

The office was on fire!

Everyone was rushing around. Men were fixing their ties while women were fixing their skirts and makeup. It seemed like a fish market with people yelling at each other to either fix something or help someone.

"John, how many times do you want me to repeat myself?! Why is this file still lying here?!" Secretary Miles snapped at the old man.

"Sir, I swear it's ain't my fault. It wasn't my fault." The peon, John's voice shook.

Miles rolled his eyes.

"Isn't it isn't my fault. Why would you care. He will skin me alive not you." Miles muttered trying to keep his temper in check as he flipped through the pages.

John still watching him.

Miles sighed, shutting the file.

"For God sake! do I need to spell it out? Leave!" Miles watched the peon rejoice at being dismissed.

Of course!

He would be going away from this room, away from the devil's grasp. In fact Miles wished himself to be as invisible as John.

He was envying a peon now.

"Miles did you see Patricia? She has my file." A plump woman asked him. Her bob cut hair flying around and Miles had the sudden urge to snap again.

"She's at the board room."

She nodded, grateful.

As she turned around to leave Miles called her.

"Yes?" She glanced at him expectantly.

"Your hair. Set them up before he chops it off for you." His voice was dry but it had humongous effect on her.

Her beady eyes went wild and instantly her hand shot up—feeling her hair. Straightening it with her fingers.

Miles ignored her existence and went through the file. Reading and re-reading each word. Examining the diagrams over and over again. He didn't want to repeat what happened the last time.

That day, Miles nearly had a panic attack.

Getting done with the file, he placed it on his table. Turning around and taking a look at the office. It was a mayhem. Men were spritzing perfumes, women were huddled in a group God knows whispering what.

Miles could only guess.

Taking a look at his wrist watch, he sighed. Now it was his time for the little speech he always gave. You would think these grown ass people would have gotten it by now. .but oh no!

He went towards the front, clasping his hands together.

No one gave him any attention.

"Alright guys! Enough of that!" He clapped his hands in the air a few times to get their attention. "Patricia for fuck sake stop talking!! Brad fix your damn zipper!! Mrs Meyers please not this lipstick again! The rules everyone! Rule #1 ! Answer when you're spoken to! Rule #2 ! Don't stare! Rule #3! Being polite is the key! Rule #4 ! Keep your mouth shut!"

Miles got breathless at the end.

Murmurers broke out amongst his peers.

"Dear, how is this one?" Mrs Meyers asked him, pouting her pink lips.

"Better than what you had on." Miles said honestly.

She beamed, blushing hard. Her apple cheeks staining with red.

Just when Miles thought he could breath, John came rushing in. The old man's eyes were wide.

"He's here!"

Miles liked to call it the showdown.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Maximus Santos moved like a dark storm. No one knew when it would arrive. Or descend upon them. Just when you think he is faraway, he would be standing on the threshold of your house.

Nothing seemed to escape his sharp eyes as he checked his emails. Lips pressed in a tight line. Green eyes reading every word carefully. His eyebrows knotted in concentration.

"Sir, we are here."

The driver droned in a mechanical voice.

He leaned back as the black SUV turned around smoothly towards the tall building. Intimidating as him. As out of place as him.

The car slid into the parking lot.

The engine cutting off.

Immediate next second his door was opened, the guard bowing slightly. Maximus slipped out. Standing tall on his feet. The rich blue button down shirt rolled down to his elbows showing off the thick sinewy veins.

He didn't wait.

He moved with determined steps towards the entrance of the building. Just as he got near, the glass doors burst open, revealing a harassed Miles.

He stood by the door to welcome him.

Maximus was on the doorstep in quick few steps.

Miles had his hands clasped on his back.

"Sir."

He was given a curt nod. He didn't like to be stop anywhere. As he walked onwards, Miles too joined him. . humming a little at how fast he was moving.

"We had the meeting down with the Barons and they are asking for some heavy money." Miles said hurriedly.

Maximus was going towards the sleek elevator. He entered the silver box while Miles barely managed to get in at the last second because Maximus had pressed the button. The elevator pinged to life.

