

In Bed with the Alpha Boss Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1 – In Dreams

No, no, no! This is not real!

My hands shake as I stare at the picture on my phone. No matter how much I try to deny it, the evidence is glaring at me in the face. The man lying half-naked on the pristine white sheets with a naked woman wrapped around him is no one else but my husband... my mate!

My heart shatters into a million pieces as I try to make sense of what I'm seeing. A wave of anger and a sense of betrayal washes over me.

I dial his number, holding my breath until I can talk to him. Hear his excuses, or his lies, and decide whether I will believe them and forgive him.

"Hello," a woman's voice greets me on the other line. My heart sinks to the floor, realizing the painful truth. He's with another woman.

"Where's my husband?" I try hard to keep my voice straight.

"Oh, I think you know exactly where he is and what he's been doing." She giggles. "Did you see the pictures I sent?"

"Let me speak to him!"

"Sorry, hun. He's out cold. We f**ked all night. And in the last

Chapter 1 – In Dreams

round, he came twice inside me. Did that ever happen with you?"

My blood boils at the thought of my husband cu**ing inside her.

"You better be lying!" I hissed.

"But I'm not. He's the best lover I've ever had. You must be so proud to have such a virile man in your bed every night... oh, I mean, almost every night," she humorlessly. "I forgot that tonight, I'll have him all to myself."

"You sorry piece of s*it, I will..."

"Shut up!" she roars. "Do you think that just because you're a Luna, you can talk to everybody like that?!"

This catches me a little off-guard.

She knows about us. She's probably one of us, too.

"Well, you cannot do that to me," she said. "You have no power over me, luna bi**h!"

"What did you just call me?"

"Luna b**ch." she laughs humorlessly. "That's right. I don't bow to you. In fact, you have no idea what I'm capable of."

Anger seethes through me. But before I can utter another word, everything around me starts spinning.

Somno, somno. Lupus, somno.

“What the hell?” Confusion clouds my brain, as I hear silent chants around me. It whispers faintly with the wind in a language that I cannot comprehend. I can barely make it out. But I can distinctly hear that it’s there, making me dizzy, lulling me to sleep. By instinct, I touch my tummy protectively. Right now, the only thing that I can think of is protecting this precious life inside of me.

Dormant somnum. Oblivisci. Lupus, somno.

Those foreign words keep ringing in my ears. My heart pounds inside my chest as I try to make sense of the whispers.

I stare up and see the full moon looking down at me. It looks sinister, sending cold chills down my spine.

my

“Moon goddess, help me!” I cry, tears rolling down cheeks. “Protect my baby, please!”

Dormant. Somnum. Lupus. Oblivisci. Somno.

The chant keeps getting stronger and louder. And then everything fades to black.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

I bolt up from bed, covered in cold sweat. My heart pounds loudly inside my chest as I look around the familiar room. I sigh in relief when I finally realize where I am.

A dream. It was just a dream.

“It’s one of those dreams again,” I whisper to myself.

Almost every night for the past five years, I dream of a strange and unfamiliar world.

He’s always there. My husband. The one I call my Alpha, whatever that means.

Sometimes he makes love to me in my dreams, making me feel like I’m the only woman in the world for him. And I would wake up in love and full of yearning. But sometimes, he breaks my heart when I see evidence of him sleeping in bed with another woman. And I would wake up angry and heartbroken.

I have had this dream long enough for me to remember the words.

Mate. Alpha. Luna. Moon goddess.

I even remember some of the foreign words, and I have done some research on them, too.

Somnum apparently means sleep in Latin. Oblivisci, I guess means oblivion. And the word Lupus must mean something other than the deadly disease.

Anyway, none of those words put together ever makes sense.

And I am not sure why I keep having these dreams; why I keep dreaming of a man, whose face I cannot remember.

I call him my husband. And that's when I know it's not real. I've never been married before. And the only man I've ever loved certainly has no plans of marrying me or even asking me out on a date. In fact, he has no plans for me at all.

We see each other every day, and we breathe the same air most of the time, but no, we don't exist in the same planes, probably not even in the same world.

His name is Sebastian King, the most eligible bachelor on the face of the planet. With jet-black hair, crystal blue eyes, and a perfect body, every girl in the city fancies herself in love with him. And I am no different.

Rich. Young. Brilliant, and probably the most successful business tycoon in the country right now.

Me? I'm just his secretary. The only thing that we have in common is the top-floor corner office we both work in. Other than that, he'd only talk to me when he needs to know his schedule, or needs me to pick up his dry cleaning, or when he wants me to send gifts to his mother.

So, there is no way that man in my dreams can be Sebastian. My dream man wants me with a burning desire that consumes him from within. While Sebastian? I'm not sure he's capable of feeling any passion at all. He's always been cold and reserved. But maybe that's one of the things that made me fall for him in the first place. He's a mystery that I want to solve.

I am interrupted by the ring of my phone. I glance at the clock and realize that it's 3 in the morning.

"Who could be calling me at this hour?"

But I jump up from bed when I see Benjamin Oliver's name on my phone screen. He only calls me if it has something to do with Sebastian. And usually, it's an emergency.

"Hello," I croaked.

"Thank G*d you're up!"

"Is everything alright?"

"He's drunk. You know the drill."

I know the drill well, alright. Sebastian's family is old rich. They are quite traditional. Apart from that, they put him high on a pedestal. So, Sebastian never comes home when he's drunk out of his wits. He doesn't want them to see him as 'less than perfect.'

"Where are you?"

"Maddy's Break. Hurry."

I jump out of bed as soon as I hung up. I dress up in jeans, a long sleeve top, and a pair of sneakers. Then I call a cab and head straight to Maddy's Break.

A few minutes later, Benjamin and I are settling the drunk Sebastian King on the king-sized bed of the penthouse suite of Maddison Square Hotel.

"Are you sure you can manage from here?" Benjamin asks, his eyes full of weary.

"Of course! You know it's not the first time I've done this."

"Okay. I'll head home now. Just call me if you need anything."

As soon as Benjamin leaves, I take off Sebastian's shoes, and then I tug him out of his suit jacket. But as I tuck him into bed, he opens his eyes and looks straight into mine. My breath hitches in my throat. His hair is a mess, and his eyes look dark and intense. There is something different about him. I cannot read the expression on his face when I'm usually an expert at that.

"Are you okay, Mr. King?" I ask nervously.

Suddenly, he grabs my wrist tightly and pulls me closer to him, so that my face is mere inches away from his.

"Sebastian," he says.

"What?"

"When we're alone like this, I want you to call me Sebastian."

I want to answer, but when I open my mouth, no sound comes out, so I simply nod.

Sebastian's face is so close to mine that I can see the stubble on his chin.

His lips curve into a teasing grin.

"I can hear your heart beating very fast. I'm making you nervous."

Sh*t! He can hear my heartbeat? Is that humanly possible?

"But then again, I always make your heart beat like this, don't I, Gabrielle?" It's a statement, not a question.

I struggle to pull away from him, but he only tightens his grip on my wrist.

"No. Of course not!" I deny.

"Liar!" he chuckles. "Well, if that's not true, then you should stop me from doing this."

Without warning, and with a st**id smirk on his face, he yanks me close and presses his lips against mine.

Chapter 2 – The Aftermath

My world spins, my heart pounds loudly inside my chest and my mind goes blank. I tell myself not to think at all. For the first time, I simply allow myself to just... feel!

Sebastian's grip on my wrist is gentle yet firm. His lips feel like fire, igniting passion inside me that I've never experienced before, except in my mysterious dreams.

His hands move down to my hips, pulling me closer as he deepens the kiss. I moan into his mouth, my body craving more of his touch.

