

Fight for her rights

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I knew it was a manipulation tactic to make me change my mind about getting our son Marco from him.

"What was that all about?" I said, my voice trembling with emotion.

"It's true, Samantha," he assured.

Marcus was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I love you, and I want you to know that. I know I haven't been the good husband for you before, but I want to make it up to you now. I'm very sorry." I apologized.

His words caught me off guard, leaving me stunned. I never anticipated Marcus to reveal such vulnerability. I had always believed that he was manipulating me, playing with my emotions like a puppet on a string.

"Your lies are foolish and transparent. Cease your manipulations immediately. You cannot make a fool out of me. I am not the same Samantha you once knew," I declared with conviction.

"I will take Marco away from you!" I exclaimed, my anger fueling my words.

"Samantha, please," he pleaded desperately.

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Consumed by my rage, I abruptly ended the call. I needed to regain my composure before my emotions carried me away.

Just then, I heard a knock on my door. I looked over and saw Elijah standing there with a bouquet of flowers in his hands. He smiled warmly at me and said, "I heard what happened, so I thought I'd come by and visit you and your dad."

"He is still sleeping," I responded.

I smiled back at him, feeling a sense of calm wash over me. I thanked him for the flowers and asked him to come on the living room downstairs.

The living room was filled with a comfortable silence as Elijah and I sat together on the couch. He had finally worked up his courtship to pursue me, and there's no denying that he possesses an undeniable charm that makes me smile.

"How is your dad doing?" he asked, his voice full of concern.

"He had been diagnosed with Alzheimer disease, and it had been a difficult journey ever since."

I took a deep breath before I spoke again.

"He's doing okay now," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "It's been hard, but we're managing."

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Elijah reached out and took my hand, and I felt a wave of warmth wash over me. He looked into my eyes and said, "You're so strong, and I'm here for you. No matter what happens, I'll always be here to support you."

I gave Elijah a grateful smile and said, "Thank you. That means a lot to me."

"I will wait for your sweet yes, Sam" he smiled at me.

He gave my hand a gentle squeeze, and I could feel my heart swell with emotion. I knew then that I had made the right decision in letting him into my life.

The next morning, I was determined to take an action. It was time to get the help I needed to bring my son home from Marcus. I picked up the phone and dialed Atty. Rancho's number.

Atty. Rancho was a family law specialist. He had represented numerous cases involving children custody. He answered my call right away and I immediately agreed.

I hung up the phone and sat on my bed, feeling a sense of relief.

I thought about my dad, who had been so excited

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to meet his grandson when I told him about Marco. I knew that he wanted to meet his son as soon as possible. This was for him, too.

The next day, I drove to Marcus' house to pick up my son with the address provided by one of my staff when Marcus offered an invitation to his Coffee shop business.

I paused in surprise outside the door of Marcus' house, expecting a grand and luxurious mansion, like the one I he had living before. Instead, I saw a modest and unassuming house, belying the wealth that Marcus had accrued over the years. I had known that his company has already bankrupt and his life has completely change now.

"Karma is real," I mocked.

I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. I heard the sound of someone unlocking the door, and Marcus opened it, his surprise obvious.

"Samantha" he uttered.

He nervously asked, "What brings you here?"

I stepped into the house, followed by my bodyguards and Atty. Rancho, who had accompanied me. I had a feeling that Marcus knew why I had come, and I was not wrong.

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"I am here to get Marco," I said firmly.

Marcus shook his head. "Samantha, please don't do this. You can't do this," he begged.

"Why not? Marco is my son. I'm the mother so I have the full custody of him," I stated.

Atty. Rancho stepped forward and explained the legal situation to Marcus.

Marcus looked stunned. "We can talk about it and negotiate, Samantha. Just don't get Marco away from me,"

"Please I'm begging you just let Marco stay here with me," he begged me.

"Seriously? Mr. Marcus Johnson is begging me now?" I asked sarcastically.

"For my son, I will do everything, Samantha. I may not be a good husband to you before but I'm doing my best to be a good father," he said sincerely.

I felt my blood boiled and my heart aching as the words from my ex-husband, Marcus, echoed in my mind. I had been through so much with Marcus, and he had treated me terribly. I had been pregnant with his son, Dallas, when he had mistreated me, and it had caused Dallas to

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become ill and eventually pass away.

Now, Marcus was talking about being a good father. I wished he could have been a good father to Dallas when he was alive. But now it was too late.

"And let me remind that you were the one who abandoned him. You were the one who left him behind, and now you want to take him away from me? Absolutely not!" he exclaimed.

"You may conveniently forget the way you treated me when I was pregnant. The way you, your mother, and your mistress mistreated and ridiculed me. You are the very reason why I had to leave for the safety of our second child, and now he's gone because of the illness you caused!" I retorted angrily.

"What do you mean?" Marcus asked.

"My second son, Dallas died due to Pneumonia. The Doctor said that it is all because of the stress I endured while I'm pregnant in your hands before!" I said, emotionally.

"I..m sorry, Samantha, I acknowledge that I have been a terrible husband to you, and I deeply regret everything," he responded.

I angrily asked him if his sorry could bring my

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son's life back once more.

"I will never, ever forget what you did," I said firmly.

I clenched my fists, fighting back tears as I looked up into Marcus' eyes. I wanted to scream at him, to tell him how much he had hurt me and how much his actions had cost me. But I couldn't bring herself to do it. Instead, I just stared at him silently, her eyes filled with anger and sorrow.

"Daddy," I heard the sweet voice of a young boy.



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