



# BROKEN TIES

BETWEEN JENNY, ADAM,  
AND THE GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY

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**"A love that promised forever... turned into a wound that never healed.**

**She believed in him, trusted him, and gave him her heart—only to be betrayed in the cruelest way.**

**Just when her world was falling apart, a dream appeared like a lifeline, pulling her back from the edge. But can a broken heart truly be saved? Or will the shadows of the past destroy every chance at happiness?"**

**This is a story of love, betrayal, and second chances—a journey through pain and hope that will keep you turning the pages until the very end.**

**Destroyed Love and a Saving Dream” is a story of passion that turns into pain, of betrayal that leaves scars too deep to forget. Yet it is also a story of hope—of a dream that rescues us in the darkest moments and restores our faith in life. With twists full of emotion and drama, this novel takes the reader on a journey between tears and smiles, regrets and new chances, leaving behind a powerful message about strength, healing, and rebirth.**

## Chapter One

*In this life, every person has a story—how it began and where. But the difference lies in how one can change the destiny written for them. Everything depends on their choices, and that is exactly what happened in this story.*

*The story begins in the city of Milla, Italy, when Max and Melissa decided to divorce after ten years of love and the birth of their four-year-old daughter, Jenny. Their love did not last, because Max had made the decision to end the marriage quickly, sending them both down separate paths.*

*Melissa's path led her back to her wealthy family, who had disowned her because of her deep love for Max and their refusal to accept her marriage to him. Max's path, however, was toward reviving his company, which was on the verge of bankruptcy.*

*And what about Jenny, the little girl who did not understand what had happened between her parents? Melissa's family rejected her presence, and so the mother abandoned her, handing her over to Max without a second thought—leaving behind everything that reminded her of the husband she still loved deeply.*

*Without hesitation, Max took Jenny with him into his new life. But because of his endless work, day and night, to save his company, he could not take proper care of his only daughter. He decided instead to take her to his mother, who lived in a distant village, after having lost his entire family in a fire—leaving only him and his grandmother as survivors.*

*After leaving Jenny with her grandmother, Max returned to the city to continue working on his company's future, leaving behind his little girl whose fate he could not foresee.*

*Jenny began her new life in the village with her grandmother, where she knew no one. With time, she slowly adjusted to the simple and quiet atmosphere, though she missed her parents terribly.*

*School was not easy for her. The children stared at her strangely—she was “the girl whose parents abandoned her.” Yet, despite this, she showed strength and intelligence, winning the support and affection of some teachers who stood by her.*

*Her grandmother tried to make up for the absence of Jenny's parents, treating her with great tenderness. But she could never hide her tears whenever she saw her granddaughter sitting alone in a corner, staring at the door as if waiting for someone to return.*

***As the years passed, Jenny grew older. With each passing year, she became stronger, more determined to prove to herself and to the world that pain does not mean the end. She would whisper to herself:***

***"Maybe my parents abandoned me... but I will never abandon myself."***

***And as she entered her teenage years, new events began to unfold—events that would completely change the course of her life...***

## Chapter two

*Thus began Jenny's story. She carried innocent features that radiated life; her wide hazel eyes were like the surface of a clear river reflecting her honesty, and her dark hair flowed softly over her shoulders, adding even more brightness to her face. Her beauty wasn't just in her features, but in the calm aura she carried, the serenity she inspired, and the smile that seemed like a promise of a new beginning. Her presence alone was enough to leave a deep mark on the heart of anyone who saw her.*

*This little girl, left behind in a distant village, had never heard a word about her mother, nor did she ask much about her father. In her heart, she carried a hidden resentment toward them both, for they never asked about her or came to visit. Even though Max, her father, never stopped sending money—covering food, clothes, and school fees—none of it meant anything to her. From childhood, what she needed wasn't money, but the warmth of a mother's embrace and the affection of a father.*

*She never understood why she had been left alone with her grandmother, and she couldn't tell if the feelings inside her were hatred, resentment, or simply anger that would fade when she met them someday. Still, her only focus was to study diligently and pursue her dream: winning a scholarship to study at a university in the United States. She hadn't yet decided on her field of study, but her goal was clear from the beginning—an American university.*

*The school year ended, and as expected, Jenny ranked first without dispute. Her brilliance made some students admire her and seek her friendship, impressed by her intelligence and dedication. Others, however, were filled only with envy and continued their attempts to surpass her—yet they always failed.*

*After the summer break, high school began. Jenny had to leave her home and her grandmother to move to a nearby city for her studies, since her village lacked a high school due to limited resources.*

*Carrying her dreams and her entire life with her, Jenny set out for a boarding school, where new faces and a different life awaited her. After an emotional farewell with her grandmother, she arrived at her new school. In that moment, she felt she had taken a huge step toward her dream. She could hardly believe it—her happiness was greater than words could describe.*

*On her first day, the girl with a big dream walked through the school gates telling herself: "Yes, I can do this! I will get the highest grades. I did it before in my village, and today I will do it here in this new school."*

*But the students here were different from those in her old village school. In this new atmosphere, Jenny met a girl as ambitious as herself, who was also chasing her own dreams. Her name was Maya—a girl with short, silky blonde hair, long lashes framing her clear eyes, and fair skin. She was tall, elegant, and graceful. Maya was no ordinary*

*girl; she was the daughter of the most important official in the city. Yet despite her wealth and her father's status, she was strikingly humble. And so, she became Jenny's first true friend in her new life.*

*In the early days at school, Jenny would sit quietly in the courtyard during breaks, watching her surroundings as if trying to absorb her new life. She wasn't the type to approach others easily, having grown used to isolation and study.*

*One day, while she was absorbed in her notebook, Maya walked toward her with confident steps and a warm smile.*

*"Hi... you're Jenny, right?" she asked, sitting down beside her.*

*Jenny lifted her eyes in surprise. She hadn't expected anyone to approach her so quickly.*

*"Yes... I'm Jenny," she replied.*

*Maya's smile widened.*

*"I heard you were top of your class at your old school... that's amazing! Honestly, I really like your personality—you seem different from the other students here. Would you mind if I became your friend?"*

*Jenny was even more surprised. She wasn't used to people openly asking for her friendship; usually, she was surrounded by jealousy or distant looks. She stayed silent for a moment before a shy smile formed on her lips.*

*"Of course... why not?"*

*And so, the first threads of a true friendship were woven in Jenny's life. She didn't know then that this bond would change much of her path and mark the beginning of events she could never have imagined.*

*As the days passed, Maya stayed close to Jenny most of the time. She invited her to sit together in the dining hall, shared a seat with her in class, and clung to her as though she had found the sister she never had.*

*One evening, the two of them sat together in the school library. Jenny was deeply focused on her math notes, while Maya watched her in admiration.*

*"You're incredible," Maya said with a smile. "You understand lessons so quickly, like it's a game to you. You know... sometimes I struggle, especially with physics. Would you help me?"*

