

In Bed with the Alpha Boss Chapter 21 - 23

Chapter 21 – The Future

Father-in-law

Sebastian.

I had to bite the inside of my cheek and clench my fist in order to maintain my emotionless expression. But Kylo is screaming inside my head, desperate to come out and pounce on Alexander any minute.

‘Seriously? This guy is going to be your brother-in-law?’ he roars. *‘Are you punishing me with this excruciating life of misery? What did I do to you?’*

I raise my head and keep a steady face as I face Alexander. I am not going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me furious or miserable. Alexander does not deserve to see me with any emotion at all.

Seeing that I don’t seem affected at all, he continues goading me. “Do you think Cassie will be okay with the fact that you are marrying another wolf in her place?”

“Cassie would want me to be happy,” I tell him. “It’s been five years. Everyone expects me to move on.”

Alexander smirks. “I haven’t.” His facial expression changed into a dark, menacing scowl. “And I wasn’t her husband!”

“Then you don’t know Cassie as well as you think you do!”

It's true. Cassie was the kindest person I knew. She would want me to be happy. She would want me to move on. It's

me who didn't want to. I don't believe that there's a second chance mate for me out there. I can't feel it for anyone. I still feel that Cassie is waiting for me in the afterlife.

"If what you say is true, then you won't have a problem with me pursuing Miss Jones, do you?"

I feel Kylo's anger bubbling inside of me, threatening to take over. But I keep it in check. I can't afford to lose control in front

of Alexander, not when he's trying to provoke me.

I raise a chin towards Alexander. "Miss Jones is a good woman. She deserves a more decent man than you. A man who will love her for her, not just because she looks like a distant memory of a lost love."

'Preach!' Kylo snorts. 'Are you telling that to him or to yourself?'

'I know what I did to her, alright! She may never forgive me for it. But what can I do? Loving her feels like I'm forgetting

Cassie. And I won't do that. I can't love Gabrielle.'

'You do, you dimwit! You just refuse to acknowledge that! She may not be our mate because she's not a wolf. But damn! We

love her!’

“I can be a decent man,” Alexander says. “You know that. I may never get over Cassie. But looking at Miss Jones really makes me feel like that I can love again.”

I stare back at Alexander. For the life of me, I think I hear sincerity in his voice. And damn! I’m not sure which one is worse for me. Him, playing with Gabrielle, or him, turning her into a wolf and making her his queen.

‘Damn! Gabrielle being your sister-in-law will be seriously fucked up, man!’

‘That’s never gonna happen!’ I tell him, heaving in frustration.

We are interrupted by my mother as she saunters right between Alexander and I, with Alpha Malcolm in tow.

Alexander immediately tenses up in attention, bowing his head to his father.

“Father...”

His father barely acknowledges him. Instead, the older Alpha turns to me. “Sebastian...”

I bow my head slightly. “Alpha Malcolm.”

“Pretty soon, you will be calling me ‘Father’,” he chuckles.

“You’ve always been the son I wished I had. And now, it looks like it just might happen.”

Fucker! In spite of my dislike for Alexander, I actually feel bad that his father talks like this in his presence.

“We should be preparing for the wedding soon!” my mother says enthusiastically. “I can’t wait to have grandchildren to dote on!”

“She is my only daughter, Sebastian. She’s the apple of my eye.” Malcolm puts a heavy hand on my shoulder, squeezing it meaningfully. “Treat her better than you did your dead wife.”

‘This man has some nerve!’ Kylo snorts. *‘Must he rub it in your face that our mate is dead?’*

Suddenly, I hear Benjamin’s voice through mind–link.

‘Alpha.’

I smile at both Malcolm and my mother.

“Excuse me,” I say as politely as I can manage. “My beta wants to speak to me.”

I turn around, thankful for the interruption.

“What is it?”

‘Something happened *in* the office.’

“You rarely have to interrupt me with things like this,

Benjamin.”

‘I’m sorry, Alpha. But I thought you’d like to know about this since... it involves Miss Jones.

Oh, damn it!

“Meet me up front.”

In a few minutes, I hop inside my car, and Benjamin starts driving.

“What happened?”

“Miss Jones is fighting with one of the other female employees. Apparently, it got a bit violent.”

