

Lex's the best boss I've ever worked for, but that doesn't mean he's perfect. His quirks can be lovable at times, and downright annoying at others.

As a secretary, it's my job to learn my boss' routine, to come as close as humanly possible to reading his mind. And given I've been working for Lex for the better part of four years, I think I've gotten the gist of his needs and wants. I know at what time he likes to get his lunch, when to interrupt a meeting and when to disregard a seemingly urgent call. I know when to save him from an annoying client and to always keep an extra tie in my drawer, in case he stains the one he's wearing with the dijon mustard he loves so much.

I know when he's in a bad mood before he even opens his mouth to say hello early in the morning, just because of that small crease between his brows, and if he got lucky the night before, he'll be sporting a smug little smirk when he thinks no one is looking. Not that I'd let him know I know, of course, as it's really none of my business. It does make my job easier when he's in a good mood, though, so those days should be particularly great for me.

And yet they are anything but.

Why? Because I'm a fool and have fallen madly, deeply, stupidly in love with my boss. The one thing I should have never allowed myself to do, I went ahead and did. I consider myself a smart woman; I've always laughed at those silly girls who bat their eyes at their bosses thinking there's a real chance of a future by their side. And yet, bit by bit, I found myself caring for him, enjoying his company. We didn't only spend a few hours every day together at the office: Lex has come to trust me completely. I handle his schedule, travel with him during important business trips and accompany him to everything from business dinners to the ballet when he's given an extra ticket.

Yet caring soon turned into something else altogether. An unavoidable thrill whenever he brushed his fingertips over my hand or my shoulders. Or blushing miserably whenever he shot me one of his trademark, disarming smirks. And oh, whenever he runs his fingers through his short, black hair, combing it back in an absent-minded gesture he only does when he's particularly focused on something he's reading. I know him like the palm of my hand. What his silences mean, what hides behind those dark eyes, how he hates flattery and appreciates hard work.

Just like every other morning, the elevator chimes at 9 am sharp, and there he is, clad in a tailor-made suit. This time, it's the navy blue one I love so much. His tie is silver, and he's wearing a vest to match as well since he has an important lunch meeting with a potential client. His beard is neatly trimmed, as usual, and it highlights his strong, masculine features. It almost feels unfair that he gets to be so devilishly handsome!

"Morning, Miss Jackson," He greets me, grinning playfully. Sometimes, the big boss pretends to be all business to tease me, but it's all an act. To me, he's Lex, and to him, I'm Mia.

"Morning, boss," I reply from my desk, positioned just outside his private office.

"Any---"

“Messages? Yes, already uploaded to your tablet,” I reply, handing him the electronic device he refuses to take home at the end of the day. He knows that if something is urgent enough, I’ll know how to get a hold of him.

“And what about my---”

“Coffee?” I ask, moving my hand down swiftly, and picking up the cup I bought a few minutes ago from his favorite place. “Black, two sugars.”

“Did you call---”

“Daniels and Dalton? Done and done. They’ll come in tomorrow at 11. They already emailed me their presentation.” I reply at once, interrupting him as I do every single morning, just to mess with him.

He chuckles softly, and oh, his laughter melts my heart, but I force myself to harden it, because I know we can never be anything more than what we are. No matter how much I wish we could.

“Showoff.” He reprimands me, but there’s really no anger or annoyance in his voice. I giggle and shrug, sitting back down.

“You know it,” I tease Lex right back, and watch him walk into his office. God, why does he have to be so darned handsome? It would be easier if he wasn’t.