*Jenny blushed and nodded.*

*"Of course... we can review together."*

*From that night on, their study sessions became a daily routine. Jenny explained, Maya listened carefully, and then they would burst into laughter whenever one of them made a mistake. Bit by bit, Jenny began opening her heart to Maya, telling her about her little village, her grandmother, and her dream of studying in America.*

*Maya, in turn, told her about her father, the influential official, and her privileged life that was nothing like Jenny's. Yet despite her wealth, she felt truly at ease only when she was with Jenny.*

*Jenny was no longer alone. For the first time, she had a real friend—one she hadn't sought out, but who had come to her willingly... as if fate itself had brought them together.*



*It didn't take long before Jenny began to hear a name repeated often in conversations around the school: Adam, Maya's older brother. He was a first-year university student, well known among his peers for his good looks and self-confidence, and he often visited his sister Maya from time to time to check on her.*

*One day, while Jenny was sitting with Maya in the school courtyard, Adam arrived with his close friend, Osama. Their presence immediately drew attention; Adam, with his calm smile, and Osama, with his playful charm and serious gaze, made a striking pair that set whispers running among the students.*

*Adam walked confidently toward Maya and quickly embraced her. "I missed you, little sister," he said warmly.*

*Then his eyes fell on Jenny. For a moment, his smile faded, as if something about her had caught his attention. Jenny didn't know how to react, so she gave him a faint smile, only to find his gaze lingering on her in silence. From that moment, a quiet interest began to grow within him.*

*Osama, however, was different. His eyes followed only Maya, though she didn't notice at first. He admired the purity of her laughter, the simplicity of her words, even as he tried to hide his feelings behind jokes and lighthearted banter.*

*Jenny had no idea that this brief encounter would mark the beginning of a new chapter in her life—a chapter of love, jealousy, and tangled friendships that would forever change the course of her story.*

*In the days that followed Adam and Osama's visit, things began to shift slightly. Adam always found a reason to stop by the boarding school under the pretext of checking on his sister, yet his eyes never left Jenny. Sometimes he left her advanced science books, other times he asked about her ambitions, as though trying to step into her world little by little.*

*Osama, on the other hand, was bolder. He accompanied Adam almost every time and used the opportunity to get closer to Maya. He tried to capture her attention with his jokes or by helping her carry books, but Maya would only smile politely before quickly changing the subject.*

*One evening, while Jenny and Maya were studying together in the library, Adam and Osama entered and sat nearby. A short conversation unfolded, ending with Osama's direct words:*

*"Maya... you know I like you, don't you?"*

*Maya lifted her head seriously but answered with a calm smile.*

*"Osama, you're a kind person... but I don't want any relationship right now. All I care about is my studies."*

*Osama was taken aback by her honesty, but he respected her stance, though a faint hope remained in his heart that she might change her mind one day.*

*Meanwhile, Adam found himself drawn closer to Jenny after the group's conversation ended. In a low voice, he said:*

*"I admire your determination... your dream of studying abroad is rare."*

*But Jenny looked back at him with steady eyes and replied firmly:*

*"Thank you... but my focus right now isn't on love or relationships. I just want to reach my dream."*

*A brief silence followed, during which Adam smiled faintly, trying to hide his disappointment. He understood that Jenny's heart was closed for now, yet he couldn't stop himself from admiring her even more.*

*And so, Adam and Osama remained caught in circles of admiration, while Jenny and Maya stood firm in their decision: there was no time for love... only time for dreams.*

*Still, Osama, who always accompanied Adam, couldn't hide his deep affection for Maya. He tried again and again to start conversations with her—sometimes about her studies, other times about her hobbies or favorite books.*

*But Maya, despite her kindness and humility toward everyone, grew uneasy with Osama's constant attention. To her, he was only her brother's friend, nothing more. One day, after he had tried too hard to capture her interest, she spoke in a quiet but decisive tone:*

*"Osama... please, don't. I don't feel what you think I do. I respect you as my brother's friend, nothing more."*

*Osama fell silent for a moment, a quiet sting piercing his heart. He forced a faint smile to cover his disappointment and replied softly:*

*"Understood... I'm sorry if I bothered you."*

*But Jenny noticed the whole scene. She saw how annoyed Maya was, and how sorrow showed in Osama's eyes. She didn't say anything, but she felt that her friendship with Maya might make her a witness to a complicated emotional struggle between the two.*

### **Chapter three**

*One evening, as Jenny was leaving the library carrying a stack of books, she was startled to find Adam standing near the door as if he had been waiting for her. He smiled calmly and said:*

*— “You look so serious with your books... I don’t think anyone here studies with as much focus as you do.”*

*Jenny’s cheeks flushed slightly as she replied shyly:*

*— “Studying is all I have... I don’t have time for anything else.”*

*Adam chuckled softly, but his gaze remained fixed on her eyes.*

*— “That’s exactly what I admire about you... determination. Believe me, it will take you very far.”*

*It was the first time Jenny had ever heard words of encouragement from someone outside her teachers or her friend Maya. She didn’t know how to respond, so she simply gave a small smile, though a strange warmth began to creep into her heart.*

*Unlike Osama, who wore his feelings for Maya openly and recklessly, Adam was calm, careful with his words, and able to leave a lasting impression with only a few sentences.*

*As the days passed, Maya began to notice something she hadn’t expected. Every time Adam came to visit the school, his eyes sought Jenny first. He spoke to her, asked about her studies, sometimes teased her... as if she had become the center of his attention.*

*At first, Maya tried to ignore it, but she couldn’t hide her growing jealousy. She didn’t love Jenny any less than a sister, but she found it hard to accept that her brother’s attention was shifting elsewhere. Little by little, she began to feel as though she was no longer the only special person in Adam’s life... and it unsettled her deeply.*

*Jenny, meanwhile, was torn inside. Though she had felt flustered at first by Adam’s attention, his persistence soon became a burden. She didn’t want distractions or relationships; her dream of earning a scholarship abroad was all that mattered to her. One day, after he tried to speak with her outside of class, she told him seriously:*  
*— “Adam... I respect you a lot, but please understand—I don’t want to think about anything but my studies right now. I hope you can accept that.”*

*Adam froze for a moment, then quickly masked his disappointment with a gentle smile.*

*But Maya, who had seen the exchange from a distance, couldn’t hold back. Later, she approached Jenny with a tone that was half playful, half sharp:*

— *“It seems like you’ve suddenly become the center of everyone’s attention... even Adam’s.”*

*Jenny stared at her, surprised and slightly hurt. She hadn’t expected such words from her closest friend.*

— *“Maya... I never asked for this. You know my only concern is my studies.”*

*But tension had already begun to creep in between them, a fragile thread of jealousy and misunderstanding that threatened the strength of their friendship.*

*Adam was used to being welcomed wherever he went. His smile alone could melt barriers. But with Jenny, things were different. Every attempt to get closer to her was met with a quiet but unyielding wall of refusal.*

