

## Marcus!

The guard looked confused and told us that he didn't know who Mr. Johnson was. He explained that the mansion was owned by the Villa Fuente Family and he had been working there for a year, but he had never heard of a Mr. Johnson. My heart sank at his words. Could it be that I had been led to the wrong place?

But I couldn't give up now. I had come too far to just turn back. I insisted to the guard that Mr. Johnson was living here. I couldn't shake off the feeling that he was hiding something from me. Maybe he was afraid of losing his job if he revealed Mr. Johnson's whereabouts.

"You're just being dishonest. I want to see and get my son from him," I protested.

But the guard was adamant and told us to leave.

"Ma'am, I'm not lying. It seems you've arrived at the wrong address. You may leave now" he said emphatically.

The gate suddenly opened and we saw a black expensive car coming out. We immediately moved out of the way and I saw a man who was not familiar to me. But I had to try, I had to ask him.

"Hey, do you know Mr. Marcus Johnson?" I asked, running towards his car.

He looked at me with curiosity and asked, "Oh, He is the one who sold this mansion to me. Why?"

My heart skipped a beat. Sold? That couldn't be possible. But before I

could say anything, he continued, "yes, one thing I remembered, someone offered me this mansion for only twenty million dollars."

My eyes widened in disbelief. "It's impossible," I protested.

"Do you think it's impossible for me to buy this property?" he frowned, clearly offended.

"That's not my point. But what was his reason? Where did he live now?" I asked, my mind racing with questions.

"It's none of my business anymore, pretty. I need to go now," he smiled and said goodbye before driving off.

I stood there, feeling lost and confused. What could have led Marcus to sell his mansion and disappear? I couldn't wrap my head around it.

Atty. Rancho put a comforting hand on my shoulder, "Don't worry, we'll figure this out."

But I couldn't shake off the feeling of disappointment and frustration. I had come so close to finding my son, only to be left with more questions than answers. 1

But I refused to give up. I would do whatever it takes to find Marcus and my son. My heart was determined and I knew that I wouldn't rest until I had him back in my arms.

"Let's go?" he asked me gently and I just nodded.

I sat in the car, staring out the window with tears streaming down my face. I couldn't help but feel disappointed and frustrated as I thought about what happened that had just transpired. I had been so excited to finally see Marco today, but it seemed that fate had other plans for

me.

Marcus was no longer lived in the mansion, so where could I find him now? I couldn't believe this was happening. I had been looking forward to this day for weeks, and now it was all falling apart.

Atty. Rancho noticed my tears and reached out to comfort me. He told me that it wouldn't take long for me to see my son again, but I couldn't help but feel doubtful. How could I find Marco when I didn't even know where he and his family were living now?

As we arrived at the mansion, I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself. But as soon as I saw my father's concerned face, I couldn't hold back my emotions any longer. I walked towards him, tears still streaming down my face, and told him that we had failed to find Marco.

My father's expression turned to one of shock and confusion. I told him that the mansion that they used to live in had been sold, and we didn't even know where they had moved to. It was like they had disappeared without a trace.

My mind was racing with questions. Why had Marcus sold the mansion? What was the reason behind it? Had they already migrated to the states to be with his father? I needed answers.

"Don't worry, you will find your son as soon as possible. Just don't lose hope" my father assured me.

"I want to be alone now, Dad." I said and went upstairs to my room.

As I sat in my bed room, I couldn't help but feel lost and alone. I had no idea where my son was, and it seemed like Marcus didn't want me

to find him. I was filled with a mix of anger and sadness.

"I will find you and I promise I will get my son from you, Marcus," I told myself with hatred and anger.

Suddenly, my phone rang and I saw Jessa's name flashing on the screen. She was one of my closest friends, and we had been friends for a year now. We had been through a lot together, and I always felt comfortable around her.

"Let's hang out again," she said excitedly.

I hesitated for a moment, thinking about the burdens that I was facing now.. But then, I thought to myself, what harm could a night out with friends do? I needed a break, a distraction from all of this.

"Sure! See you later at 8pm," I agreed, trying to sound as enthusiastic as her.

I quickly made my way out of the mansion, without my father's permission. I knew he wouldn't approve of me going out. Again this is what I want. I needed to escape for a while.

As I slowly made my way downstairs, I couldn't help but feel nervous. I knew my father would be furious if he found out, but I pushed those thoughts aside and got into my car.

I drove to the club where we had agreed to meet.

When I arrived, I saw Jessa from a distance, waving at me while dancing with another man.

"Hey, Sam! Glad to see you again," my friends greeted me, pulling me towards the couch where they were all sitting with some guys.

I was immediately handed a drink and we all started talking and laughing. It was a much-needed break from all the drama in my life.

But then, a few moments later, a tall, dark, handsome guy approached us. I couldn't take my eyes off him, he was so attractive. My friends were thrilled and were teasing me, telling me to go talk to him.

They even introduced me to him, and I introduced myself, feeling a little tipsy from the drinks.

"Hi, Samantha. I'm Elijah Carter," he greeted me with a charming smile.

"Hello, nice to meet you. How did you know my name?" I asked, smiling back.

"From them," he replied, pointing to my friends who were clearly enjoying the moment.

I couldn't help but laugh and shake my head at their antics. I decided to go with the flow and enjoy the night, forgetting all my problems for a while.

As the night went on, I found myself getting more and more drawn to liquor.

The music was loud, the lights were flashing, and my friends were all having a great time. While Elijah and me talking to each other.

"I'm the CEO of All stars corporation. I knew your father for a long time. He is one of our investors," Elijah said, smiling at me.

"Great to hear," I replied.

After a short while, I sensed a need to excuse myself.

"Um, pardon me. I have to use the restroom," I excused myself.

"Alright. Would you like me to accompany you?" he inquired.

"No. Just wait for me here," I assured him.

As I walked out of the restroom, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. My face was flushed and my eyes were slightly glazed over.

"Calm down. Everything will be alright," I told myself as I hold back my tears.

A few moments later, I made my way back to my friends but I suddenly stopped in my tracks. My eyes widened as I saw a familiar figure standing by the entrance of the club. It was Marcus. I couldn't believe it. I was sure I was just imagining things, but as I looked closer, I knew it was him. 1

Without wasting any time, I ran towards him, calling out his name desperately.

"Marcus!" I yelled, hoping he would hear me over the loud music.