

S2 Chapter 78

Samantha's POV

The situation with Fred was the last straw for all the tension I was feeling. In the last two days, I received flowers from Henry's father, with cards making invitations. I thought this man would leave me alone, but he was still bothering me. I thought it better to ignore it and pretend it wasn't about me. Now with Fred's situation, I would definitely keep quiet about it.

Henry and I were face to face for hours, and he didn't even speak to me. I had sent several messages, and he never replied. We were all supposed to stay at Patrick's house – how would that work out?

But to my surprise, Henry didn't go to Patrick's house. I kept waiting, but nothing. Weren't we all supposed to be together? Where did this man go?

"Samantha?" I felt Rick's hand on my shoulder. I had been staring out the window for hours, sitting in that living room armchair.

"Oh, hi, Rick. I was distracted."

"I noticed. Waiting for Henry?" My eyes welled up at the question. "Want to open up to me? I'm a great listener."

"Did I go too far, Rick?" I asked, and he knew what I was referring to.

"Can I be honest?" I nodded. "It was more than going too far. It was cruel, Sam. You gave hope and then took it away the next moment."

"And what do I do now? He can't even stand being near me," I lamented.

"Now you think, decide what you want for your life, and wait."



"Wait, Rick? For how long?"

"Fifteen days. Henry leaves tomorrow for work, he'll be gone for fifteen days. When he comes back, he'll be calmer, and you two can talk. He's not here because he's preparing for his trip."

I couldn't stop the tears from falling anymore. I went to my room and cried like a child. In the days that followed, I was just a body walking back and forth. I counted the days until his return.

The days passed, not as quickly as I would have liked; in fact, they dragged on. It had been three weeks since Henry had traveled, and I could only think that maybe he had found someone interesting on this trip.

During the last three weeks, I did nothing but go from home to work, even avoiding meetings with the girls. I convinced Patrick it was safe to return to my house since the security guard would be at my disposal, and that made me feel secure. 1

But the following weekend, I went to spend a few days with my mother and stepfather, and I dismissed the security guard. There was no need for him to stay with me at my mother's house, and I didn't want to alarm her either.

"Sweetie, you finally came to spend some time with us!" My mother hugged me happily. "Where's Henry?"

"Oh, Mom, it's complicated."

"Did you two fight?" A mother's intuition never fails.

"It's more than that."

"Then sit here and tell me everything."



"Where's Joaquin?"

"He went out with Vincent. I'm not sure what they're up to, but they'll be back soon."

"Wow, it's been a while since I've seen Vince."

"Ah, such a nice young man. But come on, tell me about Henry."

"Mom..." I smiled with tears in my eyes, and she hugged me.

I started talking, told her everything, every detail. By the end, my mother's mouth was wide open.

"Samantha, I work in a pharmaceutical company. You shouldn't have given him sexual stimulants, especially without his knowledge. He could have had a heart attack, Samantha! That's dangerous!" My mother scolded me.

"Oh, Mom, I acted without thinking."

"Yeah, and without thinking, you gave him a cup of poison." My mother was reprimanding me, which was rare.

"Come on, Mom, that's exaggerating!"

"No, Samantha, I understand Henry's anger. You were cruel and irresponsible! I didn't raise you like this." My mother was angry with me, just what I needed.

"Okay, Mom, but I tried to apologize, and he won't even talk to me."

"Do what your friend said, wait for him to come back with a clear head."

I agreed since I didn't have any other option anyway. Soon after, Joaquin



and Vincent came in laughing, and when they saw me, they made a big fuss.

"So, beautiful, I heard you're dating some big shot in tech." I laughed at how Vince put it as he sat next to me on the porch.

"We're kind of fighting, Vince." He gave a bitter smile.

"My ex said she broke up with me because we never fought." He had sad eyes.

"What weird people," I mocked, and he laughed.

Vincent and I had always gotten along well. We became friends and even joked that we were siblings who met as adults, born to different parents. We spent some time there sharing our sorrows with each other.

Vince was still hurting from the end of his relationship. He thought he had found his happily ever after, but shortly before the wedding, his fiancée decided she didn't want him anymore.

I, on the other hand, was torn between being right or being happy. While I was stubbornly certain that I was right about Henry, I wasn't happy at all – far from it.

"Think it through, beautiful," Vince said with his arm around my shoulders.

"The worst part is that you're right," I agreed.

"I know. Life teaches us, Sam, that it's better to be happy than to be right," Vince spoke very seriously. "And life, my sister, is fleeting. I see that every day."

"I don't know how you manage to work in the ER." Vince was an



emergency room doctor, and it was surprising that, despite everything he saw, he still had faith.

"That's because I believe I can make a difference in people's lives," he smiled. "How about going to the movies later?" Vince invited me, and I liked the idea – I love movies and haven't gone much lately.

"Sounds great. Let's pick a movie." I grabbed my phone and we started looking.

We chose a comedy and arrived at the mall twenty minutes before the movie started. We were getting popcorn when I heard that familiar voice calling me.

"Aunt Sam! We keep running into each other at the movies," Enzo laughed with his usual cheerful manner.

"Well, you practically live in this mall, Enzo!" I teased him.

"That's true. What are we watching today?"

"A comedy." Vince turned around and I took the opportunity to introduce them. "Oh, Enzo, this is Vincent. Vince, this is Enzo."

"I've heard a lot about you!" Vince greeted him with a smile, and Enzo was polite and fun as always.

"Yeah, I have a reputation," Enzo joked. "Nice to meet you, Vincent."

"Where's Luna, Enzo?" I asked, noticing he was alone.

"She's at home. I came to meet some friends, but I'm heading back to see my kitty now." "Aunt, are you okay? I wanted to call you, but mom told me and Clara to give you and uncle some time. You know he's traveling, right?!"



"Yes, I do. Hasn't he returned yet?" I asked what I was dying to know.

"I think he's coming back this week," Enzo scratched his neck. "Look, aunt, sorry, but I think you two need to talk." I just stared at him. "Well, I should get going. Can I call you this week?"

"Of course, sweetheart, whenever you want." Enzo gave me two quick kisses, said goodbye to Vince, and left.

"I like that kid!" Vince commented. "And I think he's right."

"Yeah, he is. But now let's have some laughs." I pulled Vince toward the movie theater.