



Chapter 62

Henry's POV

When I walked into that store to say hi to Melissa and Catherine, I had no idea I'd meet the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever seen. A goddess, really – she seemed to float, radiating a golden aura around her. It was like looking at a precious, one-of-a-kind jewel.

Samantha was stunning! From the moment I laid eyes on that toned body, I couldn't stop thinking about kissing every inch of her gorgeous chocolate-colored skin, running my fingers through those small curls in her long hair. What a beautiful woman!

I hung around with the girls just to have an excuse to get closer to that amazing saleswoman, but she didn't give me the time of day. I really wanted to see her in a dress as short as the ones Melissa and Catherine were trying on, so I came up with the idea of saying I needed a gift.

Samantha brought out that tiny gold dress, and it drove me crazy thinking how divine she'd look in it, but she said she couldn't try it on. So without thinking twice, I bought the dress and sandals, determined to find a way to get her to wear them for me.

When I asked for her card, she gave me one with just the store's number. She didn't give me any attention at all! But she would, oh yes she would. I went home thinking about that gorgeous woman, feeling like an excited teenager.

I came back the next day and tried every way possible to get her number, but nothing worked. Melissa and Catherine showed up, catching me desperately trying to get something out of Samantha at the store counter. They had fun watching me suffer.



Sam wrote her number on two cards and gave one to each of the girls. Then she dismissed me, saying her boss wouldn't like seeing me hitting on one of the employees.

Monday morning, Melissa handed me the bags with the dress and sandals.

"Boss, don't mess with Samantha, she's really nice," Melissa said seriously.

"Oh, she's very nice indeed, Melissa!" I grinned at her.

"Don't be a pig, Martin!" my assistant scolded me like she was my mother – now I really was being a teenager. I laughed hard at that.

I spent the whole day staring at those shopping bags and thinking about how to approach my goddess. That woman had already turned my head upside down and hadn't given me the slightest chance yet. By the end of the day, I was climbing the walls. I left the office and went to the mall.

I passed by the store and saw my goddess inside helping a customer. She would have to leave at some point. I went into a makeup store across from it and kept watch, but I was quickly approached by a short girl with braces who worked there.

"Looking for something special, sir?"

I looked at the girl in confusion, then realized that just standing there staring at the store across the way was weird. It could take a while until Sam left, so I'd have to kill some time. We were in front of a lipstick display and I tried to be creative, but I knew nothing about makeup.

"Hi, I'm looking to get a gift for my sister. She loves all this makeup stuff, but I don't know anything about it." I smiled at the girl who looked



at me suspiciously and flashed a huge metallic smile back. 1

"You're not really here to buy makeup, are you?! You're watching someone in that store over there." The girl wasn't fooled and caught me red-handed.

"Yeah, I'm interested in one of the saleswomen. Look, I just want to ask her out for coffee, so if you could just let me stay here as cover..." I said with an awkward smile, trying to win over this little creature's sympathy.

"Well, I could, but I could also call security and tell them you're stalking her," she said, and I stood there shocked, staring at that little pest. "But if you're actually shopping here..."

I quickly understood what this girl wanted. She was clever and wanted to make a sale. That wouldn't be a problem.

"Then pick something out and I'll buy it."

"What's your spending limit for this 'gift for your sister'?" She was getting cocky.

"I don't know, I have no idea how much this stuff costs." I said, already getting annoyed with the girl.

"Depends on which of those girls over there is the poor thing you're going to bother."

What a cheeky girl! She was straight-up blackmailing me!

"Which one are you interested in?"

"What difference does it make?" I asked, not understanding where she was going with this.



"Well, depending on which one, your 'sister's gift' will cost more."

Damn! This aquarium lifeguard was pushing her luck! Was she really going to extort me like this? But she was looking at me defiantly.

"Fine! It's Samantha," I said grumpily.

"Ooooh! That's an expensive gift!" She grinned. "You've got it bad for Sam, huh?! If you're really willing to spend, I'll give you all the details about her."

"What do you mean?" I looked at her with interest, starting to like this kid.

"Is there a budget limit, Don Juan?" She was straightforward.

I thought about it, looking at the items around. Well, it's not like makeup cost a fortune, everything was so small. If this kid had information, I'd score with my goddess. The investment would be worth it.

