

A Favor To My Boss

Chapter 1:

Winona's Point of View:

I paused and took a deep breath before knocking on my boss's office door, unsure what mood he'd be in today.

"Who is it?" His curt reply told me everything I needed to know.

"It's Winona," I answered.

"Sorry. Come in." He sighed, his voice softer.

I opened the door gently and stepped inside. He was standing with his back to me, eyes fixed on the city skyline through the window. With the echo of my heels, I crossed the silent office toward his desk. Finally, he turned in his chair to face me. The exhaustion on his face was unmistakable. He looked like he hadn't slept—probably drinking again, the way he had started after his whole life turned upside down.

He used to be so different. Everything changed about six months ago, after his wife left him for someone she barely knew. Since then, my boss hadn't been the same.

"How are you feeling today? Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

"You know, the usual misery of a new day. I'd like to start with coffee and some painkillers," he said.

"Right away, sir," I replied, trying to manage a polite smile.

Discover *new* stories on galnovels.com

I was about to leave to fulfill his request when his voice stopped me at the door.

"Winona, have you ever had your heart broken?" he asked.

I turned slowly toward him. He looked so defeated, as if all the confidence he used to have had vanished. There was a time when he lit up every room, laughing freely, charm never failing him. Now he seemed like a drifting zombie, moving from one night to the next. The hope he once carried had faded, replaced by a heavy, shadowed aura.

"Yes," I answered quietly.

“How did you get over it?” he asked.

“I don’t think I ever truly got over it. I just learned to live with it. I hope you find someone who can ease that pain, even if it feels impossible right now,” I said.

“That’s not very hopeful,” he murmured with a deep sigh, running his fingers through his dark hair.

“Unfortunately, it’s just part of life, sir,” I replied softly.

“I guess you’re right. Anyway, that’s all. You can go.” His voice was flat, emotionless.

I nodded and left, heading to the break room to make his coffee. The other assistants were clustered together, giggling as they gossiped about Mr. Briggs.

“So, how was it? I heard he’s incredible in bed,” Brenda Martel asked with a sly grin.

“Oh, he’s excellent,” Vivian Jones said with a laugh.

I rolled my eyes at their conversation.

They acted like he was some kind of trophy, but he needed to focus on his work instead of continuing to ruin his life. Maybe I was the only one in the company who had never looked at him that way. To me, he was just my boss, and I was there to do my job. Sure, he was handsome—more than that—but getting involved with him would be a colossal mistake.

As usual, I left the break room without saying a word. The truth was, I didn't talk much with the others or get pulled into their games. Most of my time was spent with Mr. Briggs, handling whatever he needed.

When I returned to his office, I knocked softly and waited for permission to enter. He was already on the phone when I stepped inside. I set the coffee and painkillers on his desk and turned to leave, but he motioned for me to wait.

"All right, Mom, I'll be there." He let out a long sigh, rolling his eyes before hanging up.

Then he looked at me. "Winona, can you sit for a moment? I need to talk to you about something," he said, his tone more serious than before.

I sat across from him, trying to hide my nerves.

He leaned back in his chair, his gaze fixed on me in a way that felt almost inquisitive.

“Did I do something wrong?” I asked softly, worry creeping in.

.

.

.