

S2 Chapter 89

Samantha's POV

Days have been passing more and more slowly. After I had that dream about Henry in my apartment, I felt like something inside me broke completely. And a few days later, he saw me at the restaurant and looked at me with such disgust that it completely shattered my heart. I was suffering more than I thought anyone could possibly suffer.

Catherine was in her final stage of pregnancy, and everyone was so excited about the quadruplets that I had no right to burden them with my problems. I visited her every week, but kept my visits brief, avoided spending too much time with the girls, and didn't talk about myself. I dodged them as much as I could; I didn't want them to worry. Similarly, I avoided Enzo, who was always calling me.

But I had a very loyal friend. Over the last few months, Vincent had become my confidant; he knew what I was going through since he also had his own pain from abandonment. So we supported each other. He would share his complaints, and I would share mine. But he always repeated that I was being proud and should reach out to Henry. Yet I always said I was sure Henry had already forgotten about me.

In recent months, I still received some letters from Romulus that were arriving at my old address, so I went to a post office and informed them that I had moved but didn't want my new address disclosed. Because of this, the letters hadn't arrived for two months, and I felt a bit better. Besides, Flavian and Bonfim were still investigating.

Another thing that made me feel better was that Reynold had disappeared. He had stopped bothering me for months, and that was truly a relief. Maybe he had finally gotten tired and left.

I could feel the guys' looks on me - Patrick, Rick, and Alexander, and even Fred and Flavian when we met, as if they wanted to tell me something but simply didn't have the courage. I ignored it and pretended not to notice. Perhaps they wanted to tell me that Henry was already with someone else, that was logical to me; Henry would never stay alone.

In the last few days, many things happened and it was truly crazy. Catherine had the babies, and one was almost kidnapped from the hospital. Joseph broke into their house and hurt Alexander, but thankfully that monster was arrested and Alexander was recovering. After everything, it seemed like Catherine and Alexander would finally have peace. But Catherine called me for a talk, just the two of us, and I found that strange.

"Where are the most beautiful babies in the world?" I arrived making a fuss over the quadruplets who were scattered in their strollers around the living room.

"We just took a walk in the garden," Cat said, hugging me. "How are you, my friend?"

"I'm fine, Cat. What about you?"

"I'm worried about you. I know I've been a bit distant with the strict bed rest during pregnancy and everything else that happened, but now that it's all over and everything's back to normal, I won't rest until you tell me everything." Catherine pulled me to the couch.

"There's nothing to tell, Cat." I tried to sound calm.

"Sam, can I tell you something?" Cat spoke gently.

"Cat, if it's about Henry, no. Please, let's just leave the past in the past."

"But, Sam..." I looked at her pleadingly, and she stopped talking.

"Thanks for understanding." My eyes were getting watery. 1

"But you'll be my daughter's godmother, or are you going to snub us like that?" Cat pouted, and I laughed.

"Of course I'll be this little cutie Maite's godmother!" I played with the little girl who was looking at me with beautiful blue eyes and smiling.

"But you know Henry is the godfather." Cat finally revealed what was worrying her.

"It's not a problem, Cat. I can handle it. I'll be at the baptism and there for everything Maite needs from her godmother, I won't let you down." I assured her.

"But you'll suffer." Cat sighed.

"It'll pass." I held her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

I made up some excuses and left Cat's house before the usual time when others would arrive. Every day after work, we'd meet there to see the babies. But I was trying to avoid that, so I would stop by a bit earlier or during lunch, or when there was no other way, I'd leave quickly.

However, as I was leaving, Henry was arriving. Our eyes met and locked, but no words were exchanged. He looked somewhat disheveled, without his jacket and tie, his shirt wrinkled, hair messy, and unshaven - he had a careless appearance that I found strange, as he wasn't usually like that, but maybe he'd come from a date with some new conquest. My heart tightened in my chest. I turned away and passed by him without saying a word.

I got home and looked at that empty apartment, which was as messy as Henry. I smiled sadly; that apartment reflected my state of mind. I called Vincent and invited him over for pizza; I needed to vent.

"For heaven's sake, Samantha!" Vince looked around shocked. "What's with all this mess?"

"Oh, Vince, this is how I feel inside." I complained, feeling sorry for myself.

"Oh, stop it, Sam! This has gone too far. Look at the mess in this place!" Vince went to the kitchen and came back with a bucket, broom, mop, cleaning supplies, and garbage bags. "Come on, get your butt off that couch, and let's clean your house."

"I don't want to!" I complained. "I called you over for pizza."

"And we'll have pizza. After we clean everything up, come on." I didn't move. Vince sighed and sat beside me. "Sweetie, let's clean up. You'll see that while you're tidying your house, you'll also be able to sort out your feelings and think more clearly."

"You promise?" I looked at him, defeated.

"I promise!" He smiled. "I've been through this phase."

We started organizing everything. Putting each thing in its place, and after four hours of cleaning, everything was neat and tidy, and I was really feeling better.

"Now we just need to put the clothes in the washing machine, come on." Vince pulled me along. "While you do that, I'll order the pizza."

"Vince, you're always right," I said. "I'm already feeling better."

"I know. I'm the best!" He said, full of himself, and we burst out laughing.

I was sorting the clothes and putting them in the machine when a paper fell from a scarf. Vince bent down and picked it up for me.

"What's this?" I smiled as I took the paper, but when I read it, my legs started shaking and tears fell from my eyes.

It was a note from Henry, dated from the night I thought I had dreamed about him. He really had been with me that night. I was trembling and couldn't speak, could barely read. Vince took the paper from my hands, pulled me to one of the kitchen stools, sat me down, and gave me a glass of water.

"Let's see, beautiful," Vince said and started reading the note.

"Sam, I'm filled with longing and I'm committed to our love. This love that burns me, that blazes, that suffocates me, but makes me live, because I live for you, my nightingale. Please don't be afraid to jump into this abyss of feelings with me. I had an emergency and have to go, but believe me, I would love to spend the night with you and feel you wake up in my arms. Forget everything and come back to me. I'll wait for your call. I'll always be yours, Henry."

"Wow, this guy knows how to use his words," Vince said after reading.

"Vince, where was this?" I asked desperately.

"Sam, I'm sure it was tangled up in some piece of clothing, and most of the clothes I gathered were in your room. What was it caught on when it fell?" Vince said seriously.

"In a colorful scarf."

"The one with the navy blue background?"

"That's the one."

"It was next to your bedside table, right in the corner. The wind might have knocked the note down, and since you let this apartment get pretty messy..." Vince smiled at me. "Come on, call this man, because even I like him after reading this note."

"Vince, that was months ago! It was that night we went to the beer garden," I explained.

"The night you dreamed about him?" I had told Vince about that night after he kept pestering me to know why I was crying so much.

"That's the one."

"So it wasn't a dream?" Vince looked at me in disbelief. "Introduce me to this guy, I need to learn how to leave a woman the way he left you."

"Crying?" I mocked him.

"Completely in love, you silly," Vince laughed. "Come on, call him."

"I can't, Vince, he's already forgotten about me."

"I seriously doubt that, Samantha! You're not a woman easily forgotten." Vince put his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you really think I still have a chance?" I asked, looking down.

"My dear, a man who writes a note like that will never forget you! Call him, you're the master of your destiny, make your own chance!" Vince held out the cell phone to me.

Commented [Ma1]: