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It's hard to fathom that he could just forget about me out of the blue, but unfortunately, that's the harsh reality. His eyes were clouded with confusion as he furrowed his brow.

"Stay away from me!" he exclaimed, his voice laced with fear and desperation.

"Dad, what's wrong?" I pleaded, desperately searching for answers.

"Have you suddenly forgotten me?"

"They can't kill Dasha," he muttered through his tears, his voice trembling with a mix of determination and anguish.

"I will protect her. I will protect her."

My heart sank as I realized that my father's grief had consumed him to the point of delusion. The weight of his loss had distorted his perception of reality, leaving him trapped in a world where the past held more power than the present. It was a painful realization, one that left me feeling helpless and longing for a way to bring him back to the present.

But I refused to give up on him. I would be his anchor, his guiding light through the darkness that

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had enveloped his soul. With unwavering love and patience, I would help him find his way back to the world of the living, where memories of my mother could coexist with the joys of the present.

"Dad," I whispered, my voice filled with determination.

"I will be here for you, no matter what. Together, we will find a way to heal and honor Mom's memory in a way that brings us peace. But we cannot let the past consume us. We must learn to live in the present, to find happiness amidst the pain."

As I spoke those words, a flicker of recognition crossed my father's eyes.

"Good evening everyone," the voice of a man wearing a white long sleeve appeared near the door.

He is my father's personal doctor and my heart raced as I watched the doctor approach my father.

"Doc, what's wrong with him?" I asked him.

"Calm down," he responded.

He quietly checked his pulse and examined him for a few minutes, and then he turned to me with a grave expression.

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"He suddenly don't remember me and he keeps reminisce about the past," I told him.

"Your father has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. That's why he can't remember much of the present and is constantly reminiscing about the past, especially the loss of your mother."

My eyes grew heavy with tears. I had known that something was wrong, but to hear it confirmed was like a blow to my stomach. I had thought that my father was just had a mild stroke, but now he also has another illness now. The doctor continued to explain the disease to me, but my mind wandered off in shock.

"He needs more guidance and support. Don't worry we will undergo treatment and medication for him," he assured me.

Time passed, and my father became my top priority. I put my own desires on hold in order to take care of him and fulfill his needs. It was crucial for me to be there for him, to ensure that he would remember me once again.

"Dad, have you really forgotten about me?" I couldn't help but ask, my voice trembling with the weight of my emotions.

He gazed into my eyes, his silence stretching out

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for what felt like an eternity.

"Daughter," he finally spoke, a smile gracing his lips.

His words brought a smile to my face. He remembered me, after all.

"Yes, it's me, Dad," I cried tears of joy.

"Where is my grandson? Have you found him yet?" he inquired, his curiosity piqued.

His question caught me off guard, and my mind immediately went to Marco. Oh, how desperately I longed to bring him back from Marcus' clutches.

"Dad, I have already found him," I replied, my smile mixed with tears.

"Where is he? I want to see my grandson," he eagerly asked.

"I will bring him to you as soon as possible. Would you like that?" I asked, my heart brimming with happiness.

He simply nodded, his left side immobilized. I was overjoyed that he had regained his memory. However, there was one more thing I needed to do. I had to retrieve my son from Marcus.

As the tranquilizing medication coursed through

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my father's veins, serenity washed over him, soothing his restless mind. I remained steadfastly by his side, a vigilant guardian of his slumber. However, I couldn't resist the temptation to steal glances at my phone, a modern distraction that tugged at my attention.

Suddenly, my phone rang, and I saw Marcus' name flashing on the screen. I answered it immediately, and my heart softened upon hearing his sweet voice.

"Hi, Samantha. I apologize for disturbing you, but I just wanted to check up on you. How are you?" he asked, genuine concern evident in his words.

His words annoyed me, as they reminded me of my vulnerability. I reminded myself to remain strong, despite the effect his words had on me.

"I'm still breathing," I declared with conviction.

"By the way, it's fortuitous that you've reached out because I have something important to discuss regarding Marco," I inquired.

"As I mentioned before, we mustn't rush everything onto him. He has only recently acknowledged you as his mother. You've been absent from his life for quite a while," I expressed.

"Because of you. Don't think that I've forgotten

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how you mistreated me!" I exclaimed, filled with anger.

"I am aware of my mistakes, which is precisely why I am determined to make amends," he confessed.

"Unbelievable! It's astonishing to hear such words coming from someone as ruthless as Mr. Johnson," I remarked in disbelief.

In the midst of a deafening silence, he mustered the courage to speak, "You won't believe it, but when you walked away, it hit me like a ton of bricks. I finally understood that I'm deeply in love with you, Samantha but it's too late" His admission left me utterly stunned.



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