

## CH 10

Garrett

He had seen Harmony walking about the building with his mother. She was attending orientation for the company, and wouldn't come up to his oor until lunchtime, or later depending on how in-depth his mother's tour would be, that kind of depended on what his mother thought each new employee needed.

Being that Harmony was his secretary, it was likely she was going to get the full intensive tour of every oor; she would be headed off at times to each of the oors to get him certain things, or drop materials to other parts of the company for him. So, she would need to know everyone and where everything was.

He'd seen the way she was dressed this morning, though she had not seen him or his unit. Had been strolling with his mother. She was dressed in a dark blue well-tailored skirt suit, and he liked it on her. Although she'd cut half her hair off since he'd last seen her, that was a bit of a shock. He'd not registered it yesterday. She'd had it braided, but it was out today.

She wore only minimal make-up and jewellery, wasn't wearing anything ashy that would draw the attention of others to her. Dressed professionally, he liked that, he didn't need a secretary that everyone would ogle.

He had some employees that were covered in make-up and had overly done false lasers and long acrylic nails that he thought were too much. And then there were some that just went overboard on the jewellery, half a dozen bangles, and rings on each arm, big noticeable earrings, that they liked to ash about and tell everyone how much they cost, who bought it for them, where they came from.

He would never tell them not to wear it, or tone it down. It was their personal choice to wear what they wanted. His only requirement in this oce was that there were no super short skirts, he didn't need to see girls' asses hanging out when they bent over, all their contracts stated skirts no shorter than two inches above the knee, which is exactly what Harmony was wearing.

His actual preference for all men and women was professional business wear, or a uniform depending on the department they were in, and for them to look natural. But some of the younger girls came in, even in the cleaning crew, and were done up to the nines even though they were working the 6pm to midnight shift. He was often here late and some of their make-up was nightclub worthy. He didn't really understand coming to the oce with make-up like that on, just their own personal preference, he supposed.

He and his unit sat for lunch in the 12th oor cafeteria with the other employees, and everyone was sitting around chatting. Most employees up here were from the pack and the chatter was mostly family talk. Meals usually did revolve around catching up on what everyone's kids were doing or arranging to go out together. His pack was very social.

His eyes moved to Harmony as she sat with his mother. She'd yet to sit at her actual desk, he had temp there currently from his typing pool down on the 5th oor. She would likely be there after lunch.

She was smiling and happy to be here at his company he thought, excited to be employed and starting a new career path. It wasn't going to be like her old job, not so taxing as being a paralegal, but her days would be busy, some busier than others, and she would go home tired at times.

His eyes slid down her body to her legs all the way to her shoes. She was wearing small two-inch pixie boots, simple black and stylish, that was alright, he thought, though he wondered how long it would take her to lose them in favour of at shoes. Two of the personal assistants up here on the 12th oor both wore simple plain black joggers, because they were often outside the oce on errands, always on their feet.

Her eyes met his and he nodded to her. Though before leaving the room he walked over to her, to let her know that he needed to see her, he had some rules he needed to lay down. Rules that were very important for her to adhere to, so he didn't scare her off and have her leave.

He was still curious about what went down with Damien Blackwell, after that night he'd come across her in the Tripple Moon Club. He did read the paper every day, and had seen that Damien had been photographed with that blonde woman on his arm, the very same one from the club, that he'd been cheating on Harmony with, though there was a question about both women.

The question he wanted to ask was had Harmony dumped Damien or had Damien kicked her to the curb for sleeping with Garrett. He didn't know which, though he leaned toward her dumping Damien, just from the way he'd handled her leaving the company and the way he'd blocked her attempts to get a good reference. The man appeared to be either ticked off and spiteful about it or was just a nasty piece of work.

Standing next to the table she was at, she smelled lovely today, was wearing a soft perfume that was soft and oral, with hints of musk and had a slight woodsy scent, it didn't offend his sense of smell. It was kind of fresh and clean, and he wondered just what it was called. Likely Wyatt would know he'd gone through her bathroom that night.

She smiled up at him and his request to see her before she left for the day stated "I'll bring my pen and notepad." And he'd nodded and walked away, he didn't need anyone thinking that he was giving the woman any extra or unwarranted attention. Wyatt, though was already fully amused by the fact that he'd hired the girl, his comment had been "Still interested, are we?"

Garrett had said nothing to his Beta, just raised an eyebrow at him, but even now, as he walked out of the staff cafeteria, a part of him wanted to turn and look at her. So, he supposed that, yes, a part of him was still interested in Harmony, though whether it was just out of pure curiosity about her and Damien's break-up, or that he was actually interested in the woman personally?

He didn't know, maybe there was a little of both. He let it go, because now that she was his secretary, he'd have to let it go. Dating his human secretary would just cause many problems for her and him.

One being that his mother would be all over him about the girl, wanting to know if she was his human mate, and he'd not been anywhere near her on a full moon. He did know she was 28 years old, ten years younger than he was, so she might have issue with that herself, if he was interested.

The next full moon wasn't until after the new year, on the 11th of January. Today was Thursday the 19th of December, so it was weeks away. Next month's full moon was on a Saturday, and generally he was not here for full moons, was in the pack or off at a mating ball. It was unlikely he'd come across her at all on a full moon.

She was going to have two days of Orientation, today and tomorrow and then she was off for the weekend, an easy way to start with the company. They did like to ease their human employees into the company. Most actually started on a Wednesday or Thursday. The work load here could be intense within the varying departments, so easing them into it was the best way.

He heard Harmony and his mother at her desk just after 2pm and they were sorting out passwords, and she was being shown the computer system. He was watching her at one point and saw her reach out and answer the phone, talk to the person on the other end.

Someone was trying to make an appointment with him. He leaned back in his chair and watched and listened. She was polite and professional, was diligent in checking his schedule, and getting the details of what the appointment was for. He also noted she made sure not to book anything in his blocked out times.

She even used the intercom to put a phone call through to him later on, though she was looking at him as she spoke, told him who it was and what the call was regarding. She was very good at her job and knew how to transfer calls with ease. It could well be the same phone system as her previous job, he thought absently as he took the call.

He heard his mother chuckle at a quarter to ve and state "I don't think you'll need two days of me with you. You've got this, I see, but I'll be here tomorrow for a while. We'll get right into the nitty-gritty of the ling system and where we store hard copies of things.

"Where to go to get the things Garrett and his boys will ask you to get and at times all of them will come to you. How to sort out meetings in the conference room, who sits where. There is a specic way to seat those in meetings within the company."

He smiled, his mother was good at training people, she was naturally friendly, as all Lunas should be. It also appeared that she liked Harmony. That thought struck him. His mother had never once brought a human woman to his attention for him to date with the thoughts of her being his Luna.

She herself had been human once, and gotten a wolf, not a small one either, she was quite a large grey wolf, with black brindling all down her back. He thought about asking her why not right that minute, but then realised it would likely just lead her to compile a new list, and he doubted his mother could go and ask all the questions of a human woman that she could of a she-wolf. They would be considered too invasive and intrusive.

He looked up at the knock on his oce door at ten to ve and smiled, waved Harmony in to his oce, she was carrying a pen and notepad just like she said she would be. "Mr Owens, you wanted to see me before I headed home for the evening?" she smiled at him as she walked into his oce.