

Wild Night 931

Chapter 931: Shawn Rosewood

Two days later, Diana paced around the living room, her nerves on edge as she glanced at the clock for the umpteenth time.

The walls of the room seemed to close in on her, echoing with her footsteps. She had meticulously set everything up. The drugs were strategically placed, Henry had been staged in the car accident waiting to be discovered, and now all that remained was the arrival of his lawyer.

She wanted him to be here with her when they received a call from the hospital that Henry was involved in an accident.

Her heart raced as she heard the distant sound of a car door shutting. She hurried to the door, her fingers trembling as she pulled it open before the lawyer could knock.

"Thank God you're here, Mr. Cage," she exclaimed, her voice tinged with genuine worry as she ushered him inside. Her eyes darted around, making sure everything appeared as it should.

Mr. Alfred Cage, a tall man with graying hair and a furrowed brow, stepped into the house, his briefcase clutched tightly.

He looked at Diana with a mix of concern and confusion. "What is going on? You mean Mr. Rosewood is still not back yet?" he asked, his frown deepening.

Diana wrung her hands, her eyes meeting his gaze. "He's not. He's been away mostly for two weeks, rarely spending any time here at home. But this is different," she said, her voice wavering slightly.

"Two weeks?" The lawyer's brow arched. "Why has he been away and how is this different?"

Diana's shoulders slumped as she looked down at her hands, her fingers fidgeting. "Because he was mad at me," she admitted softly.

"Mad at you?" The lawyer's confusion grew. He knew how much Henry adored Diana, especially after Henry had confided in him about Diana's pregnancy.

"Yes. We sort of had a misunderstanding. It was my fault. I shouldn't have done what I did. I was jealous and I acted out foolishly," Diana said, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Mr. Cage wanted to ask what had happened but was more concerned with Henry's disappearance. "So, why do you think this is different? Maybe he's still avoiding you."

"At first, I thought he was staying away because he was still mad at me, but no one else has been in contact with him. You told me yourself that you haven't been able to reach him since you last spoke with him a couple of days ago when he asked you to come get the divorce papers. His secretary called yesterday to find out why he hasn't been to the office in two days. After hearing that, I've been trying to reach him but he's still not taking his calls, and now his line isn't even going through anymore," Diana said, her voice rising with a mix of frustration and fear.

Mr. Cage rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Do you have anywhere in mind you think he could have gone to?"

"If I did, wouldn't I have gone in search of him without bothering you?" Diana snapped, her frustration spilling over before she took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I'm just so worried."

"Have you reported to the police?" the lawyer asked, his tone gentle.

Diana shook her head vehemently. "No. I'm afraid to report to the police. You know how Henry is. What if he's just taking some time off and I report and bring him unnecessary attention? I've annoyed him enough already. I don't want to add to it. That was why I decided to call you. I thought you'd know what to do."

Mr. Cage sighed deeply. "And his family? Have you reached out to them?"

"They don't exactly know about me yet. He was going to engage me and introduce me to his family before Vanessa showed up. I didn't know what I would say to them or how to introduce myself to them," Diana explained, her voice trembling.

The lawyer nodded, understanding her predicament. He had been the Rosewood family lawyer for years and he knew they would want to hear of this before the police were involved.

"I will give his brother a call now," he said, pulling out his phone and dialing Shawn, Henry's brother.

The call connected on the fifth ring. "Alfred, why are you calling me?" Shawn Rosewood's voice was laced with displeasure.

"Your brother is missing," the lawyer said, cutting straight to the point, knowing Shawn didn't like to beat around the bush.

"Henry is missing?" Shawn's voice held a note of disbelief, followed by a disbelieving laugh. "Is this supposed to be a joke? A prank maybe?"

"I'm quite serious, sir. No one has seen nor heard from Mr. Rosewood since Saturday when I last spoke with him and today is Wednesday. He hasn't been to his place or his office," Mr. Cage replied, his tone grave.

Shawn's laughter died abruptly, replaced by a tense silence. "This better not be a joke, Alfred."

"It's not. I'm standing in his living room right now with Diana. She's just as worried," Mr. Cage assured him.

"Diana? Who is that? And where is Vanessa in all of this?" Shawn asked in confusion.

The lawyer sighed, "I think it's best I explain the situation to you in person."

Shawn took a deep breath, his impatience palpable even over the phone. "I'll be there as soon as I can. Don't do anything until I arrive," he said, his voice now filled with urgency.

Mr. Cage ended the call and turned to Diana, his expression softening slightly. "He's coming. We'll figure this out," he said, offering her a reassuring smile, though worry still etched his features. Diana nodded, her heart pounding in her chest like a drum.

Thirty minutes later, Shawn arrived. As he stepped through the door, his imposing presence filled the room. His eyes narrowed as they landed on Diana, his expression hardening. "Who are you? And where is Vanessa?" he demanded, his gaze shifting between Diana and the lawyer.

"She is Diana Locke, Mr. Rosewood's..." Mr. Cage began, trying to keep his tone calm. "Can you stop calling him Mr. Rosewood in front of me? I am Mr. Rosewood too. I've told you to use his name when addressing me," Shawn cut in, his voice sharp.

"My apologies. She is his..." The lawyer hesitated, unsure of the best way to introduce Diana.

"I am Henry's mistress," Diana interjected, forcing a smile as she met Shawn's cold gaze. "I'm sorry we are meeting under such circum-"

"Henry's mistress?" Shawn repeated, his voice laced with disbelief as he turned from the lawyer to Diana and then back again. "Henry has a mistress? What is she doing under his roof when he has a wife?"

"Well, his..." Diana attempted to explain.

"I wasn't asking you," Shawn cut her off coldly, his eyes never leaving Diana.

"He is processing his divorce..." Mr. Cage explained.

"A divorce? Henry is divorcing Vanessa?" Shawn asked incredulously, his disbelief turning to anger. "I don't know what's going on here, but all you're saying doesn't sound like Henry," Shawn said as he sat down, the weight of his presence pressing on the room.

Diana exchanged a worried look with the lawyer before sitting down, her mind racing for the right words. "I've been in Henry's life for the past two years. He was going to introduce me to you and the rest of the family before Vanessa showed up. As a matter of fact, I'm pregnant with his child," Diana said, despite Shawn's earlier interruption, her voice steady but her eyes betraying her anxiety.

Shawn's green eyes pierced into hers, as though he could see straight through her. His lips curled into a smirk. "I won't talk to you or comment on anything you say until I see Henry and hear from him myself," he declared, pulling out his phone when it buzzed.

He answered the call, his demeanor shifting as he listened intently. "That was the hospital. Henry seems to have been involved in an accident. I have to go," he said, his gaze turning suspiciously towards Diana as he rose.

