

## S2 Chapter 47

### Henry's POV

I helped my sister get into the car. I was worried about her after that horror show our father had put on. Hebe was fragile - despite everything, she loved that man and had difficulty detaching herself from that scoundrel. I knew today had been an especially hard blow for her.

I took out my phone and called Edward while walking to my car in the parking lot. I explained everything that had happened, and he said he would go home immediately to take care of her. That gave me some peace of mind. I promised to stop by later. I got into my car and drove toward the Social Club with a terrible feeling in my gut.

When I arrived at the Social Club, more out of habit than anything else, I parked in my usual spot, the one next to the wall at the end of the parking area. I entered the club feeling tired - exhausted, to be honest. Maybe after talking to the manager and sorting out whatever this was, I'd stick around and find something to distract myself.

I was escorted to the management office, where Sebastian was already waiting and greeted me with all formality as soon as I entered.

"Mr. Martin, thank you very much for responding so promptly. May I offer you some coffee, water...?"

"Thank you, Sebastian, but I don't need anything. I must admit I'm curious about why you called."

"Ah, yes. I'm sorry it's not for better reasons."

"What happened?"

"Well, Mr. Martin, we've been having problems with Mr. Reynold

Martin, your father. Since you are the primary member here at the club and he's listed as your dependent, we have to notify you and inform you of the punishment."

"Of course it has to do with him!" I was more than tired of Reynold. "What did he do now?"

"Mr. Reynold Martin has been harassing young women at the club in a very intrusive manner, let's say. There have been five incidents formally reported to management and one incident that wasn't formally reported but, like the others, required intervention from the security team, as you should know." As Sebastian spoke, I became more and more disgusted with the behavior of the man who was my father.

"Six incidents in total." I said, and the manager nodded. "Why wasn't one of them reported? And why should I know about this specific one?" The manager seemed embarrassed and unsure of what to do or say. So I insisted, "Mr. Carter?"

"Oh, this isn't going to be good..." He lamented. "We have security camera footage in all cases. I'll show you the first case, precisely the one that wasn't reported, then if you want to see the others..."

The manager loaded the video on the computer and turned the screen towards me. The incident had been captured by three different cameras. All cameras were in ultra-high resolution; the scene could be viewed as if it were a movie, and all had audio.

The manager selected one of the cameras and pressed play. The scene unfolded, showing Samantha coming out of the ladies' room when she ran into my father, who pinned her against the wall and tried to grab her while she clearly tried to break free and told him to back off. But he grabbed her, and if it weren't for the security guard's arrival, honestly, I didn't know how far he would have gone. In the background, Isabella



could be seen holding her phone.

I checked the video's date and time, which matched the approximate date and time of the photo Isabella had sent me. My head was spinning, I could feel blood pounding in my ears, my stomach was churning, and my eyes were filled with tears. How low had this man sunk! How low had I sunk!

The manager placed a shot of whiskey in front of me, and I silently thanked him and downed the amber liquid in one gulp. I cleared my throat and gathered the courage to ask,

"Do you have footage of where they were before and who they were talking to?"

"Of course, I figured you'd ask about that and I've already set it aside," Sebastian said and opened the footage from the restaurant hall.

In the segment he showed me, Samantha was sitting with the girls at a table near the door where she left to go to the restroom. She had her back to the rest of the hall. My father was seated at a table further back where I identified each man, including Joseph and Isabella's father. Isabella was with a group of women at a table in the middle of the hall. When Sam left the hall, Reynold passed by and called Isabella, and after talking to her, went after Samantha.

"I set aside a segment I thought you'd find interesting," Sebastian said and showed me a scene where Reynold could be seen grabbing Samantha in the background while Isabella was clearly taking a photo. "After that, security brought your father to me, and I had him removed from the club that day, then on his way out, he talked to Miss Isabella Botelho. Here's the video." The video showed Isabella and my father smiling, and she showed him something on her phone.



They had set Sam up, and I felt for it like an idiot. I had a lump in my throat that was preventing me from breathing. She would never forgive me! How could I have been so blind?

"Would you like to see the other videos?" Sebastian asked me.

"Are they all more or less the same?" I asked, head down.

"There are slight variations - one was kissed lustfully on the mouth, one had her breasts groped, and in the most serious case, he lifted the girl's dress and touched her private area, if you understand what I mean."

"I imagine they want to report him," I said with hatred clouding my mind.

"Yes, sir. In the case of the last girl I mentioned, she's a minor, seventeen years old, and a judge's daughter. The others are between eighteen and twenty years old and agreed not to report it to the police."

"Let them report it!" I spoke without even needing to think. "This man is abusing women here inside the club. Why did you wait for six cases to contact me?"

"You see, sir, it's about your father, we tried to resolve it diplomatically."

"There's no diplomacy for abusers. This man is a despicable lowlife," I said with conviction. "What will be the club's punishment?"

"We're going to impose a substantial fine."

"That's it?" I asked in disbelief. "Fine, I'll pay the fine, but I also want this man banned from the club immediately."

"Well, sir, you can remove his name from your membership..." Sebastian started, but I interrupted him.



"You don't understand me. I want him banned. Expelled. And he should never be allowed to set foot here again, for any reason!"

"Are you sure about this, sir?"

"Absolutely! And I also want a copy of the videos."

"Certainly."

I worked out all the arrangements with Sebastian and the club's lawyer, paid the fine, and signed an agreement with them, where they committed to ban Reynold Martin from the club and support all victims who wanted to report him to the authorities. This document also stated that I was provided with a copy of the security videos. [1](#)

When I left that room, I didn't even want to stay at the club anymore. I walked to my car in the parking lot completely disoriented. I needed to talk to Samantha. As I approached my car, I saw the exact person I wanted to strangle leaning against it with a wide grin.

"Baby! I've missed you so much!" Isabella jumped on my neck.

I removed her arms from my neck and stepped back. I was disgusted by her. Isabella looked at me, confused.

"That was low, even for you, Isabella!" My gaze toward her was ice-cold.

"What are you talking about, baby?" She still had the nerve to play innocent.

"Oh, did you forget? Let me refresh your memory. I'm talking about your little scheme with my father to separate me from Samantha."

"Baby, but I didn't do anything."

"Oh, Isabella, you both forgot that a few months ago the club upgraded its entire security system, and now there are cameras everywhere, right? I saw a very interesting video of you and my father plotting the whole thing."

"Henry, your father convinced me..." She tried to justify herself.

"Don't waste your breath, Isabella." I turned my back and started walking away, but decided to come back to give her a warning. "Just so you know, I'm going to tell your father about this."

"Henry, no... Henry... for God's sake, don't do that." She walked hurriedly behind me.

I got into my car and before driving off, I gave her one final warning:

"Don't cross my path again. Don't talk to me. Pretend I don't exist, and if you see me, leave before I see you, or I'll destroy you!"

I started the car and drove away quickly. I was heading to Alexander's company, but halfway there, my phone rang - it was Rick.

"Henry, emergency at Patrick's house." Rick was agitated.

"What is it now, Rick? I'm not in a good mood." I replied wearily.

"Well, you better hear this! Alan found out who Alexander's mystery woman is. Patrick asked everyone to come over."

"Are you serious?" I said surprised, and Rick nodded. "Alright, I'm on my way."

I made the first U-turn and headed toward Patrick's house. I knew how important it was for Alexander to find this woman.

Commented [Ma1]: