

## Regular Employee

Grace

The next day, I follow Tristin's assistant into the headquarters of the RB. It's a glass tower in the heart of the city, outshining the architecture of the other towers.

Once, I assessed their designs for my projects. Now, I am here, walking through the glass doors, straight to the elevator to get a job.

I wouldn't have dreamt of this in the past. Mom and Dad would have never let me work because they wanted Lily to always be successful using my work. They couldn't risk letting the world know that I am behind everything she ever claimed to design.

Her thought makes me halt in the lobby. The big screen in the waiting area displays the breaking news of today.

Mom's angry face, and Dad's disgusted eyes. Everything reeks of evil in the video that is playing. Her harsh words are recorded in clear audio, leaving no room for doubt. But my face is hidden because I made sure my back was facing the phone.

"Who do you think is telling the truth?" A girl asks the other in the waiting area.

"It's probably the parents. Look at how they are defending their one daughter's affair with their other daughter's husband." Someone replies.

"The rich people and their problems." People cackle, enjoying Ethan's entry.

" Did she say he kidnapped her? "

" Yes. "

" Well, that's one way to keep both sisters to yourself. He must be enjoying his life. "

The laughter makes me frown. This whole thing doesn't bring me any satisfaction but I recognize that this is the first step to many things that are to come.

I glance down at my new phone that Tristin got me in the morning and watch the comments. People are enjoying the drama as I expected.

Mr. Calder's colorful life is trending on the social media apps. My lips twitch as I open my new account and make a post.

—Don't drag me into this anymore. I am in the process of getting a divorce from Mr. Calder and I give my blessings to my sister Lily Whitlock who is after my husband. She can have him after our divorce. She is used to taking things from me.

Many people are attracted to the post when I tag Lily in it. She was a social media sensation before she married Sebastian and ran away. The interest people still take in her proves that she is not forgotten yet.

Good, I will use that fame against her.

After smirking at the positive and negative comments that pour in instantly, I pocket my phone and turn to Luca.

“ Are you ready for your first day, Ms. Whitlock? ” He questions curiously.

He appears to be cold, but when he talks, he sounds nice and polite.

“ Of course. ” I nod.

“ Follow me. ” He says and turns to the elevators.

With a rapidly beating heart, I follow him in and stand behind him in the elevator. It ascends, rising to the upper floors.

Nervously, I take in the floor numbers. I have never officially done any work on projects before. It was all me—in class or in my home. I don't know if I will fit in or what I will do.

Besides, every person in this place must be far more talented and experienced than me. I don't know how to deal with that stuff, or how to bond with people like that.

Will they notice that I am socially awkward and think I hate them like others?

“ Boss said you should have lunch with him in his office. ” Luca says.

“ Won't it make a target if I have lunch with the CEO on the first day of my job? ” I fix my ponytail and run my hands down my black pencil skirt.

Everything I wear, from my white button-down shirt to my black pump heels, everything was already in my room by the time I woke up. The butler said Alma sent it.

I don't know how to take that.

I am an unwanted guest in her house, one that she is avoiding now but still takes care of. It makes me ashamed but I can't leave either.

"You shouldn't care about what others think, Ms. Whitlock. You are not like the other employees here." Luca addresses me calmly.

"Please deliver this message to Mr. Roberto. I would like to work like a normal employee. I don't want unnecessary attention." I sigh.

"Yes, Ms. Whitlock." He nods curtly as the elevator doors ding open.

I wait for him to step out on the 64th floor but he stays in, just waiting.

"You should go alone if you want to be treated like a regular employee." He says.

My lips form an O. With warming cheeks, I rush out of the elevator and pause in my way.

The scene in front of me seems to be a part of a movie. Lavish white desks line the whole space, people rushing back and forth, talking and working. In one corner, there are two meeting rooms, and in the other, I can see big tables. At the end of the hall, there are tinted glass cabins.

My heart lurches as I stare at everyone blankly. To my surprise, no one even spares me a glance.

I stand there for some time, wondering who should I approach. Everyone looks so serious, all dressed up and their faces set in

stones.

My wandering eyes land on a girl sitting alone at her desk, close to the meeting rooms. Nervously, I approach her and halt.

"I—"

"New hire?" She asks, without picking up her head.

I blink, taking in her blonde hair and blue eyes before nodding dumbly.

"Go meet the team manager." She points her thumb toward the first cabin at the end. 1

"Oh, okay. Thanks." I whisper and approach the cabin.

"New recruit?" A female voice sounds from behind me.

"By the looks of it, this prim Princess will run away in like 1 day. Not worth our time." The blonde's voice rings making me frown.

Balling my fists, I knock on the team manager's office and read the name plate. It states Mr. Costello.

Taking a mental note to remember that, I enter after a moment. Before I can speak or say anything, papers fly out and hit the door beside me.

"Steffanie! I called you ten minutes ago." A man snarls, making me freeze on my spot.

My eyes take in the fallen papers, then rise to the elder man's face in front of me. He is a bald man whose face is turning red like a tomato,

probably with anger.

"Who are you?" Lines appear on Mr. Costello's forehead as he sneers.

"Uhm, I am Grace..." I trail off, wondering why he looks more pissed off now.

"The girl hired by the CEO's office?" He hisses, startling me.

"Sir I—"

"Don't give me excuses, collect the papers and come here." Mr. Costello yells making me jump.

Nodding, I crouch down and start gathering the papers. His glare remains on me, killing the little confidence I had. Now I am sure I won't be treated like a normal employee at all.

"What did you do?" He questions, as I rise.

"What, Sir?" Gulping, I walk towards his desk and place the papers on it politely.

"What did you do to get the job? Did you sleep with assistant Luca or was it Marick, that Old man?" He asks, his eyes dropping to my chest.

For a moment, my head goes blank. I can't muster up any words or think of a response.

"I don't..." I whisper.

"Oh come on, you can answer that simple question, right? Or was it both and you are embarrassed?" He grins, fixing the tie of his suit.