

## Chapter 99-100 Ethan, don't leave.

Ethan's POV

After nally rescuing Patricia and Vincent and bringing them to the shore, I was informed that Hannah was in the hospital, going into labor. Georgie's voice trembled on the phone, and I could imagine her clenched sts as she anxiously paced around the hospital. I felt the same fear deep within me.

I swore, there had never been a more terrifying moment in my life. I desperately wanted to confrm the safety of Hannah and our child, to see them with my own eyes.

Luckily, I had arranged for a vehicle near the airport in advance, so I grabbed the car as soon as we landed and raced towards the hospital.

"Ethan, you need to calm down!" Vincent warned me after I nearly rear-ended another car.

"I can't calm down!" I gripped the steering wheel tightly and overtook again. "You know how critical Hannah's situation is!"

"Oh God, please protect them!" Patricia suddenly yelled from the backseat.

As I pressed on the accelerator, trying to go 100, Vincent asked me, "What did the doctor say, Ethan?"

I kept my gaze xed ahead, trying to divert some attention to him. "The doctor said Hannah has placental abruption."

I heard Vincent swallow hard before he said, "Alright, Ethan. Pre-eclampsia might cause this, but you don't have to be too anxious. The doctors at the advanced hospital are quite experienced and know how to handle Hannah's condition, plus they'll soon have my assistance."

"But right now, you need to calm down and get me safely to the hospital so I can help Hannah, okay?"

Vincent's words made sense. For Hannah's sake, we had to arrive at the hospital safely.

So, I stopped driving so riskily, making my car less intimidating on the road.

As I tried to reach the hospital as quickly as possible, the road seemed to be longer now and had no end. The closer we got to our destination, the more congested the trac became, and my car slowed down until we were stuck in a jam.

"Damn it!" I slammed my hand on the horn, making a piercing sound.

I started blaming myself, hating myself for not being by Hannah's side to support her through this dicult time. I despised everything that stood between me and her! We were so close, yet I couldn't reach her!

Trapped in this damn car on this damn road, I felt utterly helpless. I couldn't do anything for Hannah and our child! I had never been so desperate before!

I couldn't bear to imagine the consequences of losing them; it terried me. I would rather be the one in danger!

Finally, the cars ahead began to move, and I could step on the accelerator again.

When we arrived at the hospital, Georgie and Timothy were waiting outside the delivery room. Timothy was the rst to spot me, his face lled with pent-up anger.

"Ethan!" he shouted and grabbed my collar.

"Timothy!" Georgie was startled by his outburst.

Timothy glared at me with resentment and said, "Mr. Brown, where were you when everything went wrong? Don't you think you're too late?"

I raised my hands in a sincere apology. "I'm sorry I'm late. I only received Georgie's message after I landed. Can you tell me how Hannah is doing?"

All I cared about was Hannah; I didn't care what Timothy wanted to do to me.

"Do you think you deserve to know? Where were you when she needed you?" Timothy accused.

"Oh, Timothy, please, let go of Ethan!" Georgie intervened, tears streaming down her face.

"Mr. Chestereld, Ethan didn't intentionally miss this. He came back to town and saved Patricia and me. For our safety, he arranged for us to y together to the shore, which took some time," Vincent stepped in, grabbing Timothy's hand, trying to loosen his grip on my collar.

"Timothy, Ethan didn't mean to be late. He is Hannah's husband, the father of her baby. You shouldn't treat him like this," Georgie added. "Right now, he needs to know about Hannah's condition. It's all for Hannah, isn't it?"

Finally, Timothy let go of me and stopped throwing a tantrum at me.

"So can you tell me how Hannah is doing?" I pleaded with him.

"She had symptoms of bleeding earlier, and Dr. McAllister is currently delivering the baby," Timothy replied. "The situation doesn't seem optimistic."

My heart sank, worrying about Hannah's situation. I never imagined childbirth could be so risky.

"Hey, buddy, I think we've met before. I'm Vincent, Hannah's family doctor," Vincent proposed to Timothy. "I've been taking care of Hannah in town, maybe you can get me into the delivery room at the hospital, and I can help Hannah."

"Yes, Vincent is very familiar with Hannah's condition," I added.

