

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

Hannah's POV:

"Hey, Ethan, wake up," I whispered to him while I was shaking his shoulder gently.

Ethan opened his eyes and looked lost. "Hannah? What happened?" He asked me confused. "Is Michael ok?" he asked again and started to raise.

I put my hand on his shoulders once again to calm him down and prevent him from raising our baby in his chest. When Ethan stopped fussing around, I said: "Calm down, Michael is completely fine," I told him pointing with my head to his chest. That was when he realized that Michael was still asleep on him.

Ethan sighed in relief and mumbled: "Oh, that's good. Thank God he finally fell asleep. You know, he is a piece of work sometimes..." Ethan told me.

"Yes, he is," I agreed with him. "But that's because you never actually had to take care of him, did you?" I asked him. "Spend time with the baby in your arms and giving him to someone else when he needs something is not the same," I told him.

He nodded at me and said: "Well, I think I should give Patricia a raise, then."

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

"Yep, she works really hard with this one," I agreed with him.

"But you are right, I'll admit it," he told me. "I never had to change his diapers or to test his bottle temperature. It was an eye-opening experience," he confessed.

"It always is. But I promise you that this get easier," I comforted him.

"I hope so, but I have to confess that I embarrassed myself today. I wasn't ready for having him here today," he told me.

"Is this about the bunch of meetings that you mentioned before?" I asked him.

Ethan shook his head and said: "No, I canceled most of them when I accepted to have Michael with me today. But this house is a mess now," he said to me.

I looked around and indeed, his living room was a mess. There were toys everywhere, the floor spilled on his coffee table, and everything looked like out of place as if he was pushing his furniture back to make room for Michael. I chuckled at him and said: "Yeah, it is messy. You know very well that there are toys everywhere in my place too."

"Yeah, but you haven't seen his nursery here," Ethan said. "There's baby powder all over the floor and I believe that I forgot to throw his dirty diapers

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

in the trash can," Ethan confessed. "And it's not just the house that is a mess. I bet I'm a mess too," he added.

I looked at him, and his hair was a mess. His clothes seemed wrinkled. Yeah, he has seen better days. "So am I when I have to take care of him. That is completely normal, Ethan," I consoled him. "But how was he during the whole day?" I asked him.

"Well, except for the part when he was really tired and didn't stop crying until he fell asleep, he was okay," Ethan told me.

"So, there is hope for him, right?" I asked him chuckling.

"Yep, he is a good boy," Ethan told me.

"I'm glad to hear that," I replied. "And I appreciate your help today," I added.

Ethan shook his head and said: "I'm sorry about our first call. After hung up on you, I realized that Michael is my responsibility too, so I must help you." After that, before everything got awkward, he asked: "So, how was work?"

I took Michael from his arms put him on his carriage and answered: "It was fine, well, except for your dozens of calls," I chuckled at him.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not sorry about them. I

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

needed to know everything that I asked you," he answered.

I shrugged and said: "Anyway, I think I'm going now," I told him.

"I will walk you to the door," Ethan said and accompanied me to his threshold.

I was about to go home when I looked at his tie and pointed at him: "I think your tie is stained."

He looked at it curiously, and then he made a face of disgust. "Oh, that's awful. I loved this tie, and now I think it is gone forever," he lamented.

"Too bad," I told him. "But next time you're taking care of him, I suggest you put on some clothes that you are not attached to." After that, I unconsciously came closer to him and took his tie from his neck. Ethan was barely breathing when I did that. And I was already with my hands around his neck when I realized what I was doing.

We were both tense when I put his tie on his hand. After a couple of seconds, Ethan sighed, and asked: "Do you remember when you got to choose my ties for work?" His eyes were sad, full of bittersweet memories. Choosing his outfit was one of these small gestures that he allowed me that make me extremely happy at the beginning of our marriage. I loved to match his ties with his suits or shirts. I had this feeling that I was taking

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

care of my new husband. Even though I had my suspicions by that time, I was happy at the beginning of our marriage.

"I remember..." I answered him.

"You looked happier back then," Ethan said to me.

"I think I was happier then. Even though I suspect that our marriage was already contaminated then," I answered him.

Ethan shook his head intently and said: "Oh, no! Not at the beginning, I promise you, Hannah. I just ... I just didn't know how to take care of your love. You were so innocent... so pure..." he said.

"I was yours, Ethan. You were the only one," I lamented.

"I guess I just didn't know how to respond to your love. I felt already broken then," Ethan lamented.

"And is it worth feeling sorry about that now?" I asked him.

"If there's a way to fix all this... I want to know," Ethan told me.

"I don't know about that, Ethan," I told him.

I noticed that we both were embarrassed by this whole situation. Me trying to take care of his clothes just like I did in the past was too much. And he wasn't being innocent in this whole story,

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

after all, he was the one who reminded me of the time that we used to be together.

But even though this conversation was evolving to something that I wasn't sure we were prepared to talk about, I couldn't simply let it go, so I made the craziest invitation: "You know what? Do you want

Ads-free >

to have dinner with Michael and me so we can talk more?" I asked him.

His face lighted up, and he gave me a wide smile. "That's probably the best idea of the day," he said to me.

"You should probably get changed, though," I told

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

him while I looked at his mostly wrinkled shirt.

"Oh, you're right! Give me five minutes," he told me and went quickly to his bedroom.

I shook my head at his crazy behavior. Being a father brought out another version of Ethan. This is a world that he couldn't control, and that probably was driving him crazy. I started to put Michael's toys together while I was waiting for him.

Fulfilling his promise, Ethan came back five minutes later. He looked refreshed and his hair was back in place. "Shall we?" he said to me.

"Any suggestions about where we can go?" I asked him.

"I heard that there is this bistro that I wanted to try," he suggested.

But then, we were grabbing our coats when his phone rang. I looked at him curiously, and he mumbled: "It is Eric. Can you give me a minute?" he asked me.

"Sure," I murmured and sat down on his couch.

"Eric, what is it?" Ethan asked on the phone a second later. And then, he listened to it for a few more seconds. "Are you sure?" he asked Eric. "Oh, I see..." he told him. "I will handle this. Tell Oliver that we will have the revised projection by

Chapter 150: Many things but me.

tomorrow morning," he told Eric and hung up.

After that, Ethan sighed and looked at me. I raised my hand to prevent him from saying anything and told him: "I know, I know, work is calling you."

Ethan looked upset but nodded. "One of the analysts messed up with some projections and now one of the projects is a stinky mess. We might lose the client if I don't do something," he explained to me. "I'm sorry, I didn't see that coming. They were going to talk about this with me this afternoon, but I canceled the meeting because Michael was wide awake at that time," he said.

"Don't worry, I understand," I told him.

"Raincheck?" He risked.

"Maybe another time," I told him.

"But don't worry, I'll be at your place tomorrow morning to pick Michael, ok?" he offered.

I smiled weakly at him and said: "OK, thank you. I guess I will see you tomorrow," I told him and left his place.

I should have known. If it wasn't Tess, Ethan still had his CEO job.

During all this time he was truly married to many things but me.