

For The Love of Royal Chapter 2 - 2

Chapter 2: 2

Dylan wrapped his hand around his best friend as she cried, and he wanted to go over to her workplace and put that bastard in his place. He had his hand tightened in a ball of a fist in anger, and he shook his head as he gritted his teeth as well.

Who fired someone over something as stupid as being late when they did their work like they were supposed to? He asked himself. He had never liked that bastard. They had gone to business school together and he had just hated the adventurous attitude he used in dealing with everything, thinking that it was a joke or something. People's lives are not jokes, and so many people's jobs are what they depended on but not this idiot. He was never serious in his life.

Dylan knew that that was an excuse to just fire the woman as she didn't bow to him as everyone else did or gave him any sexual favors.

Royal had texted him when she lost her job and he had left everything he had been doing to come to her, getting a box of her favorite pizza on his way over.

She had been crying since way before he arrived, he could tell by the puffy look of her eyes. She had denied crying when he asked her, telling him that she was a big girl who doesn't cry over spilled milk, even though he knew that it was far from the truth. Only that, when he had told her to tell him what happened and why she got fired, she had started to cry again.

He knew that her boss, or rather, her ex-boss was a major asshole, but she wouldn't have to face this if she had just come work for him permanently until she could gather enough money to go for her Ph.D. to become a professor. But, she wouldn't take help from him and that itself annoyed the hell out of him.

He pulled her to himself again, telling her to stop crying, and she nodded her head in acceptance.

"I'm so sorry you lost your job, buddy. If that idiot doesn't know your worth, then he is a much bigger fool than I thought he was." And he wasn't saying all that because Royal was his best friend. He had seen how she worked, how she put all her all into a job that she had to do and gave it all she had, but the idiot hadn't been man enough to see it. Royal was just like him, a very hard worker, but life hadn't really smiled on her and things had been hard enough as it was, so this adding to the pile of misfortune was not a really good thing to happen to her.

"You know the worst part, Dylan? My mom called to ask how I'm doing, and how work was going. I couldn't even tell her that I lost my job a few minutes ago. I couldn't tell her

that I wouldn't be able to pay for her medications anymore. How cruel is that, huh?" She asked as she looked up at him. Her eyes were still watery from all the crying. Her nose was red and her face, flushed.

"You don't have to tell your Mom anything, because she doesn't have to know. You'll get something better and everything will sort itself out." He said.

He was going to have to call his other friends and call in a favor or two to get her something great and suitable, something that pays way better than she was earning from that shit hole company.

"I just hope so, I really do, but I doubt it. I'm going to finish my savings without getting a job and my mother is going to find out. I'm probably just going to drop dead before I know it." She said.

"I know how that feel, baby doll. You're going to be fine, I promise." Dylan said. He was going to do all that was in his power to make sure.

She elbowed him on his stomach and eyed him with mock irritation. "Don't call me that, silly. I've told you that before. And you don't know that everything will be all right, so stop saying that as well." She said.

Dylan smiled, and he kissed her temple. "I know how you feel, trust me. I can relate, but like I said, everything is going to be all right, don't worry." He said.

"You don't know shit. You've never even been out of a job or in a dice like I am. We both know your rich parents won't allow that." She said, and then she regretted it as soon as it left her mouth.

"Wow! Really?" he asked, looking down at her. "I didn't know that that was how you saw me. You of all people know that I don't run to my parents when I have problems, and I worked so hard for everything I have today. I don't know why you would say that." He said, removing his hand that he had wrapped around her shoulder.

"I'm so sorry, Dylan. I swear I meant that as a joke. I didn't even realize that I was saying that on a serious note. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, man. I meant for it to come out and sound like a joke." She said with a cringe. She hadn't meant for that to come out as if her best friend was some lazy ass man who only had everything he did because he had rich parents.

Dylan was the most hardworking person she had ever known, and she knew how strong he was. She was the one who had always run to him in any case whenever she had a problem or the other. She couldn't possibly ask for a better best friend as opposed to him.

She loved him so much and she knew that he loved her as well. "I'm so sorry once again for saying that. You know I didn't mean it." She said, looking at him with the "I love you so much I just can't control my mouth sometimes" look.

Dylan shook his head and he blew out his breath. "It's all right, baby doll. I know you didn't mean it that way, but it didn't stop it from hurting." He said.

"I just need to find another job, for goodness sake. Any job that's going to resume paying for my student loans, and all the other stuff. I'm so frustrated right now." Royal said.

To be honest, the job needed to be a better paying job, or she was going to just explode and that wasn't a good one. She couldn't afford to not get a better-paying job. Her brother and mother were depending on her for Christ's sake.

"I think I will go warm up this pizza and we can have some ice cream as well," Dylan said. "How does that sound?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and said that it was fine. She watched him leave and she used the palm of her hands to cover her face.

By the time he came back from the kitchen, Royal knew there was something wrong before he could say anything. She frowned and asked him what was going on.

"Huh, Blair... she just called me. She said she needed me to get some tampons to her." He said with an apologetic look on his face.

Royal rolled her eyes and said. "Just go to your tampons sucking creature fiancé." She shook her head and folded her hands across each other. "I bet she's only wanted you to get her tampons because you told her you're here with me." She said. "Such a bitch." She added under her breath.

Dylan smiled, obviously hearing what she said. "And how can you tell that I told her I was here?" he asked.

Royal gave him a look that said. "Really? You're asking me that obvious question again?" but instead, she said. "Because you tell her every time you're here, and then she wants something. I wish we can all just go back to when you haven't met her." She said.

He threw his head back and laughed. "You know, if I didn't know you any better, I would think that you're jealous of her, or that you love me." He said.

Royal rolled her eyes and scoffed. "Of course, I love you, you silly man. I'm your best friend. I just don't love you that way you're suggesting, and God forbid I'm actually

jealous of her." She said, and then she frowned. "Wait," she raised her right hand to stop him from moving. "Shit, I think I actually am."

Dylan laughed.

"Why the fuck does she have to take my best friend away from me every God damn time?" she asked. "It's not fair." She said, pushing out her bottom lips.

Dylan bent and kisses her forehead. "I'm so sorry love, but I have to go now. I'll see you later, okay." He said.

With a nod, she sighed and stood up from the chair, walked down the hall to the bathroom to wash her face, and then, she saw him out the door.

When he was gone, she came back to the hot pizza on the table, and the cold ice cream there as well. By the time she was full, the tears had dried up completely.