

## Chapter 140: A Bad Feeling.

Tess's POV:

Look, don't get me wrong, I love Alex very much and I love what he's done for me. I mean, who would be such a genius who would engineer a jailbreak without even showing up? He was brilliant. I know that he had hired his cronies and that he had spent a lot of money to get me out of jail. I was also worried because Alex's assets had been frozen, and he didn't have as many resources as he thought. But at the same time, he had done it all out of love and who was I to question his love for me?

It's just that although I loved everything he'd done for me, I also couldn't stand the fact that he'd put me in another prison. I mean, there was a lot of green here in the mountains, and the countryside was absolutely breathtaking when you were touring. It was also very peaceful. No one was going to snoop around the cabin and ask about me and get in my way. But at the same time, it was difficult to stand there and do absolutely nothing. And I knew that my mind was being affected by this. The moment I started talking to

myself, I started to worry.

I practically considered it a victory that I went four days in a row without turning on the internet. I was an avid reader, and Alex had stocked the cabin with lots of books. That sustained me for a little while, but then even those books got too boring for me. I tried to distract myself in any other way possible but gave in on the fourth day and logged on to the internet. I needed to do something.

So, as idleness doesn't bring anything good, I started to browse the internet and see what was happening in the world. And when I say that I went to see what was going on in the world, I don't mean that I went to see the economics, politics, or anything else like that. I'm talking about the lifestyle and behavior section. In other words, I wanted to hear the latest gossip.

It's funny to know that a few weeks ago I was the subject of this newspaper column on the social lives of the rich and famous, but back then, I was on the good side. The announcement of my engagement to Ethan came quickly and went down like a bombshell in society. People knew we always had something together, but probably because of stupid Hannah, no one believed he could take me seriously enough to make an

honest woman out of me.

I had loved reading every one of those reports that said things like "They're finally tying the knot" or whatever. I loved seeing my pictures plastered all over the virtual gossip tabloids and I loved knowing that people started to envy me. After all, Ethan was a very handsome man and he was also a billionaire. Pretty much every single woman's dream.

But unfortunately, in the last few weeks, it seems that the tone of all the gossip has shifted from "The Next Chosen One" to "Society's Pariah," and I've seen several news reports that say things like "Tess Astor and the Assassination Attempt: Understand the case."

Well, of all the things I regretted, the biggest one was that my attempt to kill Hannah didn't work out.

So, I started reading the articles. They made some mentions of me that I really didn't like. And honestly, I started to hate the fact that I went from eligible bachelorette to persona non grata so quickly. What was wrong with people? I was adorable, I thought to myself.

But it was at this point that one story in particular

caught my eye. And that took a while to happen because my focus at that moment was looking for stories related to me. This particular story caught my attention because it was linked to Georgie Chesterfield. I adored Georgie. Her fashion sense was wonderful, and she was a very nice person. I wish I could have been more friends with her. After all, she was Ethan's friend, and I wanted his friends to cherish me as much as they cherished him. Georgie, however, never let me get too close to her, and I never quite knew why.

Anyway, there was a story about Georgie. The headline read, "Finally healed." I skimmed through the article and was pleasantly surprised. Poor Georgie. I didn't even know she had been sick. Sometimes people face battles that we don't even know about. Sometimes that's why she was so closed off. In that report, I also found out that she was back in town. Well, unfortunately, I had no prospect that she would be back there anytime soon.

The article on Georgie had some related links. As I was curious and had nothing to do at the moment, I went to look at some of them. I did this until one of the articles in particular caught my attention. The headline read: "Georgie Chesterfield and Heiress Found." Oh my. Had she really found her

lost daughter? I felt happy for her. She deserved this happiness.

Yeah, I felt happy for her until when I started reading the article.

Suddenly, as I read the article, the smile on my face that I had from being happy for her vanished and I was completely annoyed. Georgie's lost daughter was damn Hannah. "Oh, my dear God, why did this woman have to earn everything in this life?" I asked out loud. She got my man, she got my house and my right to have a life with Ethan, and now she's here claiming one more thing I'm sure I would envy. Damn woman! I thought to myself throwing the first breakable thing that I managed to find besides my laptop.

Upon reading the report, I discovered they were on the shores when they acknowledged the fact. There weren't many details as they hadn't given an interview directly to the newspapers. The report contained only their story.

However, this report was very useful. I had finally discovered where Hannah had holed up when she ran away and that coincidentally Georgie had gone there to recover from her surgery. That's how they discovered that they shared things in common and decided to check if they weren't related

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through a DNA test and voilà! One more thing Hannah had that I didn't.

