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Olivia closed her eyes in fear. She might die if she kept them open. The world spun around for a moment, and when she opened her eyes again, the bend was nowhere to be found. Everything around them turned to a blur again.

Five minutes later, Thomas parked the car outside a building. "We're here," he said.

She shot him a glare and got out of the car, but she crouched down and puked all over the ground right away.

"Holy sh*t!" Thomas gasped and quickly got out of the car to pat her back.

She finally stopped vomiting a while later and stood back up with Thomas' help. "Goddammit. You scared me. I'm—"

Worried that she might deduct his pay, he interrupted, "You said nobody's driving can scare you."

"You little..." Olivia felt her cheeks burning up. She didn't expect her savior would make her eat her own words. "Wait for me right here. I'll come back after I'm done." She went into the office without turning back.

Thomas smiled. "Hey, my driving scared you, you know."

Her foot slipped, and she almost fell. Olivia thought, Just you wait. We have a long future ahead of us. Someday I'll get you back for this.

The guards outside the building had been staring at Olivia. Whoa, that's the most gorgeous lady in Irieson—Olivia Pearson.

After she went into the building, the guards whispered among each other. "Wonder what happened to her."

"No idea. She kept retching after she got out of the car."

"Hey, maybe she's pregnant."

"No way."

"You can't be too sure. We've seen her many times before. She's never carsick, so..."

"Holy smokes, that's big news. Wonder who's the lucky guy?"

Thomas the lucky guy got in the car and drove it into the parking lot before he rested his eyes.

He thought it would only take her two to three hours, but surprisingly, Olivia only came back out at six in the evening. The sun was almost setting.

There was exhaustion in her eyes. He thought, nothing's easy these days.

Even though she was tired, Olivia didn't forget what she promised Thomas. They went to a bank, and she handed seven grand to him. "Here. Get a nice place for your sister."

Thomas nodded silently. He was touched by the gesture, and he would repay the favor someday.

Olivia didn't go back to the company as she was too tired for it. Instead, they went to an upscale spot in the southern part of the city. "This is where I live. Pick me up at nine tomorrow, and make sure you see HR tomorrow for the application process."

Thomas went back to Chloe's place and told her the good news.

The girl was delighted. "Whoa. Pearson Group is one of the top five hundred companies in the world. This is great!"

Thomas took her to the three-bedroom unit he had viewed and liked and paid six months of rent, and then they started moving. Chloe didn't have a lot of stuff in her place, and Thomas was driving, so they managed to move everything in two trips.

They splurged a bit on BBQ before retiring for the night.

Thomas was woken up by the aroma of food the next morning. He went to the kitchen and saw that Chloe had made breakfast. After they had breakfast, Thomas took Chloe to Pearson Group and picked Olivia up before going to the HR department for the onboarding process.

'Hiring.' When he arrived at the HR department, he noticed a big poster hanging at a conspicuous spot. 'Hiring a driver for the president. Good driving skills are required. Required qualifications: high school diploma and above.'

"What?" Thomas gasped. What's going on? I thought I got the job. Why are they hiring a driver still?

Olivia spent the whole of yesterday talking business, so nobody knew she had chosen a driver for herself.

Thomas knocked on the door and entered the office. He told the beautiful receptionist, "Hi, I'm—"

Before he could finish, the receptionist said, “The form’s on the table by the door. Take one and fill it.” She didn’t even look up at him. All her attention was on the screen, and her fingers were flying across the keyboard.

Thomas looked at the table beside him. He took one form and filled it in.

“Hey, sis, I thought I was going to get the driving job. Why is he interviewing for the spot?” someone said in surprise. It caught Thomas’ attention.

“It’s alright. This is just a formal process. I promised you the spot, so I’ll give you the spot. He’s just a bumpkin. Not even the best people in this city can get the spot if I say so.”

The woman was in black professional attire, and her hair was tied into a ponytail. She had an hourglass figure that left a lot to the imagination.

Thomas glanced at her for a moment and went back to filling out his form. I already drove Olivia around yesterday. No way someone else is getting my job.

“Hey, get out of the way, dumb*ss,” the woman in the suit barked.

Just the sight of Thomas’ clothes made her stomach churn. Yellow pants and navy jacket. God, it smells like sh*t. How long has it been since he washed his clothes? What is he, a beggar? What is with the guards? Why do they let just anyone into the company?

Thomas moved away, and the lady took her brother into the office. A while later, Thomas went back to the reception counter with his form. “Done.”

The receptionist picked it up and went through his details. “You went into the military after high school?” She was a little surprised. Being a soldier was tough, and barely anybody would pursue a career in the military instead of the professional field.

“Yes.” Thomas nodded.

“Are you done, Molly?”

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The beautiful receptionist was about to speak when the woman in a suit came strutting out of her office haughtily with her brother in tow.

“Please give me a moment, Izzy. This man is here to interview for the job as well. Let me get his details first since Miss Pearson has specified that we need to hire the best candidate,” Molly Clark said with a smile.

“Why should I need to wait, Molly? Don’t tell me you plan on hiring a guy like him. Aren’t you worried that Miss Pearson might faint from the stench he’s giving off?”

“Sorry about this, but the role of Miss Pearson’s personal driver has already been filled. You don’t fit the requirements, since as the president’s driver, you’ll be following her around on business. In other words, the role requires someone who can represent the company, and your appearance will only degrade the company’s image.”

Izzy Lynch didn’t even bother to look at Thomas. She decided on Molly’s behalf right away.

Molly couldn’t help but study Thomas.

