

S2 Chapter 79

Henry's POV

I was leaving dinner with a client when I saw Enzo's message on my phone. I hadn't spoken to him in weeks, and I knew Hebe had told him not to call me, so something must have happened. I opened the message and froze when I read:

"If you don't want to lose Samantha, come back from your trip now."

What the hell was this? I searched for his name in my contacts and called my nephew.

"Enzo, what does this message mean?" I asked before he could say anything.

"Good evening, uncle. I'm fine, thanks for asking," Enzo replied with his usual mocking tone.

"Cut the nonsense and answer me."

"I just ran into Aunt Sam at the mall, she's going to watch a comedy movie with some guy named Vincent. I don't know him, but he's good-looking and seems really nice. Oh, and she looks gorgeous!" Enzo gave me the information while also trying to provoke me.

"Who is this Vincent?"

"Don't know, that's all she said. Didn't give any other information."

"I'm coming home."

"Finally!"



"Thanks, kid!"

I hung up and called the pilot, ordering him to get everything ready and prepare the plane because we'd be heading home tonight. The nearly ten-hour flight was absolute torture. I couldn't sleep and was extremely agitated, desperate to know who this Vincent was.

I stopped briefly at home to drop off my luggage and take a shower, but that place without Samantha wasn't my home, it made me anxious. I also couldn't go back to the apartment, thinking that if I did, Samantha would probably never forgive me.

"You know what, I'm going to a hotel," I thought out loud and turned on my heels.

I checked into the best hotel in the city, took my shower, got ready, and went to my company.

"Finally, boy! I missed you," Julia stood up from her desk to hug me.

"Ah, I wasn't gone that long, Julia," I returned her hug and handed her a bag. "I didn't forget about you." I always brought her a gift from my trips.

"That's why I'm always eager for your return," Julia joked with me and took her present.

I walked into Melissa's office where she sat completely absorbed in some work, not even noticing my presence. I placed the gift bag I'd brought for her on the desk.

"You don't deserve this, but I'm a good boss!" I joked, and she looked up at me. She seemed sad.

"You're back!" She said simply.



"Yes, crazy girl, I'm back. Did you miss me?" I smiled, but she kept looking at me with that downcast expression. "I know Fred is doing well, Melissa, so what's going on?"

"You were gone for three weeks because of me." Melissa pouted.

"Come on, let's talk." I sighed and beckoned her to my office.

I walked to my office with her following behind, wilted like a lettuce leaf left in the sun. This wasn't like Melissa at all.

"Sit down," I said while taking off my jacket and placing it on the chair.

"Henry, I want to apologize to you and submit my resignation," Melissa said without meeting my eyes.

"Are you crazy, Melissa!" I was surprised. I couldn't lose my assistant like this. "Explain to me what's going on in that psycho head of yours."

"I crossed the line, Henry. I interfered between you and Sam, gave bad advice, and now you're separated because of me. I also went too far that day about the file issue. That was unacceptable." Melissa was really upset.

"Yes Melissa, you did cross the line," I sighed. "But who hasn't? I crossed the line too, and as your boss, I shouldn't punish you. And regardless of whatever advice you gave, Sam isn't easily influenced – she made her own decisions."

"I'm ashamed, Henry. During the days you were gone, I thought a lot. I talked to my father, and he said if it were him, he would have fired me for cause." Melissa was genuinely feeling bad.

"Look, Melissa, let's put this behind us. You're an excellent professional, and I like having you around. Besides, we're friends, and friends forgive each other. And your father assured me you'd last more than six months



here." I joked, but she didn't smile. "Can we just learn from our mistakes and move forward? I really don't want to lose you too."

"Are you upset with me?" She asked like a child.

"Not anymore. The trip did me good. It also gave me time to think and put things in perspective. Now I just want to move forward and try to win Samantha back."

"Well, then I won't quit." Melissa gave a weak smile.

"Great! How's Samantha?"

"I'm not getting involved anymore, Henry." Melissa stood up.

"Damn it, Melissa! You won't help me out?" She looked at me uncertainly. "Who's Vincent?" I asked directly. "Just tell me that, and then you can stay out of it."

"I have no idea who Vincent is."

I stared at her, looking straight into her eyes. "I swear I don't know." She really didn't know.

After Melissa left my office, I called Patrick and we arranged to meet at night at a restaurant we hadn't been to in a long time. Then I called Hebe and asked her to send Enzo over for lunch. Of course, she complained that I came back from my trip and hadn't visited her. At lunchtime, my nephew showed up.

"Uncle Henry! Good to see you back." Enzo walked into my office confidently.

"As if you didn't know I was coming back, kid!" I hugged my nephew.



"Ah, you couldn't stand missing me! You barely got back and already invited me to lunch. Now that's love!" Enzo mocked.

"Don't push it, kid. You know very well what I want from you."

"Of course I do. And that's why," Enzo raised his finger, "you're taking me to that restaurant with the best steak and fries in town."

"Already starting to take advantage of me..." I rolled my eyes while grabbing my jacket from the chair, and Enzo left laughing.

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