



Her priority

But suddenly, my phone rang and I saw Lydia's name flashing on the screen.

I let out an annoyed sigh and rejected the call. I turned to look at Marcus, but he was gone. I searched the area frantically, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"What the heck!"

The phone rang again, and this time, I couldn't ignore it. I answered it, already preparing to scold Lydia for disturbing me. But before I could even say a word, she spoke first, her voice filled with panic.

"Madam, your father rushed to the hospital!" she exclaimed.

I was taken aback by her words. My mind went blank and I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I asked Lydia for more details, and she explained that my father had collapsed and was rushed to the hospital.

I felt a wave of fear and worry wash over me.

Inside the bar, I caught sight of Elijah making his way towards me.

"We've been waiting for you," he said.

"I'm sorry, but I have to leave. My father was just rushed to the hospital, and he needs me by his side," I responded, bidding farewell.

"I'll come with you," he offered, showing his willingness to support me.

"There's no need," I declined, striding towards my car.

However, as I drove away, I noticed him following closely behind in his own vehicle. Despite his presence, my mind was solely consumed by my father's condition. Overwhelmed with worry and guilt, I couldn't help but feel remorseful for leaving the mansion.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was greeted by our two maids and bodyguards. The two maids were both in tears, and my heart sank.

"Where is dad?" I asked in panic.

They looked at each other and obviously worried. They told me that my father was in the ICU, and the doctors were still trying to figure out what had happened.

I felt like I was in a daze as I followed to the ICU.

When I saw my father lying in the hospital bed, hooked up to machines and monitors, my heart broke. He looked so weak and fragile, and it was hard to see him like this.

"What happened to him?!" I cried.

"Dad wake up please!" I yelled.

"I'm sorry," I apologized.

I stayed by his side, holding his hand and praying for him to get better. I was very guilty at what I did. I'm so very stubborn daughter to him. I sobbed in tears and even a liquor.

"Dad, please I need you. Please I need you more this time. Please

wake up," I cried as I begged him.

Days passed, and my father's condition slowly improved. He was finally able to speak, and he told us that he had suffered from a heart attack. The doctors said it was a warning sign, and he needed to avoid stress to prevent it from happening again.

I was grateful that my father was going to be okay, but I couldn't help but feel guilty. If I had answered Lydia's call earlier, I could have gotten to the hospital sooner and maybe prevented the heart attack.

I was so consumed by my longing to locate my son that I unintentionally overlooked my dear father. I regretfully disregarded him. Unfortunately, he is now battling the effects of a stroke. He can't even move his left body. ²

"Madam, your father was consumed with worry for you throughout the night. Sleep eluded him as he anxiously awaited you. Despite the relentless efforts of your vigilant bodyguards, they were unable to locate you," Lydia informed. ¹

"I know it's my fault," he added. ²

"Don't be too hard on yourself, Samantha. Nobody is happy about what happened, not even your father wants to hear you blame yourself," Elijah reassured me as he appeared behind me. I turned to look at him, feeling a mix of gratitude and guilt.

"Elijah, you don't understand. I should be the one to shoulder the blame. As his daughter, it was my responsibility to take care of him. He provided me with everything - money, love. But in my pursuit of my own desires, I neglected him."

Elijah reassured, "There's still time to make amends."

"Dad, I promise to do whatever it takes to make you proud and happy. You won't have to bear the burden anymore. Please, wake up," I whispered, gripping his hand tightly and planting a tearful kiss on it.

After several days, my father was finally discharged from the hospital. I am the one who take care of him with the help of our dedicated private nurse.

We made our way to the living room, where Atty. Rancho placed a brown envelope filled with documents on the table.

"It contains details about his businesses and properties. From now on, it will be your responsibility to manage them," Atty. Rancho explained.

"But I have no knowledge about running businesses," I confessed, feeling overwhelmed. 1

"Mr. Elijah Carter will be there to guide you," Atty. Rancho assured me.

"He is the most trusted business partner of your father," he added.

"Your father had immense trust in him as his business partner. Elijah is the son of your father's late best friend, Mr. Carter, who was one of the wealthiest businessmen in the world," he added, hoping to ease my worries.

I was utterly astounded by the words that escaped Atty. Rancho's lips.

It's clear that Elijah is a remarkable and accomplished man, but how

can work with him, considering the fact that we had only just met!

2 years later.

Elijah and I grew intimately connected. He became my pillar of strength, my unwavering support in every aspect of my life. I consider myself incredibly fortunate to have him by my side as my closest confidant and business partner. However, in this particular moment, I was taken aback when he confessed something to me.

"Um, Sam, I know this might seem sudden, but I need to tell you something. I like you, Sam," he admitted.

"What?!" I exclaimed, unable to believe my ears.

"I want to be more than just friends. I want you to be my girlfriend," he expressed.

His words left me momentarily speechless. Yes, I do feel a deep connection with him, and being with him feels effortless. But I'm uncertain if I see him as a romantic partner or solely as a dear friend.

"Eli, I'm not entirely sure," I responded honestly.

"Not sure? You're not sure about me?" he questioned, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

I simply nodded, not wanting to hurt his feelings. I was at a loss for words, unsure of how to proceed. Yet, I couldn't help but be surprised by his bravery in pursuing me.

"That's why I will court, Sam, and I am willing to patiently await your sweet affirmation," he expressed with genuine sincerity.

"Please," he begged.

His words left me in utter disbelief. I playfully told him that I had never even considered having a boyfriend. I wasn't ready to enter a relationship that I wasn't fully prepared for. There were still so many things on my plate, and finding my son was one of them, alongside my business.

"I'm sorry, Eli. I'm just not ready," I apologized.

"But as I've said, I'm willing to wait. Just don't deny me the chance to court you," he insisted.

I nodded, a smile forming on my lips. I truly appreciated his efforts and the love he had for me. Everything he did for me was incredibly impressive.

I was taken aback when he gently touched both of my cheeks. In that moment, my heart began to race.

"I love you so much," he whispered, leaning closer to me. I instinctively pulled back, my emotions in turmoil.

Just then, my phone rang, providing me with an opportunity to divert the situation. [1](#)

"Excuse me, I need to take this call," I excused myself.

I quickly answered the call, aware that it could be important, even though the number was unknown.

"Hello, Ms. Monte Verde,"



To my surprise, a familiar voice greeted me on the other end of the line.



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