

## Chapter 21

Taking a glance at myself in the mirror that was attached to my dressing table, I was evaluating my appearance.

I wore a black skirt that reached my knees and a white silk top. I did a high ponytail and removed two strands of hair from each side of my head, then curled them from the lower side.

I used light makeup. I didn't look like a pancake. I intended to give myself a pleasant look. I would have to go to my university after the interview. I could not roam around there in what I was wearing right now. The dress was too professional for a university.

After getting out of my room, I went downstairs. To locate my mother, I looked around the living room. I took a quick look at the door to her bedroom.

Today, I woke up in the early morning. So, I assumed that my mother had not yet awoken.

I mumbled to myself under my breath, "I should not disturb her," and then I left my house.

As I stepped out of my home, I was greeted by a brisk breeze that brushed against my body.

"I should have taken a jacket with me."

To get to the bus stop, I started walking on foot. In order to wait for a bus, I sat down on a bench.

I was feeling sleepy. I could not get proper sleep last night. Only that one person was on my mind throughout the entire night.

I had no idea why our fates were bound together.

But I believed that he was a formidable Alpha and that very soon, he would find a way to break this bond in a way that would not be harmful to any of us.

But when?

What if I died in the process?

I yawned as I was thinking about a great deal of different things. I noticed that a bus was coming to a stop at the stand.

People who had been waiting on the benches stood up and hurried to the bus. Unhurriedly, I boarded the bus. I still had one hour in my hand.

I took a seat beside a window. The ever-shifting landscape gave me a positive feeling.

It would take half an hour to reach the Morrison Group.

When I saw young children going to school with their fathers, I could not help but smile sadly.

I could not even remember my father's face because I had never seen him in my life. He died when I was still in my mother's womb. His death was startling to others because he had died in a car accident.

The bus stopped in front of another bus stop. I got off the bus and started to stroll to my destination.

I had to walk for two minutes to reach the most famous and successful company in our pack, 'The Morrison Group.'

I raised my head to look at the building. It was a very tall building. The sun was reflecting on its blue-shielded glass. From the outside, the decoration appeared to be of absolutely extraordinary quality.

As I entered the building, I noticed a large number of businesspeople, both men and women, with branded clothes, shoes, and bags. They appeared to be wealthy. It was due to the magnitude of their salary. In truth, the Morrison Group provided their workers with a pay rate that was considerably higher than the industry standard.

Then, after taking a few deep breaths, I made my way to the checking area.

It was as if I had arrived at an airport; security personnel were inspecting me and my belongings before allowing me to enter the building.

The moment I walked through the magnificent entrance, I was immediately greeted by the sight of something that filled me with awe.

The intricate tapestries adorning the walls meticulously hand-woven with threads of dark hues, whispered tales of the company's rich history, and unwavering commitment to excellence.

The ornate chandeliers hanging from the lofty ceiling cast a warm, ethereal glow, illuminating the whole area.

The company was, in general, adorned with exquisite embellishments, which contributed to the enhancement of its aesthetic appeal.

In the moment that I was thinking about the interview, I was overcome with a wave of nervousness.

I walked to the reception area. A woman was typing something while sitting on her chair. There were two other women who were working in the reception area.

"Excuse me," I said.

The woman paused her typing and shifted her gaze to me. She flashed me a grin with her cherry-red lips. She had an attractive appearance. She might be a few years older than me. She looked to be in her early twenties.

"May I help you, Miss?"

"Hi, I'm Sophia Berge. Your manager asked me for an interview today. Could you please kindly check it?"

"Sure, give me a second."

She hurriedly typed something into the computer in front of her.

After taking a look at me, she inquired, "You are from the Night Shade University, right?"

"Yeah."

The woman gave a slight nod. "You are free to take a seat on that couch. I am going to give you a call soon."

When I turned my head, I noticed that the couch was located a tad further away from the reception table.

I thanked the woman and proceeded to sit down on the couch. When I looked at my watch, I noticed that there were twenty minutes left until eight o'clock in the morning.

I waited there while conducting a check of my folder, which contained all of the certificates that I had prepared to present to the manager.

When it was almost time, I glanced at the receptionist. She was talking with someone on her phone.

A frown appeared on her face as she glanced at me, but she then nodded her head and hung up the phone.

She called out my name.

"Sophia Berge"

I got to my feet and walked to her.

"Please, come with me," she said politely.

I followed her behind. We entered an elevator. Other employees were also with us. I could hear their conversations.

"Who knows when we will get a chance to meet Alpha?"

"He will come to see around the financial department tomorrow."

"Can we come there for a few minutes?"

"No way. He is a very strict man. If he sees your ID card and finds that you are not from that department, you are over."

"Such bad luck!"

By hearing them, I understood that Bryan Morrison had fangirls like celebrities. I caught a glimpse of the ID cards they were holding in their hands and learned that they were from the management department.

Those females stepped out on a level. I assumed the receptionist would inform me that it was where I needed to go.

To my surprise, once everyone had departed the elevator, she pressed the highest level.

I looked at her and asked,

"Where are we going?"

She turned her head to me and replied,

"You are going for your interview."

"But we left the management level."

She shook her head. I was confused by her actions. But when I heard her again, I was shocked.

"We are going to the CEO's office. He said he would interview you himself."