

Chapter 121: Bonding time.

Hannah's POV:

After we said goodbye to Officer Corvin, I felt uneasy and unsure. We had arranged to spend the night in the small town, so we would return to the shores in the morning. But after hearing about my mother's drama and all the suffering she went through being away from her daughter, I felt my heart sink, longing to see Michael again.

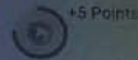
I knew that if I was depressed, this would not be the cure, but I believed that this was at least a start. Well, anything that motivated me to get better from whatever I was feeling helped me move on to where I wanted to be, didn't it?

For my mother however, it was a long journey. She was recovering from a health issue, so she was good with just one long drive per day. I decided to rent a car and go back, though.

"Honey, it's late already. Aren't you going to get too tired?" My mom tried to convince me to drop my idea.

But I was decided. I needed to see Michael tonight. So, I shook my head, and murmured: "

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Relax, mom. I will be fine." I couldn't use the argument that 'if it was her, I know she would be on her way,' because it was foul play. She did what she could to find me, and by the time we found out we were mother and daughter, she hadn't completely given up on me, even though the case

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was already cold.

She sighed and murmured, "Okay. Can you at least take Timothy with you? That way you won't be completely alone, and I'll be more relaxed." Then she turned to Timothy and said, "You can sleep over at her and Lucy's, dear. Would you do me this

favor?" She asked.

Timothy's eyes widened in alarm when he heard my mother's proposal. Could it be that he was afraid of traveling by car at night?

"I... I'd rather stay with you, if you don't mind, Mother. You are in need of more care than Hannah right now, and she can handle herself," he said.

He was right, I wasn't in need of a nanny right then, but I couldn't help noticing that he was acting funny.

"So that's settled. Timothy stays with you," I said.

My mother shook her head, but she had been outvoted.

Well, I really wanted to go alone. It would give me time to think about my life. Timothy couldn't shut up for even a second, so I wouldn't have peace to drive or time to think about my life, and I needed to make some decisions.

It was easy to make decisions about Michael. I was his mother. He needed me, and I decided to be there for him. This decision in a way benefited both of us, as I would make a real effort to make the treatment with the psychologist I had seen before the trip go well.

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I wouldn't make the mistakes of so many parents who came before me. I would be there for Michael. I would not give up on him, nor commit negligence because of my selfishness. And I wouldn't let anyone do more to him either. I would protect him just as Officer Corvin had protected me when I was a child.

As for Ethan, I really didn't know why I had reacted the way I did. We had talked about what he would do. We had agreed. Still, I couldn't ignore the jealousy and anger I felt that day. I needed to understand what I was feeling at that moment, and I needed to make things right with him too. I know he played with me and threw me away like a spoiled child does with an old toy, but I needed to understand why I was reacting the way I did and what we could do to heal our relationship. That was some of the things that I wanted to address in my next therapy session.

But should I call him tonight and reconcile? I wasn't sure if I should mend things through email. That wasn't right after all. I would call him tomorrow and ask when he would be back to the shores, so on the first opportunity, I would apologize to him.

I got home in record time. I was surprised not to

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be fined, because of the speed at which I drove. But it was late at night when I arrived. Michael was fast asleep, and I couldn't even see his eyes.

"Hey, child. I suspected that you would be home sooner rather than later," Patricia said to me. She had a smile on her face, as if she knew about things.

"I couldn't stay away," I explained to her.

"Well, this is your maternal instinct. It took a little while to flourish, but here it is," she told me and gave me Michael so I could hold him.

"Thank you," I mumbled to her. She simply nodded at me and left me alone with my son.

I don't really understand the reason why I did this but seeing him sleeping there completely oblivious to the problems that have surrounded him since before he was born brought tears to my eyes. I understood perfectly the fear that my mother felt when there was a threat to my life and my safety. I couldn't even think about the possibility that someone would harm him.

