

Chapter 91: You're too dangerous.

Chapter 91 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

The last couple of days have probably been the best of my life so far. I found out that Georgie, a lovely lady, was my biological mother, and she was willing to get to know me better. I had a wonderful lady that adopted me when I was a kid, but she was more my grandma than my mother. I would always be grateful to her, but it would be a refreshing experience to have someone who shares a blood bond with me.

Furthermore, my husband found me. I told him to not look for me, but stubborn as he is, deep down I believed that sooner or later he would find me. I didn't believe that he would rat me to the police because I was the mother of his child, but when I left, I didn't know if he believed me or Tess. It turns out that Tess had finally shown him her true colors, and now my husband not only believed me but also was willing to amend our marriage.

There was a lot along the way that we had to work on to get to the right place, but I felt that we would get there. For now, I decided that I would stay on the shores and would probably have baby Michael at the local hospital. I missed the structure in the city, but my doctor always said that my pregnancy was evolving well, and I wouldn't have bigger problems with delivering this baby, so I believed that my chances were good.

The hardest part was that Ethan and Timothy had to come and go from the city to the shores often. Both men had work to do and had to keep up their appearances. Now that it was official that Georgie was on the shores resting after surgery, Timothy had a clear reason to come back and visit our mother and me, but Ethan would have to look for several

excuses for being away while he had his own company to run and had no other excuse to leave the city.

But this wasn't something that we were worried about today. I managed to reschedule some of my pregnancy exams, especially the ultrasound so Ethan could see our baby and have a confirmation from a doctor that everything was fine. He was an overprotective husband sometimes, and now he was turning into an overprotective father too. Yesterday we spent the whole day at the cottage, and he bombarded me with several questions about how my pregnancy was going. I knew that he would only stop when he saw the baby with his own eyes.

It was still early in the morning. I could hear the sound of the waves outside, and some birds that liked to fly to a tree that we had in the backyard. I didn't know if it was because, on the shores, I was closer to nature and was living with less stress, but I didn't want to leave there anymore. I was happy here, far away from most of my problems.

We were still on the bed. I slept with my head on Ethan's chest, and although I couldn't see him, I knew that he was still fast asleep. I could feel a change of heart coming from him in the last weeks before I left, but I believe he seemed relaxed in this new environment. It was so soft, so warm and I was still sleepy, but my body had other needs, and my baby was pressing me to wake up and go to the bathroom. It seems that he loved making me do so. I left the bed carefully to not wake Ethan up and went to the bathroom.

When I went back from there, Ethan was already awake, but instead of leaving the bed, he was laying there, with his arm behind his head, looking as if he owned the place. He was staring at me with his unfathomable eyes, but I could see a certain hunger in them. I have seen that before, once, or twice, and thought that he probably would be thinking about Tess when he looked at me like this before. But not today.

“Well, good morning, my beautiful wife,” he said. “I was wondering where you had gone.” His voice was rough because he had just woken up. It was sexy as hell and made my stomach flip in a good way.

I knew that I was blushing when I answered him: “Good morning to you too. I wasn’t far. Just in the other room. You know, this little one has his own demands,” I pointed to my belly when I said that.

“Hum, I’m getting jealous of this little one. He gets your attention all the time and he is still in your belly,” Ethan mumbled. “I can only imagine his demands once he’s out.”

“Well, at least when he’s out I could share those with his father,” I told him.

“So, how are we? Are we on a tight schedule?” he asked me.

“No, we’re good. Why?” I asked him back.

“I was just lazy, and wondering if you’d like to lay down a little more,” he told me.

“Well, just a little bit,” I told him and went under the blankets with him.

Ethan held me close when I got to him. After a few minutes, he said: “Well, this feels good, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, I think so,” I murmured, already warm and sleepy again. “But I think we can’t get too comfortable. We have a medical appointment to go to,” I told him.

“Yeah, I’m so excited about that! The last time I saw our baby boy he was too small, but I can see through the growth of your belly that he might be much bigger now,” he told me.

“Now, that’s to incentivize your pregnant wife? I already feel immense!” I exclaimed.

“Nonsense, you look prettier than ever. Besides, it seems that just your belly grew,” Ethan told me.

“I don’t believe you,” I crossed my arms in my chest and mumbled.

“Babe, you look sexier than ever,” Ethan told me, provoking me. I don’t know how, but he managed to turn me and suddenly, I was laying in the bed right below him. He was supporting his weight on his elbows and his eyes were dark and hungry.

Just the look on his face made my belly flip again. I swear, this man had some kind of spell over me. He started to kiss me on the cheeks, then he paid attention to my lips, and later went down to my throat.

“Oh, Ethan,” I moaned in his mouth.

“Yeah, babe?” he asked me. “Are you going to say that you didn’t miss me? Because I wouldn’t believe it if you say so,” he told me.

I couldn’t think straight. My mind was foggy because of his touch. I was kissing him with the same will he was kissing me. But finally, after trying hard, I mumbled: “No, that would be a lie, but we don’t have that much time. Besides, there’s a lot we need to talk about,” I told him.

Ethan sighed and murmured frustrated: “You really know how to start a pillow talking, don’t you?”

“I’m sorry, Ethan, but we do. We’re living in a bubble now, but you know that reality will get to us, sooner or later. And we have a lot of work to do,” I told him.

Ethan sighed again and murmured: “You’ll be the death of me, Hannah Brown.” And then, he kissed me once again and touched his forehead with mine. “One of these days, your stock of excuses will end, and you won’t be able to escape me,” he told me.

I gulped with anticipation and told him: “Well, until then, I escaped again.”

Ethan rose from above me and went to the bathroom. I could hear that he turned the shower on. A few seconds later, he appeared in the bedroom again with just a towel hanging dangerously from his wrist and said: “Would you like to join me?”

I took him in slowly. He was a vision indeed, but then, I shook my head and told him: “No, thanks. I told you that we don’t have time,” with that, I decided to leave the bedroom before he could reach me and make us late for the doctor’s appointment.

Twenty minutes later, he arrived in the kitchen, fresh as a daisy. Although nothing happened to us in the bedroom last night and this morning, he was in a good mood. He grabbed a cup of coffee and I fried some eggs.

