

Chapter 30

Alexander's POV

I sat in my chair, answered on speakerphone, and heard the shrill voice:

"Alexander, what the hell is this about renovating the finance floor without my authorization?"

"Lower your voice, Johnson. I'm not your little bitch for you to yell at - I'm your boss. And I don't need your authorization to do whatever I want in my company!" 1

"This is disrespectful! I had just left the building when I got a message from Mariana saying that starting Monday, finance will operate on the sixteenth floor, on the same floor as marketing. It's completely absurd for finance to share a floor with another department, especially marketing! I tried to go back, but the elevator won't stop on our floor. What the fuck is going on?" 1

"Exactly what the message says is happening. The finance floor will undergo renovation. Follow the instructions sent in the email. Starting Monday, you'll work on the sixteenth floor. Finance and marketing will share the floor temporarily - we don't have another empty floor in the building."

"That's not how things work, Alexander. Who decided the floor needs renovation out of nowhere?"

"It wasn't out of nowhere, Johnson. I was on the floor yesterday, remember? I noticed repairs needed to be made, including electrical work. So I, as the owner and absolute sole ruler of this company, decided to renovate." I heard him huff on the other end of the line and smiled. I



loved making Johnson's life hell, and I knew he must be furious, especially about having to share the floor with marketing.

"Alexander, if finance has to share a floor, it should be with the executive office. We deal with sensitive matters. You need to make this change immediately."

"And ruin my peace, Johnson? No way am I going to put up with you on my floor! The decision has been made, deal with it!"

"Alexander, don't treat me like some kid!"

"Then don't act like one. Anything else, Johnson?"

"I need to go back with my team and move the files and computers, Alexander. Have them release the elevator."

"No need, Johnson. Mariana has already organized the move. It will all be done over the weekend, so it won't disrupt the department's work. When you arrive on Monday, everything will be ready."

"No way, Alexander. There are important and confidential documents there that can't fall into just anyone's hands." I sensed a certain desperation in his voice, which was rising again, and that put me on alert.

"Exactly why Mariana will coordinate everything. You and the rest of the team report to work on the sixteenth floor starting Monday. Until then, none of you have anything to do in the building. I'm even going to have security block your entry so you won't be tempted to show up and interfere with Mariana's work. Anything else, Johnson? I didn't think so."

I slammed the phone down hard when I hung up – that Johnson really pissed me off! I picked up the phone again and called my head of security:



"Daniel, block everyone from entering the building until Monday - no employees, not even directors. Until then, only people explicitly authorized by me, Mariana, and Patrick are allowed in."

I hung up and looked at my beautiful assistant sitting there. I immediately calmed down, but that fire inside me ignited again. What is it about this woman that gets me all worked up just by looking at her?

She had already composed herself, sitting elegantly with crossed legs and her professional demeanor. But she wasn't fooling me - I knew she was burning with the same fire I felt.

As I walked toward her, I heard knocks on the door, followed by Patrick's foolish remarks. Damn it! These cockblockers!

"Alexander, open this door, or I'll assume you're fucking your gorgeous assistant on the couch!"

I saw Catherine turn red with embarrassment and smiled at her. I went to the door and opened it, rolling my eyes at Patrick, who walked in saying sarcastically:

"Oh, was it just a quickie?"

When he saw her sitting on the couch, he deflated and started apologizing.

"Shit! Cat, I'm sorry, I was just messing with Alex, please don't be upset..."

"

"Relax, Patrick. When your friend finally manages to fuck me, it won't be on this couch with you knocking on the door."

He was shocked. But I already know my bold and clever assistant - I burst

out laughing and went to her, gave her a kiss on the cheek, and said while looking into her eyes:

"No, it definitely won't be. It'll be on a nice big bed where I can take you in every imaginable position without any assholes knocking on the door."

I saw the fire in her eyes and knew she was aroused. Looking at her breasts, I noticed her nipples had hardened. This woman was going to be the death of me. Unable to contain myself, I put one knee on the couch and captured her mouth in a passionate kiss, holding her face with both hands.

When we pulled apart, she was panting, and Patrick cleared his throat behind me. I was already hard again. But I spoke calmly:

"We'll continue this later, my angel. Unfortunately, my friend here decided to interrupt us."

"I think he's jealous of you," she said playfully. "If you guys don't need anything else, I'm heading home to see my son."

"Won't you wait for me? I can drive you," I said, wanting to keep her close a little longer.

"No, thanks, but I need to relieve the babysitter. See you tomorrow."

I helped her up and gave her a quick peck on the lips. As she passed by Patrick, she placed her hand on his shoulder and said with a smile:

"Right now, I feel like ripping your head off!"

I started laughing. Man, I was head over heels for this woman! There was no turning back.

