

## Chapter 112 That old little town.

Hannah's POV:

I slept very little last night. First, because Michael was still giving me a hell of a lot of work to sleep and that already naturally made me very tired, and then because of the anxiety of what we would do the next day.

I packed a suitcase for myself and several for the baby. It must be a new mom thing, but honestly, he needed a lot more gear than I did, didn't he? This tiredness and restlessness soon caught Lucy's attention when she got home.

"What the hell is going on here?" she asked curiously.

"I've discovered a clue that leads me to the origin of my k\*\*\*\*\*g, Lucy. We're leaving early tomorrow to look into it," I told her excitedly.

"Are we? Who else is going with you? Michael?" Lucy asked me with arched eyebrows.

"And my mom. We are going back to the orphanage and then visit the policeman who found me and took me there," I explained to her.

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"Don't you think you should be more careful about this, Hannah?" She asked me cautiously.

"And why do you think that, Lucy?" I asked her intrigued.

"Because you were kidnapped from your family when you were little, Hannah. Have you ever stopped to think what kind of person would want to kidnap a little three year old girl?" she asked me.

"I..." I started to tell her. In fact, I hadn't stopped for a second to think about that aspect. For me, I was just trying to find out more about my past. I didn't think I could be going down a rabbit hole because of this.

"You could be looking at human trafficking, a k\*\*\*\*\*g for hire, convenience or even revenge! You guys need to be careful, Hannah!" Lucy warned me.

"You're being paranoid, Lucy. What could they do to me now? I'm the wife of Ethan Brown and daughter of Georgie Chesterfield!" I exclaimed to her.

"Well, they abducted you with ease, once as a child and once as an adult, didn't they?" Lucy crossed her arms and told me.

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Damn, she was right. It wasn't as hard as I thought to do harm if someone wanted to. And even more so when I was taking my son. I would do anything for him, including willingly going myself to an unknown destination to save him.

I sighed and said, "You're right... But I need to know what happened to me, and only this policeman who found me when I was a child can give me more insight into the events that transpired at that time."

"I'm not saying you should give up on understanding your past, Hannah. I'm just saying be careful," Lucy told me.

I nodded and muttered, "Okay, if all goes well, we'll be back the next night. I guess I'd better ask Patricia to look after Michael, don't you think?" I told her.

"That's a good idea," she murmured to me. "But you still promise me you'll be careful?" Lucy told me uncertainly.

"I will. I promise," I told her.

The next day I was a nervous wreck before the sun came up. I was already on my second cup of coffee before it became an acceptable time to pick my mother up from her house.

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I gave a kiss on Michael's forehead and murmured a good-bye. Lucy's words echoed in my mind. What if I was messing with very dangerous people? Could it be a mistake to know what happened to me? Should I finally settle for the fact that I found my mother?

When I got to her house, she was waiting for me on the porch, where she liked to have her morning cup of coffee. But she wasn't alone. There was a tall, slender figure beside her.

"Timothy! It's so good to see you!" I ran to him and hugged him.

"Hey sis. It's great to see you too. What about that little rascal, my nephew?" Timothy asked me. My mother also looked at me as if I was going to pull him out of my pocket.

"I talked to Lucy last night. She thinks we might be taking a risk going there. So I asked Patricia to look after him for the next two days," I told them.

Timothy was thoughtful, but then he muttered, "She could be right, you know that? We don't know what we're getting ourselves into by looking for her origins."

"Wait a minute. Us?" I asked him curiously.

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Timothy looked at me a little embarrassed and then muttered, "Lucy called me last night. She thinks this story is very dangerous, and I agreed with her. So, I came here. I will go with you on this endeavor. Not only me, but my security Tom, who

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is already waiting for us in that car," Timothy said and pointed to a sedan on the other side of the road with a tall and strong man at the wheel.

"Wasn't this supposed to be a mother-daughter expedition?" I crossed my arms and asked my mother.

"Honey, it doesn't mean that just because you

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were kidnapped without a shot or any other sign of violence that they couldn't be violent now," she told me, agreeing with Timothy.