We stood there eating silently for a little while when he asked: “So, you told me that we have many things to solve before getting together. Do you have a list in mind so we can start tackling these problems?”

I swung in my chair a little uncomfortable and murmured: “Yeah, I do. First of all, we have the shooting episode and its potential to take me to jail. And then, we have Tess...”

Ethan shook his head and said: “No, we don’t have Tess. I’m going to throw her out of our home, change the lockers and send her to her father’s old farm, from where she shouldn’t have left.”

“You’re wrong, Ethan. If we don’t solve this issue, Tess will be back from time to time to mess up our lives,” I told him.

“You’re right. I know that this can’t be that simple,” he murmured.

I mentioned Tess because she was a part of the problem, but I couldn't think about being with Ethan again if we don't talk about that record that I heard from Tess and him. But still, I didn't have the nerve to tell him that I knew the depth of his betrayal.

“So, shall we go and see the good doctor?” Ethan asked me a few minutes later.

“Yeah, let's go,” I told him, and we both went to his car.

On the way, his phone didn't stop ringing. He put it in silent mode and mumbled: “I'm sorry.”

I nodded, but by the fourth call, I was annoyed, so I told him: “Shouldn't you answer this one?”

He shook his head and said: “I will return all calls after the appointment.”

“Okay, then,” I murmured to him.

But finally, when we arrived at the doctor's office, his phone had rung so many times, that he left me at the door and mumbled: “I'm sorry, love. I need to pick this up so they can leave us alone.”

“I get it, don't worry,” I murmured to him while I entered the doctor's lounge.

What the hell was going on and who needed to talk to him that much?

Chapter 92: The sound of life.

Chapter 92 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

Why the hell my cell phone couldn't just stay silent? Who needed me that much?

When we arrived at the clinic, I left Hannah at the door to make the check-in and remained at the parking lot to get the call. I saw the caller ID and realized that who was calling me was the last person that I wanted to talk to at that moment: Tess.

"Why are you calling me, Tess?" I asked her at the moment that I picked up her umpteenth call.

"Oh, thank God! Ethan! Where have you been?" She asked me desperately.

"It is none of your business, Tess. I'm kind of busy right now. What do you need from me?" I asked her.

"Oh, my God, Ethan! What happened to you? You never treat me like this! Are you out of your mind?" She asked me.

"What do you want, Tess? I'm busy," I told her.

"I need to know where you are, because I have great news!" Tess told me excitedly.

"And what is it? Are you finally going to leave my house and go back to your apartment?" I asked her. I wasn't minimally interested in whatever she had to tell me except if this was it.

"Hahaha, Ethan, you're so funny!" She exclaimed. "I am not going anywhere, darling. The only thing that I'm going to do is to prepare our nest." She told me.

"What do you mean with our nest, Tess? What are you talking about?" I asked her confused.

"I mean, that you're going to be a dad, honey!" Tess exclaimed.

“Well, of course, I am. Hannah is pregnant, I know,” I told her.

“No, you silly! If you can’t forget that stupid girl’s baby, I’m going to help you with that,” she told me.

“Really? How so?” I asked her ironically.

Tess sighed. “Oh, Ethan, I can’t believe that someone so sharp like you could be so obtuse sometimes! We are going to have a baby, darling!” She exclaimed.

“No, that’s impossible,” I mumbled at the cell phone.

“Well, nothing is impossible, darling! You and me. We are having a baby!” She exclaimed.

“But how did that happen?” I asked her in shock.

“Well, I think you’re big enough to know the whole ‘where babies come from’ concept, Ethan,” Tess mumbled ironically.

“I don’t mean it like that, and you know it very well!” I exclaimed. I was losing my patience with her stupid games.

“That day after you brought me to your home. That day when we woke up together in your bed. That was the day, darling. And then, you freaked out and left your own home, leaving me there alone. Do you think that this is the way of a gentleman?” She chastised me.

“You got to be out of your mind!” I exclaimed to her.

“Well, I don’t know if you know Hannah’s whereabouts, but if she is not interested in her baby having a father, well, I am. In fact, guess where I am now?” Tess asked me.

“I have no clue,” I told her in shock. I believe that finally her news were sinking.

“I am at Georgie’s boutique choosing my bridal gown! I thought that since Hannah is MIA, that you would finally want to recognize our child as being your legitimate heir, and we could get married immediately!” Tess exclaimed happily. “After all, I don’t want to marry you carrying a big belly!” She said.

I was having an out of body experience “Are you out of your mind?” I asked Tess.

“YOU would be out of YOUR mind if you think that I will let you raise our child as a bastard, Ethan.” Tess’s tone was harsh. I recognized that tone. She wasn’t playing anymore.

Suddenly, I looked at the clinic entrance and Hannah was looking through the window at me. She mouthed “What’s happening?” I shook my head and made a gesture for her to wait for me.

“Look, Tess, this is neither the time nor the place to talk about this. I will be back in the city in a couple of days, and we can discuss this matter, okay?” I told her.

“Ethan Brown, if you think for at least one second that I’m going to forget this matter, you’re terribly wrong!” She exclaimed to me.

“I’ll talk to you later, Tess,” I told her and killed the call.

I walked with wobbly knees to the clinic. I don’t know what I could say to Hannah, but right now, the truth wasn’t an option.

“Who was it?” She asked me curiously.

“It was from work. I practically flee from the city following your little brother hoping that some way I could find you, so there are many shareholders after me.” I told her instead of telling her the truth.

“Oh, I get it,” She murmured to me. But suddenly she looked at me curiously and asked: “So, you never told me how you found us, I was wondering how you did it?”

“Well, I called Timothy once looking for you. I was angry because I had just found out that his ‘detective’ was giving mine false leads on your whereabouts,” I told her.

“I was almost giving up when I heard your voice. Timothy made a mistake and didn’t kill the call, so I heard you two talking, requested to my men to locate his cell phone and I was here as soon as I could,” I explained to her. This conversation had distracted her, and I rather talking about that than having her curious about who was calling me a few minutes before.

“Damn, sometimes Timothy is so reckless...” Hannah complained.

“Lucky for me,” I murmured to her.