Izzy had a point. Not only was Thomas wearing cheap clothing, but his face was covered in stubble, and after sniffing the air with a slight frown, Izzy did detect an unsavory smell. His physical state didn’t fit the bill for the role of the president’s driver.

But it didn’t seem polite to be rejecting him just based on that, right? What if he was just in a rush and didn’t have time to clean up a bit?

“Izzy, we should still follow the company’s policies. Since he’s here, we can’t reject him without even giving him a proper interview, right?”

Molly didn’t like Izzy’s nepotism, especially since Izzy made the decision for her as soon as she came in without even discussing it first. It was a little too domineering.

Plus, Molly had a good impression of all those who joined the military, and Thomas won brownie points with her for that. She instinctively chose to help him.

“Hmph! Don’t think you can use the company’s policies to scare me off, Molly. We’re the ones who make the policies, and you need to learn to be a little more flexible. It’s no wonder that you’re still just a receptionist after so many years at the company. Meanwhile, I was... Thomas Clifford!”

Izzy exclaimed with a start halfway through her sentence.

Both Molly and Patrick—Izzy’s brother—were taken aback. So after spending all that time putting the guy down, he turned out to be someone that Izzy was acquainted with?

“Izzy Lynch!”

Thomas glanced at the woman in surprise. He didn’t expect to run into one of his high school classmates here.

Back then, Izzy was the class representative for the student body’s culture and entertainment committee.

“Izzy... Do you guys know each other?” Molly stood up and asked curiously.

“Of course! Why wouldn’t I know him? He was the class genius back in high school. Thomas Clifford, the top student of his year at Irieson First High School! He was even Irieson’s top scorer for the SATs!”

Just like Thomas, Izzy was surprised to run into him here. Didn’t he join the army right after high school?

But it’s been seven or eight years. I guess it makes sense that he would’ve been discharged from the army by now.

“Huh?”

Molly was stunned by Izzy’s words. Irieson First High School was one of the top schools in not just the state, but the entire country. It would take a genius to be consistently the top student at Irieson First High. Being Irieson’s top scorer meant that he could’ve gone to any of the Ivy League colleges, or even any other college of his dreams! Why did he join the army if he had such a bright future in front of him?

“Oh, I remember now! Is he the genius who scored full marks in both reading and writing?” At the time, Molly was in her sophomore year of high school.

“That’s him!” Memories of Izzy’s school days eight years ago began to flash through her mind. Back then, Thomas was the star in school. All of the teachers and school administrators treated him like their most precious student, and he was also the knight in shining armor to many of the school’s teenage girls. Izzy ranked among them too. How could anyone not be attracted to that lanky, talented teenager?

In fact, Izzy had considered confessing to Thomas, but before she did, she found out that he had a girlfriend.

“I didn’t expect that you’d have left the army, Thomas!” Izzy did feel like it was a pity that he joined the army. If he hadn’t, who knew what kind of future he had in store for him?

It’s all thanks to his own stupidity for giving up on all the college opportunities offered to him and insisting on joining the army instead! Look what it led to! Now that he’s out of the army, he still has to look for a job, doesn’t he? And he’s even interviewing to be a driver! What would our other classmates think if they found out? Irieson’s most promising student is trying to get a job as a driver! How inconceivable!

Back then, everyone assumed that Thomas would have the brightest future out of all of them, but from the looks of it now, hah!

“It’s been a while,” Thomas greeted courteously.

“Yeah. It has been a long time!” Izzy nodded before passing the form she was holding to Molly and instructing her, “Take my brother to get his uniform and take care of his employment paperwork.”

“Huh? Izzy, what...”

Molly was in a difficult position. Isn't this person your old classmate? Why are you still rejecting him just like that? Isn't this a bit much?

Before Molly could finish her sentence, Izzy snapped, “What's wrong? You got a problem with that? Although my brother graduated from a no-name college, at least he has a bachelor's degree. Thomas didn't even go to college. Who do you think the position should go to?”

Izzy was genuinely angered now. What's with all the fuss over such a tiny matter? Haven't I shown you enough respect by coming over myself? How dare you question me? I'm a manager here! Piss me off and you won't have a job here much longer!

“I...”

Molly threw Thomas a sympathetic glance. In all honesty, when she heard about who Thomas was, it brought back memories of her schooling days too. All of Irieson were in an uproar over the news of Irieson's top SAT scorer choosing to join the army instead of going to college.

As one of the high schoolers in Irieson, it was only natural that she heard about it too.

“I do apologize, Thomas, but even though we're high school classmates, you're still just a high school graduate, while my younger brother graduated from college. You're not suited for this role. Hey, why don't I give Wallace Shrew a call for you? He's the general manager for one of the top hotels in town. I'm sure he can help you get a job!”

Izzy grabbed Thomas' form and jotted down a set of numbers.

Meanwhile, Thomas was getting riled up. What did I ever do to you? Not only are you scorning me for not being a college graduate, but you're even asking me to ask my rival for help? What's the meaning of all this?

Back then, Felice was the most beautiful girl in all of Irieson First High. Wallace and Thomas both wanted to date her, and in the end, Thomas succeeded. This meant that he and Wallace were rivals in love, and they had a grudge between them ever since then. Is she trying to get me to make a fool out of myself by asking him for help now?

“Good luck, Thomas! I've done whatever I can to help you!”

Izzy took a good long look at Thomas as she thought to herself, Why on earth was I attracted to you back then? Only a moron would run off to join the army for no good reason when he had so many other choices!

