

## S2 Chapter 4

### Henry's POV

My Monday was turning into purgatory. I needed an assistant like yesterday! Of course, being hungover wasn't helping much. And getting minimal sleep was terrible too. Maybe I should quit this bohemian lifestyle. I laughed to myself at that thought.

But I would be interviewing Melissa Larson later, and it was practically certain I would hire her. I had already checked with some contacts, and they all assured me she was a very competent professional.

Julia came into my office with several papers for me to sign. While passing them to me, she decided to make small talk.

"I talked to Mariana today. She told me she finally hired a new assistant for Mr. Miller."

"Ah, yes. The lady Larson recommended. She seems very competent," I commented casually while signing papers.

"Yeah, that's what Mariana said. But I don't think she'll last there," Julia caught my attention with this comment, and I looked up at her.

"And why not, Julia?"

"Because Mariana told me she's gorgeous. Gorgeous like she just stepped off a magazine cover."

"And what's wrong with that?" I asked, leaning back in my chair.

"The problem is that Mr. Guzman is a ladies' man and will end up hitting on her. And it's not like Mr. Miller is very friendly, right?!" Julia said and sighed. "After this kid's parents died, he closed himself off, became a grouch."

I smiled at Julia, understanding well what she was saying. My friend Alexander was a stressed-out man who had little interest in socializing. He kept a small circle of friends and was very direct with his employees, which some might interpret as rudeness.

"Ah, but from what Larson told me, she's tough! I think she'll be fine. But if she's not," I leaned over the desk as if to confide something to my secretary, "we'll bring her here."

"You have no sense, boy!" Julia smiled. I finished signing the papers, and before leaving, Julia reminded me, "Call that annoying father of yours! He's got a new relationship and wants to talk to you. Seems he's found his soulmate for the millionth time."

I made a face of dissatisfaction. Talking to my father was the last thing I wanted right now. I had no patience to hear about the wonders of finding the right person. As a rule, he gave me this speech once a month, every time he changed girlfriends. Instead of calling my father, I picked up the phone and called Patrick.

"Missing me already, little Henry?" Patrick answered with his usual good humor. It was almost impossible for my friend to be in a bad mood.

"Ah, this week I'm dying to see you, my friend. Never wanted an excuse to go to Miller Group so badly." I smiled.

"Have you heard about the new assistant?" Patrick asked. We were all curious about Alexander's new assistant, except Alexander himself.

"Yes, I have!"

"Wait, I'll put you on speaker, I'm at the hotel bar and Rick is here with me."

"And Alexander?"

"No, he's working in his room. You know how he is."



"Do I ever. Patrick, Julia called Mari."

"Julia is the best!" Julia always got the information we wanted, and she knew we were all curious about Miller's new employee. "What did she say?"

"That Miss Vergara is gorgeous like she stepped off a magazine cover. But she thinks the lady won't stay with you guys for long."

"Why does our Julia think that?" Patrick asked.

"Based on what she said, either you'll flirt with the girl, or Miller will bite her head off with his non-existent charm," I smiled, thinking about my stressed-out friend. "But I'm warning you, if she leaves your company, I'll hire her on the spot."

"Oh sure, because you won't flirt with her..." Rick mocked, "You and my boss are cut from the same cloth, Henry."

"Come on, Rick, give me some credit. I love women!" Patrick complained.

We laughed and chatted a bit more. When I hung up, it was time for my interview with Melissa Larson, so I called her. When she answered and appeared on screen, I was stunned. She was gorgeous. I flashed my best smile and immediately got shot down.

"Wipe that little smile off your face, Henry! Let me warn you right now, if you think you're going to seduce me, forget it. Not happening. And if you try, I'll rip your nails out with pliers. Are we clear?" Melissa made my smile drop, and I just stared at the woman on my screen.

"Crystal clear..." I said in a thin voice.

"Excellent! Now for heaven's sake, pull yourself together, you look terrible! Fix that tie and fix your hair." Melissa was already giving orders, and I automatically started adjusting my tie and running my hands through my hair to try to straighten it. "And while you're at it, tidy up

you think you're going to seduce me, forget it. Not happening. And if you try, I'll rip your nails out with pliers. Are we clear?" Melissa made my smile drop, and I just stared at the woman on my screen.

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"Excellent! Now for heaven's sake, pull yourself together, you look terrible! Fix that tie and fix your hair." Melissa was already giving orders, and I automatically started adjusting my tie and running my hands through my hair to try to straighten it. "And while you're at it, tidy up your desk because I can see it's a mess."

"You know I'm interviewing you, and if I hire you, I'll be your boss, right?" I thought it important to remind her of this detail.

"Wake up, Henry! You're going to hire me because I'm excellent and you need someone like me to keep you in line. And that's exactly why I'm the one in charge of this relationship. You'll just be, let's say, my little pet: well-trained, well-behaved, and getting a treat if you do everything right!" Melissa spoke with a confidence I'd rarely seen in my life.

"Are you always like this? Full of yourself?" I asked, amused.

"I know my worth, Henry! I know my place in the world! And nobody - boss, father, or boyfriend - can shake that!" Melissa was incredibly confident.

"Your father was right about you being peculiar," I commented. "You start tomorrow."

I gave Melissa the information and ended the call. I thought I found the right person to be my assistant. I sent a quick message to Larson letting him know I'd hired her and that I was impressed.



The late afternoon was calmer. I decided not to stress anymore; my new assistant would start tomorrow, and I'd let her handle the stress. I called Julia and informed her about the new hire.

Then I needed to buy a birthday present for my mother, and I'd take the opportunity to send a little something to sexy Hanna, a beautiful flight attendant I always met when I was in town - she'd messaged me saying she'd arrive tonight.

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