

S2 Chapter 36

Henry's POV

I had a spectacular night with my goddess. Samantha was incredibly beautiful and sexy. This woman had turned my world upside down. I was unsure about the toys, but her reaction was wonderful – so much so that when we finally went to sleep, the first rays of sunlight were already coming through the window.

I felt bad about waking her up, but we had confirmed going to Sunday lunch at my sister's house. Thing is, I didn't want to go at all; something was bothering me. However, I had already committed and couldn't stand Hebe up.

We arrived and were greeted by Enzo, who came with a big smile to hug Samantha and took it upon himself to introduce her to the rest of the family as if he were her escort. What a cheeky kid!

Samantha and Hebe hit it off and quickly engaged in a conversation about fashion, with my niece paying attention as if she were enchanted by Sam. My brother-in-law Edward and I were talking business – he owned a chain of supermarkets spread across the country. The atmosphere was light and pleasant. Until we heard Enzo's voice complaining.

"Oh no! Not again!" Enzo looked at the door with an unfriendly expression.

"Good to see you too, my dear grandson!" My father walked in as if he owned the place.

I looked at Hebe and her guilty face gave her away. She had set a trap for me, and apparently not even her husband knew about it, since he wasn't



a fan of my father either.

"How nice to see my children and grandchildren together." My father spoke as if he were an exemplary father.

"I can't believe you set me up like this, Hebe." I reproached my sister who, at least, had the decency to look embarrassed.

"Henry, your sister was just kind enough to bring the family together, don't act like a teenager." My father scolded me, and I felt like laughing.

"I'm acting like a teenager, Reynold?" I asked mockingly. "You're the one hanging around with young girls, spending the money I earn. Yes, because if I had left the company in your hands, you'd be begging for alms at some church door."

"Show more respect, boy. I'm your father!" My father shouted.

"You remembered that now?" I said ironically. "Let's go, Sam."

"Henry, please, for your nephews' sake, stay." Hebe put her hands on my shoulders. "I want my children to spend time with family, with all the family. It's just lunch."

"Henry, I know better than anyone how you feel, but make this sacrifice for your sister." Samantha spoke and squeezed my hand.

"Fine. But we're going to talk later, Hebe." I said, and my sister smiled at me and went to greet my father.

"And who is this beautiful young lady?" My father approached Samantha, and she took a step back.

"She's my girlfriend, Reynold. Stay away from her!" I growled.



"Girlfriend, is it? What a novelty!" My father smiled and took another step toward Sam, and I stepped in front of her. "Afraid she might prefer your father?" He spoke and looked at me with a challenging tone.

"Don't you dare!" I warned him.

No one knew, but I was the one who introduced my father to the girl for whom he left my mother. Nicole was twenty years old, and we had met at a party and gone out a few times. I was in love and told my father about her. I was eighteen and didn't yet know what my father was really like. My father wanted to meet her, and we arranged lunch. A week later, Nicole broke up with me, and a month later, my father left the family to be with her.

I felt guilty about my parents' divorce and felt like an idiot for being used by both Nicole and my father; in the end, she was just a gold digger who saw more potential in my father than in me.

To make matters worse, my father tried to justify himself, saying it's in man's nature to have many women and it's normal and acceptable, that sooner or later a man would feel the need to have a mistress or to have a freer life. That every man would need to seek something new on the streets to avoid getting bored. Of course, my father was a despicable pig. But after that, I was afraid of becoming like him, a jerk with many mistresses. That's why I didn't get involved with anyone until Samantha appeared and took over every single one of my thoughts.

However, seeing him there, facing her and challenging me, awakened something bad in me, and I was afraid of going through that again. It was like I was back to being an eighteen-year-old boy. My father was smirking at me.

"Dad, what would you like to drink?" Hebe sensed the tension and pulled my father to sit next to her husband.

"That excellent Scottish single malt whiskey that your husband insists on buying for me. Isn't that right, son-in-law?" My father needed Edward, who wrinkled his nose.

"I always offer the best in my house, Reynold, even to the dogs." Edward didn't smile.

The animosity between them was long-standing, more precisely since the wedding party, when Edward caught my father forcefully grabbing one of the bridesmaids in the bride's dressing room, which almost ruined my sister's wedding. He even had to help us cover up the scandal and swallow my father's flimsy excuse that he was drunk. After that, many things happened, turning their relationship into a minefield.

