

**S2 Chapter 8**

## Henry's POV

We had lunch with my mother and Julia on Tuesday, after the confusion with the mixed-up gifts, and they drove me crazy about it.

"Mom, I have one more thing for you." I took out the card that beautiful stranger had left at the mall store from my jacket pocket and handed it to my mother.

"What's this?" My mother asked.

I told the story, and the three women in front of me laughed like children and made fun of me. My mother read the card and passed it to Melissa and Julia. Wiping a tear from the corner of her eye from laughing so hard, she said,

"Henry Martin, I'm a good mother and I raised you right! Your behavior at the store is unacceptable. I recommend you go back there and apologize to the saleswoman, and if you ever meet that young lady again, you apologize to her too."

"Mom, I'm not going back to the store to apologize," I replied.

"Oh yes, you are! You're better than this, Henry. And you're going back to apologize because I didn't raise an arrogant and presumptuous man!" My mother spoke seriously, and I knew there was no room for discussion.

"Alright, Mom, I'm sorry," I replied and took her hand. "Now, Mom, could you please return the box I sent you by mistake?"

"Absolutely not!" My mother responded immediately. "It's the best present I've ever gotten from you. I'm not returning it, and I'm going to make excellent use of it."

"Mom..." I said, shocked.

"What's the problem, Henry? Just because she's your mother, you think she doesn't like sex? Or do you think she doesn't have sex because of her age? That's ageism, you know!" Melissa called me out.

"Melissa, she's my mother!" I simply responded.

"So what? You think you came from a cabbage patch?" Melissa mocked.

"You're being childish, Henry," Julia said. "My husband and I love using toys too, and when he's not in the mood, I play alone."

"Julia, that's too much information." I put my hands on my head, and all three burst into laughter.

When we returned to the office, Melissa simply called me sexist and said I should be ashamed for not realizing that my mother was a beautiful woman, full of life, who could perfectly well have sex toys and even a boyfriend. My innocence was shattered!

However, I had to be honest about one thing: Melissa was really taking control of my professional routine. She decided to call me every day to wake me up and ensure I arrive at the office promptly at eight in the morning. For the past two days, we had been working at an exhausting pace, staying late at work.

On Wednesday, we had lunch at the office, and Melissa told me about her boyfriend, the prince, as she called him. She was certainly the dominant one in the relationship; the guy must be like a puppy following her around. I was curious to meet him. Melissa told me about her friend who was working with Alexander, but she wouldn't show me a photo.

Early in the evening, Patrick called me. He had already told me that

Alexander was falling head over heels for his assistant who was truly beautiful and was keeping our friend quite distracted.

"Patrick, how was your day at Miller?" I asked when I answered the phone. Melissa was sitting across from me and looked up.

"Man, it was exciting! And it's not over yet. We're going out to dinner with Mari and Catherine. Come with us, bring your assistant." Patrick was very enthusiastic.

"That's a great idea, I'd love to have dinner with you guys..." I was still talking when I heard Melissa clear her throat to get my attention.

"We still have a lot of work today, Henry!" Melissa warned me. I scratched the back of my neck and thought it better not to argue.

"You know what, Patrick, I can't make it. My boss hasn't released me yet."  
"Patrick roared with laughter on the other end.

"Your boss or your owner?" Patrick was dying laughing. "I'm eager to meet Melissa! Finally, someone put a leash on you."

"Yeah, unfortunately for me. And I'm not even sleeping with her." I commented while looking at Melissa, who frowned.

"Not even in your wildest dreams, Henry." Melissa said, and Patrick laughed even harder because he had heard it.

I said goodbye to my friend and hung up. I looked at my assistant who had her eyes fixed on her tablet screen and decided to take a chance.

"Melissa, how long are you going to keep me on a tight leash?"

"For the rest of your life, Henry! For the rest of your life!" She didn't even take her eyes off the screen to answer me.

On Thursday, we had a meeting at Miller Group. Besides being friends, we were business partners, so we always had meetings. Usually, our meetings were during lunch or dinner and often even at the Social Club bar, but Melissa had put an end to the party and scheduled the meeting at Alexander's company.

At least I was going to get out of my office a bit; I was starting to look pale from being cooped up in this office so much. And I would finally meet this Catherine, although Melissa had already warned me about a thousand times not to get any ideas about her. The meeting would be after lunch, so I at least convinced my assistant to have lunch at a restaurant on the way to the meeting.

At Alexander's company, we were taken straight to the meeting room. When Catherine entered the room, I was speechless - she was stunning! She and Melissa hugged warmly, and then Melissa introduced her to me.

"Melissa, I'm going to have to fight with your father. When he asked me to recommend Ms. Catherine for the position here at Miller's, he didn't tell me she was a goddess!"

Catherine gave me a charming, slightly embarrassed smile and shook my hand. I hadn't even noticed Alexander was coming in, but I heard his voice boom like thunder.

"Henry, keep your hands and eyes off my assistant. Miss Vergara isn't like those women you hang around with!"

God, now everyone was criticizing the women I dated. But I noticed a certain possessiveness in Alexander's tone. I found it so amusing; my friend had never behaved like this with any woman. I looked from Catherine to Alexander with a smile. I understood he was in deep trouble, already falling for her. I couldn't miss the chance to tease him.

"Well, well, the untouchable Alexander Miller is jealous over you, Miss Vergara! How interesting! But, my dear friend Alexander, I don't know if I can resist staying away from such a beauty."

"But you'd better stay away, Henry." Patrick came in saying. "You wouldn't want to provoke our friend's wrath." He smiled mockingly, enjoying Alexander's situation. "But who's this lovely lady with you, Henry?"

"Don't even try, Patrick. This is Melissa Larson, and besides being Oliver's daughter, she has a boyfriend who looks like he stepped out of a fairy tale. In short, untouchable like Miss Vergara, no wonder they're best friends," I answered, rolling my eyes.

"Oh, what a shame! But you two could introduce me to a friend who's as beautiful as you are, right? I'm feeling so lonely..." Patrick put on a pitiful face that made everyone laugh.

"Good Lord, Patrick, you have no boundaries!" Alexander said exasperatedly.

"Unfortunately, we don't have another super hot and nice friend like us to introduce you to, Mr. Guzman, I'm sorry," Melissa replied laughing.

Alexander rolled his eyes and told us to control our hormones. As if he wasn't losing his mind over his new assistant. It would be very entertaining to watch my friend, the most serious and level-headed of us three, lose his unshakeable composure because of his hot assistant.

After the meeting, Melissa and I returned to the office, or should I say my cell? It was starting to feel like a prison. We were working on a report when Melissa checked her phone and suddenly spoke to me.

"It's your lucky day, Henry!" She looked up at me. "I have to go. So I'm

letting you off early."

"Wow, what miracle is this, my boss taking pity on me?" I joked, but I noticed she was worried. "What's wrong, Melissa? Any problem?"

"I have to go. Peter has a fever, and Catherine is taking him to the doctor, " Melissa said, getting up and gathering her things.

"Who's Peter?"

"Oh, here we go. I'll make it brief because I'm short on time. Peter is Catherine's son and my godson. He's almost three. Cat isn't married, so the father isn't involved in Peter's life, doesn't even know Peter exists."

"I see. Want me to drive you?" I thought it would be better not to ask anything else.

"No need, I have my car." When she reached the door, she turned to me. "I'm letting you off early today, but I don't want you showing up late or hungover tomorrow."

I smiled at how Melissa was already bossing me around. This was actually good for me. I'd been somewhat negligent with the company, and I knew I was wrong.

Commented [Ma1]: