

Chapter 173

Henry's POV

I had been trying for days to explain myself to Samantha, and her finding out that I was at the ranch with Isabella last week only made things worse. I mean, I was going to tell her, but her finding out because she walked into the room and caught me talking about it just complicated my already not-so-easy situation. My day couldn't get any worse.

I was sitting there in the reception area of the Miller Group, thinking of a way to talk to Samantha without her being able to escape and without Melissa threatening to rip my balls off again.

But also, what was I thinking when I fell for Isabella's scheme? I was such an idiot. Isabella came to my house, said she needed help, and I let her in, trying to be a nice guy, but two bottles of wine later, with her provoking me a lot, and me already thinking with my lower head, I ended up going to bed with a woman I don't even like. As my mother says, old habits die hard and I've always been a man of many women. But I like Samantha, and I like her a lot, much more than I even want to.

"Sweetie, I came on the first flight I could get! How is Alexander?" I heard that voice I knew so well. Yep, my day just got worse!

"Mom! What are you doing here? Weren't you at a hot springs resort with your friends?" I asked as I got up and went over to my mother, letting her kiss my cheek.

"Sweetie, don't be silly. Nothing is more important than family, and Alexander is family! I came to show my support," my mother said, as if it was obvious.



When I looked behind me, I saw a line of women: Melissa, Tess, Virginia, Manu, and Samantha. They were all looking at me with a half-mocking smile on their faces. Melissa, being the worst of them and knowing my mother, was the first to speak up.

"Heidi! It's so good to have you here!" Melissa stepped forward and greeted my mother with two kisses on the cheek. "Maybe with you around, your son will behave better."

"Oh, Melissa, I swear to you that I tried to raise this boy well, but I don't know what happened along the way," my mother made a look of disgust at me and I just sighed.

"Heidi, it's not your fault," Tess, who also knew her, approached, repeating the same greeting as Melissa.

"Now tell me, girls. Which one of you is Samantha?" my mother asked right away.

"Mom, aren't you here to support Alexander?" I asked, trying to divert her attention.

"But I have time to apologize to the young lady for you!" My mother gave me a stern look.

"I'm Samantha, ma'am." Sam approached and introduced herself.

"Oh my, you are indeed beautiful, dear!" My mother gave Sam a huge smile. "Sweetie, you need to earn her forgiveness quickly, because such a pretty young woman must have a crowd of suitors following her." I was pissed off by my mother's comment; she didn't need to remind me of that.

"I'd like to know how you know about this," I remarked, already having

an idea.

"Oh, sweetie, your mother and I talk a lot on the phone!" Melissa smiled cynically at me.

"Of course!" I snorted and turned my back, walking away from there. "So, my dear assistant, deal with my sweet mama."

I was leaning against the wall in the emergency stairwell, thinking about the shit show of my mother being here when Samantha is furious with me. That's when I heard Samantha's voice behind the door.

"Manu, I'm just going to grab a coffee. Won't be long."

I opened the door and with a quick movement grabbed Samantha's arm and pulled her into the stairwell. I pressed her against the wall and molded my body to hers. She was so startled by being snatched that she stood there motionless, looking at me like I was an alien.

"Sam, we need to talk," I said, looking into her eyes.

"About what, Henry? About how I caught you at your place in your underwear with that whore? Or about what you were doing at a horse ranch with that whore? Either way, I don't want to talk about that whore! And I don't want to talk to you!" Samantha had hatred in her eyes.

"Sam, please..." I whined. "Let me explain."

"You really think what you did can be explained?" She couldn't believe what I was saying.

"Yes. It may not be justifiable, but it can be explained. And you have to give me a chance to apologize." I was begging.



"I don't have to give you anything!" She retorted. "And please, let me go!"

"Are you sure you want me to let you go?" I asked, pressing her even harder against the wall. "Are you sure you don't miss me? Don't miss my kisses?"

I leaned in and captured her mouth, not giving her time to react. I kissed her hard, as if I was fucking her mouth with my tongue. She tried to break free from my grip, but at some point she returned the kiss with the same intensity. When we broke the kiss for lack of air, I spoke in her ear:

"Are you sure, Sam, that you can stay away from my touch?" I sucked on the tip of her ear like I used to suck on her clit, making her moan. "Are you sure, Sam, that it's not worth hearing me out, forgiving me, and giving me a chance?"

As I spoke, I unbuttoned her thin cream silk blouse and lowered the cup of her bra, trapping her breast in my hand, massaging it and pinching her nipple.

"Are you sure you'll find someone else who makes you feel the way I do?"

I teased a little more, knowing she was on the verge of an orgasm. Samantha was very sensitive, and it was delicious. I held her hair at the nape of her neck and lowered my mouth to her breasts, starting to tease them. I kissed and sucked on her swollen nipples. I gave light bites and licked. Samantha began to let out those small, low, delicious moans.

I could have fucked her right there, standing on those stairs, but that wasn't what I wanted at that moment. All I wanted was to see her melt with pleasure from my touches, so she could feel how good it is when we're together.

I continued to tease her breasts and lowered my other hand to her legs, lifting her skirt just enough to slide my hand under her panties. Samantha was already grinding against my fingers, completely wet and full of desire. She's a woman full of passion and energy, intense, sensual, seductive. It drove me crazy. Just hearing her little moans already had me on the edge of orgasm, thinking about how delicious she is pulsing around me.

My fingers worked furiously at her entrance and Samantha was wet, swollen and about to explode. I slid two fingers inside her little pussy and massaged her clit with my thumb, while reveling in her breasts. It didn't take long for Samantha to reach her peak and come, pulsing on my fingers, her juices running down my hand.

She was panting, eyes closed, leaning against the wall. I took my fingers out of her and sucked them one by one, tasting the most delicious nectar on earth. She opened her eyes wide seeing me suck my own fingers.

"You're delicious, Samantha!"

I put her skirt back in place, adjusted her bra and buttoned her blouse. I ran my hand through her curly hair and kissed her mouth lightly, squeezing her in an embrace that nearly fused our bodies together.

"Nightingale, please give me a chance to try to fix the shit I did!" I was already begging. My days without this woman have been hell.

"You shouldn't have done it." Samantha pushed me away, wiped a tear, and left me there alone.

I ran my hands through my hair in frustration. How was I going to get this woman to come back to me?