothy told me and pushed the gate so we could go inside.

The realtor showed all the rooms in the house, which was modern and equipped with last generation appliances. It seemed like a dream. Every room had a lot of natural light and the whole environment seemed so peaceful that I could imagine us living here.

“I’ll leave the couple alone for a while so you can see around,” the realtor said, and we didn’t even have time to tell her that we weren’t a couple before she disappeared from the room.

“Well, what do you think?” Timothy asked me expectantly.

I looked at him with tears in my eyes and said: “I think it’s perfect!”

Timothy opened a wide smile in satisfaction to my words.

“Do you think that I can make an offer for it now?” I asked him.

“I think that...” Timothy was saying when suddenly my phone rang. I looked at the screen and a big picture of Ethan on our wedding day popped out. Timothy looked at me and said: “I know, you have to get that.”

I nodded at him and said: “I’m sorry, I will be back in a minute,” and I left to the front of the house to pick up the call.

“Hi, Ethan,” I greeted him with no emotion in my voice.

“Why are you ignoring me, Hannah?” Ethan asked me directly.

“But I’m not!” I exclaimed to him. “I answered your message!”

“And nothing further!” Ethan exclaimed.

“What else do you expect me to do?” I asked him.

“I expected that my wife would be at home like yesterday, but you were gone since your friend got involved in an accident. It’s been weeks,

Hannah! Weeks that I don't see you except in the office!" He answered me.

"You know what? You're so funny that now you're trying to play the dedicated husband, but I know you very well, Ethan. I know when you're pretending something. What is really eating you from the inside?" I asked him to cut the crap.

"I wanted to know why you're still traveling with him and not here where you're supposed to be," Ethan told me.

I had to laugh at his antics. "Who do you think you are? For two years, two stupid years of my life I dedicated myself to someone who barely acknowledged that I was there and now, I do just one small thing that it's out of your book of rules and you decided to watch me like a hawk? You know what? The fault is all yours!" I exclaimed at him.

"What do you mean the fault is all mine? You're the one traveling with this boy!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Well, just so you know, this so-called boy has been a gentleman so far. Treating me better in the last week than you had in two years! Besides, you are the one who gave me this task! You made your bed, Ethan, it's time to lay on it!"

"I don't trust you with him, Hannah," Ethan warned me.

"But if you had looked at the schedule that I gave to you, you would know that we still have a day to work in this branch. I will be back in the city tonight, but not back to the manor, Ethan." I told him.

"BUT YOUR PLACE IS BY MY SIDE, HANNAH BROWN!" Ethan thundered.

"Not until you calm down and change," I told him and killed the call.

Chapter 65: It's me, Hannah. Open the door, please!

Chapter 65 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Are you alright?” Timothy was at the cottage entrance and asked me.

“I'm fine,” I lied to him.

“No, you're not! You are panting,” Timothy observed.

Right at that moment my phone restarted to ring. I refused the call, and it started to ring again. On the third time, I threw it at the road, and it was immediately crushed by a car that was passing at that moment.

Timothy sighed and waited for the road to clear and retrieved my broken device. He looked for the sim card, found it, gave it back to me, and threw away the phone that had been run over.

“I believe that this was just a bad moment and that you will want this later. If you don't want to pick up the phone anymore, try to switch it off next time,” Timothy told me.

I blushed because I threw a tantrum in front of him and mumbled: “right, will do that next time. Thanks.”

“Do you want to calm down before finishing the tour?” Timothy asked me.

I took a deep breath, shook my head, and said: “No, I'm fine now. Let's finish the tour.”

“Well, I have a surprise for you,” Timothy said and started to blush.

Well, that was a first. I have never seen him blush before, not even when he was making a move toward me. To me, he looked so shameless that it was impossible for him to blush.

“What is it?” I asked curious.

We entered the house, and the realtor was gone. I felt relieved by that because I was afraid that she had seen me doing that scene a few minutes ago. We were at the center of the empty living room, and I looked at him expectantly. “So...?” I asked.

Timothy opened a wide smile and put a set of keys in my hand. “Surprise,” he mumbled timidly.

“What are those keys?” I asked him and he looked around the environment as if giving me a tip. “Did you buy it?” I asked him, stunned.

“Yes. This is for you, Hannah,” Timothy murmured.

“But I can’t accept it, Timothy! I need to buy it from you!” I exclaimed.

“No way! This is for you, and I won’t accept your money for the cottage. You talk as if I didn’t have money to afford it,” Timothy huffed.

I couldn’t resist my emotions, so I hugged him and said: “Thank you so much! You have done so much for me, for us: Lucy, my baby, and me. I really don’t know how to thank you enough!”

“You’re welcome, darling. This is to celebrate new beginnings,” Timothy hugged me back.

“So, I will send you someone with the documents of this property in your name. You don’t have to worry about anything. It’s yours,” Timothy said.

“I don’t even know what to say. How can I pay back what you have done for me so far and what you’re about to do?” I asked him.

“Just... Your friendship. That must be enough for now. And regardless when this mess in your life ends, I want to be part of it. Can you give me that?” He asked me.

I smiled at him and said: “Of course!”

We spent the rest of the day walking along the beach, talking and getting to know each other better. I have to say that I wasn't in love with Timothy, but now he wasn't just an acquaintance. He was already a friend. A part of me was complaining that it was missing Ethan but another part of me was wondering if one day I could be happy by Timothy's side.

After lunch, Timothy's phone rang.

“Oh, excuse me, I have to take that,” he mumbled and left our table.

I looked at him from a distance and he seemed happy about something. It seemed that something was going according to his plan, and he was satisfied with that. He returned to where I was sitting with a Cheshire cat smile.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"I have good news! My hacker finally cracked Ethan's cloud code. We're in and we're untraceable," Timothy told me.

"That's great! And did he find anything to help Lucy?" I asked him.

"Yes. Nothing digital is ever really erased, Hannah. He has the files, and from what he's told me, the information is good," Timothy said.

"Oh, Timothy! Thank you so much for your help! Do you mind giving me a copy?" I asked him.

