



## S2-Chapter 3

### Samantha's POV

Having worked until closing time yesterday, I was exhausted, even though it was Monday. I needed another job, one with decent hours that wouldn't eat up my weekends. Working at a mall store was draining. I had just graduated with a business degree, but this was my only work experience, so finding another job wasn't proving easy.

The commissions were actually great, the store was upscale, and everything was expensive. I was good at sales and had loyal customers, but it had become really hard to keep working here alongside Cybele after I caught her giving my then-boyfriend a blowjob in the back room, and she had the other two salesgirls backing her up, making the atmosphere even more unbearable.

It was the most humiliating situation of my life! I had stepped out briefly to grab a quick bite, so I wouldn't have to cook when I got home, since my mom was traveling that week. It was almost closing time, and that jerk sometimes picked me up, but I had always trusted him.

When I returned to the store, I noticed Cynthia and Laura, the other two salesgirls, trying to distract me and lead me away from the store, but I brushed them off and went to the back room to put away my purse.

When I turned on the lights, I saw that scumbag Romulus holding Cybele's head while she was going down on him. I stood there disgusted, and it took them a while to realize someone was there. Then I started clapping and told them they could make money doing low-budget porn.

I didn't even take my purse, I just left. It was practically closing time anyway. The next day I told my manager I hadn't felt well and had left a



little early. Romulus tried to explain himself, but I told him to go to hell. Then he started dating Cybele, and they both tried to provoke me as much as they could.

I was standing there, near the store entrance, when I saw two beautiful young women looking at the window display. That dress had arrived today, and I had put it in the window knowing it would catch attention. I stayed alert and as soon as they came in, I approached them.

"Good evening, ladies! Welcome to our store. I'm Samantha. Can I help you find something special?" I said with my best smile.

"Hi, Samantha! I'm Catherine and this is my friend Melissa. I'd like to try on that blue dress in the window, please," said the dark-haired woman. She was very friendly and truly beautiful.

"Oh, it's gorgeous and it just arrived today. Come, have a seat while I get it for you." I led them to the fitting room area and went to get the dress, also grabbing a pair of shoes that would look perfect with it.

The two friends were very friendly, and while Catherine was in the fitting room trying on the dress, Melissa told me they were new in town and Catherine needed a new dress to make a good impression on her new boss. When that young woman came out of the fitting room, even I was impressed - she looked stunning. The dress was made for her; it looked like it had been sewn directly onto her body, it fit so perfectly. In the end, she bought the dress, the shoes, and some beautiful lingerie. I was satisfied with my sale.

"Come back again, girls, we're always getting new items in the store," I said as I handed them their bags and a business card with my name on it.

After the girls left, I grabbed my purse and informed my not-so-dear



coworkers that it was time for my break. I was going to take the opportunity to buy a small gift to send to my grandmother, as her birthday was coming up in a few days.

I lived with my mother, who worked for a pharmaceutical company and travels quite a bit. My parents were divorced, and I hardly ever saw my father - he remarried and had other children to worry about. My grandmother, my mother's mom, lived in the countryside and visited us frequently, but recently, she wouldn't be coming for her birthday, and I wouldn't be able to visit her. So I was going to buy a little gift for my mother to take to her.

There was a religious goods store in the mall, and I went there to look at a hanging ornament with a small prayer engraved on it - the saleswoman told me it was called a door scapular. It was handmade and quite beautiful. I was talking with the saleswoman when we were interrupted by a tall, handsome, and completely rude man.

"I need a gift for my mother," he said while fiddling with his phone, addressing the saleswoman without even caring that she was busy, not even taking his eyes off the device to look at her. How crude!

"If you haven't noticed, she's busy," I said without any kindness.

"Yeah, I noticed, but I don't have your luxury of hanging around the mall all day, and she's the only saleswoman in the store," he replied as if he owned the world.

"Excuse me?" I asked, not believing what I'd just heard.

"Look, she'll help me real quick and then get back to chatting with you," he said, finally taking his eyes off his phone screen and staring at me.



He was a gorgeous man, probably in his thirties, tall with broad shoulders, green eyes, and blonde hair, just long enough to tangle your fingers in at the nape of his neck and pull during what would surely be a masterful kiss from those perfect lips. He wore an extremely elegant suit that was undoubtedly tailored. He was looking at me seriously, with a tense expression and a slight crease between his eyebrows.

"Look here, sir, even if I were unemployed, as you suggested, the saleswoman was already helping me when you came in, acting all important and interrupting us. That's rude," I said seriously, maintaining eye contact.

"I'm not rude, I'm practical. You have time to browse around the store, so do that. If the saleswoman had helped me, I'd be gone by now, and you two could go back to your chitchat," he stared at me, insisting on being served first.

"Wow! You're completely clueless, that's what you are!" I turned to the saleswoman. "I'll take this one, could you wrap it for me, please?" The saleswoman took the item from my hand, asked him for a minute, headed to the register, and I followed her.

"Wait a minute? You're not going to help me?" He asked the saleswoman, clearly irritated. She shrank back, saying she'd help him in a minute. "You're going to make me wait?"

"Keep sending messages on your phone and stop throwing a tantrum. She'll finish my purchase, and I'll be gone in no time," I said triumphantly, looking back at him over my shoulder. "I'll leave a card to go with your mother's present."

I went to the register, and while the saleswoman was wrapping my purchase, I noticed a display on the counter with various prayer cards,



and one caught my attention. I picked it up, paid for it, wrote a note on the envelope, and asked the saleswoman to give it to the man. I left the store feeling vindicated, knowing he would fume with anger when he saw the card I'd left for his mother.

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