

S2 Chapter 139

Henry's POV

The situation with Reynold had gone completely out of control. He went too far by trying to assault the girl at his own grandson's birthday party. That was the last straw for Edward. Edward was furious and rightfully so, just like my nephew. As for my sister, she was deeply shaken that this had happened in her home, and the next day she called the landscaper to demolish the hidden garden and rebuild it completely open.

The day after the party, we visited Ivy's family, trying to apologize for all of Reynold's mess. Fortunately, they were a very upstanding family with exceptional kindness. They were very grateful to Sam and Vince for looking for and taking care of Ivy, preventing the worst from happening.

Ivy was very brave and filed a detailed police report, and Edward handed over the security camera footage. Luckily, Ivy's father was a judge's brother and knew the judge handling the case against Reynold. Given this and all the evidence we gathered, including the attack on Samantha in the store, Flavian requested Reynold's arrest, and the judge granted it. The only problem was that Reynold seemed to have vanished into thin air - nobody knew where he was.

I went to meet Flavian at the police station to get updates, as I had been very apprehensive and noticed Samantha was worried. She had even thought about postponing the wedding, but I would never agree to that.

"So, Flavian, give me some news," I said, sitting down across from the detective.

"My friend, the news isn't good. Your father has disappeared," Flavian was as dissatisfied as I was with Reynold's freedom.

"Where did that wretch go?" It was more of a reflection than a question, but Flavian was an experienced police officer and had conducted a much broader investigation than I had imagined.

"Henry, he needs to hide, but since you stopped paying his allowance, he doesn't have a penny in his accounts, so I doubt he has left the city. He's not in any hotels either - we've checked them all. Someone must be helping him, but I've had officers keep an eye on his friends that you told me about, and he hasn't been meeting with them."

"Flavian, I have no idea who could be helping Reynold," I said, running my fingers through my hair, feeling helpless.

"He hasn't even been going to his usual spots. But his situation isn't good, Henry. The judge handling the case was informed today that there's an extradition request for Reynold to other state."

"What do you mean, extradition?" I found this really strange.

"He's being accused of statutory rape there. The same modus operandi he always uses - drugged a woman and assaulted her."

"Another one," I sighed. "Man, how can this scumbag be my father? I've asked myself this question thousands of times."

"Forget that he's your father. Like you've said before, he just donated the sperm, you're nothing like him. Luckily, you took after your mother in everything, including that beautiful lady's looks."

"My mother is indeed a beautiful woman. She didn't deserve to marry someone like Reynold."

"That's in the past. Now she's dating a prince, from what I heard." Flavian smiled.

"Yeah, Alvaro Molina, legitimate heir to a long line of princes, according to Melissa." I smiled, remembering how happy my mother had been lately.

"And speaking of your mother, I talked to her at your nephew's party," Flavian gave me an enigmatic look.

"Here comes trouble. What is it now?" I asked, already sensing something bad.

"Your mother said I could talk to you about this, though she never told you before."

"Told me what?" I became curious, wondering what new revelation was coming.

"She said that your grandfather, your father's father, right after she got pregnant with Hebe, seemed more concerned about her and the baby's well-being and mentioned something she didn't understand at the time, but recently, talking with Alvaro, it made more sense to her," Flavian was sugar-coating it, as they said. He had something unpleasant to tell and was beating around the bush.

"Flavian, just rip the bandage off at once, it's better than pulling it off slowly," I said impatiently.

"Your grandfather warned you to be careful with your father, because he never grew attached to anyone and had aggressive behavior, feeling no guilt or empathy when he hurt someone."

"In other words, he's always been a monster. I already know that."

"Your grandfather said that a diagnosis couldn't be made because your father refused to take the tests, but your father certainly suffers from a

behavioral disorder, as warned by a psychiatrist who was your grandfather's friend."

"What kind of disorder?"

"Your father might be a psychopath or a sociopath, probably the first option."

"And that's the monster my mother's father forced her to marry," I lamented.

"Indeed. If that's the case, everything becomes much more serious. Your father won't stop."

"Then you need to stop him." I understood the gravity of what Flavian was saying and became even more worried about Samantha. But she was being cautious, and the security guards were keeping an eye on her.

"Henry! How are you?" Detective Bonfim entered the room with a smile.

"Good, Bonfim. And you?" I stood up to greet him.

"Very well. But unfortunately, I have news you won't like."

"Oh no, another one?" I was already regretting coming to this police station today.

"I'm sorry, my friend, but the judge granted freedom to that Romulus guy. I just received the information."

"It just keeps getting worse!" I lamented.

"Don't worry, man, we'll stay alert," Flavian tried to calm me down.

"That's right. I've already taken the initiative and assigned two

plainclothes officers to tail him," Bonfim told me, which calmed me down a bit.

"That's good," I sighed.

"As for you, Flavian, that issue is still an issue." Bonfim handed a folder to Flavian.

"Damn it, Bonfim! This shit is going to ruin my life!" Flavian became agitated.

"I'll keep pushing, but someone's pushing from the other side too," Bonfim warned.

"Is it still about that matter?" I asked, and he nodded. "Man, this bomb's gonna blow up in your face."

"Very reassuring, friend," Flavian replied sarcastically.



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