*One afternoon, he waited for her outside the library as usual and said with his trademark smile:*

— *“Jenny... there’s a little café in town. I’d like to invite you there after class. Just for an hour.”*

*Jenny looked at him with steady eyes and answered firmly:*

— *“Adam... you’re very kind, but I can’t. All of my time is for studying, and I don’t want to waste it on anything else.”*

*A brief silence followed. His smile faded slowly, though he quickly tried to hide his disappointment.*

— *“I see... maybe another time.”*

*Still, he didn’t give up. The next day, he brought her a book he knew matched her future field of study. She thanked him politely but didn’t open the door to a longer conversation. Another time, he tried to sit next to her during a break, but she excused herself, saying she needed to review lessons with Maya.*

*Each time ended the same way: with Adam’s silent disappointment. He began to taste something unfamiliar—bitterness from rejection. And yet, an odd determination kept pushing him forward, as if he refused to accept that Jenny might be the one girl not drawn to him.*

*Jenny, however, was increasingly uneasy. She didn’t want to hurt him, but she couldn’t allow her academic focus to turn into an emotional chase.*

*Over time, Adam’s presence began to weigh on her friendship with Maya. The more he tried to approach Jenny, the sharper Maya’s jealous glances became, even if she tried to hide them behind a forced smile.*

*One day, Adam dropped by unexpectedly to pick Maya up after class. But before leaving with her, he gave Jenny a special greeting and asked with a smile:*

— *“How are your studies going? I hope you’re not overworking yourself.”*

*Jenny answered briefly, almost coldly:*

*— “They’re fine... thank you.”*

*But Maya caught the moment like an arrow to the heart. Later, she confronted Jenny, her voice tight with restrained emotion:*

*— “Jenny... don’t you think my brother’s behavior is a bit much? He treats you like... more than just a classmate.”*

*Jenny looked at her in shock, but also with irritation.*

*— “Maya, I’ve done nothing. On the contrary, I don’t want him approaching me this way. All I care about is my studies.”*

*Maya wasn’t easily convinced. She snapped back, her voice edged with frustration:*

*— “But you can’t deny he keeps chasing after you. People are starting to talk. Our friendship could suffer because of this.”*

*Jenny was stunned. It felt as if she was being blamed for something she hadn’t chosen. With an unusual coldness, she replied:*

*— “Then your problem isn’t with me... it’s with your brother. I can’t control his actions.”*

*A heavy silence fell between them. That moment marked the first crack in their friendship—one that didn’t come from a quarrel between the two, but from a third person... Adam.*

*Adam kept watching Jenny from afar every time he visited the school. It was no longer just quiet admiration—it had turned into a kind of hidden jealousy that showed in his eyes. He grew annoyed whenever he saw her talking to classmates or laughing with someone, even if it was nothing but ordinary conversation.*

*One day, while Jenny was discussing a school project with a classmate, Adam suddenly approached and said sharply to the other student:*

*— “I think Jenny is far too busy with her lessons right now... it would be better if you continued this another time.”*

*Jenny froze in shock at his intrusion and looked at him sternly:*

*— “Adam! There was nothing wrong... we were only talking about school.”*

*But he ignored her words, lightly taking her arm to pull her aside.*

*— “I just don’t like anyone wasting your time, especially when you have such big dreams ahead of you.”*

*Jenny stiffened, feeling for the first time that his interest had crossed a line. She pulled her arm away quickly and said firmly:*

*— “Enough, Adam! This is none of your business. I don’t want you interfering in my life like this.”*

*His face showed a mix of anger and disappointment, yet he didn't give up. Stepping closer, his voice dropped to a near-plea:*

*— "I just... don't want to lose you, even before I ever have you."*

*Jenny stepped back, her heart racing with discomfort.*

*— "I don't belong to anyone... and I won't let you treat me that way."*

*She stormed off, leaving Adam frozen in silence, a growing storm boiling inside him.*

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*That evening, Maya sat at the dinner table with her brother when she casually remarked:*

*— "Imagine, Adam—Jenny's been helping our classmate Samer with math... they even meet regularly to prepare together."*

*Adam froze, his eyes widening with his usual jealousy. He asked sharply:*

*— "Since when did that start?"*

*Maya shrugged, unconcerned.*

*— "A few days ago... she said she enjoys helping him. What's the problem?"*

*Adam said nothing more, but all night he seethed inside. Every image in his mind only fueled his jealousy. And when he learned the next day that Jenny was going to visit her grandmother in the old village house, he decided to follow her.*

*When Jenny arrived at her grandmother's home, the atmosphere was calm and warm, the scent of tea filling the air. She sat beside her, chatting peacefully—until a loud knock suddenly echoed at the door.*

*Jenny opened it, stunned to find Adam standing there, his face flushed with anger.*

*— "How long will you keep ignoring me?! You help Samer as if you don't even see what I've been doing for you!"*

*Jenny panicked, trying to calm him.*

*— "Adam, please, don't raise your voice... my grandmother has a heart condition."*

*But his fury blinded him.*

*— "You say that every time! Don't you ever think of my feelings? Don't I have the right to be jealous?!"*

*At that moment, her grandmother emerged from the small room, leaning on her cane. She looked on in shock and fear as Adam's voice grew louder. Suddenly, she clutched her chest, her breathing short and shallow.*

**Jenny screamed:**

— **“Grandma!!!”**

**Her grandmother collapsed before their eyes. Adam froze, his face turning pale, while Jenny rushed to her side, sobbing as she tried to wake her.**

**An ambulance was called, but it was too late. When the doctor arrived, he spoke in a sorrowful tone:**

— **“I’m sorry... she’s gone.”**

**Jenny broke down in tears beside her grandmother’s body, her eyes burning with grief and blame as she turned to Adam:**

— **“Do you see what you’ve done?! You couldn’t even leave her in peace at the end... you’re the reason she’s gone!”**

**Her words shattered something inside him. He felt the crushing weight of guilt he had never known before—a guilt he could not escape. From that moment, it was no longer just jealousy. It became a rift, a deep wound between him and Jenny.**

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**After the funeral, Jenny sat alone in her room, tears streaming endlessly. The house felt unbearably empty. In her hands was her old phone, her heart torn with hesitation. But for the first time, she felt forced to break the silence.**

**She took a deep breath and searched through a small notebook her grandmother had left behind. Finally, she found a number written in her grandmother’s handwriting: “Max.”**

**Her fingers trembled as she typed the digits and pressed call.**

**After a few seconds, a low male voice answered:**

— **“Hello... who is this?”**

**Jenny’s heart pounded. She hesitated before whispering in a broken voice:**

— **“It’s me... Jenny.”**

**A long silence followed, as if time itself had stopped. Then came his trembling words:**

— **“Jenny?! Oh God... my daughter? Is it really...?”**

**Her tears burst out uncontrollably as she cried:**

— **“She’s gone... Grandma is dead! Your mother is dead, Dad... and you weren’t here! You left me with her all these years, and now she’s gone—you’ve left me with no one!”**

