

Chapter 23 Not What We're Looking For

When Roxanne stepped foot into the room, one thing and one thing only continued to ring in her head. "Run, you do not belong here."

Roxanne fought to steady her gaze on one thing in particular, but it was hard. This office was the definition of exquisite.

High and white polished walls, a rich mahogany wooden table that curved at both ends. At the other end of the table, seven people four men and three women were seated, eyes fixed on her.

Roxanne fought to tear her gaze away from the fine sculpture of the globe that rested at the end of the wall. She wondered what Emily would have to say about the sculpture; it was rich indeed.

When she finally managed to keep her eyes on the faces of the people in front of her, she took deep breaths in before resting her gaze on an elderly man. She only wondered if he was the CEO. Alexander had been about his age.

The man adjusted his spectacles and narrowed his eyes on Roxanne. She swallowed hard and looked away from him, sending her gaze to the woman in green, who now sat by his side.

Just like that, her eyes continued to roam from one face to the other, until her gaze fell on...

Roxanne's eyes widened, if her heartbeat had quickened before, it skipped several beats this time.

Subconsciously, she staggered back.

Here she was, staring at him. The one man she would have done anything to get away from. The one man that she did not want to see ever again.

Him. Lance.

What the hell was he even doing here?!

For a moment, Roxanne thought she saw him grin. A broad, yet evil grin. Before she had the chance to blink, the grin was gone and only a cold stare remained in his eyes. Roxanne flinched. What was even going on?

She found it hard to breathe now as she intertwined her two fingers in front of her.

"Miss Roxanne Harvey, I do not believe you'll like to have your interview standing. Or will you?"

The croaked masculine voice of the old man seated at the curved edge of the table forced her back to sanity.

She tried to steady her breathing as her eyes fell on him again. This time, she forced a smile.

If she was going to get this job, pleasing the CEO would be the first and most important thing to do. Therefore, she had to appear as confident and capable as she could to this older man.

So, with her smile on her face, her shaking fingers gripped the chair as she settled into it. She placed her file on her thighs as she crossed her legs and sat up.

"Shoulders and chin up," she whispered to herself. She straightened her posture, slightly peeping that of the lady in green she had admired earlier.

If she was going to win their hearts, she had to make sure she was so good that they couldn't say no to her, even if they wanted to.

Suddenly, she remembered that he was present in the room. But, she would not let her anxiety get the better of her. All she had to do was pretend he did not exist. "My apologies sir. I was rather... overwhelmed."

Roxanne finally said, when she found her voice. Her eyes were fixed on the old man who gave her a curt nod and turned to the lady by his side.

"Miss Roxanne Harvey," the lady in green spoke now, with her polished American accent.

Roxanne turned to her, her smile still plastered on her face.

"This board would like you to give us an insight to who you are..."

When Roxanne opened her mouth to speak, but the lady was faster.

"...besides what is in your CV, we are well aware of it all. We want to get to know you, as a person."

Melissa was smiling broadly, a genuine one that was supposed to make Roxanne relax, that was supposed to reassure her.

However, it did nothing but unnerve her the more.

They wanted to know about her. What would she tell them?

"Come on Roxy, settle down, you've got this," she muttered to herself.

On reflex, her gaze flickered to Lancelot's. His eyes narrowed on hers as if he was waiting for her to flop. Roxanne frowned within her. She would do more than surprise him, she would win the heart of this board and walk out of here... or at least, she would try.

Her smile broadened as she sat up, she cleared her throat.

"My name is Roxanne Harvey, as you already know. I was born and brought up in New York, even though I spent my earlier years in Brooklyn. I moved to Manhattan after college and I've been here..." She chuckled nervously. "...well, since then."

When she stayed quiet for few seconds, Melissa sighed and cleared her throat.

"Well, that was...insightful. We would be asking you few questions, we hope that's okay with you?"

Roxanne nodded. "Of course."

"Very well then. Why have you decided to work with us at Dankworth?"

Roxanne smiled. This time, it was genuine. She had expected this to be the first question they would ask, it always was.

And she knew just what to say.

"After I found the vacancy, I made sure to do a proper research on the company. Dankworth Technological Corporations has for a long time been the leading tech company. I believe that working for you would strengthen my portfolio and skills. "

From the corner of her eyes, she saw the men and women in front of her nod their heads. All except him; Lancelot.

