



Chapter 74

Alexander's POV

Patrick and I ran into Fred as we entered the Lynx World building. We had all had lunch together today, along with Henry and Rick. The girls had been shocked by the flower arrangements we'd sent.

At first, I thought it was too over-the-top and didn't want to send them, but Patrick and Henry convinced me with the idea that it was so excessive that the girls would call us to complain, giving us an opportunity to pick them up from work and spend time with them. Rick and Fred liked the idea too, so we went ahead with this extravagant gesture.

When Patrick and I reached the girls' floor and approached their desks, I realized just how massive the arrangements really were. They had stacked several books in the corner of their desks to create a sort of pedestal for the arrangements, just so they could see their computer screens.

Looking at that scene, it was as if they were working under trees. It was truly enormous. I glanced at Patrick, and we had to stifle our laughter.

"How are the most beautiful girls in the world?" Patrick asked in his flirtatious way, catching the girls' attention.

Before looking at us, they exchanged glances and then shot daggers at us with their eyes.

"Do you know how many flowers are in here? Because we do. Our colleagues started a betting pool to guess how many flowers were in our 'gardens.' Even our boss joined in." Catherine was furious.

"Do you know what they're calling us here? The spring girls. And that



was the nicest thing we heard today!" Virginia was just as irritated as Catherine. I guess we might have gone a bit overboard. But they looked so cute stomping their feet at us.

"Red, don't be mad! It was just a small romantic gesture. Maybe we got a little carried away." Patrick said, taking Virginia's hand and kissing it.

"Romantic, Patrick? This wasn't romantic, it was megalomaniacal!" Catherine huffed.

"My angel, please don't be even more angry with me." I pulled her by the waist and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

"And what's with this intimacy, Alexander?" She said, trying to pull away from me. "I'm not your angel, and I didn't give you permission to kiss me..."

I silenced her with a movie-worthy kiss, taking her in my arms in a cinematic scene as I leaned over her. I heard the applause and whistles from her colleagues, and when I set her back on her feet, she was breathless.

Looking to the side, I saw Patrick had copied my gesture, and Virginia was just as breathless as Catherine. I glanced at my friend, who was grinning like an idiot and saying:

"Finally kissed my redhead!"

"Come on, girls, we'll take you home and be your slaves," I said, going to Catherine's desk and picking up that monstrous vase. We might have gone overboard, but it was worth it.

We ran into Melissa and Fred in the elevator. She said she was going to her boyfriend's apartment since I would be taking Catherine home. When



we arrived at her building, Mr. John, the doorman who always gave me a helping hand, was at his post.

"I see you're really persistent, young man!" Mr. John commented with a smile.

"And I'm sure I'll earn her forgiveness, Mr. John," I said, smiling.

"So you're part of this too, Mr. John?" Catherine asked the gentleman, hands on her hips.

"My dear, I'm an old romantic! And I can see this young man loves you. You make such a beautiful couple. Let him grovel at your feet, be tough on him, but forgive him in the end, dear. Nothing in life is more beautiful than experiencing great love." Mr. John was truly an excellent ally.

"I'll think about it, Mr. John. Good night," Catherine said and headed toward the elevators.

I thanked Mr. John, who gave me a thumbs up and waved for me to go. I ran to the elevator after my love.

When she opened the apartment door, Peter came running and hugged me. She introduced me to the babysitter, who was about to leave. She went to take a shower, and I took the opportunity to order dinner, planning to surprise her with help from my little buddy. I ordered from a nice restaurant and got a chocolate cake for dessert.

After dinner and lots of playtime, I put Peter to bed. He was such a little angel. We went back to the living room, and I pulled Catherine into my embrace.

"My love, we need to talk," I whispered in her ear.



"About what, Alexander?" she asked, and I felt her arms wrap around me. My heart raced. It felt so good to feel her arms around me.

"About you having to forgive me."

"I have to forgive you? And why should I forgive you when you were such a jerk to me and hurt me so deeply?"

"Yes, I was a jerk, I hurt you, but you love me, your son loves me, even your doorman likes me," I said with a smile.

"Don't forget that traitor Fred," she smiled against my neck.

"Ah yes, Fred. He's not a traitor, he just wants to see you happy."

"And you're my happiness, I suppose."

"Absolutely! Because only in my arms do you let yourself go like this, forget the world, and are truly happy."

"Is that all?" she asked, as if challenging me.

"Of course not. And also, I'm the only one who drives you crazy with desire." I said, pulling up her dress and, in a quick motion, grabbed her thighs and made her wrap her legs around me.

I walked to the couch and laid her down, positioning myself on top of her. I pinned her delicious body beneath mine and attacked her mouth with a kiss that was pure lust - hot, desperate, and hungry. And she responded with equal passion.

I've been crazy about this woman forever. I kissed her mouth, licked and sucked her delicious lips, tasting her, savoring her flavor. Catherine responded with the same intensity, the same desire that ran through my



body also dominated hers. And I knew that the same love that made my heart beat also paced the beats of her heart.

When we were almost out of breath, I pulled away from her lips. She smiled at me, her eyes sparkling into mine. I let my lips wander, leaving kisses across her face until I reached her ear.

"Ah, my Catherine, you have no idea how much I love you."

I gently nibbled her earlobe, following it with a kiss. I trailed my lips down her neck, kissing, licking, and giving little nips. I moved to her collarbone and continued planting kisses.

I quickly sat down on the couch, pulling her with me so she straddled my lap, her burning core grinding against my hardened length. I moved beneath her while gently biting her right nipple through her dress. She pushed herself against me as if trying to merge our bodies and let out a soft moan that drove me crazy.

I started pulling down her dress zipper while kissing her mouth again. I felt my phone vibrate in my pants, and without taking my lips off Catherine, I pulled out the device and tossed it onto the couch beside us.

The phone kept ringing persistently, and Catherine burst into laughter, leaving me confused. She looked into my eyes, held my face with both hands, and said:

"I bet that's your cockblocking friend. Answer it, he won't give up."

We both started laughing as I grabbed the phone. This woman is incredible! Sure enough, Patrick's name was lighting up the screen.

"Damn it, Patrick! Did you put a chip in my dick that alerts you every time it gets hard, you cockblocking bastard?" I said laughing, but my smile



dropped when I heard what my friend had to say. "Alright, we'll meet at your place in half an hour."

I hung up the phone and sighed. Catherine looked at me seriously, still sitting in my lap. It felt so good having her this close and accepting my touches.

"Is everything okay?"

"It seems Alan discovered who Celeste has been passing information to," I said seriously, looking into her eyes and searching for any trace of hurt at bringing up the subject, but found none. "I hope I can get rid of her now."

"I'm glad things are moving in the right direction."

"Well, I don't know if 'right' is the word, but they're moving towards being resolved," I said, kissing the palm of her hand. "I hope we're also moving towards being okay." I looked at her pleadingly.

"Alexander, I still don't know..." she shifted in my lap and stood up. I groaned in frustration.

"Damn cockblocker!" She looked at me and flashed a beautiful smile when she heard me curse like that. "My angel, I have to go, but I don't want to. Can we continue later? From where we left off?" I asked hopefully.

"Call me. Who knows, I might be feeling generous..." I smiled at her playful tone, gave her lips one more kiss, and left.