**Max’s voice shook with regret as he heard her sobs through the line.**

— *“I’m sorry... forgive me, my little girl... it wasn’t by choice. I sent you everything I could, but I didn’t have the courage to face you.”*

*She cut him off bitterly:*

— *“I didn’t need your money—I needed you! I needed you to be my father, but you weren’t.”*

*Another heavy silence hung over them, broken only by Jenny’s sobs. Max’s voice finally cracked:*

— *“I promise you, Jenny... this time, I won’t leave you alone again.”*

*But she didn’t reply. She ended the call with trembling hands, burying her face as she realized her wound had not healed—and the path to something called fatherhood was still painfully long.*

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*Days after the funeral, Max stood at the doorstep of the house where Jenny had grown up with her grandmother. His heart pounded, his palms sweaty, as though he was facing destiny for the first time. When the door opened and Jenny appeared, both froze—eyes locked, filled with anger, longing, and shock.*

*He whispered softly:*

— *“Jenny...”*

*But she cut him off, tears glistening in her eyes:*

— *“Why? Why did you leave me all these years?! I hated you, and I hated Mom because neither of you were there... You never thought of me, not even once.”*

*He stepped closer slowly, but he didn’t reach out. Instead, he sank into the chair across from her, as if a crushing weight had fallen onto his shoulders.*

— *“I didn’t leave because I didn’t love you... I left because you reminded me of her... of your mother.”*

*Jenny’s eyes widened in shock:*

— *“My mother? What do you mean?”*

*He lowered his head, his voice cracking:*

— *“The reason I left her wasn’t infidelity or poverty, as you believed... It was because my family was killed in a tragic fire. That fire... was caused by Melissa’s family—your mother’s family. They had influence, power, and the fire consumed everything.”*

*Jenny trembled, her face pale:*

— *“Your family?!”*

*Max nodded, tears brimming in his eyes:*



— “Yes... my older brother, his wife, their child, my younger brother, even my father... all gone that night. Only my mother and I survived. Every day I saw her face... and in you, I saw Melissa’s reflection—the daughter of the family that destroyed mine.”

*His tears spilled uncontrollably, his voice breaking:*

— “Melissa knew... but she kept silent to protect our marriage. And I... I couldn’t live with the daughter of the woman whose family killed mine.”

*Jenny gasped sharply, her tears flowing against her will. For the first time, she felt the weight of why his absence had been so cruel—cruel in a way she had never imagined.*

*Max reached out with a trembling hand, his voice breaking as he wept:*

— “Forgive me, my daughter... I wasn’t a father, I was a broken man... But today, I don’t want to lose you too.”

*Jenny collapsed against his chest, sobbing, and they wept together bitterly—old wounds mingling with the fragile hope that something new could be born from the ashes.*

*After Max’s confession, he sat in silence, as broken as a child who had lost his way. He wiped his tears with trembling hands, his chest rising and falling quickly. Jenny, who had always pictured him as absent and cold, now saw a man shattered—wounded far deeper than she had ever imagined.*

*She stared at him for a long moment, then felt something strange stir in her heart... She no longer saw the man who abandoned her, but her father—the man who had carried years of pain alone.*

*Slowly, she moved closer and sat beside him. She took his large hand gently into hers and spoke in a trembling yet warm voice:*

— “Enough, Dad... you’ve suffered long enough. Now I understand you... and I promise, I won’t leave you alone.”

*He lifted his head, tears clouding his vision, barely believing her words.*

*She smiled faintly through her tears, brushing his shoulder just as her grandmother used to comfort him when he was young.*

— “I forgive you, Dad... for everything. For your absence, for my sadness, for my loneliness... because I realized your heart was more broken than mine.”

*Max broke down further, pulling her into a tight embrace, as if he feared losing her again. And in that moment, both of them felt the heavy wall of distance and abandonment collapse, replaced by a new bond—father and daughter, rebuilt on forgiveness and compassion.*

*Days later, Jenny left the village with her father, leaving behind heavy memories. As the plane soared above the clouds, her heart pounded—this wasn't just a trip, but a crossing into her long-held dream.*

*Max smiled at her and said:*

*— “Welcome to a new beginning... in the United States, the city of your dreams.”*

*Jenny smiled softly, a tear of hope sparkling in her eye:*

*— “At last... I made it.”*

*Meanwhile, back home, Adam was wandering the places he used to see her: the library, the schoolyard, the little café nearby... but Jenny was nowhere to be found.*

*He asked her classmates, even Maya, but she only shook her head in confusion:*

*— “I don't know... she didn't tell me anything. She just disappeared.”*

*Adam's heart sank, the ground slipping beneath him. That night, he sat in his room, staring at his empty phone screen, typing messages to Jenny only to delete them before sending.*

*— “You left... without a single word. Was my mistake really that big?”*

*He pressed his hands to his face, memories flooding him: his shouting in her grandmother's house, her breakdown in tears, the grandmother's death. Each memory stabbed him anew, guilt tearing at him.*

*He felt responsible... for everything.*

*And with each passing day, the weight in his chest grew heavier, as if he were serving a sentence with no end.*

*In his heart, only one wish remained: that Jenny would come back, so he could apologize... and try to fix what he had broken.*

*But she never returned.*

*In the U.S., Jenny began her first day at her new school. She stood in front of the towering building, her heart racing with both fear and excitement. This was her first step toward her greatest dream. And for the first time, her father was truly by her side, encouraging her with a proud smile:*

*— “I'm proud of you, Jenny... go on and build your future.”*

*She smiled faintly, taking a deep breath before stepping into her new world, carrying with her an unbreakable determination.*

*On the other side, Adam had lost his spark. No longer the impulsive young man, he had grown serious, burying himself in books and work with his father. He woke early, returned exhausted, as if convincing himself that busyness would numb his pain.*

*But no matter how much he drowned in study and work, Jenny's image haunted him, her angry words echoing in his mind. Still, he never stopped trying—sometimes he would write her name on paper, only to tear it apart quickly, hiding his weakness behind his newfound resolve.*

*And so, while Jenny stepped toward her dream, Adam was running from his own shadow—two hearts walking separate paths, yet still bound by an invisible thread that had not been severed.*

## Chapter Four

*The years passed in the blink of an eye...*

*Jenny was no longer the little girl from a distant village. Today, she stood with unwavering confidence in the courtroom, dressed in her black attorney's robe. Her words were sharp, her logic unshakable, her gaze piercing. She hadn't earned the title "the best defense attorney in the country" for nothing. She had turned every old wound into fuel, every tear into a weapon that pushed her higher.*

*As for Adam, he had taken a different path. After years of hard work and study, his father entrusted him with the family company. Standing behind his grand desk, signing contracts, leading meetings—he now carried the responsibility of hundreds of employees on his shoulders. He was strict, successful, but behind all the brilliance, his heart still carried a scar that never healed... a name that never left his memory: Jenny.*