But It was also because of him that I still couldn't go back. Not before Tess was arrested and all threats against him were neutralized. I couldn't even think about the possibility that he might be in

danger just for being who he is. That's what I was supposed to be working on, but instead I went on a quest to find my origins.

I felt guilty about my choice. My origin was important to me, yes, but I didn't know how to choose my priority very well. What a bad mother I was being! I was ignoring my responsibilities to pursue my own interests instead of my son's.

"Hannah? I thought you weren't coming over tonight," Lucy told me when she saw me in the living room holding my baby. "I mean, not that you're not welcome, but I just thought that would be just me, Patricia and baby Michael here tonight," she shrugged in explanation.

"I decided to come back early and enjoy my baby," I explained to her.

Lucy sat on the couch by my side, beamed at me and said, "Oh, I'm glad you're bonding with him."

I nodded and said, "Better late than never, right?"

"Of course," she murmured and smiled at me. "But tell me, is he the only one you're going to make up with today?"

I sighed and mumbled, "I told Ethan to give me a break, and I'm going to give him a break too. He

has a plan in motion. If I distract him, he might get into trouble. But don't get me wrong, we still need to sort things out. There's still a lot of trouble in our marriage," I told her. And then, I took her hand and said: "I'm sorry, Lucy. I know that everything was out of place recently, but now I'm back on track, and I'm going to do anything to make things right. With everyone. Including you," I told her.

"With me? What's wrong with our relationship that you want to fix?" Lucy asked me confused.

"I left you alone just as we were starting our business, didn't I?" I asked her.

"Oh, Hannah, cut the crap. A lot has happened, you had a baby, we thought you were going to die, and then here you are, with a little baby to raise. I don't blame you for that. Besides, it was your family's money that enabled us to open the business," she told me.

"Still, I'm sorry, and I promise I'll spend more time helping our cafe," I told her.

"Well, can you start helping tomorrow? Karen just called to tell me that the babysitter is sick and she has no one to leave her daughter with," Lucy suggested.

"I didn't think it would be this quick, but I'm here

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for it," I told her and we both laughed.

Michael snorted into my lap, and we stopped immediately.

"Sorry," Lucy mumbled to me.

"He still isn't used to it," I explained to her.

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"Yes, the whole world is new to him. I bet he misses his belly. Because every now and then, I do," she told me.

"Nonsense," I muttered, but Lucy looked at me with a rather hesitant face.

"What is it you're hiding from me, Lucy?" I asked her curiously.

"It's... life's complicated, Hannah. But I assure you it's no big deal," she said.

I looked right into her face and said, "I know you, Lucy. Don't think for one moment that I'm naive. There's something you're not telling me," I told her. Though we've been friends forever, I've never been able to persuade Lucy to do anything she didn't want to.

Lucy sighed, and mumbled, "It's about relationships, but you're busy," she said and started to get up from the couch.

"No ma'am, I'm never too busy for my best friend," I told her and she finally stopped.

"It's just that I don't know if I can tell you, Hannah. I don't know what your reaction would be," she told me.

"What would my reaction be to that, Lucy?" She was making a funny face, like she wanted to tell me what was going on and at the same time dreading my reaction. "Wait a minute, you said your problem is about relationships. Are you seeing someone?" I asked her excitedly.

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Lucy stood up as she blushed and looked at every wall in the room but my eyes.

"Oh, my God! You are seeing someone and you are embarrassed to tell me!" I exclaimed. "I want to know everything! Just because I have a baby now doesn't mean I won't have time to gossip with my best friend, especially about her love life," I concluded.

"Hannah, you don't understand," she told me embarrassed.

"Oh, I remember I said that sentence to you several times, and yet, you understood me every time, Lucy. Many of these times you advised me to divorce Ethan, and for that maybe you were wrong, but still you understood and supported me. I think I can do the same for you now," I told her. then I touched the seat next to me to get her to sit down again.

Lucy sighed and muttered, "Okay, but I'm not sure you're going to like what I'm going to say. Just don't say I didn't warn you."



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