He spins me around so that I am on my back and he's pressing on top of me. Slowly, I can feel his hands creeping under my top. He devours my lips, like I'm the last woman he will ever kiss.

I knew Sebastian to be cold and reserved. He is meticulous and careful. Every move he makes has a purpose. Every decision is calculated. He does everything according to a plan. And this madness that envelopes us right now is definitely not according to any plan.

"You're exquisite," he whispers as his fingers lightly touch my skin, causing every nerve in my body to come alive. His words send shivers down my spine. His touch ignites the fire within me.

Is this really happening? Is Sebastian King really kissing me?

He looks back at me, his eyes dark with desire.

"You're mine, Gabrielle," he says in a firm, commanding voice. "From now on, no one can touch you or kiss you like this. You belong to me, do you understand?"

I am so shocked and confused, I can hardly believe what I'm hearing.

Is Sebastian King somehow attracted to me, too?

He leans forward and claims my lips again. As the kiss deepens, I feel his other hand slipping under my shirt, tracing the outline of my bra with his fingers.

"I want you," he whispers h***sely.

It isn't a question. He isn't asking for permission. He is claiming me as his own.

One by one he removes my clothing, until I am completely naked. I shiver as the cold wind blows against my skin, but I feel like a raging fire inside.

He ravishes my lips with intensity and hunger. Then he presses himself between my legs. I can feel him... hard and wanting. I know he can feel me too... wet and ready for him. And then he enters me in one swift motion, filling me up with both pleasure and pain. Our desires are raw and primal. And somehow I feel like an invisible bond takes over both of us. I

rake my fingernails across his back, eliciting a gasp from him. He bites my lower lip as I wrap my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into me.

“Please!” I beg him.

“Be patient. I will give it to you,” he answers in a h***se voice.

He is a man on a mission as he pounds on me mercilessly. And then, it finally happens.

“Ahhh!” My or**sm rips through my body, almost shattering me. It feels intense, all-consuming. Then I feel him tense up inside me as he lets out a guttural groan. For a moment, time stands still. He is still inside me, and it feels like we’re existing as one.

Sebastian gently pulls away so he can look into my eyes. He doesn’t say anything. He just keeps staring at me, as if he’s trying to figure something out and the answer is written somewhere in my face.

“What?” I ask nervously.

“Nothing,” he replies. Then he smiles, but I know it is a forced one because it doesn’t reach his eyes.

Then gently, he pulls out of me.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

“Yes. Are you?”

He simply nods. Then he lies on his tummy and turns his face away from me. A few seconds later, I hear him quietly snoring.

That was it? He’s just going to sleep now? Is this how it’s supposed to be?

I lay there, staring at his back, listening to his snore. I want to scream out in frustration. A

while ago, I was drowning in the feeling of being wanted by someone as hot and as powerful as Sebastian King. And now, that feeling just evaporated.

I hope he remembers sleeping with me at all!

Come morning, I feel like I haven't slept at all. As soon as Sebastian wakes up, he sees me, lying naked beside him.

I hold my breath as I wait for him to say something.

He raises a brow at me. "Aren't you going to get dressed yet?"

I blink back at him in disbelief. I propped up on my elbows, holding the sheet up to my chin.

"Are... are we not going to talk about what happened last night?"

He doesn't say anything. Instead, he gets up from the bed and starts putting his clothes back on.

"Sebastian!"

"What, Miss Jones?" I do not miss the emphasis in the words

'Miss Jones'.

So, we're back with the formalities now. I guess he doesn't even remember that he asked me to call him by his first name when we're alone together.

I turn away from him and hastily put on my clothes.

"Did you seduce me?" he asks.

I turn to him, wide-eyed and unable to believe that he has the nerve to accuse me of that.

"What? You think every woman in this city want to be in bed with you?"

"Don't you?" he asks with a smirk on his face.

I turn away from him and concentrated on buttoning my shirt. "Well, it doesn't matter! I never made a move on you. It's you who started it last night! You seduced me!"

He finished dressing up. "Nevertheless, I think I enjoyed our night together."

"I didn't!" I spat.

He chuckles. "Liar!"

“How could you say that? Do you really think you got me all figured out?”

“Well, I know you more than you think I do,” he says. He slowly walks toward me. “I can tell when you’re angry, or when you’re scared. I can tell when you’re nervous, which is often. Even when you’re happy, which is rare.”

He reaches up to graze my cheek with the back of his fingers.

There’s no way he can say that unless he has superhuman hearing!

He continues to stare at me intensely, as if he’s trying to read my face, or... I don’t know, listen to my heartbeat.

This is insane and embarrassing!

What?” I ask, taking a step away from him.

He sighs, as if in frustration. “I find it hard to read you sometimes. And usually, it’s easy for me to read hu—I mean, people. Can you just tell me what’s going on in your mind?”

“I thought you knew me! Why don’t you take a wild guess?”

He walks toward the door.

“Well, if I had to guess, I think you’re hoping for something permanent from me.”

“Gees, I wonder what that may be,” I say sarcastically.

“Look... last night was fun, I’m sure. Too bad I was too drunk to remember most of it.

But if you’re hoping for something serious, like... a marriage proposal perhaps, I’m sorry. I can’t give you that. This is as far as it goes between the two of us.”

I feel like he’s slowly tearing me apart with his words. I can’t believe he could be so cruel.

The air thickens with silence as he pulls something from his pocket and puts it on the table before slamming the door shut behind him.

I walk towards the table with legs that can barely support my weight. And just when I thought this situation cannot be as embarrassing as it already is, I pick up what he left for

me on the table.//

Sebastian King just gave me a check for fifty thousand dollars.

Chapter 3 – His Misery

Sebastian.

I curse under my breath as I slam the door behind me.

S*it! I really f**ked up big time!

I should not have touched Gabrielle! She's my secretary, and she's human! I promised myself the moment I met her that I would never get involved with her, no matter how much she affects me.

I am not human, though I appear to be. I am one of the thousands of werewolves living among the humans, hiding in plain sight, trying to blend in. Slowly, we are already growing in numbers, taking key positions in society.

My pack is the biggest, most powerful in the country. And I, Sebastian King, am their Alpha.

Benjamin, my beta, is already waiting for me in my limo when I get down from the hotel.

“Straight to the luncheon?” he asks.

“Yeah, we're already late,” I reply.

He looks behind me and raises a brow. “Is Miss Jones not coming with us?”

Whenever I get drunk and cannot go back home, Gabrielle will always set me up in a hotel, and make sure I'm safe and comfortable. Then she will leave and come back in the morning to make sure I have warm coffee as soon as I open my eyes.

“No, she's going to be busy elsewhere,” I say to Benjamin. The less he knows, the better.

As we make our way through the city, my mind wanders off to Gabrielle again. She's been with me for a year now and I've never felt this way about anyone in a long time.

I thought I was dead inside. I thought I could never feel any emotion again. The pain, the heartbreak, and the trauma of losing my mate is a burden I will bear for the rest of my life.

But everything changed that day Gabrielle walked into my office for an interview.

I was sitting behind my desk, staring out the window, lost in my thoughts when she walked in. She was wearing a black pencil skirt, a white blouse, and black pumps. Her hair was tied up into a bun, and she had on a pair of black-rimmed glasses. Apart from the glasses and the dark blonde hair, I cannot deny her striking resemblance with her-my wife, my Luna, the only woman I will ever love.

I close my eyes and try to calm myself down. Kylo, my wolf is pacing inside me, restless and angry.

‘Why did you do that, you as**ole!?’ my wolf curses at me. ‘Get your a*s back in there and apologize!’

