

Chapter 71: Where is she, Timothy?

Chapter 71 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

Today was a perfect day. I had a very productive morning of meetings and had closed some partnership extensions early in the morning. Everything would contribute to the company's bank account and would add more capital to the Browns and make my heir or heiress even richer.

Late in the morning, I met Hannah at Vincent's office, and she was checked in for her routine appointment. Everything was fine with her. Hannah was small, but she was a very healthy mother, and that relieved me after that first bleed.

The day she got scared that she had that first bleed was the happiest and most infuriating day of my life. Hannah didn't know it, but her desperate confession had rekindled the flame of hope in my chest. The hope of being a father, of having a family. Before Hannah, Michael was practically all the family I had, and it was a new and joyful feeling to see it expanding.

Today, however, was all about joy. Hannah and the baby were healthy, and we found out we were having a boy! Deep down, I knew it was going to be a boy. The Brown family had not had an heiress for generations, God knows why, but it made me feel like it could be a boy.

Boy or girl, whatever. All I knew was that our child was destined to be big, to conquer the world. It was very interesting how, seeing myself as a father, I placed so much hope in such a small human being. And knowing that this hope was growing inside his mother's belly left me walking on cloud nine.

Honestly, Hannah wasn't my first choice of wife. I wanted to marry Tess, but Michael was always adamant about it. He always said that Tess was a bad egg, that she couldn't be trusted. Tess also never got along very well with him either.

Then Hannah came to my life. She looked more like a little lamb than a girl, she was so docile. Always shy and quiet. I knew it would be easy to marry her. She wouldn't be a piece of work. But even though she was beautiful, and had eyes like water, I was drawn to the fire Tess had, and ended up ignoring and taking for granted what I had, and I would regret this decision of mine for the rest of my life.

Michael had introduced Hannah and her grandmother to me on a Sunday in May. They were apparently visiting and would stay at the farm for a while. At the time, Michael was in his final years at the helm of Brown's Enterprises, and I was staying at the farm, recovering from a polo accident. At first, Patricia took care of me, but as time went on, the pretty girl came to visit me more and more. I knew what Michael was doing. He was trying to get my mind off Tess.

The final straw came when Michael decided to retire from the business. He could have chosen my uncle to take over the presidency of the company, but he decided to give me full control if I decided to marry Hannah. I thought coldly and accepted the proposal. Michael was sick, so as soon as he died, I could divorce Hannah and finally be with Tess.

I even liked the idea of having both women. Tess obviously despaired, but in the end, she accepted it, and soon I was engaged to Hannah, who didn't know better.

When we moved to town, however, Tess and I could no longer hide our indiscretions, and Hannah was publicly humiliated. No one knew why she insisted on that failed marriage if I had a mistress so publicly. I was still married only because I was tied to the commitment to Michael. She was holding on as best as she could out of love for him. Maybe she deserved more to be his granddaughter than I did.

When Michael passed away, I knew I would be free of the commitment to Hannah, and Tess was looking forward to the divorce, but there were certain... complications. Tess got pregnant and then lost the baby and the possibility of getting pregnant again. Hannah was also pregnant, but she had hidden that fact from me. Now, I was trying to win her back for the umpteenth time. And I would do it as many times as necessary until she saw that I had changed and until she allowed me to be part of hers and our son's lives.

At lunch, a potential partner called me to see if we could discuss some points. I excused myself from Hannah to take the call and tell him only that I was out of the office and when I got back I would call him, but when I returned Hannah and Tess were quietly arguing. I managed to pull them apart easily, but I think I should talk to Tess one more time. I had made my choice, and she needed to respect it. I would take care of her, but I hoped that Tess would find her happiness somewhere else, with someone else. I could no longer carry her emotional burden.

Later that afternoon, the same potential partner called and once again disrupted my plans with Hannah. I was about to leave the office when he decided to ask some last-minute questions before signing the partnership. I apologized and told her that I would be late and she, understanding as always, soon told me that she would wait for me.

I was impatient halfway through the meeting, and my thoughts were filled with Hannah, and the possibility of winning her over again. As I pulled over to the manor, I saw that her car was parked outside the driveway. That was a bad sign because she wanted to tell me that she wasn't spending the night with me. But I wouldn't force her. I would do whatever she wanted and needed until she felt comfortable around me again.

Then, I heard a noise that chilled my bones. A shot had been fired inside the house. I ran in silence. I didn't know what could be going on in there, and if I needed to subdue some bad guy, I had better have the element of

surprise with me. Before I arrived, two more shots rang out, and I became even more worried about Hannah and Patricia, who I believed would be inside.

I slipped through the living room door and saw that everything was dark except for the kitchen. It was very quiet except for the sound of a woman's panting. I carefully checked the kitchen and saw that the only person standing in the room was Hannah.

A mixture of relief and concern washed over me, but I didn't have time to absorb what I was feeling, as soon my eyes fell on two people who were lying on the floor, both injured: Tess and Patricia.

“What the hell happened here?” I asked Hannah.

“Ethan, I... I was just defending myself!” She told me.

“Call 911 now!” I screamed at her.

The rest of the night passed in a blur. Hannah called the emergency and they were coming, but Hannah decided to leave, and I could barely ask her to stay, because I would help her clarify what happened and soon, she was gone.

I didn't have the strength to take in everything that was happening because Tess had woken up briefly and accused Hannah of shooting her and Patricia. Then Tess passed out again. Patricia had not regained consciousness when paramedics arrived, and soon the two were taken to the hospital. As the only person in the house, I still had to see the police and forensics before I could verify the health status of the two women.

When I arrived at the hospital, Vincent updated me on Patricia and Tess's status. Tess had surgery but the damage was reversible. She was resting and out of the woods. Patricia, however, was not doing well. Her surgery had been more complicated, and she was in a coma. What the

hell was going on in my house that two women were shot and made my wife run away from me?

Realizing that both women wouldn't be waking up anytime soon, I decided to call Hannah and try to understand first where she was and second what had happened, but she never answered. I tried Lucy's phone, but it was off too. Then I started to worry.

I went over to that tiny excuse of an apartment that Hannah was calling home, and there was something weird going on. The lock wasn't broken, but it wasn't locked. The house was empty, and it looked like they had run away and left everything exactly as it was the last second that they were in the house.

Lucy couldn't leave town because of the drug investigation at the bar, so I assumed they couldn't go that far. So, I decided to call my lawyer and see if he knew where Lucy was.

"Ethan, something in this court case happened recently, but I don't have access to the files. The case was sealed. I'll see if I can find out anything else and let you know," my attorney told me and killed the call.

This was very odd. If neither Hannah nor Lucy showed any sign of life, who knew where they were?

Well, there was someone who stuck with Hannah like gum on her shoe. I sighed and dialed his number.

"Hello?" He answered.

"Where is she, Timothy?" I asked him.

/Chapter 72: My message to Ethan.

Chapter 72 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

"Oh, hello to you too, Ethan!" Timothy greeted Ethan wryly. He scowled at us, then put a finger to his mouth to ask us to be quiet.

Timothy rolled his eyes and said, "You sound like I had something to do with her disappearing, Ethan. I've been out of town on business since yesterday. How was I supposed to know about her?" Well, technically, Timothy wasn't lying. The plane left the night before, and it was a bright morning already.

"Did you check with that friend of hers? What's her name again?" Timothy said. Lucy didn't like his tone, but he looked at Lucy and winked at her, which seemed to ease her irritation. I guess maybe she was into Timothy after all.

"Sorry, I can't help you. Our business trip was scheduled for a few days from now, not yesterday. If she is still missing when I get back to town, I'll gladly help look for her," Timothy said and then killed the call.

"So...?" I asked Timothy anxiously.

"Well, obviously he's looking for you, but I think I've been convincing enough for him to believe I don't know where you are," he told me.

I sighed in relief. "Maybe we're safe," I muttered.

"I think the odds are good," Timothy told me with a smile.

We were having breakfast sitting on the floor of what would be the cottage's dining room. Timothy was still wearing his suit from yesterday, and he looked a little out of place in this whole thing.

"That's good. But I feel like I still need to go back to clear my name. I left behind a huge mess," I told them.

"I don't want you to think about this right now, Hannah. Now it's time to regroup, get organized and plan your next steps," Timothy said.

"Timothy is right, Hannah. It's time to look at the situation from another perspective," Lucy told me.

I sighed knowing that I couldn't convince both, and then asked, "Well, what are we going to do today, then?"

"You? You're going to rest on the beach. I hope you brought bathing suits in that suitcase of yours," Timothy said.

"But...but...look around, Timothy! We can't spend the night on air mattresses again or eat our meals on this floor. It's very pretty, but it's not comfortable!" I exclaimed.

"And I know that, so I called a personal shopper who will help you when I'm not here. She'll go in your place to buy whatever you need, but you can't leave the property yet. I don't have new identities for you, and you need to disguise yourself somehow!" Timothy exclaimed. I made a face, so Timothy said, "I'm sorry Hannah, but it's the only way."

I nodded in agreement and muttered, "You're probably right. Let's stay inside the property," I told him.

"And I promise that by the end of the day, we'll all have mattresses to sleep on, including the baby," he said, and I chuckled. The situation was dire, but still Timothy managed to force himself to make jokes. I admired that about him.

