

Chapter 81: Until he marries you.

Chapter 81 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Tess's POV:

“So, how is everything, love?” Alexander asked me when he came to visit me. We were sitting in Ethan's living room. I was in Alex's lap and we were kissing each other moments before.

I sighed. “Sinking like the Titanic, Alex. I don't know what to do! Ethan doesn't care about me anymore. It feels as if I'm Hannah now, because he is ignoring me just as he did with her when old Michael died.” I told him, frustrated.

“Why is that, love?” He asked me while he was patting my head, distracted.

“Because that skank Hannah put the baby spell on him. He seems to not see me or hear me anymore. He even left the house! I'm completely alone here as if I was taking care of the manor for them! What is the point of staying here now that he isn't here anymore, Alex?” I asked him.

Alex sighed and murmured: “Damn, that baby came to mess up with our plans. Especially now that Hannah is on the loose.”

“What do you mean?” I asked him.

“I mean that we could create an accident for her and she could miscarry because of it, but since she shot you, she decided that she couldn't go to jail while pregnant, and managed to run away. This is something out of our control. And you know very well that I love being in control,” Alex told me.

“I can’t compete with someone who is pregnant of him, especially because she vanished just like a ghost!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, she practically became a saint, even though she shot you. Ethan doesn't even want to hear us pointing him to the fact that she shot you,” Alexander murmured.

“What do I do now? Pretending that he slept with me didn’t work. I thought that he was going to say something like: ‘Oh, that’s okay, let’s stick together since my ridiculous wife is gone’ but no, he ran away from his own home to not face me!” I told him. “He wouldn’t even come here to fetch things that he might need!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, he told us that you’re losing your mind, that he was leaving you alone for a while and that he was asking his assistant to shop things for him,” Alexander told me.

“But now I don’t know how to get his attention anymore!” I exclaimed.

“Have you tried to call him?” Alexander asked.

“I did, and he threatened me, so I threatened him back,” I told Alexander.

“What? Why would you do that, Tess?” Alex asked me, outraged.

“Because I’m losing it, Alex! I’m losing it because to be definitely with you, I need to marry Ethan first. And I can’t stand him anymore! I need to speed up this plan!” I exclaimed to him. “And nothing is working the way we planned!” I whined.

“Yeah, and now that he knows that you can’t actually file the papers for his divorce, this is no reason for him to drop her and stay with you. We need something else…” Alexander said.

“I know,” I whined to him.

We stayed like that, lost in our own thoughts for a while, and then, Alex asked me: “Does he know that you can’t get pregnant anymore?”

“Not really. He just suspects so, but he never heard the doctor’s confirmation,” I told Alexander.

“And does Vincent know that you can’t bear children anymore?” Alexander asked me again.

“I don’t think so. Vincent wasn’t actually interested in my case back in that day. I don’t know why but I was never able to make him like me. He was always suspicious of me. Maybe he likes Hannah better,” I told him.

“Yeah, I agree. He likes Hannah, but he tolerates you. That’s different,” Alexander murmured. “Do you think that he might suspect you?” He asked me.

“I don’t think so. Vincent is such a peaceful guy. I think that he supports Hannah, but he wouldn’t dare to say bad things about me to Ethan,” I shrugged and answered Alexander’s question.

“So, this is what you’re going to use! You’re going to tell him that!” Alexander exclaimed.

“Tell him what?” I asked him clueless.

“You’re going to tell him that the night that you spent together, he impregnated you, and I know, that’s a miracle, but you’re going to have a baby! This added to the threat to report an abuse and create a scandal will make him divorce Hannah and marry you!” Alexander told me.

“But I’m not pregnant, Alex! He would never believe just my word!” I exclaimed to him.

“Have you forgotten that we’re keeping Patricia just where she is? Do you really think that I couldn’t ask for a favor or two again and get you

the results of a pregnancy test that you could show him? I think we could even create an ultrasound!" He told me.

"Don't you think that this is too risky, Alex?" I asked him, uncertain.

"Well, this is the kind of question that you should have asked in the beginning of our plan, but newsflash: our plan is already in motion. We can't stop it right now, and we can't let our plan fail, Tess!" Alexander exclaimed.

"Yeah, I know that, Alex, but what do you think he will do to me if he finds out that I'm lying?" I crossed my arms and asked him. I didn't like the idea of being at Ethan's mercy. He might be patient with me right now because he thinks that he still has a promise to fulfill due to his past with my father, but I was pretty sure that he wouldn't be that merciful if he finds out that I invented this whole story.

"Oh, don't worry about that, love. You're going to force his hand just until he marries you. And then, you can have an accidental miscarriage," Alex told me. "He will be feeling so guilty for this that he will stand by your side in this fragile moment, and you will secure your marriage for longer," He told me. "And then, later, you can get a profitable divorce and secure enough money to live happily ever after with me," Alex told me with a grin on his face.

I considered his plan for a little while and then smiled at him: "You know, this is a good idea, actually!" I told him.

"Of course it is, love. Just like our first one to use him as a leverage for his money. You know that my company is hanging by a thread. I need you to secure me enough money to recuperate from our financial trouble, and this is going to happen through Ethan's help, even though he might not know it." He told me.

"So, how is this going to happen?" I asked him. This was a part of the plan that he hasn't shared with me so far.

“Do you remember that last year Ethan bought my company to help me?” Alex asked me.

“Yeah, I do,” I told him.

“So, he did this to save me from bankruptcy. But I intend to have enough money to buy my shares back from him,” Alex explained.

“And how much money do you have so far?” I asked him.

“Well, I borrowed some money to keep me from drowning, and I have about a third of the money that Ethan paid for the shares that he owns right now. But I still need a few millions to strike. And he will not see that coming,” Alex told me.

“That’s brilliant, Alex!” I exclaimed to him.

“And then, I will take you from him too. He will be left without a company and without a wife!” Alexander exclaimed.

“Oh, I can’t wait to see his face when all that happens to him all at once!” I told him.

“I promise you that you will be there, love,” Alex told me

“Good. I really want to see it,” I told him.

And then, Alex looked at me with a sly smile on his face. “So, I just had another brilliant idea.”

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

“Well, I was wondering... since Ethan is gone from his own home, that just because of your doing... Do you think you have recovered enough to use his bed for our own purposes? I don’t want to tire you too much, but I miss my beautiful lover. You know, it’s been a while.” Alex came toward me like a predator about to pounce on his prey.

I copied his sly smile and said: “Well, let’s see what I can do, but I would advise you to be gentle at first.”

Alex shrugged and murmured: “Well, that’s better than not having you, right? It’s been a while. Do you think I could stay here for the night?” He asked me.

I shrugged and said: “I don’t see why you couldn’t. You are my best friend and one of Ethan’s too. I believe he thinks that I’m safe with you, after all.”

“Well, little does he know,” Alex told me and chuckled. He grabbed me bridal style and climbed the stairs to the first floor where we were supposed to sleep, or better, not sleep at all.

Chapter 82: My detailed exam.

Chapter 82 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Vincent’s POV

Today was the day that I was going to fulfill my promise to Ethan and take a look into Patricia’s condition. I arrived at the hospital at dawn. Today, I was going to start earlier. Not because my shift started at dawn, but because I was going to take a look at Patricia, I didn’t want anyone snooping on what I was going to do.

I went to my office at the hospital first. I wanted to grab a few tubes and other materials necessary to perform the basic tests on Patricia. I hoped that the floor where she was staying would be almost empty, but I didn’t want to request the samples from the nurse in attendance. I didn’t want anyone knowing that I was going to perform my own tests. While I was at my office, I looked into her files once more. Her clinical evolution

was blatant. Still, she was refusing to wake up. I wondered if this whole thing was just trauma or if there was something else on this matter.

I slipped the sample tubes in my coat pocket and went to the designated hospital wing. The hospital was silent at that time, and Patricia was in a quiet wing reserved for patients who were stable but hadn't woken up from a coma. Ethan demanded from us that we put Patricia in her own private room and not worry about medical expenses, and that was a good thing. That means that there wouldn't be anyone in Patricia's room to see what I was going to do to examine her.

When I arrived at the wing, the nurse in attendance wasn't there at the central administration post. Maybe she went to the restroom or something, after all, it was a relatively calm department in the hospital. Nobody has seen me, and that was a good thing. I could use the privacy that luck gave me.

I sneaked into Patricia's room and although I still kept the lights dimmed, I had to brighten them a little to see what I was doing. I took a picture of her medical file on the foot of her bed to compare with the file on the system, and decided to use the access that was already in her arm to perform a few blood tests. I know that I wasn't supposed to be there, but I was a renowned doctor, so maybe if someone caught me there, they would think that I was making a clinical study. Lucky for me, nobody surprised me while I was collecting blood. After that, I checked her vitals and her eyes, and later, her bullet scar.

Patricia had recovered spectacularly well from her wound. She was already with just some bandages, and the wound was closing and drying. Her last exams showed that she was evolving at a good pace, and her prognosis was good. I couldn't see a logical reason for her not to wake up so far.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps outside, so I slipped the tubes of blood that I had withdrawn from Patricia's arm and sat down on the armchair close to her bed. I did this right on time. One of the floor nurses entered her

room a few seconds later. She was listening to music and therefore, she was distracted, so I scared the hell out of her.

