

Chapter 17

I grabbed a coffee and sat at my desk, my legs still shaky. After a few minutes, I received an email from the boss with guidelines to prepare for tomorrow's meeting. I quickly got to work, and by the time employees started arriving at the office, I had everything in order.

Mariana walked in arm in arm with a guy and looked at me in surprise.

"Cat, did you fall out of bed? Good morning!"

"Good morning, Mari! The boss asked me to come in early to prepare for tomorrow's meeting."

"That Alexander. Don't let him make this a habit."

"I won't, Mari. But it was good, I already have everything prepared." I looked at her and smiled.

The guy with her was staring at me with an extravagant smile. He was handsome, tanned, tall, with brown eyes, slightly longer black hair, and stubble. He wore an elegant suit and glasses.

"Mari, my boss said the new assistant was a hottie, but he wasn't being fair - she's stunning!" He spoke with a cheerful voice and very friendly manner. "She's going to cause quite a stir in this office."

"Yes, Rick, she's very beautiful, and the stir has already begun," Mariana replied with a smile. "But let me introduce you. Rick, this is Catherine. Cat, this is Rick, Patrick's assistant. You'll be working together a lot, but don't worry, Rick is a serious professional."

"Cat, it's a pleasure to meet you. You can count on me, including chasing away the vultures that'll be circling around you." Rick extended his hand,



and I shook it, feeling that he would be a good friend.

"Pleasure to meet you, Rick."

We spent the morning working together, as Rick and I needed to be in sync. Throughout the morning, my boss showed no signs of life. By eleven o'clock, we had everything adjusted, and from then on, we would work with the precision of a Swiss watch. Rick and I were going to have lunch together; Mari wouldn't join us as she would spend the rest of the day in video conferences with the London branch. Rick went to his office, and I finally got up to get some coffee when I heard a familiar whistle and looked up smiling. 1

"Is it going to be like this every day, Patrick?"

"Well, Catherine, it wasn't supposed to be, but what did you expect with that little dress? You know you're beautiful. And your boss is in big trouble!" He replied with a mischievous smile. "Speaking of him, is he in his office?"

He had barely finished speaking when we heard the door open and my boss's grumpy voice reprimand:

"Patrick, I've warned you!"

When he looked at me, I saw fire in his eyes; he was devouring me with his gaze. I wasn't going to miss this opportunity:

"Sir, would you like some chamomile tea?"

He narrowed his eyes and growled. Patrick watched the scene without understanding and asked his friend, somewhat confused:

"Since when do you drink chamomile tea?"



"Since my assistant decided to test my patience," he replied without taking his eyes off me.

I smiled and, very politely, placed my hand on my chest and said:

"I would never do that, Mr. Miller! Patrick, would you like me to bring you some coffee?"

"Yes, Catherine, please."

I walked slowly to the break room, feeling their eyes on me. Mr. Grumpy must have been regretting messing with me already.

I got the coffee and tea, arranged them on the tray, and just as I was leaving, Margaret came in and approached me, reaching out to take the tray.

"Catherine, give me that, honey, it's not your job."

"Margaret, I don't mind. Let me take the coffee to my boss this time." I smiled at her and left with the tray.

I reached my boss's office door, gave a light knock, and entered. I walked gracefully, set the tray on the edge of the desk, placed the coffee cup in front of Patrick with a napkin, went around the desk, and in a rather provocative way, making sure my neckline was right in my boss's face, placed the teacup in his hands. His eyes sparkled with understanding; he knew I was going to torture him, and with Patrick there, he couldn't do anything about it. 1

When I turned to get the napkin, I "accidentally" let it fall to the floor. I bent down to pick it up, positioning my behind right in Alexander's line of sight, taking longer than necessary to grab the napkin and stand up. He growled, and I knew I had put him in another awkward situation.



When I stood up, I noticed Patrick's amused expression as he watched the scene unfold. I couldn't care less – they were friends, and I was sure my boss told him everything. But before I could say anything, my boss stood up, grabbed the napkin from my hand, and before I could let go, he spoke in that husky voice, his face close to mine:

"Next time you stick that pretty ass out at me, I'm going to bend you over, forget you're my assistant, and take you until you beg me to stop. Understood?"

I looked down and saw the bulge in his pants again. I gulped. Damn! What is it about this man? I was completely turned on again. But he was like a Greek god, a walking invitation to sin. I was totally screwed.

"Did you understand, Catherine?" he insisted.

"Y-yes, sir."

Across the table, Patrick burst out laughing at the scene. Looking at us both, he couldn't hold his tongue: 1

"You two should just go to bed and get it over with, because with the sexual tension between you, it's inevitable. Save your energy and spare yourselves the stress of trying to avoid the unavoidable." 1

We both turned to glare at him simultaneously. He laughed, grabbed his coffee cup, and headed toward the door saying:

"Don't say I didn't warn you!" 1

When our eyes met again, Alexander closed his eyes and ran his hands over his face in frustration. I'd noticed he always did this when he was nervous, frustrated, or didn't know what to do. It was so cute!




Taking advantage of him sitting back down, I spun on my heels to make a quick exit.

I used the remaining time before lunch working at my desk. At noon, Rick came in all excited:

"So, Cat, lunch? I'm starving."

"Sure, Rick, let me just check if my boss needs anything first."

I picked up the phone to call him – I wasn't going into that office now. He cleared me for lunch, but still seemed agitated.

We went to a small restaurant near the office that served delicious food. Rick is very fun, talkative, and pleasant. He told me he's married to his childhood sweetheart but doesn't have kids yet. He asked about me, and I told him I'm a single mom. We spent lunch talking about our lives. He'd definitely make a good friend. He said his wife and I would get along great, and I was excited about the possibility of making more friends in the city. We returned to the office and stopped at the bakery across the street – I bought a slice of chocolate cake to eat later. 

At one o'clock, I was professionally seated at my desk. I wanted to buy underwear, but Rick insisted on waiting for me at the bakery, and I felt awkward about ditching him, so I remained exposed.