"Of course not! He'll send me what we need right away, and I'll make a copy for you," Timothy said.

"You definitely made my day, Timothy. Thank you!" I told him.

"Anything to see a smile on your face," he replied to me.

At least someone had made me happy that day, I thought to myself.

Despite Ethan, the rest of the day had been wonderful. Too bad that everything must have an end, and at the end of the afternoon, we had to go back home. We landed in our city at twilight, and I had mixed feelings. I was happy with the perspective of my plans and was sad that I was coming back to town fighting with Ethan.

I decided that I wouldn't go near the mansion. I had brought enough clothes from the mansion to my apartment with Lucy that I didn't even have to go back there. I wasn't in the mood to face Ethan. Maybe I wasn't ready for that yet. I was tired of his games: one minute he ignored me and the next he established a claim on me. And I still had no idea if he had feelings for me that were enough for us to be a happy family.

When I got home, however, Lucy was so excited that it made me forget my worries.

"You're here! Finally!" Lucy exclaimed and came at me with her crutches.

"And you seem quite pleased to see me, don't you?" I told her.

"Yes! I have news!" Lucy told me excitedly.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"Look at me! I'm up!" Lucy said and pointed at her legs. "Well, I'm on crutches, but I've graduated from the wheelchair! I'm on the mend, Hannah! Soon my health won't be a hindrance to our... leaving town," Lucy gently hinted about our escape.

"That's great to hear, Lucy, but let me correct your last sentence: soon neither your health nor your legal situation will stand in the way of our escape," I said clearly.

"What do you mean?" Lucy asked me with an expectant tone.

I showed her the flash drive that Timothy had given to me: "It seems to me that the contents of this flash drive can help to exonerate you."

"Are you serious?" Lucy asked me anxiously.

"I think so," I told her as I turned on my laptop so we could see the contents of the flash drive.

There were only two files on the flash drive, and both had timestamps on the videos. The first was footage from the back of the bar, next to the bins. One of Lucy's employees was smoking on what looked like a little break.

Soon after, someone, far from the camera's reach, met her, and she received a package.

"Oh, my God! That was the crystal packet that was found in my office cabinet at the bar!" Lucy exclaimed. "What the hell is Becky doing?" She asked.

"We need her name. We need to hand her over to the police," I told her.

The second file was footage of the interior corridors of the bar. This Becky was slinking through the halls with a suspicious package, trying not to be seen. Then she walked into Lucy's room and closed the door. After a few minutes, Becky went out the door and tried to wipe the fingerprints off Lucy's doorknob.

"Stupid girl!" Lucy exclaimed. "She screwed me over, Hannah!"

"Yes, she screwed you, but now we have material to screw her over!" I replied to Lucy. "Timothy's lawyer will quietly present this evidence to the court and you will go free!" I exclaimed to her. "Too bad we didn't get to see in the footage who delivered the drug to her. He or she is the mastermind of the whole plan, and it took advantage of the fact that Becky is an idiot," I mumbled.

"But we can still find Becky. By the way, when the police find her, they'll offer her a reduced sentence so she can report who gave her the drugs," Lucy told me.

I sighed, "Too bad we can't kill two birds with one stone. You could go free in court, and I might go free from Tess. I still can't believe she could have gone to such lengths to harm me. Me. Sorry about that, Lucy," I mumbled.

"No problem, Hannah," Lucy hugged me.

Suddenly, the apartment bell rang.

I looked puzzled at Lucy and asked, "How strange. Were you expecting someone?"

Lucy shook her head with a confused expression, "Not me. You...?" She asked me.

"Of course not, I just got here. I don't think anyone knows I'm home yet," I told her.

I lowered the lid of the laptop so no one would accidentally see what we'd seen, and then headed for the door.

"Who is it?" I asked as I approached the door.

"It's me, Hannah. Open the door, please."

I would recognize that voice anywhere. Ethan was here.

Chapter 66: Something in me has changed.

Chapter 66 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"Who is it?" I asked as I approached the door.

"It's me, Hannah. Open the door, please."

"What is he doing here?" Lucy whispered to me.

"I have no idea," I muttered to her.

Lucy grabbed her crutches and got to her feet. "I'll give you privacy, but I'll be in my room if you need me."

I nodded at her and mumbled, "Thanks."

"Hannah? Hannah, please open the door. I know you're there!" Ethan exclaimed.

I sighed and opened the door, "Are you following me, Ethan?" I asked him.

Ethan, who was holding a bouquet in one of his hands, lowered his head and was embarrassed: "Not exactly, I just asked a friend that is an airport agent to let me know when your flight arrived. I've been calling you since the time you hung up on me and you didn't answer. I was worried," he said.

"My phone broke. It was better like this," I looked away from him and didn't want to go into detail about how my phone had been broken.

"And are you okay? I was worried," Ethan insisted.

"Everything is fine, Ethan. Why wouldn't it be?" I crossed my arms.

"We didn't quite finish our last conversation, and I'd like to make things right. May I come in?" Ethan asked me.

I sighed and nodded, "Yes, of course," I made room for him to enter my apartment.

"These are for you," He offered me the bouquet.

I couldn't help but smile at the bouquet and said: "Thanks. I honestly can't remember when was the last time that you brought me flowers. Do you want to sit down?" I gestured toward the couch.

"Thanks," he murmured and sat down. "I'm sorry about that. It was a long time ago. I promise I will do so more often," he said to me.

"I'll make you some coffee," I told him.

"But is coffee advisable for pregnant women?" He asked me.

"I said I'm going to make coffee for you, not me," I told him and went into the apartment's kitchen.

"So how was the trip?" Ethan asked me.

"Pretty hard work, but worthwhile. Timothy was pleased," I told him. "That branch is in good order, and we successfully completed everything," I told him.

When I mentioned Timothy, a shadow passed over Ethan's eyes and he asked, "What about Timothy? Was he respectful of you?"

"But of course!" I exclaimed. "Timothy never crossed the line," I defended him.

"I don't like him, Hannah. He seems to want something he can't have..." Ethan warned me.

"What's not to like, Ethan?" I asked him.

