

S2 Chapter 64

Henry's POV

Samantha and I stayed in each other's arms for a long time. I got lost in memories. Memories that I wanted to bury deep down and didn't want to share with anyone. Feeling her there, hugging me, supporting me, was somehow a balm for all those open wounds.

When we pulled apart, I looked into her eyes, convinced that if it wasn't her, no one else would stay in my life, be by my side, help me leave behind all the pain my father had caused in the past.

"Come back to me, Sam, forever," I whispered.

"Henry..." she sighed. "Did you go to that horse ranch with her after I caught you two together?"

"Yes." I didn't want to talk about this, but I had to be honest with her.

"And why did you go?"

"Because she sent me a voice message crying, saying her life was over and she wanted to die, and if I didn't meet her, she would kill herself. I can show you the message."

"I don't want to see it." Samantha turned forward and crossed her arms, clearly in a defensive position.

"Sam, I don't like her, but I can't be irresponsible. I slept with her, multiple times, over many years," I knew saying this wouldn't help me, but I was being honest. "The least I could do was see what was happening and if I could help, as a friend." I tried to make it clear it was just as a friend.



"Just that?"

"Just that!" I assured without hesitation. "I found her at a spa she always goes to with her friends. Her card was declined. So I paid for the spa and got her out of there. Can you imagine how embarrassed she felt when she realized she had no money to pay at a place where she was well-known?"

"Don't ask me to be sympathetic!" Samantha huffed.

"I'm asking you to be empathetic," I stated. "When we left the spa, I took her to her father's company, and that's when she discovered they were bankrupt. She had a breakdown, and her father couldn't deal with her at that moment; he was trying to resolve a critical situation and sent her away without caring."

"So what?"

"So I was going to take her home, but she asked me to take her to the ranch, and I did."

"And then?"

"Damn it, Sam!" I didn't think keeping talking about this would solve anything. "I didn't sleep with her, okay! But we spent the rest of the day there, and then I dropped her off at her house. That's all, I swear!"

"I want more wine." That was all Samantha said.

"We've already had a bottle!" I commented.

"I don't give a fuck! Figure it out! I want more wine!" Samantha said angrily.

"But in a few hours, you have to meet the girls to help with Cat's wedding preparations." I tried to dissuade her from drinking more.



"And you're going to make sure I wake up and am ready and beautiful and hangover-free, but right now I-WANT-MORE-WINE!" Samantha raised her voice, and I wasn't going to argue; she was angry.

I went to the kitchen and grabbed another bottle I had left in the wine cooler. When I returned to the living room, she was staring straight ahead. I filled her glass, and she drank it in one go, gesturing for me to fill it again. After she finished the second glass from the second bottle, I could tell the wine was taking effect.

"What time does this damn sun rise anyway?" Samantha asked, though she wasn't as irritated anymore, and I found it so adorable that I started laughing.

"It's already four-thirty in the morning, it'll be up soon." I pulled her into my arms, and we stayed there, embracing in silence.

She had finished the second bottle of wine by herself. She was already rubbing her eyes and fighting to stay awake when the sun began peeking over the horizon. I looked down at her head resting on my chest and saw her eyes sparkling and a smile spreading across her lips.

The sun put on its show, rising lazily in the sky, transforming darkness into light, announcing a new day and renewing my hopes, after all, she was here in my arms, wasn't she? Yes, she was! She snuggled closer to me, and slowly her eyes began to close as she fell into a deep sleep.

I held her closer in my arms, kissed her forehead, and let out a contented sigh. This woman was my sun! I fell asleep feeling her scent and the warmth of my sun on my skin.

Unfortunately, we didn't sleep long. At ten o'clock, I had to wake her up, we needed to help our friends with the preparations for Catherine and Alexander's wedding. As I expected, she woke up with a hangover, so I



gave her a headache pill, an anti-nausea tablet, and an antacid, all with a glass of orange juice.

"Can you stand up?" I asked.

"Ughh..." she complained. "I can. Why did you let me drink so much?" I laughed.

"Because you were mad at me." I held her and gave her a quick peck on the lips. "And I'll do anything, absolutely anything for you!"

"I wanted to drink, but I didn't want to get hungover." She rested her head on my chest.

"Nightingale, you can't have both, not when you drink that much." I smiled and kissed the top of her head. "Come on, let's have breakfast and you'll feel better."

I had prepared breakfast for her. Omelet, fruits, orange juice, coconut water, and black coffee. She ate and drank the juice and coffee.

"Nightingale, drink the coconut water to rehydrate yourself."

"I don't want to," she replied like a grumpy child.

"But you need to." She took the glass and drank.

"Come on, I'll drop you off at home to get ready. Melissa will pick you up there."

"I still haven't forgiven you," she whined.

"I know, but I'll keep trying."

"You're impossible." She gave me a small smile, and I couldn't resist

giving her a quick peck.

The day was busy, and I spent the rest of it without news from Samantha. That night there would be poker at Patrick's house, but I needed to see her before that. So before heading to Patrick's, I stopped by Sam's apartment.

"What do you want, Henry? I need to sleep well tonight," Samantha said when she opened the door. She was wearing short leopard print pajamas.

I walked in and closed the door, pulled her into my arms, and kissed her, a deep, desire-filled kiss. When I let her go, we were both breathless.

"I just wanted to see you before going to sleep," I said, caressing her face.

"I still haven't forgiven you," she reaffirmed.

"I know. But I'll keep trying." I smiled, and she couldn't help but smile back.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at ten for the wedding," I said, holding her tight in my arms.

"I'm not going with you!" she complained, but didn't let go of me.

"Don't start! We're the godparents, and you're going with me." I smiled while smelling her hair.

"Fine. Are you going to Patrick's?"

"Yes, he arranged a poker game as his bachelor party," I explained.

"Hmm. You'll need to pick me up at eight. Me! scheduled breakfast at Alexander's apartment. From there, we'll go together to the house where the wedding will be," Samantha said.

"Melissa ruined my plans!" I said, pretending to be upset. "But I'll pick you up at eight."

My phone rang and I ignored it. I gave Sam another kiss, and the phone rang again. I took it out of my pocket, and when I saw the screen, I declined the call, but before I could turn it off, it rang again, and Samantha saw the screen.

"Seriously, Henry?" She pulled away from me angrily.

"It's not my fault, Sam," I defended myself.

"And why isn't that bitch's number blocked yet?" Samantha was furious.

"I'll block it." I pulled her close and gave her another kiss. "Now I'll let you rest."

I got in my car and received a message from Vanessa asking for help, saying Isabella was at the Social Club and wanted to take a bunch of pills to kill herself. Shit! This was the last thing I needed.

I called her, but neither of them answered. I called Isabella's father, but no answer. Damn it! I hit the steering wheel; I would have to go to the club.

When I arrived, Isabella and Vanessa were in the parking lot, leaning against Vanessa's car. When Isabella saw me, she walked over and jumped on my neck.

"Baby! I knew you cared about me! You love me!" With difficulty, I pushed Isabella off me.

"What's going on, Isabella?" I asked angrily.

"I knew you'd come, you do care. You love me!" She repeated, and I

Commented [Ma1]:



understood the trap.

"I hate you! I can't believe you guys were capable of making up such nonsense to get me here." I was pissed and walked back to my car. "Don't ever call me again!"

I left there with screeching tires. But I had no idea the damage was already done.