

S2 Chapter 75

Melissa's POV

I've been in this archive room for a week now, and I'm starting to feel archived, dusty, and obsolete myself. The worst part is that this seems like it's going to take longer than I thought. But what can you do? Work is work.

I was sighing from boredom when my cell phone rang on the desk, and I smiled seeing the name light up on the screen.

"My handsome daddy! I've missed you!" I said when I answered.

"Are you sure you miss me? You never call! Last week I didn't even get a short message from my little girl! That hurts, Mel." My father put on his usual dramatic act.

"Oh, Dad, I've just been really busy with work."

"Is Henry exploiting you?" My father said mockingly. "Or is he the one taking orders from you?"

"No, Dad, I'm still the one bossing him around!" I smiled. "But he decided to dig up a dinosaur."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, a stone-age company that's going to be a client again, but all the information is on paper, and I'm putting everything into the system. Since it's confidential information, I have to do it alone."

"Really? I thought Henry had converted everything to digital files when he took over. Which company is that?"



"Some place called Monopoly Financial."

"Hold on, Mel, are you sure you're doing the right thing? Monopoly changed its business name about twenty years ago, they're called G9 Holding now."

"What did you say, Dad?"

"That's right. They're a financial market giant. When the founder died, the heirs changed the name because they got tired of other businessmen making jokes comparing it to the board game name. Well, I won't keep you, this must be very serious. We'll talk later, honey, take care."

"Son of a bitch!" I said when I hung up the phone.

That creep Henry gave me a punishment! G9 was our client. I'm going to kill that worthless bastard! I closed my laptop, gathered my things, and left that archive room furious.

When I arrived at the executive floor, Julia looked at me already anticipating that all hell was about to break loose on that idiot's head. I walked straight past, threw my things on my desk, and stormed into his office like a hurricane. The fool was singing!

"HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, YOU BASTARD!" I shouted right away, slamming my hand on the desk.

"Melissa, what's wrong? Is everything okay?"

"Like hell everything's okay, Martin! What made you think you could keep me in that dusty archive for a month? Come on, I want to know what went through that genius head of yours." I wanted to rip his head off.

"Calm down, Melissa. What's going on?" He spoke in a calm voice.



"What's going on, you jerk? What's going on is that today I'm losing my first-time offender! The G9, Martin? Seriously, you moron?" I leaned across the desk trying to grab him, and he jumped back - I could see the fear in his eyes.

"Melissa, calm down, it was just a little joke!" He stood up and started taking slow steps toward the door.

"A little joke, you asshole? A little joke is putting a whoopee cushion on someone's chair. Sending me to that damn dusty room is asking for trouble!"

"Melissa, calm down, let's talk about this."

"There's nothing to talk about, Martin! I'm going to cut your balls off and feed them to the dogs!" I was seeing red, I wanted to kill him! I grabbed the scissors from the desk and walked toward him.

"Mel, please, I'll do anything you want, just calm down and let's talk."

"Now you're scared?! You should have been scared before you messed up!"

"Mel, please..." He was even trembling a bit. "Think of it as just a silly prank. I'm sure you'll make me pay for this, and I can explain."

"Well, start explaining now!" I pinned him against the wall and held the scissors near his crotch.

"Mel, can we sit down? I can't talk with these scissors threatening my manhood." He was breaking into a cold sweat.

I moved away and pointed to the chair for him, but didn't let go of the scissors. We sat down and he cleared his throat before starting to speak.



"In my defense, I was angry and wasn't thinking straight. But it was your fault." He started speaking, and I slammed the table, making him jump.

"Explain!"

"Sam made me spend an entire night turned on and wouldn't even let me jerk off. I was fucking angry because, Melissa, balls hurt when you're aroused for too long without release. So I was really pissed off and in pain. " Henry spoke and seemed hurt. "Then I found out you were the one who came up with that little plan!"

"How did you find out?" I started to control myself not to laugh at his face.

"That doesn't matter!" He huffed.

"Of course it matters!"

"I overheard your conversation that day."

"Oh, so now you're eavesdropping."

"Fuck it, Melissa, it's my company, so yeah, I eavesdropped! Damn! You're something else, I've never seen anyone as crazy as you." He started complaining and I started laughing.

"You weren't sick, were you?" I asked, but I knew the answer.

"Damn it, Mel! Look, I love Samantha! Love her so much! We're good now, please don't ruin this." He started begging.

"You know I'm going to make you suffer for an indefinite time because of your little stunt, don't you?"

"Shit, Melissa, do whatever you want, just don't fill Sam's head with

these ideas again." He dropped his head on the table in defeat.

"You know I'm going to tell her."

"I know, just don't suggest any more punishments, please!"

"Fine. I won't suggest any more punishments, for now. But she's going to be really pissed at you." He just groaned with his head on the table. "Now I want something."

"What is it?"

"Your yacht for the weekend!"

"WHAT? MY BABY? NO FUCKING WAY!" He shouted as if he'd been insulted.

"Well, then I'm going to suggest some things to Sam!"

"Damn it, Melissa!" He huffed. "I'll have it prepared for you! It'll be at your disposal starting Saturday morning."

"No, starting Friday night." He groaned in suffering.

He was super protective of that little boat, so I was going to hit him where it hurt second most, since I agreed not to put ideas in Sam's head, which was what hurt him the most.

"Fine."

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