"Well, I'm going to go to a store and look for new clothes and disposable phones for you and me. We can't risk any miscommunication. I'll be back shortly," Timothy told us, and then left.

Lucy looked at me and said, "Do you want to go for a slow walk, Hannah?"

"Of course," I muttered to her.

It was a wonderful summer day. The sun was glinting off the waves on the beach in the distance, and we were walking along white sand that looked like baby powder. But my heart was still heavy. I was worried about what I left behind.

"What's the matter, Hannah? You're not even enjoying the ride. You can't be sulking over a view like that!" Lucy exclaimed as she gestured out to sea and the fishing boats passing in the distance.

"I'm worried, Lucy, and how could I not be?" I asked her.

Lucy gave me a comforting hug and said, "I know, but now is not the time to act. Do you know what are the next steps you want to take?" she asked me.

"I need to put my baby first. I can't go to jail pregnant!" I exclaimed.

"So, let's focus on him, so he grows strong, and you have time to finally clean up your reputation and watch him grow. Be optimistic! This is a start," Lucy said.

"You're probably right," I muttered.

"And then what will you do?" She asked me.

"Then I'm going to prove to Ethan that I was just trying to defend myself, and that Tess isn't the saint she tries to make him believe that she is," I said.

"Have you forgotten about the police? Who cares about what Ethan thinks about you? You have to prove your innocence to the police!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Yeah, the police too! But I think that it's more complicated to prove my innocence toward Ethan because of Tess," I told her and chuckled.

Lucy grimaced though, "Agreed. I hate that woman, and how Ethan always seems to be in her hands."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that anymore, Lucy. Ethan seemed really sorry for what he did to me, and we were trying one more time. He had broken up with Tess, and she got desperate and did what she did," I explained to Lucy.

"Seriously?" Lucy asked in awe, and I nodded. "Look, Hannah, don't get me wrong. I never got along very well with that husband of yours, right from the start. And I still think that if you'd dumped him before all this, you wouldn't be in this hell of a mess, but it is what it is. So, if that is what you want, let me ask you: do you still believe he can be your happy ending?" she asked me.

"I honestly don't know, Lucy, but I'd like to try. I feel like there's still something there that's still worth fighting for. Besides, I still want my son to have a life with his father, even though we're divorced," I told her.

Lucy sighed and said to me, "Well, I'll have your back then. I may not like Ethan, but I'm rooting for your happiness, and that's what friends are for."

I hugged her back and simply said: "Thank you."

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Timothy came back practically at lunchtime with not only the phones, but several bags of clothes for him, and enough food to last for weeks. He also had a truck in which he brought a few of those mattresses that came inside a box.

"I hope you can cook. The maid I hired for you won't be available until the beginning of next month, and I haven't found anyone reliable at such short notice," he said.

I looked at it all and said, "We can work it out."

I kept lunch simple, chicken and salad, for quickness and because it wasn't complex. For dessert we had fresh fruit. Lucy wanted to help me, but given her previous experiences in the kitchen, I dismissed her to help Timothy with the mattresses. Or rather, command him, because she was in no condition to lift weights with that injured leg.

"Whoa, Hannah! I didn't know you could cook!" Timothy was amazed at my skills in the kitchen.

I shrugged and said, "I know the basics so I will never starve."

"Well, then I'm a little more comfortable leaving you two here," he said.

My face fell, "Are you going to leave us?" I asked.

"Don't worry, I will come back from time to time, but as much as I want to let go of all the responsibilities in my life, I can't live here in this paradise with you permanently. I need to take care of my business and appearances. I can't disappear with you," he said.

"It's a shame. Do you intend to leave today?" Lucy asked him.

"Tomorrow at the end of the day," he replied. "Then I'll have you minimally settled."

"Right, and when are you coming back?" I asked him.

"Remember our travel calendar?" He asked me.

"I do," I told him.

"So, I will always come back on the last day of every trip," he told me.

"Good," I told him, smiling.

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By the end of the next day, we were already minimally settled, and much more comfortable than the day we arrived.

"Well, I guess it's time to go now. If you need me, you can call the new number, and I'll pick it up right away," Timothy said, already taking his leave.

"Hang on!" I told him and ran to my bedroom. I scribbled a note on a piece of paper, folded it up and handed it to Timothy.

"Can you get this to Ethan?" I asked him.

Timothy hesitated and said, "Hannah, this is too risky."

"I know, so I didn't put any details on where we are. It's just a note asking him to stop looking for me," I explained to him.

Timothy considered for a moment and then said to me, "Okay, but I won't be touching this paper, so the police won't know I'm involved."

I nodded and placed the note into a foil-wrapped paper. "Okay, so you can tear off the foil and find a way to get the message to him," I said.

Timothy chuckled and said, "It's a creative idea. Well, I promise I'll try."

I hugged him goodbye, and Timothy left, taking my message to Ethan with him.

Chapter 73: Hannah's handwriting.

Chapter 73 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

“Mr. Brown, we do need to interrogate your wife. We heard Miss Astor earlier today and she claims that it was Mrs. Brown who shot her and Miss Keeney,” Police detective Pratt said.

“I’m sorry to inform you but I really don’t know where my wife is. I was attending Misses Astor and Keeney when she left saying that she needed to clear her name before she presented herself for the case,” I told the detective.

“Well, she is facing some serious accusations.” The policeman observed. No shit, Sherlock, I thought to myself.

“Look, sir, I’m sorry I can’t help you, but I’m one of the most interested people in this case. She is pregnant and needs help. I want to find her as much as you do!” I exclaimed.

Detective Pratt sighed and mumbled: “Okay, fine. Take my card. Call me if you remember anything,” Pratt told me and offered me a small piece of paper.

I took it and nodded: “Will do,” and Detective Pratt left my office.

This was the third time that I was receiving cops this week. They have been at my home twice and now at the office. This was getting annoying.

It’s been a week since the shooting and since Hannah ran away. In my opinion, she panicked and did the wrong thing. I thought that I would find her in her apartment that night, laying in her bed in a fetal position with Lucy by her side, and we would solve everything that happened, but she wasn’t there. In fact, she wasn’t anywhere!

She left the manor through the back exit and went west, but that was all I could manage to learn about her escape. That was a private road. There weren't any cameras there. I thought that she went to Timothy’s to meet her new annoying friend, so I decided to call him the next morning, but

he was out of town since the day before, so he couldn't have helped in her escape.

My leads took me nowhere! And this was frustrating as hell.

I hired a private investigator, but until now, he didn't have any clues. How could someone so just fragile like Hannah vanish like this? She had to have other resources.

I was going to the hospital every day to check on Tess and Patricia. Tess was awake and recovering well, and in a few days, she would be dismissed from the hospital, but she would need help at home. Of course, the first person that I thought to hire to help her was Patricia, but unfortunately, she wasn't doing well. Patricia was stable, but was still in a coma, and no one could explain why she wasn't waking up.

I didn't trust many people to take care of Tess, so I was on the hunt for someone, because I had a company to lead, and couldn't be full-time taking care of Tess. Besides, she could think that my help – the one that I promised to give her – was more than it really was, and I didn't want her to think too much into it. I was still looking for my errant wife.

“Oh, dear Ethan, you're here again! You know, this is the highlight of my day!” Tess greeted me happily.

I didn't want her to suffer more than she already did, so I ignored her comment and asked her: “Hey, Tess, how are you feeling today?”

Tess sighed and said: “You know, thank Goodness it wasn't a shot to kill, but it still hurts a lot, and I'm still shaken. Do you think Hannah could come back and finish the job?” She asked me. There was a glint in her eyes that looked different, as if she was liking the attention that I was giving to her but also liking accusing Hannah.

“If you think that you need protection, I can always hire a bodyguard. Just tell me so, and consider it done,” I told her.

Tess pouted and said: “Well, I was thinking something more... Intimate,” and then, she threw her megawatt smile on me and continued: “I was thinking about you being my personal bodyguard. What do you think?”

“I think that you’re exaggerating, Tess. Hannah is gone, and without a single trace. She said that she’s going to clean her reputation before coming back,” I told her trying to avoid the delicate question she asked.

Tess’s smile got even wider – if that was possible – and she said: “Great! That means that she isn’t going to come back again!”

“Tess, don't be like this! This is so childish,” I chastised her.

“Sorry, but I can’t avoid it. You know that I never liked her. But you also know that I’ve been patient and waited for you this long. Maybe this is the time for you to fulfill your promise, Ethan. Maybe this is a sign from heaven that we are meant to be together. After all, I’ve survived a shooting and your wife is gone. All that you have to do is sign the divorce papers and we both get rid of her forever!” Tess exclaimed happily.

“I don’t think you’re seeing the whole picture here, Tess. Hannah is my wife and mother of my son. I have to find her!” I urged her.

“Yeah, yeah, but that doesn’t mean that you can’t kick her, and we can raise the child together. After all, his mother tried to kill me just because you love me,” Tess told me. “You are the one who has not seen the whole picture here, Ethan. We can send Hannah to rot in jail and have our own family, even though I can’t have children on my own anymore. This baby will still be yours and we wouldn’t even need to adopt a baby!” She exclaimed.

She was definitely out of her mind if she thinks that this poor and simple solution is going to solve all of our problems.

