

S2 Chapter 44

Samantha's POV

I was devastated! I spent the night crying on Manu's shoulder. I needed heavy makeup and lots of eye drops to hide my dark circles and red eyes. I expected anything from Henry, but not this kind of betrayal. Seeing that half-naked woman in his apartment was a direct and fatal blow to me. Now I felt like the worst woman in the world.

I arrived at the office and saw Catherine looking so sad, I couldn't talk to her right now. So I went to the break room and found Margaret.

"Sam, good morning!" Margaret greeted me with her usual effusive manner, and I gave her a weak smile. "What's wrong, girl?"

"Nothing, dear Margaret, just had a rough night," I replied, trying to convince her.

"I don't know about that. Are you sure Henry didn't do something?" Margaret asked suspiciously.

"Why do you say that?" I looked at her, confused.

"Because you have the same heartbroken look as Catherine." Margaret saw through me.

"Margaret, dear, he did something terrible, but please don't tell anyone. Things are already tense enough around here, Cat and Alexander are going through some really tough days," I begged her.

"Honey, I won't tell. But you should tell them, they're your friends." Margaret hugged me affectionately. "Would you like some tea to help you calm down?"

"Oh, I would! But I can't pass out like you made Cat do," I said tearfully.

"No, my dear, this will just help take away some of that anxiety you're feeling." Margaret prepared my tea. I was sure she made magic potions because they always had exactly the effect she claimed they would.

After drinking Margaret's tea, I went back to my desk. It didn't take long before I actually felt a bit better, and I was able to work and support Catherine without anyone noticing how I was feeling. But at lunchtime, I received an unexpected visit.

"Auntie Sam, beautiful!" Enzo called out as soon as he stepped out of the elevator and came toward me.

"Enzo, you cutie! What brings you here?" I asked, hugging this boy I had grown so attached to.

"Came to invite a beautiful lady for coffee!" Enzo said confidently.

"Well, look at that, already learning from your uncle!" Patrick said, coming out of his office.

"I'm not an idiot like my uncle." I realized Enzo knew something. I shook my head slightly, and thankfully he understood not to say anything. "Hey, Uncle Patrick, how are you?"

"Very well, kid." Patrick greeted Enzo warmly. "So, may I join you both for coffee?"

Enzo looked at me and then spoke to Patrick like an adult:

"Sorry, Patrick, but I'm not interested in sharing this gorgeous lady's attention with anyone!"

"What a cheeky boy!" Patrick made me laugh.

"Patrick." Alexander came out of his office. "Ah, look who's here, mini Henry among us today!"

"Don't compare me to that idiot!" Enzo was clearly irritated with his uncle. "How are you, Uncle Alexander?"

"I'm dragging myself through the mud, Enzo. And you? Did you happen to fight with your uncle?" Alexander noticed something was wrong.

"Something like that..." Enzo kept his answer short. "That's why I came to ask for help from my beautiful auntie Samantha, and if you don't mind, I'm taking her for coffee."

"Don't you want our help too?" Patrick insisted.

"Not today! I prefer this gorgeous lady's company!" Enzo joked.

"You really are quite cheeky!" Alexander smiled. "Enjoy your coffee."

I went for coffee with Enzo, and it was great; he always makes me laugh. But he wanted to know what was going on. He told me his mom was angry with Henry because she'd met this Isabella woman who said she was dating Henry. I didn't know what to say, so I simply told him that Henry and I weren't together anymore. But like any teenager, Enzo wouldn't give up.

"Sam, tell me, trust me!"

"Oh, Enzo... your uncle started avoiding me, wouldn't answer calls, wouldn't call, just an occasional message saying he was busy. Then I caught him in a lie, that day you called me, he said he was at the mall with you, but that wasn't true. So I surprised him at his house, and he was with this Isabella."

"How was she there, aunt? She's always chasing after my uncle..."

"She was wearing only his shirt, Enzo." I cut the boy off and said it straight.

"What a son of a bitch!" Enzo cursed.

"Watch your language, young man!" I warned, and he smiled.

"Auntie Sam, how are you doing?"

"Terrible, devastated, feeling like the worst woman in the world. But, Enzo, please don't tell anyone about this. Alexander is going through very serious problems, and I don't want our friends worrying about the mess your uncle made." I cautioned the boy.

