Two weeks later

Day 14

I sat in front of my home a six-by-seven through my small and simple office, thinking about, Warren was similar playing football around with his friends.

I heard a bark outside my door and stood up. Opening the door, my dog ran in.

"Cj were back," I said to him and he curled down beside my chair.

I smiled and kept answering my emails until, Zach rocked in, pointing heavily. I paused and raised a brow at him.

"Yes," I grunted.

"Okay, who's your favorite person in the entire world?"

"Grey. My one."

"Not funnie[illegible]

"Your next favorite person?"

"My dad."

"Okay, now you're just ascending me."

I laughed.

"Okay you're my third favorite person in the world. Now can you tell me what's going on already?"

"Are you ready to have some good news?"

He's cute all so cute, I laugh.

"Yes, I'm ready for good news."

"Okay, I'm ready to tell you, I'm ready to tell you the interview, at Jared Interactive." he pronounced.

"Wait, wait, Jared Interactive, is it the biggest digital marketing company in the whole of, " I gasped, unable to finish.

He nodded and smiled excitedly.

"Now if you pick that one,"

"You're my best friend forever, I'll do anything for you."

I grinned and jumped up to hug him.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

He chuckled.

"The interview is at eight tomorrow morning."

I frowned at him.

"I don't know what I'll do without you." I smiled.

"Grey, you'll never be without me."

Next morning

"Hey Don't worry, I'll drive Warren, Just go call that interview. They wouldn't forever wait for me." Zach reminding me.

I hugged him and kissed, my son goodbye before leaving the house.

I stomped on the magnificent building and forgot to blink till my eyes began to burn.

"Hey can do this dickie." Zach to myself and walked through the revolving glass door into the reception.

"Hello and welcome to Jared Interactive. How may I be of assistance today today Miss?" the lady behind the reception desk asked.

"Um, hi I am, , I have an interview for the photography position."

"Yes, Miss?"

She I myself complement what was going on, a picture of me had been taken.

"Thank you," the said taking out the picture from the printer behind her and slipping it into a plastic ID card holder I could wear around my neck.

"Take one point,

"Enjoy your stay," she said handing me the card,

I looked at it

Brianna Nolan. Guest.

I smiled.

"Hey Carol, can you help me with a profile for the visitor? angel? a lady asked.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" the lady barks, Carol, scolded.

The other lady looked up at me and the receptionist glared upon.

Oh not again!

"Oh my goodness Carol!" she shrieked and jumped up at me, "Oh, would you please give me your autograph? My little sister and I are huge fans of your work."

"This is new.

I laughed.

"Why what are you doing?" Carol scolded.

"Caroline don't you know who this is?"

She blabber her eyes across the room,

"It's Brianna. Beckett! Look at" to my whisper yelled.

Carol's mouth dropped.

"It really is Ms." she said.

And you have

"Look, I don't need your fan crazy right now, My best are swollen and I just want to make this my interview so if you could kindly point me the way, I would be very grateful." I sorted.

They stared frown at me and pointed to the elevator on the right.

"Right floor," they said simultaneously.

I smiled.

"Thank you," I said and walked away.

"Oh my gosh she smiled at us" Carol breathed heavily. "I'm so tweeting this!"

"Bear stay away!" my added.

I made it to the elevator and it rode before it closed. I was transparent at the back and the crew from up here was breathtaking.

I could see my house from here!

The people in the elevator all gave I, an the first and fourth floors and I was alone.

I sighed and pulled out my phone to check my makeup when I heard two things ceiling and another thing like the floor. I was alone in the glass elevator, who had homed in on a little and dropped her files.

The lady frowned at me and blocked her files, training the papers fly out before walking away.

Some people could be so rude!

I stepped out of the elevator and gave her a hand with the papers and other files.

"And I spent all night organizing them! My boss is going to kill me" she said with a tone of shame and sorrow.

"Hey, I'm sure he'll understand." I sympathized as I handed her the files and returned to the elevator.

"Thank you," she said.

I smiled at her.

"Oh my goodness!" I, she suddenly gasped.

I couldn't do this again.

"Look, I get it if you're a Beckett I years fan , but please don't squeal one with your ear piercing voice!"

"I—"

"You know what? I called, "Why don't I give you this number right now, but a pass, I know it by heart."

"Okay, first of all, I don't want who you're talking about, and neither do I want to his number."

That was definitely a strange.

"And second of all, what are you even talking about? You haven't changed much since I met you at your wedding."

I blinked and took a good look at her, studying her facial features.

"It's me."

"Megan Lancaster" she chanced.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well I work here. I'm the General Director's assistant."

"That's great!" I smiled.

"Wait"

"You interviewing for the photographer spot. You know, for the marketing department?"

"Wait I'm sure you'll ace it." she frowned. "You look really green."

"The elevator claimed another victim.

"I come that me when your interviewer is over. We've got lots to catch up on" Who doubled and walked away.

I smiled and pushed the eighth floor button as the door closed. The elevator hummed when suddenly the lights and the elevator dropped.

No, no, no, no, no!

I took this before hand nothing.

"You've got to be kidding me!"

I repetition of, so we're hitting little technical problem. We advise all individuals in the elevators right now to stay calm and not panic. We're getting our best technicians and you'll be out in a few minutes. Thank you."

