

## S2 Chapter 100

### Henry's POV

I was greeted at the office by Melissa, Tess, and Julia standing near the elevator.

"Finally, Martin!" Melissa complained as I checked my watch.

"I'm not late, Mel!" I replied.

"But you could've been courteous enough to come a bit earlier to tell us how things went with Sam. We're dying to know. And I'm the one who helped you!" Melissa was eager for news.

"Oh, that's what this is about!" I smiled at them. "Well, come on, let's grab some coffee, because my weekend was amazing!"

They smiled and started jumping and clapping like a bunch of fangirls chasing a boyband. After giving them a summary of how Sam had forgiven me and how happy I was, we went to work, but I pulled Melissa into my office. She must have had information I was interested in.

"Come here, Mel, because you're going to tell me a story," I said while pulling her into my office.

"What story?" She asked, confused.

"My mom and Dr. Molina," I said simply and saw her guilty expression.

"She finally told you?"

"Finally? How long has this been going on?"

"What do you know, little Henry?"

"Don't 'little Henry' me, you crazy girl. Spill it. I saw my mom with Molina on Saturday, but Sam wouldn't let me confront them. Now it seems your crazy, psychotic mind has something to do with this," I complained emphatically, pacing back and forth.

"Sit down, Martin," Melissa spoke calmly. "Sam did the right thing. I'll tell you the basics."

"Basics?" I asked, not understanding.

"Yes, just enough for you to talk to Heidi without freaking out and playing the ridiculous role of jealous son." Melissa was giving me an order, not a suggestion.

"Look, Alvaro is a wonderful man! Just so you know," Melissa began. "his marriage hasn't been good for a long time, and a few months ago his wife asked for a divorce and they were separating amicably, until he discovered that the tramp had been having an affair with the hospital's accountant for over five years. Can you believe that?"

"Wow, poor guy!" I sympathized with the doctor.

"Yeah. He took it really hard, Henry, even worse than you did. But he got divorced and with his daughters' support, left that tramp with nothing, just like she deserved. Of course, she moved in with her lover the same day."

"Does Dr. Molina love her?" I asked, starting to worry about my mother's feelings.

"Like I said, their marriage was already on the rocks. He doesn't love that slut, but it was a marriage of many years that he respected. He was devastated because he felt humiliated and like a complete fool."



"I know exactly how that feels."

"So anyway. He wanted to redecorate the whole house because in a fit of rage, he broke a bunch of stuff that tramp loved. That's why I introduced Heidi to him," Melissa concluded with a big smile.

"It was just for her to redecorate the house." I stated, hoping Melissa didn't have any ulterior motives.

"Of course not, Martin! If it was just for decorating, I would have recommended this amazing decorator I know," Melissa tossed my illusion in the trash. "The thing is, your mom is beautiful and super nice and lovable, I mean, your mom is spectacular, and Alvaro is too. I really wanted to set them up. Your mom went through the same thing he did, and they would understand each other well."

"Melissa, you planned all this?" I asked in disbelief.

"Always!" She smiled. "And don't be ridiculous, Alvaro is a wonderful man, a gentleman, he's treating your mom the way she deserves, and your mom is super happy and making good use of those toys you gave her."

"Damn it, Mel! That was a mistake," I complained. "You know he's my neighbor?"

"Oh, right! I didn't even think about that," Melissa burst out laughing. "Afraid of hearing your mom moan, Martin?"

"You're evil, you're so evil!" I pointed at her as she doubled over with laughter in the chair across from me. "Does Fred know about this?"

"Of course he does, he helped me," Melissa wiped tears from her eyes from laughing so hard.



"Traitor," I grumbled. "You two are both matchmakers."

"Martin, let your mom be happy, for God's sake. Sex is fucking great, and having someone nice who likes us and who we like is awesome too. Don't be selfish!" Melissa brought me back to reality, she was right, but man, we were talking about my mom.

She left the office, leaving me thinking about all of that. Later, Alexander called to let me know there would be dinner at his house tonight to celebrate my getting back together with Sam. My friends were dying to know all the details.

I had lunch with Sam, and we took the opportunity to buy all the remaining furniture for the house. She got excited and ended up buying more decorative items. We were happy and having fun setting up our home. After shopping, she didn't go back to the office; I dropped her off at home and went to my mother's penthouse.

"Henry, sweetie!" My mother came to greet me, looking very happy. She really had a different glow about her. "I didn't expect you to come so quickly." I looked at her, confused. "Mel called me."

"Of course the meddling psycho called you," I complained, and she laughed.

"Come, son, let's talk." My mother pulled me to the couch. "What do you want to know?"

"Aren't you going to ask me anything about Samantha?" I found it strange.

"No, Enzo told me you two had reconciled, and Melissa gave me some details when she called today, plus I talked to Sam." My mother was



already up to speed on everything.

"Seems like the gossip radio works for everyone but me," I complained like a spoiled kid.

"Stop that, Henry. You're a grown, intelligent man, not a little boy," my mother scolded me. "Alvaro is a wonderful man who treats me like a queen. I'm happy, feeling truly loved by a man for the first time in my life, and allowing myself to experience this. What more do you want for your mother?"

"Mom, is this thing serious?"

"Henry, it's not a thing, it's a relationship. Yes, it's very serious. Neither Alvaro nor I have time to waste, son; none of us is getting any younger. I want to enjoy my life, and if a good man has appeared in my path, offering me genuine and honest feelings, what's wrong with accepting that?" My mother was serious.

"Mom, I don't want you to get hurt."

"Son, I could never prevent all your pain, and you can't prevent mine." She placed her hand on mine. "But Alvaro is a good man, and that should count for something, shouldn't it?"

"Yeah, it does. They say all the men in the Molina family are prince charming." I gave in, and my mother burst out laughing.

"Oh darling, I think that's really true."

"If you're happy, I'm happy, Mom!"

After talking with her for a while and hearing how things started with the doctor, I went to pick up Sam for dinner, since Alexander's house is close

to ours, it would be better to stop by her apartment first.

Samantha opened the door for me; she was terrified and her eyes were swollen from crying so much. I became alarmed. But she was too nervous to speak, just handed me an envelope.

I didn't know whether to look at the envelope or hug Samantha, so I walked with her to the couch and sat down, pulling her onto my lap. Only then did I look at the envelope, and I almost had a nervous breakdown.



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