"Can I come with you?" Diana asked, rising to her feet, her face etched with genuine concern.

"No, you can't. I don't know who you are or what your game is. The only woman I recognize in Henry's life is his wife, Vanessa, and until I hear what is going on directly from Henry, I won't acknowledge you," Shawn said, his tone final.

He glanced at the lawyer, his eyes cold. "You should be ashamed of yourself, Alfred. You've worked for our family all these years yet you didn't deem it fit to inform us of whatever Henry was up to," he added with a shake of his head before walking away.

"Why did the hospital call him and not me? And why is he so doubtful?" Diana asked the lawyer.

"The Rosewoods do not trust people easily. They are each other's emergency contact," Alfred explained.

"What do you suggest I do now?" Diana asked the lawyer, her voice small and desperate.

"Wait and hope that Mr. Rosewood is fine. I have to go to the hospital," he said, turning to leave.

"Can I come with you?" Diana asked hopefully, her eyes pleading.

"You heard him. He won't want to see you anywhere near Henry until he confirms everything," the lawyer said, his tone sympathetic but firm.

Diana took a deep breath, nodding. "Please let me know how Henry is doing. And let him know I'm worried about him," she pleaded.

"Sure. I will," the lawyer promised as he headed for the door, Diana following him with heavy steps.

As Diana watched Shawn and the lawyer's car disappear down the driveway, a chill ran down her spine. Shawn's skepticism was a significant obstacle, and she couldn't shake the feeling that he would pose a serious threat to her plans. She needed everything to go perfectly, but with Shawn involved, nothing was certain.

She closed the door behind her, the weight of uncertainty pressing down on her chest. As she paced the living room, she couldn't help but feel the walls closing in. She needed to stay calm, to think clearly. Her entire plan depended on it.

Chapter 932: Bastard

As Shawn Rosewood drove to the hospital, different thoughts ran through his mind as he tried to process all that he had just learned from Alfred and Diana.

Although he wasn't very close to his younger brother, Henry, he knew Henry to a large degree and he doubted that Henry would have let his wife go so easily.

For all of Henry's life, he had only wanted one thing- and that was to be acknowledged by them as a Rosewood since he was a bastard.

He had done all he could for Shawn to accept him and treat him as his brother and sometimes Shawn thought he did too much in his quest for acceptance.

Although the public didn't know it since the Rosewood family had kept it a secret, Henry was his half-brother- a result of a sordid affair.

Growing up, Henry had always been the family's black sheep, a reminder of his father's infidelity, and Shawn had never truly bonded with Henry because his mother had made it clear she wanted him to have nothing to do with Henry.

He was the son of a gold-digging whore who had wanted to reap where she did not sow, and his mother had gotten rid of her immediately after she birthed Henry since she didn't want any rumors of an affair or for anything to tarnish the Rosewood family name.

Henry knew very well how much the Rosewood family hated the idea of divorce, so it didn't make sense that he would divorce Vanessa and marry someone else regardless of the circumstances.

Or was it that he had been truly in love with this Diana lady and she had led him to do that? Shawn mused thoughtfully.

Thinking about Diana, his brows pulled together in a frown. Something about her didn't sit well with him and he couldn't even point out what it was.

Shawn sighed deeply as his thoughts drifted back to Henry once again. First, they said he had been missing for days, and now an accident. Where had he been all this while then? Was it that he had been involved in the accident days ago but no one had been there to rescue him until now? Or was there something else at play here? Shawn mused.

Whatever the situation was, Henry was still a Rosewood, and family meant everything to Shawn. He intended to uncover the truth. If there was foul play involved, he would get to the bottom of it.

Once Shawn arrived at the hospital, he strode to the reception desk, his presence commanding immediate attention.

"I want to see whoever is in charge here and the doctor attending to Henry Rosewood," Shawn demanded, his voice brooking no argument.

The receptionist, a young woman with wide eyes, nodded quickly and picked up the phone. Within minutes, a middle-aged doctor with kind eyes and a weary expression appeared, his white coat flapping as he approached.

Recognizing Shawn, he greeted him politely as he led him to a private office. Inside the office, he gestured for Shawn to sit. "Mr. Rosewood, I'm Dr. Collins. Your brother was brought in a while ago. We are doing everything we can for him."

Shawn's gaze was piercing. "How is he? Is it serious?"

The doctor sighed, running a hand through his thinning hair. "Your brother was unconscious and reeking of alcohol when he was brought in. It appears he was driving under the influence. We're running tests to check his blood for alcohol and drugs while we try to resuscitate him."

Shawn leaned forward, "Don't bother with the drug test. He'd never go near drugs," Henry said confidently.

"I see. By the way, do you know if he has any allergies? I'd like to have his medical history," the doctor said.

"Henry is allergic to opioids. So, whatever you do, do not give him opioids. I will have him transferred to the family clinic after you stabilize him," Shawn said, remembering the one time Henry had almost died because of a morphine tablet.

"Is that the only thing he is allergic to?" The doctor asked, and Shawn's eyes narrowed.

"To the best of my knowledge, yes. Why do you ask?"

The doctor's brow furrowed. "He seemed to have had an allergic reaction. The signs were there when he was brought in. To be safe, we need to check if he took any drugs."

Suspicion gnawed at Shawn. "Fine. Do the test. But call me the moment the results are out and he's out of the emergency room."

Dr. Collins nodded. "Of course, Mr. Rosewood. We'll keep you updated."

As Shawn left the office, his mind raced with questions. Outside, he found the lawyer waiting by the side. Shawn approached him, his eyes cold and calculating.

"Exactly what is going on, Alfred? Is that lady telling the truth about her relationship with Henry?"

Alfred's face was grave. "It's the truth. Henry was processing a divorce and planned to introduce Diana to you and the family."

"How does that make sense? Henry knows very well that my mother would never approve of that, and all his life he has lived wanting her approval. Was he really ing to let of Vanessa or did he have other plans?" Shawn asked and Alfred sighed.

"I don't know if he had any other plans. But I know he wanted to keep the divorce hush. And I just found out where he was found. It was an abandoned asylum he purchased a couple of weeks ago," Alfred said Shawn raised a brow.

"Henry bought an abandoned asylum?" He asked, trying to connect the dots.

What were the chances that he announced on television that his perfectly sane wife was insane, and now he was divorcing her and buying an abandoned asylum?

"Yes."

"Where is Vanessa now?" Shawn asked with interest.

"She's with her parents. She moved out two weeks ago," Alfred explained.

Shawn's jaw tightened. "Don't say a word to my mother yet. Tell Diana to not let the word of Henry's accident out. We can't let this get out."

Alfred nodded solemnly. "Understood."