“Oh, my God, Dr. Schitz. I’m sorry, I haven’t seen you,” she told me while she held one of her hands in her chest and tried to calm down her breathing.

“I’m sorry, nurse, but please, Call me Vincent. You are...?” I asked her.

“Nurse Nathalie Johnson,” she answered me and smiled. “I’m sorry, sir, but may I help you? What are you doing here so early in the morning?” she asked me.

“Well, Patricia is the housekeeper of the Brown family and someone that I met when I was a child. She is like a second mother or a grandma to me, so I decided to take a look at her today before I have to fulfill my duties at the hospital later,” I told nurse Johnson with the most innocent face that I could muster.

She seemed to believe my excuse: “Oh, that is so sweet! I wish she could be awake to see you, doctor,” Nurse Johnson said.

“How about you? Is that the time for her meds?” I asked her and pointed to the small medical tray that she had in her hands.

She tried to hide the meds slightly on her trail and exaggerated the lightness in her voice when she said: “Oh, no, sir. I came from another room. I just noticed that the lights were different, so I decided to check on her,” She explained. “But now I see that everything is fine, I will leave you with your friend,” she smiled at me and left the room.

I stood there for a little while just in case Nurse Johnson was suspicious of me as much as I was suspicious of her. Lucky for me I have already ran the tests I came here to do, so I just stood with her for a little while.

I didn't actually believe that the fact that Patricia could hear me would change her condition like people want to believe for their loved ones, but when I was about to leave, I stood by her side, took her cold hand in mine, and murmured: "I hope you can get back soon, Patricia. A lot of people want to see you awake, and some of us need to hear from you."

I squeezed her hand slightly and was leaving through the door when I heard a little moan. Was it possible that she could be waking up?

I came back to her bed, to check on her discreetly, but Nurse Johnson was watching me like a hawk, so when she saw me going back to Patricia, she came immediately to see what was going on.

"Oh, Nurse Johnson, I was about to call you back. You see, the patient moaned. I think that she might be waking up!" I exclaimed at her. I wanted to gawk at her reactions with the news.

"Oh doctor, that sounds wonderful, but let me see her, please," she came to Patricia's side to check her vitals and murmured: "Oh, I'm sorry to say so, Doc, but a small moan sometimes doesn't mean a lot. But I will keep you posted, okay?" she promised me.

"No problem," I murmured.

"Now, it's time to give her meds," Nurse Johnson said.

"And what are you giving her right now?" I asked her.

Nurse Johnson seemed a little uncomfortable when she said: "Oh, just the regular prescribed in her chart," and started to administer medication but I noticed that she put her body in front of the material so I wouldn't be able to see what she was doing.

I sighed. "Okay. You have a good day," I told her and left the room.

"You too, doc," she told me, and injected something in Patricia's veins.

Something was odd about that nurse. It was as if she was trying to avoid my questions.

If only I could check on what meds she had on that syringe...

I came up with a quick plan and was praying for it to work.

There was one of these small cargo carts around and it was made of metal. Good, because I wanted to make some noise. I knew that I would probably not disturb any of the patients in this wing, but this would definitely call the nurse's attention.

So, I pushed this cart as far as I could so it would hit an opposite wall and make a huge noise, and hide myself close to Patricia's room door. A few moments later, the cart hit the wall far away from Patricia's room, and made even more noise than I'd imagined, because some of the metal trays and materials fell from it. I was right to assume that Nurse Johnson was the only one attending that wing that early in the morning, so when she abandoned Patricia and her meds tray, I sneaked into Patricia's room again.

Lucky me, I brought one extra tube to keep samples, so I pushed the rest of the content of the syringe into it and slid back to the corridor toward my office. Nurse Johnson was still distracted by the instruments that she had to grab from the floor and didn't see me leaving that hospital wing.

I arrived back at my office panting. Not because of the fact that I had run to arrive there, but because I did something like luring someone to get something that I wanted. I wasn't the type of person that would do that, so my adrenaline was as high as a kite.

When I calmed down, though, I realized that I needed someone to test Patricia's blood. This test couldn't be performed in the hospital lab. I wanted an independent analysis. So, I called one of my oldest friends from med school time who was working with research, and he agreed to

receive the samples in his lab, and he would personally run the tests for me.

I sent a messenger with the samples to him with the instructions to personally deliver it to my friend, but I believed that I was overreacting regarding this. Nobody had followed me to claim anything, so I considered the whole incursion safe. I wondered if I should visit Patricia more often, because I have this feeling that I messed up with a certain time for her meds. That moan couldn't be just because.

After doing all of this, I started my hours as if it was any other day, but I couldn't ignore a tingling sensation on the back of my head that something was out of place, and I was about to find out what it was.

Chapter 83: Consequences.

Chapter 83 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

"Mr. Simmons, to what I owe the honor?" I greeted him on the cell phone.

"Hi, Mr. Brown. I see that you're in a good mood today. That's good," Simmons murmured.

"I'm out of my own home, there's this crazy woman occupying it, my pregnant wife is missing, and businesses are the same old mess. What else could go wrong?" I asked him ironically.

"I'm sorry, sir. I just wanted to give you an update regarding the case and about Miss Astor's vigilance, and I thought that it could be a good idea to give you this information when you're in a good mood," Simmons justified his comments.

I sighed, losing my patience: “It doesn’t matter, Simmons. If I need to know about something, my preference is sooner rather than later,” I told him.

“Okay, will notice this next time,” Simmons murmured.

“So, what do you have for me?” I asked him.

“I’m sorry, sir, but I’d rather not say what I have through the cell phone. You know, someone could be listening to our conversation,” Simmons told me.

I sighed. I thought that he might be overreacting. “Fine. What do you want to do?” I asked him.

“I wanted to talk to you personally, sir. Would you mind if I come to your office or your new apartment to talk about what I found?” Simmons asked me.

“Not at all. Just call Eric, and he will find a slot in my agenda, so you can come to my office,” I told him.

“Sure. I see you later, Mr. Brown” Simmons said and killed the call.

I called Eric to let him know that Simmons would call him soon.

“Hey, Eric, Detective Simmons is going to call you to find a slot in my agenda. He is a priority, okay?” I told him.

“Sure thing, sir. I will let you know when Mr. Simmons makes his call,” Eric told me, and I hung up.

I should know that today would be a busy day because as soon as I killed the call with Eric, I received a call from Vincent.

“Hey, Ethan,” Vincent greeted me. “Are you in your office?” He asked me without even giving me time to answer his salutation.

“Hey, Vince, what’s up? Yeah, I’m at my office,” I told him.

“Good. I was wondering if I could meet you later this morning to talk to you about Patricia,” he told me.

“Let me guess... It’s something you can’t talk through the phone?” I asked him,

“How did you know that I was going to say that?” Vincent asked me, astonished.

“Never mind, it was just a guess,” I told him.

“Well, that was a 100% correct one,” he told me.

“So, are you coming to your office here today?” I asked him.

“Yeah, I’ll be there later,” he told me.

“Good, I’m going to receive Detective Simmons with updates related to Hannah, and you can tag along after him,” I told Vincent.

“Will do, see you later,” Vincent murmured and killed the call.

After the two calls, my morning continued without any further interruptions. There were some deals to be done that needed my attention to make decisions and some contracts to be signed, in addition to the paperwork Timothy had sent me to sign.

I looked at the papers and saw that some had already been signed by Hannah. Her handwriting appeared as it had on the day when someone had delivered her note. I still didn't know who could have done it. My floor purposely had no cameras, and that day a handful of couriers had arrived there.

I missed her as a wife, I missed seeing our child grow in her belly, and now I was missing her as a director of Brown's Enterprises.

People thought that she got the directorship just because she was my wife, but there couldn't be a more incorrect assumption. When I met her, Hannah had already graduated with a major in business administration and was looking for a job at a prominent firm. As we were dating and somewhat committed to marriage, I thought she might enjoy working together with me, and she did wonderfully. The initial position was because of me, but her promotions can be attributed completely to her success as an employee of the company.

Every time I thought about what a talented woman Hannah was, I wanted to smack myself. How could I be so blind and so stupid as to take my wife for granted? I was so blind that I couldn't see a foot in front of me. I knew that Hannah had run away due to other circumstances, but I knew that if I ever found her, I would kneel at her feet and ask forgiveness for what I had done and for all the humiliation I had put her through. I knew I didn't deserve her, but I would do anything to make her trust me enough to give me another chance, and I would try to make up for all my mistakes for the rest of our lives.

I tortured myself with these thoughts for the better part of the morning as I worked. Since I didn't have any lunch appointments and I didn't feel like facing other people, I asked Eric to get something for me to eat alone at my table. When he brought me the food, he looked at me quizzically.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Is everything okay, sir?" He ignored my question and decided to ask me instead.

"And why wouldn't it be?" I asked back. I could play this little game all day. Stubbornness was one of my trademarks, and perhaps because of it I was such a dedicated professional.

"I'm sorry, sir. I shouldn't pry, but it's just that you always have some business lunch, or you always go out to lunch. The unusual behavior has caught my attention and I worry about you, sir," Eric told me.

"It's okay, Eric. Don't worry. I'm just short on patience and I'm in a hurry," I told him.

Eric nodded and then said to me, "Okay, sir. I'll leave you alone now. I'm also going to lunch, but you know you can call me anytime."

"Don't worry about me, Eric. I'll be fine," I told him, and he left my office.

I calmly finished my lunch and then Eric let me know that Simmons was there to see me. As my curiosity was killing me, I got it right away.

"Mr. Simmons, it's finally time for our meeting," I told him and shook his hand.

"I'm sorry about all the secrecy, sir. You'll understand when I explain," Simmons told me.

"Then don't drag it out any longer, Simmons. Speak up!" I exclaimed.

"Sir, I have updates on both Mrs. Brown and Miss Astor," Simmons told me.

"Start with Miss Astor, as we know exactly where she is," I told Simmons.

Simmons nodded and said, "Okay. Miss Astor doesn't get many visitors and doesn't call many people," Simmons said.

"Did you tap her phone?" I asked in amazement.

"No, sir. That's illegal. I just got them registered from a friend of mine at the phone company," Simmons told me. "But speaking of that, there's a

possibility I could bug the house. After all, it's your place. If you give me permission, there's no law that can punish us."

"Are you guys going to be able to bug my house with her there?"

"That, sir, is the point. I'll get the house bugged because Miss Astor is leaving the house," Simmons told me.

"What do you mean? Why is she leaving? Where is she going and especially, where is her caregiver?" I asked Simmons.

"Miss Astor is going out to shops, cafes, and other mundane activities as if she wasn't convalescing. I don't exactly know her reasons for so many outings, but I do know that the caretaker is no longer there. She fired the caretaker the day after you left the house," Simmons told me.

"I'm starting to question whether she really got shot," I told Simmons.

"The shot is real, sir. But I don't know about the recovery. Maybe it wasn't as slow as you were imagining," Simmons told me.

"I'm going to have a doctor friend look over her hospital history," I mumbled. "What about Hannah?" I asked Simmons.

"About her, I have reason to believe that Mr. Chesterfield's investigator is leading us on false trails," Simmons said.

"What?" I asked him.

"The tracks run cold within a 200 miles radius from your house. I went through all this territory, asked at every establishment on the road and requested the tapes for the police. And nothing was found. This evidence is not official and even the investigation of the police doesn't follow that line. I'm sorry, sir." Simmons told me.

I got so angry that I punched the wall behind me. Lucky for me the plaster gave way, and I didn't break my hand, but that didn't help quell my anger.

"Chesterfield is mocking me!" I exclaimed.

"What would you like us to do?" Simmons asked me.

"I want you to make sure the Chesterfield investigator isn't following you. And I want you to start following Chesterfield," I told him.

Simmons nodded and muttered, "Consider it done," and left my office.

Timothy didn't know what to expect. Giving me false leads would have its consequences.

Chapter 84: The Outcome.

Chapter 84 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

Georgie grabbed my pendant to look at it more closely, and then, she paled.

"But how could that be possible?" She asked. At first, I thought that she was asking that to me, but then she started to repeat the question for herself.

After a minute or two of her analyzing my pendant, her actions caught Timothy's attention, and he asked, "What is it, mom?" Lucy, who was talking to him, looked at us curiously.

Georgie ignored Timothy's question, looked at me, and asked: "Where did you get this pendant, honey?"

I looked at her and said: “Well, I have had this pendant since I was an infant. The orphanage nuns said that this was the only thing that I had with me but my clothes when I was found. They said that I used to wear it on my wrist when I was a toddler, but when I grew up, I started to use it as a pendant,” I explained to her.

“Do you have any idea how unique this piece is?” Georgie asked me. She had tears in her eyes.

“What do you mean, Georgie?” I asked her, confused.

“Have you ever considered selling this piece of jewelry?” Georgie asked.

I thought for a while and then I murmured: “Well, just once. There was no food at home and grandma got sick. I went to the bank and to a store to see how much money I could get from it, and it was a lot, but when I told grandma what I was about to do, she got really upset and forbade me to do so.”

“What do you mean with all this, mom?” Timothy asked her.

“I mean that I created this pendant for my daughter when she was born. It was a limited edition, almost exclusive. I’m sorry, Hannah, but I can’t help thinking that an orphan like you could be my long-lost daughter,” Georgie said.

I looked at her astonished. “Really?” I asked her.

I was never worried about meeting my real parents.

It was enough for me to know that my grandmother loved me enough to adopt me. Obviously, deep down I was kind of curious to know about my origins, but not to the point of investigating in depth. When my grandmother forbade me to sell the pendant, I thought she was just being proud, and that she wouldn't allow me to help her.

Georgie had teary eyes filled with emotions I couldn't place. She looked me straight in the eyes and murmured, "Well, honey, I'm trying not to get too excited, but I can't get the possibility that you are my daughter out of my head. It would be an honor," she said.

A mother like Georgie? I didn't know her well, but from what little I knew of her, I thought I would love her. So, I said, "It would be an honor to be your daughter too, Georgie."

Timothy had an odd grimace on his face. So, I turned around and asked him, "What is it, Timothy?"

"I... I... don't know how I feel," Timothy said.

Lucy laughed and said, "Just because you tried to hit on someone who could potentially be your sister?"

Timothy muttered, "I'm glad nothing happened."

He looked a little uncomfortable, so I told him: "I'm sorry, Timothy. I have a husband and child. My heart is not open to new relationships other than friendship," and I chuckled.

Georgie said, "I'm glad nothing happened." Then she turned to me and said, "Honey, I was wondering if you would mind helping me solve this mystery. Would you do a DNA test so we can verify if you are my daughter?"

"No problem. Honestly, I wasn't looking for my mother, but I would love to find my lost family, especially if it was you guys," I said looking at her and Timothy.

"Well, having you as a sister at least guarantees that you're in my life. If that's the case, I already welcome you to the family. If not, you can be sure that the moment you resolve your issues with Ethan, remember

me," he said. Then he looked at Georgie and said, "Anyway, you're going to have a daughter, Mom." And we all laughed at him.

Good thing he was in a good mood.

After lunch, Timothy took us back to our cottage. Lucy went down first and gave us privacy to talk.

"Listen, Hannah," Timothy began. "I'd like to ask you something," he said.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"I want to ask, no matter what happens or what the outcome is, that you are there for my mother. She has grown so fond of you, and though it would be a wonderful possibility for her to find her long lost daughter, she likes you." He said.

I nodded and said, "Of course. I really like her too. I'm just trying not to get my hopes up. My family never wanted to look for me, and I had Grandma, so I've lived well up until here."

"And how did you meet Ethan?" Timothy asked me.

"My grandmother knew Michael. I honestly never asked where she knew him from. But she went to him, and we lived the last days of her life on Michael's farm. I met Ethan there," I told him.

"What I regret is that he made you suffer a lot more than he made you smile. I may have nothing to do with you, but I don't think you did anything wrong to deserve only his indifference, Hannah," Timothy said.

"Thanks for that, Timothy," I told him.

"Well, this is where I leave you," Timothy said and smiled at me.

"Hey Timothy, I need to ask you something," I told him.

"What is it?" He asked me.

"I'd like to know if you think the prospect of being my little brother is bad," I said with a little uncertainty.

Timothy looked at me intensely for a few seconds, and then he finally said to me, "I don't think it's bad at all, Hannah. It's a way of having you in my life. Although it would be a very strange thing because then I would have hit on my sister, so if that's really true, I hope you forget about it," he said sheepishly.

"Okay, that would be best forgotten," I muttered to him.

Then he shrugged and said, "As long as you get over this misunderstanding, we'll be fine. And I'm going to find someone else to fall in love with."

"And I hope you'll be happy. With all my heart," I said to him. So I hugged him and went into the house.

*

A few days later Timothy made arrangements for them to come to the mansion to collect my blood for analysis. Georgie had also collected, and she seemed excited about finding her daughter. I just hoped I wouldn't break her heart if the test results indicated an incompatibility.

"Hannah, I want to know more about you. Your tastes, quirks, dreams... everything!" She told me excitedly.

"I'm a laid-back person, Georgie. I've achieved most of my dreams. I have a degree, a son..." I told her.

"And a bad marriage," Lucy muttered.

"Lucy!" I scolded her.

Lucy shrugged. She loved to speak these truths. This woman needed to work on her filter.

But Georgie didn't seem fazed. She just said, "Once I'm back on my feet, I'm going to have a very serious talk with Ethan. You've got class, Hannah. That Tess girl is certainly the most indiscreet person I know."

"She knows how to get attention when she wants it," I muttered in agreement. "But she must also have qualities of her own. Otherwise, she wouldn't get as much attention from Ethan," I told Georgie.

"Well, Ethan seemed very careful with you that day at my house. I know children don't hold up in marriage, seeing as I'm alone now, but maybe this baby changed Ethan's mind," Georgie suggested as she rubbed my belly.

"We were trying again, until this whole mess happened," I muttered to her.

"And now, you have to prove your innocence, don't you, darling? Maybe it's a good thing you walked away. Sometimes you have to take two steps back to walk forward again," She told me and patted me down my shoulders. "Well anyway, whether you're my daughter or not, I believe in your innocence, and I mean you can always count on me," she told me with a smile on her face.

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Days later, Timothy arrived with an envelope in his hands. We were all sitting in the solarium, having tea after lunch.

"Ladies, I have the test results in hand. Dr. Masterson had a courier deliver them to me as soon as the results were available," Timothy said.

"Well, what are you waiting for, Tim?" Georgie asked him.

Timothy looked around a little embarrassed and said, "Well, it's not exactly my test to see the results of, is it?"

Georgie nodded and said, "You're probably right." Then she turned to me and said, "Hannah, honey, would you mind doing the honors?"

"Of course, I don't mind, Georgie," I said, and a moment later Timothy held the envelope out for me to open.

With trembling hands, I removed the seal that was on the envelope, and slowly pulled the paper out of it. I took a deep breath for courage and faced an outcome that might or might not change my life.

Chapter 85: It was her.

Chapter 85 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Vincent's POV:

"Hey Vince. How's it going old pal?" Jameson told me over the phone. He was the research friend I had asked to analyze the material I had collected from Patricia, and that other mysterious medicine from Nurse Johnson's syringe.

"Hey Jay, I'm doing fine, how about you? I trust you got the samples, right?" I asked him.

"Yes, I received it an hour after we spoke on the phone. I don't know why you are keeping these samples secret and you told me that the results were extremely important and could put me at risk. Everything is normal, buddy," he told me.

"Lucky us, my friend. I'm suspicious someone is keeping the owner of the blood off for some reason. But I needed the analysis to rule it out or have the necessary proof," I told him.

"What exactly were you looking for in those results, Vince?" Jameson asked me suspiciously.

"Well, first of all, I would like to know if the blood tests are normal and if the patient is healthy," I told him.

"Yes, she has a small infection, but according to the tests, it must be in the late stages. The rest of the results look so good it could be a routine checkup," Jameson said and then asked me curiously, "What happened to your patient?"

"She was shot in the abdomen area," I told him. "But she's recovering well. The wound is healing as it should. Everything is fine except..." I told him.

"Except she isn't waking up?" Jameson asked me.

"Exactly," I muttered to him. "Is there any trace of anesthetic or sedative in her blood?" I asked.

"I found Propofol in the sample you gave me," Jameson told me.

"And the contents of the syringe, did you find out what it is?" I asked him.

"It's also Propofol, Vince. Unfortunately, you're right. She's being kept asleep," Jameson told me.

I sighed. "Thanks for the help, Jay. Can you send me the reports please?" I asked.

"Do you want it by email, or do you want me to courier the copy to you?" He asked me.

"Both. You can never be too careful," I murmured to him. "Thanks, Jay." I said and killed the call.

I imagined that something of this level could happen, but I didn't know the depth of the scheme that was set. I knew that Nurse Johnson was in charge of doping Patricia, but there was definitely more behind that story.

All I knew was that I had to talk to Ethan ASAP so he could help me figure this whole scheme out.

Ethan's POV:

"Hey Ethan, can I talk to you for a minute?" Vincent told me when I got to my floor. That was really weird. Normally, Vincent didn't show up to the office in the morning, let alone any earlier than I did.

"What the hell are you doing here at this hour, Vincent?" I asked him curiously. He carried a small paper file and looked a little nervous.

"I really need to talk to you, Ethan. We can talk in my office or yours. It's up to you," Vincent pressed.

"Okay, okay, let's go to my office," I told him, giving him access to my office.

Vincent walked into my office and the first thing that caught his eye was the hole in the wall I had punched open. He simply arched his eyebrows and looked at me demanding, "Want to tell me what happened here?"

"Long story. You first," I murmured to him.

Vincent nodded and sat in the chair across from mine. So he gave me the file he had in his hand and told me, "you need to see this."

I opened the file and saw that they were exam reports, and I was confused because I didn't recognize the logo at the top of the documents.

"What is this? Where do these tests come from? And whose results are these?" I asked him confused.

"These are Patricia's test results. I ran some tests on her yesterday, after we agreed I had a look at her." Vincent told me.

"Right, and did you find anything?" I asked him.

"Yes. The results show that she is fine, however she is not waking up because she is being sedated continuously," Vincent told me.

"And why would anyone not want her to wake up?" I asked, intrigued.

"Probably afraid of what she has to say," Vincent muttered.

"Okay, and how are we going to help her?" I asked him.

"I'm looking into the possibility of requesting home care for her. Then we can remove her and keep her away from the professionals hired to keep her sleeping," Vincent said.

"And do you know who these people are?" I asked him.

Vincent shook his head and said, "Unfortunately I only know of one person who is part of this scheme. And to punish these people, we will need proof."

I nodded and muttered, "I see. The scheme we're involved in seems far worse than I imagined. I wonder who could be interested in all this," I said.

"Your guess is as good as mine, my friend." Vincent told me.

"So, are you going to tell me what happened that made you want to change your office decor?" Vincent asked me.

"Yesterday I discovered some disturbing facts about the investigation into Hannah's disappearance," I told him.

"What happened?" Vincent asked me.

"Chesterfield promised to help me look for Hannah, but his private investigator is giving me false leads," I told him.

"Why would he do such a thing?" Vincent asked me, astonished.

"Well, I can't confirm this now, but Chesterfield is not fond of me. He has this crush on my wife, so I believe that he thinks that if he messes up with me, he will bring trouble to my relationship with Hannah and he would have an opportunity," I told Vincent.

He sighed, thinking about what I told him. "You know that I told you when this whole mess started that she loved you, and I thought that you were wasting a huge opportunity with her, right?" Vincent told me.

"What are you trying to tell me now, Vince? That I've screwed it all up? You don't have to tell me the obvious. Now I need solutions, not someone to tell me 'Oh, I told you so'" I mumbled to him.

"I'm sorry, but I got to say that I told you so," Vincent murmured.

"You always liked her, didn't you? I mean, you always preferred Hannah over Tess," I told him.

"Well, Tess is... complicated. While Hannah never brought trouble for your life before," Vincent told me.

"Except now that she ran away with our baby in her belly," I murmured to him.

"Well, a lot of this trouble you brought to yourself for choosing Tess over Hannah repeatedly," Vincent shrugged but didn't seem regretful for telling me that.

“I must admit that you’re not wrong about that,” I mumbled to him.

“Well, at least now that you found out that the leads are false, you can ask your people to avoid them. Besides, you took a lesson from this guy’s intentions. Are you planning on taking revenge on him about what he did?” Vincent asked me.

“Hell yeah, I just don’t know how exactly yet. I need to be careful, because if he in fact knows something about Hannah’s whereabouts, if I do something precipitously, I could miss a real lead,” I told Vincent.

He nodded and told me: “You’re probably right. It would be better if you find out anything you can before you strike against him.”

“That’s exactly what I’m intending to do. But now I can’t help but think that he has something to do with Hannah’s disappearing. I asked my private investigator to check on his alibi for that night, and it seems that he was out of town when Hannah ran away. He still has a lot to explain. According to my investigation, he is traveling a lot. Some of the trips have the excuse of performing the auditing work, but it seems that he spends more time than necessary traveling. I wonder if he is meeting with Hannah during this time,” I told Vincent.

“Well, your guess is as good as mine, and it seems that I’ve been saying or hearing this phrase all the time recently,” Vincent told me.

“Yeah, but now I have two things to investigate: find out what is Chesterfield’s involvement with Hannah’s disappearance without a trace and who is behind Patricia’s doping,” I told him.

“This is getting more complicated by the day, but I think that I can help with Patricia. I will ask Dean Mason to discharge her and that I will personally take care of her. I will hire someone who I trust to check on her the whole period I’m at the hospital and let’s see if she won’t wake up like her doctor claims,” Vincent told me.

“You do that. And if you need anything, let me know, okay?” I told him.

“Sure thing,” he murmured to me and left.

I worked for the rest of the morning with no other incidents, which was almost a first. And when I was around lunch, I decided to call Simmons.

“What can I do for you, sir?” Simmons answered at the first ring.

“Where is he, Simmons?” I asked him directly.

“According to the tracker that I put on him, he is at the shores. I will text you the exact coordinates,” Simmons told me.

“Thank you,” I murmured to him and killed the call.

What the hell was he doing on the shores in the middle of the week?

I decided to give him a call with the excuse that I wanted to ask him if he had any new leads on Hannah.

He picked up on the third ring and said: “Just a minute,” and then he turned to someone else close to him and said: “I have to take this one.”

“Hi, Ethan,” he returned to me.

“Hi Timothy. I don’t want to take a lot of your time. I heard that you’re busy. I just wanted to know if you have any new leads on Hannah,” I told him.

“Well, I’ll have to check with my investigator. Can I call you later with this information?” He asked me.

“Sure, thank you,” I told him, but didn’t kill the call.

I think that he didn’t realize that I hadn’t hung up and put his phone in his pocket. A few minutes later I heard him ask: “It was him. He is still looking for you. Did you contact him recently?”

"Not after that letter. I swear to God!" I heard her say.

It was her! Timothy was with Hannah! I knew it!

Chapter 86: I trust you.

Chapter 86 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

I opened the envelope with my hands trembling and took the paper sheet from it immediately.

"So, what does it say, Darling? I'm dying here!" Georgie moaned.

"Well, the test says that our compatibility is... positive. 99%," I said astonished.

"That means that you are really my daughter, aren't you?" Georgie asked with her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, I'm your daughter, Georgie... I mean... mom," I mumbled.