"That was a very interesting one Miss Harvey," the man beside Melissa spoke this time. He could have been no more than twenty-three, or even younger. Yet, he had found a seat at such a table. Roxanne couldn't help but admire and envy him. "Quite frankly, I do agree with you. You have told us why you need us. Now, we need to know why we need you," another man spoke.

Roxanne turned to him. What would she say now?

Why did they need her?

Did anyone ever really need her?

No. She shook away thoughts of doubt in her head. She would not let events of the past affect what her future could be.

"As you already know, I have five years of experience with LexCorp, a major foreign exchange company. While I worked there, I rose from the position of an intern to a senior sales manager. I wouldn't have been able to do so at such a company if I wasn't dedicated, and an asset to the company."

Yes. She had this. Just a little while longer.

"With your numerous contributions to your old company, do you believe you can be committed to ours as well?"

She turned her head to the woman and smiled. She sat at the left side of Lancelot, but Roxanne was sure not to let her eyes move to him.

"Yes. I am very certain. I would be dedicated and even much more. I would give everything I can to the growth of Dankworth in New York. I know this city like I know my middle name. I can help with networking and customer interaction a great deal."

The woman nodded in approval. It made Roxanne's heart to rise with joy.

Yes. She was very happy. She was certain she had pleased them, she was certain she would get the job.

Melissa spoke up again.

"Sir, I believe you do not have any questions to ask. We can call in the next applicant."

When Roxanne looked over to Melissa, she followed her gaze to Lancelot. Whose eyes were fixed on her? His glare was cold, stern.

Roxanne's gaze continued to dance between them.

Sir? Why had she called him sir? Why was he even here?

"The CEO was present. But he did not ask any questions." The words of the previous interviewee came to her again.

Her legs began to wobble instantly.

CEO? Was he...?

Roxanne's eyes widened. Oh no.

Lancelot looked up at Melissa, with a curt nod.

"As a matter of fact, I do."

The rest of the board looked amongst themselves, an unknown expression on their faces, even as they questioned each other.

Lancelot's eyes narrowed on Roxanne again. Roxanne wanted to melt into the chair, all this anxiety was killing her.

"Miss Harvey, you've said so much about your five years' experience in this field and how you worked with a formidable company, LexCorp. If you were... or are as good as you say you are, why did you leave?" Roxanne's heart thundered against her chest. What was he driving at?

"Or perhaps you were..." He looked over her with disdain.

"Fired?"

Roxanne shook her head vehemently. She did not know what he was driving at, but she would not let him do it.

"Sir, I..."

Planning

"I've looked into your file, contacted your former employers. I mean, I should know the work history of my employees, should I not?" He sent his gaze to the rest of his board. They all nodded in agreement.

"Yes sir, of course."

"Certainly. You are absolutely right."

They all seemed to be afraid to speak up against him.

Roxanne's worst nightmare was playing right before her eyes, how could this be happening to her?

"So, tell us Miss Harvey, exactly why Lex Corp kicked you out?"

Roxanne's heart fell. Suddenly, her whole body began to shake.

Thomas Hardy's face came to her view again. She could hear the resounding mockery in his voice as he asked her to leave the company.

After 5 years, Lex Corp kicked her out because she wouldn't fuck their HRM.

How was she supposed to tell them that?

"Well, Miss Harvey, since it's clear that you do not have an answer to my question, I'm afraid we don't have all day."

No. This couldn't be happening.

Still, Roxanne sat frozen in her chair, her eyes fixed on his stern ones.

She did not understand what was going on.

Had he really just sent her out without allowing her say a word?

"Call in the next applicant."

Lancelot's voice rang in her ears.

Melissa's rising was Roxanne's cue to stand up.

As she rose, her eyes narrowed at him in a questioning glance. Lancelot looked away from her with no regard for her expression. Before she turned her back to leave, she cast him one last glance, hoping he would change his mind.

Lancelot did not so much as look at her again.

"There'll be no need expecting a reply from us, Ms. Harvey, you're just not who we're looking for," was all he said, dismissing her. She sniffed quietly to stop herself from crying and walked out of the door, right behind the lady in green.