

S2 Chapter 53

I left Alexander's house and went to Hebe's, but all I could think about was Samantha with Michael. I was going crazy already. When I arrived, my sister came to hug me, and it was clear how hurt she was by Reynold. This time she finally opened her eyes, though it's a shame it had to be so painful for her.

We started talking, and I told her everything I had discovered at the Social Club - about the harassment, the potential complaints Reynold would face, what he did to Sam, what I did to Sam, and how Reynold started stalking Sam.

In the end, I was lying on my sister's couch with my head in her lap, crying like a baby and regretting being an impulsive idiot who acts first and thinks later. My sister advised me to fight for Sam and beg for her forgiveness without wasting any time. Even my brother-in-law, who usually just listens, spoke up this time and gave me advice.

But Enzo was something else. He adores Samantha and would have taken my head off if he could. He was very angry with me, and I had to listen to the entire moral lecture from my fifteen-year-old nephew. After all, he wasn't wrong.

I left Hebe's house determined. I went straight to Samantha's place - if she wasn't home yet, I would wait there for her to return, but I would start begging for forgiveness immediately.

I was relieved when the doorman told me she was home and that I could go up since my access was still authorized. I ran upstairs. When Samantha opened the door, I almost regretted it. She wasn't just furious, no, it was another level of anger - it was hardcore! She would have ripped out my intestines and fried them in boiling oil while I was still alive if she

could. But when I realized who she was talking to on the phone, I understood everything.

I went in and waited for her to hang up. When she stood in front of me with her arms crossed and said the first thing, I knew I needed the full picture. I held up my finger asking for a minute, grabbed my phone, and made a call.

"Enzo, you blabbermouth, what did you tell her?" Enzo started stuttering on the other end. "Speak clearly, kid!"

"Uncle, I wasn't going to say anything, but..." I didn't let him finish his excuse.

"What did you say?" I insisted.

"Everything!" He sighed. "Including that you were crying like a baby in my mom's lap."

"Oh, Enzo! I'll deal with you later."

I hung up the phone and looked at her. She took two steps toward me, raised her finger to my nose, and spoke through gritted teeth:

"If you do anything to Enzo, I'll scalp you!"

She walked towards the living room and sat down. Great, now the nosy reporter has an advocate! I took a deep breath and followed her, sitting next to her on the couch.

"Why, Henry? Why believe a photo that whore sent you instead of talking to me?" Samantha seemed tired.

"I could ask you the same thing, Sam. Why didn't you tell me what



Reynold was doing? Why didn't you tell me he harassed you and keeps trying to get close to you?"

"Of course Rick told you."

"Yeah, he told me because he's worried about you."

"Henry, I didn't tell you because you were already dealing with too much since your father arrived. You were already too stressed, and I didn't want to make things worse."

"God, Sam! You should have told me, he's a vulture! I would have run him off long ago. You don't know Reynold, he's no good, you can't protect yourself from him alone."

"I can take care of myself, Henry."

"No, Sam, not against Reynold you can't. He has friends who are just as bad as he is." I was getting exasperated but had to control myself. "If you had told me, I would have taken action with the club, and five other women wouldn't have been harassed in there, in even worse conditions than what he did to you."

"Yeah, I regret not filing a formal complaint, maybe it would have prevented him from touching those girls."

"No, Sam, it wouldn't have. But if you had told me, as a member, I would have done what I did on Friday, demanded his banishment from the club sooner."

"I'm glad you did that. Now you tell me why, Henry?" I knew exactly what she was talking about.

"Because I'm an idiot!"



"That I already know."

"Ouch, that hurt!" Samantha showed a small, sad smile.

"I was blind with rage! Reynold brings out the worst in me, and he has an infinite capacity to manipulate and distort things. I believed that whole Isabella because that's what Reynold does when he shows up, he destroys everything I have."

"Your relationship with him is too destructive. Why keep someone like that in your life?"

"My mother. She never let us take sides. She says what happened was between them, a couple's matter, but that doesn't change the fact that he's our father. She's a woman with deeply rooted religious beliefs, and she takes seriously that thing about respecting your parents, regardless of who they are or how they behave."

"That's why so many people romanticize family, even when it's dysfunctional. When family should be built on love, understanding, acceptance, and unity. Not just genetic ties. Sometimes, the person who shares your blood is the one who hurts you the most."

"I agree with you. That's why I make an effort to keep my father satisfied but at a distance, so I don't have to put up with him and don't upset my mother."

"Even so, Henry, it doesn't justify or excuse what you did. You didn't even have the courage to break up with me."

"I was a coward, Sam. I hoped you would disappear so I wouldn't have to face you because it would be harder and more painful for me. I hooked up with Isabella trying to prove to myself that I could go back to my life



before you, but I couldn't. Every time I was with her only made me feel worse, only made me feel that I couldn't live without you."

"Wait a minute, it wasn't just that day when I caught you in the act? How many times did you hook up with her?" I saw the anger growing in Samantha's eyes again and realized that Enzo hadn't really told her everything.

"Shit!" I put my hand on my face and took a deep breath, closing my eyes to answer. "Several times."

"You bastard! You fucked that whore in your house, in your bed, where you used to sleep with me! But that wasn't enough. Nooo! You had to fuck her many times."

Samantha stood up and started pacing back and forth as tears began rolling down her face. I stood up and tried to touch her, but she backed away like a wounded animal.

"Sam, please... I was an idiot! Let me try to fix things."

"Get out of here, Henry! Get out right now, or I'll claw your eyes out while I kick you out."

"Sam, please, listen to me."

"You had plenty of time to talk to me, but you were too busy with that whore, so now go, go talk to her."

Samantha opened the door and gestured for me to leave. I thought it better to give her space and try again the next day, but I wouldn't give up! I left her apartment and called Melissa.

