

## Chapter 15

### Alexander's POV

I had been in a bad mood since leaving the office. Patrick knew it and didn't miss the chance to needle me:

"So, bro, do you think Catherine has a boyfriend? Because the way Mari talked about it, you know?!"

"And what if she does, Patrick? I already told you not to touch her." I said, rubbing my face with both hands.

"I won't touch her, but her boss is very interested, and by the way, he already touched her today." I snorted and turned to him.

"What are you talking about?"

"Man, I know you too well! You were very interested in Catherine. And I noticed how you grabbed her waist and didn't let go, and then closed the door staying with her in your office. When I came back, I felt some tension between you two, and I couldn't help but notice how you looked at her when talking about her backside. So, man, are you going to tell me what happened in that room, or do I have to imagine you taking your assistant to the couch?"

"Man, you're such an idiot!" But I couldn't hide my smile thinking about taking my assistant to the couch. "Damn, Alexander, control yourself! You've never been like this!" I cursed myself mentally, but I couldn't hide anything from my friend.

"Patrick, what if I tell you I got hard when I grabbed Catherine to keep her from falling?" He looked at me shocked. I smiled remembering and told him all the details.

"Alexander, my friend, you're done for. Because Catherine, you can tell from a mile away, isn't like those women who throw themselves at you."

"She's not, and she's very competent. I want to keep her working here for a long time, but I won't deny it, she ignites a fire in me that drives me crazy and makes me stop thinking."

We stayed there talking about my magnificent assistant during dinner. Then we said goodbye and went home. In my apartment, I paced back and forth, sleepless, wondering who my assistant's dinner companion might be. I decided to work a bit to take my mind off my employee. It was past midnight when I picked up my phone and thought, why not? I shouldn't have touched her, but I could play with her. Or I could ruin her night if "Romeo" hadn't left yet. I smiled mischievously and sent a message to Miss Catherine: 1

"Did you tell your companion tonight that your boss left you with wet panties?"

I knew what effect I had on her - I saw her skin getting goosebumps, heard her sigh, and felt how hard it was for her to pull away. I knew I affected her just as much as she affected me. I had always been straightforward about things, I didn't put on any fake moralistic airs, and I said what I thought right away. So, I decided to make it clear that I knew she felt this intense attraction to me, just as I did to her.

I was looking at my phone with amusement, certain that my message would shock her. I figured she wouldn't have the courage to respond - she was always so calm and professional, so reserved. But then I heard the message notification:

"Yeah, I told him. And you, have you managed to control your dick yet?"

Well, would you look at that – this woman actually managed to surprise me! Not many people could do that. A mischievous smile spread across my face. 'Oh girl, you're playing with fire! Don't think that sassy mouth of yours could challenge me without consequences.'


"Yes, I got it under control, after jerking off thinking about your beautiful ass."

I knew she must have been furious now. And I knew I had crossed a very strict boundary that I'd always maintained with my female employees, but there was no going back now. This woman brought out something primal in me. She didn't back down and sent another message – she's too smart and clever, which both amused and fascinated me:

"If you keep thinking about my ass, you'll be up all night."

She couldn't have been more right. I couldn't sleep because I couldn't stop thinking about her – not just her ass, but all the curves of that amazing body and that intoxicating perfume. She'd pay for this; I'd keep her up too. I already knew what I was going to do with my beautiful assistant, how I would punish her for this impertinence. I typed quickly:

"What a sassy mouth you have! You shouldn't talk to your boss like that! Since I won't be sleeping anyway, I expect you at the office an hour early to finish the presentation for Thursday's meeting. Don't be late!"

I sent the message and quickly thought I needed to leave her speechless, so I sent one more: 

"Think carefully – one more smart remark and I'll make you come back to the office right now!"

Now I could go to bed and dream about my assistant.