

Chapter 32 Thirty-two

"How's my head?" I repeated in astonishment, trying to understand if I had heard him well or perhaps I was the one hearing things.

"Look missy, we are in the middle of an interview and a lot of people need this job, so you can either stay or leave. The choice is yours. " He responded before shifting his gaze away from me and focusing on the laptop in front of him as he typed some words into it.

The anger and ego in me wanted to leave the room immediately. He was too arrogant and there was no way I could work with him, but the other side of me knew that I needed the job badly. I had a lot of debts to clear and bills to pay.

While thinking in anger, I clenched my fingers into the little black purse I had carried while standing beside the door with the rest of the soon-to-be employees staring at me.

"For the last time, are you in or out?" He growled as he forcefully closed his laptop, causing me to flinch a little, but I was quick to make a decision, and that was to sit for the interview.

I won't hesitate to grab any other job opportunity that I might find and leave the place for good because it'll stink to work here.

I walked over to where the others were and sat in the last seat. I could feel some of their eyes on me as they gave me disapproving looks, probably because I had delayed their interview. I pity them; they're about to get the shadiest boss. Well, so am I.

This interview was different from anyone I've seen on TV or heard of, as we were all in the same room. A slender lady who stood beside Cyrus handed some papers and a pen to us and requested that we first fill them up.

I accepted the pen and lifted my head to look at Cyrus, but he was only busy on his laptop. not even paying any attention to us.

The questions on the papers were more of an exam, testing our ability to spot grammatical mistakes and correct them. Fortunately, I was pretty good at it, so I answered the questions immediately and called for the assistant's notice before submitting the papers to her, and she gave me a sparky look before placing the papers on the boss's desk.

He diverted his attention from his laptop to my papers and scanned through everything. I was damn sure he was trying to spot a mistake, but no matter how he searched, he couldn't find any, so he turned my paper upside down and placed it on his desk before shifting his attention back to his laptop.

"Please be patient for the rest, so we can move to the next stage," the assistant said, as I let out a little sigh.

They were taking forever and I was getting bored and pissed. Being in the same room with that man was planting different murderous ideas in my head as I wished I could accidentally kill him with the pen in my hands, or perhaps his laptop could explode on his so-called perfect face.

Soon, after a short while, the rest of the participants were done with their tests and were waiting for the boss to mark them. He was quick with them, but mostly he was just drawing a big line across their papers.

He said to his assistant, "Call the names of the people that passed the tests," and handed her the papers. I knew I did well and he would not be able to find any mistakes in my test, yet I was still scared. As much as I would have hated to work with this man, I needed the money from the job. Unfortunately, his company was the only one that paid a very large amount of money to college students.

Why have I been attracting bad luck lately? Can't the company be owned by someone else?

My heart kept on racing as his assistant called the names of the people that were with me, and I watched as they all heaved a sigh of relief while thanking heaven.

I was still waiting for my name to be called, but I haven't heard my name yet. Almost everyone had been called, and she had just two papers left on her.

"Grey Hart, congratulations," she said, as the man in front of me heaved a sigh of relief. My paper was the last thing in her hands, and my anxiety couldn't handle this any longer as I started fidgeting in my seat. Is he employing everyone or will I be the only one out?

"Mirabel Perez, I'm sorry you failed the test. Better luck next time. " His assistant announced it as I remained dumbstruck with my brows furrowed in confusion.

How is this possible? How could I have failed a little test and how was I the only one that didn't pass the test? I shifted my gaze to the boss, who wasn't even looking in my direction.

"It was nice to have all of you here today. There's going to be a final one-on-one interview with me tomorrow at the same time. I wish you the best and have a nice day. Other information will be sent to your mails. " He announced and stood up to leave the room while I still remained shocked in my seat.

I could feel all their eyes on me as some pitied me, while others laughed at me for being too forward. With anger in me, I stormed out of the room, not even paying attention to anyone who was calling my name.

I wasn't even outside the company yet, but I could sense that I was about to break down into tears. It's always like this. Whenever I'm hurt, I get really angry, but then my anger is always quick to turn to sadness.