Gabrielle is not a violent person. And she’s definitely not the type to let her emotions get the better of her.

“Is she okay?”

“I am not sure. I heard she hit someone in the head.”

Fuck it!

“Drive faster!”

Benjamin nods, looking at me from the rearview mirror. He must be wondering why I care so much about my former secretary. But right now, I don’t care what he thinks. I just want to make sure that Gabrielle is okay.

When I enter Gabrielle's office, **I** am shocked to see that the office is a mess. There are broken pieces of glass on the floor, even some drops of blood.

"What the hell happened here?"

Immediately, a woman, whose name I can't remember, comes up to me. She is holding an ice pack on her forehead.

"Mr. King," she cries. "You have to make Miss Jones pay for what she did to me! She threw a water bottle at me!"

"Oh, come on! Quit being a pussy," another girl from admin interrupts. "It was just a plastic bottle! Besides, it was you who broke her mug first!"

"But did you see how angry she was? She threw that bottle at me like she was throwing a knife! And she's an expert at **it!**"

I turn to Gabrielle and find **her** kneeling on the floor, picking

up pieces **of** a broken mug with a wounded hand. I recognize the mug she is desperately trying to piece together.

'You *gave her that mug, remember?*' Kylo asks.

I remember it well. We were on a business trip in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. She was in high spirits, saying that it was her first time visiting the place, but she was already in love with it. I remember, on the spur of the moment, I bought her that mug, to remember a town she loves so much. I remember because Stockbridge was Cassie's hometown.

"You threw a bottle at her because she broke your mug?" **I** ask

Gabrielle.

She refuses to look at me. Instead, in a voice laced with ire and frustration, she says, “She accuses me of seducing you, Mr. King. She said that I am in my position because I seduced you.” She finally raises her eyes and stares at me. “Did I seduce you, Mr. King?”

She puts me on the spot with her question. Now, every single employee of mine in the room with us is holding his breath for

my answer.

Chapter 22 – The Brawl

Gabrielle.

“Who’s there?” I ask again. I am certain that I heard a voice speak. But when I turn around, the corridor is empty.

Shit! I must be going out of mind!

Maybe it’s the effect of my cancer or the medications that the doctors are making me take. Perhaps a bad side effect.

As I enter my office, I hear a shrill voice behind me.

“Hey! I’m still talking to you! Who told you you can turn your back on me?”

I spin around and find Hazel hot on my heels. Behind her are some of our colleagues. Whether they followed her to stop her or to gossip, I am not so sure.

“Look, Miss Gibson, I have already resigned. In less than an hour, I will be out of your hair! What more do you want from me?”

“I want to see you suffer! I want to see you feeling sorry for what you’ve done!”

I blink **back** at her. “Huh? What have I ever **done** to you?”

chin

“You have been going around the office, raising your up high, thinking you’re some sort of big shot! That you’re better than the rest of us, when in truth, your credentials are nothing but unsatisfactory, and your experience is nothing but

mediocre! And you have the nerve to seduce Mr. King? Like you really think he will fall for you and ask you to marry him, **so** you can leave your pathetic little life!” Hazel looks like she’s been harboring ill feelings towards me for quite some time

now.

“I didn’t seduce Mr. King!” I defend myself. “How could you be **so** sure that I did that?”

“Ms. Soraya Parks confirmed it herself, when she confronted you right? And you really have the nerve to fight with her? She’s not on your level!”

“I am done talking to you, Miss Gibson! Please leave, so I can start packing!”

I turn away from her, ignoring her completely.

I’m in awe of people who will go to extreme lengths to humiliate those who have done absolutely nothing to them!

I start putting my stuff inside a box. I pick up my mug, the only

gift that Sebastian gave me. **It** may have *no* value, especially compared to the checks he leave me, but sentimentally,

it is the most precious. It’s the first time I had hoped that Sebastian might feel something for me.

“I’m talking to you!” Hazel says, stomping her foot.

When I still choose to ignore her, she screams like a brat and then she hits my hand, deliberately making me lose my grip on the mug, sending it shattering to the ground.

I stand there in shock. Everyone is too stunned to say anything.

“I hope you’re happy now, bitch! You better get your things and get out of here, or I will make sure that nobody will hire you again!” Hazel says, with her nose up high.

She slowly backs away with a smirk on her face, provoking me even further.