"I don't know, I just don't like the way he is, Hannah. I don't like how close he is to you," Ethan said.

"That's bullshit. You're just jealous," I told him.

"I still maintain that I don't like him," Ethan echoed.

"Well, anyway, you're the one who gave me this project and who specifically asked us to work with his company," I snapped.

"And I really regret giving you this project now," Ethan muttered.

"Well, the cat is out of the bag now," I mumbled to him.

We remained silent while I made the coffee and when I handed him a cup, he muttered, "Thank you,"

"You're welcome. So, what did you want to talk to me about?" I asked him.

"Hannah, I wanted to apologize for my tantrums and say I'm sorry," Ethan said contritely.

I sighed and muttered, "It's okay, Ethan. I forgive you," I told him.

"Not only that, but I also wanted to say that since you ignored my calls something in me has changed. I... I'm willing to try," Ethan told me.

"What are you willing to try, Ethan?" I asked him.

"Us. I'm willing to give us another chance, Hannah. We can be a family," Ethan told me.

I closed my eyes. I don't know why I felt empty inside. "Ah, Ethan, I've waited so long to hear you say those words..."

"Well, that day has finally arrived, Hannah. Better late than never," Ethan told me.

"Don't you wonder if this isn't too late?" I told him.

"I don't think so, Hannah. I think you've always loved me, even though I don't deserve you to love me, but now I'm asking, or rather begging you to give me a chance. Please, Hannah, come back home with me," Ethan pleaded.

"Ethan, I don't think I can be sure that you've changed. It's only been a few hours since our last argument while I was away. Not long enough for me to trust your alleged change," I told him. Ethan was always good at convincing people, and I wasn't much different.

Ethan sighed and murmured, "I know, that's why I'm asking you to come home with me. So that you'll give me a chance, and in time you can trust me again."

I looked at him and thought for a minute or two. Did I still believe in him? My heart wanted to believe that everything would be okay, and that we would have our happy endings, but I wasn't stupid. We still had a lot of work to do.

"Look, my answer to going back to the manor with you tonight is no," I told him.

He sighed and nodded. "I knew you would say such a thing. Yet I ask you to reconsider," He urged me. His normally fathomless eyes were filled with pleading.

"But I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. We can try a fresh start," I told him.

"Seriously?" Ethan looked at me hopefully.

"Yes, but let's start from the beginning. You're going to have to win me over, Ethan, and this time I'm not that innocent girl you met three years ago and married two years ago. I have the weight of your betrayals and humiliations to bear. Keep that in mind. You need to do better than that," I told him.

Ethan smiled slightly and then said to me, "Done. Can I at least take you out for coffee?" He invited me.

I chuckled. "You already have one in hand. Maybe another day, I'm tired from the trip," I told him.

"Right. Dinner tomorrow?" He insisted.

"I'll check my schedule, and confirm with you," I told him. "In the meantime, we really have to attend a doctor's appointment. We need to monitor the baby and find out if it's a boy or a girl," I told him.

Ethan flashed a beautiful smile as he told me, "Nothing would make me happier."

A few days later I was at the office working in the morning and Ethan came to visit.

"Hannah, Mr. Brown is here to see you," Claire announced.

"Ask him to come in, please," I told her, and Ethan walked in.

"Good morning, Hannah," Ethan told me.

"Oh, good morning, Ethan, how are you? You're early." I told him. "I need another 5 minutes to finish this report, and we can go," I told him.

"No problem, I can wait," Ethan said and sat down on the couch in my office.

I was trying to concentrate on my work, but I must confess it was a little difficult. I could feel Ethan's gaze on me like he was watching his favorite show on TV. I looked up at him and asked, "Can you stop pressuring me, please?"

"What is it? Can't I even look at you?" Ethan asked and chuckled.

"You're staring at me, not just looking," I told him.

"Okay, I'll stop," Ethan held up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

Two minutes later I finished my report and lowered the lid of my laptop. "Okay, I'm ready, we can go," I told him.

We went to the hospital for the routine baby checks and found Vincent.

As soon as we were announced, Vincent welcomed us. And when he opened the door to his office, he smiled at us. "It's good to see you two together," he said as we walked in, and he closed the door to his office.

Ethan took my hand and said, "Yeah, we're trying again." And I nodded.

"Good, then let's go see how you're doing, Mommy. I got your tests earlier today and everything looks in order. Shall we go for an ultrasound?" Vincent told me.

"Sure," I told him and went to the designated room.

Vincent seemed a little more self-conscious with Ethan in the room. He knew that Ethan was a jealous man, and he wouldn't tolerate any funny business towards his wife.

"Excuse me," Vincent murmured when he went to touch my belly. He was a professional, yet he was trembling a little under my husband's scrutinizing eyes.

"Sure," I mumbled a little ashamed too.

It was again such a joy to hear my baby's heartbeat, and the smile on Ethan's face was priceless. Vincent showed him the details of the baby's anatomy and I swear this time I could better distinguish the parts of the little body.

"So...? Can we find out if it's a boy or a girl?"

"Of course," Vincent said and we were excited.

Chapter 67: Aren't you ashamed of that?

Chapter 67 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"So...? Can we find out if it's a boy or a girl?"

"Of course," Vincent said and we were excited.

I looked at Ethan and asked curiously, "And will that do us any good?"

Ethan looked at me excitedly and said, "None, but can't I put my curiosity to rest right now? Are you against it?"

I shook my head and said, "Certainly not."

"Well, enough of the suspense," Vincent said and chuckled. "You're going to have a big, healthy, baby boy."

Ethan's eyes were watery, and he looked at me and said, "Thank you." Then he gave me a chaste kiss, but it made me blush for ignoring Vincent's presence.

"Well, congratulations to the couple!" Vincent exclaimed. "And if you'll allow me, congratulations also for trying one more time. As a friend, I believe this is the right decision," he said and looked at us intensely.

God knows what he meant to Ethan with that look, but I knew he was trying to tell me 'Don't run away from him.'