‘I can’t!’ I roar back at him. ‘I cannot be involved with a human!’

‘What? Are you even listening to yourself? How many female humans have you f**ked in the last five years, eh?’

D*mn it! Kylo has a point. To temporarily satiate my needs and forget my misery, I do invite females into my bed. Some of them she-wolves, so willing to satisfy their Alpha. And some of them human girls, with absolutely no idea that they’re f**king a creature who can rip their hearts out if I ever snap.

You’ve been with women before. Why not her?’

‘I already told you. She’s my secretary. I don’t like mixing business with pleasure.’

‘Then fire her! And then put her in her! You can afford it!’

a penthouse. Take care of

‘What? Make her a kept woman? I doubt that would sit well with Miss Jones, ‘I snort.

‘And paying her off with fifty grand after sleeping with her is any better, genius?’

S*it! I probably should not have done that. I’m sure she’s seething with anger right now. I just made her look like a wh*re.

‘You want her, you can’t deny that. You’ve wanted her from the moment you laid eyes on her.’

You know that it’s not really her that I want. My mind is just confused because... f*ck! She looks a bit like Cassie. My Cassie...’

Just mentioning that name in my mind brings pain to my chest. The moment our mate bond snapped, and I knew that something bad had happened to her is still fresh in my mind even though it’s been five years.

And that’s what draws me to Gabrielle. Every time I look at her, every time she talks, she reminds me of Cassie. But they are different in many ways, too. Cassie is full of life, full of fun. She’s athletic and confident. Gabrielle is shy, reserved, and serious.

And the most obvious difference of all? Cas**ndra Merrick is a werewolf... not just any ordinary werewolf, but one who came from a long line of Alphas. She came from the wealthiest, most powerful pack in the country. Gabrielle, on the other hand, is only human. Not only that, she came from a poor family. Her mother died a couple of years ago. And she’s taking care of her father, who, from what I heard, is a drunkard and a gambling addict.

‘Yes, she is human,’ Kylo says. ‘But you’re the most powerful Alpha in the land. No one can question your authority. You can turn her! You can get a second chance. I mean, what’s wrong with Gabrielle?’

I sigh. I know exactly what’s wrong with Gabrielle.
She’s not Cassie.

“We’re here,” Benjamin interrupts my thoughts.

Unlike other smaller packs of wolves who live in pack houses, my family lives in a mansion. A twenty-room, three-story mansion sitting on acres and acres of lush greenery, hidden away from the prying eyes of humans.

We always hold our pack meetings and events here, and today is no exception. We are hosting a luncheon for the pack leaders from neighboring towns.

As I step out of the car, I put my Alpha face on. A strong, formidable leader without any weakness. A far cry from the heartbroken widower, who couldn’t control his lust for his secretary last night.

“Well, well. Look who just joined the party,” a cold voice greets me as I ascend the steps of the front entrance.

“Alexander Parks,” I hiss.

Alexander is the next Alpha of the Lunar Shadow Pack. A pack much smaller than mine. But their advantage is that they control the boundaries to the east. They are our first line of defense from anyone who would dare invade our territory. So, I make it a point to remain friendly with them even though I can hardly tolerate Alexander.

We used to be best friends growing up. But my marriage to Cassie drove a wedge between us. And when she died, he blamed me for not being able to protect her. I blame myself, too, to be honest.

“You’re late... again,” he points out. “Are you sure you are fit enough to lead your pack?”

‘Snide little p**ck,’ Kylo snarls. ‘Attack him. Bite his f**king neck, like the good old days.’

I keep a straight face toward Alexander. “My pack will remain loyal to me, even if I’m a couple of minutes late for these gatherings. While as for you...” I make a deliberate dramatic pause. “Oh, I forgot. You don’t have loyal followers. You’re not even an Alpha yet. I wonder when your old man will give up his position. Doesn’t he trust you can lead at all?”

Alexander’s face darkens, and I know I hit a nerve. I started ruling my pack when I was nineteen. My father retired early and thought I was capable enough. Alexander is now in his thirties, and still, his father hasn’t relinquished his position.

He pulls me by the collar and pulls me to him. "Don't be a self-righteous p**ck! How can you say that you can protect an entire pack, when you failed to protect her?!"

I push him away from me.

"If she was with me, she would still be alive!" Alexander continues.

"You don't know that!"

"I do! Because I'm still alive, am I not? And I would have died first before I ever let anything happen to her!"

F*ck this guy! Let me out! I will teach him a lesson he will never forget!' Kylo screams inside my head.

"Boys! Boys! Stop!" I hear someone shout behind me.

I wouldn't have stopped. I would have let Kylo out and let him bite Alexander's head off. But I simply cannot ignore my mother.

Out of respect for her, I take a step back from Alexander.

"What do you think you two are doing?"

"Well, he started it!" I say under my breath.

"Did I? It was you who started it when you stole Cassie from me!"

"Stop it, both of you! It's been years! You two should have moved on already!" as our former Luna, my mother still has a lot of authority over the pack. "The guests are waiting. At least be civil with each other!"

I follow my mother inside. I try to appear like nothing happened, but deep inside, Alexander's words still haunt me.

That night, after everybody has left the mansion, I confront my own demons once again. Feelings of guilt and shame gnaw me inside. But more than that, my yearning for Cassie lingers still. I long to be with her, to hold her again. To kiss her and make love to her. And because I know I could never do those things again, I give in to my own frail desires and drive out in the middle of the night.

I have no idea where I'm going until I find myself stopping in front of Gabrielle's apartment.

Da*n it! I shouldn't be here!

'But you're already here, might as well make the most of it!' My wolf is jumping for joy right now.

I slowly walk up to her door and ring the bell. I wait for what seems like an eternity before I hear a shuffle inside, and then the sound of locks being undone.

When she finally opens the door, she looks at me with a shocked expression on her face. Slap!

She recovers from her shock and sends a powerful slap across my cheek.

“You have the nerve to come here after...”

I don't give her time to finish that sentence. I take a step towards her, and then I ravage her lips.

Chapter 4 – Ch*nk in the Armor

Gabrielle.

Two years later.

You have cancer.

The first time I heard my doctor say this, I didn't move or say anything for the next five minutes.

My first thought was that I'm too young! I still want to have babies someday. This cannot be happening to me!

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It's still in the early stages, my doctor said. But cancer is cancer and more than fifty percent of the time, it doesn't end well.

“What are you thinking?” Sebastian asks as he comes out of the shower, looking like a g*d, wrapped in only a piece of towel.

For the past two years, Sebastian has been regularly going to my apartment. Are we dating? No, of course not! Apart from the fact that I've been his regular playmate in bed, Sebastian has remained the cold, reserved, uncaring man that he's always been.

The sex is amazing. And I'm such a fool because I cannot help but fall in love with him. When he's inside me, he makes me feel like I mean the world to him. But after the sex, he remains distant and cold. I feel like he exists in another world, and

Chapter 4 – Ch*nk in the Armor

there's no way he will let me in on his secrets.

Two years and many org**ms later, Sebastian King still remains the biggest mystery that I want to unravel.

I shake my head, knowing he won't care whatever answer I give him. The only things that Sebastian King wants from me are my skills in work and in bed. I was a fool to dream that I can gain his love with my body.

Sebastian didn't like using condoms. He made sure I take strong contraceptives to ensure that I do not get pregnant. Blinded by my love for him, I did whatever I could to please him. And now, I cannot help wondering if those contraceptives increased my risk of getting cancer.

I heave a deep sigh. I avoid his eyes as I try to keep my voice steady. “I... I don't think I can do this anymore.”

