

CHAPTER FIVE

One afternoon a week later, I went into Joe's office to look for a stapler. I couldn't see it on the desk and opened a drawer. He walked through the door.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" After slamming the door, he marched over. His rigid and powerful posture dared me to speak.

"Nothing, I only wanted...a s-stap—" I fumbled my words.

"Do I mess with your stuff?" he demanded.

I stared.

"Well, do I? Have I ever rummaged through your desk?" His face was scarlet, and a pulse drummed in his temple. His fists opened and closed as if they had a mind of their own.

What could I say?

"No, but—"

"Then stay away from mine." His brows were stormy. "I hate it when things are out of order. What if I couldn't find something? I'm a lawyer. Time is money. And I don't want to have to tell you this again. Have some respect."

"Yes, Joe."

"What's the matter with you anyway? Is there someone else? Is that why you're always on that bloody computer? Your stuttering is a dead giveaway that you're guilty about something." He stepped back and folded his arms, assessing me.