

S2 Chapter 87

Samantha's POV

The rest of the week flew by. I was away from the office for two days and work piled up, so I worked on Saturday to make up for it and get everything back on track.

It was strange, but I felt safer at work than in my own home. So going to work on Saturday was actually relaxing rather than stressful.

On Sunday, I woke up late, ordered food, and was crying my eyes out watching yet another romantic movie on TV when my phone rang. It was Vincent.

"Girl, why do you sound like you've been crying?" he asked, concerned.

"I'm watching a movie, Vince. The leading lady is suffering so much." He laughed heartily on the other end.

"Alright, sweetie, drop that, work your makeup magic, and I'll pick you up in half an hour," Vincent sounded relaxed.

"And where are we going, may I ask?" I asked while turning off the TV.

"I will take you somewhere nice to have a drink and gossip about other people's lives." His proposal was ridiculous and specific as always.

"I can barely handle my own life, Vince, how am I supposed to handle others?" I teased.

"Handling other people's lives is easier. If things go wrong, we're not the ones who have to fix it." He laughed and hung up.

An hour later, we were sitting at a table in the city's most happening beer house. The place was beautiful, had great vibes, live music, and a delicious appetizer buffet.

"Wow! You really know how to make me happy!" I joked with him.

"Sweetie, who isn't happy with alcohol and trans fats? They say happiness is found at the bottom of the bottle." Vincent made me burst out laughing.

"You're a doctor, you shouldn't encourage me to drink and eat junk." I teased him.

"Sweetie, where would medicine be without cirrhosis and heart attacks?"

"That's horrible, Vince!" I smacked his shoulder and he laughed.

"Come on, Sam, we can regret it tomorrow, but today we're not holding back."

Vince ordered a beer tower and a trio of shots for each of us, we helped ourselves at the buffet, and when we returned to the table, the drinks arrived, then he proposed a toast.

"And what are we toasting to, Vince?"

"In joy and sorrow, in booze we follow!" Vince raised the first shot, we clinked glasses and downed it. "Your turn."

"Friends who drink together, stay together!" I raised the second shot and we downed it.

"Saint Maria, full of grace, prepare your liver for this drinking race!" Vince raised the third shot and we downed it. And from there on, we were

laughing like two idiots.

When we decided to leave, night had already fallen. Vince paid the bill and we were just leaving when my phone buzzed with a message notification. It was a message from Henry. My heart sank and my smile faded after I read it:

"You forgot about me pretty quickly."

Was he there? I looked around but didn't see him, nor did I see anyone I knew. But I was so hurt. He came back from his trip and didn't reach out to me, but he had that slut Isabella hanging around his neck. In pure anger, I replied without thinking:

"Of course, only professional mourners cry over the dead!"

I threw my phone in my purse and got in the car. Vince had called a taxi and was focused on watching for its arrival, so he didn't notice me using my phone. But he did notice I wasn't smiling anymore.

"What's wrong, beautiful?" he asked.

"That idiot!" I huffed.

"Oh, Sam, your love for that man is infinite, but your patience, not so much..." Vince laughed. "Want to know what I think?"

"No, I don't."

"I think you're both suffering because you're too proud to sit down and talk like the adults you're supposed to be!"

"I said I didn't want to know!"

"Since when do I listen to you?"

"Ridiculous!" I started laughing. "Don't tell anything to my mom or your dad, okay?!"

"Calm down, beautiful, we're BFF's!"

"My God, you're so drunk. Poor patients you'll be seeing tomorrow." I started laughing.

"Tomorrow I won't be drunk, I'll be hungover. They'll all be safe."

Vince dropped me off at my building and went home. When I reached my apartment door, I couldn't believe who was waiting for me there. He immediately walked toward me, took the key from my hand, opened the door, and closed it after we entered.

"Let's see if you really forgot about me." Henry said and pressed his lips against mine, not letting me say anything.

He pushed me towards the bedroom while holding me tight, kissing me fiercely as if he wanted to drown in my kisses. I simply surrendered and let him lead me. I had missed him like crazy, and there he was, as if he wanted to consume me entirely.

