He was tall.

At about 6’1”, he towered over my 5’4” height and made me feel shorter than I usually did.

I watched as yet another female walked out of his office, looking flustered and flushed with embarrassment as she readjusted her business skirt.

“Ms. Johnson?” An old lady wearing a pink plaid jacket called out, pushing her glasses back up the bridge of her nose as she scanned the waiting area.

I stood up at the sound of my name and greeted her with a nervous nod and a smile that probably turned out more like a grimace.

“This way please.” The lady said, escorting me into the office that nine other girls had previously entered – and exited - before me.

I clutched tightly at the folder containing my carefully listed skills and qualifications; I had worked all week to perfect it, just for a chance at this job.

“Thank you,” I muttered. She gave me a reassuring pat on the shoulder before exiting the room quietly and shutting the door behind her with a soft ‘thud.’

I let out a nervous sigh before turning around to meet the man I’d only ever seen on billboards, the internet and magazines. It was the first time I would see him in person.

“Name,” he stated, a deep British accent lacing the singular, blunt word.

I cleared my throat and wiped my sweaty palms on my grey pencil skirt. “Hello,” I said, “My name is Emily Johnson.” I smiled nervously at the authority figure seated on a large leather chair behind a dark, polished marble desk so large it almost took up the entire length of the office.

He didn’t glance in my direction as I walked forward and placed my resume on his desk with shaky hands.

“Take a seat,” he muttered, still staring intently at his computer screen.

I nodded, even though I knew he wasn’t going to be paying attention to the gesture. “Thank you.” I took a seat in one of the navy coloured leather chairs that were placed in front of his desk, and gripped the arm of the chair with such force that I watched my knuckles turn white.

A few silent moments passed before his hazel green eyes flickered in my direction briefly, and then doing a double take.

I felt my eyes widen slightly and I visibly swallowed from nervousness. Was I not wearing the correct clothing? Did he recognise me from somewhere? The nerves creating the knot in my stomach became stronger, and I felt the knot begin to expand.

“Ms. Johnson, was it?” he asked, raising an eyebrow as his gaze slowly scanned my attire before coming back to meet my eyes.

I gulped and nodded, causing him to smirk and get out of his seat.

“I- I have a resume…” My voice trailed off, the thought continued only by the finger I pointed toward the folder I had so painstakingly spent hours on. He wasn’t paying attention to that. Instead, he walked over to where I was sitting until he stood directly in front of me.

“Get up.” His tone was commanding, and I felt my body jerk out of the seat before my brain could process what was happening.

Looking at him in closer now, I saw that the magazines and pictures I had seen him in did not do him justice.

Who was he, exactly? He was Adrian Kingston, the 25-year-old-billionare-playboy who owns Kingston Corp. His father spent 23 years building the company, which now includes over 350 hotels and offices in New York City alone. I knew this because I had done my research before arriving for this job interview – to become his assistant in the Head Office of the Cooperation.

He suddenly moved closer, so close, that I could smell the mixture of cologne and aftershave he was wearing and was able to identify dimple marks in his cheeks while he smirked down at me. From this distance, it was also hard to miss the thick lashes that surrounded his eyes.

“What do you think of me, Ms. Johnson?” he asked, snaking an arm around my waist and pulling me towards his solid torso.

My eyes widened in shock and I felt my cheeks begin to turn scarlet. “I-,” I stuttered, “I don’t really know you well enough to answer that, s-sir.” I inched my face back to put some distance between our close proximity.

Adrian ignored my attempt to move away and leaned in so that his lips were near my ear. “Do I make you feel nervous?” he whispered, nibbling at my earlobe as I felt my throat go dry.

“I wouldn’t say you; t- the job is what I’m nervous about. If you would look at my resume-”

His lips moved down so that he was trailing light kisses onto my collarbone. “If I don’t make you nervous, do I turn you on?” he asked in a hoarse voice, pressing our bodies closer to each other than before.

“I-” I cleared my throat and frowned slightly, “I don’t think what you’re asking is in context as to what this interview is about. My resume-”

“Why look at a piece of paper when I have a beautiful woman standing right here?” he smirked. “You have a nice ass, by the way.” I felt one of his hands slowly slide down from my waist to my rear and giving it a rough squeeze.

I gasped and jumped in his hold, before pulling away in frustration. “Excuse me, Mr. Kingston. I am here solely to achieve my goal of getting this job. I don’t know what you’re trying to do – and quite frankly, I don’t like it either. You’re rude and disrespectful. Now, if you don’t want to look over my credentials and qualifications,” I snatched the resume that I had spent hours putting together off his desk, “Then my business here is done. Thank you for your time.”

I glared and turned to leave but then remembered something else I wanted to say. I stopped in my tracks and turned back to face him. “Oh, and you want to know what I think of you now? I think you’re a spoiled little rich sleaze who thinks he can have everyone he encounters, eating out of the palm of his hand.”

I slung my bag over my shoulder and stormed out of the office without glancing back.

So that’s why all the girls that got interviewed walked out flustered, I thought to myself as I walked past the remaining applicants. Good luck to them. Seriously.

“Uh, excuse me! Ms. Johnson!” The old lady who had escorted me into Mr. Kingston’s office shouted just as I reached the halfway point down the hall.

“Yes?” I replied, looking back in confusion. Had I forgotten something? I mentally scanned my bag. Everything was there…

“Mr. Kingston wanted me to inform you that you have gotten the job. You start as of right now, and your first task is to get rid of all the remaining applicants. Welcome to the team.” She gave me a sympathetic smile before shuffling back down the hall way and disappearing into a room on her right.

I stood in shock for a few moments, processing the news the lady had just revealed. I got the job? Me? The one who snapped at him a called him a spoiled little rich boy? How does that even work?

Unsure about what just happened and how I felt about it all, I decided to shake off my shock and try to complete the first task given me by the unpredictable man who was apparently my new boss. Get rid of the rest of the applicants. I scoffed internally; of course he’d make his newly hired assistant do his dirty work.

I walked back to the group of girls who were giggling amongst themselves. They stopped abruptly when they noticed me smiling nervously in their direction.