

S2 Chapter 69

Samantha's POV

I thought this nightmare was over, but it wasn't. Romulus hadn't forgotten about me. And my mom handed me the letter in front of Henry, I knew he noticed how nervous I got, but as soon as we got to my apartment, he asked. It was time to tell him what was going on.

After making sure Enzo and Clara were well settled and already in bed, I took a quick shower and found Henry in the bedroom, sitting on the bed waiting for me. I got the letter my mom had given me from my purse and the previous ones from the dresser and went to bed.

I opened the new letter before speaking and started trembling, unable to hold back my tears. It was another threat, and now he was threatening him too. Henry pulled me to his chest and ran his hands along my back, trying to calm me down.

"Can I see that letter?" he asked, and I nodded. He kissed the top of my head and took the letter, reading it aloud. "Miss me, my dark beauty? You better stop seeing that worthless rich boy. You're mine, Samantha. And when I get out, which won't take long, I'm coming for what's mine. You'll be begging on your knees to be with me after I kill that bitch of your mother, that worthless rich boy, and that ridiculous Manuela."

With each word he read, the fear grew inside me. In the previous letters, he hadn't been this direct. I started to become terrified. I handed the other letters to Henry, who read them silently. He kept holding me until I calmed down and stopped crying.

"Samantha, how long have you been receiving these letters?" Henry asked, seeming to try to control his anger.



"It's been a while. I talked to the lawyer who informed the judge, and Romulus had been transferred, so it had stopped, but now it's started again," I explained.

"And why didn't you tell me?" Henry's hands were clenched into fists.

"Because they started right when your father arrived, and you already had so many worries, I didn't want to be another one. Then everything else happened. Well..." I tried to explain, but I understood his anger.

"Sam, even if the world was falling apart around me, if something happens to you, I want to know. You can't hide this kind of thing from me!" Henry complained.

"Henry, look..." He didn't even let me speak.

"No 'Henry' nothing, Sam! Damn it! I have ways to protect you. And more than that, we're a couple, we need to share things. A lunatic is threatening you, and you don't tell me." He was getting worked up, but I gave a bitter laugh.

Soon Henry came into the kitchen and hugged me from behind.

"Little nightingale, I was wrong. I should have come to you right away. But I didn't, I didn't tell you, and look at the mess it caused. Now you're saying we're not a couple, and I'm begging for your forgiveness." Henry kissed my cheek.

"Look, Henry, we had such a good weekend. Such an amazing day with the boys today. I just want to sleep," I said, turning to face him.

"Our day was incredible! I want to have thousands of days like this with you!" He smiled while holding me. "But for that, we need to talk about all the uncomfortable things and all the worries and make a pact not to hide

anything from each other anymore, no matter how difficult it may be."

"You're right," I sighed.

"Great, because I want to know why that gang of women you're part of didn't tell me anything." Henry grabbed two mugs from the cabinet, put honey in each one, and filled them with tea.

"Gang?" I asked, amused.

"Yes, you're a gang, well-organized and ready to take over the world. And you have us in the palm of your hands." He placed the mugs on the table and pulled me to sit on his lap. I was still laughing when he asked his next question. "When were you going to tell me that Reynold has been going after you?"

I let out a long sigh. The conversation would be long, but it was better to rip off this bandaid all at once.

"He sent flowers and called. Rick confronted him, and he left me alone." I was looking at the floor. "The girls didn't tell you because they only found out about the threats and about your father a week ago. Only Manu always knew. By the way, my mother doesn't know, she doesn't even know that we broke up."

"I never broke up with you! Correct yourself, because we didn't break up, we had problems that we're solving, but we didn't break up." Henry insisted on this.

"Henry, you disappeared and cheated on me, multiple times, so yes, we did break up." He huffed.

"Anyway, we're together now!" I shook my head tiredly; he was persistent and repetitive. "But I can't believe you were going through all



this alone when you have me and your friends and your mother and Joaquin."

"Henry, Cat and Alexander were having problems, and my mother had just decided to move in with Joaquin." I explained, already tired of having to repeat this.

"And you think they wouldn't have time to support you? I'm surprised Melissa didn't give you a lecture and punishment."

"Who said she didn't?" I rolled my eyes. "Look, I'm not hiding anything anymore. Tomorrow I'll take this letter to the lawyer, and we'll see what he can do."

"I'll go with you. But I don't understand how these letters are getting out of prison."

"The lawyer said that someone who visits takes the letters out hidden. But we don't know who - the envelope only shows the address of the post office where they're mailed from," I explained.

"Can I take a photo of these letters? I'll ask my security team to see what they can find out."

"That would be great!"

"See, if you had told me when it started, we could have solved this together already!" Henry emphasized the word 'together.' After we finished our tea, he washed the mugs and pulled me by the hand. "Let's go to bed, Nightingale."

I slept in the arms of this man who betrayed me and deeply wounded my heart, but who now makes me promises of love. He takes me to heaven with his caresses, wraps me in a cloud of happiness, and makes me want



everything with him. But he also took me to hell, and my heart still fears being betrayed again.

The next day, we woke up early, prepared breakfast, and ate with Enzo and Clara in a cheerful and lively atmosphere. After sending the kids off, I messaged the lawyer and scheduled to meet him at lunch. Henry remained firm and said he would go with me no matter what, and he really did. The lawyer said he would ask the judge to open an investigation and thought it was good that Henry was investigating too.

"Nightingale, I'll pick you up tonight. I heard the bed was delivered and my employee already moved my things. I want you to see it," Henry said when he stopped the car in front of the office to drop me off.

"Look how efficient! But I can't tonight," I replied, and his smile faded.

"Why not?"

"Because today there's an emergency girls' meeting. Manu has problems."

"And is her problem named Flavian Moreno?"

"The very one!" Henry smiled.

"I can pick you up after."

"Better not, I'm tired. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Stop punishing me, Nightingale!" Henry said sweetly, resting his head on the headrest. He was begging and it was cute.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Anything you want."

"Why don't you call me 'my goddess' anymore?"

"Because we're starting over and I told you you're my nightingale."

"But I also like being your goddess." I gave him a quick peck and got out of the car, leaving him behind with an ear-to-ear smile.

Commented [Ma1]:

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