

Prologue

Cassandra was late again!

She worked at a coffee shop and was a single mother, she never mentioned it. Not she was embarrassed of it but because she didn't want to mix work with personal.

Her son woke up sick that day, and she had to leave him in the care of her sister, while she went to work. *Her sister Cassidy, was always helping her, without her she didn't know what she would do!*

Cassandra's, was the waitress in the local coffee shop, not that she loved her job, but it was an honest living. Her husband, or her fiancé, left her in the altar and after that she didn't wouldn't trust men, after that.

She couldn't bring herself to date anyone after the *incident* that happened five years ago. Cassandra was so in love, and she was sure he loved her. But he never arrived, and after that he never called or wrote to her, actually it was as if he had simply vanished.

Cassandra never came in contact with him again, later she found out from a friend that the wedding day they had ran away together. *The bastard! How could he?* Her friends turned their backs at her, except for one Julie:

He was the man she had fallen for but he didn't love her. Later she found out she was pregnant, and when she told the family, the news they didn't take it well, especially her father.

She was kicked out the house and times were tough for her, as she found herself alone. Cassidy, stayed in contact with her, she was the only family member that did, but their parents didn't know. Cassandra decided on having the baby, and named him after his father, Thomas.

Thomas was four years old, and he was going to start school. It bothered Cassandra that he would see other kids that had fathers but he never saw his. She wasn't about to tell him that his father was an asshole who left them for another family.

Julie, was her friend they worked together at the same coffee shop, she was the only one that knew about her son.

The day that her parents, kicked her out was terrible, not only was she completely alone but she had no money, and no job. Julie was the one who picked her up at the bus stop, after getting a very sad phone call from her.

It was midnight when Julie got up to take the call, and when she heard her friend was alone, that her family and friends totally deserted her, she left to the bus stop where she stood in the cold.

She decided to let Cassandra stay and she would help her out with the baby, when he was born. Cassandra would start working after Thomas was born, at first since she never had a job things were hard.

But now she had her own place for her and her son.

Cassidy would always visit her, after telling her parents she would be going out with friends. She never lied, Cassandra was a friend to her, other than her sister, but if they found out she was visiting her sister, they would probably disown her, just like they did to her sister.

Cassandra would still want to know how everyone was and anything new in the family, they had a brother named Stanley and he was still in high school, their dad wanted him to go to college and become a lawyer or a doctor, while he was more interested in music.

When Stanley bought himself a guitar their father threw a fit, and they didn't speak for a whole month! But things were more normal now, Cassidy was actually taking an economics course, she was interested in owning her own business one day.

Her mother, Olivia was angry when she found out that her daughter was pregnant, but never thought of kicking her out.

She had hired someone to look for her, without her family's knowledge, she wanted to know from her, and wanted to meet her grandson- if possible ask her to come back. She would convince Harold somehow.

Harold was the father, he was always proud, he had been raised by his father who had been a soldier. But although he didn't like to admit it, he was soft in the inside. He wasn't a bad person, but he was always about order, honor and respect, when he found out Cassandra had broken the rules, to him it was more like breaking the 'law.'

He was not the type to admit he was wrong to kick her out, although he had he was expecting for her to come back asking for forgiveness. He would have too, if she just came back home.

That night he went looking for her when she wouldn't come back, he tried calling her, and she wouldn't answer, later he found out she had left her cell phone in the rush when he kicked her out she left it in the kitchen table.

When it was dark, and it started to rain, he went out to his car and found that the paper with all her friends numbers were gone. He went in search for her, looked all night, but with no luck, *well at least she was with a friend*. But still he couldn't help the feeling of guilt, which never left him after that.

Later the next day Cassandra called and left a message saying she was staying with a friend that she was alright, and she never left a number, her sister Cassidy found

her, through e mail. They kept in touch that way until Cassidy thought it would be ok to go see her.

Chapter 1

Cassidy was waiting tables when she saw a familiar face coming into the restaurant, it was Rebecca one of her friends, use to be her friend they stopped talking long ago. Her boss called her into the office, and she was glad.

She wasn't going come close to their table, Rebecca brought a date. And with a look she warned Julie, danger that way. When Julie saw she sent someone else to cover for her for that table, last they heard from her she was a successful business woman with her own firm, of lawyers.

