

Don't Fall For Mr. Hart

C 6 - Interview Novel

Interview

My request forced me to tell Bastian most of the details of the night when I sat on the tree, stalking Angelica Butterfly. I cautiously entered the quietest corner of the corridor I could find and described my unfortunate situation. Certainly, I told Bastian that it wasn't my idea in the first place and that I was only doing it for the sake of keeping my lousy job... which I eventually failed to keep anyway.

"Fine, I get it," he said once I finished explaining, "but are you fucking crazy?!"

I frowned, feeling that I needed to, even if he couldn't see it through the phone. "Did you miss the part where I said that it wasn't my idea?!"

He groaned. "Did you have to stalk the son of the guy you are going to work for?!"

"I didn't stalk him!" I snapped... and quickly realized that I was drawing too much attention from employees who passed by the area where I stood. "I couldn't possibly predict any of this, so back off," I grunted, lowering my voice.

Bastian sighed. "Charlie, promise me that you'll never do anything equally stupid ever again."

I couldn't stop the dry laugh that broke through my throat. "I'm pretty sure that I'm about to do something equally reckless quite soon, remember?" I reminded him. "My interview starts in fifteen, and I expect you to keep your fingers crossed."

Bastian turned silent for a moment. I knew that he was worried. Our operation hadn't even fully started yet, and we had already faced obstacles. "Charlie?" he finally muttered.

"Yes?"

"I will take care of our problem." I sighed in relief after hearing him call it "ours." Then I heard him take a deep breath. "Good luck."

I chuckled softly. "Thank you. I won't let you down," I promised.

I ended the call and put my trained smile on. I straightened my back and strode toward the interview room. It was time to meet my competition.

It wasn't hard to find the place. It was marked by a long line of nervous people sitting on both sides of the corridor. I counted five men among the female majority. Once I stepped closer, greeting them with a polite nod, the men ignored me immediately, while the women looked me up and down first... and ignored me a moment later. I inwardly rolled my eyes. It didn't affect my confidence. I wasn't here to win a popularity contest. I was here to get to the truth.

I took the last seat in the long row of candidates and patiently waited for my turn. I observed the proud and all but arrogant people entering the room, and the much more humble and confused people walking out, and I wondered which part of the interview triggered the change in their attitudes. It didn't make me nervous—I was too focused to be nervous—but it certainly made me curious...

"Charlotte Madison?" I heard the shaky voice of the candidate, who had just exited the interview room. "You're next."

I stood up and smoothed the skirt of my office dress. Then I confidently paraded into the room. The first part of my mission was about to begin...

It took exactly five minutes for the HR team of three to crush my confidence. Two minutes later, I questioned my ability to think logically, but the worst was still to come. They asked me about my secret talents, and my mind went blank. I stared into the eyes of two elegant women and a man as they rather impatiently waited for my answer. Finally, I decided to tell them the first thing that appeared in my mind...

"You did what?!" Emily screamed over the phone after I told her in detail how my interview went.

I had just left the room and stood in the corridor. I leaned against the wall and waited for my legs to stop shaking. I drew a deep breath and repeated, "I told them that I can disassemble a Glock 19 in less than ten seconds."

"Have you lost your mind completely?!" I heard her breathe heavily as if she was on the verge of having a panic attack.

"Hey! At least I told them the truth!" I convinced. "And I don't see how knowing how to shoot and handle a gun is a bad thing, especially in a company that actually sells weapons."

"Secretaries don't shoot!" she argued.

"Why not?" I asked honestly.

"Secretaries are polite and gentle! They set up meetings, answer telephone calls, and make freaking coffee!" she continued her lecture.

"I was extremely polite. I even smiled," I stated.

Emily groaned. "I think I need a drink. It will be a miracle if they hire you."

I chuckled. "Let's hope for a miracle then." I tried to sound calm, but I was more than aware that my dumb answer might have jeopardized the entire plan. At that moment, I truly wished that miracles existed...