Lunch was served, and my father made himself the center of attention. He picked on everyone; the only one lucky enough to be ignored was my niece Clara. But poor Enzo was the target of all kinds of jokes and malicious comments claiming he was a mama's boy and needed to man up.

After lunch, I was like a lion in a cage and pulled my sister aside.

"For God's sake, Hebe, don't you see how much harm this man does to us? I can't stand him, your husband can't stand him, your children can't stand him," I told my sister.

"Henry, he's our father," was all she said.

"Sister, that doesn't give him the right to make our lives hell."

"Talking about me, dear son?" My father approached with that detestable sarcasm he used to get to us.

"Of course, Dad," I returned in kind.



"Henry, haven't you gotten over Nicole preferring me?" He asked, and my sister looked confused.

"Congratulations to you! Actually, I should thank you for that," I replied and turned my back, but he pulled me by the shoulder.

"Wait!" He ordered as if he could boss me around. "I want to talk to you about the money and the trip."

"Reynold, there's no more money and no trip. Wait until the beginning of the month, and your fat allowance will be in your account. Then you can do whatever you want," I replied.

"Henry, I need money. I'm broke! What your sister gave me barely covers the hotel where I had to stay," he complained.

"Then go back to your house in Los Angeles," I simply replied. "By the way, I'm curious, I send you quite a large amount every month, how do you manage to spend it all and have nothing left? Could it be that your latest little adventure cleaned you out?"

"That's none of your business!" He turned pale, giving me certainty that I had hit the mark. "Look, Henry, I need to travel to rest, clear my head, and I want to take my new girlfriend to see Europe. Just release what I asked for, and I'll disappear from your sight."

"Rest? Please, don't be ridiculous. You're just a freeloader who doesn't do anything. I've said it before and I won't change my mind – you won't get a penny more than your allowance from me," I reaffirmed.

"Then we'll be seeing a lot of each other!" My father gave a cynical smile, and I turned my back on him. I knew he would do everything to make my life hell.



When I returned to the living room, I didn't see Samantha. Clara told me she had gone to the bathroom.

"I don't know how to make your sister understand that your father only hurts her. He takes everything he can from her, creates chaos in our family, and then disappears. She'll be suffering again when he leaves," my brother-in-law complained.

"I don't understand Hebe. Thank goodness she has you." I was genuinely happy that my sister had found a good and honest man to marry, who supported her in everything.

"My dear mother-in-law does well to travel whenever this guy shows up."
"

"I'm actually jealous of her this time," I smiled at my brother-in-law. "Edward, I'm going to look for Sam, sorry, but I want to leave."

"Go ahead. Enzo wants to go with you again..." my nephew was looking like a puppy waiting for attention.

"I don't mind, we had a great week and he was excellent company." I smiled at my nephew, who smiled back with sparkling eyes. "If it's okay with you all, the kid's mine." My brother-in-law laughed.

"I think it's better for him to go with you if it's not a problem. I don't like how your father is treating him. I'll sort it out with your sister later," my brother-in-law said. "Go pack your things, son."

Enzo ran ahead of me. When I got near the powder room, I heard my father's voice. He had found Samantha and had her cornered against the wall. Her face was turned toward me, and he was too close to her.

"I guarantee I'm much better than him, call me." He held out a card to



her.

"Honestly, you couldn't be better than him at anything," I heard Samantha respond as she pushed him away, walking toward me.

"Any problem here?" I asked angrily.

"Nothing I can't handle," Samantha responded and pulled me by the hand. "Can we leave, please?"

"Yes, we just have to wait for Enzo," I replied.

"I'm ready," Enzo stopped beside us holding a bag and a backpack.

"That was quick," I commented.

"I had already packed my things in case I needed to escape from this gentleman again," Enzo explained. "Look, uncle, I'm not leaving your house until he's gone."

"Oh, I don't know, Enzo, maybe we'll adopt you!" Samantha joked with him, and they walked out embracing each other.

I went to my father and warned him:

"Stay away!"

But of course, he would want to test his strength against me and wouldn't leave town before causing me some trouble.