Cassandra stepped into the office, it was small it only fit the computer desk and chairs. They had arrange it to look spacious but it was cramped, how could he stand that?

Mr. Winston, was sitting comfortably in his chair tapping his fingers together, and staring at Cassandra until she took a seat. She sat uncomfortably, in the chair, "why were you late Cassandra? This isn't the first time, and I'm afraid..."

"Please sir, I can explain, my..."

"No explanations, please, I just want to tell you that if you are late again you will have to look somewhere else to go, understand? We are very busy, if you can't handle it, how will you ever be any better?"

"Mr. Winston, I had an emergency at home, I understand I was late but it won't happen again, I promise."

"Cassandra, I know how hard you've been working you are actually one of my best workers and I've given you many chances, let this be the last time."

“Thank you Mr. Winston, I promise it won’t happen again.” He had given her chances, before, but between a four year old, hiring a baby sitter and work it was a lot, and she was stressed out at the end of the day.

She knew that Mr. Winston had been very patient with her, which is why she was always very thankful, which is why she worked extra time when she was late, to make up for the time lost. She always worked her hours.

She went to the counter where Julie was calling her, to ask what had happened in there. “Mr. Winston, said I can’t be late anymore.”

“But you’re not late, the time changed remember, you are actually an hour early, you haven’t been late, well not today at least. You were only late one day last week, I’ll talk to him, he probably forgot about the time change.”

“Thank you, I thought I was late.”

“No, you’re not the only one he was mad at today, there were other’s, and since he’s not mad at me I’ll explain it.”

Julie left to knock at Mr. Winston’s door, before Cassandra could say anything. She went inside and came back out with Mr. Winston behind her. He had a look of surprise when he saw the clock on the wall had a different time than the clock in his office.

“I’m so sorry Cassandra, you are doing a fine job, I should have looked at the time before, but my clock was wrong.”

Cassandra was surprised, not that he was a mean man but she never thought he would be the kind to make a mistake, especially one as simple as that! “It’s ok, Mr. Winston, I will get back to work now, than you.”

He paid her extra for that week he was embarrassed of the mistake he had made. When Cassandra was leaving she switched the open sign to close, she was ready but as she opened the door, she wasn’t watching where she was going and she bumped into a man. Both falling on the floor.

The man looked like he was in a hurry, “hey watch where you’re going!” he got up but didn’t bother to look at her, he grabbed all his papers, and shook the shoulders of his jacket, like if he had dust.

Jerk! She stood and yelled, “excuse me? I think that the restaurant is closed, you have to get out, now!” she grabbed him by the arm and before he spoke she led him out.

He shook his arm off, “get your hands off me! I need to see Mr. Winston, he is the owner of this place, isn’t he?”

“I’m sorry, who are you?”

“Excuse me, I’ll ask again is Mr. Winston here?” the man bent down at her as if to look down at her. “I *need* to see him, it is a personal matter, I just need to ask him a few questions.”

Cassandra was glaring back at him, “then I suggest you come tomorrow, I just finished my work here, and I have to get back home, I can’t leave a strange man in here.”

The man stood up straight, he pulled his glasses out of his pocket and placed them on his nose, he went outside and read the ‘closed’ sign. Cassandra was surprised, *he wasn’t looking down at her he needs glasses!* “At what time are they going to be open tomorrow?”

Cassandra’s glare turned to a softer look, *he wasn’t looking down at her*, “you can come at any time after noon because that’s when Mr. Winston comes, until six.”

The man took out a notepad, and wrote down after noon, “what is your name?”

“Can I ask, what for?”

“So that I can tell Mr. Winston, the name of the woman who should be fired, at site, did you know you can’t just walk up to someone and purposely knock them down? You could’ve said it was closed but you decided to knock me down before you did.”

Cassandra’s eyes went wide eyed, “excuse me? I... how could you possibly think I had anything to...”

“Your name.”

“Anonymous, and I have to leave, I really have to get home, so excuse me. But if you have a misunderstanding you shouldn’t take it out on me, I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I will let Mr. Winston know about this! You hear, your not getting away that easily, I am a private detective who was privately hired to look for someone, and you are not being helpful.” He handed her a card.

Cassandra was bothered, *so cocky* but she tried to stay calm, after all he wouldn’t see her the next day, she wasn’t coming to work until Monday.

