

Chapter 9

"Good morning, Catherine. How are you?" Mariana walked into the office with a smile, putting her bag aside before looking at me.

"Good morning, Ms. Mariana. I'm fine, how are you?" I was standing, sorting some documents, and when I turned around, I saw her wearing the same expression as Mel and the store clerk. I was wearing my dress, my new shoes, and that indecent lingerie that Mel had bought for me.

"Catherine Vergara, you look like you just stepped out of a magazine! Girl, you look stunning in that dress."

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied, feeling somewhat embarrassed and wondering if I'd overdone it. But she quickly cleared my doubts.

"You know, you're going to make quite an impression on the boss. He arrives today. I was actually surprised because they weren't supposed to return until Friday, but it seems Alexander decided to speed things up and finish everything from here. Oh, and please stop calling me ma'am." I smiled at her request but didn't mention that I already knew the boss was coming. "Well, let's get to work."

The morning flew by, and I went to lunch with Mariana. She's amazing, intelligent, and friendly. We laughed a lot during lunch, and she wanted to know everything about me and Peter. We returned to the office and continued working.

"Catherine, I need to go to accounting on the sixth floor. It might take a while, but you're already up to speed on everything. Call me if you need anything." She left, and I continued working.

I stood up to get some documents from the filing cabinet behind my desk.



As I bent down to open the third drawer, I heard a whistle, which was strange. I straightened up slowly, and when I turned toward the door, I found myself face to face with two men openly staring at me. I looked at them - one had a huge smile on his face, probably the one who whistled, while the other wore a very serious and displeased expression. But both were very handsome; together they made an impossible-to-ignore duo, as if they'd been sculpted for female eyes' delight. They certainly made every woman who crossed their path swoon. I had to take a deep breath to clear my thoughts, stepped forward, and asked: 2

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. How may I help you?"

The smiling one patted the other's shoulder and extended his hand to greet me.

"Good afternoon, miss! I'm Patrick Guzman, vice president of Miller Group. It's a pleasure to meet you. You must be Alexander's new assistant, right?"

I looked at him with a professional smile and shook his hand. 1

"Yes, I'm the new assistant, my name is Catherine Vergara. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Guzman." - Mariana had already told me about him and mentioned that he had an assistant who had traveled with them since she couldn't go. 1

Patrick Guzman was a tall black man, probably over six feet two inches, well-built, with playful chocolate-brown eyes, a clean-shaven head that gave him incredible charm, and a goatee that perfectly suited his handsome face. He couldn't have been more than thirty-five. He was a gorgeous man with lots of charisma. He wore a black suit with a white shirt and red tie. He was very elegant, with a clear voice, exuding charm and friendliness.



"But let me make the introductions. Catherine, this charming fellow here is my friend Alexander Miller, your boss." - He glanced between my boss and me, his eyes showed amusement that I didn't share. My boss was looking at me like he was ready to send me to a firing squad.

I was stunned by my boss's attractiveness. Alexander Miller was simply gorgeous. As tall as Patrick, also in his thirties, well-built, with well-groomed brown hair, a square jaw, and breathtaking features, but his eyes were something else - they were blue, almost violet blue. He wore a navy suit with a light blue shirt and blue tie, which made his eyes stand out even more. I stopped breathing the moment our eyes met; I got lost in those eyes.

"You can feel the tension, folks." - Patrick said laughing, snapping me out of my trance. I quickly extended my hand.

"Mr. Miller." - That was all I could manage to say. My boss looked me up and down, shook my hand, and I felt an electric current run through my entire body.

"Miss Catherine, I'll give you your job description shortly. Come on, Patrick, I want to talk to you before you head to your office." - He said while shaking my hand, our eyes still locked.

The two of them walked into my boss's office, and I collapsed into my chair, my legs feeling like jelly. My boss was incredibly handsome, but it was already clear that he was way too grumpy. But worst of all were those eyes, violet-blue, much to my dismay. I thought I have a fetish for eyes of that color. When my son was born, I researched his eye color, which was exactly like his father's, and discovered that less than one percent of the world's population has eyes of that color. They were extremely rare, and I already knew three people with eyes that shade. My legs were shaking, and my heart was racing. My mind flew back to that night at the



masquerade ball, to those violet-blue eyes that changed my life. After that day, no other man interested me, no other man touched me.

I was still in shock when I saw a woman burst into my office like a hurricane with Celeste, the secretary, behind her saying she needed to be announced. But today was certainly turning out to be a hectic day here!



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