

Chapter 110 A dangerous combination.

Hannah's POV:

"Don't you think you overreacted when you told Ethan to step aside, Hannah? I mean, he's a piece of s**t most of the time, but he was there for you in the ICU and when you needed it the most..."

Lucy told me in our cafeteria the next day.

I needed to get my mind off Ethan and even Michael, who looked like a miniature version of his father. My mom had volunteered to babysit Michael that morning, and I figured I'd be more productive in our cafeteria. But nobody seems to want to leave me alone when it comes to my husband.

"I don't want to discuss this with you right now, Lucy. We are successful women, we have our own business, and we are working hard to make things happen around here," I told her as I gestured towards the hall of our cafe, which since the first week was always full of customers.

"Okay, Hannah, I'm not going to argue with you. Just think about it, okay? He's your baby's father and deserves to be in Michael's life as much as you do," Lucy insisted.

"Oh no! I'm not going to take him away from his son. He still has responsibilities and everything. I just don't know if we should be together right now. He has this crazy plan to expose Tess, doesn't he?" I told Lucy.

"So do you, Hannah! The difference is, you took a break to take care of yourself and the baby. Speaking of which, what are you going to do from now on?" Lucy asked me.

I paused for a moment and then replied to her, "I've decided I'm really going to see a professional about what I'm feeling. I've been reading about postpartum depression and it might really be that.

Lucy nodded and said, "That's it girl! Take care of yourself first to be there for others. What else are you going to do?" she asked me.

"Well, my mother is better and has recovered from her surgery and treatment. So I thought we'd go back to the orphanage in person and see if we can find the nuns who took me in, or even see if the police officer who found me can give more information as to how he found me," I told her.

"That's also taking care of you. Perhaps you and your mother need this foray to close that chapter of your lives. From then on, you can work on your

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mother-daughter relationship, can't you?"

"Oh, I already feel integrated into the Chesterfield family, although there's still a lot to work on," I told her.

"And then?" Lucy asked me.

"Then if Ethan isn't done with Tess, I'll finish this job myself. Timothy is helping me retrieve the phone log he heard that night of the shooting. And it looks like the ballistics exam also helps prove my innocence. And lastly, there's Patricia, who was a witness to everything," I told Lucy. "All of that will be in Ethan's hands before he signs the marriage papers with that viper, and she'll pay for what she's done," I told Lucy.

"Oh my God, Hannah. I swear I saw a shadow pass over your eyes just now, girl!" Lucy told me.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked a confused Lucy.

"I mean you've changed a lot. Will I still recognize you after all this?" Lucy asked me. She had a funny expression on her face.

"Of course you will, Lucy. It's me, Hannah! That hasn't changed!" I exclaimed.

"Well, let's hope so," Lucy told me and went to wait

on a table as there were so many people in the cafe that the bartenders weren't able to keep up.

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That afternoon was my first appointment with Dr. Aidan Masterson, a psychologist who specializes in issues such as postpartum depression and other difficulties faced by new mothers.

Seriously, I understood right away why he was so famous among new mothers. That man was incredibly handsome and charismatic. A dangerous combination.

After a brief summary recounting the events of the last few months, he tells me: "Well, Hannah, it seems to me that, unfortunately, you did not have a smooth pregnancy. All the peace that a pregnant woman should have, you did not enjoy," Dr. Masterson said in astonishment.

I shook my head and told him, "Certainly not, Doc."

"And I imagine you want to enjoy some peace from now on, don't you?" he asked me next.

"Absolutely," I muttered agreeing with him.

"So I want you to consider reflecting this week on where you want to be from now on and how you're going to work to get there. You're breastfeeding,

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aren't you?" Dr. Masterson asked me.

"I am, doc," I told him, and unconsciously covered my breasts. Did they leak? A discreet look told me everything was fine. So why did he make this remark?

"So for now I won't refer you to a psychiatrist to give you medicine. Let's also think about your baby's health, okay?" he suggested.

Well, it must have been my imagination running wild, because until that moment I thought maybe he was noticing my body. A little flushed I nodded and said, "Okay."

"Let's keep having the sessions. See you next week?" Dr. Masterson suggested.

"I'll be here," I told him.

"Okay. You can book online or with my secretary on the way out," he told me and then glanced at his watch. "Our time is unfortunately over. It was great meeting you and hope to see you soon," he told me and shook my hand tightly.

"Likewise, doc," I told him and left his office awkwardly.

As soon as I got in the car to go home, I realized that I was breathing heavily and my heart was

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racing. What the hell was happening to me? I mean, before the birth, Ethan and I were fairly well off, weren't we? After he found me, we reconciled, and we were even physically intimate, which I swear was the trigger for Michael's birth.

