

Read Billionaire Baby Daddy online free by Claire Adams

Chapter Two

Andrew

I rifled through the paperwork one more time, glad that I'd had Jenny, my secretary, postpone my meeting with the Albright girl until later in the afternoon, rather than the early-afternoon meeting that had originally been scheduled. Orinoco was most likely going to take over Albright. I just needed a bit more information about all the various implications of the buyout before I could sign it. And one of the implications that I needed the most information about, at the moment, was the potential insurance implications.

Orinoco had made a name for itself as one of the premier online retailers, but if we successfully bought out Albright, we would become something more than that. Not only did Albright carry its own portfolio of products that it sold online, but it made its deliveries using drones. If we could corner the market on drone deliveries, we would really be head and shoulders ahead of the competition.

The problem was, I didn't know what would happen if those deliveries went bad. There was too much potential for drones to crash or deliveries to be lost or damaged. I wasn't sure that Orinoco was prepared to absorb those risks.

Hence, why I needed to talk to Albright's main insurance analyst.

Jenny knocked lightly on the door and poked her head inside. "Mr. Goldwright, your three p.m. meeting is here," she informed me.

I waved my hand. “Send her in,” I said, shuffling my papers into order on my desk.

The woman who entered my office was nothing like I would have expected. I didn’t deal much with the insurance analysts that worked for Orinoco, but I had assumed they were all frumpy, older women who had gotten bored working in the finance department and decided to lone-wolf it in the insurance department.

But this woman was young, maybe a few years younger than me, and she was far from frumpy. She wore a neat gray suit with a bright, silky purple shirt that emphasized her pale skin and dark hair. And those legs, wow. They went all the way up.

I raised an eyebrow at her. “Ms. Jordan, or may I call you Lexi?” I asked.

“Mr. Goldwright,” she said in response, her tone clipped and her gaze frosty. “Thank you so much for agreeing to see me today.”

Ah, so she was upset about the change of time and change of venue, then. She had to realize that my time was more valuable than hers, though. Surely!

I nodded towards a chair. “Can I get you something to drink? Water, or perhaps something stronger?” I placed my finger over the call button on my phone, ready to have Jenny bring whatever the woman wanted.

But Lexi didn’t sit down like I had expected her to. Instead, she narrowed her eyes at me. “Mr. Goldwright, I’m here on business,” she said, in that same holier-than-thou tone that she’d used before. “I have a presentation for you, and I’ll need a projector screen for it. So, unless your office is

hiding something that I'm not seeing, I suggest that we adjourn to your nearest conference room."

A pity: she had the frumpy attitude, even if she didn't have the looks to match it.

I probably wasn't going to be able to convince her to have a quick fuck right there in my office, as much as I'd love to bend her over the nearest surface and have my way with her, but I wondered if I could get her into bed with me regardless.

"I've read over most of the information you sent already," I said, waving a careless hand. "I don't care much about your presentation, although I'm sure it's very informative. But I have some questions for you, and I'd like to hear you answer those rather than just read off slides for me."

At that, she looked uncertain, and I wondered what sort of company Albright was that she was so afraid to go off-script. It didn't really matter, though. Once we bought their company, we'd have the ability to change whatever we thought needed to be changed, up to and including the fundamental structure of the company.

She shook her head, though. "Sorry, I thought I was going to be presenting to a group of Orinoco's executives, or else I would have tailored the presentation to your specifics." She sounded nervous and uncertain, and I couldn't help but laugh.

I stood up and went over to the mini-bar in the corner of my office. Normally, the wine inside was reserved for close friends or celebrations, but just this once, I'd make an exception. "Here," I said, handing her a glass of wine. "You sound like you could use this."

She sputtered, a faint blush staining her cheeks. “This is a work meeting!” she hissed.

“Of course, it is,” I agreed. “But we’re not going to get any work done if you’re tripping over your tongue for the entirety of it.” I smiled at her, hoping to charm her into relaxing.

She stared at me for another moment and then slowly reached out to accept the glass of wine. Equally cautiously, she folded herself into a seat.

Normally, I’d take the seat behind my desk and play up my position of power. Today, I chose to sit next to her, dragging the second chair close enough that our knees were almost brushing when we leaned in to look at the paperwork that she’d brought over.

“You were originally supposed to be meeting with some of my executives,” I told her offhandedly. “But this deal with Albright could launch both of our companies into the forefront of the industry, and I decided it was too important for me to pass it off on some of my lackeys.” I grinned over at her. “To be honest, I have a tendency to micromanage.”

“Oh,” Lexi said, looking at a loss for words.