I sighed and walked to the elevators. As I waited for the car to come down, I started hoping that Aiden Hart had already left his father's company. I didn't think I could handle meeting him again, especially in the mentally fragile state I was in. When I found the car empty, I nearly kissed the floor, but when it stopped seconds later, my heart stopped as well.

Two men entered, and once my heart acknowledged that none of them was Aiden, it restarted. Both men spared me curious glances, and I didn't miss the moment their eyes stopped on my visitor's pass.

"Excuse me, are you lost?" one of them asked, a sly smirk curving his lips. He was in his mid-forties. He had light brown hair and deep-set blue eyes. He wore a dark chocolate tailor-made suit with C.H. initials embroidered on the top of his boutonniere. Something about his face seemed familiar, and without a doubt, if this man worked here, he must have held a high-level position.

Slowly, I stretched my lips into a smile and gently bowed my head. "No, sir," I responded in a somewhat breathy voice. "I've just finished my job interview, and I'm simply on my way out." My subconsciousness facepalmed hearing my subordinative tone, but I bet that Emily would have been proud of me for using it.

The man chuckled. His eyes slowly scanned me from head to toe. Whoever he was, I didn't like him already. His colleague, a dull blond-haired man with a pair of stormy gray irises, gave me a once-over and nonchalantly rolled his eyes. Yes, I definitely wasn't going to like him either.

The brown-haired man turned to fully face me and grinned. "Just out of curiosity, what kind of job were you applying for?" I didn't miss the amusement, or rather, mockery, in his voice.

In my mind, I had already turned his smug face into my punching bag. It helped me keep my composure as I replied, "I'm going to be CEO Hart's secretary."

"Are you now?" He laughed, and his colleague quickly followed suit. "You seem confident about it."

I most likely shouldn't act so bold, but this man triggered all my wicked instincts. I shrugged. "I know my value and my knowledge. If those in charge of Hart Global Corporation decided not to hire me, they would make a grave mistake." I had never thought that these kinds of words would leave my lips so easily, but they tasted delightful. The dumbfounded look on the faces of both men was merely a bonus.

Fortunately, the elevator door opened before I started to regret my words. Drawing an overconfident grin, I bowed my head and exited the car. Unfortunately, my satisfaction flew away as I realized that I might have just antagonized two of my superiors.

"Perfect, Charlie! You've done a great job!" I chided myself as soon as I walked out of the building. Now I had a feeling that I needed a miracle the size of a heavenly lifetime blessing to get that job...

A few hours later, Emily, Bastian, and I sat in our operational headquarters, a.k.a. our apartment. When Bastian asked about my interview, Emily turned out to be more than eager to tell him, adding a few of her comments while doing it.

"And then she told them that she knows how to disassemble a Glock 19!" she exclaimed, frustration lacing her voice.

Bastian looked at her and blinked. "So?"

I snorted. "See? He doesn't think it's a bad thing either." Bastian and I exchanged meaningful nods.

Emily's brows shot up. "You're kidding, right?" When we shook our heads, she growled. "She didn't apply to be the CEO's bodyguard, but his secretary!"

"Do you think that Alexander Hart is looking for new bodyguards?" I asked, grinning.

"Charlie would have been a great bodyguard. No one expects her to know martial arts or shoot. It's a great idea," Bastian supported me in an instant.

"You two are completely insane!" Emily roared. "I didn't spend weeks turning Charlie into the best possible secretary material just so she could apply for a bouncer's position!"

"Hey!" Bastian frowned. "There's a huge difference between a—"

My ringing phone silenced our argument. The call was from Hart Global Corporation. I answered with a hoarse hello. The lady on the other side of the phone gave me quick information and hung up before I could fully process what she said. Bastian and Emily stared at me as my brain put it all together.

"And?" they urged me simultaneously.

I swallowed and grinned. "I got the job!"