The Equivalence Principle

by thisisonlineright

Summary

All she needs is just one reason to like her boss, but the reason she gets is more than she can take.

Notes

Okay, this story is definitely a cross between my other two stories The Baser Urge Manifestation and the defunct Magnitude of Gravity. So expect smut and the dark themes of the latter story.

Disclaimer: Sheldon is dark and slightly OOC here for a reason that will be revealed somewhere down the road. Also, the only thing I own is the story and the stories I ripped off. Ha. Oh, and eventual smut—we'll get there, I promise.
equivvalence principle (noun) - a basic postulate of general relativity, stating that at any point of space-time the effects of a gravitational field cannot be experimentally distinguished from those due to an accelerated frame of reference.

Penny often wondered how exactly she got into this position. Because really, this was far from what she wanted to do.

All she wanted was to be an actress; whether it be on television or in a play or in a movie—she didn't care as long as she got to act. She didn't want to grow up in a farm, tipping cows or harvesting corn, or marrying some idiot guy that knocked her up. She wanted to make it big in the city, be famous for her looks or her acting, be the new Audrey Hepburn or something and you know, be famous. It was her big dream, that made her move from Nebraska all the way to California—

… To be the secretary of—who may be—the craziest man-slash-tycoon on the face of the planet.

Cause really, how hard was it to indicate the fact that an 'audition' was actually a lousy (well, not that lousy) job interview. So yeah, what she thought was an audition for a one line extra or something was actually a secretary hunt thing and the odd director—who she flipped off later on—was apparently the 'big boss' of a really big pharmaceutical company.

So, instead of delivering lines with great finesse, she had to answer some of the weirdest questions on the planet (what the hell was a romulan?) and discovered that she had patience of steel. It took a good fifty-two minutes before she had had enough of the whacko questions and flipped the damn interviewer, and the silent man beside him. Once she had calmed herself, the three men talked to each other, and told her that she got the job. Apparently, anyone who could at least last thirty minutes with the man got the job.

Now, she was working for the great, almighty Dr. Cooper—who wasn't really a real doctor, he just had a stupid doctorate. He was the epitome of annoying, irritating, condescending, narcissistic and arrogant all rolled up in one, gigantic ass of a man. Not only was he the poster boy of annoying, he was also the shittiest boss in the world who acted as if she was a rock that moved.

She could tell that her boss loathed her, and well, the feelings were mutual. Had it not been for the big ass paycheck she got (with all the awesome benefits) she would've quit. From the first day that she was hired. He was that bad, and there wasn't a day that she didn't want to get a gun and shoot him in the face.

Which was probably why his little posse practically cried when the timer buzzed and she was still there. According to one of them, Mr. Cooper's (she ignored the Dr. to piss him off) last secretary Bailey had lasted a month before quitting. They tried to get her to stay, but she swore that she'd kill herself first before working for him again. That should've been her first sign to quit.

The second should've been when he opened his damn mouth to insult her for believing in astrology. Instead, she just flipped him off, and that was when the two men started clapping and drew up her shiny new contract that allowed her a monthly shopping spree. Shoes over everything. That's the stupid motto that got her this position in this damn company. Oh the irony.

Nearly a year later, nothing much has changed; she still hated him and knew zilch about him. Well,
that was wrong, as she kind of knew some facts about him. He had a strict routine that he followed, and she was often dragged along with it. Like fetching his barbecue bacon cheeseburger from Big Boy's on Tuesday nights, pretending that his Casual Friday superhero shirts weren't tacky and the she understood his weird whiteboards about strings.

Bernadette, the head microbiologist of the company, once said something about Sheldon actually molding himself to be some kind of scientist but she really didn't listen much. Bernadette was usually her source for information (gossip) about her boss whenever they had lunch and quickly became her best friend.

The microbiologist had been in the company for about four years now and was one of the few (three) people that her boss considered as friends, so she knew a lot about him, including info about his family that he'd never tell her about. She was the one who told her of how—according to legend—the reason why her boss got the company because the real owner (who was her boss' dad's boss) had no kids, saw her boss' potential and molded him to run the company.

There were also rumors that the real owner was actually his dad (which was impossible as the photo of the deceased Cooper looked just like her boss) and other rumors that she wasn't interested. Plus, according to Bernadette, he had siblings back in Texas that he was estranged to; Junior and Melissa who he both hated.

She wasn't too surprised at that. Halfway through her second month at the company, a package came from one George Cooper (she was right that he was a relative) from Texas and he just threw it away. Without even looking at it. Ignoring him, she took the package back to her desk and opened it to see a picture of a baby accompanied by a note she didn't read. Said letter was in her desk just in case he ever looked for it. He still hasn't,

Two people he did care about, though, was his grandmother and his mother. At the end of each week, he'd tell her to mail letters and packages for him. He always sent his grandmother a letter on how he was and his mother something he told her to buy. He often spoke well about the two women; nothing less than love and affection for both, and some snide comments about his mother whenever she called up on him.

Those two people were the ones who disproved the theory between the employees of her boss being a robot, which she totally thought was true after actually spending a day with the guy. He had two commonly used facial expressions; the bored, uncaring, why-do-you-even-think-I-care look, and the arrogant, condescending, slightly judgmental you're-so-dumb-and-I'm-so-smart-why-are-you-even-breathing-when-you're-so-worthless look he gave everyone. Especially her.

The other day, her boss was in such a good mood that he actually asked her how her weekend was. "And how was your weekend, Penelope?" It had shocked her that it wasn't his usual I'm-the-boss-so-why-am-I-always-coming-in-earlier-than-you tone that he gave her the second he sees her at her desk. It was kind, friendly and seemed a bit happy.

She had been so glad that she almost hugged him. She thought that it was finally the day that he respected, and so she took the opportunity to engage in the banal chit chat that he hated. "Well, I went to the movies with my friends, then we went to a bar! It was pretty fun and they even gave a big discount on all of our drinks."

Her boss had stared at her with judgement as she continued on how her friend got so drunk that she got into a fight. Once she was finished, he frowned, the previous kindness getting thrown out of the window, and slammed a bonded stack of papers on her desk. "You compiled the bi-monthly company reports in the wrong way. Repeat it in the order I taught you, and make sure to submit it
He shook her head at her, and she just wished she could flip him off again like she did during her interview. "I honestly do not understand why you fail at such menial tasks." Then he disappeared into his office, and she made sure that his burger would have extra hidden spit in it. Lots of it. It had been too good to be true.

Now that she thought about it, she really was an actress. Her current role; pretending that she liked and respected her boss. The problem was, he just wasn't giving her a good enough reason to like him. Cause really, all she needed was—

"—Penny, snap out of it." A familiar voice demanded, causing her to startle in her chair and minimize the window for that new dating website at the same time. "What is that?"

She raised an eyebrow at him then glanced at her browser—which, was still on the damn dating website. Crap. There goes her no 'what-you're-doing-is-wrong/inappropriate' lecture from the boss day. "Uh… a website?"

His scowl deepened and she could tell that she was in for a good scolding. "During office hours? While I ordered you to do the sales report for the international market?"

She gave him her usual reaction to his little rants; a smile that just screamed 'I'm sorry.' "Uh… if I admit that I'm slacking off, will you cut the lecture and get to the point?"

There was a moment of silence—consideration, she hoped—before he tilted his head to the side and slammed a stack of folders on her desk. His mouth eerily stretched into what would be considered as a smile that can only be seen on a serial killer's face. "And allow you to continue slacking off? I don't think so. Here are the reports I want you to look through."

"Great, more work. I love work," she sarcastically said, taking the set of folders and adding it to her already tall 'to do' bin. She stared at the ever growing stack then glanced up at her boss. "Anything else, boss?"

He blinked down at her, looking like he had something to tell/ask her but was hesitating to. Damn right, you should hesitate, she hissed in her mind, you and all of the work I'm not supposed to do are the reason why I have to resort to going on dating websites. He looked around the floor—everyone was busy as usual—before moving closer to her desk. "I need some advice."


Another beat of awkward silence passed between them before he sighed. "Advice on dating."

Had she been drinking something, she probably would've spit it all over him. "Holy crap on a cracker, did you just say that you were going on a date? No—you have a deal?"

"I'm going to ignore that and spare you the lecture," he grumbled as he narrowed his eyes at her, looking like an angry dog ready to bite. "But yes, I am going on a date. Advice? Now?"

Who would have thought that her human hating, anti-love boss would ever go on a date? Bernadette was going to love this! "Wait, I thought that you consider things like that to be beneath you cause you like, just don't have a deal?"

His scowl deepened and she swore that it was becoming permanent. Poor guy. Or not. He was an ass. "It is beneath me… but, I owe Raj a favor and this is me doing said favor. Now that that's done, advice? Tips? I don't have all day."
Even at times when he was the one who needed something, he still had the audacity to be demanding. God, if she could just give him a taste of junior rodeo… she'd probably be thrown in jail for assault. Oh well. She could still dream. "Hey, if you just told me earlier, I could've given you a whole class. Don't blame me, boss."

"If you just check my schedule for once, you'd see that I have notified you two days ago." He gestured to her phone that sat beside he keyboard and snorted. "Go on. See for yourself."

She glared at him then checked his schedule on her phone—and crap, he was right. He did notify her. Again, oh well. "Sorry bout that, boss. That won't happen again!"

He sent her a look of contempt then crossed his arms, "remind me again why I pay you. Now, give me the advice and make it quick. I have to meet Raj's friend in half an hour."

It just dawned to her that even her socially retarded asshole boss had a date and she didn't. Whoa. Maybe this was one of those parallel worlds that he always blabbed about. She really needed a date or two. Her boss was really wearing her down. "Well, practically just let her talk about herself. You talk about yourself too much. Oh, and compliment her on how she looks. That's practically the basics aside from you paying."

"Hmm… that doesn't sound too hard," he stated with a small shrug. He must really have been thinking about this date. Who'da think. "Well, I'm off. Make sure that you finish all of the paperwork that you've been ignoring." He glanced at the bin filled with folders and papers then back at her. "I expect all of those to be on my desk first thing tomorrow as we have several meetings to prepare for."

He gave her some kind of strangled look before heading off to the elevators and not a single thank you was said. Nor was there a 'since I'm leaving early, you can go home now' exchange that occurred, just when she thought that a date meant her getting to go home early. Cause why can't two inevitable things happen at the same time, right?

