

S2 Chapter 39

Reynold's POV

"Oliver, but I didn't know she was your daughter."

I was standing in a corner of the Social Club's reception area, talking on the phone. It was the tenth time I'd tried to apologize to Oliver Larson, but he wouldn't even listen. All because I hit on his daughter, without knowing she was his daughter. However, he decided to give me a moral lecture, saying that regardless of who she was, I should respect women. Finally, he told me not to call him anymore; our years of friendship were over. 1

This made me even more pissed off at Henry. My son was turning out to be a real idiot. I lost a friend who could have been very useful because my idiot son hired his spoiled daughter and didn't tell me. But I would teach that kid a lesson.

I took a deep breath; I was going to meet other good friends there and needed to stay calm. Before turning to go to the Club's restaurant, I saw a group of women arrive. Each one more beautiful than the last. This Club was certainly attracting quite the crowd these days. Looking closer, I recognized two of them - one was Larson's daughter and the other was my beloved son's little girlfriend. But this was very interesting. And who were the others? I would find a way to find out.

I entered the restaurant and saw Ayrton Botelho sitting with his daughter; he was one of the friends I was meeting. His daughter was so plain, but I knew Henry had gone out with her a few times and knew she was crazy about my idiot son. She must not be happy about his new relationship; perhaps she'd make a good ally. I approached their table and greeted them.

"What a pretty young lady, Ayrton. Will you grace us with your presence, Isa?" I said while greeting them.

"No, Mr. Perry, I'm just waiting for my friends," Isabella smiled and spoke in that spoiled girl voice.

"What a shame!"

"And how's Henry doing, Reynold?" Ayrton asked me.

"Getting worse every day. An ingrate, Ayrton," I commented.

"Oh, Mr. Perry, I don't know what's happening with Henry, he's been acting very strange since he got involved with that little group over there," Isabella said, pointing to the group of women I'd seen arrive.

"Oh, really?" I asked, interested. "And do you know who they are? I only know Melissa and Samantha."

"They're just a bunch of opportunists!" Isabella said jealously. "The Larson girl is a brute. That Samantha, I don't know how she bewitched Henry, the black-haired one is Catherine, Larson's friend and Miller's assistant, they were having a fling, but my friend Carol already took care of her and got Alexander back, the redhead is seeing Patrick, the shortest one I don't know, she's new to the group, and the other one is married to Rick, Patrick's assistant."

"So they're trouble makers?" I pressed.

"They're worthless!" Isabella reinforced.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart, as a father I'm very worried. You know I'd love to have you as my daughter-in-law." I saw her smile grow wider. "If I can help with anything, let me know."



"I just need Henry to leave that gold digger and realize I'm the right woman for him," Isabella said with sparkling eyes.

"I can help you," I replied.

"Don't feed my daughter false hopes, Reynold," Ayrton warned me, but I didn't care. Isabella was the perfect punishment for my ungrateful son.

"Don't worry, Ayrton." I smiled at my friend; I was going to use his daughter to get to my son one way or another.

"Oh, the girls are here! Bye daddy, bye Mr. Perry!" Isabella left all smiles. I understood Henry; Samantha was a stunning woman, while Isabella was a plain little thing, and a spoiled brat as well.

I was sitting with my friends but keeping an eye on the table with those beautiful women - they were drawing many admiring glances. When I saw Samantha get up and head to the restroom, I discreetly excused myself and followed her. It was a good opportunity to make my move. I passed by Isabella's table and gave her a signal - at least she wasn't that dumb, she followed me.

"Isa, stay alert, this Samantha has been giving me looks, I'm sure she's interested. Make good use of what you see here." Isabella nodded and hid.

When Samantha came out of the bathroom, I grabbed her arm and pinned her against the wall. Anyone watching from afar would think we were having a romantic moment, even though she was trying to break free from me - I had restricted her movements.

"We meet again!" I said with a smile. "And now with no one to interrupt us."

"Interrupt what? Excuse me." She tried to push me away, but I didn't



move. "Let me go!"

"Samantha, you don't need to play hard to get. I know you're interested." I said, moving closer. "I know what women like you want."

"Women like me? You're crazy. Get away from me."

I grabbed her and tried to kiss her on the lips, but she turned her face away. I felt a hand on my shoulder pulling me back.

"Didn't you hear the lady?" I heard a deep voice behind me, and when I turned around, I saw one of the security guards.

"She knows me," I said dismissively.

"He's harassing me, can you help?" Samantha asked the security guard.

"Of course, miss." The guard pulled me away from her and, still holding me, asked her, "Would you like to file a formal complaint?"

"No, I just don't want him to come near me again."

"We'll take care of that." The security guard pulled me along. "This way."

I ended up in the manager's office, with the guard reporting what had happened while the manager reviewed the security footage. The manager reprimanded me and asked me to leave for the night, saying that in the future, I should maintain more appropriate and respectful behavior. They only didn't ban me from the Club because my family had been members for decades.

As I left, I ran into Isabella, who was waiting for me outside.

"Mr. Perry, what happened? I saw the security guard take you away."



"That little woman saw the guard and played victim. I risked my neck for you, girl," I said, trying to sound friendly. "I hope you make good use of it."

"Mr. Perry, I won't disappoint you," Isabella seemed excited. "Look at the photo I took."

She showed me the photo on her phone, and anyone who saw it would think it was a chance encounter between two lovers in some hallway. This photo would be enough to drive my annoying son crazy and give me everything I wanted to stay away.

"Very good, child. Now be quick, before she talks to him," I advised.

"Leave it to me!"

Isabella walked away, skipping. This visit to the Social Club today was very productive.

"Let's see, my dear son, if now you learn that I have more power than you, that I can do anything I want," I said to myself.

I left there anxious to see how this little scene would unfold.

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