

S2 Chapter 37

Samantha's POV

Henry dropped me off at the office on Monday morning. Our weekend was great, except for the part with his unpleasant father, which left Henry very tense and distracted. Still, he showered me with attention and even made me forget about the letter I had received. I didn't want to worry Henry with that. I could see how much his father made him nervous, and I didn't want to give him another reason to stress.

I arrived at the office with the mission to gather everyone who worked on the executive floor. Alexander had told me that Catherine was coming back and wanted to announce it to everyone to avoid questions about the reason for Cat's departure. So, when I got to the floor, I started gathering everyone.

"What is it now, bitch?" Celeste asked me, using the not-so-endearing nickname she had given me. When we were alone, she called me bitch, and I called her whore.

"Boss's orders, whore. Just accept it and do what you're told, that's what whores are paid for!" I smiled indifferently at her as she was about to respond, but then she saw Patrick coming.

"Good morning, ladies." Patrick smiled, and Celeste gave him a fake smile.

"Patrick, Mr. Miller wants everyone here in reception. He's arriving and has an announcement to make," I informed Patrick, who smiled even more.

When Alexander arrived with Catherine, I watched Celeste and saw her lose her color. She was furious and couldn't hide it. But she still tried to



stir up trouble between Catherine and me, not knowing we were friends, and when she heard this from Catherine, she was boiling with rage.

After everyone dispersed and we were alone in reception, Celeste came to confront me.

"So the bitch is friends with the little tramp who wants to hook up with the boss? I should have known." Celeste stopped in front of me and crossed her arms.

"Oh, whore, is all this jealousy?" I said mockingly and walked towards the break room.

As soon as I walked away, Celeste picked up the phone and dialed Joseph's extension. I had stepped away but stayed hidden just listening, knowing she would alert her lover. Before she could end the call, I came back and stood in front of her.

"Well, look at this gossiping whore!" I said, looking at her as she quickly hung up the phone. "Setting up an appointment or just spreading gossip around?"

"None of your business, bitch!" Celeste replied through gritted teeth.

"Tell me, whore, you tell your lover everything that happens here, don't you?" I said, laughing as if chatting with a friend. "What if the boss finds out?" I put my hand on my face and widened my eyes.

"Mind your own business, you bitch, and don't mess with me, you don't know what I'm capable of!"

"Wow, I'm trembling with fear, look..." I extended my hand and pretended it was shaking. Celeste was red with anger. Then I had an idea, took out my phone and said to her, "To show you I'm a good person, I'll



give you some advice: be more careful about the places you choose for your appointments."

I turned my phone toward Celeste and showed her the video I'd taken of her giving Joseph a blowjob. In the part I showed her, you couldn't see who the man was - that was strategic, so she wouldn't suspect I knew who her lover was. She tried to grab my phone, but I was quicker.

"I'm just curious to know who your client is," I commented, pretending I didn't know. "I couldn't see his face."

"Delete that video, you bitch!" she snarled.

"Oh, whore, I can't! It's already in the cloud. Amazing technology, right? But let me give you some advice - you need to work on your technique. The guy didn't even moan, he was just lying there like he was bored. Guess he wasn't satisfied with your service... maybe you're not even good enough to be a whore, Celeste?"

At that moment, she lunged at me, knocking me to the ground and slapping me. I needed a lot of self-control not to knock her down and beat the hell out of her, since I couldn't give her any reason to claim self-defence. I let her hit me, but she couldn't even do that right, throwing wild slaps like a hysterical woman.

I started screaming, making her even more furious. Patrick and Rick quickly showed up but couldn't pull her off me. Other employees started gathering in the reception area, and Alexander appeared and shouted, but she wouldn't stop hitting me while I just tried to defend myself.

After they finally pulled that whore off me, I stood up, explained what had happened, and Alexander fired her. I was dishevelled and sore all over, but I was happy! Alexander and I had been thinking about how to get rid of Celeste without raising suspicions, and our fight was the perfect



excuse. Sure, I provoked her to the limit, but I didn't think she'd actually attack me. 1

Just as Alexander predicted, it didn't take long for Henry to show up at the office.

"Samantha, how are you?" Henry came towards me, stopping in front of me and examining me. "My God, that woman hurt you, I'm going to destroy her."

"Oh, Henry, it wasn't that bad. Alexander already made her run away."

"What? Alexander didn't call the police? Damn it! We're going to the police station right now!"

"No, we're not! Alexander didn't call the police because I didn't want him to. That woman is worthless, but we still need her, you know how things are around here."

"But Samantha, look at you. Your arms are scratched, your face is swollen and bruising, and there's a cut on your lip. I hope she's in much worse shape than you."

"Not even a scratch!" I started laughing at Henry's horrified expression.

After I explained the whole situation to Henry, he calmed down a bit, but was still upset that I wouldn't press charges. Alexander came out of his office.

"Ah, you're here already," Alexander said to Henry.

"Alexander, you know this was absurd. You should protect my goddess." Henry was angry.

"My friend, I'm doing the best I can, but your goddess doesn't make my



life easy." Alexander laughed at me. "And in my defense, I have to say, she's the one who didn't want to call the police."

"I can't accept this," Henry said. "Come on, Sam, I'll take you home."

"No, we won't. I'm in the middle of my workday and Cat just returned to the company." I stood my ground.

"But Sam..." Henry would try to convince me.

"Don't waste your time, Henry. Sam is fine," Patrick said, coming out of Rick's office. "The best thing we can do is take these girls out for a nice lunch."

After lunch, Henry left and I went back to work. We spent the rest of the week without seeing each other, as I was helping my mom organize the apartment. We had already moved, and this was a relief for me because after the letter I received at our old house, I was very worried. I tried not to think much about it, but it was difficult. So I researched the sender's address and it was the address of a post office, which didn't give me any clues.

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