

ENJOY THIS EXCLUSIVE
SNEAK PEEK OF

**Legally
Binding**

BY SOPHIE SNOW

CHAPTER ONE

Maggie

“Michaelson and Hicks, Maggie speaking. How may I direct your call?” Maggie fought a yawn as the words spilled out on autopilot, her face resting on her hand.

The line was quiet before the disembodied Irish voice of her boss replied, “Is today boring you, Miss Burlington?”

Maggie rolled her eyes and leaned back in her chair, balancing precariously on the back legs. “No more than usual, Mr. Michaelson.”

A low chuckle sounded. “You spent about twenty minutes yawning before drifting off for a second there.”

Shit. That was the result of having too much on her plate, though knowing that did nothing to change it.

“I didn’t sleep well,” she admitted, twirling the

fraying phone cord and fighting another yawn at the mere mention.

“Trouble settling in?”

“No, the house is great,” she replied quickly. Buying a house was a distant dream for most twenty-seven-year-olds, and if she’d bitten off a little more than she could chew, she wasn’t going to complain about it. Sure, the house was a little bigger than she was used to, a little more quiet and drafty, but it was *hers*.

Maggie turned to face the camera that covered the office and raised a brow. “Why are you watching the camera feed, anyway?”

“I accidentally clicked something on my computer and now I can’t get it to go away.”

Maggie snorted. Cal Michaelson: the most successful business lawyer in the Pacific Northwest and absolutely awful with technology.

“I’ll come up and fix it,” she offered. “Were you just calling to shout at me for dozing off, or did you need something?”

“When have I ever shouted at you?” her boss spluttered, and Maggie hid her smile in the roll of her turtleneck. “I can’t find the agenda for the ten thirty with Okcho. Could you run a copy up?”

“On it,” Maggie replied, squinting at the clock. How was it only ten a.m.?

“Thanks. And Maggie?”

“Hmm?”

“Quit leaning on your chair like that. I’m not

buying you another one.”

“You can afford it. And quit watching me. It’s creepy.” She stuck her tongue out at the camera and put the phone down on her boss’s insufferable chuckle.

She made quick work printing another two copies of the agenda for the Okcho case. Though Cal never read anything in advance, she liked to have everything prepared as early as possible. He was one of those annoying people that just showed up and aced whatever he was trying to do with zero preparation; Maggie checked the menu a week before she was due to go out.

She gathered the papers up and stood with a groan, her calves burning. She’d been up past midnight, on her hands and knees, removing tiles. Renovating the house was grueling, more exhausting than working out. But much more fun.

Maggie stepped into the elevator and leaned against the cool glass with a sigh. The elevator shot up to Cal’s office, past the main offices, the consultancy rooms and senior offices, and Mr. Hicks’ floor. Michaelson and Hicks’ downtown office building wasn’t big, but it was tall. Cal had fallen in love with the view from the top floor when they’d toured the building two years ago, then won the top floor from Mr. Hicks in a single round of poker.

It wasn’t unusual for Maggie to hide out in Cal’s office, avoiding the din of the first floor. Home to the paralegals and associates, the first floor housed

three dozen of Seattle's brightest up and coming legal experts—and they were so loud.

Maggie stepped out of the elevator onto the fourth floor, her heels sinking into the soft carpet that covered the floor of the cozy lobby outside Cal's office. She fluffed and straightened the throw pillows on the plush couch before knocking on Cal's door and opening it without waiting for a response.

Cal Michaelson looked up from behind his desk, his green eyes twinkling. "Thanks, love," he said as she handed over the agendas. Even after six years working for Cal, her stomach still fluttered at the term of endearment. "I know you gave me them at the start of the week, but..." He trailed off and Maggie followed his gaze to the tray full to the brim with unorganized paperwork. She grimaced and swiped the tray from the desk. "You don't have to," Cal protested as she took a seat opposite him and began sorting through it.

"I really do." If she didn't, she might as well give up on trying to relax over the weekend. "I don't mind. Are you all set for the call?"

"Yeah, I'm good to go. Are you staying?"

She nodded, setting aside a stack of outdated files for the shredder. "I'm going to tidy up in here a bit. I'll be quiet."

"Thanks, love." She returned his smile before turning back to the pile of paperwork.

Cal, for all his disorganized ways, *was* a great

boss. She'd been his assistant for five years, and an intern for a year before that. It had taken her a while to get used to working for someone so easygoing, not to mention how long it had taken her to adjust to his strong Irish accent and the way he called her *love*. It was an Irish thing, apparently; his parents also used the pet name when they called, and oh boy, did they call. Cal's parents like to speak to him at least three times a week and, since their calls went through Maggie, they liked to chat to her three times a week too.

Cal's kind nature was clearly genetic; Maggie didn't have a bad word to say about him. He paid her well, trusted her to get shit done, and, perhaps most rarely in the legal world, he was a genuinely nice guy. Since her internship, Maggie had met thousands of lawyers, and very few of them didn't make her skin crawl. Cal was an exception to a sad rule. His co-owner, Ben Hicks, was so creepy that she avoided the third floor like the plague.

She crossed the room to Cal's filing cabinets and unlocked them with the master key she wore around her neck to file the documents not destined for the shredder.

"Any plans this weekend?"

She jumped and looked over at him. Though he had the agenda clutched in his hand, his eyes were on her.

"Um, no, not really. I'll probably just be working around the house," she said, turning back

to the cabinets. It was the same answer every Friday. Though, for once, she *did* have plans. They just weren't the kind she could share with her boss, no matter how chill he was. "Are you up to anything nice?" She knew his schedule was clear, but she didn't always schedule his weekend plans.

"Nothing much," he replied, his eyes scanning the agenda. He set it down. "I might see if Liam is around and wants to grab dinner or something."

"Liam's in Banff this weekend for a bachelor party. He left this morning," she said, and Cal let out a noise of protest.

"How do you know what my son is doing this weekend and I don't?"

She shrugged, fighting a laugh. "He used your air miles. I booked the ticket for him."

Cal frowned, tapping a pen on the desk. "He asked you to do that? You know you don't have to do that kind of stuff."

"He didn't ask me to do it, he just asked about your miles. I offered. I don't mind, really." Maggie picked up the shredding pile as the calendar alert that signaled Cal's meeting was about to begin sounded. She sighed and clutched the papers to her chest.

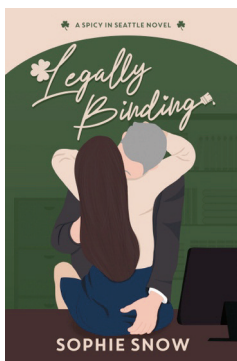
"I'm going to take these downstairs to shred. I'll be back up in a few. Coffee?" she asked, on her way to the door and Cal nodded, that smile back in place and turning her insides liquid.

"Thanks, love."

She nodded and stepped out of the office, holding her breath until she was safely in the elevator.

Perhaps she did have a bad word to say about him after all; between the twinkling green eyes, the dimples, the smile, the Irish accent... God, the accent... Cal Michaelson was lethal.

She's half his age. He's her boss and everything she shouldn't want. One night together to get it out of their systems can't hurt... right?



I hope you enjoyed this sneak peek of Legally Binding.

Read for free on Kindle Unlimited!

Also available in eBook and Paperback.

Find out more at www.sophiesnowbooks.com