At that moment, I literally see red. And everything becomes blurred. I feel like something has taken over me. Maybe it’s adrenaline, or maybe just simply rage. It’s like I’m having an out-of-body experience. I am me, but I am not in control of my own body.

I grab the nearest thing I can get a grip on and I fling it at her with so much precision. It hit her right at the back of her head.

“Awww!” Hazel cries, looking back at me. I don’t stop. I pick

up two other things, and I throw them at her too. At one point, the alarm goes off because someone pushes the fire button. I don’t hear anything though, except for my heart beating loudly in my ears. I finally stop, like I’m regaining control of my own body, and I realize what I have done.

Hazel looks shocked, clutching her head in pain. Everyone else

is looking at me like I’ve grown horns on my head. Some are even recording the whole thing on their phones, instead of stopping me or helping Hazel.

Fuck! What have I done?

“You’re going to pay for what you did to me! I will report you to HR!”

“And what can they do to me? I have already resigned!”

“Then I will sue you!” she threatens.

“Go ahead! See if I care!”

“What the hell is happening here?” a familiar voice asks from the door.

My heart sinks, as I kneel on the ground.

Why does he have to witness me engage in another catfight?

The others come up to him to explain what happened. I barely care. I continue picking up what’s left of my precious mug on the floor.

“You threw a bottle at her because she broke your mug?” I hear him ask me. His tone tells me that he cannot believe I would hurt someone over something so insignificant.

Insignificant to him because he’s always been such *an insensitive, heartless jerk!*

And I bet he doesn’t even care that I’m in this situation because of him! My colleagues are accusing me of seducing him, when in fact, it was him who made the move on me.

Nobody will believe that someone like him will be interested in someone like me. But why am I taking in all the heat for this, when Sebastian King gets away scathe-free and a fiancée to boot?

“She accuses me of seducing you, Mr. King. She said that I am in my position because I seduced you.” I heave a frustrated sigh before I stare at him coldly, raising a brow. “Did I seduce

you, Mr. King?”

I raise a challenging brow at him. He stares at me evenly as he

says, “We have a strict policy about keeping this workplace

harmonious and safe for all our employees. We do not

employ troublemakers and rumormongers here.” He turns to Benjamin. “Benjamin, please escort Miss Gibson to the clinic to tend to her injuries first. Afterward, escort her to HR to finalize her termination. This will be her last day at this office.”

“What?” Hazel’s eyes almost pop out of their sockets in shock. “But... I’m the victim here, Mr. King!”

Benjamin firmly holds her by the elbow and starts escorting her outside. “Do not make this any more difficult and embarrassing than it already is. Come with me without a fuss.”

“But...”

“Your colleagues already confirmed that you started it. I bet the CCTVs will confirm the same. Don’t do anything stupid or

we will make sure you will find it hard to get another decent

job again.”

It is not my attitude to feel good about another person’s misery, but at that point, I really felt like Hazel got what she

deserved. I have been vindicated.

When I look up, I see Sebastian looking at me. There’s something different about his expression. And then almost with pleading eyes, and in front of everyone else left in the room with us, he says, “Your hands are bleeding, Miss Jones.

Come with me to my office.”

Chapter 23 – No Longer the Secretary

Gabrielle.

I follow Sebastian quietly to his office.

“Make me a cup of coffee,” he says, throwing his coat on the couch. He does that usually. And in the past, I automatically picked it up and hung it on his coat hanger. But not today.

I stand firmly in place, not moving a muscle. When he realizes this, he turns around and stares at me blankly. I raise a brow

at him. “I’m no longer your secretary, Mr. King. I’m not going to hang your coat for you. And perhaps you can make yourself a cup of coffee this time.”

He sighs. Then he loosens his necktie and starts rolling up his sleeves.

“It’s just a cheap mug. Must you really cause trouble because of it?”

“Obviously, we both have different definitions of the word, ‘cheap!’”

He looks up at me. If he’s surprised at the manner which I am speaking to him now, he doesn’t show it.

“Okay, whatever. Is that mug really that important to you?”

“No,” I reply. “I just used the mug as an excuse. In truth, what she told me was below the belt, and I am done taking bullshit

from everyone in this office, you know?” I pace in the room.