But it had been a long time since a man had

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moved me the way Dr. Aidan Masterson had just moved. The last one to leave me like this was Ethan, about three years ago when we started dating. Ethan just had to stand there, and I was already feeling nervous being in his presence. But I couldn't be nervous in front of my therapist,

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right?

Besides, it was unethical, and he seemed to know what he was doing, so I couldn't turn down his professional help just because I wanted to hit on him, could I?

I must really be going crazy after all.

*

I went to my mom's house to get Michael. As soon as I opened the door, I found both of them in the solarium of the house. My mom fell asleep as she held my baby in her lap. Michael was quiet, but he was awake. I found the scene so funny that I decided to take a candid photo with my cell phone.

My mother woke up with the noise of the cell phone: "What? What happened?" She said. Then she looked around and saw me standing there smiling at her and said, "Oh dear! I'm so glad you're back! How was your session?" She asked me.

"It was good, Mom," I told her. "He seems... competent," I told her.

I kept my jaw a little set so she could tell there was more to it than I wanted to say. "What

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happened dear?" She asked me.

"Nothing much. I just found the therapist a little too attractive," I explained to her.

"And are you going to stop with the appointments?" she asked me a little wary.

"I don't think so, Mom. I've been told a few times that I'm acting weird. And I feel a little weird. A little more irritable, you know?" I asked her.

"I do know. As I told you, I was like this when Timothy was born," she told me nodding.

"So I want to get back to feeling like myself, and give Michael the space in my life he needs and deserves," I told her.

"Only Michael?" My mom asked as she arched her eyebrows.

"Oh, come on, Mom! You're not going to side with Ethan over your own daughter, are you?" I asked her.

My mom shook her head and said, "Not at all, honey. But I'm there for you both. You know Ethan always had a great relationship with me, even before I knew he was my son-in-law. I just want the best for you guys," she told me.

"Well, apparently there are a lot of people who just

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want my best, but they voice their concerns in different ways," I told her.

"Look, honey. We all have our opinions, but only the two of you can come to a consensus on what's best for you. Always remember that, okay?" she told me.

"I'll keep that in mind, Mom," I told her.

"Well, I guess you've come to retrieve your little bundle of joy, haven't you?" My mom told me as she got up from her chair and handed a Michael who looked completely happy to see me.

That smile melted me. Michael and his whining sometimes frustrated me and I even cried with my baby. But at the end of the day, all I was doing was for me and him. So that he would be happy being raised away from all the mess his dad and I got into.

"That look on your face," my mother murmured to me.

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

"That's you bonding with your baby. That's what you should be looking for right now, honey. Attaching to the people who love you. And Michael already loves you, even though he doesn't

know how to express it very well," my mom said and chuckled.

"I think I'm on my way, Mom. I think finally talking about everything that happened helped to take some of the weight off my shoulders," I told her.

My mother nodded. "I don't think that only today's appointment had the power to cure you of eventual postpartum depression, but I think seeking help is the right thing to do," she told me and I smiled at her.

At that moment, I had my baby in my arms and he was very quiet, as he rarely was. Then my phone vibrated in my pocket. After that day, I decided to mute my phone because I had learned a precious lesson as a mother of a newborn. I answered the call with the baby in the other arm. It was Timothy.

"Hey bro," I told him.

"Hey sis, how are things?" He asked me.

"Moving along..." I told him. He hadn't visited us recently, so he didn't know I'd asked Ethan to step aside. And I also didn't know if I wanted him to know so quickly. He and Ethan had their differences, mostly related to their jealousy of each other.

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"Well, at least they're moving, aren't they?" He said.

"But I didn't just call to ask how everything was. Mom tells me about you daily, even though we only exchange a few text messages. I called you because I have news."

"What happened, Timothy?" I asked him curiously.

"We found him, Hannah! We found Alan Corvin!" Timothy exclaimed.

"Alan Corvin as in the cop who found me and took me to the orphanage?" I asked him excitedly.

"We confirmed the identity recently," Timothy said. "I'll give you the coordinates. Maybe you and Mom can pay him a visit and find out more about how you were found," Timothy said.

"That's great, Timothy, thank you!" I told him.

"Thank me later. Give Mom my love," Timothy said and killed the call.

"What happened, dear?" Mom asked me.

"They found the policeman who found me and took me to the orphanage!" I exclaimed to her.

My mother's face broke into a beautiful smile.

"Well, maybe it's time to fit one more piece in this puzzle?" she asked me.

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"Perhaps it's time for us to look more into this story one more time. Are you ready for this?" I asked her.

"When do we leave?" She asked immediately.

"Tomorrow morning," I told her.



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