About ten minutes later, we were guided to the doctor’s office. She was so delicate with Hannah and knew very well what she was doing that I felt confident that Hannah had found the right doctor to deliver our baby.

“So, Jessica, I took a look into your blood tests, and everything seems normal. Your baby is growing healthy and is getting strong each day,” she said happily. Jessica? Who was Jessica?

And then, she looked at me and asked: “So, are you the baby’s father?”

I nodded at her and answered: “Yes, ma’am.”

She arched her eyebrows, but it seemed that she decided to measure her words: “Well, it’s nice to meet you, Mr. Park,” she murmured.

I heard Hannah took a sharp breath by my side, and I am pretty sure it was because she was going by this name in the island and didn’t tell me.

But the doctor seemed distracted by that. Maybe I wasn't the only one that was lucky today.

"What is it, honey?" the doctor asked Hannah.

"Nothing, it was just the baby moving," Hannah said with a squeaky voice.

"Oh, I get it. He is getting bigger by the day, right?" the doctor said sympathetically.

"Yeah, that's all," Hannah mumbled.

"So, let's see this big baby, shall we?" the doctor said and guided us to the ultrasound room. I was anxious for it. I would finally see our baby again! Last time he was so small, and now Hannah was showing more each day. And of course, I was putty in this baby's little hands. I was walking in the cloud nine when I remembered about the news Tess just broke by the phone, so I fell too quickly from the heights.

When the doctor finally located our baby in Hannah's belly I completely forgot about my issues and responsibilities, though. I looked at the screen and heard that quick noise that indicated that our baby's heart was beating quickly and got lost in the image and the sound. My life has changed so much in the last months. I heard the sound of life through that device and the only thing that I could think of was that we had made a miracle.

"It's... it's..." was all that I managed to mumble.

"A miracle, we know," the doctor completed my phrase.

"So, the baby is completely normal, and by now, he is completely formed. All that he has to do now is to gain weight and remain in the belly for as long as he can. But you must think about possible delivery dates now, mom," the doctor said.

“What?” I asked astonished.

“So soon,” Hannah said equally mesmerized.

“Yeah, it’s time to get a more precise estimative. You’re almost there, honey,” the doctor said gently.

Hannah opened her mouth and closed it a few times. I would find it comical if I wasn’t too astonished myself.

“It’s going to be okay, darling. You’re a strong woman,” the doctor said.

“That’s what I’ve been hearing since day one,” Hannah mumbled.

“Because it’s truth. You’re going to be fine. You both will,” the doctor said.

After the appointment, we went back to the cottage. Hannah changed her clothes to a more comfortable set, and we went to meet her family and Lucy in Georgie’s house.

“So, how is my grandson doing?” Georgie asked.

“He is really fine, actually,” Hannah told her.

“I can’t believe that I’ve just found my daughter and now she is giving me a grandson!” she said excitedly.

“Yeah, it seems that life gave you some sort of compensation, mom,” Timothy told her.

“So, how are you two going?” Georgie asked with her unfathomable eyes.

“We’re... getting there,” I told them a little embarrassed.

“Yeah, with baby steps,” Hannah agreed with me.

“I’m sure you two will get there, eventually,” Georgie told us.

I nodded; Hannah smiled. Timothy snorted.

“What is it, Timothy?” I asked him.

“Well, I’m sorry if I want the best for my sister, and sometimes I’m not so sure that you’re the best for her, even though my nephew is your son,” Timothy said.

“Well, there was a time not that long ago that you thought that you were the best for her, wasn’t it?” I asked him ironically.

Timothy’s ears got red, and he mumbled. “I’m still not sure about you, and now I have a legit claim on her. She is my sister. I’ll be in Hannah’s live forever,” he said.

“Yeah, I intend to do so, too,” I murmured to him.

All the women in the room looked at us, tense. In fact, the room was showing some signs of pressure. But then, Hannah, decided to share some wise words to dissipate the tension.

She held her brother’s arms and said: “Hey, Timothy. Don’t be like this. You’re my brother. You’re my family. And I know that you are overprotective of people who you love. I’m honored to be among them, but you can’t overprotect me toward Ethan. He is my husband and the father of my son. He will always be there too. Do you think you can learn to respect him?” She asked.

Timothy looked at her and murmured threatening: “Sure. But he better not put a toe of the line from now on.”

And then, she turned to me and said: “Ethan, Timothy is my brother, and I want my family in ours and Michael’s lives. Do you think you can live with that?”

I nodded and mumbled: “Alright, I promise I will behave too.”

She gave us the brightest smile and hugged both of us. “Thanks for that. I love you both.”

And just like that, she brought the peace back to the room.

Chapter 93: I’m here now, mom.

Chapter 93 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah’s POV:

We spent a very pleasant day at my mother's house. Ethan already knew her from society events, and she adored him. But I felt that all the betrayal to which he had subjected me weighed against him. I wasn't sure my mom and Timothy would forgive that aspect of Ethan on my behalf. I could only hope that someday they would forgive him.

My forgiveness, however, came from elsewhere. I was the fool who had loved him even before he loved me. And it took all this mess in our lives and a baby to get him where we are. He had promised me that he would try to make up with me for the rest of our lives for what he did to me, and seeing the irritation he displayed every time someone mentioned Tess, I started to believe that that might be true. There was a lot to do before we got to where we wanted to be, but in the meantime, I decided that I would enjoy the journey, getting to know new aspects of my husband that I hadn't seen before.

"Are you sure you can't stay a little longer?" I asked Ethan as I said goodbye to him the next morning.

"I'm sorry, love, but I have to go back. People are already starting to get suspicious, and Eric is no longer able to cover up the holes in my

schedule. I'm going to try to leave more space so I can come back more often from now on, but I need to fix the damage done until now," he told me.

"Okay, but I want you to know that the baby and I will miss you, okay?" I told him.

"Oh, I wish I could live here on the shores with you. Forget about all the problems we have in the city. These days in the cabin with you have been a real paradise. Even if there's no actual honeymoon," Ethan said and arched his hands. eyebrows hinting at what he meant.

I blushed like a tomato, then mumbled, "You're incorrigible," but still I kissed and hugged him goodbye.