“You want to end things with me?”

“Well, you made it clear that we’re not a thing, didn’t you? So, I guess we have nothing to end. You just need to stop coming by my apartment.”

I stare up at him. His face is devoid of any emotion. But then again, being stoic is his way of keeping his distance from everybody. That’s one of his tactics. And maybe that’s why he’s so good at his job. People can’t read him, ergo, they cannot predict his next moves. He dresses up quickly. When he finishes, he pulls something out from his pocket and places it on the table near the door.

“So be it.” And then he gets out and slams the door behind him.

I walk towards the table and pick up the check that he left for me. One hundred thousand dollars paid to cash. He does this every night he comes to visit... I mean, f*ck me. At first, I slapped him for making me feel like a wh*re. But then he keeps doing it that I simply consider it as part of my salary.

It’s his way of keeping his distance from me. His way of telling me that I cannot hope for anything beyond sex. I was his doll, and he’s taking care of me this way.

I clutch the check to my chest. My heart shatters to the floor as I let go of the tears I’ve been holding back.

Two years and I didn’t even pierce his f**king armor!

The next morning, I arrive in the office wearing a black skirt and a suit that hugs my body to perfection. I keep my makeup light and my hair neatly tied in a bun behind my head. I look nothing like the mess I was last night. One of the downsides of secretly sleeping with your boss is that you still need to keep things professional even though your heart is bleeding inside.

First, I need to make sure that everything is going according to schedule. Then, as usual, I need to make Sebastian’s coffee. He likes his coffee brewed a certain way, and I am the only one who knows how to do it.

I knock on his door, a tablet and cup of coffee in hand.

“Come in!” I hear his deep voice say from the other side of the door.

I walk in and place the coffee on his desk. Then I gather my tablet and read his schedule for him.

“You have a meeting with Mr. Reyes from Exxon Enterprises at 10. Then you have lunch with the CEO of DED Corp. And the chairman of Parks Group is requesting to see you at 4PM. At 6PM, you have dinner with Parks Group chairman in your mansion.”

Recently, Sebastian has been having business meetings with Parks Group. I have no idea what the meetings are about. He doesn’t take me with him whenever he meets with these

people.

He looks at the report on his table as he listens to me run through his schedule. Things can be rough and wild between us in bed, but in the office, Sebastian will always be the same reserved and cold businessman who is hard to read, and even harder to outsmart.

“Anything else?” he asks without looking up.

I clear my throat nervously. Then I place an envelope on top of his table.

“I also want to give you this, Mr. King.”

It’s my resignation letter. Before I give it to HR, I feel that Sebastian should know about it first. Not because I wanted him to stop me, but because he means a lot to me as a boss, too.

He doesn’t say anything as he reads my letter. Then he puts it on top of his desk and says, “Not until I find a suitable replacement for you.”

“Of course. I will also assist in the headhunting for my replacement.” I keep my voice very businesslike.

He finally looks at me, an eyebrow raised. “You found a better job?”

No.

But I purse my lips, saying nothing.

Sebastian nods. I knew he takes that as a yes.

“Will they pay you better than I do?”

Including the checks that you pay me after f**king me? Of course not!

If he thinks that this is only about the money, then he’s dead wrong. I raise my chin.

“Well, at least my new boss would never ask me to bend over.”

His face suddenly darkens and I realize it’s the first time I am seeing him lose his cool.

Chapter 4 – Chi*k in the Armor “Get out!” he growls.

Still, I show him that I am no longer affected by anything he does or says.

“Certainly, Mr. King,” I reply in my most professional tone. With shaking legs, I walk towards the door and exit the room. As soon as I close the door behind me, I hear something shatter from the other side of the door.

Da*n! Did I just hit the ch*nk in Sebastian’s armor?

want to celebrate this little victory to myself, but as I take a step forward, I find myself face to face with a very familiar older

Woman.

She is wearing a light blue designer suit that matches the Birkin bag in her hand. She has a cold and dark expression on her face as she stares down at me.

It’s Samantha King, Sebastian’s mother.

And she looks furious at me.

“Miss Jones, can I have a word with you in private?”

Chapter 5 – The Future Bride

“Um... err...” I stammer.

This is the first time I see Samantha King in person. Last year, I met her once at a company-wide conference. But she just breezed past me without even looking at me.

From what I have heard, she can be scarier than her son.

“Madam, I have work to do...”

She stares back at me for a moment. Then she turns to her assistant and c*ck her head.

Her assistant quickly moves past me and sits on the desk outside Sebastian’s office.

“I’ll take care of Mr. King’s needs for the next few hours,” she says earnestly. Her expression is serious, and she doesn’t smile. She looks more like a diligent soldier than a personal assistant.

“Candy is more than capable of handling your job while you’re away. And my son knows the caliber of her work. He won’t complain about your absence. Now, come on. I’m a busy woman.”

She turns around, expecting me to follow her. I have no choice but to obey.

Sh*t! This is bad! She probably knows about my affair with her son!

Chapter 5 – The Future Bride

I follow her all the way to the elevator.

“Wh-which floor, Madam?”

“Ground. We’re going out.”

I swallow hard and press G.

2/7

What is so important that she wants to talk to me outside the office? Is she going to yell at me, or perhaps slap me that it had to be done somewhere private?

“You’re the longest secretary that Sebastian ever had,” she says. I nod slightly. She looks at me from head to toe once again. “My son doesn’t want to get close to the people he works with. That’s why he changes secretaries every six months. But you... how long have you been his secretary?”

“Th-three years, Madam.”

“Believe me, I get why he kept you for so long.”

My head snaps up in her direction.

She knows!

After a long deliberate pause, she continues, “I heard you are quite efficient at your job.”

Emphasis on the job. Yep! She knows I’m sleeping with her son.

The good news is that I've already resigned, so she can't fire me.

As soon as we reach the ground floor, she walks to a black limo. Reluctantly, I follow her inside.

"Wh-what can I do for you, Madam?"

"I have a meeting with the daughter of Parks Group. We are going shopping. I will buy her some clothes, and I want you to help me pick some out for her."

My eyes widen in disbelief. "Madam, I have many skills and qualifications, But none of them have anything to do with fashion."

Ton've been with Sebastian for years. No doubt y
know

what he wants. And I think you know his taste when it comes to women."

My brows furrow in confusion. "I'm sorry, Madam, but I don't understand. What does Sebastian have to do with this?"

"Everything, dear," she replies matter-of-factly. "I think Soraya Parks is suitable for Sebastian. She comes from a good background. She graduated from an Ivy League school. She is from a family of wealth and influence."

Everything that I am not.

I think it's her subtle way of telling me why she thinks I'm not right for Sebastian.

"Sebastian has been buried in work. Marriage is probably not in his mind yet. But he's not getting any younger. And so am I. I cannot wait to have grandchildren to dote on. And Soraya just came home from studying abroad. Sebastian needs a woman who can help him lead the entire pa... er... company, and can help influence the conglomerates in the East."

I give her a slight nod. As I sink back into my seat, I ask myself, 'What the hell was I thinking?'

There I was, thinking I only needed to win Sebastian's heart and everything will be a walk in the park. I was oblivious to the fact that he is the great Sebastian King, CEO of the biggest conglomerate in the country. What would people think if he got involved with someone like me? A simple secretary, who graduated from a community college, and has a drunk gambler for a father.

We arrive on Sixth Street, where all the luxury shops are lined up. For years, I have always walked past these streets. I never even dared walk into one of these shops.

A woman dressed in a pink fur coat, and matching pink leopard print tight pants greets us.

