



S2 Chapter 77

Henry's POV

I couldn't believe what Samantha did to me – she put a sexual stimulant in my juice. I knew something was wrong; I was sweating, my heart was racing, and I had this senseless hard-on for no reason. When she went upstairs, I checked the trash and found the pill packet hidden underneath, poorly concealed. My blood was boiling.

But what had really been eating at me was that she was leaving, again! I loved her so much, but I was sick of these games, tired of her stringing me along with this "I haven't forgiven you yet, but almost" routine. Damn it, if she was not going to forgive me, just cut me loose already, stop making a fool out of me!

I was truly remorseful, had explained myself a thousand times, apologized millions more, and she was just playing with me. It was hurting me deeply. So I gave her an ultimatum and left the house – I needed to go to the hospital because I wasn't feeling well.

I told the doctor I took the medication by accident. He gave me a stomach pump, drained the blood from my penis, which hurt like hell, and put me on an IV. He explained that some people didn't react well to this type of medication and that I should have avoided it, or if I needed to take it again, it should have been with a prescription. Damn! As if I needed stimulants!

I spent the rest of the night under observation at the hospital, alone. When I left the next day, I was exhausted. I went to the marina, called the pilot, and told him I wanted to go out to sea, just sail without caring about the destination. I spent the day and night on the yacht. I was tired and hurting, but if Sam wanted to leave me, there was nothing more I could do.



The next morning, I returned home and couldn't find my phone anywhere. I had turned it off after the security guard told me Sam had returned to the apartment, and then I completely forgot about it.

"You know what, screw it. I'll buy another one," I said to myself, giving up on finding the phone.

I took a shower, got ready, and bought another phone before heading to the office. I arrived at work at ten in the morning, but Melissa wouldn't be getting on my nerves, definitely not.

"Henry, what time do you call..." She started as soon as I stepped out of the elevator. I stopped right in front of her.

"If you continue talking, I'll fire you. And don't test me today." I said without a hint of humor in my voice. Then I walked into my office.

It didn't take long before she followed me in.

"Henry, you..."

"Melissa, not today! If you don't have anything work-related to tell me, go back to your office and stay there. Actually, if you do have something work-related, send me a message or email. I don't want to talk to you today." 

She left looking more deflated than an empty balloon. I let out a heavy sigh. I was upset, hurt, and she had her little part in it. She'd put too many ideas in Samantha's head and pulled the rope too tight around my neck.

While working, I realized there were some overseas clients I hadn't visited in a long time. Maybe spending a few days away and seeing these clients would be good for the company. I thought about organizing this



trip for the following week. It would be good.

It wasn't long before my phone started ringing. Patrick was the first to call.

"Man, where have you been? Everyone's worried." Patrick genuinely sounded concerned.

"Around, Patrick..." That's all I answered.

"Want to talk?"

"Not now."

"When you're ready, call me."

"Thanks!"

Patrick knew me too well to understand that I needed some alone time with my thoughts. And he would keep the guys at bay until I was ready to talk.

But my peace was soon interrupted by my sister.

"Henry, you disappeared yesterday. What happened?"

"Hebe, I'll be short and blunt. Sam left me, I need time, so like a good sister, give me space. When I can talk about it, I'll reach out."

"Do you need anything?"

"No, thanks."

"I'll let the kids know not to bother you."

After hanging up with my sister, it took less than an hour for my mother



to walk into my office.

"I know you don't want to talk. But you're going to listen, and I'm only going to say this once." My mother took on the authoritative tone she rarely used.

"Fine." I tossed my pen onto the desk.

"I know you love her, I know she loves you, and things are rough right now. But I'll give you some advice. Take a trip, spend a few days away, recharge your batteries, and when you come back, start fighting for her again."

"Mom, I'm already planning the trip. I need to see some clients out of town. But the other thing, it's not possible. It's over, Mom. Samantha and I are done, and that's final."

My mother sighed.

"Son, go on your trip. When you get back, we'll talk again."

I said goodbye to my mother and started rushing the travel preparations. I would leave tomorrow. But in the middle of the afternoon, Alexander's call caught my attention. I'm sure Patrick had told them not to call me, so if he was calling anyway, something must have happened. I answered quickly.

"Alexander, is everything okay?"

"Henry, Fred was found unconscious in an alley. Looks like he was badly beaten. I'm heading over there to tell Melissa in person. Can you get her and Tess together?"

"What a mess! Yes, I'll keep them both in my office."



Alexander told me a few more things, and we hung up. I called Tess, and she arrived with Alexander. They went to my office and broke the news to Melissa, who became distraught. Sam was with them but didn't even look at me. Then again, it wasn't the time for us to talk.

"Come on, Melissa, let's go to the hospital." I put my hand on her shoulder. "You're on leave until Fred recovers."

"Thanks." She looked into my eyes and gave me a weak smile. "You're still mad at me."

"Mel, I can't stay mad at you. Now focus on Fred." I said, and she nodded.

We went to the hospital, and it was agonizing. After leaving Fred in the ICU, we went to Alexander's house to meet with the detective and learn about everything that was happening. We devised a plan to keep everyone safe, and with Samantha staying at Patrick's house, I would feel more relieved.

The next morning, after learning that Fred would recover well, I boarded my flight to Boston. I would be gone for fifteen days. I needed that time.