I watched the road as his car disappeared. So, I sighed and walked into the house. Until he found us, I hadn't really realized how much I needed him during this period. I knew I had cried ridiculously in my OB's office, and I knew I had been embarrassed about it. Pregnancy did weird things to my mood. Well, at least that was the excuse I was currently using, and I hoped it didn't continue after the baby was born.

When I walked into the house, Lucy looked at me curiously. "What is it?" I asked her.

"Did you really forgive him?" She asked me in disbelief.

"We still have a lot to talk about, Lucy, but I can't stop you from being part of our son's life, and consequently my life, can I?" I told her.

"I still don't trust him," Lucy told me grumbling.

"I don't think anyone but me trusts him right now," I chuckled. But I didn't care. I knew that somehow, I was on the right track with this. "So, what are your plans for today?" I asked Lucy. I wanted to distract her. I was a little tired of having to defend my faith in Ethan lately, and I was

going to take advantage of his not being here for the time being to take the focus off him of the conversations.

"Well, today I have a job interview. I don't have my bar here, and I was thinking I'm tired of changing night for day," Lucy told me. "So, I have a test as a waitress on the day shift at a seaside restaurant."

"Lucy, this is fantastic!" I exclaimed. "But are you sure this is what you want to do?" I asked her uncertainly.

"Well, having my own business was a dream of mine, but that dream was shattered when they planted drugs in my bar, wasn't it?" She told me in dismay. "And I need to work, Hannah. I'm not like you who love office work, so sitting still isn't a big deal. I need to move," she told me.

"Well, I understand you. I wish you luck on your test, but I still tell you that on right time, the best option for you will come along," I told her.

Lucy hugged me and said, "Thank you for always having my back."

"That's what friends are for," I told her.

"Speaking of what friends do, can my friend give me a ride to the restaurant? It's near Georgie's house, and I know you plan on spending time with her today," Lucy asked me.

"Of course, we leave in a few minutes," I told her and went to get ready to visit my mother.

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About half an hour later, we were in the car on the way to the restaurant when Lucy asked me, "So what's it like to have a mother again?"

"It's strange and at the same time very nice... How can I say it...?" I told her.

"Well, I never had a mother, and now you have your second," she told me.

"I'm so sorry about that, honey," I patted her arm and assured her.

"No problem. I didn't have a mother, but I sure have a sister," she told me smiling at me.

I knew that Lucy's lack of parents affected her more than she cared to let on, but Lucy was a strong woman. The kind that really made lemonade when life gave you lemons.

"And your sister will pick you up at the end of your shift, I promise!" I told her.

"Okay, I'll see you here at six then," she told me and got out of the car waving goodbye.

I headed to Georgie's house, where I would spend my day. She had invited me so I wouldn't be home alone. It was a way for us to connect and try to heal some wounds. Well, in a way, it was her way of healing more than I did, because somehow, I enjoyed motherly love as a little girl through Granny, but she missed her little girl and tried to reconcile with the woman who I was now.

I was wondering what we were going to do today as I was walking up the steps to the huge porch when she surprisingly opened the door to greet me:

"Oh honey! I'm so glad you're here! Timothy and Ethan left this morning, and Lucy said she was going to work, so it's just you and me. We're finally going to have mother-daughter time alone!" She exclaimed, hugged me, and soon we entered the house.

"It's nice to be here too. You know, my cottage is really nice, but it feels like a real mansion when I'm there alone," I told her.

"Do you miss the hustle and bustle of the city?" She asked me curiously.

I pondered for a moment. "Yes and no... I miss my job, but I don't miss any of the various complications I had in the city. Backlog, Ethan's mistress and other complications I definitely don't miss now," I told her.

"I see," she told me. "You know that woman tried to get close to me, don't you?" my mother told me.

"Tess? Did she try to be her friend?" I asked her curiously.

"I see," she told me. "You know that woman tried to get close to me, don't you?" my mother told me.

"Tess? Did she try to be your friend?" I asked her curiously.

"Tess tried to be accepted into our circle of friends. Before Ethan married you and left the circle, he was a regular at our small gatherings. And he tried to take her to some of our dinners and parties, but she didn't fit," Georgie explained to me.

"How so?" I asked her confused.

"There's...a certain elegance to being discreet, and you and I both know that Tess is anything but discreet. That exhibitionism of hers didn't go down very well in our circle. One of the reasons I was curious about you at that dinner you went with Ethan. The one Ethan had dumped that scandalous girlfriend of his for. And I saw that you know how to carry yourself in society, like you were born for it, and now I really know you were born for it," Georgie looked at me with an admiring smile on her lips.

"Thanks," I told her a bit sheepishly.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, darling. The fruit never falls too far from the tree, and here you are to prove my theory. A real lady. Tell me, did

anyone teach you this posture and how to get along in society?" She asked me.

"Well, when Granny got sick, we went to live on Michael's farm at his invitation. On the farm, I met Patricia, the housekeeper, who taught me everything I know about socializing," I told her. And then, a shadow passed over my eyes. Had Patricia woken up from her coma?

"What is it, dear?" Georgie noted with her quick eyes.

"It's just... there was an accident, and Patricia was involved. She's still in a coma, and I'm worried about her," I explained.

"I see. I hope she recovers soon," my mom told me and patted my shoulders.

"So what are we going to do today?" I asked her trying to switch from a sad topic to a happier one.

"Well, my assistant isn't here for us to sew today. Our options are shopping for the baby's trousseau, talking about the past to try to get to know each other more or I can venture out and cook, but I assure you that is not one of my strong suits," she told me.

"Well, if it's cooking, leave it to me. It's one of my favorite things to do around the house," I told her proudly.

"Really? Well, that you definitely didn't get from your mother. Probably from your Aunt Valkyria," she told me.

"Then I already know what we can do today. I want to meet you and the rest of my family, if only through pictures," I told her.

"And where would you like to start?" Georgie asked me.

"Could be Aunt Valkyria," I told her.

"Well, most of the Chesterfields of my generation today are in business all over the world. Some are already passing that business on to your generation and retiring. But we've had few children, unfortunately. I've had you two, and Timothy for now is my only heir, one thing that I have to change," she told herself.

"You don't have to worry about it, Mom," I told her.

