

S2 Chapter 96

Henry's POV

I woke up alone among the cushions, and I almost thought it had all been a dream, a delusion. I went upstairs and arriving at the bedroom, I saw Samantha's clothes on the bed. I entered the bathroom, and she was under the shower, beautiful, with that enchanting skin of hers all wet. I couldn't resist and joined her, hugging her from behind.

"Hmm, you're awake! And quite excited, I see." Samantha smiled, feeling my arousal pressed against her perfect bottom.

"I'm always excited around you, my goddess!" I replied, giving her earlobe a little nibble. "You left me alone down there, I almost thought it had all been a dream and that you weren't here."

Samantha turned to face me with a beautiful smile and pulled me in for a kiss.

"You know, that night you came to my apartment, when I woke up, I thought it had been a dream, that the alcohol made me imagine you were there with me. I was devastated." Samantha said, resting her head on my chest.

"But I left a note?!" I explained, somewhat confused.

"Which I only found two nights ago." She left me even more confused.

"I don't understand."

"Let's finish this shower, and I'll explain during breakfast, I'm starving." She looked at me with desire shining in her dark eyes.

I couldn't resist taking her in my arms right there in the shower stall, under the warm water falling over us, kissing her silky, gleaming skin made even more radiant by the water droplets. I always wanted to be



inside her, constantly wanting to be pressed against her body, loving and worshipping every inch of this woman who changed my life.

We sat down for breakfast and couldn't stop touching each other. It felt so good to have her there with me, to feel the warmth of her body, the taste of her kisses, her soft and gentle touch on my skin.

"You're so beautiful, so incredible! I can't believe how lucky I am that you love me." I was emotional having her back, and I would never lose her again.

"I'm lucky you love me too! It was unlikely, since you used to live freely, taking all those women to your bed." She said in a playful tone, but I tensed up, the topic of "other women" was dangerous territory.

"I want to know about what you said in the shower, about thinking you'd dreamed that I was at your apartment." I changed the subject's focus, not wanting her to get upset thinking about my libertine past.

"I didn't see your note. The window must have been open, and maybe the wind blew it to the floor, and somehow it got tangled in a scarf." I still didn't understand and looked at her confused.

"Explain it better to me," I asked gently.

"After that day, I kept getting worse and worse. I was sad, kind of depressed, and it showed in my apartment. I let it get a bit messy." She gave an awkward smile. "Actually, very messy. So I didn't pick up the scarf from the floor and never saw your note all this time."

"And how did you find it?" I held her hand, intertwining our fingers.

"After seeing you at Cat's house, I felt terrible. Vince came to my place and was shocked by the mess. He gave me a lecture, and ended up helping me clean up. When I was putting clothes in the washing machine, the note fell out."

"I want to hear about Vince later, but first, what did you do after finding the note?"

"Didn't Melissa tell you?"

"She didn't tell me anything. What could she have told me?"

"I was desperate, thinking that since I hadn't reached out to you, you must have given up on me. Vince convinced me to look for you. I called you, but your phone was off. I even thought you might be with someone else. I got ready, and he brought me here, but you weren't around. Then he took me to your apartment, but you weren't there either. So I called Melissa, who sent me home and said she'd let me know when you showed up. But she never did, and I want to kill her!"

I started laughing, but there was something I was curious about and needed to ask.

"What would you have done if I was with someone else? Would you have given up on me?"

"No, I would have followed Vince's advice."

"And what was Vince's advice?"

"Kick her butt out and tell her you're mine and nobody else's!"

My smile grew enormous!

"You know what? I love Vince!" Samantha smiled. "What do you think about spending the weekend at the beach? Because soon our friends will start calling, that's if they don't invade the house, as I bet Mel has already spread the news."

"Actually, since you weren't showing up and Mel wasn't answering my calls, I called everyone looking for you." Samantha gave me a sideways glance. "When Mel finally showed up, I was at Patrick's house with Enzo,



and by the time I left, all our friends were already there."

"Wait, how did Enzo get involved in this story?"

Samantha explained to me the whole saga of her search for me, and I found it beautiful and amusing, and I was falling more in love with this woman, if that was even possible.

Then I told her everything that had happened to me since I saw her leaving Catherine and Alexander's house two days ago. She looked at me tenderly, and when I told her about the spa, she laughed and made me promise to take her for a weekend.

"So, my nightingale," I whispered between her lips, "shall we escape from here before our friends and my family show up?"

"Yes! But I need to stop by my apartment to change clothes and grab some things."

"Mhmm..." I murmured between the kisses I was placing on her neck.

"If you keep doing that, we won't go anywhere." I smiled and hugged her. "But first, I want to collect my photos and notes, I haven't seen them all yet." Samantha looked up at the balloons on the ceiling.

"Don't worry, someone will come to do that. I'll give instructions to leave everything in the room for you." I pulled her toward the stairs.

I packed a bag with some belongings and personal items, changed my clothes, and was ready to go. Samantha was clutching the chocolate basket, having already gathered all the chocolates from the room.

"I'm taking them with me," she said with sparkling eyes.

"All of them? That's a lot of chocolate!" I was amused seeing her like a child clinging to chocolates.

"Why, won't they fit in your little boat?" She made an adorable pout.



"Oh, my little boat can fit anything you want," I replied playfully.

"Good, because if I have to choose, I'm picking the chocolates." I started laughing, but seeing her serious expression, I wondered if she meant it, and I'd rather not lose her to one or many chocolates.

We loaded everything into the car. We had packed some kitchen items and wine bottles. I called the marina and asked them to prepare the yacht.

We were leaving when something at the neighboring house caught my attention and made me stop the car. My mother was leaving Dr. Molina's house, with her driver waiting outside. But the doctor pulled my mother into an embrace and ran his fingers through her hair. I found that too intimate.

"That's my mother!" I said with surprise and slight irritation.

"Oh, you're right!" Sam looked at the scene curiously. "Heidi and the doctor, she's chosen well this time!"

"What did you say, Samantha?" I asked, both irritated and confused.

"Oh, Henry, don't be childish! Look at that, it's obvious they're together. Samantha had an amused smile on her face.

"She's my mother, Samantha!" I warned.

"Of course, but she's also a woman, and a beautiful one at that. Or do you think mothers are virgin, pure, and immaculate?" Samantha's look was challenging, but when she turned back to the side, her smile widened and she pointed. "Look there, didn't I tell you!"

Dr. Molina was giving my mother a less-than-chaste kiss. I was going to kill that presumptuous doctor!

"I'm going over there," I said, hand already on the car door, but Samantha gripped my arm.

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"You're not going anywhere!" She scolded me. "If you get out of this car, I'm going home, and you won't see me for months."

"You wouldn't do that," I challenged.

"Oh, yes, I would! I have a good stock of chocolate, and I won't let you play the jealous son who ruins his mother's life. You're too old for that." Samantha was serious.

"Fine. I won't go over there," I huffed.

"Come on, let's head to the sea. If you behave yourself, I might strip for you in your little boat." She had a mischievous glint in her eyes that made me put aside the issue with my mother, at least for now.

Commented [Ma1]: