

S2 Chapter 88

Henry's POV

It had been a week since I'd been with Sam. I couldn't resist seeking her out, and I gave my heart and soul to her once and for all. I threw myself into her arms - it was the best night of my life because I felt she gave herself completely to me too. But my phone rang, and I had to rush out in the middle of the night.

Reynold had been arrested, and my PR team needed me to handle the damage control for all the media coverage the situation might cause. We managed to keep his arrest under wraps and maintain the confidentiality of the investigation, keeping the press away from the matter, but he got himself a good lawyer who got him out of jail within twenty-four hours. And that deeply irritated me.

I had left a note for Samantha in the apartment, asking her to reach out if there was any chance of fixing our relationship, but she simply ignored me. All I could feel now was pain, both physical and emotional. I felt sadness, frustration, anger, and even remorse for letting myself be fooled by that creep Reynold. I felt a constant chest pain, sometimes more intense, almost as if I were having a heart attack. The pain of losing her was in my soul and my body too.

I arranged to have lunch with the guys; I hadn't seen them since the meeting with the detectives in Alexander's office, and I really needed my friends now. My life was chaotic. We went to a restaurant near Alexander's office, and it was good to see them. But as we were leaving, I noticed the table at the back, opposite to where we had been sitting.

Samantha was there, accompanied by the same man I had seen her with at her building's entrance. She looked beautiful, smiling at him. For a

brief moment, our eyes met, and I just shook my head. It was hard to believe that even after being completely mine that night, she was with someone else. I couldn't understand anymore if it was pride, whim, or if she just wanted to make me suffer. I looked away and left the restaurant.

"Henry, are you okay?" Patrick asked me.

"Nothing's okay, Patrick." Alexander answered for me. "I know what you're feeling. Want to know what I think?"

"No," I said simply.

"I'll tell you anyway. No matter how much it hurts, you shouldn't give up on her. Crawl, humble yourself, lower yourself, but don't give up on her," Alexander advised me. "If you give up on her, you won't be able to handle it. I know what I'm talking about."

"You've been through this," I sighed.

"Yes, I have. I went through hell and purgatory for my wife. But it was worth it!" Alexander smiled at me.

"Want me to find out who the guy is?" Rick asked.

"No. What I already know is enough," I replied.

I said goodbye to my friends and went to the hotel that had become my home, since I couldn't go back anywhere else. I drank until I passed out in that room, alone.

I arrived at the office the next day, trying not to show the stormy sea inside me. Melissa just looked at me but said nothing. I was trying to work when I received a call from my mother.

"Mom, how are you?"

"Worried about you, Henry. Where were you yesterday?" My mother didn't beat around the bush or try to be gentle; she went straight to the point.

"Around, Mom."

"'Around' is not an answer for a worried mother."

"I was at home."

"No, you weren't. You didn't answer your phone, weren't at the company, weren't at the apartment, and weren't at the house in the complex. In fact, I heard you haven't shown up at either place for weeks."

"Mom, I'm staying at a hotel." I sighed, knowing there was no point in lying to her. She was genuinely worried.

"Why a hotel?"

"Because I don't want to go back to the apartment and I can't bring myself to enter that house."

"Then come to my house. You don't need to stay in a hotel, son!"

"Mom, I need some time alone. Don't take it the wrong way."

"Henry, let me help you," my mother pleaded.

"You can help me by letting me stay alone for a while, and the hotel is the best place for me right now."

"Alright. I'll accept that. But please, just tell me where you're staying, so I know where to look if I need you."

"Okay, Mom. I'll send you a message with the information."

I said goodbye to my mother, and when I looked up, I saw Melissa's inquiring eyes. But she didn't say anything, just sat down, and we started working. This silence from Melissa wasn't normal.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months. Four months had passed since my last night with Samantha. I was sinking deeper into pain and sorrow with each passing day. I ran into Samantha a few times at Alexander's house, but she always left as soon as I arrived. I tried to work during the day, and after work, I would go to the hotel and drink until I passed out.

I showed up at the office looking like a walking dead, reeking of alcohol, and often late. I passed all client meetings to Melissa and basically just signed documents as she instructed. I even found her silence strange, but she just observed me and only talked about work. And so, the days dragged on, and my life was in shambles.



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