“Perfect! But I don’t work here, I am a business owner myself,” she lied, “I have a friend that works here.”

Cassandra saw the man place his glasses back on, as he looked at her, from head to toe, “you don’t look like a business woman to me.”

Cassandra looked at her watch, “that is because *you* knocked me down, and now I’m running late, tell me are you going to pay my wasted time? Or am I leaving now, I can have my lawyer speak to you if you want.”

The man stared at her, “oh no mam, please I am so... sorry.”

Cassandra laughed in the inside, “thank you, I guess, I’ll give you a chance.” She finally got into her car and drove home, she had to get back to Thomas, who was asleep and he was lying in bed.

She looked at her son asleep on the couch, Mrs. Schultz the sitter left when she came. Cassandra moved him up to his bed, he was getting heavier, which made her glad since he was eating again.

Monday he would start school, and he was excited, they had gone school shopping and they had all his school supplies ready. She bent down, to kiss her son on his forehead, his fever had gone down, and she smiled down at him.

She saw him open his eyes, “mommy, your back. Mrs. Shultz told me you’d be here, when I opened my eyes again.”

“Here, take your medicine, you can’t get sick anymore, unless you don’t want to come with mommy to the store tomorrow. And guess what?”

“What?”

“I’m going to be right here all day tomorrow, I’m not going to work. So since your feeling much better I’ll help you practice before you go to school, Mrs. Shultz, told me you ate all your vegetables, tomorrow we can go wherever you want. So go to sleep so that when you open your eyes, it will be the next day.”

Thomas closed his eyes, and covered his head as she bent to kiss him again and turned off the lights. She walked out the room and into the kitchen to see what they would need to buy the next day.

She remembered the man who knocked her down, and she was worried he’d find out she worked there. Mr. Winston, wouldn’t fire her, but if he ever came to the restaurant, she could be in trouble for lying.

It was funny tricking him, at least that’ll teach him some manners, but she wondered he mentioned he was looking for someone, but who? Although she wished that it was her family who hired a private detective to look for her, she had to come to the conclusion that it couldn’t be.

Sometimes, she had to agree she was proud herself, that was probably why she headed out that day and would never go home. Not that she stopped caring, but all she had left was her pride. The one good thing, *in her opinion* that she inherited from her father, and she would never lose that.

Pride is what made her, *her*. It was pride that stopped her from crying that day on the altar, and it was pride, pride of woman that said she could take care of the baby and herself.

And now five years later here she was, everything else was shattered but the pride she took in living life one day at a time.

Probably, it was good she got away, she had a son who she would never give up on and he had her. Although sometimes, she wondered how it would have been if she had gone back that night. If her family, and friends were still talking to her, and she hadn't missed out on anything.

During that time, when she was getting married she was very young, only eighteen. And being pregnant at a very young age, had taught her a lot.

Now twenty-three she was more mature, if she could go back she would have probably changed some decisions she had made, but she was young, the age of making mistakes. And Thomas was a huge mistake! Not her baby, the father.

Thomas Jr. was only an innocent child who had no idea, of what his father had done. Cassandra made sure to only tell him the good things about him, she didn't want him knowing that his father left them.

The next day Cassandra woke up to her son's wild laughter, she arose and went to the living room where she found her sister Cassidy. She and Thomas were playing and her son would laugh hysterically when his aunt would try to catch him. They were playing a game of tag.

Cassidy looked up to her, "hey I saw Tommy awake and decided to play with him a bit, we made pancakes, didn't we?"

Thomas nodded and a smile spread across his face, as he tagged his aunt and ran to hide to his room, in more wild laughter. "You can't catch me!"

Cassidy stood, "here I go! Ha, ha, ha" and she laughed as she left behind him. Thomas's little footsteps were heard all over the house, and Cassandra was smiling laughing almost at the sight of her sister and her son's game.

It was always the same every morning he would jump on her bed and his laughter never failed to wake her up.

She took the newspaper and sat to drink her coffee, on the table. She wasn't paying much attention to the news paper, she was listening to her son's laughter. He seemed so happy.

Cassandra and her sister went to the store with Thomas, he wanted to go to the toys, *as always*, Cassidy decided to look after him, while Cassandra would go and shop for food. Later they went to an ice cream shop where Thomas got his cone.

