

Chapter 147-148: I just need a favor.

Hanna's POV:

It's been weeks since Tess died and Ethan and I got divorced. At first, my support network was hovering over me as if I were a baby, but now, most of them had gone back to their own lives, just like what happens to relatives at the funeral of a loved one. Your house is full at first, but then, people come back to their lives, and you are alone again.

But now, I felt kind of scared with the perspective of facing the world all by myself again, and at the same time, I felt a certain relief knowing that this cycle was finally closing in my life.

Sometimes, though, the silence in the house was loud, and I couldn't stand being home alone. I felt uneasy all the time, and I was getting restless. I wasn't exactly alone because I had Patrícia and Lucy with me, but they both didn't understand what I was going through, so I still felt alone at heart because of that. Maybe it was because I always had people who loved me and took care of me during my whole life and this time I was the one who needed to grow up, I wasn't sure. But the fact was that I wasn't as at peace as I thought I would be after getting divorced.

Oh, and I forgot to mention that there were these moments that I wouldn't feel absolutely anything. The numbness and indifference were insufferable, and I was getting worried about that. I felt as if my life was just passing by, so I needed to do something to change this status.

So, the first person I went to talk to about what I was living was my therapist. I skipped a few sessions because of all the melee that happened, but today, I was resuming them.

I arrived at his office and he greeted me: "Hello Hannah, it's good to see you again, especially after all those circumstances that surrounded you in the last few days."

"Oh, Hello Doc, it's good to see you too. It's been such chaotic days, so I lost track and I'm kind of lost right now," I told him.

And then, he took out his notepad as he always does and told me: "Well, you know that's what I'm here for, don't you? You can start talking to me about whatever you want. Feel free to talk about the first thing that comes to your head," he said.

So, I thought about what I wanted to talk to him and started telling him all the torment that I had gone through in the last week. He listened to me attentively but didn't ask anything until I had told him all that I wanted to say.

"Well, Hanna, I will not deny at any moment all the struggle that you've been through, and now, you have given me the honor of sharing all your feelings about this situation with me and I have been following the whole story closely, including that session you did with your husband..." he said.

"Ex-husband," I told him. He didn't do any observations, just arched his eyebrows.

"Ok, ex-husband," he said. "But I have to say that you are a strong woman for getting this far. A lot of people who suffered much less than you did broke longer before you, so I would like you to keep this issue aside for just a moment and celebrate a little the fact that you got this far," he told me.

"Thank you, doc," I said a little embarrassed "But if you don't mind, I would like to disagree with your position about that."

"And why is that?" He asked me.

"Because I don't feel victorious like you suggested, and none of that brings me relief. My problem, Doc, is that at this very moment, I feel absolutely nothing. I just feel alone and numb," I told him.

He studied me for a couple of seconds, and then he asked: "And what do you think you should be feeling?" he asked me.

"I don't know, Doc, but I feel that I should be

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feeling something by now," I told him.

"Well, Hannah, you weren't expecting that Tess's death and your divorce could solve all your problems at once like magic, were you?"

"No, Doc. I didn't, but I also thought that it would be different right now," I explained to him. "Apathy is getting me nuts!" I exclaimed.

"Hannah, you need to give it time," he said to me. "It takes time and willpower for you to get out of this depression, but eventually, we will get there. You have to believe in that, but you have to work on it a little longer," he said to me.

I nodded at him but remained silent.

"And about that... Do you already know where you want to get at?" he asked me continuing the conversation.

I considered his question for a few moments and then I answered: "I want to go back to work. I want to go back to earning my own money, and I want to be responsible for my son."

"That's definitely a good start," he said to me. "And do you know where you want to work?" He asked.

"Well, I thought that the easiest place would be the café. I'm a partner there. It's time to take my responsibilities. Besides, Lucy would understand if I had to attend Michael from time to time. This

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would be harder in someone else's firm," I answered him.

He nodded at me with a small smile on his lips: "Good! Working will take you out of your shell. You will see different people at the café. Try to talk to them, distract you from your own problems. You will see many perspectives. It will be good for you!" he exclaimed.

"So, do that mean that I'm on the right path?" I asked him.

He thought for a brief second and then he said: "Yes, but even super moms need help sometimes. You have a baby now. You know what? Why don't you create a list of good and permanent things in your life that the new version of you wants to keep?" he suggested. "After that, if you have any people in your list, why don't you talk with them and tell them that you've been through a lot recently, but you want to keep them in your life? You can even share with them what you want to do," he said.

