

S2 Chapter 80

Henry's POV

At the end of the day, when I left the office, Melissa was still quite serious with me. Enzo had promised to help me and said he would ask Samantha out this week. So I went to meet my friends at Giorgio's, a really good restaurant we frequented often, they would give me news about her.

"Look who's finally home!" Patrick stood up when I arrived. Everyone was already waiting for me.

"My friends, it's been so long." I greeted everyone, and I was surprised to see Fred there, he wasn't completely well yet. "Fred, it's good to see you, man."

"I wouldn't miss your welcome back dinner," he laughed and raised his glass.

"Good to see you're doing better," I said sincerely.

"Just going crazy with Melissa. Did you manage to change her mind about quitting?" Fred asked.

"Of course, I can't live without that crazy girl anymore!" He smiled when he heard me.

"Good, because she can't live without you either!" Fred joked.

"Just ask what you want to know, Henry!" Alexander looked at me knowingly, and I couldn't deny my main interest.

"You guys know me -" I was interrupted by the one person in the world I didn't want to see.

"Dear son! Finally back from vacation!" My father approached with that cynical face.

"Pretend you didn't see me, Reynold," I was already annoyed.

"What an ungrateful son! That's no way to treat your father," he said, sarcastic and mockingly detestable.

"My father? You're not my father. You're just the sperm donor. That doesn't make you a father!" I said coldly.

"You think you're so superior, don't you, Henry?" I saw the glint of anger in his eyes. "Whatever! Look, son," he emphasized the word son with contempt, "I want to make a deal with you. I'll meet you tomorrow at the company."

"I don't make deals with rats. And you're not setting foot in my company," I replied, struggling to keep my control.

"You know what, I'll be direct with you. You're going to give me twenty percent of the company shares, how, I don't care. Then, you're going to double my monthly payment, and lastly, you'll make the private jet available whenever I want. You're going to do all this, and put it in a nice contract that we'll sign," Reynold spoke coldly.

"You're insane," I told him, "I would never do any of those things. In fact, I'm going to cut off your allowance."

"Oh, you'll do everything I want," he moved closer as he spoke. "And do you know why you'll do it? Because if you don't, I'm going after that hot piece Samantha, and I'll make her mine. Then I'll send you a nice little video of her giving it to me, so you can see I'm better than you."

I couldn't control myself. I punched him and lunged at him, grabbing

him by the collar as blood trickled from his mouth.

"Don't you dare touch Samantha. Don't even look at her. I can crush you like a bug," I threatened, but he smiled devilishly. I knew my threat wouldn't be enough to stop him.

The restaurant security guards separated us. Alexander managed to get the manager to throw Reynold out, but before leaving, he shouted,

"You have one week to sort things out, sonny!" He left laughing.

After Reynold was thrown out, I sat down, and Rick placed a glass of whiskey in front of me.

"Relax, Henry. He won't touch Samantha!" Rick assured me.

"I'm not so sure, Rick. I know Samantha wouldn't be with him willingly, but he's cunning. He might set her up or blackmail her. He's worthless, you all know that," I said, nervous. "Now tell me how she's doing."

"That's the problem. We've barely seen her," Alexander said, and I widened my eyes at him.

"She works at your company," I said as if he didn't know.

"Yes, but now she has a different position on another floor," Alexander explained. "You know how it is, I don't have time to wander around the company."

"But what about you, Patrick? She was at your house," I said hopefully.

"She stayed less than a week there. She wasn't well, wasn't comfortable. Then she convinced me she'd be safe in her apartment, and since the security guard was taken care of, I couldn't stop her," Patrick explained calmly.

"But what about the girls, don't they say anything?" I questioned.

"They barely see her. Even Manu hasn't been able to talk to her much," Flavian shared. "She hasn't been going to the club meetings, and when Manu or Cat go to her floor, she's always too busy."

"She's been ignoring her friends? What the hell is going on? And why didn't anyone tell me?" I complained.

"Easy, Henry. You distanced yourself and didn't want to talk to anyone, we respected that. And it seems Sam did the same. And we're respecting that," Fred spoke with that calm Tibetan monk voice.

"You don't even know the worst part," Alexander shook his head. "Sam let her security guard go because she went to spend some time at her mother's house. Nothing could make her reconsider that decision."

"Holy shit! She's without security. This is all a huge mess! She can't be left unprotected." I put both hands on my face.

"We're keeping an eye out, Joseph has been quiet lately," Flavian tried to calm me down.

"Flavian, Joseph is the least of my worries regarding Sam. Besides that idiot Reynold, who's capable of doing something really bad, there are also threats from her ex-boyfriend," I explained.

"What do you mean, threats from her ex-boyfriend?" Flavian asked intrigued.

I told them the whole story, including the last letter I saw with direct threats against me, Sam's mother, and Manu. That was when Flavian lost it.

"What the hell are you saying? A lunatic ex-boyfriend is threatening my

little one and you're only telling me now? Damn it, man!" Flavian exploded.

"Flavian, there was a lot going on, and I thought you knew because Sam told Manu, I'm sure of that." I tried to calm him down, but it only made things worse.

"My little one knows and didn't tell me?" Flavian was outraged. "Well, I'm going to have a very serious conversation with her."

"Well, apparently none of you will even get to know who Vincent is. But doesn't anyone know who Vincent is?" I huffed. I was sulking like a teenager.

"Who?" Everyone asked at once.

After explaining what I knew about this Vincent guy, I still had to put up with the guys teasing me because I had come back from my trip just because I was jealous. Was it true? Yes, it was. But I didn't want to be the butt of jokes because of it.

We had already finished dinner when I was nearly strangled by Isabella, who came up behind me.

"Oh, sweetie, I've missed you so much!" She came from behind and hung on my neck.

"Let go of me, Isabella!" I said without any humor.

"I can't, sweetie, I missed you too much," Isabella spoke in that whiny, nasal voice.

"Damn it, Isabella! I told you to let go of me." I removed her arms from me with a bit more force and stood up. "I'm done here, guys. I'm leaving."

"And you're not the only one." Patrick also stood up when he saw Vanessa there.

Little did I know the damage was already done!