Her eyes welled up, and she looked up at me with a watery smile as she said, "You don't know how long I've dreamed of hearing you say that" and then, she gave me an emotional hug.

"I'm here now, Mom," I told her.

She wiped away a few tears after a while and then told me, "Well, enough crying. Time for you to meet your family."

Chapter 94: Their Betrayal.

Chapter 94 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

"It's going to be fun for us to come and go from the shores from time to time," Timothy told me as we were saying goodbye at the airport.

"Yes, next time we could take turns flying," I suggested.

"Well, if the itineraries converge, I don't see a problem," he told me.

I nodded and mumbled, "See you next time," and boarded my jet.

I was too lazy to go home. My two loves were staying in that paradise while I went back to real life hell. But there were a lot of kinks that needed to be strated out before Hannah and Michael returned home.

I started to list them in my head: I needed to get Hannah away from Dante again. I forgot to ask her what the hell she asked for him to demand my grandfather's Fabergé egg. I know my aunt was rooting for this relic to fall into her hands. Even if it was intended for Hannah, it was a family heirloom, which I don't think she should part with. But Dante was vengeful, and very dangerous, especially since money couldn't buy him. He only received as payment secrets, precious goods and everything that could give him more advantages, because he had plenty of money. But what he might want to replace the egg, I still didn't know.

So, there was also the issue of Patricia. Had she woken up from her coma, or at least shown that she was waking up? Her situation worried me, even more so as she was a key witness to the incident Tess accused Hannah of. When she woke up, I believe she would need to be kept hidden for her own protection.

And I saved the biggest of my problems for last. Tess had called me to say that she was pregnant, and that she was picking out a wedding dress that minute. Was she crazy? How could I marry her? I was already a married man!

Or did she think that just because of what she'd told me or because I thought Hannah had run away that I would file divorce papers? I hated when people made decisions for me, but it seemed like she ignored my wishes and tried to force my hand the whole time. What the hell!

And just as I was starting to patch things up with Hannah.

I shouldn't have drunk so much that damn night. I should have locked the bedroom door when I went to sleep.

And most of all, I should never have felt sorry for Tess to the point of accepting her moving in with me again.

What the hell! I really was an idiot!

How would I explain this to Hannah? She sensed that I was acting weird, that I was even hiding something from her the day of Michael's ultrasound, but I didn't have the nerve to tell her what was going on, even after we'd promised not to keep secrets from each other.

Well, of all these problems, my biggest ticking time bomb after work, obviously, was Tess. Especially because of the potential scandal she could cause if I didn't satisfy her. It was the first point that definitely needed to be addressed, but I had several stakeholders awaiting my return, so I headed straight for Brown's as soon as I landed.

"It's good to see you again, sir," Eric greeted me as soon as the elevator doors opened.

"It's good to see you too, Eric," I told him.

"So, can we get back to your schedule? There are a lot of late appointments," Eric warned me.

"Yes, please resume them with reduced time and leave space in my schedule for next Friday. Hold virtual meetings and whatever you can to fit everyone in, but from now on my schedule needs to remain free from Fridays. Fridays at noon to Monday afternoon," I told him.

"Er... every week, sir?" Eric asked to confirm.

"Yes, every week. On doctor's advice," I told him. It wasn't quite true, but that would be a strong reason why my schedule would need to be free without having further questions from anyone.

"I understand, sir. You've been through a lot of trouble," Eric tried to be sympathetic.

"Thanks," I told him, and walked into my room.

Everything looked pretty much the same as I left it, though I noticed that Eric had had the two wall punches I'd thrown straightened out. Besides,

what could have been accomplished by someone else was done. This guy was very efficient. I should give him a raise.

By the end of that day, I had calmed most of the stakeholders who were waiting for our positions regarding mergers, acquisitions and the firm's strategic decisions.

I had worked like never before. I didn't allow distractions during the time I was at the office. But when nothing else at work could be resolved that day, I found myself thinking about Hannah. I knew Timothy didn't want her to do that, but the next time I went to visit, I would bring her a disposable phone and buy one for myself too. I missed talking to her, and today I couldn't even send a message as she wouldn't receive it.

So that left me with the thorny issue that was Tess. I rehearsed with myself over and over in the car what I would say. I decided that I would not allow her to dictate the rules. I would assume my responsibilities as the child's father, but it was my life, and I wouldn't allow it to decide anything for me.

I arrived at the manor, and it was already dark night. There were few windows with lights on. It was like that now that Tess was living alone in this place.

I walked silently through the house. Everything on the first floor was dim and silent as the tomb. There was only noise coming from the second floor. There were voices coming from my old bedroom, and I realized that Tess wasn't alone. Who was there with her? I'd had Simmons's people watch the house and the only visitor she ever got was Alexander, but he didn't make a habit of visiting her at night, did he?

I crept closer unobtrusively, until I could make out what the two were talking about. There was a crack in the bedroom door, and from where I was, I could peek into the room and see what was going on.

"We need to find her, Alex! Patricia was taken from the hospital. They said it was some distant relative who picked her up and said they will continue her treatment at home. What are we going to do when she wakes up? She can tell the whole truth and testify in case!" Tess told Alexander.

"Then we really have to stop her. Couldn't the nurse or doctor we bribed to get the details of who signed the discharge papers? If we only knew that person's name, we could see what we could do," Alex said.

"And what could we do in such a case?" Tess asked desperately.

"We could bribe that relative too," Alexander suggested. "He could keep Patricia tied up somewhere secluded where she can stay until the whole case is cleared up. You keep accusing Hannah, I keep looking for her until we have a location to report. She goes to jail; Ethan gives up on her and leaves. marry you. Then the fun begins," Alexander said.

What do you mean fun? That Alexander was on Tess's side, I already knew. But what did he mean by all this?

"Yes! But you know I'll need to remain discreet, don't you? You know Ethan will be suspicious of me if his money starts to bleed quickly," Tess told him in a warning tone.

"I know, honey, but we don't have time! I need to save my company and when it's finally financially back on its feet, I'll make the final move and reverse Ethan's company's purchase of it. If I'm lucky, I still have a reason to that the board thinks it's unfit for the CEO job and they might even put me in his place!" Alexander said.

