

S2 Chapter 9

Henry's POV

It was past seven on Friday evening when Melissa finally decided to set me free.

"What? You're letting me off early again today?" I asked her with a smile.

"I could leave you with some work to do, but I'm heading out. It's been an exhausting week, you're quite a handful."

"No, no tasks, please. I'm tired too. But I'd like to thank you."

"Oh really?" Melissa leaned back in her chair with a cat-that-caught-the-mouse smirk.

"Yeah. I might regret saying this, but I'll be honest, you pulled me back to reality. I was being careless with my company, and you put me back on the right track. Thank you."

"I told you you needed me!" Melissa's smile widened. "Just for that, I'll give you the weekend off. But don't you dare show up hungover on Monday, got it?"

"I promise I won't!" I raised my hand in pledge.

Melissa gathered her things and left. I grabbed my phone and called Patrick. I left the office to meet my friend at the Social Club.

"Patrick, Alexander is head over heels for Catherine, isn't he?" I asked as I sat down.

"Totally! But she's really into him too."

"Really? Tell me more."

"Man, I caught them making out in his office today. Again." Patrick started sharing.

I was having fun. It was great to see Alexander finally interested in someone worthwhile. Patrick and I had dinner, and I told him about how dominant Melissa was and how she was keeping me in check.

"Well, I don't know, Henry, but I think you needed someone like Melissa to get you focused again. You were going off the rails like your father." Patrick said.

"True, I was kind of acting irresponsibly." As soon as I closed my mouth, I saw Isabella walk in with Vanessa and Anna. "Patrick, let's sneak out, the terrible trio is coming in, and I'm not in the mood to deal with Isabella tonight."

"I don't want to see those three either. Anna's scene at the company this week was enough. Alexander banned her from entering the building. Let's go." Patrick said, and I looked at him shocked.

"No way, he really banned her?" I asked, intrigued. "I should send in my resume - would you guys hire me? Things seem pretty entertaining at Alexander." Patrick started laughing.

"Let's go somewhere else, and I'll tell you everything."

We got up and left quickly, but we could still hear the women calling after us. When we reached the parking lot, we decided to go to a strip club since it was Friday night.

Between drinks and chatting at the club, it was past four in the morning when I said goodbye to Patrick. I got home and crashed. My phone was

ringing on the nightstand by my bed, and I answered while still half-asleep.

"No, Melissa, I swear I'm not hungover..." I was somewhat groggy and forgot it was Saturday morning, thinking it was my assistant calling.

"Who's Melissa, Uncle?" I heard my eldest nephew's voice on the other end.

"Damn, Enzo, what kind of time is this to call me?" I said irritably.

"Uncle Henry, it's two in the afternoon. Who's Melissa?" My nephew persisted.

"She's my new assistant." I replied, still with my eyes closed.

"Is she hot?"

Enzo was a fifteen-year-old teenager with raging hormones, and my sister still kept the boy somewhat sheltered - typical mom thinking her son hadn't grown up. So I'd hang out with him occasionally to talk, give advice, and teach him some things. His father was a very serious man and tried his best, but if he taught his son about women, my sister would have his head. So, in a gentlemen's agreement, I had the role of sexually educating my nephew. My sister would get furious, but the kid adored me, and I was very fond of the boy too.

"She's very hot, but worse than your mom. Stop by the office this week to meet her." I said while sitting up in bed.

"I will. But Uncle Henry, can we meet at the mall? I need to talk to you."

"And why does it have to be at the mall, kid? You know I hate that place and only go there when necessary."

"Come on, Uncle Henry! I'm not going to your house or any of those old people places you like."

"Damn, kid! If you imply I'm old again, I'll never do anything for you again, I'll let your mommy keep you in her bubble of innocence and protection."

"Oh Uncle Henry, don't be like that!"

"Fine, I'll meet you at the mall."

Two hours later, I was entering the mall heading towards the chaos of the food court on a Saturday afternoon. I was passing by a women's clothing store when something inside caught my attention. Well, wasn't I just the luckiest guy.

It was that bold ebony goddess I'd seen at the religious goods store. She was showing a dress to an older woman. So she worked there - what luck! I thought I'd never see her again. Now I had to figure out a way to talk to her. I couldn't go into the store while she was helping a customer. Maybe I could approach her before she left.

I met up with my nephew and talked about his teenage anxieties. He was casually dating a girl and didn't know how to handle it. The girl was a year older than him, so I gave him advice and told him to take it easy, that just because she was older didn't mean they had to have sex. He needed to learn how to treat a woman and be patient with her timing.

"Want me to take you home?" I asked my nephew before saying goodbye.

"No need. Mom sent the driver to bring me and wait." My nephew shook his head. "She's getting more controlling every day. I can't wait to see what happens when Clara starts going out with friends."

Clara was Enzo's sister, still twelve years old, and my sister still had good control over her. But Enzo was right, soon my sister would have to worry about her daughter too.

"When that happens, she might ease up on you a bit. Mothers tend to worry more about girls," I said to reassure him.

"I hope so! Thanks, uncle. I'll stop by the company this week." My nephew said goodbye and left.

Before going to the store where my goddess worked, I decided to follow my mother's advice. I went to the religious goods store and apologized to the saleswoman, who was surprised by this. Since I was there, I decided to buy a little something. I walked around the store chatting with the saleswoman and found the perfect item. I left the store quite satisfied with the plan I had in mind.

I decided to pass by the women's clothing store, but my goddess wasn't there. Maybe she'd already left, as it was almost closing time at the mall. No problem, I knew where to find her and I would be back.