"Oh, honey, you can call me whatever you want for now, until you get used to it. I just want you to know that I'm so happy that I found you, darling. So happy that I can't even put it into words!" Georgie exclaimed and ran toward me to hug me.

I hugged her back and held her as if my life depended on it. I never thought that I would find my biological mother, and I never wondered why she gave up on me, but since I knew Georgie's story prior to knowing that she was my mother, I believed her when she said that she never gave up on me.

"I'm really happy to be your daughter too," I told her.

She pulled back and looked at me intently. "I can't believe that you grew up to be such a strong and beautiful woman." And then, she put her hands on my belly and said: "And I can't believe that I'm going to be a grandma soon! Oh, darling. I won back my daughter today but not only her, but a grandson too!" She exclaimed.

"Surprise, surprise," I murmured to her and smiled. We were so focused in our only bubble that we didn't see that Timothy and Lucy were looking attentively at us.

"Hey, you two," Georgie told them.

"Hey," Timothy murmured, and Lucy smiled at us. "We were just enjoying the reencounter of mother and daughter," he said. He had a serene smile on his face, no trace of embarrassment could be seen on him.

"Are you sure that you are okay with all this?" I asked him.

"I'm glad that I have you in my life, Hannah. Now, come here and give your little bro a hug," he said and opened his arms to me. Yeah, he was my younger brother, but Timothy was way taller than me. It was almost comical because now I used flats often because of the pregnancy, so if he was taller than me in heels, he was almost a giant now.

"Yeah, somehow you have a claim on me," I told him and chuckled.

"Yeah, definitely! And now Ethan has to answer me if he ever mistreats you again!" Timothy exclaimed.

"He has been my brother for two minutes now and he is already trying to defend me," I chuckled.

"Ethan would better not mess with my sister," he told me.

“Now, let’s stop talking about Ethan. We all know that he has a lot to compensate our dear Hannah here, but now is not the time. Now is time to celebrate and get to know each other better,” Georgie said.

“You’re right, Georgie,” Lucy said. “These two give Ethan too much attention, even if he isn’t in the room.”

“I know that we just had lunch and tea, but I would love it if you two could stay for dinner, or even could sleep here. I feel as if I need to compensate for the whole time that we were apart, darling. Besides, I want to know my daughter’s best friend better,” Georgie said.

I looked at Lucy and she nodded, so I said: “Sure, we will stay. I just needed a more comfortable set of clothes. Do you mind if I go to our cottage to fetch them?” I asked.

“Nonsense, darling. Do you remember when I told you that I would create clothes for your baby? I took the liberty to create clothes for you and for Lucy too. You have a perfect pregnant body, and Lucy, well, she does have a model structure,” Georgie said a little sheepishly.

“Wasn’t you supposed to rest after your surgery?” I asked her.

“But I am! My body is resting, but my head is still creating. So, I asked someone from my team to come and sew them for me after my croquis were ready, and voilà!” Georgie exclaimed.

“Well, I will gladly accept something that Georgie Chesterfield created just for me. This is an honor, Madame,” Lucy told her.

“My pleasure, dear,” Georgie told her.

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Later that night, we had a dinner that looked more like a small banquet. Georgie was glowing, and I think that so was I. She was such a charming person, and everybody seemed to love her. She was famous

but not a Primadonna. She knew a lot about the world, and was willing to show me her whole empire.

“You must see my new boutique in Shanghai, Hannah! It was designed to be a mix between the classical fashion elements and modernity and technology. You’ll definitely love it!” She told me.

“Well, I think that first I need to check on your local boutiques. I have never seen one,” I told her. How to tell your fashionista mother that you’re not a huge fashion fan? My style was classical, and there wasn’t a big variation in my wardrobe.

“Oh, my God! You can’t be serious. Does Ethan forbid you to shop for clothes?” She asked me shocked.

“Not really, I’m just not that creative to love fashion that way,” I told her.

“You know that what you’re telling mom is a sacrilege, don’t you?” Timothy asked me.

“Hey! Your wardrobe looks pretty basic too!” I accused him.

Georgie shook her head and said: “This is so sad... being a fashionista and none of my two children has the minimal aptitude for fashion. What am I going to do with my legacy?” She asked.

“I’m pretty sure that when the time comes, we can hire someone who will attend to your expectations, mom.” Timothy said, and we all laughed.

“Fine, we will see,” Georgie told us. “There’s something that I wanted to talk to you about, darling,” Georgie looked at me with expectant eyes.

“What is it?” I asked her.

“I was wondering why your name is Hannah. When did you change your name, and why didn't you tell me about it before,” she asked me.

I sighed and murmured: “I actually never heard that my name was Estella before. Everybody at the orphanage called us names of saints. I'm Hannah, and this is Lucy, we had a friend called Agnes. These are not necessarily our birth names, but the names that we were registered in the system,” I told her.

“I believe that the person that stole you from me didn't know your name or decided to change it so you wouldn't be recognized easily,” Georgie mumbled.

“Probably so,” I told her.

Georgie sighed. “I wish I had met your grandma, darling. So, I would be able to thank her for taking care of my little baby. You know, despite a lot of our friends and family telling me that I should move on and keep just the good memories of my baby girl because she was gone, I never believed that you were dead. I knew deep inside that you were still around, and I would find you someday,” she told me.

I reached for her hand and gave it a little squeeze: “Thank you for not giving up on me,” I told her.

“I would never do that, honey,” she told me and gave me a hug.

Suddenly, Timothy's cell phone rang, and he reached for it. He made a face, answered it and said: “Just a minute,” and then he turned to us and said: “I have to take this one.” With that, he excused himself.

“Who could that be that made Tim make such a face?” Georgie asked us.

I shrugged. Lucy looked confused. “I have no idea, but I don't know many of Timothy's associates,” I told them.

We stood in the tea room chit chatting a little bit while Timothy was away. A few minutes later, he came back with a grimace.

“What is it, son?” Georgie asked him.

Timothy looked at me and said: “It was him. He is still looking for you. Did you contact him recently?”

"Not after that letter. I swear to God!" I told him.

“Well, he is still insisting. He wanted to know if I had any new leads on you, but I denied as always,” Timothy told me.

Georgie hugged me as if she was protecting me from Ethan, and I held her.

“No, he can’t know that I’m here. He can’t find me! What do I do, Timothy?” I asked him.

“I didn’t give him any lead on you, but as always, I will give him false leads. You must rest and take care of your baby, and I will take care of the rest, okay?” Timothy told me.

I nodded at him and said: “I trust you.”

Chapter 87: Her unmistakable voice

Chapter 87 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan’s POV:

What the hell was Timothy doing with my wife?

I wasted no time and as soon as I hung up with him, I already called Simmons' number, which was on speed dial on my cell phone.

"What can I do for you sir?" Simmons answered me after the first ring.

"Were you able to trace Chesterfield's phone?" I asked him.

"Yes sir, he's on the shores now," Simmons told me. "May I ask about the sudden interest in Mr. Chesterfield's location?" Simmons asked me.

"BECAUSE I FOUND OUT WHAT YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TRYING FOR MONTHS WITHOUT SUCCESS! MY WIFE IS WHERE TIMOTHY IS!" I raged. "I honestly don't know why I spent a small fortune with your investigative firm if I found out what I wanted to know myself!" I exclaimed.

"I... I don't know what to say, sir. I'm just going to send you the exact coordinates of where Mr. Chesterfield is right now," Simmons told me dryly.

"Do it now! I just found out the information. I'm going after my wife if it's in hell!" I said and hung up the phone.

I considered punching yet another hole in the wall, but then I thought people would probably start thinking I'd like to give my office a makeover. But I couldn't get Hannah out of my thoughts. I had to go to her.

I got up and left the office immediately. I opened the door and ran into Eric, who was heading towards my office.

"Sir? Do you need anything?" He asked me.

"I need you to cancel all my appointments for the next few days. I'll reschedule virtual meetings and whatever the clients and partners need later," I told him.

"But sir, we have very important meetings for the next few days!" Eric exclaimed.

"That doesn't matter to me right now, Eric. I need to make a trip," I told him.

"Right. Do you want me to make travel arrangements for you?" Eric offered.

"Tell the jet crew to stand by. I'll call the captain shortly," I told him.

"Yes sir," Eric told me.

I immediately went home. I mean, I immediately went to the flat I had rented. I hated that place. It was impersonal and cold. The kind of place for single men who were on the hunt. I was no longer one of them. I wanted my house back. I wanted the bed I shared with my wife. I wanted to throw Tess out of there, where she should never have gone. But most of all, I wanted the mistress of the house, and my heart, back.

I put a few things in the suitcase, enough for a two- or three-day trip. I didn't know how long this trip would last. I knew more or less where Hannah was, I just didn't know if she was moving or if she had settled there. I also didn't know how long it would take me to convince her. But I didn't care. If we were late getting back, I might as well buy what I needed.

I got in my car next and sped to the airport. On the way, I had received the coordinates of Timothy's cell phone and had also received information that the plane's team was ready.

The good thing about being a person of means is that the plane leaves as soon as you arrive. The team had my coordinates and had already drawn up a flight plan. In a few minutes, we were airborne towards the shores.

