

Hello, Ex-husband

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I was stunned to hear the voice of Marcus on the other line. My heart skipped a beat as I listened to his familiar voice. I couldn't believe it. It was him, after all these years.

"Marcus?" I whispered in disbelief.

I didn't even know what to do, so I immediately dropped the call. He called again, but I still ignored it.

"Ms. Monte Verde. Why did you drop the call?" he texted me.

I took a deep breath and answered the call. "I'm sorry, I was just caught off guard. What do you want?" I replied.

"This is Mr. Marcus Johnson. I just wanted to invite you for a business proposal of my coffee shop in your Grande Resort. I hope you will consider it, and I promise you won't be disappointed," he invited me.

I was surprised when I read his text message. Is he owning a small coffee shop now? What about their construction company? My mind was racing with questions, but I couldn't bring myself to ask him.

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"Please reply," he texted again, and I could almost hear the desperation in his voice.

"I'll think about it," I replied, trying to keep myself calm.

I didn't know what to react. A mixed emotion of anger, nervousness, and hatred flooded through me. At the same time, I couldn't deny the excitement of seeing my son again. I needed to know where he was and if he was doing okay.

But why the hell is he owning a small coffee shop? It was just a starter business. It didn't make sense to me.

Despite all my questions, there was one thing that was certain. I needed to talk to Marcus and face him again. I needed to know the truth about what happened all those years ago.

I replied to his text, agreeing to meet him at the coffee shop at exactly 7pm tonight. I couldn't deny the curiosity that was burning inside me. I needed to see him in person and confront him.

"Hey, are you alright?" Elijah inquired as he approached me.

"My ex-husband wants to meet up with me," I confided.

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He looked visibly shocked and concerned as he gazed at me.

"Was he the one who called you?" he furrowed his brow.

"What on earth does he want from you?!" he asked again.

"Take a deep breath, Eli. He offered me a business proposal for his coffee shop at Grande Resort," I replied.

"Coffee shop? Are you saying he's the owner of that coffee shop that always tried to convince my team to invest in their lousy coffee shop? Seriously?!" he scoffed.

"Eli, that's not what I'm after. I need to talk to him for the sake of our son. I want to meet him," I said earnestly.

"Is that so?" he questioned skeptically.

"Yes, what do you think?!" I snapped, growing annoyed.

"I'll come with you," he volunteered.

"No need. I can handle myself," I declined.

"And Wait, you're acting like my boyfriend. It

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seems like you already have control over me. And if that's the case, I won't settle for that anymore," I said.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel that way. I'm just concerned about what if he hurts you? What if..." before he could finish his sentence, I interrupted.

"I know what I'm doing. I'm not a child anymore, Eli," I insisted.

"Alright, I'm sorry," he apologized.

"But is there any chance of you two getting back together?" he asked me.

"One thing I can assure you, that will never happen!" I reassured him, and I saw a smile appear on his face.

Around 6:45 pm, I made my way to the Grande Resort, my mind was filled with memories of the past. I couldn't believe that Mr. Johnson, who was always so arrogant and cold, was politely inviting me for a business proposal. It was hard to wrap my head around it.

As I stepped into the coffee shop, I couldn't help but feel a rush of emotions. I saw him standing behind the counter, and for a moment, I couldn't move. He looked older, but I had to admit that he

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is still as handsome as ever. 1

"Take a deep breath, Sam. You've transformed into a whole new person now, the daughter of the Trillionaire, Zeus Damian Monte Verde" I reassure myself, trying to find solace.

"No longer will he be able to mock me," I confidently declared.

As I caught sight of him in that moment, memories of his past actions flooded my mind. The way he mistreated me, the abuse he inflicted upon me, alongside his mother and Sofia. My heart felt heavy with the weight of those burdens and the intense hatred I held within.

"I assure, all those who dared to mock me will soon regret it, especially you, my dear ex-husband!" I said as I looked at him.

I took a courage to approached him and he was obviously shocked to see me.

"Hi, Mr.Johnson," I greeted with smile.

"S..Samantha?"he asked in disbelief as he examined me from head to toe.

"You called me for a business proposal,right?"I asked emphatically.

"Are you Ms. Monte Verde?" he asked, his voice

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trembling with a mix of surprise and disbelief.

"Yes, I am Ms. Monte Verde," I replied, unable to hide the hint of sarcasm in my voice.

"Why do you look like you've just seen a ghost?"

My heart raced as he unexpectedly embraced me, leaving me utterly stunned.

Instinctively, I pushed him away, unable to contain the surge of anger that washed over me.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Johnson?" I demanded, my voice laced with fury. Inhaling deeply, he met my gaze with a profound sadness in his eyes.

"I wanted to express my sincerest apologies for all the pain I caused in the past. I am fully aware of the hurt I inflicted upon you and our son, and I carry the weight of regret every single day," he confessed, his voice heavy with remorse.

I was completely caught off guard by his words. I never in a million years expected him to apologize.

"I didn't come here to listen to your pathetic apology and your unnecessary drama. I'm here because you invited me to discuss your business proposal for Grande Resort," I retorted, my voice

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trembling with emotion.

"Wait, so you're the owner of Grande Resort? You're really Ms. Monte Verde?" he asked, still in disbelief.

"Yes, is that so hard to believe, Mr. Johnson?" I replied sarcastically.

"Anyway, let's not waste any more time. Please proceed with your business proposal," I said, a serious tone in my voice.

He took hold of my hands and gazed into my eyes.

"I've come to realize that I was wrong, and I want to make things right. I started this coffee shop as a way to start over and create a better life for myself and our son," he explained.

"Is that your grand business proposal, Mr. Johnson? A pitiful drama for a small coffee shop?" I mocked.

"I have so many questions, Samantha. Where have you been all this time? Why did you suddenly leave us?" he asked.

"Such drama, it's ridiculous!" I scoffed.

He gently wiped away his tears and looked at me with love in his eyes.

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"Seriously. I've been searching for you for so long,
" he confessed.

"I don't care. You're just wasting my time!" I
exclaimed, standing up from my seat.

But Marcus grabbed hold of my hand, preventing
me from walking away.

"I'm sorry. Please, sit down," he pleaded.

"Correction, it's Ms. Monte Verde. Are you really
this disrespectful to your client?" I questioned him.

"I apologize, Ms. Monte Verde. Alright, I'll show
you my presentation now. Just please stay with
me," he convinced me.

"Alright, I suppose you're really struggling
financially at the moment and could use some
money. It would be a shame if I didn't help you
out this time," I taunted.

"This seemingly humble coffee shop you consider
poor is the one that provides for our son's needs,"
he replied.

"Yes, my son deserves a better life, so he should
come with me now. I can provide him with
everything he needs more than you can. I have so
much to offer him," I boasted.

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"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

His eyes made my heart fragile. I knew I had to suppress my emotions in response to his stare.

"Daddy!" a little boy's voice shouted from behind us.

My heart started racing as I turned to look. I saw a handsome little boy approaching us and embracing Marcus.

"Son, why are you here?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Sir. Your son convinced me to come here," the woman said.

"I missed you so much, Dad," Marco replied, and my heart melted at his sweet words.

He looked at me with confusion, and I couldn't help but tightly embrace him. 1

"Marco," I whispered as tears streamed down my face.

But I was taken aback when he pushed me away and ran towards Marcus.

"Who is she, Dad?!" he asked, confused.