

Chapter 21

I coordinated with Rick about the confidential financial report meeting for the next day and confirmed with Marina via message if it worked for her. With that done, I continued with my other tasks.

An hour later, I heard my boss's office door being yanked open. He leaned over me, placing a hand on each armrest of my chair, and with his face very close to mine and eyes blazing, spoke in a very serious tone with an even huskier voice:


"Catherine, listen carefully. This will be resolved today, and I don't want to hear otherwise. Cancel any appointments you have because we're going to leave this office at the end of the day and sit down to discuss this situation like adults."

He looked at me for a second, stood up, turned his back, and left, slamming his door again. I was completely dazed when Patrick came in looking confused.

"Catherine, do you know what happened to Alexander during the video conference?"

I blinked a few times and looked at him before responding:

"I have no idea, Patrick. Is there a problem?" I lied blatantly.

"He was acting strange, as if he was focused on something else," he said, looking at my boss's door. "Oh, Catherine, I've already confirmed with Mariana, today you two will give us the pleasure of joining us for dinner. I won't take no for an answer." 

"It would be my pleasure, Patrick, if my boss doesn't have an issue with it."
"



"Your boss has other issues, Cat!" he said as he went in.

I grabbed my phone and messaged Mel explaining that I'd be home later because of dinner, asking if it would be okay for Lygia to stay until I got back to look after Peter. Her response came quickly, saying I should enjoy myself and she'd spend time spoiling her godson. I smiled looking at the screen.

Suddenly, Mr. Johnson entered the room looking disgruntled. He was tall, too thin, with a ridiculous mustache and graying hair, and had fox-like eyes. I didn't know why, but from the moment Mariana introduced him, I had a bad feeling.

He stopped in front of my desk, looking at me with disdain and anger in his eyes, speaking harshly:

"So you're the one who embarrassed my daughter yesterday. Because of you, Alexander humiliated her like that and his friend took her outside. But listen well, you worthless secretary, this won't stand. You can bet I'll make him kick you out of here quickly."

He slammed his hand on my desk and turned toward my boss's door. I was stunned but quickly stood up and got in front of him, pressing myself against the door to prevent him from entering.

"Mr. Johnson, unfortunately, I have to ask you to wait a moment while I check with Mr. Miller if he can receive you now. I apologize, but I'm following orders."

At that moment, the man turned pale, lost control, and while grabbing my neck, shouted louder than he should have:

"Who do you think you are, you worthless little secretary? I'm the



financial director of this company, I go wherever I want, whenever I want, and you're nobody to tell me what to do."

Just then, I felt the door behind me burst open and my boss grabbed me by the waist again, pulling me away from the hand that was squeezing my neck. The financial director wasted no time in accusing me.

"Alexander, you won't believe this, this little woman gravely insulted me."

Pressed against his chest, I could feel him breathing heavily with anger, and in a cold voice, he shot at Johnson:

"Johnson, first of all, lower your voice. Let me make a few things very clear to you. First, from what I heard very well, Ms. Vergara didn't insult you; it was the opposite, and you owe her an apology. Second, she's not my secretary; she's my executive assistant and has my complete trust. Third, you're well aware that you need to be announced to enter my office; this isn't news. Fourth, and most importantly, if this is how you treat the employees of this company, I need to review your position here because I won't tolerate disrespect towards my staff."

"But, Alexander..." Johnson started to speak as if he'd been wronged, but Alexander quickly cut him off.

"Never come to the executive floor again without being called." Alexander spoke in a very harsh tone. "Celeste, please come here."

Celeste arrived in my office faster than lightning.

"Yes, Mr. Miller."

"Celeste, escort Mr. Johnson to the elevators, schedule a meeting between Mr. Johnson and me for tomorrow first thing. The meeting will



be in his office. And after he leaves, come to my office."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Johnson, this way." Celeste spoke with courtesy and professionalism, but her eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"Oh, Johnson, never lay a finger on Ms. Vergara or any other employee in my company again." My boss spoke in a very severe warning tone.

Alexander, still holding my waist, pulled me into his office and closed the door. Holding me firmly, he led me to the chair in front of his desk and made me sit down.

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