

Chapter 144: It's going to be a long night.

Hannah's POV:

I didn't know if the fact that I wasn't alone scared me or comforted me. I didn't look directly at who was there, but in my peripheral vision, I saw that it was a tall person who was at the beginning of the alley and was holstering a gun on his waist. But suddenly, all the adrenaline that was coursing through my body a minute ago was gone and I sank to my knees on the floor, completely exhausted and in shock.

Then, I heard footsteps running towards me and hands grabbing me by the shoulders.

"Hannah, are you okay?" I recognized Timothy's voice, and I knew I was safe. Then, I started crying desperately. "Hannah, are you hurt?" Timothy kept asking worriedly. I looked at him, but I couldn't respond. All I could do was to sob.

I just couldn't answer his questions immediately. It took me a few minutes before I managed to stammer out: "The... The baby... How... How is he?" I managed to say.

Timothy ran to where Tess and Michael were while

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I watched the scene in front of me. The first thing he noticed and did was kick the pistol as far away from Tess' hand as possible. Then, he took Michael from her arms and brought him to me. Michael was completely scared and crying profusely, and Timothy placed him in my arms. So,

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I hugged him and cried together with my son. I was so relieved!

So I said to Timothy, "Please... please take me to her."

Timothy helped me up and practically carried me to where she was. Tess was on the floor breathing

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hard. When she saw me, she stared into my eyes, and there was no feeling other than hatred in them, even though her case was obviously very serious. Then, she opened her mouth, and all that she could say with great effort was: "But... what the hell, Hannah... You... finally... won." Then, she stopped breathing. I looked at Timothy and he shook his head, refusing to help Tess.

Timothy pulled me away from her limp body and sat me down with Michael on my lap as far away from her as he could. "Sorry, Hannah, we need to stay here until the police arrive. I wish it were more comfortable, but unfortunately, that's all I can do," Timothy told me and I nodded. I was so in shock that I honestly didn't even care that I was sitting on that filthy floor. Timothy left me there and murmured, "I'll make some calls, but I won't leave your sight, I promise." I nodded again and he walked away.

I couldn't hear exactly what he was saying on the phone. There was a permanent ringing in my ears and everything seemed a bit muffled too. All I could do at that moment was keep crying with my baby in my arms. Michael was still crying, but he seemed a little calmer being with me. But he could see that I wasn't my usual self, so calming him down would definitely be a challenge.

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A few minutes later, I heard some sirens that first sounded in the distance and then got closer. Then, I felt like someone's hands were shaking me. I looked up and saw Timothy, who was trying to talk to me. I tried to tune in to what he was saying to me, until I heard him: "Hannah...Hannah...you need to pay attention to me now."

I nodded and he continued, "Are you hurt?" he asked me.

I shook my head and said, "No, I don't think so..."

"Great," he told me. "Help is on the way. They sent the police and an ambulance, but I need you to get ready because it's going to be a long night."

I nodded at him. Unfortunately, there was nothing I could do to avoid the interrogation.

A few minutes later, the alley was taken over by local authorities. There were policemen everywhere, and an ambulance barely made it into the alley. The paramedics worked on Tess while some police officers asked me some questions, but I couldn't pay attention to them. My eyes were glassy as the paramedics attempted to revive Tess. However, after some time, they gave up on doing so and kept her body in a body bag. Seeing that scene for me was both a relief and a trauma. I

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didn't really want to harm Tess, I just wanted to be left alone, and now I would be, but the consequences for what she did to me took her life. Tess couldn't hurt me or my family anymore, and that gave me great relief.

After I saw the aftermath of this mess for her, I decided to check on the aftermath for myself. Then, I a doctor made a brief examine on me. I didn't have many injuries, except for the bruises on my knee and hands when I fell to the ground. Michael, thank heavens, was intact, because by some instinct I can't understand, Tess protected him as he was falling.

