

## S2 Chapter 63

### Samantha's POV

Henry pulled me into that house, and I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a beautiful and huge house, but what took my breath away was what was inside. There wasn't any furniture, but there were countless red roses, candle-shaped lights, and heart-shaped balloons on the ceiling.

In the center of the living room, there were plush carpets in light shades and many colorful cushions in vibrant tones and various sizes, and a table with strawberries, chocolates, and wine on ice. Henry was recreating one of our best nights. He was over-the-top, cliché, and dramatic, but this time he had taken things to a whole new level.

"Whose house is this?" I turned to him, still amazed by everything.

"It's our house," Henry moved closer.

"I don't think I understand." I was completely perplexed by what I was seeing, so much that my brain seemed frozen.

"Sam, I bought this house about five years ago, before Alexander's parents died. My friends lived here, and I thought about staying close. But I never went through with my plans to move in; something was missing in this house," Henry said, looking into my eyes.

"Of course, it's missing furniture!" I said, crossing my arms across my chest, and he laughed.

"You know that wouldn't be a problem!" He sighed before continuing. "It was missing the woman of my life, the one who would make me feel at home."

"But you already knew that bitch Isabella!" I know it wasn't nice to say



that, but I couldn't control myself.

"She was never the woman of my life." He looked deep into my eyes.

"Henry, what do you want?" I asked, getting anxious.

"I want you back and forever. I want you in this house with me, waiting for our children, creating memories. I want to show you every day that I regret what I did and that I won't mess up with you again." He wrapped his arms around me.

"Henry..." I tried to speak, but he kissed me, a slow, calm kiss that ended too quickly.

"I love you, Sam. Give me a chance to be better." His tone was pleading, his eyes shining with anxiety.

"I don't know if I can." I lowered my head.

"And you won't know if you don't try." I saw a spark of hope in his eyes.

"Can I see the house?" I asked with a small smile, and he gave me a huge one in return.

"It's yours, my nightingale!" Henry held my hand as we went exploring the house.

It was a gorgeous place, filled with windows, modern, with light wooden floors. Every single room was decorated with roses, balloons, and candles. That must have taken a lot of work because the house was truly enormous. We spent over an hour walking through the rooms and talking about the place and the possibilities of starting over.

When we returned to the living room, where he had arranged a space with cushions, he helped me sit down, poured the wine, and sat beside



me, gently playing with my hair.

"Why did you set up this space here in the living room and not in the bedroom?" I asked curiously.

"Because I want you to know that I want more than just having you in my bed. If I had set up one of the bedrooms, you might not understand that I want all of you in my life, not just your delicious body." Henry smiled as he brought the glass to his lips. "And because the sunrise here is spectacular!"

"That was clever." I narrowed my eyes at him. "But who said I'm staying until sunrise?"

"Hope dies last, Sam!" He smiled with a slight smirk.

"What do you want from me, Henry?"

"I already told you, I want a fresh start. I want you in my life for all my remaining days, I want you to be the mother of my children, I want to be the person you want by your side, in the tough times and the good ones. I want you to want me, I want to be the love of your life. Because you're mine." I almost lost my breath at his words. "Breathe, Sam!"

"You're ambitious!" I said, making him laugh.

"Yeah, I am! And I'm stubborn!" He took my hand and kissed my palm.

"What if I can't forget what happened, Henry?" I asked, feeling my eyes burn.

"That's why we're here today, to talk, you promised to listen to me, and to put an end to all your doubts." He spoke calmly.

"I thought we were here to have sex?" I teased him.



"Oh, my nightingale, I'd love to lose myself in your curves, but I won't do that before we talk and sort everything out," Henry sighed. "Sam, you drive me to a state of excitement that I can't even describe, but I won't touch you intimately until you've forgiven me. And the next time I undress you, we won't have sex, we'll make love."

The son of a gun knew how to use his words and was almost convincing me. But I needed to be strong, no matter how much I desired this man and how much I loved him, I needed to understand everything that happened and figure out if I could forgive him.

"Why did you believe that photo, Henry? Why didn't you talk to me?" I asked, feeling the hurt still burning in my heart.

"Because my father messes with my head and my life, that's what he does," Henry sighed. "Sam, it's always easier to believe the worst. He always manages to get to me. I've lost count of how many times he's mocked me, how many times he's caused me problems, how many times he's made me doubt myself..."

Henry's eyes were watery, and I couldn't help running my hand through his hair. His father was an open wound in his heart, and even though he didn't show it, he suffered because of him.

"My father is exactly like that, a selfish, sardonic narcissist," I started speaking without realizing what was coming out, I just talked. "He never really loved me, but when I was a child, I had the illusion that a father would always love their child. I started to realize that he was using me to hurt my mother. Somewhere in that sick little mind of his, he took pleasure in seeing her suffer. I'll never understand that. But I understood that he didn't love me, and I cut him out of my life. It hurt, but it hurt more to see my mother suffer."

"Hmpf..." Henry expressed his displeasure. "We're taught to romanticize



family."

"Exactly. And sometimes we stay trapped in a toxic family that adds nothing good to our lives simply because the social and moral concept instilled in us is so strong that we force ourselves to endure everything," I concluded.

"My father is worthless, Sam! And I don't want to be like him. Help me." Henry looked at me with a tear rolling down his handsome face.

"I'm not your lifeline, Henry. I can't be. But I can be by your side and hold your hand whenever he messes with your head. For that to happen though, you need to trust me more than you trust the crap he does." I said, looking into his eyes.

"I've learned my lesson. I don't make the same mistake twice." Henry assured me with such conviction that I couldn't help but believe him.

"Why did you hook up with Isabella?" I needed to know everything.

"Sam, Isabella is just like Anna, a pest that shows up everywhere. We've known each other forever and, before you, she would appear and I'd hook up with her sometimes, but I always made it clear it was just sex, never gave her hope for anything more." Henry had already told me about this.

"I know that already, but why did you hook up with her after me?" I sighed.

"Because I was an idiot. I was spiteful and hurt. She showed up and I just thought maybe going back to my old habits would be better than suffering over a woman. I guess I wanted to protect my feelings." Henry was being honest, I had no doubt.

"And you were suffering?"



"I am suffering." He emphasized the word 'am'. "Between sending you silly notes at the mall and starting to date you, I fell completely in love. I can't even explain when or describe what I feel, but it's a feeling that burns like fire inside me. I love you, Sam. That's why Reynold's provocation hurt so much, that's why I was an idiot and spiteful, that's why I didn't have the courage to face you."

"That's my next question, why didn't you break up with me before hooking up with her?"

"Because I didn't have enough courage to hear you tell me he's better than me, and because I couldn't bear the pain of thinking I lost you, nor did I want to hear the words of a breakup." Henry was shedding thick tears.

"He will never be better than you!" I assured him.

"But he always tells me that and made me believe it." Henry had a lost look in his eyes, perhaps trapped in some painful memory.

I pulled him into a hug and felt his tears wet my shoulder. This man, big and strong, master of his own world, in that moment was just a little boy who needed comfort.

I lost track of time as we stayed like that, cuddling. He was lost in his thoughts and I was lost in my doubts. Would I be able to forgive him and heal this pain of betrayal in my chest?

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