

S2 Chapter 118

Henry's POV

I had arranged to meet Patrick at the club today for a tennis match. It had been a while since we last played. I arrived a bit early and sat near the pool, enjoying the morning warmth.

I was watching an excited little boy playing with his father in the pool. For days, a thought had been circling in my mind, and seeing that scene made me want something I'd never wanted before. But I didn't know how to talk about it with Samantha.

I was lost in my thoughts when I heard someone call my name and saw a woman standing beside me.

"Henry! It's been so long."

I looked at the woman standing next to me, tall and slim, with fair skin and silicon breasts. I hadn't seen her in many years; it felt like it was in another lifetime. And I had no desire to see her again.

"Nicole! It's been a long time," I replied, but didn't move a muscle to greet her.

"Don't I deserve at least a hug? A kiss?" Nicole smiled at me as if we were old friends.

"No, you don't," I looked at her with disgust. She was still beautiful on the outside, but inside she was a horrible person.

"Oh, come on, Henry, you used to love my kisses," she insinuated, leaning down towards me.

"You're referring to a time when I was a foolish young man, controlled by hormones and easily deceived, but I'm not that boy anymore." I stood up and started walking away, not even bothering to say goodbye.

"I doubt you've forgotten me!" Nicole gave a cold laugh. "Especially since you're still single and, from what I've heard, you've never had another girlfriend." I turned around slowly and looked at her with contempt.

"You're very poorly informed," I said triumphantly. "I have a beautiful girlfriend who lives with me." I approached that despicable creature again and looked at her with certain arrogance; she didn't deserve any courtesy from me. "You know, Nicole, I waited patiently for the woman of my life to appear, and she did, like an angel sent from heaven. Meanwhile, I worked, worked hard, transformed the company I bought from my father into a large technological empire. I was patient, persistent, and honest. You, on the other hand, it seems have become nothing but a woman who satisfies any man for money."

She tried to slap me, but I grabbed her wrist - she would never touch me again. I gave her an icy stare and released her arm. I turned around and headed to the tennis court.

"Let's see if you've really forgotten me, Henry. Because I seriously doubt it," Nicole called out loudly so I would hear, but I couldn't care less about what she thought or didn't think. I kept walking without paying any attention.

I waited for Patrick at the tennis court. When he arrived, he noticed my bad mood.

"Don't tell me you're already tired of domestic life?" Patrick had always been a joker, and that would never change.

"Man, the worst part is that I never imagined I'd enjoy domestic life so much. I don't even want to give my sister's kids back!" I commented enthusiastically while greeting him.

"Then why the dissatisfied look?"

"You won't believe who I just ran into."

"Who?" Patrick looked at me suspiciously.

"Let's skip tennis today and go get a drink? I need to talk."

"Sure. Want me to call the others?"

"No need. It's nothing major, just a thought that won't leave my head, and I want to share it with someone."

"Don't you share your thoughts with Samantha?"

"This one might scare her." I smiled at Patrick as we walked to the club's restaurant.

Patrick and I sat down at the restaurant and ordered juice. I had a lot on my mind and needed to talk about everything.

"Start by telling me who you ran into," Patrick was dying for the gossip, there was no way around it.

"Nicole," I said simply.

"Nicole?" Patrick asked in disbelief. "That Nicole?"

"The very one who dumped me to get with my dad and made him ask for a divorce," I confirmed.

"What does she want, rising from the grave to haunt you? That one never does anything without an agenda," Patrick knew the story well and knew what Nicole was like.

"She was clearly hitting on me. I think she's probably looking for a new sucker to support her."

"She's got some nerve! I tell you, what were we thinking when we were young - you, Alexander, and me? We only got mixed up with the wrong women, and now it seems they're coming back to haunt us."

"Tell me about it! I just hope this opportunist stays away from Sam and that she understood she doesn't have the slightest chance with me."

"I don't know if that's enough to keep her away, let's hope so. But I don't think that's what's got you so lost in thought."

"No, it's not. Actually, these days with Enzo and Clara at my house, I've been thinking a lot about family."

"Wow! That's unbelievable! You, who always said you'd never have kids?"

"Yeah, but Samantha came along and changed everything. I want a family, Patrick. Sunday lunches, full house, children laughing throughout the house..."

"And does Sam want that too?"

"I don't know. And I don't know how to talk to her about it."

"My friend, just talk."

"But what if she doesn't want the same things I do and wants to break up?"

"The question is: for you, is having kids more important than having Sam?"

"No."

"Then make that clear to her and you'll be fine."

"Yeah, I think you're right." I sighed and looked at the time, I would talk to Sam after my niece and nephew left.

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