As Shawn got into his car, he contemplated going to see Mia or going back to Henry's and then decided to go see Mia.

He arrived there twenty minutes later, and Maria was startled when she opened the door and saw him.

"Hello, Mrs Lawson. I'm sorry to stop by unannounced. I'd like to see Vanessa," he said with a polite smile.

Maria nodded, her mouth dry, "You're welcome. Please come in," she said, her mind racing as she ushered him into the living room.

Her husband wasn't home and she wasn't sure what Henry's brother wanted with Mia. Having him in the house made her uncomfortable.

"Can I ask if anything is wrong?" she asked politely.

Shawn smiled, "Nothing is wrong. I heard about the divorce and I want to hear from Vanessa," he said easily and she nodded.

"She will join you shortly," Maria said and went to Mia's room to get her.

As Mia walked down the stairs to meet Shawn, her heart raced. In the duration is her marriage

to Henry, she had met Shawn less than a handful of times and she wasn't sure what he wanted with her.

Was it about Henry? Did he find out something? She mused.

The moment she walked into the living room, Shawn rose and smiled at her pleasantly, "Hello, Vanessa. I'm sure you are surprised to see me," he said and she nodded.

"Please sit down. You're welcome. Can I offer you something to drink?" she asked, but Shawn shook his head.

"Your time is all I require," he said, gesturing for her to sit down and she sat down across from him.

Mia's mom stood close by, not wanting to leave Mia alone with any member of the Rosewood family, and as if noticing this Shawn glanced at her and gave her a polite nod.

"How have you been? I'm sorry I've been too busy to pay attention to you," he said and she shook her head.

"It's fine. I'm fine too. Can I ask why you're here?" she asked curiously.

"I recently learned you're divorcing Henry. I was surprised to hear that considering the fact that you only just returned. Can I ask what is really going on?" He asked and Mia held his gaze.

"Do you want to know the truth? Or would you prefer an answer that suits you?" Mia asked and Shawn frowned slightly.

"What do you mean by an answer that suits me?" He asked, confused by her response.

Mia shrugged, "With all due respect Mr. Rosewood..."

"Shawn. Call me Shawn, Vanessa. We are family after all," he cut in.

"Family?" Mia asked with a snort, "No, we are not. We weren't even when I was married to your brother talk more about now," she said and Shawn nodded.

"I understand your sentiments. Still, I'd rather you address me as Shawn," he insisted.

Mia sighed, "I wasn't involved in any accident as Henry claimed," she said and Shawn nodded.

"I figured," he said, urging her to carry on.

"I ran away because your brother was making my life a living hell," she said and Shawn's brows pulled together.

"What do you mean?"

Without another word she rose, and her mother frowned wondering what she was up to as she turned her back to Shawn and raised her shirt.

Shawn's eyes widened in disbelief and then darkened with anger when he saw the scars on her

back.

"Henry did this to me," Mia said as she turned back to face him, "For years I endured him until I couldn't anymore."

"Henry inflicted those wounds on you?" Shawn asked, not wanting to believe it.

"This is the least of what I suffered in the hands of your brother. This is merely physical evidence," Mia said as she sat down.

"Why didn't you come to me or our mother?"

"Come to you? And make things worse for myself? Even my own parents didn't do anything about it, so who am I to expect the Rosewood family to take my side over one of theirs?" She asked and Shawn's frown deepened.

"It has nothing to do with taking sides. Hitting a woman is unacceptable and no one would support Henry after seeing that," He said reasonably.

"Well, it's all in the past now. All I want is for the divorce to be finalized so I can move on with my life. I wish him well with his new family," she said, and Shawn raised a brow.

"New family? You know about his mistress?" He asked and she nodded.

"Yes. Diana, God bless her. She's the only reason Henry agreed to let me go. She's pregnant with his child...." "Wait. Hold on. How do you know all this?" Shawn asked suspiciously.

"She's been living in the house with him. Your brother is in love with her. He put her in charge of everything and even put me under her care too," Mia said with a shake of her head.

"So, it's true? He wants to marry her?" Shawn asked and Mia nodded.

"If I may ask, why did you return from wherever you were hiding?" Shawn asked and Mia shrugged.

"I wanted to stop hiding. I wanted a divorce. I reached out to him asking for a divorce and he came to get me," she explained.

"When last did you see Henry?" Shawn asked curiously.

"He was here some days ago," Mia said, not bothering to lie since there was a possibility that there were witnesses who had seen them together, and Harry had told her what to say if anyone came to interrogate her.

"Where?"

"Here. He came here to get me. He said he wanted to take me back home," Mia said and Shawn frowned.

"After you both agreed to the divorce?" He asked and Mia nodded.

"I take it you didn't go with him."

"I didn't have a choice. I left with him. He threatened me and my family," she said and Shawn frowned.

"So, how are you back here? What happened?"

"He didn't take me home. He was taking me to somewhere else. I have no idea where he was taking me. But it was somewhere far away and I got scared. I started to cry out for help, and thankfully some passerby saved me from him," Mia said, shuddering at the memory of what had truly happened.

Listening to her tale, Shawn believed her. It made sense, "Do you have someone to confirm your story?"

"My parents..."

"Apart from your parents," he said and Mia frowned.

"No, I don't. Why? Did something happen?" she asked, feigning confusion.

"Is there a way I can reach the stranger who saved you?" He asked, not answering her question.

"No. I didn't think to take his number or anything. I was too startled and could barely talk to even my parents," Mia said and Shawn sighed.

"Henry was involved in an accident," he said and watched Mia's expression.

Mia didn't bother to act surprised or touched, "I guess there is a God after all. No offense. I know he is your brother, but I'm really not interested," she said flatly.

"I understand," Shawn said with a sigh.

"I'm really sorry about all you had to go through. I wish you had come to me. I wish I reached out to you and checked on you. I'm sorry." He said, and Mia sighed deeply.

"Like I said, it's all in the past. All I want is for the divorce to be processed so I can leave," she said and Shawn nodded as he rose.

"I need to leave now. Be good," he said to her and gave her nod before heading for the door.

Chapter 933: What Is Your Plan?

Shawn's mind whirled with all that Mia had said as he walked out of Mia's house and headed for his car.

The evening air was heavy with the promise of rain. The sky, painted with streaks of orange and purple, seemed to mirror the turmoil inside him.

Shawn slid into the driver's seat and gripped the steering wheel tightly, trying to process everything he had just learned.

He wished he could unsee the scars on Mia's back, but unfortunately, the image was seared into his memory, a haunting reminder of the cruelty that had taken place.

He couldn't believe that Henry had done something like that. How could he have done something so beastly to his own wife? Shawn mused.