Along the way, he left our clothes scattered across the apartment floor. By the time we reached my bedroom, it was just me, him, and my panties. Henry slowly pushed me onto the bed, his eyes gleaming with something I wasn't sure about, but it looked like emotion.

"I wasn't like this before you, I was never like this!" His voice was hoarse and breathless.

He lay on top of me, covering my mouth with his hot kisses. His hands

touched me, leaving a trail of goosebumps wherever they passed, a silent plea for more.

Without taking his mouth off me, he began removing my panties, his mouth following the path his hands had traced on my body moments before. When he reached my breasts, he took one in his mouth and sucked, making me moan with pleasure beneath him, then ran his hot, sinful tongue over the swollen nipple. He savored one before moving to the other breast, repeating the process, causing a delirious anticipation of all the pleasure he promised with those lustful touches.

Having had his fill of my breasts, he continued the descent of his mouth over my body, slowly sliding my panties down my legs. His touches were so light and so slow they were almost agonizing given the need that had built up in my sex to receive him inside me. But my sweet agony was far from over.

Henry traced a path of kisses up my left leg. He finally pulled off my panties completely and tossed them somewhere in the room, where the atmosphere was thick with desire and passion. He carefully unbuckled my sandal and pulled it off, letting it fall heavily to the floor. He returned along the path he had traced with his kisses and went down the right leg, repeating the movements and removing the sandal from my other foot.

He traced his way back up my body with kisses until he reached my mouth, making me shiver with the dance of our tongues while his fingers deliciously tangled in my hair. I moaned against his lips, and he slid his mouth to my ear, gently biting it before whispering, "You have me because I think about you a million times every day."

I was already soaked, hot, and desperate to have him inside me, but he decided it wasn't time yet. He returned to kissing my entire body, igniting every nerve ending, making me moan under his kisses.

He reached my intimacy, and before kissing there, he licked his lips as if crazy to taste the finest delicacy. His mouth descended on me, and I screamed with pleasure.

"AAAHH... HENRY... AAANNN..."

I couldn't even form words anymore; I was all sensations and pleasure. He licked, sucked, and nibbled. Each touch of his tongue sent shivers through me and made me tremble in anticipation of the pleasure I was already feeling and the ecstasy of the orgasm I knew would soon come. He conducted me masterfully, taking me through a valley of desires and deliriums until, with his tongue inside me and his thumb massaging that sensitive spot, I surrendered to a fierce and overwhelming orgasm. Then he drank all my pleasure until not a drop remained.

He climbed back up my body, his mouth glued to it the whole time, as if his intent was to mark me with thousands of kisses, only stopping when he reached my ear to whisper once more, "You have me, Sam, making up excuses to talk to you, begging it's not too late."

Before I could respond, he covered my mouth with another kiss, but this one was different - not desperate, not fierce, but intense and full of affection, with devotion, as if with that kiss he was saying he loved me and missed me. And I reciprocated because the way I miss him steals my soul and because I love him madly.

Just as he kissed me, slow and with devotion, he positioned himself and began to enter me, slow, soft, and gentle, clearly melting into me with ecstatic adoration. His movements were like an enchantment that stole me from myself and made me completely his, without reservations, without whys, without conditions.

I gave myself completely to this perfect love he offered me, we moved

together as if we were one, and together we reached the apex of this act that transfused us into each other. I poured myself into him, and he poured himself into me.

After reaching such a liberating, intense, and powerful orgasm, I felt as if I had touched nirvana. We stayed connected, wordless, embraced and intertwined for a long time, calming our breathing and our hearts. And it was clutching him that I fell asleep feeling safe and at peace.

But the next morning, I woke up cold and alone, feeling an abandonment that gnawed at what remained of my soul. I dragged myself from bed crying, and while washing my body under the hot shower, I thought that night of passionate, ardent love might have been nothing more than a delusion from the drinking. By the time I finished getting ready for work, I was convinced it had all been just a dream.



Comments



Support



Share