

Keep A Love Profile, Sir! Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Failed Interview

For a few days, Galilea lived in this huge apartment Nore gave her the master bedroom. He would race in the day and bring food back to her at night.

Lying on the bed, every time Galilea closed her eyes, she would think of Micah's sharp eyes and tone. Her heart would still ache, but she would try to calm her emotions.

The Frankie family's family motto was to grow stronger and endlessly.

She would not let herself fall like this.

This day, Galilea finished washing up and put on light makeup. She was dressed in a professional suit, revealing her curvaceous figure. When she went out, she bumped into Nore, who had just returned from buying breakfast.

"Where are you going?" Nore immediately stopped her.

"I have an interview." As Galilea spoke, she changed into her high heels and threw him a kiss. "Wish me good luck, Nor-nor."

"No, you can leave after breakfast."

"It's too late." Galilea shook her head and stepped on her high heels as he left.

Nore was helpless, but he knew Galilea's character. She was competitive and never depend on others. He would never be able to change her mind.

And what he had to do from now on was to protect her.

Her interview was at a top 500 company, and the position was market sales. Galilea knew that her figure and appearance were all superior, and working in sales would be the best. Also, she could make money quickly.

The HR at the interview was also very satisfied with her. In addition, Onyx took her to various business occasions. She was talented in doing business.

"Miss Galilea, your resume is very outstanding. We have long heard of your background. As a Frankie, you must be excellent." The HR manager was very friendly. He held a pen in his hand and looked at her with a look of appreciation. "But I don't know if you are interested in this small company."

Galilea immediately understood the HR manager's meaning. "I know that the salary is low, but I don't care about the salary. I will try to get a high commission."

This attitude of hers made the HR manager satisfied and was ready to hire her on the spot.

And at this time...

"Sir, there's an external call," the assistant reminded.

"Okay, Miss Frankie. Please wait a moment. Let me answer the phone."

Galilea also nodded politely, and then the supervisor got up and left the interview room. But a few minutes later, he rushed into the room again, looking embarrassed. "Miss Galilea, I'm sorry, I can't hire you."

"Why?" Galilea obviously did not expect this.

"This... is the problem of our company. We can't keep a big shot like you here. I believe you can definitely find a way better job..." The supervisor did not dare to say that there was someone behind this and could only nicely decline her.

So, the first interview failed!

Galilea nibbled on a sandwich and sat on the chair downstairs.

Except for Micah, she really couldn't think of anyone else who would interfere in all this and deliberately make dirty moves!

At this time, in the president's office of the Lorenzo group building, Micah, who had just finished a meeting, sat on a leather chair and listened to the report of his assistant, and his expression was a bit

cold.

"You mean, she was rejected by the interview at Hutton?"

"Yes, Mr. Lorenzo. I asked. It was Miss Quincy who did it." Although Keith, the assistant, did not know why and Galilea and Mr. Lorenzo had already turned against each other, Mr. Lorenzo still asked him to keep an eye on Miss Frankie' every move. "Mr. Lorenzo, do you need me to arrange for someone to help Galilea..." he asked boldly. Before he finished speaking, Micah looked at him. That daunting gaze made Keith quail, and he quickly stopped talking.

Micah turned the chair and faced the side of the floor-to-ceiling window. His dark eyes glanced at Creek Club. Galilea's stubborn look actually made his heart feel a trace of inexplicable irritability. "All of this is the Frankie family's own fault." He warned himself not to be soft-hearted. His throat moved. "Continue to keep an eye on her. If there is any news, report it in time." "Yes, Mr. Lorenzo."

