

S2 Chapter 28

Henry's POV

I was nervous, very nervous when I walked into my house with Samantha. Women don't usually make me nervous, but Samantha is different. She makes me feel like a boy who doesn't know what to do and is desperate for attention.

"Your house is beautiful!" Samantha's eyes scanned the place after I turned on the lights.

"Thank you! I had prepared everything to have you over on Tuesday, but then you got mad at me." I gave her my best puppy dog face. "And today I haven't prepared anything special, but I really want you to listen to me and understand that what happened at the mall means nothing."

"Explain it to me, Henry. Because I saw how familiar that little tramp was with you. She threw herself at you. She kissed you. And you let her."

"I didn't let her. I was just stunned." I sighed in frustration. "Look, how about we have this conversation sitting down with a good wine? I'll explain everything you want to know."

Samantha sized me up before agreeing. I left her sitting on the couch and went to the kitchen, returning minutes later with a bottle of wine, two glasses, and some cheese arranged on a board I quickly put together. I poured the wine and handed a glass to Sam, sitting beside her.

"Look, Sam, before you, I was living a very... let's say, free life. I never got deeply involved with any woman, and I have a list of many I've slept with, sometimes more than once."

"Wow! That's so comforting." Samantha grimaced.



"Sam, I'm a thirty-two-year-old man, I have a past with many women in it. I was never a monk."

"I know, Henry." Samantha sighed. "Sorry, but it bothers me that all these women keep chasing after you."

"The only problematic one I got involved with was Isabella, the one from the mall."

"Tell me about her."

"Alexander, Patrick, and I have known Isabella and her friends forever. We frequented the same places, our families know each other, and we kind of grew up together."

"And?"

"Well, since forever, Anna had a thing for Alexander, Vanessa for Patrick, and Isabella for me. Alexander never got involved with Anna, but Patrick and I made the mistake of getting involved with the other two. And they won't leave us alone." 1

"Getting involved how? Did you date?"

"No, Sam. It was always just sex, and I always made that clear to her. I never wanted a relationship with anyone. Until you came along and changed everything."

"What do you mean?"

"This is the first time in my life that I want to be with someone, not just take them to bed, but establish a relationship. I don't even know how this happened, but I fell in love with you, Sam. And now you're all that matters to me."



"Then why did that little nobody jump into your lap?"

"Because she has no sense of boundaries! But I have nothing with her anymore."

"And did you make it clear that you now have an owner?"

"I have an owner?" I gave a silly smile, and Samantha frowned. "I didn't say anything because I ran after you and didn't find her again, but if I do, I'll make it very clear."

"Okay. I believe you," Samantha said simply.

"You do?"

"Yeah, I believe you. But I'm going to give you a warning. I've been cheated on before and you know it. I don't want to go through that again. Understood?"

"Understood, my goddess. You won't go through that again." I pulled Samantha onto my lap and kissed her.

Our lips met and I delighted in the contact between our bodies. I threaded my fingers through her curls and devoured her as if my life depended on it, my other hand sliding along the curves of her body, feeling her skin tingle under my touch, and I pulled her closer against me.

Samantha touched my face, sliding her fingers delicately and moved her hands to my hair, pulling me closer to her, pressing her mouth against mine. It was the perfect kiss to seal the peace and give permission for me to touch her in every way across every inch of her body.

Samantha and I stayed there on the couch hugging and kissing while drinking wine. I explored her body with my hands, kissed her as if savoring delicious nectar. I wanted her to be sure that only she interested



me. I would worship her body tonight.

"I want to take you to my bed and lose myself in your body. May I?" I asked, yearning for her permission, which came so quickly in the form of another scalding kiss.

We went to my bedroom, leaving only the bedside lamps on. I hugged Sam and placed soft kisses on her neck. Samantha was wearing a short emerald green silk dress with long puffy sleeves, a loose skirt, and a generous V-neckline.

I traced her neckline with my index finger. With each touch, Samantha shivered, and her skin got goosebumps. I took her right breast in my mouth over that thin fabric and bit gently. Samantha gasped and arched her body even more toward me.

"You can't imagine how many times I've imagined this moment," I said, releasing her breast and moving my mouth up to meet hers.

I gently held the hem of her dress and started sliding it up her toned body. Samantha was beautiful, her body was firm, her skin smooth and glowing. I pulled the dress over her head and threw it to the floor.

