

S2 Chapter 67

Henry's POV

I wanted to rip Patrick's head off for taking me away from Samantha. But he had discovered why she was upset with me.

"Henry, Sam knows," Patrick said as soon as we entered Alexander's home library.

"Knows what?" I asked, not understanding.

"About yesterday. That you met Isabella at the Social Club," Patrick explained.

"What do you mean?" I was confused. I had mentioned to the guys about the mess with Isabella when I arrived at Patrick's house for poker, before going there.

"It was a setup, man. Isabella planned it and you fell for it. Vanessa took a photo of Isabella hanging all over you and sent it to Sam," Patrick explained, and then everything made sense.

"How did you find out?" I asked.

"Because Virginia is freaking out at me, saying if she catches me with Vanessa, she'll cut my balls off! I didn't understand anything, so I pressed her and she told me. But she said Melissa calmed Sam down and will investigate." Patrick was restless. "Man, I'm afraid Vanessa might set me up."

"Relax, Patrick, you already know how these snakes operate, just don't fall for their traps," Rick tried to calm him down.

"I'm going to sort this out with Sam," I stated. "Yesterday went better



than I expected. I think if it wasn't for that plague Isabella setting me up, she would have forgiven me."

"Just don't take her to your apartment," Alexander said. "She'll remember the cheating when she goes in there and want to set everything on fire."

"I've already prepared things at the house, I'll take her there again. I want her to decorate it, you know, do everything her way," I shared with my friends.

"Well, let's get back to our women," Fred said, rubbing his hands together.

When I returned, I observed Sam and my mother talking from afar. The two were getting along well, and my mother had already told me she was enchanted by her. This was so good, it made me so happy.

When I sat down with all the desserts that she and my mother had ordered, my sister also sat down with her husband, and my niece and nephew approached.

"Auntie, you look divine in that dress!" Clara said delicately, in her blue dress with bows and princess sleeves.

"Oh, sweetie, thank you! You look very beautiful too!" Samantha responded.

"Auntie, are you coming to the mall with us tomorrow?" Clara delivered her move.

"Mall?" my sister asked, confused.

"Oh, mom, I thought uncle had told you, he invited Clara and me to have lunch with him. He said he's been kind of down and wants to spend some

time with us. He even promised to take us to the movies," Enzo jumped in, and I immediately caught on to their scheme. Clara was collecting on our agreement, and Enzo was going to take advantage of it.

"No, your uncle didn't say anything," Hebe looked at me doubtfully.

"It's like Enzo said, I want to spend time with my niece and nephew," I agreed to avoid having to explain too much.

"Oh, Henry, I think that's wonderful. And since you're going to spend the day with my little monsters, I'm going to take my beautiful wife on a romantic date," Edward's eyes sparkled at my sister, who gave up asking more questions.

"So, auntie, are you coming?" Clara insisted with Sam.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything, Clara!" Samantha seemed excited. At least I would spend the day with her.

"Look how wonderful! Substitute parents! We can leave the little monsters with them more often, my love." Edward was way too happy about having some time with his wife.

"You're coming with us, aren't you, Heidi?" Samantha asked my mother.

"No, dear, I have other, more entertaining plans." My mother left me wondering what could be more entertaining for her than spending time with her grandchildren.

I spent the rest of the party glued to Samantha, wherever she went, I followed. When it was time to leave, she tried to escape from me and catch a ride with Fred and Mel, but I pulled her back and dismissed Fred.

"No way, you're coming with me," I said, hugging her.

"Henry, I want to go home," Samantha seemed tired.

"I'll take you home," I said and led her to the car.

When I parked in the garage of the house in the gated community, Samantha huffed and gave me a dirty look. Before getting out of the car, she complained.

"I said I wanted to go home."

"This is your home, Sam," I said and picked her up, carrying her inside.

"Huh, no roses today?" She asked, seeing only pillows, rugs, and a small side table.

"Not today." I pulled her in for a kiss. "Today I just want to talk, clear things up."

"Right. Are you going to clear up Isabella hanging all over you yesterday?"

"

"Exactly that." I sighed.

"Fine! I hope you have at least two bottles of wine." Samantha walked over to the pillows and sat down.

"Just one. I want you sober to understand everything I'm going to tell you."

"You're no fun!" Samantha stuck her tongue out at me like a child.

