

## Chapter 56

Samantha approached with a huge smile.

"How are you guys?" She asked cheerfully. "Catherine, you have to come into the store, we just got a dress that's absolutely perfect for you! Please!"

"Oh, we're definitely going in, I'm already curious," Melissa said, pulling me into the store.

The saleswoman brought the dress in a garment bag. It was an evening dress, bright red, short, with straps, a V-neckline, and a deep back that plunged to the base of the spine. It was sexy, and I was amazed by it.

"Fitting room now, Catherine," Melissa ordered.

"Mel, I don't even go out at night. Where would I wear a dress like this?" I asked, trying to resist the dress.

"Fred's coming back today, and I'm going to tell him to take us dancing next week. Come on." My friend was in boss mode.

"Since you already have plans, I'll bring you a stunning dress too, Melissa," the saleswoman said excitedly, and Melissa clapped her hands.

I went into the fitting room and put on that tiny dress, shocked by how little fabric there was. It barely reached mid-thigh! But it was extraordinarily beautiful and made me feel powerful and gorgeous. I came out of the fitting room, and the girls stared at me with their mouths open.

"Do a slow turn, Cat, let us see," Melissa said, twirling her finger in the air, and I obeyed.

When I turned back to face them, I found myself being blatantly stared at by a pair of male eyes and a mischievous smile. I wanted to crawl into a



hole.

"Well, Catherine, no wonder Alexander is desperate to get you back! You look incredibly hot in that dress," Henry Martin said shamelessly.

Henry was standing behind Melissa and the saleswoman, his eyes glued to me as he smiled contemplatively. Melissa turned around, amused by the situation; she was used to Henry's way of speaking his mind.

"And she hasn't even put on the heels yet. Wait, I'll get a perfect pair of sandals," the saleswoman said and went to fetch them.

"And you, Melissa, aren't you going to try yours on?" Henry asked Melissa. "Come on, girls, model for me. Since I can't have either of you, at least I can admire you." He's such a player.

The saleswoman returned with the sandals and handed a pair to Melissa, who decided to play along with Henry's game. I noticed Henry checking out Samantha's body; he was so shameless.

"Sure, I'll try it on. I want to be called hot too," Melissa said, laughing as she entered the fitting room.

I put on the red sandals with super high heels and thin straps that intertwined like a flower design. They were perfect.

Melissa came out of the fitting room in a navy blue dress made of shimmering fabric that looked like it was sprinkled with stars, wearing silver high-heeled sandals with thin straps across the foot. She looked beautiful!

Henry looked at us appreciatively while Samantha clapped with a mega-bright smile.

"You are both gorgeous women! And you look very hot too, Melissa," Henry said with the most shameless expression and took Samantha's hand. "Beautiful lady, you have a good eye for clothes, making my



bright smile.

"You are both gorgeous women! And you look very hot too, Melissa," Henry said with the most shameless expression and took Samantha's hand. "Beautiful lady, you have a good eye for clothes, making my friends even more stunning. What's your name?" he asked seductively.

"I'm Samantha," the saleswoman introduced herself, and he kissed her hand and broadened his smile, turning on the charm. Melissa and I rolled our eyes.

Henry was indeed a handsome and very seductive man. He was blonde, with medium-length hair that fell across his face which he had to sweep away with a charming gesture, tall, broad-shouldered, with green eyes and a mischievous smile. He was the same age as Alexander and Patrick. But he was a womanizer and didn't waste any time.

"Well, Samantha, you have excellent taste." He said, sizing up the saleswoman from head to toe – and she was stunning. "If you were to choose an evening dress from the store for yourself, which would it be?"

Samantha was tall, with long curly dark hair, almond-shaped eyes, and a breathtaking fit body. She smiled and narrowed her eyes at him.

"Are you buying a gift for your girlfriend?" she asked.

"I don't have a girlfriend, darling. But I really want to get something for a friend." Henry said with a charming smile.

Samantha went to fetch a dress while we chatted.

"So, boss, is this where you come to pick up women at the mall?" Melissa asked bluntly.



"Of course not, but I wouldn't mind picking up Samantha." Henry said confidentially. "I came to meet my nephew, young people love malls. I was passing by, saw you two here, and couldn't resist stopping."

Samantha returned with a gold sequined dress, very short, with a wrap skirt, a plunging neckline, very thin straps, and crisscrossed back. It was incredibly sexy. She also showed a pair of gold sandals with Swarovski crystal straps.

"Could you try it on so I can get an idea of how it'll look on my friend?" Henry asked with obvious ulterior motives.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't. However, if she's roughly my size, it'll look perfect. I guarantee it!" Samantha responded sweetly. Smart girl.

"Alright, I'll take it," Henry said. "And I'm getting these dresses and shoes for you two as well. Before you protest, I'm the boss! It's just a gesture of appreciation because you're excellent employees, and Catherine closed a spectacular deal with Miller for me." He handed his card to Samantha, giving us no room to object. "We should plan to go somewhere nice so you can debut these beauties."

We changed clothes and Samantha wrapped everything up, handing them to us excitedly saying:

"Oh, I love having you as customers, please come back soon!"

"We will!" Melissa and I responded in unison and hugged her in thanks.

"Darling, would you mind giving me your card?" Henry said charmingly.

She gave him her card, and the three of us left the store loaded with shopping bags.



"What a beautiful woman that Samantha is, I'll have to ask her out," Henry commented. "Melissa, you're my assistant, take my bags home and bring them to the office on Monday. I don't want my teenage nephew pestering me about the packages. See you Monday, beauties!" 2

Henry handed over the bags, gave each of us a kiss on the cheek, and left. We stood there frozen, amazed at his nerve. We looked at each other and burst out laughing.



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