



S2 Chapter 125

Samantha's POV

At the end of the day, Henry told me he'd be home late because he had a backlog of work, and the driver would pick me up. After what happened at lunch, I had a tendency to let my imagination run wild.

With this tendency to imagine things, I spent more than an hour eating myself up with uncertainty. I texted Melissa asking if he was at the office, and she confirmed it, I had to tell her about why I was worried.

I went home, and when I arrived, everything was very quiet. The kids had gone back home today, and I already missed them. But it didn't take long for Cinnamon to appear and throw a party for me. Since he arrived, he decided to settle in the kitchen, spending most of his time there, around Maria who gave him attention, talked to him, and spoiled him endlessly. So, we put his bed there, whenever we came home, he would come running excitedly.

"Cinnamon! How was your day, buddy? Huh?" I asked, playing with that cute puppy who was now my friend. "Mine was boring."

I took a shower and had dinner alone since Henry had warned me he would be late. As an idle mind is the devil's workshop, my head started spinning over what Nicole had said. And from there, questioning whether Henry was really working until that hour was a very quick jump.

It was past ten at night when I heard him open the front door. Cinnamon, who was lying at the foot of the bed, immediately got



excited, stood up, and started wagging his tail, wanting to greet the master of the house with all his joy and love. 1

"Lie down and stay quiet, Cinnamon," I whispered to the dog who came closer, nudging me with his nose. "Stay quiet, Cinnamon, we're not going to be nice to him, he left us alone until now. Pretend you're sleeping." I kept whispering, and Cinnamon calmed down and lay quietly. "Good boy!"

I closed my eyes, already swollen from crying so much, heard the bedroom door open carefully, and as soon as Henry entered the room, that sneaky dog stood up, barked, and ran to jump on him.

"Cinnamon, you traitor!" I said, sitting up in bed.

Henry turned on the light, and I saw his smile fade as he looked at me.

"Hey, what's wrong, Nightingale? Why are you crying?" Henry came to me with a worried look, and Cinnamon followed him.

"You took so long," I complained.

"Yes, longer than I expected. I had a lot of work piled up from last week," Henry lamented. "I'm sorry for leaving you alone for so long. I didn't think you'd be upset, I just wanted to get rid of the pending work."

"I shouldn't be upset, but..." I looked down, embarrassed.

"But what? Is there a problem? Are you and our baby okay?" Henry furrowed his brows in a worried expression.



"I met Nicole today," I said at once; it was better to clear up this issue.

"That bitch sought you out." Henry huffed and ran his hands over his face.

"I was having lunch with Rick and Manu when she showed up at the restaurant," I said, still looking at my own hands.

I told Henry everything that happened at the restaurant and everything that woman said to me. He listened attentively with a very serious expression.

"Henry, did you meet her last week?" I needed to know.

"Sam, you know I went to the club to meet Patrick. That woman showed up out of nowhere, but I didn't pay any attention to her, I give you my word!"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Sam, the boys were there and we were having such a good week that I simply forgot to mention it to you. I'm sorry, but I wasn't hiding it from you, I just didn't remember."

"What do you feel for her, Henry?"

"Sam, I used to feel a lot of anger, but today not even that - I simply don't feel anything. She was my first girlfriend, I was young and like every young person, I thought I was in love, but I was just infatuated and that passed." Henry looked into my eyes. "Can you trust me?"

"I trust you!" And I really did.



He hugged me and comforted me. We stayed embraced like that for a few minutes.

"I need to tell you one more thing." I remembered the flowers and thought it better to tell him, since I was asking him to tell me things, I should do the same.

"Something good, I hope."

"No. Unfortunately not." He let out a heavy sigh. "I received flowers today."

"Reynold is unbelievable!" Henry huffed. "What did the card say?"

"It wasn't from Reynold, it was from Romulus. And the card said I should remember that I belong to him," I said with a pang in my heart.

"What a day! It just keeps getting worse." Henry was frustrated. "Did you keep the card? I'm going to call Flavian."

"Yes, I kept the card and I already called Flavian, he's going to check with the flower shop. I did what needed to be done, I just wanted to tell you."

"I'm glad you told me. We need to find out who's helping that wretch right away. Tomorrow I'll call Flavian and see what he has found out."

"Now get some rest. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

"I'll go downstairs and fix something for you." Henry held me back.

"I need to take a shower." He looked at me with a smile. "Come with



me?"

"I've already showered," I teased him, knowing exactly what he wanted.

"But I love your company so much," He gave me that mischievous grin.

We showered together, and as usual, he wanted more than just my company. We went to the kitchen, and after he ate, we went to bed. I fell asleep quickly, exhausted.

I woke up to my phone ringing and found it strange - the room was dark. Henry also woke up and turned on the light. My heart started racing; I immediately worried about my mother and grandmother - late-night calls were never good news. I answered quickly.

"Hello?" I heard nothing and tried again. "Hello? Is anyone there?" I heard heavy breathing. "Who is this?" Still no response. I looked at the screen but didn't recognize the number. "Hello? Say something."

But the call ended. I was nervous, thinking something might have happened to someone in my family. Henry took the phone from my hand and called the number back, but it went straight to voicemail.

I was so worried that I called my mother and woke her up. She told me to calm down, saying she had spoken to my grandmother and her caretaker before going to bed and everything was fine, that it was probably just a prank call.

I hung up with my mother, but I was still agitated. That call left me nervous and with an uneasy feeling. But who could have been calling



at that hour?