And I also found out that the damned child that was in Hannah's womb was born, and it was a boy. If I wasn't green with envy by that point, that was

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when I lost it. That damn accident on the stairs had taken away my possibility of being a mother. Hannah had taken that from me, and she had been lucky enough to remain pregnant even after I had tried to kill her and the child. She was so insistent on living. How can one person be so annoying?

But then an idea occurred to me. This report gave

me much more information than I needed. Now I knew where to find Hannah, and since I had nothing left to lose, I could hurt her. Well, maybe that's Alex's divine purpose for getting me out of jail and leaving me here alone. And the best part was that he had left me a car and plenty of resources to go wherever I wanted. So at that moment, I knew where I was going. I just needed to find a weapon in this piece of the end of the world.

So, I took the car and drove down the mountain. Alex was right. The city was very small. I would hate to have grown up in this place where nothing was supposed to happen. But as certain as hell win we can find someone willing to help us anywhere when we are up to something. So, I found one of the alleys in town a guy who had a lot of potential.

"Hi Madam. Would you be interested in any of my... products?" A little drug dealer told me when I approached.

I smiled sweetly at him and said, "Hello. Yes, I'm interested in one of your products. Or rather, maybe one of your work tools," I told him.

The guy looked at me dumbfounded and said, "What?"

I rolled my eyes and told him, "Your gun. I'm interested in your gun," I sighed in frustration. Do these people have no intelligence? Maybe whoever said we're surrounded by idiots was right after all.

"Aaaah," he told me slowly. Was he under the influence of drugs? If he was, he sure as hell was the stupidest drug dealer in the country.

Then he rested his hand on his waist over his coat and said to me, "But... who said this is for sale?" Then he looked at me suspiciously and said: "You're not with the police, are you?" and I felt the tension rise.

I just shrugged and played tough when I told him, "Well if you don't want to sell me the product I'm looking for..." But to be honest, I was scared as hell that he would give me a shot.

"Well, it depends on how much you're willing to pay," he told me with a smile on his face. When he smiled, I saw that several teeth were missing from his mouth.

"Believe me, I can afford it," I told him a little dryly.

"Well, madam. This is a negotiation unlike my standards," he told me.

"Just tell me your price, because I'm in a hurry," I told him.

"Okay. I want five," he told me.

"What? Five? Are you crazy? You think a pistol is worth that much?" I asked him.

The dealer shrugged and said, "I don't care. I still want five."

"Two!" I bargained with him.

"No way! I'm still going to have to buy a new one once you're gone. Or do you think I can afford to stay here without a gun?" he asked me.

"Two and a half is the most I'll pay," I told him.

"I want at least four," he told me. And I smile internally. That was great. For a drug dealer, he was pretty dumb and definitely didn't know how to negotiate.

"I'll pay you two and a half tops," I said again.

He thought for a few moments and then said to me, "Three. We will have a deal if we agree in three. How about it?"

I smiled innocently at him and said, "Great. Deal done," and I immediately took out three thousand dollars of the money Alexander had left me.

The drug dealer looked at the money and said, "Thanks, ma'am. Now get out of here. We don't want anything to happen to you, do we?"

I inspected the gun and made sure it was loaded. What I least wanted right now was to have to deal with this i\*\*\*t again, and buying bullets in an official store was out of the question.

So, I left when I checked that everything was in order with our little transaction. And I realized that that interaction had made me hungry.

I walked into one of those small-town diners. I knew no one would be looking for a runaway in this place.

"Oh, what can I get you miss?" A waitress came to ask me.

I looked her in the face and said, "Bring me a hamburger the size of my head and a beer, please." Until that moment I hadn't realized that I was missing a hamburger so much. Prison forced us to go on a diet.

She smiled at me and said, "Okay, good choice. I'll be right back."

I looked around the diner and noticed that everything was quiet. Most people were minding

their own business. Except for one man who was staring at me. I stared back at him and he said, "Hello miss."

I only responded with a dry "Hello".

Then, the man looked at me puzzled, and said: "You have a problem."

I arched an eyebrow at him and told him, "You think so? We all have issues."

The man shook his head and said, "That's not it. Something is really bothering you. I can feel it."

I arched my eyebrows even more and hinted to him that it was none of his business.

Then he raised his arms in a defensive gesture and said, "Okay, I know it's none of my business, but can I say one last thing?"

I shrugged like I didn't care, and I really didn't. So he said, "Whatever you're planning, don't do it."

I looked at him and asked: "So, you are a fortune teller?"

"No ma'am. I just have a bad feeling," he said.

Yes, he was right. It was a bad feeling. For Hannah.