Cassandra went back home with her son and Cassidy told her she would be there the next day. Thomas looked at other children with their parents, and wondered how it would be like to have a father. When he noticed, he would always ask, about him.

Cassandra would always tell him the same thing, “he died long ago before you were even born.”

He would lower his head, “how did he die?”

“He was dead I never saw how he died.”

“Did he know I was in your tummy? Did he love me?”

Cassandra had to get a hold of herself, she didn’t want to cry, “of course he loved you, so much. That is why your name is Thomas just like your father.” She bent down and carried her son in her arms, remembering the day he left them.

“His name was Thomas? How was he like? Did he look like me?”

“I have a picture of him, do you want to see it?”

Thomas nodded with a smile from ear to ear, and she bent down to place him back down, he jumped happily, she would go to her room and take out an album full of pictures. She would show him the family pictures, of his father and he looked satisfied. “I look a lot like him, don’t I mommy?”

Cassandra looked at him and nodded, “you are so much like him, Thomas was your father’s name, when he... died I decided to name you Thomas because he would have wanted you to have his name.”

Thomas looked proud, when she said that he had his father’s name, he would smile and put his lay on his back placing his head on his mother’s lap. “Mommy, I love you.”

“I love you too, sweetheart.” There was a knock on the door, and they turned at the same time to look at the door. Thomas lifted him self and sat up straight.

Cassandra went to check who it was. She wasn’t expecting anyone, and what she saw surprised her, and frightened her at the same time. There he was he looked stern, and ready to pounce the door, she came to the living room, and told Thomas to leave to his room.

How dare he? Is he a stalker? “Hold one minute...” she went to clean as best as she could the kitchen to put everything away. And went to Thomas’s room she handed him a cell phone and quietly whispered, “remember what the emergency number is?”

“I know.” Thomas looked at her.

“Don’t worry, it’s just in case, now stay here and if you here loud noises, I want you to be brave ok?”

Thomas nod his head in approval, and Cassandra went to answer the door, “I’m sorry sir but can I help you?”

“Yes, I need to come in, my name is Jesse Campbell, I have some questions for you.”

“I’m sorry but I don’t know who you are! I can’t open the door for you, please leave.”

“I understand but I can’t go unless you...”

“Leave! I’ve called the police, and they should be on their way, go away!”

“Can you answer me one thing?”

“What?”

“Is this Cassandra’s place? I have a letter for her from her mother...”

She didn’t trust him, “I’ve called the police, I’m not opening the door so you can be there until they come...”

“I am sliding the letter under the door, I will trust you with it, but I will come back tomorrow to speak to Cassandra,” he bent down to push the letter under the door, he knew the one he was talking to was Cassandra, and this was the only way to gain her trust.

Cassandra bent down to pick the envelope from the floor, *it was her mother’s!* She opened the envelope, and a picture fell to the floor, Cassandra picked it up, and saw her family. With a letter asking her to come back that if she could apologize to her father, things could go back to the way things were, they could even take her child in and they would accept him.

She couldn’t believe it! The day she left, was not her decision to, and she didn’t do anything wrong, to apologize to her father. In addition, her and her son were living comfortably *well sort of*.

“I’m sorry but you can tell my mother that I am just fine! And I have been taking care of my son and myself thank you very much. I don’t need anybody’s sympathy, now leave and don’t tell my mother where I live.”

“Cassandra, I work for your mother, she hired me to look for you and bring you back! I am not your messenger boy, got it!”

“I can’t believe this...” she sighed apparently she wasn’t getting anywhere with this man and if she wanted to get rid of him there was only one way, “if I give you a letter from me, will you give it to her?”

“I promised to bring you along, look she just wants to know about you, and what has happened with you, she...”

“I am very busy, and...”

“Wait a minute, your that lady from the coffee shop, you knocked me down yesterday. No wonder you sounded so familiar...”

“That’s right, I am the lady who got knocked to the floor, by you. The police are on their way, so if you want talk to them.”

“I see you don’t trust me, but it’s not my fault your fiancé left you in the altar, I am just doing my job. I thought you would be happy to know your mother’s been searching for you.”

“Not if in the search and rescue I would have to give up to the way... look nevermind that! You wouldn’t understand so just leave me alone. I have to go back to my son.”