*While Jenny was building her future in America, and Adam was creating his empire back home, fate was quietly preparing a new encounter... one no one expected.*

*Despite the bond that once tied Jenny and Maya through friendship and shared ambition, the years had built a silent distance between them. Maya had become a successful engineer, known for her intelligence and elegance, but she had never reconnected with Jenny. Their friendship became nothing more than a beautiful memory that had withered with time—perhaps because of old jealousy, or perhaps because life had simply drawn them apart.*

*Adam, however, hadn't changed in one thing: his love for Jenny. Years went by, faces came and went, but he could never give his heart to anyone else. His success in business was immense, but deep inside, he always felt incomplete—as if a missing piece of his soul had never returned.*

*Whenever he sat alone in his office after a long day, he would close his eyes and imagine her voice, her smile, even her anger that he had never forgotten. And he would ask himself:*

*"Did she ever remember me the way I never forgot her? Or was I nothing more than a shadow in her life?"*

*And in his heart, despite everything... hope remained.*

*Unlike everyone else, Osama hadn't changed at all—except that his old love for Maya had twisted over the years into a dangerous obsession.*

*He could never accept the fact that she had never returned his feelings. He convinced himself that time alone would make her his.*

*He began to follow her everywhere: to her workplace, to the café she visited, even to her home. He didn't dare confront her directly, but he stalked her from the shadows, a heavy presence trailing her every step.*

*Maya, who had grown used to independence and success, started to feel uneasy. At first, she thought it was a coincidence, but soon she realized the truth: Osama hadn't changed. His attachment had only grown stronger—so strong that it made him lose his balance.*

*She whispered to herself in fear:  
"This isn't love anymore... this is terrifying."*

*And while Jenny was shaping her future in America, and Adam was climbing higher in his company, Osama's shadow loomed closer and closer over Maya... like a dark storm threatening her quiet life.*

*One ordinary day, Maya was working at a construction site, helmet on, checking blueprints and directing the workers. Suddenly, the lights went out, and darkness swallowed the place whole.*

*Before she could move, a strong hand grabbed her, pulling her into a dark corner. She tried to scream, but her mouth was covered tightly, her body trapped in a brutal assault.*

*The attacker was dressed in black, his face completely hidden. She couldn't see who he was, but his force was overwhelming, suffocating her freedom. Maya fought with all her strength, desperately trying to look into his eyes, to recognize him... but there was nothing, only a faceless shadow consuming her.*

*In the chaos, no matter how much she tried to focus, she couldn't identify him. All she could do was resist and escape, her heart pounding wildly, her mind screaming:  
"Who is he? And why is he doing this to me?"*

*The attack struck her like lightning, leaving her shaken with terror and fury. She realized her life was in real danger—that this wasn't just some intruder, but a true threat.*

*Maya stumbled home, trembling, her hair disheveled, her face pale, tears streaming uncontrollably. She couldn't speak; her words were trapped in her throat.*

*Her brother Adam rushed to her, his eyes burning with rage, his heart breaking at the sight of her like this. He held her tightly in his arms, trying to calm her, but he couldn't suppress the fire blazing inside him:*

*— "Maya... who did this to you?! Who dared to hurt you?!"*

*She shook in his arms, sobbing without end, while Adam's fury grew heavier, filling his chest with a violent storm. He wanted to destroy whoever had touched her.*

— *“Don’t worry... I won’t let anyone hurt you again... I promise.”*

*In that moment, the fire in his eyes burned everything. He turned his rage into protection, into a shield for her. He knew he couldn’t erase her fear, but he vowed to stand by her no matter what.*

*In Adam’s arms, Maya felt—for the first time since the attack—that someone truly understood the depth of her pain. Someone who carried her, shared her fear, and burned with anger on her behalf. It was a strange feeling: a mixture of safety, brokenness, and caution.*

*After the attack, Adam moved quickly, searching for any trace of the mysterious assailant—asking the workers, checking the site’s cameras, gathering any possible clue.*

*But all his efforts failed. No trace, no fingerprints, nothing. As if the man had never been there, except for the heavy shadow of fear he left behind.*

*The next day, when Maya told her story, some workers and even family members began to doubt her.*

— *“Are you sure, Maya?”*

— *“Were you really alone there?”*

*The doubt in their eyes was like poison, as if they believed she had imagined everything out of fear and loneliness.*

*But Adam never hesitated. He didn’t doubt her for even a second. He had seen the fear in her eyes, and he knew it was real. He told them firmly:*

— *“Don’t worry... I know what happened, and I won’t let anyone question her.”*

*Still, Maya felt crushed with loneliness and bitterness. To face a real threat while no one believed her—except for her brother, whose heart burned in anger for her—was a pain she could hardly bear.*

*In her heart, she felt both gratitude for Adam and deep sorrow toward everyone else. It was a feeling that would haunt her in the days ahead, a reminder that she was alone in this fight... except for her brother.*

*Maya went to court to file a complaint, but the response was devastating:*

— *“We cannot open a case... there is no evidence. Your story is nothing more than fear-induced hallucination.”*

*Her tears fell, but she wasn’t alone. Adam stood beside her, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing with fury:*

— *“I won’t let this go... I’ll find the best lawyer, and I’ll make sure the truth comes out—no matter what it takes.”*

*His decision was clear: he would not give up. A legal battle was about to begin for Maya.*

*Adam searched tirelessly, comparing the résumés of every well-known lawyer. Each step brought him closer to hope, but he knew this case required the very best.*

*Then, as he scrolled through one profile, his heart skipped a beat.*

*— “Jenny?!”*

*He froze, stunned. He couldn’t believe his eyes. The best defense attorney in the country... was the very same girl he had known since childhood?*

*His emotions surged—shock, joy, fear of the confrontation—but he quickly realized: this was his only chance to seek justice for Maya.*

*Adam entered Jenny’s office, his heart pounding violently, as though the years had never passed.*

*Jenny looked up, and their eyes met. A heavy silence filled the room, thick with tension and buried emotions.*

*— “Adam... I didn’t expect to see you here,” she said softly, her voice trembling, surprise etched on her face.*

*She blinked back her tears, unable to look away, while Adam struggled to steady himself:*

*— “Jenny... I know this is unexpected... but I need you today... for something important.”*

*They paused, as though time itself had replayed their entire past—his shouting, her disappointment, her tears, their anger and blame. All of it came rushing back in an instant, hanging between them like a storm.*

*Adam took a deep breath, forcing himself to focus on the true purpose:*

*— “It’s about Maya... she was assaulted, and the court refused to take her case. No one can help her but you. You’re the only one capable of defending her.”*

*Jenny’s body tensed. She stepped back slightly, trying to process the weight of it all. Then she looked at Adam, her eyes filled with both shock and caution:*