Then, I looked at the people around me. Timothy was in the corner talking to some police officers, and Lucy was also there trying to get to me, although the police officers had not yet allowed her to advance. There were police officers dressed in plastic suits collecting evidence and many onlookers around as well. The shores were a peaceful place, so something like this wasn't seen every day.

Sometime later, Lucy was allowed to pass, and she and Timothy came towards me. When they arrived, Lucy placed her hand over mine and said in a kind tone, "Hannah, honey, we need to get out

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of here." Normally Lucy didn't use such a kind tone with me, but I think due to the circumstances, she thought it best not to agitate me further.

Timothy and Lucy helped me and put me in a car. "Where are we going?" I asked them while holding my baby tightly.

"We're going to the police station, honey," Lucy told me. And when I started to protest, she told me, "We know, you don't want to go there right now, but they need a statement. When it's all over, we'll go home, I promise you."

I nodded, still unsure, but went with them.

I tried to focus along the way on calming Michael, who was no longer crying, but was very agitated. It seems that the car had a good effect on him, however, as he finally started to calm down until he finally fell asleep, which for me was a relief as at least one thing I had managed to fix in that chaos.

So, when we got to the police station, Lucy stayed with the baby so I could talk to the officers. The first to give a statement was Timothy. He talked a lot, but I still filtered little. I was still very distracted by everything that had happened. I listened to the details he gave here and there, but I

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wasn't completely focused. So, it was my turn to relieve all that terror. And even though I knew I was safe, I couldn't help but cry as I recounted some of the details. But even so, I did my best to tell my version of the facts.

After that, the police chief asked us to wait for the forensic screening and the usual exams, and the three of us sat on benches at the police station waiting. Lucy was still holding Michael in her arms when she said to me, "Hannah, honey, I'm so sorry. I tried to find Ethan so he could come over as soon as I heard what was going on, but every time I called his cell it went to voicemail."

I nodded at her, deeply saddened by our fight this morning. Maybe he hung up the phone because he didn't want to talk to me... God knows where he was at that moment, but what I was sure of was that he didn't care about me. "He'll show up eventually," I told her despondently.

But Timothy who was sitting next to me tried to cheer me up: "Well, if your husband doesn't show up, you can always count on me, Hannah," he said.

I nodded and mouthed "Thank you." But that's when I started thinking about some parts of the story that I didn't know. How had Tess escaped from jail? How did she know I was on the shores

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and how did she get to us? Oh my God, was Patricia okay? And how did Timothy have a gun at the right time?

I turned to him and said, "I don't understand... what happened?"

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Timothy said to me: "I was already coming to your house. I was going to surprise you and invite you to dinner together. Lucy had told me that you were a little upset with Ethan, so I thought it would be good to distract you a little, but I arrived just as Tess was leaving the house with the baby."

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"And you didn't stop her?" I asked him indignantly.

"She caught me by surprise pointing a gun at me! She left Patricia terrified inside the house. I didn't even have much time to react. While I was checking if Patricia was okay, Tess ran away with Michael, and I knew she would come after you. So what I did was run and grab a pistol that we have at the mansion on the beach and went after you," Timothy explained to me.

"And what happened?" I asked him again.

"Patricia told me you were working at the cafe today, so I chased after you as fast as I could and went into the cafe like a crazy person, and asked Lucy where you were. She told me you were taking out the trash in the alley, so it wasn't hard to guess what I would need to do. I entered the alley quietly and found you guys arguing, and it seems like I arrived at the right time, doesn't it?"

"Perfect timing," Lucy said in relief.

"But why is there a gun in the mansion?" I asked Timothy.

"After you were kidnapped as a child, Mom took every precaution so I knew how to defend myself, and when I was old enough, I learned how to shoot," Timothy said simply. "I guess today you

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could say it's a useful skill, right?"

I nodded and told him, "Yes, of course. Thank you for saving my life."

"That's what brothers are for, right?" Timothy told me and I gave him a hug.

We were still holding each other when I heard a voice behind me saying "Hannah? Are you okay?"

"Oh, I'm glad you finally decided to show up, isn't it, Ethan?" Lucy asked wryly.



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