

S2 Chapter 52

Samantha's POV

I left Catherine's building and Michael was waiting for me outside his car. He walked towards me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Samantha, you're a sight for sore eyes!" Michael said enthusiastically.

Michael was a very handsome man. He wasn't as tall as Henry, but he was taller than me. He had shoulder-length wavy black hair, light tan skin that looked naturally bronzed, dark playful eyes, and a full beard framing a smile of perfectly white teeth.

"You're always so kind, Michael." I got in the car and he closed the door.

"So, my queen, I'm taking you to a place a bit outside the city, but you'll love it. It's a farm with a restaurant that's open to the public. Would that work?" Michael asked expectantly.

"I like that! Yes, that works." I replied, feeling a lightness I hadn't felt in many days.

While driving, we chatted about simple things. Michael made lots of jokes and kept the mood upbeat. But of course, I knew he wanted to ask about Henry.

"My queen, not that I want to know about other men, but I'd like to know what Henry did to you." Michael asked cautiously.

"He cheated on me, Michael." I said simply, and saying it out loud still hurt.

"What a complete idiot!" Michael commented with a huge smile. "Good



for me!"

"Oh really, why?" I asked laughing, just as Michael parked the car in a spot near the restaurant.

"Because now I might have a chance to win you over."

"Look at you, so bold!" I teased.

"You haven't seen anything yet." Michael kissed the tip of my nose and got out of the car to open my door. "Come on, my queen, I'm going to feed you and we're going to have a very fun afternoon here."

"I like that plan!"

My afternoon with Michael was truly delightful. We had lunch and the food there was divine, then we went horseback riding, pedaled a boat on the lake, talked a lot about family and what each of us liked, and at the end of the day, we had wonderful coffee. Michael was presenting himself to me, wanting me to get to know him and wanting to know me. It was pleasant, light, and fun.

In the early evening, Michael dropped me off at my door. He got out of the car, opened the door, and helped me out like a perfect gentleman.

"My queen, when can I see you again?" Michael asked with that mischievous smile that made his eyes shine even brighter.

"Whenever you invite me again."

"How about tomorrow night? Maybe pick you up from work, take you to the movies, and then dinner?"

"I love movies! You can choose the film, I like all genres, including



action, horror, and sci-fi."

"You're perfect! I'll text you so we can work out the details."

"It's a deal. Michael, thank you so much for today, it was wonderful."

"My queen, being by your side is a privilege! I'm the one who should be thankful."

We said goodbye with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. I went into my apartment and checked my phone for the first time since I'd gone out with Michael. There were several messages from the girls and Enzo, and even missed calls from him. I got worried, so I called him back.

"Auntie, my beautiful!" Enzo greeted me with his usual warmth.

"Enzo, my sweetie! How are you?"

"Missing you, auntie. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, it is. I went out with a friend this afternoon and missed your calls, I'm sorry."

"Just a friend, auntie? Or are you trying to get yourself another friend like me?"

"Oh, my dear, even if I had a hundred young boys, you'd still be my favorite!"

"You're my favorite auntie too! Do you have time to hang out this week?"

"I always have time for you, but it has to be after work. Where do you want to go?"

"I was thinking of inviting you to that retro diner inspired by classic cars



on Wednesday, what do you think?"

"To Roadmaster? Oh, I love that idea, Enzo! Let's go! I haven't been there yet, but I really want to."

"Auntie, you're the best! But, changing the subject..."

"I already know."

"Have you heard about the drama that went down at the company? With my mom, my uncle, and their dad?"

"No, I haven't heard about that yet. What happened?"

"Reynold managed to make my mom hate him."

For the next half hour, I listened to Enzo tell me about the chaos that had happened at the company, how devastated his mother was, and the sleazy things Reynold Martinez was doing to the women at the Social Club. I could only think about how terrible Henry must be feeling.

"My uncle said he didn't know his father had harassed you. Why didn't you tell him?" Enzo was genuinely concerned.

"Because your uncle already had too much on his plate, and I knew he would confront Reynold when he found out." I sighed. "Now I know he'll want to know why I didn't tell him."

"It's more than that, auntie. If you had told him, many problems could have been avoided."

"What do you mean, Enzo?"

"I can't tell you. My uncle would kill me if I told you before him."



"Enzo, in for a penny, in for a pound. Spill it."

"Auntie, don't do this to me."

"Come on, Enzo, I know you're dying to tell me!"

"Wow, we try to help and get no respect!"

"Oh Enzo, don't play innocent, you're the family gossip. But who am I to judge?" Enzo let out a wonderful laugh.

"Auntie, I'm not a gossip, I'm a historian of other people's lives!" It was my turn to laugh - this kid was impossible. "But since you don't know, sit down because there's a story coming."

I went to the kitchen, got the pizza from the fridge and the soda, and sat down. Apparently, this was some serious tea. And it's a good thing I sat down because what Enzo told me would have made me collapse.

Enzo told me about the photo that bitch Isabella took and sent to Henry the day his father harassed me at the Social Club. He told me that afterward, Henry freaked out and instead of talking to me, he went to sleep with that whore. And to top it all off, that creepy old man kept dropping hints to Henry. I had blood in my eyes - I wanted to torture Henry to death, but I also wanted to eviscerate Reynold.

"Auntie, my uncle messed up badly with you and you know you have all my support, but he's suffering, he's really hurting. He cried like a baby in my mom's lap today. I thought he had come to comfort her because of what her father did, but she ended up having to comfort him."

"Enzo, do you realize how stupid your uncle was? Why didn't he come talk to me? But no, he had to go be with that whore!"

"I know, it was a ridiculous and senseless mistake. I do think you should make him suffer, but I think you should work on forgiveness."

"Work on forgiveness, Enzo? Seriously? Are you watching religious channels now?"

My doorbell rang and I thought it was strange the doorman hadn't announced anyone. I went to the door while listening to Enzo tell me how much his uncle was suffering. I looked through the peephole and guess who was outside? I opened the door ready for war.

"Enzo, we'll talk more later, a clown just showed up at my house." Enzo asked if it was his uncle. "The one and only!" Enzo begged me not to tell Henry that he had told me everything, as if I needed to be told. "Okay. See you Wednesday. Kiss."

I hung up the phone, closed the door, stood in front of Henry with my arms crossed and said:

"Well, well, well, look what we have here!"

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