I smiled at her and went to the kitchen. I came back with wine, glasses, and a tray with cheese and some small sweets. She smiled when she saw it. I poured the wine and started talking, explaining everything that happened the day before after I left her house.



"And that's what happened, Sam. I can show you the message Vanessa sent me." I pulled out my phone and opened the app, but couldn't find the message.

I panicked at that moment. I couldn't find the message. What a mess! They planned everything so perfectly that it didn't even look like they planned it. That bitch Vanessa sent me a view-once message that disappeared after I opened it.

"Well, seems like you don't have the message." Samantha sighed. "You know what, Henry, sit down, let's just enjoy this wine and relax."

"I want more than just relaxing, I want to kiss you," I said seriously, almost pleading.

"I'm not stopping you," Samantha said simply, and I couldn't hold back anymore.

She barely closed her mouth when I pulled her onto my lap. She straddled me willingly, and we kissed voraciously, as if we were hungry for each other. Oh, how I missed this woman!

Samantha started unbuttoning my shirt urgently, desire gleaming in her eyes. I was ready for her, wanting her with all my soul.

"I want to take off your dress, Sam. May I?" I asked between kisses.

"I'm not stopping you." I laughed at her repeating her earlier words.

I found the zipper on the side of her dress and opened it. I pulled the straps down her arms, leaving her breasts exposed, completely bare for me. I caressed her breasts with my fingers, running my thumbs over her hardened nipples. Samantha had beautiful, full breasts. I took one in my mouth while holding the other, sucking one while massaging the other. I

felt her body tremble. I lingered there for a good while, indulging in her delicious breasts while she let out small moans of pleasure.

Samantha is so beautiful! I was captivated by her. Her eyes rested on me, clouded with desire. I was completely lost in my yearning for her.

I turned our bodies, laying her gently on the cushions. I pulled her dress down her legs and tossed it aside, then slowly removed her panties, my eyes fixed on hers. I touched her intimately and felt how wet and warm she was.

I supported my body over hers and kissed her even more deeply, feeling her body respond to mine. I let out a possessive growl into her mouth, like a declaration of ownership. There was no room for thinking, only feeling and being certain that we belonged to each other.

I felt her hands touch every tense muscle in my chest and shoulders. Her hands were greedy, touching every inch of my skin. I felt the light scratch of her nails on my back, and how I loved that. My entire body surrendered to her, just as she surrendered to me.

I pulled back to look at her, to admire her, beautiful under my control, while she controlled me, dominated every emotion of mine, every movement of my body.

I positioned myself at her wet, warm, and inviting entrance. I began to penetrate her slowly as I lay on top of her. I captured her mouth with mine, and we started moving together, back and forth in a perfect rhythm, in perfect surrender.

Feeling her need to set her own pace, without disconnecting, I turned us over, letting my beautiful goddess straddle me. When she sat on me, her curls danced to the same rhythm as she rode me.

Commented [Ma1]:



I could barely do anything but stare at the beautiful and sweet woman who had enchanted me, who had shaken my world and rattled my certainties, making me throw myself into the unknown abyss of a relationship and yearn to be loved in return.

Samantha spread her palms on my chest and threw her head back while riding me, moaning with pleasure. I touched her breasts with my hands and slid down her belly, between her thighs. I felt her tighten around me.

Unlike other times, our act was silent, broken only by our moans of passion and pleasure, what screamed within us at this moment were the sensations and feelings muffled by our painful separation.

Samantha leaned down to kiss me, her breasts touching my chest at the same moment her mouth met mine. I held her tight in my arms, maintaining our perfect synchronicity, that back and forth that created friction between our bodies and left us on the edge of the precipice, almost falling into orgasm. Between kisses, I couldn't help but make my declaration accompanied by a promise.

"I love you, Sam. I'll never stop loving you. I'll be yours forever."

Our movements accelerated sensually, our desire there was more than just another climax, more than just carnal pleasure, it was pure feeling, real love that nothing could undo.

Samantha captured my mouth with hers one more time, and with frenzied and delicious movements, we reached the peak together, pouring ourselves into each other. She moaned into my mouth while climaxing and feeling me spill inside her.

We stayed there united, trying to calm our breathing and our heartbeats. Feeling the warmth of our bodies and the shivers on our skin with the small touches we exchanged.



We slept embraced and snuggled into each other. We woke up with the first rays of sun shining upon us, and it was irresistible, impossible even, not to make her mine once more with the sunrise as witness to this profound love that binds me to her.