

S2 Chapter 45

Henry's POV

I was feeling terrible, barely able to focus on work. My father was making my life hell, demanding more money and that trip to Europe. I thought once he got his monthly allowance he would leave, but no - this time it seemed he wanted to completely destroy both me and my sister. My mother had gone from one trip straight into another, assuring me she wouldn't set foot in the city again until "the demon is expelled". The worst part was she was right - ever since he arrived, my life had been a living hell.

To make matters worse, I got a message from Hebe asking why Isabella had been telling people we had been together. I had no idea where my sister had gotten that from. I thought I should call her and find out what was going on.

"Hi, Hebe!" I said wearily when she answered.

"You better have a good explanation, Henry." She was furious.

"Hebe, I'm not with Isabella. I just slept with her a few times these past days..." She didn't even let me finish.

"What did you just say, Henry? Learned well from our father, didn't you?! And you still think you have the right to criticize him." Hebe was livid.

"Hebe, Samantha and I broke up," I blurted out, making her go quiet. "So, can you please calm down?"

"No, Henry, I can't. What did you do to Samantha? She's such a wonderful person." Hebe jumped to Samantha's defense, and I couldn't say anything because I didn't want to hurt my sister even more by telling

her that Samantha was having an affair with our father.

"Hebe, it just didn't work out between us. Look, I'll stop by your place later and we can talk in person," I said, trying to end the conversation.

"You better come, Henry, because I'm not buying any of this."

I hung up and tossed my phone on the desk. What a mess! What was I going to do? My sister wasn't going to let this go. I was heading to the bar. Staying here was a waste of time; I couldn't focus on work. I grabbed my jacket and phone and left, telling Melissa I had a personal matter to take care of.

I ended up at a bar I used to frequent with Patrick and Alexander. I sat at the counter and ordered a shot of whiskey. It didn't take long before I heard the voice behind me. "Damn it, I can't even drink in peace anymore."

"Baby! So good to see you," Isabella said, hugging me from behind. "I've missed you."

"Oh, really?" I spoke indifferently and downed my second shot of whiskey while ordering a third. "What do you want?"

"You know what. I want you," Isabella said, hanging on my shoulder.

I knocked back the third shot of whiskey in one go and stood up. I left the money on the counter and turned to her.

"You want to hook up with me, Isabella? Let's go then." I walked out pulling her by the hand while she had a wide grin on her face.

I went into the first motel I saw. When we got to the room, I didn't even bother taking off clothes or using the bed. I pinned her against the wall, lifted her dress, unzipped my pants, pulled myself out and put on a

condom that was available there, pushed her underwear aside and thrust into her at once, rough and hard, but that was it, nowhere near feeling any pleasure.

So I closed my eyes and thought of Samantha, the only woman who made my heart race and my blood boil. I came quickly and pulled out of Isabella. I knew she hadn't finished, but screw it if she wanted to, there was still time anyway. However, my phone buzzed with a message alert, which I quickly opened when I saw who it was from:

"Meet me at my house now. We have a very serious problem. Rick."

What could have happened now? Rick didn't raise alarms for nothing. I tossed the phone on the bed, thinking about the possibilities, and ran my hand through my hair. I looked at Isabella near the wall.

"Well, looks like duty calls. I have to go. Get dressed and I'll drop you off at a taxi stand. Just gonna hit the bathroom first," I told her and watched her smile fade.

I went to the bathroom, and when I came back, she was sitting on the bed as if nothing had happened. She handed me my phone and followed me out of the room.

"Come on, baby, can't you cancel this thing? I'm here, all hot for you, and you're leaving," Isabella complained.

"Unfortunately, I can't, Isabella." In truth, I was actually a bit relieved to leave. I wasn't in the mood to have sex with Isabella anyway.

After leaving the motel, I dropped her off at a taxi stand that was almost right across the street. I watched her get into the taxi and leave, then drove to Rick's house. He was already waiting for me, and as soon as I walked in, he started talking.

"What the hell were you thinking? Isabella, Henry?" Rick accused me angrily.

"How did you find out?" I sighed.

"Because I caught Sam crying and pressed her about it," Rick said matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, Samantha caught me with Isabella." I huffed and sat down.

Everyone only knew Samantha's version of the story, and I was coming off as the villain. But you know what? I wasn't even going to waste my time trying to explain.

"Explain to me how you got involved with Isabella." Rick sat down across from me.

"Oh, Rick, she's everywhere, available, persistent, man, I just let it happen." I said wearily.

"You're an idiot. Fell for it just like Alexander did. Patrick better watch out with Vanessa." Rick said.

"Now that pest is on my tail like a tick." I complained.

"So what's the plan to get Sam's forgiveness?" Rick wanted to know.

"There is no plan. It's over. Now be a good friend and drink with me." I ended the subject.

"You better go home before Tess arrives. Sam doesn't want to spread the news; she's worried about Alexander and Catherine. And you better stop drinking." Rick advised me.

I left his house and went to mine. Rick was right - drinking wouldn't

solve anything. Maybe I should invite Enzo to spend a few days with me; the kid always cheered me up.

So I went home and after a good shower, I called Enzo's cell phone, but my calls went straight to voicemail. How strange! So I called Hebe.

"Hebe, where's Enzo?" I asked after greeting her.

"He's in his room and doesn't want to talk to you," Hebe was clear and straightforward.

"And why doesn't he want to talk to me?"

"Because you're acting just like Dad."

"For God's sake, Hebe!" I complained, already tired of this.

"Look, Henry, when you're ready to tell me what's going on, come over here so we can talk in person. For now, my son doesn't want to talk to you. He's upset, and I can't blame him."

"Hebe, tell him to come to the office and talk to me."

I said goodbye to my sister and hung up. Now even my nephew was angry with me. I ended up going to bed early and had a disturbed night full of dreams about Samantha.

The next day, I was sitting in my office signing some papers when my cell phone rang. I looked at the screen and it was the Social Club manager calling. I found it odd but answered anyway.

"Mr. Martin, good morning. This is Sebastian Carter, general manager of the Social Club."

"Good morning, Mr. Carter. How can I help you?"

"Mr. Martin, I'd like to request that you come to the Club today. We're having a small issue with your family's membership, and since you're the responsible party, we need you to come during business hours as soon as possible."

"Can you tell me what this is about?"

"Unfortunately, I can't discuss it over the phone. It's quite a delicate matter."

"Alright. Would lunchtime work?"

"Of course. I'll be waiting for you. Thank you very much."

I hung up the phone feeling uneasy. What could have happened? From Sebastian's tone, it seemed very serious, they wouldn't have called otherwise. Well, I'd stop by during lunch.