

S2 Chapter 50

Samantha's POV

I woke up clinging to that beautiful man who was making my heart bleed. But there, in that bed, with his body next to mine and his scent lingering on me, the only thing I could think about was how much I wanted him.

When he said he was mine, for a second I clung to his words and wished they were sincere. For a moment, I let myself get carried away by the illusion he gave me.

I wanted to feel him one more time, wanted to have a farewell with his body. Without thinking, I was undressed and physically connected with him, and what I felt there, straddling him, completely escaped my control. I wanted to feel him and wanted him to make my body vibrate, wanted him to devour me as he had done so many times before, voracious, uncontrolled, hungry.

But I wasn't prepared for that. He refused to just fuck me and instead made love to me slowly and passionately, made me touch the stars in broad daylight. And that broke me in a way I can't even explain; I just know there's no fixing it.

While possessing me, he made a declaration of love and possession, with his mouth, his body, and his eyes, he marked my body and my heart as his. And when he reached the peak of pleasure, he said he loves me and that it scares him.

In that fascination of easy and ephemeral love, he transcended my soul and merged with me. What happened in that bed was powerful, unique, and overwhelming. It made me crumble before him, emptied me of my certainties, made me give up the barriers I had built, knocking them down one by one.



My heart at that moment was like a stormy sea, where the winds blow and only stir the waters more, in an endless tempest, and I needed peace and calm, I just wanted to be a quiet river flowing gently along my course. But it wasn't like that.

After the most intimate and powerful sex I'd ever had in my life, I was completely stripped of my armor and adrift in a sea of feelings. I clung to him and cried, sobbing my pain and letting tears wash my soul.

Henry turned us over and pulled me on top of him, held me tight in his arms, and gently caressed my hair while drawing circles on my back with his other hand.

"My love... my goddess... we'll figure this out... you'll be able to forgive me... I'll work for your forgiveness... I'll make you happy... I'll never make another mistake..."

We stayed there for a long time, surrendered to each other, embracing, me crying, him making promises. I didn't say any other word.

By the time we managed to leave the room, it was almost lunchtime. We immediately ran into Patrick, our host, and the most loudmouthed of them all.

"Look who's here, the lovebirds! I'm glad you enjoyed the mattress." Patrick smirked mischievously.

"Shut up, Patrick!" Henry cut his friend off, but couldn't hide his smile.

"Well, Sam, that was some good tea, huh?" Melissa chimed in with her wise-crack, making me smile awkwardly.

"Alright, enough joking around!" Henry put an end to everyone's fun. "My intimate moments with my goddess are none of your business."



Patrick only let us leave after lunch. The whole time, Henry stayed close to me, possessive and attentive. When it was time to leave, I had no choice but to go with Henry, before they could start asking questions and pull us back demanding explanations that I couldn't give right now.

We drove to my house in silence. Henry was clearly being cautious. When he parked in front of the building, he held my hand before I could get out of the car.

"Sam, when are we going to talk?" He seemed anxious.

"Henry, we can talk during the week. Call me and we'll set something up," I replied, feeling tired.

"Can I call you later?"

"Henry, could you give me a little time, please? Just let me think about what happened in that room today."

"Okay." He sighed. "But remember that I love you."

"Henry..."

He looked at me as if he was fighting a difficult internal battle, and suddenly, as if one side had emerged victorious, he pulled me toward his mouth and pressed our lips together, invading me with his tongue, claiming a sort of ownership over me. He only let me go when we ran out of breath.

"I miss you already, my goddess!" he said as I got out of the car.

When I arrived home, my mother was waiting for me. Trying to hide what was happening between Henry and me from her, I quickly said I needed to take a shower, but what I really needed was to pull myself together. Later, I went back to the living room and told my mother about



Alexander and Catherine and how happy they were.

My mother had everything ready to move in with her boyfriend, but she was anxious. We talked until Joaquin came to pick her up. When we said goodbye, I put on the happiest face I could and wished my mother happiness in her new beginning.

I found myself alone in the apartment, but I needed this time with myself to think and put things in order. My phone rang and I went to answer it, but I didn't recognize the number. I thought about letting it ring, but it could be something important.

"Samantha, divine Samantha!" I closed my eyes in disgust as I recognized Henry's father's voice.

"Oh God, it's not enough that this person exists, they have to be annoying too!" I was already out of patience with this creature.

"Darling, don't play hard to get, I know you're interested. You've already tried my boy, now let me show you what a real man is like."

"How close do you think we have gotten to each other?"

"Don't deny it, darling. You want it and I can..." I didn't let him finish.

"You know what, go back to whatever hole you crawled out of and forget I exist. Oh, and I'm going to tell Rick you said hi."

I hung up the phone and felt like screaming – this man was using up what little patience I had left. I decided to order a pizza and a tub of ice cream. I ate while watching "Pretty Woman" for the billionth time and crying like a teenager.

I woke up on the couch, with the pizza box and ice cream container on the coffee table, and my phone ringing.



"For heaven's sake, I was about to call the police." Melissa blurted out as soon as I answered.

"Hi, Mel. Good morning to you too." I replied, still drowsy.

"Good morning, gorgeous. Now tell me why you're not at Martin's place. I called him and he said you wanted to go home last night." I wasn't awake enough to have this conversation with Melissa.

"My mom moved in with her boyfriend, Mel. I wanted to be here to say goodbye to her." I explained.

"And why didn't Henry stay with you?" Mel seemed to be in her why-phase.

"Because I wanted to have a mother-daughter moment."

"Yeah, you're right!" Phew, she finally stopped. "Henry's coming to pick you up, of course, but I wanted to call you myself to share the news."

"What news?" I asked, getting up and starting to clean up my mess.

"Cat and Alexander are moving in together, and we've been recruited to help with the move happening today." Melissa was so excited.

"Oh my god, that's amazing news!!" I said, feeling happy for my friend.

"So get ready, and save the making out with Henry for later, we need you there."

I said goodbye to Melissa and was about to call Henry, but he called me first.

"Sam, good morning. How are you?" Henry asked calmly.



"I'm good. You?" We were being civil.

"Missing you..." He sighed and quickly continued. "Did Melissa call you?"

"Just got off the phone with her."

"I'm here at your building's entrance."

"You didn't have to come."

"But I wanted to."

"Henry, I just woke up. I still need to shower, get ready, have some coffee..."

"I'll wait. No rush."

"Aaah, Henry!" I took a deep breath. "Well, since you're waiting, come up."

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and he was standing there, staring at me like he wanted to devour me. Only then did I remember what I was wearing.

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