

Chapter 22

I could not believe what the receptionist had just said.

"What did you just say? Who will take my interview?" I asked her again.

"Alpha Bryan, the CEO of the Morrison Group."

Her reply was very detailed, and she believed that I was unaware of who the CEO was.

When I heard that, my eyes widened in shock.

"Why? I thought it was the manager."

Before she could say anything more, the elevator door opened.

As soon as she left, I was compelled to follow her out once more.

On the other hand, I was more than nervous this time.

When I was walking behind the receptionist, I turned my head to look at the office. It appeared to be completely different from the other levels.

Almost as if they were robots, people were concentrating intently on their computers.

Why were they so serious? Perhaps the reason was that they were afraid of Alpha Bryan. That man undoubtedly turned his employees into zombies due to the amount of work they had to do.

I caught the attention of a few young women. I had no doubt about it. Because they saw a new face, they were perplexed about me.

The receptionist stopped by a man for the purpose of checking. I stood beside her.

The receptionist communicated with the man through their mind link and said something to him. The man nodded at her and gestured for me to follow him.

The receptionist left me, and I had to follow the new man.

He came to a halt in front of a large wooden door. I felt that the decoration was very elegant. It came to my attention that there was a nameplate hanging on the wall next to the door.

'CEO's Office'

All these times, I tried to keep my emotions under control. Nevertheless, at this very moment, my heart began to beat as fast as a marathon.

I had no desire to confront that man.

The man knocked on the door and waited for a few seconds.

As if he were talking with someone in mind link, he nodded his head and opened the door.

He gestured his hand to me to go inside.

I took a deep breath and stepped inside the room.

The moment I entered the room, I heard the door close behind me. After turning my head, I realized that the man had not entered the room with me.

My eyes started to roam around the room.

Its walls were embellished with a pristine coat of white paint that seemed to radiate a sense of purity.

Against this backdrop, the furniture stood in stark contrast, cloaked in a deep, velvety black.

The interplay between these opposing shades created a captivating visual harmony, a yin and yang of light and darkness that lent an intriguing aura to the space.

The entire room was illuminated by sunlight that came in through a large window. This light gave the room an air of simplicity, which could be seen throughout the entire space.

When I turned my attention to the window, my eyes immediately went to the desk that was located close to it.

A large and ornate desk stood proudly in the middle of the room. The surface of the desk was made of dark mahogany.

Behind the desk, a figure sat with an air of dominance and elegance. Dressed in a perfectly tailored black suit, the man commanded attention with his sharp features and piercing gaze.

His faint scent of musky cologne lingered in the air, adding an air of mystery to the atmosphere. His dark hair was neatly styled, adding to his allure.

Because of his presence, the room seemed to come to life as if it were acknowledging the undeniable charm that he possessed.

His gaze remained fixed on the file that was laid out in front of him. As he delved deeper into the pages, each one being a secret, it seemed as though the entire world was resting on his shoulders.

His brow was furrowed in concentration as he appeared to be completely absorbed in his work.

As if I were invisible, he ignored me totally.

I cleared my throat and let out a lower tone.

“Alpha”

I did everything in my power to avoid stuttering in front of this powerful man.

He raised his head from the file and looked at me.

With a pounding heart, I summoned every ounce of courage within me, determined to maintain composure in the presence of this formidable figure.

In an effort to exert control over the disorganized rhythm of my speech, I made an effort to suppress the anxious tremors that threatened to reveal the distress that I was experiencing on the inside.

“You asked me to come here for an interview,” I said, averting my gaze from his dark eyes.

I could not stay in eye contact with him for more than a few seconds. He had the ability to send shivers down my spine each and every time I looked into his eyes.

He moved the file to the side he was holding on the desk and said,

“Sit.”

I gulped and walked to the two chairs that were arranged at the desk opposite him.

I sat on a chair and looked at him once again.

My thoughts immediately went to the night of Sara's birthday. I could not help but feel fear in my heart. I said too many things to him that night. What if he asked me to come so that he could humiliate me in front of everyone?

“Your professor mentioned that you were looking for a job.” His deep voice reached my ear.

I nodded as I lowered my head.

“Yeah. Since I am now living with my mother, I am looking for a part-time job.”

I thought he would appreciate that I wanted to stand up for myself.

However, I was completely wrong.

He let out a deep chuckle and said in a sarcastic tone,

"It looks like after breaking up with my little brother, you are out of money."