

Oops! I Married A CEO By Mistake

Chapter 3

3-Appoint her.

The next morning she got ready and left the apartment for her interview. She woke up earlier and made pancakes for him.

I hope I get this job. Because now I have got the responsibility of Henry too. She thought to herself while popping a chewing gum in her mouth.

When she reached there, she felt disappointment surging through her. They wanted someone to get the wood furniture made for their upcoming coffee shops. Female candidates were required for the position. This was the perfect job for her. She had been designing and making furniture with her father from a very young age.

She knew some trustworthy carpenters who could materialize the best designs for her.

But the reason for her displeasure was, all the girls seated in the waiting area were well dressed than her. They were beautiful and were discussing the CEO of the Levisay Company.

"I wish I can get this job. I have heard their CEO is single and smoking hot!" She heard one girl.

"Yeah. The selected one will be lucky. Now, who would hate such a treat to their eyes?" This was another girl.

They were discussing the CEO like the vacancy was for a CEO Pleaser, not the furniture provider. A young woman in her mid-thirties was calling candidates one by one for the interview.

Just then someone walked in and sat beside her on the plush sofa.

“You won’t get the job, sweetie, you know? They are offering so many benefits here.” When Abigail heard the familiar voice she raised her head and found Chloe sitting there, right beside her with an evil grin.

What this shit is doing here? Abigail was speechless.

“What are you doing here?” She could not stop herself from asking.

“I am here for the job. You know why?” She shifted near her ear, “We are getting married within a month.”

The pain sliced through Abigail’s body like anything. But she did not show any emotion on her face, “Good luck with that Chloe. I am happy to see that the girl who never cleaned her shit is interested to do this job.” Abigail shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

It seemed Chloe was not done with her, “Guess what? I will get the job. The assistant manager of this furniture project is a friend of Kyle. And he assured us that this job belongs to me.”

Abigail was disheartened but kept sitting there hoping for some miracle.

“Abigail. Don’t worry. I am willing to hire you as one of the carpenters on my team. Ha-ha.”

There was a sarcastic smile on her face but Abigail did not let it get to her, “Oh! I will gladly work as your carpenter, Chloe. Because without me you might get fired from your job on your first day!”

Instead of arguing further Chloe took a mirror and started fixing her lip color.

Against all odds, the worst happened. Chloe proved to be right. After a long wait, the woman came out and announced, "All you beautiful girls. You can go back home now. We have appointed the most deserving candidate for the job."

Then the woman turned to Chloe, "Miss Chloe Mason?"

"Yes?" Chloe stood up excitedly

"Please come this way." Chloe eyed her grudgingly and then walked away along with that woman.

Girls sitting there started leaving muttering to themselves for losing the opportunity of meeting the handsome CEO.

James handed over a file to Hunter Levisay, "This has got everything on Abigail Mason. But I will tell you the summary, sir."

Hunter was going through the pages when his assistant started telling him, "Abigail is 22. Used to live with her stepmom and sister after her father's demise. She was about to get married to her childhood sweetheart but he cheated on her and was found with her stepsister in a very ... umm ... indecent condition.

The couple not only deceived her but also took away all the savings they did as a duo. Ms. Abigail leased an apartment in Dream Galaxy. Trusting her fiancé, she

gave the sole ownership to him. He owns a bank account where she had been saving money for the wedding. But he is not willing to return her money.

She used to design furniture pieces and earn money by selling them. Now she is so broke that she doesn't have enough money to sustain."

That reminded Hunter that she wore the same pencil skirt this morning to today's interview which she was wearing yesterday when she approached him at the diner, "Why doesn't she start selling furniture pieces again?"

"Sir. That's because she doesn't have a dime to buy even a spec of wood. He did not let her take her clothes or other stuff when she was leaving the apartment."

Hunter Levisay did not know how to respond to that. He wanted to kill Kyle and the step-sister with his bare hands.

"There is more, Mr. Levisay. The ex and step-sister are about to get married. They will reside in the same apartment which had Ms. Abigail Mason's fair share of sweat and blood. He also owns a small office as a wood furniture showroom. Where all the pieces are designed by Ms. Abigail Mason."

Hunter was listening to all the details when James cleared his throat, "This might interest you, sir." He paused for a moment, "Her g****e history..."

"What about that?" Hunter raised his head from the file.

"It said, how to murder someone without leaving any proof. How to kill someone without being suspected. And last one... Does chewing gum suppress your hunger?"

"What?" Hunter who wanted to laugh at the first two options raised his brows then sat quietly as if weighing something, "Are we done with the hiring of furniture supplier for our company's next project?"

"Yes, Sir. We are. But there is more to it." When Hunter did not remark, James added further, "Our assistant manager is friends with this guy Kyle and has hired his fiancée, Chloe for the position."

"Hmm." Hunter thought for a minute, "Have you given the ad in newspapers for the overall State level, Head Manager for our upcoming women empowerment program?"

"No, sir. It will be done tomorrow morning."

"Then hold it, James!"

"Sir?" The order seemed to have shocked the assistant.

"Yes. Hold it. Get an appointment letter prepared for Abigail Mason. And post it tomorrow on this mailing address."

"Consider it done, sir."

Hunter worriedly looked at the wall clock. Abigail should have reached home by now. Where was she?