"Samantha!" she hugs Mrs. King enthusiastically. "It has been so long!"

"Wow, Soraya! You've grown prettier and much more stylish. Paris must have treated you well."

“Oh yes! I had such a lovely time. I didn’t want to leave, but my father told me I have to meet this guy. If he told me it was Sebastian, I would have gone home sooner.” She giggles. “Although, I was told that your son can be quite slippery.”

I bite my lip, trying to tune out their conversation.

“Don’t worry, you have my vote. And I am here to make sure you make a great impression with him.”

“How are we going to do that?”

I feel a hand on my shoulder. “This is Gabrielle Jones. She’s been Sebastian’s secretary for three years. My son is quite meticulous and has impeccable taste. Miss Jones is here to dress you up to Sebastian’s taste, won’t you, Miss Jones?”

Soraya Parks looks at me for the first time, not shying away from gazing at me from head to toe.

“Seriously? Are you sure about this?” she asks Samantha.

“Trust me, dear,” Samantha says with a smirk. “She knows what it takes to capture Sebastian’s fancy.”

Samantha turns away and walks into a Dior shop. I have no choice but to follow.

“So, Miss Jones, what do you suggest Soraya should wear on her first date with Sebastian?”

“Um...” I try to compose myself, thinking fast on my toes. “I think she should wear a skirt. Just above the knees. Not too short, and not too conservative either.”

“Are you sure?” Soraya frowns. “I have legs that go forever. Why not show them off?”

I shake my head. “I think it’s better to leave something to the imagination. Sebastian is a man of power and class. He likes his women to be elegant but not too revealing.”

“See, Soraya? I told you she knows what Sebastian wants.” Samantha gives me a meaningful look and a tap on the shoulder.

Da*n it! She should have just told me to stay away from Sebastian. It’s not cancer that will kill me. This will. Because dressing up the future bride of the man you’re in love with feels so much worse!

I wonder if Sebastian is even aware that his mother is setting her up with this woman. I may not know what he’s thinking all the time, but I know Soraya Parks is definitely not his type.

I endured sixty more minutes of Soraya playing Barbie. And when she finally paid for all her haul, I gladly turn towards the door, thinking of an excuse to get back to the office.

“Umm, it’s been a pleasure to be of service,” I start saying. “But I’m afraid I’m needed in the office now.”

Samantha raises a brow at me. “Oh, I excused you from the office for the entire day. You’re coming to dinner with us.”

I blink back at her in surprise. “Excuse me?”

She flashes a bright smile at me. “Don’t you want to witness your boss’s first meeting with his future bride?”

Okay, just kill me now!

Chapter 6 – The Announcement

Gabrielle.

So, not only did Samantha make me dress up Soraya, she also asked me to help prepare dinner for Sebastian’s and Soraya’s first date. I’m pretty sure she knows about my secret affair with Sebastian, so what she’s doing to me is just plain cruel.

It is my first time seeing Sebastian’s family mansion, and I am astounded. I knew they were rich, but I did not know that they were this rich. The mansion is surrounded by security men dressed in black suits. And somehow, something does not make sense to me. If Sebastian is this rich and important, and his home had to be so well-guarded, why doesn’t he have heavy security with him all the time? It’s always just him and Benjamin. I am setting up the table when I see Sebastian walking into the hall. I get distracted by his presence that I knocked over a crystal champagne glass.

Everybody turns to me, including Sebastian.

“Sorry,” I say and hurriedly gather the broken pieces on the floor. In my haste, I feel a piece of glass cut through my palm. I wince at the pain as blood oozes out of my skin. “Da*n it!”

I feel like everybody’s eyes are on me, but no one comes to my side. When I look up, I see Sebastian looking over at me, with a blank expression on his face.

Of course! Did I expect him to care and come to my rescue? Console me like a child?

Kiss my boo-boo goodbye?

I silently scold myself for forgetting my place, both in Sebastian’s world, and in his heart.

“Hey, that cut seems deep,” I hear someone approaching me. A man crouches beside me, taking my hand and examining it.

‘It’s okay, really.’

Instead of responding, he pulls a white handkerchief from his pocket and wraps my hand with it.

“You need to keep the pressure on,” he says.

“Thank you, kind sir. You didn’t have to do that.” I raise my face so I can look into his.

I am taken aback to see a handsome man, about the same age as Sebastian. He's got raven black hair and piercing brown eyes. If I wasn't in love with Sebastian already, I'd probably say this guy is smoking hot.

He stares back at me with wide eyes, like he's shocked to see me. Well, I'm probably not the most sophisticated woman in the room here, but I'd like to think that I'm not hideous.

Chapter 6 – The Announcement

I stand up, holding my wounded hand. “Umm, th-thank you again. I don't think I can return your handkerchief, though.”

He stands up, too, his eyes still trained on me. “Ahhh... it's... it's fine. Keep it.” He keeps looking at my face, and he's struggling to form a coherent sentence. “Wh-who are you?”

“My name is Gabrielle Jones. I'm Sebastian's secretary.”

“Funny, I haven't seen you here before,” he said.

“Oh, it's my first time coming here. Sebastian doesn't really allow most of his employees here, does he?”

“Of course, he wouldn't. Especially not you.”

“Huh?” I wonder what he meant by that.

“Don't you have anything better to do, Miss Jones?” Sebastian suddenly interrupts us.

“Dude, did you see that she just hurt her hand?”

“Yes, Alexander, I can see that. And it will benefit her more to go to the infirmary than stand and flirt here with you.”

My head snaps back towards Sebastian.

What the hell is his problem?

First, he completely ignores me. And now, he's accusing me of flirting with one of his guests?

Sebastian snaps his fingers and in a moment, two of the maids approach us. One immediately takes care of the broken glass on the floor. The other motions me to follow her.

I look up at the guy who helped me.

“Thank you for the handkerchief,” I tell him.

“My pleasure, Miss...?”

“Jones. My name is Gabrielle Jones.”

“Alexander Parks,” he says.

Sebastian clears his throat and gives me a laser-sharp glance. This is the first time I've seen him act like this. If I didn't know any better, I'd say that he's jealous. But I know that's d*mn near impossible.

Sebastian.

I watch Gabrielle walk towards the infirmary, holding her bloodied hand. A little pain stabs my heart as I see the cut on her palm. I hate that I cannot rush to her the moment I see her in pain. She is in my territory, my pack house. Right now, she is the only human amidst a dozen werewolves. Here, as the Alpha, I am not allowed to show sympathy or weakness. In the eyes of my pack, she is just my human secretary. I cannot show anyone that I favor her. That will be considered a weakness.

But when I saw Alexander approach her, I cannot help the raging emotions that suddenly surge through me, especially when I can tell that the ba**ard immediately became interested in her. Even without her resemblance to Ca**ic, Gabrielle is stunning in her own right.

Alexander turns to me. “Hmmm, this is interesting. You found yourself a plaything who looks like your dead wife?”

F*ck!

Every word that comes out of this ba**ard’s mouth makes my blood boil.

“She’s not my plaything. I don’t know what you’re talking about!” I say in a low voice.

“So, you won’t mind if I pursue her a little? After all, I’m still mate-less. I didn’t get Cassie, so perhaps I can have someone who looks a bit like her.”

‘F*ck! Do not let him touch her! Kylo growls inside my head. ‘I swear to G*d, if he comes near her, I will f**king end him!’

I try to get a grip of Kylo and my temper. We are surrounded by guests. A few meters from us, Alexander’s father, the Alpha of their pack, seems to be having a lovely chat with my mother. If I pick a fight here with Alexander, it’s going to be a massacre. And I’m going to start a f**king pack war.

