



My new boss likes rules, but there's one nobody dares to break...No touching his banana. Seriously. The guy is like a potassium addict. Of course, I touched it. If you want to get technical, I actually put it in my mouth. I chewed it up, too... I even swallowed. I know. Bad, bad, girl. Then I saw him, and believe it or not, choking on a guy's banana does not make the best first impression. I should backtrack a little here. Before I ever touched a billionaire's banana, I got my first real assignment as a business reporter. This wasn't the same old bottom-of-the-barrel assignment I always got. I wasn't going to interview a garbage man about his favorite routes or write a piece on how picking up dog poop from people's yards is the next big thing. Nope. None of the above, thank you very much. This was my big break. My chance to prove I wasn't a bumbling, clumsy, accident-prone walking disaster. I was infiltrating Galleon Enterprises to follow up on suspicions of corruption. Cue the James Bond music. I could do this. All I had to do was land the position as an intern and nail my interview with Bruce Chamberlain. Forget the fact that he looked like somebody carved him out of liquid female desire, then sprinkled on some "makes men question their sexuality" for good measure. I needed to make this work. No accidents. No disasters. No clumsiness. All I needed to do was hold it together for less than an hour. Fast forward to the conference room before the interview, and that's where you would find me with a banana in my hand. A banana that literally had his name on it in big, black sharpie. It was a few seconds later when he walked in and caught me yellow-handed. A few seconds after that was when he hired me. Yeah. I know. It didn't seem like a good sign to me, either.

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