

S2-Chapter 1

Henry's POV

I was sitting at the Social Club's bar with my friends Alexander Miller and Patrick Guzman on Thursday night. While we were chatting, I remembered to ask Alexander about the woman I'd recommended to replace Mariana as his assistant.

"Alexander, did you interview the woman I recommended?" I asked my friend.

"That's Mari's department, Henry. She's doing a virtual interview with her tomorrow. But from what I know, she's already seen her resume, talked to Aldo Larson, and is quite impressed. I think she'll hire her," Alexander replied in his usual serious manner, without giving me any details.

"I'm curious. Oliver said she's very competent," I commented.

"According to Mari, she is," Alexander confirmed.

"And didn't Mari tell you what she's like? Mari must have at least seen a photo of her, at least on her resume..." I persisted.

"Henry, my employees' appearance isn't important to me. All I care about is that they perform their jobs well!" Alexander huffed. He seemed uncomfortable talking about the new assistant. Patrick laughed from the other side.

"Forgot that our friend is all about work, Henry," Patrick commented. "But I asked Mari..."

"And what did Mari say, Patrick?" I asked eagerly.

"To stay away from Miss Catherine Vergara, nothing more." Patrick smiled. Patrick was a ladies' man who enjoyed the game of seduction, so I understood Mari's warning.

"Can we stop talking about my potential future assistant?" Alexander huffed, making us laugh. He was getting more irritable by the minute.

"Ugh! There goes our peace and quiet!" Patrick complained when he saw Anna Johnson walk in with her two friends.

"I told you we should've gone to the strip club," Alexander grumbled. "That seems to be the only place on Earth where this insufferable woman can't find me. You know what, I'm heading home before she latches onto me. Patrick, tomorrow at ten, at the hangar." Alexander spoke and left through the side door.

"Are you guys traveling?" I asked.

"New business partner in New York. Think we'll be there all next week," Patrick replied.

"Oh, come on! Who's going to tell me about Miller's new advisor?" I was very curious.

"Don't even think about asking Mari." Patrick laughed.

"Where did my kitty go?" Anna arrived, speaking loudly in that unbearable, shrill voice.

"Oh, I didn't know you had a kitty!" Patrick replied and stood up. "Man, I have to go. We'll talk later."

"Oh, sweetie, stay a little longer." Vanessa spoke, her voice was irritating too.



"Get lost, Vanessa!" Patrick said and turned his back, leaving as well.

"Well, girls, if you want, you can have the table. I'm leaving too." I said and stood up.

"You're going to leave me here alone without giving me a little kiss, sugar?" Isabella leaned against me and made a little pout.

"I'm not the kind of man for little kisses, Isabella. But I can give you something else in my car." I smiled mischievously at Isabella.

Isabella was cute. A bit younger than me, tall, with long platinum blonde hair, brown eyes, and very skinny, but she was wild. And since I was there, why not end my night with a quick hookup?

"Let's go then," Isabella said with a little smile and pulled me along.

We reached the parking lot. I always parked my car in the back, precisely because I would run into Isabella from time to time, and sometimes I would take her right there.

"So, sugar, are we going straight to your place?" She asked excitedly.

My car occupied the spot next to the wall, and I always parked in reverse so nobody would see us. I opened the back door on the driver's side and whispered in her ear,

"We're not going to my place today, mom's there, it'll be right here." I said and turned her around, pushing her body onto the seat, leaving her legs hanging down. She gave a little laugh. I leaned over her and warned, "It'll be quick, I don't have much time."

I quickly lifted her dress and pulled down her panties, ran my hand over her entrance, and found her wet. I played there with my fingers, and she

started moaning. I undid my pants and took out my cock, started masturbating, rubbing the head against her pussy and her clit. She was moaning like a porn star, too loud and seemingly forced, which was going to make me lose my erection. I stretched out my other hand and covered her mouth. When I positioned myself at her entrance, I leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Stay quiet! Not a sound. We can't be seen."

She nodded, and I removed my hand. She covered her own mouth. I stood up, took the condom from my pants pocket and put it on, held her in place by the waist, and thrust my entire length into her in one go. I fucked her fast and hard, and when I was close to coming, I masturbated her, playing with her clit until she came. I felt her spasms and sped up my movements, hearing the sound of our bodies slapping together, and I came silently.

When we finished, I pulled out, removed the condom, and cleaned myself with a paper napkin from the car's cup holder. I zipped up my pants and fixed her panties and dress. I pulled her off the seat and kissed her cheek. 1

"I need to go, Isabella. Mom's waiting for me. We'll talk later," I said, directing her back to the club. I always used the excuse that my mother was at my house to avoid taking Isabella there.

"But that was too quick, baby," she complained.

"I warned you!" I said. "Did you come?" She nodded yes and smiled. "Then mission accomplished. We'll talk later." I gave her another kiss on the cheek and got into my car.

I knew I was a jerk. That was not how you treat a woman, even if she was promiscuous and annoying as hell. But I had been honest with Isabella from the start, actually, I was honest with all of them. I told her I felt



nothing for her and we'd never have a relationship, but she insisted, said she just wanted to have sex with me. So we hooked up occasionally, and I didn't give her any false hope.

The fact was that I hit it but didn't commit. I preferred it this way, I didn't deceive anyone and didn't become a scoundrel like my father, who got married and never respected my mother. And after the divorce, it got even worse, he turned into an old lecher who didn't stay with the same young girl for more than a month and usually still cheated on the poor thing.

My father was what they call a bon vivant. He no longer wanted any responsibilities and abandoned his family to live an adventure with an opportunistic young girl. I gave him an ultimatum, I wouldn't allow him to squander the family's wealth on his adventures. My father was eager to return to adolescence and didn't oppose my demands much, he handed over control of the business and family assets to me, and I sent him a good amount every month, enough to support his luxuries in Miami. Of course, the young girl didn't last more than a year.

Now I was a thirty-two-year-old man, CEO of a tech giant who avoided relationships. But I had no idea that was about to change.



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