Despite being Hannah's first clue in weeks that it wasn't a complete dead end, I felt nervous as hell. I didn't know what to say to her. She had asked me not to look for her, and here I was staring at the possibility of finding her.

I must have rehearsed 1000 times what I was going to say to her on that flight. It was only a few hours, but by the end of it it felt like I had spent a whole day in the air. When we finally landed on shore, I thanked the crew and then got into the car I had asked Eric to rent for me.

I went where the coordinates took me without a real plan of what I was going to do when I found her. I didn't even know if she would still be there. So I thought along the way and concluded that the best thing I could do in this case would be to look around before knocking on every door in that damn neighborhood.

I got there and it was already dark. It was a huge beach mansion, but there was no movement in the windows. I watched for a long time and concluded that whoever was there was not going to come out that night. It was time to look for a place to spend the night and go back there in the morning.

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The next day, I woke up very early and soon left the hotel towards that home. Then, I could see the house more clearly. It was even a beautiful house. The shores were beautiful. If Hannah liked it here, we could buy a house for the holidays. I wondered for a second or two if Timothy had bought her that mansion. Well, he was even a richer heir than I was. He might as well have bought that place for her. But that thought made me so angry that it made me think about breaking his neck, so for my own good, I pushed it aside.

I waited for a few minutes, while the day was still not breaking, until a strange thing happened. My phone rang, and the number was unidentified. Who could it be?

"This is Brown," I said in a monotone voice.

"Well, well, well... if he isn't the illustrious husband of my little Hannah," an icy and ironic voice answered me. Dante.

I took a deep breath and said, "What do you want, Dante? I thought you promised not to bother us anymore after that last time. It was our last deal, remember?" I asked him.

"Wrong, Ethan. Second to last. You may not know it, but your dear wife called me last month asking for help and she still hasn't paid me what she owes," Dante said.

"And how much does she owe you? Let's get this over with," I told him.

"Not how much, little Ethan. What does she owe me would be the right question," Dante said.

"So just tell me what she owes you and it'll be fixed," I told him. I wasn't in the mood to play games with him. I knew Dante was a dangerous guy who Hannah owed a favor or two to when we first met, and I had saved her from his clutches. For her to ask him for something again, something very serious had happened.

"I want Old Michael's Fabergé egg," Dante demanded.

"Do you want a share of my grandpa's estate? Are you crazy?" I asked him in disbelief.

"Well, it is what it is. That is the price that Hannah agreed with me," Dante said unfazed.

"You mean the price you demand from her. There's never an agreement with you, Dante. but Hannah couldn't promise you that!" I exclaimed.

"We don't even know who this egg is going to. The will hasn't been read yet!" I told him.

"I don't give a shit what you do or don't do, Ethan. Change the will, if necessary, but Hannah needs that egg to fall into the hands of someone who can donate it to me. You have a month," Dante said and hung up the phone.

I sighed. The day hadn't even started right, and I had not only one problem, but two waiting for me.

Speaking of waiting, I waited for another half hour or so until there was movement in the house.

When the sun finally came up, Timothy left the house still in his pajamas to have a cup of coffee on the porch and play with his cell phone. He didn't seem to have a care in her life. What the hell was a CEO of an auditing firm doing in a waterfront home on a weekday when he was supposed to be working? Oh, being young and having no responsibilities, I thought to myself.

Suddenly, a woman with a figure very close to Hannah came out of the house, also carrying a cup. She was wearing a robe and looked quite at ease. She hugged Timothy and kissed his head before sitting down next to him.

My blood boiled at that moment. Was Hannah really having an affair with this idiot while we were still married, and she was still carrying my baby in her belly? She looked so sweet, she seemed incapable of doing such a thing, even if I was the piece of shit that I was.

I didn't wait another second. I got out of the car and crossed the road. As soon as I was close enough, I thundered, "HANNAH!"

I saw Timothy and the woman look in my direction. Timothy got to his feet and walked towards me.

"What are you doing here, Ethan?" He sounded nervous, and his eyes were wide.

"I'm here to look for MY WIFE, CHESTERFIELD," I told him. I had every intention of keeping my cool, but I couldn't reign in my temper.

"Ethan, you need to calm down, you'll wake up the whole neighborhood!" Timothy exclaimed.

"What neighborhood Timothy, look at the size of this house. Don't be ridiculous, the neighbors can't hear me!" I exclaimed at him. So, I turned to the woman and said, "Hannah, let's go home."

That's when I realized it wasn't Hannah. It was Georgie. She looked at me curiously, like I was crazy.

Realizing my mistake, I started to mutter, "I...I...I'm sorry, Georgie. I thought you were Hannah."

She nodded and told me, "It's okay, Ethan. I've been told Hannah looks like me." She had an amused air, like she knew something I didn't.

"I... I'm leaving you now," I mumbled, and turned to head back to the car with my head down in embarrassment.

That's when I heard her unmistakable voice telling me, "Ethan? What are you doing here?"

Chapter 88: What happened, Johnson?

Chapter 88 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Vincent's POV:

It's been two days since I brought Patricia to my own home. I got the hospital authorization as if I was going to give her palliative care. I hired a nurse that I met when I was in medical school. Her name was Martha Jacobson, and she was someone from outside who I could trust. Today was her first day taking care of Patricia.

“Hi, Vince. Long time no see you,” Martha told me. She hugged me the moment I opened my door.

“Hey, Martha, you look good. How is everything?” I asked her. I always had a crush on her and was disappointed when she chose another guy from our university over me.

“Ah, you know that Mark left me, don’t you?” She sighed and asked me.

“I’m sorry to hear about that,” I told her, but I couldn’t ignore the small sunshine of hope that was appearing in my heart.

“No, you don’t. I can see in your face,” Martha mocked me.

“Okay, I won’t pretend that I’m sad. I mean, I’m sad for you because you didn’t deserve this, but maybe after Patricia wakes up and recovers from her accident, we could grab a cup of coffee,” I suggested to her.

“I will think about that,” she mumbled to me.

After leaving Patricia under Martha’s careful touch, I went straight to the hospital. I still needed to find out who put her in that unit and who was responsible for her medication. Although I have some influence in the corridors, this kind of information demanded a high level of clearance, so I scheduled a meeting with Dean Mason.

After his secretary announced my arrival, Dean Mason received me happily.

“Vincent! It’s good to see you! It doesn’t even look like we work in the same building! How is everything going? How about our friends, the Browns? I heard some of the stories, but I couldn’t believe that young Hannah could be capable of hurting anyone!” he told me.

“Dean Mason, it’s good to hear from you too. I’m here to talk about this story too, but in a correlated part,” I told him.

“What is it?” Dean Mason asked curiously.

“Well, as you know, Hannah didn’t choose abortion, even if she gave Ethan the illusion that she had. Her plan was to get a divorce and leave town, but there were some... complications along the way,” I told him.

“What happened?” Dean Mason urged.

“She almost lost the baby in a miscarriage and Ethan was with her, so he learned that she was still pregnant. They both decided to give their marriage another chance,” I told him.

“Well, good for them!” Dean Mason exclaimed.

“Yeah, I think so too, but Ethan had a mistress that was jealous, and that is where their trouble starts. You see, one of the shot women was his mistress. We don’t precisely know what happened yet. Everything is still a little confusing,” I explained to him.

“Really? How so?” Dean Mason asked me.

“Well, there were three women in the house, and just one controversial version of what happened that night. The only witness claims one thing, but the experts find out other information,” I told him.

“What do you know about the case, Vincent?” Dean Mason asked me.

“Well, I know that Hannah ran away claiming that she would prove her innocence; Tess, one of the victims and former Ethan’s mistress claims that Hannah shot her due to jealousy, and finally we have Patricia, Brown’s housekeeper, who still didn’t wake up from the shot in her belly. I asked your secretary for this meeting because I want to talk about her,” I told Dean Mason.

“I’m all ears, boy,” Dean Mason told me.

“I took a detailed exam on Patricia because she was healing more than well but wasn’t waking up. Since she didn’t suffer from any trauma, her medical team concluded she wasn’t waking up just because she wasn’t ready to surpass this trauma. But look at this: her scans look good, and she didn’t suffer anything in her head,” I told him while I was showing him the images of Patricia’s exams.

“Yeah, that is at least curious...,” Dean Mason murmured.

“No, sir. This is not curious. This is even criminous,” I told him.

“What do you mean, kid?” Dean Mason asked.

“I mean that I runned some exams on her and found traces of sedatives in her blood,” I told him.

“But would they be recommended to her protocol?” Dean Mason asked.

“No, sir. There’s no need for her to be kept into a coma. So, I decided to take her home as if she was in palliative care,” I explained to him.

“And what do you need from me, Vincent?” Dean Mason asked me.

“I want to have total access to her history and start an investigation so we can find out what happened to her,” I asked him.

“Consider it done, Kid. You can investigate and when the time comes, you can use my office and my authorization to inquiry anyone involved in such a thing. I can't believe that someone took our oath to do such harm to another human being!” Dean Mason exclaimed.

"Thank you, sir. I will do so," I told him while he prepared a brief case with all the documents related to Patricia's case.

Tess's POV:

Leaving the house and walking around was perhaps the best of sports for me. And finally, I felt good enough to move and get out of that huge house. There was no reason to stay there without Ethan, after all, I had just moved so that he would eventually accept me as his new wife.

