

The Omega's Twin Hybrids

4 - Awkward!

~Grace's Point of View~

After being in my dad's building for over an hour, and seeing his touches everywhere but not him ... it really and truly started to sink in that he was gone. I don't have him to ask for anything anymore, no advice, no explanations.

Everytime I started to get emotional about it my stone faced mother was right there to glare at me. It was like someone dropping a tray of ice down my back.

My dad's assistant was a fifty something named Michelle, never married with no kids who seemed completely frazzled. Her life was Astor Connects. It took me a bit but I realized it was because she thought she was going to lose her job. Did these people all not realize how desperately I needed them? There was no way in hell I was letting anyone go.

"We'll announce Grace as the interim CEO and President," Harland said, matter of fact.

"Interim? That won't do. She is "IT". We're not slapping on a band-aid," mom said, scoffing.

They'd been going back and forth like this ... like I wasn't even here. I angrily slammed the keyboard against the desk, pissed that I couldn't figure out my dad's password. How did literally nobody know it? I was certain Michelle knew everything about dad's world.

I had also made inquiries as to where his cell phone and work tablet were, he never went anywhere without them. Supposedly his traveling assistant was bringing them, but I had to imagine I'd run into the same problems. Damn passwords!

KNOCK KNOCK

I didn't even look up to see who was coming in, I was too irritated. I began rummaging through some of the desk drawers, wondering why the hell my dad had so many cough drops. Literally five bags, all cherry. Now that I thought about it, his breath did always smell like them. I guess I never really thought about it before.

"I was told you needed IT's help," a deep voice said, waking me out of my daze.

My head snapped up to the large man practically looming over me. My jaw fell and I lightly gasped as I took in one of the men from last night.

No ... fucking ... way.

He was the quieter one, but more forceful. He chose his words carefully every time he spoke, was more methodical. I gulped. Out of the two he was darker somehow, and it only made me want to know more. Like he had some serious secrets. Maybe a checkered past, more so than his happy go lucky friend.

He was much bigger out of the two, likely a foot taller than me at only 5'4. He had very wide and broad shoulders, thick muscular arms just like other parts of him that were thick and beefy...

He smiled, knowing fully well who I was, as if he had that short of a memory. I realized all too quickly that I had run out on them this morning, no note or anything. If they had done that to me, I'd probably be pissed. More than pissed.

Did they even care?

My entire body warmed and I found myself automatically shoving my knees together. My eyes darted to the others in the room who weren't paying a bit of attention to us.

"Yes uhm, are you able to get past the password," I said, barely in a whisper.

"His password is cherry cough drops, all lower case, no spaces," he said, nodding.

I made a face but began trying to type it.

"What a freakin' weirdo," I mumbled, shaking my head.

"I'm sorry? What was that," he said, making me look back at him.

"Oh, uhm, my dad. No you," I said, trying not to sound stupid.

PING

I gasped as the password worked, and I was in. I clapped my hands together once, as if in victory. Like I had actually done anything myself.

"May I show you a few things," he asked, reminding me he was still there.

Before I knew it, he was up against my arm, against the side of my body as he leaned down and took over the mouse.

I immediately felt my skin flush, all the blood drained out of my face and right between my legs. Is this what it feels like for men when they get hard? Like a sudden ache that needs attention? I seriously can't have my body acting like a hard on right now!

How could I even possibly think about more sex?! I had more sex last night than I'd had in years. And certainly, the only sex worth remembering. Was it good for them? Or just another night? I had no clue.

"Jack? You good over there," Michelle shouted.

"Yeah, just great," he responded, with a nod.

My eyes narrowed to slits, irritated. Was there a thing between the two of them?? While I had no right to be jealous my body didn't get that memo. I was suddenly hot for a different reason.

"Here is where you can access our shared network drive. First thing every morning Grover would check these reports here," he said, pointing.

Fuck he smelled so good. The waft of his cologne filled my nose, calming me. Reminding me of his hands on me, his mouth...

His extremely gifted tongue. Ohh god, his tongue... Is that a shifter thing?

Wait, Grover? Nobody called him that! Were they like ... friends?? My dad KNEW my one night stand as a friend?! My ears began to burn as a different wave of warmth spread through me, I was completely unnerved in every possible way.

"Then his email is here. We set up very specific folders according to his preferences, I'm sure I don't have to tell you he was a control freak but I like organization so respected it..." he continued as he talked and pointed.

"Really? You bothered the director of IT to come in here and help you? Jack, I'm so sorry she wasted your time," a voice boomed.

Suddenly his warmth was gone and the horny toad in me wanted to pout. As he stood up straight I got to my feet as well and smoothed over my jacket.

"I'm perfectly capable of working a computer but I don't have password hacking skills. Jack is it? Thank you for help, I've got from here," I said, sticking out my hand to shake his.

I watched his face carefully as he licked his lips and looked down at my hand. His eyes then darted back to mine and he shook it. He was so ... warm. Strong, firm handshake too. Something my dad always stressed was incredibly important. Confidence.

I quickly turned away from him and back to our intruder. Now him ... I knew. And it took every ounce of control not to show my disdain for the man.

"Bruce? Did you just come to measure the drapes or did you have something to add," I asked, giving the asshole my best shit-eating grin.

