

## Love Slave 8

### Chapter 8: His Question

Is he...my interviewer?

I blinked rapidly as I tried to clear away my shock. There, sitting in the middle in between the other two interviewer, was the stranger that I had met yesterday at the park. If he's here, then he must be one of my interviewers. What a funny coincidence...

This is great, I can return the money to him. It might not be the full amount, but I must return the bulk of it that I had not spent for sure and then for the rest, I'll pay him back as soon as possible. When I met him, he was wearing casual clothes; however, now he was wearing a formal business suit and his hair was styled differently. Although he looked different, I recognized him almost immediately. I thought he looked very handsome in his casual clothes, but he looks just as stunning or even more so in his pristine and expensive-looking grey suit.

"Have a seat," he said as he motioned for me to sit down.

His formal tone somehow disappointed me. Did he not recognize me? Was it because I was dressed in my new suit and my hair is styled a little differently? Based on his passive attitude and lack of reaction, it was quite clear that he did not recognize me at all.

After recovering from my shock, I was somehow able to force my body to walk forward. I sat down in the designated chair as I said polite greetings to my three interviewers. The middle-aged woman on the right was dressed in a very stylish suit and her hair was put up in a stylish bun. Her lips were a dark maroon that matched with her earrings and necklace. She eluded a sense of superiority and experience.

The man on the left was slightly older than the woman and just as well dressed. He wore golden rimmed glasses and had a compassionate look in his eyes. From the vibe that I was getting from the panelists, it was clear that this company took the screening of new recruits extremely seriously.

.....

"Please start off by introducing yourself..." the woman said before offering me a pleasant smile.

I introduced myself and walked them through my resume. Although I was a new graduate and didn't have any real work experience, I had experience working part-time that could show that I am a responsible person who took my job seriously. My grades from university were beyond decent even if I do say so myself. However, I was sure that every other candidate that passed the pre-screening round was the same. So...if I'm not able to somehow distinguish myself here then...

After introducing myself, the woman and the older man took turns asking questions related to my skills such as leadership, teamwork, and my plans for the future. The questions were standard, and I had responses prepared so everything went smoothly as planned. I tried to answer their questions as honestly as possible with examples from my past experiences to support my point.

"Why have you chosen to apply to this company when there are so many others?"

I sat up a little straighter when the man sitting in the center of the panel asked his first question since the whole session had started. To be honest, the question wasn't unexpected, and I knew my answer without the need to prepare.

"The reason why I've chosen to apply to this company is because a certain commercial that this company produced helped save my life..." I said passionately.

Unlike the anxiety that I was feeling inside, my voice came out bright and clear. I started telling the interviewers the story behind my motivation to join this company.

...

You know how sometimes when everything seems to be going well, you start to think that it's too good to be true. Then you start thinking that something bad is waiting to happen to you just around the corner. That was exactly how I felt on that day and, needless to say, I was right.

"I know this is sudden but, I guess it's better to let you know in advance. We just received news that there isn't enough budget for scholarships next year," my homeroom teacher said solemnly before sighing loudly.

Oh...I see. There won't be scholarship for students next year because there isn't enough money. I guess the budget got cut. If there's no scholarship, then how am I supposed to continue going to school?

"I see..." was all that I managed to say.

"Umm...I know this is tough so...I'll try to see if there's something that I can do. I'll let you know if anything changes..." my teacher said as she tried to smile at me encouragingly.

I knew she was just trying to be kind and do her job. However, deep down I knew that there wasn't much that she could do. If there was no budget, then that was that. There was no budget.

"Thank you...for letting me know," I said as I tried my best to smile back at her.

The conversation ended awkwardly. I waited until I left the room and closed the door behind me before letting out the sigh that I had been suppressing. I stood in the school's hallway with my back pressed against the wall as I let the words sink in. At this rate, it's going to be close to impossible for me to continue studying next year. Luckily there was still some time left, perhaps I could get multiple part time jobs and save up some money before the next payment was due.

I grabbed my backpack from the locker and started on my walk back home with my head hung low. I didn't know how to tell my mum about this. She would be stressed and devastated, but worst of all she would start blaming herself again when none of this was her fault...or anyone's fault. Perhaps, I shouldn't even tell her about it. I found myself sighing once again as I continued to walk along the sidewalk towards home.