Oh, what an absolute joy it was to work for Sheldon Cooper!

Note the sarcasm.

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Hours later, after everyone had gone home, Penny found herself bored out of her mind; glaring at the stupid paperwork and wishing that some magical being would arrive to do it for her. Cause really, she was a good looking twenty-four year old that could get any man she wanted with a snap of her fingers! She shouldn't be stuck in a big office doing paperwork. If things had just gone as planned, she would've been married to some, old, rich guy who bought her everything by now!

She wasn't a bad person, what did she even do to deserve this? Kay. So she stole a couple of boyfriends back in high school, but that doesn't count! She was still a kid then (so what if kids aren't supposed to do that?) and only did it to spite those annoying girls who thought that they were all that—but that wasn't the point!

The point was—and this really was an important matter—why the heck was she single and stuck with the boss worse than death?! It had dawned to her that not only was she overworked (she really was, no matter how much her boss disagreed) she was also very sexually frustrated. Her last date was the night before she started working here.

"I really need to get laid," she muttered before seeing her boss' shiny nameplate that was placed on the wall behind her. "This is all your fault. If you weren't such an ass and allowed me to go home
early, I might have been on a date by now!"

The nameplate stared back at her.

"Great," she sighed, undoing her tied hair and leaning on her palm. "Now I've gone insane. This job is just getting better and better. Not only do I get to work overtime, but I also get a whole deserted floor all to myself!" She (faux) enthusiastically bolted from her chair and scanned the floor. "Literally zero people!"

Seriously, there was no one left other than the security guards in the lobby and the cleaning staff in the entire building. Oh, and her. Because unlike everyone else in this company, she had to do every single thing he told her to do. Even if it meant staying at a creepy dimly lit floor all by herself. If only she could do something to get back at him—

She slowly turned her body to face the enclosed office behind her as a mischievous idea popped into her devious mind. She had an idea on how to kill two birds with one stone; resolving her issue with her 'frustration' and playing an evil prank on her jerk of a boss. It was brilliant! Regardless of the fact that he could never know of what she did.

Penny glanced around to make sure that there really was no one on the floor (better safe than sorry) before she slowly backed up towards her boss' office and opened the door. There were no security cameras there—proven when Sheldon said "I may not have eyes in this room, but I can sense if you were snooping around"—and if what he was saying was true, then ha! Trick or treat, jerk.

She closed the door behind her and immediately saw the fancy giant leather desk chair that he loved more than anything. Smirking, she rounded the table and plopped down on the chair—which was so comfortable—to begin her evil plan. Well, it was exactly evil, but it was to her, considering her boss' blatant germaphobia.

"Well boss," she said to pretty much nothing—narcissistic ol' Sheldon apparently wasn't narcissistic enough to have photos of himself in his office that she could flip off—as she propped a leg on his desk and moving her crisp pencil skirt up. "Fuck you."

And so, she started working on her 'diabolical' plan.

"—dude, you shouldn't have left her alone! What if she gets mad?"

Who cares if that unpleasant woman gets mad? I have no plans of ever seeing her again, Sheldon thought as Raj babbled through his phone while he marched through the building lobby. "That obviously does not concern me. You said she was sane."

"Sheldon, anyone would get mad if you say that the eat like someone who hasn't had anything to eat in years!" Raj boomed, causing him to pull his phone away from his ear. This was the problem with him agreeing to the foolish dates that Raj continuously sets up for him. Nearly all of them were crazy, and he knew crazy. His mother had him tested.

He strongly regretted asking Raj for that stupid favor of getting information in exchange for him going on a date with someone he knew. He had never really understood the man's dedication to getting him to go on a date, but it there was an award for that, Raj would've won it. He would also win the award for worst match maker in the world.

Like with his date tonight who clearly had no table manners whatsoever. Was it really wrong of him to politely point out that she was eating like a barbarian and that barbecue sauce was not a substitute for lipstick? No, that was just him being concerned about the welfare of others that
everyone always misunderstands!

Then that vile woman just upped, yelled that he looked like a bug and left. But not before marching back, grabbing the closest glass of water (thank his mother’s god he didn’t order any drinks yet) and pouring it on his itchy, uncomfortable dress pants that Raj forced him to wear. Now he was angry and wet. Not a good combination.

He pressed the button for his floor. "But that wouldn't have happened if she had just ate like how a normal person should. Why do you keep on making me meet women who are just absolutely incorrigible? I asked for a favor, I didn't do a crime. This worse than going to jail."

"Are you just saying that because of your little ego?"

Why was he still even talking to him? This conversation was going absolutely nowhere and he had a pair of dry pants in his office that was calling his name. That, and he figured that helping his slacker secretary with the paperwork she never did would actually accomplish something compared to going on a foolish date. "Raj, if this was about my little ego, I wouldn't even have appeared. I have to go help Penny, have a good night."

"Wait—" aand end call. He was sure that this conversation would continue once they play paintball tomorrow. There really was no use of talking about it as Raj probably already had another woman for him to go on a date on—as if his life wasn't busy enough. He had a lot more important things to do.

… Like making sure that his secretary actually did her work.

Sheldon jumped slightly when the elevator dinged and opened it's doors for him. He'd have to get Wolowitz to make the darn elevators to announce the floor in a quieter, less heart attack causing way. He absolutely could not afford to die from a heart attack just because a robot voice surprised him.

He was about to wonder why the blonde wasn't at her post when his hearing picked up a certain… sound.

"O-hh god!"

Curiosity getting the best of him, he slowly approached his office; his eyes wide and his pulse racing as the moans grew louder and louder. He was no fool—unlike the others—he knew what that sound meant. He understood the scenarios in which they were elicited and had experienced them first hand, much to some people's assumptions.

Sheldon also knew whose voice that was—how couldn't he? he saw her nearly every day of the week—and swore that if she wasn't in extreme physical pain and had somehow brought a random, suspicious stranger into his office (she was already getting a strike for even being in his office longer than required) for reason he really did not care about, she was going to finally discover what it meant for him to be angry.

Taking a deep breath, he sidled up to his door and noticed that it was opened slightly; hoping that she had just decided to use the tv in his office for some kind of exercise that he would never have allowed her to do. Because really, he had thought that she would just be slacking off like usual or snooping around in his office while he was gone.

But she wasn't.

Maybe she really was just slacking off (if this was what she defined as ‘slacking off’) but that
obviously wasn't what she was doing. His eyes immediately settled on one of her legs that was on his desk then to the other one that was propped against the edge of the wood; the dirty sole of her shoe probably scratching the surface as she writhed against her hand that the desk blocked from his sight.

He couldn't move nor breathe as his brain finally processed what was happening in front of him. He took in her disheveled appearance (hair wild, formerly crisp navy blue blouse opened to reveal her dark bra) before his eyes shifted upwards to see Penny's head thrown back against the chair, squirming—in the very seat that he sat on as he worked—gasping as she continued pleasuring herself.

He stepped back from his office, swallowed the lump that formed in his throat and tried to calm himself down. "Fascinating..." he breathlessly whispered as the sound of Penny's moans filled his office. He glanced at the door one last time and sent it a smirk before making his way towards the elevator. He had hundreds of pants at home.

As the elevator door closed, his mind became filled with thoughts about his sassy little secretary who suddenly became a lot more interesting.
Intriguing; that was a word Sheldon could use to define his blonde secretary.

… Tantalizing could work, too. Actually, it described her perfectly—she was something that he couldn't have and that tormented him every single day. From the first day that he saw her in the board room where they conducted her interview at (she looked so cheerful and optimistic that it actually made him wonder what exactly was so great about the situation) to this very day where he would sneak a glance at her when she wasn't looking.

There was just… something about her that drew him to her. Obsessed was a strong word, but he had to admit that was what he was to her—well, he preferred the word 'fixated' as that sounded less negative. It was as if he was a magnet that quickly attaches to a piece of metal nearby.

And he didn't like that. Not one bit.

But what could he do? He didn't want to be fixated on her—especially with there being several other better things to be fixated on—and never had any intentions of even hiring her! If it weren't for Howard and Raj's prodding, he never would have agreed to even meeting her. Based on her resume alone, she clearly wasn't qualified to be his secretary.

That was actually the main reason why he had yet to do anything about his fixation with her—her annoying quirks that were too blatant to ignore. Like her irritating habit of calling him boss or Mr. Cooper instead of Doctor like she should. She even had the audacity to call him Sheldon sometimes, as if she was on his level!

There's also her infuriating quirk of talking loud while on the phone; going on various social media sites when there was work to be done, making her station (and the front of his office) a pig sty and doing her nails—all during office hours! It was as if she didn't even want to do her job.

Regardless of all of that, he still could not the state he caught her in nearly a week ago. That was the curse of having an eidetic memory; everything was so vivid and hard to ignore. Each time he saw her, all he could see was how she writhed in his chair—said chair was now being avoided by him because he wasn't that obsessed—and whenever she spoke, all he heard was how breathless she was as she moaned.

The image popped into his mind every single time he needed to concentrate on something and it was getting so distracting that he was willing to do anything just to keep his mind away from it. He simply could not afford to get an erection while he spoke to the head of an international medical equipment company who was talking about a joint venture while his mind replayed Penny masturbating again and again.

Because of that, he had to do something he strongly disliked; he went on the dates that Raj set up for him.

Going on dates with various didn't really clear his mind of Penny (his mind went on Penny mode whenever there was silence between him and his date) but it did help with him thinking of something other than her. Like how his date chewed too loudly, or how her laugh was too annoyingly high pitched.

He'd punish Penny for making him go through this hell, but that would mean him revealing what he saw to her. And he was not good with confrontations. Or telling people how he felt. Or having
to admit that he really was affected by such carnal things and that yes, he had a deal and that he (like normal males) did get aroused because—surprise, surprise!—he was not a robot.

If he had a rare comic book for each time that someone thought he was some kind of robot, he would have a complete collection of collectibles by now.

... And he did.

"—so, like, my friend was totally—you're not gonna believe this!—drunk and, like, punched the guy!"

Sheldon resisted the urge to just get up and leave as his date (#15; bottled blonde, brown eyes, roughly 5'4 sans heels and probably had her lips and chest done) went on and on about how her friend totally always made a scene when drunk. In comparison to the previous dates, this one was just so terrible that he was considering cutting Raj's salary. She was that bad.