"Thanks," I mumbled to him, and both men left me alone to clean up all that gel. Cleaning this gel from my belly was becoming a boring routine, but I accepted that with gladness because I got the chance to hear my baby's heart every time I had to do that.

After the exam, we exchanged a few words with Vincent and went out to lunch. Ethan was talking animatedly for perhaps the first time in a long time, and I had to agree. Something about him had really changed.

"Can we call him Junior?" Ethan asked me.

I made a face and said, "No way! I'm not going to carry this baby for nine months in my belly and then honor only his father!"

Ethan chuckled and shrugged, "I had to try. So, who would you like to honor?"

"I thought I'd honor your grandfather Michael. After all, the baby only exists because of him, doesn't it?"

Ethan considered my suggestion for a moment and then said to me, "I like that. My grandfather was also my father figure for a long time, you know..."

"Then you will be honored twice," I told him.

Ethan nodded and told me, "Okay, that decision was easy. Now we just need to decide what his room is going to be like, what the decor theme is, and all the products he's going to need," Ethan told me and chuckled.

"Oh, sometimes I get so overwhelmed by the details that I feel a bit paralyzed," I confessed to him.

"We can always hire a personal shopper. We decide on the theme, and she starts from there. What do you think?"

"I'll think about it. As overwhelmed as I am, I want to participate," I told him.

"You're acting like a controlling mother," Ethan chuckled at me.

I laughed back, "Yeah, maybe you're right."

"So, would you consider coming over to our house tonight to decide which room we'll have the nursery in? We can have dinner afterward. I can cook if you want..." Ethan suggested.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to have that lamb that Patricia cooks really well," I told him. I had no particular desire other than to have Patricia in the house. Perhaps her presence could contain Ethan's possible advances. A few days had passed since our initial conversation in the apartment, and I could see that Ethan was trying to take it slow, but his characteristic haste always showed up.

Ethan nodded and said, "Okay, I'll talk to her" but I could sense a tiny bit of frustration in his response.

"I need to get back to work, but you should rest for the rest of the afternoon, take it easy, you know?" He suggested.

I shook my head and said, "No sir. I have a project due and another one that will start when this one ends, and I intend to finish it on time. My boss's orders," I told him and laughed.

"What if your boss changes his mind?" Ethan asked me.

"He will be wrong because there are already many people within the company who think that I got here because I am the wife of the boss, and his treating me differently is not going to help change the opinion of

the other employees. Besides, tomorrow I embark on the second audit trip," I told him.

Ethan's face fell, and a shadow passed over his eyes.

"I keep saying that I don't like these trips. I don't trust Timothy..." He said.

"What about me? Don't you trust me too?" I asked him.

"I trust you. I just don't trust Timothy with you," Ethan said.

"Stop being a kid, Ethan. This is work," I told him.

Suddenly, his phone rang. "I'm sorry, Hannah, I have to take this one. It's from work, a potential partnership that I'm trying to bring to Brown's," he said and excused himself from our table, letting me finish my dessert.

I was enjoying my brownie and ice cream thinking about the fact that Ethan was thrilled about being a father, and then I heard footsteps approaching, and a waiter complaining, "Excuse me, Miss, you can't do that!"

"Oh, but I will," I heard Tess's squeaky voice. Wasn't it possible for me to have even a minute of peace away from this woman?

Tess sat down in Ethan's seat, knocked on the table, and said, "You really are a murderous slut, aren't you, Hannah? You're keeping Ethan with that stupid excuse of having his baby. You know he doesn't love you!" she exclaimed. Thank God she kept her voice low. We didn't need another scandal in a public place.

I arched my eyebrows and told her, "Love or not, it's his choice to be with me right now, Tess. And another thing, we're fine. We're having the best days of our entire time together. Now, if you can't leave us alone

because he made his choice, that's your problem, and you're going to have to live with it," I told her.

Tess's face raged and she said, "You killed my baby when you pushed me down those stairs! Aren't you ashamed of that?"

I shook my head in pity for her, "Tess, you need to be treated. You're the one who tried to push me down the stairs, which could have killed MY baby. You just missed the mark and ended up getting hurt in my place," I said to her.

Tess grimaced and narrowed her eyes. "Maybe next time I won't miss the mark," she told me.

I felt a chill run down my spine. She was dead serious. I looked ahead of me and saw that Ethan was returning to his seat.

"What are you doing here, Tess?" Ethan asked her as he approached the table.

Tess had her back to him, so she plastered a smile on her face and turned to him, "Ethan, honey! I was passing by this way when I saw Hannah here eating alone, I felt sorry for her and decided to stop and say hello" she told him and then got up from his seat and hugged him. I arched my eyebrows because she was a great actress and Ethan believed every word that came out of her filthy mouth.

"Ah, but she wasn't alone, I was here the whole time, I just took a call," he said, lifting his cell phone so she could see why he had walked away from the table.

"Wow, Ethan, how impolite! You never took a call while we were having a meal!" Tess scolded him, but I know better. She did it to nudge me about the countless meals they had together, especially the dinners where he left me alone and rarely came home those nights.

"Never mind, Tess. He had a work call to pick up. You know, some of us work for a living, and can't spend entire afternoons enjoying walks and pretending to be trophy wives and husbands," I told her to piss her off.

"Well, my point is, the call is over, and I have good news for you and the company, Hannah," Ethan said and I smiled at him. Then he turned to Tess and said, "We're sorry, Tess. We need to go."

Then again, his attention turned to me, "Have you finished your dessert, Hannah? We need to get back to the office."

I nodded and got to my feet, "See you around, Tess," I told her. Ethan hugged her and we both walked out of the restaurant towards Brown's.

Outside the restaurant, I turned to Ethan and asked, "So, do you remember how you felt about Timothy's closeness to me?"

Ethan frowned again and said, "Of course."

I nodded and told him, "So the next time Tess clings to you like she tried to do at the restaurant, remember that okay? I feel the same way."

He nodded seriously and told me, "I'm sorry about that. She's probably used to it and has crossed the line."

"Today I forgive this small mistake, but don't let it happen again, okay?" I told him.

