



S2 Chapter 97

Henry's POV

During our trip to the marina, we texted our friends saying we were out at sea and would be back on Monday. Of course, none of them was happy about having to wait for updates, especially Mel, but I wanted to spend more time making up for lost time with my goddess.

I put aside thoughts about my mother, deciding to deal with that later, but I definitely wanted to know what was going on between her and the doctor. I was so happy with the woman of my life.

"Henry, I sent a message to Enzo. He was curious to know if everything worked out." Samantha pulled me from my thoughts.

"This kid loves gossip. He's probably already telling everyone." I smiled thinking about my nephew who talks too much but is a great kid.

Samantha and I went to our hideaway, that rocky spot near a deserted island in the middle of the sea. We spent all Saturday together, loving each other, enjoying the sea and sun, talking about what we'd done during all those months apart.

But neither of us wanted to spoil the mood, so I didn't mention my father and that he was being investigated for rape and other things. I would talk to her about that later.

Sunday morning, I woke up and found Sam in the kitchen. She was wearing a tiny white bikini and a short, see-through lime green beach cover-up.

"Woman, why don't you just get naked already!" I joked, hugging her from behind. "These beach outfits of yours are indecent."



"Good! That's exactly what I wanted," she turned around and kissed me.

"To be indecent?" She smiled and nodded.

"That's how I keep you excited." She pressed herself against me and gave me another kiss. "Now tell me something, what was a phone doing inside the oven?"

Samantha stretched out her hand, grabbed a cell phone, and waved it in front of me. It was the phone I'd lost, which made me laugh.

"Inside the oven?" I asked amused.

"Uh-huh..."

"That's my old phone. I bought a new one because I'd lost it and couldn't remember where."

"How do you put a phone in the oven and forget about it?" she asked intrigued.

"I was really drunk. It was that day you gave me those sexual enhancement pills." I saw her mouth drop open and her face turn red with embarrassment.

"How do you know I gave you that?"

"I knew something was wrong with me that day, I didn't feel right. I suspected it because that erection wouldn't go away even after I got really pissed at you."

I explained to Samantha everything that happened that day, about the hospital, and how I later went to the yacht and spent the day at sea getting drunk, which is why I couldn't remember where I had left my



phone. Then I told her about the security guard informing me that she had left and that I decided to travel. She seemed shocked and ashamed.

"I don't know how to apologize for this," she finally said. "I was angry and acted without thinking. It wasn't until I told my mom and she warned me about the risks of those medications that I realized I had lost control and could have actually killed you." She couldn't even bring herself to look me in the eyes.

"Sam, that's in the past, and we're going to leave it there." I held her chin and gently lifted her face. "Look at me."

"Forgive me," she whispered, tears already falling from her eyes.

"Oh, stop it! Just imagine how much Enzo will laugh telling this story to our kids someday!" I flashed a big smile, and she couldn't help but laugh.

"I can't believe you told Enzo about this."

"I haven't yet, but I will. I just don't know if I should tell him first or Patrick." She covered her face with both hands. "They're going to love telling everyone about this." By the end, we were both cracking up about the situation.

After laughing a lot, I grabbed the tray and pulled her to have breakfast outside.

"So you didn't see my messages? Or did you choose not to respond?" Samantha asked, looking at the ocean.

"What messages?"

"I sent you messages that day, apologizing."



"I didn't see them. I swear to you. If I had seen them, I would have responded. But I'll plug in the phone to charge, and we'll look at them together."

I pulled her into a kiss, and she came beautifully, sitting on my lap facing me. I untied her beach cover-up and tossed it aside.

"Sam, that's barely a bikini," I said, filled with desire.

"It covers all the essentials." She smiled while I stared enchanted at her stunning body, fascinated by the contrast between her dark skin and the white bikini.

"Damn! It looks amazing on you, but it barely covers anything." She let out a hearty laugh.

"I bought it to wear just for you! But since it looks so good, maybe I'll wear it to the beach." She said, admiring herself, and I gave her sexy bottom a playful smack.

"Don't you dare show what's mine to other men!" I scolded her seriously.