"The guy she punched was cute, too!" She said as she took a sip from her wine glass. He was having milk. She was on her third glass of unreasonably priced fermented grape juice. "I mean, can you believe her?"

He stared blankly at her, considering his options. If he goes with what he really wants to do (leaving and going home) Raj would probably call him up again to whine about how he needs to stops insulting everyone. But, if he just pretends to care, she'll keep on blabbering about something and the night would eventually end with him saying goodbye and rushing home. "No, I can't."

Her dark eyebrows furrowed in confusion for a second before she started laughing, drawing the attention of some of the people eating near them. "Right?! Then there's this one time..."

Sheldon tuned her out from there and tried to think of what he could send his mother and grandmother. It had been a while since he sent them anything (he was busy with a lawsuit from someone saying that their new product cause him to get sick) and wanted to get them something nice. Penny probably knew something that would—

His mind suddenly switched to the sight of Penny in his office that night then to a mental image of her half naked; wearing one of his dress shirts with a seductive smirk on her face as she slowly made her way to him. She had her hair down—something she barely did at work—and he could smell her green apple shampoo that he loved so much.

Penny took one step closer before stopping and undoing the last few buttons on his shirt. He could feel his pants tighten as she shrugged his shirt off and placed a hand on his chest. She placed a hand on the side of his face before standing on her tiptoes and whispering, "come on, boss, what are you waiting for?—"

"—for? And I said, I was, like, waiting for you, you big dummy!" Her high pitched laugh snapped him out of his thoughts and suddenly made him aware of the growing erection in his pants.

Goddamn Penny and her stupid decision to masturbate in his office! If she had just behaved like someone who actually respected her boss, she wouldn't have the guts nor the decency to do that! If only he could fire her... no, he should! She was the worst secretary in the world who couldn't even get any work done, surely he could replace her!

But... Penny was actually the longest secretary he ever had. Most of them quit after a month of working for him. If she fired him, they'd have to go through the process of interviews all over again and he had not time for that tedious process again. That, and he didn't want her out of his sight.
Who knows what she'd do if she lost her job. She'd probably become a waitress or something she would also fail at.

Wait, why was he thinking about her again?!

He glanced back down at his pants and cringed; he was slightly more aroused than he was a few seconds ago… by just thinking about his secretary. What was wrong with him?! He was a successful, powerful and intelligent man with an IQ of 187; he was not supposed to get aroused over—oh, there was no point of even trying to explain.

"I'm sorry, I have to leave," he stood, pulled his wallet out and placed money on the table. "It was somewhat pleasant to meet you."

His date's eyes grew wide with surprise and before she could say something stupid, he made his way out of the restaurant that Raj insisted him to go to. His date was probably calling Raj by now, but he could deal with that later. They were going to see each at work, anyway, so there was no point on even picking his call up.

He was going to some alone time to deal with his little problem.

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Four days day and one 'session' later, he found a way to keep his mind off his secretary for at least a few minutes. All he had to do was think about comic books or either Star Wars or Star Trek and he would be able to clear his mind for a while. It wasn't much, but it would do for now.

"Hey boss," he glanced up from his paperwork and saw Penny standing at the door carrying a few folders. "Here are the things you asked me to do, right when you want them."

Superheroes that have names with the same first letter, he announced in his mind, avoiding his secretary's eyes and focusing on both the document he was reading and Superhero names. Fantastic Four and Sue Storm. "I'm surprised that you actually got that finished," he glanced the folders then turned back to the papers in front of him. "Are those all done? Every single one?"

"Uhh… well, about that…" Reed Richards, Victor Von Doom, Matt Murdoch. "I may have skipped a few things that I personally thought could be done at a later time. Like, uh, the one about how our rival companied are doing."

Multiple Man, Peter Parker, Bruce Banner. He took the folder, skimmed through it then put it back at the bin that sat at the corner of his desk. "No matter, I'll get Wolowitz to do that. He enjoys snooping around the rival companies and pretending that he's some sort of double agent."

"Great! That means that I can go home early right?"

He glanced up at her hopeful face then quickly returned to his paperwork. "No."

"A date…? Why would I go on a date…” he thought for a moment before glancing at his phone
that had a notification of his date with another one of Raj's friends. "Oh! Right! I do have a date later. Thank you for reminding me."

He sent Raj a confirmation text then went back to his paperwork. Surely after the several bad dates, Raj would have a decent friend for once. He decided that he'd stop agreeing to this once he got over the mental image of Penny pleasuring herself. He was actually doing better now—he hadn't thought of it since he left his home.

He wasn't sure if it was because of the dates, focusing on his hobbies or work but he didn't care as long as it worked. Maybe he was just too traumatized by the image popping up at the worst of times that he's somehow managed to control its frequency. It was just so nice to not get an erection while speaking to people.

"So..." he scowled as his secretary spoke again, "you're going on another date, huh. Who's the lucky girl this time, boss?"

"I thought you left," he calmly stated, signing his name on the designated area. "Don't you have other important things to do?"

A pair of hands landed on the opposite edge of his desk and he looked up to see her grinning down at him. He could see her cleavage from the way she bent down which made him blush slightly and stare back down at the documents in front of him. "Aww, come on! I'm your secretary! Shouldn't I know the person that you'll make me buy gifts for when it gets serious or something?"

"If I tell you, will you get back to work?" She nodded, but he had a feeling that this wouldn't end with him just telling her. He would never be able to understand gossip and what exactly was so interesting about it. "Her name is Alex, she has dark hair and is currently working on her Phd. There, are you happy now?"

Penny stared at him for a moment—probably trying to comprehend the fact that she had work to do —then dramatically slammed her (Nebraskan) hand on top of his desk. Just a little bit harder and his desk might have cracked. "Oh! Oh! That's the one you took to that fancy schmancy Japanese restaurant last week!"

What exactly was so interesting about that? "Yes... that's the one. I'm quite surprised that you even remembered that yet forgot that my burgers don't have tomatoes—now, are you done?"

There was this inquisitive glint in her eyes that confirmed his theory of this conversation being far from over. Perhaps if she annoyed him enough, his fixation with her would be replaced with pure hatred that could get him to fire her. That was possible. He had yet to get that mad at her, regardless of all her cons. His fixation with her was doing such a good job of getting in the way that he couldn't, unfortunately.

"We're talking about you; my antisocial, love and people hating boss going on a date; how can I not pry?!" As if that was an acceptable reason for someone to be nosy. "Anyway, I have no clue on what she looks like, but I guess she must be okay if you're going on a second date."

He hummed in thought as he pictured what his date look like. She was okay, he guessed. Howard would say that she was attractive and he didn't trust Raj's opinion as he thought that all of these friends of his were attractive—wait, why was he even wasting time on such a foolish thing?! "Are you done? We both have work to do."

She waved her hand dismissively and he briefly wondered if he should be offended that she took their work for granted. "The paperwork won't go anywhere, they can wait. This is way more
Sheldon paused from flipping the next page of the contract he was reading and stared at her in confusion. How did she know about them? The last time he tried to talk to her about anything regarding science fiction, she flat out told him that she didn't like nerdy things! Was this some kind of alternate dimension where his Penny actually liked things that he liked?!

"Shocked, huh?" She let out a small chuckle before sending him a self satisfied smirk. "Well, I watched all of the Star Wars movies and the new Star Trek ones over the weekend cause I was so curious on why you love it so much. I'm even planning on watching the original series and the next generation one since you included that in my interview: Kirk or Picard, right?"

He was still staring at her and she shrugged in response. "I gotta admit, though, they're actually not half bad, boss. Harry Potter was actually the only fantasy thing that I liked—and Game of Thrones, but that's just cause of Jon Snow—but now I like those, too. So, thanks for the not-so-subtle suggestions that I watch them. I'm kinda hooked."

She actually watched them. After hundreds of attempts to get her to watch them, she finally did it. This might be the first time she ever did something that didn't lead to her muttering an insult under her breath or her simply not doing it. He would give her some chocolate if he had some. "How do I know that you're not lying?"

"Give me a test—but not one of those die hard fan tests, I'm not that obsessed. Something that can only be answered if you really watched them." She gave him a wink that only made him scowl even deeper; if that was possible.

"I might do that… after you've finished everything I asked you to do," he said, closing the folder he was reading and standing. "But, for now, since I'm in such a good mood, why don't you go home early? I'll just get Koothrappali to do the stocks report instead."

The blonde blinked at him. "Seriously?! I get to go home early?"

Sheldon nodded as he fixed his things. The image of her masturbating was slowly creeping into his mind and with what just happened, he was going to need some time alone to shake that out of his mind. Better to be safe than miserably trying to a raging boner from fifteen highly respected businessmen from various countries. "That's what I said. Please don't make me repeat myself."

"Oh my god, thanks! That means that I can get a massage or something!"

He was about to tell her that she still needed to finish everything else that wasn't the stocks report when he saw the bright smile that formed on her face. He had never seen her look so happy in the year that worked for him. It was always one of those forced ones that he gave her whenever he ordered her to do something or the sarcastic ones that he hated.

It was a really pleasant sight to see—if his mind hadn't reminded him that he had seen how she looked while she was pleasuring herself.

To hell with his eidetic memory. "Yes, well… good luck with that. Finish the rest of the paperwork I asked you to do and I'll see you on Monday." He gave her a strangled smile—she was still trying to process what was happening—then scurried out of his office.

This woman was going to be the death of him and he knew it.
"Penny."

Said blonde froze in her spot, wondering if her closing the window that had Facebook open would spare her the 'why are you on social media during work hours?!' lecture that he always gave her. "Uh… boss?"

He stood behind her and she could already feel him sending daggers at her back. "Where is the consumer to product ratio report I asked you to make?"

Crap, she totally forgot about that! "Umm… I haven't finished it, yet?"

Here are the responses she expected to get; "What do you mean you haven't finished it, yet? Why do I even pay you?!" or "Penny, how many times must I remind you that these reports are extremely important?!" or "This is your third strike, Penny, and you know what that means. Howard! Send in the krakens!" The latter was a bit farfetched but you never know.

Instead, she heard him sigh and she twisted her body to see him simply shaking his head. Whoa. "I see. Well, make sure you get it done before you go home." Then he left.

… And that was how Penny noticed that for some, unknown reason, her boss' attitude towards her had changed.

