



S2 Chapter 132

Samantha's POV

The weekend at my grandmother's house was more than perfect. I wasn't expecting Henry to propose, and he made the most beautiful proposal in the world. I confessed I was never the type of woman who dreamed about marriage, wedding dresses, and all those things, but now that I'm engaged, I was excited and eager.

"Oh my God, I'm engaged!" I said to myself in the closet, looking at the ring and band on my hand.

"Yes, Nightingale, we're engaged, and I want to set a date for our wedding." Henry hugged me from behind, making me lean back against his chest as he kissed the top of my head.

I was so lost in my thoughts that I hadn't even noticed him coming in. He was ready for work, looking handsome in that charcoal suit that made his emerald green eyes stand out even more. I was so distracted that I was still in my robe.

"My handsome, how about a month from now?"

"Too far away," he complained, kissing my neck.

"I don't want to rush into things like what happened with Catherine. A month from now is perfect." I wasn't willing to negotiate a shorter timeframe.

"Alright," he sighed in defeat. "And how will it be? Big and fancy?"

"No, I want something small with only those we love present, friends and family." I had a specific idea in mind, but I wasn't sure if Henry would agree.

"You've already decided how it's going to be, haven't you?" Henry looked



at me through the mirror, and I smiled.

"Yeah... if you agree..." I turned to face him. "I'd like to get married on the beach, at sunset."

"You really do love the sea!" He had a beautiful, huge smile. "I think it's perfect. Ed has a beach house nearby, it's beautiful there. If you'd like, we can talk to him. We can have the ceremony on the beach and the reception at the house."

"Love it! I'll talk to Hebe."

"If you need me for anything, just say the word."

"Just make sure you'll be there and say 'yes'." He shook his head playfully, and I started laughing.

I was feeling happy. And after I started turning off my cell phone at night, I started sleeping well again, so I was feeling refreshed. I arranged to meet the girls at the Social Club after work; I wanted their help organizing the wedding, and I invited Hebe too.

The girls were very excited, and as soon as we met at the Social Club's restaurant, they grabbed my hand, wanting to see the wedding and engagement rings up close. We were acting like teenagers. Hebe joined us, and they started talking and making countless plans.

"Girls, calm down. I already know what I want to do, so listen to me," I said, laughing at their excitement.

"Here we go, I bet you're going to say you're just going to the courthouse to sign the papers," Melissa complained.

"No, Mel. We're having a ceremony," I reassured her. "But it'll be something small, just friends and family." Melissa pouted. "But it'll be on the beach."



"Oh my god! What an incredible idea, Sam!" Hebe supported. "Henry loves the sea!"

"Yes, I do too, Hebe. And he told me you have a beautiful beach house, so..." Hebe didn't even let me finish.

"It's perfect! It's all yours, do whatever you want!" Hebe's eyes were sparkling. "Oh, I'm so touched! My little brother is getting married at my house! We should spend a weekend there so you can see it and know exactly what you need."

"Henry's giving you more than a week to organize the wedding?" Catherine looked at me in amazement. "Seems like my husband was the hasty one in the group."

"Don't complain, Cat, you loved it," Melissa laughed, and Catherine nodded.

"We're getting married in a month," I revealed. "Hebe, do you think we can get a priest to perform the ceremony? I'd like to do it during sunset."

"Sam, you can leave that to my mother. She'll definitely get the priest," Hebe was truly happy with the news.

"Look here, Vanessa, the slut club is having a meeting," Isabella approached the table with Vanessa, already trying to provoke us. Her face was still quite bruised; not even makeup could cover the damage I'd done. I smiled, quite satisfied with my work.

"Melissa, I think the whore enjoyed the beating she got and came back for more," I commented with a smile.

"And she brought her little friend to get beaten up too," Melissa joined in the provocation.

"You're both trashy, low-class, crazy women!" Isabella was furious, but I couldn't care less - nobody should mess with what's mine.



"Listen here, whore, you and your little friend better forget we exist and forget about our boyfriends too," I said, already losing patience with the chatter. "Or better yet, forget about my fiancé!" I said very slowly to make it crystal clear to that insufferable woman that Henry was committed to me.

"Fiancé? What nonsense is this?" Isabella was confused.

"Look, let me tell you something!" I raised my hand to show off my ring. "Henry proposed to me, we're getting married in a month! Isn't it wonderful?"

"You gold-digging slut! You're not marrying Henry, he's mine, he always has been! Even if I have to kill you, you won't marry him." Isabella's eyes were bloodshot with rage.

"You won't do anything, you whore! Crawl back to your pathetic little hole and stay there." Melissa stood up. "Now get lost before I mop the floor with you again."

"Come on, Bella, these women are crazy!" Vanessa pulled her friend by the arm.

"This wedding won't happen, you can be sure of that." Isabella threatened before walking away.

"I don't like that one," Hebe said. "But Henry did tell me you did quite a number on her face. Girl, even makeup couldn't hide it." She burst out laughing.

"Hebe, you should have seen it, it was so good." Melissa laughed heartily.

We told Hebe all the details about what happened the day I caught Isabella, and she laughed until tears came to her eyes. But I was missing someone.

"Girls, where's Tess?" I asked.



"Well, Sam, Tess quit today. Her father is sick, and she rushed to her father's place. She sent you her love," Melissa explained.

"What happened to her father? And why did she quit?" I asked, finding it all very strange.

"Seems like it's a heart problem, and she doesn't know how long she'll be there. That's why she resigned," Melissa explained.

"Yeah, Patrick is worried that Rick might leave too. But he assured us he won't quit his job, at least for now," Catherine was already aware of what was happening with our friends.

"I hope everything turns out okay. I'll call her tomorrow," I commented.

When I got home, Henry was sitting in the living room reading a book, with Cinnamon lying at his feet, and he pulled me onto his lap, covering me with kisses.



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