



## S2 Chapter 49

### Henry's POV

At least I got her to listen to me. I knew she wouldn't forgive me just like that, with one conversation, but at least I would have the chance to clarify everything, and then I could win her back.

But right now, I needed a cold shower to calm my body that was screaming for her. I couldn't mess up with her again or I'd lose her for good, so I had to control my insane desire to touch her.

When I lay naked beside her, she seemed to be already asleep. I stayed there watching her peaceful face, her curls spread across the pillow, and the curves of her beautiful body outlined by the thin sheet covering her. Her ebony skin glowed beautifully in the moonlight streaming through the window, whose curtains were open, and I preferred to leave them that way to have some light on her, allowing me to observe her.

I fell asleep dreaming of that stunning woman lying next to me, whom I had hurt because of a misunderstanding. How I missed holding her tight in my arms.

I woke up to the first rays of sunlight flooding the room. Samantha was clinging to my body, and I could feel her warmth. It felt like I was dreaming.

I stayed as still as possible, watching her sleeping so beautifully while holding onto me. Her t-shirt had ridden up to her breasts, revealing her toned stomach, that tiny lace underwear barely covered anything, and my cock was hard and throbbing. She started to wake up, and I had no way to explain that, so I decided to play dumb, closed my eyes, and pretended to be asleep.



I heard her let out a little moan and whisper very softly, as if talking to herself,

"What a hot son of a bitch! And he's already hard there, tempting me... oh, how I want to devour this man!"

I couldn't resist, I might ruin everything, but I wouldn't miss this opportunity. So I spoke, still with my eyes closed,

"If you want it so badly, why don't you do it? This hot son of a bitch is yours and he's hard for you."

But I wasn't expecting what she did next. She got out of bed. I opened my eyes in alarm and started talking hastily and nervously.

"Sam, I'm sorry, please. I swear I didn't do anything, you were the one clinging to me and I can't resist you... Sam..."

"Shut up, Henry!" She took off her shirt and underwear and got back into bed. "Shut up before I regret what I'm about to do."

Samantha moved on top of me, positioning herself and slowly taking me in. As she descended along my length, I felt myself growing harder with each inch. When she had taken all of me inside her, she remained still with her eyes closed, as if savoring the experience.

Millions of sensations shot through my body; I felt every nerve ending electrified, every hair standing on end. Samantha was warm, wet, inviting, and full of desire, her nipples hardened and her skin covered in goosebumps. I wanted to kiss her, lick her, bite her, squeeze her, love her, but she was motionless above me, and I didn't know what to do.

"Henry..." she whispered softly.

"Hmm?" That was all I could manage to say at that moment without



losing control.

"Take me hard?"

That was all I needed. I wrapped my arms around her waist, turned us over so she was beneath me, and kissed her ear before whispering,

"No, Sam, I won't take you hard. Tonight I'm going to make love to you. Slow and sweet, worshipping your body, so you can feel how much I love you and how much I want you back."

I kissed her mouth before she could respond and began to move slowly inside her. It was a languid, passionate kiss, my tongue exploring her mouth and absorbing her delicious taste, matching the lazy rhythm of my hips slowly rocking against hers. My hand roamed over her body as if in worship.

I traced a trail of kisses, licks, and gentle bites from her jawline, past her ear, down her neck, until I reached her full breasts. Samantha moaned softly and held my hair tenderly, her body following my movements. We were connected, synchronized, in perfect harmony.

I indulged in her breasts, sucked her nipples, and caressed her skin. I tried to pour all my love for this woman into every gentle touch, every sweet caress, into every drop of sweat that fell from my body onto hers. I gave myself completely - body, soul, and heart - in this act of communion between our bodies.

I felt when her body began to tighten around me, felt when her climax approached, bringing mine with it. I returned to kissing her mouth slowly and delicately, gently biting her lips. Samantha arched her body against mine, and her core pulsed. I released her lips and asked her to open her eyes. I looked directly into her soul, silently asking her to do the same with me and see that I belonged to her.



We reached our peak together, while her intimacy gripped me and drew me deeper inside her. I poured myself completely into this woman, eyes locked with eyes, feeling a desire greater than I thought possible to feel in life, a vastness of feelings and emotions.

"I love you, Samantha, more than I thought possible, and it scares me," I said as our bodies calmed. A tear escaped from her eyes, and I kissed her again.

It was different from everything, from all the other times. It wasn't just entangled bodies and kissing mouths; it was desire pouring out, longing being fulfilled, love solidifying. In that moment, the only unshakeable certainty within me was that there would never be another, Samantha would forever be the woman for whom my heart would beat and who would draw my sighs until the end of my days. With that, a resolution hit strongly in my heart and was engraved in my mind: I decided that even if it took all eternity, I wouldn't rest until I had her forgiveness.