“I see, you’re so busy, I’ll come back.” He left but not before placing a business card on the door.

He decided to call Mrs. Hopkins, she would be able to convince her own daughter, since he found her it should be easier for her now. But he would keep watch to see that she wouldn’t run away.

Mrs. Hopkins understood, and she would go to her daughter and pay her a visit, she actually wanted to know how she was doing. How could she not want to come back.

Mrs. Hopkins, was hopeful now that he had received the phone call that her daughter was found, she wanted to see her but she didn’t know what to say. Her husband, Harold saw her leaving, “hon. Where are you going?”

“Oh, I’m going to the store to get something did you want anything for tomorrow?”

“No, but if you can bring me a newspaper, I didn’t see it this morning.”

“Alright! I’ll be back in five minutes,” she grabbed her jacket, and left to her car. She was smiling from ear to ear, just thinking about meeting her daughter, for the first time in five years, and her grandson. *She had a grandson.*

When she arrived, she thought her daughter lived poorly, they were used to always living in big houses. And now she lived in a small two bedroom apartment.

How could she have preferred to live like this? That's it! She wasn't going to have her daughter or her grandson live like this, it was just not fair. Olivia rang the door bell to the apartment to where Mr. Campbell said she lived.

Cassandra, had, had enough, was he seriously back for more, "are you stalking me Mr. Campbell? I can assure you, it wouldn't do you any good to keep trying, I'm not opening this door!"

"Cassandra is that you?"

No! that couldn't be! She went to check who was behind the door, what was she doing here? Nervously, she opened the door, "mother?! What are you doing here? Why are you here?" Cassandra was surprised to see her mother wasn't alone.

Jesse Campbell was standing there with her mother, "I see you've gotten her to open the door for you, I'll leave now," *How could she have brought him here!*

Chapter 2

"Come now, is that how you greet your mother?" she went inside without being asked to, "I can't believe you'd prefer to stay here, I am trying to offer you something better for you and your son..."

Cassandra closed the door, and she was leaning against it. She was speechless, did she really hire someone to search for her. “Mother, I’m sorry it’s just been so long, and...”

“I can’t believe it! You still have these pictures, but wait how did you manage to get a hold of them, I thought we had these in a box, sealed up in the attic.”

“Mother I can explain...”

“I also want to meet my grandson, I hope you don’t mind. What is his name? Where is he? By the way...”

“Mother! My son is sleeping, he is going to start school very soon, and...”

“Well, how old is he?”

“Mother please we need to talk, I received your letter, but I regret to inform you that, whatever you do, I’m not going back... please try to understand, I don’t want to cause any trouble for you with father, you know how he can be, but I’m glad you came to see me.”

Olivia Hopkins, was never used to someone saying ‘no’ to her, but she understood. She looked at her daughter, and ran to her side and hugged her, “I’m so sorry, my sweet how have you been? I just want you to be happy. There is something you must know, about the day that your father kicked you out.”

“Mother please, don’t make excuses for him, he decided to kick me out without listening to a word I was saying. I’m not going to apologize for something I haven’t done.”

“Well, fine don’t apologize, but listen to me and the you can understand, where I’m going with this. That day that your father kicked you out, he did something terrible I’m not here to justify his actions, but when he saw you weren’t coming back he left to look for you, when we came back we heard the message on the machine, saying you were ok, and...”

“I left with a friend, Julie was the only friend, my only real friend that helped me out.”

“And for that I’m sorry. I didn’t kick you out but I did nothing to stop it from happening, and when I saw you leave, my heart broke, trust me we had been looking for you, for a long time. I don’t even think your father has given up hope. Although he doesn’t know, I used most of the money to hire detectives here and there. But I finally found you, I’m not going to let you go that easily.”

“Thanks mom, I know dad was proud, but he is still a good person...”

“Please don’t say no. If you want come visit one day, and you can ask any questions. And if you don’t want to do it for yourself, do it for your son, he deserves to know the truth. You know that!

I know, if you come home, I promise you, that I’ll buy a house for you and your son to live comfortably. You don’t have to live with us, I just want us to go back to being a family, again.”

“I don’t think we can go back, what happen five years ago was not my baby’s fault! And he should’ve never been punished, so mother please, you can come visit any time you want but...”