What the hell was that? I clenched my fists in anger and considered storming into the room over this ridiculous conversation, but then decided to see how far these two would go.

"And we also need to be discreet about our... affair," Tess told him.

Was I crazy or had I really heard what they had just said?

"Ah, but Ethan isn't here, is he?" Alexander said approaching Tess. He opened his arms and Tess ran to meet him. The two kissed passionately, and after that kiss, he went down kissing her neck, while she moaned, "No, he's not."

"Um... and you know how much it turns me on when we do it in his bed, don't you?" He said as he unzipped the dress she was wearing. In seconds, her clothes were on the floor, and she was only in her lingerie, showing herself completely to him.

I felt more anger than jealousy, after all, that was the excuse I needed to get rid of Tess. And on top of that, I'd get rid of Alexander and his company who seemed to be a leech on my resources. Two birds, one stone. But I don't know why, I wanted to know if they really had the courage to do it. In my house, in my bed and with her claiming she was pregnant with my baby. How could she be sure this child was mine?

"Oh, Alex, please..." Tess said. She felt like a sly cat in his arms.

Alex then lifted her up and held her legs. He looked down at her feet and said, "Keep those shoes on. You look sexy in them." Then he threw her on the bed, and she squealed with excitement. Then he took off his own clothes.

I had already seen too much. But it was all too tempting not to have some proof of their betrayal. So, I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and discreetly filmed the two for a minute or two. Done. I had all the proof I needed.

I walked away after that slowly, silently. That way, they wouldn't realize that someone else had been there and caught them both. Burning with rage, I drove out of the manor and headed towards the hotel. I wish I had someone to share all my anger with. Someone to help me get revenge on

those two crooks. Unfortunately, the only person I would have wanted to share their betrayal with was miles away from me.

So, I saved all the frustration and decided to start my plan. And they weren't going to see what had hit them.

Chapter 95: The Chesterfield Origin.

Chapter 95 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Hannah's POV:

"So, it all started in our family with my great-great grandfather George, and yes, I'm named after him," Georgie told me, as we walked into one of the offices. When we arrived, she opened one of the bookcase doors and pulled out a large photo album. Then we sat down on the sofa by the fireplace, and she opened the album to the first page.

George Chesterfield was a physician who had the tremendous good fortune to develop a fortifying tonic that helped strengthen the immunity of countless children in the country, especially at the time of the great measles epidemic. Many children were dying before the tonic arrived. He had done it to save people's lives, but enrichment came as a result.

Soon after, his son Maurice and his wife Estelle varied the businesses. Maurice was in the health business like George, and had created a whole line of supplements and fortifiers, based on the first one that George had created. Estelle, in turn, managed a small family inn.

But the business of tonics and supplements was just the starting point. Estelle's inn was very successful. So much so that the inn became a hotel, and the hotel became the Chesterfield chain of hotels. Managed to this day by Estelle and Maurice's grandson: my father, Adam.

Adam had three daughters: Valkyrie, who took advantage of the hotel chain and created her network of restaurants in the hotels, me, who has my clothing line, and who started my stores inside the hotels and Sarah, the only one who was really interested in follow in our father's footsteps in hospitality" she told me.

"And where is everyone else?" I asked curiously.

"Ah, out in the world taking care of business. There's a Chesterfield line of beauties, the chain hotels, restaurants, boutiques... there's so much to do, darling." Georgie told me.

"I see," I told her.

"Then Timothy followed in his own footsteps and started a technology company and an accounting firm. The rest in his case is history."

"And the rest of the family already know you found me?" I asked her.

"Of course, honey! You know as soon as we can, we'll have a party. However, I said that for now you'd like to keep it low profile," she told me.

"Great! I'd like to meet them," I said.

"And you will, as soon as everything is back in order," Georgie told me.

"So, I guess my name is Estella after Estelle...?" I took a chance.

"That's right, honey. And now I see I got it right on her behalf," Georgie said and turned a page in the album.

"Look at her! You look just like Estelle!" Georgie exclaimed.

I was in shock. The photo was black and white, but I would bet that even Estelle's hair color matched mine. All identical strokes.

"See? I was shocked when I saw you too. That's why I seemed so interested in your story," Georgie explained to me.

"If I didn't know better..." I mumbled.

"I would say Estelle traveled through time," Georgie concluded. "You already looked a lot like her when you were born. I changed the name I wanted to give you, because there was no denying the resemblance between you," she explained to me.

"I see. Maybe I'll take the name Estella again, but I'm still not sure. I spent many years being Hannah," I told her.

"Honey, you recognize me as your mother is all that matters to me," she told me and hugged me.

"I do," I told her and hugged her back.

"Honey, I'm so happy I found you. Truly happy. But I can't help thinking that someone should pay for taking you away from me. I just don't know where to start looking for the culprit. I've been looking for you for so many years and you disappeared from that beach without a trace. There were no cameras like there are now, and the trail has gone cold," Georgie told me.

I frowned and thought for a few moments until I said, "I'd like them to pay too. No one has the right to take a child from its mother that way. I don't even want to think about what could have happened to me after that."

"Neither do I," she murmured.

"But at the same time, I can't help but be sorry. My earliest memories are from the orphanage days. I don't remember that day." I told her.

"You were very little, dear. But I was wondering if you couldn't help me in some other way," she told me.

"As?" I asked her curiously.

"Aren't there any documents, diaries or anything else that you inherited from your grandmother that we can look into? Can we go back to the orphanage and see if we can find anything?" Georgie suggested.

I sighed. "My inherited belongings are in town. We can have Timothy or Ethan retrieve and analyze them. And the orphanage is in town too," I told her.

"And for now, you won't be able to go back there, will you?" She told me.

"Not while there's any possibility that I'll be arrested," I explained to her.

"Okay," she told me. "We'll leave with your grandmother's papers, and when we're back in town, we'll search the orphanage's archives," she told me.

*

Georgie and I had a wonderful day sharing memories and facts about our lives. And I cooked as much as I could. I left to get Lucy from the restaurant full of pots with food I had made. I wouldn't need to cook for a few days.

As soon as I pulled the car up next to the restaurant, Lucy opened the door and said, "Let's get out of here now!"

"Hello to you too," I told her. When she just scowled, I asked her, "What happened?"