That wasn't the only sign that he got nicer—he didn't boss her around as much as he did before and he seemed to have lost the condescending tone that he always used when speaking to her. Well, he still had it, but he used it less often. It was as if he just woke up one day and decided that she was actually the effervescent ray of sunshine that she thought herself to be.

He even said 'thank you' now! The other day, he asked her to get the progress report for the new vaccine that the research department was working on and when she gave it to him, he thanked her! He even did some kind of… smile like thing! Well, it was a bit awkwardly strangled and forced and stuff, but she counted it as a smile. A Joker like smile.

"Well, maybe he finally realized that you're actually a good catch?"

Penny stared at what the microbiologist said and took a bite of her burrito. She and Bernadette always had lunch together unless Bernadette was busy doing something or was in forced quarantine due to a raccoon virus. Sometimes it was she who couldn't go because of her trying to rush the work she didn't do or had to accompany her boss during his rounds of the company's pharmacies.

It was safe to say that in the year that she worked in this company, Bernadette was the closest to her and could be considered as her best friend. Raj was also one of her good friends—as long as he was on one of those anti-selective mutism drugs that she made for him. She wasn't too close to Howard (she cringing) but she had to be acquainted because of Bernadette.

She was pretty much friends with some of the heads of the company—Sheldon could be considered as a friend when it mattered, since he was higher than everyone—and it was mostly because of her boss. The aforementioned three were his closest friends and like she said before, the only people he actually liked here. He hated everyone else, including her.

Especially her.
"What you don't believe me?" Penny shook her head. "You're his twenty seventh secretary and that count started when I got this job. Who knows how many secretaries he's had before I worked here! I should probably ask Howard about that."

Penny shrugged; she doubted that her boss' strange behavior was because she was the only secretary of his that stayed for more than a month. The logical explanation was that he had other things to be focused on other than criticizing everything she did. "I don't know. If that's true, he'd probably smile more. He still has that 'impatient with the world' look that he always gives me whenever I do something he says. Maybe he's dying."

The microbiologist snickered. "I strongly doubt that. Only the good die young—that rule doesn't apply to wannabe mad scientists. He'll probably outlive us all if we're lucky."

"Oh yeah," she mused, recalling the four whiteboards in his office that were filled with symbols she didn't understand, "he's working on that thing with strings, right? What's up with that?"

"It's string theory," Bernadette informed, "he wants to prove it and win the Nobel. Well, just win the Nobel in general. He'd actually be able to do it if he wasn't busy thinking of how to make better medicine all of the time."

The Nobel, huh. Was he planning on winning the Peace Prize or something? "Why's he even so determined on winning that? Is there like… a big prize or something?"

"I don't really know, actually," the tiny blonde admitted, reaching over the table to get her untouched bowl of mixed vegetables. "All I know is that he's wanted to win the Nobel since he was a kid. Your boss is crazy smart, you know. He went to college at eleven."

"Holy shit!" She exclaimed, nearly choking on her burrito. Bernadette quickly handed her her bottle of water which she quickly drank before speaking again. "I'm okay. Back to point; he's that smart?!!"

Bernadette nodded, looking strangely proud of her crazy genius boss. If this was some sort of movie, Penny had a feeling that her boss was secretly the evil scientist who wanted world domination and Bernadette was the loyal henchman who'd switch sides near the end. "So smart it's not even funny. Have I mentioned that he graduated college at sixteen, has two Phds and started working here as the CEO when he was twenty-one?"

Then she realized something. "Hey, if he went to college at eleven, that means that he skipped middle school and high school, right?"

"Yes… and?"

"That explains why he's so socially retarded! Think about it; he skipped the fundamental steps of having friends and stuff—that's the reason why he fails at trying to get along with me who's so socially inclined that it intimidates him! That's why he's mean to me; cause he doesn't know how to approach me and now he wants to fix that by being nice to me!"

Bernadette gave her a look that told her that she wasn't buying any of this. Well, it made sense to her. Really smart people don't really get simple things. Or something. "No, I think it's because he just hates people in general. But, good job at trying to explain that."

She was about to continue her explanation about her boss when her phone buzzed beside her lunch tray. She placed her half eaten burrito down and checked the message. "Speak of the devil!" She started fixing her things while Bernadette continued eating. "Sorry I have to cut our lunch short,
your friend is calling me."

"Not surprising," the microbiologist shrugged, moving to her yoghurt. "I don't think that there was a time where he wasn't looking for you."

Penny snorted.

"No, it's true," Bernadette continued as Penny stood from the table and stared down at her. "Raj thinks that before Sheldon even met you, he was already looking for you."

"You're kidding… right?"

Bernadette only laughed.

"Okay, I still have half an hour for my break. What's your problem—"

Penny stopped once she noticed the table full of (delicious looking) food and Sheldon staring expectantly at her. "Uh… you rang?"

Sheldon blinked. "Actually, I texted—but to answer your question; yes, I did."

Maybe the whole 'I'm gonna be nicer to you' behavior was just a facade because her real boss—the condescending on that she hated—was back. Probably for good. This was why she didn't like to get her hopes up. She gave Bernadette her pudding and she liked the pudding from the cafeteria. "Well, what do you want? It's still my break if you forgot, Mr. Photographic memory."

There was this look on her boss' face that told her that he really, really, really wanted to say something offensive in response but chose not to for whatever humanitarian reasons he had. He was trying to be nice! Maybe he really was dying?! "One, it's doctor and two, it's eidetic. Anyway, I called you here because I wanted to invite you to have lunch with me."

She silently watched him stand from the couch; gesturing to the food then sighing. He looked sincerely disappointed in something—was this the twilight zone?! Her boss did not have facial expressions that were not 'you are beneath me' and 'why are you so stupid!' "My lunch appointment cancelled and I know that you love steak. Do have a seat."

He lifted the cover, revealing the steak and instantly ruining her plans of going on a diet. "How did you know that?" She asked as she approached the table with the mouth watering meat. There was a chance that this was poisoned… but steak.

"Well, I recall you begging me to bring you back some when Raj and I went to meet the clients from Dubai, there." Sheldon said while she grabbed a chair that was in front of his desk and dragged it towards the table. "That, and the fact that it was one of your descriptions about yourself. I'm a vegetarian—no, except for fish. And the occasional steak—I love steak. Howard still mocks that interview video up to this day."

"Wait—why does Howard have my interview?" She scowled as he returned to his spot and motioned for her to start eating. "Why does he have anything regarding me?!"

"He asked for it and I found no reason why I shouldn't give it to him." He shrugged, looking as if there wasn't anything wrong with what he did. "Why? Does this bother you?"
"Yes it does! It's creepy! Howard's creepy! Who knows what he's doing with that tape!"

"He has Bernadette. I doubt that she'd allow him to do anything unpleasant to your tape. You are friends, right?"

"I am sure that there are a lot of things that Bernadette doesn't know about that creepy little man," she huffed, angrily stabbing her perfect looking steak. She did not want any part in that sleaze's creepy fantasies that probably involved both Raj and Bernadette. They were acquaintances (she refused the term friends) but no way. Never.

He frowned. "Is it right to assume that you would prefer it if Howard did not have the tapes?"

"Hell yeah."

"Okay then. I'll try to do something about it."

She was stuffing her face with the various types of food in front of her when she noticed that her boss was eerily silent. Like, the quietest she's ever seen him since the first time she met him in that interview. "Heh bosh, whas the mader?"

He glanced up, a startled expression on his face then furrowed his eyebrows. "What did you say? Oh, and please don't speak with your mouth full. It's uncouth and will make people think bad of me if they see you like that. It'll make them think that I can't even instill proper discipline on my underlings."

Try to be concerned, get insulted. Oh how her boss was such a novelty. Secretaries all over the world would be so jealous on how kind her boss was.

She swallowed all of the food in her mouth and repeated, "I said, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking of how I can get the tapes back without Howard misconstruing my intentions."

Wait, wait, wait, wait—what? Her boss was actually genuinely concerned about her wellbeing aka something that really bothers her? Whoa?! Was this real? She pinched herself and she still wasn't waking up—and she had steak, too! Was this some sort of reward for her putting up with this asshole of a man?

Holy crap! This was really real. "You aren't joking, right?"

Her boss scowled, "why would I be joking? This issue bothers you. Therefore I will do something about it."

"Are you dying?!"

"Excuse me?"

"Are. you. dying," she slowly said, stressing each word.

"Why would I be dying?" He asked in confusion. "I'm the owner—and the head—of one of the biggest pharmaceutical company in this country. It would be quite embarrassing if I got sick, considering the way we market our vitamins, one would think that I'm in perfect condition. And I am."

If her boss was sick and was bound to die, she wondered who would take over the company. He
didn't have any kids (he hated kids) and she highly doubted that any of his siblings would succeed him because they were, apparently, dumb as soup—she finally found the guts to ask him about them and that was the only thing he said.

Maybe he'd leave the company to Bernadette. He always left her in charge whenever he was out of town, and the microbiologist's rather bossy nature made her a natural born leader. Unless... he saw her as a possible successor (which explained all the tough love) and was considering on giving it to her— "That means you're not dying or something... right?"

He had a blank expression on his face that could possibly translate to; you are unbelievably stupid. Surprisingly, he was trying really hard to mask it and was failing. "Of course I'm not dying. I'm in great shape!"

"You nearly threw your back moving the couch, yesterday," she reminded him; recalling yesterday's events of him crying out in pain when he pulled a muscle just because the couch was in the wrong angle.

"I never said that I was athletic," he grumbled, matching her smirk with a glare. "But I am healthy. You've been to my check ups," he visibly cringed and she resisted the urge to laugh at the memory of him so afraid to go see a doctor, "and do I look like I'm dying?"

She mockingly squinted her eyes to observe him then took a bite of steak and grinned. "I don't know, boss. You look really pale... but that's normal."

"Finish your steak," he said as he shook his head and she just laughed.

Three days later, Raj spoke to her.

"Heya, Penny," he greeted; his right hand making circles in the air. "How are you today?"

She glanced up from her tuna sandwich and wondered what the heck was up with the, always interrupting her lunch. It wasn't as if they couldn't talk to her while she was at her desk or something. "Oh hey, Raj. Are you drunk?"

Raj shook his head, his hand still doing that circular thing that it was doing. "No, I haven't had an alcoholic drink all day. I'm on the experimental drugs that I asked to develop for me. Surprisingly, it's working."

