

Who is she now?

The panic surged within me as I hurriedly made my way through the hospital doors. My heart raced so rapidly that I feared it might burst free from my chest. It was imperative that I reached the delivery room to ensure the safety of my precious baby.

"Please, Doctor, ensure the safety of my little one," I pleaded.

As we approached the elevator, a second wave of pain washed over me, causing me to gasp for breath. I desperately tried to steady my breathing.

"Please hurry," I implored the nurse.

"Stay calm, ma'am," the nurse responded soothingly, as I attempted to calm myself.

Finally, we arrived on the delivery floor. The concern etched on their faces was evident as they swiftly guided us into a room. The doctor was already prepared and waiting. The contractions grew stronger and more frequent. The pain was unbearable, but my sole focus was on the precious life growing inside me.

I prayed fervently for the well-being of my child, for everything to be alright. The doctor and nurses moved swiftly around me, preparing for the delivery. The pressure in my stomach intensified, signaling that the time was near.

"Ahhhhh!" I screamed.

"One more!" commanded the doctor.

"Ahhhhh!" I screamed once more, giving it my all to push my baby into the world.

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And then, at long last, I heard the sweet sound of my baby's cry.

Tears streamed down my face as the doctor gently placed my baby on my chest. In that moment, all the pain and worry dissipated as I cradled my precious bundle in my arms. I knew that from this point forward, my life would never be the same. And as I gazed into my child's beautiful eyes, I realized that I would move mountains for him.

My heart brimmed with joy and gratitude as I cradled my precious newborn in my arms. Yet, amidst the overwhelming emotions, thoughts of my son, Marco, flooded my mind, causing tears to cascade down my cheeks.

"Congratulations! What will be his name?" the nurse inquired.

"Dallas," I replied, my voice filled with a mixture of pride and affection.

The doctor beamed at me, extending his warm congratulations for the successful delivery. After an hour of recovery in the operating room, I was transferred to my room.

"Don't forget to take your medications. I've already provided you with a prescription, Mrs. Johnson," the doctor reminded me. 1

My blood boiled at the mention of the name "Mrs. Johnson." I expressed my discomfort and requested to be called Samantha instead.

"Please, just call me Samantha. I'm not comfortable being referred to as Mrs. Johnson," I asserted.

"Okay, I apologize, Ms. Samantha. That was the name written on your ID card," the doctor apologized.

"It's alright," I reassured him, attempting to calm myself as memories

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of the past flooded my mind.

"I must admit, my ex-husband and I are already legally separated," I confided.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Johnson, I mean Ms. Samantha," the doctor apologized once again.

Shaking my head, I couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration at the repeated use of that name. However, the doctor simply smiled and bid me farewell.

"Anyway, I must be on my way. I have many patients waiting for me," he explained.

"Alright, Doc. Thank you!" I responded gratefully.

Days passed, and I was finally discharged from the hospital. Taking care of my child brought immense happiness, and I could see the joy in my father's eyes every time he laid eyes on his grandchild.

"No words can express how happy I am to see my grandchild," he exclaimed, a smile gracing his face.

"I wish you could also meet my first son, Marco. I miss him dearly, Dad. Dallas reminds me of his brother," I shared, a bittersweet smile forming as I fought back tears.

"Marco? Where is he?" he asked, his confusion evident.

As I gathered the courage to share my past with my father, I could see the anger in his eyes as he listened intently to my story.

"Why did they treat you like that?!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with empathy.

"It was a forced marriage due to my pregnancy. It was a huge

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"Why did they treat you like that?!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with empathy.

"It was a forced marriage due to my pregnancy. It was a huge mistake, Dad," I explained.

"I want to meet my grandchild. I want to see him," he said.

"Me too, Dad. You have no idea how much I miss him," I replied, my voice filled with emotion.

"That's why I want to bring him here. Where is he?" he asked desperately.

"He's currently living with my ex-husband, Dad. I have no updates about him. I don't even know if he still recognizes me as his mother," I said, the sadness evident in my voice.

"He should recognize you, Daughter. Don't let your son grow up without a mother like you did," he urged.

Taking a deep breath to calm myself, my heart aching with pain, I wondered how I could take my son away from my ex-husband. How could I face him again?

"I'm not ready yet. I'm not ready to confront my ex-husband after everything he put me through," I confessed.

"I will help you," he assured me.

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"I promised my son that I would bring him back soon, but I don't think now is the right time," I admitted.

"Yes, I want you to be prepared. I want you to be stronger than ever before. Have you ever considered that you can become a better version of yourself?" he asked.

I let out a sigh, surprised by the words that followed.

"Come with me to my office, daughter. I have something for you," he invited.

Curiosity piqued, I followed him to his office, where I saw him retrieve a large envelope and place it on his desk.

He looked at me with a smile and said, "All of these properties are for you." I was taken aback by his words and he then handed me an envelope, urging me to open it. As I unfolded the letter inside, my eyes widened in disbelief as I read the titles of the numerous lots. There were over 50 lots, including several luxurious resorts.

"Seriously, Dad?" I exclaimed, unable to comprehend the magnitude of what he was saying.

"Yes, not only that, but all of my money in the bank as well. The process is already underway for you to have your own banks," he replied.

"It's too much, Dad," I protested, overwhelmed by his generosity.

"No, my dear. You deserve all of this because you are my only daughter," he assured me.

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"But I haven't contributed to your hard work. I don't deserve any of this," I insisted.

"Accepting me as your father is more than enough for me. I want to make it up to you," he said sincerely, taking my hand and looking into my eyes.

In that moment, my heart softened, and I felt a wave of emotions wash over me. I wanted to cry tears of gratitude.

"I'm already old, Daughter. I don't know how much time I have left in this world. That's why I want you to continue what I have started. All of my properties, as well as my grandchild, will be yours," he said gently. 1

"Dad, please don't say that. You will live a long and healthy life with us," I pleaded.

"I will tell you this. You can get everything you want now. You are a Trillionaire's daughter. Just tell me your plans and I will always at your back,"he said seriously. 2



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