"The owner of this restaurant is an idiot!" she exclaimed. "It has great potential for a bar, I pitched the idea and volunteered to create the drinks and pass on the recipes and he just ignored me!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, honey. Maybe booze isn't for everyone," I suggested.

"I realized I'm wasting my potential there, so I'm not coming back," she told me.

"Okay then," I told her.

"What?" she snapped.

"Nothing... You were the one who wanted to work as soon as you started walking normally again. I told you we were fine, but you couldn't sit still..." I told her.

"Maybe I should have listened to you," she murmured to me.

"Maybe we could start our own business together," I suggested to her.

Lucy turned to me with a wide smile on her face. "You know, that's not a bad idea," she said.

"Well, obviously we won't be able to put it in our names, but I know we can manage," I told her. "And you'll have to carry the heaviest weight. I'm pregnant and going on maternity leave in a few months."

"That's a great idea. Let's think about business ideas over dinner," she told me more excitedly.

By the end of the night, we had decided that we would open a cafe. Capital for that was easy. Ethan or Timothy or even my mother could help us, as our funds were inaccessible due to our escape.

The idea took shape in the days following its conception. My mother gave us the contact details of a local architect who had designed some rooms for the renovation of the mansion on the beach, and as she was already cleared by the doctor and felt well enough, we visited some strategic places that were looking for renters. We liked one close to the cottage where we lived.

"This place is beautiful, and it will be great with a project that is just like you!" the architect told us. It was good to spend time like this, planning our future, with my mother and my best friend. That same day, Timothy called, and we asked him to bring Grandma's box of belongings the next time he came, so we just had to wait.

I thought that waiting would be the most boring part of my days, but the fact is that the idea of coffee with Lucy, getting to know my mother more closely and doing the baby's layette were occupying my days. And as my belly grew, I became more tired.

Every time Ethan came to visit, which was more often than Timothy these days, he seemed so happy and always pointed out that I was getting more and more beautiful. But that was hard to believe when I felt more like a beach ball every day.

"Nonsense," he would say, and kiss me. Gradually, the baby's room was taking shape, as well as our cafe. Unfortunately, the first few months of operation would be completely up to Lucy, as I was getting more and more tired of waiting tables.

Today the crib had arrived, and it was Ethan's third attempt at setting it up. I was looking at him from the rocking chair, which thank heavens was one piece.

"Putting things together isn't your forte, is it?" I told him.

"It may not be, but I make a point of leaving this crib assembled when I leave!" he exclaimed. However, his phone rang, and he muttered, "But I have to take this call before then."

I thought he was going to leave the baby's room, but he stayed where he was, answered the call and put it on speakerphone.

"Vince! What's up, buddy?" He answered the call, and motioned for me to remain silent, and I nodded. As much as I would have loved to say hi to Vincent, I knew it was risky.

"Hey, Ethan. I haven't seen you in a while. You've been kind of absent from Brown's too. Is everything okay?" He asked him.

"Yes, I'm just a little away on other interests, but don't worry. What do you have for me? Is this Patricia?" Ethan asked Vincent to change the focus of the conversation.

"Yes! That's right. She's awake, Ethan, and she has some interesting revelations to make," he said.

I looked expectantly at Ethan, and he asked, "What is it, Vincent?"

"I... I think it's best that we don't talk over the phone, Ethan. It's not safe. There are people in our circle interested in shutting Patricia up, so it's not safe," Vincent explained.

"I can only imagine what it could be," Ethan murmured to him.

"So where are you so we can talk?" Vincent insisted.

"I'm out of town. But I'll be back tomorrow if you'd like to meet me for lunch," Ethan suggested. Despite the glimmer of hope from wanting to know what Patricia had to say, I was sad that he was leaving so soon.

"Fine, just come as fast as you can," Vincent said and killed the call.

I know Patricia could say that Tess was the one who took the gun to the manor, and she could accuse Tess of attempted murder, but would Patricia know more than that to make Vincent urgently ask Ethan to return?

Chapter 96: The world goes around a lot.

Chapter 96 - Pregnant With The Billionaire's Baby

Ethan's POV:

I didn't want to leave Hannah again. I don't believe in supernatural things, however it seemed that every time I saw her, I felt a tug for her and our baby. It was getting harder and harder to say goodbye. Gradually our life was coming together. Well, at least in that heavenly environment. In the city, everything was still the same chaos as always.

I slept next to her in her bed at the cottage but woke up at dawn to fly into town. As soon as I arrived, I surprised Eric in the office, as he wasn't expecting me. It was a good thing he wasn't expecting me. The morning was normal, I just made an extra call to Simmons and another to Timothy.

"How can I help you sir?" Simmons said as soon as he answered the phone.

"Oh, Simmons, I want you to do a thorough investigation on Alexander Brennon," I told him.

"You mean your partner Alexander Brennon?" Simons asked me, uncertainly.

"This one. I want to know about the details of his private financial life, his company that was acquired by mine last year and all the dirt he sweeps under the rug," I said.

"And is there anything I should look out for specifically, sir?" Simmons asked me.

"Look for rigged results and spoofed accounting and get back to me ASAP. Oh, and Simmons?" I said.

"Yes sir?" he replied.

"Lately I've been discovering a lot more things than you and you're the one getting paid to discover them, so be careful because one more mistake from you and I are out," I told him.

"Leave it to me sir," Simmons said and hung up.

The next call went to Timothy:

"Hey Ethan, what can I do for you?" He asked me as soon as he answered.

"Timothy, I just wanted to say that I had to get back early and therefore I'm in town," I explained to him.

"Ah yes, my mother mentioned that you had returned early due to an emergency that called you here in the city, right?" He asked me.

"That's right. I think I'll need your help transporting someone else to shores," I told him.

"Is everything okay? And who is this person?" Timothy asked me.

"Probably Patricia Collins who worked for my grandfather," I told him.

"Oh, the other victim of the shooting at your house?" He asked me.

"That's right," I confirmed.

"And what happened to her?" Timothy asked me, interested.

"As far as I know there are people who would like her to keep her mouth shut so she doesn't wake up from her coma, but now she's awake and she's taking serious risks," I told him.

