

Interim secretary

Madison POV

Madison sighed loudly as she watched her clumsy interim secretary clean up the mess he had made. Ariana was on her yearly two-week vacation to visit her family in Florida.

Madison hated this time of the year. She missed her executive assistant, but mostly, she missed her friend. They talked daily about the ongoings in their lives, and they could vent their thoughts and feelings to one another. Also, no one could do her job the way Ariana could. The woman was an assistant Goddess.

Madison took a calming breath, stood up from her seat, and approached the man, who looked as if he was about to cry, with a handful of tissues. She got on her knees and helped him clean the spilled coffee.

"It's okay, Devon." Madison gave him a kind smile.

"I'll clean up the rest. Why don't you go back and man the desk." Devon nodded gratefully and left the room. Madison cursed inwardly that she didn't have any proper paper towels in her oce. All she had were these damn super thin tissues that kept ripping.

It was turning into a 'coffee-stained-pieces-of-paper-everywhere' kind of mess. She made a mental note to supply her oce with some paper towels as she stood up, ready to grab some more tissues.

It was then that Madison noticed she had gotten coffee stains on her gray skirt and white dress shirt.

Just f****g great! Can this day get any worse?! Madison scolded inwardly when the intercom on her oce phone chimed.

"Yes, Devon?" Madison mustered her kindest voice, though she was ready to rip him a new one.

"Euh...CEO Matheus, y-your appointment is-s here." Devon stuttered. Madison rolled her eyes and rubbed her hand over her face, probably destroying her make-up in the process. She had specically asked Devon to just call her Madison or Miss Matheus. She was going to get gray hairs if Ariana didn't come back soon.

"Okay, I didn't realize I had one." She replied, clicking through her online agenda, but coming up blank. "Do you have a name for me?" Madison asked, grabbing more paper towels.

"Euh, no, but I can ask." Devon replied. Be kind! Be kind! Madison kept repeating inside her mind.

"No, that's okay, give me ve minutes to clean up the rest of the coffee mess, then send them in," Madison ordered, not bothering to wait for Devon's response.

She stepped around her desk and made her way over to the coffee spill. Just as she got back on her hands and knees the door opened behind her.

"Well, well, this wasn't what I was expecting." She heard a male voice taunt while another one chuckled.

Ohhh, she was going to kill Devon now! She wiped her hands on her already stained clothes, took a calming breath before putting on her most charming smile, and turned around.

The smile slipped from her face the moment her eyes connected with two faces she would recognize anywhere. Madison stood frozen on the spot, at a loss for words.

Robert was the rst one to come back to his senses.

"Madison? What are you doing here?" He asked her, before looking her up and down. Madison cursed inwardly. She had fantasized about this moment many times, though she had been certain it would never come, seeing as she was supposed to be dead, but in her fantasies, she looked like a f****g Goddess. Denitely not like a woman who had just gone on a dumpster dive.

None of this would have happened if Ariana was here! Madison thought to herself. Prescott Consulting and IT had tried to get an appointment with her many times in the past, but Ariana knew Madison's story, so she knew exactly what to do, unlike Devon.

"A-are you the cleaning lady here?" Zachery spoke, looking at Madison's face at what Madison could only assume was her run-down mascara.

She was seriously contemplating telling them she was and that the CEO was out on a business meeting when she decided to just suck it up and be the proud woman that she was.

She combed her stray hair behind her ear, ran her hands over her clothes before straightening her spine and holding her chin up high.

"No, I do not clean here." Madison started, "There was a coffee spill and.... What exactly are you doing here? Mr. West? Mr. Keller?" She looked from one to the other, using their last names to sound a little more professional. It was all she could do to save the situation.

"We have an appointment with the CEO, so, if you could go and tell him that we're here, that would be great," Robert stated.

"Well, you're looking at her." Madison gave them a courteous smile, but her smile turned into a scowl when the two men burst out laughing.

Madison tapped her foot on the ground impatiently with a frown marring her face. These men were on the verge of being escorted out by security.

Their laughter ended abruptly when they noticed that Madison wasn't laughing.

"Y-you're serious?" Robert asked.

Madison rolled her eyes, all professionalism disappearing, before pointing at the plaque on her desk that mentioned her name and function.

Madison Matheus, CEO.

Christopher stepped forward, taking the plaque in his hand, while Robert straightened his spine before a serious expression adorned his handsome face.

"Our apologies, Miss Matheus." Robert began, but Madison wasn't listening as her mind raced to the photo of her and the twins on her desk.

"Apology accepted," Madison smiled while stepping toward her desk slowly, unwilling to draw any more attention to her actions.

Madison stepped behind the desk and sat down before turning the picture frame face upside down on the table. Christopher frowned when he noticed the gesture but stayed silent.

"What brings you gentlemen here?" Madison began before her intercom chimed again. At least Ariana knew never to interrupt Madison during a meeting. Devon! She rolled her eyes inwardly when the damn thing wouldn't stop chiming.

"Devon, I'm in a me-" but before Madison could nish, Devon did the worst thing imaginable.

"CEO Matheus, the school called to inform you that Mason got into a gh-" was all Madison heard before she ripped the phone off of her desk and threw it against the wall, causing the men in the room to jump up from their seats before looking at her in shock.

"A-a spider!" Madison yelled, shouting the rst thing that came to mind, "Yes, I saw a spider! Did anybody see where it went? It was on my phone." Madison started blurting out. She had never wished for a sinkhole to appear and swallow her more than at this very minute.

Not only did she look and act unprofessional, but she looked like a crazy woman. She had worked so hard to build her empire and now, in just a few minutes, Madison had ruined her own reputation.

"Is everything okay, CEO Matheus?" Devon asked, stepping in and observing the scene before him.

"Get. Out." Madison grated out in a deadly calm voice. This was all his fault!

"Gentlemen," Madison tried regaining her composure as Devon stepped out of the room, looking as though he was about to cry again, "It seems as though I am needed elsewhere. Would it be possible if we could reschedule?" Madison asked, hoping that they had not heard anything about the school calling. But she knew it was most likely idle hope.

"Will you let us return then? Because this is the rst time that we have ever gotten an appointment, and believe me, we have been trying for a long time." Robert pointed out.

"Yes, you have my word. Your calls will not be ignored." Madison stood up with an outstretched hand.

Robert took her hand, agreeing to the rescheduling.

Madison waited a few minutes after they left before stepping out of her oce.

"CEO Ma-" Madison held up her hand, silencing Devon. She wasn't ready to deal with him yet. And judging by the way she was feeling, she would denitely make him cry this time.

"I'll be out for the rest of the day. See you tomorrow, Devon." Madison said, without looking at him. She had to get to school, and fast.

What had her little menace done this time?