

Chapter 214

Henry's POV

I didn't know what else to do to convince Samantha to forgive me. It had been so long... What was I thinking when I fell into that pest Isabella's trap? But I had to find a way; I couldn't forget Samantha.

I ran into her yesterday at Miller's house. She was even more beautiful! But she didn't give me a chance to talk to her. As soon as I arrived, she left. That was how it had been lately; whenever we meet, she left without even listening to me.

"Henry, wake up! I'm talking to you!" Melissa snapped her fingers in front of my face.

"Oh, sorry, Melissa, I was distracted," I said, adjusting my posture in the chair.

We were in my office, and Melissa was briefing me about an important meeting that I'd asked her to attend on my behalf the day before. For days, I'd been too scattered and couldn't focus on work.

"Look, Henry, if you can't handle the game, don't play it. Either you take back control of the company, or I quit," Melissa said, leaning back in the chair across from me.


"Or I could pass you the baton..." I considered.

"What are you saying?" Melissa looked at me, shocked.

"Exactly that. I could give you the presidency, at least temporarily, until I sort things out," I explained the idea that had been nagging at my mind.

"What kind of idiot are you?" Melissa crossed her hands in her lap and asked me. "Honestly, Henry, get your head straight and take control of your life. You need a day, fine, but nothing more than that!"

"Mel, I still haven't worked things out with Sam, and it's driving me crazy," I explained to her.

"Look, Henry, weak men abandon everything. And women don't like weak men," Melissa began. "If you want to win Sam back, prove to her that you're responsible and reliable. If your life stays the mess it is now, she'll never forgive you. Look at yourself - unshaven, hair untrimmed, wrinkled shirt, crooked tie. Sometimes I wonder if you're even showering... Stop this! You've become a pit of self-pity, and it's ridiculous. She'll never forgive you if you keep this up." 

"What should I do, Mel? I don't have the energy for anything," I said, resting my forehead on the desk.

"Oh, you mess! Let's start by having a decent breakfast, because I think lately all you do is drink," Melissa said, pulling me by the arm. "Come on, let's go."

I sat with Melissa at one of the tables in the bakery near the office. She ordered paninis, pastries, and croissants, plus two cappuccinos and two orange juices. Melissa made me eat, and we started talking.

"So, mess, what do you do when you're not at the office?" Melissa asked while biting into a cheese croissant.

"Lately?" I asked, and she nodded. "I drink. If I'm not at home, I'm at Patrick's place. But before I start drinking, I stop by Miller's house to see the kids."

"Oh, they're so adorable, aren't they?!" Melissa's eyes sparkled as she talked about her friend's children. "And Peter, that little one gets smarter every day!"

"Peter is the spitting image of his father!" I smiled. "Alexander was always the smartest in class, always sharp and full of charm. It wasn't until his parents died that he became withdrawn, stressed, and isolated. Until Cat came along..."

"Oh, they're such an amazing couple!" Melissa was happy for her friend.

"You and Fred are too!" I commented. "That's what I want in my life, Mel, that kind of relationship, that lifelong love."

"But Henry, a relationship is something you build. It's not just love. You need respect, admiration, care, trust, and companionship. A relationship is made up of many things that we put into it," Melissa argued. "A relationship has good days and bad days. We all have problems, we need to be able to solve them. And just as importantly, we need to be with someone whose flaws we can tolerate and whose qualities make those flaws worth it."

"I understand," I agreed, taking a sip of my cappuccino. "Mel, how do I win Sam back?"

"For starters, don't give up, not yet. And go back to being the Henry she met, confident, who takes care of himself and everything around him." Melissa placed her hand on mine. "You see, Henry, you need to take care of yourself first, before thinking about bringing someone into your life?"

"I understand!" I replied, lowering my head.

"Great, because we're both taking the day off and I'm taking you to get a


makeover and go shopping. Tomorrow you'll sit in your chair and run your empire. And after that, I'll help you with Sam." Melissa spoke as if she were briefing me on a battle strategy.

"You'll really help me?" I asked. "Or will you do to me what you did with Miller?"

"What do you mean?" Melissa asked, somewhat confused.

"When Alexander asked for your help to win Catherine back, you said you'd help, but you were just acting as an informant for your friend," I explained.

"Oh, right!" Melissa smiled, her face showing she remembered the situation. "But I'll help you for real. I believe in your remorse. Besides, if you mess with Sam again, I'll rip your balls off with my bare nails."

"Melissa, don't say that! Just hearing it makes me hurt." 

"Then don't mess up again, you man-whore!" Melissa gave a wicked little laugh.

We finished our coffee and went to put Melissa's plan into action. I just hoped it would actually work.



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