

Bonus Book 5: The Werewolf Boss's Baby

Description

A curvy gal climbing the corporate ladder PLUS her disturbingly sexy shifting boss PLUS an enemy lurking in the shadows...

Clara Maddison has fought her way towards the top of the corporate ladder every day since she was hired to work for Snyder Inc. She has no desire to let anything get in the way of her path. She is strong, independent and determined to one day become the CEO of the company.

That is, of course, until she meets Mr. Snyder himself...

Nathaniel (Nate) Snyder is everything that Clara has ever pictured her dream man to be. Dominant, witty and mysterious, there is something about Nate that drives her wild...

But she finds out that there's more to Nate than meets the eye after accepting an invitation to join him for drinks after work. Clara is thrown into a world of shapeshifters and power struggles even more intense than those in the corporate world.

On top of it all, Clara can't shake the feeling that someone or something is following her, watching her from the shadows and waiting to strike...

Will Clara be able to accept what Nate really is? Can she shake off her stalker? Will Nate protect her? Find out now in this steamy billionaire romance...

Chapter One

This job was going to be the death of her.

Clara Maddison's cerulean eyes narrowed in on the stack of papers on her desk that seemed to be growing instead of shrinking as the day went on. All she was supposed to do was go over the accounts from the past quarter and put them into the system, and yet, as the day wore on, her coworkers continued to show up with files they had found buried in their desk.

It looked like it was going to be another late night for her.

Clara had been working for Snyder Inc. for over two years as a project manager. Her job was to develop and manage the construction of new restaurants, clubhouses and stores under Snyder's growing veil of influence. It was not to work on files that should have been processed the previous quarter.

Unfortunately for her, the woman who was supposed to have done the work she was completing now had been fired two weeks before, and she was left cleaning up the mess that was left behind. Her direct supervisor had insisted that it be her that completed the project because she was the most likely to get it right.

She should be flattered, she told herself, but she wasn't. She was just irritated that her plans for the night had to be canceled so that she could work well into the night.

Groaning softly as she sat back in her chair, Clara reached back and pulled her shoulder-length, chestnut brown hair free from the tail it had been constructed in since earlier that morning. She was a powerful woman in the company, working her way up the ladder quickly, and soon she was hoping she could work her way onto the board of directors. She always believed that her strong, curvy body looked better in pantsuits than it did in street clothes, and if she had her way she would be running the corporation before she turned twenty-eight at the end of the year.

That did, unfortunately, mean she had to do a lot of extra work around the company.

The last of her fellow employees had left over an hour ago, the groups chattering about their after-work plans. She had been invited to join several of them, but of course, she needed to stay behind and finish her project or risk the wrath of her supervisor, Mr. Snyder's personal assistant Jeremy.

She wasn't sure why, but she was pretty sure that Jeremy hated her. The man seemed to make it his personal goal to keep her at work late or ruin her weekend

plans. On top of it, she had caught him staring at her out of the corner of her eye on multiple occasions. It was never in a friendly or even flirtatious way, either. It always seemed to be threatening and angry.

It took all she had to convince herself that she was just crazy.

Jeremy was the least of her worries at that point. If she wanted to get out of work before midnight she had quite a bit to get done. Her plan was just to keep working until the files were all digitalized, but unfortunately, she hadn't eaten all day and her stomach was starting to sound like a war zone.

Grimacing as her stomach rumbled, Clara let out a grumble and pushed back her chair. She could at least go around the corner and find herself something to eat. Snagging her purse where it was hidden away under her desk, she quickly exited the workspace and headed for the elevator.

It was getting dark by the time that she exited the building, the sun dropping down behind the buildings. Waving at the security guard and explaining that she would be right back, she rushed to the nearest fast food restaurant she could find before making her way back.

The moon had risen completely behind her, and a cool breeze moved through the street, making Clara wish she had thought to bring her coat. Grimacing, Clara made her way up to the front doors, only to hesitate when she thought she could make out a shape trotting through the halls inside.

Moving closer, she felt her eyes go wide when she saw the shape disappearing down another hall. It looked like a dog of some sort, probably a stray, but how had it gotten past the fences and into the building?

“What in the world?” she whispered, slowly pressing open the doors. Holding her bags close to her chest, she moved into the deserted building once more. “Hello?” she called, making her way down the hall where she had seen the dog disappear.

Maybe she was just seeing things. After all, if there was a dog in the building that would mean that someone would have had to let it in. Otherwise, there was no way that it could manage to not only sneak past the guard but also pull open the doors and move inside without anyone noticing.

Maybe it was somebody's pet that they snuck into the building, but somehow got loose? She doubted it, though. The only time she'd ever seen an animal brought into the building was a kitten that had been too small to be left at home alone. The woman who had brought it in had even gotten special permission to keep the kitten at her desk.

