

## Chapter 12

I sank into my chair in my office, my legs feeling like jelly. I didn't know how I managed to keep my composure as if nothing major had happened. What an unpleasant woman that Anna Caroline was. But I never expected things to unfold that way. Wow, when he wrapped his arm around my waist to keep me from falling and pulled me against his chest, I was completely caught off guard. Of course, I felt the hardness of his impressive member against my back, and that definitely woke me up. But when he whispered in my ear not to move away, a warmth spread through my body, leaving me wet and burning down there – something I hadn't felt in ages, not since that dance. And my boss was rock hard, pressing against my back... oh God, I didn't know if this job was going to last.

"Catherine, you're in deep trouble!" I said to myself.

I grabbed my phone and texted Mel – I needed to tell her about meeting the boss. I typed: "Met my boss today." She replied almost immediately: "Bet he grabbed you in the office!" I smiled at that and texted back: "He actually did grab me. I'll tell you all about it at dinner." I sent the message and put my phone back in the drawer just as Celeste walked into my office.

"Catherine, I'm so sorry! Things always get out of hand when that spoiled princess shows up. I hope you didn't get in trouble with the boss because of me," Celeste said, looking guilty and genuinely upset.

Celeste was the executive secretary. She sat at the desk facing the elevators, so no one came or went without her seeing them. She was a very attractive woman, around thirty-five, tall and slim with brown hair always pulled back in a professional bun, dark eyes, and black-framed glasses that made her look even more serious. My office was to her right



and led to my boss's office. The other side had the same layout, with the VP's assistant's office leading to Mr. Guzman's office. The entire floor belonged to the company's president and vice president, complete with a break room and kitchen, restrooms, two meeting rooms, and a video conference room, plus the only access to the terrace – a beautiful rooftop garden. Celeste knew everything that happened in every corner of this company. 1

"Don't worry about it, Celeste! Mr. Miller was furious, but not with us – with that woman. By the way, from what I understood, she's Mr. Johnson's daughter, right?" 1

"Yes, she is, Catherine. And she's always hanging around here chasing after Mr. Miller, but he can't stand her."

"Has Mr. Johnson been with the Group for long?" I asked curiously.

"Thirty years. He's been here since before Mr. Miller. Started as a financial assistant and worked his way up to director, promoted by Mr. Miller's father. His daughter and the boss have known each other since they were kids, and she's always been chasing after him, constantly showing up at the company. Her father's always saying she's perfect for Mr. Miller, the ideal woman." Celeste lowered her voice to a whisper: "After Mr. Miller's parents passed away, Mr. Johnson started telling everyone that it was both his and Mr. Miller's parents' dream for him to marry that insufferable woman. But Mr. Alexander gets really irritated about it."

I smiled at Celeste, understanding the awkwardness of the situation.

"I get it. But don't worry, Celeste. Mr. Miller wasn't angry with us. In fact, I don't think we'll face this situation again since he ordered security to ban that lady from entering the building."

Celeste's eyes widened as she broke into a huge smile, heading back to her workstation while exclaiming:

"Finally!"

The moment I finished speaking, Mariana walked arm in arm with Patrick, both wearing broad smiles and playful looks. Patrick immediately asked:

"No way, did Alexander really ban Anna Caroline from the building?" He looked at me with pure amusement written all over his face, barely able to contain his joy.

I couldn't help but laugh, nodding to answer his question. He let out a hearty laugh, and Mariana joined in. When they finally stopped laughing, she said to me: 2

"Catherine, darling, I heard you've already met your boss. And in quite an unconventional way." Oh god, Patrick is such a gossip, he's already told Mariana everything. I felt my face flush with embarrassment, but I smiled at them and blurted out:

"Mr. Guzman, don't you have any pity for me? I thought I was going to be torn to pieces in this room today. I don't know whether to laugh or cry, Mariana."

Patrick looked at me, clearly enjoying the whole situation immensely.

"Catherine, I don't believe my friend would ever let that unpleasant woman touch a single strand of your beautiful hair," Patrick said with a smile, then turned to Mariana. "Mari, why didn't you assign Rick to work with Mr. Grumpy and let me have this beauty Catherine instead?" he asked with a playful pout, and I couldn't help but laugh - he's such a



charming man.

"Because you're a Casanova, dear. You hit on every woman who crosses your path, and she wouldn't last two days here. Catherine isn't like the women you usually chase after - I hope you respect that and keep your distance," Mariana replied affectionately but with a serious warning.