My next step would be to get back into society. I knew Ethan didn't go to that many parties, especially since he was without a date (only because he was refusing to take me back), but still being seen was important to me. Mainly because I've always loved being in the spotlight.

I was at a Georgie boutique shopping. I dabbled in a couple of dresses, but I wasn't as focused on the clothes. What I was interested in was whether Georgie would be there. We met a few times in society, but she never paid much attention to me. But I knew that returning to society as Georgie's personal friend would be a blast.

I was about to ask the boutique manager if Georgie was there when my phone rang. It was Nurse Johnson.

"What do you want?" I asked her by way of greeting her as I should.

"Miss Astor, I need to inform you. I need to inform you!" Nurse Johnson urged.

"What happened, Johnson? Patricia finally died?" I asked her.

"No ma'am. She was taken away from the hospital!" she exclaimed.

"What?" I asked incredulously. "WHEN was this? Who did this?" I asked.

"Yesterday after my shift. I medicated the patient with a large enough dose that she wouldn't wake up on my colleague's shift, but this morning when I got to work the patient was gone!" she exclaimed.

"What the hell!" I raged. "And who took her?" I asked.

"I still don't know, miss. The process was put under wraps. All I know is that it was under the palliative care at home excuse," Johnson said.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" I cursed. That's when I noticed that one of the salespeople and the manager were looking at me with curious eyes. "Don't do anything. I'm on my way over there," I told her and killed the call.

"I'm sorry, ladies. I'll go back and look at the pieces another time more calmly," I told them, returning the dresses and walking out the door of the boutique.

I got in the car already calling Alexander. He picked up on the first ring: "Hello, honey," he told me. I could hear the smile on his lips. Too bad the news I had for him would spoil his good mood.

"Hi, love. Have you heard the news yet?" I asked him.

"What news?" he told me without any clue.

"They took Patricia from the hospital!" I exclaimed.

"Who made this?" he asked in horror.

"I don't have a clue," I muttered to him. "What do we do?" I asked sharply.

"We need to find out who took her so we can go after her. She can't wake up and open her big mouth!" he exclaimed.

"I know. I'm going to the hospital to try to find out what happened," I said.

"Good idea. I'll meet you there. I'll try calling Vincent. He has backstage access to the hospital and can tell us who could have taken her," Alex told me. "Do you have any idea who it might be?" He asked.

"I don't know... I thought after old Michael died nobody would be interested in that woman. I mean, Hannah was the only person who liked her, and the idiot ran off," I mumbled.

"Wrong. Ethan likes her too. We need to find out if it was Ethan," Alex told me.

"You're right," I muttered to him. "We need to get this situation back under control," I said.

"See you soon," He murmured and hung up at precisely the time I had arrived at the hospital.

It was time to find out what the hell had happened.

Chapter 89: Ethan? What are you doing here?

Chapter 89 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV.

It was early morning when I woke up a bit disoriented. Where I was? I looked around and realized I was at Georgie's house. Or rather, my mother.

It was kind of overwhelming to find out at my age that I still had a mother. I had already gotten used to not having a mother and had already experienced all the problems of mourning when my grandmother passed away. I just didn't feel alone in the world mainly because of Lucy, who hadn't abandoned me even when my own husband was cheating on me with someone else.

But not now. There wasn't just Lucy. There was my little baby Michael, my mom Georgie, and my little brother Timothy. I honestly felt relieved

that we'd had a conversation a few days ago about how we would feel if we were siblings. And even more relieved that circumstances had prevented us from kissing. That would be too weird.

But the reason I woke up was because recently, baby Michael had acquired a new skill. After keeping me nauseous for months, he now puts pressure on my bladder, and I had to go to the bathroom at record frequency.

After I was out of the bathroom, I looked properly at the clock and saw that it was still quite early. The sun should be rising. But I wasn't sleepy anymore. Georgie needed to rest, so we didn't talk much last night. I was hoping she was up early, so I put on a robe she had made for me and went downstairs to see if anyone else was awake in that huge house.

The smell of coffee drew me into the kitchen. There would probably be someone there. The coffee pot was still hot but there was no one else in the room. It was weird, but I didn't really care. Well, I never turned down hot coffee, so I got a cup and poured myself some.

There was a solarium in the mansion that I had seen on our first visit here, but it was a place Georgie didn't feel comfortable with after her surgery, so I hadn't seen the place again. I wondered what it would be like to see the first rays of sunlight in that room, so I went there to drink my coffee and scroll on my cell phone.

A few minutes after I was sitting there in one of the chairs, I started hearing a jumble of indistinct voices. There was shouting and confusion, but I was far away, and I couldn't make out what people were saying because of the noise of the sea and the wind. What was happening?

I decided to sneak closer to the mess, inside the house. I tiptoed to one of the nearest windows. That's when I was able to identify the voices: one of them belonged to Timothy, the second belonged to Georgie, and the third surprisingly belonged to Ethan.

"I... I'm leaving you now," I heard him mutter as I slipped out the balcony door. He had turned towards the highway and his shoulders were slumped, as if he were a child who had crossed the line.

"Ethan? What are you doing here?" I couldn't resist and asked him.

Timothy made a face and said, "You're going to ruin your escape, Hannah!" Meanwhile, Ethan slowly turned toward me.

Then he looked at me with this funny face, like I was a mythical creature or something. He narrowed his eyes and asked, uncertain: "Is that you, Hannah?"

"And who else could it be?" I asked him.

Then, without thinking again, he ran into my arms and hugged me tight. He nuzzled the juncture between my neck and shoulder and took a deep breath. Then, seconds later, I felt tears falling on that spot. Was Ethan crying? Who is this man and what has he done to my husband?

"Oh, Hannah! I can't believe it's you. It's been so long! I've been looking all over for you!" Ethan exclaimed in my ear.

"Oh, Ethan, I asked you not to look for me, didn't I?" I told him.

"And yet I'm here," he murmured to me.

"You're so stubborn..." I told him. However, as much as I was berating him, I couldn't help but hug him with the same intensity with which he was hugging me. I missed him so much.

"Why did you run away from me, Hannah? We could have worked it out together!" Ethan exclaimed.

"I...I knew that with your history of believing Tess over me, you'd think I was to blame, but you have to believe me, Ethan. I'm innocent!" I exclaimed.

"Oddly enough, this time I'm on your side, Hannah. I'm truly sorry for what I put you through," Ethan said and knelt in front of me. He hugged me by the legs and rested his head on my stomach. "Please, Hannah, forgive me and come home with me," he pleaded.

"Oh darling, you don't know how much I've wanted to hear those words. For years!" I exclaimed.

"And will you forgive me? Will you come home?" Ethan asked hopefully.

"Hannah! I can't believe you're going to forgive him that easily! Not after everything he's put you through!" Timothy exclaimed. Georgie remained silent, but her crossed arms and defiant posture, even in a robe and having just woken up, indicated that she was more in favor of Timothy than me.

Everyone looked expectantly at me. That's when I thought for a bit and mumbled: "I... I don't know yet. I can forgive you, Ethan, but I'm sorry, it's not time to go home... yet..." I told him.

"What? Are you going to run away from me again?" Ethan asked in alarm.

"I didn't just run away from you, Ethan. I ran away from a sticky situation that has the potential to land me in jail. As I told you through the note, I can't afford to go to jail right now. I'm pregnant and baby Michael is going to need me!" I exclaimed.

"So, you're leaving again?" Ethan asked, uncertainly. This version of him was a bit curious. It was the first time I'd seen him so vulnerable, especially in front of people he wasn't that close with.

I put my hand on top of his head and stroked his soft curls and said, "I'm not going anywhere. But that also means I'm not going back with you

now, and I'm not leaving here for a while. I'm going to have the baby on the shores, then I'll be back to clear my name," I explained to him.

"Okay, Hannah, I understand your reasons," Ethan said, getting to his feet again. "I only ask you one thing then: can I be a part of the rest of our child's pregnancy? Even if I have to make a thousand trips to come here all the time. I want to be by your side," Ethan said.

Timothy sighed beside me but didn't say anything. But even without saying a word, I knew he was extremely frustrated by my ease in forgiving Ethan. In fact, he didn't understand that before I ran away, I was already reconciling with him, and he was not involved in the episode of the shootings in the kitchen of our house.

"Of course," I muttered to Ethan.

"Thanks!" Ethan exclaimed in relief. "I will put every appointment and every event on my personal calendar!" Ethan told me.

Suddenly, Ethan seemed to break out of the bubble he was in. He decided to turn to Timothy and Georgie and muttered, "Georgie, Timothy, I'm sorry for the scandal I made so early in the morning."

Georgie seemed more relaxed with Ethan, and then she smiled in acceptance of his apology. Timothy, on the other hand, was glaring at Ethan.

"Oh, don't worry about that, honey," Georgie told him. "I've seen way worse in the fashion industry. You know, all those drama queens and kings...." She told him.

As Timothy didn't react to Ethan's apology, he turned to me and asked: "So, are you staying here with Chesterfield, Hannah?" Ethan asked me.

"Actually, this was just for last night. Lucy and I live in a cottage a few minutes from here. We both slept here to celebrate and create some proximity with Georgie," I told him.

"Really? How so? What are you celebrating?" Ethan asked me curiously.