"If you're going to spank me like that, I might wear something even smaller to the beach." She gave me a naughty, lustful smile. This woman drove me crazy.

"So my goddess likes getting spanked on that wonderful ass?" I lifted her off my lap and stood up from the sofa. "Get on all fours, baby. Today you're paying for giving me that little pill." She gave a little smirk and got into position as I commanded.

Samantha was perfect, beautiful, sensual, romantic, confident, enjoyed sex more than other women I'd known, loved being naughty and trying new things. She enchanted me!



Looking at her on all fours, wearing only that tiny white bikini on her toned body, she was incredibly beautiful and I was ready to dive into her, but she wanted something different and I was going to love doing it.

I began touching her with my fingertips from her shoulders down her body, with a light and gentle touch. I caressed her beautiful upturned bottom and moved down her thighs. When I brought my hands back up, I stopped at her sweet spot and slipped my fingers under her bikini. She was wet and let out a soft moan. I removed my hand and stroked her right cheek, while she had her head turned over her shoulder, watching me.

"You think I need sexual stimulants, Samantha?" I asked in an authoritative tone and gave her right cheek a firm spank. "Answer me." I gave her another spank, harder than the first, and she moaned.

"Maybe." The minx was teasing me, enjoying the game. I gave her another harder spank on her left cheek and she moaned.

"My cock isn't enough for your greedy little pussy?" I gave her another, harder spank and she moaned louder.

"Your cock is delicious and my pussy always wants more," she replied coyly.

I spanked her harder and slipped my fingers under the small fabric, reaching her clit and started stimulating her. She was much wetter and moaned even more. I spanked her again and she moaned louder. I removed my fingers and spanked her pussy, making her scream as I felt more fluid dripping from her.

The tiny bikini bottom was soaked, and Samantha was writhing at my touch on her pussy and moaning.



"That's it, baby, moan like a little slut for your man," I spanked her again and removed my swim trunks.

My cock was rock hard, my pre-cum glistening at the tip. I rubbed and spread that moisture on it, moved aside that ridiculously small bikini bottom, and thrust into her pussy in one go. Samantha gasped and screamed.

"More, Henry, I want more," she begged.

"Want more, baby? Then take it." I spanked her ass again and started thrusting hard inside her, hard and fast.

Samantha moaned deliciously, and each of her moans drove me wilder with lust. I knew every dirty thing I said made her more aroused, so I didn't hold back my vulgar vocabulary.

"Say it, baby, say you're my little slut," I whispered in her ear.

"I'm your little slut... aaah... you're my sexy man... huuuummm... I love when you fuck me hard and fast. Aaaaahhh..."

She responded to my stimulation deliciously. This woman drove me ecstatic. I was fucking her just as she asked, fast and hard, spanking her sexy ass.

I leaned over her and started kissing, nibbling, and sucking her neck. I lowered my hand and slipped it into her bikini bottom, finding her hard clit and stimulating it even more with circular motions.

"Mmm, Sam, your pussy is so greedy. If you keep squeezing me like that, I won't last," I whispered in her ear, and she moaned.

"Henry..." Samantha panted and moaned. "I'm going to cum, I'm going



to... AAAAHHH!"

With a delicious scream of pleasure, Samantha came. I felt her pussy squeeze my cock even tighter and pulse around it, her cum flowing hot and sweet around my cock, and I couldn't hold back. I released inside her with one final brutal thrust that invaded her completely.

"Fucking amazing!" I held her in the same position for a moment.

When I pulled out, she moaned again. I laid her on her back on the couch and got on top of her, pulled aside the cup of her bikini top, and started sucking her breasts like a starved man. I sucked one while squeezing the other, licking, nibbling, kissing. I moved from one to the other, always grabbing with my hand the one my mouth had abandoned.

"I thought you were going to take off my bikini," Samantha said between moans.

"No, my goddess, it looks too beautiful on you, I want to fuck you all day with it on," I replied with a naughty laugh.

And that's what I did for the rest of the day. I took that woman in every way I could, we made love, we fucked, I was gentle and loving, naughty and dirty, I fucked her fast and hard, slow and gentle. I just wanted to make up for all the time I missed her before facing the reality that awaited us.

