

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 31

Sophie's pov

I'm completely stunned.

Bernard had a huge position at his workplace. As I recall, he mentioned being the CFO of Harrington.co. A company worth billions.

It was already shocking that he, a high and successful man would come here every day, in this small run-down diner. But it's even more shocking that he was asking me to fill in the shoes of his secretary

I was well aware that I didn't have the qualifications for that kind of job. Especially for such a huge well-known company.

I opened my mouth and then closed it, unsure of how to respond to him.

Seeing my stunned expression, Bernard continues. "Before you say no, I just want to mention that if you do decide to take the job, you'll be sitting on a hundred thousand dollars annually. That will be enough to give a better life for you and Ash Sophie. Just think about it okay?"

This was a huge opportunity, it really was. But what about the people who actually deserved this opportunity and had the qualifications for it? Was that not snubbing them of this opportunity that could change their lives to?

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"Aren't there others waiting in line for this opportunity Bernard?" Ignawed on my lips and slid into the chair mirroring his.

I prayed Ressa won't notice me 'sitting' on the job.

Bernard shook his head. "No. I never sent out word that I was in need of a new secretary. I left this empty spot for you specifically Sophie." He reaches over and squeezes my hand that was on the table.

"I've noticed your tired eyes and I've seen how stressed you've been lately. I want to help you, Sophie. I want to help both you and Ash. Alice will help you with everything on what to do before she leaves. That is, if you do agree?" His eyes shine with hope.

Above eight thousand a month sounds really good. I could give Ash a better life. But at what cost?

“I don’t know Bernard…” I trailed off. What if I wasn’t cut out for the job?

Bernard sighs. “Just think about it okay? Here.” Bernard pulls a red pen from his pocket and grabs the napkin I had given him. He jots down an address I wasn’t familiar with.

“If you agree. Just come here at eight or before eight. There’s a woman at the front desk named Becca, she’ll send you right up to me.” He slides me the napkin and rises from the chair.

My brows furrowed when I noticed he hadn’t taken a bite of anything. “Aren’t you going to eat anything?” I asked.

He looked down at the donuts and coffee. “As much as I want to finish those, I don’t think I have time to today. If you don’t mind, can you bag them all to go, please?”

I nodded, sliding off the chair. “Sure,” I said and went to do just that. When I got back, I handed him the two paper bags and his black coffee in a foam cup.

Bernard gives me a thankful smile while taking his order from my grasp. “Thank you Sophie. And please, think about it okay? At least before Alice leaves?” He chuckles lowly and we say our goodbyes before he leaves.

I roller skated to the front counter, saying excuse me as I swing around the corner and headed to the back where I was sure Mila was.

When she sees me she grins. “I got a guy’s phone number. He was hot.” She pinched the card between her fingers.

I raised a brow and slow down before I reach her. “Are you even going to call?”

She snorted throwing the card to Skyper, one of the other waitresses. “Here you go skyper. He’s hot. But I’d be careful. Sometimes the hot ones are the bad guys.” She warned.

Mila was never one to care for going on dates and all that kind of stuff. She was more so as that one friend who would rather marry herself.

I stopped beside her and wait for Skyper to leave before telling her. “I think I just got offered a high-paying job.” I breathed out, still in disbelief as I clench my brows.

Mila gives me her full attention. “We talked about this Soph, no to stripping.”

I smacked her behind her head and she whines. “I’m not talking about stripping Mila. I’m talking about Bernard offering me a job at the company he works at.”

Her brows clench in thought. “Isn’t he like a Chief of something?”

I nodded. “Chief financial officer. He wants me to be his secretary, the one he currently has is ready to leave. He says he had that spot waiting for me to fill.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Are you sure that man doesn’t have an eye on you, Soph? I don’t want you to go and work for some creepy psycho.”

I shook my head. “Bernard has never looked at me in any sexual way, treats me like his daughter, and has been kind enough to buy Ashton gifts.”

Mila nods. “You’re right.”

“And besides, I didn’t say yes, I’m not sure about this. Being a secretary even for the CFO sounds like a tough job. Especially for a huge company like Harrington.co.”

Mila nods. “Heard they’re some big shot company too but I don’t really like gossip about business people. They make me feel miserable for living on medium wage.”

Trolled my eyes and was about to respond to her when she cuts in before I could. “But. If were you I’d do it. This is a huge opportunity, Soph. You can give Ash the life you’ve always wanted to provide for him.”

Ignawed on my bottom lip. “I don’t know. It sounds too good to be true and I don’t think I’m qualified enough.”

Mila rolls her eyes. “It’s a secretary job, how hard can it be?”

The door suddenly burst open and Ressa’s glare was lethal. “Back to work you two!”

I crossed my arms smugly. “I’m on my break now Ressa.”

Rolling her eyes she turns to Mila.” You. Back to work!” She barks.

Mila salutes her and gives me a joking glare. “I’d do anything to switch places with you right now.”

“Mila!” Ressa screeched,

Rolling her eyes, Mila turns around and skates over to Ressa, “Okay I’m coming stick up your ass woman!”

I snorted out a giggle when Ressa smacks a whining Mila.

Sighing when I’m now alone, my mind wanders back to the opportunity Bernard was nice enough to give me.

Should I pass this opportunity up or should I delve into it?

Trubbed at my temples. I was way too sleep deprived to think about this right now.

Aiden's pov

“Good morning sir!”

I briefly look over to my right to see my beaming secretary

Her brown eyes gleamed with desire as they rack over my form. I push my hands into the front pockets of my expensive suit and nodded stiffly at her as I pass by.

Being in jail for an entire year had changed me into a very cold man. I had no feelings left. I only felt anger and more anger. Mixed with frustration of course.

It has since been three years and some months since the altercation with Carson in which mostly everyone I knew turned their backs on me. Including her.

The girl who frustratingly still lives in my mind to this day.

Topened the door and as expected, I am greeted by my grandfather. I noticed his body guards on my way coming here so I wasn't surprised to see him in my office.

Sergio Harrington. Chairman of Harrington.co and my grandfather.

“Grandfather.” | greeted him as I closed the door and walked over to my desk that over looked the city.

“You're late.” He stated with narrowed eyes.

Sighing heavily I asked while settling myself on the chair. “What brings you here to my office on such short notice?” I asked stiffly.

I had to grow up quickly during that year in jail. I owe a lot to him actually, he was the one working behind the scenes to make me get a lesser sentence. Whatever he did or said worked because I came out of jail within a year.

I was not proud to admit this, but the first thing I did when I got out was to look for...her.

But apparently, she left town with her best friend Mila and no one knew where to.

Knowing that everyone hated me, I didn't bother to ask her foster parents or speak to them for that matter. I had an inkling they wouldn't have told me where to find her.

Now it's been two years since I've become Ceo of Harrington.co and I'm convinced I have gotten over her.

Sergio fixed himself in the seat. "So I can't come to check up on my grandson?"

| snorted. "What do you want old man?"

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Aiden's pov

I leaned back into the chair as I waited for what he had to say.

His eyes were piercing me across the desk. It feels uncomfortable but I don't waver under his stare.

Sergio was a man who loved feeling superior, even at his age. For the last two years, I have been in the presence of men who were just like him, sharks, waiting for the best opportunity to bite

Thave grown used to it and I was not ashamed to admit that I had turned out to be just like them.

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Perhaps this is why the finances skyrocketed when I turned CEO of the company. I was by far worst than Sergio.

And as I remember correctly, they called me the blue-eyed devil.

" Aiden, it has come to my attention that you have quite a reputation in the business tabloids lately." Sergio started.

| stiffen already having an inkling of where this conversation would lead to.

I tangled my fingers together, and regarded him over the desk. He didn't look pleased. But then again, Sergio was never pleased.

"Yes, I am very popular with those tabloids." I nodded, acting indifferent

The tick of his jaw showed how frustrated he was with my indifference. I felt the corners of my lips lift slightly

I always liked to annoy the old man.

“Don’t act so mighty. The tabloids have only bad things to say about you, that’s nothing to be proud of.” He grits, his steeling eyes glaring at me.

I lift my shoulder in a barely there shrug. “Because there’s nothing good to say. I don’t care about their opinions, They’re just useless people living off on the rich.”

Sergio’s eyes narrowed. “They’re calling you a cold hearted man-whore who can’t keep it in his pants for at least two seconds. With your reputation, they’re saying that you may not be focused on running the company but running after every model with long legs.”

| snorted. “They must not have seen the spike in the business recently.”

“This is no time to joke around Aiden! Our company’s reputation is on the line because of your reckless ways!” Sergio hissed, looking very frustrated and angry.

Well, hopefully, the old man doesn’t pop a vein there.

I cocked a brow. What they wrote about me wasn’t anything new. I don’t see the point in bringing up something that didn’t really matter in my world.

In his perhaps, but in mine....I couldn’t give a fuck what they thought.

“What do you want me to do about it, Sergio? My reputation perceives me. Though they’re not correct about my lack of focus on running the business. Perhaps if they stopped following me around so much they’d notice the spike we got recently.” I said sarcastically.

Sergio’s eyes turned into slits. “They didn’t lie about you sleeping around with different women. That alone is enough to put you in a bad light. I passed down this company to you in hopes that you’ll be the man your father never was

My hands fisted as I popped my jaw. “Don’t put my father into this.” I snarled, leaning forward as I looked at him coldly.

Sergio narrowed his eyes at my tone and breathed out fire.” These tabloids don’t care about a sudden spike in a business, or how well the business is doing. They care about gossip and you’re giving it to them by dangling a different woman off your arm every damn day!”

| seethed silently. It was way too damn early to get a lecture from Sergio who I was sure, wasn’t as innocent when he was my age.

A damn year without a woman’s body, her body, and I had fallen into the rabbit hole of frustration and anger. I did what any sane man would do...I fucked any willing

woman to ease my frustration, Praying and hoping that one of them would make me forget about....her.

“You owe me a lot Aiden. And though we don’t see eye to eye much, I care for you as a grandfather should. I’ve done all I can to help you, it’s time you start pulling your own weight around here. I want those tabloids to see you as a changed man. This attention that you’re getting isn’t good if they find out about your past.” He warned.

Pulling my own weight around here? Wasn’t I the one who pushed the company to the next level and earned us a billion dollars in the first year I filled in his shoes?

For a guy who didn’t go to college and get that business degree, I was doing well on my own. What more weight does he need me to start pulling?

I continued to stare at his cold face and can sense something was brewing, especially with the gleam in his eyes. What the hell was he playing at?

“What are you getting at old man? Spill and quit beating around the bush.” | snapped. I was losing patience with him.

Sergio crossed his legs and looked at me coolly as he leaned back on the chair. “I think it’s time you settle down Aiden. Find someone you can marry.”

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Sophie’s pov

I kissed Ash’s head as I walked up the endless stairs. He’s asleep and the soft snores that pass between his partly parted lips were cute.

Mila is breathing heavily behind me. “Those stairs are killers. I need a long ass shower as soon as I get inside.” She groaned, holding the handrails and using them to pull herself up those stairs.

