

Chapter 8


After work, Mel was waiting for me at the door, with Peter settled in his car seat in the back. We had planned to go to the mall to buy the things he would need for daycare.

"Bestie! How was your first day? Tell me everything!" She said cheerfully with a huge smile.

"Mel, I think I'll have to call your uncle and ask for my job back," I said somewhat sadly. She looked at me in shock. "But first, tell me about your interview."

"No way, Catherine! Did you manage to get fired on your first day? Tell me everything, then I'll talk about my interview."


I smiled and told her everything. By the time she turned off the truck in the mall parking lot, she was laughing hysterically at my situation.

"Cat, only you could get into an argument like that with the boss. You know he's super young, right?!" 

I looked at her like I'd just seen a unicorn and asked:

"What do you mean young?"

"Oh Cat, didn't you research your boss on the internet?"

"No, Mel, I went on the company website and read everything, but there's no photo or any reference to his age on the site." 

"And you didn't check social media?"

"Mel, I don't have social media."



"Oh right, I always forget you live like it's the Stone Age." She nudged me with her shoulder, and we started laughing while getting Peter out of his car seat. "But don't worry, friend, if you get fired, I'll help you out until you find another job here, since I'm now the new hire at Lynx World."

"Aaaaah! Girl, I knew you could do it! Congratulations!" I hugged her, thrilled with the news.

We bought everything Peter would need and took him to the toy store. I wanted to spoil my son a little and buy him a toy. He ran through the whole store but latched onto a building set and wouldn't let go, so that's what I was going to get. Of course, Mel bought him a toy too. 1

As we walked through the mall, I stopped at a window display, staring at an absolutely gorgeous and extremely expensive dress! Mel noticed my eyes sparkling and said:

"Come on, let's go in."

"Are you crazy, Mel? That dress costs a fortune. I can't spend that kind of money."

"Listen here, Catherine, have you forgotten that you now work at a multinational company, directly with the company president, and need to dress well? Besides, your boss will be impressed when he meets you wearing this dress. He'll think you're such an elegant assistant! You can treat yourself too. And if you can't afford it, I'll get it for you!"

"No way, Mel! You already do too much for me."

"Then go in and buy a dress, or I'll buy it myself and you'll have to wear it anyway."

I looked at her suspiciously. She was totally capable of going into the



store and buying me the most expensive dress just to teach me a lesson. But I really could afford that dress - I had received good severance pay from the construction company, and my new job would pay me a very good salary that would allow me to spend a little on myself. 1

"You know what, Mel? You're right, let's go in," I said, carrying Peter in my arms and pulling Mel by the wrist. 1

We entered the store and were quickly greeted by a very friendly saleswoman. I pointed to the dress in the window, and she brought one in my size along with a pair of incredibly high heels, saying they would match perfectly. I went into the fitting room and changed. When I looked in the mirror, I was enchanted. The dress was even more beautiful than it appeared in the window - light blue with cream-colored side panels, knee-length, with a square neckline and a slit on the left leg. It fit perfectly, as if embracing my body. I tried on the shoes, and that's when I signed my bank account's death warrant. They were equally perfect - light blue with four-inch stiletto heels and a silver metal rose on the back, flanked by two leaves, with the rose stem winding around the heel, giving them a subtle charm and making them stunning. 1

"Come on, Cat, we're dying of curiosity out here," I heard Mel calling. I tore my eyes away from the mirror and stepped out of the fitting room.

Mel and the saleswoman stared at me with their mouths literally hanging open.

"There's no way you're not buying this dress and these shoes!" Mel exclaimed, and the saleswoman chimed in:

"It looks like they were made for you! I've never seen a dress fit someone so perfectly! You look stunning!" 1



I felt embarrassed and thanked them. I decided to buy both items and follow Mel's advice, who then insisted that I needed new lingerie to wear with them, declaring that I should debut them the day I met my boss to make an excellent first impression. The saleswoman quickly showed me the lingerie section, and I was shocked by the prices, but Melissa didn't even let me catch my breath. She immediately grabbed a light blue lace set with garters and a pair of sheer thigh-high stockings with delicate lace trim, saying it would be her gift and I wasn't allowed to complain. The saleswoman smiled approvingly at my friend's choice and went to the counter to wrap everything up while we paid. Finally, she handed us a business card and told us to come back to the store again. We thanked her and left. 3

We ate at the mall, and when we got home, I was exhausted, and Peter was too. He didn't even want to play but fell asleep clutching the teddy bear his godmother had bought him.

In my room, I hung the dress in the closet and thought about researching my boss on the internet, but the company phone vibrated on the nightstand. I picked it up to check and found myself staring at this message:

"Arriving tomorrow. We'll discuss your duties, and prepare the chamomile tea."

My heart sank - the boss was coming back early, which meant I'd be fired early. 1