"Is it worth the side effects?" She took a bite of her sandwich as he glanced down at his hand that had a mind of its own. "Or do you feel like setting the record for the longest wave?"

"Uh... not really, but they're working on it," he sighed and she continued eating. "Anyway, I came here to tell you that Howard wants to give you something." He stepped to the side, revealing Howard and a very angry looking Bernadette. "Howard?"

Howard cleared his throat and placed a bunch of flash drives. "Uh, here are all of the copies of your interview that I made and of your Serial Apist one."

"Wait, how do you know about that?!" She hissed, leaning over the table and grabbing the flash drives. Damn Howard and his creepy stalking ability.

"Does that really matter?" Howard groaned, looking at Bernadette for help and got a (loud) smack
on the arm instead. "I googled your name and that came up—don't blame me! I paid for that."

"Sorry, I couldn't have lunch with you today, Penny," Bernadette started, grabbing the untouched cup of applesauce on her tray and opening it. "I was about to, but then Sheldon told me about the tapes and I immediately ordered Howard to get them from home and bring it to you."

She raised an eyebrow, "wait, Sheldon?"

Bernadette nodded and gestured to a corner of the cafeteria. "Yeah. I wouldn't have known about the tapes if he didn't tell me." Curious, she glanced at the direction that Bernadette pointed at and saw her boss standing beside the frozen yoghurt machine, smiling at her.

"Thanks," she got out, tearing her gaze from her smiling boss and directing to her blonde friend. "I appreciate it."

"Thank Sheldon," Bernadette sniffed, shoving Howard towards Raj before plopping down on the seat across from her. "Now, let's eat!"

Penny glanced one last time at her boss—who was now scowling at his two friends—and smiled. Maybe he wasn't as bad as she originally thought.
"… My agent didn't tell me what this was for, but it looks promising." Penny finished, smiling at the three men sitting on front of her, "and now I'm here."

The blonde calmly waited as the two men whispered to each other while the serious looking one frowned down at a folder—probably admiring her head shots. She really didn't understand what this audition was for, but like she said, it seemed promising. Only great roles were held at fancy buildings like the one they were at.

Although, she found it odd how she was the only one in line for an audition. She had been to nearly a hundred auditions and yet this was the first one that had zero blonde, big boobed aspiring (wannabe) actresses pretending to read the script while waiting for their turn to be rejected. Come to think of it, she didn't get a script for this.

"So, uh…" she started, getting the whispering guys' attention, "did I get the role or what?"

"Role…?" The interviewer with the goofy haircut raised an eyebrow before the foreign looking one whispered something to him that made him realize something. "Oh! Yeah, yeah. Before we make a decision, could you tell us more about yourself?"

She blinked. "Huh? Then what was all those weird questions about romu—something about? Didn't you say that those were keys to get to know me better?"

If this was the 'tell us something about yourself' part, then what was—she checked her watch—the last hour of questions for? She barely knew what the heck a romulan was (it was a type of medicine… right?) struggled to remember details about Star Wars (her sister's boyfriend was a big fan and her sister made her watch with them) and barely understood what all of it was for.

When her agent told her that she got her a good gig, she envisioned that it would be something along the lines of sister of the main character or a friend of the main character who doesn't have any lines but has a bunch of screen time—not a thousands questions about things that she never really cared.

Maybe this was an audition for a science fiction show or something. It wouldn't be too surprising if it was, with all of the questions regarding Star Wars and Star Trek. She knew enough to know who Kirk and Spock and Darth Vader were. She would be okay with a sci fi show; the fans were really die hard ones and that could do wonders for her career.

Well… if she had a career—cause apparently, being a waitress was not a career.

The foreign man took something from a little medicine case in front of him, swallowed it then waited a few moments before grinning. "Those were just warm up questions. We really need to go through a lot to make sure that you're perfect for this. Are you still up for it?"

She shrugged. Why the hell not? She had nothing better to do. Her job at the Cheesecake Factory was about to end anyway with her not going to work for about three days now. Whether or not she'd get the role, her time at that place was up. She had been looking for a new job for a few days now and this was just to give her some extra cash.

Much to her surprise, she actually managed to save some money from all the tips she got. Avoiding parties and forgetting about her social life via focusing on work really helped her from her break up with (she cringed at the name) Kurt. Now she had enough to pay for two months worth of rent if
she didn't spend on unnecessary things.

If she manages to snag this role, she'd be able to quit her job after the audition. She still had enough for a week or so of no tips while she went job hunting, and the cash she'll get for this would cover her traveling expenses and any other minor expenses that would fit her budget.

It was safe to say that she had grown much more wiser ever since she broke up with Kurt circa four months ago. She now knew how to save money and how to refrain from buying shoes; regardless of how much she loved the design or how nice it would look on her. Because really, looking back at her before, she was a bit of a hopeless wuss. Now she was smarter and one step closer to getting her first decent acting job! "Yeah, I am."

The two shared a pleased look while the other one was still glaring at her portfolio. A few minutes ago, it looked like he was admiring how great she looked in her head shots—who wouldn't? she looked fantastic in them!—but now he looked as if he was offended by it. She hoped that he wasn't the director or anything important, or else she was screwed.

"Then just tell us a little something about yourself," the foreign one said, grinning as he glanced at something that was softly ticking on the table. "We just want to know a little more about your character."

Oh, well that was going to be easy. "Well, what else don't you know?" She thought to herself, tapping a finger on her chin. She told them about her being from Nebraska and how she was currently a waitress at The Cheesecake Factory and that she just got out of a relationship. "Oh, I'm a vegetarian—no, except for fish. And the occasional steak—I love steak."

The friendly foreign one nodded in agreement, "I can't resist steak, too! It's my favorite, actually." They shared a look of understanding before the one that was silent the whole time sent him a look that could have soured milk. "Uh, anyway, please continue."

"Uh, I'm also working on a screenplay about a girl from Nebraska who goes to California to be an actress but became a waitress instead," she rambled as she tried to think of something interesting to say. "Other than that, I got nothing… oh, and I'm a sagittarius," she proudly said, "which probably tells you way more than you know—"

The formerly silent man then decided to open his mouth, "yes, it tells us that you participate in the mass cultural that the sun… and that you're foolish enough to follow it, thinking that a false 'prediction' will actually occur during your day when it's actually an implementation of the Barnum Effect in which even the simplest, common—yet irrelevant—fact is not even understandable but is still considered as a prediction thus causing the idle minded to believe in the hokum commonly referred to as horoscope."

Penny slowly tried to process what the man just said before; gasping once she realized what he meant by his rant. "Are you saying that I'm stupid?"

His eyebrows furrowed as if he didn't just insult her through a rather long rant. "I didn't say that you were stupid." He looked so innocent that she might have believed him. Operative word; might. "I said that you were foolish."

"That's the same thing!" She hissed, more affronted than she's ever been in her twenty-three years of life. She didn't even get mad when that bitch from eleventh grade called her a slut, but something about the one of this… asshole's voice just made her blood boil.

"No, it's not," he calmly said, face still stoic and so, so, so punchable. "They are two entirely
different words. Stupid is one who lacks intelligence while foolish—the word I used to describe you and majority of the population of this country—is one who lack good judgement aka, you. See? Two different definitions. Similar if used correctly, though."

Okay, that was it. She didn't need this job, and she definitely did not need crap from this asshole. Not even a million dollars and a top billing with Angelina Jolie would get her to endure this any longer. An hour long of shitty questions and three minutes of major asshole was not worth it.

"You know what?" She asked, standing as she put on the most murderous grin she could muster. She extended her right arm, directed it towards the asshole and gave him the finger. "Fuck you—"

Right as she was about to storm out, a loud, ringing alarm went off and the two less annoying men started jumping up and down while the asshole simply scowled.

And that was how she got her job as the great (asshole) Sheldon Cooper's underrated secretary—"—Penny!"

Penny glanced over her shoulder and jumped at the sight of Sheldon standing right behind her; nearly falling over her chair.

"Crap! You seriously could have killed me, boss!" She snapped as she placed a hand over her racing heart. This was like a less scary horror movie with her being the brave yet unlucky main character (why did women always star in horror movies?) and him being the creepy bad guy who wants to kill her. "Couldn't you have at least announced your presence?"

Sheldon did his 'impatient with the world' sigh before stepping away from her. Why was he even standing so close to her?! He had stood so close to her that the fabric of his jacket was already touching the back of her chair. Invasion of personal space! "I've called your name ten times now, and you were still lost in whatever was occupying your attention. I was about to wave my hand in front of your face but you snapped out of it."

Such an asshole. He was probably bubbling with amusement at the sight of her practically toppling off of her chair because he startled her. She had a feeling that he enjoyed her misery to a great extent. It was probably what made him get out of bed every morning. "Still! Stop startling me, will you?"

His face distorted into his hostile face—which meant that she was in for another lecture—but then shifted into the usual stoic face. Whoo, she was not wrong in thinking that her boss was nicer. He was even hesitating in being a douche, now! "Fine. Now, go home and pack your bags."

"I sense that that's not—what, what?"

"I said," he slowly stated with a roll of his blue eyes, barely hiding his annoyance. If he was mad, she was, too! "Go home and pack your bags. Now."

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit—she was getting fired! Oh shit! She was not ready for this! Okay, now she seriously regretted ever thinking badly about him. Her position as a secretary paid her really well and allowed her to have a weekly shopping spree; she had no intentions of becoming a waitress again!

"Oh my god, am I being fired? If it's because of what I said earlier, I'm sorry. You're the best boss in the world, please don't fire me!"

Her boss stared at her for a moment, then spoke again. "No, let me repeat myself once more; go
home and pack your bags." She blinked, the realization dawning to her that she wasn't getting fired. "You're coming with me to San Diego for that new diseases and appropriate medicine conference."

Well fuck, she wasn't fired. Phew. "I thought that Bernadette was going with you?" She said once her pulse had went back to normal and she was able to relax. "Isn't she the expert on this matter?"

"Apparently, while her team was working on the cure for that deer virus, someone spilled a dozen vials and now they're all locked up in quarantine." Oh. That happens a lot in Bernadette's department. Kinda made her thankful to not have to deal with all the dirty work. "So, pack your bags. You're going to San Diego with me."

