

S2 Chapter 94

Samantha's POV

After opening the door, I saw the entire space was illuminated by small lamps scattered throughout. On the ceiling, there was a sea of pearlescent transparent balloons filled with helium gas. From each one hung a white ribbon with either miniature photos of Henry and me, notes with apologies or romantic declarations, or red hearts made of cardstock. I walked around, reading each message and looking at each photo from the many happy moments we shared together.

I reached the living room with tears already streaming down my face, and looking ahead, I saw Henry standing there, in that room where we had watched the sunrise and where our fluffy rugs and colorful pillows still remained. He was simply standing there, hands in his pockets, with an anxious look. The ceiling was also covered with balloons carrying photos, messages, and hearts. The same small lamps created a cozy atmosphere.

On the side table near the pillows, there was wine, cheese, fruit, and chocolates. Around the room, I noticed the windows had a kind of curtain made of white ribbons and white, pink, and red hearts. There were so many hearts.

"Not a single rose?" I asked, smiling through my tears.

"Not today!" He smiled and walked toward me, touched my face, and I saw his eyes were also welling up. "You can't imagine how much I've missed you!"



"I've missed you so much too!" I placed my hand on his face.

"Sam, forgive me for all my mistakes? I can't live without you!" He held my hands against his chest.

"Forgive me for being too proud and not realizing I made you suffer?" I said, looking into his eyes.

"I have nothing to forgive you for! Come back to me, Sam. I'll spend the rest of my life adoring you, I won't lie or run away ever again, I'll clear all your doubts, just come back to me." He pleaded, the anxiety for an answer evident in his voice and gaze.

"I'm here, Henry, and I'm never leaving again! I can't spend another day without you!" I answered and saw his smile appear on his handsome face.

He held my face with both hands and brushed his thumbs across my cheeks. He slowly moved closer and took my mouth in a slow, passionate kiss. Gradually and with subtle movements, while kissing me, his hands slid to my neck, pleasantly tangling in my hair. My hands moved up his strong arms.

Our kiss deepened gradually, his invasion of my mouth becoming more demanding, more undeniable. His hands moved down from my hair, roaming across my back, holding me in his embrace and pulling me closer. Our bodies touched, and my hands moved up his shoulders, settling on his neck and intertwining with his short hair.

I shivered as I felt his warmth against me, my breathing was heavy from the urgency of our kiss, and my heart raced with emotion knowing this beautiful man was coming back to me. I felt at home in



his embrace and didn't want to let go; I really wanted to live there, between his strong arms.

After our lips parted, we remained in a silent embrace for long minutes. I felt all the nervousness and anxiety from the past twenty-four hours of searching for him drain away. All the discomfort and sadness that had occupied my life in recent months left me with each exhale.

Gradually, we loosened our embrace, and I felt a wave of love and security wash over me. Henry kissed my forehead and held my hands.

"Why did you take so long, nightingale?" Henry sighed, looking into my eyes and smiling.

"Because I was looking for you!" I smiled at him.

"All these months?" He teased, and I laughed.

"All these months I was being silly and insecure." Hearing this, he hugged me again, resting my head against his chest.

"Oh, my goddess, you have no reason to feel that way." He assured me and kissed the top of my head. "I hope you're hungry, I prepared dinner.*"

"I'm starving." His eyes sparkled with contentment.

Dinner was served in the kitchen since there wasn't any furniture in the dining room yet. The kitchen was decorated with thousands of hearts scattered everywhere. Henry pulled out the chair, and I sat down. During our candlelit dinner with wine, we talked, letting out everything that had troubled us over the past months, which now



seemed so foolish.

"I went crazy when Enzo told me he saw you with Vincent." Henry smiled. "I dropped everything and rushed back, dying of jealousy. I couldn't lose you."

"But Vince is like a brother to me." I tried to explain.

"I know that now. He attended to me today."

"Why did you end up in the hospital, Henry?"

"Because I drank too much trying to forget you. But it didn't work." He sighed, as if it still hurt. "When I saw you yesterday leaving Cat's house and you didn't even speak to me, I thought you had forgotten me for good, my whole world shattered. I got wasted and ended up in the hospital."

"I was hurt because you came back from your trip and the first thing you did was look for that slut!" I replied with a bitter taste in my mouth.

"What are you talking about? I never looked for Isabella."

"Henry, she made sure to send me a photo of her hanging on your neck. And I know it was when you came back because Fred was beside you with his arm in a cast." It sounded more like a complaint than I would have liked. And I heard his heavy sigh.

"I should have suspected. Nightingale, I went to dinner with the guys, I needed to know about you, but none of those idiots knew anything. Then that slut, as you say, appeared out of nowhere with Vanessa and threw herself at my neck, catching me off guard, but I pushed her



away immediately. You can ask the guys or ask my mom to introduce you to her friend who was at the restaurant." He huffed.

"No need. I believe you! I was an idiot and twice believed the photos that slut sent. Just like you. We have to promise never to believe anything that will separate us without talking to each other first." I pleaded anxiously, worried this could happen again.

"I promise. You're right, we need to communicate better." He kissed my hand.

After dinner, between kisses and caresses, Henry led me to the living room, put on some soft music, and we started dancing. It was a romantic ballad, and we danced in silence, enjoying each other's presence. Henry held me close to his chest and sighed.

"I want to take you to bed, it's been so long!" His voice was barely a whisper, but filled with desire and eagerness. "I want to love you, Sam, to connect again in every way."

I gave his lips a soft kiss before answering, ran my hand across his face, and looked into his eyes.

"That's all I want right now, to feel your body on mine, hear your moans and see your beautiful green eyes clouded with pleasure when you're inside me." I replied, and it was like lighting a fire.

Henry took me in his arms and marched toward the bedroom. All along the way, there were balloons with messages and photos, and many hearts scattered on the floor.