

CHAPTER 45

CHAPTER 45 | Accept Your Offer

"Maybe I should have let Lily wait with me," Tiffany muttered to herself. She nervously fidgeted in the lobby as she looked over her resume again and the monologue that she had prepared to show her acting capabilities.

Tiffany looked up when the door open just to see someone bring in coffee for the receptionist. She scanned the room again to see if there was anyone additional that had entered, but it was still her and the receptionist.

"What is taking so long? It's been thirty minutes. Should I just go home? Did they already fill the position and just didn't call me?" Tiffany wondered.

Tiffany had spent hours preparing, rehearsing potential answers to anticipated questions. The opportunity to secure a promising job had filled her with a mix of excitement and anxiety.

"You got this Tiffany. Don't psych yourself out," Trixie, her cat, purred within her before going dormant again.

"Trixie! Thank you," Tiffany said in surprise and couldn't help but smile. Unlike werewolves and their wolves, werecats were so aligned with their beasts that they rarely needed to speak. So, for Trixie to speak with Tiffany, it was special.

Just as she was about to check her phone for the umpteenth time, the secretary's voice cut through the silence. "Tiffany Fizsefa, the hiring manager is ready to see you now."

Tiffany followed the secretary's lead and entered the office, her mind racing with thoughts of how to make a strong first impression. However, her expectations took an unexpected turn when she laid eyes on the occupants of the room. Sitting behind the desk was none other than Garrett, the man she had met earlier with Lily. And to her surprise, Adam, Garrett's Beta, was seated on the couch nearby. He was trying his hardest not to stare at her and focus on his phone.

Confusion and curiosity swept over Tiffany, momentarily overshadowing her nervousness.

Garrett rose from his chair, a warm smile spreading across his scarred face. "Ms. Fizsefa, please have a seat."

"So, you're the hiring manager. Did you know who I was earlier?" Tiffany said, sitting down.

"Of course I did. You look different from your pictures, but I knew it was you," Garrett confirmed.

"So, how do we begin? This is a little weird but I can make this work," Tiffany said confidently.

"That won't be needed. I apologize for the unconventional approach, but there will be no interview today," Garrett replied.

Tiffany's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as she settled into a chair. "But why? Is it because I am friends with Lily? Or is it because I am a werecat?"

Garrett leaned against the desk, his gaze steady as he said, "My face bothers you, doesn't it?"

"Seriously? You could look like a Baboon's ass for all I care. Are you upset because I was a little shocked by your scars? Come on! That is a normal reaction and I don't give a crap about that," Tiffany hissed angrily.

Garrett chuckled, leaning back in his chair and Tiffany glared. "What is so funny? My livelihood is not a game."

"Nor do I believe it is. Ms. Fizsefa, you misunderstand me. I have already done a thorough check on your qualifications and background. After reviewing your credentials, I believe you would be an excellent fit for our organization," Garrett explained as he offered her a folder filled with all of her information. There was information in that folder that Lily didn't even know. Tiffany placed the folder back down on the desk.

Tiffany's surprise grew, mixed with a tinge of apprehension and skepticism.

"Why are you showing me this? Were you just messing with me then?" Garrett nodded and Tiffany frowned. "You have some weird sense of humor."

"Of course," Garrett grinned.

"Then, I should still have an interview. You never know about those background checks. Or are you just giving me this job because of Lily," Tiffany stated.

"No, Ms. Fizsefa. It's not about nepotism. I assure you, your friendship with Lily played no part in this decision. I value her opinion, yes, but I have personally assessed your skills and potential. You are highly qualified for the position."

Adam, who had been observing the exchange in silence, finally found his voice. "And I must say, Ms. Fizsefa, your beauty is simply mesmerizing."

Tiffany felt a mixture of flattery and frustration. She didn't want her appearance to overshadow her abilities or diminish her achievements. She leaned forward, her voice firm. "Thank you for the compliment..." Tiffany paused waiting for him to introduce himself.

"Adam,"

"Thank you Adam, but I want to be recognized for my skills and merits, not just my looks. I don't need special treatment because I'm friends with Lily," Tiffany continued.

"That's not what I mean. I... I meant,"

"What my colleague meant was that your interesting features will be perfect as the lead for an upcoming movie as you are exactly what we have been looking for," Garrett interjected, side eyeing Adam. "I completely understand your point, Ms. Fizsefa. I want to assure you that my decision is based on your qualifications, not superficialities. You have a track record of excellence, and I believe in your potential."

Tiffany took a moment to collect her thoughts, considering the offer on the table. A part of her was hesitant, questioning whether she should accept a position that seemingly bypassed the standard interview process. But as Garrett speaking, her doubts began to dissipate.

"I value your skills and what you can bring to the table, Ms. Fizsefa. In fact, I am willing to double the salary that any competitor has or will offer you. I believe in investing in exceptional talent, and I see that in you."

Tiffany's eyes widened in surprise, her initial skepticism giving way to a glimmer of excitement. The offer was undeniably enticing, a testament to Garrett's confidence in her abilities.

After a moment's contemplation, Tiffany extended her hand, a smile playing on her lips. "Alright, I accept your offer."