

## S2 Chapter 42

### Henry's POV

I had lost count of how many times I'd read that message and looked at that photo in the past few days. Isabella had sent them. It was a photo of my father hugging Samantha against a wall and kissing her neck at the Social Club. A very intimate gesture. In the message, Isabella simply wrote "your father's new conquest." That cut through my heart like a hot knife.

I hadn't seen Samantha for days, and she kept telling me she was supporting Catherine, going out with the girls to cheer Cat up, well, something different every day. Then, one fine night, I received this message from Isabella. I wanted to kill my father, but I couldn't face Samantha. Instead, the next day I went to the Social Club, found Isabella, and had sex with her in the parking lot, just like I had done so many times before Samantha.

Days were passing by. My nephew had already returned home, but my father kept lurking around. My sister arranged another lunch, and I had to tell everyone that Samantha couldn't come because she had another commitment. As soon as my father crossed the doorway, I got up and left. He came after me.

"Son, won't you grace me with your presence?" He spoke, and I could hear the mockery in his voice.

"I'm not your son!" I turned around with hatred in my eyes. "Pretend I don't exist."

"Impossible! You and I are so alike, we share so many things..." His malicious laugh told me what he was talking about, and I flew at him, grabbing him by the neck.



"Never again, listen well, never again speak to me. I AM NOT YOUR SON!" I yelled in his face, and I only didn't punch him because Hebe intervened.

"I told you, son, I'm much better than you, they always prefer me!" My father shouted at me and laughed like a demon behind my back.

I got in my car and left. On the way, I called Isabella, picked her up at her home, and spent the rest of Sunday in some random motel room having sex with her. But that didn't ease what I was feeling.

I had been avoiding Samantha for days, ever since I received that photo and then encountered my not-so-dear father at my sister's house. It felt like the world was about to crash down on my head. But I couldn't face Samantha, and I don't know if it was out of anger or fear that she would confirm she preferred my father.

Even so, she kept calling persistently. I found it strange that neither Melissa nor the guys had mentioned anything about it yet, because surely the girls knew. Maybe they didn't know she was hanging out with my father, but they certainly knew we weren't talking. But nobody said anything to me. Only Julia kept insisting on knowing why I wasn't taking her calls, as I had asked not to transfer Samantha's calls.

I've been sleeping with Isabella more than I should, trying to forget Samantha. I even left the office early the day before yesterday and took her to the same motel as last time. I told Melissa I was meeting my nephew because she hated Isabella for being friends with Anna, and I kind of understood why.

Samantha had been calling my cell phone and the office, leaving messages with Julia every day, but strangely today she didn't call, not even once. Had she finally given up? I should have been happy - it was what I wanted, for her to disappear - but why didn't I feel better? I left the



office and went straight home, just wanting to take a shower, get drunk, and sleep.

Shortly after I got home, the doorbell rang. It was Isabella, all smiles.

"Hi, baby! You disappeared for two whole days!" she said as she walked in. I wasn't in the mood.

"I'm tired, Isabella. I just want to crash," I replied, closing the door and turning around.

"Look, me too!" She hung on my neck. "Come on, I'll help you relax."

I ended up having sex with Isabella in my bed for the first time. The bed where I'd had Samantha so many times. I don't know what came over me, whether it was the alcohol or the pain, but I slept with Isabella while thinking about Samantha.

"Baby, shall we order a pizza?" Isabella said sweetly, coming out of the bathroom.

"Sure," I replied and ordered the pizza before going to take a shower.

I spent a long time in the shower thinking about how to get rid of Isabella. When I got out, I decided to enjoy the moment with her and send her home later. I heard the doorbell ring, quickly put on my underwear, and while heading to the living room, I shouted to Isabella:

"Is that the pizza, sexy?"

When I looked at the door, my head spun. Isabella was wearing nothing but my shirt and was leaning against the door facing outside. Outside, Samantha stood there, her gaze shifting from Isabella to me with a horrified expression and eyes full of tears. What was happening?



"No, baby, it's not the pizza. Just an inconvenient visitor," Isabella replied with a voice full of malice.

I saw Samantha turn and leave. Something stirred inside me. I was about to go after her, but Isabella closed the door and leaned against it, blocking my exit.

"What the hell is this, Isabella?" I shouted at her.

"Oh, baby, calm down! That little nobody doesn't deserve your attention. Come on, let's continue what we were doing." Isabella tried to touch me, and I stepped back.

"Isabella, please get dressed and leave," I said, trying to stay calm.

I had completely lost the mood and didn't want to see Isabella in front of me at that moment.

"Come on, baby, don't let that slut ruin our night," Isabella said, coming toward me, and I don't know what came over me, but I felt hatred at the way she spoke.

"Get out of my house now, or I'll throw you out myself," I said in an icy voice, and she knew I would do it.

Isabella got dressed and left, leaving me alone with my despair. When the pizza arrived, I paid the delivery guy and told him to keep it. I went back to my glass and got drunk.

The next day, arriving at the company, I found Manu in the elevator. She looked at me with disappointment in her eyes and didn't mince words.

"What a mess, Henry! Look, I'm the only one who knows, so keep your big mouth shut. Sam doesn't want anyone to know yet. She said Alexander and Catherine already have too many problems and



everyone's overwhelmed - they don't need your drama." Manu seemed disgusted. "Honestly, I thought you were better than this." She got off on her floor, but before the elevator door closed, she added: "Stay away from her. And if you want, fire me!"

I was feeling terrible. I wondered if Manu knew the whole story because it seemed like I was the villain. And as if karma wasn't enough, I received a message from my sister in the middle of the afternoon:

"Henry, what mess did you make? Why is Isabella spreading everywhere that you two are dating?"

Damn! How would I suppose to respond to that now?

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