“I beg your pardon! I said this for the best of your son, I want you to have a better life to, if you don’t want to move in with us it’s fine. But we’ll need someone to take care of our house, I will pay you. You live there free of charge after all, you’ll be looking out for things there won’t you?”

Cassandra knew her mother meant well, but she couldn’t move just like that, “I don’t know mom, I want to give my son more, but...”

“Please don’t say anything, just think about it. For your son, and for what might be best for him.”

Cassandra, wanted to find a different kind of job, but taking care of one of her mother’s places was like caring for a museum. Her mother’s idea of living comfortably was living in a house with at least five bed rooms.

She used to be the same way, but life taught her the hard way that everything comes with a price.

But now, thinking about it she wanted to have more time with her son. But couldn’t do it working long hours for the coffee shop. She made enough to buy her food, pay her bills but not enough to really enjoy.

There had to be some other way! She knew that if she took her mother’s offer, she would have to come across, face to face with her father. And although she didn’t want to admit it, she wanted to be a family again but not at the cost of bringing problems for her family.

She would try to find a job, in an office there should be something she was good at. Cassandra took a college course in typing, she could probably get a job as a secretary. Her typing skills were excel, and thanks to her father she was a perfectionist.

Since her and her siblings were small he taught her, many good skills.

She would go through the news paper, and try to find a job. Somewhere where her father wouldn’t come face to face with her.

“Cassandra, there is actually something I haven’t told you, Thomas’s parents came are back for good. They came back recently, I didn’t tell anyone else because, well I don’t want your father to find out, you know how he gets.”

“What? Are you serious? But is Thomas with them?”

“I don’t know where he is, but one thing I can tell you, you should be prepared just in case.”

“But, I raised my son, this is why I didn’t let his family know about my pregnancy, I didn’t want anything to do with them. After all, they were against our marriage in the first place. They don’t have a right to say otherwise!”

“I know, this is why I’m telling you to think about it, if Thomas decides to come back and finds out you had his son, who knows how that’ll end. But if you have a job elsewhere, then you just might have a chance!”

“A chance? What do you think he would take me to court? Who does he think he is? Plus he never knew I was pregnant, I wouldn’t let him know, if it was the last thing I do.”

“I am telling you, because there has been rumors about him being here, this is why I came. I wish you could make up with your father, and just come back, but if not I have an offer for you.”

“Fine! But I don’t want to see dad, coming one day, through the door, and seeing me in your house.”

“He doesn’t know about the house, if you want there is a private school near by, that way...”

“Thomas is here ! And that means he can’t find out about him, no matter how it hurts me to say this but he doesn’t deserve to know. I raised my son, I was never with him to get richer, or have better status, I loved him but he...”

“I understand... you should think about what I just told you, you don’t want to end up, giving him up one day to...”

“I don’t want to, I will not lose him. I’ll be happy if he ever found out about our... my son. I’ll think about it and I’ll let you know.”

Olivia seemed relieved, but sad at the same time, “I never met my grandson, Cassandra but tell me how old is your son?”

“Four.”

“Then it’s simple, say he is another man’s child. He left you five years ago, not four.”

“But, there’s the nine months of pregnancy, I can’t let him even know, we had a son. I won’t let him take him away from me. He’s my son, not his!”

“Surely, you got that from your father, you are very proud, and you like to do things your way, but for once let me help you. I am after all your mother, and I want to help you. You have no idea how worried I’ve been of you all this years. I didn’t even know if you were ever going to be found, I should’ve have known you used your nick name, Cassie Hopkins. What’s my grandson’s name?”

“Thomas.”

“Oh my! You named him after?”

“Yes, mom I named him after his father, why?”

“Because, Thomas will find out, that’s why.”

“Please mother, he thinks his father died, do you know how much harder it will be if he found out I have been lying to him all this years?”

“Why would you lie to him?.. Ok nevermind,” she sighed, “I guess you’re right. Think if you were to move, he wouldn’t find you or your son, you would be safe from him.”

“Well no he wouldn’t find me, but I think there’s a better way we just need to think differently. What if Thomas is not with them? What if they’re just rumors and you thought it were true?”

“I don’t know, but if it is the true anybody, if he is here who knew about your secret?”

“My friends knew about my pregnancy, most of them stopped talking to me, they don’t know where I live or work, I only have one friend left, and that’s Julie. But she kept my secret why would she turn her back on me?”

