

S2 Chapter 131

Hebe's POV

I would like to know what goes through my brother's mind, because sometimes Henry completely lost focus and went downhill. I gave precise instructions - one dog, just one small dog - then I came back from a wonderful trip and got my kids back with two dogs, and Clara's dog was almost as big as her. I felt like sending both the dogs and the kids back to his house.

Of course, he had a ready-made speech when I called him furiously questioning the two dogs. The worst part is that he convinced me - he always did, ever since we were kids it was like that, I did everything he wanted. However, my kids were two little troublemakers and I knew it. They were two little rascals who manipulated their uncle however they wanted, and inevitably, I felt manipulated by extension, because after Henry gave in to their wishes, he made me give in to his own desire to please his niece and nephew.

I had no choice but to take the little troublemakers back with two dogs. To my surprise, the small one is a hurricane, messy and hyperactive, while the bigger one is totally zen, quiet, and well-behaved. But I wouldn't let my house turn into chaos!

What I didn't expect was these two furry ones stealing my heart. Two sneaky clever ones, they came in quietly, started following me around the house, lay at my feet when I sit down to read, paid attention when I talk to them, greeted me when I get home - honestly, they gave me more attention than my kids. However, I would never confess that I was in love with these two fuzzballs. I even bought them treats and



hid them to give when it was just the three of us at home.

I was just giving treats to Popcorn and Truffle when one of the security guards came to tell me that my father was at the gate insisting on talking to me. I told the guard to let him in and stayed nearby. To be honest, I had wanted to talk to him since the day he cornered Enzo at the mall, but Edward convinced me to let it go. However, I would meet him, and he would hear plenty.

"Daughter! I've missed you! I'm so glad I could talk to you, I'm desperate and need your help." He walked into the living room with open arms coming towards me, and I stepped back.

"Don't touch me!" I warned, and I heard the dogs growl at him.

"Hebe, what is this? Don't treat your father like this. Daughter, I'm going through a very difficult time." He scolded me with a whining voice.

"My father? I don't know who you are, but you're not my father, not anymore." I gave a short, cold laugh. "And you're reaping what you sowed."

"Hebe, I can see that Henry has been filling your head with lies. But daughter, believe me, nothing he told you is true. Henry hates me, he's always been jealous of you because you were always my favorite, daddy's little princess." Reynold kept talking fast, and I wanted to hit him.

"Is nothing true? Are you talking about the women you abused, or are you referring to that slut Nicole, who I recently discovered was your son's girlfriend before you stole her from him?" My voice was heavy



with anger and hurt.

"Sweetheart, Nicole was just a moment of madness."

"Don't call me sweetheart. I'M NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!" I screamed. I felt tears springing from my eyes. I also noticed Popcorn and Truffle standing up in front of me.

"Hebe, you can't judge me, I was an excellent father to you!"

"Were you really, Dad?" I was as cynical as he was being. "Tell me, were you an excellent father when you harassed my friend who was only fifteen at the time? Or were you an excellent father when you tried to rape one of my bridesmaids at my wedding? Maybe you were an excellent father when you blackmailed my mother and threatened to take advantage of my fragility and make me commit suicide? Oh, no, I know! You were an excellent father when you stole your son's girlfriend and abandoned your family for that gold-digging slut."

"Hebe, things aren't like that..." I didn't let him finish.

"Save your breath, Reynold! You have no power over me anymore! I only allowed you in here today to give you a warning, and listen carefully: don't come near me or my family ever again, don't approach my children on the street, don't try to talk to them, don't even look at them. If you come near them, Reynold, I'll kill you. Did you hear me? I'LL KILL YOU!" Fury had taken over me, and I was completely beside myself.

"Well, you worthless thing! Who do you think you are to talk to me like that? Huh? Want to know the truth? The truth is you were only useful while you could convince that idiot Henry to give me money.



Now, you're useless to me." Reynold seemed quite irritated. "But I won't leave here empty-handed."

He walked toward me, but before he could touch me, the dogs stopped in front of him and attacked, each one sinking their teeth into one of his legs, making Reynold panic.

"Oww! You flea-ridden mutts! Let me go, get off, let me go! HEBE, MAKE THESE STUPID ANIMALS RELEASE ME!" Rage dripped from his voice, just as blood from the dogs' bites was dripping on the floor.

"SECURITY!" I shouted, and two men entered the room. "Remove this scum from my house, and if he shows up again, call the police. Truffle, Popcorn, let this piece of trash go!"

Truffle and Popcorn immediately obeyed my command and came to position themselves by my side, sitting but still growling at Reynold. While that despicable man was being removed from my house, I bent down and thanked my four-legged babies for defending me. They got lots of treats after that.

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