

S2 Chapter 13

Samantha's POV

I spent the whole week receiving little notes from the clueless hottie in the early afternoon. And here I thought I would never see that man again in my life.

He made several indecent proposals, but hadn't shown his face in the store yet. It was always his nephew Enzo who brought the notes, and right on the first day, I pressured him until he told me his uncle had asked him to do it and showed me a photo. That's how I knew the notes were from the hottie.

The hottie was hitting on me. I wanted to see how long it would take him to show up at the store, but I was having fun with those little notes, and Enzo was such a sweetie who ended up asking me for advice to please his girlfriend. In exchange, he wouldn't tell his uncle that I knew who was sending the notes. He would come to the store, hand me all the day's notes, and I would reply to each one. We were playing the player while the hottie thought he was being clever, we were outsmarting him.

I had just finished having a snack with Enzo; he wanted to tell me that his girlfriend loved the gift I helped him choose.

"But don't forget, Enzo, don't tell your uncle we're friends!" I reminded him as we said goodbye.

"Don't worry! I'm enjoying watching my uncle chase after you. Now go before he arrives." I hurried away from the food court.

I was heading back to the store when I ran into Melissa and Catherine. We greeted each other, and I remembered the dresses that had just arrived - they would love them, so I took them to the store. Catherine had



just come out of the fitting room and looked beautiful in the dress.

I almost had a heart attack when I heard the voice talking to my customer and turned to look. It was the clueless hottie. And he looked even hotter than the day we met, wearing jeans and a black t-shirt. I took a deep breath and tried to pretend I didn't know who he was - I was at work, after all.

I went to get sandals for the girls to try on with the dresses, and they both looked absolutely stunning. I played dumb, but I noticed the clueless hottie was eating me up with his eyes. He sat down and started chatting with the girls who knew him. It was quite a coincidence. But he couldn't take his eyes off me.

Unlike the other day, he wasn't being rude; he was openly complimenting the girls, but I already knew he was bold from his notes. Suddenly he took my hand, and I felt a tingling sensation. He called me beautiful lady, all friendly-like, and asked for my name, saying I had made his friends look very pretty. Well, I already knew many things about him, thanks to Enzo, including that he didn't have a girlfriend.

"I'm Samantha," I responded as if I'd never seen him before, and he kissed my hand. He was being quite the charmer.

"Well, Samantha, you have excellent taste," he said, his eyes traveling over my body. "If you were to choose an evening dress from the store for yourself, which would it be?"

"Are you buying a gift for your girlfriend?" I asked, feigning innocence.

"I don't have a girlfriend, darling. But I'd love to give a gift to a friend," he replied with a breathtaking smile.

I went to fetch a dress, finding one I'd been eyeing in the store for ages. It



was absolutely gorgeous and very expensive. It was a gold sequined dress, very short, with a wrap skirt and a plunging neckline, very thin straps that crossed in the back. It was incredibly sexy. I also grabbed a pair of gold sandals with Swarovski crystal straps. When I showed him the dress, I saw his eyes light up.

"Could you try it on so I can get an idea of how it would look on my friend?"

"He asked, and I knew exactly what his intentions were.

Many customers asked us to try on pieces, sometimes wanting to gift them to their wives or girlfriends, or sometimes a mother wanting to gift her daughter. I always tried them on - it was part of the job and no big deal. But I wasn't going to make things easy for this clueless hottie.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't. However, if she's roughly my size, it will look perfect. I guarantee it!" I responded as politely as possible.

"Alright, I'll take it," he said, surprising me. "And I'm going to gift these two their dresses and shoes as well. And before you protest, I'm the boss! It's just a kindness because you're excellent employees, and Catherine closed a spectacular deal for me with Mr. Miller." He was generous! He handed me his card, gave me a devastating smile, and said to the girls, "We should plan to go somewhere nice so you can debut these beauties."

The girls handed me the items and I went to the register. That sale was wonderful for me - it would earn me a really good commission. I wrapped everything up enthusiastically; I loved serving those girls, they were very friendly and beautiful.

I said goodbye to the girls, and when I turned to hand the bags to the hottie, he asked for a card. I knew he wanted my phone number - I'd been through situations like this many times before. But he was clearly the womanizer type, so I just handed him the store's business card. Then they left.



I worked again on Sunday, which was exhausting. I was alone in the store since Cybele and Cynthia had gone out for a snack and Laura had the day off. I was distracted when I heard a voice that was becoming familiar.

