

## Chapter 18

Alexander's POV

I was at the restaurant with Patrick, telling him everything that happened. He looked at me, shocked.

"I can't believe she's not wearing any underwear with that provocative little dress?"

When he said that, I realized she was very exposed and could end up in an embarrassing situation away from me. That wasn't good. But I had torn her underwear, and even if I hadn't, I wouldn't have given it back to her.

"Bro, this woman is driving me crazy. Today it seems she decided to test my limits."

"Don't complain, bro, you started it. What did you expect?"

"Man, I told her to come in early just to tease her, and sure, I was going to rile her up a bit, but I wasn't going to touch her. I just didn't think she'd come ready for war, with that tight dress that shows too much leg when she sits down, and those totally sexy heels. The moment I saw her, I lost my mind. It's frustrating, I can't control myself around her."

"And apparently, neither can she. Alexander, there's no way around it, she's got you wrapped around her finger. Something between you two is inevitable. And I'm going to enjoy watching how long you can avoid it."

"But she won't give in, she plays hard to get. And I won't be the first to cave."

"What are you thinking of doing?"



"I don't know yet, but I know she's going to pull something else today, so I'm going back to that office prepared for battle."

The flash of an idea played in my mind. I was going to end Miss Catherine's little game.

"Oh no, I know that face, you thought of something, and I want to know."

"Patrick said, amused by my situation.

"I'm going to apologize to my assistant. I'm going to buy her new underwear." I smiled with wicked intentions. Patrick laughed in disbelief at what he heard.

We left the restaurant. I said goodbye to Patrick and went to the store to buy underwear for that infernal woman. I chose a lacy thong, quite daring, with the word "sexy" written in golden charms and rhinestones on the back straps. I could easily tear that strip of fabric. I shook my head; if this continued, I'd leave that woman without any lingerie. I laughed at that thought. I asked the saleswoman to wrap it nicely and left the store with my peace restored. Miss Catherine wouldn't dare keep provoking me after what I was about to do.

When I arrived at the office, she was already seated at her desk. I noticed a package with a slice of chocolate cake next to her computer. Ah, this would be perfect.

I looked at her very seriously and asked her to get a printed copy of a financial report that I really needed to see from Rick. She could have done this by email, but I just wanted her to leave her desk so I could take her cake. She left immediately. I grabbed the cake and went to my office, settling on the couch. 1

When she came in, I maintained a serious demeanor.



"Miss Vergara, please lock the door. We're going to discuss financial matters, and I don't want to be interrupted."

She looked somewhat suspicious but did as I asked, coming over to me and handing me the report. I took it and began analyzing it. She remained standing.

"Miss Vergara, you can sit down. This will take a while."

She looked and saw that there was a gift bag next to me. She sat down at the other end of the couch, in the same spot she'd been earlier, exactly as I'd imagined, since I was occupying the other end. That's when she noticed the cake on the coffee table and her eyes widened. But she didn't say a word.

She was restless, obviously knowing I was up to something, but I wanted to keep her in suspense, and that amused me. I was in control again, which was relaxing.

For the next hour, I concentrated and analyzed the report, giving her instructions which she noted down on her tablet. This helped her relax, and she seemed to stop thinking I was planning something. Things were absolutely professional between us for the first time that day.

After analyzing the entire report and giving instructions, I put the papers on the table, picked up the cake, and leaned back on the couch, slowly opening the package and taking a bite. It was delicious; I closed my eyes and savored it, knowing she was watching me.

"Wow, this is delicious! I hope you don't mind sharing your cake with me."

"I looked at her with an innocent smile. She seemed confused and shook her head no. Then I handed her the bag. "It's a peace offering, Miss Vergara. I hope you like it."



She took the bag from my hand, and I had to suppress a smile thinking:  
I'm going to drive you crazy, Miss Vergara. Let the games begin!



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