“What are you even doing here anyway?” I ask him instead.

Alexander grabs a flute from a waiter passing by and takes a sip of the bubbly liquor.

“Honestly, you don’t know?”

“As far as I know, I’m here to discuss strengthening our defenses in the cast with your father. You are not yet the Alpha of your pack, I don’t understand your role here, other than to annoy me to death.”

To my surprise, Alexander roars in laughter. “Oh my. If you think I am annoying, wait what’s coming for you tonight, old friend.”

And with that, he walks away, still laughing at his own joke.

Just then, I hear my mother clap her hands and call everyone’s attention.

“Everybody! Your attention, please.”

I turn to her. She looks rather jolly today. I wonder what she's got up on her sleeve. Is she, perhaps, having a fling with Alexander's father?

'Eeww!' I hear Kylo say.

"We gathered you all here today because we want to introduce you to a special young woman," my mother says. "She studied years in Paris, and now she's back."

She puts her arm around the shoulder of a woman dressed in a fur top and a neat black skirt. I look at her face. She looks pretty, I guess. Not as pretty as Cassie, or Gabrielle. But I have to admit, she dresses well.

"This is Soraya Parks," my mother continues. "The only daughter of Alpha Simon of the Lunar Shadow Pack."

As I clap my hands with the rest of the crowd, I realize why Alexander is here. Soraya Parks is his kid sister. But why is my mother giving her so much attention?

"Alpha Simon and I have discussed matters. To strengthen the bonds between our packs, and of course, our defenses in the east, it's best to merge our families through the marriage..."

Marriage?

"Of my son, Sebastian King to Soraya Parks!"

'What the f*ck?! Did you know about this?' Kylo asks.

'I have no f**king idea!'

In the corner, I see Gabrielle walking back to the party, her hand all bandaged up. She is just in time to hear the last bits of my mother's speech. Her eyes widen in shock, and her mouth falls open. I can see the hurt in her eyes.

Da*n it!

Just as I am about to come to her, a group of people swarm

The Announcement around me, blocking my path.

When I look in her direction again, she has started to walk away.

Chapter 7 – The Orphanage

Gabrielle

"It's best to merge our families through the marriage of my son, Sebastian King to Soraya Parks!"

I walk back to the party just in time to hear the last parts of Samantha's speech.

Marriage? Didn't she say that this is their first meeting? Did Sebastian agree to this already?

What do I do? Do I cheer? Do I clap my hands? Do I approach Sebastian and congratulate him on his engagement?

Do I pretend that it's okay even though my heart is breaking inside?

Get yourself together, Gabrielle! Why do you feel so heartbroken? You're his playmate in bed. You don't have a hold of him. So, why do you feel like he betrayed you?

I search for Sebastian in the crowd, and I see him surrounded and being congratulated by his friends and colleagues. I am not sure if this is what he wanted. I'm just sure that there is no place in his life for me.

My phone rang and I am thankful for the distraction

Chapter 7 – The Orphanage “Hello?”

“Miss Jones, please come! It's Liam! He's been rushed to the hospital.”

Panic grips my insides as I listen to the orphanage supervisor's worried voice.

For many years, I have been visiting St. Jude Orphanage to lend a helping hand with the children. There is one boy in particular that I grew close to. His name is Liam. He's five years old, and he's got a weak heart.

“Wh-which hospital?”

“St. Peters.”

“I'll be right there!”

I immediately hung up and run towards the exit. I figured Samantha no longer needs me here anyway. She's already achieved what she wanted to achieve. In so many ways, she has already told me that she doesn't want me for her son.

In a few minutes, I get off my Uber in front St. Peters Hospital. The moment I walk into the emergency room, I find Miss Simmons pacing back and forth.

“Thank g*d, you're here!” she says to me.

“What happened?”

“Liam had an episode again. His heart is getting weak. If we don't do the surgery soon, he could die. But the problem is... we can't afford it.”

Immediately, I get my checkbook and wrote a check for three hundred thousand dollars. Her eyes widen in disbelief.

“Miss Jones, this is a lot of money. Are you sure you wanna give it away?”

“I'm sure,” I reassure her.

I never spent the money that Sebastian gives me. Fifty thousand dollars for every night he spends on my apartment for the past two years. That's a lot of money. And most of it, I donated to the orphanage where I met this special boy named Liam.

I have decided not to opt for surgery and chemotherapy. My cancer will eat me away whether or not I use the money for treatments. Why not spend it on Liam, who has a better chance of surviving than me?

As Miss Simmons makes the arrangement for Liam's surgery, I feel a lot better, knowing that I am doing the right thing.

Two years of my life I wasted on hoping Sebastian King will fall in love with me. I did everything it took not to get pregnant because that's what he wanted. I spent most of my earnings donating to the orphanage and visiting the little children there. Maybe it's because I've always known I will never have children of my own.

Miss Simmons sits beside me outside the operating room. "Are you okay? You look pale."

I nod. "I'm okay. I'm just tired from work." I sigh. "Listen, Maria. Perhaps this will be my last donation to the orphanage. I won't be able to afford it anymore, I quit my job."

"That's okay. You've already done so much for us!" she says with a genuine smile on her face. "Your donations saved many children's lives. You're such a beautiful person, inside and out."

"You think so?"

She nods and smiles at me.

"Sometimes, I think I must have done something horrible in my past life, that's why my life turned out the way it is. And the only way to make it a little better is to atone for my sins."

I think this is true. I do not live a charmed life. For as long as I can remember, we have always been poor. My mother died of cancer without getting any treatments. My father never brought home any money. Instead, he made my mother and I work hard to sustain his vices. I fell in love with a man who could never return my feelings. And now, I'm sick with cancer.

So, surely, I must be paying for something I did in my previous life.

Miss Simmons reaches out for my hand and gives it a squeeze.

"Don't say that. You have a good heart. Why else will you keep helping a little boy like Liam, who is not even related to you? Without your help, that boy could have died a long time ago."

It is already past midnight when Liam comes out of surgery.

"He's stable. The surgery was a success," the doctor tells us.

"Oh, thank G*d!" Tears of relief roll down my cheeks.

"Are you his mother?" the doctor asks.

"Yes!" I answer without hesitation.

Miss Simmons blinks back at me in surprise.

"I mean, he's like a son to me," I correct myself.

"He's going to undergo many follow-up checkups. We need to monitor his condition to ensure the success of his surgery. He cannot miss his medications, and he cannot miss any of his doctor's appointments for the next three months, at least."

"We understand, doctor," Miss Simmons replies. "Thank you very much."

“Can we see him?” I ask.

“He’s still out. He needs to rest a lot. Perhaps it’s best to come back tomorrow.”

Miss Simmons turns to me. “We can take it from here. You can go home for now. You can just visit him tomorrow.”

I nod. She’s right. I won’t be able to speak to Liam anyway. And besides, I barely ate anything and I have been standing for most of the day.

“Okay, I’ll see you tomorrow. And call me if you need anything.”

When I get to my apartment, I see a sleek black sports car parked up front. As I walk up the steps, the car door opens, and the driver gets out.

It’s Sebastian King.

Chapter 8 – The Last Night

Gabrielle.

Sebastian stares at me with a blank expression on his face. Without a word, he strides inside the apartment, as if he owns the place. Well, technically, he paid for it, or more specifically, his company paid for it, as part of my package as chief secretary.

I close the door behind me. He gives me a serious look, and then slowly, he walks toward me. With each step forward he takes, I take a step back, until my back hits the door. And he seizes that opportunity to trap me between the door and his body.

“Where did you go?” he asks.

“Out,” I reply.

