

NEVER MISTAKE A QUEEN FOR A LAPDOG

Yes-man 4

Everyone greeted Bianca warmly as she entered.

Bianca had a sunny personality; she smiled at everyone and said, “I look forward to working with all of you.”—

She’d even brought small welcome gifts for the team, with Seth helping her carry the bags.

Noreen gave a wry tug at the corner of her lips.

Back when she and Seth had worked together, she’d always been the one running around, juggling files and coffee, while he never so much as lifted a finger to help. But now, with his “first love” here, he was suddenly eager to lend a hand.

There really is a difference between loving someone and not.

Bianca handed Noreen a gift too—a set of capybara-themed wrist rests for her mouse pad.

“Oh wow, we picked out the same thing!” Bianca exclaimed, noticing the identical wrist rest already on Noreen’s desk.

She turned to Seth and said with a playful smile, “Seth, you two really have similar taste.”

Then, Bianca gave Noreen an apologetic grin. “Seth actually helped me pick out these gifts. I had *no* idea we’d get the same one. If you’d prefer, I can get you something else later.”

“It’s no trouble, I don’t mind,” Noreen replied, accepting the extra wrist rest.

Seth turned to her, his tone brisk and professional. “Secretary Gilmore, please show Mr. Lowell around the office.”

Noreen had no reason to refuse.

One of the cardinal rules for Aurelion Group’s secretaries: the CEO’s orders always come first.

It was easy to see Bianca’s appeal; she spoke to everyone gently, always polite and considerate. She was beautiful too—stunning, really, with a face that seemed almost too perfect.

But of course, only someone extraordinary could have been Seth’s “*one that got away.*”

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After Noreen finished showing Bianca around, Bianca asked if she could see her new office.

The space had just been renovated two weeks ago—Noreen herself had overseen every detail. The furnishings, the layout, everything had been designed to her taste. More than anyone, she had looked forward to sitting in that office. Just like she’d once dreamed of marrying Seth.

But here she was, and she had neither.

“I really love the vibe of this office. It’s so much warmer than I expected—and it’s so close to Seth, too,” Bianca said, clearly delighted.

Unable to contain her excitement, she hurried off to the next room to share her joy

with Seth, leaving Noreen standing alone.

Noreen looked around at the office she'd painstakingly designed, her heart clenched so tightly she could barely breathe.

She felt like a fool.

Lunchtime brought the company's weekly executive meeting—the most important event at Aurelion Group, when the entire staff was expected to be on their best behavior. No one dared show up late. Noreen was no exception.

Except... Bianca.

Despite being a brand-new hire, Bianca waltzed in late, breaking one of Seth's

strictest rules.

Noreen was sure Seth would be angry. At the very least, she expected a stern word

or two.

But he didn't say a thing. Not one harsh sentence. He simply asked Noreen to hand out the meeting materials, his tone perfectly calm.

In that moment, Noreen felt a strange sense of disorientation.

She remembered back when she was an intern. She'd *once* been late to a meeting because she'd come down with the flu—ironically, after staying up to care for Seth

when he was sick. He'd called her out in front of the entire company, showing her

no mercy.

He'd never even acknowledged that she'd gotten sick looking after him.

She had felt hurt, even complained about it afterward. Seth's only explanation had

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been that the company was just getting off the ground and he had to set the tone—make an example of someone.

And she had become the tool for his authority.

She told herself that he was just being professional, that it wasn't personal.

But now, years later, watching him quietly bend the rules for someone else, the memory stung like a slap to the face.

So, he could make exceptions—just not for her.

There really was a difference between people.

Just as there's a difference between being loved, and not.