“But there’s a good reason for it,” I continued, boasting. “Under my leadership, I’ve taken Orinoco from being just a player in the online retail industry to being one of the forerunners in developing new technologies in said industry. Orinoco wasn’t even a publicly-traded company before I came along, and now it’s one of the most massive companies in the world.”

“Right,” she said.

She didn't sound impressed. In fact, if I had to gauge her, I'd say that she sounded disgusted. I suppressed a grin, wondering if she knew she was that easy to read. She probably thought I was arrogant, just another dim-witted dude whose dad had placed a bit too much trust in him. Or maybe she just wanted to go home. But what she said next surprised me.

"Orinoco has had a string of good luck," she agreed, nodding her head. "But no one can stay on top

forever."

I stared at her for a long moment, watching as she fixed her challenging eyes on me and took a cool sip of her wine. Suddenly, I wondered who was judging whom here.

I shook my head, feeling almost shaken, and turned towards the papers she had brought. "What I'm really concerned about, if I'm being honest, are drone crashes and liabilities," I told her.

"I figured as much," Lexi said, nodding sagely. "We have reports on all of the issues that we've faced over the years. They should have been included in the documents that were sent over prior to this meeting."

"They were," I told her. "But what I really want is some sort of projection on what Orinoco can expect if we are to put your technology to use with our company."

Lexi leaned back, studying me for a moment. "Well, that would depend on what exactly you were planning on using our technology for," she said, a smile playing over her lips. "To be honest, you haven't really been clear on what you're hoping for. You know what we can do, but we have no idea what Orinoco's plan is for the next year or for the next five years."

I frowned at her. “Obviously, we’re hoping to incorporate drone deliveries into what we already do,” I said.

“Obviously,” Lexi said sardonically. “On all deliveries, though? On most deliveries? Until I know numbers, I’m afraid I can’t really give you any sort of estimate on what you could expect this technology to cost your company.”

“So, what you’re saying is that you’re unprepared for this meeting,” I said, deliberately pushing her. It wasn’t really a business tactic at this point. I just wanted to see what would happen when she snapped.

But instead of the rage that I was expecting, she just gave me a frosty look. “Perhaps if you hadn’t waited until the last minute before changing everything to do with this meeting, I could have tailored it to better suit your needs,” she said. But that was the end of the cool confidence from her. In the next second, she was clapping a hand over her mouth and looking scared. “Sorry, I don’t mean to be disrespectful. I’m just a bit nervous, that’s all, and when I get nervous, I have a tendency to speak without thinking.”

I smiled at her. “Why don’t you make it up to me?” I asked, giving her an obvious once-over that I’m sure did nothing to hide my intentions. “Let me take you out to dinner tomorrow night. There’s this beautiful place that just opened on the top floor of the Columbia Tower. I can call in a favor or two and get us a table, even on short notice like this.” The truth was, I already had a reservation, since the last time I hadn’t had a date on a Friday night must have been at least five years ago. But she didn’t need to know that.

Her brow furrowed, and I thought for a moment that she was going to say no. But of course, she didn't. Instead, her protest was much more practical.

“Mr. Goldwright, you do realize I'm just an insurance analyst? If you're looking for some way to sweeten the deal for Orinoco, I'm not the person who you would need to wine and dine. I have no say in any of that. I'm just here to relay the facts to you.”

I laughed. “Oh, Lexi,” I purred, shaking my head. “Trust me when I say my thoughts are on anything other than business. From what I've seen, you're very beautiful and very intelligent. I like that in a woman. I admire that in a woman. I'm asking you to dinner purely for my own entertainment. And yours, I hope.”

She looked uncertain, and I wondered just how much of a prude she was. It had been a while since I'd had any woman prove to be a challenge. Usually, when they heard about my millions and saw my good looks, they were practically throwing themselves at my feet.

Lexi straightened a little, looking over my shoulder, and I could see that blush back on her cheeks. I wondered what it would take to cause it to darken. I wondered if she would blush when I laid her down in bed and stripped her bare.

“All right,” she finally agreed. “You can take me to dinner. But you're paying, Mr. Billionaire.”

“That's only fair,” I agreed, feeling a quick flash of disappointment at the fact that she had given in so easily. Maybe she was just the same as all the other women. I'd still take her to dinner, of course, because it would be rude to rescind the offer now. Anyway, I was still interested in her

body, even if she proved to be dull in other respects. It was a shame, though. I really did want a challenge.

I suppressed a sigh and turned back to the papers in front of us, hurrying through her explanations so I could get her out of my office and forget about how badly I needed something truly interesting in my life again.