A sudden crash left Clara whirling.

Gasping as she quickly located the room that it came from, she bit her lip and slowly moved towards the open door. Peering inside, she felt her eyes widen as she spotted a massive, wolf-like dog pulling open one of the filing cabinets with his teeth before starting to paw through the papers inside.

That wasn't normal. Something was going on here and she didn't like it one bit. She had to go tell the security guard that there was some sort of demon dog going through their files. Her eyes wide, Clara reached out and pulled the door shut, locking it just as the beast whirled around in confusion.

Rushing away as the dog leaped for the door and started to shake at the lock, she quickly moved to go find the security guard. He would be able to do something about the beast.

Chapter Two

“Did you see what kind of dog it was?” the security guard questioned, moving into the building with Clara at his heels.

“I didn’t really stick around to find out. It looked like some sort of wolf it was so big!” the woman grumbled, moving over to the door that the dog was behind and waiting for the security guard to pull out his keys to unlock it.

“Well, whatever kind of dog it is, I hope it’s friendly. I really don’t want to have to call animal control,” the guard explained, peeking in through the glass to try and spot the beast. “I mean, they’re not as fun to talk to as you think they would be. Last time I called one they gave me a lecture on raccoons because I had to have one removed from an air duct,” he pointed out dramatically, unlocking the door and peering inside.

“Do you see it?” Clara whispered, only to squeak when the door swung open and a man was revealed standing in the doorway. Both of them stumbled back in confusion, their eyes locked onto the amused-looking form.

“I’m sorry, did I startle you?” the man asked, flicking on the light in the room with a smile. “I was looking around in here for some files, and the next thing I knew I was locked inside.” He sighed, his dark chocolate eyes sparkling with amusement at the shock on both Clara and the guard’s face.

“M-Mr. Snyder!” the guard gasped, his eyes huge as he seemed to recognize the man in front of him. Instantly Clara felt her heart sink in her chest. Not only had she apparently mistaken a man for a dog, but she had also managed to lock her boss in a storage room.

The CEO of the company was standing in front of her, and she was pretty sure that she was either going to throw up or faint.

“You...there was a dog in here,” Clara stuttered, her eyes huge as Mr. Snyder and the guard exchanged glances.

“I believe you might have just seen my back while I was crouched over,” Mr. Snyder pointed out, his eyes slowly sliding over Clara’s form with a discerning look. “Of course, I’m not upset. If I thought I saw a dog I wouldn’t want it running around the building.” He laughed, smiling at the guard and waving him off. “Have a good night, Charlie. I’ll see you tomorrow.” He winked.

“Of course, Mr. Snyder!” The guard nodded, rushing away and leaving Clara alone with the CEO.

“Listen, Mr. Snyder, I didn’t...” Clara started, flushing when the man lifted up a hand to silence her.

“Please, my name is Nathaniel, but you can call me Nate,” Nate insisted gently, his dark eyes sparkling with amusement as he moved into the hall. “Now, Ms.-,”

“Maddison, Clara Maddison,” Clara managed to squeak out, biting her lip as she was led towards the back exit. “I am so sorry that I locked you in the closet! I had no idea that you were in there, I swear I saw a wolf. I must just be exhausted,” she stuttered out, terrified that she had just cost herself her job.

“Clara, calm down. You aren’t crazy, and though I have no way of knowing if you are exhausted or not, I can say that you did, in fact, see a dog in that room,” Nate pointed out, chuckling when she looked up at him in confusion. “Listen, it would be too much for me to explain right now.” He sighed softly, gesturing towards his car with a smile. “Would you like to join me for drinks?” he asked, cocking his head to the side.

“I would love to, but I have a lot of work that needs to be done by tomorrow,” she whispered, biting her lip as he let out a soft hum of disappointment.

“Well, I suppose that is unfortunate, but fortunately for you, I am your boss,” he reminded her, his eyes sparkling with amusement when she blushed and looked away. “Now, I’ll ask again, would you like to join me for a drink, Clara?” he asked sweetly.

Biting her lip as she looked up at the man, Clara felt her heart flutter in her chest at the sweet, flirtatious look on the man’s handsome face. How could she say no to a chance at drinks with the CEO of her company? Besides, she needed to figure out what he was talking about when he said that she had seen a dog.

“Alright, Mr. Sny...Nate.” She caught herself, smiling when he took her arm and led her towards his car. “But you have to promise that you’re going to explain to me exactly what’s going on,” she said, earning a laugh from Nate as he nodded.

“I swear, Clara, you will be completely filled in by the end of the night.” He winked, helping her into the car before settling in himself. As their car slid away from the curb, Clara felt her heart flutter in her chest nervously. She was hoping that by the end of the night, the confusion that was bubbling in her chest would be resolved.