

Chapter 28 I Really Need A Job

Now that she was finally alone, Roxanne drew back and sank deeper into the couch. She had still not fully recovered from the shock of all that had happened in the past few hours.

As she tried not to think about any of it, her mind would not let her rest. Sitting on the couch now, she felt as though she were in a dark tunnel. The faster she walked towards getting out, the longer the tunnel got. Worse still, there seemed to be no light at the end of this particular tunnel. In fact, it had no end at all.

How did this all happen? In a time span of two months?! One day, she was happy, preparing for a promotion, in a happy relationship with an amazing man, and the next day, she had lost her job, her relationship, and whatever remained of a good relationship with her family.

Her family.

The thought of it caused a lump to form in her throat. Ever since Rayla nearly killed her at the hospital, none of them had tried to reach out to her. Only Isabelle had called and texted to make sure she was okay. Even her parents did not care if she had sustained worse injuries. She could have died on getting home and neither of them would have known.

Was that how much they didn't love her? How did people discard their own children in such a manner?

Her life had turned into one big nightmare. She was tired of it, all of it. The constant comparison to Rayla, constant betrayal, and constant disappointment. She was tired of it all.

And now there was an opportunity to leave it all behind. It was right in front of her, staring her in the face, daring her to take the bold and courageous leap in order to leave behind all the countless bullshit she had gone through. London was a seven-hour flight away from everything. All the bad memories she now had. It was a ticket to meeting new people, breathing in new air, smiling at new faces. It was a ticket to being away from all the bad luck this city had brought to her in the past months.

But, was that enough to pack and go halfway across the world? To be with people of different ideologies, different principles, and values. The taxing system here was bad enough, but she had no idea how strict the one of the English people would be.

Going to London would mean being close to him. As it was obvious his life was based there. Was she really ready to do that?

On the small center table, her phone beeped. It was a sign that a message had been sent to her. Roxanne looked at the phone, she did not want to check it, but she couldn't help but do so.

It might be something important, perhaps a message from Emily. And that was exactly what she needed now. A message from her best friend to remind her that the world was not over, at least not yet.

She leaned out from the couch and picked up the phone. When she checked her home button, it was a message from an unknown number. Sighing, she clicked on the message and read it aloud. "Romania Hotel. 10am tomorrow. Don't be late. Dankworth Group of Companies."

She put the phone down. It was an invitation to go through the work contract tomorrow. He had said there would not be a second opportunity

for her after this one, at least not from him. Therefore, she had to seize this one now or lose it. And Roxanne was very tired of losing.

So, she made a resolution to go to see him tomorrow. If the conditions for the work were favorable to her, she would consider taking the opportunity. This time, she would not leave any stones unturned.

Finally finding the strength to stand, she picked up the phone from the table and retired into the house.

When she got herself ready for bed, and tucked herself into the safety and comfort her duvet sheet, another beep from her phone caused her to turn towards her bedside drawer.

When she checked it this time, it was a message from Emily.

"Hey baby! I realized there was an issue of conflict in time zones once I touched down France. Plus, my managers have not even given me space to breathe. I sent this from a restaurant toilet in Lyon. I can't wait to get a real chance to breathe and use my phone. I love you baby, stay safe. P/S: hope no handsome strangers bumped into my car today? Kisses!"

Finally laughing for the first time in hours, Roxanne placed the phone down.

She was yet to pay Emily for bashing her car. She sighed and sunk into her bed.

"I really need a job," she said aloud, to herself.

This is ridiculous!

Roxanne got out of bed by exactly 8:00 am that morning. After a quick breakfast of French toast and orange juice; she showered, got dressed, and called an Uber to Romania Hotel.

She decided not to take Emily's car today. No offense to either the car or Emily, but anytime she drove in it, that day turned out to be pretty messed up.

Today, she would take no chances. She had learnt enough lessons to repeat the same mistake.

This day was going to prove to her that there was still hope for her in this cruel world, and she prayed and hoped, for her own sanity, that it turned out very well. There was no saying what she would do if today turned out bad. There was only so much she could take.