She took a moment to think about his offer (demand) and leaned back into her seat before staring up at the expectant expression on his face. "Alright. I'll go."

If someone ever told her that she'd be stuck with her boss in a room, she'd laugh and tell them that she won't mind since it happens all the time. He always dragged her along with him whenever he did rounds and she was required to follow him everywhere; at the most, she can go a full day without killing him.

However, if someone told her that she would have to share a room with her; she'd faint.

Well, to her boss' credit, his love for his personal space probably won't allow anyone to share a room with him—but you never know!

They were walking through the lobby when all of the possible clichés from fiction popped into her head. This always happened in movies and shows and she had a strong feeling that it would happen to her, as well. Because she was somewhat unlucky when it came to things like this.

She could already imagine it happening; her boss would go to the front desk to talk about the room, then the lady would tell him that they got his reservation wrong and they got him a room with one bed and they'd be forced to share the room then she would sleep on the floor—because there were no couches in fiction—and he'd somehow tell her that she could sleep beside him and holy crap, that's how things start!

Or maybe, in some sort of odd twist, they'd get a room with two beds and somehow she'd get drunk—there was a snowball's chance in hell that her boss would be the one to get drunk—then she'd (somehow) wind up back in their room and something bad would happen that she'd regret and he would fire her and she would miraculously get pregnant and her life would turn into some sort of soap opera!

Her pregnant. With the spawn of satan. Shit—

"—you're not paying attention, again."

She stopped, blinked, then glanced up to meet his piercing gaze. Crap. She hadn't been listening to him since he told her to pack her bags. He must have said something kinda important that she had to remember for the conference. "Uh… no?"

Sheldon scowled, "Penny, this trip is not for leisure; we are here for business and zoning out will not help you during the conference tomorrow." He shook his head and continued walking towards the front desk. "Now, stay there."
Penny watched him approach the front desk lady then returned. "Let's go."

Oh god. Oh god. This was it. She was going to face the reality that she had to share a room with him and something unpleasant would happen—and oh god! She really had to cut back on the cheesy shows and movies.

"We'll be staying here for two nights," he started, pressing the button for their floor, "and the conference will start at six tomorrow. You're free to do as you please before and after the conference. The lady at the front desk told me that there's a spa here. You might enjoy that."

Shit, shit, shit! She was a big ol' five—if she were to get drunk and return to their room, there was no doubt about it that she would attempt something on her boss! She probably won't remember anything, but he would, with his shitty photographic memory and crap! She was so fucking screwed. "Uh… yeah… sure."

She saw him glance at her through the mirrors in the elevator. He seemed confused. "You don't sound happy," he stated, still staring at her, "Bernadette mentioned that bribing you with a free spa day would make you listen to me for once. Will it not?"

"No, I'm happy," she lied, turning to him and giving him one of the most forced smiles she ever conjured. She was too antsy to care right now. "Just… thinking of how I'll be able to write down everything that will be discussed tomorrow, sorry."

The elevator dinged and he lead her out. "You wouldn't have to worry about that if you listened to me during the car ride."

"Right…" she tried to compose herself as they stopped in front of their room. She could feel her heart racing because she was not ready for this. Seriously.

There was a moment of silence as Sheldon stuck the card into the slot, making the light go green, then opened the door; giving her a glance at the single queen bed inside. Holy shit, when she said that she wanted to get laid after practically a million years (that's how it felt to her, don't judge her) she didn't mean her boss! "Uh… this looks nice."

This was it. The point of no return. Whatever she did now would decide her inevitable doom.

"That it is," her boss dully said, gently pushing her bags into the room with his foot. "Well… heres your room. Goodnight."

Sheldon did a small wave before stepping back and walking off as she processed what he just said. "Hey! Wait!" He stopped and glanced over his shoulder. "You're not going to sleep here?"

"Why would I sleep there?" He asked with incredulity. "I have my own room. It's room number 1801. Please do notify me if there is a reason for you to disturb me. Again, goodnight." He did that awkward wave, again, then went on his way.

Huh. Well that was unexpected.
She had to admit; the damn diseases and whatnot conference was *way* more boring than she thought.

… Though, she probably wasn't the most credible source as she wasn't even listening to the damn think and was instead scrolling through Instagram, trying to see which celebrity she followed did something more interesting than what she was doing. Because, really, anything was funner than listening to something she didn't understand and her boss berating her for being on her phone.

Well, anything other than attending a conference thingy (that she didn't want to go to) that was about something she seriously did not care about while the man beside her kept on yapping on and on how she should be listening. It's so bad that she had to mention it twice. A three hour snooze fest was not worth *anything*.

On the bright side, her wonderful (asshole) boss was whisked away by a bunch of serious looking men that checked her out—she was rocking a pretty awesome outfit—at least once. Now he was nowhere to be found, which meant that she could take what he said to heart—that she was free to do whatever she wanted to do after the conference.

Yay.

She would have preferred to take a second trip to the *amazing* spa that she thoroughly enjoyed (the rooms came with spa sessions and her boss gave her both!) but the fancy looking bar across the venue looked *way more* promising than the spa did. Especially when there was a cute guy that went there for maybe a drink or something.

What exactly was her priority on this trip? To learn a thing or two about medicine? No. To have the ultimate, all expense paid, relaxation experience at a kick ass spa? Yes, but she did that already. Can't have your cake and eat it again. Or was it to hang out at an affluent looking bar (and make her boss pick up her tab) to try and hunt for a one night stand?

Ding, ding, ding! Obviously, the latter was her main priority, and so she took one last glance around the vicinity to check for her boss (one can never be too careful) then put on her most seductive face and sauntered on to the bar. Because let's face it; she wasn't getting any younger, and all of the work she had to do was really dragging her down.

Just a year back, she was a hot, young, lively spirit that actually had a social life and friends to hang with. She never ran out of parties to attend or men to flirt with. Heck, the moment she walked into a bar, men would automatically go flocking towards her like a bunch of fat kids at a candy store.

Fast forward a year later, and she was a haggard, sexless, ghost (there was nothing lively about her anymore) whose only friends were a microbiologist who was always swamped with work and could only hang out with her during lunch and a man who couldn't even talk to her without either a drink or drugs. She refused to admit that Howard was her friend. No way.

There was her boss… she could probably consider him as a friend. There was always that one friend that everyone hangs out with but secretly hates—that was Sheldon down to a t. They've known each other for a whole year now and practically spent every waking day together—except the weekends, as that was her sleep all day say—yet they still disliked each other.

She couldn't really speak for her boss, though, because no one could do that, but she had a feeling
that he considered her as a friend, too. They weren't the best of friends, but they were kinda on that level of friendship where you're not that close but close enough to insult each other—if that was possible.

Hopping onto one of the bar stools and ordering a shot of tequila; she thought about how much their relationship had changed over a year.

She and her boss seriously had one of those hate-hate (it wasn't a love-hate on if there was no love) relationships that wasn't really as hostile as she thought. If he really was an insufferable asshole like she always described him to be, she would have quit by now like all the others did. But no, she was still here, and was even kinda vacationing with him.

Cause honestly, she could probably get an okay paying job somewhere. Gregg (oh yeah, she had another friend at the company!) from HR would definitely give her a good recommendation if she ever applied for another job. It sounded easy; all she had to do was quit, get another job then she'd be free from him!

However, her very presence at this bar proved that she tolerated him more than she would admit. Yes, he was (possibly) the biggest asshole she had ever met, but he did have some good points—she had a record of every single nice thing that he did for her—every now and then.

Like with this trip! He booked her one of the deluxe suite rooms instead of the regular rooms that had a shitty view. He also upgraded the spa package that came with his fancy room for her—it was the concierge guy who told her this by saying that her boyfriend was weird and sweet at the same time with him getting her the best spa package they had yet got them separate rooms.

It took her nearly half an hour to explain that they were not a couple—yet another cliché that always appears in fiction. The 'you two would make a great couple' slash 'you two would look cute together' slash 'it's so sweet for your boyfriend slash girlfriend to do this' slash 'what can I get for your boyfriend slash girlfriend' followed by the vehemently and unanimously exclaimed 'we are not a couple!

Regardless of all that, she guessed that she really did see her asshole boss as a friend. Which was funny, because if someone told her a year ago that she would consider that whacko as a friend, she'd probably laugh and tell them about the first day she ever worked for him.

"Um, excuse me," a mellifluous (take that condescending boss!) voice said beside her, "is it alright if I buy you a drink?"

Penny blinked up at the (cute) looking guy, then at her empty shot glass before plastering her—certified, tried and tested—most seductive smirk she had in her arsenal that was saved for men she really liked and desperate times aka now. What was the point of working her ass of everyday and having a well paying job if she didn't live a little? "Sure, I don't see a problem with that."

Her life did not revolve around her annoying boss.

One year ago.

The day of her first day of work had finally arrived and yet Penny still couldn't understand how—and why—exactly she accepted this job.

Yeah sure, it was going to pay her enough for her to have weekly shopping sprees, but she still
wasn't able to get over the fact that the so called 'audition' was actually a job interview. That was unbelievably low and despicable yet here she was, dressed up in her very first business outfit (certainly a big change from the disgusting yellow waitress outfit she had) and ready to go to work.

Maybe she really had poor judgement or they somehow managed to hypnotize her—she really didn't know how this happened, nevertheless, there was no going back now. Well, that was a lie, as she could easily quit—but her mom told her to give it a shot before completely shunning the idea out.

It wasn't really the position that made her hesitate; it was the person she was going to work for that caused her to reconsider. During the majority of the 'audition' he was a decent, likable, solemn guy that barely spoke to her. Ten minutes before the end, he opened his mouth and proved to her that looks really could deceive.

Every time she thought of the long rant he delivered after she revealed that she was a Sagittarius, she wondered if he was just stating his opinion or downright insulting her. Or it could be both; she could easily see how it was both offensive and his genuine opinion on the matter.

Aside from the rant and the "that's rude" he said after she gave him the finger, he really didn't say anything else that could give her a solid idea on what his character was. To her, there was still a fifty percent chance that he was actually a nice, respectful albeit shy—a good explanation on why he was so quiet—man with an unfortunate case of Tourettes.

That, or he was exactly as she imagined; rude, cocky, selfish and absolutely condescending man that considered himself to be greater than everyone on this planet.

Only one way to find out.

