

S2 Chapter 34

Henry's POV

"Uncle, don't you think this is a bit over the top?" Enzo asked, watching me scatter the last red rose petals across the living room floor.

"I don't think so," I replied contentedly, looking at my living room covered in red rose petals, with various arrangements scattered around and heart-shaped balloons on the ceiling.

The roses were spread throughout the space and made a path all the way to the bedroom, which was also covered with them, as well as the bed and bathroom.

"It's your call, but I think you've cleared out the city's entire stock of red roses," Enzo remarked, looking around. "And these heart balloons too."

"Don't be silly," I looked at him. "I ordered everything in advance."

"Oh uncle, you're killing me! Who would've thought you'd turn into such a cheesy romantic!" Enzo laughed, putting his hand on my shoulder. "But I've got to go now. Mom sent the driver."

"I told her I would drive you," I complained.

"You know how she is," Enzo scratched his head. "Uncle, I really enjoyed spending this week with you."

"Kid, I enjoyed it too. Come whenever you want, this is your home." My nephew hugged me happily. And I had truly loved having the kid around.

"Thanks, uncle. See you guys tomorrow?"

"Of course, Sam and I will be there for the family lunch. Your mom



assured me your grandfather won't be there."

I said goodbye to my nephew and went to take a shower in the guest bathroom to avoid ruining my masterpiece in my bedroom bathroom. At eight, I was at my goddess's house.

"Boy! Good evening," Samantha's mother greeted me very cheerfully.

"Good evening. You look very beautiful!" I commented, and she really was beautiful - Samantha looked a lot like her.

"Thank you, dear! I also got a romantic evening today," she smiled contentedly. "Let me introduce you to Joaquin, my boyfriend."

After the introductions were made, half an hour later my goddess and I were heading to my place. I noticed Sam was a bit serious and seemed distracted.

"My goddess, I prepared a little dinner for us at my place, but if you'd prefer, we can go somewhere else."

"No, Henry, your place is perfect!"

"That's good because I've missed you! This week has been so long," I complained.

"I've missed you too." She smiled, but something was bothering her.

"Now tell me, what's with that worried look?"

"It's nothing. Maybe I'm just a bit tired. Today we finished packing everything for the move, and on Monday the truck will take everything to the apartment."

"Aren't you happy?"



"I'm very happy and can't wait to live in a new place."

"Great. But I regret to inform you that you'll continue to be tired because sleeping isn't in my plans for tonight." I smiled mischievously, and Samantha laughed.

"And what is in your plans for tonight?"

"To lose myself in that gorgeous body of yours and keep searching for myself in you all night long!" Samantha laughed; whatever had been worrying her, I managed to push it away from her thoughts, at least for now.

"You're such a pervert!" She was laughing.

"It's your fault for being so hot!" I took her hand and kissed her palm. "I hope you like the surprise I prepared."

"Oh, there's going to be a surprise?"

"Many surprises!"

"I love surprises!" I smiled at her excitement; she looked like a child about to open Christmas presents.

Samantha stood there with her mouth agape when we arrived at my apartment and I opened the door. Before leaving, I had turned on all the small yellow lamps, and there were many small LED lights imitating candles throughout the space. Enzo had convinced me that the number of real candles I wanted to use could cause a fire.

"Oh my God!" Samantha said slowly. "Are you secretly a rose farmer or something?"

"No, but that's not a bad idea. Maybe I should invest in something like



that," I replied playfully. "Don't you like it?"

"Henry, I love it! It's as cheesy as our love!" Samantha smiled, making me burst into laughter. She jumped onto my neck and kissed me. "I think it's wonderful! Thank you."

"Hmm, I'm glad you liked it. I have many surprises for you tonight."

"Oh, do you?"

"I do, and we'll start with dinner."

The evening was going as planned. Dinner was delicious, and afterward, we sat in the living room drinking good wine and talking. Samantha enthusiastically told me about the changes she made to Alexander and Catherine's office and how happy she was with her new job. I told her that Catherine would be returning to the company on Monday, which made her very happy.

"I want to take you to bed," I said, running a finger along her cheek.

"Finally!" She surprised me, and my face showed it. "What? You think you're the only one who feels desire and wants to make love? No, my handsome man, I also love losing myself in your gorgeous body and finding myself in you."

"You're too perfect; sometimes I wonder if you're real." I kissed her, and things started to heat up, but I wanted to start things in the bedroom because I had a little present for her. So I stood up and pulled her along. "Let's go!"

When we reached the bedroom, Samantha was just as stunned as when she saw the living room. In the bedroom, besides the decoration, I had also left a bottle of champagne on ice and strawberries with whipped



cream and chocolate.

"Now I'm the one wondering if you're real," Samantha said as she turned to me. "It's like you stepped out of my dreams."

I smiled and pulled her into a kiss that was hot, wet, and loaded with desire. My erection was already noticeable in my pants. While kissing my goddess, I guided her toward the bed. I sat her down and broke the kiss.

"I have a present for you. It's different, but I hope you'll like it," I said and pointed to the black box on the bed.

Samantha looked at me curiously, pulled the box closer, and opened it. Her eyes widened, and her mouth formed a perfect O, but she didn't say anything. She ran her hand over the contents of the box, and I was already anxious, thinking that maybe it hadn't been a good idea. But Samantha wasn't saying anything, and the longer her silence lasted, the more my fear grew that I had done something foolish. But she just kept examining the contents of the box very seriously.