When she alighted at the hotel, she stepped into it. Standing in the reception hall, she brought out her phone from her bag so she could call him.

The number began to ring, someone picked it up almost immediately.

"Dankworth Group of Companies," an unfamiliar masculine voice answered. It wasn't Lancelot. If it was him, she would have known.

She cleared her throat to speak.

"My name is Roxanne Harvey, I was hoping to speak to Lance..." She stopped halfway, mentally smacking herself.

"Mister Lancelot Dankworth," she continued.

The voice at the end of the line chuckled.

"You are on to his Personal Assistant. I am Peter Robertson, and I attend to all Mister Lancelot's official calls. He is expecting you by 10 a.m., is he not?"

So, Mister Stuck Up Nose had a personal assistant that picked his calls? How rich of him, Roxanne thought.

"Hello," the voice, who she now addressed as Peter, called out again.

"Yes. Yes, he is."

"It is 9:45 now, so he will be with you in fifteen minutes. However, you should make it to the Suite Restaurant in the hotel. I believe there is a receptionist where you are, to guide you."

Roxanne's eyes fell on the chubby woman at the end of the desk in front of her.

"Yes, there is."

"Magnificent! See you in fifteen minutes Miss Roxanne...?"

"Har..." The call came to an end before she could reply.

She sighed and walked closer to the reception table. After getting directions to the suite restaurant, she headed towards it.

Prim and proper. Was the first thing she thought when she stepped foot into the restaurant. The only sounds in the room were from the classical music that was faint at the background, and the few clinging of forks against plates, and champagne flutes against each other.

There were barely any people here. The restaurant screamed affluence, and she could very well imagine Lancelot in such an environment. The place was just like him after all.

When she drew out a seat, a waiter came to meet her.

"Any reservations miss?"

Lost, Roxanne turned to him. She was not aware if Lancelot had made any reservations. But, since his assistant had told her to meet him here that could definitely mean something. So, she chuckled nervously.

"Arh. Yes, I'm here to see Mister Lancelot Dankworth," she replied.

She watched as the waiter's eyes skimmed through the tablet in his hand. His eyes suddenly brightened. He looked up to Roxanne with admiration in his eyes.

"Welcome madam," he said, rather too enthusiastic.

Roxanne flinched. When he turned away, she settled down into the chair.

"Miss Harvey?" came the voice she had heard on the phone. She tore her eyes away from the exquisite bar, to the direction of the voice.

A tall man stood in front of her, in a grey-printed suit, with dark eyes, and an equal shade of dark hair. Towering above him, stood the man whose presence seemed to bring her whole world to a standstill; Lancelot. She rose up to shake hands with the man.

"Mister Peter," she said out loud, smiling.

Lancelot did not extend his hand out, so she simply nodded to him.

When they all settled down, Peter spoke up first.

"It is very nice of you to join us, Miss Harvey." He left out the part that the first time they had met, she had nearly punched his nose off.

"The pleasure is all mine," she replied smiling while struggling to make sure that she did not look at Lancelot more than she ought to. Once again, he had dressed so handsomely. Was he ever not so...perfect?

"I believe I should head straight to the main purpose of our coming here," Peter spoke again, placing the paper file on the round table, in front of Roxanne. Her eyes fell on it.

"That there, is your contract for the job in London. Once you sign, the job, as well as all the benefits that come with it, would be yours," he said aloud.

Roxanne grasped it and opened it. The first page contained a lot of boring details she obviously didn't need. The only important thing was the pay, and the benefits that came with the job.

So, she flipped through all the pages, until she saw the word 'benefits' typed in bold letters. Her hungry eyes skimmed through it.

"Once this contract is signed, you are entitled to..." She stopped reading aloud and continued the rest in her head.

The figure underneath the headline caused her eyes to widen.

Roxanne did not realize she had gasped in shock until she heard Peter chuckle.

Embarrassed, she cleared her throat and sat up, looking over to Peter, eyes laddered with disbelief. She swallowed hard.

In front of her, Lancelot took note of how amazed she was. He smiled to himself, he had gotten her after all. "Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds per month!" she exclaimed.

