White Lies

"Does this mean I have two mothers?" he inquired.

I was taken aback when Marco asked me, his brows furrowed with confusion as he asked about Sofia, whom he referred to as "mom."

My heart skipped a beat, and my blood began to boil beneath my skin. I clenched my fists, trying to steady myself before responding.

"Marco," I said, my voice trembling with a mix of anger and frustration, "Sofia is not your mother. I am your real mother."

His eyes widened in surprise, and I could see the flicker of doubt crossing his face. It was as if the foundation of his existence had been shaken, leaving him unsure of the truth he had believed for so long.

"Dad told me to call her mom. But she's so very strict and bad," he said.

Unable to contain my curiosity any longer, I leaned forward and blurted out, "How did Sofia...how did she treat you?"

Marco's eyes flickered with a mix of emotions before he finally met my gaze. His voice was tinged with a hint of sadness as he began to recount of the events.

Marco's eyes met mine, a mixture of sadness and longing reflecting in his gaze. He took a deep breath, his voice steady yet filled with a tinge of vulnerability. "I don't want to talk. I want my dad!." he said.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down.

"I want to see daddy,"he added.

I stared at Marco, my heart aching with a mixture of frustration and sadness. How could he still long to see Marcus, his father? Didn't he understand the pain I had endured while carrying him in my womb, the mistreatment I had faced? Should I tell everything to him?

I yearned for Marco to choose me, to believe in our bond as mother and son. But it seemed that his desire to be with Marcus overpowered any consideration for my feelings.

"Marco," I pleaded, my voice barely above a whisper, "Please, just give me a chance. Let me be the one who protects you, who loves you unconditionally. You don't need to see your father."

But he remained adamant, his eyes filled with a longing that pierced my soul. "I love my daddy. I want to see him," he cried.

As I held the phone in my hand, the ringtone pierced through the air, disturbing the tranquility of our conversation. Marco's eyes darted towards the screen, curiosity sparkling in his innocent gaze. His voice brimmed with excitement as he asked me the question that I had been dreading. "Is that daddy?" he squealed.

I ignored the call but my phone rang again so I have no choice but to answer it. And Marcus drunken sobs pierced through the phone line as he blubbered, "Please, Samantha, I'm begging you. Just let me talk to my son. I miss him so much."

I said it with conviction, "I couldn't care less!"

As I hung up the phone, the weight of my lie settled uneasily in the pit of my stomach.

"No, son" I lied.

I glanced over at Marco, his innocent eyes clouded with confusion and disappointment. It pained me to see him like this, but I couldn't let him have any contact with Marcus. Not after everything he had put me through.

The anger and resentment surged within me, threatening to consume any trace of compassion or understanding I once had for Marcus. The memories of his mistreatment during my pregnancy resurfaced, each one like a jagged knife piercing my heart.

I knew deep down that it was selfish of me to deny Marco a relationship with his father. But Marcus didn't deserve to be called a father.

Days passed by, as I watched my son, sitting silently on the couch, I couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. Ever since his father, Marcus presence's gone, Marco had been struggling to come to terms with his absence. Despite my efforts to fill the void and be both mother and father to him, I knew deep down that nothing could truly replace the bond he shared with his dad.

With a heavy sigh, I sat down beside Marco and gently placed my hand on his shoulder.

"Hey son," I began softly. "I know things have been tough lately, and I'm sorry." Marco's eyes flickered with a mix of sadness and longing as he looked up at me. His silence spoke volumes.

"My Daddy," he finally whispered, tears welling up in his eyes. "I miss him so much."

Out of nowhere, a thunderous sound echoed outside the window, jolting me from my seat. Curiosity piqued, I swiftly rose and cautiously peered outside to investigate the source. To my astonishment, I spotted Marcus, inebriated and exerting his influence over the Guard to gain entry through the gate. His voice reverberated, calling out my name with urgency.

"Samantha, please! I need to see our son!" he bellowed.

"Samantha!"he shouted.

His intoxicated state infuriated me, igniting a fiery rage within. Without hesitation, I swiftly dialed the Guards' number, instructing them to intervene and remove him from the premises.

But Marcos continued to defy the guards' orders. Frustrated, I found myself compelled to venture outside and confront him directly. I paid no mind to his drunken state; it was inconsequential to me.

"Lydia, please ensure Marco is taken care of. I'll be back," I instructed.

Stepping outside, I swiftly approached the gate, only to be met with the sight of a pitiful and intoxicated Marcus.

To my surprise, he suddenly dropped to his knees, clutching onto my legs desperately.

"Please, I yearn to see my son. I need to see Marco," he begged.

My heart ached, yet I resisted succumbing to this surge of compassion. I reminded myself of the way he had mistreated me in the past. His arrogance and cruelty had reduced me to nothing more than a servant. He deserved to be mistreated and disregarded in

return.

"Leave now, Marcus. You cannot reclaim Marco. I am his mother," I asserted.

"But I am still his father," he insisted, his voice heavy with emotion.

"I don't care. Just leave or I will call a police," I threatened.

Suddenly, a luxurious black car pulled up in front of the grand mansion, catching everyone's attention. Elijah gracefully stepped out of the vehicle, his surprise evident upon seeing Marcus.

"What's going on here?" he inquired, his voice filled with curiosity.

"Who is this man?" he questioned once more, his confusion growing.

"Mr.Johnson," I replied, my voice tinged with a hint of bitterness.

"What is he doing here?!" he exclaimed, his brows furrowing in disapproval.

"Why do you even care about who I am?" Marcus retorted, his tone laced with defiance.

"She is my wife," he slurred, a drunken smile forming on his face.

"No. You are just my Ex-husband!"I protested.

His words momentarily softened my heart, but I quickly reminded myself that it was wrong. I couldn't allow myself to be manipulated by his words.

"Could you please leave, Marcus?" I asked, annoyance seeping into my voice.

He simply chuckled and approached me, but Elijah swiftly blocked his path.

"Who gave you the right to block my way?" Marcus scowled, his frustration evident.

"Did you not hear what she said?" Elijah frowned, his voice filled with authority.

"She said leave!" Elijah exclaimed emphatically.

However, Marcus remained stubborn and unexpectedly punched Elijah in the face. I was taken aback by his actions.

Without hesitation, I rushed to protect Elijah and pushed Marcus away. But Elijah punched his face too.

"Stop it!" I shouted, my voice filled with a mix of anger and concern.

"I said stop it!"I shouted again.

Marcus halted and gazed at me intently.

"Don't you know anything else but to hurt other? Your thick-headedness is astounding!"I asked, emphatically.

"Get out of here!"

"Why are you siding with that man, Samantha?" he questioned, his voice filled with confusion.

For a moment, I fell into silence, unsure if this was the right thing to do. Taking a deep breath, I gathered my courage and spoke.

"Elijah is my boyfriend and you should respect that," I declared, my voice steady and resolute.

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