

Chapter 78

Melissa, Virginia, and I went to the mall to meet Tess and Sam, who had told us that the store where she worked had received several beautiful dresses. So we arranged to meet up, check out the dresses, and grab something to eat.

"Girls! I'm so glad you're here!" Samantha greeted us with a huge smile on her face.

"Oh girl, I was dying to come here because those dresses they wore on Saturday were absolutely stunning!" Virginia spoke with her usual enthusiasm.

"Sam, we need some scandalous little dresses to drive our men crazy," Tess chimed in, making us laugh.

"I've already picked out some amazing pieces and matching shoes," Samantha was all excited.

"You could share the customers, you know, Samantha," we heard a woman speak from the cash register.

"No, I can't, Cybele," Samantha replied impatiently. Cybele was the store's cashier, and Sam had caught her ex-boyfriend with her.

"And we all want to be helped by Samantha, not anyone else," Melissa said with a stern face.

We sat down and Sam brought over a rack full of dresses and a cart with several shoe boxes. She had already selected them according to our sizes and what would suit each of us best. She had a gift for choosing the perfect outfit for each person.

Each of us grabbed our dress and went into a fitting room. When we came out, we found five men sitting in the chairs around us. But what were they doing here?

The girls and I looked at each other in confusion and were about to chase them away when we noticed that Cybele was flirting with Henry, and the other saleswomen were hovering around the guys like flies to honey. Samantha had hatred in her eyes, but as a store employee, she couldn't do anything about it. Melissa didn't waste any time, though – she walked over to Fred and sat on his lap.

"Hi, prince, did you come to surprise me?" Melissa spoke in her sweetest voice, making Fred break into a huge goofy smile.

Quickly, Virginia, Tess, and I did the same with our men, who got quite excited. I saw the two saleswomen looking at us with disgust before walking away. I wanted to slap those brazen faces. But that Cybele girl kept throwing herself at Henry.

"Looks like you're the only single guy here, handsome! But if you want, we could have some fun." Cybele spoke in a whiny, irritating voice.

"Who told you I was single?" Henry said, standing up and walking over to Samantha, wrapping his arm around her waist and giving her a long, tender kiss on the lips.

"Now go scratch somewhere else, you desperate floozy!" Mel snarled at Cybele, who walked away from us with eyes burning with rage. "Now you five. What are you doing here?"

"It seems Henry's going to open a store here at the mall, Mel. He doesn't go a single day without coming here," Samantha said with a big smile.

"Ah, my goddess, that's not a bad idea. Then I could see you all day long," Henry flashed a mischievous smile at Sam.

"Aren't you going to tell us what you're doing here?" Tess demanded.

"Henry mentioned there's a really good restaurant here, and we came to meet up and talk," Alexander tried to explain.

"Speak for yourself, brother. I came to see my redhead, plain and simple," Patrick said, holding Virginia on his lap.

"I'm not yours, sweetie," Virginia protested.

"Just accept that you're mine, Red, and put me out of my misery," Patrick pleaded once again.

"Well, it doesn't matter what we're doing here, ladies. Stand up and show us those pretty little dresses my goddess puts you in," Henry said, completely shameless.

We spent over an hour in the store trying on dresses and shoes. When we finished, we didn't let them see which ones we'd chosen. Sam took everything to the register, and Henry pulled us aside.

"Choose dresses and sandals for my goddess. I know each of you picked three, so pick three for her too. Come on, you know her, I trust your good taste," Henry urged us, giving us a gentle push.

"Lucky for you, she already set hers aside. I'll go get them," Melissa told him and went to the corner to get the dresses.

When we reached the register, the store owner was chatting enthusiastically with the guys. She was a very friendly older lady. They had already paid for all our purchases and were holding the bags. We

protested, but they wouldn't hear it. Henry took the dresses and handed them to the store owner, who winked at him and wrapped them up. The other saleswomen were seething with jealousy.

"Samantha, dear, you've made a wonderful sale. You can take the rest of your shift off. Go have dinner with your boyfriend and your friends," the store owner said cheerfully to Sam.

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