"Roughly four hundred thousand dollars," Lancelot added. This statement earned him a wide glare from Roxanne.

"This is ridiculous!" she said aloud, turning to Peter who had a smile on his face.

"Plus a house and a company car. For three months?"

"Exactly," Peter chipped in.

She chuckled with disbelief. This was too good to be true. She was looking at all the answers to her financial problems; rent, Emily's car, student loan. And there'll still be much more to spare. "Did I forget to add that your salary would be tax-free? It would be sent to your savings account for you to do whatever you please with," Peter added.

"I don't understand. What job am I even going to be doing, 'cause I sure did not go through the gibberish in the first three pages," Roxanne said aloud. This was a dream, it had to be. "You'll be working under me, tending to my needs, seeing to the success and orderliness of my day-to-day activities," Lancelot's spoke up.

Working under him? Was that a good thing or a bad thing?

"What about Peter?" she asked, her eyes moving to Peter. "He needs a break."

"I'll be taking a three-month leave, so he needs my replacement."

Roxanne looked at Peter, as though asking 'are you even paid this much?'

He understood. He smiled, one that screamed 'You have no idea.'

"Once he's back, you can return to New York, and with my company's recommendation, you can get any job you desire anywhere in this country. However, I doubt you would want to return to this place," Lancelot spoke, his eyes had not left her for a second. He was watching her expression carefully.

Roxanne scoffed.

"Of course, I'll return! I cannot leave my Homeland completely for any reason. No matter how much the pay is, I would never have taken this job if I had to live so far away from everyone I've ever known forever," she said, chuckling. Lancelot's lips thinned in a grin. It was a good thing he had said for just three months then. It was more than enough time to make her his, forever.

"So, what do you say, Miss Roxanne?" Peter asked, leaning into the table.

Roxanne smiled and looked up at him. She was happy, very happy.

"Can I take this home? There are some people that need to make a decision with me," Roxanne asked.

Peter turned to Lancelot. When he got a glance of approval, he nodded.

"Of course. We have a copy of our own."

"I leave on Thursday morning. Make your decision before then," Lancelot said aloud.

Once again, Roxanne felt her heartbeat quickened. She had just one day to make her decision.

She rose up, gathering the papers, with a smile on her face.

"Of course, thank you very much Mister Lancelot. It was nice meeting you Peter."

With that, she hurried away from the table, a broad smile on her face.

"I'm sorry, repeat what you just said?!" Emily screamed at the top of her voice. Her eyes beaming with surprise as she stared at Roxanne who stood in front of her.

Roxanne smiled, she had known this would be Emily's reaction. She had decided to stay quiet about the job offer until Emily returned. Now that her best friend was back and had settled down, it was time to tell her about it. Especially now that Lancelot would be leaving tomorrow. She had already packed her things down, just in case Emily convinced her that she was not making a mistake.

"You heard me right!"

"So you're telling me, that Mister good dick refused you a job on Monday morning, only to present you with a bigger mouthwatering offer on Tuesday morning?! And the job requires you to move to London, with him?!" Emily repeated, causing Roxanne to laugh.

"Aye aye, Captain."

Emily dug her fingers into her afro curls and screamed.

"Girl, shut up!" she screamed aloud.

"You have got to be fucking kidding me! So you're coming back here, with almost a million dollars, after working for just three months?" Emily asked again. Just like Roxanne, it was all too good to be true.

"Yes! He's willing to transfer a thirty thousand dollar advance today if I so please," Roxanne added, smiling as she moved to Emily, who was seated on the bed.

"Girl! This is good news!"

Roxanne fell on the bed beside Emily.

"I know right?" But the statement had come out less enthusiastic than she had wanted it to, and Emily caught note of it.

Her smile disappeared slowly, worry taking over her gaze.

"Everything okay baby? There isn't a condition you cannot meet for the job right?" she asked, suddenly growing defensive. When Roxanne didn't answer, Emily sat up with a frown.

"Baby, I hope he's not asking you to..."

Roxanne sprung up, laughing at how quickly Emily had gone all "mama bear" on her. Emily frowned.

"It's not funny Roxy! You got me so scared!"

