

## Chapter 37 Thirty-seven

We spent the rest of our time talking on the phone and making fun of the people at work, including Cyrus. She hadn't even seen him yet, but she was already cursing his ancestors, and that was what cracked me out most.

Just as we were talking, I heard the phone ringing in the room, and it wasn't from my mind since I was on a call with Sage.

"I'll call you back, babe," I said to her before hanging up and tracing the location of where the sound was coming from.

"There!" I excitedly said. Immediately, I spotted the office line on the top of a white shelf in the room.

"Hello?" I gave my greetings as I waited for the caller to respond.

"You seem to be in a good mood now," the caller responded, and her voice sounded so familiar. It took a long time before I realised it was the receptionist who was talking.

"Yes", I flatly replied. I wasn't going to let them get to me. If I give them the chance to see me down, then it'll forever be their weapon.

"Please report to the reception. The Director wants to pass some work to you. " She said, and I replied with a "Hmm" before ending the call.

I was glad I would be given some work to do; at least I wouldn't be idle any more, so I immediately went outside my office to the reception.

I met with the receptionist, but at the same time, her desk was loaded with tons of files. I secretly hoped those weren't for me and perhaps other workers would come for their share of the work too.

"The director wants you to proofread these manuscripts and sort them according to their quality afterwards." The receptionist said on seeing me, while my eyes widened in awe as I stared at the scripts.

If I'm not mistaken, the number of scripts on her desk isn't less than fifty, and they're all well over a hundred thousand words long. That's like a whole month's work being 2 manuscripts daily.

"She also wants you to finish it before going home today." The receptionist answered as my jaws immediately dropped to the floor.

"You want me to do all of this under 24 hours?"

I asked while stressing each of my words and pointing to the scripts to make my words clear.

"The director, not me," she answered.

I felt hurt and wanted to break down, but I couldn't do that. They can't see me getting frustrated over their little games.

"Okay," I answered with a smile and carried the scripts. I couldn't carry all of them at once, so I had to go to the reception twice.

I had no clue who the director was, but whoever they were, they were also against me and I wouldn't let them succeed over me.

I knew it was damn impossible to finish 5 scripts before midnight, let alone fifty scripts. I was going to do whatever I could do and leave the rest. Whoever the director is, they should know that I'm not scared of them.

I settled into my chair with a bottle of water beside me to keep me going, but the moment I opened the first script to read, I felt an instant headache with the number of errors in it.

I could barely get past the first chapter, so I closed the script and picked another one with an intriguing title. Perhaps it would be better than the first, but everything turned out to be the same. The second script was even worse than the first one.

I was convinced that the director purposely gave me bad scripts to delay me and waste my time. When I realised I had no other option but to proofread the bad scripts I had left, I returned to the scripts and my red-inked pen was almost all over them.

After some hours had passed, I could hear some loud movements around the office and realised they must have closed. I brought out my phone to check the time and saw that it was five pm, yet I was only on the second script out of fifty.

I shoved my phone back into the drawer and continued with the frustrating script that had me questioning my years of learning literature. It's understandable that even the perfect writer makes mistakes since they're humans and not robots, and I have to be calm. It's my job anyway.

After some hours passed, I was finally through with the second script. It turned out to be a great read but only had grammatical errors, so I placed it on the second tier.

I was about to pick another script from the pile when I let out a loud groan of frustration. It was 10 pm and it seemed like I was the only one at work. I couldn't hear a single pin drop and the thought of me being alone in the huge building came down on me as I felt some shivers in my spine, but I immediately brushed it off. I shouldn't be scared of ghosts. Ghosts should be scared of me.

I picked the third script and started to work on it with my airpod plugged into my ears, but I suddenly heard some sounds that weren't from the music. It sounded like a knock on a door, but I was the only one here.

I removed the airpod from my ear but didn't hear any sound. I knew it wasn't from the music, so it had to be from the office.

I stood up to check where the sound was coming from as I opened the door but met with no one. The hall was quiet and there was no trace of anyone.

"Perhaps it's the music," I said to myself, but as I turned to check my left, I unexpectedly met with a masculine figure standing straight.

"Ah!" I screamed in terror before realizing it was just Cyrus.