"It won't happen again, I promise. I'll see you at home tonight then?" Ethan asked hopefully.

I smiled at him and said, "Yes, sure. I'll be there at seven."

"I can't wait for that," he told me, and then he said goodbye to me in the lobby of the building with another chaste kiss, and I blushed like the first time.

I knew we still had a lot to evolve in our relationship, but I couldn't help but feel excited and even considered not skipping town anymore. Maybe I'll even take Ethan with me. He would probably be more relaxed and happier away from all the chaos that surrounds our lives.

Happy with that thought, I rode the elevator up to my office, oblivious to the fact that Ethan and I were being watched in the company's lounge

Chapter 68: Too late.

Chapter 68 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

I think Ethan was feeling guilty about Tess's attitude at lunch because he spent the whole day sending me cute messages. Who was that man and what had he done to my husband? I wondered.

The truth was, I was loving the attention Ethan was giving me. It was refreshing, for the first time. It felt good to be feeling happy in my marriage. When I said "I do" at that altar, I imagined that my life would always be like this, but unfortunately, my dreams were crushed by the third person he had brought into our marriage.

But not anymore. Although I was reluctant to abandon our escape plan, that charming cottage on the shores, and the perspective of a quieter life, I knew that nothing was that simple when it involved Ethan, so I wasn't 100% ready to go home yet. But I must confess that each day that passed made it harder not to fall in love all over again with that handsome man I had fallen in love with three years ago.

Still, I wondered if Ethan was being sincere or if he was making this practically Herculean effort just for our baby. After so many things that happened in our relationship, I also wouldn't be surprised if he was only acting because of his son.

Son... I was delighted that I was having a boy. He would be the heir to the Brown family. I personally didn't prefer a boy or a girl, but now that I think about it, it was just like Ethan to have a male heir. If he had a girl, his heir would probably be a spoiled girl with a doting father. I chuckled to myself as these thoughts had also made my heart soft. We were being given new life, and that filled my heart with hope.

Since most of the clothes that currently fit me were in my apartment with Lucy, I decided I'd head over there after work to freshen up and get ready for my dinner with Ethan. I was still hoping that Patricia's presence would inhibit his advances a little, but I couldn't guarantee that nothing would happen between us, so I wanted to look as good as possible tonight.

I got home and Lucy was venturing to her feet in the kitchen. I shook my head and asked, "What the hell are you doing? Wasn't the recommendation to rest outside of physical therapy?"

"I was hungry, and my personal slave wasn't home," Lucy told me bluntly. "I can't depend on you all the time Hannah, you have your life," she told me.

"But I might as well take care of you before I leave," I told her as I shoed her out of the kitchen. I grabbed the pans and started making something quick for her. "Besides, the last time you cooked, we ended up ordering pizza," I added.

"Oh, shut up," she said, and we both laughed.

"So, are you going out tonight?" Lucy asked me when she returned to the couch.

"I will, as soon as I take care of you and get ready," I told her.

"And who are you going to see? That hot guy who's been helping us with my case and our escape?" She asked me, interested.

I shook my head and said, "No, I'm going to see Ethan. We're going to choose the room in the mansion that will house Michael's nursery," I told her.

"And who is Michael? Didn't old Michael die a few months ago?" She asked me confused.

I pointed to my belly and said, "This is the new Michael, and we're going to pick out the best room in the house for him. It's a boy!" I exclaimed.

Lucy's face went from confusion to happiness and later to worry. "Congrats, Hannah, but what are you saying? Weren't we going to run away?" Lucy asked me, confused.

"I don't know anymore, Lucy, especially since we still haven't cleared you. I couldn't do this without my best friend, plus Ethan is excited about the baby. What's wrong with entertaining that idea?" I asked her.

"Everything!" Lucy exclaimed. "I don't like that idea, Hannah, I think you're getting yourself into trouble when you decide to get involved with him again. I know he told you he had changed, and there might be a moment when he's really on your side, but I don't know... something doesn't smell right about this story, Hannah," she warned me.

"Nonsense, what could go wrong?" I asked her.

"I feel like not everything is in place, Hannah. You need to be careful," Lucy insisted.

"Okay, thanks for the heads up, Lucy, but you're my friend, and this is my life. The final decision is mine, and I'm going down to the mansion tonight to have dinner with Ethan and decide where our future child's nursery will be. ," I left the food I made for her in front of her and went to my room to get ready.

I decided to take a quick shower before choosing an outfit as a shower always soothed me. I loved Lucy, but I wouldn't allow other people to have their say in my life.

When I got out of the shower, my new cell phone was ringing. It was Timothy.

"Hey, you!" I answered his call.

"Hey, you!" he said back, and we both started laughing.

"Seriously, I have good news!" he said.

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

"My attorney contacted me today and informed me that Lucy is exonerated from the drug case, and since she has already given her statement for the accident, she is free to go!" Timothy exclaimed.

"Ah, finally some good news! I'll let her know," I told him.

"And how is she doing after the accident?" Timothy asked me.

"Oh, she's doing much better, thanks for asking. But may I know why you're interested?" I asked and chuckled. After all, Lucy was an unencumbered single woman.

"Oh, I... never mind, I only asked because I wanted to know if she wants to come with us on this trip. That way we can visit the cottage one more time and you can show her the house, and you can start furnishing the space, what do you think?" Timothy suggested.

"Sure, I'll tell her to pack," I told him.

"And your bags, are they ready?" Timothy asked me.

"Yes, it's all set," I told him.

"Good. I'll be by early tomorrow to pick you both up then," Timothy told me.

"As early as last week?" I asked him, groaning and thinking about my lost sleep.

"Like last week. Sorry Hannah, flight plans," he told me.

"Okay, see you tomorrow," I told him and killed the call.

I put my recent falling out with Lucy aside and went running to tell her the good news Timothy had given me.

"Okay, let's put our worries and annoyances aside to celebrate some good news," I told her.

Lucy pulled her attention away from the TV and turned to me excitedly, "What is it?" She asked me.

"You've been cleared! It's official! Timothy just told me!" I told her.

