

The past

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I looked at Marcus, my ex-husband while waiting for his answer.

"Marco, she is your mother," Marcus said, gesturing towards me.

Marco's eyes widened in shock as he looked at me. He had grown into a handsome young man, with his father's dark hair and green eyes.

"My mother?" he asked, his voice cracking with emotion.

He is now my 4 years old son but he is really smart the way he talks.

I nodded, unable to speak as tears continued to fall down my face. I had missed so much of his life, and now I didn't even know if he would accept me as his mother.

"I-I'm sorry," Marco stammered, looking at me with a mixture of confusion and hurt. "I-I don't understand. Dad."

"I know, son," I said, my voice trembling.

"I made a mistake when I left you. I've regretted it every day since then. I have my reason but I also lost the reason why"

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"Why did you leave us, mom?" Marco asked, his voice filled with pain.

I took a deep breath, trying to find the words to explain. "It's a long story," I said because I don't know if I should tell him the mistreatment of my father towards me. I don't want him to hate Marcus despite my anger.

Marco looked at me for a long moment, searching my face as if trying to find the truth in my words.

The rush of emotions overwhelmed me, causing me to embrace him tightly. Urgently, I pleaded with him to come with me, promising a better life. However, he shook his head and instead embraced Marcus.

"Son, please come with me. I can provide you a better life," I pleaded desperately.

Seeing Marcus furrow his brow, I mustered up my courage and spoke to him directly. I assured him that I would bring Marco back with me.

"What did you just say?!" he exclaimed, his face contorted with disbelief.

"Just let Marco be with me. I can offer him a life of abundance and happiness," I insisted.

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"Do you even realize what you're saying? You can't take Marco away from me," Marcus said firmly.

As Marco clung tightly to him, tears streaming down his face, I felt helpless. Marcus held him close, begging me to reconsider and let Marco stay with him.

"Okay. I understand that you're angry with me. But you can't simply take him away from me, Samantha," he pleaded.

"Daddy," Marco sobbed, his tiny arms wrapped around Marcus.

"Why not? I am his mother, and I have custody," I asserted.

"Samantha, please don't be selfish. You're rushing into this without considering the impact it will have on our son," he implored.

"What's happening?" Marco suddenly cried.

Reality washed over me, and I realized that rushing things might not be in Marco's best interest. He had only just discovered that I was his mother, and abruptly taking him away could confuse and overwhelm his young mind.

"I'm sorry, son. Please don't cry" I apologized.

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"Samantha, please," he pleaded.

"Ms. Monte Verde!" I corrected him.

"I want you back. Why don't you back to me?" he asked me.

I couldn't believe my ears! "What on earth are you talking about?" I exclaimed, my voice filled with frustration.

"I'm serious. I'm looking for you for a long time," he insisted.

My heart beat suddenly became faster when I heard his words. I need a distraction so I immediately called out to Marco in a sweet tone and explained that all I wanted was to give him a hug, nothing more.

"Can I just hug you again, son?" I asked with sweetness in my voice.

"Please," I begged, even though he didn't respond.

But Marco refused to come near me. He continued to embrace Marcus, and I couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy witnessing their bond. How could he love his father so much, despite everything he had done to us while I was pregnant?

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In an instant, my phone began to ring, and I glanced at the screen to see Lydia's name flashing. Without hesitation, I answered, a wave of panic washing over me as I listened to her urgent words.

"Madam, your father has refused to eat any longer. He's become aggressive in his room," Lydia informed me.

"What?!" I exclaimed, my shock evident in my voice.

"You're the only one who can calm him," she pleaded.

"Alright, I'm on my way home right now," I responded, my panic escalating.

Before leaving, I took a moment to embrace my son, Marco, and plant a tender kiss on his forehead. "I'll see you again, my love," I whispered.

"Samantha, I still need to talk to you," Marcus interjected.

"We'll talk another time. I need to go home now" I hurriedly replied, already rushing out the door.

As I made my way home, worry and panic consumed my thoughts, my mind in a state of confusion. However, I knew I had to remain

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strong and composed in this situation.

A short while later, I arrived at the grand mansion and swiftly ascended the stairs to my father's room. To my surprise, I found him shouting at the maids, and the absence of the private nurses caught my attention.

"Where is Nurse Trisha?!" I demanded, my anger evident in my voice.

"She left earlier today due to an emergency," Lydia explained.

"What?! Why didn't she inform me?!"

"She can't just leave my father whenever she pleases. She knows his condition. How thoughtless!" I fumed.

Without delay, I dialed Nurse Trisha's number, but she failed to answer. Feeling helpless, I decided to call my father's doctor.

"Hello, Doc. My father needs you now. please come here," I said.

After I dropped the call, my father's voice suddenly echoed through the room, calling out my name.

"Dasha!" he shouted.

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"Dad, please calm down. I'm here now," I reassured him, my tone filled with sweetness.

"Samantha?" he uttered.

"Yes, dad. It's me Samantha, your daughter," I smiled at him.

But he suddenly cried and I had never seen my father cry before. His face was scrunched up, his eyes swollen and red. His hands were shaking, and I could hear him trying to hold back the sobs. I knew something was wrong, so I asked him what was wrong.

He sniffled and began to tell me about my mother. He told me how a group of syndicates had killed her, and how he had been unable to save her. I felt a deep pang of sadness in my chest, and a wave of anger towards those responsible. I wished I could turn back the clock and save her.

My father's voice was shaky as he talked, but I could still make out the pain in his words. He talked about my mother's beauty and kindness, and how much he had loved and missed her. I never knew her, as she had died before I was born, but I could feel the loss in my father's voice.

He suddenly stopped talking, and I realized tears

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had started to stream down my cheeks. I could feel his pain and mine, and I wished I could do something to make it better. I hugged my father tightly and held him as he slowly quieted down.

After some time, my father looked up at me and said, "You remind me so much of your mother." I smiled, feeling the love and sadness in his voice. I knew I would never forget this moment, and I would always remember my mother, even if I never got to meet her.

I approached my father with a heavy heart, knowing that my words would not be well-received. It had been decades since my mother's passing, and yet my father still clung to the tragic events of the past. At the age of 24, I had grown weary of witnessing his constant mourning. It was time for him to let go and find solace in the present.

"Dad," I began softly, my voice filled with a mixture of love and concern. "I understand how much you loved Mom, and I love her too, even though I never had the chance to meet her. But it's time to move on. I want to see you smile, not drown in tears."

He remained silent, his eyes filled with a profound sadness. Holding his head in his hands, he pushed me away, as if my presence only

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intensified his pain.

Confusion washed over me as I asked, "Who are you?" The words hung in the air, heavy with disbelief. How could my own father suddenly forget me?



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