“Mila!” I hissed, covering Ash’s ears with my hand. The other was already pressed on my shoulder.

“What? He’s asleep, it’s not like he can hear me.” She argued; she sounded breathless as hell.

“He might subconsciously,” I argued back and thanked the heavens that the stairs were finally coming to an end. Ash’s weight was really something else. My arm was starting to feel numb.

We made our way to the apartment and Mila brushes her fingers on top of the doorframe where Ria usually leaves the keys.

When she unlocks the door, the first thing we did was kick off our shoes and sighed.

“Do you smell that?” Mila stuck her nose up and sniffed the air.

I sniffed the air too and shifted Ash’s weight on my arm when I throw my bag on the sofa.

“Is that air freshener?” I snorted, looking around the entire living area.

Mila nods and laughed lightly to not wake up Ash. “Seems like Ria bathed the entire apart

ment with it and thought it would magically have the apartment clean. I don’t think she knows what a broom and mop are.”

We both giggled.

“She even left dirty dishes in the sink.” Mila pointed at the sink that we could see from here.

“Your turn,” I said quickly, already walking away.

“Oh come on, I did it the last time she left it there too. And I’m tired!” She whined behind me.

I giggled. “Sorry, Mila but I don’t feel like it. Besides I want a long shower before Ash bug wakes up. You know how moody and troublesome he gets when he just wakes up.”

“Ugh fine. But next time, it’s your turn!” She sighs.

Inodded and made my way to my bedroom. Setting Ash down on the bed gently, I straighten up and just stare at him.

His lashes brush along his cheeks and his cute pouty mouth was parted. He was adorable and someone I created with Aiden. He was the best thing that ever came out of us.

– Not being able to resist, I bend over to kiss his cheek. He makes a cute sound and I smiled. Pulling away I looked at him and sighed.

He did deserve the world. And I promised him that the moment I laid my eyes on him for the very first time.

He deserved more than what I am able to afford now.

Digging into the small pocket in the uniform, I pulled out the napkin. I read the address. It was a twenty minute drive from here. I'll have Mila cover up for me at work and head there first thing as soon as I drop off Ashton at the daycare.

Sweeping my gaze back to my little boy, I whispered. "I'll give you the life you deserve Ash. I promise."

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Aiden's pov

As soon as the door closed behind Sergio, my anger got the best of me and in a matter of a few seconds, everything that had been on the desk, is now on the floor.

I gritted my teeth.

I was fucking twenty one! Getting married at such a young age? Was he out of his damn

mind!?

I slammed my fist on the desk, hard, managing to crack the surface.

Seething in anger and frustration, I dialed my secretary. She answers on the first ring.

"How can I help you sir?" She purrs in my ears. I had no time for this shit right now

"Get me a damn new desk!" | snarled and cut the line. Beyond angry and frustrated, I send the phone flying and it smashes on the wall.

Groaning, I got off the chair and stormed my way to the door. Opening it, I blasted out knowing my secretary would be able to hear my voice. "Get me a fucking new phone whilst you are at

I banged the door and stormed back to my desk. Sergio must be fucking mad if he thinks I'll marry anyone at this age.

Sophie's pov

"I'll see you later Ash bug," I whispered kissing his forehead before leaving.

Sitting down in my car, I struggled to start it.

Just great.

I groaned.

It was eight thirty and as I remembered, Bernard told me to get to Harrington.co at eight. I was already so late. This wasn't a good start,

I rolled down the window, already feeling so hot and sweaty. I was dressed in a white long sleeved blouse and a dark brown leather pencil skirt that was way too tight for me.

They belonged to Ria and the blouse was something I had way down deep into my closet. It had tiny yellow stains but it wasn't that visible to the naked eye unless they take a really good look at it.

I turned on the ignition again, curses spitting out of my mouth one after the other.

This wasn't a good place to let out profanities since it was after all beside the daycare.

My phone buzzed

"Ugh." | groan, knocking my hand on the steering wheel in frustration when my car refuses to move.

I looked down at the caller and pinched the bridge of my nose.

This really wasn't a good time to call Ingrid.

Even though I loved when she called to check up on me and Ash, right now I was frustrated and needed to be somewhere at the moment. Ingrid took an entire day on the phone.

I contemplated if to answer her call or not.

The ringing stops and I feel bad. But as soon as my fingers near the call back button, the ringing starts again. I answer quickly and put her on speaker.

"Ingrid."

"Oh darling I thought I called you at the wrong time." Ingrid's warm voice filters through the other end.

You have no idea.

But instead of voicing that out, I replied. “No not at all.”

“Are you off to work right now? Where’s Ashton? Is he at the daycare already? Oh no did I miss him?” I can already hear the pout in her voice when I’m about to tell her that I just dropped off Ash.

“No, I’m not going to work today. And I actually just got out from the daycare. I’m just about to head off

I stopped, wondering if I should tell her about the opportunity Bernard thrust into my lap. I didn’t want to give her false hope, especially if I wasn’t sure whether I can actually do the work that they would bestow on me or not.

“Shanks. Ugh, I knew I should’ve called earlier. I miss hearing his voice.” Ingrid complained.

I snorted. “You video called him last night.”

Ingrid argued. “That was twelve hours ago. That’s half a day Sophie!”

I rolled my eyes yet a smile spread across my face.

“You said you’re not going to work today? Is something wrong, are you feeling okay?” She asked quickly with concern. “I’ve told you many times to drink a hot cup of tea every morning before going to work.”

I sighed. Oh God, not another lecture from her.

“I did drink some tea earlier on. I’m not sick Ingrid so don’t fuss over me. I’m just going to run some errands.” I lied smoothly. I deserve a pat on the back honestly.

