

Her grief

I was in complete disbelief as my father revealed the staggering amount of money I had inherited and the freedom it granted me. The sheer magnitude of the sum left me speechless, still trying to process the fact that I was now the daughter of a trillionaire.

However, our conversation came to an abrupt halt when Lydia, one of our trusted maids who take cared for Baby Dallas, burst into the room in a state of panic. Both my father and I exchanged concerned glances as she apologized for the interruption.

With a trembling voice, Lydia informed us that Dallas had a high fever. My heart skipped a beat and I immediately sprang into action, following Lydia as she led me to Dallas's room. My father was right behind me, his worry evident.

As we entered the room, my heart sank at the sight of Dallas lying in his crib, his face flushed and his tiny body shivering. It was a heartbreaking sight that sent me into a state of panic.

"Dad, what do we do? We need to get him to a doctor," I pleaded, my voice trembling with fear.

My father nodded, already dialing our family doctor's number on his phone. I quickly grabbed a blanket and wrapped it around Dallas, hoping to provide some comfort amidst his trembling.

"Son, what happened to you?" I cried, my voice filled with anguish.

As we anxiously awaited the doctor's arrival, my mind was consumed with worry for my son. The fear and panic were overwhelming, but I

knew we would do everything in our power to ensure Dallas's well-being.

Finally, the doctor arrived, and I couldn't help but feel anxious as I asked him about my son's condition.

"Doc, what's wrong with my son? How is he?!" I asked, my voice filled with panic.

"Your baby has severe pneumonia and a fever due to dehydration. We need to administer an antibiotic injection as soon as possible," he responded...

"We need to transfer him to our hospital for comprehensive treatment. It's not a common condition, but a severe one," he added.

"Oh my God. Let's go now, Doc." I panicked.

"I will do everything I can. Don't worry, Madam," he said calmly.

When we arrived at the hospital, we immediately took him to a room, and I couldn't help but cry as I watched him cry. The pediatric doctor quickly administered the antibiotic injection. As I saw my son endure the pain, I couldn't help but feel sorry for him, wishing it was me instead.

On the other hand, my father comforted me and assured me that everything would be fine. He had complete trust in our doctor, and I promised the doctor an additional payment once my son was okay. 1

A few moments later, the doctor approached me and informed me that Dallas was still under observation. I couldn't help but ask him how long it would be. Unfortunately, he couldn't give me a definite answer.

"I'm sorry, but I can't assure you, madam. It depends on how his body responds to the antibiotic," he said.

"Okay, Doc. But can I ask you something?" I inquired.

"Yes, ask me anything," he smiled at me.

"Why does he have this illness? I gave birth to him in a healthy manner. He was a healthy baby boy," I said.

"Madam, Dallas wasn't really healthy because during your pregnancy, I believe you were under a lot of stress, right?" he asked.

A few seconds before I responded, I remembered everything that happened before. It was all because Marcus mistreated me. His mother and fiancé mocked me. I almost miscarried him before. I almost lost my son because of my heartless and ruthless ex-husband and Sofia.

In the wake of Dallas' uncertain fate, a resolute determination surged within me. I vowed that each and every one of you would bear the consequences if any harm befell him.

The torment and mistreatment I endured throughout my pregnancy have inflicted an undeserved suffering upon my son. It is an affliction that he should never have to endure.

As the days slipped by, Dallas remained under close observation within the confines of the hospital. I refused to leave his side, my unwavering presence a testament to the fierce love and protection I held for my child. "Madam, you must allow yourself some respite and rest,"

Lydia gently suggested, her voice laced with concern.

"I will take over the care of Dallas for a while."

"I can't sleep, Lydia," I whispered, my voice filled with exhaustion and worry.

Lydia, my trusted companion, looked at me with concern in her eyes.

"You should sleep, madam. Baby Dallas is relying on your milk for nutrients. Your stress and fatigue can affect him too. Please take care of yourself and rest now," she advised gently.

I glanced over at my precious son, his tiny form peacefully sleeping. Taking a deep breath, I realized Lydia was right. I needed to prioritize my own well-being for the sake of my baby.

"Okay, Lydia. Thank you for your concern," I replied gratefully, acknowledging her wisdom.

As the night wore on, the darkness seemed to weigh heavily on my restless mind.

Suddenly, at around 2:00 am, I jolted awake, my heart pounding in my chest and a chill running down my spine. Lydia's urgent voice echoed in my ears, but it took a moment for my foggy mind to comprehend her words. "Madam, wake up! Something's wrong with Dallas!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with alarm.

As soon as I woke up, my eyes flew open and I sat upright in bed, my palms already damp with sweat. A surge of panic began to build in my chest as I struggled to comprehend Lydia's words. Something was amiss with my son, Dallas?

"Call the Doctor now!" I exclaimed.

The mere thought was incomprehensible, and my gaze immediately fixated on my precious boy. My breath hitched in my throat as I beheld Dallas lying motionless on his bed, his complexion a ghostly shade of violet. It was as if all the life had been drained from his body, and he lay there, devoid of his usual vitality and cries.

A wave of dread crashed over me, realizing that something grave was afflicting my little one. Tears welled up in my eyes as I hurried to his side, my hands trembling as I attempted to reach out to him. But before I could even make contact, a team of doctors burst into the room, their expressions grave and resolute.

My heart sank as I watched the doctors desperately trying to bring Dallas back to life. The room felt heavy with despair, and I could hardly bear to witness the possibility of losing my precious son.

I stood there, feeling utterly helpless, as the doctors worked tirelessly to save Dallas. My mind was racing, desperately searching for a glimmer of hope amidst the chaos. How could this be happening? How could my vibrant and lively son be lying there, motionless and unresponsive?

With each passing minute, my hope began to wane. The doctors were doing everything in their power, but it seemed as though fate had a different plan. Time seemed to stretch on endlessly as I anxiously awaited any sign of life from Dallas. But as the doctors persisted, their frustration and fear became palpable. And then, the unthinkable occurred. The monitor flatlined, and my son's lifeless body lay before me.

The doctor turned to me, his eyes filled with sorrow and defeat. His voice trembled as he delivered the devastating news. "I'm sorry," he whispered softly. "We did everything we could, but we couldn't revive him."

I couldn't comprehend the words that were spoken. My mind refused to accept the reality, and my heart rebelled against the notion of losing my beloved child. I cried out in disbelief, desperately clinging to the hope that this was all just a terrible nightmare.

But it wasn't a nightmare. The doctor's apology pierced through my heart like a dagger. I was rendered speechless, motionless, and breathless. It felt as though the world around me was crumbling, and I was left in a state of unimaginable grief. ¹

I crumpled to the ground, my cries echoing through the room. The doctor tried to console me, but his words fell upon deaf ears. I couldn't fathom a life without my son. The pain was unbearable, and I felt as though I had been thrust into a never-ending nightmare.

My heart shattered once more as I wailed in anguish, "I've lost another son!"



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