“For years, I’ve done what you told me to do, and I’ve kept my

mouth shut whenever people gossip about me or tell me that I got this job because of my looks and my body. And today...

when she said those demeaning words to me, I just realized...

I’ve had it! I’m done with this world, Mr. King! It’s over. I won’t let you or your superficial, condescending world hurt me

anymore.”

Sebastian King doesn’t say anything. When I look at him, he is

just staring at me. He tries to hide his emotions, but somehow

in his eyes, I can tell that he’s somewhat surprised and

somewhat amused.

I realize that I do not care about his feelings anymore. I’m

dying anyway. So, my chance to say exactly how I feel is now

or never. Besides, I’m no longer his secretary. I’m not going to be fired. For the first time, in many years, I feel free. Like I’ve always been frank and outspoken, but working with Sebastian taught me to bottle up my emotions and keep my mouth shut.

“What?” I blink back at him.

He shrugs, taking a step toward me. My heart starts **to**

hammer inside my chest. My confidence earlier starts to falter.

“I didn’t know you have this sort of angst in you,” he chuckles. “Too bad, I didn’t see much of that when you were working

here.”

Huh? Is Sebastian King actually paying me a compliment?

Suddenly he reaches up squeezing my chin as he tilts it up. “You’ve always been so composed and professional, even in the most intense situations. But seeing this side of you, it’s refreshing.”

I take a step back. “I had to adapt to survive in this environment, Mr. King. But now that I’m no longer your secretary, I don’t have to pretend anymore. I can finally be myself.”

He narrows his eyes and stares at me for a long moment. As I look into his eyes, I think I see something that I never thought I have seen in him before. Sebastian King has always been cold and formidable. But now, I seem to see a hint of sadness in his

eyes.

Has the sadness always been there?

Or does he only feel sad now because... because I’m leaving?

*Did **he** care about me other than as a **secretary** or a*

playmate in bed?

Tears brim my eyes, as I realize that this is the last time I'll be standing here in this office like this. I've learned to love this company. I loved this job. And...

I loved Sebastian.

I probably still do.

"Gabrielle..." he whispers. It's one of the rare occasions when he actually called me by my first name. And it still sounds like music to my ear.

He takes a step forward again. I bite my lower lip, trying to hold back the tears.

"If you've ever been unhappy here, I..." he starts saying.

Just then, the door bursts open and Soraya walks into the office.

She stares at us and immediately, I can tell that she's starting to jump to conclusions.

"What the hell is going on here?" she asks. Both her expression and her tone are full of annoyance.

I immediately take a step away **from** Sebastian.

"Nothing is going on, Soraya," I reply, my voice is steady despite the tears that are threatening to spill over. "I was **just**

leaving.”

Sebastian takes a step away from me and turns to Soraya,
looking at her coldly.

“What are you doing here, Soraya? I don’t remember us
agreeing to meet here.”

Soraya looks taken aback by what Sebastian says, but she keeps up the appearances and
pastes a smile on her face.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she giggles. “I just brought gifts and food for your employees. I think
they should celebrate with us. Besides,

I can visit my fiancé anytime I want, right?”

“No,” Sebastian simply says in a low, cold voice. “This is my
place of work. Everyone who wants to meet with me here must set an appointment.”

Soraya blinks back. She turns to me, her phony smile fading.

“Tell your **boss** that I want to see him now.”

I raise a brow at her. “I’m sorry, Miss Parks. But I’ve already resigned. He’s no longer my
boss. I’m afraid you’re gonna

have to go to the reception to book your appointment with Mr.

King.”

With that, I turn on my heel and start for the door. As I walk away, I can feel two sets of eyes on me. But I don't turn back. They can both rot in hell for all I care.

I can hear the other employees talking to each other. As soon as I appear, they immediately stare at me curiously.

I don't have to be a genius to know that they've been gossiping about me again. From what happened with Hazel, to why Sebastian called me to his office, to Soraya's sudden appearance. They must be having a field day out of my misery.

"Miss Jones!" I hear Soraya's fake sweet voice behind me. I turn around and everybody seems to have stopped talking,

their attention directed at us.

I raise a questioning brow at Soraya. She smiles widely at me.

"Wouldn't you like to offer your congratulations? Sebastian and I are getting married, after all," she asks with fake

innocence and sweetness.