She sighed in relief. “Good. Then if you’re busy, I’ll let you be on your way. I’ll call back when – you and Ash are home.” She promises.

After a few other words passed between us, we said our goodbyes and Ingrid ends the call.

I swear she only calls to talk to Ash and not me. I smiled at that thought and went back to starting my car.

The sound of the engine roaring had me yelling out a yes as I moved out of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later, I'm pulling up to Harrington.co building. It's huge. That's the first thing I noticed about it. The second was the huge sign that spelled out their business name.

I stare in awe and then looked down at my attire. I frowned. I didn't look good enough to even step foot in here.

I smoothed out the blouse, cursing at the barely visible yellow stains. I clearly looked like a homeless person who was just playing dress up.

I groan and slammed my forehead on the steering wheel. It beeps loudly and I'm quick to lift my head. I smiled in embarrassment when everyone who was roaming about, stared at me.

I sink into the seats.

Maybe I should forget about this. I don't deserve to be here. I'm already embarrassing myself as it is. What if I get in there and act more of a fool?

I whimper and then sighed.

Yes, I should definitely just call it a day and leave. I'm not cut out for this life.

Fixing myself back into my seat, my fingers brush the keys when my eyes sweep to his picture stuck on my dashboard.

Ash.

It was doing this for Ash.

I can't give up yet.

Not so soon.

Nodding with a new sense of hope and determination, I unbuckled myself thanking the heavens that it came out easier than yesterday.

I opened the door and put out one of my legs. The heels I had on belonged to Ria and it was way too high for me to handle. But the others were higher, so I had no choice but to take this one.

It was a fancy black stiletto and was the only thing that actually looked like it belonged here.

I got out fully, not allowing myself to chicken out again and really call it a day. I closed the door, wincing at the loud screech it made through the bustling area.

Many eyes snapped toward me, but this time I didn't allow them to make me uncomfortable. I kept my chin up and strut toward the building.

There are two bulky men dressed in black suits on either side of the entrance door. They look serious and honestly, scary.

I gathered the courage to walk up to them, greeted them politely and they replied with a stiff nod,

I let out a shaky breath as I stop and looked at the glass doors. Nodding to myself and receiving weird looks from the security guards, I step in when they opened automatically.

The air is cooler here than outside where the sun was already kissing everyone's skin. The cool air is well welcomed.

My eyes scan the area and my mouth parts in awe. I thought the outside was magnificent, but the inside was extraordinarily beautiful. Everything looked spotless from the floors to the ceiling.

"Ooph." I let out when someone shouldered me by accident. I turned around.

"Don't stand up in the damn way next time." The woman hisses as she continues to walk away with her phone beside her ear.

Wow, how rude. I thought with my brows furrowing.

Shaking my head, I continued to look for the reception area. When I saw it, I sighed in relief.

I headed over there and beamed at the woman who looked to be in her early twenties. "Hi there." I smiled politely but her blue eyes only left mine to focus on the computer screen before her.

I frowned. Was everyone here so rude and unwelcoming?

Shaking my thoughts out of my head, I tried again. There was no harm in trying again right?

"You don't happen to be Becca?" I asked, hoping she'd acknowledge me this time.

The woman rolls her eyes and mine drop to the name tag pinned to her dark blue blouse.

Katie.

Well, that was definitely not Becca.

Wincing at my mistake, I opened my mouth to apologize but a very familiar voice, belonging to a male, cut in loudly and made me freeze instantly.” Sophie.”

Sophie’s pov

I whipped around, my eyes wide at how loud he shouted my name.

Bernard grins and steps out of the elevator. He struts over to me quickly, his eyes crinkling at the corners when he stands before me.

“You came.” He looks stunned yet pleased. “I knew you would.”

“Mr. Beckam

The receptionist started but Bernard cuts her off with a wave of his hand.

“I will take it from here,” He told her coolly and turned around. “Follow me, Sophie.”

I do as I was told, making sure to stay close to Bernard but not too close as he heads back to the elevator.

“How did you know I was in the lobby?” I asked when we entered the elevator.

He turns to face me with a smile on his face. “I was waiting for you, Sophie. Alice was very concerned when she saw me so close to the glass overlooking the city, hoping to catch a glimpse of your car.”

“She was very relieved when I saw you.” He chuckled, stressing on the word very.

I didn’t know how to respond to him. This just proves how interested Bernard was in giving me this job. Was he that eager to hire me?

I didn’t understand how I could be so lucky to have him as a friend. for him to go to those ex treme lengths for me was crazy.

| smiled. There were only a few people in my life who would go this extreme to help me. Now Bernard counted as one of them.

The elevator stops and the doors slide open. In came a few well dressed businessmen and women. None seemed to realize I was here. Which was probably a good thing.

Bernard and I remain quiet until the doors open again and this time he ushers me to follow him.

Looking at me sideways with an arched brow as we walked down the endless hall, Bernard clicked his tongue. “I thought I said at eight or before that time?” He joked.

I blushed brightly and looked at the floor. Those tiles must be expensive. Everything in here looks expensive.

“I woke up a bit late and Ash had been giving me a bit of trouble. He hid his shoes again.” | smiled as I remembered how naughty he had been this morning.

Bernard chuckles knowing how troublesome and mischievous Ashton can be since on one

of our many talks I mentioned it quite often.

Then my eyes narrowed as I turn to give him a joking glare. “And did you not tell me Becca would be at the front desk?”

Bernard nodded, chuckling a bit. “I did. But Becca clocked out thirty minutes ago. You would’ve caught her if you had been earlier.” He stressed on the word earlier and it feels like I’m

getting scowled by my father.

