

S2 Chapter 19

Henry's POV

I met the guys at the Social Club's restaurant. We were there to support Alexander, who had been crawling back to Catherine. While I thought she was right, the guy was my friend, and I couldn't help but stand by him. However, Rick and Fred got me worried when they mentioned that the girls were mobilizing to make all of us grovel because of Alexander's mess. Fred said that Melissa had called all the girls together at Catherine's request, and I kept wondering where they could be.

"Do you guys know where they went?" I asked. Surely Samantha would be with them, even though we had plans to meet. Maybe I could swing by to pick her up.

"Mel said it's none of our business and told me to tell you guys that," Fred commented, somewhat annoyed. Sometimes I thought he was afraid of his girlfriend, because I was sometimes - Melissa could be scary.

"If we could find out where they are, we could go there," Patrick suggested. "Rick, you could track Tess's phone, right?"

"No way, Patrick. Last time I did that, she nearly bit my head off, and I promised not to do it again. And that was to help you..." Rick protested.

"I'll text Samantha, we made plans to meet today," I said and grabbed my phone, quickly typing the message.

"Hey, gorgeous! Did you sleep well? Are you home? What time can I pick you up?"

Her response came quickly:

"Hey, handsome! Slept like a baby. How about you? Unfortunately, I can't



see you today, I'm with the girls."

As I suspected, they were together. I persisted,

"I spent all night thinking about seeing you again. Tell me where you are, and I'll stop by briefly."

"Nice one, Henry!" Patrick was beside me and saw the message, getting excited.

My phone vibrated again, but when I opened the message, it wasn't from Samantha - it was from Melissa:

"Martin, I'm sure Fred already delivered my message, as my prince is very obedient. But if you didn't understand, I'll repeat: WHERE WE ARE IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! And stop messaging Samantha, she'll talk to you when she gets home. Oh, and don't you dare show up hungover at the office tomorrow."

I passed the phone to the guys, and they burst into laughter. Fred looked at the screen and shook his head.

"What can I do? She bosses me around anyway. And the worst part is that I find it sexy as hell!" Fred's comment drew more laughter from us.

"She does the same to me, Fred, but I'm a bit scared of her," I commented, and everyone laughed.

"Well, at least we know who's the president of the girlfriends' club," Alexander remarked.

"You know what, let's play. A night of poker will restore some of our masculinity," Patrick suggested, and we all thought it was a good idea and headed to the club's casino.



As soon as we arrived, Isabella came over with a group of friends and perched herself on us.

"Sweetie! How wonderful to find you here!" Isabella draped herself over my shoulder, rubbing her cleavage in my face.

"Isabella, back off, I'm here to play with my friends," I responded with a frown.

"Come on, Sweetie, don't be such a grump. We'll keep you guys company," Isabella persisted. "And I'm going to call Anna to come here, Alexander, you need to apologize to her."

"For God's sake, Isabella, leave that spoiled princess alone. I have nothing to apologize for, and you have no business meddling in my affairs," Alexander spoke very harshly.

"Yeah, Isabella, don't bother about Anna, I'll keep Alexander company," Malu said, leaning against Alexander, who looked at her as if he could kill her.

"Oh, but this handsome guy here, we don't know him. Aren't you going to introduce us?" Rafael was all flirty with Fred.

"Back off, Rafael, because this one has an owner, and she bites," I replied, watching Fred turn red from Rafael's advances.

"What about us, sugar? We could go for a walk," Vanessa was talking so close to Patrick that she almost kissed him on the mouth.

"Get lost, Vanessa. We've already talked about this," Patrick tried to move away, but these women were like octopuses, with too many hands touching us.

I tried to get my face away from Isabella's breasts and looked to the side,



getting pissed at what I saw. This kind of nonsense wasn't possible. My blood was boiling, but first I had to get rid of those pests surrounding us. They looked like a pack of hyenas.

"Listen here, you bunch of sluts disguised as rich girls, you better turn around and leave before I lose my patience and call security," Alexander spoke to the five women, trying to contain his anger. I think he had seen the same thing I did.

"Wow, Alexander, you've outdone yourself in rudeness today!" Rafael gritted her teeth.

"Fuck off, Rafael! You guys just don't get it! Go scratch somewhere else and leave us alone." I added and looked at Alexander.

"Come on, girls, they're stressed today, and I'm not going to be their punching bag," Malu said and walked away, followed by her friends, and I took a deep breath.

"Now, look over there, three tables to my right," I told the guys when those unbearable women had moved away.

"Oh, but Tess is totally messing around!" Rick snorted.

"Messing around is putting it mildly, my friend," Patrick added.

We looked at each other and all five of us stood up at once, with a mutual understanding that it was time to end this nonsense. We marched to the table where our girls were, and Rick was the first to approach.

"So, wifey, having a lot of fun?" Rick asked, leaning over Tess.

"Oh yes, Rick, it seems our women are having quite a good time here," I confirmed in a threatening tone while leaning over Samantha.



One by one, the guys approached, each marking his territory. The other guys sitting with our girls looked at us as if challenging us. One of them, whom Virginia had introduced the night before as her brother, invited us to sit with them, and that was an affront. Alexander was the first to react and pulled Catherine towards him.

Melissa quickly showed her claws and dismissed us, saying they would stay where they were. Oh, but I was going to teach my assistant a lesson. I was surprised when Fred contradicted her and was firm with her, saying they would come with us.

I took the cue and thanked them for the invitation, making it clear that we had plans with our girls. But the guys seemed to want to have fun at our expense, and then someone had the brilliant idea of betting on who would take the girls to dinner. Patrick, big-mouthed as always and trailing after Virginia like a needy puppy, agreed to the bet, and we had no choice. We sat at that table, and the suffering was far from over - the stakes at that table were high.

I wanted to rip out Patrick's tongue and gouge out Michael's eyes, who was throwing himself at Samantha. And worst of all, Samantha was encouraging it, flirting with the guy the whole time. If this game didn't end quickly, I would commit at least one homicide right there.

The game started, and the first to leave was Leonard, who turned all his attention to Tess and was almost grabbing her. When Michael left the game, I immediately abandoned it too - I couldn't care less about the money I had bet, but I wouldn't let that guy put his hands on my goddess, no way.

Gradually, everyone dropped out until only Alexander and Levy remained. When Alexander pushed all his chips to the center of the table, I sighed with relief - if he did that, he wouldn't lose. I knew my friend's

style well; his hand was perfect. There was an obscene amount of money on the table, enough to intimidate anyone. When Levy threw his cards on the table and said he was out, I finally felt my shoulders relax.

We took the girls to dinner at a bistro that served fantastic food and spent a very pleasant time together. After dinner, I took Samantha home.

"My goddess, let's go to my place, we have some unfinished business," I said sweetly when we got in the car.

"Yes, we do, Henry, but I'm exhausted, and I have to work tomorrow," Samantha lamented, and I knew she must really be very tired.

"I need to get you out of that mall," I grumbled, and she smiled.

"I'm off on Wednesday. You can invite me to your place on Tuesday. Besides, my mom is traveling for work, and I'll be alone for the rest of the week," Samantha smiled and spoke in a very sensual voice. "And I hate being alone!"

"Now that's good news!" I smiled and gave her a quick peck on the lips. "I'll take you home."

I left my goddess at home and arranged to pick her up from work the next day.

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