“Do you think I would be capable of being that heartless? Tess, Hannah is the mother of my son. I care about her. I would still care about her even if she wasn’t pregnant. I couldn’t let her suffer like that alone. I promised to help her just like I promised to help you, and we both know that I am not a man to set aside my promises,” I told her. Okay, maybe the meds were affecting her head or something.

“Okay, okay! I see that you’re upset with my suggestion,” Tess told me while she raised her hands in a surrender gesture. “I was just thinking that this could be a good outcome of this whole story. We could keep the baby and Hannah would have what she deserves,” she mumbled.

“Tess! Please don’t test me!” I warned her.

“Fine, let’s talk about something else,” she told me.

“What do you want to talk about?” I asked her.

“I was wondering where I would go after being discharged from here,” Tess told me.

“To your home, of course,” I told her.

Tess’s face fell, and she pouted again: “I was wondering if I could go home with you. I can’t be alone, Ethan. I need care!” She exclaimed.

“And you will be taken care of,” I told her. “I’m on the hunt for a caretaker for you,” I explained to her.

“But I was hoping that you would take care of me, Ethan!” Tess demanded.

“We both know that I have a company to run, sweetheart,” I told her.

“But I don’t want anyone else touching me!” She insisted.

“Well, too bad, but you will have to tolerate someone else’s touch. I can’t be there for you 24/7,” I told her.

“But you were there for Hannah,” she argued.

“You’re wrong. I wasn’t there. Patricia was there, but now she’s in a coma, and I need to look for someone else.” I stood up from the armchair and said: “I have to go now, Tess. I will let you know when the arrangements are done, okay?”

“Will you come back to me, Ethan?” She pleaded.

I sighed and said: “I will.”

Later that day, I went back to my office. I had a meeting scheduled with Timothy and didn’t want to see him. I was so sure that he would be responsible for Hannah’s disappearance, but my private detective told me that his flight registers informed that his plane lifted hours before the whole melee, so he didn’t have anything to do with Hannah’s escape.

I greeted him at my floor’s lobby: “Timothy,” I said and nodded at him.

“Where the hell is your wife? We were supposed to travel tomorrow, but she isn’t here. Will I have to do this work alone now? Will I have to relocate my team to accommodate just for this job?” Timothy asked me.

I looked around and saw Eric there, so I mumbled: “Not here.”

He nodded and we both entered my office.

“So, what happened?” Timothy asked me at the moment that I closed the door behind me.

I explained to him the parts of this history that I understood, and he said: “Damn, Hannah is in trouble this time. I do hope she’s innocent, though. When you finally give up on her, I want to be there to comfort her.”

I couldn't help it but to grab him by his jacket collar: "Are you seriously trying to insult me in my own office, Timothy? Don't you ever forget that I gave you this job to help you to improve your company. You owe me your most sincere gratitude," I told him.

"Let go of me! And we will see when Hannah is completely free from justice and from you if she will not choose me instead of you. You are a walking trouble, Ethan. You always were," Timothy said. I was expecting him to back up, but he didn't recoil an inch.

I narrowed my eyes at him and asked: "What do you want?"

"I promised you that I would come back from my trip and if Hannah was still gone, I would help you to look for her, so here I am. I'm here to ask, or better, demand all the leads that you have so my private investigators can look into them and see what they can find," Timothy said.

"And why do you think you're into the position to demand anything from me?" I asked him.

"Because I was just someone who wanted to help you, for Hannah's sake and I was insulted by you." Timothy said while he was fixing his collar.

I sighed and murmured: "Fine, I will send you whatever I have. Just to let you know, it's not much," I told him.

"Thank you," he murmured and left my office.

I went to sit down on my chair and saw something that was out of place.

A small piece of paper that was addressed to me.

In Hannah's handwriting.

Chapter 74: The manor at the shores

Chapter 74 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hanna's POV:

On the first days of the new home, we had a lot to do. The house was clean, but we cleaned it all over again just for good measure, and that took a lot of time, with Lucy still using crotches and me and my belly growing each day. After that, a room decorator and personal shopper arrived. Her name was Camilla, and we loved her from the very first moment:

“So, Mr. Chesterfield mentioned that money wasn't a problem, so I brought you a few samples of materials and colors, and we can start from that. Later, I will bring pictures of furniture, pillows and rugs that will match your choices. What do you think?” She asked us.

“I think it sounds pretty good. I'm a lazy person, you know, so anyone who can shop for me, especially right now when I'm walking in crutches is welcome,” Lucy told her.

“Yeah, I never liked shopping, so I think that this sounds great,” I agreed with Lucy. That was actually a lie. I love seeing furniture and decorations. Many of the manor rooms were decorated by me in the past but considering that I couldn't afford to leave the property and take the risk of someone recognizing me, I was saying that to sound more convincing.

“Right. Which one is the first environment you want to decorate?” Camilla asked us.

“I think the kitchen, since we already have mattresses. What do you think, Lucy?” I spoke.

“Yeah, the kitchen is the most necessary part of the home,” Lucy agreed with me.

When we got into the house, Camilla looked around and murmured: “Oh, dear Lord, you need help. Lots of it.”

We both laughed and I said: “Yeah, you’re in for a long ride.”

We spent the day choosing colors, fabrics, and styles until we finally were satisfied. I kept our dinner simple, as always and since we were too tired because of the day's efforts, and we went to bed early.

There wasn't much to do in the cottage after a week. We chose almost all the details of the house and were expecting the last pieces of furniture that were ordered. Camilla was a force of nature and was able to make that house a home in no time.

By the end of the second week, we were all installed and had everything in place. Timothy arrived on Friday night to spend the weekend with us and we were having dinner.

“Whoa, ladies, this is fantastic! The house is all settled in no time. Congratulations!” he said while admiring the whole environment.

“Thanks, but Camilla is the one you should congratulate. She did the hard work. We’ve just been here sitting around and choosing from several catalogs,” I said, and Lucy nodded.

“So, next steps. I think that you should change your appearance a little bit, so you can walk around the city and not die of boredom here. I will bring a hair stylist here so you can make any changes,” he said.

“Good, I was thinking that I needed a haircut,” I told him.

“What are the next steps, Timothy?” Lucy asked him.

“After that, I’ll get you ladies new documents, so you can present yourselves with other identities. If I were you, I would start thinking about new names and backgrounds,” he said.

“Right, and then what?” I asked.

“Medical. You need to check on your baby, and Lucy needs to check on her leg and continue with her physiotherapy. By the way, how is it going?” Timothy asked her.

Lucy smiled at him when she answered: “Well, it doesn’t hurt anymore. I just need to recover the movements, and I will be fine.”

“Good to hear that,” and then, he turned to me and asked: “How about the baby?”

“Well, Michael is making me bigger by the day,” I told him and chuckled.

“No way, you’re fantastic, Hannah. Seriously, you’re practically glowing. And you’re tanned! You both are!” he exclaimed.

“Well, there’s not much to do but go to the beach and enjoy the good life,” Lucy told him, and we all laughed. “Seriously, we will need occupations in the near future,” she told him.

“Okay, do you like reading? I can bring you dozens of novels for now,” Timothy offered.

“Yep, and crafts. I love knitting, and I have a baby on the way,” I told him.

“This can be arranged,” Timothy said.

“And do you think you can bring us a computer and internet?” I asked him.

Timothy looked at me seriously: “You can’t access your emails or get into contact with people who you left behind, Hannah. It’s too risky. It’s been just two weeks!”

“I know, and you’re right, but we are bored!” I spoke.

“I can bring you a few movies, what do you think?” Timothy offered.

“A couple of streaming services?” Lucy asked hopefully.

“No computers or smartphones,” Timothy warned.

“Well, that’s better than nothing,” I mumbled.

We enjoyed the weekend with Timothy. He brought a hairstylist so we could change our appearance a little. I couldn’t dye my hair, but it was definitely shorter now. Lucy made a radical change: she was now blonde and with Chanel hair.

After that, we went to visit the little village and the local market. I was seeing a new perspective of the shores. I wasn’t a visitor anymore. I was becoming a recluse local now. The place was charming, and we had so much to see that I’m pretty sure that we missed a lot of details.

We walked through the shoreline until we arrived at the local manors.

“You should be staying here,” Timothy said, pointing to a beautiful house that faced the sea.

“But I’m happy where I am,” I told him.

“Yeah, me too,” added Lucy.

“And that’s why I’m staying with you there instead of here,” Timothy said as if it was logical.

“What do you mean? Is this house yours?” I asked him.

“It’s moms, but I’m allowed to use it, of course. Do you guys want to come in?” Timothy offered.

“Sure,” Lucy told him happily, and we all went inside.

The house was superb. It wasn’t like Timothy’s. It was floral and refreshing and was definitely decorated for a woman. I loved the rooms and the decoration, but my favorite part was a secret garden that Timothy showed us.

“This is fantastic, Timothy. Your mom has an excellent taste,” I said.

“I know, right?” he chuckled.

“Hey, Timothy, if you have such a home to stay, why are you staying with us in that tiny cottage?” Lucy asked him. “I mean, not that we don’t want you there, but I’m still curious,” she added.

“I’m staying there because of the good company,” Timothy told her. “I couldn’t stand being here all by myself when I have two friends like you living this close. But I think I’m going to come here more often, and you’re going to visit me here too,” he told us.

“How so?” I asked him.

“It’s because mom is coming to stay in town for a while,” Timothy told us.

“Really?” Lucy asked, amazed.