He wondered if Henry had been driven to such extreme measures because of some unknown pressure or if it was simply the result of a twisted personality. Whatever the case, Shawn was determined to get to the bottom of it.

His thoughts drifted to what Mia had said about Diana and Henry, and his brows pulled together in a frown.

Something about Diana didn't sit right with him. Perhaps it was her eyes or her body language, but something about her set off his mental alarm.

Starting the engine, Shawn drove aimlessly for a while, his mind racing. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to the story than what everyone had told him.

The details about Diana gnawed at him. Who was this woman who had managed to not only seduce his brother but also turn his life upside down?

And why had Henry bought an abandoned asylum? Had he really planned on locking his wife up there? And then what? What exactly had been his plan?

And how did Vanessa so conveniently escape with the help of a stranger? He doubted she had reported the near-kidnap to the police. Why did she seem so comfortable and relaxed?

The pieces didn't fit together, and Shawn's instincts told him that there was something more sinister at play.

He needed answers, and there was only one place he could think of to start digging for the truth. Shawn made a sharp turn and headed toward Henry's house. If there were any clues to be found, they would be there.

The drive to Henry's residence was uneventful, but Shawn's mind was anything but calm. He replayed the conversation with Mia over and over, dissecting every word, every expression.

After driving for a while, he parked by the roadside and took out his phone. He made a quick call to his source in the police, asking them to look into Diana Locke.

If she had a criminal history, he wanted to know it. He wanted to know anything about her that might tell him whether or not she was being genuine.

After making the call, he called the Rosewood family doctor next, asking him to meet him at Henry's place immediately.

Satisfied, he resumed driving and continued to Henry's house. The moment Shawn arrived at Henry's house, he rang the doorbell, his impatience barely contained.

Margaret opened the door and greeted him politely as she stepped aside and let him in.

"Where is Diana?" he asked as he turned to look at Margaret after he walked in.

"She's in her bedroom. I will go get her..."

"Wait. Before you get her, I have some questions for you," he said, and Margaret's eyes widened slightly.

"Me?" she asked, wondering what Shawn could possibly want to ask her.

"Yes. Lead the way to the study," Shawn ordered calmly, and Margaret led him to Henry's study.

Inside, Shawn sat down behind the desk and gestured for Margaret to do the same. "You've been working here for over three years now, am I right?" he asked, and she nodded as she perched uncomfortably on the chair opposite him.

"Yes, sir."

"That means you know when Diana moved in?" he asked, and once again, she nodded. "Yes, sir."

"What can you tell me about her and her relationship with my brother?" he asked, and Margaret paused for a bit.

"They are very close. Mr. Rosewood cares about her very much," she said, and he looked at her for a moment, wondering if she was reciting something she had been asked to say or if this was the truth.

"What do you think about her personally?" he asked, and Margaret's brows pulled together.

"I don't think anything about her," she said, not willing to speak ill of Diana and get herself in trouble. Her job was important to her, and she didn't want to lose it by falling into any traps.

"Do you think she cares about my brother?" Shawn asked, and Margaret resisted the urge to scoff.

"She worships the ground he walks on. She calls him her lord," Margaret said since that was the truth she knew.

"Her lord?" Shawn asked, watching Margaret closely, and Margaret nodded.

Something about the way her lips curled when she talked about Diana gave Shawn the impression that she didn't like Diana much.

"And Vanessa? What do you think about her?" he asked and watched as her eyes softened.

"I wish she didn't have to leave. She is always so calm and polite," Margaret said, not wanting to add that she wished Diana had left instead of Mia.

"I suppose you like her more than Diana," Shawn observed.

"She's the real madam of the house, sir. It's only natural that I like her more," Margaret said, and Shawn nodded in agreement.

"Do the others feel the same way? I mean the domestic staff?" he asked curiously, wanting to know if perhaps Diana had her own person in the house too.

Margaret shrugged. "Mika feels the same way. I don't know about Josh. He is new here, so I guess he is indifferent," Margaret said, and Shawn nodded thoughtfully.

"Who is Josh? When did he start working here?" he asked curiously.

"He's the new chef. He resumed some weeks ago," Margaret said, and Shawn raised a brow.

"What happened to the last chef?"

"Madam Diana fired him. After he worked here for all these years, she just..." Margaret caught herself, realizing she was expressing herself too openly.

Shawn flashed her a small smile. "It's okay. It's only natural that you're displeased that the chef was fired. So, this new chef, is he from the agency? How does he interact with Diana?"

Shawn asked, and Margaret shook her head.

"He is from the agency, but I've never seen them talking aside from when she comes into the kitchen to say what she wants," Margaret said, and Shawn sighed.

"Alright. You can leave now. Thanks for your time," he said, and she rose.

"Should I get Madam Diana?" she asked, but Shawn shook his head.

"Not yet. I'll call you when I need her. Thanks. Also, I'm expecting someone. Let me know when he gets here," he said dismissively, and she gave him a nod before she walked away.

After she walked away, Shawn opened Henry's drawers to see if he would find anything that would help him understand the situation, and just as he was about to give up when he didn't see anything useful, something fell off one of the manila folders.

He bent down to pick it up, and he raised a brow when he saw it was a plastic bag containing some tablets. Shawn's heart skipped a beat. He had a bad feeling about this.

He carefully set the bag on the desk, his mind racing with possibilities. Growing up he had experimented with his fair share of drugs to know what it was.

What he couldn't understand, however, was what it was doing in Henry's drawer. He knew without a doubt that Henry was allergic to morphine.

He remembered clearly how Henry had reacted to it and had almost died when he was given a shot of it for pain in his teenage years after an accident.

He opened the drawers again and ransacked them thoroughly, taking out all of the files in them.

He paused when he suddenly remembered what the doctor at the hospital had said about Henry looking like he had an allergic reaction to something.

Thinking of this, he came to two conclusions. It was either Henry was trying to commit suicide, or someone had tried to murder him and make it seem like a suicide attempt.

He highly doubted that Henry had attempted suicide. There were better ways for a successful man like Henry to take his life than to die with his breath reeking of alcohol and drugs in his blood. Henry would never do that to the family.

That left him with the other option. Someone had tried to kill him and had planted the morphine here to make it seem like he was a user of hard drugs.

Or was the plan not to kill him? Shawn mused. And the next important question now was who could have planted the drugs. He believed it was Diana. It was either her or the new person in the house.

While he was still thinking, his phone rang, and he received the call when he saw it was his source the police.

"What have you got?" he asked impatiently.

"Diana Locke is a medical doctor. She quit her job sometime two years ago. She has no criminal records," he said, and Shawn nodded.

"Alright. Thanks," he said before hanging up.

