

Chapter 2

"There must be some sort of mistake, I didn't apply for that job."

I heard a grunt from the other end. "Are you deaf or just plain dumb? I just said you were selected. A car will there to pick you up at 6 a.m sharp. Dress formal."

"But-" then the line went dead.

I threw the phone on the couch, as I plopped myself down on to it. I was filled with nothing but confusion. Firstly, I did not even apply for that job and secondly, working for Constuctex? As in the multi-billion-dollar company that had taken the lime light in construction worldwide? Never in my dreams would I have thought I would end up working there.

Something was o . I didn't know who the CEO was, yet he had mysteriously chosen me as the new P.A.

This is your chance to finally make a living, and the company probably pays well.

My inner voice was right, but all of this just seemed too odd. Maybe God had finally heard my prayers.

"Ugh! What am I even going to wear? I have nothing formal!" I groaned, smashing my face into a cushion.

An idea popped into my mind. My neighbor, Savannah, worked as a waitress at some fancy restaurant. She ought to have one or two items she can lend me...

Without hesitation, I dashed out of my apartment to the one opposite mine. A er a few knocks, a bewildered Savannah opened the door.

"Sheesh, do you have to knock like a serial killer?" she asked, her voice laced with slight annoyance.

"Sorry Savannah, I didn't mean to knock frantically. I need your help with something."

She rolled her eyes. "Listen, Audrey-"

"It's Aubrey." I cut her. "And this is really important. I just got a job that requires formal wear which I don't have. Could you please lend me a few items?" I gave her the best puppy dog eyes I could muster.

She sighed loudly. "Fine. I think I could help you out...but I want my stu back, okay?" She said, opening the door wider so I could enter.

Her apartment wasn't di erent from mine, only that she had nicer items than me. Of course, since she had a job and I didn't...

"Take a seat whilst I go check my closet." she said, motioning to her small leather couch.

I complied, taking a seat on the sofa. The questions that were swirling in my mind immediately surfaced. But who could that CEO possibly be? I did not know anyone that important. Other than that, I had a degree in Accounting and a job as a P.A wouldn't suite that at all.

So now you are just going to complain about a job you haven't even tried out yet?

No, I wasn't complaining. All I'm saying is just that I was a tad bit over qualified for that job. I didn't got to NYU just to end up being the P.A of some insu erable snob of a boss.

That's so cliché. Not all bosses are stuck up assholes. You're just being ungrateful. And I know your mother didn't raise you like that.

"Okay, so I found three blouses, two skirts and one pair of slacks that you could probably fit." Savannah's voice boomed, bringing me out of my thoughts.

I stood up then walked over to where she was standing. The clothing almost looked new and totally work appropriate.

"This is perfect, thanks Savannah." I beamed, stretching my hands to grasp the clothing. I really appreciate this." I was about to turn and leave when she cleared her throat.

"Well," she eyed me expectantly, "aren't you going to try on the clothes, to see if they actually fit?"

I gave her a sheepish look. "You're right. Do you mind if I do it here."

"Knock yourself out. My bedroom's back there." she pointed behind her.

I padded to the said room and then shut the door behind me. Her room was pretty nice too and from the looks of it, Savannah was a pretty tidy person.

First o , I tried the black pencil skirt matched with the blue linen blouse. They both fit me like a second skin. The same could be said for the shirts, skirt and slacks. Such simple clothing items seemed to enhance my curves and made my breasts pop.

A er trying on all of the outfits, I thanked Savannah about a hundred times then proceeded back to my apartment. I put the borrowed stu in my own closet.

"Woah, it's almost nine?" I half shouted, glancing at the old clock that sat on one of my bedroom walls.

If I slept now, then I would have a full eight hours of sleep and be fully refreshed for work tomorrow. I skipped having dinner because I wasn't hungry anyway.

Slipping under my covers, I easily dri ed o to dream land, excitement fully taking over my system with a hint of anxiety.

Just what did tomorrow hold for me?

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When I woke up, it was about half an hour till six. My stupid self-forgot to set my alarm clock for five a.m. So, as you can imagine, my morning was rather fast tracked. I somehow managed to get showered and get ready in under 15 minutes. It took 10 minutes to fix my hair., leaving me with 5 minutes to dash downstairs. I quickly packed a granola bar in my purse and quickly sauntered down to the main entrance.

A shiny black Escalade was parked in front of the complex, looking very out of place and by it stood a man clad in a black suit. When I got closer to it, he looked at me and a warm smile erupted from his lips.

"Ah, you must be Miss Whitlock." He stated, in a very obvious tone.

I eyed him suspiciously. "Yes. Are you my ride to Constructex?"

"Well no. It's this thing over here." He craned his neck to eye the black car behind him. "Of course, Miss. My name is Edwin and I'll be driving you to wherever you may desire." He extended his hand, which I slowly shook.

"Okay, Edwin. Let's not waste time then."

He smiled wider. "Sure, Miss." He turned and opened the back door for me to get in.

Once I was in, he closed the door and jogged to the driver's side of the car. He wasted no time in starting the car and driving o further into the city.

Suddenly, my nerves were in disarray. This was actually happening. I was finally going to work and under very uncanny circumstances. I was so engulfed in my insecurities, that I hadn't noticed Edwin pulling up to the front of a formidably huge building.

He exited the car and once again opened the car door for me, only for me to tumble out in the most unsophisticated way possible. I looked up at the tall, silver tower. It must at least have 40 floors. The words Constructex Private Limited, were in bold just above the entrance.

"Good luck!" beamed Edwin, startling me out of my thoughts and then he went back into the car and drove o .

My legs, which seemed to be functioning on their own, started gliding towards the building and past the glass doors, into the reception area. My jaw almost dropped and the sight of the interior. It was so modern and filled with fancy designs from top to bottom.

I was so held up with the scenery that I didn't notice that I was in front of the reception. A blond lady sat there, rocking very elegant looking work attire, way better than the borrowed stu I was wearing. Her hair was held tightly in a bun. Overall she looked like she belonged here, whereas I looked like I didn't.

She must have noticed my presence because she looked up from the computer screen that her eyes were glued on. Her vibrant blue eyes met me, giving me a once over in a very condescending manner. She was overtly scrutinizing me, as if I was some lab experiment under a microscope. I hate to say this, but she made me squirm because not only was she dressed work appropriately, she was very pretty.

"May I help you?" She asked, not even trying to hide her annoyance with me.

"Umm, yes. I'm Aubrey Whitlock and I-"

"Yeah, you're here for the job of the CEO's P.A." She cut me o rudely then her eyes went back to the computer. "The boss is not yet in, so I'll show you where you will be working. As for your job description, you'll just have to wait until he arrives." She drawled, pushing her seat back and rising from it. "I'm Tatiana, by the way."

Bitchy name for a bitchy personality wanted to point out but I just bit my tongue. There's no point in me making enemies on my first day.

She led me over to one of the three elevators at the end of the reception area. "The one to the right is private. Don't ever go in it unless told to, got it?" She spat, and I all but nodded. Gosh, what went up her ass.

We padded into the elevator, and once in it, she punched in the number for the top floor. The 42nd floor to be exact. This one going to be an excruciatingly long elevator ride.

The elevator was filled with nothing but tension, and I didn't even know what it was all about. I don't even know this broad yet she's acting like I'm gum stuck underneath her pricey pumps.

"I just don't understand why he chose you personally. He's never done that." She mumbled lowly to herself, thinking I wouldn't hear.

"Trust me when I say your guess is as good as mine." I retorted snarkily, and the elevator conveniently opened up, just in time for a dramatic exit. I heard her sco loudly behind me.

The hall before me was grand and had some dark aura about it. There were a few people walking about, who seemed to be oozing with sophistication and power. This definitely had to be the top floor.

I too busy admiring my surroundings, that I did not notice someone waltz past us and disappear further down the hall and into two large black doors. By the way everyone stopped to stare a er him, I could tell he was the boss. That, and the trail of expensive cologne that he le behind.

Tatiana quickly grabbed my hand and dragged me along to the end of the hall. She pushed to a small section by the large black doors, that had a mini open o ice.

"This is where you will be working." she said, rushed. "I need to get back to work since he is here. Go into his o ice right now, he requested it." And with that, she pratically ran away, leaving me confused.

Why did she seem so scared? Was it because of this mysterious boss? Wait, was he terrifying.

My answers could only be answered when I went behind the frightening black mahogany doors. I e ortlessly pushed them open and was greeted by the sight of the most beautiful o ice I had ever seen. The colour scheme was dark and mature, probably to fit the tastes of this mystery boss. There was a large window overlooking the city, and the view was breathtaking.

Everything was so orderly, even the things on his big desk.

The leather swivel chair whcih he was seated on was turned towards the window so I couldn't see his face, but from behind he looked amazingly picturesque. His broad shoulders, the perfectly jelled hair. I couldn't wait to see what he looked like from the front.

I cleared my throat to make my presence known, but he didn't even move. What an arrogant prick.

"Ahem, good morning sir. I'm Aubrey Whitlock and I got a call-"

"I know who you are," boomed his deep and alluring voice.

Wait, didn't I know that voice?

My suspicions were confirmed when the mystery man swiveled around and greeted me with a menacing smirk. Then he stopped being the mystery man.

"What!?!"