

S2 Chapter 31

Henry's POV

My weekend with my goddess was incredible. I was in pure ecstasy. We enjoyed the paradise-like scenery of the deserted island before us, spent lots of time swimming in the sea, and our bodies intertwined multiple times on every surface of that yacht. Damn! I already liked that yacht, but now it was my favorite place on Earth.

On Sunday night, she slept at my place. I took the opportunity to give her the makeup case and the white bodysuit I had bought for her days ago. She loved them but warned me to stop buying her presents. I told her the bodysuit wasn't for her, it was for me - I wanted to take it off her.

I dropped my goddess off at Alexander's office, and she had this special glow about her - happy and full of life. I felt the same way. I hadn't felt this good in a long time. Being with Samantha had become the best part of my day.

I arrived at the office in high spirits and energetic. I ran into my assistant in the elevator.

"Good morning, my beautiful assistant!" I kissed Melissa on the cheek.

"Well, well, Martin! By that goofy look on your face, Sam must have shown you quite a good time this weekend." I looked at Melissa, confused, and she explained. "You know what I mean, to put it politely." I started laughing.

"Ah! Melissa, you're priceless! But yes, Sam gives the best loving in the world!" I said, grinning like a fool.

"Yeah, I can tell." Melissa looked at me with her mocking expression. "



But come back to Earth because today I'm going to work you to the bone, and I have news for you." 📌

"Crack your whip all you want, I'll do anything you say today!"

"I love submissive men!" Melissa winked at me, making me burst out laughing.

"Is your prince submissive, Melissa?" I couldn't resist asking.

"My prince is just like you, little Henry, he knows who's in charge of the relationship." Melissa smiled mischievously. "Now, focus! You didn't even pay attention when I said I had news."

"I hope it's good news, Melissa!"

"It's the best. Guess who got out of hell?"

"Nooo! Melissa, did Catherine forgive Alexander?"

"That's right! So, boss, yours wasn't the only incredible weekend."

"Now that's the cherry on top! I'm so happy, Mel, Alexander and Catherine deserve to be happy. But I guess I'm losing an employee, huh?"

"Maybe. She hasn't decided yet."

"That's okay. I'm just happy they're together."

When we got off the elevator, Julia was pacing back and forth anxiously.

"Oh no, Julia! Every time you're like this, it means there's trouble. Don't ruin my Monday; I had such a good weekend," I said, already sensing it wasn't good news.

"Honey, I'm sorry, but I'm not the one who's going to ruin your day,



though I have to warn you," Julia cautioned.

"What has my father done now, Julia?" I knew that whatever Julia had to say, it had to do with my father. I recognized the way she looked at me when talking about him.

"He's in your office, Henry. Got here about ten minutes ago, with that upturned nose and that air of superiority he has. You know I can't stop him from coming in." Julia despised my father.

"I know, Julia." I sighed and looked at Melissa. "Mel, he's a jerk, I know he'll hit on you and be unpleasant, so feel free to kick him where it hurts."

"Relax, Martin. I've got us covered!" Melissa spoke with a confidence I envied at that moment.

I entered my office, and my father was sitting there like he owned the place. Something he hadn't been for a long time. If it were up to him, we wouldn't even have any assets left.

"Ah, look who's here, the boy has arrived," my father spoke as if I were a kid.

"I haven't been a boy for a long time. Get away from my desk!" I said in a cold voice.

"Watch how you talk to me, boy! If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be where you are."

"Actually, dad, if it were up to you, I'd be in the gutter with my mother and sister!"

When my parents divorced, I took over the company, but when my mother's father died, I bought all my father's shares and removed him completely from the business, as he was bankrupting us with his




massive, uncontrolled withdrawals.

"Show some respect!" He stood up and slammed his hand on the desk.

"What do you want? What are you doing here?"

"I've been trying to talk to you for weeks, and you won't answer me."

"I'm a busy man. What do you want?"

"I want money. What you're sending me isn't enough anymore. And I want the company jet at my disposal for next month; I want to take my girlfriend to see Europe. I'll pass a list of hotels to your assistant to make reservations." He was giving orders like a tyrant. 

"The money I send you is more than enough for you to live like a king. As for the jet, forget it, it's for company business, not for your entertainment. And don't you dare give orders to my employees."

"Listen here, Henry. I'm your father, and I'm telling you, not asking!" My father raised his voice.

"And I'm telling you not one cent more! I don't obey you, I don't even respect you!" I shouted in his face.

"Henry, should I call security?" I looked up to see Melissa and Julia standing near the door.

"Well! Is this your new assistant? Are you sleeping with her too?" My father said, looking at Melissa as if appraising merchandise.

"Don't you dare! If you have no respect for women, at least respect your friends," I warned, but he looked at me uncomprehendingly, walking toward Melissa.



"You're quite the looker," my father said and reached out to touch Melissa's face.

But before he could touch her, she grabbed his wrist and kicked him in the groin with all her might, making him fall to the ground clutching himself and howling in pain.

"Don't you dare put your disgusting hands on me, you bastard!" Melissa bent down and yelled in his face. She stood up, flipped her hair back, and delivered the final blow: "Oh, by the way, I'm Melissa Larson! I'll be sure to tell my father, Oliver, what kind of scumbag he calls a friend!"

"You idiot, you hired Larson's daughter?" my father spoke through gritted teeth.

"Get up and get out of my company," I said with disgust. "And do me one favor - forget I exist. Your money will be in your account every month, but don't come looking for me anymore."

Hatred blazed in my father's eyes. We had never gotten along, but after the divorce, things kept getting worse until they reached an unbearable point. I couldn't stand him anymore. The fact that he was my father meant nothing to me; I didn't romanticize titles or blood ties. I only kept supporting him because of my sister. Hebe had been deeply affected by the divorce; she had adored her father, and even knowing now what kind of man he was, she still felt affection for him.

He struggled to his feet and took two steps toward me. I lost what little composure I had left.

"GET OUT OF HERE, DAMN IT!" I shouted at him. "Or I'm calling security."
"

"This isn't over, Henry," my father glared at me one last time before



leaving.

I picked up the phone and banned him from my building. Melissa left, and Julia came to me and sat down across from me.

"Boy, it was about time you removed him from your life. He's too toxic for you," Julia said, and I held her hand, agreeing with her.

"Martin, it's not Sam's tea, but it'll help you calm down," Melissa returned and handed me a cup of tea, making me laugh.

"You're impossible, you crazy girl!" I thanked her and drank the tea. "Are you going to tell your father what happened here?"

"Yes, I am. I don't want that man anywhere near my mother," Melissa said straightforwardly.

"Good. Your father knows what he's like, but he's getting worse and worse. He's not the type who deserves a noble friend like your father." I supported her decision, but I would tell Larson myself. What my worthless father did was disrespectful.

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