

S2 Chapter 51

Henry's POV

I was standing at Samantha's apartment door, staring at the most beautiful woman in the world right in front of me, wearing nothing but a tight white tank top and a matching thong. It was impossible not to desire her.

"Henry, I just woke up to Mel's call, and then you called me, I forgot I wasn't dressed. But you've seen everything here already. Come in, make yourself comfortable while I get ready," she said, somewhat embarrassed.

As Samantha turned her back to leave, I couldn't help myself. I went in, closed the door, and pulled her into my arms, pressing our mouths together in a hot, wet, and passionate kiss. When we pulled apart to breathe, I smiled at her.

"Good morning, my goddess! You look beautiful!"

I let her go, and she walked down the hallway somewhat unsteadily, leaving me behind with a wide grin. I had kissed her, and she hadn't rejected me - she had kissed me back. I went to the kitchen and prepared coffee for her. Black coffee, toast, and jelly. That was her favorite breakfast.

Half an hour later, Samantha entered the kitchen wearing tight jeans and a black button-up shirt, her hair tied in a high bun with a blue scarf artistically wrapped around her head. She looked stunning as always. I placed the plate in front of her and poured the coffee.

During all the time we were alone, she didn't say anything else, seeming lost in her thoughts. We arrived at the girls' house, and it was as lively as



a children's party, with conversations, laughter, and squeals. Soon Mel divided and separated everyone - men to one side, women to the other.

We went to Peter's room to organize things, and between moving boxes, Rick approached me.

"How are you?" Rick asked very quietly. I looked at him, finding the question strange but knowing what he was referring to.

"I'm in hell, just like Alexander was," I whispered back just as quietly.

"That woman is suffering, and she doesn't deserve it. You messed up even worse than Alexander did," Rick whispered.

"What are you girls whispering about?" Patrick, curious as always, asked teasingly.

"Just thinking about arranging a poker night, Patrick," Rick answered quickly and then whispered to me, "I need to tell you something important." I nodded.

When we returned to the living room, Fred, who was already taking boxes to Alexander's car, came in all flustered.

"Can someone explain to me why I just saw Samantha getting into Michael's car?" Fred asked, breathless.

I freaked out when Fred said that, and I freaked out again when Melissa mentioned that Sam was single. No fucking way! I wanted to run after her, but somehow my friends thought of staging an intervention and decided to interrogate me.

After telling them about the scene Samantha witnessed at my house and hearing my friends rightfully criticize me, Alexander gave the final word that we would talk after finishing the move.



When we finally finished moving Catherine and Peter's stuff, I couldn't escape my friends' "Spanish Inquisition." We sat in Alexander's living room, and of course, Melissa led the interrogation.

"Come on, you man-whore, how many times did you hook up with that devil's minion?" Melissa's tone wasn't friendly at all.

"Man-whore, Mel?" I asked, pretending to be offended.

"Yeah, man-whore. And consider yourself lucky, because I was going to say something worse," Melissa shot back.

"Oh, this is going to be bad..." I ran my hand through my hair and decided to tell the whole story.

I told them about the photo and showed it, explained about the times I hooked up with Isabella out of spite, about Sam's many calls that I ignored, about the fight with my father at Hebe's house, about the fight with my father at the company, and what I discovered at the Social Club. When I finished, Melissa smacked me on the head.

"You idiot!" Melissa cursed. "Did it never occur to you to talk to Sam about this fucking photo? You didn't even have the balls to break up with her! Seriously, Martin, you're a man-whore."

"I've been trying to talk to her since yesterday, but..." I tried to justify my mistakes, but even I didn't want to hear my lame excuses.

"Yesterday, you moron?" Patrick spoke as if I hadn't noticed the obvious.

"You got that photo weeks ago and didn't talk to her? Knowing your father, seeing what Alexander was going through, you chose to ignore Sam and fuck Isabella instead? No, Henry, you're unbelievable!"

"Yeah, buddy, can't defend you on this one," Alexander discouraged me.



"Henry, you managed to outdo Alexander," Catherine made me shiver.

"Oh, honey, I thought we were going to forget about my slip-up," Alexander whined, and Catherine glared at him.

"I forgave you, Alexander, I didn't forget!" Catherine was emphatic. "You're going to spend the rest of your life groveling at my feet, that's the deal!" It was impossible not to laugh.

Suddenly, Virginia slapped Patrick's arm.

"Watch it, sweetie, don't you dare pull anything like that, or I'll end you!"

"But baby, I only have eyes for you!" Patrick said in a whiny voice.

"Yeah, but you had that sleazy affair with that other devil's minion's assistant, so stay sharp, sweetie, stay sharp." Virginia threatened, and I didn't even want to imagine what she would do to Patrick.

Rick was deep in thought, as if he wasn't even there. He sighed and stood up, brushing off his pants with both hands.

"It's a bit worse than you're all thinking," Rick commented, drawing everyone's attention. "Henry's father is stalking her. He sent her flowers and called her. I don't know how he got her number. I personally told him to leave her alone, but you know how he is, and if you've declared war..."

"Damn! He won't stop." I said, understanding what Reynold wanted - he was trying to get to me.

"I can't believe Sam is going through all this alone," Tess said.

"I don't think she is, Tess. I think Little Key knows. She's been acting strange lately, stepping away to answer her phone, looking worried..." Virginia wasn't wrong.



"Yeah, Manu does know." I confessed. "And she probably wants to strangle me."

"Hold up, Little Key knew everything and withheld information?" Melissa was red with anger about the whole situation. "By the way, where is she?"

"She went to her hometown, Mel." I reminded Melissa that I had given Manu some time off.

"But she only did what Sam asked. Sam didn't want to worry us, said that Catherine and Alexander's situation was very serious and that we didn't need another problem in the group." Rick said, head down.

"Wait a minute, Richard, you knew too? And didn't say anything?" Tess asked.

"Tess, it was Sam's request. I noticed something was wrong with her and confronted her. But she asked me not to tell you guys, and I respected her wishes, but I was looking after her." Rick tried to explain.

"I'm feeling guilty. Sam's going through all this alone, and I've been hogging all your attention. Even Rick noticed something was wrong when I didn't," Catherine commented, clearly upset.

"We were all terrible friends, ignoring the signs. But the real culprit is this idiot man-whore!" Melissa concluded.

"Yeah, I was a jerk, but can you guys help me figure out how to get her to forgive me?"

"Oh, sure!" Alexander spoke confidently. "I already known one way - start groveling!" Everyone laughed at my misery. "But what I really want to know, Rick, is what else you know that we don't."



"What do you mean?" Rick looked confused.

"Well, you knew about Cat's pregnancy, you knew about Sam's situation with this man-whore who's our friend. Makes me wonder what else you know." Alexander stared at Rick.

"Oh, give me a break." Rick huffed. "Right now, I don't know anything else, okay? Now let's focus on fixing all this mess that the man-whore created."

I groaned in despair and sank into the couch. But my day wouldn't be as peaceful and pleasant as I'd thought when I picked up Sam at her house. My phone rang, and I pulled it out to read the message.

"Guys, I need to go. Hebe wants to talk to me. We haven't spoken since the fight with Reynold at the office. I need to see how she's doing." I said goodbye to my friends and headed to my sister's house.

I would have another difficult conversation, as telling Hebe about what happened at the club would mortify her.