"Good morning, boss," she greeted once she reached her nice looking desk where her new boss was standing next to. She seriously hoped that he was the former. He was actually kinda cute and had a pair of really nice eyes. Pack on some (a lot more) muscle and he'd probably be close to her type. "I'm Penny."

His blue eyed gaze shifted to her extended hand then to her. Why did he look so stoic? "I already know everything that I should know about you. Please cut this banal chit chat and start working."

All of the hope she had that he would be one of those bosses who was friends with everyone suddenly fell out of the sky and fell into a flaming pit of 'what a jerk' as her cheerful demeanor vanished from the face of the earth. "I was just being nice."

He huffed. "I didn't ask you to be nice, now did I?" Capital A for asshole. "Now, get over here so I can check if you learned anything at the introductory seminar I ordered you to attend last week." That really should have been her first sign to quit. For an entire hour, all he did was berate her for not doing anything wrong (as if she had done this before!) then insult her for taking four years to finish high school like every normal person did. Instead of flipping him off again, she simply did as she was told and mentally chanted her mother's advice of trying it out.

"So..." Penny started as he inspected the chart she made for the new medicine they released. He knitted his eyebrows as he glanced at her then back at the monitor. "So... what?"

"Where are you from?" She casually asked, leaning back into her comfy desk chair (this company definitely was not cheap) and staring at his back. "I mean, you know everything about me yet I don't know anything about you."
If this could not be considered as an attempt to become friends, she would deem this as applying the 'keep you friends close and your enemies closer' motto. Ten seconds in, she already wanted to strangle him and throw him out of a nearby window. She was barely managing to keep calm with all the insults hurled at her.

Why she still didn't quit, she didn't know.

"Isn't that how things work?" He asked, deleting the document she made and starting on a new one. He stepped back then gestured for her to start typing. Again.

"Secretaries usually know their bosses more than they know themselves," she stated as she tried not to groan at the sight of the blank page. "They do it in order to stay one step ahead of them."

She heard him snort behind her and that was how she discovered that she was definitely super patient. "That's a conspiracy. Are you part of some sort of illegal organization that is aiming to bring down powerful companies? Because if you are, I will not hesitate in calling the police, having you arrested and making you rot in jail."

That line alone should have convinced her to quit, yet not even the spray painted 'DIE SHELDON! DIE! - your secretary, Bailey' in his office was enough to smack some sense of her. It was a cringe worthy sight, but her boss simply shrugged in response and told her to go to the janitor and get them to repaint his office wall.

What a whack-a-doodle.

__________________________

She was on a roll.

Four—cute, take note—guys right after the other, all buying her a drink (Sheldon won't even have to pay for anything) and asking for her number but not before a flattering compliment on how she looked great.

Oh yes, she still had it; the ability to get any guy she wanted. She really thought that she had lost that, becoming one of those women who'd go to the bar and even after a round of drinks, no one—other than the dutiful barkeep—would talk to her. Like how the cougars do when they hunt for fresh meat.

Much to her dismay, she was wrong. Oh who was she kidding? She was beyond ecstatic that she hadn't turned into a shrewd old lady who wasn't even old!

With another (paid) shot, she eagerly waited for the fifth guy who would hit on her. She really missed this. Ever since she started working for Sheldon, she barely had a chance to go on a date. Working for him was close to selling your soul. She had to do everything he wanted, regardless of whether or not she wanted to. Ugh.

She was about to order another shot when she decided to look around and saw the last man she wanted to see standing at the bar entrance.

Speak of the devil.
"... and I just couldn't allow such a lovely lady to be alone."

"Then, you should join me."

Sheldon clenched his fists as he watched the blonde flirt with a random stranger who possibly only wanted to have coitus with her.

This was the fourth man that approached Penny at the bar and he had seen every single one of them who either contemplated or actually went up to talk to her. And he watched her entertain every man who went up to her. There were four. He saw all of them and could describe what they looked like if asked to.

He couldn't understand why Penny even attempted to associate with them. They didn't care much about her, all they saw was how she was aesthetically pleasing! Howard had once mentioned that women alone at a bar were easy targets for those who—and he was using the exact words that were said—'were looking for a quick fuck.'

Vulgar, but even he knew what that meant! He didn't care if his secretary was really looking for (he cringed at the profanity) 'a quick fuck' or if she just wanted to drown herself with alcohol that she'd make him pay for. She shouldn't be selling herself out to anyone who wanted her! She was his subordinate, he was his responsibility.

Saying that he was angry was an understatement. If he could just get Howard to hack into the hotel's server, he'd get the room numbers of those men and he'd be able to give them the strongest sleeping drugs that they manufacture. And no one would expect that it was him who did it.

She was his.

No, she wasn't. And he was not jealous. He was just concerned about her wellbeing. Like he said, she was his responsibility and he would do anything to make sure that she didn't get into any kind of trouble. He'd rather lock her up in his room's closet than allow her to frolic with men who might have some sort of disease.

"Would you like a drink, sir?"

He glanced down at the waiter who was offering him a tray full of drinks and scowled. "I'd like a glass of milk." The waiter gave him an offended expression before walking away and he vowed that he would get this man fired.

It probably would be best if he just returned to his room and rested. They would be leaving early tomorrow and he was a bit tired with all of the questions hurled at him by the people who attended the conference. He'd just take some time off once he got back. A trip to store sounded really nice—

"Heeeey, boss."

There was no doubt about it, his secretary was intoxicated. It wasn't too shocking, with how many drinks those neanderthals bought for her. That might have been their goal all along; to get her drunk then take her back to their room—

He felt a hand roughly smacking his shoulder and he saw Penny grinning widely up at him. "Boss, you're not listenin' to me."

This was ridiculous. He was Dr. Sheldon Cooper, the president and CEO (and chairman, but he owned majority of the shares so he didn't really care much for the other board members) of one of the world's largest pharmaceutical companies; he shouldn't be getting jealous of some woman and
dealing with drunk secretaries! "What do you want?"

The blonde blinked up at him, "I just wanted to know how your meeting with those people went."

"If you had just went with me like how a secretary should instead of flirting with strangers, you would know."

"Whoa there, cowboy," she said, her expression changing from an affronted one to an eerie knowing one. "You sound jealous! Don't tell me you're jealous!"

Sheldon avoided her gaze.

"Aww," Penny said with a laugh, "my boss man is jealous that I'm directing my attention to other men! That's so cute."

Oh, what he'd give to just turn away and pretend that this didn't happen. This was too humiliating for someone as powerful as him. It was a good thing that no one was paying attention to the scene she was making or else his reputation would be ruined. "Please stop this foolishness and return to your room—"

"No, wait, let me finish first," she shook her head dismissively then placed her hands on the sides of his arms to steady herself. "You should stop pretending that you actually like me and go back to treating me like shit. I don't know what's gotten into you these past few weeks but it was fun pretending that we didn't hate each other."

He froze as she leaned towards him and patted his cheek. She smelled like a mixture of the bar and the perfume she always wore—the one that he asked Bernadette to secretly give her for her birthday. If was a scent so light yet so distinctive that he could still smell it even with the different scents surrounding them.

"The spa package was enough and you don't have to worry about any complaints against you. So, stop looking really pissed."

Most of the time, he always had all of his actions planned. What he'd do, what he'd say and how he'd do something; they were all planned with step by step thinking enough to tell him every possible outcome of his actions.

But sometimes, even the math couldn't tell him what he'd do next.

Her hand dropped from the side of his face to his shoulder, then slowly down his arm. "Now excuse me, I have to go visit someone in room 409—mmpf!"

Having had enough of hearing and seeing her talk about those blasted men, he roughly grabbed her by the shoulders and crushed her mouth with his. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

Once she had relaxed into him, he softened his grip, pushed her away from him and dashed out of the lobby because that was definitely the worst possible outcome of the situation. It was so bad that he pondered going to that second doctor's appointment as paced around in the elevator; regretting something for the first time in his life.

As he fled from the scene; his secretary stood at the bar entrance, still stunned at what her boss just did.

Penny blinked then let out the breath she had been holding in since he kissed her. "What the fuck was that?!"
After six hours of sleep, a perfect breakfast and a bunch of awkward silence, their ride home finally commenced.

Which was actually just a long ride of uncomfortable silence because no one really wanted to bring up the events of their previous encounter. Not even her boss dared to talk about it, but that was probably because he had a shitload of explaining to do.

Luckily for her, she was hella drunk (no, she wasn't) and was willing to pass it off as one of those hallucinations that one gets when they get too drunk. Or maybe she just dreamt about it. Or maybe it really didn't happen and it was just a side effect of the little overreaction she had when they got to the hotel.

Him pretending that it didn't happen was really helping her with the 'it did not happen" thing. He hadn't even said a single word since… well, forever. Which was awesome as him not talking for more than an hour was as rare as a dinosaur. It didn't happen unless he wasn't in the room. So, she'd consider this as a gift of some sort.

Regardless of how much she enjoyed the silence, she was freaking out on the inside at the thought of her asshole boss grabbing her and kissing her. It was barely a kiss—just a peck!—but it felt as if the kiss went on forever. Seriously. She wasn't even joking.

Fast forward to three days later and pretty much everything was back to normal.

… Except for the fact that she was extremely bothered by what her boss did. She really, really, really wanted to ask him on why he did it—he hated her and hating someone did not include kissing of any kind—but couldn't because she seriously had no intentions of going job hunting right now.

But she also couldn't stop thinking about that goddamn, sorry excuse of a kiss!

Whenever she thought about it, everything was in an odd slow motion thing and she could still picture the look of annoyance on his face (having been unable to drink for such a long time took a toll on her) as her tipsy self continued to tease him on how he was jealous of all of the guys she flirted with.

Holy shit—he was jealous! And she knew jealousy; there was never a time that Kurt didn't get jealous of men that talked to her. Kurt would always have this semi pissed off face that wasn't too angry but wasn't happy either, and that was the exact expression that her boss had when she went up to him. She wasn't that drunk to have forgotten all about it.

Now that she thought about it; she had totally forgotten about those four cute guys! One of them probably expected her to call him up to ask his room number of give him hers, and the others wanted a casual hello or something by now. Oh god, and they were really cute and she didn't give them her number or her whole name, too!

If she hadn't turned her head that time, she might have found number five or number ten. The bar closed pretty late and she was on fire. Had she stayed for at least another ten minutes, one of the four bachelors (if inly they had a rose!) could have returned to try and convince her to go with him.

