

### Chasing her son

I swiftly approached my son, Marco, enveloping him in a tight embrace. His expression clearly displayed surprise and discontent.

"Hey," he grumbled.

"Come with me, my dear. I will provide you with everything your heart desires," I assured him.

"Where are we going? Will Daddy accompany us?" he inquired innocently.

"No, my love. It will be just you and me, son. I aim to make amends and grant you a new home," I beamed at him.

However, in an unexpected turn of events, he forcefully pushed me away and sprinted towards Marcus, embracing him tightly.

"I want Daddy," he sobbed.

As I gazed upon my son Marco, tears cascading down his face, my heart shattered. He pleaded with me not to separate him from his father, Marcus. I yearned to heed his plea, but I knew I had to remain resolute. I had to remove him from Marcus, regardless of the immense pain it caused.

"No. You must come with me, son," I insisted.

"Samantha, please do not coerce our son. He is too young to comprehend the entirety of the situation," Marcus implored.

I stepped forward and put my arms around Marco. He clung to me,

his body shaking with sobs. I felt my own tears coming, and I had to bite my lip to stop them.

"You can't stop me, Marcus. We both know that I have the full custody of my son. Don't wait for me to file a case on the court," I threatened him.

"Mr. Johnson, Just let Marco come with us to avoid any complications." Atty. Rancho told him.

I held Marco tighter and whispered soothing words to him, telling him everything was going to be okay. I promised him that I would never leave his side and that I would protect him from anyone who might hurt him.

"Let's go, son. Don't worry everything will be okay," I assured him.

"Daddy!" Marco shouted as he cried.

In my quest to win my son's affection, I willingly turned a deaf ear to the sound of Marco calling out for Marcus, as I firmly insisted that he enter the car. My sole focus lies in doing whatever it takes to capture my son's heart. I am fully aware that this situation is unfamiliar to him, and I empathize with his response. As his mother, I am determined to fight for my rightful place in his life.

After a short while, we eventually reached the grand mansion.

As we stepped out of the car, Marco's tears continued to stream down his face, staining his cheeks with a mix of sadness and confusion. I approached him gently, my voice filled with tenderness and understanding.

"Marco," I said softly, kneeling down to his level.

"I know it's hard for you right now. But please, give me a chance to be your mother." He sniffled, his watery eyes meeting mine for a fleeting moment before diverting away.

His silence was deafening, giving me no indication of what he was truly feeling.

"I promise," I continued, desperation seeping into my voice.

"I'll do everything I can to make it up to you"

I took a deep breath, mustering up all the love and compassion within me.

"Your grandfather is waiting inside, he's been longing to meet you" I mentioned gently.

As Marco and I walked up to my father's room, my heart was pounding with anticipation. I was finally introducing him to my father as his grandson. He had been eagerly anticipating this day's arrival.

But when we stepped inside, my father gave us a cold and confused look.

"Dad, My son Marco." I smiled as I introduced Marco to him.

"Who's Marco?" he asked with confusion.

I could feel my face flush with embarrassment. I quickly introduced Marco and told my father that he was his grandson. But my father just shook his head.

"I don't know him. Leave me now" he said.

I glanced at Marco, and it was evident that he was devastated. I felt a pang of guilt and immediately offered my apologies for my father's harsh reaction.

"Marco, please understand that your grandfather is suffering from Alzheimer's disease. Although he may forget certain things, I assure you he has been searching for you for a long time," I reassured him.

His response was simple yet poignant, "I just want to go home."

"I want to see daddy please," he begged.

Marco's eyes were fixed on me, filled with a mix of curiosity and skepticism. It had been so long since we had seen each other since he was a baby, and I knew I needed to make him understand.

"Marco," I began, my voice barely above a whisper.

"I want you to know how much I've missed you. How much I've wanted to be a part of your life." I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of my words hanging heavily in the air between us.

"Son, please give me a chance to show my love for you," I begged.

"You don't love me." he cried and I wiped his tears using my fingertips.

"Please stop crying, son. I don't want to see you cry," I said with filled of concern.

"I want to see my dad," he insisted.

I stood there, frozen, as Marco's words hung in the air. The pain

surged through me like a hurricane, threatening to break the dam I had built around my heart.

After all I had sacrificed, after everything I had done for our son. It felt like a cruel twist of fate that my ruthless and arrogant ex-husband, Marcus, could win back our son's heart so effortlessly.

"Okay I understand. But please just let me take care of you even just now," I begged him again.

Tears welled up in my eyes as memories flooded my mind.

Now, standing before me was Marco, my sweet boy, looking at me with pleading eyes. "Please," he said softly, his voice tinged with sadness.

"I love you so much, son. Mom loves you very much and all I want is to be with you," I added.

"If you really love me, you'll consider letting me go home," he responded.

In that moment, I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself. I realized that winning Marco's heart and gaining his acceptance as his mother would not be an easy task. Convincing him to stay and live with me seemed like an uphill battle. However, I was determined not to give up.

I crouched down to his eye level, hoping to convey my desire for him to embrace me as his mother. However, I was taken aback when he posed an unexpected question.