I giggle in embarrassment. If I do say yes to this job, I need to be on time. This was a whole new different lifestyle and I had to fit in quickly. Tardiness wasn’t going to be forgiven here.

Bernard opens a glass door leading to a huge office and ushers me to enter. The woman who had been lounging on the chair inside the office, straightens her spine quickly and rises to her feet just as swiftly.

She looks at Bernard then at me and smiles. I almost sighed in relief. This was the first warm smile I received from someone other than Bernard in here.

“This must be Sophie?” The woman asked, politely jutting out her hand for me to shake.

My eyes fall to her name tag, this time not wanting to embarrass myself by saying the wrong name.

Alice.

I quickly take her hand in mine and received a firm shake from her. I smiled.

Alice looked to be in her thirties and had the shiniest black hair I had ever seen. It was a short bob haircut with the ends tickling her jawline. It went well with her small face and green eyes.

I was almost jealous of how good she looked. While I looked like a blob of poop compared to her.

“My name is Alice, it’s so nice to finally meet you, Sophie. Mr. Beckam has said nothing but good things about you. He praises you actually.” She flashes Bernard and me a grin.

“Alice you know how I hate when you call me by my surname. Bernard is just fine. We’ve known each other for ten years.” Bernard puffed out a heavy breath and walks around what I pre sume was his desk. It’s littered with papers.

“This man will have me ending up insane with the amount of paperwork he has me going through so early.” Bernard groaned, shifting through the papers and attempting to make his desk look neater.

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I gave Alice a confused look which she answered with an amused smile.” The CEO is hell bent on making everyone work hard for the amount of money he pays us’. Or so as he puts it.”

Poor Bernard.

He looks up from his endless paperwork and grins at me in embarrassment. “Sorry for the mess Sophie. I had the time to clean it up but I was too busy looking out the glass to remember.”

“I told you to do it remember? But who was the one who said he had enough time to clean up before Sophie gets here?” Alice whips while crossing her arms.

I giggled.

Bernard looks flushed as he was put on the spot. “If I have you two teaming up against me I’ll be finished. It’s a good thing you’re leaving Alice.” He joked.

He then drops his eyes to the desk and then hummed. “I think my PA should be done with printing out the contract. I’ll call her now.”

His fingers inch closer to the phone when a light knock came from the door. Bernard lifts his gaze to the door. “Ahh must be her.”

Bernard calls out. "Come in."

It clicks open a second after and in walks a young woman with flaxseed colored hair. She looked to be a little bit older than me and if I were to guess, I'd say she was twenty five or twenty six.

Her eyes scan over me and she smiles politely before scurrying over to Bernard and handed him a dark blue file. "Here Mr. Beckam. The contract is ready."

Bernard nods, prying the file from her hands. "Thank you Lisa."

Lisa scurried out of the room before Bernard could even place the file on top of the messy desk.

He opens it and draws out a piece of paper. He scans over the words and nods. "Okay. This looks good enough."

Lifting up his head, he nudges his chin to the chair in front of the desk. "Have a seat Sophie. Sorry I hadn't told you to earlier." He murmurs sheepishly.

I settle myself on the seat and Alice walks to the side of the desk. Bernard hands me the paper which I assume was the contract. "Read it thoroughly. If you agree to the terms you'll sign at the bottom. I'm really hoping you would."

I nodded and scan over the words. My eyes widen a bit at the amount of money he was willing to pay me annually. "I-I thought you said a hundred thousand dollars annually and not one hundred and thirty thousand?" I asked confused.

If I was correct with my calculations, I'd be receiving ten thousand eight hundred and thirty three dollars every month,

This was way too much for someone who didn't have a college degree.

Bernard nodded. "I did, didn't I? But I've changed my mind. I believe you deserve this amount Sophie and Alice would show you everything you need to know."

Alice spoke up. "I see potential in you just as Bernard sees in you. I'm willing to do my best to show you the ropes before I leave. If you agree to the terms and conditions, I can start showing you today." She smiled.

My eyes widen. Today?

Living on more than 10k a month sounds really good. I can afford to buy Ashton everything

he needs. I can buy a new car. Rent somewhere safer.....

I can do lots of things.

“Work days are usually Monday to Fridays from eight to four-thirty. Bernard mentioned that you have a son who’s in daycare?” Alice asked.

I nod.

She nods. “So we shifted around the times to make it more compatible for you. Work will end around three.”

I nodded, gnawing on my lips. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the contract. Every thing seems peachy and mindblowing to me still. So there was no reason for me to say no.

“So what do you say, Soph? Are you going to be my new secretary?” Bernard smiles’ at me brightly. This man was really going out of his way to help me.

I didn’t want to disappoint him by rejecting his offer.

“Do you happen to have a pen?” I smiled.

I’m going to give you that better life Ash bug, just you wait.

Sophie’s pov

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As soon as I signed the contract, Alice was very excited to show me the ropes.

“You’re a natural.” Alice complimented me when I followed all her instructions without any trouble.

I grinned, thanking her.

The job wasn’t hard and I was sure I’d adapt to it very quickly.

The phone rang and Alice ushered me to answer it. She gave me a proud look the entire time Thad been on the phone.

Handing me the notepad, she had me write down the caller’s information and their purpose of calling

She grins brightly when I put the phone down. “You’re very good at this Sophie. I can see why Bernard’s been speaking so highly of you.”

I smiled.

“If you don’t mind me asking, I’ve noticed you’re quite young..... how old were you when you had your son?” Her question wasn’t annoying but it did catch me off guard.

It wasn’t the first time I have been asked this sort of question before. Mostly everyone had been skeptical of my age the moment they knew I had a child.

