

S2 Chapter 5

Henry's POV

I figured the most practical thing would be to go to the mall, where I could find everything I needed. I went to the religious goods store first - it would be quick, and I didn't want to be that heretic carrying adult toys into a religious store. When I entered, there was only one employee chatting with a young woman. I approached them while texting Hanna to let her know I was buying her a little present.

I was straightforward with the saleswoman. I didn't want to waste time. She could continue gossiping with the other woman later. But the woman decided to play smart with me, and we started arguing about who the saleswoman should help first. She was irritating.

I was already impatient when I looked up from my phone screen. But when I saw the woman in front of me, I had to exercise serious self-control not to ask for her number. She was stunningly beautiful. A breathtaking brunette with a toned, sensual body. Her lips were amazing, like a small, juicy apple that made me want to take a bite. And there I was, having profane thoughts inside a religious goods store. What kind of heretic was I? Thank goodness I was wearing a suit, and the jacket would hide the growing bulge in my pants.

I was tense with the situation. This beautiful and sassy woman was making me chaotic. I needed to get away from her presence, and fast! When she told the saleswoman she'd take the item in her hands and walked away swaying those hips, I nearly had a heart attack. Then she told me to stop throwing a tantrum and said she'd leave a card for my mother's gift. I wanted to bend her over right there and give that amazing ass a few squeezes.



Finally, the saleswoman came back to help me. I was still trying to calm down after encountering that sassy ebony goddess. Eventually, the saleswoman convinced me to buy a new Bible edition with truly beautiful illustrations and a silver rosary with rose-shaped beads. My mother would be happy. At the counter, she wrapped everything and put it in a black paper bag with a golden crucifix printed on it. Then she handed me an envelope.

"Sir, the customer who was in the store asked me to give you this." The saleswoman looked a bit scared.

I curiously took the envelope. In beautiful handwriting, it read,

"For the tantrum-thrower's mother"

I smiled at her boldness. I opened the envelope and pulled out a card with a "prayer for children" printed on it, and on the back, in the same handwriting as the envelope, she wrote:

"Ma'am, congratulations on your special day. However, I feel your son needs prayer, so evil doesn't occupy his body. We must pray for children to be admirers and practitioners of good. Please accept this small prayer and dedicate it to your son every day."

I burst out laughing in the store. Such audacity! She really left a card for my mother. I'd never experienced anything like this. This story would certainly amuse my mother. I would give her the card, and she would definitely say this prayer for me every day. It amused me greatly. While I had tears in my eyes from laughing so hard, the saleswoman looked at me like she couldn't understand anything. Too bad I would never see that beautiful woman full of personality again.

I left the store and went to the adult shop on the ground floor. I bought



several toys to use with Hanna and left the store in high spirits.

The next day, before heading to the office, I stopped by the flower shop and picked out a bouquet of red roses for Hanna and a bouquet of white roses for my mother. While I was handing over the bags and confirming which bouquet should go with each delivery, my phone rang, it was Patrick.

"Hey Patrick, I've got a good story to tell you," I answered enthusiastically. Patrick would get a kick out of the incident with the girl at the religious goods store.

"Save it to tell me in person later," Patrick replied, dying of laughter with Rick.

"But weren't you guys supposed to be in New York all week?" I asked, confused.

"That was the plan. But our friend Alexander came up with some excuses for the clients, and we're heading back."

"What do you mean? Alexander never breaks from the plan."

"Yeah, well, he decided to return without explanation. He called the clients, got a meeting last night, and somehow - I don't even know how - he wrapped everything up in one meeting and convinced them we could handle the rest remotely."

"That doesn't sound like Alexander."

"I know. But Mari told Rick that Alexander requested the new assistant's resume, and they had some kind of... let's say, confrontation yesterday."

"No way! Seriously, Patrick? Could our friend be coming back because of



the assistant?" I asked, amused to learn that Alexander was probably just as curious about the new employee as we were.

"Man, I think the giant has awakened," Patrick said and burst out laughing.

"Well, if Catherine is as beautiful as her friend, Alexander's in big trouble."
"

"What friend?" Patrick became more than interested.

"My new assistant, Melissa Larson. Beautiful, Patrick. And full of attitude."
"I smiled, remembering the interview. "She and Catherine are like sisters."

"Man, you hired Oliver Larson's daughter? You're going to lose a good friend," Patrick warned me.

"No, I won't. She already put me in my place," I smiled.

"And what place would that be?"

"Her subordinate!" I said, and Patrick roared with laughter.

We talked a bit more, and before saying goodbye, I asked Patrick to tell me how Alexander would react to the assistant. He promised to call me with updates.