"I've already been warned by the boss that she's off-limits, so I'll control myself. But we can be friends," he replied with a smile and winked at me.

"But you're very beautiful, Catherine, you'll make many women around here jealous." 1

"Thank you, Mr. Guzman, that's very kind, but I hope not to have any more problems," I replied with a smile.

"Please, call me Patrick. Seriously, consider me a good friend," he told me sincerely. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to see how my friend is doing after you fell into his lap." I turned crimson with embarrassment watching him walked towards my boss's office and entered without knocking.

Patrick was really a wonderful person, kind, polite, and very positive about life. One of those people who charmed others and offered genuine support and friendship. I was happy thinking it would be very pleasant to work with him. 2

"So, Catherine, what did you think of Alexander?" Mariana asked, full of curiosity.

"Oh, Mariana, despite the incident that really infuriated him, he was very courteous. I think we won't have any problems." Pure lie! I was in trouble, that man was indecently handsome and seductive, and even unintentionally had already made me wet.





"I know that. I want to know what you thought of him, the man. He's gorgeous, isn't he?" Mariana says with a widening smile. I feel my cheeks burning. "Ah, no use denying it, you were impressed by him."

"Yes, Mariana, I wasn't expecting my boss to be so young and handsome. And he has the same eye color as Peter," I said as if thinking aloud.

"What do you mean?" Mariana asked intrigued. 1

"Well Mariana, my son has violet-blue eyes, the same color as Mr. Miller's eyes. They're beautiful and very rare," I said looking at her.

"Yes, they are. I've only known Alexander and his father to have eyes that color. Now I'm curious to meet your son. Who did he inherit his eye color from?" She seemed somewhat surprised.

"He has the same eyes as his father, a deep and beautiful violet-blue. Oh, come have dinner with us tonight, Mel really wants to meet you, and my Peter is such a sweetheart," I said cheerfully, as I already felt very close to her.

"I accept. I'd love to meet Peter and Mel. We've talked about them so much that I feel like I already know them. It's settled! Now I'm going into that room to see Alexander. 'This young man is like a son to me - I even changed his diapers,'" she said with affectionate eyes and entered my boss's office.

I picked up my phone again to let Mel know that Mariana would be joining us for dinner. But first, I saw her message: "OMG! Girl, I'm so curious. I want to know all the details!" I smiled and sent her a message confirming that I would tell her everything. 1

The phone on my desk rang - it was my boss calling me to his office. I



grabbed my tablet, and when I entered, I froze. He was smiling, a huge smile that reached his eyes, too handsome for words. I was really in trouble! He looked even more stunning when he smiled! He looked at me and widened his smile even more - I thought he had already noticed that his smile threw me off balance. He immediately said:

"Miss Catherine, come in and close the door. Join us to hear what Patrick did to that insufferable woman." He pointed to the empty chair in front of his desk.

I did as he asked. Patrick was animated, acting out how he escorted that insufferable woman out of the building, how she threw a tantrum, stomped her feet, and said he would regret it. We were all laughing hard - Patrick was quite a character, imitating Anna Caroline's voice and mannerisms, it was hilarious. When he finished, he said to his friend:

"But seriously, man, we need to be careful. That crazy woman said she won't rest until she kicks your assistant's butt out of here." Then turning to me, he said, "Catherine, you need to be alert, not just with Caroline but with her father too. They're petty people. Don't trust them."

I was startled by that warning, but my eyes widened when I heard my boss say:

"Don't worry, my friend. From now on, I'm the only one allowed to touch Catherine's behind!" he said, looking at me intensely, not even using 'Miss.' And just like that, I was burning with embarrassment, but the way he said it and looked at me made something inside me tighten and left me very turned on... again! Working with this man would require a lot of self-control. 1

But Patrick had zero sense of propriety and wouldn't miss a chance to have fun. Seeing my embarrassment, he guffawed:



"Catherine, I think your behind is in trouble!" 1

Alexander, with mischief in his eyes, added:

"Maybe I need some chamomile tea." He winked at me seductively.

Seeing me getting redder by the second, Mariana came to my rescue:

"Boys, don't make Catherine quit because I'm moving up my departure to London and I won't look for another assistant for you, Alexander!" she said with amusement in her voice, making them laugh even harder.

"Alright, Mari, I'll behave. Let's leave Catherine's lovely behind alone and talk about the contract we signed during the trip." Alexander said, looking directly into my eyes, and I felt my face burn again. 1

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