“Yep, she is going to recover from a surgery here, and this will be the perfect excuse to be here more often, and she’s been asking for you, Hannah. She told me that she liked you a lot and that she wanted to spend more time with you, given the circumstances,” Timothy told me.

“It would be our honor,” I answered him.

“Good. You can trust her, Hannah. She would never tell anyone that you ladies are here,” Timothy assured me.

“Good to know,” I told him.

I decided to change the subject and ask something that was eating me from the inside: “So, you haven’t mentioned yet, but how is everyone back home?”

Timothy sighed and said: “This is your new home, Hannah. But I do understand what you mean.”

We walked for a few minutes in silence until he said: “Well, you know that it was a mess when you left the city, but Tess and Patricia were taken to the hospital. Tess is wide awake and from what I heard, making a lot of trouble, and accusing you of shooting her.”

I rolled my eyes and said: “Obviously. What about Patricia?”

“She is... stable,” Timothy told me, and then he continued: “But she is still in a coma, and nobody actually knows why she didn’t wake up yet,” Timothy told me.

“Oh, my God. It’s all my fault!” I whined.

“No, it’s not. It is not your fault that Tess is insane to the point to harm other people. She is the one that we should blame!” Lucy exclaimed.

“I agree with Lucy, Hannah. But it doesn’t help your situation. Although I heard that the experts examined the scene, your escape doesn’t help you look innocent, so we do need Patricia’s statement,” Timothy said.

“So, all that we can do is to wait and hope for her full recovery,” I sighed.

“I’m afraid so,” Timothy said. “But the good news is that Ethan is looking for you. He hired a private detective to find you,” Timothy said.

“And how can that be good news if I’m running away from him?” I asked Timothy.

“The good news was that I delivered your note and I have someone on my side to give his detective all the wrong leads,” Timothy said.

“So, Ethan received my note? What did he say?” I asked Timothy hopefully.

Timothy looked at me with unfathomable eyes before he gave me an answer.

Chapter 75: Good morning, darling.

Chapter 75 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan’s POV:

That little note felt like a mirage in my hands. Just recognizing Hannah's handwriting on it and knowing there would be news from her excited me, but at the same time I was terribly worried about her disappearance.

Still, I didn't open the note right away. The note was as mysterious as its origin. Who could have left that there? Certainly not Timothy. He had come in with me, and he hadn't come over to my table, had he? No. It must have been someone else, and Eric must know who it was.

So, I decided to go outside my office to look for Eric.

"Hey Eric. There's a note in my office that wasn't there when I got inside. Did you put anything on my desk?" I asked him.

Eric looked at me confused and said, "I didn't put anything new on your desk, Mr. Brown. It could have been one of the couriers. I've been away

running errands for you, remember? If the door is open, they know they are allowed to put documents in the inbox," Eric explained to me.

"Okay, it's just that one of the notes put in there is kind of...unusual," I insisted.

"Unusual how, sir?" Eric asked me.

"It's just a note, it doesn't have an envelope or proper address," I told him.

"Do you want to give me the note so I can look up which courier made the delivery?" Eric asked me promptly.

I thought for a moment. I would like to read the note first to decide what to do. These days, everything related to Hannah was supposed to be passed on to the police, but I didn't know if the contents of that note were completely private or should be reported.

"No," I muttered to him. "If necessary, I'll talk to you again about the note later."

Eric nodded and said, "Okay, sir. If you need me, I'll be here at your disposal," and I went back to my office.

I made a beeline for the note, then sat back in my chair and read:

"My dear Ethan,

I'm so sorry for leaving you like this. Trust me, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings or confuse you. We were trying to fix our marriage again when all this happened, but I hope you understand that I did it for the good of everyone involved.

The gun the shots came from was brought into the manor by Tess. She subdued Patricia so she had no choice but to wait tied to a chair for one of us to arrive, and although I was apprehensive for our son, I couldn't

leave her to Tess's mercy. Patricia is a very dear friend, and I couldn't abandon her.

I'm so sorry about the outcome of that night. I didn't want that to happen. I just wanted Tess to drop the gun, but unfortunately, I couldn't. And I knew that in front of Tess as a victim, no one would believe me. So, I decided to give her what she wants: a place next to you. Who knows if she will allow me and our baby to live?

I couldn't afford going to jail pregnant, so I decided to run away to gather proof of my innocence so I could clean my name and come back. I don't know how long it will take to prove that I'm not at blame in this whole story, but I promise you that I'll come back once I'm ready. I wouldn't take our son away from you unnecessarily, don't worry.

I'm prioritizing our son in this whole story. He is not to blame for any of our choices. I ask that you do not look for us. It will be safer for us that way. I know this wasn't the outcome you were looking for, but maybe this is all fate at work in our lives.

Please know that ignoring all common sense, I love you. And our baby and I will miss you always.

With all my love,

Hannah"

I sighed. That was typical Hannah. She always made choices like that for me, even if I didn't want to. This really pissed me off, especially in this case where she was gone without a trace.

Who was she to decide that it was best for me to stay with Tess? Okay, if the story Tess was telling was true, Hannah was a crazy person who had tried to kill Patricia and Tess, but if Hannah was right, Tess had freaked out over my decision and tried to take all her frustration out on

Hannah. If only Patricia would wake up, we could get this story out in the open, and if Hannah really was innocent, she could go home.

God only knows how long Hannah would be gone. How long would it take her to prove her innocence? Where had she gone? Was there anyone who helped her? Was she going through some need or needed help?

I only knew that she wasn't alone because Lucy was gone too, and the two were so close together that I was sure she had taken Lucy with her. But then where did those two go? We consulted police stations, hospitals, airports, and bus stations and found nothing. It was as if they had entered through a portal to another dimension.

I was starting to worry that Hannah would still be missing when our child was born. I dreamed of the moment when I would see our baby for the first time. When I would hear his cry. The ultrasound we did a few days ago was one of the best experiences of my life. If I was willing to try before, after I heard the sound of Michael's heartbeat, my desire to be there for Hannah and the baby doubled. But now even that possibility had been taken from me, at least for the time being.

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A few days later, I got a call from the hospital asking me to be in charge of Tess. She would be discharged from the hospital and needed to be taken home. I had hired a nurse to take care of her and everything was arranged, but she was adamant.

"You can't be serious, Ethan. Are you really going to leave me alone in my house?" Tess asked me as I personally pushed the wheelchair that she was on.

"Tess, what's wrong? You've suffered major trauma, been discharged, and now you're going home," I told her.

"Yeah, right. And then I'm going to be taken care of by a stranger," she murmured.

"Miss Patrick has strong references from her work. You'll be in good hands," I told her.

"But Ethan, I'm traumatized! Nothing would stop Hannah from finding me again and deciding to finish the job she started!" Tess exclaimed.

"I can ask Miss Patrick to sleep with you there. What do you think?" I asked her.

"And what guarantees that Miss Patrick can't be bribed by Hannah? I don't want to be alone in my house with a stranger, Ethan!" Tess argued.

"Fine. Do you want me to ask Alexander to spend a few days at your place until you feel comfortable with Miss Patrick's presence?" I suggested.

Tess shook her head and told me, "My house is too small for so many people. I'd rather be with you."

"That's not going to happen, Tess," I told her.

"Oh, come on, Ethan, please," Tess pleaded. "I promise to behave myself. I can sleep on the opposite side of the house. You won't even notice I'm there," she pleaded.

I sighed. "You're not going to take no for an answer, are you?" I asked her in frustration.

Tess shook her head. She had a wide smile on her face, like she was a kid who was up to something.

"Okay, but you're going to sleep in another wing of the manor," I told her.

"Yay! It's okay. Just being under the same roof as you makes me happy," she told me.

Indeed, Tess was behaving exemplarily. She didn't ingratiate herself once, which was just fine. I didn't have my mind in there as I was worried about Hannah. So, Tess's company went almost unnoticed.

About a week later, I decided to call my private detective.

"Mr. Brown, to what do I owe your call?" the detective saluted me.

"Well...? There's only one reason to call, isn't there?" I snapped.

"Okay, sir. Mr. Chesterfield's detective is also sharing information, but so far, we only know some fragmentary data about Mrs. Brown's whereabouts," Detective Simmons said.

"Did you find her cell phone and SIM card?" I asked.

"No, sir. It's possible she disposed of the device and the SIM card near her house, in one direction, but it's a very wooded area. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack," Simmons said.

"So, you're telling me there's nothing?" I asked him in frustration.

"I'm sorry, sir. We are trying to find out the details of the official police investigation, but so far, we have not been able to. I guarantee you that we will find her, and I also guarantee that as soon as there is any news in the case, you will be the first to know. know," Simmons said.

I just hung up on him. I wasn't in the mood to listen to excuses. I wanted answers.

I needed a drink. This Hannah disappearance was driving me crazy. I poured myself a dose of whisky from my personal collection bottle that I kept in the office, but I chugged the drink, not even realizing what I was doing. That wasn't enough. I decided to head over to Lucy's old bar.

"Sir, I know it's your bar, but don't you think you've drunk too much?"
The new bartender asked me.

"Leave me!" I raged.

"But sir," the bartender insisted.

"Shut up or you will be fired!" I exclaimed. After that the bartender nodded and poured me another drink.

