

S2 Chapter 126

Samantha's POV

For the past week, I was woken up every night in the middle of the night by my phone ringing, and when I answered, no one would say anything on the other end. The only thing I could hear was heavy breathing, as if the person on the other end was panting, and it left me distressed.

This was getting on my nerves. I was anxious, nervous, and wasn't sleeping well. I already had horrible dark circles under my eyes and was exhausted.

"Sam... Sam!" Henry's voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Huh?! What is it, honey?" I sighed.

"Sam, you need to sleep." Henry was visibly upset. "We should change your phone number."

"That's not necessary. This will stop." I didn't want to change the number I'd had for so long.

"Then start turning off your phone at night. If anyone needs to reach you, they can call me."

"That's a good idea. I'll do that. But now, I need to get to work." I stood up as I spoke.

"Stay home today and rest. I'm sure Alexander won't mind."

"Henry, I want to go to work. It helps keep my mind off things."



"Alright. But what about what I was saying?"

"What were you saying?"

"You weren't paying attention to anything, my goddess?" Henry smiled. "Was I talking to myself?"

"Sorry." I sat on his lap and gave him a kiss.

"Your parents and I are planning to visit your grandmother this weekend." Henry's eyes were sparkling. "And that eager beaver Enzo said he's coming too."

"Really?" I was happy; I hadn't seen my dear grandma in a long time. "Let's bring Clara too!"

"My sister and Edward are going to get too spoiled." Henry was amused.

"Oh, I'm seriously thinking about stealing those two for ourselves!"

"I think Hebe would hand them over with signed papers and all." Henry mused, making me laugh. "I'll arrange everything then."

Henry managed to cheer me up with this trip he was organizing. I missed my grandmother, and spending the weekend in the countryside, away from everything and peaceful, would be really nice. My day had started well, despite a restless night.

At the end of the day, I told Henry I'd be home later because I was going to the mall to buy a present for my grandmother and take advantage of the trip to get her some chocolates - she was a chocoholic just like me.



At the mall, I went straight to a home goods store, a huge place with an impressive variety of items. I asked Michael, my security guard, to wait at the store entrance - I'd be safe there and didn't need a closet-sized man following me around.

I was distracted, looking at a blanket that seemed perfect for my grandmother - it was light-colored with printed roses, and she loved floral patterns - when I felt two hands grabbing my waist and a strange body getting too close to mine, invading my personal space. I got really startled and spun around immediately.

"Samantha, darling! What a pleasure to see you," Reynold was almost kissing me.

Reynold had cornered me - I was at the back of the store, between tall shelves with nowhere to run. I felt like prey caught in a trap. How did this man find me here?

"Get away from me, you devil!" I responded, trying to push him away, but he threw his body against mine, trapping me between himself and the shelf.

"Oh, come on! Give me a proper greeting." He insisted and grabbed my neck, trying to force me to kiss him.

I was scared, distressed, and regretted asking my security guard to wait at the store entrance. My phone started ringing, but Reynold forcefully grabbed my purse and threw it on the floor. I was starting to panic.

"I'll show you, Samantha, that you're with the wrong Martin," Reynold said, pulling me towards him.



I needed to react, to break free from him. I started struggling and pushing him away.

"You're the wrong Martin! Let me go, you pig! You're despicable! I can't even stand your voice. I'm disgusted by your touch."

"Oh, darling, when I'm inside you, making you moan, you'll change your mind."

He tried to hold me still to kiss me, but I kept struggling.

"I'll tell you what we're going to do, Samantha." Reynold whispered in my ear, making me feel nauseous. "We're going to leave this store and go to a cozy little place. I'm going to fuck you real good, and after that, you won't even remember that piece of shit Henry."

"You're disgusting! I'm not going anywhere with you!" Such rage came over me that I spat in his face.

"You whore!" He shouted and slapped my face.

I felt my skin burn from his slap. I hadn't expected that, hadn't expected him to become so violent. My blood ran cold. I could only think about getting away from him, so I opened my mouth to scream, but he covered it with his hand, pressing me harder against the shelf.

"You want it the hard way." Reynold had an evil look in his eyes. "You know what? I actually prefer it with this resistance. Makes me hornier. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take you right here and now, a quickie right here in this store."

Reynold gave a muffled laugh and tried to kiss me again. I struggled and closed my eyes. Then I felt the weight lift off me and his hands



leave my body. I opened my eyes just in time to see Michael punch him.

Tears were running down my face. I wanted to leave and go home, I wanted to hug Henry and forget what happened there. Michael turned to check on me, and Reynold managed to break free and ran away quickly. The security guard came to me.

"Miss Rodrigues, how are you?" Michael asked, genuinely concerned.

"Terrible, Michael. Please, get me out of here and take me home," I said, my face covered in tears.

"Yes, miss." Michael bent down, picked up my purse, and handed it to me. Then, seeing I wasn't well, he supported me and helped me leave. "Mr. Henry called me, he wants to speak with you, but you weren't answering, so I came to bring the phone." Michael explained and bent down to pick up his own phone that he'd dropped when he saw Reynold on top of me.

"I'll call him," I took a deep breath.

"Actually, he's still on the line..." Michael went back to speaking on the phone and explained to Henry what had happened. I could hear Henry's angry shout from the other end of the line, threatening to fire the security guard.

"Let me talk to him," I asked the guard and reached for the phone. Before Henry could say anything, I rushed to speak. "I was the one who asked him to stay outside the store, it wasn't his fault, I didn't think there would be any danger in a store. Please, I'll see you at home, I'm on my way and I need you."