

The Lucky Candidate

LyNae Golder

Listen, honey, I want you to understand how lucky you are to be here. Out of fifty-odd-something candidates, I selected you. I looked at your resume and knew it was you that I wanted. I knew you were perfect for the job. You'll draw people in, and when they see you—your eyes and your lips and your body—they'll want to trust us. You'll trust me, too, once you see what good you do for me, what good I can do for you, and how well we work together. No need to look away. Relax. The job is easy.

Listen, honey, you'll come in each morning, and you'll stand behind your desk looking professional—professionally beautiful, professionally delicious, professionally forbidden—with your freshly-pressed suit jacket and that nice little pencil skirt of yours. Rick will hand you some paperwork to file, but really, you'll watch for people coming in and out—and maybe you'll wink at them some to catch their eye—and say to them, “What can I do for you?” You see, these people think they're coming in here to book a room at our five-star hotel, but really, they're paying for a conversation with you, they're paying for your smile, they're paying to see such a pretty woman sitting at the counter when they walk in, ready to attend to them like their own personal servant. That's what we're looking for, you know? Someone ready to serve our guests, to make them feel at home, to make sure they find comfort here, to make sure they keep coming back. No need to look down at the floor. Relax. You'll make them come back.

Listen, honey, there's a reason I chose you. There was no other competition when you stood next to everyone else, especially considering how you look, how you smile, and how you listen so well. I looked at your resumé, and sure, it was impressive, but nothing held me like that fierce expression on your face—and that goddamn silhouette—the one that told me you knew you were getting the job. It's as if you knew we'd be perfect for each other. It's as if you knew how good you'd be for me. No need to stir in your seat. Relax. As long as you keep yourself looking like you do—with your hair nice, your lips plump, your eyes bright, your neckline low, your skirt tight—you'll be here for a long while. I'm not foolish enough to let you go so soon.

Listen, honey, you're lucky to be here. You're lucky to be mine.