

Chapter 31 Thirty-one

In a hurry, I grabbed a pair of matte-coloured palazzo pants and a long-sleeved black top that fell just above my belly button from my closet.

I wore a pair of black sandals and carried a black purse to match with it as I did some light make-up on my face and brushed my hair, not caring to style them to my desired taste since I was late.

Luckily, by the time I was done with dressing up, the ache in my head had relieved me, so I left the house after giving Nala a goodbye kiss and hoping her ancestors would see me through this job interview so I would be chosen.

I ordered an uber and was constantly telling the driver to increase his speed, even though I knew it was all shades of wrong, yet he didn't even listen to me or give me a tiny bit of attention.

Shortly after, he pulled over at a really huge company with a huge sign at the centre of it all reading "Cy-books."

"I'm not your problem," he muttered before driving off while I eyed him. Not that he was wrong, but why didn't he have the balls to say that to me while I was in the car?

I stared at the building again and was nervous about it. I had already started to lose faith in the job interview. The company was big and way out of my league. I was also late on my first day at work, and first impressions matter a lot.

I was going to give up and turn back to my house when Sage's voice and her ferocious green eyes popped up in my head, and I could picture how those deadly eyes would burn me, my dead body, and my soul if she realised that I had given up without even entering the building, so I inhaled a deep breath and walked into the huge building.

For some strange reason, I felt safe.

"Good morning!" I greeted the receptionist, who had way too much lipstick on her lips and was busy on her computer while a piece of gum was busy in her mouth. I could only see her bright red shirt, which was almost the same colour as her lipstick, as it was too obvious not to be noticed.

"You're here for the interview, right?" She asked without looking at me.

"Yes, please!" I immediately responded in the most polite way I could.

She lifted her head and shifted her eyes to mine for a second while chewing on the gum.

"Tardiness," she scoffed, while she shifted her gaze back to the computer and continued to chew on her gum.

"You're so lucky; the boss has just arrived. Just pray that he isn't with the soon-to-be employees yet, or else you're definitely not getting this job, sweetheart. " She responded, and I gave her a smile, which showed that I was not comfortable.

"Hey Cookie, can you please direct her to the room where the new bees are? " She politely pleaded with a lady who was passing by, and by the look of things, it seemed like Cookie was a top-notch person in the office and also a kind person if that was her name, though. I walked up to her and, with a gentle smile on my face, she held my arms and showed me to the room.

"You look nice and I hope you get the job, but he really does hate tardiness. I honestly wish you got the job though, "she said as she lightly patted my hand. At first, I thought it was weird when the receptionist used the word "tardiness" rather than "lateness," but perhaps it was the company's thing.

She looked really nice and smelled so good, but on top of that, she looked expensive with the suit pants she was putting on. I couldn't tell if this was a book or a model agency.

Her hair was styled into a brown pixie cut, and she was also wearing light makeup with pink lipstick that brought out her face.

Her eyes were also mesmerizing, and the mascara made her eyes sparkle under the fluorescent lights, and I eventually found myself gawking and admiring the pretty lady who was beside me, wishing I was her.

On getting there, the door was already closed, and I was hoping the boss wasn't there yet, but with the pitiful look on Cookie's face, I knew I was fucked.

"Let's hope he's in a good mood," she whispered in my ear before walking away.

After heaving some deep breaths, I finally gained the courage to knock on the door.

"It's open," a thick male voice responded, but there was something strange about it. It sounded familiar, but I hoped it wasn't what I was thinking.

On opening the door, I came face to face with the last person I expected to see, as my face suddenly held different emotions mixed with disgust, surprise, and anger.

"You?" I said immediately after I opened the door, and he seemed shocked too, but he brushed it off like it was nothing, cracking his knuckles and staring right at me.

"Why are you here?" He asked in a commanding, emotionless, weird tone that made my brows cringe. He used the same tone when speaking to me yesterday. Was he really speaking to me this way after causing damage to me?

"What does it look like? I'm looking for a job after the damage you caused to me! " I spat back, obviously not ready to take his shit while everyone in the room stared at both of us simultaneously.

"How's your head?" he asked, completely ignoring what I had said earlier. What the fuck is wrong with this man?