"Beautiful Samantha!" The hottie walked into the store as if he were on a runway.

"Good evening, sir! Don't tell me your friend didn't like the gift?" I was friendly, after all, he was a potential customer.

"I haven't given it to her yet, but I'm sure she'll like it." He took my hand across the counter and kissed it.

"Please let her know that if she doesn't like it or if it doesn't fit, she can come see me for an exchange." I said with a professional smile.

"I will. But why so formal? You don't need to call me sir." He said charmingly.

"And what should I call you?" I asked, since he hadn't told me his name yet, though I already knew it, and the girls called him boss all the time.

"Haven't I introduced myself?" He asked, and I shook my head no. "Oh, how rude of me! I'm Henry, it's a pleasure to meet you, Samantha."

"Likewise." But I couldn't help laughing. "I see your mother is praying for you." I teased him.

"Ah, so you do remember me," he smiled confidently. "My mother pulled my ears and insisted that if I saw you again, I should apologize. So, please forgive me for my thoughtless behavior the other day."

"You're forgiven!" I smiled, thinking he could be quite charming when he wanted to be. "Tell me, did your mother like the gift you bought her?"

"Ah, you won't believe what happened with the gift. But in the end, she liked the little card you sent better."

"I can't believe it! You actually gave it to her?" I was laughing at the situation; my intention had been to annoy him, and he ended up treating the card as a joke.

"Of course I did, you sent it to her. But she demanded that I apologize. I've already been to the store and apologized to the saleswoman and..." Henry pulled out a small package from his pants pocket. "I bought this for you, in case we met again, and look what a surprise we did."

"You bought me a present?" I thought it was cute and took the package.

"It's part of my apology."

I opened the package and found a small box containing a beautiful purse keychain with a crucifix and two small medals.

"It's beautiful, Henry, thank you," I said, looking at the keychain.

"There's also a card."

He pulled an envelope from his pocket, written in perfect masculine handwriting that I knew was his:

"Sorry about being rude the other day, but you were the one who was wrong."

I started laughing at his nerve. I opened the envelope and inside was a small card with the same prayer I had sent to his mother. On the back was written:

"I'm a big idiot, maybe I need more people besides my mother praying for me. I'm sorry for my attitude."

"Aw! How sweet! I'll pray for you every day," I said, smiling. "But your handwriting looks very similar to someone else I know."

Just then, Melissa and Catherine walked into the store, both in high spirits.

"So, boss, decided to renew your wardrobe?" Melissa asked Henry sarcastically.

"Are you girls following me?" Henry teased.

We chatted for a while and ended up planning to go out the following Saturday. I gave the girls my number, and we arranged to have lunch during the week. They said goodbye and left, but Henry stuck around. The troublemakers Cybele and Cynthia arrived, and Cybele immediately started flirting with Henry.

"Hi there! Can I help you? Samantha is so slow," Cybele said, throwing herself at Henry.

"No, thanks! Samantha is perfect," Henry dismissed her and pulled me toward the lingerie section. "Who has handwriting similar to mine?" He smiled, knowing exactly what I was talking about.

"My secret admirer," I teased.

"Should I be jealous?"

"Maybe."

He gave a mischievous smile, "Samantha, you didn't give me your phone number."

"And why would I do that?" I asked, smiling.

Commented [Ma1]:



"Because we're friends now," Henry said and fixed his eyes on a white lace bodysuit on display. "Wow, what a beautiful piece!"

"Oh, it really is gorgeous, made with French lace and tulle. Look how delicate it is," my saleswoman side spoke up as I showed him the piece. He looked from me to the bodysuit and took out his card from his wallet.

"Please wrap one in your size for me," he smiled slyly.

"I think you'd need a much larger size, Henry," I smiled.

"Very funny!" Henry laughed shamelessly. "It's for my friend in the dress."

"Hmm, is this friend going to become a girlfriend?"

"Maybe." He winked at me. "And I want your phone number."

I took his card and the bodysuit and went to the register. I made a pretty package and handed him the bag. I took a card and wrote without him seeing: "I'm running away from problems..." Then I put the card in the bag.

"It was a pleasure serving you again!" I said and walked him to the door.

Henry kissed my hand and said goodbye with a wink. Manu was watching everything from the makeup store across the way with a huge smile.