

Chapter 97 The baby's coming!

Hannah's POV

Honestly, when I thought about the prospect of running away to the shores, I thought it would be pretty boring because in addition to not being able to communicate with the people who stayed in the city, I wouldn't have much to do other than wait for my baby to be born. Nowadays, however, I know I was wrong as in addition to having the privilege of spending a lot of time with my biological mother, I was now involved in a project with my best friend, the opening of our new cafe.

The days ew by between pleasant conversations with my mother and an absurd volume of choices that had to be made regarding rent, decoration, and renovation of our new business. We even enrolled in a local barista training course, so when the cafe was ready, we would both know what we were supposed to be doing, as I only had oce experience, and Lucy had experience in a bar making drinks, which wasn't really very useful in this case.

In addition to this course, Ethan had persuaded me to join a course for pregnant women that taught about health and wellness. The course was even interesting, but some of the things that were taught in the classes made me scared and anxious.

"Oh, come on," my mother laughed at me. She thought I was overreacting and kept saying that I would get over it and that I would be ne, but as a new mom I wasn't so sure about that yet.

A few days after Ethan left, Timothy arrived with the box we asked him to bring. Inside the box were the memories and belongings my grandmother had left for me. We wasted no time and started examining its contents. My mother and I were exploring the documents and photos at that same afternoon, and we took from there. I was telling my mother things that I remembered about my childhood and it was at that moment that we came across a different letter.

"Hey Mom, I think I found something here," I told Georgie.

"And what is it, dear?" she asked me.

"Looks like it's part of my adoption certicate," I replied.

"And what does it say there?" She approached me and asked me.

"Well, there is my registration at the orphanage and some details about where I came from. It says I was taken to the orphanage by a man named Alan Corvin in October 2001. He was a police ocer, and he told the nuns he had found me wandering around through the countryside. He also reported that before that I had been taken to a temporary shelter and that I didn't speak at all," I told my mother.

"Ah, poor thing! You were probably traumatized, because when you were 2 or 3 years old, you already talked a lot," my mother said.

I didn't know how to answer it so I shrugged and continued reading the document, "It also says that I was then taken to the orphanage and stayed there for about a year until my grandmother adopted me. As Incredible as it sounds, I think I already have some memories from that period. It was when I met Lucy, and I think it was the friendship I formed with her that got me talking again," I explained.

"Oh, I thank God for your friendship with Lucy. That was probably one of the things that has strengthened and sustained you so far, dear," my mother said.

I refolded the letter and put it back in the box, then opened a notebook and started ipping through the pages. I found out it was my grandmother's memoir diary.

"Now, this sounds interesting," I told my mom. "My grandmother documented part of my childhood in her words, photos, and other documents. So, if we can't t the pieces of the puzzle of where I was taken and who is to blame, at least we can ll in some of the gaps about my childhood with these memories."

"That sounds great, honey. And you might as well ll in the blanks with your own memories," she told me, and I nodded.

"So, how's the mining going?" Timothy asked us as he entered the living room.

"Ah, it's going well so far. We have some clues from my past, and we may later visit the orphanage to nd out if any of the nuns who took care of me as a child are still there or if they still keep the records of the orphans for so long, " I told Timothy.

He smiled at me and said, "That's really good to hear, Hannah."

I smiled at him back, "Thank you."

"So, I have news for you," he continued.

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

"I can't believe I'm an errand boy now, but Ethan sent you guys a message through me," Timothy said.

"What does he need?" my mother asked.

"Well, rst I need to say that Patricia is nally awake," he said.

"Ah, what Joy! This is such a relief!" I said smiling.

"Yes, we have to consider it a relief, but we're feeling her life is in danger," Timothy said.

"Oh, my God, not again! It's not possible!" Lucy, who was quiet until that moment, said.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Well, it was Vincent who nursed Patricia awake, and he discovered that there were some people hanging around his house," Timothy explained.

"Oh, my God! And did you nd out who are they?" I asked Timothy worriedly.

