

## CH 6

Harmony

She'd spent those rst few days after quitting, job hunting. She had gone home that day and updated her resume and hit the internet to nd a new job, had applied for many jobs that rst week, anything and everything that was advertised, from paralegal to receptionist, secretary and personal assistant, to typing pools. Casual, part-time or full-time, a temp even.

She'd been a paralegal for Blackwell Industries for the past four and a bit years, but she would take anything right now, it was so close to Christmas, and she didn't want to be out of work until the new year. She needed to get in and get a new job, she only had herself to rely on for income. She had some savings but not enough to last more than two months.

Had an interview coming up that was likely the most important one on her list this week, with Owens Construction. A large company that was very wealthy, and she knew was the rival of Blackwell Industries, as they tried to venture out into the construction world. She'd be un likely to ever see her ex in that building.

The interview was for the position of Mr Garrett Owens' secretary, and she made sure to prep for it properly, did her research on the company so she would know how to handle the questions asked of her, though she was a little concerned that she was not what you would consider a personal assistant in any way.

And the position she had applied for was Secretary to the CEO, but reading the criteria she could see there was a bit of personal assistant work attached to the role as well. But if she got the job, she would be back at work before Christmas.

She'd not had much luck with other jobs over the past week and couldn't understand why; she was good at her job, but she didn't get callbacks, and when she called to nd out what the issue was, she had been informed politely "Sorry Miss, there was some with better qualications is all."

She couldn't argue with that, but her options now were becoming limited. She'd walked into that oce for her interview and was a little surprised to see Mr Owens himself attending to the interview, but let it go. He probably wanted to assess all the applicants himself personally, and see who not only had the qualications, but met his standards as well.

She was completely honest with him as to why she left the Blackwell's company, and he seemed amused to her, liked her honesty. Though didn't press her as to what the personal reason was. It was possible he knew Damien or had seen her in the society pages with him. She had been dating him for the past three years and most in the town knew her name was associated with his.

Though just yesterday she'd seen Damien and Chloe in the society pages, she was hanging off him, and there was a question about her being his new girlfriend, and where was Harmony? She honestly didn't really care to see her name linked to either of them, and would much prefer he just announced their break-up, and that he was with Chloeeocially.

Though she had taken an unhappy call from Damien's father, Gregory Blackwell, about the fact that she'd hit his son, that she'd threatened to damage his reputation. He had asked her what was going on? He didn't seem to know they'd broken up. He'd thought she and Damien were doing well, and then he'd stated my son was looking to propose to you at Christmas. I approved the ring and everything. He had sounded disappointed to her ear.

She'd asked what he'd been told, been curious as to what Damien had stated to his father. "That he saw you cheating on him with a man in a nightclub, at our work Christmas party no less." Gregory had grated out.

"Oh, did he. Did he happen to tell you he's cheating on me with Chloe? That I saw him having s\*x with her myself. Or did he leave that out?"

There had been silence for a long moment, "Left that out." He'd nally stated, "Is that the footage you have?"

"It is, someone at the club sent it to me, thought I might not recall what he'd done." She muttered.

"I'll not allow him to press charges, a simple relationship dispute I see." he'd muttered himself. "I'd like a copy of the footage please, to confront him. That club sent a bill for many thousands of dollars in cleaning fees, and your engagement ring cost a pretty penny. Will you send me the footage?"

"When I get a document to say no charges will be laid I'll hand it over. It will need to be clearly stated as to what the matter is, Mr Blackwell." She'd addressed him formally, had always been allowed to call him Gregory at the oce, and Greg at the Blackwell estate, or any time she and Damien had meals with them. He would know why, and he knew she knew how to do her job. He was also a lawyer himself, so he would understand it was her way of safe guarding herself in the future as well.

"I'll have it drawn up and get it to you tomorrow." He'd sighed heavily, and the line had clicked closed.

Those papers had turned up by courier the following day with his signature already on them, and she'd sent him a copy of the footage to him, after reading them and signing them, had one of the two copies sent back to him via courier.

Her interview had been in the middle of the day, and she had gone home and relaxed in her bathtub. She only had three more interviews this week and then nothing till the new year. She was still applying for anything and everything in case she did not get this job.

She took a phone call from the lady in the Human Resources department that evening, while she was cooking her dinner. "Miss Preston, my name is Deidre Owens, and I'd like to inform you, that Mr Garrett Owens has decided to offer you the position of his Secretary."

"Oh," had come out of her a little shocked "Thank you, when do you want me to start?" she'd asked.

"He'd like you to come in for orientation tomorrow. Is that acceptable to you?"

"Yes, of course it is." she smiled. "What time?"

"He gets in between nine and ten every morning, so say eight we'll discuss your actual working hours tomorrow. His schedule can be a bit hectic, and sometimes he'll want you in the oce after hours, which means you won't have to come in on those days till late. Generally no overtime. Just rearrange your schedule to suit himself on a daily or weekly basis."

"Okay, I can do that."

"Your family will be okay with this?" Deidre asked.

"Currently single, so not an issue." Harmony smiled.

"Excellent, I'll see you at eight. Just tell reception you're there to see me, and they'll send you up." the line clicked closed.

She smiled to herself, something good had nally come to her from the disaster that was her life. She was getting a whole new start with a new company, was letting go of the life she'd once dreamed of living and now could, she thought, move on and forward. Maybe, just maybe have a nice Christmas after all. Though she had stared at Damien's present under the tree last week, before unwrapping it and returning it to the store, getting her money back.

Christmas would be a new beginning for her. It was only a week away now and her life was starting over new. She could make all new friends, start over once more. It wasn't like she'd never had to do that. Felt the pain of losing her loved ones, she'd lost her parents years ago now and somehow managed to move on from that.

She had survived and continued to live on. She looked down at her hand, to the part of her nger that was missing; had been severed in that car accident, that took both of her parents' lives; severed at the knuckle, a permanent reminder of that horrible day.

She had survived the tragedy because she knew that they wouldn't want her to be sad forever, that her mum and dad would want her to move on, live her life to the fullest and be happy; to one day have a family of her own.

She looked at the presents under the tree that were left. They were the very presents she had bought them that year, and they'd never gotten to open. She hadn't had the heart to throw them away. They were the last things she'd ever bought them. So, every year she placed them under the tree, as if her parents would be there on Christmas morning to open them.

She settled into bed that night with the resolve to move on. Better things awaited her at Owens Construction, and she just knew it. Her life could only get better with this complete new change; she was no longer a paralegal. Just a Secretary and Personal Assistant.

She rubbed her stomach as it ached and cramped, and she rolled over trying to get more comfortable, and lessen the pain in her stomach. Hoping she wasn't going to have to run to the bathroom all night long, or tomorrow, but that was what her stomach felt like, sharp pains in her lower abdomen, that indicated she was going to be on the toilet soon enough.

She prayed not, for that would make her look drained and tired, and her rst day very awkward. She wanted to make a good impression on Deidre from HR and Mr Owens himself. So she needed a good night's sleep, to present herself as healthy, and happy to be at her new job.

"None of that." She told her stomach "Settle and behave yourself. We need this job." She sighed, and closed her eyes to try and let sleep claim her. Yawned as the pains nally started to ebb away and then disappeared, and sleep claimed her, she was actually tired.