I'm not really sure how I got home. A chauffeur I hired periodically dropped me off at the manor door, and I barely made it to my room before collapsing onto my bed. Tomorrow I will have a hell of a hangover...

The sun was shining outside the bedroom the next morning, and the birds were singing outside the window. I moaned in protest when I opened my eyes and sunlight slammed into them.

"Ah, good morning, darling! You're awake!" Tess said excitedly.

Tess? What the hell was she doing here?

Chapter 76: You'll be fine, honey.

Chapter 76 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

"I have no idea what he said, Hannah. I just left the note in his office. I couldn't deliver it myself. Remember he doesn't know that I know about you? My investigator is even dropping false leads, so they take the wrong path," Timothy sighed exasperated.

"But did you see him reading?" I insisted.

"Of course not, Hannah! And another thing, stop playing the homing pigeon on me. I can't keep taking notes from you to Ethan. That would be wrong!" Timothy warned.

"Don't worry, it was just that one time. You treat me as if I was a stubborn child," I muttered to him.

"I don't, Hannah. But you are acting childish. You know that I can't even give him a hint to your whereabouts, don't you?" He asked me.

I sighed and said: "I do. I'm sorry."

Timothy sighed in relief and said, "Good. I hope you understand the seriousness of this, Hannah. This is for your own good."

"Okay, I get it, don't worry," I muttered bitterly.

We went back to the cottage to rest, and on the next day, Timothy received a call that made him leave.

"Timothy, what is it?" I asked him when I saw his worried face.

"I'm sorry, ladies. I got a call from home. My mother is due for surgery soon, and I'd like to be there for her if you don't mind," he said.

"Is she alright?" I asked him worriedly.

"Yes, she is. She was waiting to finish some businesses and then she would go under surgery, but she finally decided to prioritize her health instead of her boutiques, and that is where we are," Timothy explained to us. "Do you ladies mind if I shorten my visit this time?" He asked again.

"No problem at all!" I exclaimed. "When will she come to rest? Will she need help?" I asked him.

"I believe that she will be here next week. She wants to go straight here after being discharged from the hospital, and yes, she'll have a full-time nurse, Hannah. But thanks for offering." Timothy said.

"Not at all," I nodded and told Timothy.

"Still, she'd like to spend more time with you. She doesn't know anyone around here, so this could be a good opportunity for you both to know each other better. She loved you back from that dinner, and I bet she will be happy to meet you too, Lucy," Timothy said.

"It will be good to have some company! We don't know anyone here either!" exclaimed Lucy. "And it would be an honor to babysit Georgie Chesterfield!" I chuckled at her excitement but nodded. Lucy pretended not to care about fashion, but deep down she was a huge fan of Georgie.

"Thanks for that, ladies," Timothy said.

"It will be a pleasure," I replied to him, and soon he was gone.

"So, what do we do now?" Lucy asked me.

I sighed. "Not much, really. We wait until our new identities arrive. Timothy mentioned that they will be here in a couple of days."

"Damn! This escaping thing is too boring sometimes!" Lucy exclaimed.

"I know," I agree with her. "But is just for a little while, and it is going to pass, then we will probably be busier. When our new documents arrive, I have to find another doctor here, and you have to go to physiotherapy," I told her.

"Right. And when will I be able to work again?" Lucy asked eagerly.

I shrugged and said: "I honestly don't know, Lucy. You have to be 100% until you look for a job, and we both know that you are kind of far from that," I told her.

Lucy sighed and mumbled: "I know, it's just... I hate being useless like this, Besides, I don't like novels like you do, we've exhausted every possible and imaginable series from streaming, and we can't get in touch with anyone."

"Well, have you considered what running away would mean?" I asked her.

"Looking back now, I don't think so, Hannah. In fact, I thought that if I've been cleared of all charges, we'd just be hiding from Ethan, but it's so much bigger than that," she told me.

"I don't think either of us were really seeing this coming. I'm sorry about that," I mumbled to her.

"Well, it is what it is, Hannah. But I'm not whining about all this. I'm just a little... bored. But it will pass," Lucy assured me.

"I think so," I told her. "And maybe you can start thinking about what you want to do when you're fully recovered. Are you going to keep the profession or try something new?" I asked her.

"I don't know yet. Maybe I'll look into something more low profile," she told me.

"You know what? I think I know what you can do meanwhile! You could enroll in one of those arts classes we pass in the village! That way you wouldn't be so bored," I suggested to her.

"That's not a bad idea. I'll look into what types of classes are offered. If I find something interesting, I'm in!" Lucy answered me excitedly.

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The next few days were pretty calm, especially compared to the chaos we'd been experiencing before fleeing and the first days at the cottage. But since we didn't feel there was any direct threat to us, when our new

identities arrived, we took the opportunity to explore the village by ourselves.

Our new documents arrived. The guy that Timothy had hired made us sisters, and now our last name is Parker. My first name was Jessica, and Lucy was now Gwen. We discussed for hours on what our backstory would be.

"We could have run away because you had an abusive husband," Lucy suggested. "That could be a great excuse why we don't live with a man."

I shook my head, "I don't want people to be indiscreet and start commenting that I'm running away from someone. This could make people ask too many questions. We're only here because you need to recover your health after a terrible accident, and it so happens that I'm pregnant" I told Lucy.

"But this story is boring, Hannah!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Boring is great in our case, Lucy. People don't ask much about boring backgrounds," I told her adamantly.

Lucy sighed but mumbled: "Fine. We'll do as you said."

Timothy had left some prepaid credit cards with us for expenses and a car in his name. So, we had resources and mobility. Our first visits were to the doctors: first Lucy, then me.

"You're doing great, Ms. Parker," Lucy's new doctor complimented her. "I will authorize the continuation of your treatment through physical therapy three times a week, and you should be on your feet and off crutches in about a month."

"Great, thank you!" Lucy exclaimed.

Later that day, I went to the OB/GYN to check on my baby.

"Oh, and where is the child's father?" the doctor asked me.

"He's away. I came here with my sister to take care of her health and get her feet up a little too, and my husband stayed in town on business," I mumbled.

The doctor nodded and said, "This is good for both of you, guys. Resting while one recovers from an accident and taking breaks while the other is pregnant sounds good. I just hope you aren't pushing yourself too hard," the doctor mused.

"Of course not, Doc!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Then let's see the baby. I have your test results, and everything is fine. Your belly seems to be growing at a good rate. You're coming into your sixth month in good shape. How's your relationship with food going now?" the doctor asked.

"I'm eating healthier now, and thank heavens the nausea has completely stopped, and I can hold food in my stomach again," I chuckled.

"That's right, Mrs. Parker," The doctor said. "Soon, however, other difficulties will appear, more related to tiredness and the difficulty of carrying out small tasks because of the size of the belly. You're probably not used to these difficulties, so I would advise you to take it easy," she said.

"I think I'm almost there," I mumbled and chuckled.

"So, let's check on the baby?" The doctor asked and a few minutes later, the good doctor started the ultrasound scan, and I heard the most beautiful sound in the world: Michael's heartbeat.

"Well, your boy looks strong and healthy. Congratulations Mom!" the doctor exclaimed.

A myriad of emotions washed over me, and I started to cry.

"Jessica, what's up, honey?" Lucy asked me. For a second, I almost forgot that I was using another identity, but I think I masked the weirdness pretty well because I was crying.

"It's nothing, Gwen. I just miss the baby's father," I told her.

"Will he be with you when you give birth?" the doctor asked.

"I...I still don't know," I muttered to her.

The doctor's kind smile dropped a little as she said, "But even if he isn't, you'll be fine, honey. You're strong, and everything is fine with both of you," she assured me.

"I hope so," I mumbled, but I wasn't so sure.

That night, I hadn't been able to sleep for a minute. My baby was kicking like crazy, and I was uncomfortable. But most of all, I was worried about Ethan. What was going through his head at that moment?

Chapter 77: Don't you dare, Tess!

Chapter 77 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

"Ah, good morning, darling! You're awake!" Tess said excitedly.

I looked at Tess. The shape of her face was fuzzy because I was still a little groggy, but I had already woken up so many times next to her that I would never mistake that voice again in my life.

"What the hell are you doing in my room?" I asked her.

"What do you mean what the hell am I doing here in your room? You picked me up from my room, silly!" she exclaimed.

"I'm pretty sure I didn't do that, Tess," I told her suspiciously.

"Ethan, what do you mean?" She asked me confused. "How do you think I could have gotten this far without your help? See, my wheelchair isn't here, and I couldn't have gotten all the way across the house by myself. You came into my room, woke me up, and brought me up here. I must say I missed you," Tess coaxed me.

I shook my head in denial and said, "That's impossible, Tess. I was drunk, I know, but I sure as hell didn't do that," I told her.

Tess's face crumpled a little and she said, "Why, you let me down, Ethan. You said so many nice words to me last night. I'm sure that deep down you still love me, even though you're worried about your baby."

"No, no! You must be mistaken, Tess. I'm sure I didn't do that," I insisted.

Tess turned her face from me and started to cry discreetly. "I can't believe it, Ethan. I can't believe that you woke me up in the middle of the night, brought me here to your bed, used me and can't even have the decency to assume your acts!" She told me.

"That's because nothing happened!" I exclaimed to her.

"No! That's because you're too drunk to assume what you did. You know, I could report you to the authorities. You promised me the world, Ethan, and now I have nothing again!" She exclaimed.