"But today we're not even going after the culprits! We're going after the policeman who found me!" I exclaimed.

"But don't you want to go back to your baby? Think about him, dear," my mother insisted.

I snorted but nodded, "Fine! Fine! I think you're all overreacting, but the more security the better, then!" I exclaimed. So we all got in the car.

Secretly, I was kind of relieved that Tom was driving the car. I was very tired from the night before. Having a small baby was not an easy task, and still I had even less sleep due to my own anxiety. A few minutes after we were on the road, I fell asleep leaning against the window.

The city we were going to visit was four hours away from the shores, already inland. For me it was a double visit. I lived in this town with grandma for the first few years since she adopted me. And that allowed my friendship with Lucy to continue despite the adoption. After a few hours we stopped for gas, and a couple more hours later, we had arrived.

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I couldn't describe the mountain of memories and emotions that invaded me when looking at those streets. "Nothing's changed around here," I mumbled more to myself than to the others in the car.

"Where do we go first? The orphanage or the retired cop's house?" Timothy asked me from the front seat.

My mother looked expectantly at me.

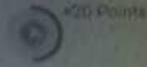
"Can we go to the orphanage first?" I asked Timothy.

"We can do whatever you want, sis. This is your show," he told me with a smile on his face. One of the things I loved most about gaining a family was that now Timothy had stayed close. Even though we almost kissed once, and thank God we didn't go through with it, I didn't want him to walk away from me. And now I know that our relationship can continue as brother and sister.

I smiled back at him and said, "Thank you." He nodded and faced forward again.

A few minutes later, we were outside the orphanage. Someone had recently painted the front a different color, but apart from the paint, everything looked exactly the same as when I

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lived here.

One of the nuns who was in the courtyard with some children looked at us and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Yes please, I was one of the children taken by the orphanage and I was wondering if you keep old records here," I asked the nun.

The nun smiled and said to me, "Well, the records have been kept here since 1995. I believe you enter this period, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm within that period," I confirmed to her.

"Fine, give me a minute please," the nun said and entered the main building. A few minutes later, she returned accompanied by a slightly older nun.

Would this be the mother superior of today? I was still wondering when the older nun murmured, "I am Mother Katherine Clark. This is Hermina Douglas. Please come in."

"We are the Chesterfields and Tom Stuart," Timothy introduced us.

"It's nice to meet you. Please follow us," sister Douglas urged us.

We walked obediently through those gates and it was like not even a day had passed. I could see



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myself playing among the trees with the girls. Lucy was always up to something, but she was always smart enough that no one would accuse her of anything. I chuckled to myself as we walked out of the garden and into the main building.

"We have records of all the girls since 1995. Before that, all the files are sent to the diocese, and we no longer have access. What year are we talking about, dear?" The nun who appeared to be the Mother Superior told us.

"We're talking about the year 2001," I explained to her.

"Yes, yes, we have that year's file. I'll just set you up in the living room and get the files," she told us.

"Thanks," I mumbled. "Are any of the nuns who worked at the orphanage back then still around?" I asked the nun.

"Yes! There is still one of them around. Most have retired and gone to live in nursing homes for nuns. But one of them wanted to stay here. She said that being around children made her feel full of life, even though she was old and needed assistance," the nun told me.

"Excuse me, who is this nun? And I also noticed that you said 'she said...'" I said to Mother

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Katherine.

"That nun is Sister Lilian Murray. And I used 'she said' because she took a vow of silence for the rest of her days," Mother Katherine explained to me.

"But does she still communicate in some other way?" Timothy insisted.

"Yes! She can still write and communicate with you," Mother Katherine told us.

"Wait a minute here, please. We'll go get the files for the year 2001 and also get Sister Murray," she told us and left the room.

"What do you think we're going to discover here?" I asked my mother.

"Well, your guess is as good as mine," my mother murmured in my ear. "But I still hope we find more details about your childhood, and how you ended up here," my mom told me.

"Me too, Mom. Me too..." I mumbled back to her.



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