

Chapter 149: Good luck with that.

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Hannah's POV:

On the next day, as promised, Ethan was at my door at seven. He rang the bell and I opened the door to him. He was wearing a suit and tie, an unusual outfit for someone who was going to take care of a baby. But since he looked moody, I didn't bother to comment on it.

"Oh, hi! You came!" I exclaimed to him.

He was still upset with our conversation last night. He grunted and said: "Of course, I told you that I would be here."

"So... do you want to come in?" I offered to him.

But he simply shook his head and said: "Thank you, but no. I must go back home as soon as possible. I have meetings to attend while I take care of Michael."

I nodded at him and said: "All right. Here is the baby," and handed him to Ethan.

Ethan nodded and mumbled: "OK, see you at the end of the day."

Then, he turned his back and was walking toward his car already when I called him back: "Wait! Ethan! You forgot the baby's bag."

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"The baby's bag? What are you talking about?"

Ethan asked me confused.

I sighed. He was in a bad mood, but how could he forget about all the gear that Michael needed? "I mean the things that Michael needs to spend the

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day," I told him and handed Michael's big bag.

Ethan took the bag that I was offering and mumbled: "Thanks."

"So, I think I'll see you both at the end of the day. I will pick him up, ok?" I told him.

"Sure, see you later," Ethan murmured and left. I could see on his face that he was upset with all

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this arrangement. But I needed him, so I couldn't simply ignore his help, and since he was the father, he needed to help too.

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Without a baby to take care, I got to the café on time. It wasn't the opening time – Lucy had left home a few hours before me to open the shop – but it was still early, the most busy hour for the café.

When I opened the door and the bell rang, Lucy looked at me from the register and smiled. "Oh, you arrived! Come on!" She said, and soon I crossed to the other side of the counter. I started washing the cups and utensils. I was with my hands busy and full of dishwashers when my phone buzzed. I ignored the first call, but less than five minutes later, my phone was buzzing again.

I dried my hands and picked it up. I had a couple of lost calls from Ethan. I returned the call immediately. He would probably want to talk about Michael.

"There you are!" Ethan exclaimed relieved.

"Is something wrong?" I asked him alarmed. Ironically, that reminded me of yesterday's call, when he asked me if there was something wrong.

"It's about Michael. I don't know how to prepare his formula, and what I am supposed to do," he

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explained to me.

I sighed. Of course, he was having a hard time taking care of Michael. He always spent his time with the baby and Patricia, so she was the one attending to his needs. "OK, one scoop, of warm water. You mix and test it in your hand for temperature, ok?" I told him.

"Thanks," he murmured and hung up.

"Is everything okay?" Lucy asked me.

"Yes, it's just Ethan's inability to make a baby bottle," I explained to her.

Lucy shook her head and said: "Maybe this experience turns him useful for once."

I made a face. "Don't be mean!" I exclaimed.

She shrugged and said: "It's just an opinion." After that, she left the kitchen again.

When I finished the cups, I started to serve the tables. It was quite simple. The hardest part was to balance a huge tray with a lot of orders at the same time. The café was packed with people having breakfast and browsing their laptops. That was when my cell phone started to buzz again.

"Oh, my God. It's been what? Less than an hour?" I breathed to myself.

"What is it, young lady?" A middle-aged customer

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asked me.

"Nothing sir, it's just my baby's daddy. Excuse me," I told him. I grabbed the tray and went to a quiet corner of the café to answer Ethan's second call in less than two hours.

"Hey, Ethan. What's going on now?" I asked him.

"Michael is crying, and I don't know why," Ethan simply told me.

I should know that it would be something like this. "Did you try to put him down for a nap?" I asked him.

"Yeah, he was fussing too much. He doesn't look tired," he told me.

Of course, he was tired. It was time for a nap, I thought to myself. "Is he in pain? Maybe cramps or something like that?" I asked him.

"I don't think so..." Ethan told me.

"Did you check on his diaper?" I asked him.

Ethan stopped for a moment and said: "Wait a minute. I need my both hands for that."

And then, I heard the sound of a diaper being opened and Ethan exclaimed loudly: "Jesus!" I started to chuckle. Sometimes, Michael's diapers were full of surprises.

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When Ethan returned to the phone he asked: "What did this baby eat, Hannah? What are you feeding him? For God's sake!"

I laughed out loud and said: "Well, at least now you know that is it. Good luck with that," I told him and hung up.

After attending tables for a little while, I changed places at the register, and guess what? Ethan called me again. Actually, Ethan called me so many times on that day that I lost count of them. When we finally finished the peak time, I was exhausted, both due to the job itself but also because of Ethan. I went to throw out the trash from this morning on the alley dumpster when he called me for the umpteenth time that morning. I was already nervous about visiting the alley again after the last time when Tess died, and that was like the last straw.

"What is it this time, Ethan? I swear, I received more calls from you than from the people in the café this morning!" I exclaimed to him.

"Well, I'm sorry if I'm bothering you, Hannah, but you should know that I can't take care of a baby!" he exclaimed back at me.

"But it is your responsibility too! You can't run away from that!" I told him.

"Yeah, but I need a little help again!" He told me.

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"You know what? Why don't you try to check online for some help? Maybe you could watch YouTube videos and you will both be fine!" I exclaimed to him.

"I think I'll really do that. Bye, Hannah," he told me annoyed. After that, he hung up on me.

I threw the trash down the dumpster with all the anger that I could muster. "Damn it!" I screamed.

"Hey, honey, are you okay?" Lucy asked me worriedly.

I looked at her with angry tears in my eyes and mumbled: "I don't know, Lucy. Ethan decided to drive me crazy today. He is with Michael and is calling me all the time because he simply can't take care of a less-than-an-year-old baby!" I told her.

"Do you think it was a mistake for you to come back...?" Lucy asked me uncertainly. I knew that she wanted me back because the café needed me, but at the same time with the depression and the trauma, she was definitely taking it easy on me.

I shook my head and said: "No! Ethan has to learn how to take care of his own son. He has to stop calling me all the time."

"Well, if you need to go, just let me know, and we will make the necessary arrangements, ok?" Lucy

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told me.

I nodded at her and mumbled: "Thanks."

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At the end of my shift, I went straight to Ethan's. I knocked on his door, but nobody answered it. I

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knocked again and started to get worried when there was no sign of living activity inside. And then, I remembered that he said he had an extra key under his doormat. It was a stupid thing to do, but I was thankful that he did.

I unlocked the front door to see the most hilarious scene ever. Ethan was sleeping on his own couch,

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with Michael sleeping on the top of his stomach. The living room was a mess of diapers, baby powder, and toys. Ethan was disheveled and his tie was stained with what looked like baby reflux.

"Yep, I think that neither of us had a good day today," I mumbled alone. It was for Ethan, but he was asleep.

Taking care of a baby isn't the easiest task in the world, especially if you are not completely present in this baby's life. I knew that Ethan would eventually learn, but right now it would be hard on all of us.

If this would be hard on all of us, why then I couldn't ignore the guilt that was forming in my chest for the situation that I found in Ethan's apartment today?



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