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Ex-Husband Turned Boss

ROMANCE

Down-on-her-luck Aubrey gets the job offer of a lifetime, with one catch: her ex-husband is her new boss. *** Aubrey Whitlock's life is turned upside down after her divorce, leaving her an unemployed, broke, and single...

#billionaire #boss #ceo #divorce #ex-husband #ex-wife

Chapter 4

After I left Bryce's office, I felt a sudden adrenaline rush. I was angry at the thought of being blackmailed but I was also kind of excited.

Maybe I can get him back and make things right again...

Hold on, where did that crazy thought come from? Was that me?

It's clear there is still chemistry between the both of us.

Yeah, there is but that doesn't mean there is still a chance of us rekindling our relationship. The guy is clearly still a no-good bastard, plus now that he is my boss starting a relationship with him would be taboo.

I was snapped out of my thoughts by an obnoxiously loud throat clearing. Just my luck.

"Are you done looking stupid because I have to show you around the building," said Tatiana in a very bored tone.

I then cleared my throat. I was going to handle this maturely. "That is kind of you. Please lead the way." I replied in a very calm tone.

She rolled her eyes. "I wonder why Bryce would ever hire such a cheap hussy like you. I pretty sure you screwed him to land this position." she snarled.

What the hell?

"Excuse me? What did you just say?" By now, my serene facade was long gone and I was ready to kick her in the nose.

She smirked evilly. "You heard me, bitch. Just so you know, Bryce is a one-night stand type of guy and he certainly would never keep a smelly slut as yourself." Smelly? Seriously? Now that's just degrading...I shower regularly!

Okay, that was the last straw. My fingers had been itching to pull out her stupid extensions. I was just about to lunge at her when someone decided to show up.

"What the hell is going on here?" roared Bryce's very velvety, yet angry voice.

Both mine and Tatiana's heads snapped to where Bryce was standing, looking not amused at all.

"Nothing," we both chirped simultaneously.

"Bullshit. You two were practically about to tear each other's hair out. Also, I heard your very loud whispering all the way from my desk."

Well, he is totally right about the hair grabbing part.

"It was nothing, Bryce. We just had a minor disagreement about something," that was Tatiana, in a very deadpan voice. And the bitch is on a first name basis with him?

"If you say so." he added, though seeming unbelieving. "I will personally show Miss Whitlock around, so if you would return to the reception, Tatiana."

She moved forward and placed her well-manicured hand on his chest. "Sure, boss. Anything for you." she purred suggestively then took her leave, but not before shooting daggers at me.

Okay, so that just happened. I won't lie, I'm very curious as to why is going on between the two of them and why she hates me so much.

"Okay, we are going to start from the top to the bottom. I expect you to know this entire building like the back of your hand as you'll be visiting most floor frequently."

Now it was my turn to roll my eyes. "Sure, boss. Anything for you." I mocked Tatiana's last words.

He chuckled arrogantly. "Are you jealous or what, Aubrey?" he teased, wiggling his immaculate eyebrows.

I scoffed. "You're delusional. Why would I be?"

"Good. Because you have no right whatsoever to be jealous. You and I are over, remember?" He announced bluntly, making my heart ache suddenly.

"Come on, we don't have all day."

40 floors later, I was back at my desk and my feet were slightly aching. This bloody building is so huge. I am awed at the fact that Bryce owned all this,

and a lot more from what is seemed. Gosh, why did I have to ask for a divorce!

You could still get him back...

The chances of that are next to nil. Maybe when hell freezes over. I had my doubts concerning his feelings towards me and by the looks of it he seemed to have forgotten all about what we had.

The landline started ringing. "Hello?"

"Bring me coffee, right now." then he hung up. Damn, how courteous. Where the hell did his manners go?

Reluctantly, I rose from the very comfy leather swivel chair and treaded to the elevator. If I am correct, the break room is on the 20th floor. I entered and pushed the button twenty. Seconds later I was there and I was right, the break room was before me.

I quickly brewed the coffee and went back to the top floor. I didn't bother to knock and just walked straight into his office. He was seated still at his large mahogany desk, typing away furiously on his laptop.

"Here you go, sir." I chimed, putting the steaming hot beverage on his desk.

"Miss Whitlock," he began coldly. "Now, I appreciate your effort but this is not how I like my coffee. I prefer it with no sugar, no milk," he stated and I rolled my eyes mentally. How was I supposed to know that? He had never been a coffee person previously.

"Geez, sorry Mr. Roberts. I didn't know how you liked your coffee." I replied sarcastically.

"Get me another one, darling." he said with an arrogant smirk.

I just took the coffee mug and stormed out of his office without a second glance. What a douche! He just wasted my time and now I had to go back and get him another cup of coffee? I don't get paid enough for this shit.

I was so overcome by anger that I didn't notice a person headed straight in my direction. I collided with them so hard, that it sent me flying backwards and the coffee along with me.

"Ugh!" I groaned in pain, from the impact of the blow and from the fact that my blouse was drenched in hot, sticky coffee.

"Oh dear, are you alright?" came a voice laced in a deep British accent.

I looked up and my eyes met probably the most alluring green eyes I've ever come across in my life.

Who is that gorgeous man?
