

S2 Chapter 6

Henry's POV

I arrived at the office feeling excited, thinking today would be fun since my assistant would be starting, finally relieving me of my workload. Plus, there was the gossip about Alexander and his assistant, and I had plans to see Hanna tonight. Everything seemed perfect.

When the elevator doors opened on the top floor of my building where my office was located, I found Melissa sitting there with her arms and legs crossed, tapping her foot and huffing. I had barely stepped out when she came straight at me.

"Is this what you call arrival time, Henry? Your desk is a mess, and you have piles of pending work. This place has zero management! If you're planning on going bankrupt, let me know now so I won't waste my time starting here." Melissa rattled off without taking a breath, and I just wanted to run and hide from her.

"I really like her!" Julia called out from her desk with a huge grin, clearly enjoying my suffering.

Melissa was already showing who was boss, riding me like a horse with spurs and cracking the whip!

"How late am I?" I looked at her, starting to wonder if I was four hours behind schedule.

"The point, Henry, is that you're the boss, the captain of this ship, you should be the first one in and the last one out." Melissa snapped her fingers in my face. "Things are going to change around here, Henry, you can bet on that. From now on, I'm in charge of you, and you're going to toe the line while we get this house in order. It's either that or I'm out."

Got it?"

"Yes, ma'am!" I couldn't help but laugh, but I regretted it before I could even close my mouth. She looked at me like she wanted to rip my head off.

"Is this funny to you, Henry? Will it still be funny when you run this company into the ground? Come on, let's get to work. You've been slacking off way too much."

"You do know I'm the boss, right?" Just like during the interview, I asked my new assistant again, who was a well of audacity.

"Of course! And I also know that you need me way, way more than I need you. So cut the drama and let's get to work." Melissa spoke from her bossy stance. "Oh, and just so things are crystal clear. From now on, I'm the voice of your conscience, so I make the rules. I already warned you, you're now my pet. Got it?" I just nodded yes.

Melissa walked away and I followed her to my office. We spent the entire morning buried in paperwork. She was very competent and quick in making decisions, handled things well, and had her father's business savvy. Around eleven o'clock, the phone on my desk rang and Melissa answered on speakerphone.

"Yes, Julia?" They were already close. This duo would turn me into a Alexander clone, grumpy and celibate.

"Mel, there are two visitors here for Henry. One is his mother," Julia replied, sounding amused. "I think you'll enjoy receiving both of them at once."

"Send them in, Julia. Let's see what this idiot has done now." Melissa looked at me with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

Suddenly, my mother and Hanna burst into the office, the latter looking indignant. Each was holding a black gift bag, which I knew contained the presents I had sent.

"Sweetie, good morning! You really surprised mommy today." My mother said with a ear-to-ear smile, apparently very pleased with the gift I had sent.

"Henry dear, can we talk in private?" Hanna spoke right away, looking disdainfully at Melissa.

"Oh no, you can't, you tramp!" Melissa answered before I could say anything, and I looked at her in disbelief at what she had just said. "Henry dear is extremely busy. Just say what you want and hit the road, honey."

Melissa stood up and walked over to my mother, calmly introduced herself, and led her to a chair in front of my desk. Hanna was looking at me as if asking whether I wasn't going to talk to her.

"Who's this crazy woman, Henry dear?" Hanna said my name with a Spanish accent. She was Colombian, which I found charming because, although she spoke English well, she still had a lovely accent.

"Crazy? Me?" Melissa scoffed. "Darling, I might be a bit obsessive, but not crazy. However, I am polite, so I'll introduce myself. I'm Melissa Larson, and from now on, Henry belongs to me. I'm the one who manages his life, and I'm the one who decides who he talks to."

"Oh, so that's why you sent me this little present, Henry? Is this your way of dumping me?" Hanna spoke with great anger.

"I don't understand, Hanna." I spoke for the first time since she entered my office.

I was dumbfounded by my assistant. Maybe she was more than just obsessive, but I'd better keep that to myself. Her father had already told me she would keep me on a tight leash, but what she was doing was taking control of my life. And I was letting her and even enjoying it.

"Oh, really?" Hanna spoke mockingly. "Then explain to me what this is." Hanna held out the black bag to me.

