

### Marco's heart

Marcus narrowed his eyes, his expression morphing into a mix of disbelief and anger. He glanced at Elijah, who stood beside me, his face etched with confusion. I could see the wheels turning in Marcus's mind, trying to make sense of the situation.

"Well, Samantha," Marcus sneered, "I didn't expect you to stoop so low." His voice dripped with disdain.

I swallowed hard, pushing down the guilt that threatened to consume me. This lie was necessary – a desperate attempt to protect Elijah from Marcus's wrath. I had learned Marcus manipulate and control those around him before. But today, I had made up my mind. No longer would I allow him to hurt the people I cared about.

Elijah's grip tightened around my hand, providing me with the strength I needed. "Why don't you just leave us alone, Marcus?" he shot back defiantly.

But suddenly, Marco's voice echoed through the air, catching both our attention. We turned to see him sprinting towards us, with Lydia close behind. My brows furrowed in disapproval, frustrated with Lydia for neglecting her responsibilities of looking after Marco inside the mansion.

"Daddy!" Marco called out, his voice filled with excitement.

"Marco!" I called out, trying to get him to stop.

But he was stubborn, refusing to listen. I took a deep breath, attempting to calm myself down. As I knelt down in front of Marco, I

could see the tears streaming down his face, his small body trembling with each sob. It broke my heart to witness his pain.

"Let's go inside, my son," I whispered gently, my voice filled with understanding.

"You need to leave now," I said to Marcus.

Marco's teary eyes met mine, filled with confusion and longing.

"No, I want to come with you, Dad," Marco cried.

"If you try to take Marco away from me, I will make sure you lose everything, including your business," I threatened.

"Why can't I see him? Why are you keeping me away from him?" Marcus asked, emotionally.

"Because you don't deserve to be his father. I will never forget what you did to me, Marcus. You have no right to be his father," I said, my anger seeping through my words. 1

"Then just go!" I shouted.

In a rush, I pulled myself away from Marcus' grasp and hurried inside the grand mansion with Elijah, carrying Marco in my arms. Marco broke free from me and began to cry. I felt lost, unsure of what to do next. Elijah gently tapped my back, offering comfort.

"I'm at loss. I don't know how to win my son's heart. I don't know how to earn his love. I understand that he's been raised by his father, but if only he knew the truth about what his father did to me, it's so unfair," I confessed.

"Don't give up, Sam. I believe Marco just needs time to adjust. Soon, he'll come to accept and love you as his mother. I can see how much you love him, it's evident," Elijah reassured me.

"Thank you so much for the support, Eli. Thank you for being there for me" I thanked him.

"Of course especially that I am your boyfriend?" he was unsure waiting for my confirmation.

"Right?" he asked, smiling.

I took a deep breath, my heart pounding in my chest. Elijah's gaze was fixed on me, waiting for my response. I could see it in his eyes - the vulnerability, the hope that I would confirm what I had said.

I hesitated for a moment, unsure of how to proceed. Part of me wanted to backtrack, to tell him that it was all just a ruse, a desperate attempt to ward off Marcus' advances. But another part of me, a small voice within, reminded me of the genuine connection I felt with Elijah. The way he made me smile, the way he listened when I spoke - it was different feeling.

"Yes," I finally mustered the courage to say, my voice barely above a whisper. "It's true."

Elijah's face lit up with a wide smile, his eyes sparkling with joy. In that instant, I knew I had made the right decision.

"I promise I will do my best to be the best boyfriend to you. I will never neglected and mistreated you like what that Idiot did to you before," he assured me.

I couldn't help but smile at the reassurance Elijah gave me. Once our conversation ended, he walked over to Marco and spoke to him in a gentle manner.

"Marco, I understand that accepting the changes in your life isn't easy. But I want you to know that your mother loves you deeply," he said with kindness.

Marco looked at him seriously and expressed his desire to see his father, to be with him. I could see the sadness etched on his face, and it touched my heart.

"Marco, can we talk for a while?" he asked, gently.

As I observed Marco's sorrowful expression, memories of my own childhood flooded back to me. The ache of longing for a parent who was absent, the relentless yearning to be reunited with them it was a burden I knew all too well.


"I want my dad," he responded, weakly.

It struck a chord deep within me, intensifying my determination to help Marco through this difficult journey.

Elijah, with his unwavering compassion and understanding, continued speaking to Marco in the gentlest of tones. "I understand how much you miss your father, Marco," he said, his voice laden with empathy.

"But your mother loves you unconditionally. She has been working tirelessly to create a better life for both of you."

Marco's eyes welled up with tears, his vulnerability laid bare for all to

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see.

"But Why would she want my father to leave me?" my son, Marco, asked with a hint of confusion in his voice.

"I longed for a happy family, just like my friends had. First, my mom, Sofia, had left us, and now she claimed to be my mother. But why did she have to be kept me away from dad if it was true? If she really loves me?"

My heart sank at what I heard from him. Am I that bad mother for him?

Elijah, trying to console Marco, replied, "She must have her reasons, Marco."

"But what could those reasons be?" Marco's voice trembled as tears welled up in his eyes.

"You'll find out soon enough. Just know that your mother loves you more than anything," Elijah assured him.

"But if she really loves me, she'll let me be with dad," Marco replied, his words breaking my heart.

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