



# SECRET ADMIRER

G A  
Price

# Secret Admirer

G A Price ©

Amy had just finished her lunch. The ham and salad sandwich was delicious and she sat in the warmth of the sun outside a coffee bar, relishing the feeling of being comfortably full.

She had been frequenting the same coffee bar for six years at this time every day. Work was hectic; being in a busy office was really draining so Amy always made sure she had a full lunch break.

Her coffee was steaming. She had lifted the lid off the cup, her own reusable cup, letting the liquid cool before sipping it.

Today had been a good day. Amy had finished her morning workload with an hour to spare and had caught up on a few projects that had been lagging behind.

*A good day.*

She closed her eyes momentarily and felt the warmth of the sun upon her face. Usually, she would eat and run, but she wanted to savour the moment for as long as possible.

The feeling of warmth upon her skin was making her slightly woozy. Upon opening her eyes, Amy spotted the single flower lying on the table, right by her coffee cup. Picking up the slender red rose she looked around herself in surprise. She hadn't heard anyone approaching and she couldn't see anyone interested in her. The other people were milling around, doing their shopping and chatting with each other.

Amy took the rose back to the office and placed it in a small vase she had rarely ever used. Her colleagues commented on the rose, cheekily referring to her secret admirer. She enjoyed telling the story of how she had come by the rose. She found it so romantic.

The next day the rose was already on the table when she sat down for her lunch. Amy looked about for the culprit but saw nothing but shoppers and other workers on their lunch break.

Amy ate her lunch with her heart skipping in delight. She picked up the new rose, deep red in colour, rich and vibrant. She sniffed it a little, the delicate fragrance making her smile and blush.

Returning to the office, Amy slid the red rose beside the other in the vase. She smiled to herself. Giggled a little. This was fun.

The next day she skipped excitedly to the coffee bar and found a rose and a note waiting for her before she had even arrived. Heart hammering, Amy opened the note and read the contents.

*'I have seen you here for some time and have been wondering how to ask for your number. I have never seen such a beautiful woman in my life and I would like to get to know you better. Please look behind you.'*

Amy slowly swivelled in her seat, her eyes locking to the man sitting directly behind her.

She had seen him before but never believed he could be so romantic. Smiling, Amy grabbed her lunch and swapped seats, finally in front of the man who had been romancing her from afar.

He was a good looking man with broad shoulders and deep, brooding eyes. His dark skin was toned and he had the most amazing smile she had ever seen. He was wearing casual clothing, jeans and a shirt buttoned to the throat. His face was full of kindness and admiration. He was also adorably shy and was waiting for Amy to make conversation.

"Thank you for the roses." Amy said.

"You're welcome. I'm Patrick." He extended his hand and Amy took it firmly.

"Amy," she introduced. "You have a unique way of showing your interest."

"Are you okay with that? I didn't want to bother you but I wanted to tell you how I felt."

"No, it's fine. Really. I'm flattered." Amy said.

"I've been planning this for a long time. I almost chickened out completely!"

"I'm glad you didn't," Amy blushed.

"You always come here for lunch. I've been meaning to talk to you but I didn't know how to approach you."

"The roses were the perfect way of approaching me. It was a lovely romantic gesture." Amy beamed, clutching the third rose to her chest.

"Would you like to meet up later? Go for a drink around Town?"

"Yes! I would love to!" Amy blushed a little.

Around them, people shopped and ate on their lunch breaks, completely unaware of the romance happening right in front of them.

Amy returned to the office and put the third rose in the vase with the other two. She was looking forward to her date later with the most romantic man she had ever met.

