

Johnson's Mansion

1 year later.

As I sat in my room, surrounded by empty bottles of liquor, I couldn't help but feel like I was drowning. Drowning in my own misery and sorrow. It had been a year since my baby Dallas died and I still couldn't shake off the pain.

My father's voice broke through my thoughts, "Please daughter, stop drowning yourself in liquor. Fix yourself please. You can't mourn forever because of your son's loss."

His words were like a slap to my face, awakening me from my numbness.

"You don't know how I feel, Dad. You don't have the right to say that!" I cried, my voice filled with emotion.

My father sat beside me, his hand resting on my shoulder. "I may not know exactly how you feel, but I do know that Baby Dallas wouldn't want to see you like this. He would want you to be strong for your other son."

"M..Marco?" I stammered when I remembered him.

My father's eyes softened as he spoke again, "You still have Marco. Remember? He needs his mother now more than ever."

It was like a light bulb went off in my head. Marco. My other son who had been pushed to the side in my overwhelming grief. I had forgotten that he was still here, still needing me.

Tears streamed down my face as I made a decision. "I need to get him from Marcus. I need my son now, Dad"

My father's face lit up with hope. "Yes, that's the spirit. But look at you now. How can you get him when you look so very miserable?." he responded.

"You can't be like that forever if you want to be a good mother for your son," he advised.

My father was right. I couldn't mourn forever. I needed to fix myself, for my son's sake. And in doing so, I found a new purpose in life. I would honor Dallas's memory by being the best mother I could be for Marco. But how can I get him from Marcus?

"I will get my son!" I said, my voice shaking with emotion and determination. My father looked at me with concern and placed a comforting hand on my shoulder.

"Then get up! I am here to support you," he said, his eyes filled with understanding.

I took a deep breath and got up from my seat, ready to face the world and fight for justice for my son. In that moment, I remembered the reason behind Dallas' illness. It was all because of Marcus and his mistreatment of me, Sofia, and her mother.

The stress and heartache caused by their actions had taken a toll on my baby's fragile health. And now, he was gone. My heart ached at the thought of never being able to hold my baby boy again.

"We will do it in a legal way. I will call my Attorney for this," he responded.

"If not because of them, Baby Dallas was not supposed to die. They will pay for it," I said, my voice filled with anger and hatred towards Marcus and his family.

My father nodded in agreement, his eyes filled with concern. He knew how much I loved my son and how much his death had affected me.

"But now you should fix yourself, Samantha. You can't get your son if you are like that."

"I'm sorry, Dad. I just don't know how to move on from baby Dallas' death. I know I will not be able to see him again," I cried.

My father tapped my shoulder to comfort me and it makes me relieve at those times.

"You are not alone, daughter." he said sincerely.

And as we walked out of the room, ready to take on the world, I knew that Dallas was watching over us, guiding us on our path to justice. I would make sure that his memory lived on and that he would always be remembered as the innocent and beautiful angel he was.

As the days went by, I would rise from my slumber and gather the shattered pieces of my heart. Each morning brought a glimmer of hope, a chance to heal the wounds inflicted upon my soul.

As the sun began to rise, a soft knock on my door startled me from my peaceful morning routine in the bathroom. It was one of the maids, her voice filled with urgency as she relayed the news of Atty. Rancho's presence downstairs, eagerly waiting for me. Without a moment's delay, I leaped out of bed and hurriedly stood before the

mirror, hastily tidying up my disheveled appearance and swiftly changing my clothes. Could this be the day I would finally reunite with my dear son?

The anticipation was almost unbearable.

Moments later, I descended the staircase and there he was, Atty. Rancho, wearing a warm smile that instantly put me at ease.

He greeted me with a polite "Good morning, Madam," before explaining his purpose for being here.

"My dear Madam, your father has entrusted me with the task of securing your rights as a mother. I am here to guide you through the legal process," he spoke calmly, his words like a soothing balm to my weary soul.

Gratitude filled my heart as I expressed my thanks to Atty. Rancho.

"But tell me, how can we make this happen? When will I be reunited with my precious son?" I asked, my voice trembling with worry.

"First, I would like to gather some information about the child," he replied, his tone gentle yet inquisitive.

"Who is currently caring for him? Who has taken on the responsibility?" A lump formed in my throat as I mustered the strength to answer.

"M...My ex-husband," I whispered, the pain of the past resurfacing.

Curiosity danced in Atty. Rancho's eyes as he probed further.

"May I ask why you entrusted your child to your ex-husband? What

led you to make that decision?"

Tears welled up in my eyes as I recounted the painful truth. "I had to protect my unborn child from the mistreatment and abuse I endured. I nearly lost my baby once, and now my sacrifices seem in vain as he is no longer with us," my voice quivered with raw emotion.

"I regret to hear of this unfortunate situation," he expressed his sympathy.

"Initially, it is crucial that we approach your ex-husband in a respectful manner to avoid any complications. However, if he refuses to comply with my request, we will be compelled to take legal action to get your son. Rest assured, you have custody of your son, but as a father, we will strive to treat him with some level of respect. Is that acceptable, Madam?" he inquired calmly.

"No. I believe he does not deserve any respect, Atty. I will do whatever it takes to get my son," I stated firmly.

"That is the main objective. However, it is important for you to remain calm. They may use your emotions against you, so please try to stay composed. I assure you, we will be able to get your son," he responded.

"Understood, Atty," I acknowledged.

"Do you happen to know the address of your ex-husband so that we may proceed there?" he asked.

"Yes, Atty," I replied.

"Shall we proceed?" he inquired.

"Yes, lets go," I responded, my voice filled with longing for him.

"Good luck, daughter," my father said from behind, and I turned to look at him, embracing him tightly.

"Thank you so much, Dad,"I thanked him.

As we embarked on our journey to the city, a whirlwind of emotions consumed me within the confines of the car. Honestly, I was unsure if I was truly prepared to face him once again. However, my determination to get my son from him drove me relentlessly back to the mansion I had once left.

After an hour-long drive, we finally arrived in front of Johnson's grand mansion. Memories of everything that had transpired flooded my mind. The intense emotions of hatred, anger, and pain overwhelmed me as I recalled the night Sofia humiliated me in front of everyone. It was a painful reminder of the moment I had to reluctantly part ways with my son. 1

My heart raced as I stood outside the gates of this extravagant estate.

Taking a deep breath, I took a step forward and knocked on the front door, with Atty. Rancho right by my side. The gate was opened by a guard, and Atty. Rancho wasted no time in addressing him.

"We are in search of Mr. Johnson," Atty. Rancho stated.