Society frowned upon young mothers, especially those who are teen moms.

Though eighteen is considered an adult, I was still a teen in many people’s eyes.

“I was eighteen when I had him,” I answered truthfully, seeing no point in lying to her. Alice was only curious, she didn’t mean for the question to be impolite and rude.

She nodded. “How old is he?” She asked in curiosity.

“He’s twenty-seven months. His name is Ashton but I love calling him Ash for short.” I told her his name just in case she asked me for it next.

She nodded and smiled. “I’m impressed.”!

My brows clench. She was impressed with what?

“With what?” I voiced out my confusion.

She laughed lightly. “I’m impressed you kept him and have come this far. You’re a determined mother, I could’ve sensed it the moment you stepped foot in Bernard’s office.”

She continued on. “Most girls at that age, eighteen or even younger than that, usually give the child up for adoption. It’s rare that I meet a once teen mom nowadays.” Alice said making me a bit uncomfortable being pushed into the spotlight.

Nearly three years of being a mother and I still haven’t gotten used to it. Far-less being complimented as one.

I smiled awkwardly. Seeming to sense my change of mood, Alice resumes teaching me how to arrange the documents.

We go through the files until it was twelve. Alice told me to take a break and have lunch. I thanked her and headed for Bernard’s office before going.

My knuckles slammed on his door lightly.

“Come in.” Bernard’s voice filters through the door and reaches my ears.

Topened the door and peeked behind it. Bernard is at his desk, his glasses on, and looks very focused on the papers in his hands.

He lifts up his head when he hears the door open. He beams. “Oh Sophie come in, come in.” He ushers me in with his hand doing the motion.

Tentered the office but don’t bother closing the door knowing that I was heading back out in a minute.

“I just came to say that I’m going for lunch. Do you need anything?”

“Always looking out for me. But no, I have too much work on my plate to even consider eat ing right now. You enjoy your lunch.” He smiled and then asked.

“How’s it going so far with Alice? Are you grasping everything quickly?”

Inodded. “Everything is going fine, she’s the best teacher,” I said truthfully with a smile.

He looks rather pleased with my response and he nods. “I’m so happy you took this oportu nity, Sophie. I’m glad to have you here.”

I could hear the honesty in his voice and it has my heart warming. Bernard really showed how much he cared about me today and for that, I too am glad I took this opportunity. I had a good feeling about this and promise myself that I would not disappoint him.

“I am too Bernard,” I admitted. We exchanged a few other words and then I leave.

I waved at Alice and headed for the elevators. I stopped short in the hall when I realized I had no idea where I was going to eat.

Alice is busy typing something on the computer and Bernard is really busy in his office. I did n’t want to disturb them by asking about where the staff canteen was or if they had someplace special for the workers to eat.

I wasn’t really a worker as yet but I was certain I could eat here right? Or should I leave the building and look around for a diner or restaurant?

Around here, food must be expensive and I currently only have twenty dollars sitting in my old wallet.

A food truck must be nearby? This was New York, I was sure I’d get somewhere to eat. But would I have enough money?

I sighed and just decided I should at least look for the staff canteen and if I wouldn't be allowed in there, I'd figure it out.

There are two elevators, one on the left and one on the right. They're mirroring each other.

I walked around the left corner and made my way over to the closest elevator.

I pressed the button. The doors slide open. I hear the doors opening on the other elevator and I furrow my brows when I feel a piercing stare on my back before I entered the elevator. It's strange and has goosebumps raising on my skin.

I turn around to face who had their unwavering gaze on my back, but by the time I do, the doors are already sealed shut.

Who could've been watching me so intensely that my body reacted the way it did?

I shivered

The stare felt so familiar...

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 34

Aiden's pov

"Yes right there." I gritted out while pointing at the empty space that once had the desk.

The two men brought in the new desk, struggling underneath its weight.

I rolled my eyes when they placed it too far. I needed it in the middle. How hard can it be to follow damn instructions!?

—

"You incompetent fools!" I snarled, having them jumping out of their skin.

They looked over at me in fear. "S-ir we th-ought you s-aid h-ere

One of them stumbled on his words like the dumb fool he was.

"Just place the damn desk where I told you to place it. Place it right," I lifted my finger and pointed at the spot again. "Here."

This was the second new desk in the last two days, or should I say hours?

My secretary did a shitty job with getting me a very dark walnut-stained desk when I asked for honey maple stain.

I was tempted to fire her but I didn't feel like interviewing another set of potential secretaries, I had her redeem herself today.

The desk came in a bit late, seeing as it was already noon. But that probably had to do with it being shipped from China.

The workers nodded quickly and finally set the desk exactly where I wanted it.

I don't bother to thank them, only fixed my tie in frustration, "Get out." | gritted, not wanting to be in the presence of incompetent fools any longer.

When they leave, I walked out of my office a few seconds later and made my way to my secretary.

She's busy fixing her lipstick while looking at herself in the small mirror she held in her hand.

When she hears me approaching, she's quick to push the lipstick and mirror into her opened purse. She looks at me nervously while brushing her palms down her shirt.

"Mr. Xavier. Do you like the new desk

"Give me the paperwork I told Cindy to print out. I'm going to hand them to the CFO." | stretched out my hand for her to hand me the file.

Cindy was my personal assistant but wasn't here today due to her feeling unwell.

Noel passes the file to me quickly. "Sir I can go with you if you want

I glared at her. "I'm not a child. I think I can speak to Beckham on my own."

Usually, Cindy was always beside me during important meetings and etc just to write down notes and help me if needed.

