

Chapter 77 Reggie Is the General Manager, and Jessica Regrets It Bitterly

Jessica had clearly seen Reggie walk out of the company just moments ago.

So, was he now working there?

"I have no obligation to explain anything to you. We're no longer connected in any way," Reggie said, his tone indifferent as he turned to Isabel, his usual gentle smile returning to his face. "Let's go inside. It's a bit windy out here today."

"Mm, alright." Isabel smiled and linked her arm with Reggie's, walking with him into the company.

Jessica, who had been completely ignored, was fuming. She couldn't hold back her anger and shouted after them.

"Reggie, what good is it that your face is healed? You've been kicked out of the Zimmermans, and you have nothing left!"

Isabel paused in her steps, turning her head to glance back at Jessica. "Having nothing, does that mean someone can't build something from scratch?"

"Hahaha!" Jessica laughed mockingly, her face full of disdain. "Starting from scratch? Without resources, what are you even talking about? That's just daydreaming!"

"You really underestimate people, don't you—" Isabel started to retort, but Reggie interrupted her.

"Isa, leave it. You don't need to explain anything to her. She is who she is, and we are who we are."

Isabel knew this logic well, and she was usually the type to let things slide, but when it came to Reggie, she couldn't tolerate anyone looking down on her brother.

Still, she nodded, suppressing her anger, and the two of them entered the building.

Jessica was so mad she stomped her foot in frustration. She'd forgotten she was wearing high heels, and the sharp pain made her cry out as she hopped around, clutching her foot.

Her little outburst caught the attention of the people around her, making her even more embarrassed.

She blamed it all on Reggie and Isabel!

Hmph! So what if they got into the company before me? With my looks and qualifications, there was no way I wouldn't land this job today!

Determined, Jessica marched up to the reception desk, resume in hand. "Hi, I'm here to apply for the position of executive assistant to the general manager."

The receptionist glanced at her resume, then handed it back with an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, the position has already been filled."

"What? No way! I came so early. How could it have been filled already?"

Before Jessica could continue her complaint, another young woman approached the desk with her resume in hand.

"Morning, I'm here to apply for the position of executive assistant to the general manager. Here's my resume."

The receptionist smiled and pointed toward the HR department. "Take your resume and head over for the interview."

"Sure, thank you!" The girl beamed with excitement and hurried off toward the interview.

Jessica's eyes widened in disbelief.

"What are you standing there for? You can leave now," the receptionist said, her tone cold.

Jessica was seething, barely able to contain her rage. She nearly exploded right there.

"Didn't you just tell me the position was filled? So what about her?"

Before the receptionist could respond, Jessica's face lit up with sudden realization.

"I get it! She must be your relative, right? You're abusing your authority to help her get the job! Well, I'm not leaving until I get my interview! If you don't let me through, I'll wait for the general manager and report you in person!"

The receptionist didn't look the slightest bit flustered. She wasn't worried at all. Complain? Ha. Jessica had no idea who she was dealing with. Offending the general manager and thinking she could still apply to be his assistant? Absurd.

In fact, Isabel had given the receptionist instructions earlier, and she was simply following through with those orders. So, Jessica's threats were meaningless.

"If you don't leave now, I'll have security escort you out," the receptionist said coolly.

Jessica couldn't believe what she was hearing. A mere receptionist acting this cocky?

Just then, she spotted a young man stepping out of the elevator.

It was him!

Lincoln Meyer, the former first assistant to D'Meria Group's CEO!

Jessica had seen him on financial news channels and in major headlines. A graduate of Atheria University, he was known as one of the top talents in the business world.

Her reasons for pursuing this interview were twofold.

While the prospect of securing a senior role in a new company was enticing, the real draw was Lincoln.

If a company like I.Z. Corporation could attract someone of his caliber, they clearly had something special to offer.

"He's even more handsome in person!" Jessica breathed, her gaze fixed on Lincoln with an intensity that bordered on awe.

But as she continued staring, she noticed someone else step out of the elevator with him—Reggie.

Comparing the two, Jessica had to admit that Reggie still looked every bit like the campus heartthrob he used to be. Handsome, with impeccable style.

But a man's value wasn't in his looks; it was in his power and wealth.

"Mr. Meyer!" Jessica quickly rushed over to Lincoln, putting on her best "damsel in distress" act. She flipped her hair and shot him a flirtatious look, speaking in a soft, aggrieved tone.

"I'm here to apply for the position of executive assistant to the general manager, but the receptionist is trying to prevent me from interviewing. She told me the position had been filled just to help her own relative get the job."

Watching Jessica's overly dramatic performance, Isabel felt a wave of nausea.

Jessica's real goal wasn't to report the receptionist—it was to seduce Lincoln.

Seeing this, Isabel shot a glance at Reggie.

Reggie's brows furrowed in slight disgust.

He was clearly repulsed by Jessica's antics. Isabel couldn't help but feel a little sorry for her brother. He was probably questioning his life choices right now—how had he not realized back in college what kind of person Jessica really was?

She tugged on Reggie's sleeve and whispered just loud enough for him to hear. "Don't blame yourself, Reg. It's not your fault you didn't see through her. Jessica's just really good at pretending. Besides, if you'd married her and only realized her true nature after you had kids, it would've been way too late."

Reggie smiled and ruffled Isabel's hair. "You've thought this through pretty thoroughly, haven't you?"

Isabel grinned cheekily at her brother. Lincoln turned to the receptionist.

"Did you really do what she's claiming?"

No, I did," Isabel said, stepping forward.

"You?" Jessica turned her furious gaze on Isabel. "I knew it! So you're the one behind this! Isabel, why would you do that?"

"Because I don't want you working here. You're vain and shallow. Just looking at you hurts my eyes," Isabel responded bluntly, not bothering to sugarcoat her words.

Jessica was livid, almost shaking with rage. She turned to Lincoln, trying to rally him to her side. "Mr. Meyer, you see? These low-level employees are abusing their authority! And they're doing it so brazenly right in front of you!"

"Security," Lincoln called out, his voice calm but firm. Two security guards rushed over.

Seeing the scene unfold, Jessica's confidence soared. She shot Isabel a smug, triumphant look.

Serves you right! You want to abuse your power? This is what you get!

"Throw her out," Lincoln said, pointing at Jessica.

"What?! Me? Why—" Jessica didn't even finish her sentence before the guards grabbed her and dragged her out of the building.

She landed face-first on the pavement outside, her hair a mess and her makeup smeared. She couldn't have looked more pitiful.

"Isabel!

"Reggie!"

Jessica screamed their names in fury as she turned her head to see Lincoln respectfully holding the car door open for Reggie and Isabel. Once they got in, Lincoln slid into the driver's seat and drove off.