

Her CEO Stalker and Her Second Chance Mate

Chapter 1

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Adelaide

Life had been crazy these last few months, I had barely time to mourn before I was thrust into my role as the CEO's new intern in Alpha enterprises. Six months later, I was promoted to be his personal assistant. As much as I wanted to think it was all about the incredible job I had done, and still did, my boss however had another thing on his mind.

I paused at the ajar conference room door, a pile of reports in my hands, upon which I precariously attempted to balance the tray of coffees. Creedon Rothas McAllister was the formidable CEO of Alpha Enterprises, the premier, high-end tech company in the Western Hemisphere, and I was his newest intern, well, personal assistant now. I composed myself to walk in with the mask of indifference I often wore at the office. The bright, cheery, prim and proper assistant, with every blonde hair strategically placed, up in a sophisticated sleek bun.

Creedon, however, had decided he needed to rearrange said bun when he ripped it out of place. He had insisted he needed to taste my lips earlier this morning when I served him coffee. I was still self-conscious about it; the act would be obvious. Everyone knew we were an item, the notorious CEO and the up-and-coming intern turned assistant. I knew what everyone thought, but I did my best to keep things professional at the office. Creedon, however, didn't give a damn. It was hard to say no to him, he had an aura of charm and danger that would make any woman's panties wet. I tried to put off his advances for weeks until he eventually wore me down, begging me to accompany him to a charity gala to save face from showing up alone. It was all a grand scheme to pin me down. He whisked me off to an expensive boutique, insisting I had to wear just the right dress, and how I had to be presentable if I was to be beside him. That was followed by a trip to an outrageously expensive salon. It was every poor girl's dream. How lucky was I? The universe was finally giving back to me, and after all my hard work to get here, I am finally getting an easy road in life, for a change.

That was a month ago, and every day since, he had pushed me harder, to wear me down. I had given Creedon more than I had ever given in to anyone before. I was apt to give in to him fully soon. I had nothing else to offer him. I had focused so much on my studies, that I hadn't thought about anything else but getting to this point in my career. The constant dinners, the shows, and the parties we went to, all required a new dress, regardless of my protests. He had sent me home with bags of designer work attire, all of which he had

ordered himself. He was so much more than I deserved, but part of me, some instinct deep inside, yearned to cave in and allow myself this happiness, yet another part had me was leery, and stayed on edge. My uncle Jake used to tell me to listen to my gut, that when all else failed, it would guide me. I was in a constant battle for which part to listen to in regard to Creedon. My body craved him like kindling to fire. He was the most handsome man I'd ever met. Curly midnight black hair, ice blue eyes, and thick broad shoulders; some days I wondered if he was part Viking, or a child blessed by the Gods. I suppose that's why he looked so good on all those magazine covers.

Jealousy had followed his attention in the workplace. The secretaries scowled at my approach. I could feel daggers burning into my back everywhere I went in the office; the whispered comments they thought I didn't hear, and the snide looks from the men, begrudging a woman who had worked leaps and bounds harder than them to get where I was in such a short time. To them, there could be only one reason I had made it so far so fast—I bent over a desk. The joke was on them really. I hadn't given him that much... yet. We'd come close, of course, and I knew his patience was waning. With all the gossip and drama our relationship outside of work had caused, I hadn't wanted to prove anyone right. Creedon's newest comment: "Here we go with that ice princess shit again." I was beginning to feel bad about it, my reputation was already tarnished in everyone's eyes, what was the point of putting it off any longer?.

Coming out of my thoughts, anxiety rose in me. Latrisha, his ex, as well as one of his partners, would be inside, along with four other men. I honed my ears in, on the muted voices.

"Where is that office slut of yours, Creedon? She must be a hell of a lay. She can't even get the coffee here before it gets cold," Micheal complained. "What's the point in keeping a female like that around? She's not even your breed."

His breed?

"You know me, Micheal, I like nice accessories, besides, she is smarter than she looks. She didn't even have to pay off the superintendent to pass her final exam," he jabbed.

An Accessory?

Not his breed?