This suggestion really excited me and helped to put things into perspective. I definitely wanted my brother and mother by my side, and also Lucy and Patricia. These people were my safety net, and I needed them close to me. And of course, there was Michael. I was living a post-partum depression but I couldn't deny that my love for

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that kid was rising by the day.

"I can see that my suggestion is something that you would like to do," he told me. "Tell them that you've been away for a while but you're back, and you need them. This will be a good exercise and will help you to get out of your shell too," he said.

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I nodded, and told him: "Well, I will start to work on that today!"

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My therapist's suggestion was a good start. I made a small list in my head. My brother was out of the country again, but Lucy, my mother, and

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Patricia were here.

I went straight to Lucy at the café and asked her if I could go back to work there. My only condition was not go back to the alley where Tess had found me.

"Of course! When can you come back?" She asked me.

"I think I can be here as soon as tomorrow," I promised her.

"Wonderful! One of the waitresses is leaving the café, unfortunately, and I was worried about that, but now I can count on you, so this will do! Thank you, Hannah!" she told me.

I was happy with her relief and happiness. But it wasn't my luck with the other two.

I went to visit my mom later that day and she received me in a hurry: "Oh, honey, I believe your therapist has a point. You really should get out of that house. Seeing people and interacting with them will help you to come out of your own problems," she told me.

"So... can I count on you for this?" I asked her.

She hesitated a little bit and then she said: "Yes and no, darling. You can always count on me, I'm your mother, but unfortunately, I need to go to the city. I had trouble in the main office and another

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big problem in one of the boutiques. They need me there right now," she said with sadness in her eyes. I knew my mother. Of course, she was sad to leave me when I most needed her.

I smiled weakly at her and said: "Don't worry, I still have Patricia. I'll be fine."

"And I will be back here as soon as I can, I promise you," she assured me with a hug.

After that, I went home. I knew that I could trust Patricia. But as I said, it wasn't my lucky day.

"Oh, Hannah, I'm glad you arrived," Patricia greeted me when I opened the door.

"What is going on?" I asked her worriedly.

"It's my sister. She had an accident, and we only have each other," she explained to me.

"Well, of course, you must go!" I urged her. "When are you leaving?" I asked her.

"Since you are here, I'm leaving on the next flight. I'm sorry to leave you two with such short notice, but I have to go!" she exclaimed and hurried to the airport.

I barely had the chance to say: "Good luck!" and she was gone.

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What the hell! What am I supposed to do now? I promised Lucy that I would be there at the café tomorrow morning. She was my partner, she would understand, but I let her down too many times.

The only person that I thought about now was... Ethan.

I hesitated for almost one hour with my phone in my hands before calling him. But when I called, he answered on the first ring.

"Hannah? Is something wrong?" he urged.

I sighed. Of course, he would jump to the wrong conclusion, because we were divorced now, and I haven't talked to him since. He was talking directly to Patricia recently. "No, Ethan, I just need a favor," I told him.

"And what is it?" He asked me promptly.

"I am back at work tomorrow and Patricia had to go to see her sister who was in an accident, so I need you to take care of Michael," I told him. I wouldn't beg him to take care of his own son. It was his responsibility too.

"What about your mother?" He asked.

"Out of town too. It's only you, Ethan," I told him.

"Well, now you need me, right? You just reminded me of my existence because you need me," he

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said ironically. He was bitter. This wasn't exactly a surprise.

"Yes, I need you. Actually, Michael needs you. Could you please take care of your son for a few days?" I asked him.

"No, I'm busy. Maybe next time," he said with a cold voice and hung up.

What the hell! I knew that I couldn't count on him! I was right in my decision to divorce him.

I was so frustrated and angry with him... I couldn't control myself and I started to cry. I knew that he would fail me, why wouldn't he? He did this when Tess tried to shoot me. Considering that, I shouldn't be surprised about his denial of taking care of his baby.

And now I would have to tell Lucy that I wouldn't be there tomorrow, and have no idea when I could start. Damn it!

I wasn't even upset about Lucy. She would be angry but she would understand me. What choice did she have after all? But I was upset because I would let her down because he was letting me down. At the end of the day, it was all Ethan's fault!

But then, a few minutes later, I received a call from him.

"What is it?" I asked him rapidly. If he can be cold,

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I could be cold too. I wasn't with a single straw of patience for Ethan's funny business.

"I'll pick him up tomorrow at seven, so you can make it to the café at eight. How does it sound?" he asked me coldly again.

I sighed in relief and said: "Good. He will be ready." And a watery smile formed on my lips. I wouldn't admit that to him, but he was saving my day by doing this.



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