

Chapter 457 Office Romance

Sergio gave Shirley a stern look and said, "Shirley, I want to see you in my office."

Shirley nodded, concealing any hint of anxiety.

The intern next to Shirley, filled with curiosity, observed Sergio's retreating figure and asked Shirley, "Why has he asked you to go there?"

"I don't know. I'll go and find out," Shirley replied calmly, masking her uncertainty.

Shirley guessed his request was related to the office romance he'd mentioned earlier at the meeting. She and Trevor weren't dating, and she wasn't pursuing him either. However, what happened between them was more serious than just an office romance.

Sergio entered the office while Shirley followed him. Lowering her head slightly, she appeared restrained and asked in a hesitant voice, "What did you want to see me about?"

Sergio settled into his chair, organizing documents as he casually inquired, "Do you recall the questions I posed during your interview?"

"Yes, I remember you asking about my thoughts on office romances," Shirley said in a subdued tone. She felt her palms sweating as nervousness overcame her, and a wave of regret flooded her mind.

Shirley lamented her carelessness in allowing Trevor to see the bottle on the table. And she regretted that Sergio had overheard her conversation with the intern. It must be because of these incidents, she surmised, that he called her to his office.

Shirley had limited connections within the company, mainly

with her colleagues and group leaders. Apart from the initial intern interview, she had only encountered Sergio twice during meetings.

"How did you answer me?" Sergio set aside the documents, intertwining his fingers and resting his elbows on the table with his gaze fixed on Shirley.

Shirley hesitated and cleared her throat. "If I were to work for the company, I would adhere to the rules and regulations and strive not to make any intentional mistakes."

A heavy silence enveloped the office as Shirley finished her words.

Nervously, Shirley held her breath and clutched the hem of her top. Her gaze remained fixed on her feet, afraid to move or raise her head.

The potential consequences of being fired during her internship at a major company like the Blakely Group weighed heavily on Shirley. It could impact her future job search.

In the lingering silence, Shirley's anxiety intensified.

Her thoughts drifted back to her high school days. A teacher would scan the room to select a student to answer a question. Classmates would lower their heads, yearning to disappear into their desks to avoid the teacher's gaze.

The classroom would be shrouded in anxious silence as the students nervously awaited whether the teacher would call their names out.

When the teacher called out a name, the rest of the students would secretly breathe a sigh of relief while also feeling sorry for the student the teacher called.

Sergio scrutinized Shirley from head to toe. She wore no makeup, and her clothes hung loosely. He wondered why young people liked to wear loose attire. Was it a fashion trend?

Shirley looked nervous, just like the day when his car narrowly



missed her. Her face was pale, and her whole body was tense.

Sergio smiled. "It seems you have a good memory."

Forcing a smile, Shirley felt a wave of guilt. "Thank you for your praise."

Sergio inquired, "If I remember correctly, you excelled in college and nearly qualified for exemption from exams, didn't you?"

"Yes," Shirley affirmed.

Only two vacancies were available for Shirley's major. The selection depended on the comprehensive results of the past three years.

Shirley was in the third spot, trailing just behind the second. Her weaker subjects, politics and physics, had cost her some crucial points. Had the evaluation solely considered professional courses, she would have secured the second position.

Unfortunately, the department leader was the one who dictated the distribution rule.

Delving into her academic history, Sergio remarked, "Given your grades, you could have pursued postgraduate studies at a prestigious institution. Haven't you considered it?"

Uncertain why Sergio broached this topic, Shirley replied, "No, I want to earn money as soon as possible."

"It seems you have a goal and won't settle down and start a family until you've worked for a few years," Sergio added.

Shirley pursed her lips in agreement. The conversation wasn't at all what she had expected. She wondered how it had diverged to her academic achievements.

Observing her silence, Sergio leaned back and rested his hands on the armrests. "There used to be a vice manager in our department. Two years ago, she got married and had children.

Now, she is a housewife. It's a pity for her since she had great potential for career growth within the company. People, especially women, often prioritize their families after marriage and having children. What are your thoughts on this?"

"Yes, you are right," Shirley concurred. However, she wasn't sure what Sergio was getting at, but she agreed with him regardless.

After careful consideration, Shirley had decided to keep the child and forego the idea of getting married.

Observing her attentive expression, Sergio nodded and said, "Okay, you can go back now."

With that, Sergio turned his attention to the computer screen before him. Given the hour, it appeared that he was working late.

"Is that it?" Shirley suddenly raised her head, surprised. Was that all he had to say to her?

Noticing Shirley's surprised expression, he said jokingly, "If you don't want to leave, you can stay and work overtime."

"No, I'm leaving now. Have a good day," Shirley replied, hurrying out of his office.

Watching her depart, Sergio chuckled.

Once she was out of Sergio's office, Shirley breathed a sigh of relief. She had anticipated reprimands or even termination, but Sergio's words had caught her off guard. It became apparent that maintaining distance from Trevor would be her course of action in the future.

When Shirley arrived at work on Monday morning, her heart skipped a beat when she discovered Trevor wasn't in the office. Did Trevor get fired?

Shirley inquired with a colleague.

"Trevor? He's on a business trip with Mr. Blakely. Oddly, he wasn't the one initially assigned for the trip. I don't know why Mr. Blakely changed his mind and decided to take him along

instead."

"Oh, I see." Shirley breathed a sigh of relief.

In the Mathias International Airport hall, Tyrone stood alone, patiently waiting for someone.

Amidst the hustle and bustle of people coming and going, the tall and handsome man standing alone caught the occasional glance from passersby.

Tyrone glanced at his watch to check the time, and excitement grew with each passing moment. Instead of feeling impatient, he became more eager, knowing the time was approaching.

The airport broadcast echoed through the hall.

After a while, passengers from the recently landed plane began streaming through the arrivals gates.

Tyrone looked on calmly. Yet he sought a particular person amongst the crowd.

Disappointment flickered across Tyrone's face as the person he was expecting failed to materialize.

As more travelers from the flight emerged, one after another, a handful of people straggled behind. Neither of them was the one he hoped to see.

Tyrone frowned, wondering where she could be. Pursing his lips, he took out his phone and dialed Sabrina.

Suddenly, a phone rang behind Tyrone, prompting him to turn around.

There stood Sabrina in an awkward pose, head lowered, hurriedly adjusting the volume on her phone.

Casually returning the device to her pocket, Sabrina attempted to tiptoe forward. However, when she lifted her head, she caught Tyrone's gaze, arms crossed, and an amused smile playing on his lips.

Sabrina was stunned. She gave a wry smile and playfully shook her arm. "If I knew you would call me, I wouldn't have turned it on so early."

Tyrone approached her, smiling. "What would you do if I hadn't spotted you?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to sneak up on you and surprise you."

"Where's your luggage?"

"I stowed it in the car."

Observing Tyrone's puzzled expression, Sabrina grinned and explained, "I caught the last flight back."

"You intentionally gave me the wrong flight information?" Tyrone asked, raising his eyebrows.

"No, it's because their flight was overbooked, so they transferred me to the earlier flight. I wanted to tell you, but it slipped my mind."

"We'll see if you remember tonight," Tyrone said, giving her a meaningful look.