"Look, Tess. I'm sorry! I can't remember anything," I told her. "What did I promise to you?" I asked her.

"You've signed your divorce papers in front of me, saying that you're free from that ridiculous ex-wife of yours," she said.

“I did what?” I stood from my bed and went straight to the desk that I had in my suite. There were no papers on the desk.

“You did what I said. You’ve signed your divorce papers,” she told me.

I ran to my study immediately to look for my divorce papers and they weren’t there either. That was when I noticed that I was stark naked. My study was also a mess, as if a burglar had ransacked the whole room. What the hell happened here?

I looked for the papers and finally found them, but the relief was brief. There was only one copy of the papers, with both my signature and Hannah’s. The other one was gone.

“Hey, Tess. Why is there only one copy of the papers here?” I asked her.

She came slowly to my study. It seemed to take an eternity. When she finally got there, she said: “That’s because you’ve signed both of them and asked me to keep one to send to the notary’s office first thing in the morning, so I hid that, and I’m sending the second copy to be registered as soon as possible today,” she told me simply.

I ran to the room where Tess was staying. I looked in the desk, under the bed, in the closet and among her books. I looked everywhere I could, but I couldn't find the papers.

"Where is it?" I asked her.

Tess walked slowly into the room and stood at the threshold with her arms crossed, "As if I was going to tell you where it is," she laughed at me.

"You can't be serious, Tess. That couldn't have happened!" I exclaimed alarmed.

“But it did, Ethan. And then, you took me right on this desk. Haven’t you noticed that you’re completely naked?” She asked me ironically.

I made a face at her and said: "That's easy to make, Tess. I was drunk. But I believe that I wasn't in a condition to have sex with you yesterday," I told her.

"Oh, darling. You don't know what you're capable of, even when you're drunk," Tess mumbled and chuckled. "We did it here and continued doing so in your shower and even on your bed. The one that you used to share with her. I'm honored, Ethan. That was a first. You never allowed me on that bed."

I grimaced at her and said: "You don't know what you're saying."

"Oh, I do, honey. You also told me that you might regret that in the morning, just like you're doing now, but you also said that you needed to take that first painful step, otherwise you could never let Hannah go. She's gone, Ethan. You need to move on. And there's no better way to do that than to marry again."

"I'm not divorced from her yet!" I exclaimed to Tess.

"So, this is considered cheating. And you're still married to her just because you simply can't let her go. I don't understand how a simple child can change your mind like that, Ethan. You never loved her, did you?" She asked me.

"You don't know about my feelings," I told her.

"I think I have an idea about them, Ethan. You made a lot of promises to me before marrying Hannah. You said it would be temporary, that you wouldn't be sleeping with her often, and that you would take care of me by loving and cherishing me every day." Tess told me. "I'm the one you love! Not that skank!" She exclaimed.

"Tess, be careful what you say now," I warned her.

"I don't need to be careful, Ethan. Don't you remember that you also made several promises to me yesterday? You reaffirmed some of the promises you made to me, and I'm here to collect them!" Tess exclaimed.

"Give me the papers, Tess," I warned her.

"Not before you own what you did yesterday and not before you affirm that you're going to fulfill your promises," Tess shook her head and told me.

"I'm sorry, Tess. I can't. I have pending issues with Hannah, and I can't let her go before we solve them," I told her.

"So, I'm going to send the papers to the registrar this morning!" She threatened me.

"Don't you dare, Tess!" I warned her.

"You said I could do it in the morning!" she exclaimed. "And told me I should do it even if you don't," she said.

"These papers are not yours to deliver to the notary!" I exclaimed.

"No, they're not. But do you know what I'm going to do if you don't keep your promises?" Tess narrowed her eyes and told me.

"What will you do?" I asked her in alarm.

"I'm going to say you abused me, that's what I'm going to say! I'm going to the police to tell them how you used me in a fragile moment. I'm recovering from being shot by your crazy wife, Ethan. And you pretended you were looking out for me and took advantage of me last night. There are no excuses for you, not even if you say you were drunk. You're going to be in trouble, Ethan." Tess threatened me.

"You don't know what you're saying, Tess." I told her.

"I'm sorry, Ethan. Desperate times," she told me with a wry smile on her face.

"That's enough. You're going home today, Tess." I told her.

Tess crossed her arms over her chest. "I'm not going anywhere! My new home is here, Ethan. Along with you. Hannah has finally left this house. Now is MY time to get what I want!" Tess exclaimed.

"Very well, if you don't leave, I will," I told her. So, I left my study and locked myself in my suite. I took a quick shower and threw some clothes in a suitcase. I would stay somewhere else until that crazy woman leaves my house.

What the hell was she thinking? She knew perfectly well that I hated having people make decisions for me, and it wouldn't be any different now.

I needed to find a way to find out where she had hidden my divorce papers before she handed them over to the registry office.

I didn't find her when I left my room. I think she locked herself in the room I had put her in. As soon as I arrived at Brown's Enterprises, I called Simmons.

"Yes sir?" Simmons answered on the first ring.

"I need you to find someone to watch Miss Astor immediately. I want to know who goes near her. And if anyone finds her, that person has to be intercepted immediately." I told him.

"Of course, sir. consider it done," he told me and killed the call.

I needed to fix this situation quickly.

Tess's POV:

"Oh, hey, honey," I answered his call on the first ring.

"Did he believe in you?" The voice on the other end of the phone asked me.

"Completely. We can go on with our plan," I told him. "Will I see you later?" I asked.

"Sure," he told me and hung up.

Now, this was going to be fun.

Chapter 78: She needs Ethan, Timothy.

Chapter 78 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

The following week, Timothy came to visit. Or rather, he called us to go to the mansion facing the sea that belonged to his family. I was looking forward to seeing his mother again, and I hoped she was fine after she had the surgery.

Lucy was all excited. She had put on her best dress, done her best makeup. She wanted to be in top shape to meet Georgie. I also wanted to look presentable, but with my belly growing like a balloon these days, my options were limited.

"I look ridiculous," I whined in front of the mirror in my bedroom.

"Oh, come on, Hannah. You look beautiful!" Lucy exclaimed.

"I'm huge!" I complained to her while gesturing towards my belly that seemed bigger by the day. The doctor was right. It was starting to get

harder to sleep, move around and sometimes even breathe because of the pregnancy.

"Yes, your baby is growing, and this is perfectly natural, Hannah. Besides, Georgie has already been pregnant, Hannah. She'll understand you're a mother, not a model," Lucy said. "You were never a model, Hannah. Just someone she met at dinner and really liked."

"Yes, I think she liked me, and yes, she's already been pregnant. Twice," I told her.

Lucy looked at me confused, "I thought Timothy was an only child. Who is Georgie Chesterfield's other son or daughter?" she asked me.

"Long story short, the child disappeared when she was just a toddler, many years ago," I summarized for her.

"But this is horrible!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Yes, absolutely. I hope she finds her eldest daughter," I told her. "So, shall we go? Timothy is waiting for us." I observed.

"Sure, let's get the car," Lucy told me.

We drove along the waterfront until we reached the mansion. Someone had taken care of the gardening of the house, which was even more beautiful than the day we entered. I liked Georgie, but I had butterflies in my stomach from meeting her. I didn't know how to explain it properly. I had a feeling that I would be evaluated today.

Timothy was waiting for us on the porch of the mansion.

"Hello ladies! It's good to see you again. You both look beautiful today. Come on, come on in!" He saluted us.

"Thanks," I told him, and we entered the house.

“Well, Timothy, this space looks even prettier today! Congratulations!” Lucy exclaimed to him.

“Thanks! I sent someone to take care of the flowers especially because of my mom’s arrival,” he told us.

“Speaking of her, how is she?” I asked.

“Recovering. Actually, she is doing very well, thanks. But her condition still demands a lot of rest,” he explained to us.

“Will we see her today or is this too soon?” Lucy asked him eagerly.

“She will join us for lunch later, but I requested you to come here earlier because there are a few things that I need to talk to you about if you don’t mind.”

“And what is it?” I asked him curiously.

“News from home. I know that you left a lot behind, and I know that you’re dying to know about Ethan and the others, even though I think they don’t deserve your concern toward them,” Timothy told me. There was a slight contempt in his voice.

I sighed. “Timothy, he is my husband, and the father of my son. Of course, I’m worried about him. And the others, by the way,” I told him.

“Of course, you’re worried about everyone,” Timothy said ironically.

“I am. If you don’t believe me, I can’t change your mind, unfortunately,” I told him and crossed my arms.

“Um, someone is having mood swings,” Lucy mumbled.

“I heard this!” I told her.

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled softly.

"Let's go to the library to talk more privately," Timothy told us and then led us into a room that looked like something out of *Beauty and the Beast*.

"This is beautiful!" I told him.

"You are welcome to read any volume in this room, but I would stay away from the old Chesterfield history and accounting books," he said and chuckled. "Please be seated."

"I'll keep an eye to avoid them," I said and sat down in one of the reading chairs. If I visited the house often, I could find myself reading several books sitting in that comfortable armchair. "So, what's going on back home?" I asked him.

"You're home, Hannah. You have to absorb that. But let's get to the news. Patricia is still in a coma and is unfortunately unable to help corroborate your story. Her state of health, however, is much better. No one really knows why she isn't waking up."

