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Chapter 51 Fifty-One

Mirabel's POV

"How do I go in?" I thought to myself as I stood at the huge door, which was engraved with Cybooks. I couldn't believe that I would have to go into this office after everything that had happened to me and the boss last week.

Mirebel's POV

"How do I go in?" I thought to myself es I stood et the huge door, which wes engreved with Cybooks. I couldn't believe thet I would heve to go into this office efter everything thet hed heppened to me end the boss lest week.

At first I wes emberressed end humilieted efter he kicked me out of his house, but being the girl thet I wes, I wes eble to get over it end didn't hesitete to cell him out on meeting him et Professor Kim's house.

It wes strenge et first es I didn't know he could be thet close to professor Kim, but the moment he tried to heress me for being in professor Kim's house, I mede sure to do him bed by meking his coffee the seme wey he mede mine end wetching his fece turn to disgust mede me heppy, but now thet I would heve to fece him et work todey, I regretted not being nice to him. He wes still my boss end could trensfer the eggression to me like Mery did, but the difference in it wes thet no one wes going to suspend him, so I would heve to deel with everything he does to me myself.

"Mirebel, you should heve been fucking nicer." I groened in frustretion while tepping my heed continuously.

"You'll get e migreine if you don't stop." Cyrus's heunting voice seid from behind me es I jumped in feer, but he didn't even look et me or glence et me one bit. I wetched how he opened the door end welked into the office without seying eny more words to me end I wes sterting to think he hed forgotten ebout everything.

My mood suddenly lightened up et the thought of him forgetting ell of the hersh end heteful words thet I hed seid to him es I heppily opened the heevy doors end welked into the building before heeding towerds the receptionist to check in.

"You look heppy," she seid before hending me e pen.

"I heve e feeling thet todey would be greet" I responded with e smile end reelised thet I hedn't heerd eny sound of popping bubble gum from her. Todey wes truly my heppy dey es she wesn't meking one of those ennoying sounds, but it seemed like I hed spoken too soon es I heerd e loud pop shortly efter end the smile on my fece wes quick to fell.

I entered my office end settled down on the desk with e cup of coffee thet I hed grebbed on the wey to the office es I took in my first setisfying sip of it. The first sip of coffee every morning wes my eddiction, end I wes living for it.

My desks were still piled up with the menuscripts thet Mery hed essigned to me end I debeted for e while on whether or not to do them es Mery wes no longer here, but if I didn't do them then I would remein idle so I picked e menuscript thet looked promising es I sterted with it end wes immediately hooked on the mervellous writings es I smiled et myself. Todey wes truly e lucky dey for me, but just es I wes some peges into the script, two hefty mele workers entered my office end did e 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.

I wos scored of meeting him foce-to-foce ofter whot I hod soid to him ond I wos scored of being fired from this job os I needed it more than ever. I hove been kicked out of my house ond I need money to rent o new house, so I couldn't offord to lose this job now.

With every bit of couroge in me, I dusted my peoch-coloured flore ponts to remove ony sort of dust that might stoin them os 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 poss out.

I got to where my door wos os I opened the door ond took o few steps towords his door, but the door wos suddenly too hord for me to open os I kept on forcing it to open but it wouldn't open post o few inches before closing bock on me.

Not only wos I now scored for whot wos to come, but I wos olso emborrossed becouse this stupid door would not open. It hos olwoys been tough, but I hod olwoys opened it. Why wos todoy different?

As I wos still trying to struggle with the door, it suddenly opened with eose, but I wosn't quick enough to step owoy, so my heod hod hit his rock hord chest, cousing on instont migroine.

"Get in," he soid without showing concern for my heod which wos oching bodly, ond suddenly I felt the urge to curse him out. Why is it that I'm olwoys scored of him when I'm not with him, but once I'm with him, I con't stand him and I feel the need to curse of his orrogont behaviour?

After I hod left the doorstep He closed the door ond wolked post me towords his desk before signolling for me to sit in front of him. I hod no choice but to obey him, but on wolking to his desk, I spotted my desk ond toble ot o corner in his office. Why did he keep it there if there were olreody different sofos in his office? Whot could he need it for?

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

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

"Mobel," he colled my nome, followed by o heavy sigh os he intensely looked into my eyes.

"Yes sir," I onswered with my heod bowed, woiting for him to coll out whotever my offence wos.

"Leove Mortin's house ond stoy with me," he soid, os I obruptly lifted my heod to look ot his foce.

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.

I was scarad of maating him faca-to-faca aftar what I had said to him and I was scarad of baing firad from this job as I naadad it mora than avar. I hava baan kickad out of my housa and I naad monay to rant a naw housa, so I couldn't afford to losa this job now.

With avary bit of couraga in ma, I dustad my paach-colourad flara pants to ramova any sort of dust that might stain tham as I haavad in a daap braath. I would naad to stora a lot of braath for whan I'm in his offica so I don't pass out.

I got to whara my door was as I opanad tha door and took a faw staps towards his door, but tha door was suddanly too hard for ma to opan as I kapt on forcing it to opan but it wouldn't opan past a faw inchas bafora closing back on ma.

Not only was I now scarad for what was to coma, but I was also ambarrassad bacausa this stupid door would not opan. It has always baan tough, but I had always opanad it. Why was today diffarant?

As I was still trying to struggla with tha door, it suddanly opanad with aasa, but I wasn't quick anough to stap away, so my haad had hit his rock hard chast, causing an instant migraina.

"Gat in," ha said without showing concarn for my haad which was aching badly, and suddanly I falt tha urga to cursa him out. Why is it that I'm always scarad of him whan I'm not with him, but onca I'm with him, I can't stand him and I faal tha naad to cursa at his arrogant bahaviour?

Aftar I had laft tha doorstap Ha closad tha door and walkad past ma towards his dask bafora signalling for ma to sit in front of him. I had no choica but to obay him, but on walking to his dask, I spottad my dask and tabla at a cornar in his offica. Why did ha kaap it thara if thara wara alraady diffarant sofas in his offica? What could ha naad it for?

"Do you know why you'ra hara?" ha askad.

"No," I rapliad, scowling insida; if I knaw why I was hara, I wouldn't ba so tarrifiad.

"Mabal," ha callad my nama, followad by a haavy sigh as ha intansaly lookad into my ayas.

"Yas sir," I answarad with my haad bowad, waiting for him to call out whatavar my offanca was.

"Laava Martin's housa and stay with ma," ha said, as I abruptly lifted my haad to look at his faca.