"Stop toying with the girl. Give her a check, and send her on her way," Paul insisted. "You're letting her get too close to you, to all of us. Not to mention the scandal you'll have with the press once they realize she's a poor country girl. America will fall in love with her and then you will just crush them when you're done playing with her. Not the image we are trying to portray..." Silence seemed to strike through the air as the last word was cut off by what sounded like fists hitting the table.

“She’s mine! How I choose to play with her is no concern of yours. Whether I choose to fuck her, breed her, or cast her aside, remember who’s in charge here. His voice sounded grave, his anger explosive. “If I want to use her as a cum bucket and dispose of her, I will,” he growled out.

Breed me? Cast me aside? Cum bucket? I think not!

“She is pretty, I’ll give you that, but she’s of no value to you, Creedon. She’s worthless. Simply a pebble in a sea of diamonds, darling. You can have your pick of any woman you desire. Fuck her out of your system, and sign off on her,” Latrisha spat. “If you wanted a charity case, I could find you one more submissive. That one is going to become a pain in your ass. There isn’t a submissive bone in her body, besides the one she shows on her pretty face when she’s serving lunch. You need a bitch that will respect you and submit.”

“And this is why, Letrisha, you are an ex. You don’t know what a man really wants.”

“Oh, you want someone to fight you at every angle? Have at it, K. You will get sick of it soon enough. You deserve better, baby,” she added lightly.’

Someone, please come mop up the virtual vomit this woman has just spewed.

“I have her under control, Trisha, back the fuck off.”

Control? Oh, hell naw! That last bit sent me spiraling. He hadn’t met the take no bullshit southern bitch I could be.

Rage wound through me. I was just a doll to him. I just so happened to be smarter than most of the other women he prayed upon, or at least, I thought I was. I had just apparently forgotten that fact; lost in the fairytale romance of it all, like the stupid country bumpkin they thought I was. I’d misplaced who I was at the core of myself, somewhere between losing my mother and my Uncle. There was no one but Misty, my only friend in this world. I realized right then that he never cared to know what I had endured, under the mask of smiles I wore for his stupid parties and his press conferences, as I still wallowed in my grief. I had barely told him anything at all about myself. I always knew he’d realize his mistake in taking notice of me. I truly meant nothing to him.

Well, here goes everything.

My hands shook with rage as I elbowed open the conference room door. He was glaring at everyone over the table. “What exactly is my breed to you, Creedon? An accessory? A fucking Doll you can dress up? I thought you were different. I never asked for any of this, but if you’re so hell-bent on fucking up the career I’ve worked my ass off to obtain, then so be it. Let me make one thing crystal fucking clear,” I said, as I tipped the tray into his lap, “I will never be a cumbucket for an egotistical piece of shit like you. I still held the stack of reports in my hand. I waved them in his shocked face, meeting everyone’s eyes, then I chucked them across the table. “This worthless bitch secured your contract

with Lords and Sons.” I had busted my ass to successfully close this deal. Lords and Sons only agreed because I was so genuine and involved.

I shook my head and turned back to Creedon. “You! You, Creedon Rothas McAllister, are a piece of horse shit, and you can have everything you ever bought me back. Don’t think for one second I can be bought, because I don’t, and never did want any of it. I reject it all. I reject you,” I spat with a rage so forceful, my limbs shook, my eyes felt weird as my vision tunneled, my nails bit into my palms, and the hairs on my arms bristled.

His eyes looked at me terrified, before he dropped to the floor, as he clutched his chest. I pulled open the door, and rushed out. A tight pain in my heart grew, breaking through my adrenaline induced haze. I was intent to grab my bag and leave this all behind. My mama didn’t raise a fool. He had just blinded me from seeing the whole picture and made me ruin everything I had worked for my entire life for. After the rumors were sure to run rampant, I’d never get another job like this again. My feet moved fast but my mind became alert of the quickly approaching form too late. One moment the elevator was opening for me, the next, I was plastered to the back of it, with a raging Creedon towering over me and his hands around my slender throat, squeezing the life out of me.

“Nobody rejects me!” he roared at me. I spat in his face, before a pain registered, radiating across the side of my cheek. Everything turned fuzzy before it went black.