*— “Adam... this is a huge responsibility. But if you say she needs me... I’ll help her.”*

*A faint smile touched Adam’s lips, a fragile sense of justice flickering inside him, mixed with the turmoil of old emotions. This unexpected meeting had become their first true test after years of silence.*

*Weeks of preparation followed. Jenny worked relentlessly, poring over files, writing notes, examining every detail. She knew the case was nearly impossible without evidence, but she also knew she couldn't back down.*

*Finally, she submitted a formal request to the court to open Maya's case. The wait was agonizing. Every minute felt like hours.*

*On the appointed day, the court reviewed her request. At first, the judge was doubtful: — "There is no evidence... it's unlikely we can accept this case."*

*But Jenny, with unwavering confidence, presented her arguments. She showed that dismissing the case without a hearing would deny justice—and that rights must be protected, even when evidence was incomplete.*

*After a long debate, the court relented and agreed to hold a formal session. Jenny had done it—she would officially defend Maya, opening the first chapter of a long and difficult battle for truth.*

*Each passing day of preparation filled Adam with pride. Watching Jenny fight so tirelessly for Maya, despite the odds, rekindled feelings he had buried long ago. Every word she spoke in court, every determined gesture—his admiration for her grew, and with it, his love.*

*Jenny, too, found herself watching Adam. Seeing him stand by his sister unwaveringly, his strength, his devotion—it stirred something in her heart. Not just pride in her work, but in the man he had become.*

*With every hearing, every discussion, every step, they grew closer—not only in their pursuit of justice for Maya, but in rebuilding a bond that had once been shattered. Perhaps even in finding a new kind of love, born in the midst of a legal war.*

*The day of the hearing was near. At home, Jenny prepared herself, reviewing files one last time, gathering her thoughts before facing the court. Her heart raced, her hands trembled as she put on her glasses and straightened her papers.*

*The storm was about to begin.*

*Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. She froze, her body trembling as she slowly went to open it. The moment she did, she stood paralyzed in shock...*

*Her mother, absent for all these years, stood before her—eyes shining with fear, regret, and astonishment.*

*—"Jenny... I..." she tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat.*



*A storm of emotions surged in Jenny's heart: anger, sadness, longing, hatred mixed with yearning. She never imagined she would see her again, not after all the pain she had endured.*

*Jenny's eyes filled with tears, her lips trembling, unable to speak. Years of abandonment, disappointment, and silent longing crashed together in one overwhelming moment.*

*This encounter was the beginning of a new confrontation—not only in the courtroom, but deep within her heart and mind—forcing her to face the wounds of the past while preparing to fight for Maya with all her strength.*

*Jenny swallowed her tears with difficulty, trying to calm down as her mother stood before her, her eyes heavy with regret and sorrow:*

*—“I know you're shocked, and I know you have so many questions... but listen to me carefully. I escaped from a mental hospital just to see you.”*

*Jenny's body trembled, her mind refusing to believe what she heard. But her mother's broken voice continued:*

*—“I never abandoned you... I couldn't stay with you because they would have killed us... just as they killed Max's family, my daughter. Since the day I left you—and Max left me—I have been suffering in that hospital every single day... missing you... every single day.”*

*Jenny's heart froze; the words were like thunder striking her soul. A clash of emotions—anger, grief, and longing—fought inside her. She didn't know whether to believe her mother or to see this as nothing more than a cruel dream.*

*But one thing was clear: her mother was there, right in front of her, explaining the years of silence and pain. She hadn't run away this time.*

*Jenny sat on a chair, her mother across from her, the world around them suspended. Silence suffocated the room, their faces wet with un-wiped tears.*

*Her mother began to speak in a trembling, sorrowful voice:*

*—“My daughter... years ago I discovered what happened to Max's family. They were all killed... but I couldn't bring myself to tell Max. My love for him was too deep, and he loved me too... but I couldn't wound him with that truth, even if it meant losing you.”*

*Jenny trembled, her heart twisting between anger for the past, grief for the dead, and compassion for her mother, who had carried years of suffering in silence.*

*—“Why didn’t you tell him?” Jenny whispered, her voice breaking with sorrow, desperate to understand everything at once.*

*Her mother smiled bitterly, tears falling into her palms:*

*—“I loved you both—I loved Max and I loved you. I didn’t want to lose either of you. My silence was my way of protecting you... protecting you both from more pain, even if it crushed my own heart.”*

*Jenny sat quietly, listening, feeling the heavy truth sink in. Slowly, her rage began to dissolve, replaced by compassion and the faint spark of forgiveness toward her mother.*

*She knew facing the truth wouldn’t be easy, but this moment was the first step—towards understanding, and maybe even reconciliation.*

*After a long embrace, Jenny sat back on the couch. A sense of peace and release washed over her for the first time in years, as if she had finally forgiven her mother for everything, finally allowing herself to live in the present with her.*

*Suddenly, the phone rang in her hand. She answered, and the voice on the other end struck like lightning:*

*—“Jenny... we lost the case... Maya’s case.”*

*Her heart froze. Her mind struggled to process the words when, seconds later, an even harsher truth came crashing through:*

*—“Maya... she committed suicide.”*

*Jenny screamed, her world collapsing in one devastating wave of grief, guilt, and rage. Tears streamed uncontrollably as she felt her whole world shatter in front of her.*

*The silence around her pressed heavily on her chest, her pain indescribable. Everything she had fought for suddenly felt meaningless—she hadn’t been able to protect her friend.*

*In that moment, past and present collided inside her heart: the loss of Maya, the years away from her mother, all the old wounds resurfaced. It felt like she was falling into an abyss she could never escape.*

*The sky was gray, silence filling the air, as Adam and Jenny stood before Maya’s coffin, their emotions torn between sorrow, rage, and blame.*

*Adam’s voice cracked with grief and fury:*

*—“Jenny... how could you let this happen... how didn’t you make sure Maya was safe?!”*

*Jenny froze, tears flooding her cheeks:*

*—“Adam... I did everything I could! I fought in court, I defended her with all my strength... I can’t control what happens afterward!”*

*Adam’s voice rose, all his pain bursting out at once:*

*—“But she’s dead! Maya is dead! Things could have been different if only...”*

*Jenny interrupted him, her voice trembling with anger and grief:*

*—“If only what? If only you had been there every second? Or if I hadn’t fought for her in court? We both did what we could, Adam! None of us can change what happened!”*

*She looked at the coffin, then lifted her tear-filled eyes toward him:*

*—“Yes... I’m grieving. Yes... I feel guilty. But blaming me now won’t bring Maya back!”*

*Adam took a deep breath, but the fury and sorrow still burned within him.*

*—“Adam...” Jenny whispered softly, “We lost her. But we have to learn from this pain, and protect the ones we love from now on...”*

*Their tears burst forth together, their bodies trembling with grief, as the gray sky stood witness to their loss—and to the fragile, painful bond between two hearts tied by tragedy.*

