

Chapter 33 Thirty-three

I immediately rushed outside the building, but there was no way I could go back, so I ordered an Uber. I barely even knew if I would pass on my right or left, so I stood in front of the building looking clueless until I ordered an uber that was 10 minutes away. The area was definitely isolated, and it would be hard to leave here without a car.

A little part of me was thankful that I wouldn't get to work with an arrogant beast like that, but deep down I knew I would have given my all to work in a place like this. I needed the money. He's already ruined my life, and the least he could do was give me a fucking job.

"Fuck it!" I yelled in anger and pain as I ran my hand through my hair, but as I turned, I spotted him coming out of the building, and a worker was driving out of his car from the underground parking station. On getting to where he was, the driver stepped down and handed his keys to him.

It wasn't even the same car he had offered for me to enter yesterday, but a totally different and expensive car.

He wasn't with a driver this time around, and I wished he had had an accident on his way home. I stood in the middle of the company, debating whether to confront him about what he had just done to me or to let him be and throw my middle fingers at him.

The bitchy part of me chose the latter, yet the desperate part of me knew I desperately needed this job, so I swallowed my pride and walked toward his car.

"Please wait," I said to him, but he pretended like he didn't hear me as he reached to enter his car.

"Please wait, sir," I said politely again, but he had entered the car and shut the door on my face without looking at me. I could swear I restricted every nerve in me to not break his window.

He wasn't going to answer me as he wasn't paying attention to me, so I decided to take matters into my own hands as I jumped in front of his car that was about to move, and I could see him pinching the bridge of his nose before I heard the car engine turning off.

"What do you want?" He asked in frustration as he got out of the car and adjusted his tuxedo before tucking his hands into his pockets. I don't know why I found it that hot, whereas I was supposed to be concentrating on my goal.

"The job," I replied honestly, and I couldn't believe I'd ever say something like that. I had really lowered my ego just for this job, and if I don't get it, he'll be getting an ambulance to pick him up.

"You didn't pass the test."

"We both know I did, yet you refuse to give me the job."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's my company and I can decide on who I want to work with or refuse to work with Missy," he said, still without any emotions on his face.

At this point, I'm convinced he's a robot. "No, you have no right to decide that now, not after you falsely accused me of what I'm not and your actions caused a lot of damage to me."

"Do you know that?" I threw my response at him as a part of me was glad I ate that.

"So what will you do?"

"Report you to the authorities," I answered while fixing my gaze on him.

"Missy, I am the authority." He smirked and got back into the car. It was at that moment that I knew I had screwed it up and would possibly not get the job.

I had no idea what next to do as I panicked while standing still and watched how he drove away from my presence while I got a text that my uber driver had arrived.

Perhaps the job was not meant for me and I would find a better job, but how soon can I get a job before my fees and bills expire?

"Why is my life this fucking way?" I groaned but immediately slapped my forehead. I had promised myself to never say something like that to myself.

Everything happens for a reason, and if this is happening to me, then it was meant to happen, but one thing I was sure of was that I had a bright future ahead of me. Maybe candlelight, but at least it's still something.

The Uber driver soon arrived in front of my apartment, and I paid him before leaving the car. It wasn't even 3 hours since I left home, and I went through all of that stress for nothing.

I entered the building and took the elevator to my apartment floor. I opened the door with my key and saw Nala sleeping peacefully beside the door. Seeing her actually boosted my mood, but I needed money to take care of her.

Sage didn't seem to be at home, so I decided to make something for us to eat since I had nothing to do and didn't want to sulk in my sad life by getting nothing done. I'd rather channel the energy into doing some chores or anything productive.

It took a lot of years to get to this stage, but I think I like this best.

I placed my phone on the counter as I played some music by my favourite musician while cooking macaroni and cheese. One of both of our favourites.

A beep suddenly rang on my phone, causing the volume of the music to drop a little. I wasn't expecting any texts from anyone, so I chose to ignore them, but something in me pushed me towards my phone as I picked it up from the counter, and my eyes widened at the sight of the text before me.

"Yes!" I screamed in joy when I saw a text saying I was invited for the one-on-one interview tomorrow. At first, I thought it was a mistake, but my name was indicated in the middle of the message and I continued to shriek in happiness, but why did he change his mind about giving me the job?

