

Chapter 162: I'm not having this discussion!

Hannah's POV:

"How is everything dearest?" My mom asked me when I called her at noon.

I sighed. How to explain to her what happened? "Oh, mom, I lost an opportunity today because I wasn't dressed appropriately," I told her.

"What do you mean, honey?" She asked me.

"Do you remember that Michael made a mess with milk this morning?" I asked her.

"Yeah, I've cleaned it all up after that but... oh, my God! You didn't change!" She realized.

"Yep," I muttered to her. "And when I arrived at the office I was late and dirty, so I had to let the opportunity go," I explained to her.

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry," she said to me. "But that won't be your last chance at work, believe me," she said to me.

I sighed but agreed with her: "I know... it's just... I was so excited about this chance, and now..."

"Don't worry, darling. It shall pass too," my mom said. And then, she continued: "Listen... I hate to tell you that, but when you arrive at night, I will

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+5 Points

leave for the city. One of my boutiques needs my attention urgently," she said to me.

Oh, no! I was actually counting on her to help me with Michael until Patricia came back. But she had her businesses too. I couldn't keep her if she needed to go. Still, one bad news topped another. "It's okay, mom. I'll make it work," I told her.

"But know that if I could, I would stay here with you two," she told me.

"Don't worry about us, you have a business to deal with," I told her. A few minutes later, we ended the call.

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Later that night, she gave me back Michael and went to the city. And while I was calling desperately to everyone that I knew to check if they could watch Michael for me on the next day, Lucy arrived.

"Hey... what's going on?" She asked me curiously.

"My mom had to go back to the city, and I have no one who could have Michael tomorrow so I can go to work," I told her.

"Well, I would if I could, but you know that your little dude and I aren't best friends," she told me.

"You're right... I know..." I told her. I loved my friend Lucy, but she didn't go well with babies.

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And then, her face enlightened and she said: "I have an idea! Why don't you ask Ethan?"

"Why would I do such a thing?" I asked her.

"Because he is the father, Hannah. Newsflash, but you didn't make this baby alone. He must participate!" She exclaimed to me.

"But he is so... so..." I mumbled at her.

"So what?" She asked me.

"So busy," I told her.

Lucy made a face and then she said: "don't be ridiculous, Hannah. Leave your pride out of this equation. Just because you are willing to prove to him that you don't need his help, it doesn't mean that Michael doesn't need it," she said to me.

She was right. I was denying it just because I thought that I wouldn't need Ethan's help. But it was not a matter of asking for Ethan's help. It was a matter of his responsibilities.

So, I gave him a call, and he answered on the first ring.

"Hey, Hannah, is everything ok?" He asked me a little alarmed.

"Yeah, everything is fine," I told him, and then I continued: "listen, would it be possible for you to have Michael tomorrow? Patricia is out of town

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and my mom just went back to the city too, so I'm kinda alone," I asked him and held my breath waiting for his answer.

"Sure thing. I can have a few days off to take care of our champ while his mom needs it," he told me.

"That sounds great. Thank you!" I told him.

"Yeah, sure. I'll be at your place tomorrow at 7:30," Ethan told me and hung up.

Well, at least now I knew that Ethan would be there for Michael, and this small gesture of Ethan's put a smile upon my face.

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On the next day, Ethan was as punctual as a Swiss clock.

"Thank you again for having him today," I told him.

"No problem. He is my son too. You know that you don't need to carry all the weight alone, do you?" He told me. It was good to see that he still cared about Michael and I.

I nodded at him and said: "yeah, I do, but I think that I'm trying to prove myself somehow..."

Ethan shook his head and said: "Please, believe me when I say that you don't need to prove anything to anyone."

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I smiled weakly at him and said: "thanks for doing that. It's a great deal for me."

"Yeah, sure. But now I'm taking my baby boy with me for a son and daddy time, right, champs?"

Ethan said when he grabbed Michael in his arms.

Michael cooed quietly in his arms, completely comfortable with his daddy.

"So, I guess I will see you both in a few hours," I told them and went to work.

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After work, I went straight to Ethan's house. I had an uneventful day luckily, and learned directly from the architects because Katrina was out on a client visit, and therefore, my day was relatively calm. I texted Ethan a few times during the day to check our baby. He was a little vague as if he was distracted by something, but I thought that this wouldn't be a big deal. So, his attitude when I got to his home surprised me.

"Hey, you two... how was your day?" I asked them unsuspectingly.

"We've seen better," Ethan murmured.

Suddenly, the smile that was on my face faded. "What's wrong?" I asked worriedly.

"Michael is sick, Hannah. He had a fever this afternoon, and I took him to his doctor," Ethan told

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me.

"Oh, my God. Is he alright now?" I asked him.

"He was medicated now, but his doctor told me that you called a couple days ago, during the night," Ethan told me seriously.

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"Yeah, I did. He was having trouble getting some sleep and I called her to get help," I explained to him.

"He was having trouble because he was sick, Hannah. He should have seen his doctor days ago!" Ethan told me seriously.

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+5 Points

"But I thought that he would be okay if I just called his doctor!" I exclaimed to him.

Ethan sighed. "Look, Hannah, I don't know if you're acting like this because of your career's sake or something else, but you must step up and be the mother that Michael needs. I know that there is a lot at stake right now for you, but if you need any help, you shouldn't hesitate to ask for it," he told me.

"What do you mean by this, Ethan? I know how to take care of my son!" I exclaimed to him.

"Do you really? I was wondering today... Isn't he too small for you to ignore maternity leave?" Ethan asked me.

I shook my head. "You're acting insane, Ethan. A lot of moms come back to work when their babies are four months older. Michael is fine," I told him.

"So, are you telling me that you're taking care of Michael by letting him get sick? Not you or not even your mother noticed that he needed medical attention! How can I trust that he will be fine with you?" Ethan asked.

"I... I... It was a mistake, Ethan. It won't happen again, I promise," I told him. Damn it. Recently, I was using this promise very often.

"Fine. Promise to me that if you need any help, you're going to ask, ok?" He looked at me intently

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and said.

"I promise you," I told him.

"And would you be willing to stop working to take care of him?" Ethan pressed.

I made a face. "This conversation is ridiculous. If I worked for Brown's right now, we wouldn't be having this conversation," I told him.

"Of course we would!" Ethan said. "I don't actually care who you work for. Our family should come first!" Ethan told me.

"Ok, that's enough! First, this isn't a family anymore. We're trying to share Michael's guard, but we're not together anymore. You don't have a say in what I do," I told him.

Ethan made a face and said: "That's not the point."

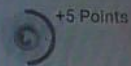
"Isn't it?" I asked him incredulously. "To me, it seems that you're making this excuse to force us to get closer again!" I told him.

"You know what? I'm not having this discussion," Ethan said.

"Neither I," I told him while I grabbed Michael from his high chair.

"Bring him to me tomorrow, please. I have to take him to his doctor again, so she can keep an eye on him," he told me.

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"Will do," I mumbled. "But that's it. No more interfering in my life like this," I told him.

"Fine. I won't say anything else. Just be careful. Every choice brings a consequence," he told me while I was leaving through his front door.

Damn it! He was so annoying sometimes. And right when I thought my day would be peaceful he came with these ridiculous ideas...



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