She was a medical doctor, Shawn mused. He glanced at his phone when it rang again, and he received the call to hear the doctor confirm what he knew already. There were traces of drugs in Henry's blood.

Once he hung up the call, he glanced at the desktop and contemplated looking through it, but The decided it was best to talk to Diana again first.

Whatever she said now would determine his next course of action.

Taking the drug, he rose and headed for the door, and just as he opened it, Diana, who was about to leave for the hospital intending to claim a miscarriage, froze when she saw him.

"Mr. Rosewood," she stammered, her eyes wide with surprise. Why did no one tell her he was back?

"Are you going somewhere?" He asked when he saw the way she was dressed and her handbag in her hand.

"I was going to the hospital. I'm not feeling too well," she said and Shawn looked at her for a moment.

"Let's talk before you leave," he said, stepping inside the living room with an air of authority. Diana reluctantly followed him, and he gestured to the couch, "Sit down, Diana," Shawn commanded.

Diana's heart pounded as she perched nervously on the edge of a chair, willing herself to stay calm. She didn't mind getting caught. She had resigned herself to that from the moment she embarked on this.

What she feared, however, was not being able to do to Henry as she pleased. She knew his body was paralyzed for life and he would never be able to move again, but she still wanted to ruin everything he had built and worked for. Everything that he had treated people like an animal in order to acquire.

Shawn remained calm, his gaze fixed on her, unyielding and cold.

"How much do you know about Henry?" Shawn began, his voice deceptively calm.

Diana's eyes flickered with uncertainty. "I know as much as he tells me."

"As much as he tells you," Shawn repeated, watching her closely, "Has he been doing drugs?"

Shawn asked, holding out the tablet.

Diana looked away, her fingers stilling. "I don't know."

"Answer me honestly," Shawn pressed. "It's vital for his treatment."

Diana's voice was a whisper. "I'm not sure I should be telling you this about your brother, but I caught him once in his study taking that," Diana said without meeting his gaze.

"Are you sure about that Diana? What was he like after taking it?" Shawn pressed. Diana shook her head, "It's really nothing. He promised me it was a one-time thing and he only took it 'cause he was stressed."

A smirk tugged at the corner of Shawn's mouth. He knew it. He was seldom wrong about people. From the moment he walked in and saw her, he had known there was something fishy about it.

"What is your plan, Diana?"

She looked up, confused. "I don't understand."

"Henry might not have mentioned it to you, but he is allergic to opioids, and I'm sure as a medical doctor you're aware that morphine is an opioid, so you couldn't possibly have seen him taking it and not known," Shawn said, and Diana's heart skipped a beat. Henry was allergic to Opioids? And Shawn knew she was a doctor? Did he look into her? Why

was he showing so much interest in her and in the case when Henry had said his family usually ignored him?

"I know you're not who you claim to be," Shawn continued, his eyes boring into hers. "I want to go easy on you, so tell me exactly what's going on."

Diana could feel her facade crumbling. Shawn's presence was overwhelming and his accusations were slicing through her defenses. She knew she was walking a thin line, and one wrong step could unravel everything she had worked for.

In the shadows, Jeff, who had been eavesdropping, quickly dialed Tom's number. His voice was urgent as he whispered, "It seems like Diana has been caught. Henry's brother is questioning her."

Chapter 934 The End Of Henry Rosewood

Diana felt her heart pounding in her chest, but she steeled herself, determined not to let Shawn see her fear. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, the doorbell rang, echoing through the room and cutting through the tension that filled the room.

Diana's eyes darted toward the sound, relief momentarily washing over her face as she realized she didn't have to answer Shawn's question just yet.

"Margaret, could you get that?" Shawn called out, his eyes never leaving Diana's face.

Margaret hurried to answer the door, leaving Shawn and Diana in a charged silence. Moments later, she returned, ushering in a distinguished-looking man in his late fifties with a professional air about him.

"Dr. Morgan," Shawn greeted, standing up to shake the doctor's hand. "Thank you for coming on such short notice."

Dr. Morgan nodded, "It's no trouble. What's the situation?" He asked, his eyes flicking over to Diana and widening in recognition.

Before Shawn could do the introductions, Dr. Morgan smiled, "Diana Locke?" He asked, and Diana, who had been hoping he wouldn't take note of her, rose to greet him.

Diana nodded, her face a mask of composure. "Hello, Dr. Morgan."

"Dr. Locke was one of best my students," Dr Morgan told Shawn before turning to her again, "It's been a long time. What are you doing here? I thought you work at Royalty International Hospital in Ludus now?" He asked and before she could respond, Shawn cut in.

"Please save the pleasantries for later. I have more pressing issues. Let's go to the study," he said, gesturing for them to follow him, while politely reminding Dr Morgan that he was here for something else.

In the study, Shawn sat down behind the desk and motioned for the doctor and Diana to take their seats opposite him.

"Now, Shawn, what seems to be the problem?" Dr Morgan asked after they were seated.

"It's Henry," Shawn began, explaining the situation in a succinct but thorough manner. "I will need you to take over from the doctor and have Henry transferred to your clinic once he's out of emergency. And I need you to run a pregnancy test on Diana."

Diana's heart skipped a beat. She looked at Shawn with a mixture of surprise and defiance. "Why are you doing this, Mr Rosewood?"

Shawn's expression was neutral. "I'm trying to get a clear picture of things, Diana. To do that, I need to confirm all the little details before I move on to the bigger ones. I can't take anyone's word for it until I get answers to all my questions."

Dr. Morgan turned to Diana, his eyes filled with concern. "Doctor Locke, are you pregnant?" He asked, his voice gentle but firm.

Diana hesitated for a moment, then realized there was no point in lying if the test would reveal the truth and she was going to be caught. It was just her luck that things were not going as planned.

"No, I'm not pregnant."

Shawn nodded to Dr. Morgan. "Thank you, Doctor. I'll take it from here. Please go over to the hospital to check on Henry now and have him moved if you think it's safe."

Dr Morgan looked between the two of them, sensing the tension. "Alright. I will take my leave now. It's been nice meeting you again, Dr Locke," he said before walking away.

Once he had left the room, Shawn turned to Diana. "Before I say anything else, I should thank you for not wasting all our time. I really hate it when people waste my time. Now, let's get back to our

discussion before the doctor arrived. I want to know exactly what you're doing with Henry and why you're trying to kill him."

Seeing that Shawn had caught on to her, Diana didn't see any reason to keep pretending anymore. She straightened her shoulders, her eyes blazing with defiance.

"Don't for a moment think that I'm scared of you or being turned over to the police, Mr Rosewood. The only thing that bothers me right now is not being able to do exactly what I have in mind."

"And what do you have in mind? Killing him??" Shawn asked, his voice calm but firm.

