

## S2 Chapter 55

### Henry's POV

I left Samantha's house knowing she needed her friends but wouldn't call them. So I called Melissa and told her everything. I didn't even have to ask - Melissa assured me she'd rally the girls, and they'd all go there. But first, she gave me quite a lecture, emphasizing what an idiot and flake I was. I hadn't heard that word in years, but that's exactly what she said, and she was right.

My fears, insecurities, and all the garbage my father represents in my life had screwed me over. There was a good chance Samantha would never forgive me. But I had to keep trying.

It wasn't long before Patrick, Fred, and Rick invaded my house. They told me the girls would spend the night with Sam, and just as she needed her friends, they were there to support me and bring me back to reality. We talked and got drunk.

When I managed to get to the office the next day, it was already past ten in the morning, and the hangover was killing me. Julia just shook her head, seeing my pitiful state. My tie was crooked, my jacket was hanging on my arm, my hair didn't look like it had been combed that morning, and I was wearing sunglasses inside the office. It was indeed a sad sight.

When I reached my office, I ran into Melissa leaving some folders on my desk.

"Hey, Martin, had a good party, huh?" Melissa came to my side, and her voice seemed too loud.

"Mel, speak softly, please," I whispered to her as she sniffed me like a

puppy.

"I'm not speaking softly, Martin! I warned you I don't want you hungover at the office. And you're late on top of that and reeking of alcohol. This isn't how a businessman of your caliber should present himself. Is getting wasted all you guys know how to do when you get together?" Melissa was about to start her speech about how I need to maintain an image consistent with my business.

"Mel, please, not today." I sighed. "Tell me how Sam is."

"She's fine. She's even going to the movies with Michael today," Melissa said casually.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I said I'm going to bring you a pill and strong coffee. You're going to lie down on that couch and sleep until lunchtime, and in the afternoon, we're going to work." Melissa kept giving orders.

"I'm going to Miller's right now." I got up, and she pushed me back into the chair.

"You're not going anywhere. Sit tight and pay attention - today you're not going to bother Sam. Just today, you're going to let her go to the movies and have some fun. And tomorrow, you're not going to show up here either drunk or late. Got it, Martin?" Melissa seemed like a general putting her troops in formation.

"Melissa, do you really think I'm going to let my woman go to the movies with some guy? You're very mistaken!"

"I never get it wrong, Martin! And you don't have to let her. You screwed up big time and Samantha IS going to the movies with a friend. And I

don't want to hear any more complaints about it."


Melissa left my office leaving me disillusioned. When she returned, she brought a tray with a glass of orange juice, two pills, and a strong black coffee. She made me drink all three and lie down on the couch.

When I woke up, I was feeling better from the hangover. I went to the bathroom and took a shower. Since I had a private bathroom in my office, I always kept a change of clothes and toiletries there for emergencies. When I finished, I went to Melissa's office and saw Enzo sitting there chatting with my assistant.

"Oh, Enzo, are you hitting on Melissa again?" I asked, getting his attention.

"Come on, uncle!" Enzo pretended to be offended and looked at Melissa.

"Babe, I'm not hitting on you, but if you want me to, I'm game."

"Guys, it just keeps getting worse!" I rolled my eyes while Melissa was laughing. "Have you had lunch yet?" 

"I'm having lunch with Virginia and Manu. We're planning how to move them into Sam's apartment and..." I didn't let Melissa finish.

"What do you mean they're moving into Sam's apartment?" I asked curiously.

"Wow, uncle, you're so out of the loop. Even I know that Pearl moved in with her boyfriend and left the apartment to Auntie Sam, who invited Virginia and Manu to live with her, and they're moving this week," Enzo rambled.

"Breathe, kitty! Never seen someone so eager to spread gossip," Melissa laughed.

"Babe, if you need help with the move, I'm available," Enzo quickly offered. 2

"When did Pearl move in with her boyfriend?" I insisted on the subject.

"Saturday," Melissa and Enzo answered in unison.

"What else don't I know?" I asked and saw Melissa briefly tense up, as if considering whether to speak or not. But I caught her change, there was something more there. "What else don't I know, Melissa?" 3

"That you're an idiot who slept with some random girl because you didn't trust your girlfriend?" Melissa looked at me cynically.

"Melissa Larson..." I was about to warn her, but she showed me again who's in charge in this office.

"Martin, don't you dare!" Melissa stood up and raised her voice. "You're on thin ice with me, stress me out just a little more and I'll be a monster to you until Sam forgives you, and that might take a lifetime or two to happen!" 4

I knew she wasn't joking and knew she could be worse than a monster. It was better to let things calm down or try to get information from Enzo if he knew anything. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and counted to ten. Was I afraid of my assistant? Yes, I was afraid of my assistant. Sometimes Melissa really seemed like a psychopath, ready to slice up her victims and laugh about it.