

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 2 Boss Of Nine Months Caused Funny Feelings In Her

"You asked for me, sir," his assistant said, entering inside his office in her high heels. Leonardo D'Angelo was backing her, standing in front of the floor to ceiling window, which gave a perfect view of the California skyline. His hands behind his back.

Without turning, Leo muttered, "Sit down Paige." His voice was sleek and authoritative, and Paige did as she was told, sitting down in one of the plush chairs facing his mahogany desk.

Paige was Leonardo's personal assistant and had been for over nine months now. She was efficient, smart, and Leo liked her because she made his life easier.

Still looking at the window, he folded his hands across his chest. "As you already know. There has been a decline in our sales recently," he turned to her. "Some of our customers aren't requesting for our wine as per usual. Orders are declining. We need to push back and find more customers." He paused, watching her sitting quietly with her hands in her lap, and frowned. "There is a list on the desktop narrow it down to hotels we haven't yet approached. I want to see what we can be able to do with this."

"Right on it, boss." Paige quickly turned to the computer. Her fingers typing away on the keyboard. After a while, she stood up gathering her iPad and notebook from his desk and she readied herself to leave. Leo blocked her path.

"Where do you think you are going?" There was no mistaking the vehemence in those words.

But she didn't even seem shaken by it, instead, she pointed at the door and said, "To my office, I have already sent the file over. I will work from there."

Leo covered their distance in two purposeful steps. "If I wanted you to work from your office, I would have simply sent you the list there. That I didn't send it there means I don't have the patience to call you every single time I want something."

Her blond head lowered. "I'm sorry, boss," Paige apologized and sat back in the seat working. Her face had taken on this loured look and she suddenly looked stiff. Though he tried not to notice, he did anyway.

Returning to his position by the window, Leo clenched his hands. Perhaps he shouldn't have shouted at her like that, but he was in such a poor mood any slight mistake could irritate him.

He had just finished a call with a member of his family. Basically his sister. And she had let him know that the branch which had been assigned to him to head and had the job of handling the sales and production of their family's wine brand 'Montepulciano Classico' in Europe, was lagging behind.

Among the other wine branches, under D'Angelo Wine Group. His branch was bringing in the lowest sales, and that only started three weeks ago. Before then he had been doing so well he had wanted to use his sales returns to redeem his reputation in his father's eyes and had been working hard at it. When suddenly, out of nowhere sales began to drop.

Not just one brand, but many others he had been marketing. And it followed the same pattern, almost as if someone sabotaging him. He knew the competition was high but did all the brands have to go down at the same time.

After the havoc he had caused last year during his family's last gathering. Leo had thought to use the sales return to show his father he was doing well. He was changing and becoming a better man, just like he wanted.

A lot was at stake, and if he didn't prove himself, he might never get to head D'Angelo Wine Group.

Already the position had been withheld from him, and after growing up and knowing he would be the one day head the family company at age thirty it had come as a shock to him when he turned thirty and his father refused to hand him over the company just like he had been promised. His father had looked him in the eyes and said he wouldn't let him have the company because of how irresponsible he had turned and had gone further on to express his great disappointment in him hence the reason his older sister, Rosa remains the CEO even though it should have been him sitting there.

He didn't blame them. No. Looking at the situation then, he had been a mess when he broke up with his girlfriend. He had taken to alcohol, women, and brought more scandal than their family ever got. If he was to put it plainly, he hadn't handled the break up well. Even now he didn't know how to handle himself sometimes.

From the outside, he might look like a carefree playboy, but on the inside, he was just a man whose love and trust had been abused many times. It was not an easy thing to forget.

But the company being taken away from him had been an eye-opener. He had begun to build his life again and had hired Paige and had gotten his life on track.

One by one he had dropped his acquired vices until all he had was just his one-night stands, which were his souvenir from his failed relationships.

“Gotten anything so far?” Leo turned to his assistant. She was bent over his computer, her hands typing furiously on the keyboard.

“Yes, about fifteen.” She put her elbow on the back of her chair and turned. “Nine hotels in Malibu, Brooklyn and New Jersey and six restaurants in New York.”

“Good.” Leo walked over to where she was sitting and leaned over her chair to look at the screen and felt her practically stiffen. Leo’s brows furrowed, and he stared down at her. Her blond head was slightly turned away from him and her fingers were resting on the keyboard. Leo’s frown deepened. What was wrong with her? Why was she acting most strange, like a scared little cat?

Ignoring her, he pointed at the screen with his finger. “Now i want you to cover this region,” he circled the spot. “See if you can find any hotels we are yet to make contact with.”

When he finished speaking, he noticed she had stopped working and her fingers were poised over the keyboard. And she seems to be holding herself stiff. When his eyes located the blush on her cheeks, she abruptly stood up, scrapping her chair backwards and wiping her hands on her skirt. Leo’s eyes on her narrowed, and she blushed harder. “Sir i think its best if i take this to my office now.”

Leo’s brow furrowed. What part of he did not want to keep sending for her did she not understand and when did she start demanding things.

He straightened, towering over her with his 6ft height, and it was too easy to do so because she was a petite woman. Even in her six inches high heels he still towered over her. But what she lacked in height, she made up in curves and beauty.

Paige had this classic heart-shaped face, and a head full of blond curls. A button nose which was pointed, plump lips and baby blue eyes. Leo frowned. He could remember in her resume it said she was twenty-six, but she ended up looking like she was twenty-four, sometimes even twenty-three. It must have something to do with those wide blue eyes of hers.

“Ms. Compton is there any particular reason you are so eager to return to your office besides the case of nervousness.”

Paige bit her lips and stole a glance at him. His face was stern and devoid of any expression. And his brown eyes pinned on her added to her tension.

What will he do if she told him his presence was doing funny things to her? That she had almost turned her head and kissed him full on the lips. She had worked with him for nine months. And in that nine months, Paige had been in love with him for seven.