

S2 Chapter 76

Samantha's POV

I could hardly believe Henry had the nerve to lie to me so blatantly. I was furious! When Melissa called to tell me how he had set up a punishment for her and played sick to make me feel guilty, I wanted to kill him. But Melissa convinced me to be smart about it.

He was going to pay! He came to pick me up after work, and I got into the car completely silent. I would teach him a lesson at home!

"Sam, I know you know," he started speaking as if walking on eggshells, but I remained silent. "Sam, talk to me."

"At home, Henry!" was all I said.

We got home and I rushed upstairs. I took a shower and put on a light blue nightie that was not only short but also see-through, wore a tiny thong, and went to the kitchen while he was showering.

I had prepared some juice and dissolved a sexual stimulant pill in his glass that would keep him hard all night long, no matter how many times he came. He was going to learn what it felt like to be in pain.

When he came downstairs, I walked towards him. He was wearing loose pajama pants, and I could already see him getting excited when he saw me half-naked in the kitchen. I got closer, ran my hand across his chest, and spoke very calmly.

"Come on, let's have dinner and you can explain why you did this."

I pulled him by the hand, but he pulled me into his arms.

"Sam, before anything else, I just want you to know that I love you so



much. I can't stand being without you!"

He kissed me, a needy kiss full of love. That shook me a little, but he had to learn not to lie to me.

"Come on, let's eat and talk."

When we got to the kitchen, I handed him the juice and made him drink it all. While we ate, he explained how upset he'd been, how irritated he was, and that he just wanted me to realize that I wanted to have sex with him as much as he wanted to have sex with me.

"Sam, I made a mistake, I regret it, I shouldn't have pretended to be sick. But we had such a good week! Forget about it," he tried to convince me.

"You know what, Henry, the whole problem is that you lied to me so easily. That's not okay," I said very calmly. I noticed the size of his erection and realized the pill had taken effect. He was already sweating.

"It was just a silly thing, Sam."

"All because of sex."

"Samantha, it's not that simple."

"I'll make it simple for you, I'm going back home, Henry. Come find me when you decide never to lie to me again."

He looked at me alarmed.

"You're not going to do that!"

"I am." I turned my back and went to the bedroom to get my things and change clothes.



It wasn't long before he came into the bedroom after me. I knew he was aroused, like an animal in heat, because of the medication, but he hadn't touched me.

"Sam, please, listen to me."

"Enough, Henry! You just want to fuck me, nothing else."

He grabbed my arm and lay on top of me on the bed, pressing his erection against me.

"Yes, Samantha, I want to fuck you. In fact, I love fucking you, I love having sex with you, I go crazy making love to you. Your body is delicious, you're sensual and sexy as hell, it's impossible for me not to get hard seeing you parade half-naked in front of me." He practically growled, looking into my eyes.

"Henry..."

"No, Samantha, listen! I want to touch you and fuck you all the time because you turn me on. But it's much more than that! I love you, I love talking with you, love going out with you, love watching the sunrise with you, love your laughter, your intelligence, I love everything about you and with you."

"Henry..."

"I really messed up and I don't know how to apologize anymore, because every time I think we're working things out, you leave me again. And you know what, I can't live like this. If you want to leave, fine. The security guard will take you and stay at your disposal. But I'm tired of games. If you're not willing to leave everything behind and move forward with me, for real, without excuses, without fears, and without punishments, it's better if we each go our separate ways."



He got off me, went into the closet, changed his clothes, and left the house, slamming the front door. Maybe I had overreacted, but I wouldn't back down - he was the one who messed up, he needed to apologize.

I changed, packed my bag, and left the house. The security guard was already waiting by the car, opened the door, and took me to my apartment. Before I went in, he checked everything and then left me alone with my thoughts.

I curled up in bed in a fetal position. I cried all night thinking that maybe I had thrown my happiness away. He was very angry and certainly wouldn't forgive me.

When dawn broke, I got ready for work, and upon arriving at the company, I found Manu right at the entrance.

"Manu, do you have time for coffee at the bakery?"

"Of course, Sam. It's still early." The little one was so happy that I felt a bit envious.

"How are things with the detective?" I asked when we sat down.

"Very well, unlike your sad face. What happened?" Manu scrutinized me.

"Henry and I fought. And it was ugly." I sighed and told Manu everything.

"You know what, Sam, you really messed up. You felt so hurt that you wouldn't rest until you hurt him too." Manu spoke without mercy. 1

"I thought you were my friend." I complained. 1

"I am! That's exactly why I have to tell you the truth. And the truth is that you went way too far. Now here you are suffering." 2

"Damn! You're right. But I didn't think he would get so angry." I lamented.

"Sam, it was many little things, he took quite a long time to lose his patience. He's right, every time you guys are working things out, you go and sabotage your relationship. You're not like this, Sam, you're sensible. What's going on?"

"I think I'm afraid of being disappointed again."

"I think so too. But then you might be losing the chance to be happy with the man you love. Because I know you love him."

"More than I imagined."

"Then, my friend, fix this. Get on board and be happy!"

"You know what, you're right. I'm going to call him."

I tried to reach Henry all day but couldn't. I called Melissa, and she told me he wasn't at the company, that she only received a message from him saying he wouldn't come to the office. I found it so strange. So I asked Virginia to ask Patrick if he had any news of Henry, and he said they hadn't spoken in two days. Where had this man disappeared to?

After work, I decided to go to his house to look for him, but he wasn't there. I waited for a while, but he didn't show up. So I went to my apartment. The security guard checked everything and left.

All I could do was wait. I left several messages on his cell phone; when he calmed down, he would talk to me.

My doorbell rang, and I looked through the peephole. It was the doorman with a flower delivery for me. But they weren't roses, so they weren't from Henry. I received the flowers and thanked him. When I picked up



the card, my blood ran cold. I thought I had already gotten rid of this problem.