Diana took a deep breath, her eyes burning with a mix of anger and pain. "I'm not trying to kill Henry. I want to destroy his life and watch him suffer for all he's made me and countless others endure," Diana said, her voice filled with venom.

Shawn's curiosity was piqued. "What did Henry do to you?" Shawn asked, genuinely curious.

Diana hesitated, sizing up Shawn to determine if she could trust him. Seeing no other option, she decided to lay her cards on the table.

Diana's eyes filled with pain but her voice was steady as she began to speak. "Henry's company was ruthless in its expansion. He used underhanded tactics to crush competitors. My brother, Daniel, was one of those competitors. He ran a small but thriving tech company. Henry saw him as a threat and tried to buy him out, but when Daniel wouldn't yield to him, Henry decided to eliminate him."

Diana's eyes darkened with the memory. "Henry launched a smear campaign against Daniel, accusing him of fraud and embezzlement. He bribed key officials and manipulated the media to ruin my brother's reputation. Clients and investors pulled out, and Daniel's company went bankrupt."

Shawn listened intently, his expression unreadable.

"Daniel tried to fight back, but Henry's reach was too vast. The police were either paid off or intimidated into silence. My brother was left with nothing and was buried in debt. He became despondent and when he couldn't bear the shame and despair anymore, he eventually took his own life. His wife, who was heavily pregnant, went into premature labor from the shock. She and the baby didn't survive."

Shawn's expression softened slightly as he absorbed her words. "That's... horrific."

Diana nodded, tears welling up in her eyes, but she blinked them away. "Henry destroyed the only family I had, and Daniel wasn't the only one. There are others who've suffered at his hands, people who lost everything because of his greed and cruelty. I've made it my mission to put an end to his cruelty, whether or not you've caught on to my plan. I vowed to make him pay."

Shawn absorbed her words, his mind racing. He had always known Henry was ruthless in business, but this level of cruelty was beyond anything he had imagined.

Shawn leaned back in his chair, considering her story as his mind raced with the implications of her words. "Do you have proof of all this? Show me the proof, Diana. I need to see it."

Diana looked at him with suspicion. "Why should I trust you?"

Shawn's expression was earnest. "I've heard sides of Henry today that I never knew existed. I need to confirm the truth for myself."

Diana hesitated, then opened her handbag and took out a flash drive, her hands trembling slightly as she handed it to Shawn. "This contains everything. Documents, emails, pictures, recordings. It's all there."

Shawn took the drive, and turned on Henry's desktop, "Do you know the password?" He asked her and she nodded.

"It's your father's birthday," she said, and Shawn unlocked the laptop.

After connecting the flash drive to the desktop, he looked through its contents. The evidence was damning, painting a clear picture of Henry's malicious actions, and detailing not just the destruction of Diana's brother but other individuals and families who had been ruined by Henry's machinations.

As Shawn reviewed the contents, he felt a knot forming in his stomach as he realized the extent of his brother's cruelty. His anger towards Henry grew and his resolve solidified. He would ensure that justice was served, not just for Diana but for all of Henry's victims.

Diana watched him closely, her voice softening. "I don't expect you to take my side. But you need to know the truth about the man you call your brother if you don't already know it."

Shawn looked up at her, his expression a mix of sorrow and determination. "It's not about taking sides. It's about right and wrong. Thank you for sharing this with me. I promise I'll get to the bottom of this"

"Why didn't you go to the police with this?" Shawn asked, although he already suspected the answer.

Diana shook her head bitterly. "As I said, the police were on his payroll. Any attempts to seek justice were shut down. I realized that if I wanted to make Henry suffer, I would have to do it myself."

"And that's why you came into his life," Shawn concluded. "To get close to him, to find a way to ruin him from the inside."

Diana nodded. "Exactly. I became his confidante and learned his secrets. I wanted to dismantle his empire piece by piece, just like he did to my brother."

"I can't blame you for wanting to do any of this. Henry is my half-brother yet I feel protective towards him. I can only imagine how you felt about what he did to your brother. However, even though I understand your reason for doing this, I want you to stop now and walk away. I won't expose you or do anything to hurt you since everything is still contained. If I ask you to let me take it up from here, will you listen?" Shawn asked and Diana looked at him skeptically.

"Why should I trust you? You're his brother. How do I know you will handle it?"

"Because," Shawn said firmly, "I believe in justice. And if Henry is guilty of what you claim, he needs to be held accountable. I won't let him get away with it, but I also won't let you take matters into your own hands anymore either. I don't want the drama that this could result in. Do you have any idea how much I and my family would have suffered if news of any of this had gotten out without our knowledge? We don't even know what he is up to, yet by virtue of him being a Rosewood, the reputation my family has worked so hard to build could crumble. I'm giving you my word, Diana. I will compensate you for all your brother lost and I will deal with Henry. But I can't

let you destroy my family's reputation in the process of bringing down Henry," Shawn said and Diana shook her head.

"I don't want any compensation. I can't stop. I can't walk away. I need to see this through to the end. I won't involve your family. My business is solely with Henry..."

"Tell me something, do you think Henry's death would be enough to make up for what he did to your brother? Do you think destroying all he has worked for will fill up the emptiness you feel inside? Do you think you will find peace after you've destroyed Henry and all that he owns?" Shawn asked and Diana's lips trembled as she looked at him without responding.

"I will tell you for free that you won't feel better. Nothing you do to Henry will ever make up for your loss or fill the void that Henry's wickedness has created inside you. If anything you're just going to keep being bitter and live with guilt. Good people don't do bad things. You shouldn't condemn your life that way. Let it all go," Shawn advised softly.

"Why are you doing this? You don't even care about Henry. Why are you meddling in my business?" Diana cried in frustration.

"Because Henry is still my younger brother and I feel responsible for all of this. I feel like we may have turned him into the monster he is. In his quest to impress the family and gain acceptance, he became a monster," Shawn said with a weary sigh.

"I'm sorry for all Henry has done to you, Diana, but you don't need to be a monster too. The society doesn't need any more monsters. Good should overcome evil, Diana, not the other way. You have your life ahead of you, don't let your hate for him destroy you too," he pleaded, and Diana broke into a sob.

Shawn rose from his seat and took a tentative step towards Diana, his expression softening as he reached out to her. He placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, feeling the tension and anger that radiated from her.

"Diana," he said gently, his voice low and soothing, "I understand your pain. I really do. But you have to believe me when I say that taking matters into your own hands will only consume you. It will destroy you from the inside out."

Diana trembled beneath his touch, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she fought to hold back the tears that threatened to spill over. She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms as she tried to maintain her composure. But Shawn's words, the kindness in his voice, broke through her defenses.