Timothy shook his head and muttered, "Unfortunately not yet. But the focus is on getting Patricia out of the danger zone, and obviously we gured she could stay here with you. What do you think?" he asked.

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" I exclaimed. "I adore Patricia. She was always so kind to me and when my grandmother passed away on old Michael's farm, she took care of me and taught me everything I know about poise and behavior in high society," I told them.

"Then she must be a fantastic woman, because you, darling, are a real lady," my mother told me, and I smiled at her.

Then Timothy looked at us and said, "At this rate, I'm going to be jealous."

My mother looked at him and said, "And who will you be jealous of, my love, me or your sister?" and we all burst out laughing at her question.

"And when will this escape take place?" I asked Timothy to get back on track.

Timothy thought for a minute and said, "Probably the next time Ethan comes, he'll bring Patricia. Now, how that will happen I don't know," he muttered. "The less people know about it, the better. Just like with your escape," he said.

I nodded and said, "I understand. We'll be prepared for her."

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Later at our cottage, Lucy looked at me and said, "Hanna this house only has 3 bedrooms. How are we going to accommodate Patricia?"

I turned to her and said, "Do you mind if we sleep in the same room for a little while, at least until Patricia is recovered? I think she needs more comfort than we do. Well, would that be it, or I could put a bed in the baby's room too," I suggested.

"It's times like these that we miss having a mansion, isn't it?" Lucy asked me wryly.

I sighed and said, "I miss that house, but it also brought back a lot of negative memories, and here in this environment I've found my family and been living a new life, so obviously I like it better here."

"Well, maybe you guys could switch houses when we get back to town. While opening a cafe here and the way the shores are famous for enchanting us, it's going to be hard to leave," she told me.

"Don't even get me started. We've only lived here a short time, but even so, I think we've already made a life for ourselves," I told her.

Lucy simply nodded.

"And how are things at the cafe?" I asked her. Lately I was spending so much time with my mother that the cafe matters were more Lucy's responsibility.

"Oh, it's all on schedule, and we'll be opening soon. We need to decide on some nishing touches, though. And then there's the furniture," she explained to me.

"Okay, so tomorrow we can visit the place and make some choices," I proposed to her.

"Absolutely! We got it, partner," she replied.

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The next day, we were in the cafe deciding on the colors of the walls and the plaster nish, as well as some shades for the furniture that would be built in by the renovation people.

"I think we can do a really cheerful yet sophisticated decor with pastel colors. That way it will always feel like spring inside here," I told Lucy.

"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. I didn't want that big city cafe style. I wanted people to not just grab the coffee and run out, but enjoy the scenery," Lucy agreed with me saying that. Then she spread her arms towards the main window, from where she could see the sea.

"I agree. And we can put the machines in a matching color too. Ah! We need to choose the name for the facade!" I told her excitedly.

"Yes, I have a short list of suggestions, if you don't mind," she told me a little sheepishly.

"Of course, I don't care! Where is that list?" I asked her curiously.

"One minute, I'll get it from the car," she said and left.

She had me looking through catalogs of different furniture styles and I didn't notice when I dropped some of the material samples. So, I carefully bent down to pick them up. It was getting harder to move every day. I was already preferring shoes that didn't need to be tied and leaning on various things to get down and up when I needed to.

At that moment, a sharp pain hit me in the side of my stomach, and I ended up having to sit on the oor because of it.

"Hannah? What happened?" Lucy asked me in alarm.

"I'm ne...I just need a minute," I told her as I panted.

But I was far from ne, and she knew right away, "Not ne at all. We're going to the doctor right now!" she exclaimed.

"No! you don't have to worry about me!" I insisted.

"I said now, Hannah!" she exclaimed. So, she helped me up and we went straight to the clinic to check on the baby.

Lucy drove me to the clinic real quick. I was lying on the bed, my belly still hurting like hell. Lucy held my hand for support, but I kept sweating bullets.

After a quick check-up, the doctor's face turned serious. Then he said, "Your water broke. The baby's coming!"