Timothy accepted our proposal and managed to get Vincent into the delivery room. As Vincent went in, I prayed that my dear friend would overcome all diculties with my wife and child.

Time passed minute by minute, and everyone was extremely anxious. I couldn't help but pace back and forth outside the delivery room, while Timothy couldn't sit still, constantly getting up from his chair to look through the small window at the entrance.

Martha sat beside Patricia, and they closed their eyes in prayer, saying, "May God bless her."

Finally, I noticed Lucy was also here, and she saw me at the same time.

She walked up to me, lled with remorse, and said, "Ethan, I feel like I have to apologize to you. Maybe it's my fault that Hannah suddenly became like this. I shouldn't have let her help out at the cafe. It's all my fault for making her too tired, which led to this... I'm really sorry..."

I saw tears in Lucy's eyes, as she blamed herself as Hannah's good friend for what happened.

"Hey, Lucy, it's not your fault," I corrected her. "Vincent told me before that Hannah had pregnancy-induced hypertension. It was the high blood pressure that caused Hannah to deliver prematurely. You don't have to blame yourself, and besides, you brought Hannah to the hospital right away, didn't you?"

Lucy nodded, then asked me with concern, "Ethan, do you think Hannah will make it through?"

"She denitely will. The Hannah I know has always been strong," I whispered, sounding more like a fervent prayer.

I didn't know how long it took, but the door to the delivery room opened, and I saw Vincent walking out from inside. He took off his mask, looking not so well, and said, "Ethan! Everyone! Hannah has given birth!"

"That's great!" Lucy and Georgie exclaimed at the same time.

Finally, I was relieved, but Vincent then delivered some bad news to us, saying, "But Hannah is too weak. She temporarily passed out, and Dr. McAllister is examining her condition. You can only visit her later."

"Oh my goodness..." Patricia seemed about to faint from fear.

"Vincent! How is Hannah doing?" I asked anxiously.

Vincent patted my shoulder, giving me a condent look, and said, "The situation is not that bad. Dr. McAllister and I are doing our best."

"Okay..." I felt uneasy. "What about the baby?"

"Yeah, how's the baby?" Georgie also asked.

"The baby is premature and quite fragile. The nurses will put the baby in an incubator later, and everyone can see him there," Vincent said.

Before Hannah was allowed to be visited, I saw our baby in the incubator rst.

Through a transparent acrylic panel, I saw little Michael sleeping soundly. He looked like an angel. At that moment, when I saw him, I felt my heart connected tightly with him. I could guarantee that no one at that moment was more overwhelmed than me.

He was so fragile and tiny, yet the greatest miracle. He was my child, brought into this world by Hannah and me, and Hannah gave life to little Michael. It made me feel that my wife Hannah was even greater than little Michael.

I couldn't wait to see Hannah. I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted to kiss her forehead, kiss her cheeks, and even kiss her two eyes.

But Vincent told me that Hannah was still in a coma, and I was only allowed a brief visit.

Finally, I saw Hannah in another room. She lay quietly on the bed, her face pale. It was heartbreaking and I couldn't bear to watch.

"Hannah," I gently held her hand, but she showed no response.

I couldn't imagine the pain she had endured during childbirth. I regretted not returning to the shore earlier, being there by her side to give her love and support. I was an inadequate father and a terrible husband.

"Hannah, I'm sorry." I pressed Hannah's hand against my face, hoping she could feel my presence.

Self-blame and regret overwhelmed me, and I buried my head deeply. Then I heard Hannah call out, "Ethan."

I looked up and saw her calling my name while still in a coma.

"I'm here, Hannah. Right here," I responded to her.

Hannah's eyes were tightly shut, but her eyelashes trembled incessantly. She was scared, and I could tell.

"Ethan, don't leave me, please," Hannah murmured.

"Hannah, don't be afraid. I'm right by your side, and I won't go anywhere," I assured her, continuously kissing her hand.

"Ethan!" Hannah shouted loudly, and then I saw her open her eyes.

She seemed somewhat disoriented, not knowing where she was.

She looked around, checking the surroundings until she heard me calling her and focused her gaze on me.

"Hannah! Are you awake?" I asked excitedly.

After a moment, Hannah recognized me, but she immediately became distant and questioned me, "Mr. Brown, what are you doing here?"