*Days passed after Maya’s death, but Jenny didn’t let a single moment slip without working tirelessly on her case. She went through files, re-read testimonies, searched for any trace that could reveal the truth.*

*Then, one day, while reviewing old security footage from the construction site, she noticed something unusual... a shadow moving strangely near Maya at the critical moment. Her heart pounded, her eyes locked on the details. The figure’s walk, the way he moved—it wasn’t random. It was familiar. It was Osama.*

*Anger and grief surged as she analyzed every move he had made. After more investigation, the horrifying truth emerged:*

*—“It was him... he was behind everything. He assaulted her. He covered it up. Maya didn’t commit suicide—she was murdered.”*

*Jenny’s whole body shook with rage and shock. Maya had never chosen death—her life was stolen by someone without a shred of conscience.*

*Jenny lifted her head, her eyes blazing with determination:*

*—“I will prove it. I will make sure justice is served. Osama will not escape this time.”*

*That moment was a turning point. A new battle began—a fight to uncover the truth and restore justice for Maya.*

*Jenny arranged to meet Adam in a quiet, private place. They sat across from each other, the air tense. Jenny's eyes locked on his with fierce seriousness:*

*—“Adam... what I'm about to say is hard, but you need to know the truth. Osama, your closest friend... he's the one responsible for what happened to Maya. He caused her death.”*

*Adam froze, as if the ground fell away beneath him.*

*—“What...?! That's... that's impossible!” he shouted in fury and anguish.*

*Jenny reached for his hand, trying to steady him:*

*—“Adam... I know it's hard to believe, but all the evidence I've gathered points directly to him. Maya didn't take her life... he took it from her.”*

*The moment Adam realized Osama was behind Maya's suffering, his heart erupted in rage, years of suppressed emotion exploding. He grabbed his phone and stormed toward Osama's location, fury burning in his eyes.*

*Jenny rushed after him, her steps pounding, her voice sharp:*

*—“Adam! Stop!”*

*He froze for a moment at her voice, but she gripped his arm tightly, looking straight into his eyes:*

*—“You can't do this! We can't become like the monsters who hurt us... this isn't justice, it's madness!”*

*His voice shook with rage:*

*—“He killed her... he killed Maya, my sister... I can't forgive him!”*

*Jenny refused to let him drown in vengeance:*

*—“I understand your anger, I feel your pain... but if you kill Osama, you'll become like him. That won't bring Maya back! True justice lies in the law—let's honor Maya this way. We can't let rage control us.”*

*Adam stood still, his chest heaving, his fists trembling. Her grip and words broke through his storm. Slowly, he whispered, tears streaming down his face:*

*—“You're... right...”*

*Jenny swallowed her own tears, relief softening her voice. But she knew the anger was not gone—it was simply being redirected, toward the fight for justice.*

*Their eyes met in silence, filled with resolve and unity. This moment of truth bound them closer than ever, preparing them for the most difficult battle ahead.*

*Jenny moved quickly, gathering every detail of the case, analyzing everything linked to Osama. This was no ordinary defense—this was war, to prove Maya had not taken her life but had been murdered.*

*Adam stood by her, reviewing files, adding notes:*

*—“We’ll need every shred of evidence... every video, every testimony, every trace.”*

*Jenny’s eyes sharpened with determination:*

*—“I know... there’s no room for error this time. Osama won’t walk free. I’ll prove he’s guilty.”*

*Together, they built their courtroom strategy: who would testify, which evidence to present first, how to counter Osama’s defense. Tension filled the long nights of preparation, but Adam’s presence gave Jenny strength.*

*Through his grief and fury, Adam transformed his emotions into support for her:*

*—“You’re not doing this alone... I’m with you every step of the way.”*

*Jenny smiled faintly, pride and determination lighting her face. This wasn’t just a legal battle—it was personal. A fight for Maya, for justice, for every silenced voice.*

*Months of grueling preparation passed, until the decisive day arrived. Jenny stood tall before the judges, her words sharp and unwavering. Every piece of evidence, every testimony, every weakness in Osama’s story was revealed with precision.*

*The final verdict rang out:*

*—“Osama is sentenced to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole.”*

*Osama trembled, shock spreading across his face. Adam, standing beside Jenny, felt a fierce blend of relief and sorrow, as if years of torment had finally been transformed into justice.*

*After the trial ended, in the courthouse corridor, Adam faced Osama directly. Their eyes locked—burning with fury, hatred, and the silent weight of everything that had been lost.*

## Chapter Five

*Adam shouted angrily:*

— *“I’ve lost everything! Maya will never come back, and you’ll spend the rest of your life behind bars!”*

*Osama smirked mockingly, but his eyes betrayed fear and panic. He knew that everything he had done had been exposed.*

*Adam took a step closer, his voice low but deadly:*

— *“You wanted to hurt the ones I love... and now justice has done what needed to be done.”*

*They stood for a moment, the corridor filled with silence after the storm. The weight of loss still surrounded Adam, but he felt that justice had been served, and that Maya’s soul could finally rest in peace, while Osama would face the consequences of his actions forever.*

*Jenny looked at Adam, her eyes shining with pride and admiration:*

— *“We did it... for Maya.”*

*Adam gently held her hand, as if they were sharing a bittersweet moment of victory. It was a victory, yes—a victory for justice, and for the spirit of the one they had lost.*

*As Adam and Jenny walked out of the courtroom, the feeling of justice lingered in the air. Everything felt lighter, the sunlight spilling over their faces in a radiant glow.*

*Adam suddenly stopped, looking deeply into Jenny’s eyes, his gaze filled with passion and sincerity:*

— *“Jenny... you’ve always been in my heart, from the very beginning, even when we drifted apart. My love for you never left me, not for a single moment... And now, after everything we’ve been through, I want you to know something.”*

*He slowly stepped closer, his hand reaching around her waist, holding her firmly yet tenderly:*

— *“I love you... I still love you... and I will love you every day, every moment, every second of my life.”*

*Jenny trembled, her heart racing. She hadn’t expected this—her eyes widened in surprise and confusion:*

— *“Adam...” she whispered, unable to finish her words.*

*Adam smiled softly, then leaned closer. With tenderness and passion that had been restrained for years, he lifted her hand to his face and kissed it slowly, filled with longing and love.*

*Jenny pulled back for a brief moment, her shock clear, but her heart was melting. All the emotions—old and new—were colliding inside her: surprise, joy, and a love she could no longer deny.*

*Adam whispered in a deep voice:*

*— “This moment isn’t just a victory for Maya’s case... it’s a beginning for us. For us alone. After all the pain, after all the distance... now, I’ll never let you go again.”*

*But before he could finish, Jenny suddenly turned and fled, leaving Adam’s heart pounding and a smile of mixed wonder and love on his face.*

*---*

*Maya was sitting with her mother, talking about Adam and the past, light laughter breaking through their conversation, when suddenly there was a knock at the door. Maya shivered slightly and glanced at her mother.*