Roxanne couldn't help but hold her stomach in laughter.

"Are you sure you don't wanna have any kids?" she asked, still laughing.

Emily frowned and smacked her with a pillow.

"It's not funny Roxy. I mean, you two fucked before. I was beginning to think he offered you the job with the condition that you'll agree to do it again," Emily said, her expression hard. Roxanne's laughter died as she smiled reassuringly.

"No, there's nothing of that such. You know me Em, I would have given him a slap across his cheek and walked out of the restaurant if he dared," she said, as she placed her hand on Emily's knee. Emily's scowl died off slowly. Roxanne was right.

"That's a relief Roxy. But you had me there with your silence, I ain't gonna lie."

Roxanne chuckled again.

"But, I'm worried though," Emily added, causing Roxanne to roll her eyes.

"What now, mama bear?"

Emily shot her a scowl, laughing sarcastically.

"Hahahahaha. Very funny."

Roxanne chuckled. Emily sighed and spoke up again.

"You'll be moving away from home, with this guy. To work for him, is he really to be trusted? I mean, you've only met him three times. And I'm not assuming he is a fraud or anything, because... I mean, he owns a company here. But, I'm just saying... I don't know, it's a really big decision to make."

Roxanne sighed, her smile still on her face.

"I know Em. And that's why I needed to talk to you first. Plus, I didn't have a choice as well..."

Emily laughed, Roxanne continued.

"I just really need to take this. There are a lot of things it could change for us..."

"Baby, you know that I've always got you right? So, if it's the rent you're worried about, or the car, I can..."

"And for me too!" Roxanne cut in. She moved closer to Emily as she spoke.

"I need this, for me. I have already been through a lot here. It would not hurt to be away for some time. A new country comes with new faces, new people, new currency, new air, new timeline, and new weather. And I really, really, really need something new in my life. Don't you think so?"

A new man too, hopefully, Emily thought as she smiled.

This had been what she wanted to hear. She had no problem with Roxanne leaving, she just needed to be sure she was doing it for herself, and not because of the responsibilities she had to fulfill. Roxanne had always been with Emily, even

when her earlier days as a professional artist didn't earn her much. It was her turn to cater for her best friend, and she did not ever mind sharing what she had into two. She would never mind, Roxanne was currently the most important person to her.

However, since she was leaving because of herself and not for some misguided sense of duty, Roxanne had her blessings, all of them.

So, she broke into a smile and stretched her arms apart for an embrace. Roxanne hurried into her arms, and Emily laughed.

"I really feel like I should adopt you from your mother," Emily said, placing a kiss on Roxanne's head.

"Believe me, I wouldn't mind," Roxanne replied, laughing.

"Have you spoken to any of them?" Emily asked, running her hands down Roxanne's hair.

"No," she spat.

"Is there a reason to?" Roxanne asked again. Frankly, she did not want to speak to any of them. She did not need them jinxing the one good thing she had come across after all this time, with their sheer bad luck.

"You don't have to, if you don't want to," Emily replied, and Roxanne sighed, melting against her chest.

After few minutes of intense best friend moment, Roxanne jumped up.

"Well! I have a contract to sign, you need to help me go through the clothes I packed, seeing as you're the fashionista between us..."

"Like hell I am!" Emily called out, with a smile on her face.

Roxanne just chuckled and continued.

"Then, I have to let him know that I have accepted, and get the flight info for tomorrow," Roxanne finally said, walking to the door.

"Roxy!" Emily called out, Roxanne stopped to turn to her.

"You know I love you, right?"

Roxanne smiled.

"I know you don't have a choice."

"Oh! Fuck you!"

"Come help me go through my luggage!"

"Get the hell out of my room you silly ass bitch!" Emily yelled, laughing as she threw a pillow at Roxanne, who dodged the hit by running out of the door.

Outside Emily's room, Roxanne placed a call to Dankworth line.

"Dankworth Group of Companies," came the voice on the other end.

This time, she smiled at the voice.

"Roxanne Harvey, I accept the contract."

Now she could almost see him smile.

"Excellent! Welcome on board, Miss Harvey."