

Chapter 40 Forty

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked with a fierce tone as I tried to cover my nakedness with the clothes in my hands.

"I live here," he sarcastically answered, with a straight face.

He shifted his gaze away from my body to the object in his hands, which was a white towel.

"I thought you might have needed this," he said after a while, slowly standing up to walk towards me, wearing only a grey short that exposed his chest, and god, I hate how I feel right now.

He took some steps closer to me while I clenched my fists harder on the clothes that were covering my nudity from the eyes of a creep.

"Okay," I answered as I received the towel from his hands, waiting for him to leave the room, but he only stood still without moving.

"Don't you have something else to do?" I asked as he blinked rapidly, almost like he was lost in a thought.

"Sure," he answered, and headed for the doorway as I heaved a sigh of frustration. How could I be so careless to let this bastard see my nakedness? Who knows what kind of rumours will circulate at the office tomorrow?

One thing I should have been doing was to stay as far as I could from him, yet I was willing to sleep over at his house. A mad man's house

"Not like I had a choice," my inner voice said to me as I walked towards the huge king-sized bed while flipping my middle finger into the air.

"You look beautiful," Cyrus said before I heard footsteps retracting and realised he hadn't completely left the room all that time.

"Some rumours are spreading, and I hope they are not true!" Cookie stormed into my office, arms folded beneath her breast, brows raised, shoes tapping on the tiles, waiting for my response.

"What rumor?" I asked as I dropped my pen on the desk to focus my attention on her. I had been too preoccupied with the director's work to the point where I couldn't leave my office for mere coffee. I've been trying to suppress the hunger in me since yesterday.

"Don't act like you are not aware of the claims against you." How could you disobey my warnings and proceed to follow Cyrus home, you little bitch? " She cursed as she hit her fists on my desk, but I couldn't be more frightened as I knew rumours were definitely going to spread like wild fire this morning, but her calling me a bitch was like crossing a line as a heavy frown appeared on my face, ready to unleash the bitch she's looking for.

Cyrus and I had both come to work together in his car, and the look on people's faces the moment we stepped foot into the company predicted the rest of the day. I knew something like this was going to happen, but at least not this rudely.

"Well, I don't know what you're talking about." I answered with an obvious false smile on my face before picking my pen from the desk to continue my work, but as the pen touched the paper, Cookie sent all of the papers on my desk flying.

"What is your damn problem, woman?" I snapped back at her as she took some steps back in shock with her mouth wide open.

"Did you just raise your voice at me?" She asked with a mixture of scoffing and laughter.

"As far as I can remember, you were the one who barged into my private space," I instantly replied as her scoffs became louder.

"Do you even know my status?" Don't you know that I am your director? "I am Mary Harper." She roared at me while pointing her finger at her chest.

A part of me wanted to be calm as I was obviously under her, but the deed had been done and there was no going back. She already hates me.

"If you're truly a director, then you'd have important things to do rather than fantasise about a man that'll never be yours." I lashed back at her, completely pleased with myself.

"I could fire you..."

"Yes, you could, but you didn't hire me." I responded with the calmest voice, as it seemed to have annoyed her more.

Deep down, I knew she could fire me if it were to be a different organisation, but how sure was I that this company was different from others and I would lose my job?

The thought of it almost made me regret my actions, but I'd rather quit than kiss their ass. This was the same reason why I didn't last in those other jobs, but I need this job as I doubt I would be able to find another job that pays as much as this one.

"Ladies, to my office now!" Cyrus commanded as he entered my office with his face filled with disappointment.

It was only after Cyrus had called us to his office that I realised that some workers were listening and peeping through the window.

I heaved a deep breath before walking out of my office at the second call of my name. Would I be sacked today for speaking up for myself?

