

NEVER MISTAKE A QUEEN FOR A LAPDOG

Yes-man 14

Bianca was perched casually on Seth's desk, her upper body leaning toward him.

Seth's face was so close to Bianca's chest that they were almost touching.

Their posture was shockingly intimate.

"Oh-!"

Bianca seemed startled by Noreen's sudden entrance and tumbled straight into Seth's arms.

Seth's brow furrowed in annoyance as he snapped at Noreen, "Do you not *know* how to knock?"

Noreen wanted to say she had knocked.

But in this moment, arguing felt pointless.

"No sense of professionalism! Is this how you do your job?"

His tone was icy, his gaze sharp, as if he'd forgotten he was the one who'd granted her special access in the first place.

"Sorry, it won't happen again," Noreen replied quietly.

Because, in her mind, there would be no next time.

Bianca finally lifted her head from Seth's embrace, her cheeks flushed and lips rosy, as if she'd just been thoroughly adored.

“Seth, don’t be so harsh,” she pouted, her voice soft and sweet. “I’m sure Secretary Gilmore didn’t mean to barge in.”

Then Bianca turned to Noreen with a bright, innocent smile. “You’re here to drop off the project files, right? Could you leave them on the desk for me? I’m a little tied up at the moment.”

Noreen kept her eyes down, doing her best to remain expressionless as she set the folder on the desk. “There are a few documents inside that still need your signature,

Mr. Harcourt.”

“Alright, you can leave,” Bianca said, dismissing her with the authority of a lady of the house.

Seth added, “Don’t come in unless it’s urgent. That goes for everyone else, too.”

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Noreen’s heart twisted, her fingers trembling as she balled them into fists. “Understood. It won’t happen again.”

She gave her word.

She couldn’t even recall how she managed to walk out of that suffocating office.

All she remembered was that, right up until she left, Bianca stayed nestled comfortably in Seth’s arms-

Completely unbothered.

And Seth showed no intention of pushing her away.

His anger—his fury—was for being interrupted at such a convenient moment, wasn't

it?

In all their seven years of knowing each other, Noreen had never seen Seth lose his composure like that.

It was as if his calm, rational mask had finally slipped.

Maybe men only lose control when they're with the women they truly desire.

How else could you explain him getting so carried away in broad daylight, turning his office into a stage for this sort of play?

As soon as the clock struck five, Noreen powered down her computer and stood to

leave.

Her coworkers in the admin suite stared in shock.

After all, Secretary Gilmore was famous around Aurelion Capital for being a workaholic, holding the company's all-time record for overtime hours.

Especially since she'd started covering for the Investment Division III, she practically lived at the office—her whole life orbiting the workplace.

But today, she was leaving on time.

It was almost unbelievable.

She'd barely stepped out of the building when her phone rang—Samuel Johnson

was calling again.

Any other day, Noreen would've hung up or found a polite excuse to decline.

Johnson was a headhunter.

He'd tried to recruit her more times than she could count, and she'd shot him down

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every time.

But today, she answered without hesitation.

On the other end, Johnson was so surprised, he almost forgot why he'd called in the first place.

Noreen took the initiative. "Mr. Johnson, do you have time for dinner?"

Johnson was elated. "Absolutely! If Secretary Gilmore's inviting, I'll make time! Any preference? I'll book whatever you like!"

"If possible, a lighter menu," Noreen replied. "My stomach's *not* in the best shape."

"No problem at all! I'll find a place and send you the location. See you *soon!*"

"See you soon."

Noreen went home to change before heading out. Her apartment was close to the office—expensive, but worth it for the easy commute and endless late nights.

Seth had never understood her choice, always complaining it was too small and too cluttered. He'd visited only once before refusing to ever set foot there again.

Whenever he needed her, she was expected to come to his place instead.