"Oh, my Goodness, this nightmare is over!" Lucy vented. "I can't believe it, Hannah!" She said.

"And the best part is that you can travel with us tomorrow, so at the end of the trip, we can show you the beautiful cottage that Timothy bought for us! Pack your bags, we leave early tomorrow!"

"I'll start as soon as I'm done with dinner. Have you packed yours yet? You could stay here, and we could pack together tonight. There's food for both of us here," Lucy suggested.

"Nice try, but I already packed mine. I'll be back early though. Timothy wants to be on the way practically at dawn," I told her.

Lucy shrugged and muttered, "Worth a try."

I finished getting ready and grabbed my purse and my car keys to head toward the manor. Less than five minutes after I left the house, I got a call from Ethan.

"Hello?" I asked him.

"Hi Hannah, how are you? How is our son?" Ethan asked, all delighted.

I smiled at his goofiness and said, "We're great. We're on our way to the manor."

"Um, about that, I need to apologize to you, but I will be about half an hour late. Remember that partner I talked to today at lunch?" He asked me.

"What about him?" I asked back.

"He wants to do a conference now at the end of the day, and I still have this last activity before I go home. Were you already on your way? Do you mind if I'm late?"

"I don't mind, Ethan. I can catch up with Patricia. I haven't seen her in weeks. Don't worry, I'll be fine."

"I'm sorry again, Hannah. I'll be there as soon as I can, okay?" He told me one more time.

"No problem," I told him and killed the call.

Now that I knew he wasn't waiting, I took my time driving towards the manor.

I arrived at the manor and most of the lights in the house were off. Ethan was a gloomy man, so the house wasn't always fully lit. I parked the car in front of the house and not in the garage, as a sign that I wouldn't be staying for the rest of the night, and I think he would understand.

There was light in the kitchen, so I figured Patricia would be there. I slipped through the house silently and made my way to the kitchen. There was an icy air about the house, a strange atmosphere as if something was going on. Maybe Lucy's hunch wasn't so wrong after all.

"Hello? Anyone home?" I asked. "Patricia?"

"Hannah, run! Go away!" Patricia screamed desperately.

"Patricia? What's up? What's going on?" I ran into the kitchen to check on her. She was sitting on a chair, or rather she was tied to it.

"I told you to run away, child!" She told me with a frown.

"Too late," a voice said behind me, and suddenly I heard the sound of a gun being loaded.

Chapter 69: What have you done, Tess?

Chapter 69 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

"Too late," Tess said behind my back, and I heard the sound of a gun being loaded. I wasn't an expert with guns, but everybody knows what that sound means.

I raised my hands above my head in a sign of rendition and asked: "Tess, what are you doing here?"

"Well, Hannah, I'm here to pay a visit. I heard you and Ethan setting a date for tonight here, so I decided to break into your little party," she said. Her voice was different, as if she was under the influence of something else. I turned slowly to her and saw that her face was contorted, not natural.

“You didn’t have to do this, Tess. You didn’t even have to bring this gun with you,” I told her.

“Well, Hannah, I brought this gun with me to reinforce my point of view tonight, but apparently, it doesn’t matter how many times I tell you to stay away from Ethan, to let him go... You just pretend that you’re deaf. You never obey!” Tess told me with a hint of frustration in her voice. “You don’t get the message, do you? Not even when I arrange to put drugs in your friend’s bar, or even when I involve her in an accident. These aren’t enough signs for the great Hannah to understand and back off from our lives or her beloved will suffer!” She spoke.

“Tess, this isn’t the way we’re going to solve our problems. I got your message now. I will back away, I promise you!” I told her.

“Will you back away from Ethan too? Will he allow that? After all, you’re pregnant with his child, aren’t you?” Tess asked me.

“This is not my decision to make, Tess. This isn’t yours either. Ethan chose our family over you, but he promised to take care of you, and he will. You may not see this now, but you need help, Tess,” I told her.

“Why? Why do I need help, Hannah? Just because I love him too much to let him go and I’m willing to go to the last consequences to get what I want?” Tess asked me and pointed the gun directly to my chest.

“Tess, calm down, please. First, Ethan isn’t a thing for you to get. He is not a toy. He is a man and he made his choice. You need to talk with him. Second, it wasn’t my original choice, nothing of this. I agreed to give him the divorce. He was the one that decided to try one more time,” I explained to her.

“And you gladly decided to accept his decision, didn’t you, Hannah?” She asked me ironically. “Where are these divorce papers? Did you sign them?” She asked me.

“I did, and gave him the documents,” I told her.

“And did HE sign the terms?” she pressed.

“I... I don’t know, Tess. He never gave me them back,” I confessed.

“You know, he wouldn’t hesitate for a second to divorce you and be with me if it wasn’t for that baby in your belly,” she mumbled pointing the gun to my womb, and I instinctively put my hands over my baby to protect him in the best way I could.

“I’m sorry about that. This baby wasn’t planned...” I told her.

“But MINE was! And YOU took it from me!” Tess cried.

“No, I didn’t! Tess, this is a misunderstanding. You tried to push me downstairs, but you missed me, don’t you remember? I told you that!” I exclaimed.

“But that is what you claim happened that night. Besides, I told you earlier today that I wouldn’t miss a second time, didn’t I? Well, this is me trying a second time. You took what was precious to me, and I will take from you what is precious to you too!” Tess exclaimed and pointed the gun to my belly once again.

“Tess, please, listen to me. This is not going to help you to get Ethan back!” I exclaimed.

“Please, don’t do this, child!” Patricia claimed. She was crying in terror.

“But this would make us even, Hannah. Can’t you see that this is an eye for an eye?” Tess asked me.

“And then what? Do you think that Ethan would forgive you for killing his heir and possibly his heir mother just because you’re Tess? He had seen that I’m not at fault in your miscarriage, but I doubt he will see the same in this case,” I told her.

“So, you’re saying that it’s a boy?” Tess asked me. She just paid attention to the fact that I was having a boy.

“Yeah, we discovered this morning,” I mumbled to her.

