

Chapter 128: Hi love, it's done PT1.

Hannah's POV.

"Oh, my God, I know that the idea of having a café was also mine, but I can say that I already regret it, " I complained to Lucy the next afternoon. I stayed the whole day at the café helping her with everything she needed. During the whole day I have been a barista, waitress, and I a cashier when she asked me to do so. I did a little bit of everything in that café today, but mostly I was on my feet all day, and I wasn't used to that.

Lucy laughed at me and said": "You're soft, Hanna Brown. This office life that you used to live in is too easy. The only physical effort you normally make is when you go for a cup of coffee. Or maybe in the rare occasions that you decide to go to the gym, but these are so rare that you could compare to the passage of a comet," she laughed again.

I pouted softly, but she was right. I was actually too sedentary. Finally, we arrived at our home's door. I opened the door, entered the living room, and sat on the couch. After that, I took off my shoes and started massaging my feet, which were

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+5 Points

maybe the most abused part of me today.

Then Lucy looked at my feet, snorted, and said: "Well, no wonder you're complaining about staying on your feet the whole day. Who told you to wear those heels, Hannah?" She asked.

"Look, these heels aren't even that high. And they are cute. And look at you, Lucy, just like Ethan, teasing me about my heels," I complained to her.

"And since when Ethan makes the calls on what you wear?" She asked me.

"Well, he tried to make these during my pregnancy," I told her.

Lucy looked at me studying me with a surprised expression. And then, she nodded and said: "Well, I think I agree with him for the first time,"

My mouth was agape. "You? Agreeing with him? Well, this must be a first, maybe is even rarer than a comet. I should enjoy this moment!" I told her.

Lucy laughed, shrugged, and said: "Well, sometimes that happens. Goodnight!" and then, she went to her room. It was good seeing her in a good mood.

I went straight to my room where Patricia was with my baby. "Oh, Hello, child," she mouthed

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when I entered. Michael was still in her arms but had just fallen asleep.

"Oh, damn it! I almost caught him awake!" I whispered to her. She gave me an understanding smile. I was a little sad, because I had barely seen him awake today, but it had been for a good cause. I owed that time to Lucy. I had neglected our friendship often recently, and she had suffered a lot because of me and my troubles. She had physically suffered with that terrible accident, that false accusation of trafficking drugs, and that time when we both went to jail because of that fight at her old bar.

On my trip with my mother and my brother, I had somehow reconnected with my past and who I was. And although this matter was still incomplete, in my opinion, I considered it a victory to even take a step-in search of my own origins. However, I still needed to reconnect with other people in my life. A lot of my relationships were shaken: my husband, my best friend, my family and even my little baby deserved more from me.

On the next day, I had another therapy session in which I worked through some of the things that were bothering me and about how I was feeling, and I started to realize that maybe all the anger

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that I felt towards Ethan could be not completely his fault after all. Before that, we had reconciled somewhat, and even so, I escalated and fought with him in this episode. He deserved maybe more credit than I had given to him because he had been patient enough to step aside and give me the time I needed, so I decided that on the first opportunity I got to talk to him, I would really talk to him. We would put everything on the table and talk as much as we needed.

As the therapy sessions progressed, I wouldn't say that I was calmer, but I was definitely learning how to deal better with all the situations and with all the problems that were happening around me. And I had to agree with the therapist. The type of problems that I had back at home were more complicated than the problems that I had here. Well, at least here nobody was trying to kill me like Tess did, right?

Besides, it was not the change of scenario. I loved the fact that I was finally separating some time to take care of myself, to go at my own pace, and respecting my own limitations. My days at the shore were passing calmly now, and although now I had a little baby to take care of, it was easier than when I was in town. Sometimes, life was so much easier here that I started to feel strange

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about it. I wasn't so sure if I was getting paranoid, but sometimes I had the feeling that something bad was right there in the corner, lurking in the dark, and waiting for the right moment to jump at me.

I went to my therapist with my worries once.

"I wouldn't say that you should not worry at all, Hannah, but you have to consider your current scenario. You said that these people from your past didn't find you here, right?" He asked me.

"Right. No sign from them so far," I answered him.

"Well, maybe you could consider this a good thing, don't you think?" He suggested it to me.

"I still can't let go of the worry," I told him embarrassed.

"Maybe it's time to do it, Hannah. Let's do an exercise. Why don't you take a day or two to just enjoy your family and friend's companion? I mean, you could spend the day at the beach. The weather is pleasant now. Maybe a little change of scenario, even being in the same town, could benefit you and your loved ones," he suggested.

I nodded at him and murmured: "I will think about it."

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+5 Points

And then, when it was closer to the weekend, we decided to spend the day at the beach. Even Lucy spent the morning with us. She opened the café and had one of the employees who she trusted enough to take care of the café so she could stay away a little bit. I took the day off with the excuse

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that I was a silent partner, and was on my maternity leave, which made Lucy laugh hard at me. I wasn't making a lot of effort when the subject was the café. The hardest part was convincing my mom to spend the day with us.

"No, darling... I don't want to mess up your fun day.

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Maybe somewhere else, or maybe on another day. Thanks for the invitation, though," she told me.

"But mom, it would be good for you!" I insisted on her.

She turned her face away from me a little embarrassed, and when she turned her face to me again, a single tear was sliding from her eyes. "

You don't understand, honey. The beach has been a trigger for me since you were taken from us. I hate the place," she told me.

"But why did you come to the shores to convalesce?" I asked her.

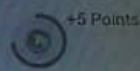
"Because Timothy wanted me to know you better. You remember he wanted to start a relationship with you, right?"

I made a face because now it was practically impossible to think about us as a couple anymore.

"Yeah, I do remember," I mumbled to her.

"Besides, I didn't go to the beach itself," she murmured to me.

I sighed because I really think that she could use this to have a little fun, so I held her hand in a gesture of support and murmured: "I'm here for you, Mom. I will understand if you can't make it," I



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told her.

"Thank you, darling," she told me. And then, she thought for a minute or two and said: "Well, maybe I can make it. You know that thing of facing your fears and all that therapy session that you are having recently... you inspired me," she told me.

I smiled at her and said: "Thank you!" and then, I hugged her.



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