He was the senior vice president of operations, he oversaw our manufacturing division. He was a sexist asshole and I had to imagine he had no clue Jack was a shifter. He was incredibly anti anyone who wasn't like him. Ivy League, rich. Been married five times and cheated on every single wife. I had no idea why my dad put up with him.

I could swear Jack laughed, but it was very low and I barely registered it. When I looked at him he was stone faced. The other conversations in the room stopped and suddenly all eyes were on me. I stiffened my back and decided it was now or never.

"Had my father already received and reviewed the month end reports," I asked, looking at Bruce.

It was the third of the month, and dad always had everything reviewed and back to finance by the fifth. He was extremely hands on with the books whether he was traveling or not. I'd seen him fly someone to bring them to him, no matter where he happened to be.

"I ... wouldn't know. You would have to ask my secretary," Bruce said, shocked I would bother him with such a question.

"Well I would think our bottom line numbers at the end of each month would certainly be something worth your time. Maybe we'll have to require all VP's sign off on the ledger as well," I said, nodding.

He cocked his head to the side as if I were speaking Latin.

"Since your bonus is contingent on the fiscal year end profits, I would THINK you'd be interested in knowing where we stand month to month. Unless of course you simply have so much money already that getting a bonus for you isn't that big of a deal. If that's the case maybe we should give it back to the employees. I will have to look into all the higher ups and their bonuses," I said, crossing my arms.

That time, Jack snickered.

"Grace," mom snapped.

I stood my ground and kept my face straight.

I knew damn well that the five VP's made way more than necessary. Three of them had three secretaries a piece. THREE, for ONE person. My dad didn't even have three. They deserved six figure bonuses when other people did most of their work?

If there was any chance I was going to actually run Astor Connects, shit was going to change around here.

KNOCK KNOCK

My jaw fell again as the second man from last night popped his head in my office. I'm in so much shit!

They BOTH work here. Both of them! WHAT are the odds??

Behind the desk I balled both of my hands into fists.

"Finch! What brings you up here," Bruce said, clapping him on the back when he got close enough.

Clearly Bruce was more than happy for the interruption. Damn male comradery.

"I was told our new CEO would need a phone and tablet," he said, eyeing me.

I plastered on my best fake smile. Since I worked from home before I just used my own laptop and it wasn't like anyone ever called me.

"Darling I'm leaving, I'll be in touch," mom said, twirling her wrist in the air and leaving with Harland.

It always seemed like there was something between them, there very well might be.

Suddenly I was alone with Bruce the slimeball and the two men who fucked me senseless only hours ago. How is this my life?? I literally had thought I'd never see them again!

"Of course. Grace Astor, this is Finch Jacobson, Director of IS. Oh, silly me. IS is--"

"Information Services. I know what it is Bruce. I've worked here since I graduated even if I didn't come in person," I said, not letting him belittle me.

"Right. Well, I guess I'll go find out about that monthly report," he said, making a face.

He was very clearly not happy. Good. Maybe I'll can his stupid ass and promote his secretary. She probably does it all anyhow for a fraction of the pay.

"Grace? Beautiful name," Finch said, putting the devices down on the desk.

His big brown eyes locked on mine and I suddenly couldn't think. Couldn't move. A big hand touched mine and then raised it.

"The bed was awfully cold this morning," Jack whispered.

He kissed the back of my hand and even though every single part of my brain that had any semblance of common sense said to pull back, to move away ... I couldn't. I was hypnotized.

"I find that hard to believe. You're both heaters like I've never felt," I whispered.

It was really ridiculous to whisper, the door was shut and Michelle's office was clear across the hall. There was a massive conference room on this floor too but that was it. Dad liked his privacy.

Jack carefully let go of my hand but our eyes stayed glued on each other. I finally got it together and took a step back, then another until the chair was between us. I drew a deep breath.

"Look, last night was--"

"The best sex and best night of your life? Mind blowing, incredible," Finch said, leaning over the desk.

I gaped, and gulped. My body felt like it was on fire. I finally got it together and cleared my throat.

"No. It was ...a mistake. My head was all over the place and I was just..."

I trailed off as Finch moved around the desk quickly until they were on either side of me. There were floor to ceiling windows behind me and suddenly it seemed like jumping down the twenty some stories would be a better day than this.

"I liked my answer better," Finch said, reaching for my face.

"Give her space, she's had a tough morning," Jack said, making me turn to look at him.

I gripped the back of my father's chair, suddenly thinking how weird it was that he would never sit in it again. I was certain he'd had this chair as long as I could remember.

"It has been ... quite a morning. Thank you both for your help, but I've got a lot to do," I finally managed to say.

"Well just dial zero for the operator and ask for either of us if you need anything at all," Jack said, taking a step back.

They were both wearing black dress pants that looked tailor made for their thick legs. Jack had one a long sleeved light blue collared shirt and Finch a light yellow. Neither wore a tie but it was Saturday. Still, I was sure my dad would have said something about it. But then again if they were all old buddies probably not!!

Me? I just wanted to rip their shirts open and hear the buttons scatter on the floor.

"My number is in your cell too, but you can get us on the company's messenger. Which I also installed on your phone," Finch said, also stepping away.

I cleared my throat and tugged at my blazer, trying to fully compose myself.

“That was very nice of you,” I said, not knowing what else to add.

RING RING RING

I turned to look at the desk phone, currently blaring. Saved by the bell.