"How much?"

"One billion."

Miles gulped when green eyes fell on him. His hard mouth moving.

"How much is one billion?"

Miles stammered. "It's —its—"

Green eyes glanced away.

And Miles felt his bones chilling. He might as well have signed his resignation letter right here.

"This can cost you your job." He stated and Miles nodded because he had watched it happen.

"Sorry sir. I got—"

"It's one thing not to know and it's another to act like you know."

Miles could feel his breakfast lurching up.

"I don't know the answer to that."

There goes his job, Miles's forehead had perspiration on it and he didn't have the courage to wipe it away.

Thankfully God was great as the elevators door opened and he walked out. Miles lagged behind like a lost puppy.

Maximus was moving towards his room, his sharp eyes grazing everyone's face. No one dared look up. Fingers were clacking away on the keyboard. Eyes were stuck to the screen. Spines were erect.

His green eyes swept over everyone and then went straight towards his room. Miles thanked the lord above that no one caught his eyes. No one was going to be fired today.

Clutching the cross hidden under his shirt, he too moved into the lion's den. Watching him place his wallet on the glass table. Slipping out his iPhone. . checking it again.

As if Miles wasn't standing in the room.

It was time to leave, unscathed.

Turning around, he took a few steps towards the door. . his hand outstretched towards the handle when—

"The old woman with the hideous lips. What's her name?"

Miles shut his eyes, cursing under his breath.

Mrs Meyers! Sweet of Mrs Meyers, a single parent and the sole bread earner of her family.

"Mrs Meyers. She isn't. . old, sir and—"

"When you're talking to me, don't give me your back."

The voice wasn't stern. Or hard and yet Miles felt his intestines churning. . slowly, he turned at his boss who was busy on his cell.

Swiping left and right.

He cleared his throat.

"Sir, Mrs Meyers just turned 40 and she's the sole bread earner of her family."

Mrs Meyers better pay him back for putting his job on line.

Maximus frowned slightly. Not at him. At the screen.

A slash appearing on top of his right eyebrow.

"Fire her. I don't want her to represent my name." He said it in a cool voice.

"But sir—"

Green eyes looked up at him.

And Miles nodded immediately.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

As soon as he entered the glorious mansion, he was craving a drink. A drink cold enough to numb him out.

Just as he started for the kitchen, a feminine figure appeared out of nowhere in the lounge..

It seemed like he missed her because she had been there all this time, waiting.

Her arms crossed against her chest. A slight scowl on her pretty face.

And then it hit him.

"Shit—fuck. D, I can explain." He cursed darkly. Drink forgotten, he ate up the distance between them in two long strides.

Shit! How could he forget?

The woman turned her body around, giving him her back. Her black hair cascading down in waves. Her full lips turned down. Eyes sad.

"I'm sorry." Was all he said because he didn't know what else to do. His hands moved around helplessly in the air.

He seemed in pain to know she was in pain.

Because. .

The person in front of him mattered more than his entire existence. She could ask him the world and he would bring it down to her feet.

And now. .his world wasn't looking at him.

Her delicate shoulders slacked down. .as she turned towards him. Looking haughty.

Her green eyes seemed betrayed and it was maddening to see her like that!

He moved again, his arms going on her shoulders in a gentle manner as he looked into the pair of eyes that held his world.

"Ask me anything and you'll have it. Anything you want. Right here right now." He said so lightly. a slight tinge of desperation in his voice. A tender look in his eyes that made a small smile tug at the corner of her lips.

"All I wanted today was my brother to wish me birthday but apparently he was too busy to do that." She smiled and his heart felt back to its axis.

She smiled and hesmiled.

"Happy birthday, Diana." He said it from his heart.

"Thanks, little one." She grinned seeing him roll his eyes. And then her grin turned into a wishful look. "If only mom was here. She would have seen—"

His eyes shut down but he didn't let her catch it.

Maximus cupped her cheek.

"You're here, D and that's enough for me. .that's more than enough. That'll here always be enough for me."

xxxxxxxxxxxxxx