I didn't need Noel to fill her shoes. Especially when she couldn't stop staring at me like she wanted to go on her knees and beg me to let her suck my cock.

Noel's face turned bright red. I walked away from her and entered the elevator. I pressed the 34th floor where Bernard Beckham had his office.

When the elevator doors ding open, I feel the breath leave my very lungs.

There stood a woman clad in a very tight brown leather skirt and white blouse. Her hair was blonde and she had it in a very tight bun.

My eyes fall to her bottom again and my cock shifts in my pants.

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 35

Aiden's pov

Something was very familiar with this woman. The way her bottom was shaped. The way she stood.

I stumbled out of the elevator when a thought slammed into my head.

No, it can't be her.

What would Sophie Bell be doing in New York? Especially at Harrington.co?

She was probably sitting in her dorm room in college, talking to her roommate about weird shit.

This woman wasn't Sophie. She couldn't possibly be her.

Besides Sophie had brown chocolate hair and she had less hips. Though those legs were long just like hers.....

I shake my head while watching the woman enter the elevator. When the doors close behind her, I'm convinced that I was going mad.

Was I still so obsessed with Sophie that I was now thinking a stranger was her?

I grunt and decided to forget about this mysterious woman. She was no one, she was not Sophie. And if she was, I wouldn't care anyway.

Sophie Bell has been dead to me for three years.

I stormed my to Bernard's office, frustrated that I even thought this woman was Sophie.

"Mr. Xavier," Bernard's secretary, Alice rose from her seat. She looks shocked to see me, or perhaps it was the invisible steam coming out of my ears that had her so stunned.

I ignored her and went straight for Bernard's office without knocking.

As soon as I enter. I'm hit with a familiar scent. It was a floral scent, but the scent was very faint. It reminded me of.....her.

What. The. Fuck.

I shook my head. I was really going mad today.

Bernard lifts his head from the mess of paperwork on his desk. He raised a brow. Of all my employees, Bernard was the only one who didn't cower under my cold stare. I could give the old man props for that.

"Aiden

I glared at him and he stops. He knows how much I hate when he calls me by my given name. That name was only supposed to slip past the lips of those close to me.

Not because Bernard has been working for Harrington.co and was a trusted employee as

Sergio has mentioned, meant we were close.

"Mr. Xavier. What do I owe the pleasure

" Here are the reports I want you to look into." I slam the file on his desk, frustrated that the light floral scent was still troubling my nose.

"Mr. Xavier

"Have them done by tomorrow." Usually, I would have a more than five minute talk with him about the finances concerning the company, but I found myself itching to get out of the room and away from that scent.

I stormed out of his office.

"Mr. Xavier," Alice nods when I stormed by. I don't acknowledge her, needing to get out of where quickly

When I entered the elevator and pushed in my floor number, 38, I sighed in relief.

LE

As soon as the doors slide back close, I could finally breathe. But the frustration was still there.

Sophie Bell.

It was clear she was still haunting my mind to this day.

I groaned. I slept with so many willing women to forget about her and it takes one mysterious woman that reminded me of her to have my entire composure crumbling at my feet.

I felt like that same high school boy who was so obsessed and in love with her that I'd do anything.

I was no longer that boy. I refuse to be that 'boy' again.

I will continue to force her out of my mind. No matter how long and how many women it would take to forget about her.

Because I was sure Sophie Bell forgot all about me.

She sure did, with not even bothering to call me when I was locked up for an entire year.

I gritted my teeth harshly when the thought slammed into my head. I didn't want to think about her any longer. Didn't even want to care about her whereabouts.

The elevator dings open and I walked out.

Noel is seated at her desk, her red lipstick is one of the first things you'd notice about her.

She'll do. I'll finally put her to use.

When she hears me approaching, her gaze sweeps up quickly and her eyes hold that glint of desire in them.

"Come," I demanded and walked away. She's quick to stand up and follow behind me like a puppy.

Earlier she looked like she was desperate to get on her knees for me, I'd make her wishes come true today.

Bernard's pov

I looked at the door Aiden had just stormed out of in confusion. He sure looked flustered and a bit uncomfortable before storming out.

The door opens a second later and Alice enters. "Saw Mr. Xavier storming out. Is something wrong?" She asked in concern.

I shook my head while reaching out for the file he placed on the desk. “Not that I know of. He looked already pissed off the moment he entered.” I answered.

And then shrugged. “Honestly it’s the blue-eyed devil we’re talking about. It doesn’t take much to anger him. I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“You’re right, Mr. Xavier is always pissed off,” Alice said.

“By the way Bernard, you were right about Sophie. She’s very hardworking and can grasp anything quickly. She’s the right fit for the job.” Alice utters.

job. Alice utta

“She also resembles your daughter a lot. Almost the exact replica. They could even be mis taken as twins.”.

I looked down at the photo frame on my desk, almost buried by the amount of paperwork currently around it.

It was a photo of Mya, my dead daughter and my wife. We took that photo at a resort, not knowing that it would be the last time our daughter would be living and breathing. She was only seventeen then and had her whole life ahead of her.

That was five years ago.

Seeing Sophie in that diner that day, two years ago brought back memories I shared with my daughter. It was like I was staring at my daughter again, and seeing her smiling again.

From then, Sophie had become someone I held dear even though the girl wasn’t my biological daughter.

I nodded, “She does, doesn’t she? The exact replica.”

“It wouldn’t surprise me if she actually was your long-lost daughter you never knew about. Or at least a relative.” Alice voiced out.

I snorted, “Don’t be ridiculous, Alice. I had only one biological daughter. And even conceiving her with my wife was hard. I wasn’t a man who spread my seed everywhere.”