“Maybe, it was from another, of this ‘friends’ of yours, you said you told them all.”

“I have many suspects but no idea who it could be, all I can do is make sure Thomas never finds out.” Rebecca knew but she didn’t want to say any thing, *could she have? She was in love with Thomas after all.*

“I see, well if you want I can get information for your son’s private school, and we’ll see what happens from there.”

Cassandra couldn’t imagine being without her son, she would have to do everything in her power, if she wants to keep it from happening.

Suddenly, her mother interrupted her thoughts, “Cassandra, can I see my grandson? I would like to meet him.”

“Sure, but you’ll have to be quiet, he is asleep.” Olivia followed, her.

She quietly opened the door, his room was adorned with spaceships, cars, and dinosaurs. Thomas was sleeping profoundly, Olivia bent down to kiss her grandson on his forehead. He moved, a little but quickly but quickly went to sleep.

“He looks so much like you,” she walked out the door quietly, being careful not to wake him. “I’ll leave my number, call me tomorrow when your free, I’ll leave now, good night.”

“Good night,” she stood there until she saw her mother leave, when her mother left, she closed the door locked it and leaned against it, how was she would have to tell her son that they were moving, she would have to quit her job at the coffee shop and restart her life elsewhere.

The next day her sister was there, and they talked about their mom, and she saw that Cassandra had begun bringing boxes to start packing, Cassidy was surprised, “what’s going on? Are you moving?”

“Mother, came to see me yesterday and she told me that Thomas is in town,” she sighed, “too bad I had already registered my son in school and he was happy to know that he was starting on Monday.”

“Mother? But how did she?”

“She hired a detective to look for me, apparently, she was worried about the rumors of Thomas being here...” she sighed, “I knew this would happen one day but I never expected it to be this soon.”

“I heard about those rumors, but why would he look you up?”

“Because, he probably stays in contact with my so called friends, and they knew about my pregnancy, I don’t want him to find us or I could end up losing him.”

“But what are you going to do? You can’t just leave like that! Where are you going to live?”

“I am taking mother’s offer, she offered me a job, and a place to live, for my son and me,” she sighed knowing she would have to explain, “she has a house that dad has no idea exists. She wants me to care for her house and she will pay me to do so.”

“Are you sure of what you’re doing? I will keep your secret, but how will I visit you if you don’t live here, remember I supposedly, don’t know where you are and...”

“I will do what I should have done, years ago.”

“What’s that?”

“I will pay a family visit to my father, I don’t know yet what I’m going to say, or what to ask, but for my son I’ll do it! I won’t move back in, but I’ll take my mother’s offer, and accept to work for her.”

Cassidy couldn’t help but cry, but her tears were of joy, “you have no idea how long I wanted to hear you say this, I am so glad for you sister, as for me I will keep coming every day to see you guys.”

“I know you will,” she hugged her.

“I’ll help you pack, are you visiting us today?”

Cassandra was nervous, “yes, but I don’t know how I should...”

“Just be there everything will be alright I promise, dad is proud but I know if he knew all you went through, he would help you and at the end he would get to accept that he was wrong.”

Cassandra lowered her head, she looked down at all the boxes and all the things she owned, “I really hope so, or it will be the same story all over again.”

“Don’t worry, I know you’ll be fine, you were alone then this time I am there with you, and I’m sure mother is, Stanley is fifteen years old but he has his own opinions, he won’t take dad’s side if he knows what’s right.”

Cassandra smiled at her sister, “thank you, sis. I really missed our conversations, like this.”

They started packing and Thomas woke up, “mommy? What’s happening?”

“Hey sweetie how are you? Why don’t you come and I’ll explain, do you want to eat some cereal?”

Thomas looked up at her, with a smile and nod his head, “kay!”

They were packing and taping the boxes, and Thomas was eating while he watched them work, he sat on the chair and his bare feet kicking while he let them hang.

Cassandra explained that they would move, and that he would meet his grandparents. Thomas was wide eyed listening to his mother go on about his grand parents, and the new school, and new place.

“Can I see the house, mommy?” Apparently he was excited, he couldn’t wait to see where they would move to, and his new school, he was going to love it!

“Sure hon, as soon as I take you to see it, ok?”

“Ok.”

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