I looked at Georgie, and she nodded. So, I turned to Ethan and said, "Ethan Brown, this is my mother, Georgie Chesterfield." So, I turned to Georgie and said, "Georgie Chesterfield, this is my husband, Ethan Brown. Well, I know you two know each other, but now I want to formally introduce you and inform you that you now have family ties."

Ethan's face lit up and he said, "Hannah, I'm glad you found your mother! Even more so now, that you had already given up hope of finding her, as you said. Georgie, I'm so glad you finally did find your Estella. By the way, what name would you like to be called, dear?" Ethan asked me.

"Hannah for now. I was familiar with it," I murmured to him, and he nodded.

"So, are you ready for me to tell you all the news?" I asked him.

"Let's go," Ethan muttered. I took his hand and walked into the house, ready to start the day by updating my husband on the news.

Chapter 90: This could only be heaven

Chapter 90 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

I was astonished by everything that Hannah told me. I have never cared about her origins. My grandpa made me marry her three years ago and I

knew there wouldn't be anything I could say to stop his will. I knew that Hannah wasn't looking for her biological parents, but deep down, I knew how the lack of parents could affect a child. That was my initial reason to stay with her. I wouldn't like our son to be raised without his mom or dad if I could help it.

My second reason, which became my main one recently, was Hannah herself. I should have valued her more. She was the one who didn't give up on us, and our baby. I had a valuable woman by my side, and I finally saw the light. I would be grateful for the rest of our lives for her forgiveness and would fight for our family with everything I could. Looking at her under this new light made me appreciate how beautiful she was. Not that I ignored that before, but I have never appreciated that the way I should have done.

"You look radiant, did you know?" I asked her.

Hannah laughed to herself and then, she murmured: "You're probably the only one thinking so. I feel like I'm going to start to enter orbit around the earth. I feel so round that I'm almost a small planet," she told me.

"Nonsense! You're glowing, and I bet everyone in this house would agree with me," I told her.

"Well, then thanks, I guess" she murmured to me.

"You're especially beautiful because you're creating a real miracle," I told her.

"So, is our baby a miracle?" she asked me.

"Yes, above all because we barely have kids among the Browns. If it is up to me, this will be the first of many!" I told her excitedly and once again I laid down to kiss her swollen belly.

She started to laugh and told me: “Yeah, maybe we should take one step at a time and start with this little one before deciding how many we’re going to have.”

“If you say so,” I mumbled to her. “So, you told me you’re not living here with Georgie. Where are you living, then?” I asked her.

“Well, Timothy bought a little cottage for Lucy and I to live in. It’s down on the road. We just ended up sleeping here last night because we discovered yesterday that Georgie is my mother, so we thought that we could have extra quality time together,” she explained to me.

“And how do you feel about having a mother in your life?” I asked her.

“I... I don’t know. I think I’m still processing. The only thing that I’ve got from Georgie is that she always loved her baby daughter and never gave up on her. How could I refuse such love?” She asked me. “I mean, it’s not as if she had given me to adoption or didn’t want me, right?” She told me.

“Yeah, since I met Georgie, she always claimed that her daughter was stolen from her,” I told Hannah. “Of course, now that we know that you’re her daughter, she would love to investigate and seek justice for whoever took you from her,” I told her.

Hannah nodded and murmured: “Yeah, I agree with that too.”

“So, are you going to remain Hannah or are you going to change your name to Estella? Should I have to get used to a new name?” I teased her.

She made a face and told me: “I’m not sure either. I’ve been called Hannah for decades now, I wonder if I would get used to being called Estella.”

“Alright, let me know when you decide,” I told her, and we both chuckled.

Later that morning, we drove to her cottage. While we were in the car, Hannah started to ask about everyone back home.

“I can’t believe that I’m asking you that, but how is Tess?” She asked hesitantly.

I shrugged and said: “Causing any type of trouble that she manages to.”

“Why did you shrug? I thought you were giving her some assistance. I know that you promised that you would take care of her,” Hannah told me.

“Because I took her to our home out of pity because she was all by herself after being discharged from the hospital. She caused so much trouble that I left home and went to live in that hotel close to Brown’s,” I explained to her.

“At least she is alive and well. Well, enough to cause trouble,” Hannah mumbled relieved. “How about Patricia?” She asked.

I could feel a change in her tone when she mentioned Patricia: “Why this change in your tone?” I asked her curiously.

“Because I didn’t shoot Patricia. Tess’s blood would be in my hands because we were fighting for the gun, but she was the one who shot Patricia,” she explained.

“I get it. Well, Patricia is healing well, but she is not waking up. Vincent took her to his home to investigate the case. He thinks she’s been drugged, and took her away from the hospital,” I explained.

“I hope she wakes up soon. She would be a key witness to prove my innocence,” she told me.

“Yeah, I hope that too, so you can come back home, right?” I asked her.

“Why don’t we take one step at a time as I said before?” Hannah sighed and asked me hesitantly.

“Okay, you win. One step at a time,” I murmured to her.

We arrived at their cottage a few minutes later. It was a small space – much smaller than Georgie’s house – but looked so much like her and Lucy. Nobody who knew both women could say that this wasn’t their place.

“So, what do you think?” Hannah asked me expectantly.

“I think it’s yours, and I feel as if I’m invading your secret space,” I told her.

“Nonsense. You’re very welcome here,” she told me dismissively.

“Who helped you build this place?” I asked her curiously.

“It was Timothy who arranged this. I don’t like to admit it now, but I was planning to run away before all that shit hit the fan,” she told me a little embarrassed.

“Why would you run away without a reason?” I asked her, astonished.

“You couldn’t see a reason. I saw several,” she mumbled to me.

“How so?” I asked her.

“I hate trashing your precious little Tess, but I’m pretty sure that she harmed Lucy to reach me. This is one of the things that I fully intend to prove before considering coming back home,” she told me.

“Well, if you’d told me these things a few months ago, I wouldn’t believe a word of what you’d say, but now, seeing Tess’s true colors, I know that you’re right,” I told her.

“Thank you!” Hannah exclaimed happily, surprised.

I shrugged and said: “I’m just realizing that I’ve been an idiot.”

“Not anymore,” she told me and hugged me. This could only be heaven.

“So, are you going to show me your place or not?” I asked her.

Her cheeks got red. “It’s not as fancy as the manor, but…” She said,

“It’s your home, right?” I asked her.

“At least for now. Besides, just say that I liked the shores,” she told me.

“Yeah, me too. Maybe we could keep this place too,” I suggested. “I could buy it from Timothy, what do you think?” I asked.

Hannah looked a little nervous when she confessed: “Well, Timothy kind of bought the place for me, so it’s all settled.”

Although I knew that they recently found out that they were siblings, this still hit a nerve, above all because Timothy was so against me. “Did he buy you a cottage? What the hell! Was this guy trying to impress you?” I asked.

“Ethan, Timothy is my brother!” I m Hannah exclaimed.

“Yeah, but I bet he didn’t buy you this place and decorate it last night, right?” I told her, making a gesture to englobe the whole living room.

“No, he didn’t. He was trying to help me! He knew that I couldn’t access my funds otherwise the police would find us, so he helped the best he could,” she explained to me.

“Yeah, he was trying to help you and impress you at the same time, Hannah. He always wanted you. This guy wants what is mine!” I exclaimed to her.

“There’s no one else, Ethan,” she tried to calm me.

“I know, but still... I don’t like it,” I murmured.

“You’re being irrational, Ethan. Nothing happened between us, and nothing will happen now that we found out that we’re siblings. Consider this as a billionaire brother gifting his older sister,” she told me.

“Yeah, I will buy that for now,” I told her.

We spent the whole day in the cottage. Although she recently found her mother, they knew that we both needed quality time. We cooked together and talked about everything and nothing, but she didn’t seem to be willing to get physical with me again.

After our dinner, which I insisted on cooking for her while she kept her ankles up, I saw that Hannah was starting to get tired.

“Do you want me to get you to bed?” I offered.

“Yeah, that wouldn’t be a bad idea,” she told me.

I raised her from the armchair, bridal style, and she opened a wide smile a little embarrassed but came along. We went to her room, and I deposited her delicately in the center of the bed. I looked at her from a distance, studying her delicate figure.

“What?” she asked me.

“Nothing. I’m just admiring my beautiful wife,” I told her. “Did you know that you look sexy?” I asked her.

“Well, I don’t feel sexy with this huge belly,” she mumbled.

I came closer to her and said: “Nonsense. You look perfect,” and started to kiss her lips, her neck, behind her ears. In a minute or two, Hannah’s breathing started to hitch, and she was moaning my name.

“Oh, Ethan,” she said.

“I missed you too, love,” I told her.

“Yeah, but what happened with taking small steps?” She asked me and stopped our fun.

“Damn it, Hannah! You’re going to make me spontaneously combust doing that!” I complained to her.

“I’m sorry, honey, but we will have the rest of our lives to love each other. Just a little more, okay?” She pleaded.

“Do you promise me?” I asked her.

“I do,” she said, and she kissed me goodnight.

Although nothing would happen tonight, I wouldn’t care if she decided to protest. I was going to sleep by her side tonight, no matter what.

Lulled by her wonderful perfume, I fell asleep in peace, like in a long time.