"Yeah, I know about Uncle Alexander's situation." Enzo shook his head. "But what's wrong with these guys who can't keep it in their pants?" Enzo was indignant, but he made me laugh.

"Learn from this and don't be an idiot like them!" I said with a smile.

"You can bet I won't. But, aunt, I'm going to tell my mom. She's really angry with my uncle."

"Okay." I sighed. "Just ask her not to tell anyone else."

Enzo walked me to the building's entrance. It had been great having coffee with him. We said goodbye, and he assured me that I would always be his auntie and that we would keep seeing each other. That gave me some comfort.

Later that day, I received an arrangement with a pink orchid. It was very beautiful and delicately set in a crystal vase. It wasn't from Henry, I was sure, because he always sent red roses. I picked up the card among the flowers, and when I read it, I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. It was signed by Reynold Martin, Henry's father, and simply said:

"A delicate flower for an unforgettable woman."

Margaret was passing by at that moment, and I called her over. I was trembling with anger; I couldn't stand that man.

"Maggie, please get rid of these flowers," I said with a shaky voice. She looked at me, confused.

"What's this, Sam? Turning down flowers?" Rick was leaving his office and witnessed my request.

"Turning down whoever sent them, Rick," I commented without thinking.

"And may I know who sent them? I know it wasn't Henry; his thing is red roses." Rick smiled at me.

"No, it wasn't Henry," I simply replied, but the card was on the desk, and Rick was quicker than me.

"Is that creep after you, Sam?" Rick asked seriously.

"He's a despicable human being, Rick," was all I said.

"I have to agree," Margaret, who had also seen the card, said gravely. "I'll get rid of this."

Margaret grabbed the flowers just as my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number, but I put it on speaker since I was shaking too much to hold the phone.

"Good afternoon, Samantha! This is Reynold." I took a deep breath and felt my stomach turn.

"How did you get my number?" I asked, feeling Rick and Margaret's eyes

on me.

"I have good friends, darling!" Reynold replied cheerfully.

"Don't call me darling. In fact, don't call me at all," I replied and was about to hang up, but he said something that paralyzed me.

"Oh, come on! Now that my son dumped you, you should try an experienced man." I froze, and Rick grabbed the phone from the desk.

"Reynold, this is Richard, and you know who I am, don't waste your time playing dumb. Leave Samantha alone! Or I'll find a way to end your happiness, I can do that, and you know it." Rick threatened the man on the other end of the line and hung up, looking at me seriously. "Let's go to the break room for coffee, Samantha. That's not a request."

Damn it! What was I going to say to him? I got up and follow Rick, Margaret followed us and handed the orchids to Leda, asking her to take them to the marketing floor.

"I'm joining this conversation," Margaret said while pouring three cups of coffee and handing one to each of us.

"First of all, Sam, tell me what's going on between you and Henry," Rick asked.

I started crying, all the tension and enormous sadness I had been holding in all day began to pour out. Then I told him everything that had been happening with Henry in the last few days, including catching him with another woman, and finished by begging Rick not to tell anyone.

"What a huge mess!" Rick sighed. "The worst part is that I'm becoming the keeper of the girls' secrets. There's already Cat's pregnancy that no one can know about, and now this mess with Henry." Rick shook his

head and looked at me. "How long has Reynold been pursuing you?"

I explained everything to Rick since I met Henry's father, including what happened at the club.

"I'm terrified of him, Rick, he gives me the chills," I concluded.

"And you should be. He's worthless! He's much worse than anyone around here knows." Rick spoke as if he knew something more that he wasn't going to share. "And what did Henry do to keep his father away from you?"

"Rick, Henry doesn't know his father's been harassing me." I explained the whole situation and how I didn't want to make things even more tense. "Please, now that we're not together anymore, there's no reason for him to know." Rick huffed.

"Sam, I won't tell anyone, but if Reynold contacts you again, I want to know immediately. I really have ways to ruin his life, I just haven't done it yet out of respect for Hebe who adores that scoundrel."

"And you won't tell me what it's about," I concluded.

"Better not, my friend!" Rick sighed and held my hand. "But I'll give you some advice, don't hide what you're going through from your friends, you don't need to go through this alone and you won't burden anyone."

"Thanks, Rick, but for now let's leave it like this."