"Fine," replied Timothy. "If no one is watching her, she'll be easy to transport, and just like Hannah, she'll disappear from the map and be safe."

"Thanks Timothy," I told him, and then I remembered something Hannah had said. "Oh, I almost forgot: your mother and Hannah would like you to take a box of my wife's grandmother's belongings as soon as possible. They are trying to find out more about the events that transpired between Hannah's kidnapping when she was a child and the years she's been missing," I told him.

"And Hannah remembers anything?" he asked me eagerly.

"Unfortunately, not," I told him. "But there might be some clue in that box of memories."

"And where is that box?" he asked me.

"It's at her old apartment with Lucy, but I'll pick her up and you can take it to her," I told him.

"Okay, as soon as my next trip is scheduled, I'll get this box from you, okay?" He told me.

"Sure. I got to go. Take care, man," I told him.

"You too. Looks like we're getting into a dangerous game," he told me and then he killed the call.

At lunchtime, I met Vincent to talk about Patricia. He looked kind of nervous and distracted looking around him as if he was expecting to be attacked by someone at the restaurant table. Very strange.

"Vincent, is everything okay?" I asked him worriedly. I was waiting for good news because after all Patricia had woken up from her coma, but he seemed too nervous for someone who had good news to tell me.

"Oh, Ethan, it's good to see you again! You've been missing," he murmured to me.

"Yes, lots of things on my mind," I told him vaguely.

"You're probably worried about Hannah's whereabouts, aren't you?" He asked me.

"Yes, that's my biggest concern, but Tess definitely makes that list as another priority," I told him.

"Really? and what's she up to now?" he asked me curiously.

I sighed and pulled my cell phone out of my pocket to show him a short video I'd taken of Tess and Alexander's cheating.

Vincent was stunned and speechless. His mouth opened and closed so many times it looked like he was imitating a fish he was so startled.

"But...but I thought she was in love with you, and she's having an affair with our best friend?" he asked me in amazement.

"Yeah, the world goes around a lot, Vincent, but I'm sure Alexander isn't anyone's friend," I told him. "And you don't know about the last one," I added.

"What else happened?" he asked me in exasperation.

"Tess told me she's expecting my baby, can you believe that?" I asked him.

"Definitely not, Ethan. After the fall down the stairs after Michael's death, Tess became sterile. She's trying to trick you into a fake pregnancy."

I looked at him and narrowed my eyes. "Well, I was figuring that if she had a child, that baby wouldn't be mine because of that," and I pointed to

the phone. "But now I believe the level of deception she's preparing for me is even worse," I told Vincent.

"And what do you intend to do now?" Vincent asked me.

"I'm thinking of playing her little game until she contradicts herself and falls for her own lies. Then I'll expose her: her and that asshole Alexander who are trying to rip me off probably for my money."

"Well, it all amazes me a lot," Vincent said.

"Yeah, but you were never for team Tess, were you? You were always rooting for Hannah," I said. Vincent just shrugged, so I continued, "Maybe your instinct is better than mine for the women in my life," I muttered to him.

"Well, I always thought you were a better match for Hannah than Tess, I won't deny that, but I didn't think those two were trying to trick you that way," Vincent said.

"That's because you always see the best in people," I told him. "But let's talk about Patricia," I suggested, deciding to change the subject because I was still irritated at having been tricked this way.

"Okay, let's get on to Patricia's case," Vincent told me.

"So, I talked to Dean Mason about Patricia's case and brought my suspicions to him. So with his permission I removed Patricia from the hospital pretending to be some friend or relative who would take responsibility for her." Vincent explained it to me, and before I could say anything else, he said, "I know I removed Patricia from where she was under her assumed name, but it was for her safety."

"I get it," I told him.

And he continued: "So, I took her to my house and took care of her for a couple of days. When I took off she was about to wake up, but I needed

to go back to work so as not to raise any more suspicions. So, I hired a nurse on whom I completely trust and that she is not part of the hospital staff to take care of her," he explained.

"And she's already awake, isn't she?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, she already woke up and at first she looked very confused," Vincent said.

"What do you mean by that, Vincent?" I asked him.

"I mean she didn't know the difference between fantasy and reality," he told me.

"And is this some kind of sequel?" I asked him worriedly.

"No, it's kind of common for patients to wake up from comas confused, especially after sleeping for so long," he told me and continued, "So we waited a couple more days and that's when things started to fall into place in a matter of time and space in Patricia's head."

"Right. And what did she say when she recovered from the mess?" I asked.

"When her mind came back to normal, she said she was working on that romantic dinner you had arranged with Hannah that night when she was surprised in the kitchen by Tess who was carrying a pistol."

"I figured she was the one who took the gun to the crime scene," I muttered.

Vincent then continued: "Patricia didn't even really see what happened because Tess hit her in the head with the butt of the pistol and she passed out. And when she woke up, she was tied to one of the kitchen chairs," Vincent said.

"Well, forensics pointed out that there was a fight over the gun." Was it the 3 that fought about it?" I asked Vincent.

"No, Patricia said that Hannah tried to take the pistol from Tess and then there were accidental shots. The first one flew across the room, the second hit Patricia in the stomach and she fell over," Vincent filled in the details.

"Yes, but if there was a fight between the two and Tess got shot, I mean, Hannah managed to shoot Tess in self-defense, right?" I asked Vincent.

"Or that Hannah managed to deflect the pistol towards Tess," Vincent said. "What does the forensics say about the fingerprints found on the gun?" He asked me.

"Well, I have yet to receive the final report," I explained to him. "But Tess is definitely more than a victim in this story," I muttered.

Vincent nodded and said, "Hannah should go back to town. It wasn't her fault."

"I know it wasn't her fault, and now I'm even more sure," I told Vincent. "However, she's afraid that somehow she might end up in jail, and she's pregnant. So, she wants to prove her innocence before she goes back. Well, at least that's what she told me before she left," I gave. shrugged and said to Vincent.

He nodded and muttered, "Understandable."

So, I said to him, "How can I help with Patricia's case?"

He told me, "Unfortunately, I've noticed that there have been a few people hanging around my house lately, and I'm guessing it's because of her. So, we need to get her out of town as soon as possible."

I nodded and said, "Consider it done."