I sickness and sat on the elevator floor, my face in my hands. I felt myself run out of air when I felt the elevator begin to move again. A sigh of relief left my lips, I waited for the elevator to open, but it rumbled and kept on moving.

I slowly got to the 8th floor and the AC was so full blast, I walked to the desk.

"Excuse me, I'm, I'm here for the interview" I said.

The lady looked up at me and shook her head.

"Take a seat, he's in a meeting."

"Look, I was stuck in the elevator for more than an hour. Can't you—"

"Hey you, don't make me get the security involved." She lady threatened. "Take a seat."

I looked at her twenty long seconds to the side of her chair.

"I.M.P! I said.

I reluctantly walked to the number of chairs and sat on one. I plugged in my earbuds and I didn't realize I'd fallen asleep till someone shook me.

"You can go ahead now," the lady said with disgust on her face.

I ignored at the stock on the wall as I stepped through my room.

2:20 pm.

I wouldn't bothering anything on I had enough problems and turned down the ac. I sprinkle . I take a shield and approached it. There was no and behind

I did my lower lip and looked around when a slender raven haired woman in a tight skirt and a black pencil suit walked through a good cash flow.

"Oh, you must be the one here for the interview." she smiled settling behind her desk. "I'm Cynthia. Brianna Nolan right?"

I nodded.

"Well just right in "has this done shortly." Warren and grinning not hesitation. Warren Zach jumped and Pulled.

"Hey, I'm sorry, I'm stuck here a lot going on." he said with an annoyed look. "If it makes you better, I'd like to bump your file, , maybe Warren is and hung in on my arrivals. I relieve dollar name Sorley."

"Unbelievable!" I murmured and grabbed my bag.

I stormed out of the a car and made the stairs this time. I pitched my hand and blinked in, slamming the door. I sighed and rested my head on the steering wheel.

"What were you thinking Zachary?" I groaned and slashed the car.

I pulled up to the front of the house and got out of the car. I kicked the car and turned on the alarm before walking up the front stairs and throw the door. The lights switched on, which stopped inside.

"Where's Grey?"

The lights suddenly came on.

"Surprise." they screamed and jumped out from behind the couches.

I screamed and falling backward. Zach and Warren caught me with a blue cash to his mouth. I took it and it read. "Newly employed!"

Oh no!

"Put it on mommy" Warren said and I slipped it across my cheek.

He was holding up a tone and now

Why do I feel like I just became Prom Queen again?

I blink at my smile.

"Oh honey, I'm so happy for you." Warren said happily, hugging me but not too tight. "We're so happy for you, aren't we Bruce?" she asked Bad.

He nodded. The gulp built up in me.

"Mom, I have to tell you guys something." I said.

"That of our surprise I'm possible without your next friend? You welcome?" Zach smirked proudly.

"No, it's just, " I paused and turning the house. "Why don't you go get my camera from my room, Zach?"

He nodded and ran upstairs. I turned to the rest.

"What is it, honey?" Mom asked. "Is it the baby?"

"You know you can talk to us anything right?" Dad added.

I looked between them.

"Hey, Bear spit it out. You're scaring everyone." Zach scribbled.

"I didn't get a job!" I blurted out. "Apparently I'm not good enough and I might have definitely troubled the CEO." I said and dropped on the couch.

"Oh honey." Mom said patting beside me.

Bro put her arms around me and I laid my head on her shoulder.

"It's okay" she cooed.

I smiled.

"And I better start cleaning up." Dad said. "Mind giving me a hand Zach?"

"Of course not. I'll be right there." he said before my dad disappeared into the kitchen.

"I'll go fall through that fire camera wasn't too necessary," Warren said.

"Wait a minute! Where's the camera in my room right? I asked" reaching into my bag to show it to my room.

"Now I'm getting really crazy now. Where's the camera the entire room upside down?

I laughed and watched her go up the stairs. I put the coat away and look a. She rush.

"Hey you," Zach said.

"Hey," I responded with a little smile.

"Look I'm so sorry about the interview,"

"Hey it's okay, it's not the end of the world."

"Not entirely.

"I mean how would you have known the guy who interviewed me would be such an ass he just left randomly! Nasty bastard." I said, making him laugh.

He was gone rate all.

"You don't have to feel guilty about anything. Zachary, I'll just leave looking. I'll get a job. And I'll start. My parents are kinda weirdly strong my grandfather was the a billionaire and he wrongly left me out. Anyway have to leave it a hashing Warren is transporting lawyer for I'm not a business.

He laughed and hugged me kissing my temple.

"I'm just glad I got him in the group."

"Well if he cares you for what around, I'm your lawyer."

I chuckled.

"Thanks, Zach." I said.

"Hey, thank you. You pulled me out of an incredibly long and boring meeting."

I laughed.

"Anyway, you coming? Or do I have to come get you with Mr. Warren?" Dad called from the kitchen.

"Sorry!" I laughed.

"I better go, I do not want to meet Mr. Dunjean. It's been years" Zach whispered and laughed as the memory of that cheeping or around the house when we were little came flooding back.

"Bro!" Your brother's on the phone!" Mom said coming down the stairs.

I took the phone from them.

"Hello big brother." I greeted, walking outside to the backyard.

It would be okay... eventually.

Thanks for reading!