“Ooh Ash would love those.” | squealed lowly as I pushed small chocolate cupcakes inside the foam container.

My eyes dance around the cute desserts.

It wasn't really hard to find the staff canteen and I was proud to say that I found it in five minutes. But maybe that was because I asked for directions from the receptionist who didn't seem to be in a bad mood again.

I stuffed my foam container with endless desserts knowing I'd have to share with Mila and Ria when I got home.

I should really start eating healthy.....

My tongue licks a trail on my bottom lip when my eyes fall on a red velvet cake.

But how can I eat healthy when they showcase all those unhealthy foods here? I moaned. This was torture.

I forced myself to walk away from the pleasant aroma and even more pleasant looking food. I will not be tempted today Satan!

I refuse to be Eve!

I dragged my feet to an empty circular table and chair, smiling awkwardly when some workers who were eating around a circular table turned to stare at me.

Why was everyone staring at me today? Sure I was a new face here, but was one look not enough? Why won't they look away?

I brushed the sides of my head, hoping it wasn't the little flyaway hairs pulling in their attention.

Did I have something on my face?

Or maybe they saw me gawking at the endless sweets and desserts seconds ago?

I tear my gaze away from them.

At least their stares didn't trouble me like the one I felt on my back earlier before entering the elevator. No, that stare was different than these, I could feel the intensity of it.

Ignawed on my lips as I remembered how tingles brushed on my skin quickly when that person's eyes pierced on my back.

My body ever only reacted to one person like that.....

And that person was Aiden.....

I shook my head, scowling at myself inwardly. I was stupid to even think that stare belonged to him.

He was in jail for goodness sake!

Sophie's pov

“Have a good rest of the day Sophie!” Alice said and waved at me before putting her hands out for a taxi.

“You too Alice!” I called out just as a taxi pulled up beside her.

I watch her leave before sighing and walking over to my old car. I winced at the mustard color that stood out. I had been meaning to give it a good paint job but money was always so low.

But now that I had a new job, I can finally just say screw it and buy a new car that wouldn't stop on me or refuse to start. And keep me hostage with its seatbelt.

I smiled. I smelled freedom. Hell, I was starting to see through those rose colored glasses.

“You hear that Mary....I'm going to get rid of you.” My hand patted the mustard color hood as I made my way to the driver's side.

Feeling a little droplet on my cheek, I lift my head to the sky. I closed my eyes and smiled as the rain belt over me. I even removed that tight bun in my hair and let my hair down. I was even tempted to dance.

People must think I was crazy to stand in the rain. But right now I didn't care.

.

The heavens were showering me with blessings.

I entered the car when my white blouse was getting a bit see through. There was no way I'd have anyone see the red bra I have on.

I closed the door, wincing a bit by the screech, I put my seatbelt on and then stared at the huge building.

Harrington.co.

I couldn't help but grin.

Who would've thought I'd ever be one of the employees working here?

I'd let you in on a little secret...

I never thought I'd ever get a good paying job like this. Not when I didn't have the qualifications for it or anything close to it.

But that wasn't really a secret now was it?

I was damn lucky that was for sure.

Grinning at the building one last time, I kicked Mary to start. She roared and jerked.

* You better work for me you dumbass, I need to pick up my son." I hissed at the damn car and started it again.

When she roars and finally comes back to life I yelled out a thank you Jesus before driving

off slowly.

But I knew my luck would run out soon enough.

Mary came to an abrupt and jerking halt.

In the middle of the exit of Harrington.co parking lot.

Great.

Just great.

Not only was I stuck, but now I was in the way of everyone who wanted to pass through.

"Mary you dumb-" I groan, curses whipping off my tongue as I try to start her again.

and was tired of me always complaining about her suck

Maybe Mary had enough ish services.

Horns blare behind me and I cringe. This was bad. Really bad. And humiliating, don't forget that.

"Sorry!" I yelled even though the rain was way too overpowering for anyone to hear my apolo

“Oh don’t be like that Mary. You know I love you. We’ve been through thick and thin together. I was joking when I said I was going to get rid of you.” I moaned and tried again.

She doesn’t budge.

ih

“Ugh you useless mother

I started, only to scream when I hear someone’s voice really close to me.

“Are you okay ma’am?”

My head whips around to see a man clad in a black suit beside my car. He looked to be just a bit older than me. And with the hat on his head, he looked to be a chauffeur.

“Tuh

I started, completely embarrassed that Mary wasn’t roaring to life.

D

“I’m just having a bit of trouble with my car,” I said sheepishly, afraid to look behind me to see the cars lined up with their impatient drivers slamming their hands on the horn.

“Do you need help miss?” The man questioned, leaning down to level his eyes with mine.

“Tuh

I stop, unsure of how to reply to him.

I smiled awkwardly.

“No, uh that’s fine. She’ll roar back to life....” The smile leaving my face when I tear my gaze away from his face, “Well, I sure hope so.”

“I beg your pardon miss? Who’s she?” I can hear his voice clear with confusion over the

sound of the rain.

I smile awkwardly when I brought back my attention to him, not wanting to look rude by not giving him my full. “Uh, it’s my car. I’ll get her started. Just give me a

Mary roars back to life like I predicted she would.

I smiled brightly, my mood switching from zero to a hundred really quickly. “Thank you, sir.” || thanked him for being the only good enough person to walk in the rain to offer me help.

He tips his head and walks away.

I frown when I started to drive away.

I could’ve sworn I felt the same intense eyes on me when I was speaking to that man back

there.

I peeked in the rearview mirror to see a huge black Nissan SUV driving the opposite way. I hummed. Why do I feel that intense stare coming from that SUV just now?

oving