"Damn," I muttered. "It's not that I don't like living here. Don't get me wrong, it's just that I was recently seeing a doctor here about the baby and I was really worried that Ethan won't be there for me when the baby is born," I said to him."

"I know where this is coming from," Timothy told me. "But you don't have to worry. None of you will lack for this time you're in hiding, trust me."

"We know, but unfortunately, you are not the child's father. None of us are. And she needs Ethan, Timothy" Lucy told Timothy.

My eyes filled with tears as I noticed my friend's sensitivity. I nodded, took her hand and said, "Thank you."

Timothy sighed and said, "Unfortunately maybe that's the only thing I can't give you. I'm sorry, Hannah."

I took his hand and gave it a light squeeze. "But you're doing your best, and that's what matters, and we'll be forever grateful," I told him.

Timothy blushed and muttered, "No need to thank me. I would do that a thousand times over for you." Then he cleared his throat and continued, "So, as for the others. It looks like Vincent is normal, from my detectives' observation. I think he would be happy to hear that you're feeling better and taking better care of yourself, but unfortunately, I can't say anything to him."

"I miss him. He's a good friend and a great doctor. He helped me a lot in the beginning of my pregnancy," I said.

"Well, as for Alexander, from what little my associates and I have heard in the halls of Brown, he's been trying to get Ethan to file your divorce papers with the notary so he can marry Tess," Timothy said.

"That one is a treacherous one!" Lucy exclaimed with a frown.

"I never trusted him. He never liked me," I told them.

"He's not really trustworthy," Timothy agreed. "Now for the hard part, Tess and Ethan."

I took a deep breath. The way Timothy was carrying himself didn't inspire much confidence. He looked tense and it looked like he was preparing me for the worst. "What about them?" I asked, realizing he was stalling to tell me anything.

Timothy sighed and muttered: "Tess got out of the hospital, and from what I heard, she didn't want to be alone at her house. So much so that she convinced Ethan to take her to your house."

I knew something like this was coming, but that didn't stop it from hurting to the point where I felt my heart breaking all over again. I nodded and said, "I see."

"The curious part of this whole story is that Ethan moved out a few days ago. My detective said he took a room in a hotel next door to Brown's building. No one really knows why, and Tess hasn't been seen since, but I'd bet that something went wrong with her plan to win him back," Timothy said.

"Oh, I love the fact that something could be going wrong in paradise," Lucy said wryly.

"What the hell is she doing at my place? Did she just want the property?" I asked curiously.

"I really don't know what she's doing there, especially since Ethan isn't living there temporarily. I know she has one of Ethan's hired guys watching her day and night. I just can't figure out why," Timothy said.

"And do you think she can get what she wants? Do you think Ethan can file divorce papers and marry her?" I asked him.

Timothy shrugged and said, "I don't know if she'll make it, but today I suspect she won't because he's not completely in love with her. He's obsessed with finding you and protecting you, Hannah," Timothy said.

"Well, finally your husband did something worthwhile, Hannah. Too bad it took so long for him to budge," Lucy said.

"Better late than never," Timothy said, agreeing with her.

I wouldn't allow that to get my hopes up. I didn't want to build another castle in the sand to see it being carried away by the sea of disappointments. So, I took a deep breath and said, "Thanks for the

news, Timothy. I'm focused on the baby right now and will be for some time. After he's born, I'm going to go prove my innocence."

"And I believe that I talk for both of us when I say that you can count on us," Timothy said.

"Sure!" Lucy nodded and agreed with him.

"So, shall we go and meet my mother?" Timothy asked us.

"I'm ready! Lucy answered excitedly.

"Yeah, me too. Let's go," I told them, and we left to meet Georgie Chesterfield.

Chapter 79: Hannah's pretty slippery.

Chapter 79 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

I had been away from home for a few days and when I needed something, I would simply ask Eric to pick it up and have it delivered to my new address, in an apartment hotel next door to Brown's Enterprises. This situation was extremely frustrating. Tess had freaked out and kicked me out of my own house. I had created a monster, which had woken up and come to devour me.

Other than that, nothing new was happening in Hannah's case. How could someone who apparently had no connections go missing like that? I was already getting desperate with worry for her. It wasn't just for my son, but for his mother. I might not be very vocal about sharing my true feelings, but I had feelings for Hannah.

Where Tess's passion had devoured me when I was younger, Hannah's love for me was calmer, like a gentle breeze, and it took me going through it all to realize that that breeze was what I needed. I didn't want a burning passion that consumed me and reduced me to ashes. I wanted the warmth of a summer afternoon and the security of a safe haven.

And now, my safe haven was gone. Maybe forever.

The news I got from Tess was that she was gradually recovering. She was more willing and moved around more easily. That could mean that soon she could go back to her place, but after that day I left the house, her advances didn't calm down. She harassed me on the phone almost daily, demanding that I file divorce papers myself and assume a relationship with her.

She had accused me of abusing her and had threatened to go public with this story if I refused. She had even given me an absurd two-week deadline to comply with her demands, otherwise she would go directly to the police.

I hated being controlled this way, and I didn't know what to do. So, I decided to invite Vincent to lunch and ask my best friend for advice.

"Look, Ethan. It's really hard for me to say this, but you're completely screwed, buddy." Vincent sighed and told me.

"No shit, Sherlock," I mumbled at him.

"Tess isn't playing fair. All she's doing is pressuring you in an unprecedented way to do what she wants. And I know how much you love control," Vincent told me.

"I swear if this wasn't going to turn into a scandal of massive proportions, I would have walked away from her completely by now, but Tess is a ticking time bomb, and I have to deal with it as best I can," I told him.

"What about Alexander? Maybe he could help you convince her to calm down? They were always best friends," Vincent suggested.

"Alexander always wanted to see me with Tess, Vincent. He won't help anyone but her. In fact, he's the only one she lets in the house as far as I know. He's the only visitor who goes in and out of there," I said to Vincent.

"And how do you know he's been to your house?" Vincent asked me.

"Because I had one of Simmons' men guard the place," I explained to him. "I can't let her take the other copy of my divorce papers and file it at the notary."

"I see. But have you considered the possibility of Alexander doing this for her, since she's weakened and he's in and out of your house?" Vincent asked me.

I shook my head, "Alexander would never do that. Besides, I consulted with a lawyer and only interested parties can file. Hannah doesn't have any copies of the documents, and I'm not going to file this," I said firmly.

"If you're not going to file for divorce, then why didn't you destroy those damn documents?" Vincent asked me.

I sighed. "I was looking forward to doing this with Hannah as soon as I got her back, but everything went downhill and here we are. One of the copies was stolen and I don't know where it is, and the other one I will not file under any circumstances, " I told him.

"You are an idiot, my friend. With all due respect, but you are a real jerk," Vincent said.

"And you think I don't know that?" I muttered to him.

"And what else? Besides not having any leads on Hannah's whereabouts, how are the investigations going?" Vincent asked me.

"Forensics obviously already said there was a third person at the scene. They've gone through the whole house, and they've already come to some conclusions, but Tess's testimony contradicts the study they've done, so the best that could happen would be for Patricia to wake up and tell her side of events," I told him.

"I've heard from the hospital that Patricia is clinically fine and on the mend, but she doesn't seem to be able to wake up. There are no medical reasons for that. It seems her head just refuses to come back," Vincent said.

"If only she would wake up, we would have cleared up this whole incident," I lamented.

"I wonder what could be happening to her," Vincent said. "Would you like me to examine her?" he offered.

"That would be great, thanks." I told him.

Later that day, I had another visit from Timothy. I was already getting fed up with these visits. He loved to annoy me about Hannah, and his detectives were as useless as mine.

"Timothy, how can I help you?" I greeted him when Eric allowed him access to my office.

"Well, my job as an auditor for Brown's is almost over, and I need the owners' signature to complete the job. I would ask Hannah to do that, but you know..." Timothy said.

I didn't like the way he was. He was laid-back and loved to tease me. I didn't know if it was a personal thing because he was interested in my

wife or if he was like that all the time. The fact was, I didn't get along with him.

"Just send me the documents and I'll sign. No need to go through all these theatrics," I told him in exasperation.

"Now, now...you don't have to treat me like that, Ethan. It's not my fault your wife ran away from you," Timothy said with a smirk.

"Look, if you don't have anything else to say..." I told him.

"I came here to deliver you what my people found," Timothy said and then tossed a folder of files onto my desk.

I scanned the folder and asked, "So, anything new?"

"Not much. Hannah's pretty slippery. All I've learned is that she rented a car from a rental company downtown with a fake ID and headed south. She was seen later in Dufftown. We're still following her trail of her time in that place," Timothy said.

"Well, you went further than my instigators. Thanks," I had to admit to him.

"As soon as I know more, I'll let you know," Timothy.

At that moment, my phone rang, and I ignored the call. The phone rang once more, and I ignored it. The third time it rang, Timothy asked, "Well, I think someone really wants to talk to you. Aren't you going to pick it up?"

"I'm sorry about that," I mumbled.

"No problem, I was on my way out anyway," Timothy said and got up to leave.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I answered the phone and said, "What?"

"What do you mean 'what'? Do you know who you're talking to?" Tess asked on the other end of the line.

"Oh, it's you. How are you feeling?" I asked her.

"Wow, Ethan. What a disappointment to hear me talk. I'm fine, thanks, how about you?" Tess said wryly.

