

Chapter 141: Isn't that lovely?

Tess's POV:

I hurried back to the cabin to grab some supplies and leave a message for Alex to know where I was

Ad

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going.

"Alex,

I know that if I told you over the phone what I was about to do, you would stop me. So I'm leaving this note to let you know about it only after it

happens. I found out where Hannah was and went after her. This story needs to come to an end, and this i***t needs to pay for everything she's done. I'm going to complete our revenge. Wish me luck! See you on the other side!

I love you so much, baby, and I can't wait to live fully with you.

Xo,

Tess."

So, after the note was written, I grabbed the gun and a few supplies and left the cabin. I was in such a hurry to end that stupid girl's life that I didn't bring much. I got in the car and drove for about seven hours since I was in the countryside. And all I could think of during this long drive was several ways that I could kill her.

A couple of times I almost crashed my car on the road and got two huge scares. I knew exhaustion was consuming me, and I was almost at my limit. The last days were pretty tense for me. I hadn't slept at all the night before my hearing and after that, I had escaped. I had only slept a few hours on the plane with Alex, where I felt safe, and the last few days, sleep wasn't the best either. Although I was in a remote place, I was always

scared that someone would find me there, so I didn't have a good night's sleep in ages.

But now everything had changed and my sleeping deprivation didn't matter anymore. I had a new goal. And I wouldn't be stuck there in that cabin just resting and enjoying life and waiting for Alex to come up with a new plan to get my revenge. It was simply time to act.

I was wondering how hard it would be to find Hannah. The gossip blog never mentioned an address or neighborhood, but the shores were a small community, and we were off-season, so I figured that it wouldn't be that hard to find her in that little town.

It took me a really long time to get there, and it was night by the time I made it to that little town, so I found a roadside hotel that accepted cash. It wasn't the best of hotels. I'd stayed at a lot of luxury hotels in the past, but at least they took cash and didn't ask me for any form of ID, which was great.

I didn't get any sleep that night again. I don't know why, but my head just wouldn't turn off. So, the next day I woke up early, grabbed a cup of coffee, and went driving through the city streets to try to find her. It was already winter, and it was definitely

off-season, so there weren't many tourists. Most places were as quiet as silent as a tomb. So I went into a diner for breakfast and also to see if I could find out anything about Hannah's whereabouts. It would be great if I could kill two birds with just one stone.

Then a middle-aged waitress came up to me and asked, "What would you like, dear?" She had a kind smile on her face and looked helpful. Perhaps she had the information I needed.

"Eggs and bacon with pancakes, please," I replied to her.

"Sweet. And can I get you some coffee too?" She asked me.

I shook my head and said, "No thanks. I want orange juice."

She nodded and told me, "Right. I'll be right back," and left.

A few minutes later when she returned with the orange juice, she asked me, "So what's a pretty girl like you doing in this lost city? It's the off-season and there aren't many visitors here, and you're clearly too sophisticated to belong to this place," she said.

"Well, I was near the town and I knew that a friend of mine was spending some time here. So, I decided to surprise her," I said with a smile on my face.

"Oh, that's so sweet of you..." the waitress told me. "Do I know your friend? Where does she live?" she asked me happily.

Bingo! As helpful as I imagined she would be. I shrugged and told her, "I still don't know. She just told me she was in town," I explained to her. "As it's off-season, I was hoping someone would point the way."

"And what's your friend's name? Maybe I can help you to find her," the waitress asked.

"Her name is Hannah Brown," I told her.

The waitress' face lit up when she heard Hannah's name: "Oh, Hannah is such a sweetie! You're lucky to have her as your friend! I adore her. She's Georgie Chesterfield's daughter! Picture this: Georgie Chesterfield came here to recover from surgery and ended up finding her lost daughter. Isn't this a dream come true?" she asked with dreamy eyes.

I put on the fakest smile I could on my face and said, "Isn't that lovely?"

She looked at me and said, "Well, I don't know exactly where her house is, but I do know something that might help."

"Do you?" I asked the waitress.

"Yes! She and her friend Lucy have a coffee shop downtown. I can point you in the direction if you want," she suggested.

Now my smile was a little more genuine, and I said, "Great! I would really appreciate it!"

I finished breakfast and gave the waitress a generous tip. She did earn it. So, I took the directions the waitress had given me and got in my car to drive to the cafe, which at that time of the morning was packed.

I could look in through the windows, and it was really crowded. There was a huge queue inside, but obviously, I didn't get in. I didn't want to announce my presence to either Hannah or Lucy.

As the cafe was facing the beach, I rented an umbrella as if I were a tourist, and sat there to observe. I didn't mind if my watch would take the whole day. You can't rush these things. Now it was time for my sweet revenge.

I looked carefully around the cafe and I could see

that stupid Lucy behind the counter. She made the drinks for the customers that were waiting in the line. Apparently, she was completely recovered from the terrible car accident we gave her. Damn it! Why did these two sluts come out on top? No matter how much we hit them, no matter how

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much we harmed them, they looked like cockroaches in the apocalypse and insisted on staying alive. I can't deny the fact that they were resilient, but it was finally time to end this. Well, at least for Hannah. Lucy never bothered me that much. She just suffered at our hands because of her friend.

Anyway, it was still early. I knew I would have to wait a long time. Then, in the late afternoon when the cafe activities were finally coming to an end, I saw Lucy and a few other girls wrap up for the day. They cleaned the tables, swept the floor, put all the breakfast items in the fridge, and then finally one by one they left.

I got back in my car and decided to discreetly follow Lucy wherever she went, after all, where one was, so was the other.

Lucy got into a car that was parked in the same alley as mine and left towards the avenue. I came out a minute later and started looking for her car on the street. Lucky for me, she was only a few yards ahead of me. I kept following her at a distance for a few minutes until she finally stopped at an inconspicuous house. The sun was already setting down when she got home, and through the windows, I could see light emanating from inside. And when she knocked on the door of the house, I saw her. Hannah came to open the door for Lucy.

I wasn't exactly jealous of their friendship, but sometimes I missed having someone by my side like she had Lucy. Not that I didn't have Alexander, but sometimes I didn't need a lover, I needed a

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friend.

So, they both entered the cabin, and I assumed that was where they lived. Now it was just a case of being patient and waiting for the next chance that Hannah was alone. I wasn't stupid for trying to find her with someone else like the last time. I had to be smarter this time. I would wait until she was alone. Then I would kill her and steal her baby.



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