The envelope with the card was stuck to the bag. I was confused. Had Hanna gotten upset because I bought sex toys for her? But we had used some before, and she liked them. Melissa took the bag from Hanna's hands and read the card, "I'm looking forward to using this together."

Melissa pulled out the black box from the bag and opened it. Inside were a rosary and a Bible. Melissa was thoroughly enjoying the situation and asked in a very mocking tone,

"Well, Henry, trying to convert the lady? Didn't know you were so determined to save the world's sinners."

Hanna looked confused and turned to me expecting explanations. I finally understood what had happened. At the flower shop, when I was about to put the cards in the bags, Patrick called, and I got flustered.

"I switched the bags at the flower shop," I said, pointing to my mother's bag.

"May I see your little gift, Heidi?" Melissa politely asked my mother, who handed her the bag. As before, she read the card first,

"Be happy, Mom!"

Melissa pulled out a black box very similar to the other one and opened it. Inside were vibrating nipple clamps, a Kegel exercise kit, a rose-shaped

vibrator with clitoral suction, a medium-sized anal plug with a pom-pom tip, and a set of various gels for stimulation and pleasure enhancement.

"Henry! What's all this?! You really want your mom to be happy!" Melissa started laughing, and I wanted to strangle her. "Heidi, you're literally going to be in heaven with these toys."

"Oh, sweetie, could you help me with these things? I want to know how they work. I looked it up online, but I still have some questions. I want to use them tonight," my mother said to Melissa while I stood there shocked, staring at her.

My mother was a respectable lady. Since my father left her, she had never gotten involved with another man, and that was thirteen years ago. She was a fifty-six-year-old lady, still very beautiful, blonde with green eyes, slim figure, and very active, but surely she didn't think about these things anymore. She was my mother! She was a saint! Or wasn't she?

"It would be my pleasure, Heidi!" Melissa said and looked at me with an evil little smile. "It will be a pleasure... indeed!"

"Mom, Hanna, I'm sorry, I switched the bags," I said to both of them, trying to explain. "I was at the flower shop and got a call and ended up switching the bags. They're identical."

"Oh no, Henry, I'm sorry, but they're not identical at all! Look, they're both black, about the same size, but look, one has a golden cross printed on it, and the other has a rose. It's pretty easy to tell which is which," Melissa was having fun with my misfortune.

I looked at Hanna, and she was fuming with anger. Then I glanced at my mother, who was examining the sex shop items with a smile on her face. What now?

"Look, girls. I apologize." I stood up and grabbed the box with the Bible and rosary, walking towards my mother. "We just need to switch them back."

When I reached out to take the sex shop box, my mother slapped my hand away.

"Keep your dirty hands off this. This present is mine, and I'm not giving it back," my mother snapped at me. "Give that one to your little friend because she clearly needs salvation. I already have one of those, but these are new. I'm keeping the toys." My mother's eyes sparkled as she looked at the sex shop box.

I looked at my mother in shock and sought help from Melissa, who was more than amused by the situation. She was already explaining to my mother what each gel was for.

"Henry, fix this!" Hanna raged, standing right in front of me while I held the box with the Bible. I thought at that moment, I was the one who needed salvation. "We need to talk, Henry."

Melissa calmly stood up and walked over to Hanna. She looked her up and down, then flipped her hair over her shoulders.

"Listen here, tramp, this isn't some pleasure house," Melissa wagged her finger in the air as if showing off the office. "Monday through Friday, during business hours, and whenever else I think he should be here, Henry is mine. I'm in charge of him! And I don't tolerate hussies desecrating a man's sacred workplace. Now, turn on your heels and get out of here."

"Henry!" Hanna screamed.

At that moment, I realized that Melissa would put things in order in my

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company, and I needed her more than Hanna right now. I had really been careless with my business, and that wasn't good.

"Look, Hanna, I'm sorry, but this isn't the best time." I tried to soften the blow, but it didn't work very well.

"Don't ever contact me again, Henry!" Hanna turned and stormed out, seething with anger. Only then did I notice Julia at the door, dying of laughter.

I had become Julia and Melissa's puppet. When I turned around, I saw my mother holding the vibrator, which was turned on, with the clitoral suction part pressed against her palm. She had a big smile on her face, raised eyebrows as she looked at Melissa, and flushed cheeks. Oh my God, what had I done?

