

Chapter 6

A man in his fifties was sitting on a throne like chair, holding a book named Panic.

He's my father.

"D-dad?" I said stuttering.

He nodded, tear starting to form in his eyes. he put the book down and ran to embrace me.

It felt warm, I was suddenly emotional, first time having someone to embrace, knowing my father for the first time in my 23 years of existence.

"W-why did you leave me? w-who, where is my mother?" I asked hurriedly.

A faint smile appeared in his lips.

"I am Marcos Eastwood, your father and your mother.. your mother is dead." He avoided my eyes as if he's afraid as he announced my mother dead.

"How did she die?" I asked, conscious and worried.

He took a deep breath and motioned the seat beside his chair earlier.

As we took seat, he closed his eyes for a while, probably thinking or reminiscing I guess.

"Amelia Warner, she's your mother." He finally said.

Below the cabinet beside him, he got a small velvet box protected with a passcode, entered few numbers and got a polaroid.

A beautiful woman with a man in her age, It's not my father.

"Your mother married me out of impulse, after being broken by the man she loves, she ran off to me, her beloved's enemy, I loved her first, so who am I to refuse her?" He was smiling, but his eyes tells otherwise.

"You happened to us, she took you as distraction to ease her broken heart but that bastard came back and stole her from me." With his last word, he couldn't help but broke into tears.

Marcus felt pain for his father.

"She betrayed me and tried to break down my wealth so her man could be the number one, and I.. I killed them, I'm so sorry son, I couldn't forgive myself for killing you mother, sorry."

Marcus shed tears hearing the story of his father and mother. His father is a victim of love, his mother also is, but she was blinded unlike my father.

Marcos kneeled down to his son, continuously begging for forgiveness.

"Dad, I understand, just.. just give me some time to take it all." He said.

His father nodded, still tearful.

"How did I end up with Aunt Mary and Uncle Bryan?" He suddenly asked.

His father's face flash regret for a while before responding, "Mary is your mother's sister, she probably got you from your mother to prevent using you against me. She was a good woman, how I wished I just fell in love with her than your mother."

With that, Marcus finally understands what happened to him.

"Dad? Is this what you want me to tell so you asked to see me for the first time?" He asked.

"Son, I'm at my late age, I want you to manage our business and also enlarge our family, only you are my son, and my family left aside from you is my little sister and brother." His father was straightforward, he kind of expected his answer though from the looks of this house.

"But I'm weak dad, I don't think I can do it all." He sadly responded.

His dad suddenly felt guilty knowing that his son suffered so much from living as a poor university scholar.

"I'm sorry son for being late, I never intended to prolong your sufferings, I just can't muster up my courage to meet you, now I have, I promise to give back all to you." His face full of guilt was evident, Marcus can't help reminisce all his suffering and realized how lucky he had been to change fate within a day.

He slightly smiled and nodded, "I understand."

"I will make you strong before I leave this world."

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