

S2 Chapter 137

Samantha's POV

"I don't like this, Vince," I commented, looking around and seeing no sign of Ivy. "Why would Ivy leave the party? This feels really weird to me."

"I don't get it either, Sam, but I don't want to alarm anyone. It shouldn't be this hard to find a woman wearing lime green," Vince remarked.

"Let's check around the area, maybe she just stepped out for some fresh air," I suggested, though I wasn't very convinced. Like Vince, I didn't want to cause unnecessary panic.

"I hope that's all it is," Vince seemed very worried and even distressed.

"What's wrong, Vince?" I asked, concerned about his behavior.

"I don't know, Sam..." He put his hand on the back of his neck. "Do you think she's running away from me?"

"And why would she run away from you?" I found that strange.

"Why wouldn't she? Maybe I scare women away. My ex-fiancée broke up with me a month before our wedding." Vince was afraid of being rejected again. That witch really did a number on his heart.

"Vincent, should I call Erica and Emilia over here to prove to you that you don't scare women away? Quite the opposite?" I called him out, putting my hands on my hips.

"No, please, it took me a lot of effort to get rid of them," he smiled awkwardly. "Those two groped me shamelessly. I felt like a piece of meat!"

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"I'm sure Ivy isn't running away from you," I laughed, amused by his discomfort at being hit on by two women. "Let's go look for her. She might not be feeling well."

I called Michael, my security guard who was walking a few steps away, and showed him the photo on my phone. I asked him to check with the other house security guards if they had seen Ivy anywhere, figuring it would be easier with their help since there were many more of them. He asked me to wait. Five minutes later, the security guard who had been talking to Michael said something to him and rushed off.

"Samantha..." Michael came to us, and he didn't seem to have good news. I didn't like the look on his face.

"What is it, Michael? Where's the girl?" I was already sensing something bad.

"She was attacked, come with me." He pointed the way, and I saw Vince become desperate and start walking hurriedly in the direction the other security guards had gone.

"Attacked? What do you mean attacked? What happened to her?" Vince asked, nervous and worried, walking quickly with the security guard, practically pulling me by the hand.

"Look, it seems that thanks to the alert, Samantha asked us to pass around. Nothing worse happened. But the young lady appears to be very frightened," Michael explained.

He led us along a stone path that went behind the party hall and led to a small garden flanked by tall plants that concealed it. We spotted Ivy

sitting on a garden bench, crying heavily, disheveled, and holding her torn dress at chest level, trying to keep it in place. Besides her were two security guards, one trying to calm her down and the other looking around. Vince rushed toward her.

"Oh my God, Ivy." Vince pulled her into a hug. "What happened, sweetheart?"

"Vince," Ivy hugged him back, sobbing.

"Alright, what do you know? Have you identified who attacked her?" I approached the security guards and demanded information.

"Unfortunately yes, ma'am. When we arrived, we found Reynold on top of her, trying to kiss and grab her. She was struggling, and he tore her dress. Thankfully, we arrived before anything worse could happen, thanks to you asking us to look for her." As the security guard spoke, I felt my stomach turn.

"My God! This man is a monster!" I commented, watching Vince holding Ivy. "Well, have you caught him? How did he get in here?"

"Ma'am, it's a party, unfortunately something slipped through security. He might have entered with one of the service providers without us noticing," the security guard started sweating under my questioning. "We're checking the security cameras and scanning the property. But he ran when we arrived, and we haven't found him yet."

I took out my phone and called Henry, asking him to meet us and bring Edward, but not to raise any alarm. He arrived quickly.

"Sam, what happened?" Henry came toward me, concerned.

"Reynold attacked Ivy. She hasn't been able to say anything yet, but

security prevented the worst, though she's very shaken up."

"Good Lord! This monster needs to be locked up!" Edward was stressed, already loosening his tie and giving orders to security. After giving instructions, he knelt beside her and examined her. "Let's go to the house. This girl needs some time. Sam, can you help us?"

"Of course, Ed, I won't leave her side," I replied with a smile. But Ivy couldn't move, so Vince carried her in his arms and we walked out, taking the long way around to avoid the guests' stares.

In the house, Ed took us to the guest room, Vince placed Ivy on the bed, and I asked Ed to get a sewing kit and makeup kit. He left and sent a staff member to bring tea, water, and everything I'd requested. I was very angry - when would Reynold be stopped?

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