With a sob, Diana buried her face in her hands, her shoulders shaking as she let out the grief and frustration she had been holding back for so long. Shawn stepped closer, wrapping his arms around her in a gentle embrace. He held her tightly, offering silent comfort as she wept.

For a moment, they remained like that, the room filled with the sound of Diana's sobs. Shawn stroked her back, murmuring soft words of reassurance. "It's okay," he whispered. "Let it out."

Diana eventually pulled back, taking out her hanky in her handbag to wipe her eyes and blow her nose.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, trying to steady herself. "I didn't expect things to turn out this way," she admitted, her voice hoarse from crying.

Shawn nodded, his gaze steady and understanding. "I know. And I'm sorry that you had to come this far."

Diana looked away, her expression conflicted. "I've already injected Henry," she confessed quietly. "He's going to be permanently paralyzed."

Shawn sighed deeply, his brow furrowing. "It's unfortunate that you've done that, Diana. But what's done is done. You can leave the rest to me. Let me handle this for you, and for everyone else that Henry has hurt," Shawn said, thinking of Mia who had suffered at Henry's hands.

Being paralyzed was not punishment enough for all that Henry had done. His deeds were unforgivable and he had also soiled the good name of the Rosewood family.

Diana hesitated, biting her lip as she considered his words. She briefly thought about mentioning Jeff since he wasn't on the list she had compiled, but she decided against it. She wasn't sure yet what Shawn's plan was, and she didn't want Jeff to be in trouble.

"I will make sure to compensate everyone who has suffered at his hands," he promised. "I'll restore your brother's image and the company too, so you can trust me and leave now."

Diana looked at him, her eyes searching his face for any sign of deceit. Seeing none, she gave a small, reluctant nod. "Alright. I'll leave. But if you don't do as you have promised and make him pay for all he has done, I will make sure to get it done myself, one way or the other," Diana said, and Shawn nodded.

"Thank you."

With one last lingering look, she turned and walked towards the door. As she reached for the handle, she paused and glanced back at Shawn. "Thank you," she said softly.

Shawn gave her a reassuring smile. "Take care, Diana. You will hear from me again after I've settled everything."

She nodded, then slipped out of the room, leaving Shawn alone with his thoughts. He sat down at the desk, the flash drive in his hand, and stared at it for a moment.

Now that he had gotten a clear picture of everything, he would make sure that all of Henry's victims received the retribution they deserved. And he would do it in a way that protected his family's reputation.

The only way to achieve both would be to expose Henry himself, that way there would be no backlash on the rest of the Rosewood family, and no matter Henry's connections, justice would be served because he had much greater influence than Henry.

Chapter 935: The End Of Henry Rosewood (2)

Diana's heart was still racing as she left the study, her emotion anxiety.

She had never expected to bare her soul to Shawn Rosewood, n reaction. His calm demeanor and unexpected empathy had thr that he had taken the fight out of her, she didn't know what to

Reaching her bedroom, her hands trembled as she pushed open behind her and leaned against it, taking a moment to compose waste time in case Shawn changed his mind.

Paragraph comment Paragraph comment feature now on the Web! Move mou

over any paragraph and click the icon to add your comment. Also, you can always turn it off/on in Settings.

GOT IT

With quick, efficient movements, she began packing her belongings. As she folded clothes and gathered her essentials, her mind raced with thoughts of all she needed to do next.

First, she would try to reach out to her blackmailer and let him know how things had turned out, and then she would go to Vanessa. Vanessa had a right to know what had happened, and she owed her an apology. She needed to apologize to Vanessa for letting her down and for not following through with her plan.

As she threw her shoes in her suitcase, a soft knock echoed through the room, startling her, and she paused, her heart pounding anew.

Was it Shawn? Had he changed his mind already? Or did he call the police? She mused.

Taking a deep breath, she walked over and opened the door. She felt a wave of relief when she saw Jeff standing there with a concerned expression.

"Are you okay?" He asked in a low voice laced with a hint of nervousness.

Even though Tom had asked him to stay calm, he was still feeling pretty nervous about the entire situation.

Diana sighed, "I don't know. I'm not sure yet. But I'm leaving," she said simply.

Jeff's brows furrowed in confusion. "Leaving? What about your plans? What did Henry's brother say?"

Diana hesitated, glancing around to ensure no one else was nearby. "Shawn knows everything now. I've told him about Henry and what he did to my brother. Shawn has asked me to let him handle it."

Jeff's eyes widened in surprise. "And you trust him?"

"For some reason, I do," Diana replied, her voice steady. "Shawn seemed genuine. He promised to make sure everyone gets justice, and he won't let Henry's actions destroy more lives. I need to believe in that."

Jeff nodded slowly, understanding her decision. "I'm glad he is willing to let you go."

Diana nodded. "I didn't tell Shawn about you, so make sure you stay under the radar too for the time being. And maybe you can watch from here and see how he handles things," she said and Jeff nodded.

"I will. Thank you, Diana. Be careful," he said and Diana offered a small, grateful smile.

"Thank you too. Stay safe."

Jeff gave her a nod and left, allowing her to finish packing. She zipped up her suitcase and took one last look around the room. This place, filled with memories of her mission, now felt like a chapter closing. Taking a deep breath, she picked up her bag and headed out.

After she had driven some distance away from the house, the gravity of the situation settled over her.

She parked by the roadside, her hands trembling slightly as she pulled out her phone and flashed the number Tom usually used to contact her.

She waited for some time and just as she was about to give up and drive up, her phone rang and she received the call.

"Diana," Tom's voice was calm and reassuring, "what's going on?" He asked, even though he knew why she was calling.

After he received the call from Jeff, Barry had hacked into the security camera in the study and had sent him the footage, so he knew all about her conversation with Shawn.

Watching the footage had made Tom realize that his mother had been right and they could have easily resolved things had she reached out to Henry's parents

Perhaps they wouldn't have had to do all of this or go through such a long process had they simply taken up the divorce issue with Henry's family.

They had assumed that the Rosewoods were all terrible people like Henry, but it was clear to him now that Henry had been hiding under the Rosewood family name to perpetuate his evil deeds.

Diana exhaled shakily. "I just wanted to let you know that the plans have changed. Henry's brother showed up. I didn't expect he would be so smart or very interested in the details of what happened to his brother. I had to come clean with him. I told him everything. But I didn't tell him about you or about Vanessa knowing my plans. He only knows about Henry and what he did to my brother and some others. He promised to handle it and asked me to back off," Diana explained and Tom listened silently.

"You did well, Diana. I believe Shawn will take care of things. Just stay safe and keep a low profile until he does. And if you need my help in any way, you can let me know."

Diana let out a deep breath, "I will. Thanks. I just needed to let you know what was going on."