Tess shot toward one of the kitchen walls and screamed: “Damn, you’re in such a happy family, Hannah! You are the one who took my happiness away from me! You deserve to pay for it!”

“Tess, I beg you. If this was my choice, I would be far away already, but this is Ethan’s choice too, and he wants to have this baby. He wants to be a father,” I told her.

“BUT I WON’T BE THE MOTHER! YOU TOOK THAT FROM ME!” she screamed at me again.

“Calm down, Tess, please!” I pleaded.

“You know, it doesn’t work like that. Every time one of you two sluts ask me to calm down, to drop this gun, I get even more furious. And you don’t understand, Hannah. The doctor said that I can’t have children anymore because of that damn fall, and IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!” she screamed.

Damn, this was bad. I thought that I was in a complicated situation before but now I know her real reason. She could never have a family with Ethan. She lost her chance, and she thought that the fault was mine.

“Tess, it doesn’t have to be like this. If you hurt me, if you hurt us, Ethan will be furious and he will never forgive you for that! You won’t even have Ethan in the end!” I exclaimed to her.

“Neither will you! You’ll be dead. You and your stupid baby whom Ethan already worships,” she said with her voice full of contempt.

“But there must be another solution for it! I beg you, think about it. You might go to jail for it!” I exclaimed.

Jail time was the only thing that made her stop a little to think about it. She rested the gun on the counter and started to mumble: “But I don’t want to go to jail. Revenge on you sounds sweet, and I could even get used to losing Ethan, because he isn’t with me right now, but jail time... I wasn’t counting on it.”

Tess started to pace on the other side of the kitchen island and thinking about what she was about to do to me and even possibly to Patricia. Suddenly, my phone buzzed on my coat. Lucky me she was distracted, and the phone was silent. I slide the button so I would pick up the call. I didn’t know who it could be, but at least someone else outside the scene was listening to us now.

“Tess, please. Let us go. I promise I will not be in your way,” I pleaded.

“You don’t understand, Hannah, just my attempt today could send me to jail! You are both witnesses, I have to get rid of you two...” Tess reasoned with me.

“It doesn’t have to be like this. I promise we won’t press charges,” I told her. “Please, let Patricia go at least. She doesn’t have anything to do with our quarrel. She is just taking care of Ethan and the house,” I pleaded.

“No, Hannah. She can’t go. This is going to be either you two or me, and I’m not willing to kill myself. You know, I want to live... badly,” she told me.

“Me too, Tess. So, why don’t you run away? You can have a head start and the police might never find you. We guarantee you a safe running corridor and you will be free,” I offered.

Tess looked at me attentively, considering for the first time the alternative that I’ve offered. She hated me, but she loved herself more. She was willing to take her revenge on me, but she wasn’t willing to face the consequences for it.

And then, she took her cell phone from her pocket and dialed a number.

“It’s me, I’ve screwed up. I’m here at Ethan’s and pointed a gun at Hannah and their employee Patricia. They both saw me, but I don’t want to go to jail. I need help.”

While she was distracted on the phone, I assessed my chances. I couldn’t risk her pointing that gun at Patricia or me again, or I couldn’t risk that her accomplice to whom she was asking for help would arrive here and do even worse to us. So, when she turned her back to us for the first time, I untied Patricia. On a second chance, I took a sprint toward her hand that was holding the gun.

“NO!” Tess screamed and fought with me for control of the gun.

“LET GO!” I screamed at her.

“GET OFF!” she pushed me. We both had our hands on the gun, and we were avoiding being on the firing line. Tess pulled the trigger once, and a bullet flew towards the living room. She pointed the gun to me, and I pushed her arm right on time to avoid the shot, but it hit Patricia, who fell on the ground, with an ugly wound on her stomach.

“WHAT... HAVE... YOU... DONE... TESS?” I asked Tess to push the gun away from me. I didn’t know if it was my anger toward her, but I managed to turn the gun to her and shoot.

The bullet reached Tess’s chest and she fell down just like a rag doll that was pushed to the ground.

“What the hell happened here?” Ethan asked me from the kitchen entrance.

Chapter 70: A long night.

Chapter 70 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

“Ethan, I... I was just defending myself!” I exclaimed at him.

“Call 911 now!” Ethan exclaimed to me.

I took my cell phone from my pocket and saw that it was Timothy who was on the other side of the line, so I said: “I’m going to call emergency now,” and killed the call.

I dialed the emergency and the operator picked on the first attempt: “911, what’s your emergency?”

“Hello, I’m at the Brown manor and a gun was shot, hitting two women. You need to come here fast!” I told the operator.

“Fine, ma’am. We’re sending an ambulance and a police unit to the place. Are you hurt?” she asked me.

“Me? No, not me, two other women,” I told her.

“We will arrive in five minutes, ma’am,” the operator said and cut the call.

Ethan was running from one side to another in the house. He went to fetch bath towels to absorb the blood and cushions where we could lay their heads.

“What the hell happened here?” Ethan demanded.

“It was Tess. She came earlier and surprised Patricia. I came to the manor and found her tied to that chair,” I pointed to where the Kitchen chair was, and there were ropes beside that. “I managed to untie Patricia and sprinted for the gun, so I could surrender Tess, but the gun was shoot thrice while we fought: one went to the living room, one straight to Patricia’s stomach, and the third one she tried to shoot me, but I was faster,” I explained that to Ethan.

“But did you really need to shoot her in the chest to stop her, Hannah? Couldn’t you just shoot a leg or an arm? She would have stopped!” Ethan exclaimed.

“It wasn’t my fault, Ethan. We were fighting for the gun. She would have shot me!” I exclaimed.

Right at the moment, Tess woke up slightly. “Tess? Tess? Can you hear me?” Ethan asked her. I could hear despair in his voice. She nodded slightly and he continued: “Help is on the way. You’re going to be fine. Hold on, okay?” And she nodded again.

Suddenly, Tess looked around and saw me. Her eyes narrowed probably because she was seeing me standing and she pointed at me and said: “Han... Hannah... She... She did this,” and then, she lost consciousness again.

