

Colleague Tries Skipping Out On The Bill; I'm Not Having It – Called The Cops! Chapter 11

“Grace, here’s your delivery. Thought I’d bring it up.”

Jamie came over, munching on some beef jerky Val had handed out. “She’s either lost her mind or gone soft.

I shrugged. “Maybe a bit of both.”

Gradually, she reverted to her old ways. She started hiding snacks in her drawer, eating in secret. Around the same time, I began receiving a slew of odd texts and calls.

“Please, have mercy. We’re just small business owners.”

“If you remove the bad review, I’ll give you a freebie next time.”

At first, I assumed it was spam. But then t

essages became nasty.

“I know where you work. I’ll make you pay.”

Calls flooded my phone day and night, filled with threats.

“Hello?”

A rough voice snarled back.

“Don’t ‘hello’ me. I begged you, offered you free stuff, and you still left a bad review. You ruined me. I’ll be watching you.”

I tried explaining he had the wrong number, but he recited my work address perfectly.

Monday morning, I arrived at the office to find several men waiting.

“Who’s Grace Emerson?”

My colleagues looked frightened but kept quiet.

Val, however, shouted, "Grace! These guys here for you?"

The men spun around, spotted me, and charged with raised fists.

I whipped out pepper spray, sending them to the floor, clutching their eyes.

Gradually, she reverted to her old ways. She started hiding snacks in her drawer, eating in secret. Around the same time, I began receiving a slew of odd texts and calls.