"Are you going to wrap up the entire store?" She shook her head. "Then start giving me the information while you pick out the products."

"Deal!" She extended her hand, and I shook it. "Come on, we have two hours until her lunch break."

An hour and a half later, I was leaning on the counter and already knew that Samantha had broken up with her boyfriend a month ago because she caught him with another woman, who was the cashier at the store where she worked. What an idiot!

"Alright, Don Juan, time to swipe the card."

"I told you, it's Henry, Manu," I said to the little pest, whom I now knew



was named Manuela, and handed her my card.

"But I'm still going to call you Don Juan." She swiped the card and returned it with a smile. "Thanks for making my month!"

I smiled and entered my PIN. She hadn't even picked that many items, chose one of the store's cases and filled it with stuff, but it wasn't that much. I thought she'd push four or five of those on me, but she made just one. And she told me a lot about my goddess. I was satisfied.

My phone beeped with the bank app notification, and when I looked, I said gently,

"Manu, I think you entered the wrong amount."

"Let me see." She took the receipt, compared it with the card slip, and smiled at me like an angel. "No, Don Juan, it's exactly right."

"What?" I nearly had a heart attack! That little pest made me spend almost thirty grand on makeup. "Damn! Does this stuff really cost that much?"

"Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" She said mockingly. "Learn something you should already know, Don Juan - women are luxury items! So yes, good makeup is expensive. And I put this case together especially for Sam, she'll love it. And I included a perfume she adores. But you can't give it to her on the first date, she'd refuse. Wait until things get going, then find an excuse."

I was absolutely floored! That little minx had barely turned eighteen, but she was a real business fox. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I should offer her a job. 2

"Now go, she's already grabbing her purse to leave. Give me your card



and I'll have the bag delivered to your office so she won't see you with it." The little minx was clever. Too clever, even.

"Manu, call me, I want to bring you to work at my company if you're interested." I handed over my card and left the store.

I walked while pretending to look at my phone and "accidentally" bumped into my goddess.

"I'm so sorry! I was distracted!" I said, flashing my best smile.

"It's okay. Here to meet your nephew again?"

"Came to buy a video game he asked for that his mom won't get him."

"Ah, I see. So you're the uncle who spoils his nephew." She said with a beautiful smile.

"Something like that. But what about you? Heading out?"

"Just taking a coffee break."

"May I join you?" She looked at me hesitantly.

"Alright, but I only have twenty minutes."

I was determined to make those twenty minutes so good that she'd give me her number afterward. But she didn't. I spent the rest of the week hanging around that mall like a puppy following Samantha.

Finally, on Thursday, we had lunch together. I took advantage of Mel's plan to have Patrick apologize to Cat and asked for my help - I only agreed to play along if she included Sam in the lunch. After lunch, she finally gave me her number.

I didn't waste time; on Friday, I insisted on driving her home after work, and she accepted. Before she got out of the car, I held her hand.

"So, Sam, since you're coming out with us tomorrow..."

"I only accepted because it was an invitation from the girls and we've become friends." She was serious.

"Aren't we becoming friends too?" I asked, feigning innocence.

"Yeah, we are." Samantha flashed a beautiful smile.

"Then, as a friend, I want to give you a present."

I grabbed the bags with the dress and sandals from the back seat and placed them in her lap. She knew what they were and looked at me like she wanted to claw my eyes out.

"I won't accept this, Henry. I know exactly what you're trying to do!"

"Sam, it's just a gift. Just like I gave gifts to Mel and Cat. I just think you'll look stunning in this dress and deserve to have it. I won't lie, I bought it for you because it's perfect for you."

"Henry, I can't accept this."

"And why not?" She didn't stutter, and I didn't let her answer. "Accept it, Samantha. And wear it tomorrow. Please! You three will look stunning!" I gave her my best puppy dog eyes.

"You're not going to give up." I shook my head to say no way. She sighed and rolled her eyes, smiling again. "Fine, I'll accept a gift from a friend." She really emphasized the word friend. "And you're not getting this dress off my body tomorrow!"

Maybe not tomorrow, but I'll definitely get that dress off that delicious body eventually, I thought, widening my smile. She thanked me, said goodbye with a kiss on the cheek, and when she got out of the car and closed the door, I said:

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at eight." I drove off before she could protest. I looked in the rearview mirror and saw her smiling and shaking her head.

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