

Chapter 51 Fifty-One

Mirabel's POV

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Mirebel's POV

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At first I was embarrassed and humiliated after he kicked me out of his house, but being the girl that I was, I was able to get over it and didn't hesitate to call him out on meeting him at Professor Kim's house.

It was strange at first as I didn't know he could be that close to professor Kim, but the moment he tried to harass me for being in professor Kim's house, I made sure to do him bad by making his coffee the same way he made mine and watching his face turn to disgust made me happy, but now that I would have to face him at work today, I regretted not being nice to him. He was still my boss and could transfer the aggression to me like Mery did, but the difference in it was that no one was going to suspend him, so I would have to deal with everything he does to me myself.

"Mirebel, you should have been fucking nicer." I groaned in frustration while tapping my head continuously.

"You'll get a migraine if you don't stop." Cyrus's haunting voice said from behind me as I jumped in fear, but he didn't even look at me or glance at me one bit. I watched how he opened the door and walked into the office without saying any more words to me and I was starting to think he had forgotten about everything.

My mood suddenly lightened up at the thought of him forgetting all of the harsh and hateful words that I had said to him as I happily opened the heavy doors and walked into the building before heading towards the receptionist to check in.

"You look happy," she said before handing me a pen.

"I have a feeling that today would be great" I responded with a smile and realized that I hadn't heard any sound of popping bubble gum from her. Today was truly my happy day as she wasn't making one of those annoying sounds, but it seemed like I had spoken too soon as I heard a loud pop shortly after and the smile on my face was quick to fall.

I entered my office and settled down on the desk with a cup of coffee that I had grabbed on the way to the office as I took in my first satisfying sip of it. The first sip of coffee every morning was my addiction, and I was living for it.

My desks were still piled up with the manuscripts that Mery had assigned to me and I debated for a while on whether or not to do them as Mery was no longer here, but if I didn't do them then I would remain idle so I picked a manuscript that looked promising as I started with it and was immediately hooked on the marvelous writings as I smiled at myself. Today was truly a lucky day for me, but just as I was some pages into the script, two hefty male workers entered my office and did a shocking thing to me.

They both lifted my desk in an attempt to carry it away from my office without saying anything to me as they left me dumbstruck with no words leaving my mouth.

I was scared of meeting him face-to-face after what I had said to him and I was scared of being fired from this job as I needed it more than ever. I have been kicked out of my house and I need money to rent a new house, so I couldn't afford to lose this job now.

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With every bit of courage in me, I dusted my peach-coloured floors to remove any sort of dust that might stain them as I heaved in a deep breath. I would need to store a lot of breath for when I'm in his office so I don't pass out.

I got to where my door was as I opened the door and took a few steps towards his door, but the door was suddenly too hard for me to open so I kept on forcing it to open but it wouldn't open past a few inches before closing back on me.

Not only was I now scared for what was to come, but I was also embarrassed because this stupid door would not open. It has always been tough, but I had always opened it. Why was today different?

As I was still trying to struggle with the door, it suddenly opened with ease, but I wasn't quick enough to step away, so my head hit his rock hard chest, causing an instant migraine.

"Get in," he said without showing concern for my head which was aching badly, and suddenly I felt the urge to curse him out. Why is it that I'm always scared of him when I'm not with him, but once I'm with him, I can't stand him and I feel the need to curse at his arrogant behaviour?

After I had left the doorstep He closed the door and walked past me towards his desk before signalling for me to sit in front of him. I had no choice but to obey him, but on walking to his desk, I spotted my desk and table at a corner in his office. Why did he keep it there if there were already different sofas in his office? What could he need it for?

"Do you know why you're here?" he asked.

"No," I replied, scowling inside; if I knew why I was here, I wouldn't be so terrified.

"Mabel," he called my name, followed by a heavy sigh as he intensely looked into my eyes.

"Yes sir," I answered with my head bowed, waiting for him to call out whatever my offence was.

"Leave Martin's house and stay with me," he said, as I abruptly lifted my head to look at his face.

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With every bit of courage in me, I dusted my peach-coloured flared pants to remove any sort of dust that might stain them as I heaved in a deep breath. I would need to store a lot of breath for when I'm in his office so I don't pass out.

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