

S2 Chapter 20

Henry's POV

"So, Alexander, what's this brilliant idea that got me out of bed before six in the morning?" I asked when I met the guys on Monday at a café near Alexander's company.

"We're sending flowers to our women, my friend, lots of flowers!" Alexander smiled.

"That's a good idea. Melissa's being impossible," Fred commented.

"What kind of flowers?" Rick asked.

"Everyone picks their own, but it has to be an arrangement that shows them how crazy we are about them," Patrick said with that silly grin on his face.

We finished our coffee and went to the 24-hour flower shop. When we arrived, the florist showed us various arrangements on her computer that she could make. But Patrick, being Patrick, spotted a massive arrangement in the corner of the shop and called our attention to it.

"That's the one!" Patrick pointed, making even the florist laugh.

It was a huge arrangement of pink flowers in a tall crystal vase. That thing must have been three feet in circumference. It was way too big.

"Sir, this arrangement is typically used for weddings," the florist explained kindly.

"Even better! They'll take us seriously because women understand these things," Patrick said with a triumphant look.

"I don't know, Patrick, this thing is too big," I commented.

"As big as what we feel for them, too big!" Patrick was like a kid, and I didn't know what nonsense got into our heads that made us agree with him.

"Okay, then that's the one," Alexander, who had been hesitant, gave in. "Mine will be red and white tulips."

"In that case, I'll take red roses," I said, and the seller suggested long-stemmed Colombian roses in an incredible red, which I really liked.

"Red roses, Henry?" Patrick mocked. "How uncreative. Red roses are such a cliché."

"Well, my friend, my romance with my goddess is totally cliché," I smiled and put my hand on his shoulder. I grabbed a card and wrote the message: "I envy the people who get to see you every day." I handed it to the florist who was barely hiding her amusement at us. [1](#)

"If you say so... mine will be pink peonies," Patrick was completely enchanted by Virginia, it was very funny.

"Purple hyacinths for me," Rick announced.

"I'll take pink alstroemerias and lisianthus," Fred said with a smile while we all looked at him like he'd just recited a complex math formula. "What?"

"Alstroemerias and lisianthus?" we all asked together.

"They're Mel's favorite flowers, duh," he replied with a shrug.

"My god, you really are a prince!" I huffed. "But I better write that down in case I need to apologize to that crazy woman."

The florist looked at us with a giggle and assured us that she would deliver the arrangements by ten in the morning. I left the flower shop and went straight to the office, arriving quite early. By the time Melissa arrived, I had already organized my schedule and set aside some time to have coffee with Samantha at the mall. I took the opportunity to text my nephew to meet me there, as I wanted to introduce him to Samantha, after all, the kid had helped me.

When Melissa arrived and saw me sitting calmly in my chair, she was impressed!

"Henry, who would've thought..." Melissa clapped. "Congratulations! I didn't think training you would be so easy."

"Don't push your luck, Melissa!" I started laughing. "And don't you dare touch that schedule! I'm going to the mall later this afternoon to have coffee with my goddess."

"Oh, really?" Melissa sat down in front of me, smiling. "And how are things going with her?"

"Don't pretend you don't know," I replied.

"You don't get it, slow poke," Melissa complained. "I'm asking if you're head over heels for her like Patrick is for Virginia."

"Don't remind me," I groaned. "Patrick's like a needy puppy. A grown man like that..."

"It's cute to watch."

"Cute, Melissa? Come on. We're grown men, respected businessmen both here and abroad, and Patrick's acting like a ten-year-old boy with a crush on his teacher," I complained.

"Better than acting like a jerk who just wants to get in her pants!"
Melissa glared at me, and I caught her dig.

"Look, Mel, I want to sleep with Samantha, and boy do I want to, but I don't just want to sleep with Samantha," I said, emphasizing the 'just.' " She enchants me. She occupies my thoughts, makes me change my entire schedule just to have coffee with her, makes me not even think about being with other women. Since I met Samantha, I haven't been with anyone else, and it's been weeks! And I haven't even taken her to bed yet, as you know."

"Anyone would say you're in love, huh, Henry," Melissa awakened me to something I hadn't thought about yet.

"I don't know, Mel. Honestly, I don't know. But I really want to be with her, and not just in bed. Sam is incredible, intelligent, clever, fun, sexy... ah, she's just so much, too much!"

"Woowow! You're just as whipped as Patrick!"

"Oh, Mel, Patrick is embarrassing!" We started laughing because Patrick really was wrapped around Virginia's finger.

We started working, and at the scheduled time, I heard Melissa's little squeal as she received the arrangement. I went to her office, and she was emotional.

"Look, Henry, and learn! This is what a boyfriend should be like! My prince is wonderful. My favorite flowers."

"Yeah, Fred is quite a phenomenon!" I smiled and looked at the arrangement up close - it was a huge monstrosity. I thought we might have gone a bit overboard. My cell phone rang, and I went back to my office to answer it. "Good morning, my beautiful goddess!"

"Good morning, handsome!" Samantha spoke from the other end with her sexy voice. "I just got back from the gym and walked into spring itself in my house."

"Did you like it, my goddess?" I asked, grinning like an idiot.

"I loved it! They're beautiful. But isn't it a bit much?" I could tell she was smiling.

"I might have gotten a little carried away."

"I loved it! Thank you!"

"Don't mention it. Listen, I cleared my schedule for the late afternoon to have coffee with you. I want to introduce you to someone, so wait for me."

"It's a deal! But who do you want me to meet?"

"You'll see this afternoon."

"Alright. I need to take a shower now. See you later."

"I'll make a video call and you can take me to that shower."

"No way, you need to work. Kisses, handsome."

Samantha hung up, and I was left smiling like an idiot. That's when Hurricane Melissa stormed into my office.

"Did you guys decide to wipe out all the flowers in the city or what?" Melissa wasn't so cheerful anymore.

"What's wrong, Mel?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Henry!" Melissa was practically growling. "When did you guys plan this flower attack?"

"You didn't like it?"

"I love alstroemerias and lisianthus, what I don't like is being manipulated, and you're corrupting my prince!"

"Oh, Mel. The intention was good. We just want to spoil you guys."

"You met this morning, didn't you? I know you did, my prince left home very early."

"Yes, we met and sent the flowers. But it was all with the best intentions."

"The road to hell," Melissa made a gesture with her fingers, "is paved with good intentions! And red roses, Henry, seriously?"

"I'll tell you the same thing I told Patrick, my romance with my goddess is totally cliché." Melissa snorted. "And they weren't just any roses, they were long-stem Colombian roses." I said, feeling clever.

"Long is going to be your suffering if you mess with Sam, consider yourself warned!" Melissa threatened me and went back to her office. This woman was like Peppermint Patty!