“Out where?” he presses.

“Is it any of your business?” I raise my chin and gives him a defiant expression. “I already resigned, remember?”

“I haven’t accepted your resignation yet. And I’m not going to until you find a suitable replacement. And I will decide what’s suitable or not.”

My eyes widen in surprise. I feel like he’s going to make it difficult for me to leave. It’s not fair because I know he doesn’t feel the same about me. It’s not fair because no matter what

Chapter 8 – The Last Night

happens, there’s no happy ending for us.

2/6

I smirk. “Sure. Do you want me to find someone who can replace me in your bed, too?”

His face darkens when he hears my words. He curses softly under his breath and without warning, he s**tches me in his arms and crashes his lips on mine.

He punishes me with his kisses, and no matter what I say about not wanting this anymore, I cannot help but melt in his arms.

run my hands through his hair, pulling him closer to me. His kiss is passionate and demanding as he presses his body against mine. I feel his tongue slip inside my mouth, exploring every inch of it, and I moan softly in response.

Suddenly, he breaks the kiss and steps back, leaving me breathless and wanting more.

“Don’t you dare talk like that again!” he growls. “Do you understand?”

I nod, feeling both exhilarated and intimidated by his dominance. I know I shouldn’t let him have this power over me, but I can’t help it. I crave his touch, his kiss, his everything.

He bends and lifts me up and carries me to the bedroom. He lays me down on the bed and starts to kiss me again, his hands roaming over my body. I gasp as he starts to unbutton my blouse. I can feel a sense of urgency in him. I can see it in his eyes, he wants me, he craves for me... the same way that I crave for him.

I may not be able to have him like this again. And if this is the last, I intend to make the most out of it.

I feel the cool air brushing against my skin as he pulls off my blouse and throw it somewhere on the floor. He takes off his jacket, followed by his shirt. His manhood starts to tent inside his pants.

He kisses a trail of fire down my body, stopping just above my navel. He places a light kiss on my belly button, causing me to sigh softly. He then starts to kiss my inner thighs, and then he gently nudges my legs apart. I feel his tongue grazing along my inner thigh, and my muscles contract in response.

“Sebastian...” I moan.

I throw my head back when I feel his tongue against my c*it. I involuntarily raise my hips, aching for more.

“Please... Sebastian...”

He chuckles, a deep, throaty chuckle and it vibrates through my body. He continues to tease me, his tongue brushing against me, but never touching me where I want it the most. I wail in frustration as he teases me more.

I feel him slip his fingers inside me, and my hips buckle against his hand. He quickens the pace of his finger, and I can’t help but scream at the top of my lungs. Just as I’m about to find my release, he stops and pulls his fingers out from inside me.

“D*mn it! Sebastian please!” I whine.

“What do you want, Gabrielle?” he asks.

“You...” I moan. “Inside me! I want you inside me now!”

He stands up and rips off his pants and boxer briefs. His c*ck is hard, and I can’t wait to have it inside me. But he doesn’t give in to my request. Instead, he pulls me up, so that

I'm sitting on the edge of the bed. He bends me over, spreads my legs apart and enters me with one swift motion, making me moan in sheer pleasure.

He thrusts inside me, and I can feel him deep inside my core. He's never been this fierce, this rough in the past. But still, his movements feel so familiar, like we've done it like this several times before.

He nuzzles my neck, then he gently bites at my earlobe. My legs start to shake as I feel the beginnings of my o**asm.

"Sebastian!"

He rams harder into me, hitting me in all the right spots.

"Oh my g*d, Sebastian!" I scream, not caring if the neighbors hear.

"Scream my name again," he commands. I can tell that he's also getting close.

"Oh my g*d, don't stop, Sebastian! Please don't stop!"

Chapter 8 – The Last Night

5/6

He hammers into me, and I can feel him harden even more inside me. With one last thrust, he groans my name and I feel the warmth of his release inside me.

We lay on the bed, both catching our breaths, exhausted. We are no longer touching, no longer kissing. That's the way it always is with Sebastian. He doesn't like the cuddles or the pillow talks. He can be so passionate in bed, but after the sex, he either sleeps for a few hours before leaving, or he just leaves immediately.

And for two years, I was okay with that. As long as I could have a little piece of him, I was fine.

L'open my eyes and watch Sebastian sleeping quietly beside me I reach out and lightly touch his cheek with my fingers.

This could well be the last night...

Tears roll down my cheeks as I gently lean forward and kiss him on the forehead.

"I love you," I whisper, because I know he won't hear me.

He stirs gently and to my surprise, he pulls my hand and brings it to his lips, giving it a gentle kiss.

"I love you, too, Cassie..."

Who the hell is Cassie?

Chapter 9 – The Morning After

Gabrielle.

I stare up in space, listening to Sebastian's quiet snores. Tons of questions race in my mind.

There's another woman? Who is she? Is she the reason why Sebastian has always been cold and reserved?

www

He's never shown me much emotion for the past two years. And on our last night together, he calls me by another woman's name?

When I wake up the next morning, Sebastian is already awake. He lies beside me, watching me sleep.

"You're still here?" I ask in surprise.

He smiles at me weakly. "Do you want me to leave?"

I shake my head.

"Are you really going to marry Soraya Parks?" I keep my face stoic.

"My sense of duty tells me that I have to," he replies.

"Well, I guess congratulations are in order." I force a smile on my face. "I guess my decision to resign came at the perfect

He rolls his eyes but doesn't say anything.

"Funny, we're almost at the end of our time together. And yet there are still many things that I don't understand about you. You're still covered in this veil of mystery. Sometimes, I wish I can uncover just one of your secrets."

"Like what?"

I shrug. "Like you met Soraya only yesterday. I know she isn't your type. And yet, you're going to marry her. What sense of duty tells you to sacrifice a lifetime of happiness?"

He sighs and stares at the ceiling thoughtfully. "The kind of responsibility that you are born with. You will never understand it."

"I guess. I wasn't born rich like you. Not even close. We, commoners, are usually free to marry whomever we want, as long as they belong to our own kind. In that way, we are way better off than you." I giggle.

"I guess you're right," he whispers sadly.

"Mr. Sebastian King, from the bottom of my heart, I sincerely wish you a lifetime of happiness. May you find bliss in the arms of your wife..."

He doesn't let me finish. As if something comes over him, he snatches me in his arms and silences me with a kiss. My heart

races as I savor Sebastian's lips on mine with desperate hunger. For the next few moments, we forget about reality and all the complications that come with it.

Just then I feel a sharp pain in my abdomen. I nearly push Sebastian off me as I writhe in pain.

“What’s wrong?” he asks. I can hear the concern in his voice.

“I’m... I’m okay.”

I feel a gush of fluid flow between my legs.

“Da*n it! You’re bleeding!” he exclaims.

I blink back at him despite the pain. “I’m not.”

I am covered in a pristine white blanket. How could he have known that I’m bleeding?

Hastily, he pulls the blanket off me. And true enough, there’s a bright red spot in the sheets under me.

“It’s from my period,” I lie. I know exactly why I’m bleeding, and why there’s a pain in my abdomen.

Sex might give you discomfort and bleeding, my doctor says.

“You just finished your period last week,” Sebastian argues.

“And you’re an expert on women’s health now?” I ask, hoping he will be his usual cold devil-may-care self. “You should leave

I don’t wait for him to answer. I quickly hop into the bathroom to pop in some painkillers and take a quick shower.

After drying my hair, I feel slightly better. I quickly dress in a light blue suit. When I step out of the bedroom, I am surprised to find Sebastian sitting in the couch, waiting for me.

“Why are you still here?” I ask.