Ethan looked at my face with a mix between angry and despair, and we could hear the sirens from far. And then, it dawned on me: I was going to be arrested, because Tess told Ethan that I was the one who shot her. My other witness was lying on the floor, fighting for her life, unconscious. The experts could even exonerate me, but it would take time, and I was going to jail and I was pregnant.

I fell into Tess's trap anyway, but I couldn’t afford that. Not with my baby at risk.

I had to choose between panicking or acting to save myself, and I decided to save myself.

“I’m sorry, Ethan. I can’t stay. The police will take me into custody, and I can’t afford that while I’m pregnant. I will prove my innocence, and then I will be back,” I mumbled to him.

“Wait, Hannah, what are you doing?” Ethan asked me, but I was running to my car. I needed to get away before the police arrived. “HANNAH!” Ethan screamed after me, but I was already starting my car.

I drove as fast as I could and left through the back gates of the manor. That was when I realized that my phone was still buzzing. In fact, it buzzed a lot of times since I killed the call with Timothy and called 911. It was Timothy trying to reach me.

“Hello?” I finally answered.

“Hannah! What happened? Are you okay?” He asked me.

“I’m... I don’t know, Timothy,” I confessed to him.

“I heard the whole fight. Are you injured?” He asked me.

“No, I’m physically fine, but I’m in trouble. A huge one,” I told him.

“I’ve thought so,” Timothy said. “So, what are you doing? Where are you now?” He asked me.

“I was wondering if we could fly tonight, I need to leave town ASAP,” I told him.

“Sure, let me make a few arrangements,” He mumbled.

“I’m going to your place, ok?” I told him. “Could you please call Lucy and tell her to get ready? I’m getting rid of my phone now,” I told him.

“Sure,” he told me. “See you soon, Hannah,” and I killed the call.

I was driving through a private road, and I was sure there were no cameras here, so I removed my SIM card from my phone and threw it out of the window. A few minutes later, I got rid of the device too.

I arrived at Timothy's place in no time and was out of the car before the engine stopped. He hugged me, scared, and then he backed up from me one arm away to check if I was really okay.

"Thank goodness you're fine. Come, let's change the cars," he told me.

I did as I was told and brought the case that I was carrying with me everywhere from my car trunk. A minute or two later, we were heading to my apartment to fetch Lucy.

When we arrived at my apartment, Timothy said: "Grab a new coat. I'll grab Lucy," I nodded at him and busted the door.

Lucy was already on alert mode and said: "I'm ready, let's go!" Timothy hurried to her and held her bride style to his car. I went straight to my room and grabbed a new coat. I took off the first one and realized that it was tinged with blood.

"You can't leave it there! This is evidence!" Timothy exclaimed. "Come on, we need to go!" Timothy grabbed my hand and made me run toward his car.

"But I have no money, I'm not completely ready!" I warned Timothy.

"There's no time for this now, Hannah! Your accounts could be traced!" Timothy observed and left the apartment. I took one last look at my old place, and a single tear fell from my eyes.

We arrived at the airport in a record time, and Timothy helped Lucy to climb the stairs.

"I want this plane on the air in five," Timothy demanded of the captain.

"Will do, sir," the captain replied to Timothy.

I was a pile of nerves and was looking at the window all the time looking for any sirens or lights from afar, but everything was quiet, as if

God was helping us to run away, and in less than five minutes, we were departing. My heart was relieved and at the same time worried about what happened and the mess that I was leaving behind, but I couldn't prove my innocence if I was locked up.

After the plane lifted and we were left alone by the crew, Timothy and Lucy came toward me to talk about what happened.

"Hey, honey, you look like a mess," Lucy told me and patted my head.

"Because I am. That wasn't supposed to happen. We were supposed to do that calmly, at the end of my work trips. Maybe you could be installed there earlier than me, and we would definitely have furniture in our home," I murmured to them.

"That's not the time to worry about furniture, Hannah. It's time to worry about you. I heard what happened, but I wanted you to tell us exactly what you saw there," Timothy told me.

I nodded and started telling them all that happened, and I knew deep down that all the images would be craved in my brain forever.

"Well, at least she confessed that she was behind both attacks," Timothy said.

"Yes, but I threw my phone away. How can we prove that you heard everything?" I asked him.

"I still don't know... looking for your SIM card in the woods on that private road will be like looking for a needle in a haystack," Timothy told me. "I'll check with my lawyer if there are other ways to use this as proof. I wasn't there but I could hear you both loud and clear."

I nodded at him. "So, any ideas of what we should do now?" I asked them.

Lucy shrugged, but Timothy seemed to have given a lot of time thinking about that.

“Well, we go directly to your cottage and start to furnish that. I will bring you two there hidden, so no one will see you there. The property and the lands are big enough, but if I were you, I would avoid the neighbors for now. I also arranged new identities for both of you, so you can drive, have a different bank account and even visit the doctor, something that I know that you need, Hannah. I will support you with all that you need in the beginning until you are able to be seen in public.” Timothy told us.

“Right,” I answered him.

And then, he looked at Lucy and asked: “I know that Hannah can’t dye her hair because of the pregnancy, but have you ever considered being blonde or ginger? I bet you would be sexier,” Timothy said.

Lucy’s face turned crimson with this comment, and she mumbled: “I will consider it.”

“Well, there’s not much we can do for now. You need to disappear and can’t be seen, and I need to be seen somewhere else so people wouldn’t follow me to get to you two,” Timothy told us.

A few hours later, we arrived at the cottage, and he murmured: “I’m sorry. I finished the purchase, but I thought that we would have more time to put our plan in action. I’m going to a grocery store or a supermarket to get the basics, and will come back soon,” he told us, and left us in the empty cottage.

The first thing that I did when Timothy left was to stop pretending that I was that strong and run to the closest toilet and throw up whatever I had in my stomach. Lucy was there as soon as she could, helping me and comforting me, and I started to cry, crushed by the weight of my actions and what derived from them.

When there were no more tears left to cry, we sat on the floor and waited for Timothy, but even when he came back with supplies to stock the house I wasn't feeling well.

This was going to be a long night.