*Jenny went to open the door, and the moment she did, she froze in place. Standing there was Max, her father, his eyes filled with surprise and disbelief.*

*But the bigger shock wasn’t only for Jenny... it was for Max as well. His gaze shifted toward the living room, and he saw someone he knew very well. Melissa—his old love—was sitting there, tears streaming down her face as she heard his voice. She didn’t face him, but hurried into another room, trying to hide from everyone’s eyes.*

*Time froze. Silence filled the house. Each of them felt the heavy weight of emotions that had long been suppressed: confusion, shock, pain, and longing.*

*Max stood still, his eyes searching for Melissa, trying to understand why she was crying and why she suddenly disappeared. Jenny, stunned by the unexpected scene, felt the entire room grow heavy with tension and overwhelming emotions.*

*Jenny sat with her mother in a quiet room, their eyes locked as if past and present had collided into one single moment.*

*— “Mom... it’s time to face everything. Time won’t spare us if we keep running,” Jenny said firmly, feeling the burden of responsibility pressing on her shoulders.*

*Her mother looked at her, her eyes filled with sorrow and love:*

*— “I know, my daughter... But remember, strength isn’t only in facing things, but in knowing when and how to stand firm.”*

*Meanwhile, Max stood in the living room, restless, his heart a mix of joy and unease. Seeing Melissa again after years of absence filled him with happiness, but also with fear that the past might reopen wounds he thought were long buried.*

*He smiled faintly, though his hands trembled, as all the memories of love and heartbreak rushed back at once.*

*— “Melissa... after all this time...” he whispered, his eyes never leaving her, studying her every movement, every expression, trying to understand what she was feeling after so many years of silence.*

*At the same time, Jenny took a deep breath, ready for the next step: confronting the past, clarifying suppressed emotions, and arranging everything so that the truth, love, and long-overdue reconciliation could finally have their time.*

*Jenny and her mother entered the living room, where Max was standing, his gaze fixed on Melissa, who sat on the couch with her head lowered, tears falling silently.*

*Jenny trembled slightly but spoke with a clear, firm voice:*

*— “It’s time. Everything must be said now... no more running from the truth.”*

*Melissa slowly lifted her head, her eyes filled with fear and sorrow, but she looked straight at Max:*

*— “Max... I never imagined I’d see you again after all this. I... I had to leave, but I never stopped loving you.”*

*Max swallowed hard, his heart pounding, his emotions torn between anger for all the lost years and the deep love that had never faded:*

*— “Melissa... all these years... everything that’s passed... I never forgot you. Not once.”*

*Jenny stood beside her mother, watching in shock and confusion, but said firmly:*

*— “Now we must be honest. All our feelings, all our mistakes from the past... we have to face them if we want to move forward.”*

*Melissa looked at Max, her eyes brimming with tears:*

*— “I loved you... I never wanted to lose you... but the circumstances forced me. And I was afraid I’d lose you if you ever learned the truth.”*

*Max took slow steps toward her, his hand trembling as he gently took hers, tears streaming down his face as well:*

*— “Melissa... I love you... I still love you. Nothing has changed, even after all the pain.”*

*— “It wasn’t you... it was your family, your past, all the circumstances beyond our control. And I... I took out all my anger and resentment on someone innocent... on our daughter, Jenny.”*

*Max smiled faintly, tears running down his cheeks as he leaned closer to Melissa:*

*— “I’m sorry... sorry for all the pain, for every moment we lost that we should’ve had. I only want to fix what we can now... and start again.”*



*Melissa's heart softened, a small smile of forgiveness appearing on her face:  
— "Let's start again... but this time, we'll be honest with ourselves and with those we love."*

*They exchanged a long look, full of love and longing, as the bitterness of the past melted away. A new chapter of reconciliation, love, and deep understanding began.*

*For a moment, they stood in silence, their eyes locked with passion and yearning, while Jenny and her mother felt that this was a true beginning—a reconciliation with the past, an acknowledgment of feelings, and the rebuilding of trust and love that had been lost for so many years.*

*As Max and Melissa sat together in the living room, talking about the past and their reconciliation, Jenny's phone suddenly rang. She picked it up, and a smile lit her face when she heard Adam's voice on the other end:*

*— "Jenny... come to me. I'm right outside your house."*

*Her heart skipped a beat, a wave of surprise and excitement washing over her, and she couldn't hide her smile.*

*Adam's voice was warm and filled with passion:  
— "I see you now... don't keep me waiting. I want to see you."*

*Jenny sat for a moment, her heart racing, before taking a deep breath and replying:  
— "Alright... I'll come."*

*She set the phone down, her chest filled with joy, anticipation, and curiosity. Everything around her felt lighter, as if the world itself was waiting for this moment—a small moment, yet so immense in her heart: the reunion with Adam, after all the challenges, struggles, and hidden emotions they had endured together.*

*Shortly after, Jenny stepped outside and found Adam standing there.*

*Adam: (smiling as he approached) "Finally... I can't believe I'm seeing you like this, right in front of me."*

*Jenny: (smiling faintly, though nervous) "Adam... what made you come so suddenly?"*

*Adam: "Because I need you here... right now. I can't wait any longer." (steps closer)  
"Do you know how much I've missed seeing you?"*

*Jenny: (breathing quickly, her eyes fixed on his)*

*Adam: (taking her hand gently, moving closer) "I want to feel you, to see everything in you up close... I can't let this moment slip away."*

*Jenny: (her heartbeat quickening) "Adam..."*

*Adam: (now very close to her face) "I don't want anything to separate us this time... not even for a second."*

*He leaned in closer, their noses almost touching, as if the world had vanished around them. Jenny's hand trembled slightly in his, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she felt the warmth of his touch fill her heart.*

*Adam: (whispering softly, like a secret between them) "I've imagined this moment a thousand times... and it was never enough."*

*Jenny: (looking into his eyes, his voice echoing in her chest) "Adam... I... I never expected to feel all of this."*

*Adam: (smiling tenderly, brushing her cheek) "I want you to know something... no matter what happens, I'll never let you walk away from me again."*

*Jenny felt her heart race with warmth. Despite her nerves, there was a strange sense of safety with him. Adam stepped closer, kissing her forehead gently, then lifted her chin to meet her eyes directly.*

*Adam: "Now... we can begin a new chapter... together."*

*Jenny: (closing her eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath, then smiling) "With you... only with you."*

*The moment stood still between them. Everything around was silent, but their hearts spoke louder than any words. Their world had shrunk into this one instant, filled with warmth, passion, and the long-awaited sense of peace.*

**"And so, their story doesn't end here. The past has only just begun to reveal its secrets, and the future holds even more trials, love, and discoveries. This is just the first step in a much greater journey... Stay with them, because Part Two is coming soon."**

**Melissa**







Max



Jenny





Adam



Maya





Osama



**Max and Melissa**