He sighs. “I’m waiting for you.”

“What? You’ll be late for work.”

“So, what? I own the da*n firm. No one will fire me for being a few minutes late.”

“People will see us coming together,” I argue.

“And why is that surprising? You’re my assistant. You’re supposed to be with me most of the time,” he argues back. “Come on. Just finish dressing up and we’ll go.”

He doesn’t give me a choice, so I quickly go back to the bedroom to fix my hair and put on my makeup. When I return to the living room, Sebastian stares at me from head to toe. Then he smiles bitterly but doesn’t say anything.

Da*n it! I would give everything to know what’s going on in his mind right now.

He guides me to his car and opens the passenger seat for me. In our two years together, he’s never treated me like this... like a real girlfriend.

I wonder what changed today. After he admitted that he’s going to marry Soraya? After I handed in my resignation letter?

When he valets his car in front of the building, we see a familiar figure descending the steps.

“There you are!” Soraya says, wrapping her arms around Sebastian’s neck.

“Your mother said you left early, how come you are arriving just now?”

I want to pry her off Sebastian. They’ve only been engaged for a day and she’s already acting like she owns him?

Sebastian keeps a straight face, even though I can feel how uncomfortable he is.

“Are you free for lunch?” Soraya asks as we enter the elevator.

“No,” Sebastian replies curtly.

“How about dinner?”

“No.”

“Midnight snacks?”

“So, when can we finally go out on a date?” Soraya asks, pouting.

“Not today,” Sebastian replies curtly.

Ting! The elevator opens up on our floor and we all go out and walk towards Sebastian’s office.

Soraya notices me walking behind them and glares at me. “Why are you following Sebastian around? Don’t you have a job to do?”

“Yes. I’m doing my job right now,” I reply, trying so hard to sound professional.

She rolls her eyes at me, and then she turns away, h**king her arm around Sebastian. To my dismay, Sebastian doesn’t even dodge her advances.

We enter Sebastian’s office. Almost automatically, I go to his desk to turn on his laptop and organize the folders on his desk. Soraya watches me as Sebastian takes a phone call by the window.

“Sebastian wants coffee. Can you get it?”

I nod at her. “Certainly, Miss Parks. What about you? Can I get you anything?”

“Yeah, I want tea.”

I nod and excuse myself to go to the pantry. I don’t notice that Soraya has followed me. I realize that Sebastian didn’t order coffee. Soraya just wants to be alone with me.

“I’m sorry, Miss Parks, is there something else I can help you with?”

Without warning, she raises her palm and hits me hard across the face.

Slap!

“Stay away from my fiancé, you s*ut!”

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Gabrielle.

My hand automatically goes to my cheek. She slapped me so hard, I am pretty sure it will leave a mark.

“You have no idea what you’re getting into!” she roars at me. “You don’t know who I am and what I’m capable of!”

“I-I have no idea what you’re talking about!”

“Liar! Why was Sebastian in your apartment? He went there last night and he stayed the night! I have eyes on him! I know everything!”

My eyes widen in disbelief. “You’re having him followed? That’s... creepy!”

“He’s my fiancé! I have to protect our relationship?”

Relationship? Didn’t they just meet each other yesterday?

“No one can break us up! Especially not some cheap nobody like you! Do you think you can get ahead with your career by sleeping with the boss?”

She doesn’t know me and yet she has already judged me.

“No, you definitely got the wrong impression, Miss Parks. I

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would never sleep with someone just to get a promotion.”

She smirks at me. “Oh? Then what are you hoping to gain by offering your body to Sebastian? You want to be his wife? You’re hoping he’ll fall in love with you and someday marry you?”

“Well... I...”

“Listen to me, you little human!” she hisses at me. I do not miss the resentment in her voice when she mentioned the word ‘human’, and I find it quite weird. “You are not from Sebastian’s world. He cannot and will not marry your kind.”

What does she mean by my kind? Is she referring to those who belong to the lower part of society like me? My kind as in the poor, less fortunate kind?

She flings a cup of water at me, the liquid cascading down my face and chest, leaving my shirt damp and nearly transparent. “You wh*re! You’re just a plaything! You will never win Sebastian over!”

“And what? You think you can?” I cannot help myself. I may be poor, but my parents taught me never to take insults from anybody. “Your engagement isn’t even Sebastian’s decision. His mother and your father arranged the whole thing! And now, here you are, thinking you already got a claim over him.”

Her eyes widen in surprise. Perhaps, she wasn’t expecting that I would fight back. I think Soraya Parks is a spoiled brat, who treats people like they are beneath her, and thinks she can always get away with it.

“You bi*ch! I swear, you will regret the day you crossed my path!” she screams and then she slaps me on the face again. This time, I am ready for her. I manage to push her away from me. She st**gers back, almost losing her balance.

“What the hell is going on here?” a voice roars from the door. We both turn around and see Sebastian standing there. Behind him are the other employees, who have been watching our row.

Da*n! How long have they all been watching us?

Immediately, Soraya switches gears. She feigns a panicked expression on her face and turns to Sebastian with a pleading Voice.

“Your secretary attacked me! I was only asking her to make tea for me, too. And she told me I have no right to tell her what to do!”

She runs to Sebastian and wraps her arms around his waist. “Did you see? She pushed me!”

“She attacked me first!” I say in my defense.

I look at Sebastian’s face. It is devoid of emotions. I desperately hope he will take my side because he knows me better. He knows that I was never a violent person.

Sebastian heaves a deep breath. “Apologize to her, Miss Jones.”

I stare back at him surprise. “What? But she was the one who slapped and insulted me.”

“She is our guest here,” Sebastian points out. “We always treat our guests with respect. You know that’s my policy in this company. So, apologize.”

I close my eyes and bite my lower lip. I am not sure what hurts more? Soraya’s insults or Sebastian’s disappointing reaction. At that moment, he really made me feel that the days we spent together really did not mean anything to him.

I look down on my feet. “I’m... I’m sorry, Miss Parks,” I say bitterly.

Soraya smirks at me before turning to Sebastian. “Let’s go, Sebby. She isn’t worth our time.”

Sebby? That nickname makes me want to puke. And I’m sure Sebastian feels the same way.

Sebastian gives me one hard look before saying, “You can take the day off.” Then he strides away, Soraya following suit.

As I walk out of the pantry, I feel the dozens of pairs of eyes watching me. I put my arms over my chest to cover my bra, that’s almost visible from the wet, thin material of my top. I look down, embarrassed, unable to look at any of them.

‘So, it is true. She is indeed sleeping with the boss!’

‘She’s always been a hypocrite, acting all clean and modest, when in reality, she’s not afraid to sell her own body to get

I knew something was wrong with her the moment she arrived in this company!’

‘I always thought she was a stuck-up b**ch!’

‘What a s*ut!’

‘She deserves that!’

My colleagues are whispering to each other. I don’t know how it’s possible, but somehow, I can hear their words loud and clear.

Hearing all these comments about me, I feel embarrassed and humiliated. I want to cry and run away from it all.

I reach my desk and gather my bag. Then I walk towards the elevator and press the down button.

As I get out of the building, I decide to take a walk to clear my head. Just then, some guy jumps in front of me, snatching the purse from my hand.

“Hey!” I shout. I have no choice but to run after the guy. He leads me to a narrow alley between two buildings. “Give me back my purse!”

The guy stops running and drops my purse to the ground. He stares back at me with a sinister expression on his face. I notice something really wrong with his face. His eyes are glowing like

yellow fire in their sockets, and his mouth has... fangs!

6/6

“The next time you cross Miss Parks, I will kill you!” he growls at me.