I was ecstatic seeing her body wrapped in that sexy and perfect lingerie she was wearing. It was a green bodysuit, the same color as the dress, halter-style, in lace, with tulle side cutouts and a thin satin strip crossing the waist, with a deep neckline like the dress. It was beautiful and transparent and modeled her body perfectly, igniting a fire in my body that burned with living flames.

I appreciated the view, taking a slow turn around her while unbuttoning my own shirt. I stopped at her back and pulled her against my body, my shirt already open, feeling the contact of my skin with hers under the thin fabric of the lingerie.



Samantha arched her body toward me and I ran my hands up her sides, cupping her full breasts in my hands. I gently pulled the fine lace over her breasts aside and could feel her bare nipples in my hands. Ah, the sensation was delicious! I massaged her breasts while kissing her neck and shoulders, pinched her nipples, pulled and tormented them, and felt them hard and pointed in the palms of my hands.

Samantha's sweet moans were driving me crazy. I left her breasts and pushed aside her curls, pulling the thin satin ribbon that held the halter top in place, untying the delicate bow. The lace fell in front of her and I hooked my fingers on the sides, sliding it down her intoxicating body.

She was finally naked before me. Her body displayed itself voluptuously and invitingly. I led Samantha to the bed where she lay down with the grace of a ballerina, her movements light and delicate. I traced the entire length of her body with my index finger. A subtle touch that left her completely covered in goosebumps.

I finished undressing and raised myself over her. Drinking more from her mouth, sucking her tongue and swallowing her moans.

"Oh Sam, I didn't even know how much I wanted you," I whispered in her ear and marked her skin with my kisses from her ear to her neck, from her neck to her breasts. One by one I touched them, caressed them, kissed them, and sucked them.

She's so sensitive! She moaned deliciously under my caresses, arching her body toward my mouth and pulling my mouth to her, as if wanting to merge us together.

I left her breasts and continued pressing my kisses on her body. I went down her flat stomach, traced around her navel and reached her mound, making a small curve down her right thigh and then switching to move up her left thigh.



"Finally, I'm going to taste you," I said, looking into her eyes that shone like two stars in a dark night.

I lowered my head, touched her entrance with my tongue, gently licking all the folds, going up and down the mysterious tunnel, losing track of time. I sucked her, felt the body sudder. Samantha came under my tongue, moaning and shivering, giving all her pleasure to me, allowing me to savor the sweetness.

"Mmm, Sam, you're much better than I have ever imagined. Sorry for my greed but I want more."

Without giving her any break, I sucked her sensitive spot and licked it as if I live for it. I stuck my tongue in her entrance and continued exploring her pussy until she climaxed again in my mouth, even harder than before. My rod was hard and throbbing, as if it were going to rip the mattress apart.

"Now, my goddess, I want to be inside you. Feel your heat, feel your tension."

"I want you inside me so much, Henry."

"And you will, my goddess."

I brushed myself against her pussy, moving from her sensitive spot down to her moistened entrance. I grabbed the protection I had thrown on the bed when undressing, tore open the package and put it on. I hovered over her and slowly sank into her. It was the best feeling in the world, as if I had finally found my place.

I began to move slowly, in and out, feeling her flesh tighten around me. She was warm, wet and eager.



"Henry..."

"What do you want, my goddess?"

"I want you to take me, fast and hard."

"Your wish is my command."

I quickened my movements, thrusting forcefully and feeling her body yield beneath mine. Her moans were delicious and drove me wild. She tightened around me and I knew I wouldn't last long. I withdrew and smiled at her protest.

"On your knees for me, my goddess."

Samantha smiled and turned over, positioning herself. I admired her beautiful form glistening before me and gave her a playful slap that made her moan with pleasure. I leaned over her and positioned myself at her entrance.

"My goddess likes it rough, hmm?" She purred and I gave her another playful slap as I began moving more forcefully.

My movements were quick, precise and strong. With one hand I held Samantha in place and with the other I stimulated her sensitive spot while taking her deliciously.

Her moans grew louder and she begged for more. I was close and so was she. I increased the pressure on her sensitive spot and moved even harder and deeper. Samantha climaxed with a cry of pleasure that drove me wild and, as she tightened around me, I finished like an animal, letting out a roar and pulling her hips against mine.

My body collapsed onto hers, our rapid breathing mingling, our sweaty bodies almost fused into one.



"Damn, Samantha, do you have any idea what you've done to me?"

She smiled with closed eyes. She had captured me and made me dependent on her body. And she knew it.

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