"I'm fine too. Tell me Tess, to what do I owe the honor of your call?" I told her hoping she didn't catch my ironic tone.

"I'm calling, dear Ethan, to tell you that your deadline is coming up, and you still haven't filed for your divorce. Haven't you had time by now?" She asked me.

"This is none of your business, Tess. Stay out of it. I already told you I have unfinished business with Hannah before I make any decisions." I told her.

"Ethan, you know you're playing with fire, don't you?" Tess threatened.

How was it possible that I hadn't seen Tess's true colors? How could I be so blind? The problem was that now she had me on the palm of her hand with this preposterous accusation, and I wasn't sure how to get rid of it.

"You have no proof, Tess. And another thing, if we slept together, you definitely wanted it as much as I did," I told her.

"Wrong, Ethan. You have the word of someone who was sober versus someone who was completely drunk, when multiple witnesses saw that person drunk. Who do you think they're going to believe? The poor, fragile girl who was abused or the billionaire who might pay for her silence?" Tess asked.

"You're a witch," I told her.

"Honey, you don't know what I'm capable of," she told me. "Want to call my bluff?" She asked me and killed the call.

Chapter 80: How could that be possible?

Chapter 80 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

"Hannah! It's so nice to see you, honey!" Georgie said when we entered the dining room.

"It is wonderful to see you again too, Georgie," I told her, and then, I introduced Lucy: "This is my best friend Lucy, and she's a fan of yours."

Lucy blushed slightly, and Georgie said: "It's nice to meet you, dear. Any friend of Hannah is my friend too,"

Lucy shook Georgie's hand and said: "Likewise, ma'am."

"Oh, please, call me Georgie, honey," Georgie said to her.

"Okay, it's nice to meet you too, Georgie," Lucy finally said.

"So, Tim here said that you both ran away from that boring gray city, is that right?" Georgie asked me.

"Yes, we are running from our old lives," I confirmed.

"He also shared a bit of your predicaments, Hannah. He didn't give me any details, just that you wanted to be as far as possible from Ethan," Georgie looked at me with unfathomable eyes.

“Yes, it’s probably public that he had a mistress, and I couldn’t submit my baby to this delicate situation,” I briefly explained to her.

She nodded. “I understand where this came from, honey. My first marriage was... troubled. I know a little bit of what you’re currently facing, and I promise you that I won’t say a word to Ethan. Besides, I’m planning to stay here for a few months now, so it’s not as if I’m going to meet him socially,” she told me.

“Thanks,” I mumbled to her.

“Anytime!” She exclaimed. “So, what are you having?” She asked me.

“A boy,” I told her.

“Wonderful! I can create a few exclusive sets for him. You’ll love it!” She exclaimed.

“I don’t want to cause you any trouble. You need to rest after your surgery, don’t you?” I asked her.

"Nonsense, honey. This won't be any trouble," Georgie told me. "I'll be bored here, and this could help me to kill some time."

“Well, if this doesn't trouble you in any way, I gladly accept it!” I told her, and her smile widened.

“So, shall we start our lunch?” Timothy invited us to take our places at the table.

We talked about amenities while the first course was being served. “So, Hannah, did you already choose your baby’s name?” Georgie asked me.

“Yes, we did. His name will be Michael,” I told her.

She smiled and beamed at me: “Well this is fabulous. A beautiful tribute. Michael was really a great man,” she told me.

“Yes, he was. He was the father that I never had,” I agreed with her.

“You never told me what happened to your family, honey,” Georgie asked me.

“Mom! You don’t know if she feels comfortable with sharing this information!” Timothy averted her. “I’m sorry about that, Hannah. If you don’t want to, you don’t need to share it with us.”

I shrugged and said: “I really don’t mind, Timothy.” So, I turned to Georgie and said: “My first childhood memory was at the St. Claire’s Girls Orphanage. I met Lucy there when we were just toddlers, and she has been my best friend since then. When I was 5, I was adopted by Charlene Stanton, but she never asked me to call her mom. She was more comfortable with grandma. She said that her daughter had passed away in a car accident along with her son-in-law, so she was completely alone, and that’s the story that I go by: that my parents died in a car accident.”

“I see,” Georgie said. “So, you never met your parents?” she asked me curiously.

“I have no idea who they are, ma’am,” I confirmed to her.

"Oh, but that is too bad!" Georgie exclaimed to me.

"Mom!" Timothy chastised her again.

"Please, you shouldn't worry about me, really. Nana gave me everything, and when she couldn't, we had Michael's help, so here I am," I told them.

“So, is your grandma okay?” Georgie asked me.

I sighed. “She passed away about three years ago. That was when I started dating Ethan,” I explained to her.

“Oh, dear, I’m sorry about that,” Georgie said.

“Don’t worry. I keep with me the good memories that I have with her,” I told her.

“What about you, Lucy? Besides being Hannah’s best friend, what is your story?” Georgie turned to Lucy and asked.

“Well, not much, really,” Lucy said. “I went to community college and then I opened my bar. Later I sold it to Ethan, and that’s practically it.”

“Oh, it must be interesting having a bar!” Georgie observed excitedly.

“Oh, I wish it was calmer,” Lucy said.

“What do you mean, dear?” Georgie asked her curiously.

“I went to jail twice because of that bar. Maybe next time I should try having a café,” Lucy said and chuckled.

“Oh, dear, even a boutique can cause trouble sometimes,” Georgie chuckled at her.

After what seemed to be a real banquet, we were going to Georgie’s study for tea when Timothy reached me.

“Hey, Hannah, can I talk to you for a second?” He asked me.

“Sure,” I murmured to him, and we stayed in the corridor a little longer.

“Listen, I want to apologize for my mother’s behavior. You see, many people indulge her, so she thinks that she has the right to ask people personal stuff like that,” Timothy explained.

“Don’t worry, Timothy. These memories don’t bring me any pain. Grandma had a good life, and she loved me. That is all I could ask from her.” I told him.

What really brings me pain isn't my distant past. It is the most recent one.

"Still, I'm sorry. Georgie Chesterfield may be a little nosy sometimes," Timothy told me.

"Nonsense. I love her," I told him dismissively.

"Okay, then. Just don't say that I didn't warn you," Timothy chuckled, and we went to Georgie's study.

"Hey, Hannah, why did you take so long?" Georgie asked me. "I want to show you something," she said excitedly.

I went to sit close to her and asked: "What is it?"

"I want to show you a photo album from when I was younger. I swear to God. I looked just like you," she chuckled.

"Really?" I asked her. "But people always say that I have a common face. If I were you, I wouldn't be so sure about our similarities."

"Nonsense, dear. Look at the pictures and draw your own conclusions!" Georgie said and showed me the album. The pictures were faded, but they were still amazing. There were several beautiful venues, some of them I believe were from foreign countries. They were all about the Chesterfields: A happy couple and two kids. They all seemed completely happy.

"Oh, they're beautiful!" I exclaimed. "You've traveled a lot, haven't you?" I asked her.

Georgie sighed and said: "We used to travel more, have more adventures, but one day our daughter was taken from us, and nothing was ever the same. I keep looking for her. I never knew where she could be. But I don't lose hope."

I squeezed her hand in a supportive gesture and said, "I hope you find her."

"Thanks, dear," she murmured.

I flipped the album page and there was a picture of just Georgie when she was younger. In fact, if I didn't know better, I bet it could be a picture of me in clothes from another decade. I looked startled at the photo.

Noticing my reaction, Georgie said, "Didn't I tell you? We're a lot alike!"

"You're right, we have a good resemblance." I admitted to her.

I kept looking at the album. The next page was empty. I looked at Georgie confused, and she said to me, "This is where my ex's picture used to be. I hope you know that I'm over the breakup, but please understand me when I say that I don't think he deserves a page in my album."

"Of course," I told her.

I turned a third page and there was Timothy going from baby to toddler.

"Ah, my sweet boy," Georgie said.

"He still has the same face," I told her.

"He's beautiful," Georgie said. And as much as I didn't want to admit it publicly, I had to agree, so I nodded and smiled slightly at her. Lucky for me, Timothy and Lucy were so deep in conversation that they weren't paying attention to my conversation with Georgie.

And so, I turned to another page. And there she was, Georgie Chesterfield's little daughter. Her features were delicate, and she smiled serenely, not knowing what the future had in store for her. She had the

air of a well-groomed child, as if she was almost adored. Her clothes looked expensive, and she was lined up like a doll.

Georgie patted the photo and told me, "There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about my lost little girl. My Estella, my star."

"I'm sorry about that," I muttered to Georgie.

"I'm sure one day I'll find her," she told me.

"Well, she was beautiful," I told her.

"And still is," Georgie said firmly.

"Of course," I agreed with her.

"There's so much I wanted to say to her...so many gifts I bought with her in mind. I know I can't make up for lost time, but I promised heaven I'll do my best," she said.

A tear escaped Georgie's eye and it touched me. I couldn't stand still and decided to hug her. We stayed like that for a few seconds and then I pulled away from the hug, but when I did it, my pendant popped out of my collar and caught Georgie's attention.

"May I?" Georgie told me, and I nodded.

She then reached out and grabbed my pendant. She looked more closely at it, then looked into my eyes and paled.

"But how could that be possible?" She asked me.

"What is it, mom?" Timothy said, and we all looked at her expectantly.