



S2 Chapter 85

Henry's POV

I was going to talk to my mom while the others were solving the problem they caused with Sam. I needed to stop Reynold, but I couldn't do that without talking to my mom and Hebe. So I invited her for lunch.

"Look at my wonderful son, back from his trip for three days and only now he calls me!" My mother complained playfully as soon as she arrived.

"Mom, but I invited you to lunch at your favorite restaurant." I kissed her and pulled out the chair for her to sit.

"Ah, you're forgiven!" She smiled. "How was your trip, son? Did you manage to clear your head?"

"That too, plus I made some great business deals."

"You took a long time to come back."

"I hope I didn't take too long. I heard Sam is seeing someone."

"She loves you, son. If she's seeing someone, fight for her. Or are you going to give up so easily?"

"No, I won't." I smiled.

The waiter approached, and we placed our orders. My mother observed me calmly, but with that motherly look that knew when her child wanted something.

"Go ahead, Henry. What do you want?" I looked at her intrigued. "I know you better than you know yourself."

"Mom, Reynold is causing problems." I took a deep breath.

"You should have gotten rid of him long ago. Like you told him, he was



just a sperm donor."

"How do you know about that?"

"You were at Giorgio's, everyone we know goes to Giorgio's. A friend of mine was there and told me what happened."

"What should I do, Mom?"

"Talk to Rick. He has what you need. And that will send your father to jail!"

"What do you mean Rick has what I need?"

"Evidence." I looked at her without understanding. "When that happened three years ago, Alexander's father helped me handle the situation. I did wrong, but Hebe wasn't well, you remember, everything about your father made her ill, he controlled her emotionally."

"Yeah, I remember we even considered committing her, she was very depressed."

"Exactly. As a mother, I worried and protected that scumbag because of her. But Alexander's father managed to resolve everything, and Rick helped him. But then he died shortly after, and Rick kept all the files. Including the video of that atrocity." My mother explained, disgusted at remembering the situation. "Henry, it wasn't the first time he did that, and I imagine it wasn't the last."

I was completely upset and stressed, also very worried.

"Did you know he pulled some strings and hushed up the harassment accusations from the girls at the Social Club? Even the judge decided to convince his daughter to keep quiet."

"No, I didn't know about that." I became even more irritated.

"So, if you're going to act, be smarter than him. Build a solid case."



"I understand. Well, I have two detectives willing to help."

"That's good."

"But what about Hebe?"

"I already talked to her. It was a very difficult conversation, but she wants us to do the right thing this time. We need to protect Samantha."

"You already know." I sighed.

"Giorgio's." My mother reminded me of her friend who witnessed the scene at the restaurant and heard, like everyone else, my father's threats.

My phone rang and I saw Melissa's name on the screen. I answered and listened furiously to what she was telling me. When I hung up, I was like a raging bull, seething with anger.

"What happened?" my mother asked.

"Melissa. She's with Sam. That jerk just called her and has been calling since I got back from my trip. He won't stop."

"Then make him stop!"

After lunch, my mother and I went to my sister's house. To my great surprise, Hebe was calm and determined about what we would do.

"Brother, I removed that man from my life. It took a long time and I'm still working on it, but after everything I found out, I just want him far away," Hebe spoke with great confidence. "I have a daughter, Henry. I can't imagine how I would feel if a lowlife like him did to her what he does to women. End this now!"

"Alright, Hebe. I just want to make sure you're prepared for what's coming and that you'll be okay with it."

"Definitely. Edward already has a media strategy mapped out. Just don't

let him get near Samantha." Hebe touched my arm. "And cut off his allowance right away, leave him with nothing."

"Hebe, when I do that, he's going to go crazy!" I said.

"Don't worry about that, Henry." Edward was arriving and heard the end of the conversation. "I've already reinforced security here and for the kids too. As well as for you, Heidi," he came closer and gave my mother three little kisses, "who, by the way, looks more beautiful every day!"

"You're such a gentleman, Edward." My mother smiled.

"I'm the lucky one because my wife looks just like her mother and gets more beautiful as the years go by." Edward kissed Hebe, who was smiling lovingly. "My only problem is Henry. You should make up with Sam soon, we need substitute parents to watch the kids when we want to slip away. And I don't trust my sisters, they're crazy!"

"I'll work on that, Ed." I smiled at him.

"Look at this, family gathering!" Enzo came in carrying his backpack.

"Oh, my prince, come give grandma a kiss!" My mother extended her arms to my nephew, who went to her with a big smile.

"The most gorgeous grandma in the world!" He said, making her laugh.

"You little brown-noser!" I teased him.

"Don't be jealous, uncle!" He greeted me. "Good to see you, I was going to call you."

"What happened?" I asked curiously.

"Aunt Sam canceled on me. And this guy, Vince, from what I understand, is the best of the best, even my dad can't compete with him."

"What do you mean?" I asked intrigued.



"Good looking, nice guy, doctor, and as Aunt Sam herself said, almost perfect. You better hurry up." Enzo said and threw himself on the couch, dragging my hope through the mud.

"Who's Vince?" Hebe asked curiously.

"Some guy who's dating Aunt Sam," Enzo informed.

I was feeling defeated. But a message on my phone snapped me out of my inertia. It was Alexander calling me to his company.

"I have to go," I sighed. "Edward, I'll have my PR person talk to yours, we need to align our damage control strategy. Things are going to get ugly!" Edward agreed and I left.

When I arrived at Alexander's company, everyone was already gathered, including Flavian and Detective Bonfim.

"Did you sort things out with Samantha?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes. She forgave all of us," Alexander took the lead. "I sent her home today, she didn't seem well. She'll be back to work tomorrow."

"Very well. Thank you!" I breathed relieved.

"It was the right thing to do, we were jerks to her. But there's a problem, she refused security," Alexander informed me, and I got irritated, Samantha was too stubborn.

"Henry, we're going to investigate the threats she's receiving from this ex-boyfriend, we need to find out who's helping him," Flavian informed.

"Yes, my security team is also investigating," I shared. "I'll pass your contact and ask them to talk to you." Flavian nodded.

"Now let's address the second problem," Rick took the lead. "You remember what happened three years ago, and I don't need to tell you again. Here's all the evidence Mr. Miller gathered, including video and



voice messages."

"How do you have all this and I never knew?" I asked.

"I would never betray Heidi's trust," Rick explained. "She wanted to protect the children, that's what Mr. Miller did and I helped him."

"Did you talk about this with Hebe?" Patrick asked worriedly.

"Yes. I'm coming from her house. She finally freed herself from that jerk," I said simply.

I opened the folder Rick had handed me, there was a complete report, photos, video, audio files, message transcripts, and a confidentiality agreement signed by two women, who received good money to keep it out of the public eye.

"Rick, who made the agreement with them?" I asked.

"Your father. With precise instructions from Mr. Miller. Your mother paid. But he doesn't have copies of the agreements. He was just the face of everything. But I accompanied him and talked to the girls," Rick explained.

"Can you undo this? And keep yourself protected from this mess?" I asked.

"Definitely. I've already talked to them," Rick confirmed.

"Great!" I started reading the report and felt more disgusted with each page.