Since she was still going with the cliché romance stories, who knows, that guy might have been the guy she had waiting for. He could've been the man who would support her in her acting career, was
sensitive to her feelings, cared for her more than the gym and wouldn't even dare to look at another girl while he was with her—pretty much everything that Kurt wasn't.

She could picture it now; she would still have been at the bar by her lonesome, and the guy would see her and try to resist going to her for reasons unknown. Then she'd prepare to leave, already tired of waiting; then he'd finally make up his mind, run to her and tell her everything that she wanted to her and sweep her off her feet—

The evil mad scientist would then suddenly arrive to ruin her happiness by casting a wicked curse on her that he could only place on he by kissing her and confusing her beyond comprehension. Asshole.

… This was the reason why she hated her boss. Even when he had nothing to do with this, he still managed to screw it up for her. Asshole. If he hadn't messed with her, she'd probably be getting all giddy that she would be going on an actual date with one of those guys or something. She also would have had sex by now.

God, how she hated him.

"And then what happened?" Bernadette asked, looking healthy as ever. She and her team had finally been released from quarantine and after a few days at home, she was back to having lunch with her.

Glancing around to see if anyone would hear—and no one would since there were barely any people at this time—she leaned against the table and whispered, "he grabbed my face and kissed me."

"Oh my god!"

She had a feeling that this would was the reaction she'd get from the microbiologist. "Wipe that goofy grin off your face—you're overreacting. It didn't mean anything."

Bernadette dramatically gasped. "Overreacting! Penny, this is huge! How can you expect me to not react this way? Penny, Sheldon kissed you!"

"Sheldon kissed Penny?!

Penny cringed at the sound of Raj learning that her boss kissed her; it wasn't something that everyone should know about. Damn, she shouldn't have said it where practically anyone could hear about it. "Shit."

A wide eyed Raj approached (wobbled? he was swaying a bit) to their table, sat down next to Bernadette and gasped. "Penny's cursing confirms it!" He (pretty much) exclaimed and Penny checked to see if anyone heard him. "I can't believe he actually kissed Penny!"

Crap. She was going to be so, so, so, so, so screwed! Raj was definitely going to tell Sheldon about this and her (fucking) boss would either get his ego bruised by Raj teasing him and that would somehow cause him to make her life at this company a living hell that she would never be able to escape from.

She either had no escape from this or was just getting paranoid. Maybe she should just look for a new job! Although, Sheldon's hatred for her would make him ruin her reputation so that no one would ever hire her again! Well, her boss does have a few enemies that could hire her, but his enemies were her enemies, too!
Penny was about to stand up and leave when something Raj said cut through her thoughts.

"—that isn't too surprising, though," he happily stated, foolishly grinning at her then at Bernadette who looked like she was about to murder someone, "Sheldon's been obsessed with Penny since, like, the first time he saw her."

Sheldon.

Obsessed.

Sheldon was obsessed.

With her.

Sheldon had been obsessed with her since the first time that he saw her.

Loading…

"What?!" She shrieked once the realization hit her like a bazooka to her face. "What do you mean by that?"

The head of research and development nodded as if this wasn't anything serious. "Yeah! The moment he saw you at the interview, I could tell that he was really attracted to you! He even ordered me and Howard to look into your background because he wanted to know more about you!" Raj did something close to a giggle then grinned at her, "kinda romantic, right?"

Oh hell no! There was nothing even remotely romantic about her weirdo boss having some sort of… stalker-ish, psycho obsession with her! This wasn't the Phantom of the Opera or something!

"How the hell is that romantic?! That's fucking creepy!"

"Penny, calm down," Bernadette called as Penny stood from her seat. "There's nothing to be mad about—?"

"No, I have a million and one reasons to be mad, Bernadette! That's it! I'm going to talk to that sicko!" Penny huffed before marching out of the cafeteria; leaving Bernadette and a still grinning Raj alone.

"Why did you tell her about that?" The microbiologist hissed; trying to think of how to do damage control.

"Huh?" Raj blinked at her before shifting his attention to one of the trays. "Look! A cookie!"

Bernadette let out a frustrated sigh then snapped her head towards Raj and smacked his shoulder. "I told you not to try the new experimental diazepam!"

Fact; Penny's lips were softer than he expected.

Fact; Sheldon did not like how her lipstick tasted.

Fact; kissing said secretary was not a good decision when he was trying to forcefully obliterate the memory of her pleasuring herself from his mind.

Fact; kissing only made it worse.
Based on the data he had gathered about his fixation with the blonde, it seemed that kissing her was the worst possible thing he could do. Not only did it fail to end his... fascination with her—he had assumed that once he actually 'had' her, he'd realize that she wasn't worth his time and move on—but it also stimulated it even more.

Now it took him a great deal of concentration (and struggle) to steer his mind clear of perverted fantasies of her that ranged from a teacher-student theme to a more extreme superhero one where he was—for some unknown reason—the super villain. Those thoughts weren't just extremely distracting, but they were also a main factor why he had been getting aroused (again!) during important meetings.

To deal with that problem, he had to resort to certain... services and establishments that Howard had—and he explained that this was before Bernadette; not that he cared, though—strongly recommended. It was cheap and unlike him, but he had to do something or else he'd go insane with all of the images of Penny that flooded his mind.

It was consuming him and dragging him to his breaking point.

Sheldon was in the middle of typing up a contract for their foreign investors when his hot headed secretary nearly kicked his door open and stomped into his office. "You could knock."

"No, I can't," she huffed, causing him to glance at her and realize that she was beyond furious. "Tell me the truth, you sicko!"

Ah, more nonsense that he didn't have the time nor the energy for. This contract had to be done before the day ended and entertaining another on of her drama sessions would not amount to anything. "Truth about what? That the report you gave me about Philcox Industries was incomplete and I pretended that it wasn't so that you'd actually do your job?"

He heard her suck in an irritated breath. That meant that she was in her 'I'm not joking around' mode; one step closer to junior rodeo. "Oh, don't act dumb, boss! I was talking to Raj—"

"Talking to Raj?" He interrupted, moving to the next page of the document. "Has Bernadette's team finally invented a drug that cures his selective mutism and doesn't male his hand do that irksome circular motion like last time?"

"What?" She asked, her eyebrows knitting in confusion before she understood what he was talking about and changed back into a hostile expression. "No! I don't know, he just talked—back to the point; he told me that you had him and Howard find out everything about me right after you met me! Is that true?"

He found it absolutely exasperating how he still managed to find her desirable in her current state of hostility. This fixation with her was really damaging him. It might even kill him one day if he wasn't careful.

'I'm not denying that," he flatly said, barely tearing his gaze away from his laptop, "I have to know who my new secretary is, shouldn't I? A background check isn't surprising in this day and age, Penny."

The blonde let out an affronted sound and he didn't need to look up to know that she had now switched to 'junior rodeo' mode. He had only seen this side of her once, and that was when a passerby tried to cop a feel. It wasn't pretty. "And you couldn't have just tried to get to know me?!!"

Sheldon paused from typing to scowl up at her, "we're obviously not what people would describe as
friends and you send me 'the finger' whenever my back is turned. You also did that to me when I
simply stated my opinion on the hokum that is called as horoscopes. It's blatant that you don't want
to befriend me."

He continued typing and she stepped closer to his desk. He may be her boss, but he still feared her
ability to hogtie and castrate someone within ten seconds.

"Then try to be my friend!" She cried, her voice trembling with outrage. "This explains why you
seem to know everything about me! God, are you like, obsessed with me or something?!"

The sound of his fingers hitting the keys of his laptop suddenly stopped and he knew that she had
her answer.

"Oh my god…"

He could feel her eyes piercing through him with both anger and surprise at his silent confession.
He wasn't capable of lying. Even if he tried, she knew him well enough to know if he was lying or
not. "I'd rather not answer that question as I will only lie to you, and we both know that I'm not
good at lying."

There was a moment of silence—her mind was probably still trying to process everything—before
she spoke again. "This is insane! You can't like me! You hate me!"

How he wished that it was that simple. If he had just hated her, yet valued the fact that she was the
longest secretary he ever had, he wouldn't have any problems right now. "I'm afraid you only
assumed that," he sad with a sigh, saving the document and meeting her angry green eyes. "If I
hated you, I would've gotten rid of you long ago. I've always liked you. Couldn't you tell by the
way I treat you?"

She stared at him. "You're joking right?"

He shook his head.

"Seriously?!

"I hardly kid, Penny."

"You make me feel like you hate me! Much less like like!" She opened her mouth to say something
(he guessed that it would be another insult with the way her face contorted) then paused; her
expression changing from anger to skepticism. "Wait… you don't love me, right?"

"That's a bit farfetched," he dryly said; his face becoming stoic as hers changed to one of relief with
a small dash of disappointment. He didn't have time to for this; he had work to do. "Are you done?
I have work to do and we both know that you won't help me."

Penny vehemently shook her head and took another step closer to his desk. "No—we're not done
until you explain this. Now."

Having had enough of the worthless and offensive confrontation, he stood from his chair and
glared down at her. She was forgetting her position in this company and he would not hesitate in
putting her in her place. "That tone of yours would normally make me fire someone, but to prove
that I don't hate you; not only will I not do that, but I will also what you asked me to."

He placed his hands behind his back as he rounded his desk then walked towards his door and
stood next to it. One wrong move and he will throw her out. "Koothrapalli is right. I am heavily
intrigued with you. There. Are you happy, now?"

She didn't look too impressed. Which was a shame, because her job depended on her next set of actions. "No, I won't be happy until you quit messing with me!"

He had expected her to march up to him, slap him as hard as she could then scurry off once she realized that she had just assaulted her boss and that it could lead to her termination. Or her either going junior rodeo on him or straight out punching him in the face and possibly breaking his nose.

What he didn't expect was her, marching up to him, using her man hands to grab his face to her and assaulting his mouth with hers.

Or her forcefully sticking her tongue into his mouth for a good ten seconds before she pulled away and shoved him hard. "There! That should remind you that you hate me. Now stop messing with me!"

Sheldon silently watched as she huffed, glared at him one last time before stomping out of his office and possibly going home without his permission.

He brought his hand up to his mouth and licked his lips.

He really didn't like the taste of her lipstick.

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