

## S2 Chapter 22

### Henry's POV

I arrived at the mall a few minutes before Sam's shift ended. I waited outside the store, keeping my distance. I noticed a guy hovering nearby, closer to the store entrance, and assumed he was one of the other girls' boyfriend.

Samantha came out of the store with a beautiful smile for me, but I watched it fade when the guy grabbed her arm and said something to her. She looked scared, so I approached them.

"Is there a problem here?" I said, standing beside Samantha.

"None of your business, rich boy! I'm talking to my girlfriend," the guy snapped, and I looked at Samantha, who appeared frightened.

"Let go of me, Romulus, you're nothing to me," Samantha pulled her arm, but he wouldn't release her.

"Well, Romulus, you heard MY GIRLFRIEND!" I emphasized 'my' loudly. "Let her go now, or you'll have a serious problem."

"So it's true? You're spreading your legs for this rich boy, Samantha? Became a high-class whore?" That scumbag said, looking at me. I stepped in front of Samantha and squeezed his wrist, making him release her.

I wanted to punch him, but security arrived and removed him while he shouted that they had unfinished business and it wasn't over. When I turned around, Samantha was crying. I pulled her into my arms and tried to calm her down.

"Come on, my goddess, let's get out of here," I said and walked with her

under my arm to the parking lot. I already had an idea who the guy was, but when we got in the car, I asked, "So, who's this idiot who doesn't know how to treat a woman?"

"My ex-boyfriend," she sighed. "He's now fixated on getting back together."

"He's aggressive, Samantha. That's dangerous," I warned her.

"Yeah, seems so. He's stalking me and insisting on getting back together."  
"

"When you were dating, did he ever hit you?" I needed to know, even though I wanted to rip that creep's head off.

"No. Actually, he was jealous and we fought a lot. He would yell at me, call me horrible things, and grabbed me roughly many times, but he was never aggressive," Samantha seemed confused.

"Sam, that IS aggressive! He might not have hit you, but he was abusive," I put my hand on her face.

"You know, he cheated on me with Cybele, the store cashier. They even started dating when we broke up, that was over a month ago. Now, suddenly, he started coming after me. Stalking me."

"How long has he been stalking you?" I breathed heavily.

"A few days. Seems he broke up with Cybele," Samantha gave a short laugh. "She even said it was my fault he broke up with her."

"Samantha, this is serious. We need to do something to keep this idiot away from you," I was boiling with anger.

"I know, and I already am. I have a lawyer who got a restraining order

against him. I thought that would scare him off and he wouldn't contact me anymore, but that's not what happened. He disappeared for a few days, but today he showed up again, and I didn't like what I saw in his eyes."

"I don't either."

"I'm sorry, Henry. I should have told you about this before." She spoke as if she felt guilty for being stalked by an idiot. "I understand if you want to keep your distance."

"If you think that would keep me away from you, you couldn't be more wrong." I took advantage of stopping at a traffic light and looked at her. "This idiot cheated on you, went off with another woman, and still thinks he has some claim over you! I won't let him lay a finger on you again."

"I don't know what to do to make him leave me alone. I'm getting scared. Samantha was looking down at her hands resting in her lap."

"Sam, now I'm worried about your safety. You can't keep working at the mall late at night, and there's no need to - I can get you a position at my company."

"No way, Henry. I don't want to mix things up. That would be bad. Besides, the mall security is keeping an eye on him."

"Alright, I respect your position, but if I think it's getting dangerous, I'm pulling you out of there!" I warned her right away.

"And with what authority?" She looked at me seriously.

"With the authority of your new boyfriend!" I looked at her and smiled, and she burst out laughing.

"You think too highly of yourself!"

"Well, but you think highly of me too..." I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"A little bit." She smiled.

"Admit it, you think I'm amazing." Samantha laughed even more. I loved seeing that smile. "Come home with me tonight?"

"I can't, Henry. I need to talk to my mom about what happened at the mall. She's worried too, and I want to keep her informed about everything, so she stays alert. I'm afraid Romulus might start stalking her to get to me."

"I understand. You're right. Is she traveling tomorrow?"

"Yes. And she'll be back on Friday."

"Until then, you're staying with me."

"Don't you think you're being too bossy?"

"No, Sam, I don't think I'm bossy! I'm your boyfriend and I care about you. There's no way I'm leaving you alone at home with an ex-boyfriend stalking you. Either you come to my place or I'll stay at yours, but you're not staying alone." When I finished speaking, she looked at me with an amused expression.

"Just one question. When did we start dating?" She asked, making me smile. Even I didn't know. I wasn't the type to date, but Samantha came and filled my life in a way that left no room for anyone else.

"We started dating the day I saw you in that religious goods store," I said casually, and she burst out laughing.

"I think you forgot to tell me. Actually, I think you forgot to ask if I

wanted to date you."

"Do I need to ask? Your body tells me it wants me all the time." I lightly ran my finger up her arm and saw her skin get goosebumps. "See?" I smiled victoriously. "Besides, my nephew already calls you aunt, and my sister is already your fan. There's no way around it, we're dating!"

"Oh my god, you're so full of yourself!" Samantha smiled. "Enzo definitely takes after you."

"That kid's got a big mouth. But he's a good kid." I smiled because I really adored my nephew. "I heard you're helping him with math?"

"Oh yes. He's a very smart boy, he just wasn't finding a way that made it easier to understand the subject." Samantha smiled. "I've grown attached to him. He's so sweet, so well-mannered."

"You have to meet his sister. She's a little lady." I smiled thinking about my niece who was a delicate little flower.

"And when will I meet her?"

"Whenever you want. My sister wants to meet you too. I'll set something up with her." I looked at her and couldn't help but ask, "So, are we officially dating now?" Samantha burst out laughing.

"I thought you didn't need to ask." She laughed and put her hand on my face as I stopped at her house. "We started dating the day we met in that religious goods store."

I pulled her in for a hot, desire-filled kiss. Samantha's mouth drove me crazy; it was soft, responsive, skilled, delicious. I pulled her onto my lap, right there in the car, parked on the street in front of her house. But I didn't care, I just wanted to kiss my girlfriend.

Samantha's phone rang and I let her go, albeit reluctantly. She looked at the screen and answered.

"Hi, mom. I'm at my front door." Samantha listened and I noticed her eyes widen and the color drain from her face. I immediately realized something was wrong.

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