"Thanks. And don't worry about anything. I'll keep my eyes on everything and make sure no harm comes to you," Tom assured her.

"Thank you for everything. Even though I don't know who you are or anything about you, I have felt safe and at ease these last couple of weeks knowing that there was someone else out there who had it for Henry too, and would handle things if I couldn't," Diana said before

hanging up.

After ending the call, Diana felt a renewed sense of determination. She drove to Mia's place, needing to get it all done with before disappearing.

The Lawsons were just getting ready to have dinner when she arrived, and Maria directed her to the living room to wait while she went up to get Mia from her bedroom.

Moments later, Mia hurried down from her room, her face a mix of surprise and concern. She had heard from Jeff that Diana had left the house a while ago and she had been worried about her.

"Diana! I'm so glad you're here. I heard from the chef," Mia said, rushing to embrace her.

Diana hugged her tightly. "I'm sorry I'm barging in on..."

"Oh, please shut up," Mia said with a roll of her eyes as she pulled back to look at Diana, who had become like a sister to her.

"How are you? You must have been startled by all the questions," Mia said, and Diana nodded as they both sat down.

"Shawn was here earlier," Mia said and they both exchanged information, telling each other about their conversation with Shawn.

"I came because I wanted to let you know that I'm leaving now. And also because I wanted to apologize to you," Diana said and Mia frowned.

"Apologize? What for?"

"For failing to keep my promise to you. I couldn't get rid of Henry forever as I promised," Diana said and Mia smiled.

"I'm actually happy you couldn't go ahead with your plan. I was worried you'd stain your hands with his dirty blood and ruin your life. He's not worth it. And I'm more than grateful for all you have done for me. Thank you for looking out for me and doing your best to help me,"

Mia said and Diana shook her head.

"There's nothing to thank me for. I didn't do anything."

"You did a lot. Where are you going? What will you do now?" Mia asked, and Diana shook her head.

"I'm not sure yet. I always thought I'd go turn myself in to the police after I was done with him, but now I don't know. So, I'm just going to go somewhere and wait to see how Shawn handles Henry," she said and before Mia could respond, her mother, who had been setting up the table for dinner while listening to them, joined them.

"I'm sure you haven't had dinner. Why don't you join us for dinner before you go?"

"Thanks, but I wouldn't want to impose...."

"You're not imposing. And it's the least we can do after all you've done for Nessa," Maria said, cutting her off.

Diana smiled warmly. "I'd like that, thank you," Diana said as she and Mia rose to go join her parents at the dining.

Dinner was a quiet affair, filled with an undercurrent of relief and gratitude. Afterward, Diana felt a sense of calm she hadn't experienced in a long time.

As Diana left Mia's place, she and Mia exchanged contact information, ensuring they could stay in touch.

As Mia watched her go, she had a mix of admiration and sadness in her eyes. Diana had risked everything for justice, and now it was time for her to find her own peace.

Mia couldn't help but wonder what Shawn was going to do and what it would all mean for her.

All she wanted now was for her and Jeff to be finally free to leave here. She wanted to be able to go back to her new family in Ludus- to the people who have shown her more care and love than her own family, Mia thought as she returned inside the house.

"I just received a call from Henry's brother. He asked for your phone number and I texted it to him," her father informed her the moment she walked in.

Before she could respond her phone rang, and when she saw it was an unsaved contact, she received the call, guessing it was Shawn.

"Vanessa, I called to apologize to you once again for all that Henry did to you. And I want to assure you that I will make sure you get the justice that you deserve. I've submitted all the evidence I got to the police and I have placed a call for his immediate arrest even though he's still hospitalized. Tomorrow I will release a press statement to tender a formal apology to all of Henry's victims. You have my permission to press charges. I'm sorry this is coming late. I wish I had known about it all sooner. But you don't have to run or hide from him anymore," Shawn said and tears gathered in Mia's eyes.

"Really? Can I really do that?" she asked, wondering if Shawn was telling the truth.

"Yes, you can. You can do whatever you want, Vanessa," Shawn said and her tears began to drop in torrents.

"Thank you. Thank you so much, Shawn. Thank you," Vanessa cried, unable to hold back her tears.

As much as she had been mad at Tyler carelessly for exposing her, she was glad now that he had come along when he did and his action had forced her to confront her past. It had all worked out for her good and now she was finally free from Henry.

Away from there, at the hospital, Henry's eyes fluttered open, the hospital room coming into blurry focus. He felt like he had just woken up a bad dream. His mind was foggy, the events leading to his unconsciousness a jumbled mess.

He tried to move, to sit up, but his body refused to respond. His limbs felt like dead weights, utterly unresponsive to his frantic commands. Panic surged through him, and then he remembered with horror that he was paralyzed and it was not a bad dream but his reality.

He lay there, helpless as he listened to the beeping of the monitors. Tears began to well in his eyes as the full weight of his situation settled over him.

All he could think about was the look in Diana's eyes, the searing hatred that had burned so vividly. Her betrayal cut deeper than any physical pain he had ever experienced. How had he been so blind, so utterly fooled by her?

Memories of their interactions flooded his mind. The warmth in her voice, the seemingly genuine concern, the way she had seemed to worship him. It had all been a lie, a cruel, calculated deception. His throat tightened, and a tear slipped down the side of his face.

He had loved her and had believed that for the first time in his life, he had found someone who loved him. He had trusted her, confided in her, and she had manipulated him.

He was broken, both physically and emotionally, and he had no idea where to go from here or what to do next.

As he lay there, lost in his torment, the door to his room creaked open. He couldn't turn his head to see who had entered, but the sound of footsteps drew nearer.

A figure stepped into his line of sight, and he was flooded with relief when he recognized Dr.

Morgan. Seeing Dr Morgan walk in with police officers, he could tell they were there to take his statement and find out what happened to him.

The police officers stepped forward, their eyes hard and unforgiving and to his surprise instead of asking him what happened, they began to read out a list of charges, a litany of crimes.

The words barely registered. Henry's mind was numb, his body immobile. He could do nothing as they listed his crimes, each accusation a hammer blow to his already fragile state.

Henry wanted to ask them if they knew who he was. He wanted to tell them that they would lose their jobs for doing that, but something about the way Dr Morgan stood there, told him they knew who he was, and his family was also aware of what was going on.

Betrayed by Diana, paralyzed, and now facing the full force of the law because he was certain his family had abandoned him- there was nothing left for him.

Henry shut his eyes and turned his head away from them, unable to face the harsh reality any longer.

Resignation settled over him like a heavy shroud. He was at the mercy of forces far beyond his control, his fate sealed by the very actions that had once made him powerful.

Now, he was nothing more than a broken man, left to bear the consequences of his own making.