

## S2 Chapter 98

### Samantha's POV

We returned from the beach on Sunday night and went to Henry's house. I was tired, and we couldn't keep our hands off each other. We took a shower and lay down cuddling, just caressing each other.

"Nightingale, I want you to accept security protection again." Henry called me Nightingale in moments of tenderness and intimacy, and "my goddess" during more playful and heated moments - I loved it.

"My handsome, I don't need security. Romulus is in jail and doesn't know where I live or work. In fact, it's been quite a while since I received any letters." Henry let out a long sigh.

"Nightingale, your crazy ex isn't our only problem." Henry rubbed his nose against my ear.

"My handsome, Joseph is already in prison," I reminded him, closing my eyes to better feel his caress.

"Nightingale, I'm talking about Reynold." When he said that, I tensed up.

"Why do I need security because of Reynold?"

"It's a long and horrible story. I'd rather tell you tomorrow, outside of our bed, but please accept the security." This seemed important to him.

"Our bed?" I smiled.

"Is that all you caught, Nightingale?" He laughed against my neck. "Yes, our bed. Which reminds me to ask when you're going to finish decorating our house and move in here?"



"Our house?" I turned to face him, smiling.

"Yes, you know that. You know I want to build our home and our family here," Henry looked into my eyes. "unless you want to choose another place."

"No, I love this house! I'll resume decorating tomorrow," I said excitedly.

"And when are you moving in?" Henry buried his nose and lips between my breasts.

"Can we take it slow?" I asked. "First, I'll decorate. Then we'll see. We just got back." He didn't flinch, continuing to kiss my neck.

"You're postponing the inevitable." He planted many kisses on my neck, chest, and along my jawline. "You came back to me, and that's final. I won't lose you again."

"Give me some time?" I insisted.

"Hmm. I want you with me every day," he grumbled.

"If I accept the security, will you give me some time?" I tried to negotiate.

"You will accept the security!" He sighed. "That's non-negotiable."

"Why this insistence, Henry? Your father doesn't even remember I exist anymore," I complained and moved away from him, propping myself up on my elbows.

"We'll talk tomorrow. Come here, I just want to enjoy our perfect weekend a little longer. And I don't want to bring problems into our bed." Henry pulled me back into his arms, and I fell asleep as he caressed me.



When I woke up in the morning, Henry was no longer in the room. I took a shower, got ready, grabbed my box with the organized photos and notes that had been left in the room, and went downstairs to find him in the kitchen.

"Good morning, my nightingale." Henry stood up and gave me a delicious coffee-flavored kiss. "Let me introduce you to Maria. She used to take care of the apartment and cook for me. Now she's here to help you with the house, she knows all the staff and when you can, she'll introduce you to everyone."

"Miss, it's a pleasure to meet you," Maria gave me a gentle smile.

"The pleasure is mine, Maria. And please call me Sam, no need for formalities." I greeted her and sat down. Maria left the kitchen, leaving us alone.

"Sam, we need a table in that dining room," Henry commented.

"Yes, but I like eating in the kitchen."

"We can keep doing that, but we have lots of friends and family, we can't fit everyone in the kitchen."

"I see where you're going with this."

"Yes, I want to have gatherings frequently, like Patrick and Alexander do."

"His smile was as bright as a child's."

"I like that!" He smiled even more at my agreement.

"Now I need to talk to you about something not so pleasant." His expression turned serious.



"About your father?" I anticipated.

"Yes. He disappeared because we were separated, but now I'm afraid he might start coming after you again." Henry seemed genuinely worried.

"Henry, as inconvenient as it may be, all he does is send flowers and keep calling me, and it's uncomfortable when we run into each other, but I can handle it." I argued, thinking he was being too concerned.

"Sam, I'm afraid he might do more than that." Henry sighed and looked me in the eyes; there was real fear there. "My father is a damn rapist."

Henry's revelation left me with wide eyes and an open mouth. My heart was pounding in my chest. Henry began telling me about the things his father had done, about the police investigation, the complaints the police were looking into, and his arrest that didn't even last twenty-four hours. I was horrified by what I was hearing.

"My God, he's a monster," I whispered.

"Yes, he is a monster," Henry agreed. "That's why I want to keep you safe. Please!"

"Alright. We'll do it your way." When I accepted, I noticed the fear in his eyes being replaced by relief. "How do you want to handle things?"

"Security at all times and everywhere. I'll take you to work and pick you up, and when I can't pick you up, Hebe's driver will. And you're coming to live with me. That last part is for your safety, but also because I want you with me," he listed, and it wouldn't be that difficult.

"But Henry, we agreed to take things slow," I protested.

"If after Reynold is arrested and we're sure your ex isn't a threat



anymore, you want to go back to your apartment, I'll accept it." That was almost too easy.

"Just like that?" I found it strange.

"Just like that. If you want to go back, I'll accept it. I'll pack my bags and move there with you." He flashed a big smile, and I couldn't contain my laughter - he's impossible! "You're not getting rid of me, Samantha!" He winked at me.

I threw my arms around his neck and gave him a quick kiss.

"I don't want to get rid of you," I assured him. "If that's how it's going to be, after work we can go to the apartment to get some things. And we can have lunch together and buy the dining room table, what do you think?"

"You're perfect!" He grabbed me by the waist and gave me a long, sinful kiss.



Comments



Support



Share