



## S2 Chapter 48

### Samantha's POV

This office was more hectic than the mall store where I used to work. Every day brought something new. Today everyone rushed out. Only Cat and I were left on this floor, and it was surprisingly quiet. I was thinking about asking Cat to grab coffee when my phone rang- it was Patrick. I answered quickly.

"Sam, I need your efficiency."

"What is it, boss!"

"Get Cat and come to my house right now. Tell her it's about the audit if you have to. My driver is waiting for you in the building's garage. But Sam, I mean now!"

"Patrick, is everything okay?" Patrick's tone worried me.

"I hope it will be!" Patrick let out a heavy sigh.

After we hung up, I notified the receptionists that the executive floor would be closed and to take any messages. Then I headed to Cat's office, my purse already over my shoulder. Soon enough, we were in the car heading to Patrick's house.

"Sam, do you know what's going on?" Catherine asked worriedly.

"I have no idea, but I was thinking things were too quiet lately."

"What's that about, woman, are you bored?"

"Honey, in this office we feel many things, but boredom isn't one of them," I said sarcastically, making her laugh.

When we arrived at Patrick's house, I came face to face with Henry. Everyone was there, including the girls. Our eyes met, but fortunately, everyone was too preoccupied with something else to notice us, especially since Cat fainted right as we walked in.

Henry kept hovering around me, but I played it cool and kept my distance, trying not to draw anyone's attention to us.

After hearing everything they had to say - the discovery that Alexander was Peter's father, Catherine telling him about the pregnancy, the two of them forgiving each other - it was impossible not to cry rivers of tears. Finally, things were working out for them, and they deserved it - they loved each other so much!

We were all happy and celebrating, but it seemed this group would always have something to stir things up. This Liz person, Alexander's ex-girlfriend who was at the office this week, burst into Patrick's house like a hurricane, and the shouting match with Melissa was intense. In the end, everyone was yelling at that devil's temptress. It would have been entertaining if it weren't so tragic.

But the best part of the day was when they told Peter that Alexander was his father. Seeing them embrace was moving. It was impossible not to cry. So I went to the kitchen to make chamomile tea for everyone since emotions were running high. And it was in the kitchen that Henry approached me.

"Sam, can we talk?" Henry asked as he approached.

"Now you want to talk?" I retorted sarcastically.

"Sam, please, listen to me first, judge me later." He insisted, his eyes filled with pain. But I wouldn't give in to that - he had betrayed and humiliated me in an unforgivable way.



"Henry, there's no justification for what you did." I pushed away from the kitchen counter and walked to the cabinet to arrange the cups on a tray.

"Samantha, I know I was a jerk, but I need to tell you why, I need to ask for your forgiveness."

He came up behind me, almost pressing his body against my back. I felt his warmth and his cologne, my body trembled in recognition of his. But he had hurt me deeply, and a tear rolled down my face.

"Henry, please don't hurt me anymore," I pleaded without turning to look at him.

"Sam, please, give me a chance to fix things, I'm begging you, one chance." Henry's voice was pleading.

I took a deep breath and turned to face him. His eyes were a mixture of pain, sadness, and exhaustion, his face was drawn, and his hair was disheveled. But I couldn't feel sorry for him - I was trying to heal my own wounds, the wounds he had caused.

"Henry, let's just pretend everything's fine and not ruin Alexander and Catherine's moment, who after so much suffering are finally experiencing the happiness of forgiving each other and discovering who they really are to each other. Can you do that, Henry, pretend everything's okay, for your friends?" I insisted, not wanting to ruin all the happy atmosphere of my friends with Henry's betrayal.

"Sam, this means pretending everything's okay between us." Henry concluded, and I knew where he was going with this. "It means I'll get to touch you, kiss you, talk to you. Everything I want most right now." He sighed. "Can you do that, Sam?"



"Don't push it!" I simply replied. "Just today, so we don't ruin the moment. After that, we can tell them we're not together anymore."

"Well, looks like we'll have all night to talk," he said, seeming excited about the possibility.

"Only if you're planning to chat with that whore you've been screwing, because I'm going to sleep." I walked away from him and went into the bathroom, shutting the door.

When I returned to the bedroom, I found Henry still dressed, staring out the window. I went to bed and lay down. Patrick had lent me a shirt to sleep in, and that's all I was wearing - a shirt and panties.

Henry turned around, his eyes slowly wandering over my body, and with a tired expression asked,

"Want me to sleep on the floor?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Henry. This bed is huge, there's plenty of room for both of us," I replied coldly.

"So you'll let me sleep next to you, but you won't talk to me?" He was persistent.

"Henry, just take off your damn clothes and get in bed already!" I snapped, getting irritated. "I'm exhausted and want to sleep. And you look tired too. I'm not some immature insensitive person - I'm not going to make you sleep on the floor out of spite when there's plenty of space in the bed."

Henry smiled, and he had a beautiful smile, but his eyes remained sad. He started unbuttoning his shirt and walked to the bed, dropping the shirt on the couch along the way. He stopped in front of me and took off

his pants, tossing them carelessly onto the couch. His body was spectacular, and the bulge protruding in his white boxer briefs didn't go unnoticed - it was impossible not to notice. He bent down, coming face to face with me.

"I'm really tired, Sam. But I want to be able to talk to you." He wasn't going to give up.

"Alright, Henry." I huffed, already stressed out. "Let's make a deal - we'll rest today since we've been through a lot of emotions. Then we can set something up and you can say whatever it is you're so desperate to say. How's that?"

"Do you promise you'll listen to me? That tomorrow you won't change your mind and run away from me?" Henry was pleading in front of me.

"I promise, Henry. I'll listen to you one more time, but let's be clear - it'll just be one conversation, the final one. Got it?"

"I can sleep with that tonight." He sighed and stood up.

Henry went to the bathroom, but didn't even bother closing the door. I heard the shower running and had to fight with myself not to go there and admire that magnificent body of his. I was angry with him, I was hurt, but that didn't change the fact that he was gorgeous and turned me on.

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