



S2 Chapter 62

Henry's POV

I couldn't believe it. It was the first time in many days that I had any sign Samantha would forgive me. When I entered that elevator and opened the card, I wanted to run out and kiss her, but the door was already closing.

Samantha had written "make me believe," and I didn't need anything more to have hope and know that I still had a chance to win her back. There were only three words there, but they said much more than it seemed.

I went to a meeting that I couldn't postpone and returned to Miller Group as quickly as I could, but first, I stopped at the mall to buy some things.

At the candy store, I asked the clerk to help arrange the box. She placed the twelve red rose buds, and between the stems, she put the bottle of Amarula liqueur, surrounding it with several strawberry chocolates. She closed the box and artistically tied it with a red ribbon. I attached a card on top that read, "I'll do whatever I can to show you I can be the man of your life."

When I returned to Alexander's office, I simply left the box on Samantha's desk and saw a small smile on her face. By the gleam in her eyes, I was sure she remembered our night with the little toys I had bought for her.

But what started well would end disastrously. After they found Catherine and Peter, thankfully safe, they discovered that Joseph had bought Isabella's father's ranch. It was a property wedged between three others and was difficult to access. I knew the place as I had been there and knew how to get there. But when I finished saying that I had been there the



previous week with Isabella, I noticed that Samantha had entered the room.

The look she gave me was one of disappointment. I had been trying to explain things to her for days, and then I make this blunder. The thing is, Isabella called me after Samantha caught us together; she was crying and convinced me to meet her and take her to that ranch. But I didn't get together with her; I just didn't know how to convince Samantha of that.

However, before I could explain things to Samantha, I had to give all the information I had to the police, which took a while. When I finally managed to leave the room, I went straight to Sam.

"Sam, can we talk?" My tone was pleading.

"No, Henry, we can't. I'm done!" Samantha simply said.

"Sam, I can explain..." I tried to argue.

"Don't you think it would be better if you didn't have to explain yourself?"

Samantha looked at me with cold eyes.

"Sam, please!" I begged.

"Henry, I'm working, now is not the time." She reprimanded me again.

"I'm going to sit in that chair, Samantha, and wait until you finish your work, but I will explain myself." I said seriously and sat in the chair I pointed to in the reception area.

But things could still get worse. My mother showed up, which was a surprise since my father was still in town, but I understood she wanted to support Alexander. Of course, my mother took jabs at me about my girlfriend.



Samantha was furious, hurt, and disappointed. She had every right to hate me, but I wanted her to love me. I couldn't resist when I had the chance to be alone with her, and I grabbed her on that fire escape. It felt so good to hold her, but it was painful to see the disappointment in her eyes.

After that, for the rest of the time we spent at Alexander's company, Samantha didn't miss a chance to call me a jerk and show her anger towards me.

When I finally left Alexander's company, I was exhausted, but thankfully Melissa had cleared my schedule and given me the rest of the week off. I would make the most of it to try to talk to Samantha, and I'd start right away - I had an idea and needed to hurry to sort everything out. Besides, the guys had promised to help me with her, and I would collect on that help.

But I'd better let her rest tonight; I was also very tired. The next day would be Alexander's engagement dinner, and that's where I'd start - I would stick to Samantha until she forgave me. And so I did, I arrived at her house with a bouquet of red roses. My entry was still cleared in the building, so I went straight up to her apartment and rang the doorbell. Samantha opened the door and stared at me, confused.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, frowning.

"I came to pick you up!" I gave her my best smile.

"You wasted your time." She turned her back and went into the apartment, and I followed her in, closing the door. "Rick is coming to get me."

"No, he's not, my goddess. You're coming with me." I held out the bouquet of roses to her, and she sighed and took it.



"I'm only accepting these because the flowers aren't to blame," she complained and went to the kitchen to put the flowers in water, and I followed her.

She looked stunning in a form-fitting, one-shoulder aqua dress. My hands itched to touch her. We returned to the living room where she placed the vase with flowers on the side table, and as soon as she let go of it, I pulled her to my chest.

"You're absolutely beautiful!" I said and kissed her.

I had missed her terribly. I kissed her with all my heart, pouring my feelings into the tip of my tongue, wanting her to feel, more than hear, my love for her. Samantha let the kiss flow and kissed me back. I was in ecstasy feeling her hands on my neck and her tongue exploring my mouth.

When we separated, she released me, grabbed her purse and took out a tissue which she handed to me, along with her lipstick and a small mirror. She touched up her lipstick and put it away. Turning to me and seeing my confusion as I held the tissue, she said:

"Clean the smeared lipstick off your mouth." I smiled hearing this from her.

"No way! I want everyone to know you've been secretly kissing me!" I was grinning like a lovesick teenager.

"Clean that lipstick off if you don't want to show up at dinner with a black eye!" She threatened, and I smiled. "And if you want me to go with you." My smile faded.

I left the apartment wiping off the lipstick, and when I opened the car door for Sam to get in, I asked her to check if it was good. She touched the



corner of my mouth with her thumb and cleaned it; that simple touch sent shivers through my entire body.

"Now it's perfect. Come on, let's go." Samantha was being authoritative, which was different. I can't say I didn't like it.

After dinner, I pulled Samantha by the arm. She was already trying to find a way to escape from me. But I couldn't miss this chance; I had prepared a surprise.

"No, ma'am, you came with me, you're leaving with me. Let's go!" I whispered in her ear.

We got in the car and I drove further into the complex, five hundred meters past Alexander's house, I stopped in front of a house's garage, activated the electric gate, and drove in.

"Oh my god, what now, Henry?" Samantha rolled her eyes, making me laugh.

I got out of the car and opened her door, asking her to step out. She was completely confused. I took her hand and started walking, opened the front door and pulled her inside. I was hoping my gesture would show her that I understood the harm I'd done and that I was sincerely sorry. But she stood silent and frozen at the entrance.