

Hello, Husband, Goodbye - Acceptance Chapter 6

Acceptance

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My father? That couldn't be possible. My father had died when I was just a little girl. I remembered my mother telling me stories about him, but I had never met him.

"You're lying," I said, my voice trembling with emotion.

"My father is dead." The old man's face fell, and I could see a glimmer of sadness in his eyes.

"I know it's hard to believe, Samantha," he said, using my name.

"But it's the truth. I am your father."

I didn't know what to say. I felt a mix of emotions – disbelief, anger, confusion. How could this stranger claim to be my father?

Before I could say anything else, the door suddenly burst open, and a man in a white coat entered the room. He introduced himself as a doctor and started asking me a series of questions, seemingly unaware of the tension in the room.

"I'm sorry for interrupting," he said, his voice filled with regret.

Tears streamed down my face as I clutched my stomach, feeling a sense of relief wash over me.

"Thank you, God," I whispered, my heart overflowing with gratitude.

Losing my child before even holding him in my arms was a fear that consumed me. Throughout my pregnancy, I was constantly plagued by thoughts of all the things that could go wrong. But now, knowing that my baby was safe, I felt a sense of relief wash over me.

The doctor's words reverberated in my mind, urging me to rest and recover. He pointed out that I had been pushing myself too hard, working tirelessly day in and day out. And he was right. I had been working overtime, trying to secure a better future for my little one. However, I finally realized that in doing so, I was jeopardizing both our well-being.

"I have no other choice," I tried to justify my actions to the doctor.

"I need to work to provide for my child."

But the doctor swiftly reminded me of the potential consequences. If I continued to overexert myself, I could put my baby at risk. The mere thought of losing my child due to my own stubbornness sent a shiver down my spine.

As the doctor left the room, my mind raced with questions. The bombshell he had dropped lingered in the air - the old man in the wheelchair was my father. It was unfathomable. How could this stranger claim to be my father?

The old man gazed at me with a knowing expression.

"I will take care of you and my grandchild, Daughter," he said, breaking the silence that hung between us.

I couldn't help but scoff at his words.

"I don't understand why you're calling me daughter. I don't even know you," I replied, emphasizing my disbelief.

His face fell, but he didn't seem taken aback by my reaction.

"I understand that you may not accept me. But whether you believe it or not, I am your father, and I have been searching for you for a long time," he pleaded, attempting to convince me.

I struggled to comprehend what he was saying. I had grown up without parents, raised by my grandmother. I had no knowledge of what my parents looked like, let alone why they had abandoned me.

As I reflected on the life I had led, tears welled up in my eyes.

"Living alone with my grandmother, without ever knowing my parents or what they look like, it's been a lonely journey," I confessed, my voice quivering with raw emotion.

The old man's face softened as he attentively listened to my words.

"I just need to protect your life from a dangerous group of syndicates who wanted to harm us. They already killed your mother" he explained.

His words hit me like a wave, freezing my heart in its tracks.

"They killed my mother?" I managed to whisper, my voice barely audible. With a heavy heart, the old man nodded.

"Yes, and they wanted to kill you too. I couldn't bear to let that happen, so I had to stay away to ensure your safety," he revealed.

My mind spun with the weight of this newfound knowledge. My mother was gone, and my father had sacrificed his presence to shield me. It was almost too much to comprehend.

"Why did they become angry with you? Why did they take the life of my mother?" I questioned, my mind filled with confusion.

"My once trusted and closest friend betrayed me. He was consumed by jealousy over my wealth and ended up becoming the mastermind behind a network of criminals," I explained.

"I'm sorry for all the pain you've endured, my dear Daughter. But I promise you, I will make it right. I will be there for you, starting from this moment," the old man vowed, reaching out to hold my trembling hand.

I gazed into his eyes, sensing the genuine sincerity within them. Amidst the confusion and anguish, a longing for this man who claimed to be my father began to stir within me.

"I want to believe you, but it's incredibly difficult," I confessed, my voice quivering with a mix of emotions.

He nodded understandingly, his grip on my hand tightening.

"I understand, and I don't expect your forgiveness right away. However, I hope that we can begin to build a relationship now that we have found each other," he expressed earnestly.

I nodded, my emotions swirling between overwhelming and a glimmer of hope.

The bond I shared with him triumphed, even amidst the chaos and uncertainty.

A few moments later, the door swung open, and to my surprise, a group of men entered, bowing before me.

"Who are they?" I asked, my confusion evident as I examined them from head to toe.

Dressed in sleek black suits, these gentlemen exuded both masculinity and height.

"They are our bodyguards," my father explained.

"They will be your protectors," he added.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. How could an ordinary, impoverished woman like me, pregnant and living alone as a single mother, have bodyguards as if I were a queen?

This sudden change in my life was beyond anything I had expected.

Months passed, and I found myself still recovering, but feeling uncomfortable with the way they treated me like a princess within my father's mansion.

As I descended the stairs towards the kitchen, one of the maids spotted me and immediately panicked.

"Madam, why are you here? What do you need?" she asked, her voice filled with panic.

"Are you hungry? Do you need water?" she continued, her worry evident.

"Hey, calm down," I reassured her, my voice calm and composed.

"No, Madam. Your father has strictly commanded us to serve you and ensure you don't tire yourself," she insisted.

"No need to worry. I'm fine, okay?" I assured her.

"I'll only grow sicker and weaker if I'm confined to my bed and trapped in my room like a prisoner," I added.

Suddenly, my father's voice echoed from behind, and we both turned to see him. I smiled at him.

"Daughter, why are you here? Do you need something?" he asked.

"I'm just bored, and I feel weak when I stay in my room," I replied.

"Okay. How are you feeling now?" he asked, concern lacing his tone as he wheeled his chair closer to me.

"I'm better and I think I'm about to give birth days from now. Anyway, Thank you for everything you've done. Thank you for your help," I expressed my gratitude.

"That's good to hear and you're always welcome, daughter. Anyway, can I ask you a favor, if it's alright with you? I won't rush you, don't worry," he said.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Can you please call me dad?" he asked.

As his words sank in, I fell into a momentary silence, contemplating his suggestion. Why not call him dad?

After all, he had been there for me, helping me through the toughest times. The bitterness and anguish that had consumed me for so long now gave way to a profound sense of gratitude as I finally found the answers I had been seeking.

With a warm smile, I looked at him and said, "Yes, Dad."

Tears welled up in his eyes as he heard those words. Overwhelmed with joy, he eagerly extended his arms, inviting me into a heartfelt embrace.

"May I hug you, my daughter?" he asked, his voice filled with emotion. In that moment, my emotions got the better of me, and tears streamed down my face as I embraced him.

However, as soon as I let go, a sudden pain gripped my stomach, causing me to cry out in distress. Frantically, I urged my father to rush me to the hospital. I'm about to give birth...

"I think I'm on the verge of giving birth" My heart started racing and I couldn't help but panic...

