

Chapter 3

I should have known that something fishy was up. In some twisted way, I was not as surprised as I ought to be because this had his name written all over him. I was sort of angry because I had not figured it out sooner myself.

I looked at him through furious eyes. "This is some kind of joke, right? Why did you do this?"

He smirked. "Is that how you respond to my generous gesture?"

"Generous my ass, Bryce. I cannot believe you would do this! I'm so out of here." I turned on my heel to leave but his voice interrupted me.

"Please wait," he said and I halted in my steps. "At least hear what I have to say."

I whipped my head around so fast, that I could have sworn I heard it crack.

"And why would I do that?"

He rose from his chair and walked over to seat in front of his desk. "Because I said so. I hired you as my P.A and now you're just going to turn the job down? So ungrateful." He said, matter-of-factly.

I just scooped and turned back around to leave, but what he said this time made me stop dead in my tracks.

"Walk out that door, and you just might never have an opportunity like this ever again."

I begrudgingly turned back around, and found his gray orbs looking at me in a challenging manner. Oh, and what exactly did he mean by that?

"How dare you!" I fumed. "I can get a job anywhere I want!" I retorted angrily but deep down I knew that was a big fat lie. Lord knows how long I'd been struggling to find work for who knows how long now!

"We both know that's false," he replied honestly and I scowled in return. "You do know that my company is a big deal in this country, and soon enough in the whole world. Imagine how many people are dying to work here? And the kind of experience you'll gain just by working for me? Your CV would be spectacular. You're not thinking ahead, you're being very narrow minded."

"Do you think I actually want to work for you, after what you just said? Who do you think you are? If many other people want this job, then they can have it!"

"Look," he began, standing up and walking closer to me. "I get that you despise me and I'm the reason for your financial status. That's why I hired you, so I can make up for all the time wasted these past years. I just want to right my wrongs." He admitted earnestly.

I scooped once again. "As if I'm going to believe that crap. Listen, I'm not just going to accept your oh so generous job offer and be at your beck and call 24/7."

"I don't want you to suffer any longer. Why can't you just accept. Do I have to resort to threatening you?" He voiced in frustration. By now he was only about a foot away from me.

I threw him a cold look. "You were a manipulative bastard and I see you still haven't changed. I wish I'd never met you." I spat venomously.

His deep laugh resonated in the office. And damn, did it sound so sexy. "I'm just trying to change your opinion of me but I see you will forever be so damn judgmental."

"And you think literally forcing me to work for you will change anything? It sounds almost as bad as being married to you." Ugh! He always brought out the worst in me.

He stepped even closer, so that now we were face to face. "You never complained when I was hovering over you, making you writhe with pleasure."

A blush crept all the way up my face, probably making me look like a fire truck. That was just below the belt and utterly embarrassing.

"Bastard," I muttered under my breath.

"That's Mr. Bastard to you, Ms. Whitlock." He smiled triumphantly. He turned away and began walking back to his desk. "Being my personal assistant is a very demanding job. I expect nothing but perfection from all my employees, especially you. I sincerely hate fuck-ups and tardiness. Every morning, you will be here at 7 a.m. on the dot or before that. As soon as I enter my office at 8 a.m., I expect to see a steaming hot cup of black coffee by my desk and you will tell me how my day looks like. And you were right about being at my beck and call 24/7. You will be in charge of scheduling meetings, handling my mail, typing my letter etcetera. Before you ask, you will receive a weekly pay check of \$4 000 dollars." By the end of his oh so informative rant, he was seating at his desk, peering at me.

I hate to say this, but this job pays so well. It truly is a tempting offer, minus the part about being technically forced to do it.

I sighed defeatedly. "Fine. I'll do it."

He grinned at me. "Great. You can start off by going through today's agenda, which you will find in the computer sitting at your desk. I will send someone to show around the building. Get to work, Miss Whitlock." He pointed at the door.

I rolled my eyes at his formality and turned to leave. Before I could even take a step. I heard him groan.

"Did you know that those pants are too tight and make your ass look so huge?" He asked, gruffly.

Now it was my turn to smirk. I began to walk to the door, purposefully swinging my hips seductively and pushing my butt back too. I placed my hand on the door handle and gave him a sly sideways look.

"Get used to the view, sir." I purred, and sent him a flirtatious wink.

I chuckled to myself as I pushed the handle down, and walked out of his office. Bryce had no idea what he had just started but two can certainly play that game.